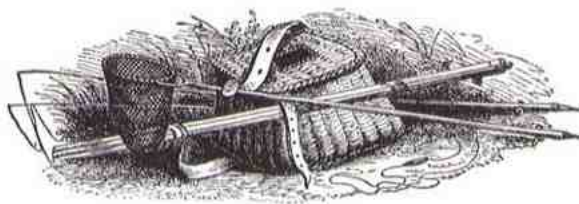


The American Fly Fisher



Vol. 1, No. 4
Fall, 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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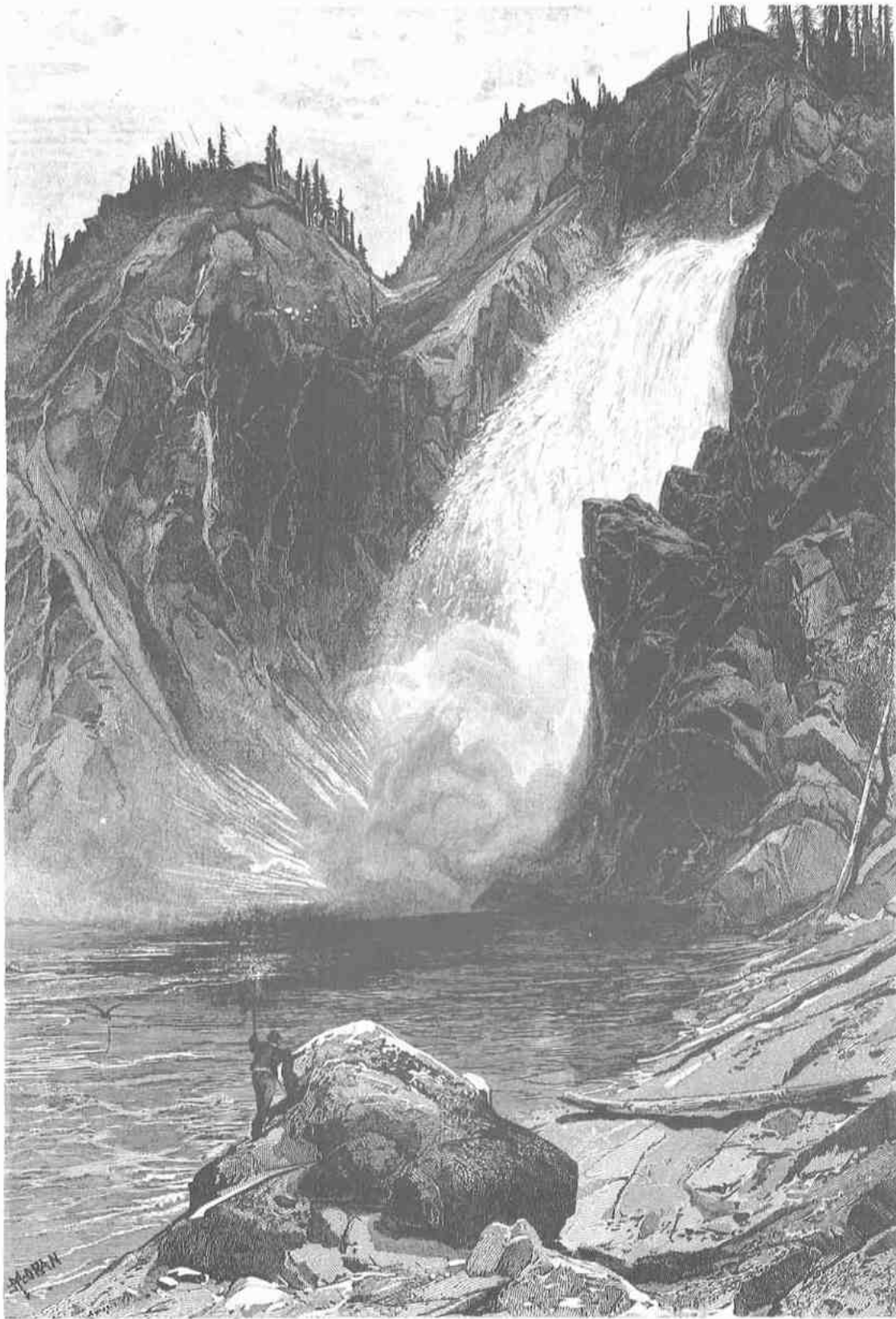
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THE WEST YELLOWSTONE FALLS – 1873

by

Thomas Moran

Thomas Moran, the American artist, was a fly fisher who travelled on assignment for various magazines over most of the United States. He did a number of water colors as well as oils of Yellowstone during his visits there and may have been the first artist to cast a fly to its abundance of trouts.

A Brief History of Fly Fishing in Yellowstone Park

by

CHARLES E. BROOKS

Regretably, space does not permit an inclusion of the early beginnings which served as an introduction to this article. The many pages described the early explorers, John Colter in 1807 - 1808, Lewis and Clark, David Thompson, French fur trappers, Andrew Henry, Warren A. Ferris, Osborne Russell, Walter DeLacy and the many others who left little or any evidence they fished and if there was sport certainly not fly fishing. These pages can be made available in copy for members interested.

Charles Brooks is a noted fly fisher, professional instructor and guide in the Yellowstone region, a Conservationist and has in publication two fine books relating to Yellowstone fly fishing, "Larger Trout for the Western Fly Fisherman" and "The Trout and the Stream."

The honor of being the first to fish the fly in Yellowstone apparently belongs to the British Earl of Dunraven, who in 1874 made an extensive trip through the area. Behind the notorious Sir George Gore, among foreigners, Dunraven is rated by some historians as the second most callous slaughterer of American game animals.

Dunraven was moderate in his fishing, by the standards of the day, but like most "fly fishermen" of his time, he gave the fly only a nominal chance before switching to grasshoppers or other bait. He speaks of trout above the falls in the Yellowstone River as being abundant, and running from two to four pounds, which figure is born out by other, somewhat later, accounts. He is the first (but not the last) to mention that the trout in this section were wormy which, they still are.

Dunraven had a good eye, and a gift of description, as witness: "We were constantly on the look-out for game also, for signs were plentiful enough to keep us on the *qui vive*, and fish and fowl swarmed in the woods and water. Flocks of Canada geese and ducks rose splashing and flapping from the margin of the river, filling the air with their sonorous cries. When we rode by the brink the great trout wagged their broad tails at us as they slowly sailed from out the patches of green weed."

And later, still about the Yellowstone River: "The trout inhabiting its clear depths are exceedingly large and fine to look at, and will take a fly or any other sort of bait voraciously; but they are almost useless for food, being with few exceptions full of intestinal insects."

If Dunraven was moderate in his take of fish, the next gentlemen to fish the fly, or at all, in Yellowstone were not.

Brigadier General W. E. Strong and a party of seven officers, twenty-four enlisted men and four NCO's made a thirteen day visit to the Park in July and August of 1875. The enlisted men and NCO's were sent to protect and attend to the VIP's in the party that included Secretary of War Belknap, later impeached, Inspector General of the Army Randolph B. Marcy, and other important figures.

On this trip, Strong alone killed more fish than the entire party could use; the kill for the entire group was estimated at 3,489 trout ranging from one-and-one-half to four pounds a total take, in thirteen days, of not less than three-and-one-

half tons of trout, yet Strong had the effrontery to condemn "wanton slaughter" of game in the Park.

Speaking of the first trout he caught in the Park, Strong wrote: "Watching his opportunity, when the trout was very near the bank and quiet, he lifted him out. (Flynn, his orderly.) He was a fine specimen and would weigh four pounds if he would weigh an ounce."

Later Strong concluded his first day's fishing as follows: "At 4:30 o'clock I stopped fishing, having landed thirty-five trout which would run from two-and-a-half to four pounds in weight, none less than two-and-a-half pounds; and I must have struck from seventy-five to one hundred of these immense fish. I am sure I lost more than I landed. A dozen hooks at least were broken and several times my line was carried away above the snell; besides Flynn lost at least fifteen in landing. I never saw a finer string of trout in my life; my orderly had strung them on a forked branch of willow, and the only way we could get the string to camp was by dragging them upon the ground, Flynn taking one side of the branch and I the other."

Strong mentions that on this same day General Marcy fell in and got thoroughly wet and chilled, but was so enthused with the fishing that he continued to fish in his wet clothing well into the night, killing over one hundred trout, and nearly losing his own life in the process, from illness following his dunking.

Strong and the officers used fly rods for their slaughter, rods of over twelve feet and sixteen ounces. The enlisted men cut poles, used strong lines and bacon for bait. According to Strong the best flies were the brown hackle, yellow coachman and some grey and black flies. He cites a grey professor as being useless. Late in the trip he remarked that the Firehole River and the East Fork of the Madison (Gibbon River) were fishless above the falls, which they were until stocked at a later date.

From 1875 to 1882, travel in the Park was much curtailed. It was surrounded by Indian tribes; Teton and Gros Ventre to the south, Bannack, Shoshone, and Nex Perce to the west, Blackfeet, Blood and Crow to the north, Cheyenne and Sioux to the east, and these tribes were making a last desperate attempt to salvage dignity and some remnants of their beautiful land.

A coalition of Cheyenne, Sioux and other tribes wiped out Custer and his command in 1876. The following year, Chief Joseph led his forlorn and pitiful band of Nez Perce on the "Trail of Tears," nearly 3,000 miles of running and fighting during which the whites ruthlessly slaughtered whomever they found in front of their guns; braves, women, children, even babes in arms.

The trail led through the heart of Yellowstone, and two groups of tourists were taken hostage. In spite of Joseph's efforts, the braves, raging at the memory of their women and children killed in ambushes at the Big Hole and Camas Meadows, killed and wounded some of the hostages.

By 1880 it was nearly over, and the march of "civilization" was sweeping westward in hurricane force.

By 1883 the railroads had approached to within fifty miles of the Park in two places and the rolling of legions of visitors to this fragile wonderland began, with the inevitable greed and destruction that always follows and accompanies such "progress."

That year President Chester A. Arthur led a host of dignitaries into the Park, and one of them, Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior, celebrated the occasion by killing over two hundred trout in a single day.

In the years immediately following, a small group of determined men stood off all attempts by greedy entrepreneurs to seize the Park for private gain, and pushed Congress into enacting laws to prevent this and to stop the wholesale killing of fish and game. Foremost among these gallant few was George Bird Grinnell, editor of the coming-on-strong *Forest and Stream* magazine, and one of the outstanding conservationists of all time. When laws denying private holdings and forbidding any killing of game in the Park were finally passed, it was to Grinnell and Langford that most of the credit was due.

A man named George W. Wingate passed through the Park in 1885 with his wife, daughter, a guide, and a cook. They were on an extended camping trip, and Wingate left as his legacy of the visit the most thorough-going account of such a trip that I have encountered. The book reminds me of Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," in its wealth of detail and the completeness of descriptions.

Not only does Wingate cover each and every move, he records every bite of food that was packed, listed all equipment, including such impedimenta as playing cards; gave costs, wages, prices, mileages from point to point, by rail, stage, horseback, and on foot; in fact, if he left out anything, it is beyond me to find out what it was.

In spite, or perhaps because, of this, the book is a delight, and the thing that stands out is how little that kind of camping has changed in nearly nine decades.

Wingate took his first trout of the trip from the Yellowstone River in Yankee Jim Canyon some miles below the Park's north entrance. He used a fly rod and two flies, the red ibis and a yellow coachman.

He found no trout in the Firehole and Gibbon Rivers above their respective falls. He was intrigued by stories of six and seven pound trout from the Yellowstone River in the Tower Falls area but could not verify this. He was also intrigued by stories of people who had caught trout from the Gardiner River and Yellowstone Lake and dropped them, without moving, into boiling springs and cooked them. A later visitor, Sir Rose Lambert Price, was also intrigued with these stories and accomplished the feat on the Firehole, which had been stocked by the time of Price's visit.

"I had not had time at the Yellowstone Lake to try from the fishing cone there, to catch and boil a trout without removing it from the hook, or touching it with the hand, and here was a chance of performing so unique a feat. --- More line and a longer cast to take me beyond the water already flogged, and flop, whirr, I am well stuck into a game pounder --- However, I got him under control at last. Fortunately the cast was a strong one, and working him up to the edge of the crater, one strong pull on a short line dropped him into the boiling water and the feat was accomplished." So wrote Price in 1897.

Wingate left the Park by the west entrance and fished Henry's Lake. He mentioned he was using a twelve ounce split bamboo rod and the "locals" jeered at his easterner's fancies and allowed as how he'd never land a fish on such frail tackle.

