Fly Fishing Essay, Research Paper

A Fly Fishing Adventure

This fishing expedition is one of the most memorable fly fishing experiences that I have ever had in my lifetime. I will never forget it and will treasure it always.

On a fall morning, I was fly-fishing on the Madison River in Ennis, Montana. By 2 p.m., sunlight beating onto the river valley provided a perfect 70-degree day.

The breeze was strong enough to hide the river sounds. At a spot called Badger Hole, the river makes a sharp left turn. A mass of boulders had piled up there, and a deep hole was washed out behind the boulders. This bend forced a lot of fast-flowing water to change its course, creating a complex, churning liquid for-mation, with a high sound level.

It was very difficult to get any fly drift with a stiff wind present. I decided to use “The Grey Ghost Special”, a fly especially designed for fishing in the wind. I had three of these I had purchased in my creel. These work especially well, even in very stiff breezes. The second time I dropped the Ghost in the hole beyond the boulders, I hooked a fat, 21-inch cutthroat\* and re-leased it. \*A cutthroat is a type of trout with red markings around the gills. On the next cast, an even larger fish rolled at my fly, but missed it when he struck. I hooked it on the third cast. Then I hooked a 19-inch brown; all blazing silver and bright brown spotted (A German Brown). It came slapping up to my side. I let it go. At this time, the sun began to fall rapidly, and the shallower sun angle produced a silver, atmosphere-filtered late afternoon light. I could still see shadows of fish in the hole cavorting in the late shadows of the light.

As I fly fished, I saw the trout rise and strike. In succession, they continued to come. I was dreaming in the world of fishing, enchanted. All my attention focused on the moving panorama of the swirling water and fish. I am unable to remember a more memorable fishing experience then this one. The next best time occurred at the headwaters of St. Mary’s lake in Glacier Park Montana when I caught a 32-inch German Brown trout in the summer of 1951. I was fifteen then and very lucky using a salmon egg on the hook.