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Eldorado canyon fishing report

Time: 10:30 am to 2:30 pm Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 11/02/2020 Photo Album A snowstorm swept through Colorado and brought temperatures to a figure on October 25 and 26. This circumstance along with the cold and wind during the days that followed put my fishing season on hiatus and made me begin my winter fly binding efforts. Temperatures gradually warmed to highs in the 1960s on Saturday and Sunday, and the long-range forecast for Monday, November 2 through Friday was very encouraging with highs reaching the seventies. This was enough to spur this fisherman to dust off the fly rod. Looking at the Canyon Sunday night I checked the flows on the local waterways and noticed that South Boulder Creek was maintaining an attractive level of 83 CFS. I was very eager to make a visit to the small queue northwest of Denver, but the water managers closed the taps at a wire of 5 CFS for several weeks in October. A nice autumn day and manageable streams were all I needed to make the unit at the kayak parking lot high above the creek and close to the dam. I mounted my four-weight Sage and made the steep descent to the creek that allowed me to start the 10:30AM casting. Making sure of the focus I started with a hippie stomper peacock, but apart from a brief rejection, surface feeding did not seem to be prevalent. I added a size 14 prince nymph and under it a size 16 hare of ear nymph beads, and this combination produced three brown trout. Each fly delivered a trout to my net during this first phase of my day. Before I stopped for lunch, I recorded three more brown trout to increase the number of fish to six, and the prince attracted two of the three, while another greedy eater chomped the hippie stomper. Early Brown Trout A Second Shot for Good Measure After lunch I replaced the hare's ear with a pheasant tail and, finally, a safety nymph, and salvation came to terms with a single fish, while the prince and hippie splintered into one each. At 1:30, I somehow lost the main nymph in a tangle that came from a landed fish, and I used this pause in action to reconfigure. The shadows covered most of the stream, and the low sun created a glow on the portion of the stream that remained outside the shadow. In an effort to improve my tracking ability, I mistook the hippie stomper for a fat Albert size 8. For the formation of the subsoil I introduced an ultra zug bug of size 16 and followed a nymph salvation. The ultra zug insect became a hot commodity, as it recorded the last

afternoon fish to bring the count to thirteen. Another beautiful brown trout this deep run produced a brown trout Fishing on Monday was not fast action at all. I covered a significant amount of flow and performed an abundant amount of projected calcs. Numerous long-distance releases and waste were part of the equation, and the fish landed were surely on the side with the largest possibly extend to eleven inches. However, I was satisfied with a double-digit day in November. My streak of catching a fish in every month of the calendar year remained alive; however, December will certainly be a challenge for this beautiful weather fisherman. I plan to take advantage of the good autumn weather to embark on some more fishing outings in the rest of this first week of November. Fish landed: 13 Now: 10:30 am – 2:30PM Location: Between Rollinsville and East Portal South Boulder Creek 09/24/2020 Photo Album Thursday was another adventure on so far never caught water in Colorado. In fact, new water fishing has become a theme for my 2020 season, and some interesting destinations remain on my list for the fall season. I noticed the public section of South Boulder Creek on our different trips to and from the East Portal to hike the popular trail. Promising Slack The dashboard recorded sixty degrees, as I prepared to fish, so I wore my Under Armour long-sleeved shirt and a fleece hoodie. This created comfort during the morning and early afternoon, but I ended, that I was too dressed. I slipped my four-piece Sage four weight together and walked downstream along the dirt road, until I found a more gradual route for my descent. I wasn't familiar with the section, but my instincts borne fruit when I entered the creek just above a sign of non-violation. When I looked at the flow from above on the road, I was afraid it was quite low, but this assessment turned out to be deceptive, as the flows were decent by the end of September. Surprise Start Hippy Stomper on Fire Early I selected a hippie stomper from my MFC fly box and tied to my line. The next twenty minutes were the highlight of my day, as five brown trout aggressively slapped the size 12 attractor. A pair of browns measured eleven inches and proved to be some of the best fish of the day. I was satisfied with the trust shown by the resident trout, and my optimism rose with hope, that I discovered another mountain destination. Leaves, I'm A'Changing Unfortunately the easy dry fly fishing couldn't stand, and I suffered through a long period of drought. This period of inaction convinced me to convert to a dry approach/dropper, and I aligned my lineup with a tanned pool toy hound, pheasant tail nymph and lere ear nymph. The pace of action has improved, but I've never found the magic of the first twenty minutes. The number of fish rose from five to ten between 11:00 and 13:00, and the ear lere was responsible for most of the trout landed. Super Nova worked by 13:00pm: the air temperature rose to the low seventies, and the action slowed measurably. I decided to go back to a dry-flying approach and stick the hippie stomper to my line. At last I adopted a double dry presentation with an olive stimulator behind the This combination has come to terms with a fish; but the warm air, the bright sun and the fruitless fusion have caused my confidence to wane with hope. I decided to go deep again and replaced the hippie stomper with a Chernobyl ant following a super nova. The dry spell was temporarily broken, when a twelve-inch rainbow snapped the super nova, but this turned out to be an aberration, and I eventually returned to a dry fly approach with a moodah poodah and pheasant tail on a short eighteen-inch dropper. Best Fish of the Day In one of the larger pockets I plopped the beetle (moodah poodah), and a brown trout turned through the small pool to inhale the earth's foam and raised the fish count to thirteen. I assumed that maybe beetles were the answer, but another drought developed, and I decided to call it quit at 2:30 p.m. My confidence was low, and I was frustrated by my inability to generate interest despite quality water casting with accurate presentations. Thirteen fish were acceptable, but the size was missing, and the early afternoon was challenging. I suspect I'll never make the trip to western South Boulder Creek again, but it was fun to experience a new stretch of the creek. Fish Landed: 13 Time: 10:45 – 3:15PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 09/02/2020 Photo Album After two very successful days on South Boulder Creek in early August, I wished to return in order to take advantage of the late green dragon ant on the small tailwater front field. Unfortunately, Denver water managers had other ideas, and increased the flow rate from 140 CFS to 230 CFS. As you can imagine, 230 CFS in the narrow South Boulder Creek canyon creates some challenging fishing conditions. I decided to wait for my time and wait for the s flows to drop to more favorable levels, while I sampled other high country options in Colorado. Finally I noticed that the DWR chart depicted outflows from the gross basin of 139 CFS, and I promptly made plans to pay for the canyon tailwater a visit. Yummy Water Wednesday developed on a sunny day with high temperatures on South Boulder Creek approaching eighty degrees. The wet waders seemed like an attractive option, but I remembered that my feet became numb even