He was further amused by the antics of a local he hired to paddle and guide him on the lake. This worthy, said Wingate, had never seen a landing net, and landed the fish by lifting them out by the leader and lowering them gently into the net.

Wingate finished his fishing on the Gallatin near Bozeman but caught nothing; sawdust from a mill had killed all trout for some miles below.

Between Wingate in 1885 and Price in 1897, the record of the rod and fly in Yellowstone is found in scattered issues of the magazines of the day, *Forest and Stream* predominating. During this period Yellowstone Park became a curiosity and few people came to fish. But fish stocking was becoming a national craze, and in the years 1889 - 1910 every possible stocking stupidity was compounded in Yellowstone Park.

The region lies largely above 6,500 feet, some of its lakes and streams are above 9,000 feet. It lies also above 43° north latitude and is buried in snow and ice from November through May. Yet largemouth bass, smallmouth bass, pike and yellow perch were indiscriminately stocked in its waters. So were Atlantic salmon, brook, brown, lake, and rainbow trout.

None of the non-trout fishes survived except yellow perch which survived in stunted form in Goose Lake until 1938, when they were poisoned out. No trace of Atlantic salmon was ever found after they were stocked.

Grayling were native to the Park, only in the Madison River, where they are now extinct. Some were stocked, as usual, indiscriminately, but they have not survived in streams in spite of what you may read or hear. They are found in some lakes in the Park and have added grace and charm wherever they have survived.

In 1897 a woman fisher visited the Park and left a record of it. This was Mary Trowbridge Townsend who wrote charmingly of her trip in a piece, "A Woman's Trout Fishing in Yellowstone Park," in Volume 20 of *Outing* magazine. She speaks of catching a gorgeously colored 4 pound Von Behr (brown) trout in the Firehole; since these trout were first stocked as fingerlings in 1889 this is excellent evidence of the quality of the Firehole.

In 1910, a gentleman choosing the pen name of Klahow-Ya wrote a rather amusing book of less than fifty pages on the fishing in Yellowstone Park. It is mostly reminiscence, but there is some lovely writing - and quotes - in it, and the author made this statement: "- taking climate, comfort, scenery, environment; the opportunity to observe Wildlife, and the quality of the fishing into consideration, it (Yellowstone Park) has no equal under the sun."

He gave a list of what he considered to be the best flies for the Park; the coachman, royal coachman and black hackle for the streams and the Parmachene Belle and Silver Doctor for the lakes. But the best fly for streams & lakes, he said, was his own pattern, the Pitcher. The fly was named for Major John Pitcher, the superintendent of the Park at the time. It was tied with a furnace hackle wound palmer, a tail of barred wood duck, white wings and blue cheeks. It is still remembered locally.

Kla-How-Ya spent several seasons in the Park, and he made the curious statement that Iron Creek, a tributary to the Firehole, was barren 330 days of the year, and held catchable trout only in September and October when spawning browns occupied it.

That may have been so in 1910 but at present, Iron Creek has fish in it the year around and I have seen a six pounder in it in July. I cannot account for there not being fish in it in earlier years; the Creek has undergone no changes to its ecosystem and is no different now than it was when the Park was established. Of course, there were no fish in the Firehole or its tributaries prior to 1889 when they were first stocked.

Up through the twenties and early thirties the Park was periodically rediscovered as an angler's paradise, and some bubbling writer would gush forth pacans of praise in one or the other of the outdoor magazines of the day.

Visitors to the Park first topped fifty thousand in 1915, but the onset of World War I caused a decline in attendance and that figure was not reached again until 1921. At this time, the records show that the limit of trout was twenty-five per day, and the fish averaged four pounds.

The high limits took their toll and in the thirties the weight of the average fish caught dropped to three-and-one-half and then to three pounds.

The limit was reduced to fifteen fish, then to ten, but these reductions always came after it was evident that too many fish were being removed for the food of the fishing.

Between 1910 and 1970, I can find only one book chronicling the fishing, although there were the usual gushing magazine articles every few years.

Howard Back, an Englishman, professor of Natural History at the University of Houston, visited the Park in 1936-1937, and was so impressed with the fishing - and the lack of recent information - that he wrote a fishing guide book



This group of lady fly fishers and their gentleman friend helped to decimate the waters of Yellowstone in the early days. Picture circa 1901. Were the spirits in the foreground for the ladies or was the gentleman a two-bottle man?

(Courtesy of Yellowstone Park Files)

about the region.

Back is a warm, delightful writer and his is the best book ever written about the area's fishing. He was the first to protest the high limits and the tremendous waste. He agreed with Kla-How-Ya about the quality of the fishing, even then.

"I have had the advantage of a varied and extensive fishing experience, both in Europe and on this continent," wrote Back, "yet I can say with conviction that, for all-round Yellowstone Park surpass any waters that I know, not excluding those of the Salzkammergut of Austria."

Back did not lay much importance on the pattern of fly, as long as it was large. Small flies caught only small fish.

In the same year, 1938, that Back's book was published, Ray Bergman's "Trout" was also, and it contains numerous references to Yellowstone Park fishing that indicate Bergman agreed with Back as to the quality. Later references in another Bergman book gives a more thorough look and there is a slight indication that the fishing is beginning to decline. This book was published in 1947, before the sudden influx of visitors and fishermen that was to seriously strain the fishery.

Park visitors reached one million in 1948 and the next ten years saw a drastic decline in the fishing, as limits remained too high too long, and few or no restrictions were placed on methods. A tentative study of the fishery was begun in the early fifties and by 1958 it was evident that something drastic would have to be done if the fishing was to be saved.

An intensive study of the matter was undertaken, three

streams were limited to fly fishing only, and all stocking was halted. In 1970, a voluminous report on the investigation was issued, and stringent regulations were imposed. All waters were restricted to artificial lures only (flies included) and some waters were no-kill for any species. All others had the limits reduced to two or three fish of fourteen or sixteen inches.

Partly the restrictions were brought on by the fact that rangers and biologists were finding 7,500 to 10,000 trout per month in garbage cans. This waste has been halted, the regulations are being enforced and there is definite evidence that trout are increasing in size and numbers.

Angling pressure has been tremendously reduced on the fly-only streams although it remains high on those where lure fishing is allowed. But the waters, being protected from damage by man, are demonstrating that with proper regulations and sensible limits, the fishery can support virtually any number of anglers.

At present one sees more and more knowledgeable fly fishermen among the two-and-one-half million annual visitors, and there is a noticeable decline in the use of other methods, even though the majority of waters are open to all artificial lures.

There are about a thousand miles of trout streams in Yellowstone Park, and a dozen lakes. By adjusting size and number limits, the Administration is attempting to equalize pressure on all areas, and this is succeeding to some extent.

I have fished these waters since 1948; I have averaged a hundred days a year on them since 1968. At present, in my judgment, the fishing is as good as it was in the late nineteen-fifties and is constantly improving.



The gentleman with the long pole is angling from Fishing Cone in Yellowstone Lake, where Jim Bridger is alleged to have caught and cooked trout without removing them from the hook, as Sir Rose Price did in 1897 in a different location. Picture circa 1890.

(Courtesy Yellowstone Park Files)

Salmon Fishing in the Novarro River, California

A sportsman, well known in this city (San Francisco), who has been spending the fall in the Northern coast counties, writing to a friend, gives an account of his experiences with the salmon and fly in the Novarro River calculated to stir the blood of every angler. He says:

"I found out the day before I telegraphed to you that this county was excepted from the provisions of the law-making last November 1st the time to begin operations. I had seen salmon jumping in the river for two weeks, and a few had been caught by trolling by some of the boys, but I discountenanced their catching them, stuck up for the law as I thought it was, though it was awfully aggravating to see the fish jumping. But as soon as I found out how the law was, I told all the boys I had made up my mind to catch one. So Wednesday morning, I put my rod together, after being joshed by all hands at the idea of catching a salmon with such a rig. I took my boat and shoved off. Half a dozen people were on the bridge watching to see my downfall. I let the boat drift carelessly and made a few casts without result. I heard them snickering and laughing on the bridge, and it made me mad.

"I saw a swirl in the water about forty feet from me, and lengthening my line, I dropped the fly within two feet of the spot. The fish rose right toward me, mouth wide open and grabbed the fly. Maybe I didn't jab it into him! I hooked him well and away he went. He ran out about sixty yards and the reel fairly screamed. Then the fight commenced, and of all the jumping, turning, twisting and sulking, you ever saw that was the worst. He would come right for the boat and jump every ten feet, then dive under me and jump on the other side, then sulk on the bottom. I almost had to lift his weight to start him. He started for a run and about thirty rods off changed his mind and came back, leaped four feet out of the water close to me and twisted the line clean around me. I thought he was a goner sure; but I threw up the point of the rod suddenly and somehow managed to straighten the line; I don't know how but I did it. Well, I fought him an hour and twenty minutes before I dared gaff him. At last he gave up, floated quietly on his side, and drawing him close up I jabbed the gaff into his gills and lifted him in. It was a cold, drizzly morning but the perspiration just streamed off me. They timed me on the

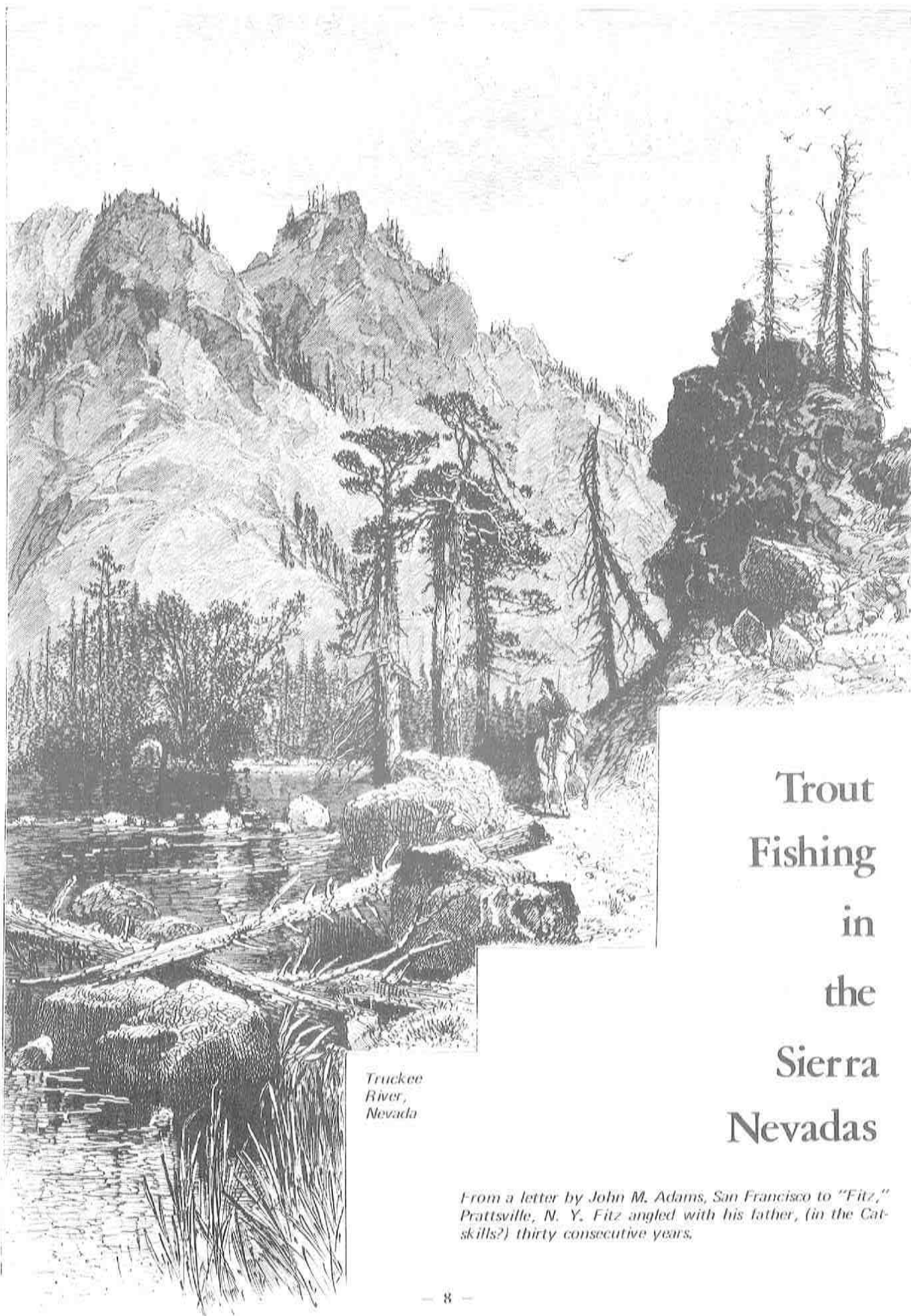
bridge and said it was an hour and a half but I knocked off ten minutes and called it an hour-twenty.

