

CHAPTER IDEAS FOR SIX MONTHS IN SCOTLAND

1. THE HOME RIVER...THE DON. This could start with a description of the water left to me by Hamilton, the owner of the house we exchanged for ours in Bozeman. Includes the fishing's rules, history of the association, whether it was mentioned in Grimble and Calderwood. I recently was invited into the fishing hut on the banks of the river, where I examined the club's record book for the last five years, which listed the flies and other lures used, (many salmon are still caught here with prepared shrimp on spinning equipment and some anglers do use spinning gear fishing mepps, spinners, minnows, and new things like the FLYING C.) The flies most commonly used will be described and the patterns given. Methods too with the double handed fly rods. Now at Sept 1, we are starting to get some rain and two nights ago I saw two giant 'red' salmon jump in the river, and an angler friend saw two "v's" of two fresh salmon in the river just below where I was fishing. This chapter should also include fishing and visiting Monymusk water, Alford water, Park water (near the sea) and other waters along the Strathdon (the glen through which the river runs) methods and costs of getting fishings along the river from beginning to end for the reader. Now at Sept 16, I have hooked my first salmon on the river with a new fly which has the nail polish body of the flies in my spinner book, and I think it will do havoc with many fish for the rest of the season. The pattern is based on a colour photo of a pearly orange crustaceon found in the tummy of a salmon from a new book available here, LIVES OF SALMON. Let's see if it works again.

2. The North Esk. Hamilton also left me his one day a week on this river. The fishing has not been too good, but there is a potential there for later in September and October. The river is famous and written about extensively in Grimble and Calderwood. In this connection I had an interview with a Julian MacLean of the Scottish Office, Agriculture, Environment and Fisheries Department. He heads up their Freshwater Fisheries Laboratory at the mouth of the N. Esk in Montrose. I got quite a few statistics from Julian on netting, farmed salmon (they have a habit of escaping from their pens in the sea after a storm or accident and become 'salmon escapees' or 'salmon on the lam' (mine),) Now, there are illustrations circulating which show the differences between the farmed and wild salmon, so that if an angler gets one, he will be able to identify it.. Salmon farming began in

Scotland and in Norway around 1980. Now, Norway, itself produces 20,000 tons of atlantic salmon, far more than ever came up all the salmon rivers in the world, and Scotland, too, is producing hundreds of tons of farmed salmon. Most of the salmon farming in Scotland is done on the western side of the country where there are far more bays and secluded, quiet water which is not as injurious to the sea/water/nets. The farmed salmon are still quite rare here on the west side of the country, (escapees in the rivers, not on the fish counters of the fishmongers) and the greatest fear for people like Julian and many anglers is that the salmon on the lam will breed with the wild one which could produce an inferior race of fish.

The mouth of the North Esk and much of the river upstream for some miles is owned by the Johnston family, (1826) as it was in Grimble and Calderwood's time and many years prior to that. They still net the mouth in the ancient method of 'net and cobble', net and row boat, and Julian arranged for Hazel and I to watch one of the nettings, which will be described in the chapter. The company sells their wild fish to the public, but they also sell farmed salmon at a little less per pound than the wild fish. The price of wild salmon has greatly decreased since the advent of farmed salmon and I have heard that some marginal netting operations for wild salmon have quit because it was no longer profitable for them to continue. I have prices of the fish and if you want to go wild you have to pay 50 p more per pound. I feel an interview with one of the Johnston's would be interesting reading trying to get the history of the family and their side of the business of being tacksmen, which is the ancient term for commercial fishermen here in Scotland. (This I have done since I started this writing and the result of the meeting will be in the final work.)

Continuing with the N. Esk. The Johnstons own a good bit of the rod fishing upstream, and on Friday, 13 of September, I rented the Canterland water. The following are some of the rules I had to observe.