wearing waders due to the cold release of the bottom from the dam. I slipped into my waders and rigged my Orvis Access four weights and went down the steep path from the kayak parking lot to the edge of the creek. Three cars preceded me in the parking lot, and another came with a man and presumably a son and nephew, as I prepared to fish. Surely the number of vehicles meant I would have the creek mostly to myself. First Hippy Stomper Success As I crossed the creek at the bottom of the steep path, it seemed that the running flows were stronger than 139 CFS; however, when I checked again on my return home, the DWR website chart continued to represent a level at the above speed. As mentioned in the first paragraph, I anxiously anticipated prospecting with large dry dragon green flies; and I did, in fact, by doing a little bit, but the fish were not as cooperative, as they were on 11/08/2020 and 14/08/2020. According to the plan when I got to my favorite starting point, I tied a parachute green dragon to my line and started prospecting probably fish keeping flies, but the creek residents showed no interest. After covering several very attractive pools with no response from the fish, I mistook the green dragon for a hippie stomper peacock. At first before lunch the stomper recorded a couple of trout, but also generated a large amount of waste, so I mistook it for an easy-to-use green dragon. The friendly user tricked my only rainbow trout of the day, but then it also became a fly that the fish decided to inspect but not eat. Worth a couple of casts kept in the sun This description of my morning fly fishing pretty much characterized all my day. I cycled through a lot of flies, but never opted for a consistent manufacturer, until the end of the day on the way back to the parking lot. I fished diligently and covered a significant amount of stream and managed to land fifteen trout. All were brown trout except for the rainbow which crushed the friendly user. Ten trout rested in my net between 10:45 and 2:45, and I added five in a thirty-minute period, when I stopped to fish for a favorite pool on my return excursion. Obviously my catch rate in the first four hours was very unclear. Recovery After Lunch I tried a final tan pool toy homoggia a prince head of beads and a safety nymph, and managed to lure a series of tramoggia waders. The nymphs were totally ignored, so I went back to the dry fly approach and threw a comparison of green dragon for a reasonable period of time. The solitary imitation of the green dragon deceived a fish, but it was largely avoided. What could trout look for? I took a beetle from my box, and it was one of the most popular flies of the day. After some initial success with the beetle, the action slowed down, and I spied on several natural green dragons and a large pale morning dune. I switched to a size 14 light gray comparadun and induced a trout to swallow the great PMD imitation, and then I went back to the beetle and added the green dragon comparison as the second dry fly. Of the top ten fish landed before I embarked on my return excursion, three ate the hippie stomper, one banded the comparadun light, one slapped the user friendly green dragon, one arose the green color of the drake and four nipped Jake's sip beetle. The numerous fly changes were indicative of a slow catch rate and my inability to identify a constantly productive fly for South Boulder Creek trout. Healthy brown trout I wasted too much time casting in the middle of the slopes and pockets, pockets, most of my success was derived from the deep pockets and riffles along the shore. The higher flows than desired reduced the number of first detention points for trout, and this forced me to move often, and this in turn made me bypass numerous boulders and fight strong currents to make progress. End of day Fun At 2:45 pm I reached an area where the canyon narrowed, and flows to 139 CFS hampered my ability to find water to hold decent. I hooked my fly to the rod guide and started my excursion back. After .75 mile I approached a nice wide pool and before wading through it to continue my return journey, I paused and observed several increases. I decided to extend my day of fly fishing, and I lobbed some of the beetle's calni near ups and downs. The beetle attracted several glances, but the trout would not close the jaw on the imitation of the foam. What could fish eat? I mistook the beetle for a size 18 and a cinnamon. It was mostly ignored or rejected, but through persistence I induced two trout to sip the low mayfly imitation riding. End of day Bonus Four or five fish fed sporadically at the tail of the long pool area, and they became immune to my comparadun, so I mistook it for a size 22 CDC blue-sead olive. This was definitely not on the radar of the creek residents, so I removed it, and replaced it with a size 18 light gray comparadun. Voila! Three trout recognized the small comparadun as a desirable food element, and I built the count of fish to fifteen. Four of the last five trout landed were brown in the twelve-inch range, and I was very pleased to end my day on a high note. Fish landed: 15 Time: 9:30 – 3:30PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 08/14/2020 Photo Album I had a spectacular day on Tuesday, August 11 on South Boulder Creek, so I decided to replicate it on Friday, August 14. I was predictably a victim of high expectations. Traffic was unusually light on Friday morning, and this allowed me to get to the kayak parking lot by 8:45am. The air temperature was in the 1960s, and it was obvious that Friday would evolve on another hot day. Based on previous experience I knew that fund release flows from the dam were extremely cold, and the flows of 168 CFS meant I would be standing on my knees in the water for most of the day. I quickly made the decision to wear my waders, and put together my four-weight Sage rod. Dainty Willflowers vehicles preceded me to the lot, and as I ran through my preparation routine, two other gentlemen arrived. They were not familiar with the South Boulder Creek area and access points, so they immediately began to question me about the matter. I explained that there are essentially three access points, and that they were currently closer to the stream, although I warned them that the short path to the creek under the dam required a very steep path at the end of the day. One of the men seemed to be on his sixty or seventy, so I wanted to make them aware of the stressful climb. As I left for the path myself, it seemed that they were inclined to take the big step. At least one trout must call this place home I walked a reasonable distance from the parking lot and found myself along the edge of the creek ready to launch from 9:30AM. 168 CFS is higher than me; as it reduces the number of attractive fish that hold lies, prevents crossing to the opposite bank and mostly confines the casting to the area between the right bank and the center of the stream. The combination of a stomper hippie peacock and drake green parachute performed pretty well in the morning on Tuesday, so I copied the strategy on Friday. I started in a gorgeous large pool that represents one of my favorites all over the creek, and fifteen minutes of targeted casting and prospecting failed to produce an iota of interest from resident trout. At this point I sensed that Friday would be a completely different experience from Tuesday's. Only Trout Taken on a Nymph I abandoned the double dry approach and adopted a dry/dropper configuration. In previous years I enjoyed some success with a prince nymph imitating a green dragon nymph, so I tested this tactic on Friday morning. I lined up a tanning pool toy hom like the top fly for visibility and buoyancy and then bored the prince in the top nymph position and then added a safety nymph under it. The choice of salvation was an attempt to imitate pale nymphs in the morning, in case they were present as well. The dry/dropper was allocated a good part of the