"I thought I would have one more to be sure it wasn't an accident, so I went at it again and in a few casts hooked another, but smaller. I landed him in about twenty-five minutes. So I was certain they would take the fly. I had glory enough for one day so came ashore. The crowd was on hand to see the fish and wonder how such a small line could do the work. They didn't know the virtue of sixteen feet of lancewood, but its awful heavy work to cast with it, though I did not say a word of that to them. I must have a split bamboo as soon as I can afford it sure. Well I came ashore the envy of all. I never crowed a bit over them but I felt big, I tell you. I weighed my fish. The first weighed 7½ pounds and the second a trifle over 4 pounds. Both were fresh from the sea, bright clean and beautiful . . . the large one a female and the smaller a male. Since then I have caught five more, weight 3½, 5, 4½, 8½ and 7 pounds. It is magnificent sport but I have been too busy to have much of it; besides I want companionship to help me to enjoy it to the full. I don't seem to get hold of a big one, for there are fish in the river and they catch them trolling that will weigh twelve to fifteen pounds. However, I am satisfied and get all I want to attend to with seven or eight pound fish. I don't know how I would get on with a fourteen pounder. If he fought in proportion to his weight, compared with our smaller ones, it would take at least four or five hours to kill him.

"I do not know how to describe the fly I used at first but it was one of a lot Fred Butler gave me when I was in town. But of one thing I am sure — bright colored, gaudy flies are best here, for I tried brown and grey with no effect. Red or yellow with blue or green, full bodies, some tinsel to glitter and good stiff hackle would be A-1, I think . . . with very stout single or double gut, for they are fighters to the last. Next year, if I live and all goes well, I must have a No. 1 rod and reel and you must come up about Oct. 15 or as soon as they come in in good numbers and I'll promise you the best sport of your year.

San Francisco Chronicle. (1878)





*Truckee
River,
Nevada*

Trout Fishing in the Sierra Nevadas

*From a letter by John M. Adams, San Francisco to "Fitz,"
Prattsville, N. Y. Fitz angled with his father, (in the Cat-
skills?) thirty consecutive years.*

My Dear Judge: "--- and now for a short account of our trip. Leaving San Francisco July 6, on the 3:30 P.M. overland train, we arrived at Truckee, the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains at 5 A. M. the next morning. Here we went to the hotel and had breakfast, and at about 6:30, three six horse coaches, holding twenty passengers each, started for Lake Tahoe, about fourteen miles south of Truckee.

"Lake Tahoe is a very large Lake, and thousands spend their vacations around its shores. The fish are plentiful, and are caught weighing thirty pounds, but average about one-and-a-half pounds. They are caught generally with hand lines in forty feet of water, using minnows for bait, by still fishing; and also by trolling with a spoon with an immense reflector, cone shaped, and with two wings, and a lot of shark hooks below it, (Buel's). The line used in still fishing, and in trolling is also a big, heavy, coarse common line, and the hooks are larger than "0" sroat. These fish are called red trout or Tahoe trout, or Truckee trout. There is no game quality about them; do not bite well, and when hooked do not fight at all. Some of my friends have fished in Tahoe with rod, reel and small spoons, and have caught as many fish as those fishing with the barbarous Tahoe rig, but they all condemn the fish as having no gameness and they are not very good eating either. The scenery of Lake Tahoe is grand, but life is too short to waste any time fishing for its gameless inhabitants. We have therefore never been there and never will go, except to stay a day or two to see the various points of interest. One thing amused me in watching the Tahoe passengers as they started that morning; many of the ladies had Saratoga trunks. There were a good many tourists, some Britishers, etc., but in the whole crowd of about sixty-three, but one fishing rod, and it looked like a poor one. The others did not fish, or if they did used hand lines. By the way, I have seen several Tahoe rigs and they all have sinkers, of about a half-pound weight.

"Well, the elegant coaches and the passengers disappeared, and up drove one conveyance, the Webber Lake stage. It was a fine vehicle, about fifty years old. One spring was broken and tied together with rope; and a worse rattletrap rig in general you never saw. The four mustangs were harnessed chiefly with rope all right but the driver 'Ward' was, however, a bright attentive young fellow and a good reinsman. We were the only passengers and we three sat on the front seat, and the balance of the load was tied on behind. We had some trouble getting started as the horses were frightened by a locomotive, and after trying to run away, got all tangled up in their harness; but once started, we travelled along smoothly and rapidly; the little mustangs proved to be goers. We were among the pines from 5,000 to 7,000 feet above the sea with the mountains snow covered and occasional patches across the road.

"We arrived at our destination about twelve o'clock, thirty-four miles and by one o'clock we were in a terrific thunder storm. The hailstones that fell were over a quarter-of-an-inch in diameter and they were square. They had such a short distance to travel the corners were not rounded.

"Well, finally the storm passed away; the Captain appeared and gave the Doctor (me) and Mrs. A. his report on the fishing and fishermen. He had been there a week and there were about thirty guests in the hotel of which only three or four were good fishermen, so there was not much fishing

done. Still the fish were taking spoons and flies, trolling, so ravenously that one good fisherman in a day could take all the fish that could be eaten the next day by all in the hotel. I asked him about fly fishing, and he said the water was getting quite clear, it had been muddy from melting snows, but that the fish would not rise to a fly; and that the only fly they took in trolling was a bright yellow body with gray wings. He was positive the trout would not rise to a fly as several had tried.

"My wife was tired and decided not to go on the lake. My guide would not be available until the next day, but a boat had been reserved for us and everything was comfortable. The Captain, seeing me rig up my fly rod, invited me to go in his boat that evening and after supper we started out, he rowing and trolling and I casting. Pretty soon I had a noble rise and hooked my fish. He (the fish) shook his head at me like a dog, and then he went away and I could not check him until he had run out nearly sixty yards of line, when he jumped out of the water, and sullenly shaking his head, came reluctantly towards the boat. Then he started and went under the boat like a flash, doubling my rod and almost breaking it. But I managed to get my rod under the boat and up on the other side, and then whizz, away the line went, and another glorious run of sixty or seventy yards. Then he came under protest back to the boat about forty yards when he started for the bottom, but soon got tired of that, and gradually yielding to the steady strain, came in, although even to the last struggling against capture. The Captain stopped rowing (he had been rowing slowly so as not to catch his spoon on the bottom) and slipping the net under the fish brought him in with a whoop and a cry. The scales showed his weight to be just one-and-three-quarter pounds. Just as we gave him the quietus with a stick, the Captain resumed his oars, and hardly commenced rowing before a fish struck his spoon. And so we kept on until it was dark. In that one-and-a-quarter hours I caught seven fish weighing on the average of one-and-a-half pounds each, and the Captain caught four of the same average weight.

"These Webber Lake trout are the gamest fish of their size I have ever caught. The little Truckee River rises some twelve miles up in the mountains and empties into this lake, which is about three-quarters of a mile square and a hundred and fifty feet deep, except for one area which has about eight feet of water, the bottom covered with grass and weeds making an ideal hiding place and feeding ground. These trout were transplanted from the headwaters of the Feather River which rises about ten miles away, by Dr. Webber twelve years ago. They have a splendid stream to spawn in and get through spawning in May, and about June commence returning to their summer abode, But they do not regain their strength and plumpness till July 1st.

"The Feather River flows into the Yuba, thence into the Sacramento and thence to the ocean. The progenitors of the Webber Lake trout were undoubtedly anadromous. Their flesh is a delicate pink and they are fine eating; but do not appear to go farther down than Webber Lake as I have fished from its outlet a mile down a rocky canyon with beautiful holes and never saw a fish. About a mile below the outlet is a perpendicular fall of 150 feet making it impossible for any fish to get up it. This stream flows into the main Truckee river which empties into Pyramid Lake, which has no outlet.

"Webber Lake is beautifully supplied with food for the trout. At the inlet in August and September are thousands of grasshoppers, and many insects and flies abound on the surface of the lake. The numerous small rivulets that run into the lake are full of minnows about two inches long, and they also abound along the shores; the water is icy cold and patches of snow are seen along its shores in July.

"The hotel is very pleasant. The mosquitoes in June are troublesome in the evening but do not come into the house, and disappear in July. On one side of the lake is a beautiful pebbly beach. On two sides the tamaracks grow to the water's edge and on the fourth side is a pasture where about 200 head of cows feed every summer. Oh, such cream and such butter. The hotel will hold about thirty guests and they have a dozen boats.

"Well, the morning after we arrived, Mrs. Adams was keen for the sport, so with our guide rowing she sat in the stern while I stood in the bow. We started out at about ten o'clock and returned to the hotel at one with twenty-two fish averaging one pound each. That afternoon the same amount of fishing gave us twelve fish, and that evening we caught seventeen . . . those in the evening were much larger on the average than the others. The fifty-one trout made seventy-two pounds. She caught all hers by trolling and mine by casting. Our catch was about equal in number and weight.

"That night the guides and myself cleaned the fish and left them spread out in the cold all night; at 4 A. M. the next day he got up, packed them in dry hay in a box which had holes bored in it; the stage left at 5 A. M., caught the train at Truckee and that night they were in San Francisco at six o'clock. The next day my partner received them and sent them around to friends, and all found them as fresh and nice as if just caught. And here let me state a peculiarity about Webber fish. They do not feed in the morning and will not move around until the breeze commences, which comes up about nine or ten every morning. This you can be sure makes for lazy fishing.

"I always changed my flies twice a day and frequently three times. One set was best in the morning, and generally another in the afternoon, while in the evening the killing flies were the black hackle; a black winged, mitre shaped, with a small, black body; and an orange body and bronze winged fly. Sometimes a black body and black winged coachman if you can call it that. White millers were not good; white winged flies of any kind do not take at Webber. In the day time, red bodied brown hackles and winged flies, and in the evening, black and bronze and orange bodies.

"On the second day's fishing my wife determined to fly fish and she caught seven nice ones in the morning but it tired her arm so that in the afternoon she trolled most of the time, keeping her fly rod ready and sometimes casting for a while. She handles a fish as well as I do, and if she had the strength would be a good fly caster.

"Well, we fished until the 21st with good sport. We did not fish over seven hours a day and yet we caught 659 trout weighing about 800 pounds. Of these I caught 407, all with the fly and she caught 252, and of these she caught 48 fly casting. What do you think of that for two weeks' fishing? We sent away several boxes and kept the hotel supplied.

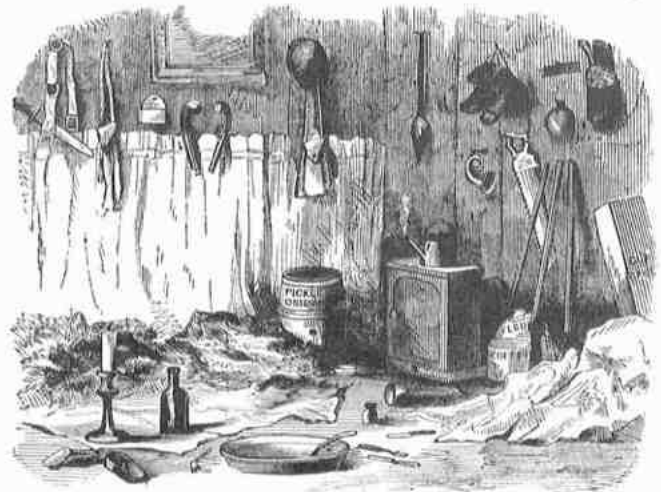
"About the eighteenth the fish began to disappear, except at dusk when the surface of the water was alive with them for a short time. They rarely took the fly through the day; they did not care for the spoon, but we had no trouble catching a half-dozen a piece in the evening. This puzzled

me as parties who reported fishing in deep water had no luck with minnow. I concluded there must be some new food for them and commenced investigating by opening a few fish we caught. I found them fat and full of food, the latter being small black bugs; but where did they come from? They were not flying around; they were not floating on the water — but the water weeds were growing rapidly and their tops were within a foot of the surface where I knew the water was ten feet deep, so one day I got a piece of weed by the top and pulled it up. I found it alive with black bugs, probably just hatched out, living on these weeds while the trout lived on them. These bugs were small but numerous.

"We tried trolling in the deepest parts with a heavy sinker and caught a few fish but there was no sport in that. I was convinced the fish would not take the fly again until those bugs were gone or the weeds died out. We were told the fish would bite again in September.

