

See Echin, p. 4 & Life for "tensed permission"  
but on rigging up. (Use in load on rigging  
up)

---

A POSY OF PREJUDICES

③ → for one that  
because I suspect men are going  
along this way for the last time,  
and I don't want to waste mine;  
the trip;

TESTAMENT OF A FISHERMAN

I fish because I love to; because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly; because of all the television commercials, cocktail parties and assorted social posturing I thus escape; because, in a world where most men seem to spend their lives doing things they hate, my fishing is at once an ~~act of~~ <sup>an</sup> endless source of delight and ~~act of~~ <sup>fact of</sup> small rebellion; because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be bought or bribed or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience; because mercifully there are no telephones on trout waters; because only in the woods can I find ~~true~~ <sup>the solace of true</sup> solitude without ~~loneliness~~ <sup>the pang of</sup>; because bourbon out of an old tin cup always tastes better out there; because maybe one day I will catch a mermaid; and, finally, not because I regard fishing as being so terribly important but because I suspect that so many of the other concerns of men are equally unimportant—and not nearly so much fun.

②

Preface

HOW THIS BOOK GOT BORN

But first ~~as they so engagingly say~~ <sup>say</sup> on television when <sup>warm</sup>

another commercial is imminent--how did this book get born?

Well, <sup>It</sup> all happened this way: <sup>a half-dozen-odd years</sup> ~~five or six years~~ ago I wrote

<sup>what was</sup> my fourth book <sup>and</sup> ~~but~~ my first novel. It was duly published and,

contrary to the cold-water-garret theory of fictional appren-

ticeship, promptly roared off the launching pad and soared into

orbit. It's name was "Anatomy of a Murder." A large book club

fell upon it with squeals of ~~wild~~ delight; it was translated

into umpteen languages (<sup>"Tell me, who</sup> ~~who~~ did the English translation?" a

diabolic friend once asked me!); and the one and only Otto

Preminger converted it into a <sup>most successful</sup> ~~superb~~ movie and its author into a <sup>willing</sup>

<sup>contented</sup> slave of (fugitive from ?) the Internal Revenue Service.

*wake up one morning and find myself*  
Thus did I ~~become~~ a rising young novelist in my fifties.

Two days after the books acceptance Governor "Soapy" Williams had appointed me to the state supreme court bench, one of the busiest in the land. Now all this was pretty ~~darned~~ hard on my fishing, naturally, but still I contrived to fish. In fact I've since suspected that I may owe the remnants of my sanity to my fishing, but I digress.

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With the advent of "Anatomy" notoriety set in overnight,

*four-star?*  
I was a four-star celebrity, invited and interviewed, wined and dined, given the full treatment. I was also feted and hated, sued by perfect strangers, wooed by women's clubs, duly castigated by Time, and ritually embalmed in Life and

Look. Whereas ~~before that~~ <sup>once</sup> I could scarcely give my stuff ~~away~~ <sup>away,</sup> now I found I could peddle my most incoherent prose for a buck a word.

Instead I quit my court job, shut off the phone, and wrote a slender little volume of fishing yarns called "Trout Madness."

<sup>fishing</sup> The book was resolutely ignored in seventeen languages, <sup>and</sup> ~~it~~ <sup>with a sigh, leaving neither</sup> sank <sup>without</sup> bubble or trace. For time had passed, the tumult and the shouting had died, and newer and fatter bestsellers had

emerged to engage the plaudits of the crowd. My publisher's

darkest suspicion was confirmed that books on fishing are only <sup>slightly</sup> ~~as much as~~ <sup>less ignored</sup> slightly more popular than books of poetry. That, I ruefully

found, is not very popular.... But the big thing was that peace

and blessed anonymity again ~~at last~~ were mine. ~~Best of all, there~~

<sup>Best of all</sup> ~~was now plenty of time to fish.~~ <sup>at last</sup> <sup>was</sup> <sup>freed to fish.</sup> Robert Traver ~~was~~ unshackled.

