

B: 1 mi draft, please
1 = Page to each J. Jno.

The longer I fish the stronger I
feel that when trout aren't in the
mood to be wooed all hell and Gosh
Walton can't make them take our lures
-- a droll quirk they seem to share
with certain reluctant ladies, I've
heard it rumored, when they're not in
the mood.

2

come sailing through the air and

~~The full force of this bleak piscatorial truth swept over me up in Ontario some years ago when for the third straight day or two of my cagey fishing fails and I failed even to ^{raise} much less catch a ^{single} decent trout. Standing virtually abreast, ^{three} ^{shore} ^{broad} ^{stretch} of dreamy trout water where, only the summer before we had to turn our backs to ^{dash} change a fly. ^{lest} a ravaging beauty snatched it away from us.~~

In fact I learned ~~two~~ an additional lesson on that trip: when trout weren't in the mood not only didn't fishing fail to help; travel didn't either.

ce

~~whether home or abroad,~~

This melancholy state of affairs
can make for a long day for any
fisherman, especially if he is ^{one} unlucky enough
to live, as I do, almost within casting range
of a Lake Superior steel head by some of the
most varied and intriguing trout waters ~~left~~

around.

~~in the land.~~ And again especially if he is
further unlucky enough to ^{possess both} have the leisure and

compulsion

to go fishing virtually every day all summer
long, ~~come~~ despite rain or shine, storm or
flood, hail or hangover -- and ^{or} whatever

~~other sports~~
~~must~~

~~else it is~~ ^{else it is} ~~our own~~ brave, manly careers, ^{bravely} ~~must~~
face to deliver ~~the~~ ~~imperfect~~ ~~duplicate~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~
~~same old catalogues~~



all those duplicate copies of the
same old catalogs.

sitting there paring one's nails and
disloyal traitor ⁴
some even take up golf.

dreamed up by

Many are the strategems fishermen
~~employ~~ employ to while away the time between
moods. ~~Others~~ ^{Another} by pretending to ignore the truth
and simply rigging up and flailing away,
~~much~~ presumably on the theory that it's still
more fun fishing and catching nothing than

~~standing there~~ ~~waiting~~ waiting for the mood to change. ~~See~~
even ~~one~~ ^{tried} at myself and occasionally caught a

^{few} dissident ^{rebellious} trout. Other take along portable ^{fly}
tying kits ^{to} ^{and} pass the time ^{right} fashioning still more flies
to cram into the overcrowded boxes. ~~This strategy~~ - a
strategem I forsook when I first discovered ~~that~~ ^{as I've remarked elsewhere} I was
so manually inept that, far from being able to tie a
decent fly I was barely able to unrip one.

(like the line)

fishermen,
 Others, especially the ^{proprietors} owners of fishing
 cabins (^{blatant} owners of lodges can probably solve their
~~stupid~~ problems by planting ever-ravenous
 hatchery-raised trout) ^{often} spend their ^{days} ^{horns}
^{fussing} ^{around} ^{the} ^{joint}: ^{replenishing} ^{and} ^{woodpile} ^{setting} ^{up}
~~cleaning~~ out the joint: ^{Augmenting} ^{more}
 more mouse traps, sweeping unempt floors -- maybe even
 taking a nap. I have a small fishing shack at
 one of my favorite fishing spots but I also ^{own} ^{some}
 have a genetic aversion to domestic toil; so...

(it's part of the fascination ^{going} of fishing)

there
Actually on these pass-the-time
sashays I'm really exploring for
everything, including new trout waters,
and I could probably write ^{still} another
"fishing" book (though three days to be
enough for ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~the~~ ^{the} fascination) on some of
the strange sights I've run into while out
out-waiting moody trout. Instead I'll just
tell about two that I bumped into on
successive days only last May. So strange,
in fact that I later took two ^{old} fishing
pals along as ^{shareholders} witnesses, John Davis and
Hugo Wetmore. The latter even taking these
lovely ^{accompanying} pictures.

X 7 ~~ready~~

Actually ^{on} these frequent mood-
waiting sashays I'm exploring for
everything -- including new trout waters --
and I could probably write a book
still another "fishing" book (though I
suspect the three I've written ^{ought to} be enough
for one incarnation) on some of the strange
sights I've encountered while waiting for a
trout's mood to change. Instead I'll just
tell about two I ran across ^{on successive days} just last May.
~~while I can't prove~~ ^

You'll have to take my word that I did
so on successive days, but that I ~~can~~
actually see these strange sights I can
prove by the pictures Hugo Melvoin ~~later~~
took the day I took him and John Davis
along as witnesses.

X

2

Standing virtually
about the
familiar way

This bleak piscatorial ^{trout} swept over
 with compelling force some
 one year ago on a dreamy stretch of trout water
 up in Ontario when for the third straight day my
 two cagey fishing pals and I failed even to raise
 much, less catch a decent trout, while fishing the
 unwieldy ^{unwieldy} stretch of dreamy trout water where the year
 very same ^{very} summer before had to turn our backs to change a fly
 lest it be snatched away by a ravenous ^{sketchy} beauty.
 This not only confirmed ^{my} growing suspicion that
 when trout weren't in the mood fishermen were
 helpless to change it but ~~soon~~ added a phrase:
 travel wouldn't ^{help} either, so I quit going for
 places to fish! if they were in the mood I could
 catch them ^{close to home}; if not, ~~negotiating wouldn't~~
~~help~~ to solve the riddle only made one
 feel sillier.