"On the 27th of July we started for home, reaching Truckee at ten o'clock. We could not get in the drawing room car as the seats were occupied, so stayed until the next day, then telegraphed for seats, and drove in the P. M. to Prosser Creek — about five miles. On it is a dam where ice is out. Mr. B. B. Redding, now dead, but formerly one of our Fish Commissioners, had this dam and stream stocked with McCloud and Eastern trout. We fished for two hours and caught seventeen trout, all McCloud, except a beautiful two pound Eastern Trout, caught by Mrs. A. The next morning we started for home and arrived safely that evening after a jolly trip."

American Angler March 22, 1884 Vol. V. No. 12 p. 177



Interior of a California hunting and fishing lodge as depicted by Harper's New Monthly in 1857.

Jottings of a Fly Fisher

by

THEODORE GORDON



INTRODUCTION

There is no doubt that Theodore Gordon is the most prolific writer we have on fly fishing during the time the art has been in existence. He began writing for the British FISHING GAZETTE in 1891 and continued his contributions to that magazine and the American FOREST & STREAM until his death in 1915. Most of his articles have been reprinted in the two editions of John McDonald's "The Complete Fly Fisherman," Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947 and in a revised reprint sponsored by the Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers in 1970. John McDonald produced a truly magnificent book but obviously he could not offer all of Theodore Gordon between two covers.

Our first AMERICAN FLY FISHER reprinted a relatively unknown article by Gordon published after his death. In this issue we offer his first appearance as a writer for FOREST & STREAM. He did not sign his name but used the pseudonym "Badger Hackle" — and only a guess can be made why he preferred to remain anonymous. Possibly it was because that F & S made mention of his name in 1890 stating that Gordon believed the fly fisher should seek a more precise imitation of the natural insect. Wakeman Holberton, a tackle dealer and author, answered with a stupid rebuttal that we had all the imitative patterns we needed. The attack was uncalled for within the circumstances and Gordon in his resentment may have felt the American magazine was not a proper media for criticism, preferring to keep his rapport with English correspondents and later as a publisher of his articles, the FISHING GAZETTE. The first "Jottings" appeared July 26, 1902.

A.S.H.

Many anglers are delightful companions, not only those who can tell a good story but others who narrate in congenial company a few of their thoughts and experiences. Very few have time or inclination to write for publication and the sporting press is thus deprived of material of great value. I can think of no publications at present devoted exclusively to angling but some of my friends complain of the comparatively small space given this subject in our periodicals. This could be easily remedied by sending reports to our favorite paper. Chats about rods, flies, new wrinkles, etc. no doubt would be welcome.

These remarks were suggested by one of our friends aforesaid, who after complaining of the dearth of fishing news, proceeded to give me a few details of his own sport which if written down would have made a very interesting article. How he lost two four pound trout for instance. We always relish these stories of the big fish that got away.

This gentleman is one of the comparatively few who use Pennell eyed hooks for fly fishing, but he has snells lashed to them. This seems unnecessary when a very good knot would answer the purpose, and it does away with every advantage possessed by the eyed hook. Convenience of carriage and storage in a small box, durability and strength by re-knotting gut when worn and using any strength of gut required for a particular occasion.

I had used these hooks, both up eyed and down eyed. The former, Hall's eyed hooks were made of a very fine wire and failed me several times with large fish, (one glorious rainbow) I shall never forget, as the wire sprung or broke. This may have been the fault of this particular man-

ufacturer, as in England these hooks are used for the largest chalk stream trout. The Pennell hooks give perfect satisfaction when the real thing is got. Pennell hooks should have his signature — H. Cholmodell Pennell — on every package of 25 or 50. The eye is small, and the jam knot never failed me as I left a scrap of surplus gut pointing downward in the hackle.

As dry fly fishing is being practised more and more every year, these hooks will probably become more popular, as there can be no doubt of their great advantage for this style of fishing. The body of the fly can be made much thinner and lighter, and if the hackle is not crushed in a book, the fly cocks up and floats much better.

Carry a little bottle of Kerosene or a tin pill box of vaseline and just touch the wings and legs of the fly, if you wish to save yourself the labor of drying it. This dodge however will ruin the bodies of many flies. I tie floaters with quill bodies usually and have discovered a quill of which I expect great things. I have not tried it yet. Hackle flies float very well and are always in the proper attitude when on the water. If a soft hackle is tied or wound in front of the cock's hackle, it gives the effect of a fly just hatching out from the nymph case. No doubt more interest will be taken in entomology, and this certainly adds additional interest to the art of fly fishing. The flies bred on the trout stream are most interesting and beautiful insects and some day will be the subject of a great work fully illustrated in colors. The man to undertake it should be an artist as well as an entomologist. There are some English books on the subject, but climatic conditions are very different here, and my impression

is, that while we have insects closely resembling those found there, we have a greater number of species, much greater. We have at least two early browns, for instance, and a host of duns of various shades and sizes, which change into spinners of many sizes.

Many stone flies are found, the common eastern stone fly may be seen all through the season when the temperature is not too high. I have seen them in great quantities but there is a yellow stone fly that hatches out in immense quantities in May on some streams. I have reason to believe that this fly or one like it, is found in the west and would like to hear from your western readers on the subject and indeed on the subject of western flies generally. I think we have many varieties of the species that only hatch out at night. One of the stone flies is known locally as the "MAY FLY," but we have several true ephemera approximating the may fly of Europe.

I have heard of several American *Grammarus* but only knew one well. This rises abundantly in June.

The Ephemera are probably the most important family with the stone flies a close second. The case worms or caddis are very abundant, of all sizes, with their houses of sticks or pebbles, sand or gravel. The big brown trout take in the big stick bait as it is called in the Western states and North Carolina and Tennessee, case and all. The former can hardly be called nourishing. One becomes puzzled as to the life history of many species. Even in Europe they are in doubt on many points. The Ephemera are probably the best understood as they have been more carefully observed. First the egg is dropped on the water, sinks to the bottom and finds a lodgement among the sand and gravel. In a few weeks it hatches into a hungry larva which feeds voraciously on minute organisms or particles of vegetable matter. Some observers say that it changes its shell or covering several times as it grows but this is uncertain. It lives in this state one to two years then grows wing cases and is called a nymph. Then when the temperature of water is suitable and it has passed its allotted time as a lower form of life it swims upward to the surface, splits down the back and appears as an imago or dun. Sometimes it takes wing immediately, at others it floats jauntily down its native element until its wings dry and gains strength for a flight to the shore, where it clings to a leaf or a twig. In from three to nine days it undergoes another transformation, shedding its whole outer covering and becoming a much brighter and beautiful insect. The males may be seen toward evening or when the weather is not too warm dancing up and down in small swarms and companies. They are in wait for the females which are hidden in some leafy retreat, but which fly out from time to time. Courtship is not prolonged and the female soon drops her eggs upon the stream, becomes a mere shell and dies. The stone fly drops her eggs in the same way, but the larva crawls out upon a stone to change its coat then seems to live under stones and gravel until its wings are fully developed and does not undergo a second transformation.

There is so much to learn we are discouraged sometimes but I advise anyone who has the opportunity or time to make such studies as he can. If a water is shut off from a race and he turns over the stones, he will be astonished at the numbers of larva of all sizes and colors, (principally yellow, olive and green brown). The caddis are very abundant in June. Duns of the Ephemera will be seen as early as March on some waters and appear all through the season when the weather is sufficiently cool. They seem to be very hardy, and the early broods are the largest and darkest in color,

though some of dark brown and lead color appear later. I have seen large hatches of small duns with light blue and also orange bodies as late as July, the former on pleasant days with cool breezes and the latter on blustery days with gusts of wind and rattling showers.

I could go on for hours with my random and doubtless inaccurate remarks, but will have mercy on those who have been brave enough to follow me this far. I would be glad to correspond with any who are interested in the subject of the flies that feed the trout, and means and ways of imitating them successfully.

I am particularly curious in regard to natural flies found in trout waters of the West. Some species seem to be quite local in their habitat, while others are common to all or nearly all, although you will find some large flies on small brooks. As a general rule the larger the water the larger the flies. Yet again many of the smaller flies will be found in the large streams.

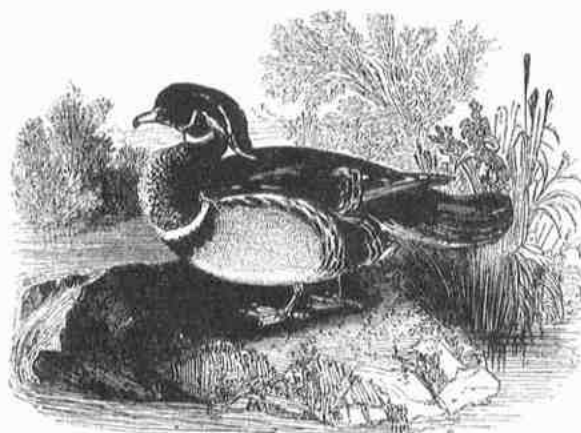
Now to conclude, tell your brother anglers what interests you, it will probably interest him and them. Relate your curious and rare experiences. A talk about flies is eagerly read by many anglers, I think. As a class they are as full of theories as an egg is full of meat.

A fisherman I know caught and returned to the water in one day three hundred black bass in the presence of witnesses. That must have been a wonderful experience. Many of our friends have at least hooked one of the immense brown trout now found in some of the rivers. The stories of these fights with light tackle, often four ounce rods and No. 10 or No. 12 flies would be quite exciting. I know that the actual experience is — very.

Large salmon have been landed with light trouting tackle but these big German trout seem to get away when hooked with small flies. About three pounds is the heaviest. I know of one having been killed in this way. One or two five pound fish have succumbed to bass flies and I heard of one weighing eight-and-one-half pounds being caught by a boy thirteen years old. But enough said.

Good luck to all the angling fraternity.

Badger Hackle



The classic Quill Gordon, best known of Gordon's dry flies, uses the ephemeral quality of the side feathers from the summer duck (Mandarin) or the American wood duck for its imitative effect.

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While the angler in this country stands far ahead in his expertness in casting the fly, it is very doubtful if many know much about the surroundings of the art of fly tying or that there is in New York City the only fly factory in this country and it is the largest in the world. At one time Great Britain held the palm for artificial flies and exported them to this country. Now the American flies are exported to England. The superior system of supervising every process of manufacture and inspection of the finished product is responsible for this while undoubtedly the method of "team working," almost universally employed in England is largely to blame for their loss in trade. By "team working" is meant that the fly tying is done in the tenements of the workers and not in a regular factory. In this way one family will work for years on the same patterns and this work becomes mechanical and interest is lost.

The Abbey and Imbrie factory is on the top floor of a building, well lighted and well ventilated. Close supervision marks all phases of the work. Materials are binned, then graded as to size and quality by girls trained for the purpose. It takes twelve months of training for the selection of feathers. Roughly one hundred and fifty girls are taken on in a year of which but ten eventually become fly tiers.

When the girls sit down to tie, there are ten girls to every hundred who simply wait on them and bring the various supplies called for. And these ten are kept hustling all the time. With the low priced snelled hooks the body is first formed by deftly winding around the shank a piece of suitable worsted, this being the base, in various colors, for the majority of that grade; then a strip of feather is taken suitable for that fly and is wound around the upper part of the body, the bars of the feathers standing out like the spokes of a wheel and it is quite a trick to do it properly and on this depends the ultimate success of the fly. Then the wings are added, these being another strip of feather bars, deftly tied so that it stands out at an angle of 45 degrees, and this effect is secured by a peculiar whipping and knotting of the silk. While the British flies have wings lying almost flat on the hook, the American fly has wings standing well up, this being necessary by reason of the more rapid streams in this

country. In the higher class of fly the process is reversed. Then a hollow point bronzed hook is taken and the wing is at once whipped to the shank, lying flat forward from the barb, then a body of Chenille, etc. is whipped on securely, then the tinsel and when the body is completed the wing is bent backward and whipped into the proper position. Thus each portion is speedily whipped and doubly whipped by the finish at the head which is cemented and varnished.

A girl can tie five or six dozen per day of the high grades and of the cheapest grades a good worker ties from twelve to sixteen dozen in a day.

Special care is given to the silk worm gut. One of the partners has gone to England to learn of its processing and care. The finest Spanish is imported, soaked and cut into lengths, then knotted for use.

As to the designs of the flies, they are almost all modeled on some insect in nature, the exception being certain combinations of colors which have for unknown reasons, proved successful in the past. Now a new feature is being taken into consideration and that is the appearance of the natural fly when wet. In the water most blues become nearly black, reds become purple, yellow grows several shades lighter, etc., etc., according to the water and if the insect has, for instance, a pale blue fuzz on a gray skin and the fly should have a pale blue wing rather long and a slightly darker body, it will look to have a body almost black with the wings widely different from the natural insect.