Anglers are warned against killing Parr, Smolts, yellow lug or Kelts, as such is illegal. Small finnock (young sea trout) and small brown trout under eight inches should not be killed. Spinning is permitted until 30th April, thereafter fly only except under spate conditions, no worming, shrimp, or prawn fishing is permitted. The fishing for the one day cost £41.13, which at \$1.55 exchange rate was about \$65. When I had my meeting with Mr. Noel Smart of the Joseph

Johnston & Son, company, there were only 3 days fishing remaining for the rest of the season. The river is quite beautiful and with a varied character. There are shallow rapids and long, slow pools that are not very deep. Early in the day, many small fish, parr and trout were rising. Parr, the young salmon, are voracious feeders and will rise to almost anything that looks like a fly. The beat or fishing came with a hut, although I did not use it because I didn't have a key. You have to get the key from the company or factor's office. You pay two £ for the key and get one £ back when you return the key. Huts are important in all of this kind of fishing and on some rivers, the huts have become more famous than the fishing. (One famous one was called the Gin Palace, perhaps coming from the amount of alcohol consumed in it waiting for the salmon to arrive.) Also the more you pay for the water, the easier it is to get to it and the hut will also be more comfortable including on some occasions a little wood burning stove and some cushy chairs. On the Dee, the fishing huts usually face the water and have windows on the front (or water side) so that you can watch your friend fishing or watch for jumping salmon. Remote as some of the huts are, they could also be used for something else. But, it is nice to know that if a storm came, one could run to warm shelter and a friendly flask of one's favorite malt.

I did not hook a salmon during my day on the Johnston water of the N. Esk, and did not see the inside of the hut on the Canterland Beat, but I did see a couple of fish roll in one of the middle pools. It's quite easy to 'read' the pools and to imagine if there are any fish in them without actually seeing one jump. The riffle at the head or front should be shallow, but constricted and turbulent. White water it's called. It goes over the lip of the pool and widens going slower and slower and deeper and deeper into the actual pool below. For good fly movement, one wants a fairly even current from one side to the other. This permits the line, leader and fly to move in a fairly straight line, and saves mending. It seems the fish likes the same kind of pool the angler does, because in the pool I thought would be the best, I saw two fish roll, and I didn't see any in any of the other pools. You also want the pool to be long, so that you can make many casts in it, just moving down along the edge of it, step by step and casting after each step.

At first, the costs of renting salmon fishing here in Scotland seems a bit high, (\$1000 per week on some prime rivers at prime time.) (Also much water is rented on time shares for 25 or 30 years or in perpetuity so it's not available for

any cost. The estuarial beat on the N. Esk is said to have been bought for £90,000. I'm getting a beat on the Glen Tanar estate on September 30, the last day of season on the Dee for £35., with one in 100 chance of getting a fish. But when you measure the distance of the water you have to yourself, it doesn't seem that bad. Here in the UK, anglers expect to pay for their fishing because they've been doing it for so long. They also expect to have the defined water to themselves and can do with it whatever they want (still going by the rules of the proprietor, however.) This is probably the greatest difference between American angling and British or Scottish angling. I think the angler here is not so determined to make a killing on his day out, but looks forward instead to the quiet and solitude and the beauty of the river and the riverside, the birds and fauna, etc. The US angler loves going out on the Henry's Fork, say, squeezing himself between two or three other anglers in the middle of the river with just enough room to cast and knocking off three or four fish to the amazement of the first anglers who had not caught anything. Continuing with the Henry's Fork, soon after opening day, (June 15), the river thins out considerably and one might see very few anglers on two or three miles of the river, as if, hey, there's nobody out there so it must not be any good.

The paying for a piece of water here, might also be the reason why anglers kill their fish, while in Montana and Idaho, few people think of killing trout even when permitted by the laws of the particular state. I had about a mile and a quarter on the Canterland N. Esk. In my advancing age, I could only cover about half the distance, but I must say I didn't worry that any of it would already be occupied by some other angler, a stranger to whom I had not been properly introduced.

3. SILVER, GREEN AND GOLD

This will be an attempt to describe the colours (I'm even starting to spell English) of Scotland here in Aberdeenshire. The colors strike you when you first see them and they are different from anything I've seen in all my years. I think the silver in the sky is from the reflection of the sea against the sky. It's there on bright days and dark days and on clouds and no clouds. I think the Romantic painters (18-19 centuries) sought to reproduce the brilliance in their painting and I think I can research this and give actual names of the painters and their products. I saw the same light in Lisbon then years ago and there is some of it in Chicago

where we lived, because of Lake Michigan.

The green is in the farm fields and I think that comes from the extensive fertilizing using animal (Pig makes the best, but smells the worst) manure of which there is plenty around. The gold comes from the barley fields, which is the chief product used in the manufacture of Scotch whisky. I noticed some of these vivid colours from the jet when we landed at the airfield in Aberdeen.

