FISHER'S PARADISE

It was the twenty-first day of May, 1936. Gray blue clouds were moving slowly across the sky in very small groups. The sun was just beginning to show its bright red face over the eastern snow-capped mountain top. The rocky mountains were all covered with beautiful green trees. Spruce and balsam were shining green from the refreshing rain the night before and here and there the aspen stood quivering its leaves. Birds were all singing their early morning mating songs. Here and there rabbits scurried about, while the graceful deer came down to the sparkling river for a refreshing morning drink. The river moved very rapidly down its course from the hillside to the valley. It was where the river entered the valley and made a natural hole for trout to hide that I stood with my ten foot bamboo fly rod casting red and green flies to catch a few of those beautiful speckled trout.

- Melvin Rominsky - '37