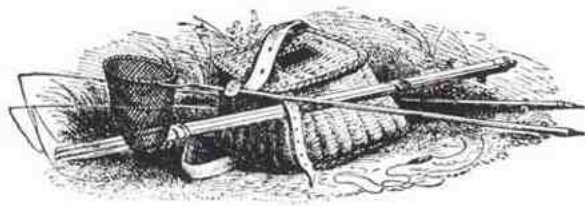


The American Fly Fisher



VOL. 3, NO. 2
SPRING 1976



Photo by Pfeiffer

**LYNN, LANCE AND TONY SKILTON
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The American Fly Fisher

Published by The Museum of American Fly Fishing
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SPRING 1976

Vol. 3, No. 2

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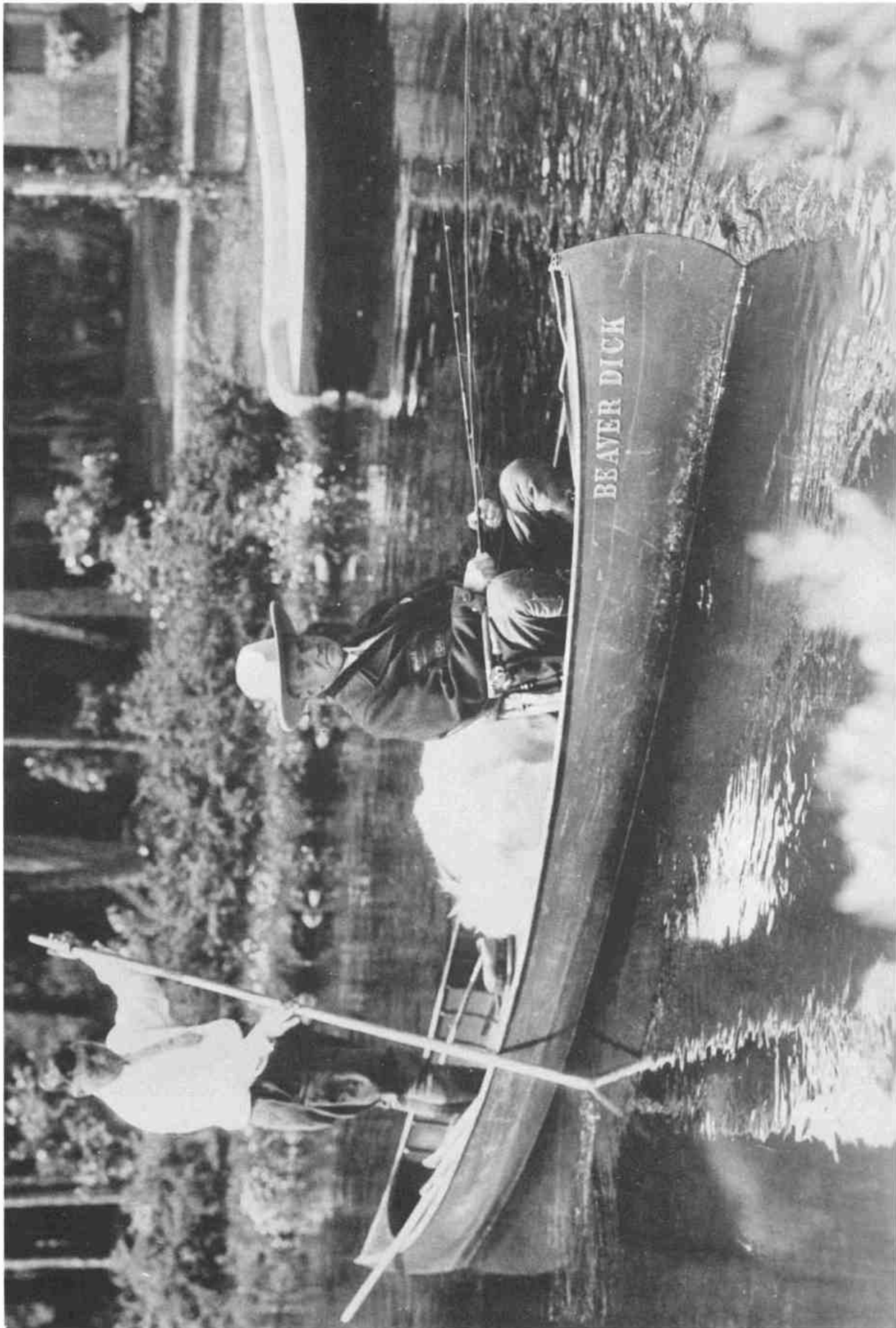
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CREDITS: Museum photos by David B. Ledlie. Drawings by Austin S. Hogan, Curator.
Printing by Thompson, Inc., Manchester Center, Vermont



President Calvin Coolidge with his guide, John LaRock, in front of the sleeping quarters at Cedar Island in 1928. LaRock claimed it was he who finally got the President to abandon his worms and take up fly fishing.

Photo courtesy State Historical Society of Wisconsin

Gitche Gumee on the Brule River

1878 - 1944

by
Susie Isaksen

The following article is drawn from three sources: the Gitche Gumee Club log which was maintained by all the members before the various families established their own homes on the club property; the logs and scrapbooks which the Holbrook family has maintained since 1906; and "From the Log of a Trout Fisherman" by Arthur Tenney Holbrook (Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass., 1949, 204 pp.), a book which narrates the lore of fish and people which the Milwaukee physician absorbed during sixty-four seasons on the Brule River.

The early camp photos are by Truman W. Ingersoll of St. Paul, Minn., who stayed on the Brule as a guest of the Winneboujou Club in 1890 and, again, in 1891. Wollin Studios of Madison, Wis., copied the photos from the Holbrooks' scrapbooks so they could be reproduced here. The photo of Calvin Coolidge is from the archives of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin.

Special thanks are due Arthur Andrews Holbrook, M. D., of Milwaukee and his wife. May, for their generosity in sharing the family's historical collection with us.

During the 1870's, Arthur Holbrook, a Milwaukee dentist, suffered from his allergy in a sportive manner by frequenting northwestern Wisconsin, then proclaimed in resort and railway literature as a haven for persons afflicted with hay fever.

It was his custom to take the Wisconsin Central train from Milwaukee to Ashland, and, from there, to embark upon fishing and camping expeditions throughout the Chequamegon Bay area. It was during one of these outings, in 1878, that Dr. Holbrook, along with his friend Dr. Carpenter of Chicago, became irresistibly enticed by reports of the beauty of the Brule River valley and the fishing to be had there.

The two doctors packed their gear and left Ashland on the tug Eva Wadsworth which took them along the Lake Superior shoreline to Bayfield, where they engaged a man named Cooper and his team and wagon. It took two days to ride 50 miles through the forest to the site where the two men set up their tents, beside the Brule at Ashland Lake, the northern most widening in the stream. Louis Job served as their guide.

Dr. Holbrook was so impressed by this first visit to the Brule that a trip to its banks became an annual event. His family became involved in the tradition in 1884 when his wife, Josephine, and son, Arthur Tenney, made the trip.

In 1886, Dr. Holbrook and James H. Bradley of Chicago, an official with the American Express Company, conducted a group consisting of their sons and four other high school boys to the Brule by way of the Wisconsin Central to Ashland and then over the new Northern Pacific line to Brule.



The senior Arthur Holbrook, pictured here in 1914, fished the Brule almost every year from 1878 until 1919. Today his heirs are into a well-established fifth generation at the family lodge.

It was this group of six boisterous tent campers and their chaperons that first used the name "Gitche Gumee" and it is their names that are engraved on the first calling cards listing the members of the Gitche Gumee Camping Club.

Three years later, in 1889, the youngsters had lost their places on the calling card and the membership consisted of the senior Arthur Holbrook, George C. Markham of Milwaukee, an executive with the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Judge George H. Noyes of Milwaukee and Rev. Judson Titsworth, also of Milwaukee.

The first club building, a cook house, was built in the summer of 1889 on land leased from the Winneboujou Club. The lease agreement was drawn up in a formal manner and stipulated in precise detail, according to A. T. Holbrook's book, that "the rent should be paid in one annual installment sometime during the month of August and should consist of one trout of at least nine inches in length to be caught by Mrs. Josephine Tenney Holbrook and by her tendered personally to Mr. Christopher D. O'Brien, and by him received in the presence of the Winneboujou and Gitche Gumee clubs." The lease-paying ceremony became an annual champagne and dinner affair until 1898 when E. N. Saunders began building his lodge on the site.

Forced upon itself, the Gitche Gumee Camping Club was incorporated. A new home, one half of a forty-acre tract at The Point just one bend upriver from the leased site, was purchased from Col. John H. Knight for consideration of \$600. The buildings were moved to the



During the 1890's, steamer trunks built especially to hold fishing and camping gear were sent to this humble site by engraved waybills which read, "Gitche Gumee Club Lodge, Brule Station on Northern Pacific Railway; Winneboujou Station on Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway."

new site during the winter of 1898-1899.