4. Augustus Grimble and W. L. Calderwood. Grimble wrote *Salmon Rivers of Scotland*, 1899 and Calderwood wrote *Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*, 1909. Both writers were anglers and obviously enjoyed fly fishing for the king of fish. In Scotland, the word, 'fish' in angling jargon, means a salmon and cannot or should not be used for other game fish such as trout or sea trout. By the turn of the century, people like Grimble and Calderwood were worried over the plight of the salmon and gave whenever possible the net and rod catch records for the rivers covered. In each case the annual net catches were usually in the thousands and tens of thousands, while rod catches were only a fraction of the net caught. Both writers described the netting methods and tried as politely as it was possible in print to warn the owners that they were over netting and they could make much more money from rod caught fish than net caught ones. In the first edition of Grimble's book, he suggested to owners they install all of their nets three or four miles 'upriver' and sell the rod fishing in front of the nets to anglers. He maintained they would still get the same number of fish they got before, plus earn considerably more money from the rod fishing. No owner ever took him up on the proposal. I would like to include reviews of these two books in *SIX MONTHS* because they can be a standard against which the catches and fishing of today can be measured. There will be a few instances where I might quote the two writers or at least refer to them.

HOTELS. The title for this chapter might be "...There's a small hotel." Quite a few of these are mentioned in *G and C*, and many of them are still the main connection between the owner of the fishing, "the estate," and the anglers who get a few days or a week on the estate's water. Some of them could have been staying at the same hotel for many years. Most are a little shoddy, but are synonymous with the rivers on which they sit or they represent. It's easy to see the connection between the hotels and the anglers. First, they need places to stay

and eat and sleep in and the hotels are on the main streets of the villages nearest the fishings. The estate offices are not that easy to find, usually hidden off the main roads miles from the main roads. I also think the "laird" was not too keen to be interrupted every half hour by some stranger who had visions of salmon and who wanted to rent the laird's water in which to bring them to life. So let the hotel handle the booking for which they probably got a small commission.

I have now spent a few hours in The Grant Arms Hotel (the pub of) in Monymusk on the Don, and have met the proprietor, Colin Hart. Perhaps a chat with him might show how these things are handled. This is a proper old fishing hotel with a few old 20 foot salmon rods hanging on the walls and maps of the river and the fishing records book kept handy where anyone can see who caught what and on what. One evening there, a client showed off a 4 pound grilse he caught that very day on the river. Even the hotel names seem romantic; THE POTARCH. THE UDNY ARMS. TWEED VALLEY HOTEL. DINWOODIE HOUSE HOTEL. ANNANDALE ARMS HOTEL. BLACK ADDIE HOUSE HOTEL. GORDON HOTEL. BANCHORY LODGE HOTEL. THE CASTLE HOTEL. THE OLD MANSE OF MARNOCH, (AN 1805 GEORGIAN COUNTRY HOUSE ON 3 ACRES ON THE BANKS OF THE DEVERON RIVER. FORBES ARMS HOTEL. BRIDGE OF CALLY HOTEL. INCHNADAMPH HOTEL. CAPE WRATH HOTEL. LOCH INVER LODGE HOTEL. I intend to find the meaning of the word 'arms'.

THE DEE. There should be a chapter on this river because of the way the owners of the various fishings on it are trying to keep the quality up. In 1986 they bought off the netting rights at the mouth of the river in Aberdeen. They have instigated a catch and release policy which permits an angler to kill only one fish per week, and return all others unhurt to the river. They have installed wiers for the capture of parr and smolts and tagging, etc. And they have built hatcheries using the Dee fish genes to try to perpetuate the Dee fish character. The Dee, of course, is also the river of royalty and the Balmoral beat belongs to Queen Elizabeth and her mother, who at plus ninety is still supposed to go out after salmon. Another famous beat, the Cairnton, on the river belonged to AHE Wood, who was the model for the low water salmon fly style and the topic of the famous book, GREASED LINE FISHING, by Jock Scott. Recently I met the owner of Glen Tanar fishing on the river, Michael Bruce, and he gave me two days with a ghillie on two of the beats, (one including the "gin palace" fishing hut with windows and a beautiful view of the river. (From my meeting Jimmie Oswald, will also come the material for the chapter, GHILLIES AND GHUIDES, ps. we'll keep the Gaelic spelling.) I did not catch a fish during those two days, but I saw quite a few rolling around in the beautiful river. Then, I developed a new salmon fly and I thought I ought to give it a try on the Dee before the end of the season. The story of its evolution and invention will be included, perhaps in a separate chapter. The season closed on Sept 30 and I booked the last day with my own money, (or Stackpole's) a total of 70£ including Jimmie, and on middle Fontie, I hooked and landed a 14-15 pound hen on the fly, with Jimmie shooting pictures of me trying to land the fish. The fish had a green coloured wire in its dorsal fin, which means it was tagged by someone. I will have to try to find out whose tag it was. Now at October 6th, I'm contemplating renting a day on one of the lower beats, closer to Aberdeen, where the river is open until the 15th or the end of October.

