

A.

There is one thing  
I have another compliment to make.

<sup>and choose</sup>  
<sup>own</sup>  
<sup>got</sup>  
 I know in my <sup>secret</sup> heart that I don't rate a  
 place in the <sup>very</sup> front row among the top  
~~best~~ certified snobs. I know this ~~because~~  
 it takes a snob to <sup>snobly</sup> <sup>really</sup> spot and rate a snob  
 and, <sup>advanced</sup> <sup>in degree</sup> <sup>as I am</sup>, the top snobs beat me  
<sup>I know!</sup>  
 I am barred because of two grave lapses, either <sup>one</sup> <sup>of which</sup>  
 is <sup>more than</sup> enough to <sup>black ball</sup> keep me from becoming  
 joining the <sup>full</sup> <sup>chapmanish</sup> <sup>club</sup>. One, I do not always give  
 a dry fly; Two, I sometimes fail to return all my trout.

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# FLY FISHERMEN: THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SNOBS.

"Fly fishing is such great fun," I  
 once took a deep breath and wrote, "that  
 it really ought to be done in bed." While  
 I still stick with this <sup>magical</sup> notion, such an  
 opening <sup>naturally</sup> left me little room to devote an  
 other than certain -- ah -- <sup>certain</sup> parallels  
 of the sport. But there is more to fly fishing  
 than that, I've learned, and I may propose to  
 unveil another <sup>grossing</sup> idea ~~convention~~ <sup>that's been upon me</sup> and ~~gotten over~~  
~~the years about this curious thing called~~  
 fly fishing and ~~the more curious people~~  
 it afflicts, ~~that this grows stranger over the years.~~  
~~A conviction that this only grows stranger over~~  
~~the longer I probe.~~ Fly fishing, in my view, is a <sup>form</sup>  
 hopelessly incurable progressive disease that  
 leaves its victims not only a little crazy  
 but high among the world's biggest snobs.  
 After forty, forty - odd years of flailing  
 the fly ~~is~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> ~~qualified~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~venture an~~ <sup>opinion</sup>  
~~after all, I'm firmly~~ <sup>firmly</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup>  
~~terminal stages of the disease.~~ on the  
 pathology of the disease; after all, I'm  
 myself ~~firmly~~ <sup>firmly</sup> ~~in the~~ <sup>in the</sup>  
 its terminal stages ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> myself.

cover  
 much else  
 conviction  
 position  
 five long

should perhaps  
 be mentioned

perhaps in the two.

has been.

An old teacher and wittily  
 snobbery, an old teacher of mine once  
 defined the phenomenon, <sup>as an</sup>  
 insufferable affectation of superior virtue.  
 That's good as far as it goes but to my mind  
 fails sufficiently to stress the intolerance air  
 of disdainful condescension and outright intolerance  
 that so often marks the breed. Especially in  
 among fly fishermen, who not only <sup>resourcefully</sup> manage the  
 to be <sup>uniformly</sup> intolerant of the faults and foibles of  
 other fishermen but to be <sup>at</sup> remarkably indulgent  
 toward their own. There is the true snobbery.  
 They are the total snobs.

This true  
 twin not only  
 flatterer

those all <sup>in a jovial mood they'll</sup> Sometimes <sup>they</sup> try to hide their true colors <sup>under</sup> a false air of camaraderie toward other fishermen - those blighted fishermen who fail to fish the fly. Only last week, in fact, I heard <sup>one of our</sup> real dyed-in-the-wool fly casters magnanimously concede in mixed company that there just might be a little good in other forms of fishing. (I should explain that <sup>the poor man labors</sup> the Spanovic glow of his third <sup>double</sup> bourbon.) But the old boy lied, <sup>for the moment we were</sup> along <sup>apologetically</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>under</sup> <sup>scorn</sup> of all non-fishers of the fly, adding: "In my book, boys, fly fishing is to the rest of fishing what high sanitation is to rape."

He  
then  
recounts  
and  
pales

"Bravo," <sup>we</sup> <sup>fly fishing</sup> <sup>snorts</sup> <sup>chortled,</sup> <sup>ordering</sup> another round.

In fact your real gone fly fishermen  
 is critical even of his fellow fly fishermen,  
 grading and calibrating <sup>them</sup> their relative merits as if  
 though he had <sup>some</sup> a royal mandate to  
 guard <sup>membership for</sup> ~~the~~ a sort of piscatorial  
 court of St. James. Merely being a <sup>sort of</sup> fly  
 fisherman is no guaranty of admission to the  
 inner realm; all that gets you is the ~~the~~  
 right to stand in line <sup>the</sup> ~~at~~ the <sup>waiting</sup> ~~door~~ gate. And  
 and there, the searching cross-examination begins.

zealously  
 fearfully  
 to

standing  
 place  
 N

5

the horrendous offence of

head-hanging

blushing  
sweating  
souls

"Is it true, a typical question might  
run, "that you ~~was~~ were <sup>discovered</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>actually</sup> last summer wearing  
an automatic red?" A plea of guilty means

an almost certain <sup>a quick return to the back</sup> banishment to the <sup>penitentiary</sup> ~~penitentiary~~.

The same fate <sup>awaits</sup> those <sup>who</sup> ~~plead~~ <sup>plead</sup> guilty to  
such <sup>was</sup> ~~being~~ <sup>a level</sup> ~~level~~ <sup>sentencing</sup> ~~sentencing~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>sub</sup> ~~stating~~ <sup>stating</sup> a fibre-glass red <sup>are</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>are</sup>

can mean a five-year sentence <sup>are immediately</sup> ~~are immediately~~

~~immediately~~ <sup>as a</sup> ~~as a~~ <sup>order-wielding</sup> ~~order-wielding~~ <sup>barbarian</sup> ~~barbarian~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>should be</sup> ~~should be~~ <sup>banished</sup> ~~banished~~  
~~who~~ <sup>rather</sup> ~~rather~~ <sup>banishment</sup> ~~banishment~~ <sup>for at least</sup> ~~for at least~~ <sup>five years.</sup> ~~five years.~~

<sup>back</sup> ~~back~~ <sup>among</sup> ~~among <sup>the</sup> ~~the <sup>traitors,</sup> ~~traitors, <sup>and so the</sup> ~~and so the  
inquisition goes...~~~~~~~~

5

daft snappishness,  
their ~~and~~ <sup>daftness,</sup>  
Though <sup>in</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>duffy</sup> old fly fishermen exhibit

that await them.  
naturally

varying symptoms of <sup>snatching</sup> ~~snatching~~, my dim case is fairly typical of their <sup>ultimate</sup> ~~fall~~. Though I was born and raised among some of the country's most exciting and varied <sup>brook</sup> ~~brook~~ and rainbow waters.

So these <sup>two</sup> ~~have~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~been~~ <sup>top</sup> ~~recently~~ <sup>trout</sup> ~~fields~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~seen~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ monstrous <sup>big</sup> ~~big~~ and chinook salmon. Do I deign to fish for <sup>any</sup> ~~these~~ <sup>new</sup> ~~beasts~~ <sup>species? I do not, and I haven't been</sup>

quality of ~~it~~ <sup>admitted</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>now</sup> ~~nearly~~ <sup>spoiled</sup> ~~five~~ <sup>only</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>fish</sup> ~~exists~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>far</sup> ~~far~~ scarcer and smaller brook trout, my main reaction to these other species being <sup>one</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~gratitude~~ <sup>well-</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>admitted</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>presence</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>brood</sup> ~~brood~~ <sup>pressure</sup> ~~pressure~~ back-brook troutling.

producing maps, but

Not only do I fish <sup>only</sup> ~~only~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>brook</sup> ~~brook~~ <sup>trout</sup> ~~trout~~ but, worse yet, only <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>wild</sup> ~~wild~~ <sup>natural</sup> ~~natural~~ brook trout.

