

(Warning: All fishermen under the age of retirement are forbidden to read what follows under penalty of being corrupted by and disillusioned with all fishermen over that age, not to mention shunning them or clamming up in their presence;

~~any and all~~
Fishermen under the age of retirement are ^{strongly} forbidden to read ^{anything that} ~~what~~ follows lest they ~~to avoid~~ ^{become} corrupted by or disillusioned ^{with} or, worse yet, clam up henceforth clam up in the presence of an older gump; all fishermen over that age are forbidden to reveal ^{anything} ~~what~~ follows lest they ^{dry up} ~~dry up~~ our new ^{inquisi-} ~~inquisi-~~ ^{tor's} ~~tor's~~ ^{points,} ~~points, here revealed for the first ^{very} ~~very~~ ^{time} ~~time~~ ^{come.}~~

The U. P. Front Stream That
Flows Both Ways

"Grip your reader from the ~~very~~
opening line," I recalled my old teacher,
A. Bess Clark, telling us kids way back in
the ~~creative days~~ ^{days} when creative writing
courses were taught that way.

I guess one of the ^{not from the publisher but from} big reasons I'm ^{frustrated} so anxious to see my A of a 7 back in ^{bookstore} print is that it was ~~always~~ almost a year before I ^{indirectly} learned ~~from~~ mostly from bookellers, that the damn thing was out of print. ~~Then another year passed~~ Then another year ~~passed~~ ^{passed} ^{as its} contents publisher agreed ^{with me} to bring it back this past spring and then all hell broke loose when Perrigino failed to list ^{it} ⁱⁿ ^{its} ^{catalogue} last fall, ^{prompting} my demand for a divorce, which Perrigino has finally granted.

I now suspect that it is somewhat of me to ask you or any publisher to agree now to take on all three books when only one of them, A of a 7, is presently available and that the date of availability ^{of the others} both unknown and unpredictable. So we've decided to change my pitch to this:

Let be both longer and happier if you ~~would~~ ^{agree to} reprint A of a 7 ^{as} soon as reasonably possible if you will

Under a new name, this time called ^{to this day}
called the Au Trami River, ^{which enters the big lake} just beyond the
present village of Au Trami.

Though I've ^{often} fished the lower
Whitefish since that ancient entry, and still
find it exciting, when I also find the trout
in the mood to hit a fly that is fake and
no good to eat, I still have not ^{fished or even} revisited
the spot where the river parts ways, and so
last winter I sighed and resolved that ~~but~~
before writing about a river that ran
both ways, maybe it was better that I
first go and take a look.

Moreover, in all
my years of fishing
After all, I thought, this was not just
another fishing yarn but the story of a river
I had fished that ran both ways. I couldn't
recall fishing any other ~~such~~ ^{similar} river and I
also guessed that few of my fellow fishermen ever
had ~~anywhere~~ ^{anywhere} ever
↑

Whyming / February 25, 1986

Dear menner,

Happy Birthday, however belated, your trusty ^{volunteer} Clipping Service is able to send you, along with the recent clipping from the Daily Morning Journal that prodded me into action.

For many years I thought I was far much older than you, but now I guess I must have still been a fairly young D.A. when I locally headed one of your early vote recounts (you gained a few, as I recall, back in those pre-Marcos days when bad votes were largely confined to overly-enthusiastic voters ^{who} were prone to append ^{profane} little essays to their ballots either in praise of their man or against his opponent).

I don't recall my comments to the news, but ^{endorse and} repeat them, and wish many more birthdays and ^{years of} happiness to you and yours. Regards,

John Walker

^{Wander}
The U. P. River That Flows Both Ways

one day

Last winter, which was a long one, I paused during the scribbling of still another fiction story to go over my old daily fishing notes, presumably for inspiration. Once again I was amazed by the wide variety of ^{Upper Peninsula of Michigan} trout waters I had ^{some} managed to fish before the calm of -- ah -- maturity had finally overtaken me.

There were ^{and} lakes and ponds, including beaver ponds, always among my trout favorites, ~~and~~ not to mention lists of rivers and streams, many of which I'd all but forgotten. I was also struck, and a little sobered, to find that back in the exciting days when I was just learning to fly-fish it ironically seemed that I ^{regularly} ~~used~~ to catch ^{far} more trout in one month than I ^{now} manage to ^{get on} to during an entire season -- one season I ^{perennially} rarely keep any trout anymore -- even on those ^{rare} days when I catch one.

