

Deerfield April 2023

The turn off came up quickly, just over the hill, the orange logo instantly recognizable. The sound of gravel under the tires as I ascended the steep drive triggered a subconscious relaxation after the highway miles. The last few miles found the river on my left, its wide riffles, corner pools, and constant currents...visible along the road, me imagining victories of pursuit. Our hosts emerged from the outbuildings, preceded by their dogs, tails wagging. Neat structures of



dark rough sawn lumber, tinged with orange accents; some near, some distant but not far, as if an art installation. Katy & Patrick (Biddy) Banks came their extended hands, with a welcome to Foolhardy Hill.

Our party trickled in, seven all counted, each with moans from the long drive as they tugged their bags to the cabins. A young bunch we are not, but our cares are now behind. The fire is lit and talk of the Deerfield, and our adventures, begins. Unfamiliar with one another but bounded by our loose association with Crossroads Anglers club and the love of fishing.

“Harrison Club for me”, I shouted, as our lunch orders were taken; the sandwich shop having named a meal item after the Harrison Bros, our local angling guides. At eight 8 am the trucks towing drifts sped up the hill, piloted by an assortment of young men and women,



our drift boat captains for the next two days.

Dan Harrison arrived

and paired us up, assigned drivers to the drop and pick-up points, and had us underway – his firm directives a great benefit.



Hoods pulled tight, as the rain fell all day. Drifts launched in the current of rising dam-released water flow. The “creature” first deployed, a stone/mop fly; although some opted for the attractor eggs pattern of SanJuan worm, with an added P-tail nymph dropper. All under the air-flow indicator, it was mend after mend as the seams and pools were carefully navigated and target pointed out. Some boats were on right away, tight lines

following what would become a constant instruction, “SET, SET SET!”. Lift the rod, along with line strip was the drill, seemingly required to be executed a second before the indicator submerged.... Rainbow and Brown trout, some to 20” were landed throughout the weekend.

Some boats and guests fared better on one day or the next, with the fishing over two days



covering the lower section (along the road), and upper (amongst the mountain valleys and freight train line). Overall success was had, with appetites worked up and muscles ready for a cabin night's sleep. And tucked safely away, the cares and worries of our daily lives.

The Deerfield gave its natural beauty and abundance; and shared knowledge, comradery amongst our hosts and new friends was had. As I descended the drive to leave, I passed the logo once again, smiling knowingly that I had experienced Foolhardy Hill.

-Russell Glen