flow time, and allowed me to record my first fish landed; a small brown trout that swallowed salvation, but otherwise I judged the method to be lacking. The fish did not respond to the tramoggia, and generally ignored nymphs as well. It may require a left-handed cast Mine before normal start and the extra flow time, before the materialized heat, was largely wasted with a trout in 1.5 hours of fishing. I decided to go back to what worked on Tuesday, but to focus on the green dragon dries, and as a result I withdrew the hippie stomper. I chose a green parachute dragon from my dragon flight box, and I began to prospect with the dry fly solo. In a short time, an exuberant eleven-inch rainbow rose the parachute, and my fortunes made a U-turn in a positive direction. In the next hour I learned that most of the trout willing to eat my dry fly were hidden slower moving water with some depth near the shore, and I focused my energies on these types of flow structure. Saved by Net Hell The rest of my day in South Boulder Creek followed the script. I threw only one dry fly for likely fish holding it along the right bank, and I constantly increased the number of fish from two to fourteen, before I called it closes. Different Different this was not quick and furious action. Instead I worked upstream very methodically, and my persistence was periodically rewarded with a hungry eater. Although the amount of fish landed was left behind August 11, the size was on average higher, although thirteen inches represented the best fish of the day. Brown trout exceeded rainbow trout by a ratio of two to one. I cycled through four styles of imitations of green drake including parachute, comparadun, user friendly and May break cripple. The introductory rehearsal of the May break was disappointing, as no trout took a look. The friendly user delivered a fish or two, but then created a garbage strip and lost its prominent position on my line. Decent Enough Nice Brown For SBC The drake green parachute and comparadun were the workhorses flies on Friday, and they accounted for most of the fish landed. In a promising pool I observed some smaller mayflies increases, which I assumed to be pale duns morning, so I added an eight-inch section of tippet to the green dragon curve and attached a size 16 light gray comparadun. The smallest mayfly proved its worth, like two nabbed rainbows from the surface. At 2:30 p.m., I watched two natural green dragons flutter on the surface in an attempt to escape the surface tension. So close I almost dapped the cast, but a fish materialized by 3PM I became tired enough to shuffle around branches and on slippery rocks, and the mid-afternoon sun was burning the creek and its surroundings including me. I pulled up my slack line, hooked my fly to the cane guide and started my hike the canyon back to the car. Along the way I stopped at three separate shelf pools to test my skills, but a subtle rejection from a small fish was all I could reap, before climbing the steep path to the parking lot. I stopped five times during my climb to catch my breath and test for acid. When I arrived at Santa Fe, my body was fatigued and my layers were saturated with sweat. The two gentlemen I recommended at the beginning of my days were no longer present, and I was happy to avoid their criticism, if they endured the rigorous climb. SBC Rainbows Are Special Rainbow Curl In retrospect Friday was a decent day for mid-August. The air temperature was much warmer, and I met many more fishermen than on my visit earlier in the week. The additional fishermen certainly stirred up the water and scared more fish so impacting my number of fish. But all things considered, fourteen fish was reasonable, and each was a bright, while the size of the trout was above average for South Boulder Creek fishing. If I took the forty-one day of fish off my mind on Tuesday and re-calibrated my expectations to a normal level, I realized that Friday was another fun experience during the summer of 2020. Fish landed: 14 Where to throw first? Time: 10:00AM 10:00AM 4:00PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 08/11/2020 March Madness Photo Album. April Insanity. Now I offer August Mayhem. I continued my 2020 search for green dragon hatches on Tuesday, August 11, and was not disappointed. A dentist appointment on Monday and appointment with the doctor on Thursday precluded a long fishing/camping trip in the week that began on August 10, so I designated the week for exploring the Front Range stream. Bear Creek, cache la Poudre and Forcella Nord in St. Vrain Creek were the only Front Range systems I touched on in the months following my surgery. When I looked at the DWR flow data, I found that the Big Thompson kept running down the valley at 280 CFS. Boulder Creek flows were promising, but I was against handling construction delays in the canyon. The bear creek and cache charts the Poudre depicted ridiculously low streams, and I was worried about fish safety. I drove my eleven-year-old friend, Lucas, to the north fork of St. Vrain on Friday, and the conditions were difficult. This left Clear Creek and South Boulder Creek. Luckily clear creek numbers have dropped to 93 CFS, and my ideal range for the nearby creek west of Golden is 50–100 CFS. South Boulder Creek continued to run through the canyon under Gross Reservoir at 168 CFS, which is a bit higher than I prefer. I reviewed the posts on this blog for previous visits to South Boulder Creek in early August at relatively high flows, and found that trout were willing to rise to green dragons despite the increase in water volume. This made my decision, and I made the short drive to South Boulder Creek for a day of fly fishing. The Will to Live Two vehicles occupied the parking lot when I arrived, and I applauded this circumstance. The air temperature was about 70 degrees and the high for the day exceeded just under 80 degrees. The clouds blocked the sun for most of my time in the canyon, and the cold bottom release water kept me comfortable during my five hours on the creek. I put together my Four Weight Sage and jumped into my waders and walked along the steep path to the creek and then continued for a decent distance, before I started fishing at 10am. At Starting Point My research informed me that green dragons were present in early August, so I discussed whether to start with a dry/dropper with a bead-headed prince as an imitation drake nymph or alternatively to launch my day with a double dry incorporating a dry dragon green fly. I opted for the latter and configured my line with a stomper hippie peacock body a drake green parachute on an eight-inch dropper. In the first fifteen minutes I landed three trout, and all confidently inhaled the parachute dragon. I was starting fast, and I patted my back mentally to elect the double dry approach. Elongated elongated brown trout positive start quickly turned into frustration, like the next two trout I hooked sought the safety of some underwater logs. I couldn't stop their sudden dives, and I lost both fish along with three flies. First the hippie stomper and drake green parachute stopped, and in case number two the green dragon separated, while I recovered the hippie stomper. These disruptions irritating to my positive fishing atmosphere were the only such events during the day, but I was still frustrated. Yikes. A swimming pool. With the early loss of two green dragon flies, my concern grew that I provided adequate amounts, so I replaced the comparadun with a harrop wing of hair. The hair-wing version behaved quite well, as the number of fish mounted at twelve before lunch, but much of this success was attributable to the charm of hippie stomper. Most of the first trout were brown, and several twelve-inch exuberant beauties rested in my net. Harrop Hair-wing Comfortable After Lunch I continued with the same approach that provided me with fun in the morning. The hippie stomper remained in place like the front fly until 2:30, however, I