

Coming up from the river, through the mists  
swooned from the rich earth <sup>smells</sup>, compounded of the brush  
perfume of death and life ...

"See - I tella you I fin' shn'cut!" Louie said.

Up near ab<sup>ove</sup> island the river widened and grew  
shrubby.

Old deer trails had been worn down the  
steep banks, from what must have been  
centuries of river crossings. Above that falls a  
log jam.

June 15, 1944.  
1st. draft

## In Growing Griefs.

~~deserted by them that~~  
Fishing is one of Foreward  
<sup>the supporters from</sup>

Among the milder though no less definite forms of insanity must be listed fishing. Men who fish for pleasure and not for profit. A <sup>I speak of</sup> gentle madness is always in them, and at times the <sup>but</sup> <sup>to mother-in-laws</sup> <sup>tattered</sup> <sup>continual</sup> <sup>cooperative</sup> <sup>wives flee in</sup> <sup>last year's clothing,</sup> <sup>the growing</sup> <sup>folk.</sup> During these periods children wear last year's clothing, and work becomes a forgotten legend remembered only ~~the I have fished Except for the time wasted at college, I have fished with increasing intensity for thirty-four years. In the event one pictures me as a tottering graybeard, I hasten to add that I began fishing at the age of six, sitting astride my father's shoulders as he waded down the mighty Escanaba River.~~ On those pages I propose to recount some of the small adventures and pleasures I have had in fishing during those years. In a world that seems determined to go to hell in a bucket, fishing may appear to be a small thing indeed. However, I solemnly believe that fishing, going fishing, returning from fishing, getting ready for fishing, <sup>and all the rest,</sup> constitutes one of the most solid satisfactions that can be gotten from life <sup>on this strong planet.</sup> One never heard of a dictator or power-drunk militarist that loved fishing. Everybody has a plank for <sup>world</sup> reconstruction and <sup>lasting</sup> peace. I went with a book <sup>to explain</sup> ~~about~~ mine. It's simple: just go fishing.

F- Lot  
7-3-44

I have <sup>never heard</sup> this bird sing except as darkness settled.  
In some <sup>portion of the earth</sup> ~~parts~~ this bird seems to be as

well known and as common as the sparrow, celebrated as he is in  
song and verse.

Coming up from the mists of the river, in the  
falling darkness, I heard <sup>the</sup> ~~the rich throat only~~ a whip-poor-will commence  
its shrill lament. <sup>I have</sup> ~~I~~ heard this <sup>frightful</sup> ~~toogster~~ bird  
since I was a boy but <sup>young</sup> ~~had~~, never seen one. At least not  
to recognize it as a whip-poor-will. <sup>for some</sup> ~~claimed to have seen~~ I  
have never known anyone that <sup>saw</sup> one. Somehow I  
kind of like <sup>this circumstance</sup> ~~it~~ and am quite certain I should be  
rather disillusioned if I met a whip-poor-will. To  
me the whip-poor-will has become a mysterious and  
beautiful bird. <sup>of the night.</sup> Nothing I could ever learn about him  
would add to the beauty with which I have clothed him...

Louie had separated from me to search for one of  
his endless short-cuts. I walked along in my hip boots, trudging up  
the old cow lane of the abandoned farm. The whip-poor-will's  
call faded in the <sup>mist,</sup> darkness. ~~I~~ About me the  
~~dark~~ loamy earth seemed to whisper, and I stumbled,  
nearly overcome by the rich, damp earth smells;  
smells compounded of a rotten stench and opiate-like  
perfume of death and life.

The Louie was standing in the shadows of the cow  
Model A, yawning laborately. It was boring to have to wait for  
one's partner. "See - I tella you I fin' shor'cut!"  
Louie said.