

"The Day Before Deer Season"

November 12

It was about 9:00 AM when I arrived at the river. I was excited, the stream was up and cloudy. When the water is like this, it is usually good for streamer fishing. I walked up stream about a mile, intending to fish my way back to the truck. It is always easier to walk down stream after a long day on the river. I tied on a #6 double bunny in olive/white. This is usually a good producer for me in these water conditions. I hooked two nice little browns in the first 10 minutes. I thought to myself, "this is going to be one of those days!". In the next three hours I had caught and released a total of 0 fish. I was tying on a new fly about every 10 minutes, and tying on new pieces of tippet almost as frequently. The river was on its way down from an earlier rise, so that may have had something to do with it. I was told that fishing was good yesterday when the river came up about a foot. I caught 2 more browns on an Olive woolly #10, one on an olive mohair leech, two on an orange/gray partridge soft hackle, and three on an elk hair caddis #16 in dark brown.



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Cave Bluff Hole

There were some tiny Olives, Tricos and some small Caddis in the air today, but not very many. The wind made it tough throwing a yarn indicator, especially when it was placed 6 feet up the leader. I had to switch from the streamers to an indicator over a mohair leech, and an orange/gray partridge. My shoulder was starting to remind me of the surgery it had a few years ago.

All in all a slow day, if you are counting fish, but a great day to be out. I only saw one fisherman the entire day.

I never get out on the stream during the gun deer season. I must have heard at least 30 shots today by guys targeting their guns in the day before. Makes you wonder what they have been doing the past 50 weeks to not get their guns sighted in prior to today. If you are planning a trip to the Current River in the next couple of weeks, (I don't advise it) make sure you wear an orange vest, and possibly an orange hat. Deer hunters could mistake you for something they want to hang on their wall.



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Sun setting on the camping hole