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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1983/8/1

fishing--he was reeling up to go home. "Oh," he said, "it's no use to fish. There's been a dozen guides, Americans and others, gone over the pool this morning. And they didn't see a sign of a fish. We haven't had rain for a month, and the river's low and warm." This was a hot, sunny day. "Well," I said, "I have a new pole here. I'd like to try it out." "Oh well, go ahead. There's enough water for that." And he left for home. He had to walk across the field. It wasn't much over a quarter of a mile he had to walk. Well, before he got to his bam, I'd hooked a fish. When I landed it, it weighed 25 pounds. And then I got another one--18 pounds. And I got another one, 7 pounds. Inside of 3 hours, I had 50 pounds of salmon! (Is that the reel, the rod, or the fisherman?) He just left as a school of salmon struck the pool. That's what happened. When my friend came for me, he had to cross Doyle's Bridge to get to this place, and the same way going back. And as he went back, as we were on the bridge--the water was very shallow, the river low--you could count every stone--here was an awful school of salmon coming up slowly, upwards towards the bridge. There were probably 60, 70, 80--you couldn't count them. A whole big school of salmon. A sight that few people have ever seen, I guess. That is the story: the fish were just coming into the pool as he left. I spoke to this MacDonald after that about it, and he said he'd seen that same thing happen twice before in his lifetime. He was an elderly man. He said, two days before that, there was a heavy breeze, a wind from the northwest. And the salmon just came drifting along with that northwest wind to the mouth of the river and came in, although the water was low and warm. He'd seen it happen twice before. Another time, five of us went to Margaree in a car together, and we fished what was the Garden Pool. It was a good pool at that time. We stayed all night, and then started in the morning. The pool was long. And one fellow would start, and get down so far. And another fellow, once the first had got far enough ahead, he'd start. And so on, the 3rd, 4th, and 5th. And the one that started first, when he got to the bottom, would go back behind the others and start again. Fished down the pool gradually. And that's the way we fished it. I hooked five salmon, and landed four of them there. And not one of the others raised a fish. (And I'll ask you again: was it the rod, the reel, or the fisherman?) I think it was the rod, and the way I played it. I couldn't work my line because I had to hold the rod with two hands. It was too heavy for me to hold with one hand. And I had as much line out as I could handle. I cast it fair across the stream, and the current in the centre of the stream would catch the centre of the line and swing the fly around--that was when the fish would grab it. My rod is in the fishermen's museum in Margaree, now. Dining in the 18th Century! Dining at Fortress Louisbourg offers a unique experience to turn the clock back several hundred years. Food is prepared from authentic 18th Century recipes and served in the atmosphere of that era. L'Epee Royale (Inn) full course meals Hotel de la Marine (Cabaret) light nourishing fare Destouches House (Cafe) pastries and beverages King's Bakery freshly baked soldiers bread The Fortress of Louisbourg is a National Historic Park, open June 1st to September 30th, in Cape • Breton,



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