Other aspects of the early Gitche Gumee camp life are described in the club's log. An entry dated August 11, 1890, says, "Judge Noyes was up since before this season to start the cabin, purchase lumber and employ a man. He was soul proprietor of the front porch."

On July 30, 1893, Dr. Holbrook wrote, "Painted boats. Pitched canoe. Killed flies and mosquitoes and drove Nitchie's livestock from the premises. Received calls from friendly aborigines offering services for consideration. No takers."

The most interesting account of a fishing outing is dated September, 1884: "Stuart Markham, F. W. Rockwell, F. F. Bowman and Arthur T. Holbrook made a trip to the mouth in two boats. The first night's camp was at the old Gitche Gumee Camping Club camp of 1886, about six miles below the Northern Pacific bridge. The dam made the water so low that we had to lay up in a second camp a few miles below the first and wait for flood waters." (Logging companies dammed the river to collect backwaters so, when the dams were opened, their logs could roar down river at the crest of a flood.) "We rode all falls and rapids in high water - upset over 15 times and reached Lake Superior soaked through after an all day's run down river. We camped with the lumber camp at the mouth where we sang and told yarns for our keep. The next day we poled around Lake Superior to a point beyond the Amnicon River where we put up with a fishing camp and, incidentally,

helped to avert the wreck of their schooner Black Diamond which had broken her mooring during a storm and had run ashore. The next day we poled to Duluth which was reached in time to catch the evening train to Winneboujou. We brought our canoe with us in the baggage car."

It was probably this same trip that A. T. Holbrook mentioned in his book. The Gitche Gumee party had hoped to ride to Duluth on the schooner but, after spending most of the night out in the cold and rough water helping the crew protect their boat, the young gentlemen retired to catch a few winks before sailing at daybreak. When they awakened, the crew and sailboat were gone as were armfuls of sweaters, shirts, shoes and other belongings. "Weeks after I had returned to Milwaukee," A. T. Holbrook wrote, "I received a forwarded unsigned note. It read, 'I seen your sweater on Pete.' It was a black-and-red striped football jersey I had worn at Harvard and had 'Holbrook' marked on the neck label."

Back at the clubhouse, things proceeded much more happily and amiably until 1903 when, according to A. T. Holbrook's book, "Rev. Titsworth realized that the increasing number of children and the limitation of accommodations were going to necessitate the establishment of a separate lodge for each family. Not wishing to assume such a responsibility, he withdrew from the club."

"The other three members were soon faced with the same problem," Dr. Holbrook's book says. "There were twelve

children now to be accommodated in addition to grown-ups and there was always a question about the accommodation of guests who came in considerable numbers.

"In 1903, George Markham withdrew and placed his new lodge at the furthestmost upriver site. In 1906, Father left The Point and built our present lodge between the other two." An agreement was drawn up in which Gitche Gumee retained title to the land but recognized dooryards appertaining to each lodge. No provisions were made for dividing the land.

Part II, 1906 - 1944

The Holbrooks named their lodge Gitche Gumee and opened it for the first time on April 28, 1906. On that day the senior Dr. Holbrook made the first entry in the lodge log book which, to this day, is maintained by family and guests visiting at Brule. In addition to signing in and out and making notes during their stay, the Holbrooks have maintained scrapbooks of articles, pictures and newspaper clippings about the Brule River.

The collection speaks best for itself. The following selection of entries is in order by date rather than as it appears in the logs and scrapbooks because numerous books were kept simultaneously.

May, 1906: "River lower, fishing good. Weather fine. House stained on outside, work finished May 16."

September 6, 1906: "Huge black bear around kitchen creating considerable alarm; clawing about the doors and

Arthur Holbrook, left, and his son, Arthur T. Holbrook, overhaul their gear at the Eagles Nest lunch grounds. When A. T. Holbrook first fished the Brule, at the age of 14, he used a lancewood rod.



Christopher D. O'Brien, second from right, and E. N. Saunders, with their families and friends from St. Paul, pitched tents and made their first camp beside Ashland Lake on the Brule River in the early 1880's. It was this camp that inspired development of the St. Paul Club which eventually became the Winneboujou Club, the present downriver neighbors of the Gitche Gume Club.

Members of the Winneboujou and their guides prepare for an outing at the club landing in August, 1891. The guides pictured here were often expected to pole their clients up 15 miles of river, including several rapids. Elaborate shore lunches at club-maintained picnic shelters were an integral part of every river trip.





The club's first landing, in 1891. Young people have been included in the Gitche Gumees activities since 1886 when six high school boys were listed, along with their chaperones, as the first members.

window screens; tearing off the netting. Maids blew horn but failed to awaken anybody in the lodge."

May, 1910: "Forest fires had been frequent all about us. On the morning of the ninth Joe Lucius sent word that the camps were all in danger and that his family was preparing to go to the big lake for safety. There was no delay in preparation for flight. The fire started from sparks of a locomotive on the Duluth South Shore and Atlantic railway. The flames had been sweeping through the old slashings so that by 9 o'clock it was apparent the fires would come to the river and the long bend below camp unless headed off. It was a struggle to turn the fire back but it was kept to the old logging railway. It was then that a change of wind would have made Gitche Gumees untenable in ten minute's time. This was a deciding day for the camps - no backfiring and all would have been gone. The camps were completely surrounded by fire so that" (when the flames died) "an island of green was left from Hartman's to McDougall's."

July 8, 1913: "A. T. H. landed, at trout bend in dead water, on a worm - a despised worm! - a brook trout weighing 4 pounds, 2 ounces."

July 31, 1913: "A. T. H. landed a triple in Spring Lake narrows. 3/4 lb. brook trout on Professor as drop fly. 1/4 pound brook trout on Gray Hackle as middle fly and a smaller brook on end fly. Also, 2-1/4 pound rainbow on a Professor as drop near the head of dead water. 45 trout in all."

September 4, 1914: "Barent Holbrook Poucher and Jim left at 2:30 p.m. - dinner a la carte - returned at 11:00 p.m. with a cargo of four partridge, a 3 pound rainbow, a four pound Scotch[†] trout, a 5 pound Scotch[†] trout and a 175 pound buck. The largest haul of game brought in at any one time for several years."

September 12, 1914: "Arthur Talmadge Spence, age 10 years, 5 months, this day poled up the second and third rapids and falls - the latter being performed in excellent form, exhibiting great strength, skill and perseverance. He had a short setback just as he reached the top on account of his pole slipping, but he recovered himself in time and then made the top in splendid form, to the great edification of his proud mamma, Grandfather Holbrook and guests watching from shore." (Poling the Falls is onerous work, requiring great determination. It is not often done today because the upper stretches of the river can be reached by highway. However, the numerous log accounts of who made it and at what age are still, today, the toughest challenges Holbrook youngsters must contend with at Brule.)

August 5, 1915: "Seth Green agreed with A. T. H. to build a 20-foot boat including sliding seat, chair, live box, pole and paddle in the same pattern as Joe Lucius' boats for \$45. Also, poles for B.A.H., A.A.H. and H.T.H. at \$1.25 each."

July 25, 1916: "Killing frost. Mrs. A. T. H. reports probably loss of tip of

nose, left ear and three toes from exposure on north sleeping porch."

August 12, 1919: "R. Camp and A. T. H., with Roy Stearns and Eddie Dennis for guides, went to Coquette Bridge for a day's fishing. We fished the rapids and pools for about two or three miles upstream and about 2 miles downstream. In seven hour's fishing between us, we caught over 150 trout, all steelheads and rainbows, and brought home over fifty beauties. The largest was about 2 pounds. The guides cost \$5 each for the day including the half day they spent arranging the trip; Robinson, \$12 (for bringing two boats in hayrack from Iron Bridge); Webster, \$10 (for automobile ride from lodge to Coquette, north of the town of Brule). Total, \$32 for the day! But worth it. Caught all fish on flies. Used chiefly No. 8's, Professor, Queen of the Water, Grizzly King, Royal Coachman, March Brown."

Summer, 1919: The senior Dr. Holbrook's last season on the Brule.

July 27, 1920: "The summer has been marred by only one incident; the infamous unlovely McDougall fence which the eccentric captain has had made of uneven lengths of ugly iron posts connected by 5 or 6 lines of heavy wire to enclose 5/6 of Joe's Lake for a distance of 3/4 of a mile. He told us personally that he did not care what any man, woman or child, kith, kin or unrelated, thought of the fence. He put it there because he was tired of poor fishing and wanted a place where he could catch fish . . . Be that as it may, on this

date Herb and A. T. H. pushed under the wires and, in a half hour or less, had three trout of two pounds each. Previous to this invasion, Herb caught a 2 lb. Loch Leven[†] over the fence and Sandy and A. T. H. had each caught several rainbows and brooks over one pound by fishing over the fence." (A few years later, the Wisconsin State Railroad Commission ruled that the fence was illegal and McDougall was ordered to remove the obstruction.)

August 28, 1921: "We found McDougall starting to dam Buck Slough."

August 7, 1923: "A. T. H. caught a Loch Leven[†] weighing exactly 3 pounds and measuring 20-3/4 inches on a No. 8 Royal Coachman. Same day, at night, Will Dalrymple caught a 3-3/4 pound Loch Leven[†] at Hungry Run and put it in the live box where it swallowed an 8 inch rainbow."

