

# Valley Angler Anniversary Trout by Bill Thompson

Most fishermen have fishing buddies and over time some of these relationships become special to us. I have a number of good friends that I enjoy fishing with and fishing trips with them are always memorable. There is one fishing friend, however, that I value above all of the others. Last Sunday marked the thirty-fourth year that I have been fishing with this person.

In case you haven't guessed that special buddy is my wife, Janet. Last Sunday was our thirty-fourth wedding anniversary. Truth is we have been hanging out together a lot longer than thirty-four years. I first met her when I was a sophomore in high school. Now in all honesty we have not been fishing together all those years, but for the last twenty-five years or so we have.

It is interesting how many fellow anglers tell me how lucky I am to have a wife that shares my passion for fishing. Now I am in total agreement with these fellows and do indeed know how lucky I am. However, I would guess that not all husbands would agree with me and probably even a larger percentage of wives are very happy to be left at home when hubby goes fishing.

There is that thing about male bonding that appeals to a lot of guys. There is nothing better than a weekend hunting or fishing with the boys. Good bourbon drank from an old tin cup, good cigars and stories around the campfire are priceless. By the same token, I would imagine, a day shopping with the girls could be just as rewarding.

What ever your thoughts are on the subject I am delighted that Janet is happy spending time with me fishing. I know a lot of couples that go fishing together, but the wife generally spends the time reading or knitting while the husband fishes. As anyone knows, Janet will tell you she is no fair weather angler. She has followed or led me all over the country on various fishing expeditions. She would just as soon spend a night sleeping under the stars as at a four star hotel. One morning in Wyoming, on the Snake River, it was just 17 degrees when we emerged from out tents. Janet was wearing a purple down jacket over a tartan red plaid night gown over a pair of fleece pants. She was immediately dubbed "Brave Heart" by one of our friends.

In celebration of our thirty-fourth anniversary we naturally made a date to go fishing. I don't know if its because we are getting older, but instead of camping we stayed at the Dana Place Inn. We are most fortunate to know the owner, Rich Lavine, a fellow angler, who most graciously gave us an evenings lodging and dinner. For anyone planning a get-away weekend I would certainly put the Dana Place at the top of my list. The accommodations were excellent and the food was superb. If this were not enough by itself the Inn is located right on the Ellis River. In all fairness it is also located next to some of the best hiking, climbing and skiing in the world too.

I have done quite a bit guiding at the Dana Place. This year and much to my surprise I have found the fishing to be quite good on this part of the river. All summer I have been trying to get a

day that Janet and I could fish the stream together. So last Sunday we closed the shop early and headed up towards the notch. My apologies to anyone who stopped by to pick up chartreuse buck tail after two on Sunday. After checking in we headed straight for the river.

It was a very pleasant afternoon and the recent rain had brought the river up a little. The water temperature was a cool 53 degrees. It wasn't long before we had both hooked up. Even the smallest brook trout this time of year have spectacular color and these residents of the Ellis were brilliant. Janet held her first Brookie in the palm of her hand and exclaimed, "Look an anniversary trout".

As long as she shows this kind of enthusiasm I guess I will keep taking her fishing for another thirty-four years.

See you on the river.