Yearly 5,000 different kinds of patterns and hook sizes are turned out while about 10,000 of the more common asked for are kept in stock.

The flies vary from the tiny midge to the great flies that would overlay a dollar. Those for Colorado and Montana are all on double hooks. The most gaudy and impossible specimens, prove good killers in Maine — Silver Doctor, Jenny Lind, etc. The very large flies go mainly to Canada, California and Northwestern states where the waters are cold and deep.

From Forest & Stream, 1897

Eyed Hooks

by

J. HARRINGTON KEENE

"Nothing is new," said Tallyrand, "but that which is forgotten," and the saying is strikingly illustrated by the eyed hook. Eyed hooks have been in use by fishermen so long that the "oldest inhabitant" does not recollect their first adoption; and yet when their existence had at last become like the aborigines of this country, almost improved off the face of the earth, they were suddenly resuscitated — reinvented with some improvements — and lo! according to Mr. Levison (and others), those which have the eye turned up are "about perfect," and, to pile Pelion on Ossa, those with turned down eyes, labelled with the talismanic name of "Pennell," are "much superior" to the "about perfect" ones. Moreover, Mr. Levison recommends fly-fishermen not to lose much time about giving the latter hooks a fair trial. I would suggest that the angler wait till their price is more reasonable. At present the manufacturers ask what is aptly characterized by a large English firm of dealers writing recently a "murderous price," in fact, about ten times that of the best Sproat, which is, in my opinion, a far superior weapon in regard to shape of bend.

To those who are not acquainted with the eyed hook a few words concerning its history, form and utility may be of interest. The "turned-up" eyed hook existed at least half a century ago. That I know, for in the fly-book of my paternal grandfather I find the remains of flies dressed on them. But they were ill made and coarse, and usually of the Kirby bend, a maker who is said originally to have derived his secret of tempering hooks from Prince Rupert. Hence these hooks, till within the last few years, were employed chiefly for sea-fishing and night lines for eels; their apotocosis in the dress of a quill-gnat floating fly had not yet been accomplished.

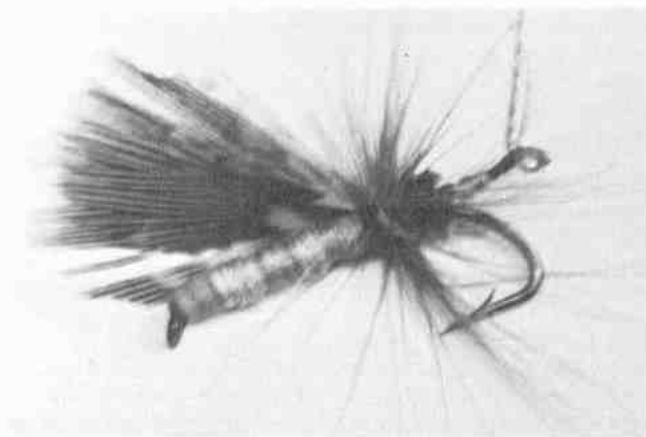
At last, about five years since, the disciples of the floating-fly school of up-stream fishing for trout, beginning with those fishing of the English Itchen, Test and other Hampshire chalk streams, found that the drying of the fly in the air cracked off so many flies — aided by the gossamer gut which is used of necessity — that some remedy, partial or entire, became imperative. The needle-eye hook was first tried and found undesirable because the eye cuts the gut, and finally, Messrs. Bankart and Hall — two justly esteemed premier fly-fishermen — after countless experiments and failures, succeeded in devising the turned up eyed-hook which, as to bend, they decided, after the most exact and careful trials, be it remembered, should be a modification of the Sneck and Limerick. I have fished with these hooks over the shyest of English trout — those of the Itchen — and can endorse the enthusiastic opinion of all the chief anglers of England, from Francis Francis downward; and also that of Mr. Levison, that they were and are "about perfect." That was the general verdict. They hooked the fish with certainty, showing that a rigid gut snell was not absolutely necessary at the end of the shank; their penetration and holding power were conceded to be in advance of the Sproat or round bend, and their fouling quality, by reason of the "Sneck" side twist, was par excellence all that could be desired. "The force of nature could no further go," was opined by all who thought about the matter. In a word, they were "about perfect."

But anon arises the drastic and reforming Mr. Pennell. This gentleman, I gladly concede, rejoices in a piscatorial re-

cord of a very high character. In it we find that he had undoubtedly written the best book on pike fishing, substituted six typical and supremely bizarre compilations of feather, silk and tinsel for the thousand and one flies of the entomologist angler, with which he proposed to slaughter all the members of the family Salmonidae; and that his is the distinction of having advised down-stream fly fishing, withstanding to the fact that prince of trout fishers, Stewart, author of the "Practical Angler." In his recent volume of the Bandminton series, he advances the "turned-down" eyed hook was made by Allcock & Co., of Redditch, as they assert, twenty years ago for Holyroyd, of Gracechurch Street, London, and the bend of the hook is precisely that of the old Limerick. It is amusing therefore to read Mr. Pennell, writing (*Fishing Gazette*, April 3), "I am advised that the sale of these hooks under my name by unauthorized firms would be contrary to law." How sublimely modest in the gifted author of "Puck on Pegasus!"

To advert, however, to the practical utility of the eyed hooks generally, it seems to me that their chief merit lies in their being less liable to break off in casting, and in the ready changeability of which they are susceptible. Still in this regard their benefit is like every good thing in this "best of all possible worlds," not unalloyed. When fishing a cold mountain stream in a chilly wind — not by any means an impossible conjunction of events — with numb fingers, the tying of even the "gain knot" (Mr. Pennell's again, though as old as the first bit of string) is fraught with difficulty, and I know by experience that the tiny fly may more easily slip from the fingers than the old-fashioned snelled hook, and that the eye of the hook to this short-sighted generation of enuresthenic and over-worked money grubbers is often provokingly indistinct, and as evening gathers round and the fish hasten to make the most of it, this is to say, the least of it, like Lord Palmerston's world, "a fortuitous concatenation of incongruous" circumstances against the enjoyment of the eyed hook, whether its eye squints up or down.

Manchester, Vt. 1886



Louis Rhead Pattern. Rhead's prime concern throughout his career as a designer of "nature lures" was to present an imitation that in or on the water looked as if it belonged. This reversed hackle and wing assembly was fished upstream and floated with the current. (Photo by Sid Neff.)

Trouting Long Ago

We have been kindly permitted to look over the record of a famous sportsman who fished Long Island waters many years ago, but only began to keep a record of his fishing in 1823. It was the journal of Gen. Henry Floyd-Jones, father of the present well known gentlemen who live on the old estates, on the south side, and who inherit the love of angling that their father and his brother Thomas Floyd-Jones left them. Massapequa Lake then, as now, was famous for its trout, and all the streams were well stocked. The record says:

"A morning's sport on June 28, 1823, yielded three dozen fine trout from Stump Pond, Suffolk county. March 24, 1824, Capt. John Livingston, John Kartright and H. Floyd-Jones, killed eighty trout, remarkable fine ones. That year took four fine trout in Jackson's Pond, Jerusalem. June, 1825, Thomas Floyd-Jones and H. Floyd-Jones fished with success in Stump Pond, find you can fish there best with ground bait."

In 1826 the brothers "took thirty fish at Stump Pond, fish in these waters not fine. Followed Mill's Pond below where the fish have access to salt water through Smithtown River, they are large and fine flavor, the fish in all these waters are lively and make fine sport . . . Feb. 29, 1828, the earliest fishing in these waters, we killed twenty-six trout, but they were poor. Feb. 26, 1829, still cold in the pond; caught 40 fish weighing 36 pounds at Sam Carman's. March 4, 1831, at Sam Carman's Pond, caught 19 trout, weight 17½ pounds. T. Floyd-Jones, two trout, one 1 pound 10 ounces, the other 1 pound 11 ounces; Mr. Hamblin, one 2 pounds 2 ounces, Henry Wyckoff killed a trout weighing 2½ pounds."

"Feb. 28, 1832, Dr. Kartright and H. Floyd-Jones killed 24 trout in Stump Pond, largest 1 pound 14 ounces." On March 15, 1832, the same persons "at Snediker's, in the creek near Islip, killed 14 fish weighing 18 pounds." On April 2, same year, "clear and windy, six rods from flume at Homan's Pond, Middle Island, Thomas Floyd-Jones and Dr. Kartright killed in one hour 15 trout weighing 22½ pounds, the largest of these fish weighed 2¾ pounds, this is as fine sport as ever had on Long Island."

On the 18th of February, 1833, they took 18 trout at Islip, the largest weighing 1 pound, and next morning captured 82 fish in three hours, three of them weighing a pound each. April 5, 1835, the same gentlemen killed 50 fine fish at Stump Pond, and the journal says: "About this time an Englishman killed 100 trout, a good fisherman but not an honorable sportsman; he pickled the fish and sent them to town." Two gentlemen, March 12, 1838, "took 28 trout in the creek at Islip, one fish weighing 2 pounds and one weighing 1½ pounds." Messrs. H. and T. Floyd-Jones "fished a short distance from them, only took one that weighed 3 pounds 2 ounces."

The first record of fly-fishing appears in the journal under date of July 20, 1838, as follows: "Edward Floyd-Jones killed with fly 24 trout near the reeds in T. Floyd-Jones' creek." March 17, 1839, "Returned from Albany to fish in

Islip; no fish. I will state what Mr. William Townsend told me, and it can be relied on, that he caught in Buckram Pond belonging to Thomas Cox, one trout weighing 5 pounds. Capt. Nathaniel Smith took one east of Patchogue, Swan (?) Creek, which weighed 7½ pounds. Mr. Smith is a gentleman that can be relied upon. William Buckner of New York, killed a trout in Stump Pond, in 1816, that weighed 4 pounds 6 ounces, and in 1833 Mr. Kneeland took a trout in Islip Creek weighing 3 pounds 6 ounces; at the same time he took four fish that weighed 11 pounds. A trout was caught with a spear in the Forge River, Moriches, in 1838, weighing 4½ pounds. Samuel Carman, now living, caught with a net, in 1828, a fish in his mill flume that was called by some a trout, but must have been a salmon, weighing 14 pounds. This fish may have been lost from some fishing smack on its way to New York or strayed from the Kennebeck of his own free will. William Onderdonk says his brother, Andrew, caught a trout at Hempstead Harbor, lower pond, that weighed 4 pounds. Mr. Seaton took, in Sam Carman's pond, a trout whose weight was 3 pounds 2 ounces. Mr. Perris took a trout in Carman's River whose weight was 4 pounds 4 ounces; the place is called Perris Hole. Andrew Glover took a trout in Carman's River whose weight was 4 pounds 2 ounces, in 1822. In 1819 Mr. Seaton took one weighing 3 pounds 14 ounces."

"In 1800, an English lady, Mrs. Crow, took a trout that weighed 4 pounds 6 ounces. This lady had the pleasure of taking the largest trout ever taken out of these waters. March 17, 1839, T. F. J. and H. F. J. took in Islip River seven fish, one of them, caught by H. Floyd-Jones, the largest trout I have ever taken, although I have fished these waters for 40 years; it weighed 2½ pounds. August, 1839, took 22 very fine fish in my creek with fly. Aug. 26, 1839, took 40 trout with fly in my creek . . . in 1832, Mr. Hamlin took 24 trout in Carman's Creek weighing 38 pounds, one of three pounds 3 ounces, the largest he ever caught; 3 of them weighed 3 pounds each. In 1842, Charles Clinton took in Massapequa Lake, old brick house stream, at once fishing with minnows, 1 trout 2¼ pounds, and in all 17 fish weighing 18½ pounds. Aug. 20, 1842, took 14 fish with fly in my creek, 3 of them where I could see the stars shining."

"In November, 1842, was taken in Moriches Bay in a gill-net, by John Raynor and Isaac Bishop, 4 salmon weighing 7 or 8 pounds; this is worthy of remark, as salmon have never been taken before in South Bay. 1843, H. Floyd-Jones and brother, at Fire Place, took 6 fish weighing 11 pounds 2 ounces, and on the 21st of April, 1 and E. Floyd-Jones took 12 fish in Massapequa Lake which weighed 20 pounds, one of 2½ pounds and 2 fish of 2 pounds each."

"1850 went to Sam Carman's, but did not wet my line; not many fish taken. Fine fishing this spring in my creek. Of those taken in Massapequa Lake, 1 weighed 2 pounds, 1 three and ¾ pounds, by T. F. J. . . . Good fishing this year in the lake. 1850, 14 trout with fly in my creek."