May 14, 1924: "Noyes lodge burned. The grand old lodge became history and when a new lodge is set up there and we sit on new steps and sing before the campfire, some of us are going to close our eyes and dream of the place that was and the things that were."

March 14, 1927; Western Union Night Letter to Dr. A. T. Holbrook, Milwaukee: "Will you permit the offering of your place on Brule River to President Coolidge for the summer? Senator Lenroot coming this week to investigate. Advise number of bedrooms and baths. Allen T. Dodler."

March 14, 1927; Western Union Night Letter to Allen T. Dodler, Brule: "Honored and pleased to offer place on Brule River to President Coolidge but it is very crude and limited. Has but one simple bath. Advise consulting Henry Clay Pierce, 25 Broad Street, New York. His Cedar Island Lodge is very beautiful and fully adequate for President's use. A. T. Holbrook."

(Henry Clay Pierce of the Pierce Oil Company, died the previous year. His heirs offered the 31-building 3000-acre estate to President Coolidge who decided to stay there for the entire summer of 1928. A summer White House of administrative staff and offices was set up at the high school in Superior, Wisconsin, about 36 miles west of Cedar Island. Roads were built and improved to facilitate communications. Newspaper accounts of the President's visit indicated that he spent most of his fishing hours in the estate's private hatchery ponds. Other presidents to fish the Brule included President Grant in 1870 and Grover Cleveland who was a guest at Senator Vilas' lodge in the 1880's. Herbert Hoover was entertained by the Coolidges at Cedar Island, having visited the river years before as a guest at Marshalls' lodge in the Winneboujou Club. In 1947, General Dwight D. Eisenhower was a guest at Cedar Island which, by then, had been purchased by J. G. Ord-

way of St. Paul.)

Letter to A. T. H., dated February 28, 1933: "My Dear Doctor Waboose Holbrook; It was very dear of you to remember me by sending me the picture of July 4, 1928, of myself and our former President Calvin Coolidge, who has gone to a better fishing grounds."

"In all my experience as a guide, Coolidge did love his trout fishing. He was an angler fisherman in the first place. But Colonel Starling, Coolidge's aide, advised me confidentially on July 4, 1928 at 10:30 a.m. on Coolidge's fifty-fifth birthday - and this is what Starling said: 'John, it is up to you. The President must flyfish today.'

"I said, 'Okay, Colonel.'

"It was a rather hard task for me to take this responsibility of a fisherman that has probably fished with angle worms all his life. Mr. President finally took interest in watching me casting a fly. I handed the President his fly rod and he casted very well. Finally he took a double of two rainbows and landed the first one which weighed 1-3/4 pounds. The second one was 1-1/2 pounds. It was very exciting for a moment for the moving picture cameras were clacking everywhere. It was smiling Cal and flyfishing was his hobby after that. He loved to see the trout rise for his flies. He never jumped the heads off. He was a good, clean sportsman. He never complained of losing the big ones so that made it easier for me. So, doctor you can plainly see, it was not George Babb that gave the president instructions in fly casting."

"I have a complete diary of Coolidge and myself and every variety of trout and pounds caught on the Brule River in Pierce's private lakes. I wrote to Coolidge about this diary on June 2, 1932 and received a reply June 12, stating: 'My Dear John; I am very pleased to know you have a complete diary of my fishing on the Brule River. I am very anxious to see it in book form. I will do all I can for you to make this a success. I will take this up with the National Geographic Society of which I am a director and I will let you know later. It will take a little time as the Society is rarely very prompt. My best wishes to you and your family. I am gratefully yours, Calvin Coolidge.'

"I haven't heard from the Geographic Society as yet so I must find out soon where I can get this book printed the cheapest. It pays to be Scotch these times."

"How is my dear friend Bob Camp? I will guide him when he comes to fish on the Brule for \$3.50 per day and let me know in plenty of time. It has been very hard here this winter, no work of any kind. I am going to ask you a favor, doctor. Would you lend me \$21 for six day's guiding at \$3.50 per day? I am all down and out. Thank you. Hoping I will

hear from you this week, with best wishes to you and Mrs. Holbrook and the boys . . . I am gratefully yours, John LaRock or Moose Hide."

August 11, 1936: "In the Tepoten Meadows at 12:40 p.m., caught Loch Leven[†] brown trout weighing 6 pounds, 14 ounces. Girth; 17-1/4 inches. On No. 10 Professor wet fly, 5 pound strainest Weber leader, Grade F flat Crandall's Ashaway line. Also caught the limit - over 20 - good trout."

August 5, 1939: "Basil Edgette reports hearing wolves frequently of late, although we have heard them but rarely in the past few years. Last night there was a large, howling, yelping pack apparently rather close on the west bank of the river about 2:30 to 3:00 a.m., which woke us up."

August, 1944: "Record of this season's fishing kept at the request of the Conservation Commission. Total, 423 legal-size trout, 263 of them brooks, 114 browns and 46 rainbows. Largest brook: 1 pound, 15 ounces. Largest brown: 4 pounds, 2 ounces. Largest rainbow: 3 pounds. All on a fly during the day." (In his book, A. T. Holbrook points out that the total of 423 trout in 1944 does not compare well with a report that in 1894 one fisherman alone caught over 2,700 Brule trout to supply two restaurants in Superior. Today, the river seems almost void of native resident trout except on July evenings, when mayflies bring out hundreds of big browns. However, the Brule still retains its fame as a trout stream as, each spring and fall, hordes of bait and hardware anglers seek the big browns and steelhead which come up the river from Lake Superior to spawn.)

July 27, 1961: Dr. Arthur T. Holbrook signs out of Gitche Gume Lake Lodge for the last time.

[†]Most, if not all, the "Loch Leven" and "Scotch" trout mentioned in the above accounts were not of any special strain but were localized, inbred brown trout.





RUSTY
VARIANT



DARK
VARIANT



MARCH
BROWN
SPINNER



BAIGENT'S
BLACK



LIGHT
OLIVE



LIGHT
VARIANT



BAIGENT'S
BROWN

Dr. Baigent's dry fly patterns of about 1927 when his "Refractra" series received wide world attention.

Introducing Dr. Wm. Baigent and Sheona Lodge

Fishing Can Be Gentle on the Mind

One of the happier circumstances of putting together this magazine is renewing old acquaintances and saying hello to new ones. The Baigent name became familiar through an old Hardy catalog dated 1930, cherished for its color plates of flies. That was at least two decades ago. Either Hardy or the good Doctor had named the series "Refractra" based on the theory that it was essential a proper light refraction result when the fly was on the water, if it was to be functional. There were fourteen flies illustrated and I can remember my usual problem of finding hackles of the extra long fibre and stiffness in order to bear out the advertised appeal promised by Hardy. "An important and distinctive feature of these flies is that they are all dressed with natural Old English Game Cock Feathers, either alone or intermixed. The style of dressing with the hackle long in the fibre gives a buoyant fly which stands up well on the surface of the water. In this position the rays of light play on the steely iridescent fibres, and constitute the most attractive and natural looking flies."

Memory no longer serves to tell me how many I tied or if they were cast to the trout of the Rangeleys where I then was doing most of my fishing. I do recall the names - Baigent Brown, Baigent Black, a Dark Olive and especially the March Brown spinner with its partridge (English grouse) hackle wound in front of a golden brown set of legs. (I still don't understand the English differentiation between hackles and legs). Hardy also provided a number of Variants, Red, Dark Olive and Light Olive Spinners and Blue, Red and Olive Quills.

The Baigent name then was familiar when I received a letter from one of the our members stating he had been visiting Dr. W. Oliver Lodge and his wife Sheona, daughter of Dr. Baigent, who lived at Ambleside, Westmoreland near Lake Wildermere. Mrs. Lodge wrote poetry, enclosed two examples which had appeared in the *Fly Fisher's Journal*, and would I be interested in reprinting them in our Museum magazine.

I liked the poems. Also enclosed was a personal letter which was quite revealing as to the depth of creative ability characteristic of Sheona Lodge and suggested she would be a welcome guest of our magazine.

"My dear . . .

"Do you know anything - outside the realms of love - to compare with the head and tail rise of a two or three pound trout; or that almost imperceptible tug - prelude to battle between you and salmon?"

"I can't visualise the flats in the Florida Keys, the words conjure up magic.

"You've listened patiently to my stories of the Beck which you can't even find on the map; now it's the turn of the Tees - can you bear it? the thought of a sympathetic audience on the other side of the Atlantic is too good to resist. You are going to be deluged with prose and poetry simply in order to indulge nostalgic recollections. How is it that you who could do it much better are so restrained?"

"The Tees is unlike your mighty Spey with its god-

like owners of beats. I don't know the Tees today. It was never a trout stream, when last I heard of it, there were no salmon either.

"Our length - from Middleton - in Teesdale to Cotherstone was varied. There were good pools with gravel beds and no trees to get entangled in: for miles it flowed through woods, in October almost the colour of yours in the fall. Sometimes it surged through narrow rocky ravines.

