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Subject: : Fly Fishing Events and Meet-ups

Topic: : 2013 JAM stories

Re: 2013 JAM stories

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Date: : 2013/5/20 13:45:47

URL:

I'm pcraying the jam. :)

Wednesday - Arrived to 7 Mountains CG mid-afternoon. Took a little while to get unpacked, get the tent up, get organized, etc. Then we tried to go to Poe Paddy, only to find out virtually every road there was closed! Can't get there from here. Frustrating start as we were itching to get started. We eventually did get there around 7, and went THROUGH the tunnel as someone had opened it up. Good fishing starting around 8. Scott caught a few bigger ones. I had better numbers but worse size as I got squeezed into a riffle full of 8 inchers. I did get a couple of "good" ones. Met Pontus upon our return to the campground, sat around a fire and drank and got to know Pontus a little.

Thursday - Wanted to get Pontus some brookies. But we got a late start, so we amended our plans for adventure to hit a more local and popular brookie stream. To our dismay, there was a red truck with a Back the Brookie front license plate which beat us there. AHEM! So we hit another nearby stream. We all got a few but nobody was in double digits or anything, the numbers weren't great, but most of the fish caught were solid 7 or 8" types. Went back to Penns for the evening. Was much the same as Wednesday, cept the tunnel had been closed so we went over the top. Scott's and my numbers were similar, except all mine were good fish and Scott lost a monster. Unfortunately, Pontus took the skunk on Penns. He got some brookies and a brown from the small stream, but we perhaps shoulda helped him more as water the size of Penns was outside of anything he was familiar with. Joined a group fire on our return and the evening fun was winding up.

Friday - Due to previous night's festivities, we weren't up real early. With needing to visit a fly shop, and reports of early success on Spring, we skipped the brookie thing, ate a good lunch and took our good old time getting out. Then went straight to Spring mid-afternoon. Saw Delta Dog and Heritage Ed and their whole crew upon arrival. Hiked a ways. And absolutely slayed em all evening long, from duns through the spinner fall. Pontus got 18, I got 20, I'm not sure how many Scott had but it was more than just respectable too. Not a whole lot of size, though. Back at camp, this was our wildest night, and I probably over-indulged.

Saturday - Took half a day to recover, socialized around the CG. Went back to Spring for the evening, this time below Paradise. Far fewer bugs than above, but there were some. Not many risers, easily our worst day fishing. I still managed 5, Scott 3 I think. Pontus got a couple including a dinosaur looking specimen, I'm guesstimating 17 or 18", which would make anyone's day but put a smile on him almost as long as the fish itself. Back to camp to take in the evening festivities, and the food was phenomenal.

Great, great trip.