In fact last summer I almost swallowed my <sup>own</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>ego</sup> ~~ego when I encountered a <sup>producing</sup> ~~hatchery~~ <sup>truck</sup> ~~truck~~, <sup>on</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~~~

brookie

apparent planting spree near one of my favorite ponds. <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>refused</sup> ~~refused~~ <sup>when</sup> ~~when~~ I learned the driver <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~my <sup>friend</sup> ~~friend~~ and <sup>guided</sup> ~~guided~~ <sup>him</sup> ~~him~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>way</sup> ~~way~~. I artfully steered him <sup>away</sup> ~~away~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>there</sup> ~~there~~.~~

5

crazy

in fact,

A companion quirk in my <sup>growing</sup> ~~own~~ ~~vision~~ dementia is the leaders I use. They must be the longest and finest I can possibly cast, so long, that when I miss <sup>my apt to get</sup> ~~the~~ ~~bottom~~, so entangled I <sup>sometimes</sup> have to be cut away. This means a basic twelve-foot leader tapered to 5-X. To this I invariably append a <sup>total</sup> length of 6-X tippet. Then often, in the absence of ~~the~~ ~~cast~~, I'll even add a wisp of 7-X. On real bright days I long for 8-X, which exists, I'm told, but I can't <sup>for the life of me</sup> find it. Possibly it's ~~so~~ ~~cold~~ ~~they~~ ~~get~~ ~~so~~ ~~fine~~ material in the stuff, <sup>too expensive; being</sup> ~~read~~ ~~only~~ ~~with~~ special magnifying glasses to tie the tippets with.

7



becoming

and ~~speaking~~

Speaking of fine leaders, I recently heard a <sup>rumor</sup> that the very best specimens <sup>material,</sup> ~~are made~~ come from the golden heads of Scandinavian princesses. Come winter I'd be tempted to chase the rumor down except for the <sup>comparative</sup> rumor that such royal leaders are <sup>awfully expensive,</sup> ~~awfully expensive,~~ because golden-haired princesses are ~~not only getting~~ <sup>growing</sup> ~~scarce~~ but that a <sup>dreadful</sup> ~~constant~~ <sup>amount of</sup> ~~expense~~ accompanies the harvesting. <sup>possibly</sup> ~~possibly~~ the whole story is <sup>an</sup> ~~an~~ idle rumor.

descended

This is so, I'm told, because <sup>hard to find,</sup> ~~not only~~ <sup>are not only</sup> ~~are~~ genuine golden-haired princesses <sup>glitzy</sup> ~~glitzy~~ <sup>scarce</sup> but that a certain amount of <sup>danger</sup> ~~danger~~ <sup>accompanies</sup> ~~accompanies~~ the search. But then we intrepid fly fishermen will court almost any danger to find the perfect leader. I must <sup>look up</sup> ~~look up~~ the fare to Scandinavia when I get a moment <sup>away</sup> ~~from~~ fishing.

5

I must now confess

snobbishly  
snob

Since it takes a snob to spot a snob, ~~in enough of a way to recognize that,~~ snobbish head as I am I'm not quite ~~snobbish~~ <sup>quite</sup> snobbish enough to ~~take a place in the front pew~~ <sup>along</sup> with the Grade ~~certified snobs.~~ Two things bar me, ~~either one of which is fatal to joining the inner fraternity.~~ One, I do not always fish a dry fly and, two, I sometimes fail to return all my trout; either lapse is <sup>absolutely</sup> fatal to joining the front pew ~~truly~~ <sup>truly</sup> anointed.

Rationalizing about <sup>my lapses</sup> ~~it~~ helps me not.

it is sheer ~~madness~~ I can tell myself till hell will have no more of it -- and frequently do -- that for a fisherman up in my sub-arctic neck of the woods, where <sup>both the seasonal and daily fly</sup> the hatches usually arrive late and quit early, to stick splennily to a dry fly. Or, again, that a guy who fishes nearly every day and returns by far the bulk of his fish ought to be able occasionally to keep a is entitled occasionally to keep a few. But it's no dice especially when he possesses a peasant taste for trout. But it's no dice; in my inner heart I know I know I shall never ~~quit~~ <sup>quit</sup> ~~trout fishing~~.

<sup>I go fishing</sup> My trouble is that I <sup>love</sup> ~~love~~ <sup>orange</sup> ~~orange~~ <sup>go</sup> ~~go~~ <sup>at a trout water</sup> ~~at a trout water~~ I know I fish, and when I fish a place where I know trout abound <sup>with trout</sup> and get not a rise, I <sup>just can't</sup> ~~can't~~ <sup>resist</sup> ~~resist~~ <sup>tempting</sup> ~~tempting~~ on some sort of ult or -- <sup>day</sup> I say it. -- <sup>sometimes</sup> ~~sometimes~~ <sup>and getting down where they are fishing</sup> ~~and getting down where they are fishing~~ <sup>then a weighted nymph</sup> ~~then a weighted nymph~~ <sup>also</sup> ~~also~~ <sup>passess</sup> ~~passess~~ a peasant appetite for the taste of trout and when <sup>if</sup> I get hungry and nobody's looking I'm apt to crack and <sup>steal</sup> ~~steal~~ a few and go on a secret binge.

Each summer I've tried to break <sup>shaky</sup> ~~shaky~~ both vices and go straight, but it's no dice; when the ponds in on I crack and break <sup>one or both</sup> ~~one or both~~ of the golden rules of --- it's just lack of character, I guess.

5

How do fishermen <sup>ever</sup> get so way out in  
their fly fishing? What starts them on the  
desert roads to <sup>such</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup>  
desert's <sup>to</sup> <sup>suppose</sup> <sup>ruin</sup>? Well, I can't account  
for the <sup>aspects</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>every</sup> <sup>fly</sup> <sup>fisherman</sup>,  
mercifully, but I think I can I think I recall one  
memorable incident that started me <sup>firmly</sup> <sup>down</sup>  
my own path.

2.

Now that you've had <sup>at</sup> ~~least~~ a glimpse at the snobbish depths to which some addled fly fishermen can descend, ~~sorts~~, it sweeps over me that I still haven't come within a country mill of <sup>showing the how and why of</sup> ~~ascertaining~~ what ~~really~~ makes us tick. What starts a dewy young fly fisherman down the rocky road to snobhood? Is it <sup>due to</sup> ~~some~~ <sup>matter of</sup> individual temperament or <sup>some</sup> ~~genetic~~ <sup>quirk</sup> ~~quirk~~ or <sup>perhaps</sup> ~~maybe~~ even a constipated adolescence? Or is there something inherent <sup>in the snobbish</sup> ~~in the sport itself~~? Anyway, pondering these <sup>questions</sup> ~~has~~ <sup>just</sup> made me recall a fishing incident of my youth which, if it doesn't explain all our quill ways, may give at least a <sup>clue</sup> ~~clue~~ <sup>to</sup> how one fly fisherman ~~may~~ have got started down his own ~~peculiar~~ <sup>private</sup> trail to snobbish perdition.

GENETIC)

2a me  
13  
0

I was there, I forsore her

So all ~~got~~ <sup>got</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~begin~~ <sup>begin</sup> over forty years  
on a lazy Sunday afternoon on the upper reaches  
of the lovely Jordan River in northern lower  
Michigan. I had sashayed down <sup>that way</sup> to court  
the girl I finally married, <sup>the poor girl</sup> and she should have  
been warned foreward. <sup>when</sup> I forsore her  
on <sup>only</sup> the second afternoon, <sup>to</sup> pursue the exciting  
sport of fly fishing, <sup>which</sup> I had <sup>only</sup> <sup>recently</sup> taken up.

<sup>spanking</sup>  
Though I'd been fishing for several  
hours, diligently beating up <sup>quite</sup> a framey  
lather with my new outfit, my efforts <sup>sure</sup> had  
met with a remarkable lack of success. <sup>As I went back</sup>  
failure was doubtless due to a combination of two  
things: my own <sup>sack</sup> ineptitude plus the awesome  
outfit I was doing.