But my waifish little fishing book <sup>did find</sup> found at least one ~~book~~

reader. I know it did because he ~~called me up and professed~~

to be charmed by it. ~~This~~ His name was Robert Kelley, a young <sup>most</sup> ~~photographer~~ <sup>called me up and professed</sup> expressed his delight with it, ~~photographer~~ on Life magazine, <sup>^</sup> Could he come ~~p~~ up to my native

bailiwick and take some snaps of me at my trout rituals? I

felt like an aging actress fingering her yellowed press clippings

when she is summoned to come <sup>out of retirement and</sup> play the lead in "Candide" as I

shyly answered yes.

He also had a request.

13  
14  
Well, there you have it.

Yet something still eludes me, and ~~sly fisherman~~ <sup>the slyer</sup> fishermen  
will have swiftly noted that I haven't even mentioned the catching

of a fish, most of which I return or give away anyway—except for the

smaller wild brook trout, which I regard as a feast <sup>fit</sup> ~~for~~ kings, *adore*,

~~Doubtless the biggest single thing that makes fishermen~~ <sup>because of</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> such charming and stimulating companions, such <sup>a</sup> cultured <sup>and absorbing</sup> ~~and absorbing lot,~~ <sup>lot</sup> is their ~~gracious~~ <sup>gracious</sup> willingness to talk <sup>— just</sup> about anything under the sun so long as it concerns fishing.

<sup>And</sup> with themselves in <sup>the a</sup> a starring role. <sup>They'll talk about fishing,</sup> That is, during those <sup>engaged in</sup> ~~brief~~ <sup>And next</sup> intervals when they are not fishing. <sup>or</sup> ~~As a next~~ to fishing <sup>or</sup> endlessly gabbling about fishing they prefer to read or look at pictures about <sup>fishing their sport</sup> their passion. There are <sup>vice</sup> some real gone fishermen who even write books about <sup>their passion</sup> fishing. <sup>recent</sup> ~~During a winter of~~

<sup>my discontent</sup> ~~In fact~~ <sup>even</sup> I once wrote one myself--which is how this present book got born.

<sup>my earlier book</sup> ~~It~~ <sup>was</sup> called "Trout Madness," a slender little volume of fishing yarns. Among its readers was a <sup>young</sup> ~~busy and brilliant young~~ <sup>who,</sup> ~~Life~~ <sup>Life</sup> photographer, ~~called~~ <sup>called</sup> Bob Kelley, <sup>rather</sup> ~~rather~~ than writing me a fan letter, as a few <sup>readers</sup> ~~charitable souls~~ had done, ~~he~~ instead phoned me to express his delight. Now I have a rather helpless tendency to like people who like the things I write, so we chatted along amiably. Then Bob Kelley deftly cast his lure. Could ~~he~~ he come up to my bailiwick and take some pictures of me at my trout devotionals?



P. 13

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN

But all is not skittles and beer, as they say in merrie <sup>Unvariably.</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>poorly equipped</sup> England, and the enemies <sup>of</sup> ~~that arise to plague the fisherman,~~ <sup>fishermen are legion and they usually come with two heads!</sup>

~~both~~ natural and human, ~~are diabolic and many.~~ <sup>resourceful</sup> ~~These~~ <sup>first</sup> include, <sup>Natural enemies</sup>

but are not limited to—as lawyers love to say in their <sup>terse</sup>

96-page leases--the inevitable hordes of insects, too much rain, <sup>impenetrable fogs</sup>

<sup>too little</sup> ~~not enough~~ rain, <sup>the same</sup> ~~ditto~~ for wind and sun, poor fly hatches, raiding

otter and ospreys and fish hawks, droths and floods, sluggish <sup>or</sup> ~~and~~

<sup>sick or dwindling</sup> ~~diseased~~ fish, ~~no fish,~~ <sup>demons and</sup> and many many more <sup>goblins.</sup>

X

Page 78 & 79 (Last day)

