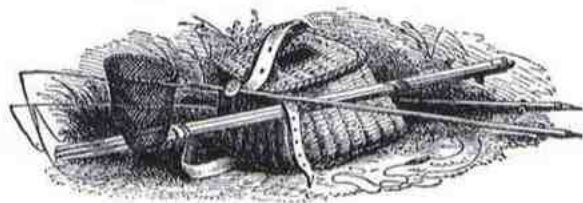


# The American Fly Fisher



Vol. 1, No. 3  
Summer, 1974



**The Museum of American Fly Fishing**  
Manchester, Vermont 05254

The Museum is a non-profit institution, chartered under the laws of the State of Vermont. As an educational organization it is directed to the preservation and keeping of the traditions that bond the past with the present. The Museum offers a permanent public repository where the historic fly rod, reel, book, art work and fly pattern may be expertly guarded against the destructiveness of time. Contributions are tax deductible as established by the U.S. Revenue Service.

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WILLIAM TROTTER PORTER  
(1809 - 1858)

*"Set in preparation all things fit, of mirth and song, and joyous cheer, to greet the near approach of  
York's tall son."*

*Sarah Porter, 1836*

# William T. Porter, First of our Sporting Journalists

by  
DAVID B. LEDLIE

*Forgotten for over a century, Porter and his SPIRIT OF THE TIMES sparkled with wit, humor and an urbanity that reflected an interest in American sporting life so invigorating he became a national and international celebrity. He was also the first of our sporting editors to publicize the classic charms of fly fishing.*

A rather unpretentious, four page, weekly sporting paper emerged from a small, dingy, attic print shop at 64 Fulton Street and appeared in the bookstalls of New York on December 10, 1831. THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, (subtitled "A Chronicle of the Turf, Agriculture, Field Sports, Literature, and the State") was published by James Howe and edited by William T. Porter. Porter purchased the SPIRIT in 1835 and remained as its editor for a period of twenty one years. Geared mainly to the gentle traditions of the wealthy, rural South and the intellectual urbane attitudes of the Eastern upper crust, it is our most important and influential early American sporting periodical. The success of the SPIRIT is due directly to Porter. His unflagging energy, devotion, creativity, brilliance, and vitality as writer and editor made the paper one of the most popular publications of its day. Porter kept his readership well informed as to the latest developments on matters of turf, field and stream, as well as supplying humor in the form of the tall tale for which the SPIRIT became famous. We are indeed, greatly indebted to William Porter for he indelibly recorded the burgeonings of early American fly fishing.

William T. Porter, "York's tall son", was born of Benjamin and Martha Porter on Christmas Eve, 1809, in Newbury, Vermont - a small village quietly nestled in the hills and overlooking the Connecticut River, some thirty miles south of St. Johnsbury. Porter's father was a successful lawyer in Newbury with extensive land holdings in the surrounding country side. Francis Brinley (Porter's brother-in-law), in his biography of Porter tells us that "amidst magnificent scenery, grew up a well trained and intellectual family, whose home was the favorite resort of the cultivated and refined (Daniel Webster was a frequent visitor) . . . so closely were they united by the tenderest of ties, both marked by the same unaffected tone of polite life, enlarged hospitality, love of out of door existence, and a study of the best authors." All of the Porter children had private tutors until they were old enough to attend school; however, William was not at all taken with the rigors of academic routine, and with the assistance of his remarkable old nurse, Sally Kinnicum, he often escaped the clutches of Master Clark, the tutor, to wet a line in a nearby brook. In 1821 (three years after the death of Benjamin Porter) Martha Porter moved the family to Hanover, New Hampshire. Here

William's sister and wife of Brinley, comments that "During these years of unflagging industry, William made great progress in his studies; and though often detected with a volume of *Dr. Fox*, or *The Complete Angler*, within the leaves of his Virgil he was considered 'up to his work' in Greek and Latin . . ." The heavy hand of the school's Dominic, one Archelaus ("Old Put") Putnam, however, soon began to take its toll of William. This coupled with William's fiftieth reading of the life of Benjamin Franklin (an erstwhile printer) resulted in his embarking (somewhat against his mother's best wishes) on his own - ready to achieve fame, wealth, and notoriety in the same field in which his hero Dr. Franklin had begun his apprenticeship. Thus in 1823 the academic shackles were at last removed and William took a job with the printing establishment owned and operated by Messers Flag and Gould in Andover, Massachusetts. Porter remained in Andover until 1829. He then returned to his native state as editor of THE FARMER'S HERALD published in St. Johnsbury. He remained there for about a year before moving to Norwich, Vermont, where he was associated with the publication THE ENQUIRER. As Brinley tells us "He remained (there) but a short time, and then with a light heart and a lighter purse, he gave a lingering look at the hills of his native state and started for New York City, as the most promising field for the support of such a journal as he hoped to establish". Thus, at twenty-one, William Trotter Porter descends upon New York. Norris W. Yates, in his study of the big bear school of humor (*William T. Porter and The Spirit of the Times*) comments that Porter brought with him "the open handed ways and liking for fine horses which one often associates with country gentlemen, a love of companionship, a dislike of academic routine and Calvinistic morality, a fondness for sport and the literature of sporting, and possibly an interest in things 'Southron'", Porter's first employment in New York was as a compositor at John T. West's printing office located at 85 Chatham Street. It was here that Porter gave Horace Greeley his first job. Some time between August and December of 1831 Porter left West's print shop to establish THE SPIRIT a miscellany patterned after "Bell's Life in London", which as noted earlier was first published on December 10, 1831. The paper was soon united with the TRAVELER with Porter in charge of the sporting department. For some reason Porter severed

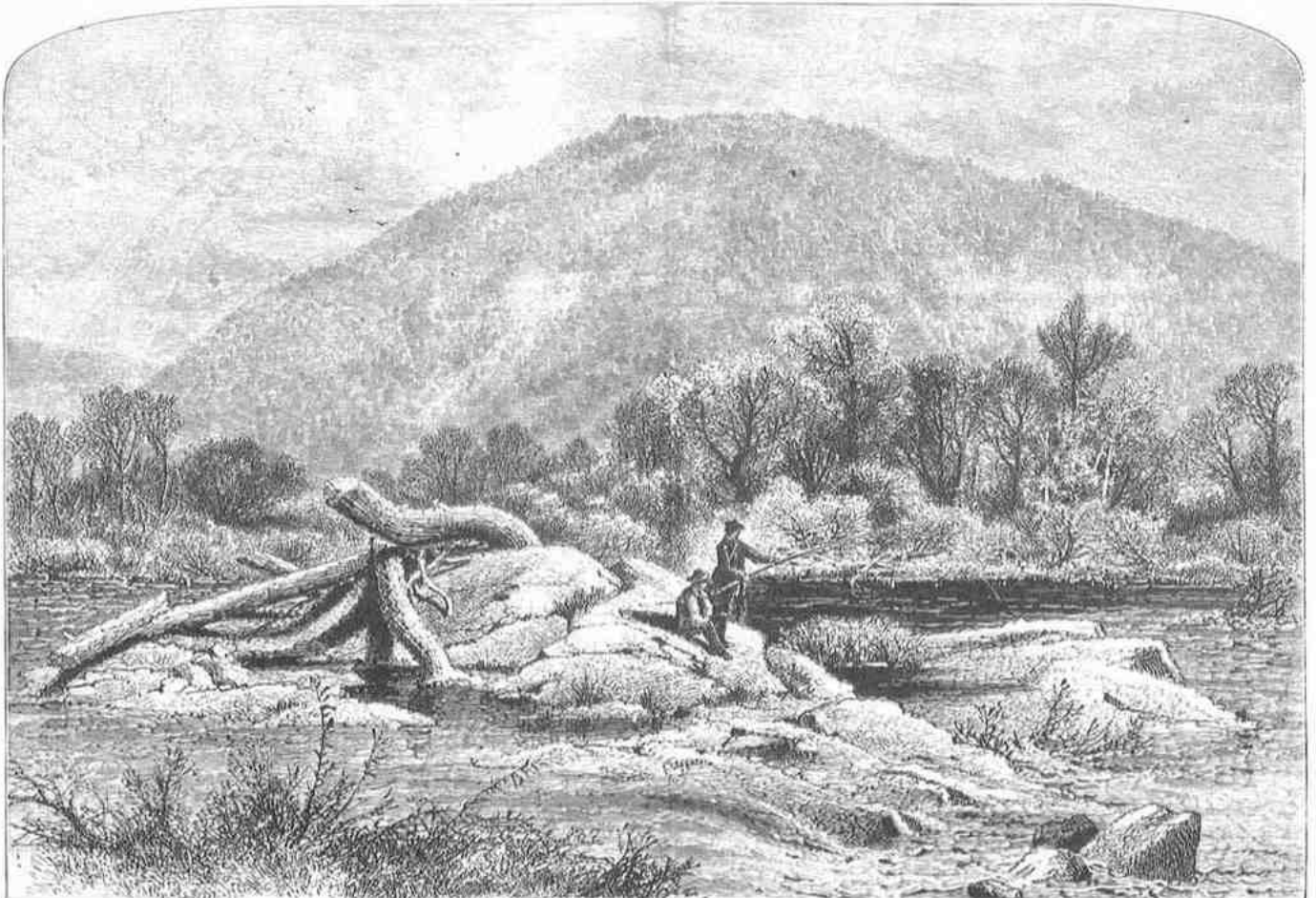
his relationship with the SPIRIT and took charge of the NEW YORKER for a time and then the CONSTELLATION. Porter returned to the SPIRIT as editor in 1833 and purchased the paper in 1835. Under his direction the circulation of the paper flourished. Brinley states that in 1856 it had a readership of forty thousand and according to Porter "a foreign circulation unequaled by any other in the country; it has found its way into all European capitals into the East and West Indies", and "is read with as much 'gout' at Canton, Batavia, and Sydney, and the Sandwich Islands, as partial friends would induce us to believe it is at home." As editors of the time were given to hyperbole, we should probably take this with a grain of salt. We do know, however, that in 1841 Porter had an agent for the SPIRIT in London.

Although a brilliant editor, Porter's business sense was sorely lacking. It is thus not surprising that while the SPIRIT'S circulation flourished, it was always on the verge of bankruptcy. In 1845 Porter lost the ownership to his printer, John Richards, but remained as editor. In addition Porter owned and published THE AMERICAN TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE from 1839 until 1844. Porter edited two collections of humorous tales which for the most part were collected from the pages of the SPIRIT. They were *The Big Bear of Arkansas* (1845) and *A Quarter Race in Kentucky* (1846). These were the third and fourth volumes of southern and western humor to come

off the press in America. Porter also edited an American edition of Hawker's *Guns and Shooting* which was the first purely sporting work published in the United States. Porter left the SPIRIT in 1856 and joined forces with George Wilkes to establish PORTER'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES which he was connected with until his death. Although claimed to be of "higher character" than the original, it lacked much of the "zip" of the original publication.

On the morning of July 19, 1858 William Porter died. Brinley describes Porter's last moments as follows: "Just before the closing moment he requested to have the curtain of the window near his bed raised, that he might once more see the light of day. 'How Beautiful!' he fervently murmured as the sun broke into the room; and as if he at that moment caught sight of the blue hills of Newbury . . ." He uttered, "I want to go home".

The accompanying portrait is taken from the frontispiece of Brinley's biography "The Life of William T. Porter". It is a steel engraving made from a pencil drawing by Henry Inman when Porter was 35 years old. To our knowledge it is the only known portrait of Porter in existence today. In future issues of *The American Fly Fisher*, we will reprint from the pages of the SPIRIT articles of general interest dealing with the pursuit and practice of fly fishing. These are among the earliest to appear in American sporting publications.



MOUNT CHESTERFIELD - 1874

Porter and his "old SPIRIT crowd" fished amid scenes of grandeur. Among the intimates were Frank Forester, the Rev. George Washington Bethune, John Inman and, many others such as General George Gibson who masked their identities with pseudonyms.

