

RUNNING WATERS

THE MEETING PLACE

Datus Proper

(Foreword)

The Meeting Place (computer name: meeting)

Introduction (up the mountain to the stream)

I

People of the Stream

Dark Hollow (computer name: Cave)

Bailey's Secret (Spigler)

Artist with the Fly Rod (Chapman)

An American Original (Marinaro)

Lunch by the Stream (Curt)

~~e~~ Big John (John) → moved to Bird's book

The Best of It (Ned)

The First Time (Women)

II

Running Water

Faith In A Fly (faithina.fly)

Sources (sources)

A Place at Dawn (dawn.let)

Something Old, Something New (Up-&-Wet)

The Best Trout Stream in the World (best)

Limestone (limeston)

A Place of Our Own (fishbird)

Liberation (liberati)

III The Way of a Fly With a Trout

The Winged Life (sunburst)

In Pursuit of Trout and Virtue (flies.why)

Who Needs That Dumb Fish? (levels)

Fly on Dark Water (coachman)

The Mayfly Murders (complex)

Inside the Hidden Hatch (tricos)

Beauty and the Beast (sunbeams)

IV Wild Fish

Rainbow Rising (toomany)

Spring Fever (brook)

The Brown Trout and the Great Tradition (brown)

Scoring (scoring)

A Dream with Monsters (carp)

→ Faith in a Fly (See part II)
Running Water
→ Fly on Dark Water
(Title Page)

→ change title?
THE MEETING PLACE

Datus Proper

[Editor: This is the title of both book and Foreword.]

Faith In A Fly ?

THE MEETING PLACE

Datus Proper

(Foreword)

The Meeting Place (computer name: meeting)

I

People of the Stream

Dark Hollow (computer name: Cave)

Bailey's Secret (Spigler)

Artist with the Fly Rod (Chapman)

An American Original (Marinaro)

Lunch by the Stream (Curt)

~~Big John (John)~~ → moved to birdbook

The Best of It (Ned)

The First Time (Women) ✓

II

Running Water

Faith In A Fly (faithina.fly)

Sources (sources)

A Place at Dawn (dawn.let)

Something Old, Something New (Up-&-Wet)

The Best Trout Stream in the World (best)

Limestone (limeston)

A Place of Our Own (fishbird)

Liberation (liberati)

III The Way of a Fly With a Trout

The Winged Life (sunburst)

In Pursuit of Trout and Virtue (flies.why)

Who Needs That Dumb Fish? (levels)

Fly on Dark Water (coachman)

The Mayfly Murders (complex)

Inside the Hidden Hatch (tricos)

Beauty and the Beast (sunbeams)

IV Wild Fish

Rainbow Rising (toomany)

Spring Fever (brook)

The Brown Trout and the Great Tradition (brown)

Scoring (scoring)

A Dream with Monsters (carp)

About 260 words

use as book title?
Joy does not like.

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714
(406) 388-3345

(Foreword)

THE MEETING PLACE

I love to see that Nature is so rife with life
that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed
and suffered to prey on one another....

Henry David Thoreau

Three lives come together in a circle on the water. A mayfly nymph climbs from the silt, swims toward unaccustomed light, and is beginning the winged life when a trout's neb breaks the calm surface. Another fly then floats by, but this one has a hook in it. Trout rises gently. Angler swallows deep.

These are matters of life and death. The mayfly might have finished its sun dance, but for the trout. The trout might have stored fat for the winter, but for your fly with a sting. And you there, at the top of the food chain: What brings you here? What drew you to the edge of the stream?

You are here to walk, but not for the exercise, and to sweat off some flab, though no one could pay you to work this hard. You are here to crouch in cold water, cast to a trout and catch it or put it down, then stretch the cramp in your thigh and move on up and up where the stream runs small and the fish never saw a fly they didn't like.

You keep going because your prey believes in you. The trout is still dappled to hide when you pass, still swift to flee from your clumsy feet. The mayfly believes in the trout too, and unfolds wings clear as water. You kneel by the river, shoot your line, and hit the ring of the rise. You and fish and fly meet where you have always met, in that window between stream and sky.

≈

About 290 words

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714
(406) 388-3345

Streams
Intro?
Ring?

Part III

Sunbeams

~~THE MEETING PLACE~~

I love to see that Nature is so rife with life
that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and
suffered to prey on one another....

Henry David Thoreau

Three lives come together in a circle on the water. A mayfly nymph climbs from the silt, swims toward unaccustomed light, and is beginning the winged life when a trout pulls it down. Another fly then floats by, but this one has a hook in it. Trout rises gently. Angler swallows deep.

