

Subject: : Paflyfish General Forum

Topic: : Going back to my roots

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I will be going back to my hometown of Indiana, PA for the Thanksgiving holiday to indulge in homemade beer, Steelers vs Ravens thurs. night, and of course some fly fishing. After having a long discussion as to which stream to fish, we decided to go where I first started fly fishing, Little Mahoning fly project. I remember watching my dad catch fish at almost every spot we hit. I eventually ventured off on my own trying to figure how to catch a fish with these fuzzy bug things I had in my fly box.

The one thing I remember, (I was probabably 15 or 16 at the time so my thoughts were on different things) was how beautiful this scenery is. I felt like Field and Stream was on the opposite side of the creek taking a picture and thinking of a caption to put in that months issue. I remember sitting under a pine tree on a stump next to stream at a bend with a big boulder just upstream. It was a gloomy upper 40's day. It had just rained the night before and the ground was damp. I tied one of these "wally bugger" things my dad advised. After a couple dead drifts I finally hooked into a stocked raindbow. Nothing pretty, just a plain jane 12" or so PA hatchery rainbow. It actually surprised me, as I was just going through the motions at this point waiting for dad to travel back upstream and say, "pack it in?"

I think back to how that one memory just stuck with me through all these years. A kid who has booze, girls, and waiting for his shot at a learners permit on his mind somehow, stopped and really indulged in a moment that will stay with him for years.

There are two streams relatively close (within 10 minutes) that would probably produce well, but I cant help but drive a little further to where it all started...