

[ca. 1987]

man.

Ode (or maybe it's "Owel") to the Big One  
that got away.

Few are the creatures known to  
man that <sup>ever</sup> reach the size, and thereafter  
continue to expand, or the <sup>hated</sup> big fish that got away.  
Fewer still are the fishermen known to man  
who possess the courage to take the blame for that  
st<sup>h</sup> loss.

Instead all rusted hooks that get  
blamed <sup>during the fray</sup> get blamed on poor Mister M. United and his  
pals, not on the <sup>lazy</sup> fishermen's failure to check their  
<sup>neglected</sup> gear; all broken leaders and tippets on 34 or  
L I Bean or <sup>the</sup> on Orvis or Boni or on similar  
domestic and foreign rivals;

aloud

So at last I <sup>now</sup> propose  
that ~~henceforth~~ <sup>henceforth</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~fishermen~~ <sup>fishermen</sup>  
finally mend our ways: never more  
will we ~~brag~~ <sup>brag</sup> about any  
big ones that ~~get~~ <sup>get</sup> away.

Instead we shall quietly  
<sup>permeate</sup> <sup>modest</sup> <sup>powerful</sup> fill and lift a glass and  
propose a toast to the  
lucky big one that  
managed to elude our  
many <sup>positional</sup> wiles -- all ~~our~~  
because of your ~~own~~ <sup>own</sup>  
multitudinous <sup>gobs</sup> gobs, Buster, never  
ever on account of mine.

ode (or maybe OVED) TO THE  
BIG ONE THAT  
GOT AWAY

by

Robert Traver

The longer I fish the stronger  
I feel that few are the creatures  
known to man <sup>that</sup> ever quite reach  
the size and <sup>thereafter</sup> so miraculously <sup>then</sup>  
continue to expand from the <sup>and</sup>  
big fish that got away. Fewer  
still are the fishermen known  
to man who <sup>then</sup> possess the guts to  
take the blame for that <sup>speci</sup> loss.

These <sup>the blame for</sup> all rusted hooks  
that get <sup>broken</sup> busted during the  
fray are <sup>is for</sup> blamed on poor  
Master Mustad or his pals;  
all <sup>broken</sup> busted leaders on 3M or  
Orvis or L. F. Bean or their  
domestic or foreign rivals;  
all <sup>crucial</sup> failures to fetch the <sup>garden</sup> old  
landing net on their <sup>own</sup> wives or  
girl friends or buddies - fly-  
chasing neighbors, never on

the forgetful fisherman <sup>still a wee bit</sup> being over  
from his last hangover.

And so the <sup>loft</sup> parceling  
of guilt and blame goes on and  
on, ever the fault of others,  
never <sup>that</sup> the ~~fault~~ <sup>faults</sup> of the fisherman  
who just happened to be there <sup>at</sup>  
the scene.

[ca. 1987]

Finding the Time to Fish

Ah, To be able to fish anytime you want.

The quest for time

For many years

Almost since the turn of the century, I've been chasing the elusive brook trout up and down my native Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

To give <sup>a better</sup> ~~some~~ clue of how many years ago that ~~was~~ I should <sup>probably</sup> ~~confess~~ <sup>may be to confess</sup> that I was born around the turn of the century. That done I should <sup>confess</sup> ~~add~~ that of late years I <sup>often</sup> get turned around about precisely which century. Any way you look at it that makes quite a few years ~~back~~ that I've been pursuing trout.

Well Back in those <sup>bygone</sup> ~~lost~~ days boys were so old-fashioned that they used to work during the summer months mostly at odd jobs, <sup>as</sup> they were called, which <sup>often</sup> included cutting and attending neighborly lawns, delivering local newspapers, having a newspaper route, peddling things from door to door, such as subscriptions to Collier's or Leslie's or Collier's magazine and, of course, the old S.E.P.

These little chores

6/21/87

The longer I fish the stronger I  
feel that few are the creatures known to man  
that <sup>quite</sup> reach the size and <sup>thereafter so miraculously</sup> ~~thereafter~~ <sup>magically</sup> continue  
to expand than the big fish that get away. Fewer  
still are the fishermen known to man who possess  
the guts to take the blame for that <sup>specific</sup> loss.