# Porterquotes

*The Porter reportorial style set the fashion for many generations of American outdoor writers who more often than not have never known of his existence. He promised his readers excitement and adventure and they were more than willing to become true believers. The excerpts following were published during the 1840's.*

## FOR THINGS REQUIRED FOR FISHING

"Take your fishing apparatus, you must have at least one braided silk line, not less than one hundred yards long and on a good reel for salmon - trout fishing. Let it be stout. Recollect that half the cheap lines after a few days fishing are not strong enough to pull a sitting hen off her nest. Killing a twenty pounder at the end of eighty yards of line is no child's play. Add two or three nice elastic lines for ordinary trout fishing. If you are an artist you will have a delicate fly line to match your single handed rod. Recollect that you cannot splice a line so as to play a heavy fish well on a jointed rod, and that one of less than fifty yards long will be of no account when you are about to use it. If you can find a braided hair line eighty five feet long, nearly as large as a quill, and stout as bed cord, buy it, to use as a hand line for lake trout. Take an extra reel or two; and Porter's General Rod. We have used one for four years and have not broken or strained so much as a tip: it is in fine order as when first turned out, and few rods have seen harder service. Brough caught a shark with it at Stonington nearly as long and heavy as himself, and we have killed with it three sockdollagers at a time repeatedly; both trout, bass and blue fish. Get a hank of salmon gut, and make your own leaders; if you can't tie your flies it is high time you set about acquiring the art. You want half a dozen sets of snap hooks for trolling, we prefer the Irby to the Limerick; they should be quite small, not above half the size used for pike or pickerel. Have a couple of dozen of trout hooks of assorted sizes to provide for an emergency, and half a dozen of the smallest possible size for bait. Instead of a landing net use a gaff; the hook of the latter you can take in your pocket, while the former gives you as much trouble as a ladies band box. With regard to flies use your own discretion as to colors but be sure they are large. You will require a dozen salmon-flies tied on long Limerick hooks, and not less than two dozen trout flies, that is, if you cannot make them. Fill your book with red and brown hackles; green drakes, gray palmers and blue jays; make their bodies gay and brilliant, and the longer their wings and tails the better. The most successful fly we ever used, we tied on during a furious gale on Piseco Lake; it was a large gaudy coarsely made thing, but a regular killer; body, dark blue hackle, with blue wings, and tail tipped with white of the blue jay, head of golden red from a blackbirds wing. Every little experience will enable any person of moderate ingenuity to tie his own flies, and a day's practice will teach him more about the size and color than he could acquire from books by a month's study. 'Meadows' recommends a tyro to take a well made artificial fly to pieces, examining it carefully as

he proceeds; in a few trials he will succeed in tying one to his mind. Do not embarrass yourself with superfluous traps; the apparatus of a true disciple of the gentle art consists of a few plain, first rate articles. He looks upon the nicknacks of the green horn as if they were intended to catch trout by dropping salt on their tails."

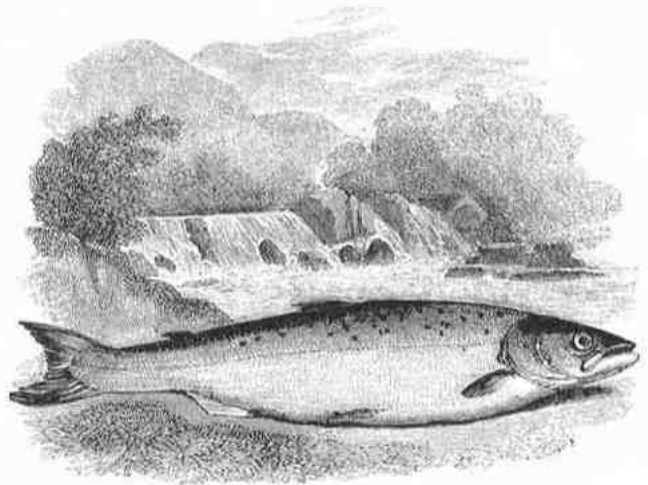
## ARTIFICIAL TROUT FLIES:

"We are indebted to the kindness of Robert Emmett, Esq.; of this city for one of the most acceptable presents fortune ever buckled on our back. A present doubly gratifying as coming from one of the most ardent and accomplished disciples of old Izaak Walton in the United States. The acquaintances of our time honored friend General G. of Washington City, a veteran of the regular army, will not fail to remember his manifestations of delight upon receiving from his friend Sir Charles Vaughn, after the latter's return to England from his diplomatic mission here, a capacious book, filled with a superb collection of artificial flies. With no tittle of the General's ability to express his grateful acknowledgements, we still do not yield to him in the sincerity of our appreciation of the generous impulses which prompted this characteristic token of regard from a brother angler.

"In the case before us we find first a dozen rare flies, dressed by the veritable hands of the reknowned Paddy Kelly of Dublin and tied on Limerick hooks of O'Shaughnessy's or Sell's bend - hooks not to be obtained for love or money in this country. Each one is worthy of a distinct engraving and a separate chapter. Next comes a dozen droppers, the exquisite handwork of the late lamented Father Levine of this city, one of our most eloquent Catholic Divines, among which the 'Professor' so named for old Kit North, the 'moth' and other killers are so conspicuous. In another division we find an assortment of colored leaders one of which made by Kelly of Dublin fairly 'bangs Bannagher'. It tapers gradually - small by degrees and beautifully less - from the loop which attaches to the casting line, to the extreme point on which we should tie a gray palmer or a green drake according to the state of the water. It is stained with onion juice to the delicate hue of a blush on a cheek of alabaster. Two others colored in masterly style by Mr. Emmett himself with tea, are perfect loves in their way, and there is one more made by Father Levine, which to our eye is precious as the rich jewel in an Ethiopians ear. Last of all, in a cover of parchment, we find an assortment of Limerick hooks of O'Shaughnessy's bend, and Kirby hooks of the 'Sneck' bend, neither variety of which can be purchased in the United States."

## THE HISTORIC AMERICAN ATLANTIC SALMON FISHER

*The first to appreciate the merit of the American Salmon were the British officers sent to the new country on tours of duty. The waters were unrestricted and it is not strange their Indian guides found fly fishing both novel and exciting. A few decades later American business men trekked into Canada to make their own voyages of discovery and by the 1860's upper class Canadians and Americans had formed an elite society who leased Crown Lands, built comfortable lodges and enjoyed the royalism of the Atlantic salmon in a fashion similar to that of Great Britain. The following three articles have been selected to illustrate this historical development.*



# Salmon Fishing in Gold River, Nova Scotia

PISCATOR

The Province of Nova Scotia is par excellence the domain of the Angler. From its great inequality of surface and geological formation; particularly the long parallel ridges trending from north to south, which form eight tenths of its area—innumerable lakes dot the country in all directions, which generally communicate with each other, and end in a considerable river. In all these Trout abound whilst Salmon run up from the Sea in most of the streams; and the Province, happily for the angler, not yet being very populous, enough of these noble fish find their way up the rivers to afford good sport. I am afraid however, that in this Saturnian age, it will not be of long continuance, and soon be sadly thinned, and the finny natives of this country, like the other American aborigines, or disappear altogether before advancing settlement and population.

Having heard a good report of a salmon stream called Gold River, about sixty miles to the westward of Halifax, a party of four Officers of this garrison was formed to visit it as early as the first run of salmon should take place. One of the number who had fished at the place several times before, volunteered to proceed as our avant courier, in the month of March, to secure us the shelter of a house of some description; the idea of living in a tent, so early in the season not being entirely agreeable. Our partie quarrie consisted of Major General Sir J - - - -h D - - - -n, Captain C - - - -y, Mr. A - - - -n, and myself.

We reached our headquarters, a farm house on a creek of Chester Basin, on the evening of Saturday the 23rd of April; and found that our eatables and drinkables and other heavy baggage, which were sent by water, had already arrived. The house had been vacated for our accommodation,

and there was no furniture; but we borrowed a few chairs and tables, and the servants soon shook down our Buffalo skins and blankets in the nooks and corners appropriated by each. Soon after our arrival an Indian made his appearance with a salmon; which was plumped into boiling water, and in half an hour we were regaling on its curdy flakes. After a temperate quantum of what the learned term "diffusible stimulus" and the common people "Whiskey Punch", with the accompaniment of a cigar or two we retired to rest.

Next morning being Sunday, we strolled towards the river after breakfast, which was distant a mile and a half, with the object to ascertaining the nature of the locale, and the character of the stream, before commencing operations on the following day. We found it a very fine stream - bold and rapid and considerably flooded - the water having that clear brownish tint to full promise for the fisher. A wooden bridge crosses the river two or three hundred yards above the tide; and we found the fishing ground reached from this to the Falls, in successive streams, eddies and holes, a distance of about three miles.

We discovered a small camp of Mic Mac Indians near the bridge, who migrate every summer to Gold River, during the fishing season from the neighborhood of Windsor. These Indians are the lords of the solid here; a grant of some hundred acres of land having been made to them by the Government about thirty years ago, with a view of leading them to agricultural habits. This has only been attended with partial success, for it is not easy to wean the red man from his peculiar tastes; and more over the land here is poor. But the condition of these people is prosperous—



they possess some good land near Windsor, fatten bullocks for the Halifax market, and come here every summer to catch salmon; partly to cure and smoke them, which they do admirably - but chiefly, I suspect, for the enjoyment such pastime affords them, as amateur fishermen, uniting the utile with the dulce. Of one of them I can say - "omne tulit punc - Tom". Excuse the pun, Tom; but poor Tom only shines in Mic Mac.

We found this identical Indian, whom I have apostrophized by anticipation, fishing with a rod at the bridge, and two or three squaws were exulting over a salmon he had just killed. As this person, yclept Tom Copp, is destined to cut a figure in this narrative, I may as well describe him briefly—indeed, considering he is only five feet high, I could not describe him in any other way. At some not remote period there must have been a cross, legal or illegal, between our little hero's ancestors and some Esquimaux tribe, for the low stature, square build, broad fishy face, and shark like mouth of the hyperborean race distinguished Mr. Thomas from his Mic Mac brethren here, who are generally tall, and some of them fine looking men. From this diminutive tribe, too, in all probability, Tom Copp inherited his skill and luck in fishing, his rare appetite, his love of dogs, his amphibiousness, his abhorrence of cleanliness, and several other good qualities.

Be this as it may, the active little Mic Mac soon gave us a taste of his quality as an angler. Shortly after our arrival at the bridge, whilst gazing into the rapid stream from the battlement, raging and foaming through the arches, we saw him hook a salmon with the fly immediately above. After some violent struggles and leaps, the fish took down the stream, under an arch, and Tom's line being run out to the last turn of the reel, he gallantly followed. It appeared doubtful for half a minute whether or not the fisherman would be obliged to take to swimming like his quarry, for the current was deep and powerful, but by dint of clinging with his nails or talons, to the masonry of the pier, and scrambling and jumping from one rock to another, he at length emerged at the lower side of the bridge with the salmon still firm on his line. Here new difficulties met him. The line got foul of a large tree that had been carried down by the flood, and the exertions of the fish threatened to break it at any moment. Again Mr. Tom committed himself to the stream - disengaged his tackle, and after a long and brilliant struggle, at length secured his fish.

Previous to setting to work on the Monday morning we found it expedient to engage an Indian attendant each, as well as to neutralize his rival fishing, as to secure a guide to the best holes. Two of my companions chose Johnny and Jemmy - fine looking Mic Macs, of high character as skillful rod fishers; but as Tom Copp has only begun to fish with the fly the season before, he seemed to be somewhat in the background, notwithstanding the illustrious passage at arms and (legs) that had just taken place. However, having a presentiment that Tom would prove a valuable acquisition, I enlisted him on the spot, and promoted him at once to be my principal aid-de-camp and quartermaster general.

We were all early afoot on Monday morning, the 25th of April, and the dawn broke on me walking on the bridge, watching my arms, lying against the battlement, like a Paladin blowing my benumbed fingers and waiting until Tom Copp should emerge from an adjoining wigwam. At length he protruded his shaggy and coal black head, gave a slight "heough" and was soon by my side.

Gold River has only been fished with the rod about nine years, and one of our party C---y had been amongst the

first fishermen. His descriptions of the glorious sport then enjoyed by the primitive anglers, vulgo dicers, made our mouths water, when contrasted with the comparative paucity of fish at the present day. For six or seven years the Indians confined themselves to the net and spear; but latterly they began to copy the proceedings of the white fisherman, and some of them are now learned in the mysteries of fly and rod. The thickly wooded banks were in the way of the first fishers; but many trees have been cut down and good stands cleared at the best fishing spots. Immediately below the Falls, which are very fine, is a circular excavation called "Cumberland's Basin" in itself a beautiful piece of water, affording good fishing. Next to this is another excellent stand called "The Point". A little farther down is "Inces Hole", so called from a Commissariat officer, who in the good old times killed fourteen salmon in one day. Below this famous spot are several good streams ending in "Oak Pool", a stand of great merit. In descending the river by the left bank from this point to the "Salmon Pool", at the head of the meadow, the stream is very rapid; but there are three or four eddies behind rocks where one is sure of finding fish. The meadow is a strip of alluvial land, extending three quarters of a mile above the bridge where the current is strong, and contains large boulders, each of which affords in its wake a convenient resting place for the salmon in ascending the stream. Close to the bridge, and down to the brackish water, are several good points, where, when the river is high fish are often caught.