These are matters of life and death. The mayfly might have finished its sundance, but for the trout. The trout might have stored fat for the winter, but for your fly with a sting. And you there, at the top of the food chain: What brought you here? What drew you to the edge of the stream?

You are here to walk, but not for the exercise, and to sweat off some flab, though nobody could pay you to work this hard. You are here to crouch in cold water, cast to a trout and catch it or put it down, then stretch the cramp in your thigh and move on up and up where the stream runs small and its fish never saw a fly they didn't like.

You keep going because your prey believes in you. The trout is still dappled to hide when you pass, still swift to flee from your clumsy feet. The mayfly believes in the trout, too, and unfolds wings clear as air. You kneel by the river, shoot your line, and hit the ring of the rise. You and fish and fly meet where you have always met, in that window between stream and sky.

≈

Is this notebook?

250 words + optional epigraph

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714
(406) 388-3345

Use as
book title?
(you do not like)
Saxehearn?

Sale to J. Boden
+ point out
"Scoring" on the
marketplace.

THE MEETING PLACE

I love to see that Nature is so rife with life
that myriads can be afforded to be sacrificed and
suffered to prey on one another....

Henry David Thoreau

Three lives come together in a circle on the water. A mayfly nymph climbs from the silt, swims toward unaccustomed light, and is beginning the winged life when a trout pulls it down. Another fly then floats by, but this one has a hook in it. Trout rises gently. Angler swallows deep.

These are matters of life and death. The mayfly might have finished its sundance, but for the trout. The trout might have stored fat for the winter, but for your fly with a sting. And you there, at the top of the food chain: What brought you here? What drew you to the edge of the stream?

You are here to walk, but not for the exercise, and to sweat off some flab, though nobody could pay you to work this hard. You are here to crouch in cold water, cast to a trout and catch it or put it down, then stretch the cramp in your thigh and move on up and up where the stream runs small and its fish never saw a fly they didn't like.

You keep going because your prey believes in you. The trout is still dappled to hide when you pass, still swift to flee from your clumsy feet. The mayfly believes in the trout, too, and unfolds wings clear as air. You kneel by the river, shoot your line, and hit the ring of the rise. You and fish and fly meet where you have always met, in that window between stream and sky.

≈

About 400 words

Holl Till I know
in to accepts.

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714
(406) 388-3345

(INTRODUCTION)

UP THE MOUNTAIN AND INTO THE STREAM

Some people think of trout as food. Mention them to a Russian, for example, and you may be told to roll your fish in flour and cook them, heads and all, in sputtering butter. But that is the last recipe in these pages.

Most anglers, in our American state of abundance, can afford to forget about a fish dinner -- at least until the sun sets and a cold mist puts an end to the evening rise. While there is still light, we want to know what fly the trout are eating so that we can tie on an imitation with a hook in it. We are caught up in one of life's miracles -- beautiful fish sipping beautiful insects.

And here is the conundrum. We love trout, mayflies, and cool streams not because they fit on our degraded planet but because they are remnants of something better. We love that something, and so we fight for it. Without anglers, there would be even more pollution and more dams, which make sense in a backward world. Trout are are a drag on profits.

The rest of this gets awkward -- like telling my wife why I come home early, sometimes, while trout are still rising. The attraction is not her carrot cake, though it is the world's best. I am not even attracted to her dress, though it is speckled like a brook trout. No. What brings me home is something primitive, indescribable, and irresistible.

Fishing is the same. There must be a hunter-gatherer's hormone, buried deep under the debris of civilization -- some ancient drive that pulls anglers up the mountains and into the streams.

Yesterday, though, I pushed my luck. Light was fading on the tallest peaks and the canyon was dark when I packed my waders in a rucksack, groped around for my rod, and could not find it. I felt almost as if I had let my wife down. That rod was part of me too -- a gentle old friend of first-generation graphite with four-ounce reel, lost in a tangle of willows while I changed my boots for the hike out.

And then this morning I was back in the mountains at first light and the rod was there, in plain view. Any hiker could have spotted it and taken it home. But no one else would have had its story.

Datus Proper
Gallatin Valley, Montana
Year 2000

≈

About 400 words

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714
(406) 388-3345

(INTRODUCTION)

UP THE MOUNTAIN AND INTO THE STREAM

Some people think of trout as food. Mention them to a Russian, for example, and you may be told to roll your fish in flour and cook them, heads and all, in sputtering butter. But that is the last recipe in these pages.