Thus all <sup>neglected or</sup> ~~ruined~~ hooks that get busted  
during such <sup>epic</sup> encounters are inevitably blamed  
on poor miter mounted on his pals; <sup>blame for</sup> all ~~broken~~  
<sup>careless</sup> ~~leader~~ that <sup>sigh and</sup> part ways during these frays belong <sup>solely</sup> to  
to likes of D or Orvie or their many foreign rivals;  
all failures to fetch the old landing net get blamed  
on wawa or gub fruits or butter - <sup>by</sup> <sup>Cham's</sup> neighbors;  
never on the <sup>quarrel</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>another of the</sup> <sup>big fish</sup> <sup>hanging</sup>  
And so the <sup>lofty</sup> parcelling of blame goes  
merrily on and on; ever the fault of others;  
never is fault of the <sup>fish</sup> <sup>who</sup> <sup>happens</sup> to there

1) 21/87

So as our century <sup>draw</sup> ~~steps~~ to its close, I  
propose that we modest fishermen mend our ways:  
henceforth ~~we will~~ <sup>we will</sup> stop bragging about our big  
one that got away. Instead we shall modestly  
fill and of life a glass and propose a silent toast  
to the lucky boy one that once again eluded all our  
years of piscatorial craft & all on account of  
your many silly goofs, Buster; never even on  
account of mine.

[Ca. 1987]

~~Lorraine  
Thank book + pic  
Fan~~

and so the parcelled up  
blame, <sup>merit</sup> go on and on, always  
the fault or <sup>sturdy!</sup> others, never the  
fault of the <sup>sturdy!</sup> person who happens  
to be there. ?



1/26/87

X

Yet the blooming blaming goes  
 on and on, never the fault of the heroic  
 fisherman who happened to be there, always  
 the fault of somebody or something else. So as  
 they <sup>century runs and</sup> charitably propose that henceforth we  
 fishermen mend our <sup>modest</sup> ways and stop <sup>for</sup> bragging  
 in public about our <sup>big</sup> one that got away  
 and instead quietly <sup>best and</sup> lift a glass and prepare  
 a <sup>private</sup> toast to that lucky big one that  
<sup>somewhat</sup> <sup>years</sup> <sup>crafty</sup>  
 once again eluded our <sup>prisoners</sup> teeth...  
 All <sup>become</sup> on account of your silly gods. Better,  
 but never over <sup>on account of</sup> <sup>beasts</sup> <sup>men</sup>.

letter

X

Ode  
To the beeq waa that got away.

1/19/87

The longer I fish the stronger  
I feel that few are the creatures known to  
man that acquire quite the size and thereafter  
continue to expand <sup>so remarkably</sup> like the big fish that got  
away. Equally few are the fishermen known  
to man who possess the guts to take the blame  
for that loss.

Instead almost invariably all rusty  
hooks that <sup>don't properly</sup> ~~break~~ during the landing get  
blamed. <sup>Like</sup> ~~Some~~ encounters get blamed on poor master  
Murphy or his ~~rusty~~ fish; all broken  
tippels and  
leaders on the likes of D B or Orvis or  
their former rivals; all failures to remember to  
fetch a row that wide-mouthed landing  
net either on the <sup>forgot</sup> wife or that better  
bovvering better - fly chasing neighbor or ~~the~~ on  
some ~~but never on one's own~~ <sup>own</sup> gups or ~~other~~  
bugged ~~peasants~~ <sup>upheld</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>hanging</sup> ~~blaming~~ <sup>heart of</sup>  
blooming ~~guts~~ <sup>blaming</sup>

conythin

~~It's always the other guy, never the heroic  
fisherman <sup>himself</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~there~~ <sup>do I</sup>  
chant, propose that, <sup>tempted</sup> ~~we~~ <sup>fisherman</sup> ~~no longer~~ <sup>attach</sup>  
about about all his ones that got away, but  
merely lift and glare and propose a <sup>tempt</sup>  
to that big waa that ~~blasted~~ <sup>crashed</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>wife</sup> --  
all on account of your gups. Buster, but  
never on mine.~~



[ca. 1986]

Marvellous <sup>by mountain</sup> are  
the fishing yarns  
written around it.