Dinner
having

rolling up
putting on
muleage

over unclear waters

Some fishermen solve the problem of poor fishing, by taking along portable fly-tying kits to whittle away ^{rigging up and stovically}

by ^{flack} flacking away, anyway, rather on the theory that it's more fun fishing ^{when} and catching nothing than to be out there where they live merely brooding over their ^{quarrelsome} fretful moods.

Others take along portable fly-tying kits and whittle away ^{empty} the hours tying still more flies to cram into their already overcrowded boxes. (This I've never tried, having ^{very early} early decided that I am so manually inept that, far from being able to tie a fly, I'm barely able to unrip one.)

we heard

sometimes

The longer I fish the
stronger I feel that when wild
trout aren't in the mood to be
wooded all hell and Izack Walton
can't make them take our lures...
a droll quirk they ~~often~~
incline to ~~often~~ share, ~~we heard~~, ~~in~~
summed, with certain untamed
ladies' when they're not in the mood.

for any fishermen,

melancholy state of affairs

but please (don't tell anyone).

for a fisherman

They can make for a long day, especially if one is unlucky enough to live, as I do,

almost within casting range of a Lake Superior still fed by some of the most ^{vagary} intriguing trout waters left in the land. And further especially if one is ^{unlucky} enough to have the leisure to "go" fishing virtually every day all summer long, whether which I ^{regularly} do, come rain or shine ^{even} hail or hangover

-- and whatever ^{other things} it was our ^{postmen} ~~to~~ ^{as they} ~~bring~~ ^{bring} our latest ^{copy} ~~copy~~ ^{copy} notices.

please remit notices, bills and ^{latest} ~~copy~~ ^{copy} notices and duplicate ^{copy} ~~copy~~ ^{copy} catalogues.

cannot ^{profound} ^{peculiar} ^{they're}
This ~~black~~ truth -- that
trout can't be wooed when not in
mood -- ^{first} swept over me one ~~of~~
lovely day up in Ontario when,
for the third straight day, my
two pals and I vainly flailed
away over a certain stretch of
dreamy trout water where ^{only} the summer
before, we had to turn our backs
to ^{successfully} change a fly lest a ^{ragging} trout hungry
for ^{any} match it away before the hook
came ^{to} was ~~not~~ tied. I've never been
back, not because I demand a
limit every time out -- I ^{late} rarely
keep the little darlings -- but
because I'd finally learned the
hard way that ^{my} travel ^{and} had no effect on
moody trout.

(I tried "good" but the rhyme ~~was good~~ (both elude))

bleak

Fisherman who have finally learned this lesson -- no wood, no food -- either incline to give up fishing as a chance bore or develop ruses to pass the time of day until the mood changes.

Fishermen with ^{neighboring} cottages tend to become "camp slaves" in the idiom of the northern Michigan idiom, forever sawing or sweeping or splitting or scouring ^{either} or emptying or setting mouse traps -- anything "to lose the tedious" until the trout relent and again start noticing chasing our lures.

wild flowers

or new varieties of wild flowers or grasses,
all forms of

flowers

Since I suddenly possess an
genetic aversion toward domestic toil I try to
amuse myself in other ways: picking wild
berries and cherries, hunting and gathering wild
mushrooms (up here there's scarcely a period from
the early spring more that one can't find some
form of edible wild mushroom), exploring new
places for these to gather these or try for trout,
or sometimes a combination of all three.

the
On really hellish days (one
usually knows this before ^{breaking out of} leaving the family
garage) though one faces of combined heat and
and glare sun and resolutely cloudless
skies, though I am presumably "going fishing"
I simply head for the back roads -- any
back roads -- and prowl and loiter and explore
for hours and hours, some days not even
bothering to rig up.

rumor has it,
who frequently

The longer I fish the stronger I feel that when wild trout aren't in the mood to be wooed all hell and Izaak Walton ^{cannot} change their minds. ^{They spare} This ~~is~~ a droll quirk, I've heard, they ^{sometimes} share with those conspicuous mermaids who've undergone ^{corrective} surgery and flee us some fishermen when they're not in the mood to be overtaken.