From it now, my

for which I'd paid exactly  
This latter consisted of a sturdy three-  
piece split bamboo fly rod, that cost me \$5.95,  
postage <sup>included</sup>, and which in retrospect I ~~cannot~~  
think ~~had~~ <sup>must</sup> surely have been designed to do double duty  
at pole vaulting. To this I had clamped an old Mastiff  
automatic reel carrying an equally old cracked level <sup>rod</sup> line,  
both given me by one of my early fly fishing heroes,  
Tommy Cole. Where I ~~strung~~ <sup>had</sup> up the short bed-  
spring coil of gut leader I ~~do~~ <sup>have</sup> mercifully  
forgotten, but I do distinctly recall it was strong  
enough to tow barge <sup>with</sup> ~~into~~ <sup>up</sup> stream.

<sup>rigid</sup>  
To ~~my~~ <sup>stubby</sup> <sup>rigid</sup> <sup>bit</sup> of leader I had  
tethered a giant bucktail streamer and, thus  
armed, had managed to put down every rising  
trout I'd so far encountered. That took quite a  
bit of doing because, back in those days, one  
still ~~had~~ <sup>could</sup> find far more fish than fishermen on the  
lovely Jordan -- not to mention <sup>the</sup> <sup>latter</sup> <sup>day</sup>  
armadas of descending canoes ~~monotonously~~  
monotonously firing off their salvo of beer cans.

↑  
SALVOS

admire the view  
and

Finally, <sup>after much</sup> floundering and splashing, I made my way down to a deep partly shaded pool at the foot of a long ridge, somewhere, <sup>I believe,</sup> above Grant's Crossing, ~~Station~~. Being a little disconcerted, <sup>as will be</sup> and <sup>unwinded,</sup> I paused there to take a <sup>rest</sup> fire. Suddenly the <sup>mysterious</sup> placid calm of the pool was rudely interrupted: <sup>surely the</sup> biggest trout I'd seen that season <sup>had</sup> exploded in <sup>the</sup> middle, doubtless owing to a <sup>misadventure</sup>. As I scrambled into position to from which I could better hurl my feathered harpoon arrow, the trout <sup>again</sup> rose, <sup>again,</sup> and yet again.

standing out a series of waves.



with the <sup>resounding</sup> splash of

Brandishing my rod <sup>like</sup> a bright  
might his spear, I began whipping my huge  
fly back and forth, back and forth, paying  
out line as my feathered harpoon  
screamed ever faster past my ear. Then,  
I let her go and my fly plopped down  
into the pool <sup>like a landing</sup> just as  
my trout rose. I struck; I missed; and I  
narrowly lost an ear as my fly hurtled  
past <sup>the fisherman</sup> me and impaled <sup>itself on a tree trunk</sup> a tree. Had I hooked  
that trout <sup>I have no</sup> without a doubt he would have  
landed <sup>down</sup> across old Highway 66.

Always with a well-earned  
↑

REARWARD ↑

↑  
wee  
↑  
wee

~~had startled~~

I had read somewhere, possibly in  
Curly Bergman, that a crafty fly fisherman  
always reeled a ~~startled~~ trout, so I  
splashed out of there and up the steep bank  
and retrieved my fly from an overhanging  
elm <sup>tree</sup>, composing myself <sup>as I should do</sup> to watch  
the pool. After ten <sup>crafty</sup> minutes of waiting,  
reeling my prize, with no rise, I debated  
getting the hell out of there.

"Maybe I stunned him," I mused,  
so I peered perhaps not entirely on fly  
outside, <sup>speculatively</sup> considering the ~~forenoon~~  
I was using. Finally I ~~decided~~ to ~~wait~~  
~~wait~~ <sup>give him</sup> another ten minutes, so I lit a cigar and  
pored ~~about~~ over my bone fly box, admiring my  
dozen or so equally impressive <sup>all in varied colors</sup> flies, waiting  
for my ~~trout~~ <sup>trout</sup> to come ~~unstirred~~. <sup>all the time</sup>

Two low-flying ducks came  
hurtling upstream just as my <sup>sublimely</sup> giant trout  
~~rose again~~ rose again. For a ~~moment~~ second I had a wild thought  
he had risen for them, but no, they were  
whirling round the upstream bend as he rose  
once again. So again I got out my fly box and pored  
over my feathered treasures, finally choosing and  
tying on another ~~giant trout~~ of equal  
caliber and fire power ~~but of different~~ <sup>sort</sup>.  
I had already learned, you see, that the <sup>crafty</sup>  
fly fisherman had <sup>something</sup> ~~nothing~~ to vary ~~his~~ our  
subtle ~~delicate~~ <sup>subtle</sup> ~~appreciation~~.

BUT

I glanced downstream to plan <sup>my</sup> the angle of approach for <sup>my</sup> the new assault and my heart sank. Another fisherman was wading round the downstream bend, <sup>from private</sup> fishing as he came <sup>head</sup> straight for my pool. As I sat <sup>staring</sup> watching him inching along, ~~listening~~ listening to the ~~slow~~ rhythmic whishing of his cast, my feeling of resentment to his presence turned <sup>gradually</sup> to admiration and then concern -- admiration for his superb casting ability; concern lest at any <sup>at any moment</sup> moment he be swept away down to Lake

teetering and

For as he drew closer I saw that my intruder was a very old man, incredibly fragile and spindly, looking as though he'd be <sup>far</sup> more at ~~home~~ home in a wheel chair than out ~~here~~ here breasting a powerful <sup>stream</sup> current. He was in water up to the limit of his ~~boots~~ waders, balancing <sup>himself</sup> and bucking the water current with a tall wading staff. As I watched with growing apprehension the thought flashed over me that if he sneezed about then he'd surely ship water and that if I sneezed he might even drown...

by the <sup>speaking circumstances</sup> ~~fact~~

But on he came, slowly, coolly,  
apparently serenely unruffled ~~that a simply~~  
<sup>simply</sup> glorious trout ~~was~~ rising steadily between us, ~~the~~  
Even more remarkable was the fact that  
<sup>He</sup> ~~It was~~ the only <sup>trout</sup> in sight, in fact. But still the old  
man did not hurry, fishing every inch of the  
riskless water between him and the pool, pausing and  
bracing himself, before each <sup>cast</sup> ~~cast~~, <sup>and</sup> ~~executing~~ each  
as though it might be <sup>cast</sup> ~~with the~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~though it might be his last.~~

executing each <sup>casting</sup> cast as though it might  
be his last.

I leaned <sup>(tensely forward)</sup> when the  
old man had worked himself into casting range  
for our trout, ~~the better to watch a true trout~~  
~~at work.~~ But no, the ~~trout~~ was not ready; instead  
he was with <sup>the</sup> cupped hand he was lunging at the  
surface sucking, I <sup>concluded</sup> <sup>with the help of</sup>  
Bergman, a specimen of the floating naturalists.  
Finally he caught one, which he studied at length  
through a little glass. Then, <sup>still</sup> using his glass, he began  
producing and forming over a series of fly ropes that  
could have <sup>landed</sup> ~~landed~~ Abercrombie's. Then he fanned  
and panned for his prize like a delving  
dewager plunging for a bonbon. Then came the  
slow careful tying on of his new fly, then the hand  
testing of fly against leader. I ~~sighed and sat back~~  
~~half upbraided~~ when finally he straightened and  
faced our steadily feeding trout, I sighed and  
sat back.

went to a  
"Wheesh!" went his line as he deftly  
steadily fed it out in short ~~short~~ side casts,  
gradually lengthening it and casting more  
upstream, the line ~~seem~~ <sup>now</sup> undulating like a  
fleeing serpent, ~~as it sped both up back~~  
~~and forth with its high screaming hiss. Back~~  
and forth, <sup>it went,</sup> drawing air closer, still back and  
forth, as though the old man were <sup>merely</sup> practicing.  
Then, <sup>on a forward cast</sup> he seemed to <sup>stiffen and</sup> trail ~~himself~~, ~~as a long~~  
~~forward cast~~; and then came the release, with  
both arms held high; and <sup>marvelled</sup> I watched <sup>as</sup> the  
line sped forward like a lash, then ever so  
gradually descending, the F leader finally  
unfolding like a ballerina's arm, and then the line  
lay itself settling down <sup>upon the water</sup> to rest with all the  
languid grace of a bit of windblown thistle-down.



savagely

had barely

savage

The fly cried for an uncertain moment and ~~then~~ began its grave descent, ~~which was suddenly interrupted~~ when the front rose and took it with one threshing roll. The old man flicked his skinny wrist, the hook was set, and the battle was on. All the time I sat there watching, hypnotized, drinking in the scene, watching an old man, <sup>years of</sup> skull pitted against this dripping eruption of nature, watching the gallant rushes and splashes and the old man quickly paying out or ~~fast~~ <sup>fast</sup> taking in line, ~~even~~ <sup>soon</sup> watching when the ~~quicker~~ <sup>quicker</sup> ~~feeding~~ <sup>feeding</sup> little ~~lambs~~ <sup>lambs</sup> that ~~came~~ <sup>came</sup> and went during the erupting spray of combat.