rotated the point flying between the harrop hair wing, user friendly, and comparadun. During this time the trout preference shifted, and the stomper became more of a visual indicator, while imitations of the final green drake emerged as an element of desire for local stream residents. Hippy Stomper in Use And Another As the fish count reached winds, the friendly user suddenly seemed to generate litter, so I knocked down the green drake option to a size 14 comparadun, and the trout gave this change a thumbs up. By now I recognized the types of flow structure that fish produced, and I moved faster and skipped marginal lies. The number of fish rose through the 20s to twenty-eight, and it was at this moment, that I observed four natural green dragons, as they struggled to lift the cold-flowing currents of South Boulder Creek. I anticipated some hot action, but instead noticed four rejections for the hippie stomper. Trout in the canyon was seeing the stomper before, inspecting and refusing, and never considered the green dragon's alternative. I decided to abandon the hippie stomper and the dry double method and bored a single drake green parachute to my line. User Friendly Green Drake Promising Section Unique Spot Pattern The single dry parachute green dragon proved its worth, and the number of fish rose to thirty-three. Although the low-guidance parachute was harder to land and required repeated sopping and dry agitation, seemed to be a solid representation of the royal mayflies. My most effective tactic was to wade over the destination area and then lob a through cast fly with an extra dose of slack. I allowed the parachute to drift downstream, and quite a few aggressive aggressive slammed the green dragon fraud near the tail of the race. It looked like he had it, before he escaped to the lip of the slower water. Cannot Get Enough of These South Boulder Creek Rainbows Number thirty-three has been released, as I reached a steeper slope section and faster water. At low flows I normally continue to prospect this area, but at 168 CFS tram made me a challenge, so I chose to go out and started my march to the car. As is my usual sight, I stopped along the way back to two of my favorite pools. The first break of return turned out to be very productive, as I landed five additional trout to increase the count to thirty-eight. Four of the five were rainbow trout fighting hard, and all responded to the downstream presentation described earlier. At Bit Closer Scarlet O'Hara At my final fishing stop I sprayed casts with drake parachute at all corners of the slower water, but the trout were not impressed. Meanwhile several risers caught my attention along the right bank beside some exposed rocks. I targeted them with some expert drifts, but for some reason the parachute fell out of favor. In an event-horror attempt to trick the fussy feeders, I swapped the parachute style for a comparadun. Success! Three other trout inhaled the comparadun including a nice brown 13-inch that put an exclamation mark on my fly fishing day. I released the brown deep olive body and hooked my fly to the auction guide and returned to the Santa Fe. Buttery Gold at the end of the day great pool in sight what a day! Forty-one trout landed, and all were caught on dry flies. I've never tested dry/dropper with a prince nymph, though I thought I'd start my day. I used and caught fish on every style of green dragon in my box except for the May break cripple. The higher flows forced me to wade cautiously, however, the large dry flies drew trout to the depths. It was rare that promising water failed to meet my expectations, and I enjoy such fast action. All my green dragons proved their worth, even though the parachute and comparadun styles seemed to outperform others. If flows remain favorable, another month of green dragon action should be available on South Boulder Creek. I'm going to take advantage of it. Fish landed: 41 Time: 3:00PM – 4:15PM Location: South Boulder Road at Boulder Turnpike South Boulder Creek 06/30/2020 Photo Album I'm always playing for a new fishing area, so when a reader on this blog proposed a swath of South Boulder Creek, which I never fished my fishing radar went on alert. Unfortunately this bit of intelligence coincided with a significant ramp in flow streams, so I came up with the idea for four weeks. When I checked the flows on Monday, June 29, I was pleased to hear that South Boulder Creek under Eldorado Canyon dropped to 117 CFS. When I returned from Boulder, CO and my appointment, I diverted a little and did a first-hand inspection of South Boulder Creek. It was flowing high and clear, and I decided to make an exploratory visit. Unfortunately Tuesday was a day of medicine, and I had an appointment at 9:20 a.m. in Boulder followed by an 11:20AM at another specialist in Denver. I arrived early for my second medical examination and then waited an extraordinary amount of time, as the doctor was running thirty minutes late. The domination of my day from medical engagements put my planned trip to South Boulder Creek in jeopardy, but I finally convinced myself, which was simply exploratory, and the unit was only thirty minutes away. I ate my lunch at home and then left Denver and got to the shoulder pull out along South Boulder Road from 2:45PM. Over time I assembled my Orvis Access four weights and walked to the edge of the creek and configured my line with a plump dud tanned ice Chernobyl, prince nymph and nymph of salvation was 3PM. Some large clouds in the western sky blocked the sun for most of my time on the stream, and the air temperature remained in the low eighties. High but clear For the next forty-five minutes I covered the stretch between South Boulder Road and the Boulder Turnpike, and wondered if the creek contained a single fish. Well, I managed to land a tiny three-inch brown, so there was at least one inhabitant of cold water. I didn't have a basis for comparison, but I assumed the creek was running higher than normal, but several deep riffles and inviting runs suggested trout might be present. I questioned my fly choices and mistook salvation for a bright green go2 caddis pupa. Gorgeous run failed to produce Although my informant told me that 1.5 miles of public access was available in this area, powers that be erected annoying fences along the creek and perpendicular to different places. I managed to carefully climb over and climb over the one parallel to the stream, but those who ran at an angle of ninety degrees and stretched through the stream forced me to retreat to the bike path, turn around the fence and then cut back into the water. If I had netted abundant amounts of fish, I would have accepted the inconvenience of fencing, but that was not the case. Some beautiful deep tracks appeared under a concrete structure just before the Boulder Turnpike, and I probed these thoroughly, but again to no avail end. On the south side of the Boulder Turnpike I found that the fencing on the west side is over, and I was able to cross the creek and access the motorcycle bath once again. I progressed upstream for another of yards, and I managed to briefly hook a five-inch brown trout, and the same deep rush produced a whirlwind to the chubby Chernobyl. Both fish were quite diminutive. At 4:15 am I got tired of the lack of action, and another fisherman blocked my progress, so I hooked my fly in the auction guide of the auction walked back to the car. As I was repositioning my equipment, and gentleman came up to me and started talking and asking questions about my day. I was surprised to find that the socially dividing friendly person from me was the same reader who suggested South Boulder Creek as a nearby fishing destination. What a little world we live in! If I return to this section of South Boulder Creek, I will visit during the late morning and early afternoon, since these are prime time and more likely to give up a hatch. I would also like to skip the section I covered and hike directly to