..HOW YOU GONNA KEEP THEM DOWN ON THE FARM could be the name of the chapter on Atlantic salmon fish farming in Scotland. And I have already made reference to the fact that escapees from these farms are turning up in various rivers, although not as much in eastern rivers as western and northern ones. I think this chapter could be important because it's quite possible that in a short time, owners of salmon fishings may end up buying and planting these fish live on their beats for anglers to catch along with the fewer and fewer wild fish

that are still remaining. I mentioned that Johnston brothers in Montrose have a farming operation in North west Scotland (We have photos of the net pens in the protected ocean bays) and I did have an interview with Noel Smart, director of the company. Salmon farming, however, is intriguing, whether you're producing them for the table or, as I believe may come about, for rivers to be caught. The process sounds simple. You mix fresh salmon eggs with salmon sperm, and each egg becomes an alevin, or tiny fish which grows into a parr, then a smolt, then a salmon. At the smolt stage in fresh water, the fish turns silver and heads for saltwater where it can eat and grow into a salmon. There is the definite distinction between the grilse and the salmon. The grilse is a salmon who has lived only one year in the ocean, while the salmon is a fish with at least two winters spent in the ocean before it returns to spawn. So in nature, there are three lives of salmon; two years in fresh water, one, two or more years in salt water; and one or a part of one year back in fresh water, spawning. In farming, the fish is grown to smolts in fresh water, then transferred to salt water pens where they are fed a menu of about 25% industrial fish and killed for market when they reach from 6 to 10 pounds. (If owners of fishing rights buy salmon for sport purposes, as I think may happen in a short time, the salmon would be delivered live, and dumped into the river at the estuary or at least at the bottom of the particular fishing in question. I intend to talk to Julian McClain about this to see if there is any validity to the idea.

THE MAGAZINES. There are several fairly good fishing journals here and it might make a chapter discussing some of them as compared to FLY FISHERMAN, FLY ROD AND REEL, ETC. For example, none of our journals are on a monthly basis, while all of them here are. The best one here is TROUT AND SALMON, with some very good river reports on trout and salmon fishing in England and Scotland. I would like to investigate the editorial approaches of the magazines of both countries because I think they are different. The writers here, for example are far more idolized than in our country, and there is the constant appeal for releasing fish and donating money to trout and salmon saving causes.

PLACE NAMES. We could spend 300 pages talking about the names of places and things in Scotland. There is a definite pattern for their use. Inver for example as a prefix means, "on a river," in the same way as 'aber' does. (There are hundreds of

'invers' and 'abers' in Scotland.) Aberdeen, for example. 'Mains' as part of a phrase means 'farm.' Towns or cities can be named after the river they happen to be on. "Bridge of Don," for example is the name of a small city on the Don. "Bridge of Ythan," a name of a small city on the Ythan, and so on. Inverurie and Inverness, of course are towns on the Urie river and the Ness River. But then, a town at the mouth of the Lossie river, is called Lossiemouth, not Inverlossie. There is much effort to make Gaelic a second language in Scotland. Many place names in Scotland were written and said in Gaelic and then Englishized when the country went that way around 1400. There are programs on TV, spoken entirely in Gaelic, a hard sounding language which appears not to have many vowels in it. And there are weekly columns in the SCOTSMAN, a big daily newspaper written entirely in Gaelic, which looks like the following, "If I were to include some of it here it would look like this," except worse, far worse. I will include some actual printing in the chapter.

