

(3) X

the slightly less watery

Enchanting

~~stop~~ finally.

Fishing, I believe, figured out, is the world's only sport that is fun even to fail. This profound conclusion recently swept over me after I had devoted virtually a lifetime, researching the subject -- & the consequent considerable neglect, I may add. Before my wife does it reminds me of the ^{hobby} career to which I was trained. Not that I suffer any pangs of remorse over what this ^{my} ^{adventure} in pure science may have cost me, in worldly goods, for all ^{the} selfless students of pure scientific research must be prepared to pay the price. In fact, to paraphrase a famous patriot ^{who} seems to have spent ^{rather} more of his time waving a flag than a fly rod, I regret that I have ~~to~~ but one life to give to my fishing.

That fishing
is fun even
when you
have nothing

This lovely state of affairs is
so, I suspect, because there is so much
~~more~~ joy to be got from ^{simple} being out
fishing ~~than~~ ^{beyond} ~~one~~ ^{any} merely catching a mess
a fish. This seems particularly true about
trout -- Although here my prejudices may
be showing -- because wise trout, unlike
foolish men, will not lie -- indeed
cannot lie -- except where beauty dwells.

It may also ^{possibly} ^{also} ^{help} explain why trout don't have
many ^{ill} ^{and} ^{chronic} ^{illnesses} ^{or} ^{psychiatrists}.

Hence any lucky man to be
 So a man sent feeling where
 full trust are found is, whether he
 catches any ^{of them} or not, recapturing some of
 the vanishing wander and give that
 men once ~~surely~~ ^{found} ~~known~~ everywhere; short
 of resolutely shutting his eyes he
 can't help catching ^{finding} ~~more~~ than he
 came for.

4.

And so it is that some of my most memorable fishing trips have been those in which I scarcely rose much less caught a single trout. Not that I'm downgrading action when one goes fishing; the poetry of the thing hasn't yet got that bad. But sometimes it seems that the very lack of action fishing gives the fisherman time to look around; while at still other times his very preoccupation with the chase seems to lull nature into a sort of acceptance. Take the time when I stumbled on to that ^{curious} inclusion ---

get skunked

This is why some of my most memorable fishing trips have been those during which I scarcely rose much less caught a trout -- although I'm not quite suggesting that one has to fast at fishing in order to find other rewards; My main point is that the sheer poetry of going fishing hasn't ^{quite} yet got me that bad. What I'm trying to say is that all else things ^{and experiences} ^{while} fishing he might never meet any other way. But sometimes it does seem that the very lack of action while fishing ^{occasionally} gives the fishermen a chance to ^{slip} ^{away} ^{the} ^{moment} ^{of} ^{the} ^{day} ^{is} ^{no} ^{real} ^{for} ^{at} ^{some} ^{to} ^{look} ^{around}. Yet ^{the} ^{ritual} ^{of} ^{the} ^{act} ^{of} ^{fishing} ^{seems} ^{to} ^{lull} ^{the} ^{creatures} ^{of} ^{nature} ^{into} ^a ^{sort} ^{of} ^{tolerant} ^{acceptance} ^{rather} ^{than} ^{good} ^{them} ^{flight}.

enchanting conclusion

document upon

Fishing, I've finally figured out, is the world's only sport that's fun even to fail at. This profound insight recently ~~came~~ ^{came} over me only after I had devoted virtually a lifetime ^{to} researching the subject, to the ^{considerable} neglect, I may add -- ^{perhaps} my wife beats me to it -- of the somewhat ^{more liberative} less watery career to which I had been trained.

the ^{ecstatic hours} ^{spent upon} ^{what} ^{these} ^{delightful} ^{inquiries} ^{or} ^{what} ^{its} ^{may} ^{have} ^{cost} ⁱⁿ ^{more} ^{money} ^{than} ^{it} ^{is} ^{worth} ^{the} ^{trouble} ^{of} ^{catching} ^{them} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{first} ^{place}. After all, ^I ^{suppose} the selfless students of pure scientific research ^{must} ^{be} ^{stouly} ^{prepared} ^(stouly) ^{to} ^{pay} ^{the} ^{paper}. In fact, ^{as} ^I ^{look} ^{back} ^{on} ^{it}, ^I ^{can} ^{only} ^{paraphrase} a bygone patriot who seems to have spent more time waving a flag than a fly rod, I regret that I have but one life to give to my fishing.