the area south of the Boulder Turnpike. Despite a hard 1.25 hours I didn't give up. Fish landed: 0 Time: 11:30 – 4:00PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 04/06/2020 Photo Album I experienced my best day on South Boulder Creek on Wednesday, April 1; and with the return of the beautiful spring weather to Colorado, I was anxious for a return engagement. For the notoriously variable South Boulder Creek I first checked the flows, and they remained at a very desirable 19 CFS. The weather for nearby Pinecliffe, CO suggested high temperatures in the upper fifties, and with this encouraging information I made the journey to the kayak parking lot high above the creek, but downstream from Gross Reservoir. Loving the pools in front When I arrived, only one other car populated the lot, and a father and two young children set off on the trail as I prepared. I wrapped my North Face light down around my waist under my waders, in case the preparation got it wrong on the low side, and assembled my Orvis Access four weights. During my previous visit on April 1, 2020 I spent most of my day in a pool and fished in a long hatch. Would Monday 6 April take place in a similar way? Representative Brown Trout walked down the trail for a decent distance to get separation from the parking lot, and then approached the creek. Flows were slightly higher than on April 1, but clear low conditions continued to dictate a slow cautious approach. The low and clear conditions suggested, that I should avoid large and heavy flies that disturbed the water excessively, so I opted for a size 12 hippie stomper with a peacock body. I began to prospect the little attractor of probable trout lies, and after ten minutes without action, a small brown trout crushed the foam attractor near the tail of a pocket. I continued, but a couple of rejections convinced me that the hippie stomper wasn't the winner I was looking for, so I added an ear of bead hares and a super nova baetis as droppers. Another little brown reacted of the hares to bring the fish count to two, but again I covered some very attractive sections unanswered. I found a nice rocky beach from noon and stopped to eat my lunch and gather my thoughts. Apart from that little brown trout the nymphs were mostly ignored, but hippie hippie continued to generate waste. The waste frustrates me, but it's a sign that trout is looking up to the surface for their meals, so I decided to lower the size to a size 12 Jake beetle, and I kept the hares' ear and super nova like droplets. The beetle performed in a similar way to the hippie stomper, while trout rose to inspect, but then slowly settled back to their detention positions. An aggressive eater slapped the beetle to bring the number of fish to three, and later a brown trout grabbed the hare's ear, while sweeping along some side boulders of the shore. I got to a fish count of four, but I wasn't happy with the results despite the reasonable catch rate. I was convinced that I was bypassing decent fish in areas that historically produced the most eaters. Attacking with the intake of surface feeding I began to cycle through some alternative dry flies. I tried one of the new desperate caddis, which I recently tied up, but it was mostly ignored. How about an ant? I hung up the beetle and then extended some tippet from the curve and added a size 18 black parachute ant, and caught the double dried through several very attractive pools with only a few spray waste to the beetle to show for my creativity. After an hour and a half of fishing through normally very productive water, I was stuck on four trout, and I was beginning to fear a disappointing day despite the spectacular weather. I don't know how I did this Some faster pocket water was ahead, and I stopped to pick up my thoughts before continuing to fish the same way while waiting for different results. I decided to return to my reliable drying/dropper technique with a longer dropper and heavier nymph in the top position. For this application I selected a size 10 classic black Chernobyl ant, and then I added a size 12 main nymph and a partridge and orange wet fly. I recently tied the partridge and orange, and I was curious to see what it was like when it was wet, and whether it would attract the interest of South Boulder Creek trout. The change turned out to be a revelation, as I methodically worked my way upstream and dropped the three fly rigs in all likely locations. Chernobyl has lost twice, but above all it has not distracted fish from water lilies by waste. The real star of the afternoon session, however, was the main nymph. In the fastest water at the heads of riffle or deep runs, the prince became a highly desirable commodity. The fish count shifted from four to nineteen, and all fifteen fish netted they were attributable to the prince with the exception of the two victims of the Chernobyl ant. I was in my element, as I moved quickly and sunbathed on a beautiful spring day. Chernobyl Ant Classic worked on April 6 Productive Prince From 3:15PM I got to my normal exit point, so I climbed the rocky shore and began my return journey. I was confident of stop at my favorite pool, the one that entertained me April 1, and a short session would produce at least one more fish to reach the winds. When I arrived at the celebrated pool, I slowly approached from the bottom left, and was glad to see the trout actively fed during the deep hole with the central cutting current. I started my effort to record number twenty with the combination of three flights that served me well during the early afternoon, but trout showed only one focus on something that didn't look like my offerings. I had changed the partridge and orange earlier for a sparkling RS2 ala, when I saw some small blue alate olives above the water. On display For the next thirty minutes I cycled through a series of dry flies, while trying to imitate the microscopic source of food that kept the attention of trout in front of me; but, alas, I finally gave up on the discerning eaters. The size 14 CDC BWO that tricked fourteen trout on Wednesday was totally ignored, as I saw the dialfish just inches from my floating fraud. Then I tried a griffiths gnat and then a little black glitter, but these were not favored even by the inhabitants of the pool. So clear I accepted nineteen as my cumulative total for Monday and slowly ambled back to the parking lot. Nineteen still represented my highest total of the year so far, and I was pleased to discover the effectiveness of the main nymph. I deployed a prince during green dragon time in 2019 with remarkable success, but I never assigned him playing at other times of the year. Now I know south boulder creek trout recognizes it as a desirable food source in early April. The largest fish was perhaps twelve inches, and most ran in the seven to nine inch range. But I liked the warmth of the sun and the surrounding beauty. Certainly Monday was a good antidote to the corona virus, and I hope to be able to sneak into another day of fishing before the weather inevitably returns to more winter conditions. Fish landed: 19 The Only Rainbow Time: 11:00 – 3:30PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 04/01/2020 Photo Album After a productive day on Tuesday on the Arkansas River, I noticed that the weather forecast for Denver for Wednesday projected highs in the upper 60s. Could my body and arm bear to go back fishing days at the start of the 2020 season? There was only one way to find out. I took a trip to South Boulder Creek for a day of fly fishing under Gross Reservoir. The DWR chart showed that flows were around 16 CFS, and I knew from experience that 16 CFS is low but tailored to a Decent. When I arrived at the kayak parking lot, six vehicles came before me, and I concluded that other Colorado fishermen were taking advantage of a nice day as they walked away socially. The dashboard temperature was 51 degrees, as I assembled my Orvis Access four weights and wrapped my light