Ladies
-- a droll quirk they spare their quips with certain ladies, I've heard ^{sometimes} ~~it~~ ^{rumored} ~~who~~ ^{liberally} spurn us fishermen, and some who don't, when they're not in the mood

1st
1/31/79

droll
seems to be one of the

The longer I fish the stronger
I feel that when trout aren't in
the mood to be wooed all hell and
Old Isaac Walton himself can't change
their minds. This ^{is} ^{quartz} they ^{seem} to
I've heard ^{of} ^{rumors} with ^{some}
concomitant mermaids whose ^{heads} had ^{corrective}
surgery and ^{now} flee ^{from} ^{squabbling} ^{fishermen}
fishermen clad in pantyhose. wooded,
water-blast

Since I happen to live in trout
country, virtually within casting range of
Lake Superior, this is one of the chief big
reasons I no longer go on distant
trips looking for acquiescent trout.
When they're in the mood I can
usually overtake them here; when they're not,
hurricane trout bargains won't help one
single bit. This ^{particular} ^{trout} ^{burst} ^{upon} ^{me}
up in Canada. The year before summer before
that one had to turn ^{back} ^{to} ^{change}
curly fly to avoid their snatching ^{it} ^{from} ^{them}.
Then the next summer, at precisely the
same fantastical spot, three of us failed to
catch a legal-sized decent trout in as many
days. The trout, you see, weren't in the mood.

delicious
sugar plums and

Maybe I'll take a heavy pail along when the blueberries are in season or, more usually, my trusty ^{wicker} basket for to gather some wild edible mushrooms, one or more edible varieties usually being around somewhere -- that's where the hunting comes in -- virtually from the early May early morels, ^{through} the June poplars "oysters" ^{"undulating"} on into the late summer chanterelles and rogitas and the various Boletes...

^{diverting} Sometimes in the midst of these sashays the weather might change and the clouds gather and if I'm not too far from camp I'll high tail back: either that or head for the nearest trout water and dig out & rig up a spare rod.

on the average I long ~~ago~~ ago.

Inasmuch as I go "out" fishing virtually every day all summer long ~~long~~ I've learned how to spell ~~humility~~ ^{humility} with a capital H. I've also ~~learned~~ learned that a trout fisherman is lucky if ~~he~~ he ~~finds~~ stumbles into one "good" fishing day a week or for one hour during the day. There are exceptions, of course -- part of the unpredictable fascination of the pursuit -- when ^{in a sudden shift in mood} they seem to ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~as~~ old shad horns dipped in feathers.

Then what do I do out there all day? I try to play it cool and pretend I don't give a damn. Sometimes I'll do ^{a few} chores around my tiny fishing camp; especially if I see a bank of clouds building up; filling the ^{camp} woodbox for the ^{old} Franklin, sweeping out the joint; ^{maybe} hauling garbage out to the township dump; ^{maybe} even taking feeding the birds and chipmunks; sometimes even snatching a nap.

reloading the charcoal ^{bin} for the outdoor grill;

But on those resolutely cloudless days when the only "rise" ^{that} ~~can~~ ^{ever} ~~see~~ ^{be} ~~are~~ ^{the} languid calls passing ^{gulls} dropping their calling cards, sometimes I ^{sup} reach my rod and climb into the ^{old} bush car and simply take off. No, not to go home; I've been huddled ^{and} ~~there~~ ^{there} all the previous long winter. I simply take off to see what I can see.

somehow getting a few impulses to
add to the beery shrine left behind
by previous hands of heedless
"ill-litterates."

*

Upper Peninsula of Michigan

choicer

About mid-May my old friend Mike De Fant and I went hunting for black morels mushrooms in ~~the~~ a neighboring county.

Since these first ^{among} the edible ^{wild} mushrooms ^{found} to grow best ^{but of} on the dampish leaf mulch ^{under} aspen trees (called "popes" in the U.P.), Mike and I spent most of our time ~~spent most of our~~ prowling miles of back roads ^{in my best car} looking for mulchy stands of poples.

Finally we found ^{a dandy} ~~one~~ ^{one} running along a steep wooded ridge below which ran a dancing trout stream I'll call ^{properly} Dancing Brook, for that is not its name.

So we parked ^{my} fish car among the ^{beers} beer cans ^{and} grabbed our baskets and ^{we also} puffed our way ^{and raised} up the ridge.

After an hour's puffing ~~we~~

Net result, after an hour's puffing:

One dried morel, ^{fresh} ~~one~~ ^{presently} ~~one~~ ^{part of} ~~one~~ ^{trusty} magnificent trout, ^{quarantined} ~~quarantined~~ ^{by} Mike's ^{sep-} sep-pack, -- cans not added to the parking-hot shrine. So I

started up the bush car and we continued on our way, bouncing through mud holes, rumbling across the rickety wooden bridge over the creek -- evidently built by a fatted logger -- and rounding a heavily-wooded bend.

"Look!" Mike said, pointing.

Ever since I deserted or was deserted by
Strange Sights free enterprise

mostly

x I "go" fishing virtually every day
all summer long. But since I long ago
learned that a ^{trout} fisherman is ^{most} lucky if he
gets one good fishing day a week, what do I
do the rest of the time? I explore back roads
-- and by back roads I do not mean those
dusty, flume-girted, arrow-straight,
square-turned public ^{country} roads. Instead I mean
those winding, two-rutted, ^{little-used} obscure back
country roads that rarely appear on any
maps and ~~are~~ are equally rarely driven by
~~sensible~~ ^{any} car drivers in their right mind.
Yet our nation is criss-crossed by these
~~obscure~~ and all-but-forgotten back roads,
^{many of them centuries old,}
the margins of which often harbor some
of the strangest sights I ^{have} seen. Let me
unveil ^{just} a few I've already run across this
spring season.