

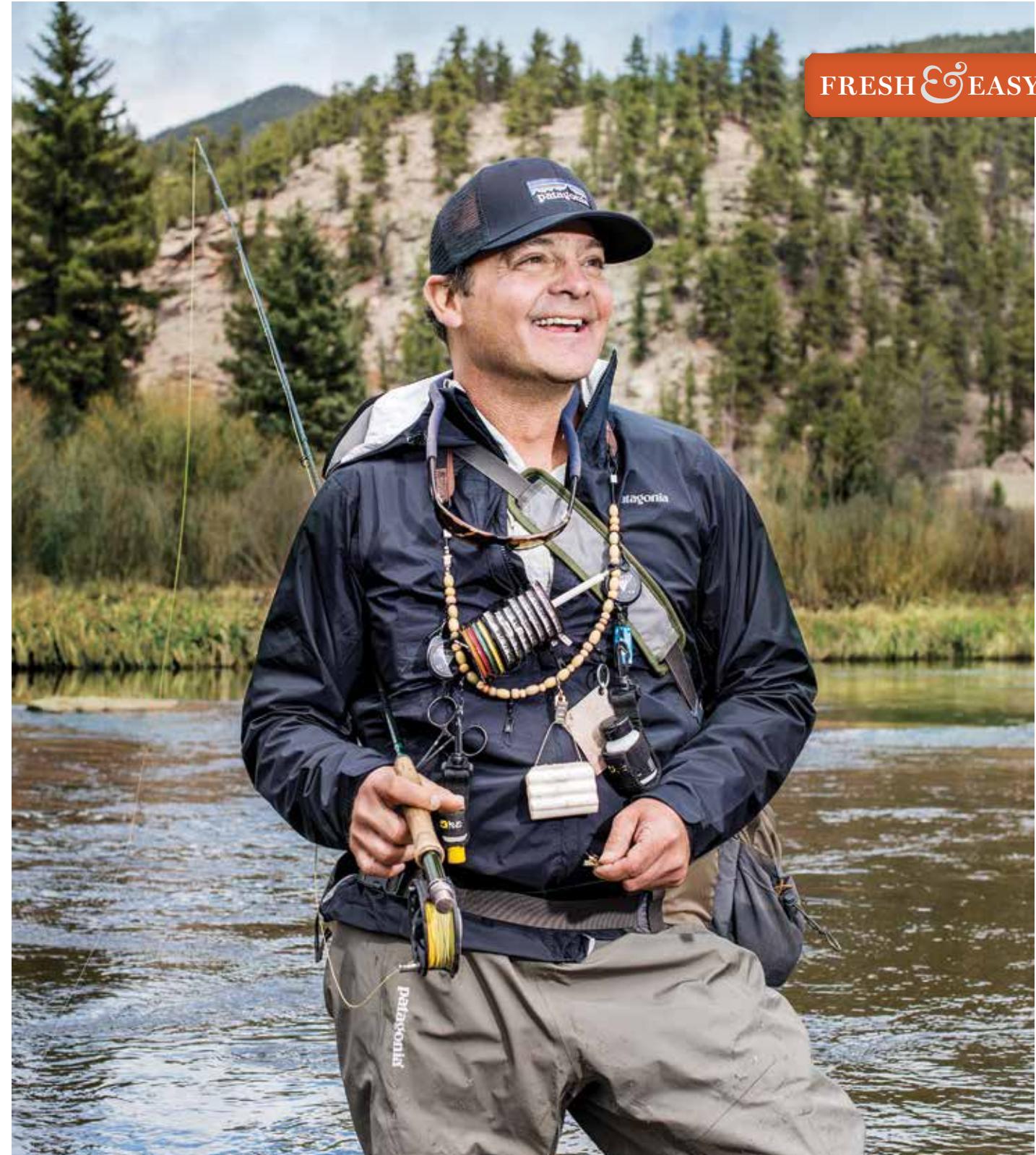
CASTAWAY



RIVER TO SKILLET
It doesn't get much fresher than at the Broadmoor Fishing Camp, where general manager and 20-year guide Scott Tarrant teaches the basics of fly-fishing on the Tarryall Creek.

Just beyond the mountains west of Colorado Springs runs the Tarryall Creek, where former miners cabins have been transformed into a rustic-chic fishing camp that offers one-on-one instruction and simple pleasures.

For **Lois Friedland**, the catch of the day is almost too pretty to eat



BEST SHOTS

The Southwest offers hunters a bounty of options. While these choice locales may not promise success, they do offer plenty of opportunity

BY PETER O'DOWD



The San Francisco Peaks

North of Flagstaff, Arizona

The San Francisco Peaks tower more than 12,000 feet over Flagstaff. Native Americans have revered the range for centuries, and it's easy to see why. The Peaks Hunt area is mostly off-limits to vehicles. Travel on foot or horseback through Alpine meadows and groves of quaking aspen and ponderosa pine.

WILDLIFE: Hunters come for the trophy elk, but watch for mule deer and Merriam's turkeys.