The longer I fish the stronger  
I feel that few are the creatures  
known to man that <sup>ever quite</sup> reach the size and  
throat <sup>as seldom</sup> continue to expand like the  
big trout that got away. <sup>Equally marvelous is that</sup> Fewer still are  
the fishermen known to man who are  
willing to take the blame for that loss <sup>almost</sup> instead  
of blaming <sup>they</sup> it on someone or something else.

Thus a rusted hook that <sup>gets</sup> busted <sup>invariably</sup> gets  
blamed on poor Mr. Mustard or his <sup>pal</sup>, and  
never on the careless fisherman who <sup>carries around</sup> used on such  
a <sup>defective</sup> hook. Again all lines that <sup>suddenly</sup>  
parted

11/18/86

Few are the creatures known to man that achieve the size and ~~remains~~<sup>ever</sup> continue to ~~expand~~ grow like the big fish that got away. Fewer still are the fishermen known to man who ~~blame~~<sup>plend quite</sup> ~~blame~~ and take the blame for that ~~specific~~<sup>loss</sup> and refrain from blaming it on someone ~~else~~<sup>but themselves</sup>.

Gratitude for unexpected.

never

These ~~virtually all~~<sup>most</sup> fishermen can be trusted to blame all ~~ruined~~<sup>most</sup> boats that get busted on poor weather, mist and his pals. All ~~boats~~<sup>boats</sup> and ~~tenders~~<sup>tenders</sup> down to the ~~snapped~~<sup>and</sup> of the finest ~~tippets~~<sup>tippets</sup> get blamed on <sup>39 or</sup> Orvi or their oriental ~~rivals~~<sup>of the low income</sup>. Forgetting to fetch ~~their~~<sup>the old</sup> landing net you can ~~bet~~<sup>will be charge</sup> it ~~won't~~<sup>be</sup> blamed on ~~Manigoes~~<sup>highly unfortunate</sup>, rather than ~~Man~~.

The list goes on and on.

[Ca. 1986]

The longer  
I push the stronger  
I feel that there  
are as many  
kinds of fashion  
(orums) as there are  
people. That  
always a well  
diversity.

In fact sometimes  
I think the liveries  
is almost as great as  
that among our  
Presidents, I resent  
every exception.

Few are the  
creatures known  
to man that can  
reach the size  
thereof  
and cont. to expand  
as fast as

Equally few are  
the people known  
to man <sup>are the</sup> ~~who~~ <sup>predecessors</sup> can  
so readily blame  
everyone and  
everything but themselves  
for that loss.



Thurs.  
green lake?

Hugo per

● Fred R.

which I'd have  
purely  
caught except  
for your <sup>blow</sup> <sup>gun</sup> <sup>shots</sup>,  
Buster, not mine

Later  
1946  
11/22/86

Fabled Bee & War  
Trail to the Fort King

never

Few are the creatures known  
to man that <sup>achieve such size</sup> grow so fast and  
<sup>everywhere</sup> broadly and continue to expand as  
the big boats <sup>that</sup> get away. Fewer still  
are the fishermen who <sup>take</sup> the blame  
themselves for that loss. <sup>blame</sup> guilt and blame are <sup>usually</sup> usually  
aimed elsewhere. Thus most fishermen  
can be <sup>blamed</sup> blamed to blame <sup>all</sup> rusted hooks  
that <sup>are</sup> stuck in poor miter mustard and his  
guilt for <sup>the</sup> failure.  
Fence, leaders or tippetts  
are distributed in snippets between  
folks like Mr. Craig and J.M. are <sup>remembered</sup> remembered  
when <sup>Japanese</sup> rivals. Failure to <sup>believe</sup> believe the <sup>are</sup> are  
over landing net get <sup>blamed</sup> blamed get just  
is blamed as <sup>the</sup> the <sup>blame</sup> blame <sup>is</sup> is  
and never <sup>blamed</sup> blamed <sup>for</sup> for <sup>the</sup> the <sup>accident</sup> accident  
on and on.