"It was a dangerous river because after rain a wave like a tidal bore would sweep downstream, carrying everything - including anglers - before it; one had to keep a weather eye open.

"Now! my first salmon. Do you remember every detail of yours? I was sixteen, and father had found me an old sea-trout rod, and an equally old reel. Monks - sixteenth century ones - walked Eggleston Bridge; if they were there that morning we weren't aware of them. Father wanted me to have a few practice casts before he left me. I had on a Silver Wilkinson, his favourite fly.

"Although the rod was said to be light, it required two hands. If the fly didn't alight with complete accuracy, the stream took over. 'It's fishing' is this what everyone says when he feels the pull of the fly through forty feet of line to his very finger tips?"

"Across slightly down, lower the tip of your rod when he leaps, keep level with him; he'll be lying there called my father pointing to the far side of the pool where the river ran swiftly under the bank: and I was alone.

"I couldn't believe it when I felt that first sharp tug - then the melee began: upstream like an arrow, the reel screaming; 'keep level, keep level,' I tried to remember everything father had told me. Towards me, down, across; leaping out of the water again and again.

"With father miraculously back at my elbow, gaff ready, I had my first moment of hope: I wanted more than anything in the whole world to land him - and we did. Twenty two pounds and the record for that season.

"Triumph was my emotion at the time. Today I say perhaps when fighting for life one doesn't feel pain or fear; merely puzzlement.

"Why should monks come into the story? They'd been there for roughly four centuries according to legend. The years of the Tees can't be numbered; it is a wild rough little river at this point; it has probably never altered much: cities have grown up at its mouth the sea, its goal, no longer performs its task of 'pure ablution' thanks to tankers and nuclear waste; yet there are still stretches unspoiled by man, and maybe fresh-run salmon. Father nearly bought the house beside the bridge, in it monks walked corridors long since crumbled away; I was glad that plan fell through.

"The estate was sold, we lost our fishing. My salmon was the first of ten in one week; father caught thirty."

Yours sincerely,
Sheona Lodge

My return letter to our Museum member contained an enthusiastic yes we would publish the poetry and that it would be good to have a Transcendentalist with us. We would first, however, have to have permission to reprint from David Colquhoun of *The Fly Fisher's Journal*.

And so, I renewed an acquaintanceship with Dr. Baigent and met Sheona Lodge.

Eventually, we received permission and in the interim Mrs. Lodge was asked to provide a bit of background material about herself. A number of letters were received which informed me Dr. Baigent was for the time being the subject of a book and the publishers had first call regarding certain biographical material but she would write an article concerning him and provide information about herself and her poetry.

Sheona Lodge is now 74. She is by birth the niece of Dr. William Baigent but went to live with him at the age of 2, and if not "the daughter in fact, was in practice totally." Her sister is a Socialist, and a Life Peeress, her husband a Doctor, retired and fishing. There is a brother who is a Doctor in New Zealand and another on a philanthropic assignment in Kitmandu. Apparently the practice of medicine and surgery is a family talent.

Her writing began "in a fortuitous way. I was walking beside the Trout Beck (in Cumbria) with our youngest grand daughter when she said tell me about my grandfather. I could see by her bored expression I wasn't making him live. I took a pencil and paper and what happened was a poem. It was in the sound of the water, the playing of a fish, the flash of a kingfisher, that he seemed to be constantly at my side. The poems and writings were tucked away in a drawer and there would have remained until it was shown to a guest who in turn passed them to the editor of the *Fly Fisher's Journal* . . ."

Her father taught her to tie flies and she won first prizes at

Arts and Crafts expeditions, competing with men, and due she says to her father's patience as a teacher. She also maintains her father was a better fisher than Izaak Walton. There are many with expertise who said Dr. Baigent was the best fly fisher in England.

In reference to Dr. Baigent (which supplements the biography following) she writes "his interest in fly fishing began at about seven, he studied the habits of trout, and this, of course, led to his interest in the life history of the trout fly. Upstream fishing was the only possible method in overgrown becks and streams, experimenting all the time; the wet and dry fly became interchangeable. Breeding our own Old English Game (in a very small way compared with Frank Elder whose book is being published by Honey Dun) played a great part in the invention of the Baigent's Brown. The stiffness, the shape and glossiness of the hackles made all the difference in the floatability. The Baigent's Brown represents no known fly yet in our northern streams. Trout will take it in preference to the live fly hatching or laying its eggs on the stream."

The late William Lawrie gives the pattern for the BB (Variant) as: Wings, young Starling; Hackle, medium honey dun cock, long in the fibre. Body; Yellow floss silk; Hook, No. 3., Limerick. Unlike Preston Jennings who wrote Dr. Baigent for the pattern because the colors in his Hardy catalog were indistinct, my copy confirms except for a possible over redness of the hackle due to the printer and his choice of ink. The reddish brown may be the reason for Lawrie calling his pattern with the honey dun a Variant. I will have to ask.

Sheona Lodge is a bond between the last of a Victorian England and the present. There is a standing invitation for her to continue contributing to *The American Fly Fisher*.

A. S. H.





William Baigent, M.D., O.B.E.

1862 - 1935

by
Sheona Lodge

The name William Baigent may be known to a few readers of the magazine of the Museum of American Fly Fishing but perhaps not too many; therefore it seems appropriate to sketch in briefly his background. His parents lived at Hurworth on the River Tees which, in the nineteenth century and the first quarter of the twentieth century, was a first class salmon river.

In 1881, the river froze and the family gathered to skate. After a time my father left his parents and grandparents and skated on alone. The moon rose; in its light the trees shone silver, the Tees was a pathway of gold. I heard this story as a child and think of it as the first stitch in a sampler which was completed when he became Chairman of the Tees Fishery Board and shared an eight mile stretch of river with a brother-in-law.

He had the gift of seeing every side of a problem. I remember walking with him through woods behind Mount Grace Priory and finding a rabbit trapped in a snare. Very gently he released it - he could not bear to see an animal in pain. On the way home however, he expressed concern for the poacher who, confident that his children would have hot rabbit pie for supper, could be anguished at finding an empty snare.

Men on Tees-side had families to feed. Factories had to be built and commerce pursued, which meant the salmon, his journey almost completed, instead of savouring the taste of penine peat, the flavour of the Greta which joined the great river, would have to endure instead the reek and poison of chemicals. A temporary solution to pollution must have been found, because, in his day, the Tees remained a salmon river.

A word about his parents. Although his father seemed to me a very old man, his mother was an alert delicate Dresden China person, carrying always a sketch and note book. In a secret drawer in her desk I found a list of every wild flower on Lindisfarne, its order, and Latin name, in her exquisite hand-writing.

A cousin tells me she still treasures her grandmother's riding crop. She used to ride in Rotten Row when staying in London with an Aunt, married to an Equerry of the Prince Consort.

My father's interest in fishing began as a small boy. His mentor 'Uncle George,' a picturesque character in waders, and top hat bound round with casts and flies, was well known in Darlington as a skilled angler. From an early age my father dressed his own flies (as he taught me to do when I was seven). He studied the original fly, drew it, and attached to the body the real wings. It is amazing that these illustrations, bound in brown paper, are still in existence. The Honey Dun Press has privately produced four Photographic Facsimiles 'after numer-

ous trials and unbelievable tribulation,' and Messrs. Aquarius have bound them in half green morocco with gilt emblematic tooling on the spine. Superb work.

In the same secret drawer are his school prizes, and a letter: 'My dear Mother' it says, 'I have been fortunate to come out first among the M. D.'s, and in consequence got the Gold Medal for being the most distinguished graduate of the year. With much love, Your affectionate Son. P. S. My essay on Multiple Peripheral Neuritis was spoken of highly by the examiners.'

About this time he was illustrating Sir Thomas Oliver's book on lead poisoning, with drawings of the fundis oculi. He put the highlights on the retinal arteries to reproduce a burnished copper aspect, with a lancet-sharp pen knife.

I imagine because he was in love with my mother and wanted to marry as soon as possible, he elected to earn an immediate income by going into general practice. Northallerton, the small country town of the North Riding of Yorkshire, was an ideal choice. There was an efficient Cottage Hospital - I should love to dwell on this, because the mere thought of it takes me back to the nostalgic pre-1914 world.

Over the porch grew the second oldest vine in England; windows opened on to a long narrow garden; indoors, oak panelling was painted white; bright fires burned. Matron, Sister, Nurses and patients appeared (to my eyes) to be happy and smiling. However, I must concentrate on the angling aspect of his life.

His holidays as a boy and young man were spent in the Border country, shooting, and fishing the Tweed, Till, Coquet and Ettrick water.

He knew where the guillemot and eider duck nested; years later he carried me across the beck, when I was too little to wade, to peer into a dipper's nest.

He was observant as a trapper; spoor of heron or otter never escaped his eye; we ourselves had to leave no tracks when fishing.

He appeared to be accepted by kingfisher - shyest of birds - and water-rat alike. This is what made fishing with him so exciting; under every stone lay some living creature.