WHEN TO GO: This is a physically challenging hunt. Get into shape and go in the fall when the elk are rutting and the aspens are at their golden peak.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE

The author and Scott inspect their seine, a small-weave bag that sweeps through the water to collect flies. Opposite: The reels, rods, hooks, flies, fishing line and nets needed for a day on the river.



Iet's go throw some fur," my fishing guide says with a big grin. Startled, I have to think for a minute before remembering that Scott Tarrant makes all his flies with fur and feathers, each one designed to look like the bugs trout consider prime meals.

"I lash pieces of animal fur and feathers together onto a hook and make it look like the invertebrates in the water — then try and trick the trout into eating them," he explains.

Sounds simple. Yes? Well, not exactly, for a newbie like me.

I lurch after him, catching my long fly rod on a bush, as we walk to a private stretch of water on the Tarryall Creek in front of the Broadmoor Fishing Camp. I feel like I'm in kindergarten again learning my ABCs, so I mentally clutch onto Scott's remark that fly-fishing is really easy. (A comment I later realize is an oversimplification.)

Scott, who has been guiding for more than 20 years and is now general manager of the new Broadmoor Fishing Camp, puts a stonefly nymph lure on my line and a mayfly nymph a few feet below, explaining we are going dry fly-fishing. He shows me how to roll cast, a technique used when you're standing among bushes and trees. I promptly catch my fly on a bush sticking out of the river. He cheerfully wades in and pulls it loose.

Cast your line in the water, mend it slowly so it looks like the bug is drifting, I chant to myself quietly. No tugs. Whip it out and flick the line in again. He does it so gracefully — why can't I?

"We're not casting the fly. We're casting the line," he says. "We're just creating potential energy, then converting it to kinetic energy. Let the rod shoot the line out to the trout." After he grabs my hand and guides me through the flow of the movement, I begin to get it. Each time, my line goes out farther.

Emboldened, I wade into the water. Stepping carefully on the rocky riverbed, I feel like the Michelin Man, stuffed into waders with turquoise Neoprene booties that

match my turquoise baseball hat emblazoned with "Broadmoor Fishing Camp." My casts get smoother, but the fly on my line still doesn't tempt any fish. Scott's sidekick, Blue, a 3-month-old golden retriever, sticks his button-size nose in the water searching for fish. Nothing.

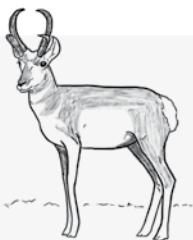
Scott grabs the net he uses to capture fish reeled in on a line and places a small weave bag, which he calls a seine, over it. As he sweeps the net through the water to scoop up bugs, he tells me, "My seine is the portal to the fishing gods." He picks out a mayfly, a caddis and then a stonefly from the dozens

of minuscule bugs trapped in the strands and thrusts them toward me in a hand battered from tying flies. The fish, bugs and the river are one big ecosystem, he explains, tying together the life cycle of the bugs as calories for the fish. "You are matching the natural biomass found throughout the different sections of water you are fishing in. This is critical to a successful day of fly-fishing."

Listening, I'm discovering that a day on the water is more than catching trout. His joy of fly-fishing bubbles over: "Every day you're on the river, you get to watch the whole world being reborn. I have the coolest job ever."



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLAIRE McCACKEN



Comanche National Grassland

Outside Springfield, Colorado

Colorado is famous for its mountains, but travel to the southeast corner of the state and you'll find some of the state's best grassland hunting. The amber waves march unimpeded toward the horizon. On the prairie, you'll hear nothing but wind through the grass and the coo of a mourning dove.

WILDLIFE: If you can get close enough, put your sights on a pronghorn. If the rains have come, look for the teal and other waterfowl. Coyotes and jack rabbits are plentiful.

WHEN TO GO: Summer is the busiest season. Go early October for pronghorns.

The Broadmoor Fishing Camp has access to 5 miles of private water on the Tarryall, so after a few hours of fishing still water we move. Scott takes my husband, Richard, to where the water moves faster and fish lurk in pools or behind rocks, darting out to snatch bugs swimming by.

I learn that before casting a line I should let the water tell me what to do. Are the trout looking up, or are they deep in the water? Fly-casting takes finesse, and that's why women often get it more than men, Scott proclaims.

I grin at his words, while standing ankle-deep in the water balancing on rocks. Richard, who caught the first fish of the day, casts his rod downstream. Now it's my turn, I decide, hoping the fishing gods agree. I feel a tug, but the fish doesn't like the fly and moves on. Another grabs the fly and I tug the rod slightly sideways to hook the fish. The rod tip bends and I hang on, excitedly following Scott's directions to bring the fish in through the rocks dotting the river. He scoops the fish up, and I stare at a beautiful rainbow trout. As it wiggles in the net, the iridescent scales turn green, blue and pink. I think about cooking the trout, but it's so beautiful that my husband takes a picture of me holding it, and I toss it back in the river.