My Indian ally and I first tried the meadow up in the "Salmon Hole", but without seeing anything, for Tom said, "Him not rise yet. Him cold." On returning towards the bridge, I saw one fine eddy behind a rock; which indeed we had fished before, but I thought it probable as the sun had now risen, that the fish would be on the move, and therefore suspected some traveller might halt here to take a breath. At the first cast of my fly, a large salmon dashed at it greedily but missed it. The unmeaning countenance of Tom Copp would have been a study for a painter at that instance; for its vacuity and phlegm suddenly merged in an expression of intelligence and the keenest interest. The small black eyes sparkled, and the face became that of a lynx preparing for a spring on its prey; whilst he exclaimed under a mistaken apprehension that I would cover the fish too soon. "Give him time - give him time -".

Due time (which be it known in the fishing fraternity is one minute) was given and Mr. Salmo Salar was permitted to resume his position near the bottom, when the fly again was lightly cast over him. He seized it and I struck and hooked him, when he made a desperate rush up the stream, across and down the stream, and then commenced a course of most active dancing and leaping; whilst he was furnished with all the music my reel could yield. All this time the Mic Mac watched the proceedings with a critical eye, and although absorbed in the sport, I could not help smiling at his strange advice, when he feared I was pressing the fish too hard - "Let him go - let him go", and my rejoinder "I will see you hanged first, Tom." After much lively play this salmon was adroitly gaffed; it was a fish of thirteen pounds in prime season.

Our party met at breakfast at ten o'clock. Seven hours active exercise in a cold morning, gave a peculiar zest to a meal; and ardent and persevering were our attacks on dried salmon, a colossal veal pie, and a mighty round of beef, to say nothing of parallelograms of toast without number, and fresh eggs by the dozen. I make no account of liquids and therefore shall slur over the four or five gallons of tea

and coffee expended on the occasion.

Some of the quadumvirate resumed the fishing soon after breakfast, but others took a siesta, and went to the river at two o'clock. It was agreed that we should dine at eight, and that each of us - catch him how we might, by hook or crook - should furnish in turn a salmon for dinner.

We were all busy at the river side until dusk, but our first day's sport was inconsiderable, being only three fish - though we hooked and lost several. At dinner each of us had his own misery to tell. Our worthy chief had not seen a fish. C - - y had all but caught three - A - - n had four rises, but it was no go; and as for myself, although I had secured three, I ought to have bagged a half dozen. However one unquestionable salmon, the produce of our sport, was smoking on the table and to it we set with the appetites of Harpies; whilst the cold round, and the pie looming in high relief on the side table, (an inverted wooden box) supplanted in due time the remnants of the fish.

We had of course a rechauffee of our dinner conversation over our grog and cigars; such repetition being conceded by universal suffrage to sportsmen of all grades and descriptions, with only this proviso, that no two versions of the same exploit should exactly tally. One lucky salmon that been hooked and escaped, weighed thirteen pounds at dinner, was fully close to fifteen by the close of the second cigar and would have reached twenty in the course of the evening if we had not gone early to bed.

On approaching Oak Pool, along the left bank of, on the second day of our fishing, I found that C - - y had hooked a salmon, which took down the powerful rapid at the lower end of the hole. Having accidentally hurt his knee, C - - y was unable to pursue the fish along a most impracticable bank, as the water was high; he therefore gave the rod to Johnny, his clever Indian henchman, who plunged at once up to his middle in the water, and followed the fish as fast as he could down the stream. At one place a long fir tree had fallen into the river and extended half across; threatening a non plus to Mr. Johnny. No such thing. Johnny waded and floundered out to the farthest branch, and conducted the salmon safely around it. Again, two rocks stood up like two obelisks in the middle of the stream - the Indian manoeuvred to lead his fish between them, and to hoist his line clear of the nearer rock. Lower down was a large rock with a fallen tree athwart it, in whose branches the line stuck fast; and here I thought Johnny must inevitably lose his fish. But I underrated the dexterity of an Indian; for he cleverly overcame this difficulty also; and on C - - y coming up, returned him the rod when the salmon was gaffed. It turned out only ten pounds in weight but had been hooked by the tail which gave it three fold force, and enabled it to drag Johnny down the river *nolo volens*.

Salmon have bad memories, and I recollect in my boyish days catching one one Monday in a hole where I had hooked a fish on the Saturday previous which had carried off my fly. On inspecting the mouth of the captive I found my lost fly sticking in it, by the side of the fly that just caught it. An incident somewhat similar occurred to C - - y during the trip. He hooked a fish which felt very heavy and took the liberty of sailing off with his fly, and a piece of his casting line. Two days after he caught the same fish, a little higher up the river, with the identical fly firm in his side.

At our second dinner and through out the remainder of our visit, there was more general satisfaction in talking over the adventures of the day, for our success had been more balanced, and we had all been tolerably lucky, killing many fine fish. The salmon tasted as well as the first to two of the

party but the other two were beginning to exclaim or look "toujours perdix". As for myself I have the misfortune to be on all similar occasions, so far as salmon is concerned, a most persevering ichthyophogist; and I believe the Major at Gold River a similar heretical taste. In fact I estimate very lightly the man who wantonly abandons a classical dish; for such a person can never be a firm friend. What patriotic Englishman ever turned his back on a sirloin, or abjured a rump steak, or declined plum pudding and mince pies in their season? I might easily run over all civilized nations, connecting them indissolubly with their national dishes - but I forbear.

I am not about to inflict on the readers of the ALBION a dull diary of our proceedings, but shall confine myself to the chief incidents.

One day my Aid-De-Campe, Tom Copp and myself went up the river to Oak Pool, where after a few casts I hooked a good fish. When he had been played properly, I brought him near to the shore, where Mr. Tom stood, gaff in hand ready to receive him. I led the salmon close to his feet, but after making three futile attempts, the fish dashed out into the middle of the river and plunged violently. Tom looked very foolish grinning with extraordinary vacuity when I rated him for his unusual awkwardness. Indeed hitherto he had gaffed brilliantly. At last my henchman thought of looking at the gaff, "where gaff was none" for it had been wrenched from its fastenings and carried off by the fish. Luckily the wounded salmon continued fast on the hook and when after a little more play, it was once more brought to the edge, and Tom seized it by the tail; he pulled the gaff out of its side and held it for my notice, with a visible expression of face worthy of an ogre.

Another day, after breakfast I proceeded alone to a favorite stream beneath a rugged bank, where the fishing was very difficult from the overhanging trees, the rapidity of the current and the number of huge boulders amongst which it wound. Under these circumstances and deprived of Tom Copp's services, it might be inconvenient to hook a large salmon, who no doubt would avail himself of the protecting rock. However I dared the combat, and threw out my fly as a gauntlet. The gage was soon taken up, for scarcely had the simulated insect alighted on the water when a huge mouth swallowed it, and I found I had got hold of a tartar. The salmon first shook his head gently as if he wished to get rid of the strange thing in his jaw by fair means and then more hurriedly and violently. After these ineffectual attempts he got into a passion and made a running leap of six feet in the air, followed instantly by a succession of six or eight more; all the time striking the line most scientifically with his tail, as if he had been reading a chapter in dynamics. At length on finding this course of saltation was useless and exhausting, he rushed out into the middle of the main stream, brought his right shoulder forward, and away he went down the river at the rate of twenty knots an hour, whilst from my particular position I could not follow him without jumping up to my chin. When nearly a hundred yards of line had run out, occupying two seconds, the fish shot to his left, described a fine curve in the stream and brought up in the wake of a large rock. There he remained immovable, not withstanding all my efforts. Like Marshall Soult behind the Garrone, before the battle of Thoulouse.

Now, I was situated so that I could not move down without making a turn to my left, which would wind the line around the rock where the salmon lay recruiting his strength, and an intermediate boulder also. Thus circumstanced I had

no alternative but to remain where I stood, keep him well in hand, long for Tom Copp, and trust to the nature of accidents.

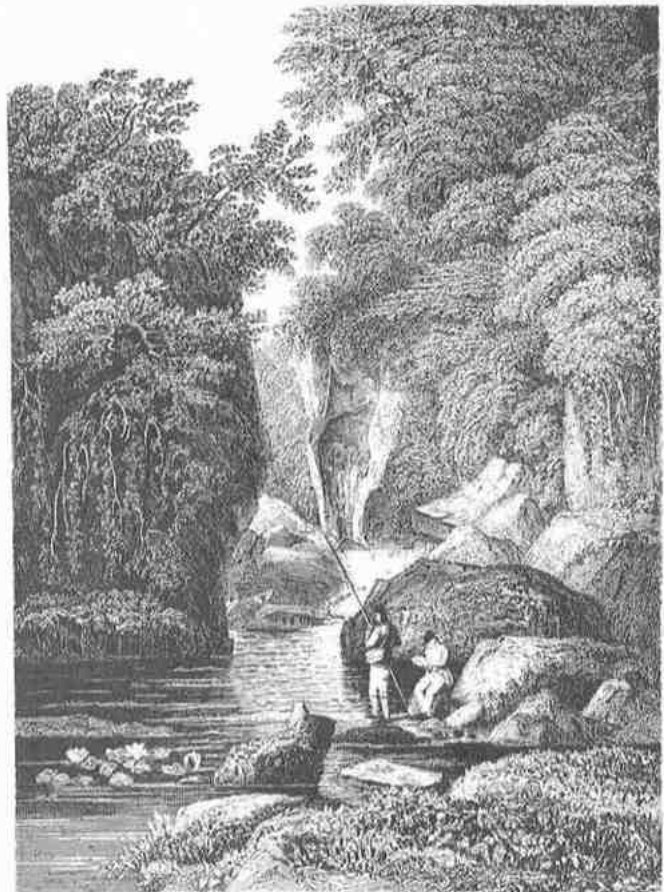
It was part of the river seldom visited by anyone but myself, from the great difficulty of approach, and there was little hope of assistance from any brother Angler. But when things are at their worst, we know what a pleasant turn they sometimes take, and so it proved now; for on looking up the bank a fisher hove in sight a quarter mile distant. I instantly made a signal of distress, which he acknowledged promptly and came running to my assistance. He then waded along a ledge and a fallen tree to the rock, and gaffed the salmon - a fat fine fish of sixteen pounds. This friendly brother of the angler is Colonel C - - - n, M.P.P. to whom here I offer my public thanks; wishing him all imaginable luck both on the banks of Gold River and in the Provincial Parliament.

About the end of the first week the General and C - - - y were a little discomfited by losing the services of their Indian attendants. The measles attacked the camps of the Mic Macs and poor Johnny and Jemmy were put hors de combat as fishermen. Fortunately one of our party was a medical man. He used to amuse us with accounts of the insatiable and most uncivilized fondness of his patients for the few simple articles of the pharmacopie he had brought with him, but of course they will get rid of this, like other traits of barbarism, as they become more enlightened. One box of pills was grand medicine - but the sick Mic Macs wished to be helped on Morrisonian principles, in doses of ten or twelve pills at once - a greediness for galenicals quite inconsistent with the limited contents of the box.

From one plague of anglers on this continent we were quite exempt - there were no flies - but as counterbalance it was generally very cold in the morning - our wet lines were once or twice frozen to the rods; and the frigid wading was by no means agreeable if no salmon rose; but with good luck, no inconveniences of any kind ever annoys a good fisherman.

During our stay at the river we lunched twice after the Indian fashion - once near the head of the meadow, and again at Ince's Hole; on both occasions we had a salmon roasted. The process is this. A large fire is made on some pleasant spot by the bank generally near some fishing ground. A salmon fresh caught is split open, cleaned and the backbone is taken out. It is then spitted longitudinally on a piece of wood, with three or four skewers across, and the spit is thrust into the ground before the fire. First one side is done, and then the other and when the whole roast is accomplished the fish and spit are placed on a birch bark dish, and placed on the knees of the master of the feast. The inexpressibles of the angling brotherhood ought not to be offended at salmon fat, therefore if a little exudes, unless it is scalding it is of no consequence.

