

After ^{slowly working} following the ^{along} snaky course of
the river ^{upstream} for several ^{miles} upstream, we
suddenly spotted the lost fisherman sitting on
the ^{very} ^{rocky} edge of the ~~wide~~ broad pool that
lay below what we ~~named~~ local
fishermen called the Fourth Falls.

I suddenly touched my arm

After ^{slowly working} along the ^{winding} snaky course of the river for
several miles, I suddenly paused and
touched my arm and pointed and, sure
enough, there sat the missing fisherman on the
very rocky edge of the broad ^{swirling}
pool ^{of water} that lay just below what we local
fishermen called the Fourth Falls.

"Any sign of life?" I whispered as
I adjusted the ~~scope~~ ^{scope} produced his trusty
binoculars and sighted in on our quarry

"Seems to be changing flies," he
commented ^{lowering the glasses and} ^{giving me a wink,} though from
this distance I can't quite make out the pattern.

1

Walking ^{upstream} along
the shorelines of some
of the more heavily glaciated stretches
of our Upper Peninsula, ^{of most} trout streams
and rivers can ^{sometimes} be almost as tough
as wading the ^{damn} things upstream.
Even ^{some} ^{times} show ^{traces} of ^{ancient} ^{glacial} ^{erosion}.
Sometimes ^{even} tougher for time and
water erosion eventually wears
down even the ^{worst} ^{of} ^{the} ^{ancient}
granite outcrops but when ^{tracing} ^{back} ^{to}
the shoreline during ^{one} stretch ^{one}
^{might} ^{not} ^{be} ^{able} ^{to} find oneself having ^{to} ^{climb}
over ^{one} way around a pot-holed cedar swamp
and then ^{meet} suddenly encounter ^{one}
granite ⁱⁿ a monolithic ^{mass} ^{of}
ancient granite one either has ^{to} ^{climb} ^{around}
or else ^{climb} ^{up} ^{and} ^{down} ^{using} ^{one}
ancestral ^{had} ^{been} ^{at} ^{least} ^{mountain} ^{gen}.

Today, in our ^{dogged} search for the
old missing ^{beaver}, Ed and I were

Trying to hike ^{up} densely-wooded
Hiking along the shorelines of
some of the more heavily-glaciated
stretches of our Upper Peninsula rivers
and streams can be an adventure in
survival almost as tough as wading
such a river itself. In fact sometimes
hiking ^{is} ^{even} ^{more} ^{than} ^{wading} ^{is} ^{itself} as the erosion of time
and running water eventually reveals
even the most biggest granite outcrops in
the river while the poor fisher ^{usually} finds
himself ^{quickly} ^{pushing} ^{his} ^{way} ^{along} ^{tree} ^{and}
and ferns; either that or teetering across
or around still another tangled ^{or} ^{swampy} ^{or} ^{climbing} ^{or}
detouring around still another massive granite
outcrop.

3

Hiking ^{sometimes (quite}
Walking along the shoreline of some
of the more heavily glaciated stretches
of our Upper Peninsula of Michigan rivers
and brooks & streams can be ^{often} a ^{sometimes} ~~trying~~ test
of a fisherman's endurance almost as tough
trying as wading ^{the} river itself. In fact
sometimes it's ^{the going is} even tougher as the
waterways lack the ^{network of} frequent cedar
swamps a shore hiker has to teeter
around as well.

Even our toughest rivers lack the
frequent ^{tangle of post-holed} cedar swamps that the hiker
so often has to ^{climb} teeter across or
detour around; that

Walking ^{along} the shorelines of
 some of the more heavily glaciated
 stretches of our Upper Peninsula
 of Michigan rivers and trout
 streams can ~~be~~ be almost as
 wearing as wading the rivers
 themselves. ^{Upstream} ^{wearing} ^{is} worn
 the tennis shoes ^{and} without a wading
 staff.

Sometimes it's even tougher
 because the erosion of time and
 flowing water eventually flattens
~~the~~ some of the worst granite
^{benches and} outcrops in the water rivers
 themselves while ^{by} ^{an} ^{eye} ^{level} ^{seeing}
 the shoreline can detour ^{around}
 a ^{dead} ^{holled} cedar for half a
 mile ^{followed} then suddenly encounter
 a towering granite monolith that
 one either has to scale like a
 mountain goat or else sign a
 circumvent

and only a short fly - cast away from the lost
to

The river trail finally lead us up
rocky climb a ^{steepest} granite climb the brought
us out to the edge of the pool ~~only~~ feet
abruptly above the lost fisherman ^{were} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} ~~reaching~~.