We've come for a day fishing trip three weeks before the camp opens in late May. I peek into the hand-hewn log cabins being restored and decide that staying in one of the seven tiny miners cabins, guests might easily be transported back to an earlier era. Today, however the chinking between the logs is solid, the tiny windows are new and the buildings are heated. I'd opt for the Tabeguache cabin, because it has a parlor and a bathroom. The one-room Ponderosa, with its porch just yards from the river, will be the most popular of the three cabins without bathrooms. Avid fishermen I've spoken with say they'd be fine

Scott taps my arm and points at a red-tailed hawk flying overhead. "For a trout, death comes from above," he says. "Hawks, bears, us." It puts the concept of fly-fishing in perspective for me.

The Broadmoor Fishing Camp is located in South Park, a vast grassland basin situated

about 10,000 feet above sea level, where ranchers settled in the 1800s and gold miners followed. Driving over the Continental Divide on Kenosha Pass, the road descends quickly and you're stunned by the raw beauty of the landscape that was created by a prehistoric sea. The jagged mountainsides of the Mosquito and Park ranges bracket the basin, which sprawls across roughly 1,000 square miles.

We pass remnants of barns, outhouses and long-abandoned homes, barely standing reminders of the hard lives led by early settlers. At first glance, the fishing camp looks primitive, with its 1880s miners cabins that have been turned into guest quarters. But knowing that the camp is one of the perennially five-diamond, five-star Broadmoor resort's wilderness offerings, designed for guests who want an authentic outdoor experience, we're eager to start fishing and learn how guests will be treated.

using the new Bath House. In true Broadmoor style, the Bath House blends the setting's rustic ambiance in its stone, wood and tin and there are private dressing areas, showers, and soaps and lotions designed for Colorado's altitude and climate.

As we explore, I picture how guests spend their days: The most ardent anglers will cast a line into the river as the rising sun burns off mist clinging to the water. Through the morning, they'll walk along the Tarryall's oxbow curves, searching for trout swimming through the still water.

The fishing camp menus have been developed by David Patterson, The Broadmoor's executive sous chef, but the staff here prepares the meals and serves family-style dinners. Guests who catch trout may gather in the kitchen to watch or help Scott prepare a classic cast-iron trout dish.

You don't have to overnight at the fishing camp to cast a line in this private water on the Tarryall River, because The Broadmoor offers guided day trips. You can arrange an introduction to fly-fishing at the Fish House, which sits by a pond on the sixth fairway of the resort's East Course. In anticipation of spending a day on the Tarryall, we took a lesson at the pond.



Rocky Mountain Trout Cast Iron Classic with Smoked Bacon, Brown Butter, Lemon and Parsley

INGREDIENTS

1 trout filet	1 tablespoon parsley, roughly chopped
1/4 cup smoked bacon, cubed	1 tablespoon green onion, chopped
2 tablespoons salted butter	Salt and pepper
1 whole lemon	

INSTRUCTIONS

Heat a pan on the stove to medium to high heat. Add bacon and butter into warm pan and allow to brown. Do not over cook the bacon before cooking the fish. Season the fish evenly with salt and pepper on both sides. When bacon is slightly underdone, carefully place trout inside the pan skin side down. Allow the skin on the trout to crisp. Flip the trout using a spatula, and stir bacon to allow even cooking. Adjust heat if needed. Remove the fish after it is fully cooked and place on a plate. Add parsley and green onion to the butter and bacon in the pan, and squeeze lemon into sauce. Pour finished sauce onto the cooked fish and enjoy with a fresh slice of lemon. Serve with your favorite vegetables.



BAIT AND SWITCH

The camp has access to 5 miles of private water on the Tarryall River, which means plenty of opportunity to find a new spot when the fish aren't biting.



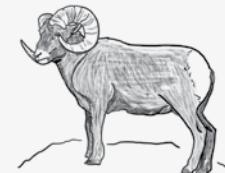
Fishlake National Forest

Bordering Richfield, Utah

This stunning national forest in south-central Utah is home to 3,000 acres of mountain lakes and reservoirs, and 1,000 miles of trails. In 2008, a hunter on nearby Monroe Mountain took down perhaps the largest elk ever found in the wild. The famous "Spider Bull" is known to envious outdoorsmen across the West.

WILDLIFE: This is angler country. Snag a 50-pound mackinaw or a rainbow trout in the aptly named Fish Lake. Elk, mountain goats and cougars roam these forests.

WHEN TO GO: Never tried ice fishing? Go in winter.



Pecos Wilderness Area

Northeast of Santa Fe, New Mexico

Nestled in the Santa Fe National Forest, this pristine wilderness area is off-limits to trucks and ATVs. All the better to hear the roar of the Pecos River, which originates high in the nearby mountains. The wild ribbon of water cuts through the forest to create ideal habitat for big game.

WILDLIFE: It's one of the few places in New Mexico to hunt the Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep. The Pecos is also home to elk, deer, black bears and blue grouse.

WHEN TO GO: Alpine hunting for bighorn sheep is best in late summer or early fall.