The correct mode on such occasions is to eat with the fingers but we used forks; and moreover instead of imitating our Mic Mac Friends, who are all teatotalers, in lapping from the river, each man produced a bottle of Porter from his pocket, handed the Indian attendant a foot or two of tobacco, and then complacently lighted his own cigar. All this time a second salmon was roasting for our red staff, and certain bottles of tea prepared for their use were distributed amongst them. These poor people appeared to enjoy their meal immensely, cramming their capacious mouths with long portions of the fish, dropped in endways as the Neapolitans eat macaroni; and as for Mr. Thomas Copp who possessed great natural advantages for this, he pitched in the



*The American salmon fisher inherited his technical know how from practises developed along the banks of Irish, Scotch and English rivers.*

fragrant flakes at a rate that distanced all competition.

Mais revenons a nos moutons, although our littoral moutons do not deserve it; for those which our friend C - - - y had purchased for us consisted without a figure of nothing but wool, and skin and bone and horns; and were only fit to make a meagre broth, when the bones were well pounded to extract the marrow. About the end of the second week we found that rounds of beef and veal pies, however vast will not last forever, exposed to the assaults of four hungry fishermen and their servants, white and red, however eked out by the friendly salmon. There was nothing but eggs and potatoes to be had in the neighborhood. An innocent calf, indeed of the genus "staggering bob" having come to an untimely end, we obtained a side of the veal which kept us alive two days. At length we found ourselves under the necessity of visiting Chester one day in quest of a dinner, which we ate at Smith's comfortable Inn in the pleasant society of two brother anglers of our acquaintance who had their headquarters there. When about to start home, A - - - n, like an excellent purveyor bethought of visiting the larder, where he found the remains of the dinner. He pounced upon a leg of roast pork, a breast of veal, three quarters of a ham and remorselessly carried off these, telling the bereaved Mrs. Smith to add them to the bill.

Towards the close of the third week the fishing had considerably fallen off - the first run of large fish was nearly over, and so many fishers were exercising their vocations

in all directions, that it was no easy matter to catch a salmon. At this time the poor fish were sadly persecuted, and it was a very lucky individual who steered clear of the four or five tiers of nets on each side of the mouth of the river, escaped from Tom Copp at the bridge, evaded the spears of the other Indians along the meadow, and the flies of thirteen or fourteen rod fishers thrashing Cumberland Pool and at the bottom of the falls. Moreover we found we had enough now of exercise and amusement. Rising at three or four o'clock in the morning, and twisting and twining every muscle in the body amidst rocks jungle, full of the horrid American thorn, and floundering in the water amphibiously until ten, and again from two till dusk, might be admirable training for a pugilist or a runner against time, but was detrop for grave and steady gentlemen of fifty or over, or even younger people. Consequently on morning of Sunday the 15th of May, we resolved to start for Halifax via Windsor, after first trying to catch a fish to take home with us.

But the fates were adverse. The morning was cold and wet and the salmon lazy. I rose one but it would not stir a second time. A - - - n hooked two and lost them. C - - - y after a cast or two wisely went to bed. And our excellent chief had the mortification to lose a fine fish after long play by the bungling of his Indian, who was the only bungler in the camp.

A list of fish killed daily by each of us, with their weight had been regularly kept and hung over the mantel-piece

of our mess room. On summing up they amounted to a hundred and fourteen, weighing about eleven hundred pounds. This was an average of about ten pounds apiece. We had caught several fine salmon of fourteen and fifteen pounds apiece, full of marine strength and vigor, with the parasitic insects of the salt water still adhering to their skin; and on the whole had passed the three weeks most agreeably.

A tinge of melancholy shades the mind on leaving the scene of recent enjoyment. And I believe we all felt something like this when tying up our fishing rods and parting with the Mic Macs. As for my friend Tom Copp, he and I had virtually concluded a treaty offensive and defensive - or rather he swore allegiance to me on all future occasions when visiting Gold River, and promised to come to see me at Halifax. Perceiving that his much worn blanket coat was become a coat of mail with the encrusted blood of a hectacomb of salmon, and that his other nondescript garments were in most miserable plight; I indued his squat figure with a cast off fishing jacket, waistcoat and trousers, presented him with divers superannuated pairs of shoes and stockings, and placed a straw hat wreathed around with flies and casting lines on his greasy head. I then dismissed him with a present of money. I hope this active Mic Mac will not entertain any unseemly feeling of vanity in his new dress; although of this I have some doubts, for Tom's wardrobe is now beyond all question the first in his tribe.

N. Y. ALBION (1843)



*Spearing salmon was once considered a British gentleman's game and practised in North America for many years during and after pioneer settlement.*

# The Encampment

By  
GENIO C. SCOTT

*'TwiXt the fir-tree skirted ranches,  
Where the Rattling Run doth shine,  
We erect our hut of branches,  
Roof of birch bark, wall of pine;  
Floor it with the boughs of saplings,  
Fragrant, soft as couch of kings,  
Rioting in forest pleasures,  
And the sleep that labor brings.*

It was nearly noon when we arrived at our camping ground, which is a level piece of bottom-land, covered with sand and cobble-stones, a mile long, by the river shore, and a quarter of a mile wide, the base formed by Rattling Run, a small river emptying into the St. John just below our tents. It was a very hot day – hot is the word for the middle of a clear, still day, from the 20th of June to the 20th of August, even in Labrador, where there is frost nearly every night. There was only one tent pitched; but the lady was superintending the erection of a log cabin, while the gentlemen were away up the river angling for salmon. The lady sent her servant – a “contraband” that followed the general from Tennessee – to inform them of our arrival.

I noticed with pleasure that the general’s lady had not suffered much from the annoyance of flies.

“Oh no,” she replied; “it’s perfectly charming here; one bit me on the eyelid before I knew what to apply for antidote, and it nearly closed it; but now, as soon as I am bitten, I just touch the bite with ammonia, and it gives me no pain, and never swells. The black flies do not trouble you after dark, and that’s a great comfort.”

I saw a few signs of defaced beauty, but kept mum. In fact, on looking upon these two ladies, I felt proud of such specimens. One of them had visited most of the courts of Europe, and the other had accompanied her triumphant husband throughout our recent great war. We therefore numbered six in the party, two ladies and four gentlemen; and I am bound to acknowledge that, throughout our month of camp life, hundreds of miles from a post-office, the ladies exemplified the highest degree of spirit and pleasure, with the least appearance of annoyance at any discomfort; and these were the two first white ladies that ever ascended the great St. John River.

Having examined the surroundings, and admired the great contrasts of the heavens with the mountains, and the wide, rapid, roaring river, with its tributary of Rattling Run, and while I was beginning to scan the lay of the grounds for deciding where to pitch tents, behold our comrades! They came fishing along, towing four salmon on the gaff, while the general played a fifteen-pounder all the way down from the falls, a mile up the river.

It having become midday, we compared notes and took dinner. At dinner we discussed the almighty salmon in all his aspects – from his seclusion in corners of the earth, where he is protected by flies and an almost impenetrable wilderness, to his high game, and, finally, the epicurean ap-

pearance he lends to the dinner-table. Our dinner consisted of:

Saumon a la maitre d’hotel.  
Saumon frit.  
Saumon au gratin.  
Jambon brulee.  
Les oignons de Bermude.  
Biscuit de mer.  
Le pain et du beurre.  
Du the et du sucre.

Having twenty-seven miles of rapids against which to transport our stores, our potatoes and our claret were left at the mouth of the river, besides our desiccated meats, soups, vegetables, and fruits preserved in cans. Even our old Jamaica rum was left, and the only diffusible stimulant was gin – Holland gin! But, in order that our coffee, mild, and the numerous luxuries laid in for the campaign should be on hand for the glorious Fourth of July, we divided our men and canoes, half to transport our provisions from the mouth to the camps, and the other half to serve in the way of paddling us to our places for angling, gaffing our salmon, and pitching our tents, waiting on us, cooking, etc.

The general and the doctor had so excited my friend the banker and myself with stories of captivating sports, that, immediately after dinner, we hardly thought of a cigar, but forthwith commenced splicing our rods. To save me that trouble, as he saw my anxiety, the doctor kindly tendered me the use of a Castle Connell rod, which, he stated, had nearly broken his back and used him up, but he hoped it would behave more generously with me. It was a twenty-foot rod, by which a long cast could be made; but it was so top-heavy, and with a sort of double action, like a “kick in the handle,” that it came back on me several times, and made me sit down in the river to cool off; but not on that day.

The doctor accompanied me, to give an idea where I would likely find salmon, and how I had best move my fly so as to render it captivating in that wide and rapid river. I admired the river; the breaks of salmon of from ten to twenty-five pounds each excited me. I soon thanked the doctor, and told him that I believed myself a match for them, when he ignited a cigar, and proceeded onward to where he expected the salmon were waiting for his flies.

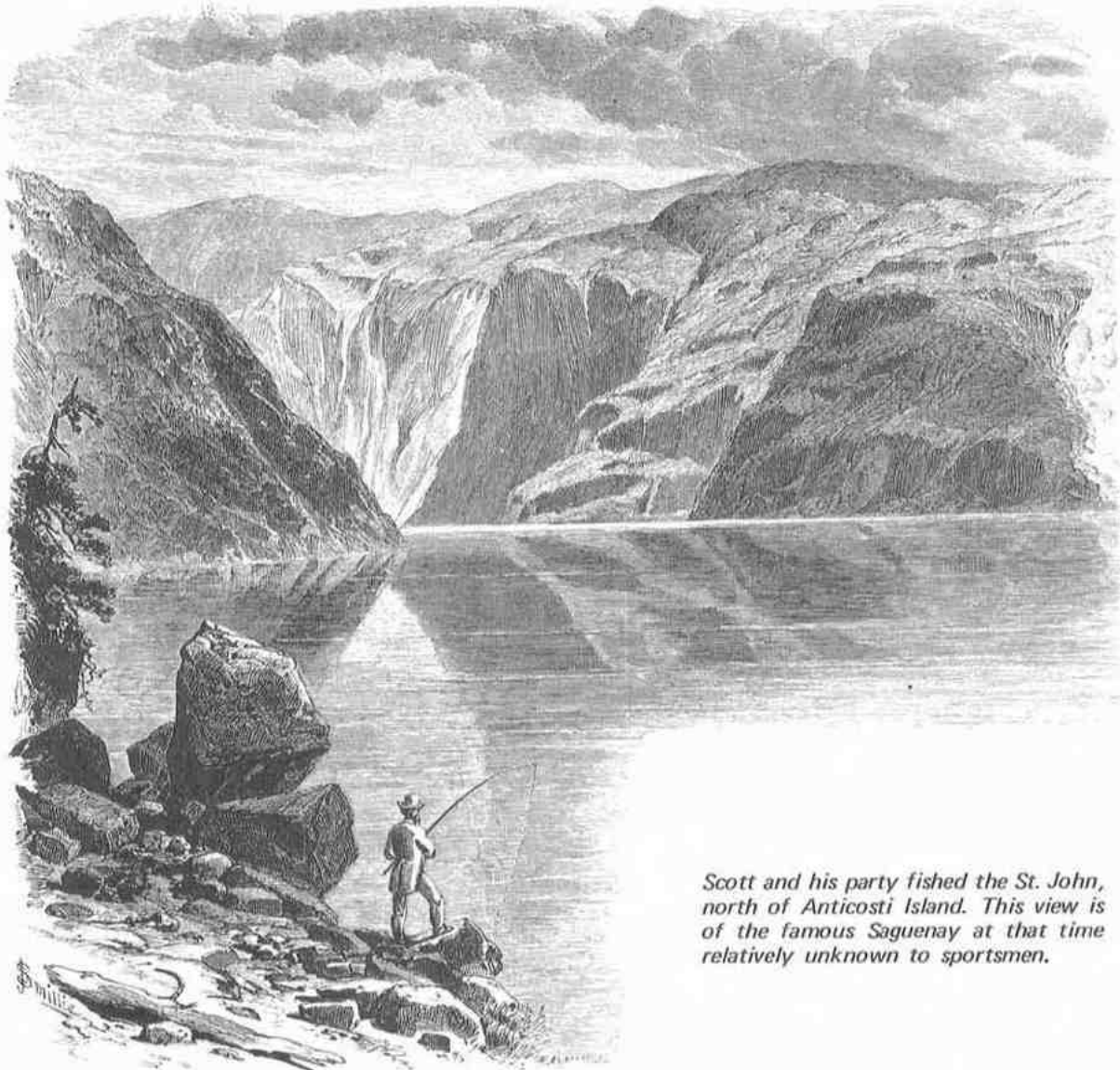
Left alone, with the injunction that if I should hook a salmon, to shout for a gaffer to come to my assistance, as Duncan had returned to the mouth of the river for pro-

visions, I again examined my tackle. "It is true," thought I, "these fish average from eight to thirty-eight pounds only, and I have taken a forty-pound striped bass; but my tackle for striped bass was a strong line, while here it is only a single silk-worm gut."