THE LAST DAY

Each year it is the same: this time the <sup>trout</sup> season will  
never end, the <sup>lazy</sup> doze and stictch and murmur of summer will <sup>go on and on,</sup> ~~go last~~  
~~on forever.~~ Yet the <sup>lazy</sup> golden days glide by on gilded wings, and <sup>the spellbound</sup>  
<sup>fisherman fishes, and</sup> ~~the season.~~ ~~any~~  
lo, one day it is the last day of fishing. To ~~all fishermen~~  
<sup>This</sup> ~~that~~ is the saddest day of the year. But our sadness is  
mingled with relief. For the last day of fishing is both  
a sentence and a reprieve; a sentence to a long ~~fishless~~  
winter's nap; a reprieve from <sup>mad</sup> the compulsive ~~a fever in the blood~~ mad chase of  
summer. <sup>By</sup> and by we blink and peer around like a man coming <sup>the gleam of lunacy leaves</sup>  
out of ~~deep~~ hypnosis. We even tell ourselves it's <sup>all</sup> for the  
best. <sup>our eyes.</sup>

But we lie. On the lat day of fishing all fishermen

are akin to ~~pallbearers, worse yet~~ pallbearers; worse yet,  
pallbearers who must attend ~~at~~ <sup>macabrely</sup> their own funerals. <sup>Go</sup> Going

out on the last day is a ~~bad~~ <sup>late departed,</sup> job that has to be done, like <sup>decently</sup> burying the ~~dead,~~ <sup>our last fire</sup> but our hearts are leaden and each  
cast is like waving farewell forever to the trout. For what

we fishermen really want is to go on fishing, fishing,  
FISHING—fishing forever into the wild blue yonder. All  
that sustains us <sup>for the ordeal of winter</sup> is the wry knowledge that time <sup>somehow</sup> passes,  
and that after all it's only eight months <sup>more</sup> till the magic

First Day!

X

?

final fire  
our last fire  
foregather early around the fire  
off the NW corner  
of the lake  
Narrow in climb.

(5)

X

Do fishermen fish then simply to commune with nature? I rather doubt it, at least as a primary motive, for there are few things more terrifyingly impenetrable than the oblivious concentration of a real-gone fisherman wooing a rising trout. Is it for fellowship, then, the comradely lure of later huddling with his fellow manics to compare notes and brag a little and further cement their mystic brotherhood with bumpers of ~~distilled~~<sup>liquid</sup> glee? Again I doubt it, because fishing for one thing is essentially a lonely pursuit and for another the fisherman is generally far too pooped when his day's devotionals are over to crave anything but a quick numbing drink and his lonely bed. What we do seem to find in all fishing, ~~though,~~<sup>however,</sup> is a ~~rather~~<sup>rather</sup> persistent pattern of pursuit and capture, followed by exhaustion. Perhaps this is our most subtle clue, but I shall charitably leave to the Freudians the job of unraveling any lurking parallels. Better yet, <sup>and to stay in my depths,</sup> maybe I had better let Bob Kelley's pictures speak for themselves.

# BEOHOLD THE FISHERMAN

Trout

All fishermen, like Gaul, may be divided into three parts:

those who fish mainly to get ~~fish~~<sup>something</sup>; those who fish mainly to get

away ~~from something~~<sup>from something</sup> and those who fish mainly because they love the act of

fishing and love to be ~~in the environs~~<sup>out</sup> where trout are found.

This fisherman chooses to count himself among the latter, where

I suspect most true trout fishermen belong. For trout, unlike

men, will not--indeed cannot--live except where beauty dwells,

so that any man who would catch a trout must find himself

inevitably surrounded by beauty, ~~he~~<sup>he</sup> just can't help himself.

And ~~Since~~<sup>Since</sup> and I suppose a little ~~is~~<sup>of it</sup> is bound to rub off, ~~Hence it is that~~<sup>this is probably why</sup>

I still nourish the notion that there must be a little good in

every fisherman.

