

# Valley Angler

## Fishing and the Patriots

by Bill Thompson

Don't hang up those wading shoes quite yet. There is still some quality fishing to be had. Last Sunday morning I cleaned all of the fishing gear out of the back of the truck and put it all away for the season. About an hour later I set down to have some lunch and turned the TV on to watch the Patriot's game. The Pats' scored on their first possession and I just happened to look out the window. The sun was shining and there didn't seem to be any wind to speak of. It occurred that it was much too nice of a day to be hanging around indoors and that I really should be fishing. I was reasonably sure that the Patriot's could handle Buffalo with out me and when they scored again I took it as a sign that I absolutely should be fishing. So I pulled my vest down off the hook where I had just hung it up and gathered up my rod and reel and headed out the door.

My first choice was to fish at Chocorua Lake. When I arrived at the parking area, near the bridge between the two lakes, I was surprised to see the number of cars parked there. I thought for a second that perhaps the fishing was so good that the word had gotten out and the place was crowded with fishermen. This turned out not to be the case and that the numerous cars belonged to late season "Leaf Peepers". There were so many flashes from cameras that I thought that some movie star must be visiting the area. I had to admit that Mount Chocorua was looking pretty photogenic, not that it isn't all the time, but it did look particularly good last Sunday. With the activity going on I decided it best to seek a less populated spot.

I got back in the truck and headed south to White Lake, just a few miles down Route 16. When I pulled into the boat launch there was only one other truck there. I got out and took a look around. At first glance it seemed evident why only one other truck was there. The Lake was so calm and quite that it looked dead. The owner of the other truck was no where in sight and judging by the rack on top of his rig he had obviously brought a canoe. For a moment there I wished that I had brought mine. Mount Chocorua looks down on White Lake as majestically as it does on Chocorua Lake and it was reflected in the glass like surface of the lake. It appeared that it would have been a better day for a canoe ride than a fishing day.

I decided to take a walk around a bit before suiting up. I headed down towards the beech area and had not gone too far until I spotted a bunch of rising trout just off of a weed bed. I almost ran back to the truck and quickly got into my waders. I rigged up the rod and headed back to where I had seen the fish. With in a very short time I caught and landed the first trout of the afternoon; a nice fat brookie. Shortly there after another angler drove in and after getting his waders on joined me off to my left.

I caught one more before the wind came up a bit and made it hard to locate the rising trout. It also turned a little colder and I began to wonder how the Patriot's were doing. I waded in and headed back to my truck. The other fellow caught a fish and he headed in as well. While I was taking my waders off and putting my rod back in its tube another gentleman showed up with his dog and we talked for a few moments before we all headed in separate directions.

Back in the truck, with the heater on, I turned the radio on to find out how the game turned out. Bill Belichick was holding the post game interview and it appeared that the Pat's had won handily, however it didn't seem that Bill was too overly excited by the win.

See you on the river.