Forest & Stream, September 1885



Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait



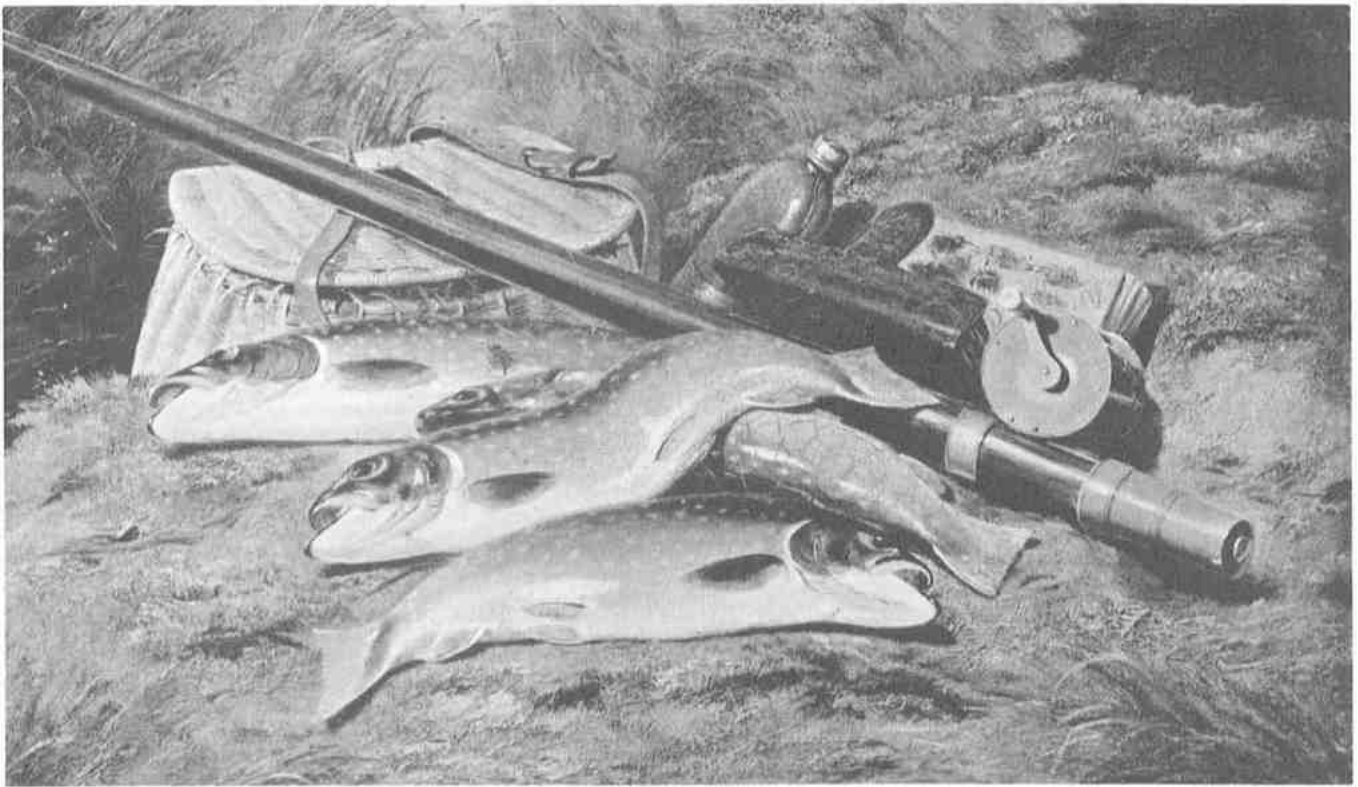
ARTHUR FITZWILLIAM TAIT
C. 1855 . . . from a tintype, collection
The Adirondack Museum.

Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait was born near Liverpool, England, of a once wealthy parentage. Instead of being educated as a gentleman, he was placed with relatives on a farm, later became a clerk in an art store, then self-taught, embarked on a career as an artist. Like so many other of talent he sought a wider and more prosperous horizon which eventually led him to America, and New York City in 1850. A painter of landscapes and animals, Tait discovered the Adirondacks of upper New York state during a visit with relatives who lived in Malone, N. Y. Apparently he fell in love with this almost unbroken wilderness and intermittently from that time on until 1882 he spent vacations and lived at Chateaugay, Rainbow Lake, Paul Smith's and at Loon Lake, where he built a home. The Adirondacks were America's first sporting grounds and Tait accurately mirrored a sporting life that a few decades later also proved profitable to Winslow Homer.

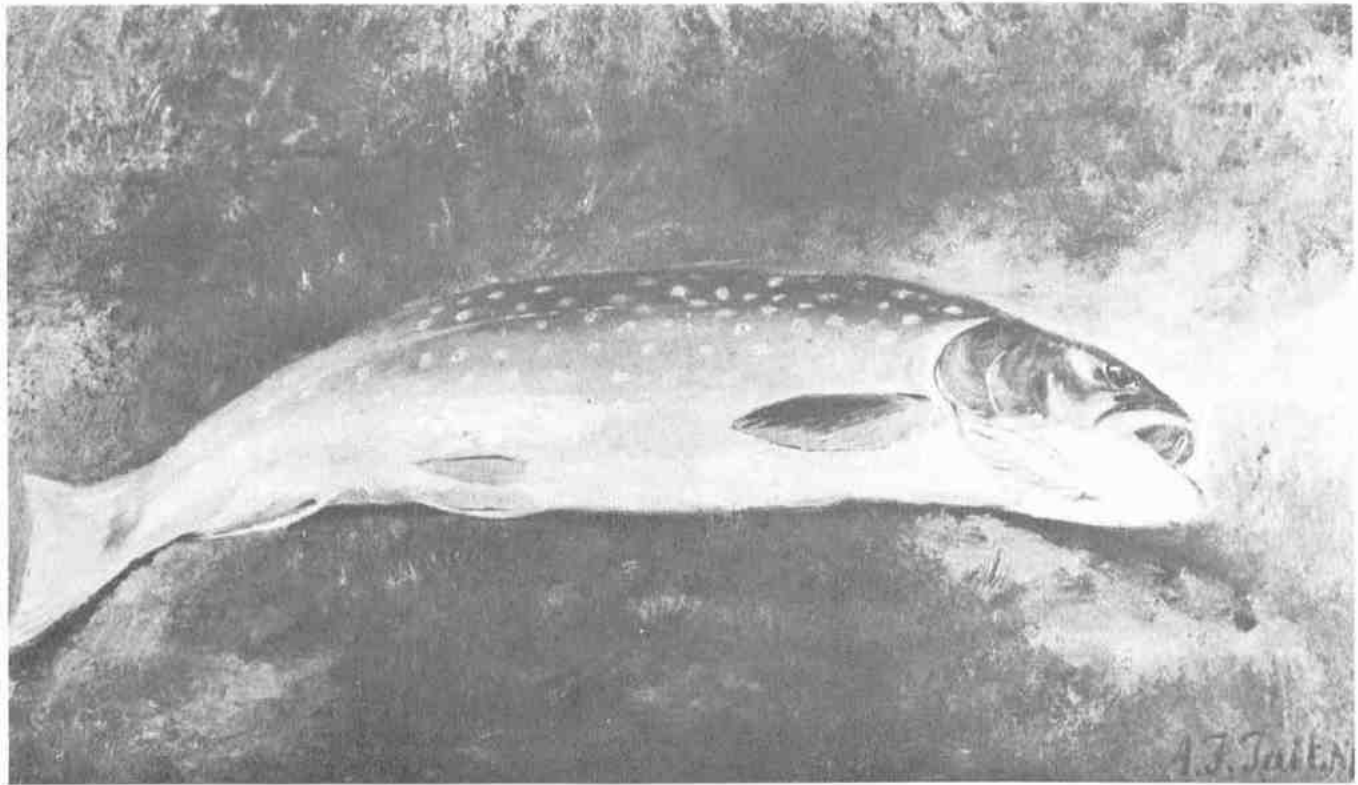
The paintings reproduced on these pages are from an exhibit catalog published by the Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y. who sponsored a comprehensive showing during the summer of 1974. Sportsmen will remember this same Museum as exhibiting the paintings of Winslow Homer some years ago and with this first showing of Tait, has introduced to the fishing public another outstanding artist. Perhaps, not so familiar, but one who should be known and appreciated by all those who enjoy the outdoors. This catalog (for sale by the Adirondack Museum — \$5.00) includes a biography of Tait by the regional historian, Warder Cadbury, who wrote a biography of the fly fisherman "Adirondack Murray" and will soon publish an illustrated biography of Tait.



OTTER AND SPECKLED TROUT: A NATURAL FISHERMAN. 1875. Canvas 13½ x 21½. The native Adirondack trout were red fleshed and sensational in their vividness of coloring. Even at that time the otter was more of a predator than the visiting sportsmen. Over the years indiscriminate stocking, starting with pickerel by a guide and other species later including bass contributed to the extinction of the original strain. Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y.



AMERICAN SPECKLED BROOK TROUT, 1863. Canvas 14 x 22. The rod and reel portrayed have their counter parts in the collections of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. The solid wood butt probably of ash or lancewood, the reel seat of German silver and the design form of the reel indicate the owner a fly fisher of some wealth and prestige. Positively dated paintings of this kind are of good historic value for dating antique tackle . . . from Tait Catalog, Adirondack Museum; original in the von Kienbusch Angling Collection, Princeton University.



STUDY OF A BROOK TROUT; RAQUETTE LAKE, 1860. Academy Board 8 x 12. Even on its side this small brookie exhibits the characteristic chunkiness of shoulder characteristic of the Adirondack trout. The artist's skill may be judged by the precise placement of the eye in relation to the ending of the upper lip. Adirondack trout were appreciated for their savory flavor as early as the 1840's when barrels full were shipped to New York City and its luxury restaurants . . . from Tait Catalog, Adirondack Museum; original in the collection of Mrs. Emma Tait Marsh.

THE MARKET PLACE

Meisselbach Reels; The Rainbow

(continued from last issue)

by

JOHN T. ORRELLE

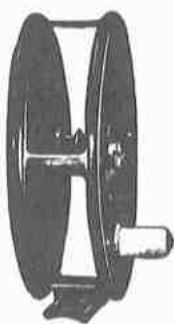
Along with *Icy-Hot* thermos bottles, *Rush Tango Minnows*, *Aerothrust* outboard motors, *Kingfisher* lines, and a host of other outdoor goods (not to mention *White House Coffee* or *Gossom's Quick Made Powdered Soups*), most sporting magazines of the 1920's invariably advertised Meisselbach fishing reels. While most ads were of the ubiquitous *Tripart* and *Takapart* casting reels, occasionally they featured the *Rainbow* fly reel.

The *Rainbow* dates from Meisselbach's "middle period," and I believe this reel must have first been made between 1910 and 1915. I have not found a reference or picture of it prior to 1917, although the inference from literature of this year indicates it was made two or three years earlier.

Although it was a fairly well-made and moderately priced reel, the *Rainbow* never quite measured up to the bold claims made regarding its superiority; nor did it begin to equal the English fly reels it was made to emulate (most early catalogs describe it as an "English-type" reel). Like

many American fly reels of this period, the tolerances of the parts were none too close, and the spool tended to work loose around the centerpost. Nearly all *Rainbows* that I have seen are severely worn, and in this respect collectors can expect some interesting repair jobs to crop up now and then. Of the four *Rainbows* in my collection, two of them have homemade washers installed by the previous owners to take up the slack from loose fitting parts; in one case, when I first removed the spool from the frame, I discovered a bright thin washer inscribed "Winchester .410" — an admittedly imaginative variation! On the plus side, the *Rainbow* had an excellent click mechanism a bit more sophisticated than those found on comparable fly reels of this time, and its handle was well-made and free-turning.

For as long as it was made, the *Rainbow* came in two sizes only, the No. 627 (2-7/8 inch diameter) and the No. 631 (3 1/4 inches). When initially offered, it was a "five-dollar" reel, with prices remaining stable for many years (early



No. 627

RAINBOW TROUT

Fly Rod Reel

THE choice of most fly casters, the dainty *Rainbow* is the right selection for all light fly rods, for both fly casting and bait fishing. It is the lightest, strongest and best constructed single action reel in its price range.

Housing and spool are both cast from aluminum alloy of best rigidity. Spindle is sturdy, everlasting phosphor bronze. Seat is stamped from hard brass, and correctly tapered for best fit on standard fly rods. Finish, housing and spool black nickel; seat heavy nickel plated.