North Face coat around my litter under my waders. I was hoping the sun would dominate and heat the air temperature in the canyon, but my down coat was a safety net in case the scenery didn't unfold. I walked a good distance from the trailhead and passed four fishermen along the way. Assuming each car contained a fisherman, I made four of six, but when I reached one of my favorite pools, I jumped in knowing that a huge amount of open water was above me. As expected, the streams were on the low side, but the large pool in front of me was very attractive (check out the photo album link for a pool video). I assessed the situation and decided to start with only one dry fly. Spraying a large foam attractor and leading bead nymph was probably not an effective strategy in low and clear flows on April 1. Looking ahead Surprisingly as I scanned the pool surface from left to right, I noticed a couple of subtle increases along the center current line. In response to this observation I looked at the surface of the stream and the airspace above, but was unable to determine an obvious source of food. A periodic breeze rustled through the trees, so I chose to tie a black parachute ant 18 to my line. The choice was not entirely off base, as two separate trout climbed to inspect the Earth, but each turned at the last moment. Clearly the fish were tuned into surface food, but my ant was not on their menu. I reflected on the situation and considered my next move, and at the same time the number of fish fed increased. I was standing under the tail of the pool near the left bank, and could observe several very nice trout looking enthusiastically towards the surface for a morning snack. I suspected that the object of their desire was the stands, but I was not able to locate anyone to assess the size or color, so I bet on my trial and real size 24 CDC BWO. In similar situations in the past the tiny dry fly served me well in a variety of small insect hatch scenarios. CDC Olive in Lip I searched my box for the smaller version and quickly annoyed with my 5X tippet. I started throwing it down directly upstream and angled to the right and drifting the little bite through the pool with quite a bit of actively fishing for trout. Between 11:00 am and noon I managed to land four trout on the CDC olive, so my choice was a bit verified. I say a little, because I probably made twenty coves for each fish landed, and the one-hour period included several temporary connections and a quantity waste. I never determined what caused the random takes in front of so much waste. At noon I stopped again to assess my path forward. I was happy with four trout in an hour of fishing, but I felt I could do better. The frequency of increases increased even more, yet my fly was ignored by some very aggressive feeders along the central current seam. The visible visible who were huddled at the tail, were totally ignoring the drifts. I decided to experiment with some alternative offers. Before I did, though, I stretched my net on the mouth of the net and nipped the water for a minute. The only thing that appeared was an empty diapausing larva which was a little over 1/4 inch long. I also noticed a lonely black starling in the surface film, so I started pedaling through my supply of small midge adults. My first alternative fly was a size 24 griffitha midge, and it generated three close glances, but the fish did not close its mouth. Later I experimented with a tric spinner with poly wings and a trico with CDC wings. These flies have never been attracted inspections from pool residents who feed greedily. I found one of my fly emergers, an emerging gray-bodied midge that I tied up for the Frying Pan River, and it was also ignored. In my little fly container I spotted a small adams parachute and bored that at my line. It produced a couple of last-minute rejections, but again no success was imminent. Once again I have considered the situation. The CDC BWO, while unsure, was clearly my most successful model in the current circumstance. I went back to the blue-sided olive theme, but tried a Kinkhammer BWO. A small brown near the tail of the pool recklessly charged to the surface and inhaled the Kinkhammer, and my optimism increased. Unfortunately my euphoria was short-lived, as the emerging blue olive-high floated undisturbed through the upper sections of the pool for the next ten minutes. Bringing It Closer The pool was now alive with aggressive trout feeding, and I could see many in the moving upper section several feet to grab undefeatable morsels from the surface. If a blue-flooded olive hatch were in progress, I would surely have noticed adults slipping into the atmosphere above the creek or floating among the currents. Despite this lack of evidence I went back to the flight which delivered a certain level of success, and I bored another CDC olive tree to my tippet. Although I was building a nice appetite, the active feeding in front of me precluded a lunch break. I started sending CDC olive casts to the various sections of the pool, and surprisingly enjoyed sporadic favorable results. The number of fish rose from five to thirteen, and enough trout showed interest in claiming the CDC olive as the fly to use. I respect that 60% of the fish landed were rainbows and 40% were brown trout. The size of the fish was generally in the range of nine to twelve inches. The rainbows were colored so with bright crimson stripes and vivid spots and spots throughout the length of their bodies. Another perfect rainbow From 1PM the rate of power slowed down, and I decided to rest on the shore, warm my feet and eat my lunch. The ever smaller number of increases directed my thoughts to the rest of the stream, and lunch and another fifteen minutes by the pool, I decided to change my approach. I removed the olive and replaced it with a size 14 Jake sip beetle and then extended a 5X tippet section from the curve and attached a soft emerging beadless scythe. The beetle with an orange indicator would be my lead fly, and a pause or dip would indicate that the soft scythe had been intercepted. Looking down on you I performed the dry beetle/dropper through the middle and top of the pool, and two striped fish towards the small wet fly, but turned at the last moment. I suspect the ruse may have worked with a smaller up-and-coming, but I only had 20 in my possession. I finally decided to abandon the gorgeous pool to sample other areas of South Boulder Creek. A beautiful small triangular riffle area existed just above the top of the pool, and the right edge of the triangle reflected a large exposed rock. I slid the beetle into the upper right area of the triangle, and as it slowly made its way to the V next to the rock, a large mouth appeared and swallowing the Earth's foam. Imagine my joy when I marked a wild thirteen-inch rainbow after a lively battle. Speckles Right Into Tail Maybe dry prospecting/dropper would extend my exceptional fly fishing strip on April 1, but this scenario never materialized. I started migrating upstream, but I swore I was very selective about my target launch areas. It was immediately apparent that trout was concentrated in deep pools perhaps due to low flows. Flows have only recently been increased to 16 CFS after a long series of trickles in the 7 – 10 CFS range. The beetle caused two litters on relatively marginal slopes, and then I encountered another very attractive smooth and long pool, and once again the evidence of surface feeding appeared in the form of several increases near the current seams of the center. I lobbed the dry/dropper all over the pool, but these trout were not interested. I stripped the flies and quickly converted to the CDC olive again, but my previous magic couldn't be resurrected. In a move of desperation, I replaced the CDC tuft with a black parachute ant with a pink wing pole, and a cast to the right of the center current produced an eleven-inch brown trout that moved confidently six inches and sipped. My watch told me