~~A sagging net in which lay~~

straining to

I do not know how long it was before the old man lowered his net into the water and, before I knew it, was hold<sup>ing</sup> aloft a glistening and dripping <sup>salmon</sup> brown trout of simply enormous proportions. Again I watched closely as the old <sup>man</sup> turned his <sup>sagging</sup> net this way and that, admiring his prize, then carefully unhooked it and -- here I almost fell off my perch -- with both <sup>hands</sup> lowered the fish to the water, ~~with a bounding~~ and then <sup>with a</sup> sudden ~~thrusting~~ <sup>dash</sup>, and the ~~own~~ fish was gone.

thrilled and "Bravo!" I leapt <sup>to my feet</sup> and shouted, <sup>footing of the</sup> carried away by the superb performance I had just witnessed.

~~I had startled the old man~~

~~I must have~~

~~My presence must of have startled~~

I had startled the old man, and he did a little dance and doubtless slipped some water, because he peered up at me testily over his glasses and made an ambiguous grunting sound, half way between a sniff and a snort, and then looked away.

"Look, mister," I shouted, ~~emboldened~~ emboldened by this warm show of fishing camaraderie, "wouldn't it be much easier and safer and easier if you turned around and fished downstream?"

Historic quick <sup>balancing</sup> J19  
↓  
I'll really  
Once again I had startled, shaken  
him; it was as though I'd struck him with a  
stone. Again the little jig to ~~help his~~  
~~balance~~, from which he <sup>came</sup> rallied to give me  
a withering glance, this time peering <sup>up at me</sup> ~~past his~~  
glasses as though studying a particularly  
repellent <sup>thing</sup> species of gnat, all the time making  
funny little ~~no~~ throaty noises. ~~So though he~~  
~~was gathering himself for his rebuttal.~~ <sup>to deliver a sufficient program</sup> Then it came.

Period

he danced ~~the~~ his

NO

~~This time I'd really <sup>shaken</sup> ~~gassed~~ him; it was as though I'd struck him with a stone. Again ~~there was the little~~ ~~shrieking noise~~, from which he palled and ~~started himself~~ to and gave me a <sup>stare</sup> luthering glance, as though he were <sup>staring</sup> beholding some new species of goat. All the while he made funny <sup>in further</sup> ~~choking~~ little noises as though gathering himself for a <sup>substantial</sup> ~~supper~~ <sup>crushing</sup> ~~crushing~~. Then it came.~~

Jake

→

"Young fellow," he quavered in a high shrill falsetto <sup>faintly</sup> <sup>stuttering</sup> <sup>dripping</sup> with scorn, contempt and sarcasm, "I'd sooner be ~~over~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~at the front~~ <sup>down</sup> ~~door~~ <sup>down</sup> settin' on my ass plumbin' for bass than ever fish a wet fly downstream!"

that there was one goal I wanted to reach <sup>make: one</sup>

quickly  
NO

~~"Yes," I said, hanging my head and sneaking away, making a wide detour downstream, <sup>all the while</sup> pondering what I'd just seen and heard. Gradually concluding, however dimly, <sup>that one</sup> day I wanted to be able to fish and carry on like <sup>the</sup> this <sup>magnum</sup> ~~old~~ goat.~~

protective

"Yesiii," I said, hanging my head, sneaking out of there with burning eyes, making a wide <sup>down</sup> stream detour <sup>and</sup> back to the river, where, from behind a clump of bushes, Jaguni watched the old man at his fishing rituals. And as I watched and pondered a <sup>growing</sup> resolution <sup>came to me,</sup> ~~to grow~~ however dim, ~~its~~ <sup>an aspiring</sup> ~~ambition,~~ a dream that <sup>maybe</sup> some day some way I would be able to fish and carry on like this magnificent old goat. ~~Stable~~.

GLOWING

P. 2

[NEW VERSION of 1st. P. p. 24]

5 <sup>memorable</sup> scene, watching an old man's skill pitted  
against this dropping creature of nature,  
watching the gallant trout's frantic rushes  
and splashes followed by ~~sulking~~ periods  
of <sup>sulking</sup> calm as it bored deep trying to escape its  
barbed tormentor, the throbbing line and leader  
vibrating like the plucked string of a harp,  
watching even the fishy winking as a succession  
of tiny spray-born rainbows magically  
come and went ...

That's all for today, and I hope  
the above is not too warty as I'm only  
trying to catch the seasaw uncertainty &  
feel of a big-fish fight.

Regards.

John Walker.

She Attached

memorable

craft and

trout  
striving  
iridescent

scene, watching an old man's years of skill pitted against

this dripping eruption of nature, watching the gallant

frantic

marvelled at

trout's

rushes and explosions and the old man quickly paying out

no depth gathering in and

or taking in line, watching even the little effervescent

gathering from her beak and straining, red,

#2

trout

magically go

battle, born of the

rainbows that quickly came and went during the grunting

spray of combat.

I do not know how long it was before the old man

had quietly

into

almost

lowered his net to the water and, before I knew it, was

and holding

straining to hold aloft a glistening and dripping German

brown trout of simply enormous proportions. Again I

watched closely as the old man turned his sagging net

catch, nodding at it, all moving about to be

this way and that, admiring his prize, then carefully

unhooking

unhooked it and—here I almost fell off my perch—with both

gently lowering his hands

hands lowered the fish to the water and then, with a sudden



~~thundering~~ flash, our fish was gone. <sup>took away.</sup>  
~~it was off and away.~~

"Bravo!" I leapt to my feet and shouted, thrilled and carried away by the superb performance I had just witnessed.

I had startled the old man and he did a little <sup>quick</sup> balancing dance and doubtless shipped some water because, <sup>act during which he</sup> as he peered up at me testily over his glasses, <sup>he emitted a</sup> and made an ~~ambiguous~~ grunting sound, half way between a sniff and a ~~snort.~~ <sup>scrubbing</sup> and, <sup>looked</sup> abruptly ~~turned~~ away. 6

#5

"Look, Mister," I shouted, emboldened by this warm show of fishing camaraderie, "wouldn't it be much safer and easier if you turned around and fished downstream?"

This time I'd really shaken him; it was as though I'd

struck him with a stone. Again the quick little ~~balancing~~

jig from which he <sup>soon</sup> rallied to give me a withering glance,

peering up at me as though studying <sup>some</sup> a species of gnat, all

the <sup>while</sup> time making funny ~~little~~ <sup>in his throat.</sup> throaty noises. Then it came.

"Young fellow," he quavered in a high shrill falsetto

fairly dripping with scorn, "I'd sooner be over on the

Ironton ferry dock settin' on my ass plunkin' for bass

than ever fish a wet fly downstream!"

"Yessir," I said, hanging my head, sneaking out of

there with burning ears, making a wide detour downstream

~~then~~ <sup>stealthily back</sup> and back to the river, where, from behind a protective

clump of bushes, I <sup>secretly</sup> ~~again~~ watched the old man <sup>at his rituals.</sup> ~~at his rituals.~~

#4 Corrections

Dec. 5, 1972

P. 26, final word in final line. Delete rituals and replace with devotionals.

P. 27. I'd like to revise this entire closing passage as follows: <sup>presently found myself</sup> ~~and I dreamed~~ <sup>and I dreamed</sup>

And as I watched and ~~mused~~ <sup>a vision</sup> I was overtaken by ~~an afternoon vision~~ <sup>an afternoon vision</sup>, however dim ~~its details~~ <sup>its details</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~wistful~~ <sup>wistful</sup> dream that some day, some way, I would be able to fish and carry on like this magnificent old goat.

