

IS FISHING GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE?

*It needn't be if a husband
uses as much intelligence
in coping with a wife
as he does with a trout*

By **BOB FOREMAN**

ANY ANTHROPOLOGIST will tell you that, while Nature intended man to help perpetuate the race, this endeavor was not to divert him from his basic function of fishing, hunting, and painting on the walls of caves.

Today, women either prohibit men from doing all the fishing expected of them—or they join them on the water, which is even worse.

This last condition usually occurs early in a marriage. The new bride, feigning interest in Hubby's hobby, says, "I'd simply love to go along with you on your next trip, Honey." Then she cuddles up or does something equally insidious.

This happened to me just after I got married, so I took her along with me. It was the Restigouche, that famous Canadian salmon river.

The first day I skillfully cast to and hooked a fine 28-pound fish. Jubilantly that evening over a glass of sassafras tea, I made plans to have the fish sent to a taxidermist.

Next day we went out on the river again. My wife was fishing in her own peculiar way—rod resting in the prow, fly dangling limply in the water a foot from the boat. Along came a monster salmon which proceeded to swallow the fly. A yell from the guide awoke her in time to seize the rod which was already half out of the

boat. Alternately by horsing the fish and letting the line go completely slack (a technique unknown to and, therefore, confusing to the fish), my wife brought it to the guide's net in 15 minutes flat. This salmon, I regret to say, weighed 35 pounds.

"We'll have mine mounted, too," my wife said that night as she consumed some of my sassafras tea.

"Shaking hands with mine," I said glumly.

"You're a poor sport," she replied.

"The whole idea of mounting fish is silly," I said. "What with food prices so high, we'll eat them both."

Then my bride began to cry, which only goes to prove women are emotionally unbalanced.

MY ADVICE, despite this disastrous trip, is to agree to let the little woman join you. Do this graciously. Don't snarl and say, "In a pig's eye!" Then here's what to do. Get yourself a large gob of night crawlers (even if you're a dry-fly purist). Next select the gooiest worm and instruct the little woman on threading a hook. This should solve your problem.

If it doesn't, here's another suggestion. Let her join you on the stream. Do this without a trace of rancor. Then take the first fish you get and slit its belly. Examine the alimentary tract very closely with her "to see what the fish has

been feeding on." Chances are you can now count on being a solitary fisherman for the rest of your married life.

Okay—now let us assume you are allowed to go fishing alone. Don't expect enthusiastic approval from your spouse. When you return home from a long day of casting, flushed with victory, and you plunk two eight-inch, silver-colored, liver-fed, yesterday-stocked brook trout into the kitchen sink, you'll be lucky if you get *silent* approval. If she says anything, it'll be: "Take those filthy things out of my kitchen sink and clean them in the back yard. And don't dirty up any of my good knives." While this is most discouraging, don't break down and cry. Do what you are told, or those will be the last fish you'll ever net.

I hope the foregoing tips will serve to alert you to the nationwide plot by which women hope to prevent fishermen from living out full and worthwhile lives.

I must apologize for the loud scream you hear in the distance. It's my wife. She must have discovered my waders in the living room. I was merely trying to locate a leak, so I filled them with water and a couple of quarts leaked out onto the sofa. Is that so terrible? Now if I expect to be allowed to go on the trout trip I've scheduled next Friday, I guess I had better buy her a new sofa. Maybe perfume, too.



My wife's line was dangling casually, when our guide yelled. A big salmon was nibbling at her bait!

COVER:

Photographer Frank Klune, Jr., caught this angler about to net a trout under the majestic shadow of the Rockies. For an offbeat angle on angling, read the story above, "Is Fishing Grounds for Divorce?"

Family Weekly

July 28, 1963

LEONARD S. DAVIDOW President and Publisher
WALTER C. DREYFUS Vice President
PATRICK E. O'ROURKE Advertising Director
MORTON FRANK Director of Publisher Relations

Send all advertising communications to Family Weekly,
153 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

Address all communications about editorial features to
Family Weekly, 60 E. 56th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Board of Editors

ERNEST V. HEYN Editor-in-Chief
BEN KARTMAN Executive Editor
ROBERT FITZGIBBON Managing Editor
PHILLIP DYKSTRA Art Director
MELANIE DE PROFF Food Editor

Rosalyn Abrevaya, Arden Eldell, Hal London,
Jack Ryan, Feer J. Oppenheimer, Hollywood.