N

As I posed ^{idly.} ^{kept forming} over these faded and hurriedly
^{scrawled} ~~scrawled~~ old notes ^{somewhere} one entry particularly intrigued
me. "Fished the Two-Way River, ^{this afternoon} today with
Carroll," ^{that entry read.} "Hit ^{a few miles} at the narrows ^{somewhere below}
that Trout Lake outover to Treenary. Saw lots of mocc
rice ^{except for a few puns,} but somehow ^{couldn't solve,} so after
So after ^{blowing} ^{flies} ^{to reach} ^{clean down} from here to Pearis, for several
hours, Carroll and I looked ^{at} each other and
then shrugged and folded up our fairly fairly wounds
and poked ^{down} to Pat's joint in Escanaba
for ^{ultimate,} ^{a grand} ^{supper.} bourbonic reanimation and

^{Pughton,}
^{also,}
Carroll was an old friend a fly-
fisher's pal who now fishes ^{his} ^{fish} off
of Cloud Seventeen way out yonder somewhere.
Pat's joint was the old House of Luddington,
^{rejuvenated} ^{old} ^{hotel,} a relic of the
^{as a relic of}
old white-penis-cutlery days, where Pat
once reigned and cooked (until he joined Carroll),
and which is still one of the loveliest places I've
yet found on this planet. (Note to new
management: Free drinks next trip!)

But the reform to a ^{magisterial} Two-Way River
really floored me. I can usually remember
any place I've ever fished better than my
own birthday. But that Two-River ^{on my} left me
stumped and I resolved to solve it.

First I guessed that Carroll must have
first shown me the place ^{well} as he was born and raised and ^{in Escanaba}
did ^{my} his early fishing in that ^{general} vicinity, I also
guessed that Carroll and I must have had a ^{quite} ball
that night at Pat's joint when, the next day I
(when I usually scrawled my ^{hazy} fishing notes) I ^{felt} ^{worried} ^{that} ^{it} ^{was} ^{chosen}
to re-christen the name of a river we'd almost ^{let}
serendipitously fished together before.

Then I remembered that ^{reference to the} Trout Lake
cutover to Fenary, and while there I'm not
yet sure whether there are more Trout Lakes in
Michigan than Deer Lakes I am (the ^{my} application for a research grant on that
puzzle is still pending), I'm ^{to solve} pretty sure
there is only one Fenary, where they still
have that renowned Finnish bakery that
makes the ^{dreamy sugared-} cinnamon toast that even a
drunk can drink without drowning.
(Note to bakery: I'll drop by next summer
for my commission.)

Deer

finally dug out

around in my ^{old fishing file} a hoary

So I rummaged and found an old
Medwini road map from the ^{date} ^{car-free} days when ^{most were} gas
stations used to give them away for free.

Then I ^{cleaned my glasses} tracked down Ironary and
ranged out from there, working the

side roads as it seemed ^{rather} ^{unlikely} that we
Carroll and ^{have seen} would ^{it had gone down} see over a dozen deer along U.S.

41 in ^{the} daylight driving to Pat's point

on the old map, lurking all alone there

who ^{seemed to be} the closest

"Ah," I finally said, finally spotting on
"Front Lake" quite a bit easterly from Ironary.

"My, my," I said ^{also} when I saw that this lake was
really a ^{not so much a} wide-water spot in the river used

probably fished that distant day, a river called
the East branch of the Whitefish River

which, ^{was} adjoined by typical dirt hauling
road, finally joined by the West Branch of

the Whitefish River, and finally ^{winding up} emptying into

in ^{the} Lake Medwini as the Whitefish River at
a bay, ^{roughly} called Little Bay de Noc near
Gladstone.

The old road map also ^{helped} solve the

mystery of Two River reference in my
old fishing notes for, tracing the ^{river}

northerly, in the opposite direction, I
saw that it ^{also} wound up in Lake Superior

to the naturalists
Up this way, ^{within} flycasting range
of the Michigan shore of Lake Superior, where
I was born, the month of March invariably
~~starts~~ ^{lasts} at least two months long. Consequently,
~~there~~ ^{sunshine} is every ^{full} day at least, over winter last
~~year~~ at least a half the year. So by the
time the Opening Day rolls around (currently the
last Saturday in April) when