So let us <sup>three</sup> three <sup>times</sup> times <sup>and</sup> and  
drink a toast <sup>quit</sup> quit <sup>boasting</sup> boasting <sup>and</sup> and <sup>start</sup> start <sup>toasting</sup> toasting  
So let us <sup>not</sup> not <sup>boast</sup> boast but  
instead raise a glass & drink a toast  
to that fabled boy one that got away  
-- all on account of <sup>your</sup> your <sup>guilt</sup> guilt, <sup>not</sup> not <sup>mine</sup> mine,

Damn it,  
not  
never over  
mine

Few living creatures ~~reach~~  
 reach the size and <sup>so magnificently</sup> continue to grow  
~~offered~~ as the big trout <sup>fish</sup> that get away.  
 And few are the people who manage  
 to remain quite so blameless for that loss  
 as the <sup>man</sup> fisherman who <sup>experiences</sup> ~~lost~~ it.

<sup>is going to land it</sup>  
 That is why all rusted hooks that finally  
<sup>while, landed it</sup> <sup>from a moment</sup>  
~~hooked~~ <sup>get</sup> blamed on <sup>trout</sup> rusted gutters or upon  
 the careless fisherman who forgot to dress them off; all  
 parted leaders and tippets either on our worm or  
 on 3 or on the water, Japanese; all fishing & fishing  
 over leaders, not



Never  
 -

Few are the creatures known  
 to man that grow so big, so fast, and  
 so continuously, as the big trout that  
 get away.

Even fewer are the fisherman known  
 to man who <sup>governments the blame on</sup> ~~take~~ that loss without of  
 blaming it <sup>on someone other than themselves</sup> ~~on someone other than themselves~~  
<sup>depend on</sup> ~~depend on~~ almost all fishermen  
 can be <sup>tricked</sup> to blame any rusted hook  
 that <sup>hooked</sup> ~~hooked~~ on a leader or tippet or  
 all broken leaders and tippets

[ca. 1986]

all fashion  
can be trusted  
to blame all  
trusted books  
that handled

...'



Few are the living creatures  
 known to man that reach the size  
 and, <sup>thereafter multiply</sup> ~~continue to grow~~ <sup>as</sup> fast as the big  
 trout that got away. Few, too, <sup>of the people who</sup> ~~that~~ manage  
 to remain so utterly blameless for that loss  
 as the <sup>very</sup> ~~guilty~~ fisherman who might have caused  
 it. <sup>uniformly</sup>

Thus all rusted hooks that <sup>rust</sup> ~~busted off~~  
 while grappling with this <sup>feebled</sup> ~~monster~~ are blamed  
 on <sup>poor</sup> ~~Mister Orin~~; never on the failure of the  
 careless fisherman to <sup>check out and</sup> ~~dry out~~ <sup>the contents of</sup> ~~his soggy~~  
<sup>bag</sup> ~~all rusted leaders and tippets~~  
 are <sup>naturally</sup> ~~blamed~~ on ~~Mister Orin~~ or those  
<sup>scheming</sup> ~~scheming~~ Japanese; never on the <sup>rust</sup> ~~fisherman's own~~  
<sup>impatience</sup> ~~impatience~~

<sup>remember to</sup> Failure to <sup>remember to</sup> fetch one's landing net  
 is always because one <sup>never</sup> ~~never~~ the  
 sporting loser, <sup>did and using</sup> ~~never~~ <sup>one</sup>, never on  
 just plain <sup>good</sup> ~~old~~ - fashioned ~~language~~.

Harvey

[ca. 1986]

The longer I fish the stronger  
I feel that few are the creatures known to  
man that <sup>will</sup> ~~reach~~ quite the size and  
hereafter <sup>immediately</sup> continue to expand like the big  
fish & trout that got away. Equally  
remarkable

[ca. 1986]

X

The longer I fish the stronger I feel that few of the creatures known to man ~~can~~ <sup>ever</sup> achieve quite the gargantuan size, and thereafter continue expand, like the big fish that got away.

Equally remarkable is how few of the fishermen known to man ever ~~have~~ <sup>take</sup> the blame for that loss.