This lovely state of affairs ^{is} ^{so} ^{prevalent}, I suspect, because of all the joy there is to be had from merely being out fishing, and ^{and} ^{beyond} the ^{trappings} ^{of} ^{whether} ^{or} ^{not} ^{one} happened to snag on to a mess of fish. This seems particularly ^{true} ^{about} ^{the} ^{pursuit} ^{of} ^{the} ^{trout} because these ^{lovely} ^{creatures}, unlike us silly men, will not live -- indeed cannot live -- except where beauty dwells. Possibly it also explains why trout so successfully avoid ulcers and psychiatrists.

So it follows as the day the night
that any man lucky enough to be out fishing where
free trout are found is in the process bound to
recapture some of the vanishing wonder and come
that ~~his~~ ^{various} men ~~shall~~ found everywhere. Short of
resolutely ~~to~~ blocking his eyes and ears such a
fisherman can't ^{possibly} escape catching more than he
came for.

~~This probably~~

get skunked at

orderable to

This probably explains why some of my most
memorable fishing trips have been those during which
I caught few if any trout, though I'm not even
famously suggesting that one must ~~fast~~ ^{fast} at fishing ~~to~~ in
enjoy these other rewards. ~~of that~~ ^{of that} were
so true we fishermen could ^{cheerfully} ~~scrub~~ ^{scrub} our rods and turn our
floppy waders in an ^{a neat pair of} ~~hiking~~ ^{hiking} boots. There seems to be
an elusive something about the mere act of being
out fishing where trout are found, that enables us
fishermen to see and experience things ^{that} others ~~can~~ rarely
encounter ~~of their own~~. Perhaps it is ^{that} our ~~become~~ ^{become} our
fanatic preoccupation lulls ^{us} with what we are doing
sort of lulls the rest of nature into a ^{kind of} ~~state of~~ ^{trusting}
tacit acceptance not accorded ~~hunters and~~ ^{hunters and} ~~fishers~~ ^{fishers}, ordinary
mortals.

encounter

sort of

tacit

(5)

1/1
somewhat belatedly,
Fishing Is Fun Even To Fail At.

Fishing, ^{it has at last} ~~is~~ ^{finally} swept over me,

is the world's only sport that's fun even
to fail at. This ^{glorious} revelation recently

~~belatedly~~ came to me ^{only} after I had devoted virtually

a lifetime to ^{researching} the ^{absorbing} subject, to the

considerable neglect, I ^{should} add -- before my

^{helpfully} ~~helpfully~~ ^{hand} ~~hand~~ ^{was} it for me -- of ^{the} ^{more} ^{lucrative}

if less watery career ^{for} which I had been

skilfully trained.

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to my family and me

Not that I feel any pang of regret
over the ~~many~~ happy hours I've spent on this
inquiry or its ~~cost~~ ^{burden} in worldly goods. After
all I suppose ~~all~~ ^{all the} ~~that~~ ^{most} selfless students of
pure scientific research ~~must be~~ ^{are} ~~staunchly~~
prepared to pay the price. In fact as I look
back on it, to paraphrase a bygone patriot
who seems to have spent more time wearing
a flax than a fly rod, I regret that I have
but one life to give to my pursuit.

holenobbing with

3.

This lovely state of affairs is so, I suspect, because of all the ~~guy~~ ^{merely being out} ~~there is~~ that can be had from fishing over and beyond the ~~accidental~~ ^{accidental} catching of a mess of fish. This is especially true about trout fishing because sensible trout, unlike ^{us} silly men, will not love, indeed cannot love, except where beauty dwells. Possibly this also explains why ~~I~~ ~~was~~ ~~caught~~ a trout so successfully ~~and~~ ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~psychiatrists~~.

Hence it follows at the day the
 night that any man, ^{fortunate} lucky enough to find
 himself ^{out} fishing where free trout are found
 is bound to recapture some of the remaining
 wander and one that ^{was} ~~could~~ the ^{daily} ~~season~~ lot
 of his ancestors. Short of resolutely
 shutting his eyes and ears ^{to his surroundings} such a lucky
 fisherman ^{cannot} possibly escape catching
 more than he ~~thought~~ ^{ever} he came for; he just
 can't help himself.