X

~~we trout~~  
Are fishermen simply greedy for fish? I very much doubt

it. Quite the contrary, in fact. Catching an occasional fish

is to the enjoyment of trout fishing what encountering an

occasional oyster is to the enjoyment of oyster stew--

gratifying, yes, but far from everything. Now a real gone

fisherman stoically flailing a stream likes to suspect that

there is ~~still~~ a ~~wild~~ trout lurking ~~around~~ somewhere in the

same county, naturally, but a full creel every time out is not

what he craves and would in fact spoil the fun for him. ¶ These

old eyes have beheld the time when, fishing in Ontario, my

wrist got so sore catching ~~large dripping~~ trout, and this

fisherman so bored with the whole enterprise, that I fairly

raced home across the border so that I might once again fish

~~in a place where each trout~~ comes spawned with a master's degree

in the art of evasion. What, then, is the mystic lure of fishing?

*Are trout fishermen simply greedy for fish? I very much doubt it. Quite the contrary in fact.*

*magazine cover*

*stalk my native*

*each of which into the world*

*invited and interviewed, wined and dined,*

*with the advent of "Anatomy"*

The fact is that notoriety ~~had~~ set in overnight, <sup>I was</sup> a

four-star celebrity, ~~given~~ <sup>also</sup> the full treatment. I was ~~invited~~

~~and interviewed, wined and dined,~~ feted and hated, sued by

~~designing~~ <sup>perfect</sup> strangers, wooed by ~~designing~~ <sup>ladies, women's clubs,</sup> women, duly castigated

by Time, and ritually embalmed in Life and Look. Whereas

before that I could ~~not~~ <sup>scarcely</sup> give my ~~stuff~~ <sup>writings</sup> away, now I found I could

peddle my most incoherent prose for a buck a word. Instead I <sup>quit my court job,</sup>

~~and~~ <sup>shut off the phone, and</sup> wrote a slender little volume of fishing yarns called "Trout

Madness," <sup>I do</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>The book</sup> which was resolutely ignored in seventeen languages

and sank without bubble or trace. For time had passed, the

tumult and the shouting <sup>had</sup> died, and ~~newer~~ <sup>had</sup> newer and fatter bestsellers

<sup>had emerged to</sup> engaged the plaudits of the crowd. My ~~dark~~ <sup>carefully found,</sup> suspicion was con-

firmed that books on fishing are only slightly ~~less~~ <sup>more</sup> unpopular

than books of poetry. <sup>That is not very popular...</sup> But the big thing was that Robert Traver

was at last unshackled, peace and blessed anonymity again at last

were mine. <sup>now plenty of</sup> Best of all, there was time to fish. Robert

Traver was unshackled.

PORTRAIT OF TRUTH....

Man engaged in losing battle trying to maintain supremacy  
over malevolent insect world.

The most constant and ever-present natural enemy of the  
fisherman are the ubiquitous <sup>flying</sup> hordes of terrestrial insects, who show  
far less dietary discrimination than trout, and <sup>usually</sup> bite harder and more <sup>regrettably</sup> often.  
~~frequently~~. Ours come in the classic two varieties, the stingers and  
the biters, and include mosquitoes, of course, <sup>and</sup> ~~then~~ ~~the~~ deer flies,  
horse flies, black flies, wood ticks, enraged hornets and yellow jackets,  
and (my private plague) the tiny burning "no-see-ums." Fishermen are  
also <sup>occasionally</sup> ~~sometimes~~ beset by ~~an occasional~~ discerning bumble bees who mistake <sup>one</sup>  
~~them~~ for a rose. Possibly <sup>such deluded</sup> the bees are merely catarrhal.... Under our  
competitive free enterprise system, of course, there are numerous <sup>fine</sup> insect  
repellants on the market, some of which are better than others, <sup>better,</sup> that  
is, <sup>at attracting</sup> ~~some~~ attract insects <sup>fast</sup> ~~better~~ than others. But by all odds the best  
fly dope I know--<sup>all</sup> a kind that makes insects vanish like magic--is a  
spectacular rise of <sup>feeding</sup> trout.