Indeed, almost invariably, all party boats that get bused down the <sup>river</sup> get blamed on poor <sup>mistake</sup> <sup>mountain</sup> or <sup>bad</sup> <sup>luck</sup> all broken leaders on the lines of IBM or <sup>Orin</sup> or their former rivals; and should such a <sup>grievous</sup> loss be due to a failure to <sup>remember</sup> to fetch a <sup>whole</sup> <sup>mouthed</sup> landing net the blame is put on the wife or some neighborly built - fly chaser but never on one's own gear or



12/10/86

Hail to the Beeg Wan that got away

like  
anywhere near that of  
wer  
Few are the creatures known  
to man that achieve the size and ~~size~~  
there <sup>misadventurously</sup> after <sup>continue to expand</sup> ~~the~~ the big  
one fish <sup>that</sup> got away.

Fewer still are <sup>the</sup> <sup>an</sup> <sup>speci</sup> performers known  
to man who possess the guts to take the  
blame for ~~that~~ <sup>such a</sup> <sup>loss</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>big</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>got</sup> <sup>away</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>latest</sup>  
<sup>Research</sup> shows that guilt and  
blame for losing the big one that got  
away are almost <sup>invariably</sup> <sup>aimed</sup> at  
get blamed someone or something else; never <sup>at</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>get</sup>  
guilty <sup>fishermen</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>rusted</sup> <sup>hooks</sup> <sup>that</sup> <sup>busted</sup>  
9 <sup>get</sup> <sup>blamed</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>poor</sup> <sup>master</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>rusted</sup> <sup>or</sup>  
<sup>his</sup> <sup>peaks</sup>; all broken leaders and  
tippets and even <sup>the</sup> <sup>lines</sup> <sup>on</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>lines</sup> <sup>of</sup>  
3M or Orvis or <sup>on</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>foreign</sup> <sup>rivals</sup>;  
failure to <sup>remember</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>reach</sup> <sup>needed</sup>  
fetch the old landing net on  
either <sup>the</sup> <sup>wife</sup> <sup>or</sup> <sup>some</sup> <sup>neighborly</sup> <sup>butterfly</sup> <sup>or</sup>  
or sheer sportsmanly <sup>danger</sup>  
scholar but never on <sup>ones</sup> <sup>own</sup> <sup>guts</sup>.

hangover. And the list goes on and  
on, occasionally even to the <sup>sometimes</sup> <sup>starboard</sup>,  
as we water types <sup>are</sup> <sup>prone</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>put</sup> <sup>it</sup>.

So <sup>in</sup> the holiday spirit  
let us no longer boast about  
the <sup>N.</sup> big one that got away, or assign  
the blame but <sup>and give a toast</sup> instead raise a  
glass to the big one that somehow got  
away<sup>N.</sup> - all on account of your <sup>many</sup> griefs,  
Buster, but never ever <sup>any</sup> on mine.<sup>N.</sup>

Few living  
creatures

grow so

gigantically, so

rapidly and

so continuously

as the Transi<sup>t</sup>has

got away. It

seems to be a

rule of being

Another rule is  
that the less of the  
memorable

memories in  
always the faults  
of somebody else,  
never the <sup>not</sup> ~~faults~~ <sup>freedom</sup>  
they give the business  
(Fred)

A rusted brass  
that bristles must  
be blamed on  
Mustard, never  
on the careless  
bracket who  
neglected to dry  
his soggy  
bliss;

Anten large

4  
7  
w

creatures

known to man -  
kind grow to

such magnificence  
(Grand size &)

proportions so  
fast and with  
such dispatch  
as the trout one

larva near lost at  
cannot be seen by ground

[ca 1986]

## The Champ

Looking forward to going

going fishing on the opening day  
of trout fishing in my native Upper  
Peninsula of Michigan is not unlike  
planning to buy a seven bedroom  
mansion <sup>three - bedroom</sup> <sup>at \$1.5 million</sup> <sup>for</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>top</sup> <sup>prize</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>state</sup> <sup>lottery</sup>  
from the public lottery: possible, yes,  
but damned unlikely.