J.M.

P. 21, 5th. line. Delete him to humor & delete and braving himself in same line.

P. 22, 2nd line, <sup>bottom</sup> Delete what follows back & forth <sup>2nd</sup> & replace with in a kind of dream ballet.

#8  
add  
commas

And as I <sup>curiously</sup> watched and pondered a ~~glowing resolution~~ came

~~to me, however dim its outline, an aspiring dream that~~

~~maybe some day some way I would be able to fish and carry~~

on like this magnificent old goat.

~~took form~~,  
vague ambition slowly ~~took shape~~

a <sup>wistful</sup> ~~overtook me~~

that ~~came to me that~~

# FLYFISHERMEN: THE WORLD'S GREATEST SNOBS

B:  
I'm  
fugal, please,  
not crowding,  
starting a new

if you're even <sup>anywhere</sup> near the bottom  
gro.

"Fly fishing is such great fun," I  
once took a deep breath and wrote, "that  
it really ought to be done, in bed." While  
I still stuck with this seductive notion, such  
an opening undeniably left me little  
room <sup>to explore these</sup> ~~any~~ aspects of the sport <sup>beyond</sup> ~~the~~  
certain ~~drab~~ romantic parallels. This was  
a pity because, allowing as my theory may be,  
there is rather more to fly fishing than that.  
Ever since then, I have <sup>tried</sup> ~~tried~~ to ~~propose~~ ~~still~~  
~~another theory~~ ~~the long elaborated~~ ~~about~~ ~~fly~~  
~~fishing and the curious people it afflicts. In~~  
~~fact~~ ~~the longer~~ ~~I~~ ~~think~~ ~~the~~ ~~stranger~~ ~~my~~  
~~suspicion grows~~ ~~that~~ ~~my~~ ~~theory~~ ~~is~~ ~~happening~~  
~~to~~ ~~me~~, ~~which~~ ~~the~~ ~~unveiling~~ ~~before~~ ~~total~~  
~~inertia~~ ~~sets~~ ~~in~~.

W.H.A.

pinched

~~then~~ ~~then~~ <sup>since</sup>  
Consequently I've often felt a  
pang that I ~~then~~ failed to unveil still  
another theory I've long held about  
fly fishing and the certain people it  
appeals. And since the longer I fish the  
stranger grows my suspicion that my  
theory may be happening to me, I'd better  
get on with ~~its~~ <sup>the</sup> unveiling while still  
I ~~may~~. I'm <sup>still</sup> able to.

I say "able to" because, to my mind, fly fishing is a progressive and hopelessly incurable disease that leaves its victims not only a little daft but high among the world's biggest snobs. At last, I've finally up and said it! As for my qualifications to speak <sup>my mind</sup> I'm so far over my waders in the terminal stages of the disease ~~surely~~ that I feel I've won the right to risk at least a passing comment on its pathology and some of its <sup>gaudier</sup> ~~more~~ manifest symptoms.

and here's my theory --

GAUDIER

Snobbery has been defined as  
an insufferable affectation of superior  
virtue. Good as this is as far as it goes  
to my mind it too much overlooks the  
disdainful air of condescension and outright  
intolerance that marks the breed. And it  
is here that we fly fishermen really shine,  
resourcefully <sup>contributing</sup> managing to <sup>exhibit an unvarying</sup> combine a relentless  
scathing intolerance toward the faults and  
foibles of others <sup>while remaining</sup> a sublimely  
unconsciousness of our own. ~~The~~ Imaginative  
fly fishermen, in <sup>fact</sup> ~~fact~~, have ~~consecrated~~  
raised garden <sup>variety</sup> snobishness to  
heroic heights new heights.

UNVARYING

GARDEN-VARIETY

Who's on right about this



Being a crafty lot we often try  
to hide our ~~biased~~ <sup>stuffy</sup> natures, ~~under~~  
~~made and smiles,~~ occasionally giving  
so far as to ~~spread~~ <sup>offer</sup> a <sup>false</sup> air of benign  
indulgence toward those lost souls who  
fail to join the fly. (B: Here look in  
what follows, to the end, in P. 4B)

~~almost~~

~~a man~~

~~as phoney~~

~~often~~

~~Being a crafty cat, we try to hide our true nature under indulgent nods and smiles, occasionally spuding out an air of benign <sup>indulgent</sup> ~~sufferance~~ toward those last saults who ~~fail~~ fail to fish~~

the fly. But our pose is ~~as phoney~~ <sup>as phoney</sup> as they

flies we fish for in our hearts we regard ~~them as meat-eating~~ <sup>all non-fly-fishers</sup> ~~barbarians.~~ why

only last ~~winter~~ <sup>winter</sup> in the big corner booth at the

Rainbow Bar one of our ~~most~~ <sup>top local</sup> ~~notorious~~ <sup>fly</sup>

casters so far cracked up that he ~~confided~~ <sup>remarked</sup> out loud that there might be a little good in

other forms of fishing. I was there and heard

~~him utter those~~ <sup>heresy</sup> ~~words~~ with my own ears.

↑  
HERESY

CASTERS →

9  
NON-FLY-FISHERS

scathingly of the breed, including even

In poor Hal's favor I should  
add that we were a mixed bag of  
fishermen, which <sup>even</sup> included "bait  
flangers", which the late Jimmy Cole  
used glibly to call all holders of  
fishing hardware; Hal was <sup>never</sup> caught in the  
benevolent glow of his third (double)  
baubon; and one of the flangers present  
was his wife's brother, who, with the  
disarming guile, had already grabbed the  
tab.

huskily, hiccupping and  
But Hal hid, of course, and the  
moment the flangers left and we horrified  
fly fishermen turned on him, the poor  
man hung his head and abjectly  
recanted -- even to standing another round.

"I was just carried away," he said  
gravelly explained ~~huskily~~ <sup>gravelly</sup> in a husky voice.

FELLAS

"Smatter of fuck, fellas, says, Allp  
down I've always known fly fishing is  
to the rest of fishing what high seduction  
is to rape."

getting his heart.

In his <sup>advanced</sup> ~~final~~ stages  
grows. You real gone fly fisherman  
becomes ~~so~~ critical even of his fellow fly  
casters, grading and calipering them as  
though he held the only key to some  
piscatorial Cant of St. James. Merely  
being a caster of the fly is no guaranty  
of admission to the sacred precincts; all  
that gets you is the right to stand in  
line awaiting ~~your turn to face the~~ <sup>your turn to face the</sup> ~~inquisition.~~ <sup>inquisition.</sup>

your turn to face the <sup>inquisition.</sup> ~~inquisition.~~

<sup>at</sup> hard labor  
<sup>accusation</sup>  
<sup>question</sup>  
"Is it true," a typical <sup>accusation</sup> <sup>question</sup> might run, "that last summer you were actually seen using an automatic reel?" Should the ~~indicted~~ angler confess, quick is his banishment back among the angling piscatorial riffraff. A like fate awaits any poor soul caught using a level line, while a conviction of the major <sup>offense</sup> <sup>of</sup> ~~using~~ <sup>using</sup> a <sup>fibreless</sup> ~~glass~~ rod means a minimum <sup>term</sup> <sup>of</sup> at least five years <sup>among</sup> ~~the~~ the girder-wielding baitcasters.

one word

TO

Different fly fishermen exhibit different  
symptoms of snobbish dabbiness, of course,  
~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> my own cast <sup>is</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>obviously</sup> typical  
~~of how bad things can get~~ that I think I'll  
confess <sup>it</sup>. I was born and raised and  
happily still live among some of the country's  
most exciting and varied brown and  
rainbow waters. To swell the pot, ~~coho~~  
coho and chinook <sup>salmon</sup> have lately been added.