Page 25, #17 ("Unwilling trout")

PORTRAIT OF A NOOPLUSSER FISHERMAN

Back home they call him Happy Jack, here shown badgered and

bedevilled by sun, mud, scum, snags, a sinking line--and one *uncooperative*

~~reluctant~~ *The sad fact is that*  
~~recalcitrant~~ trout. Trout are like certain attractive *and*

mettlesome women: they will not play unless ~~they~~ *they are* in the

mood--and ~~happens to~~ *happens to* moreover, think of it first....

X

Page 26, #18 (Keep out)

MORE FISHERMEN'S WOES

Ye Olde Southern Hospitality -- *without smiles.*

---

Page 26, #19 (Hank & Jet)

Hank and I are burning patriots, <sup>and all that,</sup> but there's a certain air  
*in these here parts* <sup>now</sup> ~~was~~ west of Butte <sup>instead of in our hair.</sup>  
base we wish ~~was~~ <sup>is</sup> west of Butte ~~instead of in our hair.~~  
*instead was the miles*

---

Page 27, #20 (Picknickers)

~~THE PATTERN OF LITTLE MOUTHS.~~  
THINGS TO AVOID  
*FISHERMEN GET FITNICS* when too close to picnics  
"Kin I have another cookie, Mamma, <sup>kin I?</sup>"

---

FRUGAL

PICTURE OF ~~PICKLED~~ <sup>^</sup> PICNICKER WEANING HIS AUTOMOBILE

Page 27, # \_\_\_\_\_

"Well whaddy know--the tank's empty!"

---

Page 27, #21 (Tow out)

*Finally*  
<sup>^</sup> ~~we~~ relent and tow the rascals <sup>S</sup> out.  
<sup>^</sup>

Page 35, #24 (JDV at map)

BATTLE PLAN

~~then~~ Once you get there ~~you go~~ <sup>shift</sup> into low range and drive  
around that damned steel cable near ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~bleasted~~ <sup>steel,</sup> white pine ~~and~~  
then go three <sup>four</sup> miles, fording a coupla streams, <sup>when you come</sup> and...."

*the gas station, in  
to Bruce's Corners, you go  
three-tenths miles, spot a dirt road  
on the right,  
further, beyond, two - rut*

f

Pages 36 & 37 (Louisa's" pond)

SCENE: Shangri La, Michigan, U. S. A.

We snoop and ~~we~~<sup>we</sup> search,

<sup>But</sup> we seldom go to church;

We watch and ~~we~~<sup>we</sup> wait,

And always come home late;

We tell monstrous lies

With wide unblinking eyes;  
*we possess little wealth,  
But have plenty of stealth;*  
We use every ruse,

We even bribe with booze;

We trespass and we hide

And come out the other side--  
*stealthily*

*in our travels*  
and occasionally we stumble upon secret blue jewels lying

<sup>half</sup>gleaming and hidden in their ~~forest~~<sup>protective</sup> folds of ~~forest~~<sup>velvet</sup> green. *such as this one*  
<sup>velvet</sup>

7

Page 48 (2 pics: (a) John changing boots and (b) joining rod)

Going fishing is like going courting—<sup>a good</sup> half <sup>of</sup> the fun lies in

the anticipation. In fact the parallels are faintly eerie.

Just as the <sup>gallant</sup> lover boy muses and daydreams as he § pomades his hair <sup>for his heavy date,</sup> so the fisherman builds ~~filmy~~ <sup>fair</sup> castles <sup>as he lovingly</sup> assembles his gear. Just as the one asks himself, "Is she

going to be in a good mood today?" so the other wonders wistfully whether the trout will be on the prod today. <sup>temperamental</sup>

