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Subject: : Warm Water & Salt Water Fly-Fishing

Topic: : carp

Re: carp

Author: : Maurice

Date: : 2009/2/5 22:45:27

URL:

Quote:

JakesLeakyWaders wrote:

A good place to catch carp is at the York Haven damn, on the Susquehanna in York county. They are swimming below the dam discharge in the back waters all the time in summer there's enough that you could snag them, like I did one day while spin fishing. The carp ran and my rod bent and my lure came flying at me with carp scales on the hook. I stopped there today, I live ten fifteen minutes away. Right at the corner of the power plant where the Conewago flows into the river to meet the water flowing out from the turbines, you could see a definite line of stained muddy water from the Conewago, and unusually clear water flowing out from the dam. I walk the catwalk to the upper end of the dam and could see down 8-9 feet in a slack water area even with the wind blowing with my polarized glasses on. And the water coming out of the dam is very oxygenated, has a blueish color to it. Makes me wonder if there might be a big trout or two somewhere in the river in the winter. I almost want to take my camera there tomorrow with a polarized filter to take some pics of the outflow and water seem of clear and cloudy water merging together, fish, sometimes like to feed just inside or outside of the murky water. But seriously I could see freshwater clam shells way down there today in the clear water I think the clearness is attributed to the ice in the river and ice/snow melt with the warm weather break we had. Wading at the dam is difficult unless the water is low.

Jake,

A few years ago when I was searching for the remaining bass in the river with a tube jig and spin rod I spotted a fish tailing through a riffle across the river from York Haven at Falmouth. I made a few long casts ahead of the "tail" and each time I was being him until the fourth cast when I guess I got it right. I got hung up and then the drag started to sing. He took me across the river to the last layer on the spool, over 100 yards. I fought him for over a half hour before bringing him to me and my buddy. By then it was dark and it was swimming around us still out of sight. I kept telling Mike it was a big, big fish. He kept saying lets see it. Finally it came to the surface right between his legs in waist deep water. (you do the math on that one) He gilled it and held it up.

HOLY CRAP.....it was 3 inches longer than my arm with my fingers extended. A later measurement of that estimate was 36" It weighted about 20#.

Then I put the spin rod down and started catching 20" cattiees on white flies in the light s of Brunner island. When the river gives you lemons, you make lemonade.