Having intellectually weighed and investigated the theory of the audacious fish in that river of great power and majesty, and so examined that I thought all things were right, I made a cast and let my fly float round from the current to the side. I continued so to cast and drop down stream a step at each cast, about half an hour, when a salmon accepted my lure. The fish did not take the fly as a trout does by rushing at it from beneath, but rose over the fly and took it on going back. He soon convinced me that he was there by a jerk and a leap above water, and out farther into the river where the current was stronger. When he leaped, as he did numerous times, I lowered the top of my rod as if bowing to his mandate. By-and-by he suffered himself to be reeled up quite near me, no doubt because his curiosity prompted him to study the cause of his difficulty, and to try, if possible, to reach its source. In the mean time I was shouting for some man to come and gaff my salmon.

After having scanned "the head and front of the offend-

ing," he turned and ran off moderately until he arrived in the swiftest part of the current, and then all I could do would not stop him. I was therefore obliged to follow, and down I started along the stony shore for a quarter of a mile, when I became fatigued; and, as if to spell me, the fish halted and remained until he rested long enough, and then he rose and made a quadrilateral leap, or four leaps in as many directions at the same time. Said I, "My chap, you are some!" "How many lives have you got, anyhow?" thought I. But there was no use of thinking or speculating, for he had mounted his high horse again, and down the river I had to follow. My extemporized gaffer advised me to snub him. I replied that I had, but it was of no use. Presently he halted again, and, drenched with perspiration, I doffed my head fly-net and prepared to do battle in open air. It was not long before he gathered strength again, and started for the middle of the river, but a little harder play coaxed him to change his mind. He then began leaping and cavorting, as if he was only in fun all the time, and had as lief as not come in out of the wet. In a few more turns, the gaffer made a pass at the fish and missed him. The fish then showed great vigor, and acted as if he would never say die; but after several efforts the gaffer brought him up, and



*Scott and his party fished the St. John, north of Anticosti Island. This view is of the famous Saguenay at that time relatively unknown to sportsmen.*

he weighed only twelve pounds.

With perspiration rolling down me and not a little fatigued, I started back to where I hooked the salmon and commenced casting for another. It was not long before I hooked him, and without much make-believe he started down the river and I after him. Presently he waited to rest, and then turned and ran up the river. Then he sulked. Next he leaped and dove, swimming rapidly up stream to form a bight in my line. But, finding all his tricky efforts useless, he started with great speed down the river, and I brought him to gaff half a mile below where I had hooked him. He weighed within a pound of as much as the first one.

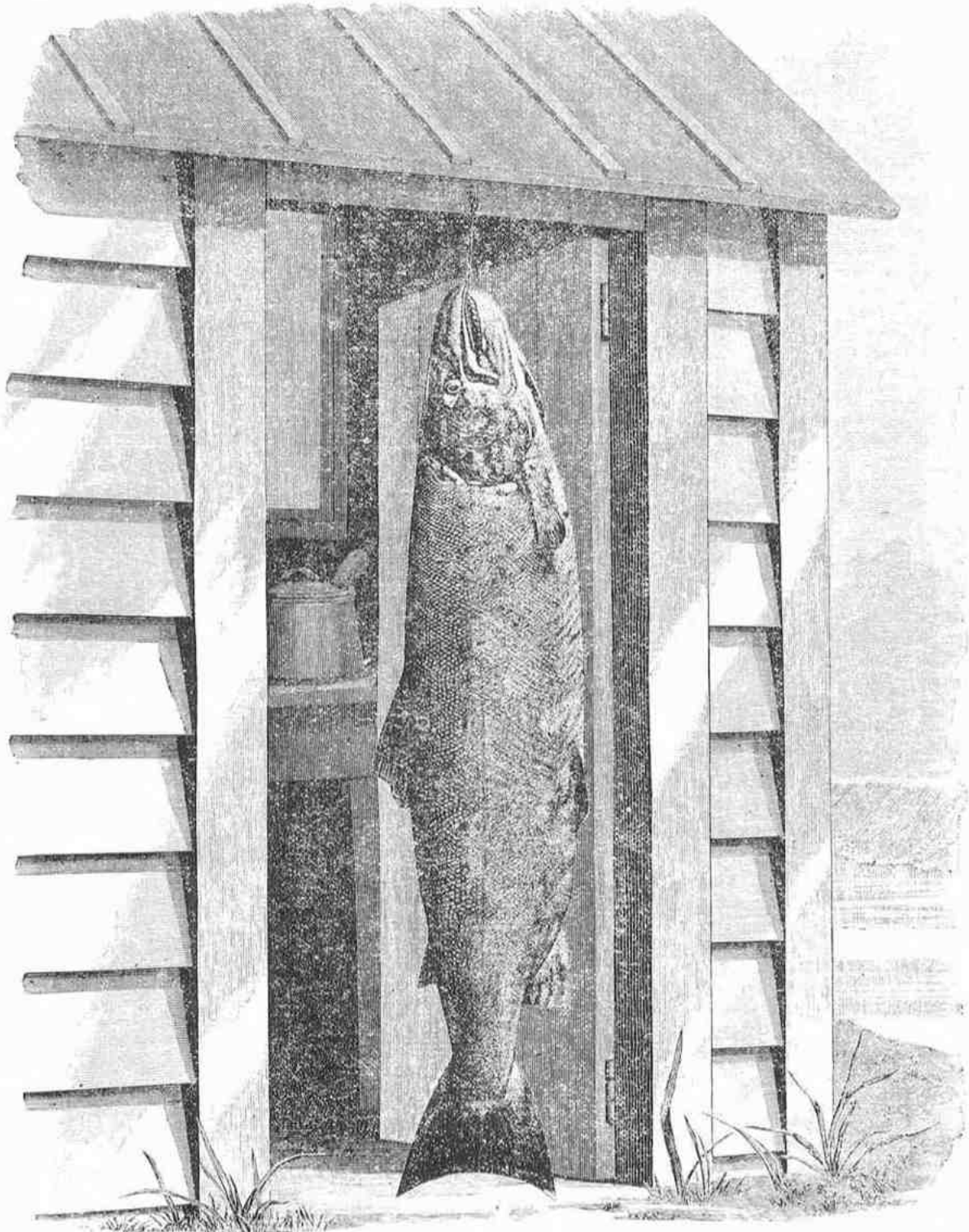
Again I retraced my steps to the head of the pool, to where a long cast would send the fly beyond a submerged rock in the centre of the current, below which salmon appeared to rest preparatory to ascending a lengthy rapid which carried them to the great pool below the falls. Several times I delivered my fly so as to sweep the current and eddy without a salmon putting in an appearance. I therefore walked along the shore, casting out as far as I could on the rapid stream, and every time the fly floated round to the edge of the eddy at the side I took one step down stream and cast again, so as to fish over all the ground on my side of the river. I had not fished more than a quarter of a mile, when, in response to my feathery invitation, a very large silvery fish sparkled in the air before me! I admired him with intense interest; and, after a short contest, he came up persuasively, seeming to say, "I'll land without the gaff." Thus he played off and on shore, in the air and in the water, until I realized a new sensation, and began to regard him as a charming pet. I saw that he was a very large fresh-run salmon, and much more tractable than either of the two which came to gaff. Presently he slackened speed, and even stopped to rub his nose against a rock, and perhaps try to spring the hook out; but these were merely casual experiments to whet his ingenuity, while on his way back to the

sea, to rid himself of hooks and stake-nets. By-and-by, after he had led me about half a mile, sometimes fast and at other times slow, as suited his fancy, making me appear very like, though less artistic, perhaps, than Pat with a shillelah in one hand, his hat placed akimbo, and with his other hand holding a rope fastened to a pig's leg, the pig too large for Pat to control. About that time I did not think of black flies, nor rocks and sore shins. My friend sometimes generously came near shore, and once I thought I saw him throw his tail up, as a sure sign of growing weakness, but it was all sham. He was only studying my tackle, and his means of escape by parting it. He was up near the gaff several times, and eyed the instrument critically, but with a whirl of astonishment akin to anger and disdain, as if in this age of negro suffrage a man so cruel could be found as to fight salmon with so unequal and hideous a weapon. But he curled on the water, and while he touched his nose with the end of his tail, he looked askance for an instant; then he made a prodigious leap down stream, and plunged some ten feet under water and came up five rods above, thus forming a bight in the line, by which he expected to gain slack and extricate himself. But it was all no go. I thought he was mine, and preserved great care lest he should unhook while bringing him to the gaff. He came forward as willing as a pet lamb until within three rods of shore; he then made a turn, and with dips, dives, leaps, and other devices, liberated himself, and took my fly-hook with him. I felt wilted; worse, I was outgeneraled; worse still, I was vanquished. I once more mechanically walked nearly a mile to the foot of the rapid, but I could not cast with hope and confidence, and, as the sun was about setting and the mosquitoes began their carnival, I repaired to the tent and to supper, used up, though partially successful.

Thus ended my first afternoon's angling for salmon in Lower Canada. (1868)



OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN



**FIFTY-FOUR POUND SALMON**

*Killed by Mr. R. G. Dun, of New York, on Cascapedia River, Canada,  
June 1886. Drawing from a Photograph.*



# A Modest Fisherman

In the record of sport for the year now drawing to a close, it is doubtful if there is an event more interesting than the capture of the largest salmon ever caught by a fly-fisherman. In order that some permanent record of the achievement may be preserved, and the occasion fitly marked, the accompanying engraving has been prepared, and as Mr. Dun is himself too modest to boast to the public of his great good fortune in fishing, the undersigned, as his friend and partner, ventures to tell the story as gleaned from time to time from his own lips.

The size of the fish, as will be seen from the accompanying engraving, is unusual, but its shape and proportions were so perfect that its great weight and real magnitude were hardly at the moment appreciated. It was only by comparison with other fish, or with other objects, that its real extent could be estimated, and especially after its arrival in New York, when it was hung up, and in that position its length compared with the height of ordinary individuals, did the real size of this splendid specimen dawn upon the mind of the observer.

The subject of this story, however, needs very little embellishment. He speaks for himself in the magnificent weight of 54 lbs., and in proportions that need no enlargement. The catch was made under the following circumstances:

Mr. R.G. Dun of New York, who is the well-known head of the great Mercantile Agency which bears his name, has been for years an ardent fisherman. Sharing as he does with Lord Lansdowne, the Governor-General of Canada, the lease of the Cascapedia River, in the Province of Quebec, and being also a member of the Restigouche Salmon Club, of Metapedia, he has had the best opportunities for pursuing the gentle art. Last June he had camped on the Grand Cascapedia with his good wife — as the only and best companion he cared to have — and amid many discouraging reports commenced to fish. His experience of the first week would have been sufficient to dishearten most men, for throughout the six days of constant and persistent whipping of the stream, not a single rise was vouchsafed. On the eighth day, however, he was rewarded by a 23-pounder, and the following three days had great good luck, securing five fish ranging from 25 to 34 lbs., and on the last day the 54-pounder — the subject of this communication.