There is another parallel. All youngsters are envied for <sup>the ecstatic quality of their</sup> ~~their annual~~ wonder and awe on Christmas Eve, but consider the plight of the poor fisherman—<sup>— he can't possess of</sup> by merely going fishing he <sup>thinking of</sup> ~~experiences~~ all the ecstasies of Christmas Eve all summer long. <sup>in the mere thought of going fishing he can</sup>

delights and

By and by we are rigged up and, looking like a deep sea

diver, descend slowly to the pool to pay court to that <sup>great</sup> ~~elusive~~ lunker <sup>who had near</sup> lying by that ~~blasted~~ <sup>(storm-blasted)</sup> root. <sup>will she succumb</sup> to our lure today? <sup>this queen of the waters</sup>

Page 49 (John choosing leader or fly?)

f

Page 54, #35 (Butterflies & boot tracks)

BOOT TRACKS AND BUTTERFLIES

"Great scott, men--another guy's beat us in here!"

Page 54, #36 (JDV walking by wild snapdragon)

BEAUTY, BEAUTY EVERYWHERE....

*And at all times even the most astigmatic fishermen can behold*

~~But all the time the fisherman is surrounded by~~

~~beats~~

prodigalities of wild beauty.

*throbbing → grieving*

Page 55, #37 (JDV across water amidst pines. Choose)

He can even pause to worship in his ~~private~~ *own rustic* cathedral with

*invisible*

*humming*

*amidst → its*

an aeolian harp softly ~~whispering~~ ~~amidst~~ the soaring spires.

Page 55 bottom, #38 (Hank roll-casting)

*perhaps*

Or ponder the eternal mysteries of light and shadow as he

roll-casts for an elusive parishioner who dwells there.

7

Page 58 ("Captain Ahab" Voelker)

PORTRAIT OF INLAND CAPTAIN AHAB WHO PURSUES SLIGHTLY SMALLER WHALES

We may skimp our work, drink too much, eat irregularly, sleep  
~~not~~ fitfully, <sup>sometimes</sup> occasionally misbehave, <sup>and</sup> <sup>often</sup> forget to shave, get  
 to look like Captain Ahab, <sup>But</sup> <sup>one</sup> thing we do do--endlessly,  
 tenaciously, <sup>fanatically</sup> ~~superbly~~ is fish and fish and fish....  
 FISH....

Page 59 (Two members of the lodge, Hank & Busky)

(Top) This is Hank (Henry L. Scarffe), junior member of the  
 lodge, scourge of fur, fin and feathers, <sup>one of the best fishermen I know, one who</sup> a man who would cheerfully  
<sup>he lacked</sup> fish in a cistern if other water ~~failed~~ and moreover take a trout!

Page 59 (Busky)

This is Busky (L. P. Barrett), <sup>gallant</sup> senior expeditionary commander,  
<sup>who hails from Thoreau country,</sup> the indomitable retired geologist who took up fly-fishing when  
 he was over 70, and who <sup>gracefully</sup> today can deliver the ~~undulant~~ roll-cast <sup>along with</sup>  
~~as gracefully~~ <sup>unwringly</sup> as the best of us.

won't even take you for an amateur

+

Page 60 (Carroll)

Here is the ~~real~~ Old Fox of our lodge, my old friend

Carroll C. Rushton, who judges the follies of men when he

isn't fishing, one of the two ~~boss~~ fishermen who taught me to

verily a poet of the art of fishing fly cast, ~~a man~~ who still scorns all synthetic leaders, the

grand Old Fox who can still take 'em when the rest of us

have retired in ~~disorder and~~ shame and vast disorder.

*genuine*  
*compassionately*  
*patient*  
*boss fishermen*

*first*  
*of fishing*



7

Page 67 (With game warden and city hall gang)

FISHERMEN ENDLESSLY SNIFF AND SNOOP

All is grist to the fisherman's mill. In fact the amount of Machevillian subtlety and guile wrapped in his person

is faintly horrifying to contemplate--to a man he is far more

devious <sup>Always hunting after new fishing spots,</sup> than ~~even~~ Gromyko. <sup>personable</sup> He will <sup>unblushingly</sup> ~~smilingly~~ pick ~~the~~ the brain

of the ~~the~~ local game warden, who after all gets around, or, having

heard <sup>a vague</sup> ~~the~~ rumor ~~of a rumor~~ that the janitor at City Hall has

caught a beautiful mess, descend upon the <sup>village</sup> ~~place and snoop and~~

to <sup>the air</sup> sniff for clues.