THE HIGH HIGHLANDS. Hazel and I spent several days in the northwest corner of Scotland, two days at Loch Inver Lodge hotel and two days at Cape Wrath Hotel and a few days at Ullapool. I fished for salmon in the Inver river and trout in some lochs. These are the most remote and perhaps most spectacular parts of Scotland, nearly all of which can be travelled only on one lane paved roads. They're a bit frightening at first, but there are 'passing places' and when two cars approach each other, the one on whose side is the passing place, pulls over into it, and lets the other car go by. The two drivers almost always gesture a 'thankyou' through the windshield. It's difficult to know from certain maps of the Scotland highlands which are one lane, but there must be hundreds of miles of them, because we even have them here in Aberdeenshire, just a few miles from Aberdeen. The two or three miles I travel to the Don river for salmon fishing is entirely one lane with "passing places". Even the double lane rural roads here are very narrow with practically no shoulders and I'm wondering if that's because the farmers did not want their land chewed up by roads which would only bring sightseers into their areas. I'm sure the Scottish tourist office would not like a writer to talk about one lane roads, but it's better to be prepared and besides they are picturesque.

There will be some fishing talk in this chapter on the Inver River and Kirkaig river (where a bench sits on one of the beats and bears a sign dedicated to a

certain salmon angler who lost his life in the water below .) The Kirkaig is a small river, but quite prolific and very difficult to get to on single track roads with passing places. The first and best beat is at the foot of an impassable falls and requires an arduous two mile walk to fish it. You can see at a glance however that the pool below should be filled with salmon who cant make it over the top. The Inver Lodge hotel is quite luxurious, which caters almost entirely to salmon anglers. Anglers cars are equipped with rod holders on the roof and bonnet of their vehicles which carry the long salmon rods in one piece safely. Besides the Kirkaig, they have the fishing on the Inver river and also the top two beats of the Oykel, which is probably in the top ten salmon rivers of Scotland. I found out on a later trip, lower beats of the Oykel have dissappeared entirely to rich Americans who have paid one million dollars and 900,000 dollars for two beats in perpetuity. If salmon dissappear from these rivers, the owners may have to give their beats to charity, or be happy to catch a few farmed salmon if that's the way the fishing is going to go.

SKIBO CASTLE is the name of another chapter in SIX MONTHS and we visited the place a short time ago. It is near Dornoch on the Dornoch forth and was the home of Andrew Carnegie from around 1890 until he died in 1904. He bought it together with many thousands of acres and the salmon fishing rights on the Shin. When the regular members of the fishing on the Shin heard about the purchase they thought they were going to lose their fishing. Andrew had his secretary write them an encouraging letter saying he knew what salmon fishing meant to the anglers and was not about to change their status on the river at all. The castle was greatly improved by Carnegie including a swimming pool with drawn-in North sea water, electricity generation from motors from his steel companies in Pittsburgh, and the use of steel in the construction of new wings and rooms, etc, made in his steel mills in Pittsburgh and elsewhere.

The castle was in the Carnegie family until only recently (81) when it was sold once and then again to the present owner, an entrepenuer named De Savaray. Now, it's called the Carnegie Club and has a golf club, trout lochs, salmon fishing on the Shin, and other enticements. Joining is limited to 400 or 500 members with a huge initiation fee, plus \$400 per day after that for the room and board.

We had a very nice reception there by the manager and he showed me

game and fish record books kept by Carnegie which he zeroxed and which could be included in the chapter, along with the description of the grounds and the inside of the castle. Andrew apparently loved organ music and had one installed in the great room which goes nearly to the ceiling 100 feet high. He also wrote that his wealth was payment for his goodness.

BEAULY RIVER chapter. The entire river was bought up by one company in England and is one of the few rivers in Scotland which has lost much of its water to a hydro electric scheme. I fished there the last two days of the season, October 14 and 15 and caught a rather large cock fish on a local fly and had another one on which I did not land, on my own salmon fly, SALAR'S NEMESIS. The company is anxious to get all the press they can and has supplied me with all kinds of information about the fishing and gave me one day free fishing, but I did have to spend £75 for the first day. It's interesting that a year or two ago, a party of 5 or 6 famous anglers from America, including John Gierach were flown here for a weeks fishing, during which time only one of them got a salmon. Gierach wrote a story about the trip and it was published in SALMON AND STEELHEAD, an oversize quarterly journal with unsure publication dates. The cover of the magazine had a colour photo of the angler holding the fish next to a fully clad Scottish piper. This is one of the few rivers in Scotland which provides ghillies and I talked to a couple of them at length for the chapter on Ghillies and Ghuides.