fished where they live  
Does lucky me daily <sup>go forth to</sup> fish these  
glittering monsters? I do not. In fact I  
haven't even ~~tried~~ <sup>gone</sup> for them in several years  
Instead I pursue only the smaller and  
scarcer brown trout, ~~and~~ when ecstatic  
visiting anglers ask me what I think of all  
these other piscatorial treasures I usually  
reply with a smugish sniff that my main  
reaction ~~to their presence is gratitude~~ is one  
of gratitude that their well-advertized  
presence has taken so much pressure off my own  
speckled darlings. This often <sup>frequently</sup> makes them  
glance ~~and~~ at one another and shrug, and I've  
learned to translate that look into ~~which, fully~~  
~~translated means eloquent look, fully~~  
~~translated,~~ <sup>plainly</sup> means "How crazy can you get?"  
a look I've learned to interpret <sup>as meaning</sup> into  
"How crazy can you get?"

remember how caught me.



worse yet,

But visiting fishermen don't know the  
half of it, <sup>for</sup> there is more. Not only do I  
fish solely for brook trout but ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~are~~  
worse, only wild native brook trout. In  
fact I'll detain ~~many~~ miles if I <sup>hear</sup>  
even a rumor that a fishing place I'm  
headed for may have been planted. One  
morning last summer I almost swallowed my  
cigar when I caught up with a hatchery ~~truck~~  
truck on the road <sup>to</sup> Frenchman's Pond <sup>and</sup>  
evidently bent on a planting spree. ~~Both~~  
cigar and pond were saved when I learned that  
the driver had <sup>merely</sup> taken a wrong turn and, ~~fast~~  
~~quickly~~ <sup>and helpfully</sup> got out my maps <sup>to</sup> help him ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> get out of there.

Spreading all thoughts of fishing, 0

have to holler for  
I'll need help to get

A companion quisk is the crazy  
leaders I use. They must be as long and  
fine as I can possibly cast, so long and  
fine in fact that I ~~confidently~~ await the  
day when I'll ~~assemble~~ <sup>get</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>entirely</sup> ~~be~~ <sup>to</sup>  
be cut away. [Hush<sup>n</sup> in <sup>valued</sup> from X on p. 9]

~~to call for help~~

HOOKE IN;  
NO NEW  
X

~~A companion quirk are in the~~  
~~crazy leaders I use. They must be as long and~~  
~~fine as I can possibly cut; so long and fine~~  
~~fine, in fact, that when I goof a cast I get~~  
~~rich becoming so entangled I <sup>sometimes</sup> ~~often~~ ~~to be put~~~~  
~~away. This means a twelve-foot leader for a~~  
~~starter, tapered to 5X, invariably augmented by a~~  
~~length of 6X tippet, to which, on cloudless~~  
~~days, I often add a <sup>length</sup> ~~length~~ of 7. On~~  
~~real bright days I've ~~length~~ <sup>length</sup> for 8X but have~~  
~~so far put off using <sup>it</sup> ~~it~~ because I ~~know~~ <sup>know</sup> it will~~  
~~also mean a magnifying glass to tie the stuff~~  
~~on with. And, <sup>gadget</sup> ~~gadget~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~more~~ gadget <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~~~  
~~to my <sup>swollen</sup> ~~pregnant~~ fly jacket <sup>could</sup> ~~mean~~ <sup>outfitting</sup> ~~outfitting~~.~~

squinting  
through

positive

~~Drawing~~

the difference between <sup>drawing and</sup> survival and ~~drawing~~.

Speaking of fine leader material, I recently heard a rumor that the very best of the ~~best~~ comes from the golden trees of Scandinavian prynces. While this sounds like a gag, so intense is the fisherman's <sup>eternal</sup> search for the perfect leader that <sup>come</sup> next winter, I'd be tempted to track the rumor down if it weren't for a companion rumor that the stuff is prohibitively expensive. This seems to be so, I gather, because genuine golden-haired prynces are not only getting ~~getting~~ <sup>getting</sup> scarce but, in this age of Carol, riskier to identify. Then too, I suppose, no golden matter how genuine or ~~compliant~~ <sup>compliant</sup> the prynces may be, once tracked down, a certain amount of hazard must <sup>always</sup> accompany <sup>such a delicate</sup> the harvesting.

getting  
COMPLIANT

This brings me to a final confession, one I've simply got to make but which I've cowardly kept putting off. I ~~was~~ ~~became~~ ~~afraid~~ ~~I~~ ~~lack~~ ~~the~~ ~~courage~~ ~~to~~ ~~put~~ ~~it~~ ~~down~~ ~~in~~ ~~writing~~. Maybe it would help if I let lead into it gently. The thing I'm driving at is this: snobbish as <sup>snob</sup> ~~as~~ my fishing has ~~been~~, I am ~~also~~ <sup>surely</sup> aware that there are <sup>still</sup> other ~~snobby~~ fishermen whose ~~names~~ <sup>names</sup> ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~mind~~. This brings me to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~brink~~ <sup>brink</sup> of my confession: ~~I~~ <sup>know</sup> ~~I~~ <sup>don't</sup> ~~rate~~ <sup>rate</sup> a place in the <sup>near</sup> ~~front~~ <sup>front</sup> ~~row~~ <sup>row</sup> with the certified snobs. I don't for two reasons, either one of which <sup>could</sup> ~~forever~~ <sup>forever</sup> bar me from becoming a champ. One, I don't always fish a dry fly; and two, I sometimes fail to <sup>throw back</sup> ~~return~~ all my fish.

and I never forget

4

now I can tell myself hours on end that now I can rationalize my sins ~~before~~ for hours on end, telling myself that it's sheer madness for any fisherman to keep eternally <sup>for days</sup> pulling a dry fly up in this sub-arctic Lake Superior country, where both our seasonal and daily fly hatches ~~start to start late and quit early.~~ Or again I can <sup>repeat over and over</sup> say that any guy who returns as many trout as I do -- since I fish virtually every day all summer long -- ought occasionally to rate keeping ~~me~~ a few. But <sup>sure</sup> I usually get

<sup>riseless</sup>) <sup>fishermen</sup> <sup>stoic</sup> <sup>sober</sup> <sup>up</sup> <sup>here</sup> <sup>sturdy</sup> <sup>who</sup> <sup>not</sup> <sup>only</sup> <sup>return</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>days</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>year</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>it's</sup> <sup>warm</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>keep</sup> <sup>pulling</sup> <sup>out</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>dry</sup> <sup>fly</sup> <sup>when</sup> <sup>it's</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>chilly</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>have</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>wear</sup> <sup>lined</sup> <sup>gloves</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>maintain</sup> <sup>a</sup> <sup>pulse.</sup>

[Hook on bal. aff. 11A]

<sup>also</sup> know of <sup>^</sup> other <sup>and</sup> more great-hearted fishermen who not only return all their trout but who stoically keep pelting away at them out a dry <sup>fly</sup> on such ~~totally~~ <sup>totally</sup> ~~useless~~ <sup>useless</sup> days when it's <sup>gross</sup> ~~so cold~~ <sup>so cold</sup> that to ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~get to wear~~ <sup>must put on</sup> ~~leather~~ <sup>leather</sup> gloves to ~~keep~~ <sup>keep</sup> ~~circulation~~ <sup>circulation</sup>.

~~all the time~~

to pulse.

preserve a pulse.

11A

Many times I've tried to ~~shake~~  
shake those ~~hips~~ <sup>hips</sup> and go straight, and  
sometimes I ~~can't~~ <sup>can't</sup> make it for days. But two  
things usually throw me: ~~either~~ <sup>either</sup> ~~either~~ my  
<sup>coming</sup> passion for action when I go fishing <sup>and</sup> <sup>my</sup>  
<sup>low</sup> → low peasant craving for the taste of trout.