But yet each April my pals and I  
resolutely gather and give it the old college try: having snow-plows  
to open the road into Frenchman's Pond <sup>we</sup>  
adown; <sup>hoping</sup> praying that the old pond will be free <sup>of</sup> <sup>ice</sup> <sup>so</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>us</sup> <sup>can</sup> <sup>come</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>hunt</sup>  
of ice to cart a big fish; <sup>each</sup> <sup>one</sup> <sup>praying</sup> that their  
season, he and not a rival fisher pal would  
win the annual prize for catching the biggest trout.

So sure enough, last April  
last spring the opening day found nearly  
some 1800 2000 us gathered round

still pondering <sup>very</sup> the first fly <sup>to</sup> tie on <sup>and</sup> ~~what~~ fly <sup>is</sup> it.

No, I never heard the <sup>particular</sup> one about that Chinese secondary. Tell me more, man

Well, you just did, man, you just did. Don't ask me to keep <sup>me</sup> pondering my ponderings.

Just one more. please.



10/15/86

Did you ever hear the  
~~story~~ <sup>one</sup> about the missing  
fisherman who <sup>was</sup> found three  
days later still lost in a  
Chinese quandary?

Did you say <sup>Chinese</sup> quandary  
or laundry?

Quandary, but it  
makes no difference <sup>now</sup> the  
guy was <sup>totally</sup> really <sup>lost</sup> up the creek and  
lost without a paddle.

How do you mean, lost?  
<sup>found</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>stagnant</sup> <sup>water</sup> <sup>part</sup>  
found <sup>him</sup> <sup>there</sup>  
he was <sup>almost</sup> <sup>gone</sup> sitting over a virgin trout pool,  
with <sup>flies</sup> <sup>everywhere</sup>, <sup>stagnant</sup>  
still peering <sup>down</sup> at the array  
of all his <sup>own</sup> fly boxes,  
snort <sup>stagnant</sup> <sup>water</sup> <sup>part</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>stagnant</sup> <sup>water</sup> <sup>part</sup> <sup>still</sup> <sup>stagnant</sup> <sup>water</sup> <sup>part</sup>  
and shaking his head,

At one time or another I have  
belonged to one  
I belong and have sent  
many TV groups in so many places  
plus that of late years I don't  
quite know where to send <sup>my</sup> ~~them~~ so  
I have quit sending any.

~~trout~~  
Going fishing on the opening  
day of trout fishing in the upper  
Peninsula of Michigan, where I was  
born, is almost as big a gamble  
as betting <sup>your</sup> favorite fly rod  
~~that you'll~~ on winning the top  
spot on the next state lottery.  
Maybe even more so.

For up this way

x

Few are the living creatures  
known to man that ~~continue to~~ reach  
and such gigantic proportions with the  
speed and continuous growth of the trees  
that get away.

X

Hail to the Belg Wan that got away.

Few are the living <sup>magnally</sup> creatures  
known to man that reach such <sup>the</sup>  
gigantic <sup>proportions,</sup> size, and thereafter <sup>so</sup> continue  
<sup>grow so fast</sup> to expand as the big trout that  
got away. Few too are there <sup>despite</sup>  
<sup>entirely</sup> blameless for <sup>such a large loss</sup> that loss as the  
very fisherman <sup>of</sup> who suffered that loss.  
Loss that by one caused it.

every item that fails get  
blamed shanton, ad injurion;  
the list is endless every the  
houses are in bundles.

for every item that fails  
other get repaired ad

So today I propose a  
treaty of peace

Turn your left hand  
and repent after me:

Henceforth and from  
now on all <sup>we</sup> fishermen  
now, <sup>to</sup> will no longer brags  
about or in <sup>worsh. or</sup> proud about the  
big one that got away. Or  
blame anyone or anything else

the best goes on <sup>ad</sup> -injection

you name it, hell blame it  
~~on them~~ on <sup>by</sup> everyone and  
everybody; but <sup>hell</sup> ~~hell~~ the  
best goes on <sup>ad</sup> injection,  
you name it, <sup>hell</sup> ~~hell~~ <sup>can</sup> quit it