The river is beautiful with boats in which to cross the river and furnished with comfortable bothies (fishing huts) and offers damn good fishing compared to many of the rivers in the country. The river at one time belonged to Lord Lovat, whose castle sits on the river. Lovat owned thousands of acres in the area and lost them all and the castle and the fishings before he died a few years ago. About this time public bus travel was privatized in the area and a Mrs. Gloag set up the StageCoach company and made enough money in a relatively short time to buy the castle. Lovat's grandson, 18 or 19 years old, now holds the title, Lord Lovat, but, it's been said, little else.

ASSOCIATION WATER could be the title of another chapter in SIX MONTHS, and could start with THE BEAULY ANGLING CLUB. The history of association water is something like this. This is resident poor man's Atlantic salmon fishing usually situated at the lower ends and mouths of the rivers. One could see why it

would have been a good idea for the lords or owners of the river fishings to give away or donate the waters to local residents because it surely would help to prevent poaching on the river proper by the locals (Poaching I would surmise was always carried on by the locals who knew the water as well as the bailiffs.) At any rate, many of the finest salmon rivers in Scotland have ASSOCIATION waters. There is association water on the Don and on the Dee. The Thurso has a similar group and so does the River Aeron, River Conon, River Farrar, River Glass, River Nairn and River Ness. (I will have to find more specific rivers which are known to have these groups, which as I mentioned are officiated by locals.) The associations will have their own officers and rules for the fishing, and can sell fishing to non-members. This information might be interesting and useful to someone coming here with a family or family members during which time he might seek a day or so at little cost to try the salmon fishing.

SALAR'S NEMESIS. This should be a separate chapter on my 'new' salmon fly. As I said earlier, I purchased a new book here, THE LIVES OF SALMON, in which there was a colored photo of a crustaceon which came out of the tummy of a salmon. A friend of the two authors tied a new fly to imitate it, but the caption goes on to say that the pattern has never proved itself. My pattern is totally different from the one in the book and it has proved itself with the hen on the Dee; a fish on the Don which got off because some weeds floated down and helped free the fish; a cock fish on the North Esk, landed and released (I saw him charge the fly from a couple feet away from it and take it); and another fish hooked and lost quickly during my second day on the Beaulieu. On the first day, I caught and landed a 12-15 lb cock fish with a local Beaulieu fly called the Sheila. The chapter could describe the fly and give instructions on how to tie it.

GHILLIES AND GHUIDES. I have not talked to as many ghillies here yet as I would like to and I plan to chat with some after the fishing has stopped in a few days. From the few I have talked to I have learned the following:

1. Many of them are from a family of ghillies with fathers and and grandfathers in the same line of work.
2. This was a tradition started by the fishery owners whose present ghillie may have had a son or two and of which the laird did not want to lose control.
3. Ghillies can fish on many waters following their clients down behind them.
4. On large estates the ghillies are generally hired for the

whole year, so are paid during the off season for repairing fences, boats, bothies, and for checking spawning burns, or help with the deer, bird and rabbit stalking and shootings during the fall and winter. 5. There doesn't seem to be an association of ghillies, although there are perhaps more than a couple thousand working in Scotland. 6. When they are not employed full time by the owner, they are called whenever needed and paid by the day, which I would say might be from £20 to £30 per day. They are known to accept tips. There seems to be a dress code among them, tartaned or plaid jackets, shirt and tie, breeks or plus fours and heavy wool socks with winged tip brogues, and a tartan deer stalker cap. When they're close to the water or in it, they wear wellies, which means they are not going to do much deep wading. If they can make enough money to live on, I would imagine it's not really too bad a life, seeing and watching salmon and trying to make sure that none of their eager, white-faced, overweight clients steps in water too deep or over exerts himself should he be lucky enough to hook a salmon.

They are reveered perhaps because they are obviously not bothered by high finance, and most of them are called Jimmie, Billie, Johnnie, Frankie, Tommie, Nickie, etc, as if they were some down and out chorus girl.