On the last day the morning was gloomy and the prospect seemed uncertain, for though casting his fly perhaps a thousand times without a rise, it began to look as if luck had departed, so that lunch time arrived and not a sign. Undiscouraged, however, in the late afternoon another effort was made. Commencing at the top of a large pool, he slowly fished its upper edge, when at a distance of 200 yards he saw a rise of a huge fish to a natural fly, which created a great commotion in the water. In a moment he and his guide felt that the opportunity had come, and if skill, good luck and good judgment availed, they would soon be made the happy possessors of a great catch. Marking the lines on either side of the river with the eye, they quietly floated down to the spot, in the meantime, however, much to their surprise, having a rise and capturing a 23-pounder. Approaching the spot where the big fish had risen, Mr. Dun very

cautiously and warily threw out with a good long cast a silver-gray fly, and with breathless interest awaited the result. In almost an instant the huge fellow came up to it like a tiger, and with a lunge caught the hook and was off in a moment. Plenty of line was of course afforded him, but the anchor was ordered up and the boat put for the right hand shore, where there was some good eddy water. The great fish took a long run, most fortunately up stream, but up to this time had not shown himself. He was played hard, and brought up at one time almost within reach of the gaff, but with a sudden and noble effort for freedom he took another lunge, and with a leap out of the water in which he showed his whole proportions, he made up stream again with tremendous force, causing the reel to whiz, and taxing line and rod and single catgut to their utmost. Mr. Dun was, however, equal to the great occasion, and with a coolness and skill greatly to be admired, held his prize well in hand. The size of the fish, a seeming monster, he says, well nigh frightened him. He had heard of hunters being attacked with "buck fever" at sight of their first deer, and though he had caught hundreds of salmon, his feelings were akin to this sense of paralysis, for he never had had so large a fish, and his anxiety and desire to gaff him may well be imagined. He was as tender as an anxious mother to save her offspring, and yet as firm as a stern father determined to have his way. Gradually the line was reeled up, and the reluctant monster drew near the boat, where anxiety and nervousness were again extreme because of the inexperience and evident fright of the attendant. At the word of command, however, the green gaffer let drive, but in a most awkward manner. Fortunately the iron went deep and a firm hold was secured, and then came the tug of war, for it then became a struggle whether the fish was to come into the boat or the gaffer into the water. But after a few strong adjectives from the fortunate fisherman, and a threat that the gaffer would be killed if he failed, the great salmon was at length pulled to the side of the canoe and safely captured.

The time seemed long from the first rise, and the excitement and pleasure of the chase crowded into short space what seemed to be hours; but comparing notes it was found that barely half an hour had passed since the struggle began and victory had been achieved. The victory was a signal one, for the 54-pounder, lying in the bottom of the boat, was the largest salmon ever caught by a fly in these waters, famous for their great fish.

Mr. Dun had caught many big fish. True, as a fisher of men, who in their turn had caught fish, he had been successful. As his guest, his friend, ex-President Arthur, in the same river, had caught a 48-pounder, in those palmy days when the good General enjoyed perfect health, and when, among other good things, these two warm friends had the companionship of ex-Senator Conkling, a pleasure as rare and as enjoyable as it would be possible to have, in camp or out of it. But this was all past and gone. The sick General was languishing on the sea shore, and a great wall had grown up between him and the Senator, which rendered impossible such happy meetings in the camp of a friend on a salmon river. But Mr. Dun had got his fish, and would fain be con-

soled, and his consolation was found in one fact, and that was that though there were scales in the vicinity, there were none large enough to weigh his catch. The utmost that the weights would show was fifty pounds, and as the fish pulled them up to the beam, Mr. Dun modestly concluded that one pound more might, with propriety, be added. Hence, he telegraphed his friends that his salmon weighed fifty-one pounds. He might just as well have said sixty pounds, but he was sufficiently conscious of his great victory to stick to the safe side, as he invariably does in other matters, and the result was — as it usually is — all the more gratifying. For when the salmon reached New York, and was sent to the Merchants' Club, on Leonard Street, it weighed fifty-four pounds, and Mr. Dun's modesty was praised equally with his thoughtful liberality in sending forward his fish so that his neighbors and friends might partake of it.

The rod used on the occasion was a split bamboo, made by Leonard. Its length was 15-½ ft. The line was a No. 2 oiled silk, with a single gut. The great strength and reliability

of this delicate outfit was clearly shown in the capture of a fish so weighty and powerful; and the wonder is that, with a single strand of catgut, he was not lost. But experience, coolness and skill were successful, with perfection in tackle. The fly used was a silver-gray No. 1, not unlike a silver-doctor.

And now, having told the story of my friend's achievement, it only remains for me to say that, as he is the champion fisher of salmon for 1886, he can claim as his partner the champion wolf-killer of Canada, the undersigned having, in October, 1873, shot in less than five minutes four huge wolves, entitling him to a bounty from the Canadian Government of \$24. This amount his guide invested in a cooking stove that is doing good service to this day. So, having two partners in one firm who have thus distinguished themselves, must be the excuse for thus occupying so large a space in your most excellent paper.

Erastus Wiman

*Forest and Stream, October 28, 1886.*



*CONTEMPLATIVE MAN (in punt) — I don't so much care about the sport, it's the delicious repose I enjoy so!*

*— Harpers - August 1853*

# The Longest Cast on Record

By  
HENRY P. WELLS

The longest cast of record with a salmon rod in this country is 131 ft., by Mr. Hiram Webster Hawes, at Central Park, October 1884, with an 18 ft. split bamboo rod. In England, Major J.P. Traherne is credited with a cast of 136 ft. Mr. Hawes stood about 30 feet from the bank, upon a platform raised one foot above the water, and cast parallel with the shore. He was credited with only the actual distance which intervened between the edge of the platform and where his fly struck the water, measured upon a graduated rope stretched perfectly straight, close beside which he cast. A very few inches would mark the limit of possible error. Since we are informed that the distance credited to Major Traherne was determined, not by the distance he actually covered but the distance he was assumed that he had covered determined by straightening line and measuring that, I am decidedly inclined to regard Mr. Hawes cast the longer. Of all the fly casting I have ever seen I consider this performance of Mr. Hawes the most remarkable. Not so much does the enormous length of the cast induce this opinion, as the manner in which it is done, and the physique of the man who did it. Mr. Hawes at this time was of very slender build, and with a wrist as slight as that of a woman, rod and line worked in his hands with the precision of a faultless machine. Even when at the extreme of his cast, his back fly was some 25 ft. above the water. Taking all the circumstances into consideration it was a most remarkable triumph of skill over matter. (1886)



Merritt Hawes, son of Hiram W., and Cora Leonard Hawes, late husband of Mrs. Elsie Hawes.



Portrait in oils of the famous tournament caster, Hiram W. Hawes, painted by Mrs. Hiram Leonard Hawes, nephew of H. L. Leonard, married Cora, H. L.'s daughter who was also a champion caster. As the photo shows, the painting needs cleaning and restoration. Donor, Mrs. Elsie Hawes



Trophy won by H. W. Hawes, professional in 1911 for heavy rod distance fly casting. Presented by the Angler's Club of New York. Donor, Mrs. Elsie Hawes

# Meisselbach Reels

by  
John T. Orrelle

While scavenging through a tackle shop a few years ago, I came across the first Meisselbach reel I'd ever seen — a worn and battered fly reel which looked ancient but whose appeal was immediate. An early *Expert*, its basic designing was well thought out despite its old timey appearance, and it appeared to be a very practical fly reel. Since that time I have seen dozens of this same model, with increasing admiration for the man who built it. Like the other fly reels of A.F. Meisselbach, the *Expert* was a good fly reel made to sell in large numbers at bargain prices, and it well represented the Meisselbach concern for thrift and economy.

Aside from information gained indirectly through the history of the company itself — originally established in Newark, New Jersey, later removed in part to Elyria, Ohio, and finally absorbed by the Bronson Company — the personal background of August Meisselbach is difficult to chronicle. What is clearly known is that he was an avid fisherman, with a special interest in ocean angling. An item in the October, 1918 issue of the *American Angler* describes "Gus" Meisselbach as "... a famed channel bass fisherman from Townsend Inlet, New Jersey to Top Sail Inlet, North Carolina." Among other references is a later picture from *Outdoor Life* showing a record permit caught by him in Florida.

The Meisselbach Company made all kinds of fishing reels, and if one had to presume a common characteristic among them, it would be the various "convenience" features with which most were equipped. The casting and surf reels, for example, (*Tak-A-Part*, *Tripart*, *Neptune*, *Triton*, etc.) could all be taken apart by unscrewing the end plates or by pushing some sort of button release. These same reels show other innovations pertaining to drag systems, level-winds, and free-spool mechanisms (notably on the surf reels). On fly reels, alterations usually centered on clicks, handles, or frame construction, and while some of these were perhaps no better than those of other reels, they were always different looking — a factor sometimes helpful in identifying Meisselbach reels.

The Meisselbach fly reels described below were all inexpensive reels, and can often be bought for a few dollars, bearing in mind that there were very likely hundreds of thousands of them made (exact inventories are hard to come by, but frequency of appearance is a fair indicator of their abundance). Excepting one or two models (e.g. the older *Rainbow* with the crescent shaped spool release) most fall in the \$5.00 - \$10.00 bracket, with prices varying in accordance with the condition of the reel. The highest prices quoted below are for reels in mint shape, but the possibility of finding reels in this condition is generally remote.

Regardless of the relatively low prices they bring, these

Meisselbach fly reels constitute an important sample of one of America's most original and prolific reel makers; their value lies not in their monetary worth, but in what they contribute toward a better understanding of the history of tackle development in this country.

### EARLY MODELS: 1, 9, 13

The first Meisselbach patent was issued on February 23, 1886 (No. 336,657). While this date is found on virtually all of the Meisselbach reels prior to 1900, it initially applied to a *horizontal* reel with a metal drag lever attached. A second patent issued later in the same year (November 23, 1886, No. 352,926) described the same drag fitted to an upright reel. Reels in this category were the forerunners to the *Expert* which appeared a short time later and which bears the same patent date. These were semi-skeleton reels typical of the Meisselbach line, *but none of them were equipped with clicks*. There were at least four sizes made, ranging from a 2¼ inch reel to a large 4-5/8 inch model fitted with double handles and an *adjustable cone bearing*. Prices: \$5.00 - \$25.00 (in Good to near Mint shape).

### THE EXPERT: 2, 3, 6, 11, 15

The second group of early reels was composed of click models. Although virtually identical to the later *Expert*, these reels were simply referred to as "click reels for Bass and Trout." The chief distinguishing feature of these reels was an external, non-adjustable click located on the *face of the reel*. Like most of the other Meisselbach fly reels, they came with wooden handles (there are several variations) placed opposite a metal balance knob. There were a number of sizes made, generally corresponding to the reels above except for the absence of the drag lever and the addition of the click. Prices: \$5.00 - \$25.00 (Good to near Mint). These are easily identifiable by the word "Expert" inscribed on a cross bar (more often than not with a 17 or 19 model number also shown). They are represented by at least two models which differ in construction of their clicks. The earliest had a sliding adjustable click located on the back of the reel, while the later models featured a circular click housing bearing the patent date of January 14, 1896 (some do not bear this date); The most common sizes were a 2¼ and a 3 inch reel with a spool width of 1 inch (a 3 inch reel with a spool width of 1½ inches was recommended for bass; this model was fitted with the *adjustable cone bearing*). All were available in either nickel or bronzed finish. Prices: \$5.00 - \$25.00.



No. 1  
An early  
model



No. 5  
Featherlight



No. 9  
Early  
model



No. 2  
Expert



No. 6  
Expert



No. 10  
Rainbow  
631



No. 13  
Early  
model



No. 3  
Expert



No. 7  
All Right



No. 11  
Expert



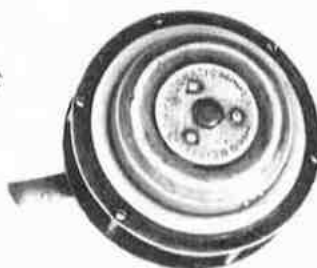
No. 14  
Rainbow  
627



No. 4  
Ablette



No. 8  
Featherlight



No. 12  
Automatic  
1914



No. 15  
Expert

## MEISSELBACH REELS

### ALL RIGHT: 7

Nearly identical to the *Featherlight* but does not have a fully ventilated frame (back-plate is of solid, domed construction). Has the word "Allright" stamped in the same place as "*Featherlight*" on the above reel. There is another skeleton fly reel inscribed "Al Right", but I have been unable to determine who made it. Prices: \$4.00 - \$16.00.

### RAINBOW: 10, 14

First made around 1915, the Rainbow was of solid frame construction and came in two sizes, the No. 627 (2-7/8 inch diameter) and the No. 631 (3 1/4 inches). Identifiable by the word "*Rainbow*" and model number stamped on back-plate. Made at the Elyria division of the Meisselbach company, the earliest models featured a crescent shaped spool release, while later reels were fitted with a retaining screw. Those with the crescent release were made for only a few years, while the latter version was still available as late as 1941 (William Mills & Sons advertised this reel as the

*Cresco*). Prices: \$5.00 - \$35.00 for the early model; \$5.00 - \$25.00 for second type.

### FEATHER LIGHT 5, 8

A raised pillar reel with perforated seat-plate and fully ventilated frame. Two sizes, both bearing the Feb. 23, 1886 and the Nov. 23, 1896 patent dates (a 2 1/4 inch reel with a spool width of 3/4 inch, and a 2 1/2 inch reel with a spool width of 1 inch). Could be ordered in either nickel or bronze and has the word "*Featherlight*" stamped on the bottom of the frame near the seat-plate. Prices: \$5.00 - \$20.00.