After slowly working our way
along up the winding course of the river for
what seemed several miles, Ted.

suddenly touched my arm and pointed
still further upstream and, sure enough,
there sat the missing fisherman at
the very rocky edge of the broad
pool below what we natives called
the Fourth Falls.

Fisherman Caught In A Secondary

from which we could spot the winding river

The ^{wooded} trail upstream along the river was frequently broken by ^{open} outcrops of granite, and my former pal and I frequently had to stop and pant like winded mountain goats

The wooded trail up along the river was frequently broken by open outcrops of granite from which we could ^{see} all the water gliding downstream ^{down beside us} and pause. At the last ^{rocky opening} we came to we not only stopped to catch our wind

"How much

look for the missing fisherman but also recall the six-pack and try to catch our wind.

"How much further to the ^{bloomin'} Fourth Falls?"

I managed to gasp:

"Damn near there," I'd gasped back as we once again hit the trail.

How old are you.?

Blinded thoughtfully.

~~reputation~~

Hiking along the shoreline of some of the more heavily-glaciated stretches of our Upper Peninsula of Michigan rivers and ~~trout~~ streams can be as tough as wading the waters themselves. Sometimes even ^{tougher} ~~more so~~, though wading ~~rough waters that many~~ ^{often offers} ~~hazards of its own~~ ^{change to} ~~leisurely~~ ^{one's way} across or around ^a ~~pot-holed~~ ^{swamps} or tiptoeing ^{groping} ~~one's way~~ along through thick ~~brush or tall~~ ^{drusy} ferns or suddenly have to clamber up and down ^{then} ~~sudden~~ granite outcrops ^{and} among them, more and more to

These and other morbid thoughts began to afflict me as ~~we~~ ^{my} ~~and~~ ~~we~~ ~~hiked~~ ~~our way up along me as my~~ ^{pal} ~~pal~~ ~~and~~

Tectonics once way across ^{or around sudden} pot-holed swamps
or groping ^{up} way through mazes of bushes,
wild grasses and ^{hubs of} droopy ferns or ^{hills to} clambour
up and down sudden outcrops of mossy
granite are not unusual one of them.

After chasing ^{the elusive} ^{Upper P} ~~across~~ ~~native~~ Brook
trout round & round the mulberry
root for many years, I finally
discovered that the best fishing places I
ever found to fish were almost invariably
the hardest places to get. And since
I do not fly and hate to spend my
summers driving cross the country to Lake
Hither or ^{the} River Yon, this means that
most of my favorite spots are located in
my native Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Best places
Favorite spots can be defined
many ways, and one way ^{is} surely
those spots that attract the fewest
fishermen. And again, almost invariably,
the fewest fishermen are found at those
places that are the hardest to get to

Distant
roll roar of

We could hear the falls before
reached them, then ^{there was} one more ~~last~~ granite
outcrop to climb, and when we reached
the pool top there was pool slowly
swirling below us and, our missing
fisherman sitting on a rock ledge at
the nearer edge. We knew he was our
man because he was wearing one of those
fore-and-aft peaked woolen caps his
wife had bought him usually wore.

Ted and I ^{stood and} studied the scene below us. ^{to begin}
While well known for years that ~~all~~
^{most} fishermen are a little nuts, and fly-
fishermen among the most eccentric
specimens, nothing had prepared us for
the scene below.

Our fisherman was sitting on a
papaia-boat cushion with a folding camp
^{stool} set up and open beside him. On this
camp stool sat what looked like a
miniature chest of metal drawers, of the
kind that chrome trim - rarer

Except that, ^{apparently} this one was ^{loaded with}
crack flies as, while we stoned, he as one drawer
was pulled out

Chute

*

~~He tied on a fly and~~
a cross between a rapids &

The so-called Fourth Falls
was really less than a falls than
a place in the ^{course of the} river where
~~course where the water had~~
encountered an abrupt granite
bluff where it had
apparently met and dropped
over a wide granite ~~bluff~~
bluff which, over the course
of many centuries, had changed
from a ^{one of the} falls into a sort of
narrow granite chute

cross between a rapids & a falls.