Together we watched the behaviour of trout, how they rose splashily to stone-fly, leapt at mayfly, gently sucked spent march brown or took an iron blue dun. If a trout rose, or salmon showed itself, 'you have first go' he said.

'Think like a trout,' these are probably the first words I remember. He tried to see the flies he tied from the trout-eye view that is why he had to breed his own Game Cocks, experimenting at every turn; crossing them with blue Andalusians; trying all

the time to discover the perfect hackle, which had to be long, tapering gradually from base to point, giving maximum number of fibres of equal length. They had to be firm, strong, clear, glassy and transparent. The colour was equally important, it should be clear and brilliant when held to the light.

I think it was 1925 when his Baigent's Browns and Variants first appeared in Hardy's catalogue.

Folded in squares of white paper are hackles of 1917. They have not lost their lustre, and although my fingers are less nimble and I need a large hook, the hackles seem as firm and brilliant as ever.

It was such a quiet hobby, of interest to few people locally (ours was a hunting and shooting country) that it seems strange that he should have letters from all over the world asking his advice, and telling him of the success of his flies.

A fly tied by his hand had a magic all its own; no copy was quite the same.

Many of his friends pleaded with him to write a book. A few years before his death in 1935 he numbered and named the capes which at all times adorned the chimney-piece in his sitting room, to be stored in drawers and boxes where they still remain, awaiting use for illustrating a *Book of Hackles* by Wm. Baigent, M. D., a forthcoming publication of the Honey Dun Press.

My Mother, with the aid of her friend Daisy (widow of General Taylor who commanded the 13th Hussars and had fought at Ondurman) who was also the daughter of Mr. Strachan with whom my father fished Castle Forbes water, for as many years as I can remember, decided to publish the already collected material. There were fifty copies at seven guineas each. I think my mother gave most of them to her friends. When she died, I found several unfinished copies with the numbered capes in order; all I had to do was to insert the hackles. I sold the books - four or five of them - to a secondhand book shop for the same price. A few years later I was told that one had been sold for two hundred and ninety pounds at Sotherby's and I appreciated my mother's skill and enterprise. The latest news I had was that the book was being offered for seven hundred and fifty pounds.

Whether my father and my mother realised that what he had begun and she completed was unique, I do not know. As far as my father was concerned, it was a matter of lifelong interest; for my mother a labour of love.

Mr. Simpson of the Honey Dun Press describes my father as a pioneer. What my father himself said of new inventions was that an original idea can occur almost simultaneously, sometimes at opposite ends of the earth; that discoveries are countless as seeds, but not all come to fruition.

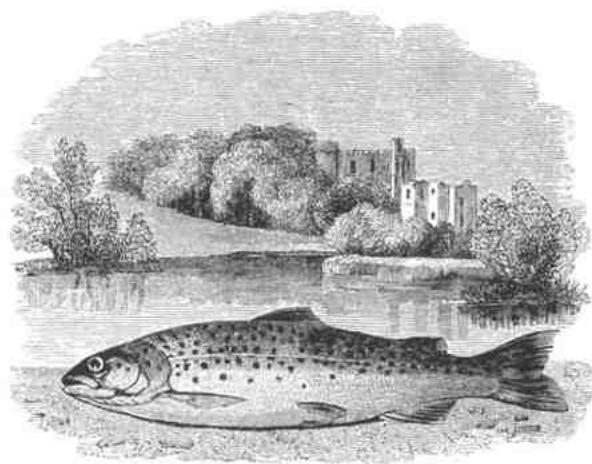
Among his notes, written when a medical student, are observations on the fungus *Penicillin Notatum*, virtues of which were discovered a generation later.

This morning I acquired Francis Blaikie's 'We Go A-Fishing.' In my copy of his father's book 'I Go A-Fishing' are letters from his father to mine. Blaikie and Baigent are names as much a part of the Aberdeenshire Don as are names of famous pools.

It could be my father speaking when Dr. Blaikie urges his son to imagine the water to be two or three feet higher than it really is in order that the fly may land softly on the surface. The books by father and son quote a poem by their kinsman Andrew Lang, which must confirm the pious hopes of many anglers that there is a corner in some other world not only where spectral fish may swim, but where fishermen gather to discuss every detail of the day's adventures over a dram.

In years to come, we may need to know the art of angling, as did our primitive and hungry forebears. There is in any case in most of us an urge to pit our wit and skill against nature: far more than that, as has been said over and over again, (how can one help repeating it?) joy in listening to the voice of the river, feeling its current flowing, knowing that life stirs beneath each stone. An innocent and poetical amusement to those of us on both sides of the Atlantic.

My father dedicated his book 'To the best companion an angler ever had - my wife.'



THEIR GREAT GRANDFATHER WILLIAM BAIGENT, M. D., PISCATOR

What was he like? the children ask.
The Beck, so secret overgrown
By willow, alder, does it bask
Beneath June roses, still unknown?

A tapered cast, spliced greenheart rod,
A Greenwell's Glory, Dun, March Brown;
The corner pool where cows have trod
Flies falling light as thistle down.

October! Unpolluted Tees,
The Stag pool favoured salmon run,
Selecting flies beneath chrome trees
Jock Scott or silver Wilkinson.

Donside in April and its banks ablaze
With broom - "it fishes best when broom is out"
He said. Oystercatchers - we seldom found
Their nests. Sandpipers, redshanks, larks,
Their cries all mingle with the caw of rooks
Above the Rookery stream, and anxious sheep
Recalling lambs who've strayed, they make the air
Vibrate with sound. Above Keig Bridge we go -
Past cherry and white lilac - lizards dart.
At last we reach Broom Brae, put up our rods
Select a Baigent's Brown - one eye upon
The stone of curious shape, it's there a trout
Of quite phenomenal size is sure to lurk.
Bright sun, strong wind, a normal fishing day.
The river ripples round our feet; Broom Brae
Is beautiful, but just a pool, no more:
And then there comes a hatch of fly, Greentail
Or Granum, for their eggs are emerald
Green, smooth, velvet, in clouds they come up stream
Engulfing every bush; the females dip
So lightly on the whirling eddying
Miniature waves that swirl behind each stone.
Head tail they rise, the tense and urgent trout,
Or with a merest dimple suck the fly.
Seen from the bank, it may not seem like this,
But in the transformed pool a miracle's
Occurred; the strength, the vital quivering force
In every dorsal fin and y-shaped tail!
For once we're seeing not as stranger sees,
But as a trout.

"You haven't told us very much!"
Who could his alchemy unfold?
How to explain his subtle touch,
Transmuting leaden days to gold!

THE BECK

One trout, a pound; perhaps a brace
 if that were all, perhaps one might abstain;
 with lesser pains, some greater joy to obtain;
 moreover, sport is scarce an act of grace.
 'Yet if none fished for trout, that might release
 pollution: vandals, predators unchain.'
 Temptation's eloquence like gyves restrain
 the sob'ring thought that ardour must decrease.
 Why not just write and not for rivers sigh,
 describe each pool, forget each *dies non*?
 In books and journals surely there is peace.
 If nature is God's art, why tie a fly
 or cast that Baigent's Brown upon the Don?
 Of one short stretch of beck renew the lease?



AORA †

Seal, otter, man
 you have eluded:
 lower and middle falls
 navigated:
 now you lie
 beneath the force of Carlunna
 gathering strength
 for the final essay.
 Above you
 rocks smoothed by centuries
 soar
 seemingly impregnable;
 instinct guides you
 from cranny to cranny
 whence you may slither and leap
 through rainbow spray
 to plumed crest
 and gravel redd.
 Aora
 snakes through peat bog
 fragrant with myrtle
 starred by asphodel
 to her source.

† Aora is Neil Munro's name for the river which runs through the castle grounds of Inveraora, or Inveraray as it is now called. My father fished it with Lady Elspeth Campbell and on the Sabbath we used to watch salmon leaping the falls. Land or Red Deer and Eagle, and background for one of Neil Munro's best books based on fact - 'John Splendid.'

DOPPELGÄNGER †

Do you hear
 crunch of icebergs
 conversation of whales
 or song of your river
 summoning you
 voice guiding you
 past mouths of alien waterways
 until you recognise
 music
 you knew as smolt?
 Do you remember each pool
 each run?