it was approaching 3pm, so I skipped a long swath of unattractive water and approached an area that provided favorable results on previous visits to South Boulder Creek. I was along the left bank, when I a small but deep pocket under a protruding branch. This wasn't the kind of water he produced earlier in April Fools' day, but I looked deeper, and spotted a fish. Would this trout respond to my ant in this neglected and out-of-the-way position? It was worth a try, so I flipped through the ant ant under the protruding branch, and after a drift of six inches, the shadow darted towards the surface and consumed the black ant. I lifted the rod and connected, and before I could feel smug of outwitting way this hidden jewel, streaked towards the shore and under the branch and managed to free itself. I was very disappointed at my inability to conclude the presentation of the highlight, but I still celebrated my effort. Shimmering I kept upstream of some interesting deep pockets unsuccessfully, and then met a couple of young men with small buckets and a shovel. Were they looking for gold at South Boulder Creek? If so, this was the first time. I took this as a sign that my fishing day was complete, and I hiked back to the parking lot and stored my equipment. When I started my return unit, I checked the temperature, and it was at a comfortable sixty degrees. Wednesday, April 1st evolved on my best day of 2020. I landed fifteen trout, and fourteen came from the pool that I started in Whoever follows this blog will recognize what a detour this is for this passionate fisherman. My fly fishing mantra is to move, and generally allocho three to five bald to the likely places and then I move on. Staying in a pool for 2.5 hours is a testament to the length of the hatch and the number of pool residents. I respect that at least fifty trout were present in what could be the best pool on the stream. I never found the perfect fly, but the CDC BWO was close enough to produce thirteen trout, although with a huge number of casts. Another anomaly for 1 April was the fact that all fifteen trout came from a dry fly; a rarity for this start to the season. Hopefully when the weather improves I have the opportunity to come back. Fish landed: 15 Time: 11:00 – 4:00PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 10/26/2019 Photo Album Weather was the boost for my rare fly fishing weekend day on Saturday, October 26, 2019. My daughter Amy visited from October 17 to October 20, and I devoted my time to her and put a moratorium on my fly fishing efforts. Cold temperatures and a snowstorm prevented me from chasing trout between October 21 and October 24. A look at the seven-day forecast revealed that back-to-back storms were about to slam Colorado on Sunday, October 27 and extending until Halloween. What had paid it a keen fly fisherman make? A glimmer of hope filtered through my thoughts of despair. Saturday's high in Denver was expected to be seventy degrees, and this translated into the upper 1950s in some of the of close front range. The flows on South Boulder Creek were 82 CFS, and that was enough information to encourage a trip to the small tail west of Golden, CO. The temperature recorded 50 degrees, as I pulled in the kayak parking lot, and quite a few vehicles occupied first places on the southern half, and as I on my waders and assembled my Orvis Access four weight, many other fishermen arrived. I experienced a short taste of weekend fishing in the Colorado Rockies. Deep snow Next to the long pool As I walked along the creek on the way to my chosen starting point, I was surprised to discover five to six inches of snow on the south side of the stream. Deeper-than-expected snow and warming temperatures raised concerns about water clarity and the chilling impact on trout, but these concerns would eventually prove unfounded. At the start I arrived at my preferred starting position by 11:00, and set up my line with a size 8 fly yellow Albat, a size 12 20 inches, and a safety nymph. I saw the 20 inch as a substitute for weight, because I wanted to get my nymphs on the bottom in the cold 82 CFS streams. Between 11:15 am and 3:30 pm I kept Albert fat and 20 inches like upper flies in my three fly dry/dropper system. I changed the end flying out after lunch and moved to a soft emerging hackle, but eventually returned to safety, when I noticed a few pale mayflies mornings in the air. Fat Albert Duped One Trout Mangled 20 Incher was number one fly during the dry segment/dropper of my day I landed twenty-one trout including two rainbows and nineteen brown trout. An aggressive brown trout slammed albert fat, two brown trout nipped the soft hackle exon, and two further catches grabbed salvation. The remaining fourteen fish nets tasted 20 inches, and I was very surprised, that a fly that was simply deployed to provide ballast turned out to be the most popular. A rainbow was a respectable and large specimen, and some of the brown trout extended to the mark of twelve and thirteen inches. In addition to these outliers, most fish were in the nine to eleven inch range. Wonderful places The most productive spots for brown trout were the lasco water shelf pools next to faster slopes. The inhabitants of the stream conserved energy in these areas and collected the food offerings of the subsoil, as they moved away from the faster current. In addition to the rainbows landed, I also temporarily tangled with some pink-striped residents who fled, and these trout seemed to prefer faster water and deep cracks between large boulders. Satisfied with this rainbow peace change From 3:30PM I reached my usual end point, and jumped around a narrow white water slide and then fell back towards the creek. I chose a few above average points in this section without any and then I decided to start my excursion back. When I arrived at the pool, which I felt was the best on South Boulder Creek, I paused to observe and spotted three very thin dies along the main current seam. I couldn't resist the temptation to record some bonus time, so I cut out the three flies and tied a size 16 light gray comparadun to a Line. Because? It was just an intuition based on success at the same time of day and year on previous trips. I made some quality drifts along the central seam, and induced a rejection, before I turned my attention to the section on the right, where two smaller slopes angled from the shore back to my position. I lobbed a cast on the right side, and a thin vortex turned out under my fly. I quickly raised the tip of the rod and felt the weight for a fraction of a second, and my optimism sank, when I realized that I probably put down a willing feeder. Rainbow surprise on a Dry Fly I returned my attention to the pool left shelf and the central current seam, but a number of calcifications were ignored. The shadows stretched over the whole stream, and the lack of sun created a shiver, when the breeze whisked through the branches. I had thoughts of resuming my trek to the parking lot, but decided to lob another cast to the angled run on the right. The choice turned out to be fortuitous, when another whirlwind of sucking materialized under my fly, and this time I paused a fraction of a second and then performed a solid set of hooks. When the hook pricked the greedy feeder, it performed an acrobatic roll on the surface, and this revealed the bright crimson strip of a rainbow trout. The fight was ongoing, and the tank crossed the pool on the right shelf several times before it gave way and slipped into my net. Hey! A rainbow 14-inch husky plunged into the bottom of my net, and I left out a fun of self-satisfaction. Size 16 Light Gray Comparadun worked After releasing my catch of the day award, I moved to the bottom of the left side of the pool, and turned some relatively long limes to the slow section at the top left. Surprisingly, despite the absence of increases, I attracted three trout to hit the light gray

