

This is the first piece
of writing I ever got paid
for. It was written, I
believe, in 1924 and published
in the Fishing Gazette that
year or in 1925.

RHB. -

THE MORNING RISE ON THE RIVER F —

On the river F — in Dorset a pound trout is a good fish, & on most stretches of the water the best fish of the year does not touch two pounds.

On the day to be here described the weather is scarcely inspiring; there is but little sun & a nasty drowsy stream wind - A push-like rod to the "Half-way House", an old Toll gate, & the rod is justly set up a small floating blue upright is tied to the 4x gut & all is ready.

A rise is soon spotted, but it is only a small fish - not to the eleven-inch limit anyhow - Ah! - there is another, something like the fly cock's beautifully, he's taken it; and oh! missed him. Try him and get him this time. An exciting fight, & it comes a fish of one pound two

Now walk upstream a bit. Two more fish, both under the limit - Then a $\frac{3}{4}$ -pounder. A bit farther up a wary fish: 15-oz. joins the other two. Two more fish are missed, & one lost in the weeds - Heavens, that's a good one, but rising in an awful place; just where a wide ditch joins the main stream, across the mouth of which a strand of barbed wire is stretched. On the other side of this wire the monster is rising, two pounds at least. The first cast is shortly catches in the wire, & but luckily comes free. A wait, then another cast, right over him this time, but no result except a contemptuous glance - Another wait, now cast again. Ah! got him this time. Gods! He's coming up the ditch. Only one course of action, jump in; it's about four feet deep, but it has headed him off. Will the cast hold? Carefully; he's tiring. Now he's almost done; But no! off he goes again. A great golden side appears, four pounds surely. Put it's net under him. Dash! he's gone again. That's right, now he's in the net. Got him well away from the water $\frac{13}{4}$ lbs, not so big as he seemed, still in the net. He was the best of the season. Now home for lunch with four beauties. Not much for the Test, but good enough down here; truly a wonderful morning

R. L. Haig Brown.