

S.F. Boise River – above Arrowrock Reservoir
9/16/2004
By Colleen Moulton

Yesterday I spent the day with my dear friend Karl, hunting grouse and fishing for trout and Kokanee. We were successful in the grouse and trout department (more on that in a moment), but not so much with the Kokanee; although we did see plenty of them and even tried pissing them off by bouncing salmon eggs off their heads! But they weren't having it. Kokanee apparently are not feeding this time of year, as they migrate through. Definitely a beautiful fish to watch. Nothing more frustrating then spending an hour trying to convince a stubborn fish to grab on to your hook! I did convince one determined little Kokanee to take a shot at my bait towards the end of the day though. He nabbed those little salmon eggs, and the next few seconds all I heard was Karl hollering "You got him! You got him!" ...and then...the little bugger wiggled himself free. Dag Nabbit! It was certainly a fun few seconds while it lasted though ☺ That was the closest we got to catching a Kokanee, and it was a hoot trying.



Ok, so back to the rest of the day. Hunting for grouse was a new experience for me. I've never actually witnessed a bird being shot before, and I must say that the first time Karl shot at one (which was the first Blue Grouse I had ever seen I might add), I felt my heart leap up into my throat...as my dog Maxwell made a bee-line for the safety zone behind my legs. That one got away unscathed, which I was a little thankful for at the moment. The next one, that I found and pointed out to Karl (sorry little guy!), was not so lucky. This time though, I actually found myself very interested in looking over the dead bird. By the end of our hunt, which was only a couple hours, I found myself rooting for Karl when a bird flushed and he took aim. We ended up with three birds, and big smiles on our faces...I may become a hunter yet!

After grouse hunting, we headed down to the town of Featherville and worked our way up the river that winds through the area, trying our hands at flyfishing. This was only the second time I had really attempted this fine art, and I was a little uncoordinated for a while. But I started getting the hang of it and really enjoying the continuous movement of flyfishing. When I got the first bite of the day I was actually a little shocked (my first flyfishing outing yielded no fish whatsoever), and it took me a second to remember what to do! Luckily, my fumbling



around with the many feet of line drifting around me didn't result in a lost fish...I landed the BIGGEST trout anyone has ever seen!...I swear, the picture of my first fish doesn't do it justice. Ok, so it was a little on the small side, but still edible....and most importantly, it was my first catch on a fly rod. Sorry, I don't think I have enough of that big boy to share with everyone.

The rest of the fishing was great; between the two of us, Karl and I landed seven rainbow trout and neither of us was too eager to leave. However, as the sun went down, and our stomachs started to grumble, we decided it was probably best to clean out all our birds and fish and head home. We actually could have stayed a bit



longer...for sanity reasons....because, for those of you in the Boise area at the moment, Karl and I had the incredible fortune of running into that I-84 blockage ("suspicious material" on board a semi, that turned out to be nothing) on the way home. So what was normally a 1 ½ hour drive, turned into 4....plus a good look at a bunch of really-pissed off people. Ah well, at least we had plenty of food to eat on the side of the road if necessary! And I discovered that there are 16 ½ "slumber bumps" per section of highway cement. I'm sure that information will be useful some day!

Overall, a great day ☺