A MINNESOTA SEASON OF TROUT

Splendid Days Ahead | by Greg Breining

SPRING

The hatch of mayflies known as the Hendrickson to fly anglers and *Ephemerella subvaria* to scientists heralds the beginning of a new trout season on Minnesota's streams, opening day is anticipated with particular enthusiasm in the hills and valleys of the southeast, where limestone bedrock and ample groundwater provide the magic elixir for trout and the insects they feed on. Anglers flex unfamiliar casting muscles and test uncertain wading legs. Writes William Humphrey, "if, in wading it, I sometimes, slip on a mossy rock and take a dip myself, I am only wetter for the experience."

SUMMER

Insulated from summer's heat by am overburden of soil and limestone, springs run cold, the temperature of the earth itself. Rich with dissolved nutrients and oxygen, they feed streams that support the delicately hued native brook trout in their upper reaches, and the European brown trout in their lower. Humphrey write, "Give me fast-flowing water, cold water, live water, and the fish that thrive in its cold, against it's currents."

AUTUMN

Autumn comes, hardwoods blaze, fog imbues deep river valleys with mystery. Blue-winged olive mayflies and various caddisflies burst to the surface of silky streams, providing a steady diet for trout and intrigue for the angler. Yet in the midst of this grandeur and plenty, the season ends, so soon, so suddenly, with such finality it warns us of our own short run on earth.