MY FAVORITE SPOT

Every fisherman has his favorite fishing spot, to which he  
 returns with all the ~~hypnotic~~ <sup>(hypnotically)</sup> ~~helplessness~~ <sup>and helpless fascination that lures the</sup> of a murderer to the  
 scene of his crime. This happens to be ~~mine~~ <sup>my favorite spot.</sup>. Let us ~~call it~~  
 We will call it  
 Frenchman's Creek, for that is not its name. To a man my pals  
 despise ~~the place,~~ <sup>shun and</sup> as I do their favorite spots.

Trout are rather inconstant readers of the outdoor magazines,  
 I suspect, for contrary to the ~~wisdom~~ <sup>sage fish</sup> there enshrined, trout  
 often inhabit the goddamndest most unlikely <sup>- looking</sup> places. Frenchmen's  
 Creek is such <sup>an unlikely</sup> place.

Frenchman's reminds me of poor downtrodden Bill in the old  
 ballad—it ain't much to ~~look at~~ <sup>all</sup> but it's mine. It isn't very

deep, but I love it; the trout aren't very big or many, but I  
 love it; ~~it~~ <sup>it's clogged with scum and weeds and</sup> isn't very pretty, but I love it.

<sup>haunts</sup>  
<sup>his favorite bar,</sup>  
 In fact I <sup>haunt</sup> Frenchman's Creek. Each <sup>new</sup> season I try to <sup>again</sup>

break the habit and go straight, but few are the days I don't

wind up there. I woo its ~~elusive~~ <sup>disdainful</sup> trout as though each were ~~the body~~ Roxanne

and I Cyrano, because I love it. Each time I go there I approach

<sup>it all palpitant</sup>  
~~the place~~ with the ~~sense~~ <sup>anticipating</sup> of wonder and awed ~~anticipation~~ <sup>mighty</sup> of a child

approaching Christmas. Sometimes I think I'm a lucky fisherman <sup>To have</sup>

<sup>found such a place.</sup>  
 My pals think I'm simply a crazed one.

X

~~Mr. Francis~~ TO A WILD MUSHROOM

Cynics have called

Eating wild mushrooms ~~has been called~~ the poor man's

Russian roulette, but show me a fisherman and I'll show you

a stubborn amateur naturalist who will cheerfully die for his

art--and sometimes does. But most of us ~~are too mean and~~

*fishermen are far too ornery and*  
*And anyway, and another if one must die for big convecting*  
*means* to die, and ~~anyway expire~~ expiring from poison mushrooms, has *somehow*

a more romantic ring than ~~smothering from~~ a fish bone in one's

*slightly* *fatally gagging over* *choking over* *stuck*  
*backwoods rural Bergias*  
gullet. Moreover we ~~will~~ gladly take the chance because we

are aware of no more rapturous meal under heaven than a ~~few~~

*skillet* *curling fresh food*  
~~pan~~ full of trout ~~and~~ wild mushrooms.

t

BEHOLD THE FISHERMAN BEHOLDING A FISHERMAN

Sometimes a fisherman can't lay up a dime, so ~~into~~ instead

he shrugs and <sup>maybe</sup> has himself a smoke or goes dry his line ~~and then~~  
<sup>or else</sup> lays up against a tree <sup>treeless</sup> and watches Hank whipping <sup>the pool into</sup> up a beery froth.

But all he needs to make him rise and race <sup>back to work</sup> for the pool is for

Hank to latch on to <sup>passing fancy</sup> or even miss—a <sup>trout</sup> good one. Then fatigue

and ennui and all <sup>such whimsies as</sup> that are instantly dispelled. <sup>flee</sup> gone with the wind.