The *Rainbow* has an exceptionally efficient, permanent click, rugged, dependable, with no delicate parts. The reel is readily taken apart in a few seconds by removing the large screw in the spindle — easily turned with a dime, knife blade or a fly hook. This insures easy cleaning if dropped in sand, and proper lubrication of the click for long wear.

Very good looking, and nicely balances a light rod in both appearance and weight.

Line capacity—35 yards.
Dimensions— $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 2 1/2".
Weight—3 1/4 ounces.

No. 631

RAINBOW TROUT REEL

Same in every way as the No. 627 *Rainbow*, but a large reel for heavier rods. Line

capacity—50 yards. Dimensions— $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 3 1/4". Weight—4 ounces.

PLATE 1

Rainbow from 1929 Meisselbach Catalog

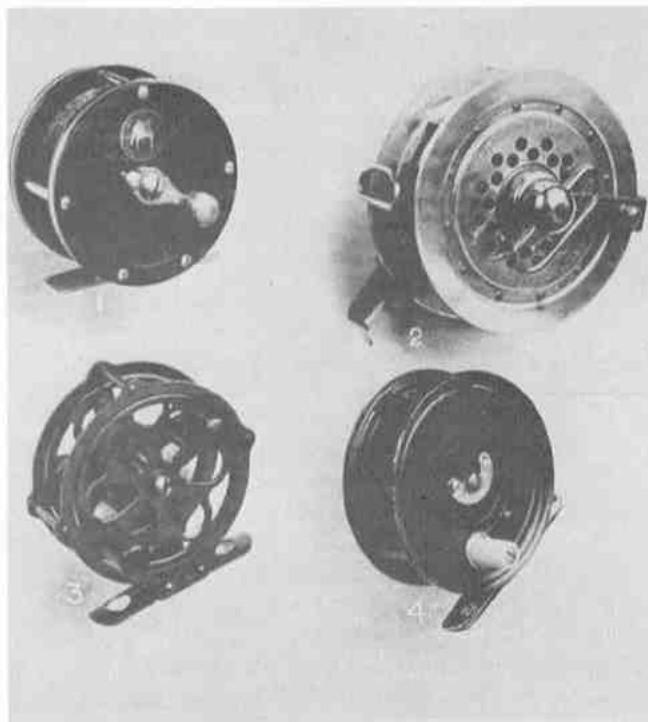


PLATE 2

The Rainbow is No. 4. The other reels in this picture are:

- (1) Pflueger Golden West Fly Reel
- (2) Y & E Automatic
- (3) Meisselbach Featherweight

from Dixie Carroll's "Fishing Tackle & Kits (1919)

prices were around \$5.00 and \$5.50 for the 627 and the 631 respectively). In the early 1930's when the Meisselbach firm was dissolved, prices came down slightly. A 1934 Kennedy Brothers catalog lists the 627 for \$3.00 and the 631 for \$3.25. The last *Rainbows* sold by William Mills (1941) sold for a similar amount.

Typically, the history of the *Rainbow* is not quite as simple and uncomplicated as it may first appear. Although the models featured from 1920 to its discontinuation are not particularly scarce, there are earlier models that are. Advertisements shown in dozens of catalogs of the 1920's to the 1940's show the *Rainbow* as it appears in Plate 1, where the spool is retained by a screw. Earlier *Rainbows*,

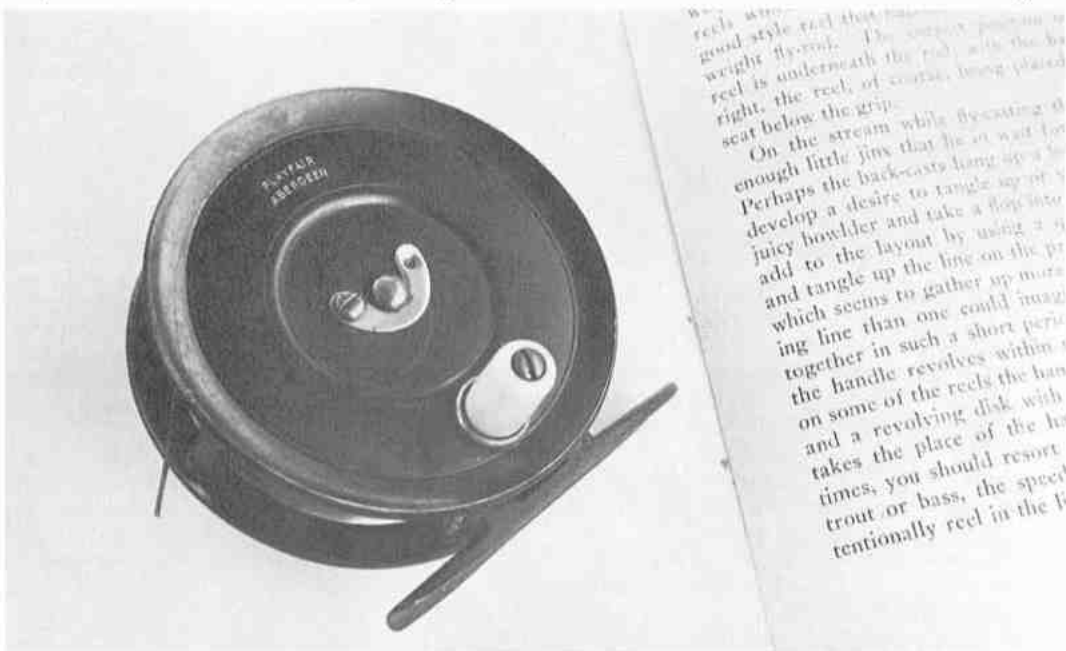
however, had a quick release latch very similar to that of the Hardy *Uniqua*, whose general lines were the same. Plate 2 is taken from Dixie Carroll's *Fishing Tackle and Kits* (1919) in which the early *Rainbow* is shown with this type of spool release, which the author describes as follows:

A feature of value is the ease with which the reel can be taken apart for oiling and cleaning. You just press the "takapart" slide and the reel comes apart in two places without any loose screws, springs, or "thingamajigs" to get lost, or later to be put in the wrong way.

Another English fly reel nearly identical to the *Rainbow* appears in Plate 3. This reel bears the trade name *Playfair*

PLATE 3...

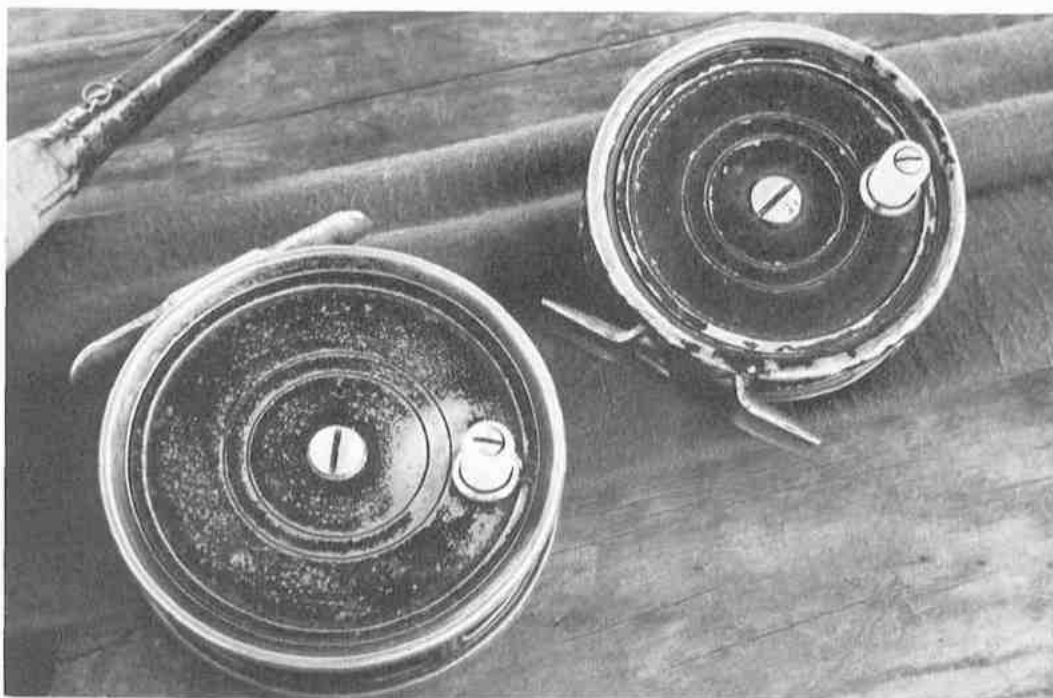
English Fly Reel
similar to *Rainbow*
... Maker unknown
... possibly Farlow
or Ogden Smith.



No. 631 *Rainbow*

Fitted to the
Devine "Rainbow"
Fly Rod
of the same
period.





The No. 631 and No. 627 Rainbow ... from the author's collection.

(Aberdeen, Scotland), and like the *Rainbow* is built on the same lines as the *Uniqua*.

The *Rainbow* was also advertised under the name "Cresco" in William Mills catalogs from 1922 to 1941. Significantly, the 1922 catalog shows the sliding spool release, but by 1924 illustrations already indicated the change to a retaining screw (a 1921 Von Lengerke & Detmold catalog also shows the spool retaining screw). Thus the change in this spool release was an early one, making those *Rainbows* with the quick release type very scarce.

There are then, not two, but *four* different *Rainbows* to look for. Those with the half-moon spool release are comparatively scarce, considering that they were made for only a few short years (I believe four or five at most), whereas those models with the spool retaining screw were made for at least twenty years. Earlier *Rainbows* should bear the

Newark address while later models are stamped with the Elyria, Ohio address on the backplate. Collectors should also keep in mind that the name "*Rainbow*" was a common one employed by other firms than Meisselbach (among others, Horrocks-Ibbotson made an inexpensive "*Rainbow*" fly reel).

The *Rainbow* is desirable as a collector's item because it was one of the last fly reels made by a very early reel-maker and not because it was a very costly reel. When they can be found in good condition, they make a welcome addition to the line of representative American fly reels dating from the early part of this century. Prices for the *Rainbow* should range between \$5.00 and \$35.00 for the earlier models with the halfmoon spool release, and between \$5.00 and \$25.00 for later models.



TRAVELLING EXHIBIT. Our exhibit has already had some adventurous journeys. In March at the Theodore Gordon Fly Fisher's Annual it was viewed by nearly 500 participants; next to Seattle and the FFF Washington Fly Fishers; Eddie Bauer, who helped finance the western trip, displayed the exhibit for several weeks and then to the Trout Unlimited National. After Seattle, the display moved to Montana and the Federation of Fly Fisherman's Conclave. At present in Idaho with Will Godfrey who plans to show the fine old rods and reels at more Federation clubs. January 1975 is booked but interested associations should write for dates for 1975 to help celebrate the coming Bicentennial.

Arnold Gingrich New Museum President

Arnold Gingrich of New York was elected President of The Museum of American Fly Fishing at the Annual Meeting held at Manchester, September 28th. He is the third president, succeeding Raymond A. Kotrla, who has contributed for nearly two and a half years. Austin S. Hogan continues as Vice President and Curator. A Second-Vice-Presidency has been added to the officers with Steve Raymond elected to the position. This nomination and election is the first from the West Coast. Leigh Perkins will continue as Treasurer.

The new president is the publisher of *Esquire* magazine, has written several books on fly fishing and its literature, and is and has been dedicated to promoting the causes of conservation for God-knows how many decades. He is a director and officer in the Federation of Fly Fishermen and the Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers and is one of our charter trustees. His long experience in business and non-profit organizations promises a continual growth of the Museum. We are honored.

New trustees elected are Philip K. Crowe, U. S. Ambassador to Denmark; Dr. Willard Godfrey, Boise, Idaho; Martin Keane, Bridgeport, Conn.; Lefty Kreh, Baltimore, Md.; and C. Boyd Pfeiffer, Baltimore, Md. Not previously announced as nominees and elected from the floor were Ralph Wahl, Robert Barrett and Dana Lamb.

The by-laws provide for a total of fifty (50) trustees. With the re-election of Kay Brodney, Donald Du-Bois & Charles Jones and Ernest G. Schwiebert, Jr., the total number of trustees is now 48.

The meeting was called to order by President Kotrla and opened with an introduction of the new candidates for trusteeships. Mrs. Mildred B. Delaney was cited for her extraordinary contributions to the Museum as Secretary and Assistant-Treasurer and for her never-ending helpfulness in the furtherance of the Museum's interests.