Fishermen with ^{some} still
in both eyes soon learn to move to
the left ~~of~~ side of a right-handed
fly-caster

Our fishermen evidently
heard us scrapping out of range,
and panicked in his back-casting and

dentist, holding his fly
rod as erect as a
sentry his rifle

Ted guessed right: we crossed
^{circled around} another swamp and climbed still another
tall ^{granite} outcrop; and there almost at the museum
^{granite line} at the edge of the big pool, sat our
mining fishermen, oblivious of our presence
because of the dull roar of water flowing
over Falls Number Four.

Neither of us had ^{Ted nor I} ever
before and we stood there silently drinking
in the sight. The big pool was almost
surrounded by ^{tall} granite bluffs covered by
tall trees, mostly ^{tall} firs, in turn mostly
Norway and white. The ^{steady} flow from the
falls seemed to make a separate river
within the pool, finally ^{over} despairing when it
hit the wall of ancient granite far
below us

Ullmann

But I spent the night here.

You guys sure fail to show
up from future.

Whady you eat, man.

"Peanut butter, cookies & tea.

Did you eat any of your treats?

No, because I didn't

How come? ^{he said, "Shrimps. Because}
Simple -- I didn't catch any.

But how come, man? The treats
are rising ^{all over} in the food below you
or were standing here talking.

Because I can't settle on a
fly.

"Why don't you try the nymphs
you got tied on.

"Howi fishini?" Ted suddenly asked
in a loud voice.

Howi yours?
We didn't bring out fishini gear," Ted
replied. "Instead we came here hunting for
you?"

How did you know where to find me?
"Your wife told us you'd mentioned getting
hooked up to the Fourth Falls

"When & where did you talk to her?
Early this morning when we stopped
last night at the Medium Tavern.
When she came there looking for help to
find you when you didn't come home last
night."

First we heard the ^{dull} roar of the falling
waters; then came the steep climb up another
outcrop; and then, before we could say Jackie
Robinson -- or is it Jimi Jack? -- we suddenly
emerged at the top of another outcrop --
And there sat the missing fisherman at the
very edge of the pool.

once again ^{could}
When Ted and I caught a glimpse of the
had climbed the unpeeled outcrop, we paused to
~~rest again and hit our rest and hit the~~
~~rest and~~ ^{filled the canteen} ~~hit our rest and hit the~~
rest and ^{filled the canteen} and stood there
standing there like a pair of panthers and
watching the river like a pair of wounded
mountain goats.

"How far to the Fourth Falls?" I asked
Ted, naming the spot where we hoped to find
the museum fishermen.

"Should be."

"According to the map"

"Should be there by the next bend or
two," Ted said, taking another sip of water
Our map showed there
there were no roads to the Fourth Falls

and the only way for a fisherman to get there
was either by boat or
by balloon or helicopter or
else ^{by boat, but they were out} ^{by} ^{helicopter} ^{or}
by ^{the} ^{series} of falls and many rapids

Our map showed no roads in to the
Fourth Falls, and since neither of us owned or
operated either a balloon or helicopter, and we
hesitated to bush the series of falls and many
rapids by boat, that is we had systems
decided to seek the museum fishermen on foot.

and once again saw the river we
After Ted and I ^{had} climbed the unpleas-
ant ^{rest and and easy} outerop we paused to watch the river gliding
so easily by, standing there ^{position} like a pair
of wounded mountain goats.

"How far to the Fourth Falls?" I
asked Ted ^{the official cartographer of your expedition,} ~~as we would ourselves to push on.~~

"Should be there
naming the spot where the missing man
might be found."
" ^{Hope there are}
Should be there in a bowl or
two," Ted said

Our map had shown no roads
into the Fourth Falls and since neither of us
owned or flew balloons or helicopters, and boats
and portaging all the falls and rapids, had
batteries than driving, we have upped and
hit the trail.

"Dead or alive" I thought

The reason we were hiking our way on our errand of mercy was a lack of roads into the Fourth Falls, which I had never seen and which Ted had avoided after surviving the first hike. We considered boating it but the rumour of all the falls and rapids went here.