This probably explains why some
 of my most memorable fishing trips have
 involved the catching of few if any trout.
 Not that I'm suggesting that ^{a fisherman} ~~one has to get~~
^{had better get} shunked in order to ^{enjoy} ~~become aware of~~ these
 other rewards; the sheer poetry of simply
^{being out} going fishing hasn't yet ^{quite} got me that
 bad. But there ^{does} seem to be an illusion
 something about the ^{mere} act of being ^{where wild fish live} fishing
 that enables its addicts to behold things
 that ^{or after} elude ordinary mortals. Perhaps it is
 our fanatic preoccupation with what we are
 doing that ^{embarrasses} tulls the creatures of nature
 into a sort of grudging acceptance of our
 presence. Perhaps, the ^{fish's} ^{overpowering} ~~benefit~~ of our fly dope.
^{dragging them off} Perhaps, ^{and} perhaps it is
^{something} ^{that} ^{men} ^{cannot} ^{put} ^{their}
 and fingers on - and thus destroy...

large
shiny-coated

X
spring-fed
directly

This last summer while I was submerged up to my whistle string, wading the margin of a cold pond full of ^{shrubbery} ~~brush~~ ^{brooks} ~~brook~~ ^{shells} ~~shell~~ ^{treeless} ~~treeless~~ ^{ridge} ~~ridge~~ ^{over the} ~~over the~~ ^{stump} ~~stump~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{stumped} ~~stumped~~ ^{rooting} ~~rooting~~ ^{at every} ~~at every ^{stump} ~~stump~~ ^{apparently} ~~apparently~~ ^{stopped} ~~stopped ^{when it} ~~when it ^{spied} ~~spied ^{the} ~~the ^{flashing} ~~flashing ^{apparition} ~~apparition ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{canvas} ~~canvas ^{diapers} ~~diapers, they seemed almost to shrug as it resumed its ^{audible} ~~audible~~ ^{search} ~~search~~ ^{for} ~~for ^{ants} ~~ants~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{grubs} ~~grubs~~. Meanwhile I continued my fishing ^{and} ~~and ^{while} ~~while ^I ~~I ^{don't} ~~don't ^{think} ~~think, ^I ~~I ^{would} ~~would ^{have} ~~have ^{seen} ~~seen ^{any} ~~any ^{flies} ~~flies~~ ^{at} ~~at ^a ~~a ^{costume} ~~costume~~ ^{ephitelium} ~~ephitelium~~ ^{fly} ~~fly~~ ^{catching} ~~catching~~, ^{we} ~~we ^{might} ~~might ^{have} ~~have ^{been} ~~been ^{there} ~~there ^{yet} ~~yet ^{if} ~~if ^{the} ~~the ^{chill} ~~chill~~ ^{didn't} ~~didn't ^{freeze} ~~freeze~~ ^{me} ~~me~~ ^{out} ~~out~~.
Back up to the car for a slug ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{glow} ~~glow~~ ^{worm} ~~worm~~.~~

But I'm not merely talking ^{only} ~~only~~ ^{about} ~~about ^{the} ~~the ^{many} ~~many~~ ^{birds} ~~birds~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{animals} ~~animals ^{we} ~~we~~ ^{commonly} ~~commonly~~ ^{see} ~~see, ^{great} ~~great~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{that} ~~that ^{is} ~~is. There is something about being out where trout lurk that gets one on to the ^{finest} ~~finest~~ ^{dearest} ~~dearest ^{things} ~~things. Take the time I was fishing ^{what I should call} ~~the~~ ^{Fence} ~~Fence~~ ^{River} ~~River~~, for that was not its name, and I encountered something made by men before me that still has me puzzled and pondering. ~~Oh hell!~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

(6)

11
x

absorbing
joyous

Fishing, it has finally swept over me,
is the world's only sport that's fun even to fail
at. This glorious revelation ^{came to me} rather
belatedly, in fact only after I devoted
virtually a lifetime to researching the
subject. I should add -- before my wife
helpfully adds it for me -- that this ecstatic
vision ^{downed on} ~~came to me~~ only ^{after years of} ~~at~~ ^{rather} ~~considerable~~
neglect of the more lucrative if less watery
career ⁱⁿ for which I had been trained schooled.

ecstatic

Not that I suffer any pangs of
regret over the ^{many} happy hours I spent on this
inquiry or its possible cost in lost worldly
goods. Like all selfless students of pure
scientific research I too was staidly prepared
to pay the piper. Looking back ^{on} it (if I
may paraphrase of bygone patriot who ^{seems to have} spent
more time waving a flag than a fly rod), I
regret that I have but one life to give to
my fishing.