A second and more recent form of the *Featherlight* had a more fully ventilated frame which, was considerably lighter, but did not have the raised pillars. Stamped from thin metal, this model usually bears a patent date of December 27, 1904. Has a model number of 250, 260, or 290 stamped on the bottom of the seat-plate along with the word "*Featherlight*." Prices: \$4.00 - \$16.00

**SYMPLOREEL:**

Similar to the *Rainbow* but made of Bakelite, the *Symploreel* was one of the last fly reels made by Meisselbach (after the dissolution of the Meisselbach firm around 1932, Bronson continued to offer the reel as the "Bronson Take-Apart Trout Reel"). The most popular size was a 3 inch reel with a spool width of 1¼ inches, and it could be ordered fitted with an agate line guard. Bears the Symploreel label on the back-plate along with the model number and the place of manufacture (Meisselbach-Catucci, Newark, N.J.). Prices: \$5.00 - \$20.00.

**ABLETTE: 4**

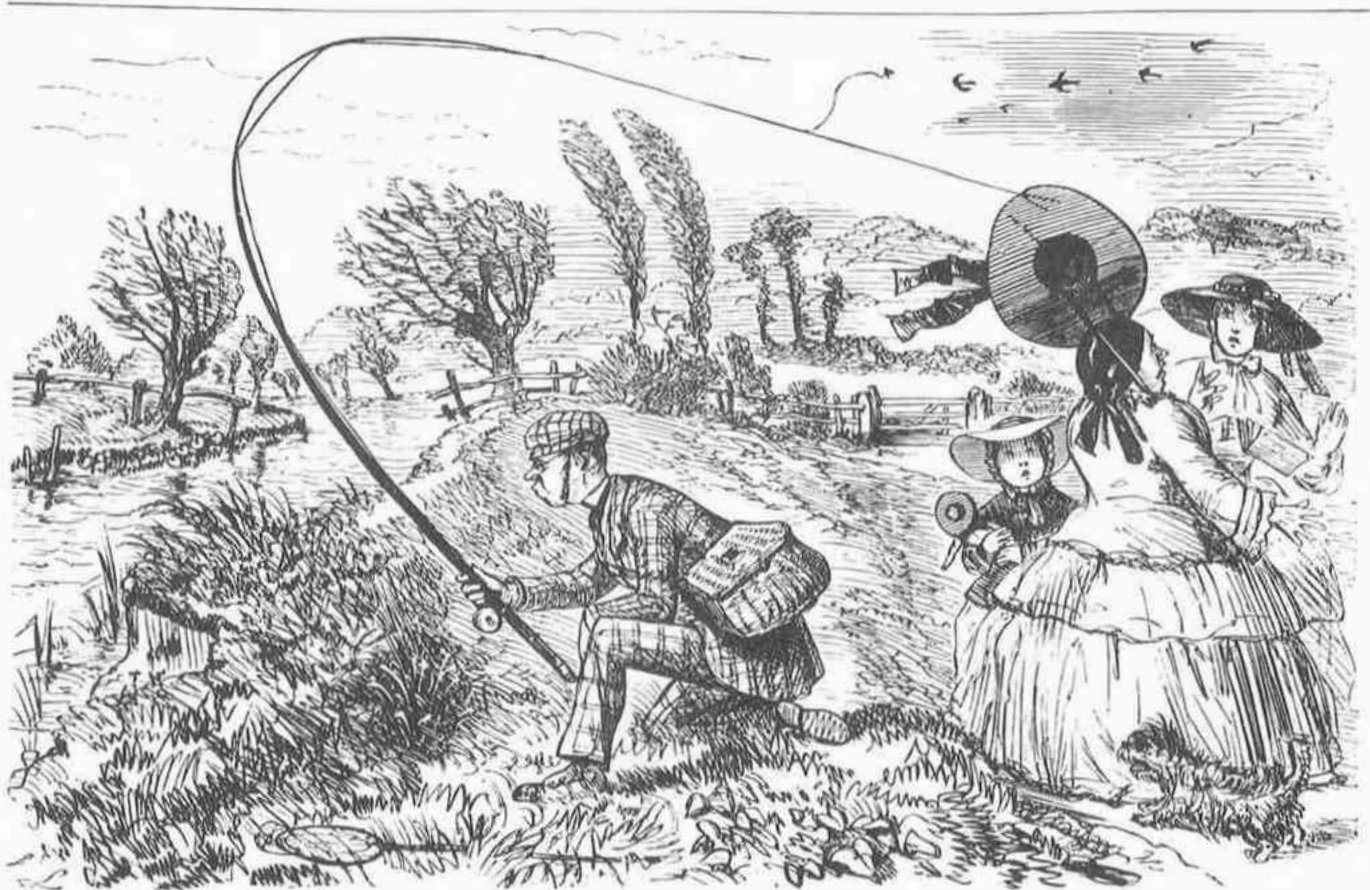
I have been unable to determine the exact history of this reel, but I believe this was a very late Meisselbach patent taken over by the Airex Corporation. A small, lightweight trout reel, it is fitted with a handle and pull type spool

release which are definitely in the Meisselbach tradition. A very modern looking reel, the single model I have seen is a 2¼ inch reel bearing two inscriptions: "Meisselbach-Airex," and Ablette No. 370." Prices: \$4.00 - \$20.00.

**AUTOMATIC FLY REELS: 12**

The first Meisselbach automatic fly reel bears a patent date of June 30, 1914. This reel was made in one size only, measuring 3½ inches and weighing approximately one pound (made of German silver, this is one reel you don't want to drop on your foot!). Prices: \$3.00 - \$15.00.

Two later automatics were the 655 *Automatic* and the No. 660 *Autofly Reel* (both circa 1920). Considerably lighter than the earlier 1914 model, both of these were made of aluminum and featured a knob on the underside of the reel for releasing the bottom plate. There was also an adjustment for free-spool casting or trolling. Prices: \$3.00 - \$12.00.

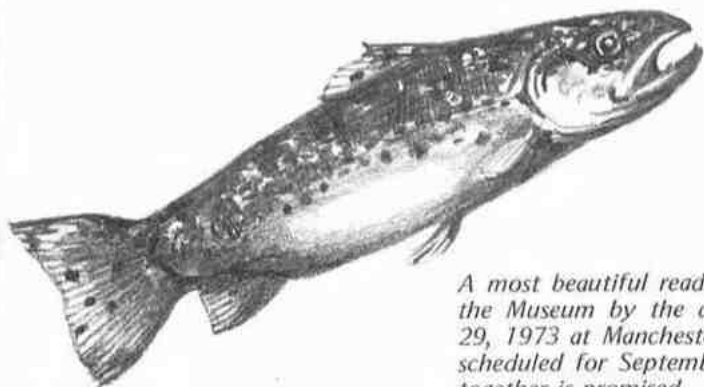


FLY-FISHING. A NICE RIPPLE ON THE WATER.—"NOW FOR A BIG ONE!"



DANA LAMB'S

## Four Halves of Trout Fishing



*A most beautiful reading to the Trustees and members of the Museum by the author at its Annual Meeting, Sept. 29, 1973 at Manchester. The Annual Meeting for 1974 is scheduled for September 28, and another entertaining get together is promised.*

Down in Suffolk County where I live, we have a luncheon group which gathers once a month to listen to a speech. When no articulate authority is free to tell us what is what and why, we sometimes call on someone from the ranks to fill the void.

I was once the fellow called upon and since I'd skimmed the works of Netboy, Jock Menzies and Percy Knobbs, I thought that I was on firm ground — before Long Islanders — in choosing, as a subject, *THE MIGRATIONS OF ATLANTIC SALMON*.

Those of you who, like Lee Wulff, have studied this extensively will realize how I felt when the man who ran the luncheon said: "And after Mr. Lamb completes his talk, I'm sure that he'll be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask."

Most of you have heard the story time and time again about the ancient handy man of a small town pharmacy who answered the telephone while he was cleaning up behind closed doors one Sunday afternoon.

"Fruitchie's Pharmacy" he said.

Then came a woman's eager voice: "Can you tell me whether Dr. Lambert's prescription of Potassium Permanganate Precipitate for Mrs. Prescott Palmer Perkins is ready?"

"Lady" said the old caretaker, "When I told you 'Fruitchie's Pharmacy' I told you all I know."

When I have finished and sit down tonight, I hope no one will ask me anything; I will have told you everything I know.

I'm glad you've given me this chance to state my case before a well informed fair-minded group. I'm certain you discriminating people will agree — when you have heard me out — that I have been maligned by those who say that I am prone — with what they maliciously refer to as advancing years — to inconsistencies, exaggeration and at least some disregard for truth.

Since early childhood, I've disdained details. Most vivid of my memories is of an argument with a distinguished educator of that distant day, tersely terminated and decided in her own favor by my mother's unique rebuttal of her opponent's scholarly supporting evidence.

"Of what interest are facts to me!" she said.

This recollection, I admit, has ever since exercised a baleful influence on my philosophy, my fishing and my practical affairs.

Admittedly, I should be somewhat apologetic for my lack of knowledge and detail. And yet you must expect no show of modesty from me. I know, as Whitman wrote in *Leaves of Grass*, "I know I am August." I know that few excel me in my field; few challenge my acknowledged standing at the top, my standing at the very pinnacle of that fly-fishing art wherein so few will claim equality; the art, that is, of hardly ever catching fish.

Oh there were times when I was inexperienced and young when I caught fish. I caught sophisticated wild brown Adirondack Stream-bred European trout, amazing watching entomologists like Preston Jennings, just then so justly famous for his lovely *Book of Trout Flies*.

But that was in the days before I knew about the things I didn't know about; their name was legion and the long list still is long.

As a fair-to-middling dry fly man, I wormed my way into the 'Anglers' Club — (Did I say "Wormed?"; Let's say I "joined"). At the club I heard the great Ed Hewitt talk of stone flies, caddis grubs, Terrestrials and May Fly Nymphs, emerging duns, their molt "Brush Hatch" and Nuptial Flight; The spinner fall.

Dick Hunt, of Brodhead and Kedgwick fame, might recommend the Skittered Spider or the Wet Fly fished upstream; The Dry Fly — as a variation — down.

I leafed through books that dealt with barometric pressures, air and water temperatures, life cycles and emergence dates of scores of everchanging creatures of the streams, all called by lengthy Latin names and sporting in their final flights perhaps four wings, six legs and extra tails.

I visited the President and saw a mounted four pound Catskill Trout my host had taken from a shallow brush surrounded pool — no mean achievement — even for an angler of the very foremost rank.

I listened to John Alden Knight expound his theory of the pull of Sun and Moon, and masters of stream strategy like George Labranche discuss the curve and bump and steeple casts.

I marvelled at the things that Henry Ingraham knew about the rivers' underwater life, and watched while Charles Defeo, Dr. Burke, Jack Atherton and other experts tied their flies.

This scientific atmosphere, alas, was far too rare for any fact disdaining chuck-and-chance-it fisherman like me who'd won no honors in his Alma Mater's ivied halls.

The encyclopedic knowledge which went in one ear, went out the other — and was gone.

I came up to the Battenkill with June bug imitating Brown Bi-visibles and nothing else. (I'd left my Fanwing Royals at home. Ray Bergman said they represented nothing in real life.) I felt that there was something missing; something wrong. All the trout I got that trip were small and soft and freshly stocked.

Tom Collins tipped me off about the Great Fly-Tyers, Betty Grieg and Reuben Cross, Art Flick, The Dettos and Darbees. I bought a half a gross of well-tied stiffly hackled flies and took them to the rivers that I thought I owned: West Canada, The Chazy, Salmon, Saranac, Ausable, Beaverkill, and Mettowee. They floated nicely, but I caught few fish.

Guy Jenkins told me when I got back home that early season hatches often came at noon and not when I went out at dusk.

Later when the weather and the fly life changed, Bill Mackey pointed out I hadn't changed; I hadn't changed my methods with the temperature, the water levels and the flies; I'd used Light Cahills and Cream Variants when all the naturals were grey, and shifted to the Gordon Quill when Iron Frauditor had long been gone.

I couldn't fish the Nymphs of Duns about to hatch — A practice recommended by a fellow member of the Wind-beam Club — Because I didn't know one nymph from any other nymph or know what Dun would soon come on.

