

7/28/

## The Lost Fisherman

the site of here, for economic sake  
Lake Michigawishewashe  
is one of the most popular  
economic summer resort <sup>lakes</sup> areas in the  
entire <sup>whole</sup> Upper Peninsula of  
Michigan. This is a <sup>quite a condensed and</sup> simplified  
version of authentic Indian  
spelling of the name, which I'll  
gladly reveal, except <sup>that</sup> <sup>starts out</sup>  
a short story and not a five-  
pound novel, so I guess I'll <sup>just</sup>  
all that <sup>for now</sup> and try to get to the point.

"Lost  
General" Reward, "the <sup>intriguing</sup> ad in last  
night's local paper ran." My husband  
went <sup>about</sup> fishing ~~some~~ two days ago.  
As usual, he didn't tell me where he was  
going but I haven't heard a word and  
the strain of knowing whether I'm a widow  
or still ~~live~~

After finishing that evening, <sup>I & I</sup>  
stopped <sup>at</sup> the Limestone restaurant  
for hamburgers, during <sup>the morning of</sup> which  
spotted and read their obit ad in  
the local paper:

"LOST: One fisherman, who happens  
to be my husband. Fred <sup>left early</sup>  
yesterday to fish somewhere on the Limestone  
River & hasn't returned. I haven't seen or  
heard from him since. Generous reward.  
Mrs. Fred Olney,

"Know the guy? I asked Ted.

When I was a kid our town  
abounded with local characters. Local  
characters were everywhere: out <sup>there</sup> at the  
softball field; gathered round the  
luncheon Sal. Army; loitering  
in or around the town saloons.

During the depression days local  
characters often banded together out of  
economic necessity or well as from the  
no where else to go.

When I was a boy in the <sup>near</sup> Lake  
Superior Michigan <sup>iron mining</sup> town I was born and  
grew up in, the place abounded with  
local characters. They were  
everywhere: on the street corners,  
around the depot, <sup>with passengers and freight</sup> <sup>that city</sup> hall and,  
especially, in and around the or  
hangout <sup>out</sup> in front of the town's many  
saloons. <sup>and</sup> <sup>from</sup> <sup>hall</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>large</sup> <sup>bracket</sup> <sup>bill</sup>  
and <sup>of</sup> <sup>feeling</sup> <sup>they</sup> <sup>are</sup> <sup>all</sup> <sup>gone</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>I</sup>  
wonder where they went.

Nature in its  
infinite variety  
has ordained  
that some women  
-- not many, just  
a few --

## The Empress of Angling

this rare breed.

Some women look more like generals than <sup>do</sup> some generals <sup>do</sup>. The Emma writer was one of them. She not only was an expansive big lady, she appeared so. Emma loomed, one ran into  
when Emma <sup>was around</sup> appeared on the horizon she loomed on a trout stream she not only appeared in view but loomed, much like a set-up camper in full bloom.

### My first collision with Emma

Why a trout stream should be called The Perch is one of <sup>the eternal</sup> babblements of place names.