(6)

2

The soundness of my conclusion is
so, I suspect
~~my conclusion is~~

That my conclusion is ~~unavoidably~~
sound is so, I suspect, for ~~one~~ ^{one} very simple
reason: that ~~fishing is also the world's only~~
~~sport where the greatest~~ the joys of ~~being~~
being out fishing far transcend the happy
accident of whether one ^{happens to} catch a mess of fish.
This is especially true about trout fishing
because, unlike ~~the~~ silly men, wise trout will
not live, indeed cannot live, except where
beauty dwells. Possibly this explains why
trout ^{again unlike men,} ~~do not suffer from ulcers or the need~~
~~for psychiatrists.~~ continue to avoid both
ulcers and psychiatrists.

(6)

So it follows as the day the night that any man lucky enough to be ^{out} where free trout are found is bound to recapture some of the vanishing wonder and awe that ~~was~~ once was the daily lot of his ancestors. Short of resolutely shutting his eyes and ears such a fortunate fisherman can't escape catching more than he came for; he can't help himself.

This probably explains why some of my most memorable fishing trips have frequently involved the catching of few if any trout. Not that I'm suggesting that one ~~has~~ ^{my} has to get skunked ^{in order} to enjoy these other rewards; the sheer poetry of simply being out fishing hasn't yet got me that bad. But there does seem to be an elusive something about ^{being} being out where wild fish live that enables us fishermen to behold things that so often elude ordinary mortals. Perhaps our fanatic preoccupation lulls the wild creatures of nature into a grudging acceptance of our presence. Perhaps they are overpowered by our fly dope. Or perhaps there is ^{a certain} something men mercifully cannot put their ^{over} fingers ^{over} and thus destroy...

Thus last summer while I was submerged up to my whistle string, while wading the sandy margin of a spring-fed pond full of spunky rising brown trout, a good-sized shaggy-coated black bear hove over the opposite ridge and stopped in its tracks when it beheld this flailing apparition clad in canvas chaps. I kept right on ^{for} casting and soon he seemed almost to straggle as he resumed his audible ^{grunting and} roaring for ants and grubs, occasionally pausing to study the ^{half-submerged} ~~creature~~ ^{creature} ~~down~~ ^{there} who kept ^{urgently} working a bamboo stick, as ^{thought} wondering what all the commotion was about -- a wonder I soon ~~presently~~ began to share with him as the avidly feeding trout ~~continued to~~ ^{steadily} ignore my choicest offerings... We might both have been there yet if the benumbing chill hadn't finally driven me ^{back} up to the car for a ^{warming} slug of Kentucky cheer.

four-footed creatures

Other men

But I mean more than the birds
and bees and ^{various} animals that a ^{back-bush} fisherman sees,
great fun as that is. Men have ^{haunted} most
of the ^{scenic} inland waterways for something up in
my Lake Superior country ever since the
last glacier, roughly ten thousand years
ago, and ~~so~~ not all of them left behind
only beer cans. Consequently any fisherman
who ^{sleeps} prowls these waters where wild trout
lurk is apt to stumble over the ^{damned} things.
I take the time ^{years ago when} I was ^{what I shall call} fishing the Big
Fence River -- for that was not its name --
and I literally stumbled over ^{some} objects left by
earlier men that ^{that have} left me puzzled and pondering
ever since. Some day I'm tempted to try to
resolve the mystery.

