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Guiding for Salmon on the Margaree PhilTip a day's Johnny (Steven) White: There's no salmon in this world equal to the Atlantic Sal? mon, as far as flavour is concerned. And I have fished with people that fished all over the world, and I guess they've eaten and tasted every salmon that was on the face of the earth--this is number one: And this is. number one for them to catch. An? other thing, this Margaree River was num? ber one to fish regardless if there was salmon or not, the pleasure of being on it. Because it'was clear of flies, clear of mosquitoes with the exception of maybe a muggy day there may be a few • but that only lasts for a very short time--and the short walk you have from where you leave your car to every pool. And even one poor fellow from New Jersey made three trips here one summer. And his third trip--I knew him well for years here--he had a heart condition and I don't see yet how his doctor allowed him to make those trips and fish--and he hooked a sal? mon down here at the Forks Pool and he died in the water with the fish on. (I guess there are salmon fishermen who'd want to die that way.) Well, that's it. That's it. And he once told some of his own countr5nien--and I was right alongside of him' • it was a beautiful glorious day and the sun shining and everything, and they were talking about the fishing wasn't any too good right at the time, but he said, "Look, my dear friend, fish or not, this is the place for me. Just look around and see those mountains. Fish or no fish, this is it for me." Left, Johnny (Steven) White, Above, Hannigan and his son, Jimmy, after~ guiding, with the Buck familyT The day he died, there just happened to be two fellows on the opposite side of the river, when they saw this happen. And I think they had chest waders on. And they went right through the river, went right over--and he was only up to his knees in the water. But that didn't make any dif? ference, see, it was the heart. These two fellows went right over and one fellow took the rod and the other fellow got a- hold of him and pulled him ashore, laid him down and took off on the run for the doctor. Doctor came down; the man was dead. But the other fellow s.aved the fish. Now'' that's how much that that man loved the Margaree River.... And there was an old Dr. Park, from Balti? more , the John Hopkins'. He'd be coming here for years and years and years--and I got to know him. He was 91 and he wanted to die and be buried here. And he's buried over the river at the Wilson United Church. Now that's how much he thought of the Mar? garee River. And his wife buried in Balti? more --can you imagine. (When fishermen came down, how long would you be with someone, as a guide.) Well, they'd generally stay for the full week, you know, six days. Some of them might be more. And some might be as low as one day. Some would make reservations ahead and have a guide for them, through the hotels. (And what would be your responsibility, what would you do?) Well, of course, some of them come and they've never fished be? fore. You've got to give them casting les? sons. And then there's another thing you can't do--you can do it but it's certainly not right--to take a man or woman that never cast into a pool where there's a few salmon and some expert fishermen--you're going to jumble up everything. Because if CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE, NUMBER TWENTY-SIX WRECK



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