
Subject: : Paflyfish General Forum

Topic: : Wild Trout in the Southern Tier

Wild Trout in the Southern Tier

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Took a day off for the first time in a long while on Monday and decided to travel south to see how the wild brownies were doing in some of my favorite York County streams. Ended up being one of those days that I'll keep tucked away in my memory for quite a while. It's days like this that got me hooked on fly fishing.

I started off at 6:30 in the morning on a somewhat larger stream for the area. Caught a few wild browns and several God-awful ugly stockie rainbows. It was a nice start to the day, but nothing to write home about. Took off from there around 10, and the air was definitely starting to warm up. I figured I might run into some hatches with the recent upswing in temps, but wasn't sure on this second stream, as it is much smaller and I've never seen too much coming off.

The beauty of this stream never gets old. Every time I hike in, it's like discovering the place all over again. When I arrived at the spot where I was going to start, I took a second to look around and take everything in. There was really good flow, and enough tint in the water to make it tough to see the bottom of most of the pools. To my surprise, there were TONS of bugs popping off. Caddis, big dark mayflies, bwos, little stoneflies - a trout smorgasbord! I started with a size 14 parachute adams. After a couple pools and no strikes, I switch to a small x caddis. No luck. I then decided to go subsurface, and I didn't look back from there.

With a size 14 caddis pupae, I felt like I hit the lottery. The first pool I cast into exploded with a 13 inch brownie. And then another. And then another. I slowly worked my way upstream over the next few hours. Almost everywhere you would expect a fish, one appeared. Nothing like a quick silver flash at the bottom of a murky plunge pool to get your heart racing!

I love fishing big creeks like Penns, the Little J, and Pine. My heart, however, is with the small streams. I get more satisfaction out of a 12 inch brownie out of a flow that you can walk across in a few strides than a 20 inch fish out of a big creek.

As I hiked back out, I was filled with satisfaction of not just catching fish, but of creating a memory that I will hold onto forever. It's these days that get me through winters like we just had.

Attach file:

 **Butter.JPG** (132.10 KB)



 **Close up.JPG** (133.70 KB)



 **Plunges.JPG** (142.39 KB)



 **Flower.JPG** (111.41 KB)



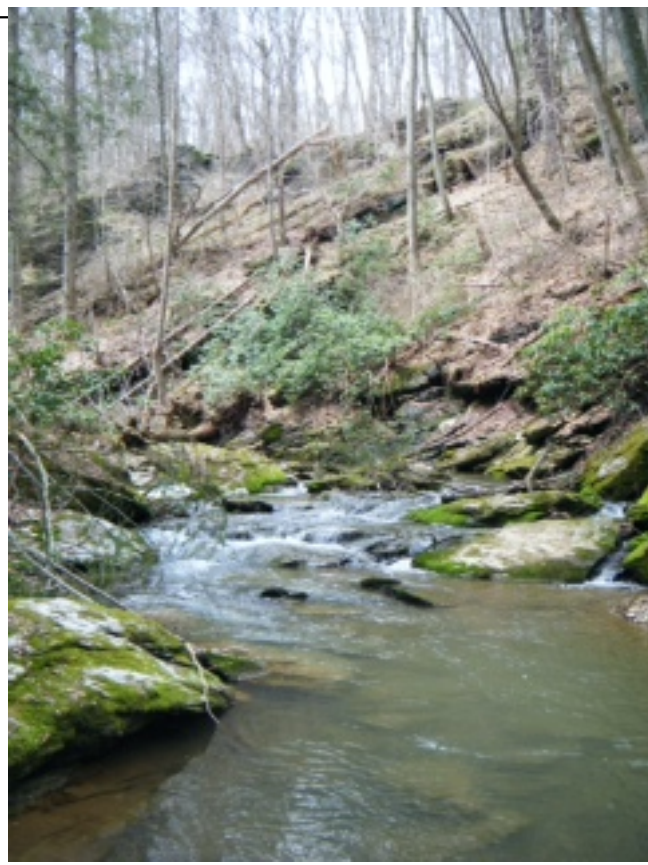
 **First Fish.JPG** (50.97 KB)



 **Red Adipose.JPG** (109.17 KB)



 **Pool.jpeg** (55.54 KB)



 **Spots.JPG** (114.47 KB)



 **Wild.JPG** (124.32 KB)