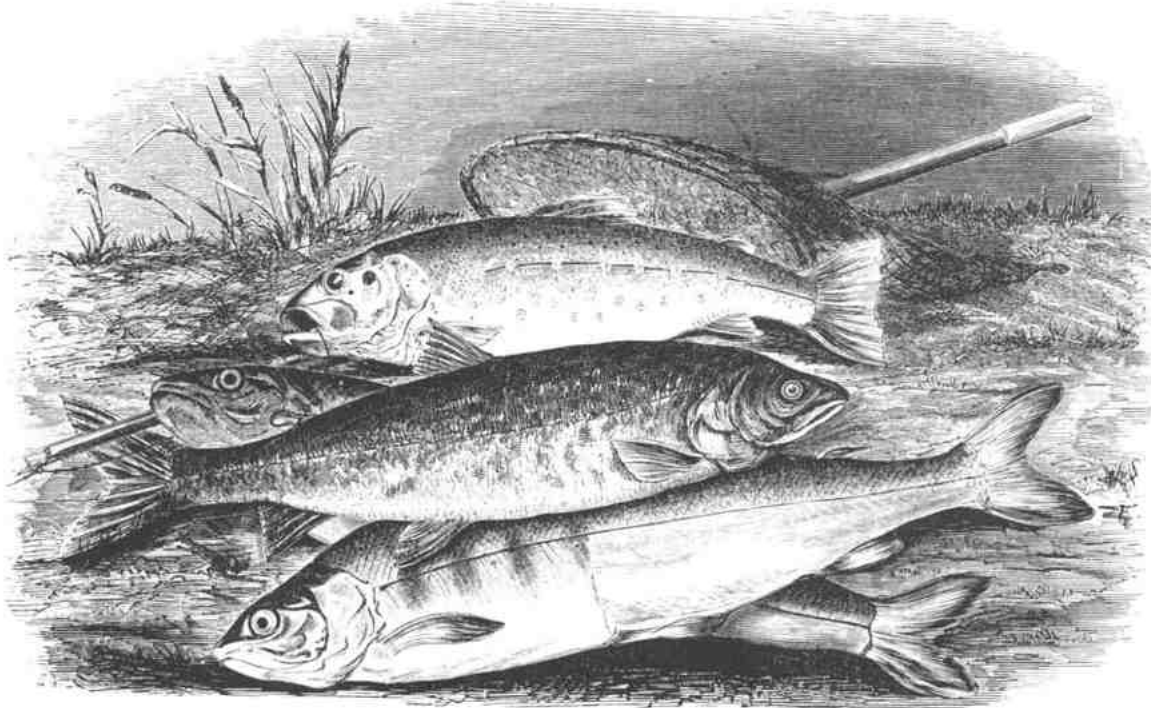
I lean against the current
 listening to its heart-beat
 probing its pulse
 through forty feet fingers
 sensitive as antennae:
 reel's scream
 fit accompaniment
 for silver capriole
 and scimitar'd arch.

May you hear
 as always
 the voice
 that does not know
 the word
 fear.

† The Leaper



Famous Firsts for the Beginning Collector



From Charles Lanman's "Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British Provinces." 1856

So you want to be a collector of fishing books? The requirements are a pocketful of gold, discrimination, perseverance and a talent for study. A knowledge of history is mandatory if the collector is to build a library worthy of its keep.

The early American writers of angling books are shadowy figures now, yet in their time they were gentlemen of strength and purpose, living in several ages that were as violent, often as despairing and tempoed to changes in society much in the pattern of today's graceless wars and politics. Their books are few. Scarcely a round dozen came into print from 1833 until a little after the Civil War. The waters were in a natural state, teeming with aquatic life sufficient to provide sustenance for the hungry and sport for those who wished the pleasant day fishing. If there were problems they centered on the procurement of fine tackle, the tediousness of travel and for the adventurous the real danger of fishing a wilderness that extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The question can be raised, with such an Eden not far from the door step, why angling books at all, for little skill was required to catch a fish, and if the more sophisticated approach to angling through its literature was desired, the book sellers in every city could supply the British angling book given the time. Whatever the motivation for writing the first of our angling books, each author drew deeply from the research of our natural historians. Those men who provided the scientific information concerning American fresh and salt water fishes set a pattern for learning and adventure.

There was Rafinesque who probed the wilderness waters of the Mississippi and a most courageous botanist, William Bart-ram, who penetrated the jungles of Florida and the Indian country of the south carrying his fishing rod and gun, during the 1770's. Dr. Samuel Mitchill and Dr. James E. DeKay were the laboratory men who began, along with Dr. Jerome Von Crowin-

shield Smith to take the first steps as ichthyologists and biologists during the beginning of the 19th century. Each provided the precise information the angling author needed to allow the sportsmen an opportunity to identify the game fish he caught. I think also, deep in the subconscious of naturalists, writers and sportsmen there was a pride in the daring exploits of the explorers and pioneer settlers who had first fished the wilderness, thrilling to the strikes of the pikes, trout, salmon and bass in what were virgin waters. But by the time Dr. Smith had published his *Fishes of Massachusetts*, 1833, and to which he had appended an *Essay on Angling*, the trails in the Appalachians were run by few Indians and the wilderness along the Atlantic seaboard had become what is known as picturesque America.

Smith was an energetic scientist, a graduate of Brown University and a contributing member of the Boston Society of Natural History. The essay treats of the sea trout of Cape Cod, a fish of pale silver and the more colorful inland trout of New England. There is a hint he was familiar with the Atlantic salmon of Maine and New Hampshire. He advised the beginner on the type of rod to use, the flies and the fishing line. For him the solid wood fly rod with its ground spike was to be treated with care and respect and the game pursued in an orderly fashion with proper tackle and a proper discipline.

Smith made his address to the upper class American, not without a degree of snobbishness. If there is a thought that he and other American authors that followed him - John Brown, the transplanted Henry William Herbert and the Rev. George Washington Bethune - should have produced an egalitarian literature because of the vigorous Yankee Doodleism that surrounded them, it should be remembered that the sport of fishing rests on a repetitive technology birthed in the comfort of an aristocratic leisure. America had no such angling tradition, no angling

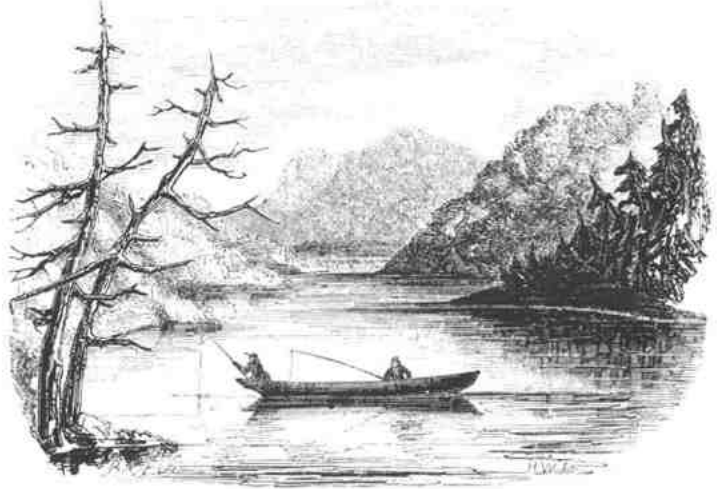
literature, which if it had existed would have stemmed from pioneer fishing practices and no real reason, because of the splendour of its aquatic life, to spawn new ways of casting fly or bait. Without an American past, whatever the American referenced it to had to have its source in the angling memoirs of Great Britain. The charge of plagiarism which is often hurled at the authors of angling books, may in some instances be refuted if the dependence on the past is taken into consideration.

John J. Brown, a New York tackle dealer, who published *The American Angler's Guide*, 1845, like Smith had no precedents to draw upon. His American references were taken from the streamside experiences of himself and his friends. His was the first American angling book, a pocket sized manual, well illustrated with wood cut engravings, its format British and the descriptions of game fish drawn from Mitchell, Smith and Dekay. Eventually the *Guide* was revised, enlarged and reprinted in 1846, 1849, 1857, 1859 and 1876. The beginning collector should beware of the various editions noted on the title pages as they are confusing and misleading. Brown also published three almanacs and a rare pamphlet answering a vicious attack on his credibility by Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester). *Stealing and Stealing*, folder, N. Y., N. D. was probably printed in 1849.

Brown had a serious problem which may have dictated the pocket size of his first edition. The panic of 1837 had so effected the publishing trade it had eventually become chaotic. The invention of stereotyping along with the introduction of the paper back produced an overwhelming flow of cheap novels, fly by night publishers, thievery of original works and an array of inexpensive magazines, journals and periodicals. The reading public as a result had turned from the purchase of the hard cover book to demanding the inexpensive. So bad was the situation that publishers of one of Cooper's novels ripped off the hard covers and rebound the edition in paper. Perhaps because he had published the only angling book in America and the original sales were profitable, Brown issued the sumptuous (for the times) second and later editions with gilt decorative covers, more pages and more illustrations without any fear of an economic loss.

Brown's introduction states that "having been situated for a number of years where the necessity of some general information on the subject of the art of angling was daily seen, at first conceived the idea of publishing an American edition of Walton's *Complete Angler*." Deciding however, there was little, real, practical knowledge of the fishes of our own country available, (in Walton) he decided to publish in small form "the opinions and practices of the various English authors, with remarks there on and such as could be gathered from American books and American sportsmen." Unfortunately and in spite of the fact that American sportsmen had begun experimenting with their own ways of building rods and reels, had begun enacting legislation to control the pollution of streams, were designing new fly patterns, had invented the spoon and Robert Pell of Pelham, N. Y. had started the artificial breeding of fish, his chapters on trout fishing, the salmon, history and fishing literature are taken from British sources, notably Hofland. His discussion of the American fishes are original and enlightening and without doubt were helpful to the traveller who could benefit from a discussion of the how-to-do-it in American waters. He apparently didn't give a hoot that the common man distrusted anything that was perfumed by the aristocracy and it might be noted the urbanite with his fancy clothes and his fancy tackle often was an object of derision during his visits to the wilderness sporting centers. What does seem important is that Brown had sensed many Americans were no longer skilled with hook and line born of a boyhood training along the frontiers.