<sup>or stretch, place</sup> After I've spent hours fishing ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> a spot  
I know is good in good and ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~it's~~ <sup>it's</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~very~~ <sup>very</sup>  
a ~~real~~ <sup>real</sup> ~~much~~ <sup>much</sup> ~~less~~ <sup>less</sup> a ~~real~~ <sup>real</sup> ~~much~~ <sup>much</sup> ~~let~~ <sup>let</sup> ~~per~~ <sup>per</sup> ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup>  
<sup>sue to</sup> offer at <sup>any</sup> dry, I'm apt to ~~cast~~ <sup>cast</sup> and tie on  
a wet or <sup>with a</sup> nymph and go ~~stumbling~~ <sup>stumbling</sup> ~~down~~ <sup>down</sup> where  
they ~~love~~ <sup>love</sup>. They've ~~got~~ <sup>got</sup> to be. Then ~~again~~ <sup>again</sup> at the  
Again after hours when the pangs of hunger ~~wound~~ <sup>wound</sup>  
me, especially when I happen to be <sup>alone</sup>, I'm ~~bound~~ <sup>bound</sup>  
to often <sup>helplessly</sup> ~~driven~~ <sup>driven</sup> to ~~creaking~~ <sup>creaking</sup> a few and ~~going~~ <sup>going</sup> on  
a ~~short~~ <sup>short</sup> binge. My ~~big~~ <sup>big</sup> ~~problem~~ <sup>problem</sup> is just  
lack of character, I guess. The big thing that  
<sup>keeps</sup> → ~~bars~~ <sup>bars</sup> me from becoming a top flight ~~snob~~ <sup>snob</sup>  
is just lack of character, I guess.

BARRING

[B: I'll bring in a few concluding  
pages soon, but I wanted you to have  
this to work on get started on.]



Author's comments on S.A. typed  
version of Robert Graves's "snobbery" piece.

NOTE: I have re-paged the thing at the  
bottom in red so I can refer to paging,  
the original of which is buried under a clip.

P. 1 -- As noted, the 9 first. lines of my old  
version (yellow p. 3) are omitted & should go  
back in. [Other changes <sup>made</sup> in green ink here &  
elsewhere are made to conform to the original]

P. 2 Upper middle: I had real gone  
fisherman & somebody has tried to make  
it really gone fisherman & I have tried  
to change it back to real gone, which is  
what I want, all grammarians to the  
contrary, etc etc

P. 2 Somebody has changed my who's to  
whos & I have changed it back because  
I am referring <sup>here</sup> to two birds of salmon, who's  
& chinook & I would no more call them who's  
salmon than I would chinook's salmon.

P. 3. A comma lover has been at work and I've just as humbly been deleting <sup>most of</sup> his additions. My rule is to avoid commas unless the meaning may be affected by their omission. [Actually <sup>the</sup> some of these added commas, all 3rd line from bottom of p. 3, shall be send away.]

P. 5 I think we need some sort of gap or space or numeral, <sup>here,</sup> such as "5", <sup>in some books,</sup> to show that we are going here from the general to the particular. I had such a ~~number~~ gap in the original but it has disappeared. I vote it back. I don't know the logic, but there should be a reader stretch <sup>here</sup>

P. 5 Middle -- want to show that I was fishing out of my <sup>usual</sup> ~~world~~

P. 7 Added <sup>two</sup> some words inadvertently omitted

P. 8 Words in red are NEW additions

P. 9 The <sup>word</sup> SCOWLING <sup>(should be lower case)</sup> should be between commas.

Robert Traver 2/4/73

Dec. 1, 1972

No. 1 Corrections  
Dear Lamar,

I must apologize for the shape in which I sent you the recent manuscript but my impoverished typing lady is <sup>just</sup> leaving for a three-month vacation in Oregon (I can't afford to) so I had her type it before I was really ready. Hence all the hen track corrections, <sup>in it</sup> & now the need for <sup>even</sup> more. To work, except this time, to save dreary toil, I'm simply going to give the corrected version & let one of your people do the necessary deletion, etc. I'll do the actual new words in red.

- (1) P. 8, 1st line. After "strong" add this:  
~~and sometimes~~  
and sometimes even words, ~~in sequence~~
- (2) P. 8, 4th line from top. Delete "there is more" and replace with "my superbish decline is even daffier."
- (3) P. 10, final line. Fix it so that it reads: such a delicate royal harvesting.
- (4) P. 11, 2nd line top. Make it cravenly kept, a transposed job.

P. 2.

- (5) P. 12, 5th line. To keep raging entomologists off my back add the words lead to between hatches & start.
- (6) P. 13, 3rd line. Fix it so it reads: seduced me back into sin [for in].
- (7) P. 15, 4th line. Put a comma after designed and add this: in an inspired burst of Yankee frugality, passage
- (8) P. 17, 7th line. Fix it to read: and I narrowly escaped losing [deleting lost] an ~~ear~~ ear as my fly hurtled past me and harpooned [in place of impaled] ~~itself~~ on a rearward tree. [deleting that "an unlucky" line].
- ~~(9) P. 17, final line. Delete retrieved and replace with with the aid of a good knife dug out my fly, etc. etc.~~
- (10) P. 18, 4th line. Transpose to read "maybe at least"
- (11) P. 18, 3rd line from bottom. Delete doomed.
- (12) P. 20, 5th line from bottom. Fix it so it reads: precariously teetering and balancing, ~~turning~~ pluckily breaking, etc. etc.
- (13) P. 21, 5th line from bottom. Delete the "quite" I had added by hand.

P. 3

(14) P. 23, 5th line. Make it settled last instead of settled down upon the water &, & in the line below add forgotten before wrap. 3 lines below that make it engulfed in place of ~~took~~ and, in the final line, replace time with while.

(15) P. 24 - Fix it so the passage reads:  
watching over the tiny iridescent rainbows that magically came and went, born of the spray of combat. [<sup>Spraying</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>do</sup> below this line  
at last I may be coming close to suggesting the indescribable ~~a perfect upstreaming fly cast.~~  
~~what happens~~]

(16) P. 25, top line. Fix to read: flash, it took off and away.

(17) P. 26, 4th line. Delete "little"

(18) P. 26, near bottom. Put a then before "stealthily back & delete in."

(19) P. 27, 3rd line. fix so it reads:

a mistful dream that maybe some day, etc  
[Delete "comes to me" in other words.]

Thanks for your patience.

John Decker.

P. 4 [Addendum to List 1]

- P. 6, 2nd line from bottom. Delete that  
there I had early written in in green ink.
- P. 8, 2nd line from bottom. Change my  
and to so,
- P. 13A, 2nd line from bottom. Delete that  
may have I had earlier written in with  
green ink. [the <sup>a line</sup> may above already care for <sup>that</sup>].
- P. 15, 4th line from top. Delete the words  
in retrospect I think <sup>surely</sup> must have been designed  
and replace them with this: the longer I  
hefted it the stronger became my conviction  
that its builder had cogitly designed it
- P. 15, 2nd line from top: Add with before the  
words postage thrown in
- P. 15, 4th line from bottom. Fix it so it  
reads: To this hawser-like
- P. 24, 2nd line of first full paragraph, near  
middle of page. Add almost so it reads:  
almost before I knew it, etc

Enough for now.

Jno.

Dec. 3, 1972

Correction No. 2

Dear Lamar,

The hanning and polishing goes on,  
thus:

~~P. 1, 1st line of 2nd par. Add earlier  
sentence I had added.~~

P. 3, 1st ¶. Replace unconscious with the  
word oblivious (Should it then be oblivious  
to an man I keep the of, as I'd <sup>much</sup> prefer?)

P. 14, 4th line from bottom. Add the words  
so far between had and met.

P. 17, 3rd to last line of 1st paragraph.

Put a comma after fisherman, delete what  
follows of that sentence and replace with  
this: successfully harpooning a turking tree  
in its wild backward flight.

P. 23, top line. Delete that came

" , 2nd to last line, same ¶. Delete <sup>would have</sup>

" Bottom ¶. Put a comma after roll,  
and tie in the following sentence: The old  
man flicked his stony wrist to set the  
hook, and the battle was on. and further

P. 24. I have re-written all of the 1st ¶. as follows:

Dec. 4, 1972

# 3.

Dear Lamar,

Here's <sup>two</sup> more I caught before  
I mailed this. Eleven cents here,  
eleven cents there . . .

→ P. 8 around middle of page.  
Delete words "fitting place" and  
replace with "spot"

→ P. 23, 2nd to final line of 1st ¶.  
Put the word airborne before thistledown  
so that the whole tortured sentence now  
reads: with all the languid grace of a  
wisp of airborne thistledown.

You, Sir, are appreciated for the day.

Regards,

John.



