
Subject: : Fly Fishing Events and Meet-ups

Topic: : The Official Quill Gordon Recap

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No photos for this one. The other guys have much better cameras and eyes!

Sal and I met up in Ephrata at 5am. After loading up the Volvo, getting some gas and breakfast, we were officially on the road by 5:30. We were pulling into Big Meadows Fly Shop in Ansonia at 9:00am, well earlier than when Sandfly was expecting us! I guess he didn't check his PMs...

The "stop at Sandy's shop" is now pre-jam tradition, I believe. Sal and I had a great time as we looked at old clickers, wiggled some glass (including a Kettle Creek blank.....), bought some supplies, and had some laughs.

We had to meet Csoult by 10am, but that wasn't going to happen. We left Sandy's around 9:45 and it was at least a 30 minute drive up to the top of Denton Hill. We actually made pretty good time, and got to camp about 10:15am. Coty was there for almost an hour! After opening camp and unpacking, we headed down to Cross Forks "crick" (as Wetfly01 pronounces it!). Cross Forks was just amazing water. I haven't fished it in years and forgot how amazing the water and habitat was. Sal managed one nice brownie, but overall the fish were put down (story of the weekend). I did find a nice little trib though. The trib was shallower and was getting more direct sunlight. It was littered with natives, and we all caught a few.

We grabbed some food at Cross Fork, and sat on a picnic bench along Kettle watching fish rise. We should have stayed and fished the bigger stocked water! We decided instead to be wild trout snobs and head for other water. First we stopped at what we thought was Losey Creek. Where we parked and walked in though, ended up being the Pine. This had great flow, great structure, nice hatches, everything you'd want...except feeding trout! We then moved on to 9 Mile. Again, same story. Great water, great structure, bugs, no feeding fish. This was getting a bit tiring, but we were trying to be realistic. There was snow on the ground when we arrived at Denton Hill that morning, the recent cold front could have put the fish down for the day.

Back at camp Bikerfish, Wetfly01, and BradfromPotter (who introduced himself as 1wt as I opened the cabin door....) all showed up for a good evening of eating, drinking, telling fish stories. We decided on a plan of attack for the next day.

Friday morning Brad met us at camp around 10am, and we drove out to the West Branch Pine. We "hoofed" it in and fished some absolutely amazing stretches....that apparently had no fish! We know it has fish, but no one was catching them.

Coty and Wetfly decided to go scout out the bigger water on Pine down in Ansonia/Darling Run area.

After "hoofing" it out, we drove down to a bigger stretch of west branch, and Brad managed a nice brownie doin' that nymphing thing.

Sal and I headed back to camp to meet up w/ Wsender, who planned on arriving anywhere from 3pm-5pm. Wsender arrived, the other guys came back, and we headed out to Lyman. Lyman is absolutely beautiful. Biker and Brad headed down stream, wsender and I headed upstream, and Sal hoofed it up the road a bit to a beaver pond we saw driving in. After all of us getting skunked, we tracked Sal down who said he caught about 15 natives below the beaver dam. We think the water was warmer running out of the dam, making the fish active for a couple of stretches below the dam. Wsender and I decided to hang around a bit and fish below the dam. Bad timing, as the sun was going down, but Wsender got himself a native, and I missed a few rises.

Pulling in back at camp, the real excitement started as I saw Skybay's car sitting the camp parking lot! Now I KNEW things were about to get lively! We had a great time Friday night eating tons of red meat, drinking good beer, talkin' about God knows what. Wetfly and Coty came back to tell us about their epic day on Pine, and it was settled, we were heading to Pine on Saturday. After we sleep in and eat Bikerfish's amazing breakfast, of course.

And so it was, that we embarked on one of the greatest skunkings in fly fishing history. We drove down to Tiadaghton. The caddis were flyin, the Hendricksons were coming out, (see Csoult's blog), but NO fish were rising. It was the same story from every fisherman we talked to-no fish. Nothing on streamers, nothing on top, Csoult managed 2 high-sticking a run, but that was it.

Biker, Sal, Skybay and I had enough. We got in the Volvo and drove over to the Darling Run access where Coty and Wetfly were the day before. There was one guy in the access point they started at, and a few very splashy risers. Good enough for us. Biker and I both missed some serious hits. Sal hooked into a good one, but lost it before the fish was landed. Still, it was at least nice to see signs of life.

We reconvened at camp that evening and ate the most amazing burgers most of us had ever seen, thanks to Skybay. We sat around for hours talking and enjoying the evening. Sunday was an early morning, as I had to be back in Lancaster by 2pm. Everyone was up, got camp cleaned and shut down, and we were on the road by 8:15am.

If you're going to get a massive skunking, its good to know it ain't just you. We were all getting our tails kicked, and some of these guys are guys who don't just get skunked. It was what it was, but it was an amazing weekend regardless of the fishing. We saw some great waters and had great company. I know for myself, I now have a list of streams to fish when I'm up in June. I only wish the rest of the guys would be up there with me! Hosting this event has become one of the highlights of my year. There will definitely be a 3rd Annual Quill Gordon Summit. We found the Quill Gordons this year...maybe next year we'll find fish willing to eat them!