America's second angling book edited by the Reverend George Washington Bethune provided a superlative Walton for the American sportsman. The cheaply bound volume offered, in 1847, with copious footnotes, commentaries, appendices and bibliographical information by an anonymous American editor is today considered, because of its scholarship, one of the best editions of Walton ever published.



It could be understood why in 1847 a puritanical attitude toward fishing among religious groups would cause the author to consider it more prudent to remain anonymous in his position as a religious leader. Bethune, however, was too well known too well publicized as a fisherman and much too famous to remain the unknown author for any length of time. That there were no reverberations then or in later years offers strong evidence that Bethune was not forced to resign from his church because of his avocation as a number of writers have suggested. He resigned in 1861, travelled to Europe and died in Italy in 1862.

It's somewhat confusing that this devoted angler who had spent so many years researching Walton and the literature of angling made no visit to Staffordshire the home of Walton and Cotton, but went directly to Italy. A guess can be made that his burning passion for bibliographical research and his great interest in classical angling literature was sending him to the Vatican library and his respects to Walton and Cotton would have been made on the return trip.

Bethune was the first in our star system. Within the American and British intellectual community he is considered one of the most learned and wise of all our scholars. Marcus Selden Goldman, *Izaak Walton and THE ARTE OF ANGLING*, Studies in Honor of W. T. Baldwin, Urbana, 1958, states "his wisdom and learning are nowhere more impressive than in those pages of his 'Bibliographical Preface' to the first American Edition in which he deals with the sources known, putative and merely possible of the *COMPLETE ANGLER*. Equipped as he was with a perfect command of the classical languages and a knowledge of philosophy and theology which included a remarkable familiarity with the devotional, speculative, dogmatic and controversial writings of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he was ideally suited for the task he undertook." He also is compatible with the fisherman who went fishing for fish with his list of American fly patterns and his description of the pleasurable years spent with his fellow members of the Lake Piseco Trout Club. One can see him comfortably seated with God and St. Peter discussing the archaeology of the wet fly in the ancient languages, Madeira by his side and polishing his favorite fourteen foot lancewood.

Bethune, with the exception of the limited edition of 1880, has never been considered of much note by the American book collector. This may be because Walton is difficult to read by the literate illiterate and the footnotes of a master bibliographer even more difficult. It was Henry W. Herbert who became the darling of the wealthy book collectors of our Victorian age and their carryovers of the beginning twentieth century.

Herbert came to America in 1831, a son of the Dean of Manchester and a grandson of the Earl of Carnarvon. His charm, educational background and keen mind made him welcome among the leaders of New York's publishing houses and the younger sophisticates who travelled in sporting circles. As a professional writer - history, romantic fiction, field sports and the classics - he was often brilliant, often a hack. His *Fish and Fishing of the*

United States and British Provinces of North America, 1849 was published in London perhaps because his unethical conduct in business matters turned away the New York and Philadelphia publishers who had had dealings with him previously. Stringer and Townsend of Philadelphia published the second edition to which Forester had added a second part and a badly colored plate of flies. He was unquestionably a rogue yet he was tireless in his research. There is no author of American sporting books who has been the object of inquiry more often and who still remains something of an enigma. Certainly those who attempt an analysis of *Fish and Fishing* run a good chance of coming away bruised and confused for from page one onward, where Herbert claims to have had the use of the famed Agassiz library (obviously a bold bluff to blandish the reader), to the last page which presents mouth watering fish dishes, there is arrogance, unsubstantiated opinions, attacks on the credibility of contemporaries such as John Brown, half truths and expressed low characterizations of American sportsmen; and this balanced by an expertise in culling the best from the British naturalists Richardson, Dr. Dekay and Agassiz. Herbert's criticisms of his contemporaries is remindful of a jewel thief beating his victims because the diamonds are not up to his expectations. Col. Thomas Picton wrote a gentle biography of Herbert which appeared in *The Life and Writings of Frank Forester*, 1882. Connet of Derrydale Press published a limited edition portrait of Forester during the 1930's. *Frank Forester, A Tragedy in Exile*, 1933, edited by W. S. Hunt contains detailed biographical and bibliographical information and is the best of the modern publications. Herbert has remained of literary interest to the present.

Charles Lanman didn't write fishing manuals but he did introduce the travelogue and reflect the image of the adventurous American carrying his rod and reel into the unexplored (by fishers) regions of the Adirondacks, the northwest, the St. Lawrence, and Maine. Part Indian on his mother's side, a Secretary to Daniel Webster and successful as an author (10 books published and a contributor to sporting magazines) his most popular book was the *Adventures of an Angler in Canada, Nova Scotia and the United States*, London, 1848. He opened the field for Samuel Hammond, *Hills, Lakes and Forest Streams*, 1854, and *Sporting Adventures in the Northern Wilds*, 1856. These concerned the romance of fly fishing the Adirondacks. In 1862, Robert B. Roosevelt published his *Gamefishes of the North and Superior Fishing*, 1865, which concerned travel and the how to do it of game fishing including the Atlantic salmon.

Although it seems an inopportune year, Thaddeus Norris, a Philadelphia rod maker and very well known angler, issued his *The American Angler's Book* in 1864. Norris lived for fishing, both fresh and salt water. In 1851 he was at Lake Piseco, he travelled to Lake Superior and tried for the big ones at Sault St. Marie. When the grayling was discovered by sportsmen, he took two trips to Michigan and there were trips to Canada and the Atlantic salmon of the Maritime provinces. In spring he was after the shad of the Connecticut. Out of this wealth of experience came our first miscellany, an angling book so full of information its almost unbelievable for its age. Not only the how to fish was offered, there were the usual description of game fish and their engraved portraits, instructions as to splitting bamboo for a fly rod tip, fly making, humorous accounts, a bit of philosophy and narratives describing what the salmon fisher could expect in Canada and the trout fisher in Maine. Norris wrote a great book and although he did borrow as Brown had done from Hofland, the Norris effort is American. Genio Scott with his *Fishing American Waters*, 1869 published another miscellany; and so in the space of a short 35 years, from the time of Dr. Jerome Von Crowinshield Smith, events had transpired so quickly, the American angling book had assumed an identity.

The less than three decades may be a bit illusive, for the democratic concept of a right to fish had been in operation during colonial times and the spiritual freedom of a lonely frontier had played its part in creating sporting tradition that had its base in the sharing of a stream, a lake or a hunting ground. In them-

selves, these principles were not defined in Norris, Scott or any of the other early writers but the simple fact a tackle maker from Philadelphia could fish nearly anywhere he chose in any part of his United States indicates the broad difference between fishing in America and fishing in the mother countries.

The publication of George Dawson's *Pleasures of Angling*, 1876, marked the first hundred years of angling in the United States and the birth of a literature in which we can witness the dedication to an art transferred from the Old World to the New. Prior to Dawson, American authors presented their books within the boundaries established by the British Waltonians. Dawson, who wrote of fly fishing for trout and salmon was not concerned with method and was the first American to separate the fly fisher from the bait fisher. "As coarse food palls on the palate, so the love of angling soon dies out unless it reaches up to the higher plane of trout and salmon, lured by the tiny fly, kept in check by the gossamer-like leader, and conquered by the skillful manipulation of the slender rod, which curves to the pressure gracefully, as the tall pine to the blast of the tempest," he wrote in his preface and true for those who had the opportunity and means to make a choice. But the argument would hardly convince the muskelunge fisherman with a forty pound fish tearing line from the reel or the black bass fisherman thrilling to the wild leaps of a 10 pounder.

The preceding paragraphs are intended only as an introduction to the development of angling literature in America. The paucity in numbers written during the first hundred years may in part be attributed to the fact an angling book is a product of leisure. Those first Americans were very busy people. During the second hundred years it should be realized that as migration westward conquered each new frontier, new fishes and new waters were discovered. In the east a fast growing citizenry, far more wealthy than their ancestors in both an improved economy and labor saving devices had time to go fishing. By 1890 the number of books printed had increased five fold and continues. More angling books were offered the fishing public in 1975 than were printed in the time span between 1833 and 1885.

As the newly printed books increase to satisfy popular demand, the opposite holds true in relation to those long out of print. The more collectors the greater the rarity and the greater the increase in selling price. Unfortunately, the present economy marked by spiraling inflation offers the beginning collector little opportunity to learn that the whimsy and instability of this type of a market is highly speculative and can be extremely costly. The valor of ignorance is no substitute for scholarship.

The following price list is a sampling and should not be considered sufficient or comprehensive enough for purposes of appraisal.