I got so hopelessly confused I lost all confidence. I couldn't even wade the way I should; I couldn't cast the way — 'til then I had. And then it was I started catching hardly any trout, and knew at last why Preston Jennings was amazed when I'd come in to Byron Blanchard's Adirondack mountain house with Browns too big to fit my creel.

A Southern friend about that time, in talking of his family's dogs, referred to them as possum hounds.

"What is a Possum Hound?" I asked.

"A Possum Hound is just a coon hound that has failed." He said.

As far as fishing went right then, I knew I was a Possum Hound.

But let me say that troutless days by human Possum Hounds have their rewards.

Nobody laughs while dealing with a two pound trout on 5x gut. But I have laughed when little boys below cook's falls have said:

"Please don't give our cat that chub you caught; our mother doesn't like to have our cat eat fish."

Whoever, worrying about the netting of a rainbow he's been after for a month, has turned to see a doe and tiny fawn behind him, watching from the woods or glimpsed a baby woodchuck peeping from its sandy streamside den?

Whoever, waiting for a big brook trout to rise, can let his bird dog have the fun of splashing through the stream in search for water rats?

Whoever, working on a rising brown, has watched a mother partridge stealing up the hill with chipmunk colored chicks in tow or seen the beavers working in the dusk?

Whoever, bent on taking home a heavy creel, has time for reading Keats beneath an apple tree in Bloom?

Whoever, fired up to be the days high rod will find the time to gather violets by a brook for folks at home?

They used to say our Princeton Lecturer — and Parson — writer-Diplomat, Van Dyke, was impressively accomplished as a fisherman. I'm not wholly certain this was so. Scholar though he was, I have no evidence he'd mastered Entymology — knew why the fish did what they did or didn't do.

But who would trade a washtub full of trophy trout or record take of salmon for the skill to write thus of an evening on the Restigouche:

"In the evening, after dinner, it was our custom to sit watching the moonlight as it fell softly over the Black hills and changed the river into a pale flood of rolling gold. The fragrant wreaths of smoke floated lazily away on the faint breeze of night. There was no sound, save the rushing of the water and the crackling of the camp-fire on the shore." says one of the Van Dyke's students, John Fennelly in *STEEL-HEAD PARADISE*: "They (the anglers) share a love of the wilderness, the exhilaration that comes from swiftly flowing water, and the surrounding beauty of the green forests and snowcapped mountains. Finally, in most ardent fly fishermen will be found a streak of poetry and a philosophic approach to the problems of life."

Is this true? I think it is. Let's go North to New Bruns-

wick and read the words of Dr. Frederick Clarke: "I do not go to a Salmon River" he says, "only to catch fish . . . . if you're an angler . . . . you will remember the thud of the setting pole on the rocky bottom as your guide suddenly snubbed the downward course of his canoe, swung it hard to left or right of some huge boulder and then allowed it to shoot past — like a race horse given the gate — while the water swept along the gunwales . . . . and then as though to add enchantment to the scene, a white throat loosed his few links of music above the rush of the river."

Let's go across the sea where Eric Tavener, in speaking of the first day of the Salmon season writes: "There is peace in the pools. Not a fish shows. But hope is high as the well-known lodges are fished over. Perhaps hours pass and faith falters, until deep from under the surface there comes a firm heavy pull. The rod bends and the line flies out or, tightly strained, sheers the water with the noise of rent silk, as the salmon forces its way upstream. This, to the fisherman, is the supreme joy of the year, but the angler — philosopher is also glad in the knowledge that faith has been kept. All is well with the cycle of life. The salmon have come back from the sea."

And now suppose that you, my friend, who know so well what you're about, have, with a well cast life-like imitation of a fly that I cannot identify or even see, half filled your creel, you have enough for both of us. Come sit beside me on this old stone wall and watch.

The sun has left the water and light wind dies.

A hush comes on the valley and the birds are still.

The shadows creep across the fields and up the hill.

The dancing mayflies suddenly are gone; the daylight fades.

The moon comes up; the tiny lanterns of the fireflies appear.

Backwater bullfrogs croak as planets take their stations in the sky.

And toads commence their mournful music in the marsh.

Now trout no longer surface feed on dainty insects, dimly seen. But what of that? For us the gates of fairy land are opened on a loveliness — as Skues once so aptly said — Beyond all thought of sport.

If there are any others here tonight who never know what's on the water, what mayfly next is due to hatch, who haven't read and learned by heart the books of Schwiebert, Atherton or Flick; Anglers who just chuck out a spider or a Fanwing Royal, the way I do, and hope some trout will pick it up and hook itself — should perhaps have sung a different song.

The gates of Fairy land can open too on all the wonders of the insect world. Anyone who passed that without a good long look has missed a lot.

The conformation, colors and the changes of the flies; the dance of spinners in the sunset or the noonday sun; The moths at twilight and the nymphs, the nymphs that burrow, swim or cling and leave their outlines on the moist grey rocks; observance of all stages of the underwater life — its beauty, mystery and miracles is half the joy of fishing with a fly.

The other half is rivers that we deeply love. And the lovely furtive fish themselves. And then, the fine, firm friends with whom we watch and wade the streams.

That makes Four Halves; there may be more; I think there are. But as I'm certain everybody knows, a possum hound can't add or count.

Some six or seven months from now we'll see the song birds all are back; the leaves again are green, the mayflies hatch; the swallows once more skim the surface of the stream. When that time comes, may all your rods be frequently well bent; may you often use your net but seldom kill; and may the breeze be always at your back.



# Mystery Portrait

Among the several portraits donated by Mrs. Elsie Hawes of Canterbury, Conn. for Museum study and preservation is one in pastel of Mrs. Elizabeth Leonard, wife of the famous rod maker and grand-mother of Merritt Edmond Hawes.

The pastel is approximately 15 by 20 inches, framed in a Victorian frame of the late 19th century, under glass. Upon removal of the glass for cleaning it was discovered that what was supposedly the backing for the portrait of Mrs. Leonard was the portrait of a young man, the original in black lithographic crayon, then reproduced on heavy paper in the fashion used for reproductions illustrating the handsome, heavy bound local histories of the period. The picture has no identifying marks but the Leonard family facial characteristics are very strong. A check of each feature and comparison with several photos suggests very probably it's a likeness of Hiram Leonard, but it might be Reuben Leonard or another of the family. An inquiry is being made.

The photograph was taken immediately after removal of the portrait from its frame for purposes of record. Funds are needed for the cleaning of not only this portrait but for the restoration and repair of many fine rods, reels and other memorabilia in the possession of the Museum.



*A portrait drawing of Hiram Leonard during his early years or another member of the family?*



*Hiram L. Leonard as a Maine woods runner in the 1860's. The long object fashioned to his waist may be the handle of a hatchet or the case for his flute. From a Daguerretype.*



*Hiram L. Leonard from a photo in the Elsie Hawes collection.*



### THE MUSEUM CATALOG

Museum Catalogue No. 1 is given free with all memberships. Fully illustrated, it offers a brief history of fly fishing in America to 1870 by the Curator and a listing of Museum rods, reels, fly patterns and memorabilia by G. Dick Finlay. The explanatory notes are particularly valuable when viewing the displays at Manchester. Extra copies of the catalogue are available from the Museum

### MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

The American Fly Fisher is but one of the many benefits received by participating in the Museum affairs. Also included with your membership are the informative catalogues, free research services, a direct line of communication to experts in history, literature and technology, free appraisals for donors of materials and an opportunity to individually promote a new movement in the field of fly fishing that is completely unique. Your dollar support becomes far more than financial help. It is the keeping of an unspoken promise to future generations that a heritage will not be lost. A brochure will be forwarded on request.

A tie tack is presented with each membership of \$25.00 or more.

Associate	\$ 10.00
Sustaining	\$ 25.00
Patron	\$100.00 and over
Life	\$250.00

All membership dues, contributions and donations are tax deductible.

Please forward checks to THE TREASURER, The Museum of American Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont 05254 with your NAME, ADDRESS and ZIP CODE; type of Membership desired and a statement of the amount enclosed. Upon receipt, a catalogue, magazine and membership card will be mailed immediately.

### ANNUAL MEETING

The 1974 Annual Meeting will be held at Manchester, Vermont on Sept. 28th. All members are strongly urged to attend. The growth of the Museum's holdings has been extraordinary during the last months of 1973 and the first months of 1974, so much so that the necessary expansion of facilities and attendant programming will require careful consideration. The business meeting is planned for the afternoon including the election of Officers and Trustees. A schedule of events noting times of the business meeting, cocktail party and banquet will be forwarded. Please remember to make your reservations early and plan to get in those last days of trout fishing on the beautiful Battenkill.

In addition, the rare opportunity to enjoy Arnold Gingrich as Master of Ceremonies is offered the membership this year. Arnold is a Master of Ceremonies.

Because so many new items of interest have been received this year, including an extraordinary number of rarities, a special exhibition will be held in the workshop. Kenneth Cameron, David Ledlie and the Curator will be hosts. All members are urged to attend this get-together and enjoy the partying and good eating that are a part of the programming.

### MAGAZINE

The pages of THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER are open to all those who have a healthy interest in the promotion of the Museum. Constructive criticism is welcome as are suggestions which you feel will make for better reading. If you know of individuals performing research relating to the history of fly fishing we would like to make their acquaintance and if you have a question about the Museum, or historic fly patterns, or literature, or tackle development, its almost a sure bet the staff will be able to provide just the right answer. Extra copies of the magazine are available.

### PERIODICALS

A limited number of the Museum's "A Check List of American Sporting Periodicals" by Austin S. Hogan, who researched the subject for over a decade, are available. Two hundred and more miscellanies were published before 1900. The most useful, to those interested in the history of angling in America have been selected. In addition the work book contains an historical introduction, the public libraries where the periodicals are on the shelves and excerpts which exemplify the period literature. Soft cover, complete references and easily readable, the listing is the only guide of its kind in the field of angling references. \$5.00 post paid, from the Museum only.

### FAMOUS BROWN UNIVERSITY

### ANGLING BOOK CATALOGUE

In 1968 Brown's Rockefeller Library put on exhibit a selection of rare angling books. The catalogue, with its history of angling literature soon became a collector's item. An anonymous donor has contributed a limited number to be sold for the Museum's benefit at \$3.00 each. Make checks payable to the "Museum of American Fly Fishing".

## MUSEUM NEEDS

### Research Library

Sporting Magazines before 1930  
Tackle Dealer Catalogues before 1925  
Tackle Photos, Vintage  
Technical Books

### Rare Book Library

Limited Editions  
Autographed Letters  
Manuscript Diaries  
Early Americana  
Book Manuscripts  
Early Ichthyology  
Early Sporting Travel

### Prints and Paintings

### Exhibits & Study

Older Fly Books and Flies.  
Fly Rods of Solid Wood; 4  
Section Bamboo.  
Early Fly Lines; Silk, Horse  
Hair, Grass.  
Reels, all types, especially  
before 1870.  
Early Hand Nets.  
Old Vintage Boots and Waders.  
Eyeless Hooks  
Old Creels before 1930.  
Fly Tying Tools.  
Silk Worm Gut.

### Biographical Information

Tackle Makers.

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## STAFF AND CONSULTANTS

### LIBRARY

Mrs. Leigh Perkins, Librarian  
Joseph Spear Beck  
Stanley Bitchell  
Miss Kay F. Brodney  
Henry Bruns  
Mark Kerridge  
David Ledlie

### HISTORY & LITERATURE

W. H. Lawrie  
Sid Neff

### PUBLIC RELATIONS

Dan Reid  
Ben Upson

### TECHNOLOGY

G. Dick Finlay

### APPRAISALS

All Staff and Consultants in Specialties.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

Tony Skilton  
Donald Owens

### FLY RODS

Kenneth M. Cameron  
Wesley Jordan  
Martin Keane

### REELS

Archie Walker  
Arthur Walker  
John Orrelle

### FLY PATTERNS

George F. Grant  
Poul Jorgensen



"Fly fishing has been designated the royal and aristocratic branch of the angler's craft, and unquestionably it is the most difficult, the most elegant, and to men of taste, by myriads of degrees the most exciting and pleasant mode of angling. To land a trout of three, four or five pounds weight, and sometimes heavier, with a hook almost invisible, with a gut line as delicate and beautiful as a single hair from the raven tresses of a mountain sylph, and a rod not heavier than a tandem whip, is an achievement, requiring no little presence of mind, untied to consummate skill. If it be not so, and if it do not give you some very pretty palpitations of the heart, may we never wet a line in Lake George or raise a trout in the Susquehanna - - -"

William T. Porter, 1843