(7)

Fishing, it has ~~recently~~ ^{only} ^{finally} dawned upon me,
is the world's only sport that I ^{can} ^{never} fail at.
This glorious surburst of inspiration, ^{recently} swept over me, I
should confess, only after I had devoted ^{virtually} a
lifetime to researching the subject. I should also ^{further} confess, ^{suppose}
my wife does it for me, that ^{my} ^{long} ^{desire} ^{for} ^{it} ^{came} ^{to} ^{me}
only after years of neglect of the ^{rather} ^{surely} ^{more} ^{literary}
if less watery career for which I had been trained.

full

Not that I suffer the slightest pang
 of regret over the ecstatic ^{harm} I ^{have} spent on my
 quest for ^{inspiring} or its possible root in worldly goods. Like
 all selfless students of pure scientific research I ^{was}
 was strictly prepared to pay the piper. ^{By fact looking} back on
 it (if I may paraphrase a bygone patriot who seems to
 have ^{spent} consumed more of his time waving a flag than
 a fly rod), I regret that I have but one left to give
 to my fishing.

Rather it is

This rapturous ^{conclusion of mine} state of affairs is so, I suspect, because fishing, ^{happens to be} ~~is~~ also the world's only sport ^{and being rather} the rewards of which cannot be counted on any abacus ^{of} pursuit which ~~is~~ transcends the largely fortuitous and mercifully unpredictable circumstance of whether the fisherman ^{happens to catch} catches a mess of fish. This strikes me as being especially true about trout fishing because miscreants, unlike ^{the} silly men, will not lie, indeed cannot lie, except when beauty dethrones. Posing this explains ^{it} why ~~these~~ ^{we} men ^{so far} caught a trout ^{that} ~~had~~ been to a psychiatrist ^{had stomach} ~~or~~ ^{had} ~~stomach~~ ^{unless}.

So it follows as the day ~~draws~~ the night
that any man lucky enough to be where
free trout are found is bound to recapture
some of the wonder and awe that ~~once~~ ^{was} the
daily lot of his ancestors. Short of shutting his
eyes and ears he can't escape catching more than
he came for; he ^{just} can't help himself.

This probably explains why some of my
most memorable fishing trips have involved the
catching of few if any trout. Not that I'm
suggesting, heaven forbid, that a fisherman had
better get skunked in order to enjoy the ^{his} outing;
the poetry of simply being out fishing hasn't
yet got me ^{quite} that bad. But there does seem to be
an elusive something about being around where
wild fish lurk that allows ^{the} fishermen to
behold things that so often elude ^{ordinary}
mortals. Perhaps our fanatic ^{with an intent} preoccupation
lulls the ^{other} creatures of nature into a sort of
grudging acceptance of our presence. Perhaps the
risk of our flydope ~~overpowering~~ ^{them} ~~comes~~ ^{comes} them
into submission. Leaves them ^{powerless} inert. Or perhaps
there's something that ^{we} men mercifully cannot
put their ^{own} fingers on, and thus destroy ...

Then last summer while I was wading
up to my whizzfe string, working the sandy shoreline
of a remarkably cold spring-fed pond, casting over
a spirited rise of spunky trout, a black bear
lumbered over the ridge and stood blinking at
this ^{half-submerged} flailing apparition clad in canvas slippers.

I kept right on ^{fishing} fly casting, though I
doubt my ^{casting} performance would have won any fly-
casting prizes, and soon the bear seemed almost to
shrug as he resumed his grunting quest for ants
and grubs. Occasionally he'd ^{pausively} look an eye at the
demented creature ant yonder ^{still} waving a bamboo
stick, but presently he must have found an
ant bonanza because he barely glanced up as
I finally got out of there, chilled to the bone, and made
^{remembered} my way ^{back} up to the car for a slug of ^{distilled} Kentucky cheer.

and study. But I mean ^{something} more than the opportunity to
all the birds and bees and occasional furry friends,
great fun as that is. Ever since the last glacier
passed ^{retreating} ~~thru~~ ^{retreating} from this Lake Superior area,
some ten thousand years ago, other men ^{have} ~~had~~
~~also~~ fished and boated. ^{They came} ~~the~~ waterways ^{today's} anglers
now fish. ^{And} ^{some} ^{of} ^{them} ^{left} ^{behind} ^{something}
more than ^{fish} ⁱⁿ ^{their} ^{water}, and any fisherman
who keeps his eyes open is apt to see signs of their
presence.

All of which reminds me of the time,
many years ago, when I was fishing a remote
stretch of the Fence River -- for that is not its
name -- and I ran across ^{some dangerous} remarkable evidence
of the ^{presence} passage of men who'd passed that way
many centuries before me and left behind that
^{which has} kept me ⁱⁿ puzzled and pondering ever since,
and some day I must go back.