Most anglers, in our American state of abundance, can afford to forget about a fish dinner -- at least until the sun sets and a cold mist puts an end to the evening rise. While there is still light, we want to know what fly the trout are eating so that we can tie on an imitation with a hook in it. We are caught up in one of life's miracles -- beautiful fish sipping beautiful insects.

And here is the conundrum. We love trout, mayflies, and cool streams not because they fit on our degraded planet but because they are remnants of something better. We love that something, and so we fight for it. Without anglers, there would be even more pollution and more dams, which make sense in a backward world. Trout are are a drag on profits.

The rest of this gets awkward -- like telling my wife why I come home early, sometimes, while trout are still rising. The attraction is not her carrot cake, though it is the world's best. I am not even attracted to her dress, though it is speckled like a brook trout. No. What brings me home is something primitive, indescribable, and irresistible.

Fishing is the same. There must be a hunter-gatherer's hormone, buried deep under the debris of civilization -- some ancient drive that pulls anglers up the mountains and into the streams.

Yesterday, though, I pushed my luck. Light was fading on the tallest peaks and the canyon was dark when I packed my waders in a rucksack, groped around for my rod, and could not find it. I felt almost as if I had let my wife down. That rod was part of me too -- a gentle old friend of first-generation graphite with four-ounce reel, lost in a tangle of willows while I changed my boots for the hike out.

And then this morning I was back in the mountains at first light and the rod was there, in plain view. Any hiker could have spotted it and taken it home. But no one else would have had its story.

Datus Proper
Gallatin Valley, Montana
Year 2000

≈

Americans would have agreed with this advice, not long ago, but for most of us today, trout are luxuries, more beautiful than diamonds, which are lifeless items of commerce.

but my eye-hand coordination is still there and my rod is not just a tool. It is an atlatl. It bends, curves, and drives home the point.

the same and a ten-inch trout looks big in this small stream and if I fail, somebody will show me how to get it right.

Somebody has always been around -- somebody wiser, maybe older to help the kid. Don't stop. And never mind my hair; it is prematurely gray.

The trout have faded too, and become words in my diary. But the people are vivid. There was Betty Cave and Lula Belle and John G. Cave of the Virginia Light Artillery, C.S.A. There was Bailey Spigler, who saved me from Washington, D.C., and Scotty Chapman, who showed me that brook trout were big for their size. There was Vince Marinaro, who wrote the first great innovative work on American dry flies; John Bietenduefel -- the big one who got away -- and Ned Maguire, who told me not to let Anna get away.

Maybe there are more. I'll keep looking.

~

Intro

There are ~~still~~ people on this small planet who do not know ^{much about} ~~what to do~~ with trout. Mention them to ^a Russian, for example, and you will get ^{an} old family recipe, because ~~all~~ trout are nutritious and some ^{are} downright good if you flavor them and cook them, heads and all, in sputtering butter and serve them with lemon wedges, but that is

The last recipe in these pages. ~~What~~

It matters for most of us, ~~if~~ ^{if} trout eat, or on the other hand, is of great import ~~offer~~ ^{offer} ~~some time~~ ^{offer}. They eat insects, especially mayflies,

which happen to be ~~a beautiful~~ ^a ~~trout~~

~~themselves~~ and ~~abundant~~, ~~help~~ ^{help} their

is not still we eat. (we will skip eating, to catch trout.)

~~fragile~~ which happen to be beautiful
 as the ~~fish~~ trout but abundant,
 and ^{fussy} ~~swarming~~, like trout. ~~swarms~~.

~~Mayflies~~ Neither will ~~fly~~ Neither will
~~do fly~~, nor fish do well in warm
 polluted, or degraded stream.

~~Both above~~ Stream that are warm,
 degraded, ~~and~~ or polluted will not
 perse.

So here we have a ~~conundrum~~ conundrum.

We lose ~~mayflies~~ ^{flies}, trout, ~~fish~~
 and trout streams not because they fit ~~in this~~ ^{this}
 degraded ^{planet} world but because they are surpassed
 of something better. And because we
 love that something we work for it,

restore it, and fight for it. without us,
 there would be few trout streams. There
 would be ^(caddis) ~~be~~ ^{down}, degradation, & pollution,
 all of which make sense in this world.

4 trout don't, ~~Fly fishing doesn't~~ and
 that is why we work so hard for them.