The Treasurer's report by Leigh Perkins emphasized the critical need for both new memberships and the solicitation of funds beyond those provided by membership dues. A very generous public has been donating tackle, rare books and memorabilia at such an accelerating rate that monies received are barely adequate for their processing, storage, use and exhibit. Our rent for exhibit space, workshop and library has now doubled because of the addition of a large new exhibit room, plus a workshop and library enlargement. We are also publishing a quarterly magazine. Simply stated, our financial growth has not matched our phenomenal success in promoting good will among prospective donors and the consequent receipt of hundreds of rods, reels, books and

other valuable items. Administrative costs are increasing. Most certainly, the treasurer emphasized, the trustees must take an even more active part in the acquisition of monies than at any other time during the history of the Museum.

The Curator's report noted the contribution of many fine collections of rarities including intimate memorabilia connected with the Leonard - Hawes rodmaking family, the establishment of the Letcher Lambuth Memorial Collection, and rare books, rods, reels and other items far too numerous to mention, regrettably. (At the Annual Dinner, Col. Henry Siegel presented the Museum the most unique angling book ever published in North America, the costly (\$500) and beautiful limited edition of his reprint of Dean Sage's "The Restigouche and Its Salmon Fishing.")

The Curator also emphasized the very crucial need of more public and individual financial support. He regretted that time did not allow the recognition due the staff and others who voluntarily contributed so many hours of professional help during the year.

For 1975, it is planned to concentrate on fund raising. Lefty Kreh, C. Boyd Pfeiffer and Poul Jorgenson will make a very valuable photographic contribution with the formation of a slide show. Chairman Jorgenson plans to outline the program within the next several months. A new brochure is to be made available and Kenneth Cameron, the Registrar, is streamlining the procedures relating to his office. Col. Henry Siegel will contribute to publicity by donating his book catalogue as a vehicle for Museum fund appeals. Martin Keane will also contribute advertising in his rod listings.

The Annual Dinner (a buffet) was an epicurean's delight, remindful of an older day when angling associations enjoyed 14 different courses of fish and wild game accompanied by another 14 cases of champagne. If the writer may be pardoned for rhapsodizing, no association dinner he has ever attended provided roast beef glowing with the color of a fall sunset or collections of sea food, salads and sweetmeats so enticing and delicious. For entertainment, Arnold G. as Master of Ceremonies, introduced Poul Jorgenson who gave a talk on fly tying, historic and modern, illustrated by slides. This was a most talented presentation. The curator, with sincere appreciation accepted the President's award, presented by Raymond Kotrla. It was a truly enjoyable day and evening for all who participated.

Again, it should be emphasized that the membership should take an active interest in the promotion of the Museum's financing if we are to keep this worthy cause in its present growth pattern.



Letcher Lambuth

1889 - 1974

by

STEVE RAYMOND

(There are not many easterners who know of the genius of Letcher Lambuth. A north west coast fly fisher, he quickly recognized that much of the fascination of fly fishing for those with creative minds was securely locked to inquiries concerning the environment. I think one of the great tragedies common to fly fishing is that too many of our able & talented who could contribute so much to the advancement of our art are seldom recognized. Letcher Lambuth was a very able writer. Yet the fact that he was offering advanced thinking concerning fundamentals seems to have escaped editors and publishers who had the opportunity to publish his writings. His first introduction to a national readership came through the Federation of Fly Fisherman's magazine which published a first article on the quality of bamboo and its natural history and a second which concerned the transmission of light through water with its consequent control of the color of the fly.

The Museum is sincerely appreciative of the donations of memorabilia from Mrs. Olive Lambuth which form THE LETCHER LAMBUTH MEMORIAL COLLECTION just received. These will be placed on exhibit as soon as space can be made available in our new Memorial room. It is hoped through this beginning that the general public will get to know of the many good things that came from the creativeness of this American fly fisher and that the collection will grow through the efforts of others who knew him.

In this direction, we reproduce two letters in the collection of Mrs. Preston Jennings who kindly gave us permission to reprint them. Sincere thanks to Steve Raymond, who knew Letcher well, for the memorial that follows.

A. S. H.

Letcher Lambuth was a man who believed that the keenest pleasure of angling was in the design and construction of one's own tackle. During his life he experimented in virtually every area of fly fishing tackle and fly tying.

He was best known for his spiral cane rods. Strongly influenced by George Parker Holden's book, *The Idyll of the Split Bamboo*, he began building rods in the early 1930's. He became interested in a spiral construction method that had been patented by the Devine Rod Co. and wrote to the company for permission to experiment with its method. This was granted, and Letcher went on to design and build his own special tools for six-strip, spiral bamboo rod manufacture.

Perhaps the most unusual of these tools was a heavy board upon which was mounted a series of moveable pegs, each secured by a butterfly nut. These were arranged in a fashion that enabled the builder to lock a freshly-glued rod in a spiral shape, then leave it while the glue "set."

Lambuth built about two dozen spiral rods. Most were given to his companions, including Roderick Haig-Brown, Preston Jennings, Tommy Brayshaw, Eugene Connett and Clark Van Fleet. Haig-Brown mentions his Lambuth rod in one of his many books, and Van Fleet, in his book *Steelhead to a Fly*, calls his Lambuth rod the most perfect he ever used.

Harold Stimson, another angling compatriot of Lambuth's aided Lambuth in some aspects of rod building and each of the rods subsequently made by Lambuth bore the dual signature "Stimson-Lambuth."

Lambuth's other angling companions included William McMicken, Firmin Flohr, Yates Hickey, Darrah Corbet and Dr. Tom Mesdag.

Dissatisfied with the meager knowledge available on the subject of bamboo, Lambuth performed a great deal of original research on Tonkin and other types of cane. This research never has been duplicated and Lambuth's work re-

mains the most complete record on the cultivation and harvest of the various types of bamboo used in flyrod construction.

Lambuth also excelled in the making of landing nets. He taught himself to tie the special knot used in the manufacture of mesh and tied his own nets. He steamed and shaped wooden frames and manufactured handles of cork rings similar to those used in rod grips. He built at least two landing nets of this type.

Unhappy with the traditional wicker creel, Lambuth also designed a creel of his own which he hand-crocheted out of heavy twine. The result was a "breathing" creel which allowed free passage of air in and out. A zipper was installed along the upper edge of the creel for opening and closing. At least three of these were made.

Lambuth designed and built numerous adjustable wooden swifts for use in spooling lines on and off fly reels. Characteristically, he also gave most of these away to friends.

An ardent saltwater fly fisherman for coho salmon, Lambuth performed a series of experiments on the effects of light under water. He filled an aquarium with sea water, stocked it with live candlefish and used a series of optical filters to simulate the color and strength of light at various depths under the sea. Then he devised a series of streamer fly patterns designed to imitate the appearance of the live candlefish under different conditions of light and depth.

Lambuth collected, preserved and catalogued many of the trout stream insects of the Northwest — an accomplishment which, again, never has been duplicated or surpassed. As part of his work, he built a special wooden attachment for his camera upon which he could mount a freshly-caught insect exactly at the right distance from the camera lens. Thus he was able to record the true color and form of each insect as soon as it was caught.

These and many other crafts and projects are described in detail in Lambuth's so-far unpublished manuscript, *Ang-*

ler's Workshop. He will live on in the memory of Northwest anglers as the most innovative and imaginative of the angling pioneers of the area.

September 16, 1940



June, 1940

Dear Preston,

I have done a stupid thing. You sent me in salmon flies Iris Gent, Lady Iris, etc. and I labeled them in the display box but later permitted them to be moved and suddenly find myself not sure of the one enclosed. Will you please write the name on the envelope and return it to me.

Haig-Brown has been very successful with this pattern for steelheads in Campbell River. He told my friends in the Fly Club about it and several of them are anxious to try it but they don't wish to copy your pattern without permission. We looked for it in Lyon & Coulson and could find only Iris No. 1. Will you tell me whether L & C makes this pattern? If so, I will pass the word along. New prices seem high and I am not sure that many of the steelhead winter fly fishers can afford them, but let's let them know and see what happens.

I am not yet allowed fishing so can't pursue fly experiments this season. Feel sure that all will be well by the time trout season opens.

I am like a friend who said he needs something new and interesting to think about. Have been (or felt) so pressed by plant location problems, shortage of warehouse space and such problems that I haven't had the pep to think of other things and in the evening take a cocktail that knocks my feet out from under me and go to sleep on Jules Verne for an anodyne. But spring is coming and one of the first signs was a renewal of appreciation, a few evenings ago, for Henry Van Dyke.

I hope, my friend, that you are having better distribution of available energy and that fly research and other pursuits are progressing.

Best regards,
Letcher



Mr. Preston Jennings
71 Orange Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Preston,

I don't like to make a gift that I need to apologize for, but I must say a few words about the rod I am sending you. It is the 10 foot rod you fished with last year. I have made a second tip that matches in action and appearance. But in the turmoil of last winter I didn't strip it down and refinish it as I should have done. Consequently you have a wrapping and varnish job that was done on Stimson's boat in 1938 where I had no control over the temperature, dust, etc. When you get sick of looking at it, send it back and I will fix it up. I have since learned a lot about proper finish.

Your candle fish flies are clever. We don't fish that deep — the action is normally quite fast and near the surface. However, I am about to give some attention to the diurnal movement of plankton, which must carry the feed and the salmon down at certain periods. Perhaps we have overlooked something in confining ourselves to surface fishing.

Did I write you that Iris worked out well over Labor Day in fishing for sea run cutthroat and rainbows in the rivers entering the ocean on the west slope of the Olympic Peninsula? I gave it a thorough test and it produced substantially better than any other pattern we used. I hope to work on it carefully this winter for steelhead.

The 4/5 Iris leaders look good and I will give them a try. I have not been pleased with my observation of Nylon tapered leaders. Do you know anything about supplies of Spanish gut under present conditions? I haven't checked up. Placed a small order with Veniard last month and hope he isn't too busy dodging bombs to take care of it.

I have drafted my chapter on rod bamboo and sent it to Dr. McClure in China for his approval of my use of his research material. Also I have drafted the candle fish experiment at the suggestion of Fred Foster, Director of Bureau of Fisheries and a personal friend.

I need a small amount of Veniard's dye — spectral red — and forgot to select color and include it in my order. Have you something you could spare?

I had a disastrous weekend with photography — call it nervous aberration. There was a test roll of film in the Argus kodak that I rigged for insect pictures; I wasted a lot of fishing time Saturday getting a variety of sizes and textures on film, then forgot to roll the film back into the cartridge before opening the kodak! That same evening - Sunday - I took out a piece of cut film for a progress photo on creel and forgot to close the box containing my supply before turning lights on. This hobby is getting pretty expensive.

Did Dr. Spaeth come west last summer? If not, I expect to have more time to organize some trips for him. Also, I plan to do a proper job of collecting.

Best regards,
Letcher

Preston . . .

It may be several days before you receive the rod. I have had trouble getting a case. One is on the way from South Bend via ———? It seems I did not answer yours of Aug. 23 - had misplaced it. Will try Lady Iris, Iris Gent, etc. They are beautiful patterns.

L.



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 tac 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.

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.

THE MUSEUM EXHIBITS OF RARITIES

Since the Museum's inception, an exceptional number of rarities have been given the Museum. The very finest have been placed on exhibit in showcases guarded by heavy plate glass and modern locking systems.

We consider our exhibits to be a precious heritage and do everything possible to let our many visitors examine them, yet, make as certain as possible there is no chance for theft or damage. In this way, visitors may see rods built long before there was any recognition that our waters could be polluted or the abundance of game fish seriously depleted. Here in our Museum are yesterdays remembered, a history of fly fishing in America that is real, informative and entertaining. You will see the finest in craftsmanship, and the many steps in a developing technology that has made American tackle the finest in the world whatever its age.

You as a member on your first or on one of many visits will be proud of what has been accomplished and most certainly be proud that you are a member. Your continued contributions will be appreciated. Please give your friends the opportunity to experience the same glow of satisfaction by soliciting their help through a financial contribution that in turn will provide better exhibits and a better Museum.

THE MUSEUM CATALOG

Museum Catalog 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.

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 example 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 postpaid, 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 and 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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FLY PATTERNS

George F. Grant
Poul Jorgensen



I sing a stream in Arden. It might be
The self same stream in which our Shakespeare led
His melancholy Jaques, and eased his soul
With contemplation — for the feathery boughs
of immemorial trees droop o'er its course
And shed their pensive shadows on its sward.

The pastures love my brook and press it close
With violet cincture, and the hoary hills,
Though clov'n in the midst to let it pass, and smit
As with a Parthian arrow, silver barbed,
Toss their green tops with joy at sight of it,
And whisper a non dolcet to the wind.

THOMAS WESTWOOD, 1866