comparison. Evidently I came across a fly that matched a form of food that was present at South Boulder Creek at the end of October. When my casts drifted through the pool without harassment, I undressed on the fly and proceeded on my outbound excursion. I stopped at another favorite pool and tried a little rainbow to eat the comparadun, before calling permanently one day. What a surprise saturday turned out to be! I landed twenty-six trout in total, and this included several in the range 12 – 14 inches. These results have matured despite the presence of snow and snow. Five fish landed on a size 16 comparadun during the late afternoon shadows were icing on the cake. If this were my last outing of the I would be satisfied with the memory. Fish landed: 26 Time: 11:00 – 3:30PM Location: Under Gross Reservoir South Boulder Creek 10/15/2019 Photo Album My day on South Boulder Creek was a rare justification for bringing a ridiculous number of flies to western waterways, but more about that at the end of this post. I returned from my 50th high school meeting on Sunday, and a physiotherapy appointment precluded flying on Monday, so I was quite anxious to visit a local stream on October 15. The weather forecast predicted temperatures higher than 66 degrees on Monday, and this translated into the mid-fifties in the mountains. I scanned DWR charts for Front Range streams, and after seeing the streams of 88 CFS on South Boulder Creek, I designated the small queue as my destination. I arrived at the top parking lot at 9:40, and was the first vehicle to claim space. A car and a truck arrived while I was assembling my Orvis Access four weights, but I left before them. The air temperature was 39 degrees on the dashboard, when I parked, so I slipped on my secluded Sottoarmour long t-shirt and wrapped my North Face light down coat around my waist inside my waders. I swapped my wide-brimmed hat for an ear flap cap, and wore the flaps down my entire term on the creek. Home to the Crimson Rainbow By 11AM I was positioned in the creek, and I started with a single peacock hippie stomper. The dry attractor couldn't generate interest in the first three pockets, and I knew they contained trout, so I stripped off in the foam fly and added a nymph of the ear of the bead needles and the safety nymph. With the combination of three dry fly/dropperS I connected with an absolutely breathtaking 13-inch rainbow in a deep run along the north shore. In a short space of time I hooked up and landed two additional brown trout to increase the number of fish to three. Scarlet Gill Plate stands out These three flies served as my main offerings for the morning and early afternoon, and produced trout at a fairly constant rate. I've progressed upstream and prospecting the likely pockets, deep runs and moderate riffles. At two of them I began to see sporadic climbs, while also observing small flies, as they soared above the stream and slowly rose like a rising hot air balloon. I lost two combinations of ear and salvation to bad knots, and when I replaced the second pair, I moved salvation to the top position and replaced the ear of the leres with an emerging soft beadhead scythe. Looking ahead by 2:30 the shadows stretched over much of the stream, and this challenged my ability to monitor the hippie stomper, so I mistook the top fly for a tan pool toy. This exchange was purely driven by my need for better visibility. As the three approached, my fish count rested at twenty-six, and I was very pleased with my day at South Boulder Creek. I estimated that eight trout opted for salvation; hackle and the rest (14) crushed the hippie stomper. The trendy foam attractor was not perfect, as it also instigated quite a bit of waste, but it was easily the most popular fly. I discussed testing a beetle of Jake's sip, but the catch rate was constant enough to prevent experimentation. The emerging soft hackle was as popular on the elevator and swinging as with the baetis activity in progress. Overview I got out of the creek at 2:45pm and climbed the trail and started my hike back. When I reached my big favorite pool; however, I paused my Garmin walking activity tracker, and angled to the downstream queue under the pool. I stopped to observe for a few minutes, and was encouraged to prepare my fly for action, when I saw a couple of sporadic stands up. I scanned the water, but was unable to notice any food on the surface, although mayflies of various sizes drifted above the stream. We couldn't find you fast enough! Oh. Fish paradise. I was frustrated by this turn of events, but I was sure I could find the fly that matched the appetite of resident trout. Blue alate olives seemed to be a likely candidate for imitation, so I noted a size 22 CDC olive to my line. Again the waste and a couple of fraction-of-a-second connections ruled, so I made another switch. In previous years I met duns pale morning at the end of the season, so I tied an 18 cinnamon size comparadun to my line, but the same scenario unfolded. I thought I'd give in to the pool dwellers, but then I saw a couple of relatively large mayflies with light yellowish bodies. They tried to free themselves from the surface film, but bounced back and forth between the air and water as they struggled to get into the air. Could this be the tasty snack that aroused sporadic trout resurgence in front of me? My stitches you flipped open my flight box and scanned my options. On the right side were hidden five dimensions fourteen appearances of sulfur with light yellow bodies. I assumed they might be the answer to the puzzle, and I put one down at my tippet. I applied floating to the body and preened the ala, so that it was in an upright position and then fluttered a toss through from my position. As the relatively large Mayfly imitation floated towards the tail of the pool, a mouth appeared, and was not provisional, as the comparadun slurped. I reacted quickly with a hook and encouraged a twelve-inch brown trout in my net. Catching a beautiful wild trout on a dry fly after four fly changes was very rewarding. But the fish continued to rise, so I sobbed the moisture and soaked the comparadun in my dry shock container. Two fish got up in the pool on the right, and I turned my attention to these goals. A couple of beautiful angled slopes in the pool shelf from the right side of a large boulder, and the trout hid in the riffles created by the inbound run. I have a cast to the deep race on the left, and a fish darted and nipped the fly. I set up quickly, but only managed to nick the assailant. Then I turned my attention to the right race. This fish had not fed for five minutes, so I was not kept his feeding positoina, but I dropped a cast at the left seam anyway. Whack! A trout crushed the low floating imitation of mayfly with confidence, and I was attached to a streaked bullet. The hungry and now angry trout, streaked repeatedly in multiple directions, but in the end I applied the side pressure and slipped my net under a gorgeous rainbow trout. The glittering fin creature displayed a wide crimson stripe, and I estimated its length to be fifteen inches. This may have been my personal record of trout landed from South Boulder Creek. End of Surprise Day I continued to launch size 14 comparadun in the pool for another ten minutes, and experienced two more temporary connections, before I hooked the fly in a cane guide and resumed my return excursion. I stopped at another quality pool and tricked a little rainbow trout onto the sulphur, before quitting forever and returned to the parking lot. Twenty-nine trout on October 15 was a quality distribution. The temperature never rose above the mid-fifties, but I was reasonably comfortable in my light coat. Landing two very respectable trout on an imitation comparadun rarely used sulfur was icing on the cake on a cold autumn day. Maybe I'm justified in transporting classic Pennsylvania flies in my fly box, as I wander through western streams. Fish landed: 29

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