More on meeting. ^{over person} ~~they~~ brings us together

Our tools are beautiful

Love + skill = art

The sort of thing gets embarrassing -
like telling ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~or your~~ wife why ~~you~~
~~really~~ like having her around. It's not her
~~the practical side~~ cooking, ~~or~~ though she
is a ~~very~~ good cook; or ~~the way she~~ ^{her looks,}
~~looks~~, though she is ~~as~~ pretty as ~~a doll~~
a brook trout.
~~Jander~~ ~~or way~~ The cramps she
rubbed out of my legs when I ~~have~~ I have
~~frilled~~ ~~the trout~~ ~~have~~ ~~let me~~ ~~I treated~~
~~me badly~~ - ~~taken the thing too far.~~
No. It is ^{my} ~~a~~ sight-brain thing, ^{primitive} ~~cheap~~
and unreasonable. I fish because I
it's ~~Angling~~ is what I do. Always have
that fish is a ^{method} ~~Shute~~ ~~Method~~ ~~fish~~
I cast a ~~rod~~ ~~at~~ - My rod is a ~~rod~~.

~~spear~~ an atlatl. My eye-hand

Coordination is good as ever; ~~and~~ my point
~~sometimes my point~~ ~~sinks deep.~~ ~~(is sharp and, it)~~

and sometime it ~~sinks deep~~ gets my dinner.

^{This}
True, my ~~pry~~ is ~~over~~ no mortar,
but ~~an effort~~ is a ten-inch ~~break~~
trunk ~~looks~~ ~~big enough~~ ~~look~~ ~~big~~ ~~today~~

will ~~do~~ looks big in this, ~~place~~

and my ~~artifacts~~ [?] fly is the best I

can make, ~~my prey deserves it~~ and

if I miss, ~~maybe someone else will~~

^{start} ~~help me out~~ ~~tomorrow~~ someone will
show me how to do it right.

~~maybe I will get lucky.~~

~~There has been~~
Help has ^{not} ~~never~~ been far away.

Somebody has ^{always} ~~usually~~ been around to
find the trout - ~~help me out~~ - ~~somebody~~ ~~older and~~
~~much wiser~~, somebody wiser, maybe older.
~~and older, till recently~~ friend. To
keep the kids.

~~help out~~, The ~~kid~~: ~~I still feel~~
~~the kid~~ ~~never~~ ^{and} ~~will~~ ~~feel~~ ~~it~~
~~never~~ ^{never} ~~mind~~ my hair; It's

gradually gray. ~~It's not a hard~~ ~~here~~

The trout nose faded too, and
become words in my diary. I caught
a 4-pound brook trout once, but now
it is faded ink in my diary, and the
^{people} ~~fish~~ are ~~still~~ ^{still} ~~will~~ ^{will} meet
again

About 400 words

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714
(406) 388-3345

(INTRODUCTION)

added after book submitted

UP THE MOUNTAIN AND INTO THE STREAM

Some people think of trout as food. Mention them to a Russian, for example, and you may be told to roll your fish in flour and cook them, heads and all, in sputtering butter. But that is the last recipe in these pages.

Most anglers, in our American state of abundance, can afford to forget about a fish dinner -- at least until the sun sets and a cold mist puts an end to the evening rise. While there is still light, we want to know what fly the trout are eating so that we can tie on an imitation with a hook in it. We are caught up in one of life's miracles -- beautiful fish sipping beautiful insects.

And here is the conundrum. We love trout, mayflies, and cool streams not because they fit on our degraded planet but because they are remnants of something better. We love that something, and so we fight for it. Without anglers, there would be even more pollution and more dams, which make sense in a backward world. Trout are are a drag on profits.

The rest of this gets awkward -- like telling my wife why I come home early, sometimes, while trout are still rising. The attraction is not her carrot cake, though it is the world's best. I am not even attracted to her dress, though it is speckled like a brook trout. No. What brings me home is something primitive, indescribable, and irresistible.

Fishing is the same. There must be a hunter-gatherer's hormone, buried deep under the debris of civilization -- some ancient drive that pulls anglers up the mountains and into the streams.

Yesterday, though, I pushed my luck. Light was fading on the tallest peaks and the canyon was dark when I packed my waders in a rucksack, groped around for my rod, and could not find it. I felt almost as if I had let my wife down. That rod was part of me too -- a gentle old friend of first-generation graphite with four-ounce reel, lost in a tangle of willows while I changed my boots for the hike out.

And then this morning I was back in the mountains at first light and the rod was there, in plain view. Any hiker could have spotted it and taken it home. But no one else would have had its story.

Datus Proper
Gallatin Valley, Montana
Year 2000

≈