Dec. 5, 1972  
Corrections No. 4

Dear Lamar,

Last night, I woke up with a start, as the saying goes, and <sup>suddenly</sup> realized that I may well have sent you not one article last week, but really two. The first one, correctly titled, really ended on p. 13; the second, about the birth of a fly fisherman ("A Fly Fisherman Is Born" ???) began on page 14, and the lead-in stuff on p. 13A could be deleted. What do you think?

It is true that the second piece in a sense illustrates the first, but it is rather more than a lesson in <sup>aspiring</sup> snobbery; the tone & respect of the type for artistry and discrimination are also implicit.

Do let me have your reactions to all this. Unconsciously I must have sensed this because I labelled p. 14 with a 2 at the top. In any case I enclose a few corrections. Best, John.

Dec. 6, 1972

Correction No. 5

Dear Tamara,

Wise in the grip of our first  
blizzard, so I've drawn the drapes and  
turn back to thoughts of fishing. More  
corrections:

P. 2, around middle. After the <sup>present</sup> sentence  
"At last I've finally up and said it!"  
please insert this new parenthetical  
sentence:

(And where oh where is my escape passport  
to New Zealand?)

P. 3, 4<sup>th</sup> line from top. To narrow <sup>somewhat</sup> the  
scope of our intolerance, I would like to  
substitute other fishermen for others.

P. 6, 5<sup>th</sup> line from bottom. Delete at  
" 4<sup>th</sup> " " " " . Delete hand-  
inserted back.

P. 7, 6<sup>th</sup> line from bottom. Put a comma  
after the word trout in that sentence that  
ends "scarce trout trout" and add this  
phrase: and these mostly in remote  
back-bush ponds and beaver dams.

P. 2 of List 5.

P. 14, 3rd. line from top. If you buy my <sup>earlier</sup> suggestion that this is <sup>really</sup> the opening page of a second article called "A Fly Fisherman

Is Born" then, by way of <sup>sub</sup> explanatory background I would like to add this unpunctuated phrase after "I had sashayed down that way from my native Lake Superior country to court the girl I finally married. (In fact the added phrase may be warranted in any case. What in hell was I doing <sup>down</sup> in Iowa Michigan?)

P. 19, 5th line from top. Add the word rather between just and different. (Makes it <sup>even</sup> more subtle.)

P. 20, 3rd. line down of first full paragraph. after wheel chair please add this unpunctuated phrase attended by a nurse

P. 20, next line. Add the words here alone before breasting a powerful stream.

P. 22. Put the word narcotic between the recently added words dreamy ballet.

P. 23, 4th line from top: Fix this line so that it will now read: gently descending, the leader <sup>dreamily curving forward like the</sup> unfolding ~~so slow motion~~ <sup>of</sup> like a ballerina's

P 3 of list 5

P. 24. I recently revised this <sup>entire</sup> first paragraph on a second white sheet. I'd now like to move the word subbing in that revision from before periods to after of in the next line. [ It wasn't the periods that subbed but the calm. ]

P. 25, near middle. After the phrase "as he peered up at me testily over his glasses," strike what follows in that sentence & replace with this: he emitted a grunting sound and abruptly looked away.

P. 27. I'm still trying to get this <sup>wouldn't sentence</sup> right, so I try again: And as I watched and mused I was overtaken by a vision, however dim, and **presently** found myself dreaming a wistful dream that some day some way I would be able to fish and carry on like this magnificent old goat.

Must get town on get the place on the jeep. This is the <sup>small</sup> <sup>one pay</sup> place for living where one can fish every day all summer long.

Regards. John Voth

## No. 6 Corrections

Dec. 10, 1972

Dear Laman,

And still they come...

P. 1, 1st. line of 2nd ¶: Add there after I so it reads: Consequently we often felt a pang that I there failed, etc. etc.

P. 2, around middle. I now think that word added myself should come out.

P. 3, second ¶: Add anything before hardware so that it reads: ... scrupulously dumped all drawers of anything hardware.

P. 10, bottom line. For an obscure reason I'm far too prudish to explain I'd like to change that royal harvesting to royal foraging.

P. 13, final line. Add the word genuine before top flight snub.

P. 16, 3rd line from top. Put clanking before canots.

P. 18, 4th from bottom. Change phrase all in varied colors to read: all decorated in various colors.

P. 22, 2nd line from top. Observe & just got a Christmas card from brother & Merle Mills, formerly of Mills & Son (their son now runs it) so out of sentiment I'd like to change the line so that it'll now read: have stocked both Abercrombie's and Mills and Son. [ Preserve, if you'd, <sup>when he found</sup> and <sup>found</sup> ]

P. 22, 2nd to bottom line. Change that phrase "dreamy narcotic ballet" (narcotic added in List 5) to "surrealist ballet," deleting dreamy.

P. 22, final line. Start new paragraph with "Then come a forward cast."

P. 23, last long sentence of 1st ¶. Do not touch with. Delete that all in the <sup>old</sup> phrase that ran "..... with all the languid grace of a wisp of airborne thistle-down."

P. 23, 1st. line. Fix to now read: The fly circled uncertainly for a moment, etc etc

P. 24, last ¶: fix the passage to read: nodding at it, seeming even to whisper to it, etc etc

P. 25, 5th line bottom. Add scurrying so it reads: and, scurrying, abruptly, tucked away.

P. 26, 4th line top. Change time to whirl.

Regards,  
J. M.

Dec. 15, 1972

Corrections No. 7

Dear Tamar,

Thanks for those party words about my latest piece. Since I submitted the thing as one article I guess I cannot now insist that you treat it as two, though if it is ever reprinted I think I'll treat it as two. (Please do not pay me the balance till

Consider yourself invited to join me in my crazy fishing up here when you can get away. Bring a drum if you like - - hopefully Mick Tjames, who (whom?) I have never actually met.

Speaking of Mick, he is giving some thought to doing a Craven book of my river fishing things and, if the spirit & house rules should so move you, I'd like you to show him my "snubbery" piece, the title alone of which might <sup>otherwise</sup> scare him. In the corrections:

P. 2, 7th line from bottom: Delete I'm and replace with I am myself so that it reads: as for my qualifications to speak, by now I am myself so far as my readers, etc etc

P. 13A, add this line at bottom (in view of your "one piece" decision): If I had to entitle it I think I'd call it simply "A Fly Fisherman Is Born."

MAY SANTA BE GOOD.

Regards, John Votter

Dec. 19, 1992

Correction No. 8

Dear Lamar,

And still they come.

P. 13A -- Final line. In a recent correction I added a final line reading: If I had to entitle it I think I'd call it simply "A Fly Fisherman is Born". Please change it to read: If it needed a title I think, etc etc

P. 19, 1st line of 1st full ¶. Fix it to read:

I glanced downstream to plan the angle of my new assault and my heart sank.

Comment: [This is somehow funny.]

\* \* \*

Did you see the full-page ad Dan Gubner has in the inside cover of his latest Fly Fisherman Mag about Joe Halber's painting in which appears my own "Testament of a Fisherman"? Immortality in mine!

I'm working on a new piece.

Regards, Jim Walker



January 7, 1973

Correction No. 8

Dear Lamar,

I've just learned that Congress has amended the Social Security law to allow us old beavers to make up to \$2100.00 a year without <sup>affecting</sup> ~~reducing~~ our social security <sup>payments,</sup> which means that I can <sup>now</sup> do roughly 2 pecks a year for you if you want & should like them. Since you owe me a balance of \$400.00 on my current "snobish" peck, that will leave \$1700. in new money that I can <sup>still</sup> safely make this year. Yippee!

Here's some new corrections.

P. 2, around middle. Fix it so that the passage now reads: "by now I am so far over my own waders in the terminal stages of the disease that I feel, etc" [I may have fixed this in an earlier correction but I'm too lazy to look.]

P. 8, 4th line from bottom. Please return it to the original "evidently bent on a planting spree" [That is, delete ~~and~~ and return bent]

P. 27 - final phrase: Please now enclose the words same way between commas.

idle

My typing lady fled to Arizona and I'm having a hell of a time. Could you possibly have one of your pantherina copy this piece clean (there's been so many corrections) and send me a copy? Best regards, Jim Walker