Smith, J. V. C.	<i>The Fishes of Massachusetts</i> 1833	\$90.00
Brown, J. J.	<i>The American Angler's Guide</i> 1845	\$250.00
(Bethune, Rev. G.W.)	<i>The Complete Angler</i> 1847	\$75.00
Herbert, H. W.	<i>Fish and Fishing of the United States</i> 1849	\$50.00
Lanman, C.	<i>Adventures of an Angler</i> 1848	\$100.00
Roosevelt, R. B.	<i>Game Fishes of the North</i> 1862	\$50.00
Roosevelt, R. B.	<i>Superior Fishing</i> 1865	\$35.00
Norris, T.	<i>The American Angler's Book</i> 1864	\$100.00
Scott, G. C.	<i>Fishing in American Waters</i> 1869	\$50.00
Dawson, G.	<i>The Pleasures of Angling</i> 1876	\$50.00

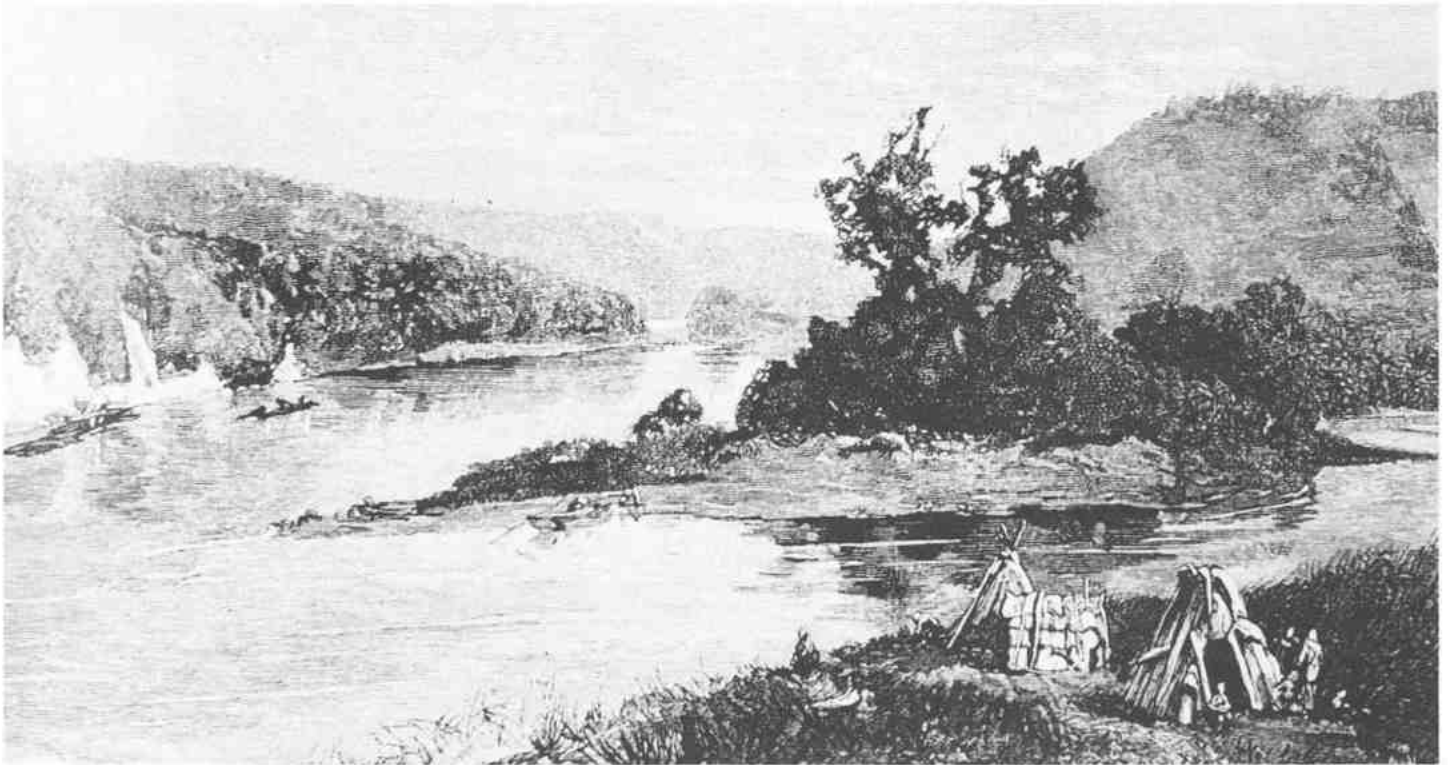
... A. S. H.



Dean Sage

Part II - The First Trip

by
David B. Ledlie



"How would you like to go salmon-fishing next June? Sir Hugh Allan has just invited me to bring two friends to his river, the Upsalquitch, in New Brunswick, and I at once thought of you and Haines as the two most likely to appreciate such a chance." ¹

So was Dean Sage accosted by his friend the general, on a morning in March of 1875 and offered the opportunity to pursue the mighty *salmo salar* for the first time. The invitation was quickly accepted and

"On the 28th of June, having received intelligence that the salmon had commenced ascending the Ristigouche River, of which the Upsalquitch is a tributary, we started for Boston on the Sound steamer, with enough impediments to supply a modest regiment." ¹

From Boston another steamer was taken to St. John, New Brunswick where after spending several days the party boarded a train which carried them to Point du Chene (see map). From there it was a three day trip via

the steamer Miramichi to Dalhousi. Two wagons were rented at Dalhousi for the 35 mile trip to Metapedia (now Matapedia) and the Metapedia Hotel where rooms were obtained. ²

The course of travel followed by Sage, Haines, and the general was apparently a well known route to the American sportsman. The venerable Robert Barnwell Roosevelt in his *Game Fish of the Northern States of America* (1862) describes essentially the same route taken by Sage and his party.

"As explicit directions for traveling through the benighted regions called the British Provinces, the following are given from a somewhat unwillingly extended experience. Take the night train or any route that will bring you to Boston before half past seven a.m., for at that hour the boat leaves for St. John, not St. Johns, which is in Newfoundland.

". . . This boat does not leave daily, but generally advertises in the New York and always in the Boston papers . . . The Boston boat reaches St. John in about thirty two hours, or

at three o'clock; the fare is six dollars; the meals extra, and, consequently, extra good."

"The Waverly House, in St. John, kept by J. Scammell, affords the best though poor, accommodation, at a reasonable price. A train leaves on the arrival of the boat for Shediac [Point du Chene], and makes the one hundred and ten miles in six hours, at a fare of three dollars."

I seem to remember Scrope (*Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, 1843) commenting that anglers tend to revel in the sublimity of extravagant expectation. I would venture that the Sage party was no exception to this maxim. The road followed on the last leg of the journey by wagon to Matapedia at some points closely paralleled the banks of the Ristigouche; and according to the account "we could see now and then, after reaching the river, a salmon jumping, and the stream was so beautiful that we could hardly resist the impulse to alight and try a cast or two on the way." In addition the acting landlord (Mr. Shaw) of the hotel showed the party a catch of

six noble salmon that had been recently killed that day by an English officer. The largest fish was 27 pounds and none were below 20.

The next day (July 4th) was cold and rainy and the decision was made to wait for more favorable weather before ascending the Ristigouche to the mouth of the Upsalquitch. Permission was granted by the river guardian (Mr. John Mowat) for the party to fish that day on the Matapedia pools. The following is an account of the first day on the water, which for Dean Sage must have been one of great disappointment.

"Haines and I in the utmost trepidation and haste commenced getting ready amid the ill-concealed sneers of the surrounding natives, who regard our split bamboo rods with distrust and aversion, and predicted misfortune to them should they get hold of large fish [note: in addition to the two 17½ ft. split bamboo rods, a green-heart rod manufactured by Clark and another made by Conroy were also included in the party's tackle.] Just as we were setting out our ardor was increased by the appearance of our English captain, followed by his two Indians bearing three large salmon, the result of his early fishing in one pool. He showed us the fly he had used, which had a dark silver-tinted claret body, with dark turkey wings; and selecting those we had nearest like it, we, with our Indians sallied forth.

"It takes two Indians and one bark canoe to every fisherman. An Indian sits in each end, the fishermen in the middle; the canoe is paddled or poled to the head of a pool, where it is anchored by the man in the stern, he in the bow keeping it steady and straight in the stream with his paddle. As soon as possible after a fish is hooked the canoe is taken to shore; one man remains by it and the other stays by the fishermen to gaff the fish when the time comes.

"Haines decided to try the Metapedia pool, and I went to the one below, where the captain had been fishing. Arrived there I found Mr. Shaw in possession, but he said the pool was large enough for both of us, and so, anchoring the canoe, I made my first cast for salmon. The split bamboo worked beautifully, and I found that my long experience with a one-handed rod in trout-fishing was of great service in assisting me to a quick knowledge in casting with both hands. After making one or two casts Mr. Shaw, who was but a short distance from me, called out that he had a fish, and looking around I saw his rod bent half double, heard his reel whirl like a mill, and the next instant saw his fish fifty yards away,

jump six feet out of water. A half hour's play brought him to gaff, and I resumed my own operations. After a few casts I saw a break in the water below my fly, which Peter, one of my Indians, assured me was caused by a salmon. Giving him, as I had been instructed, about five minutes' rest (it seemed an hour) after his fruitless exertion, I made another cast, letting my fly go down just above where he rose, and this time he came in earnest.



Route travelled by Sage party.

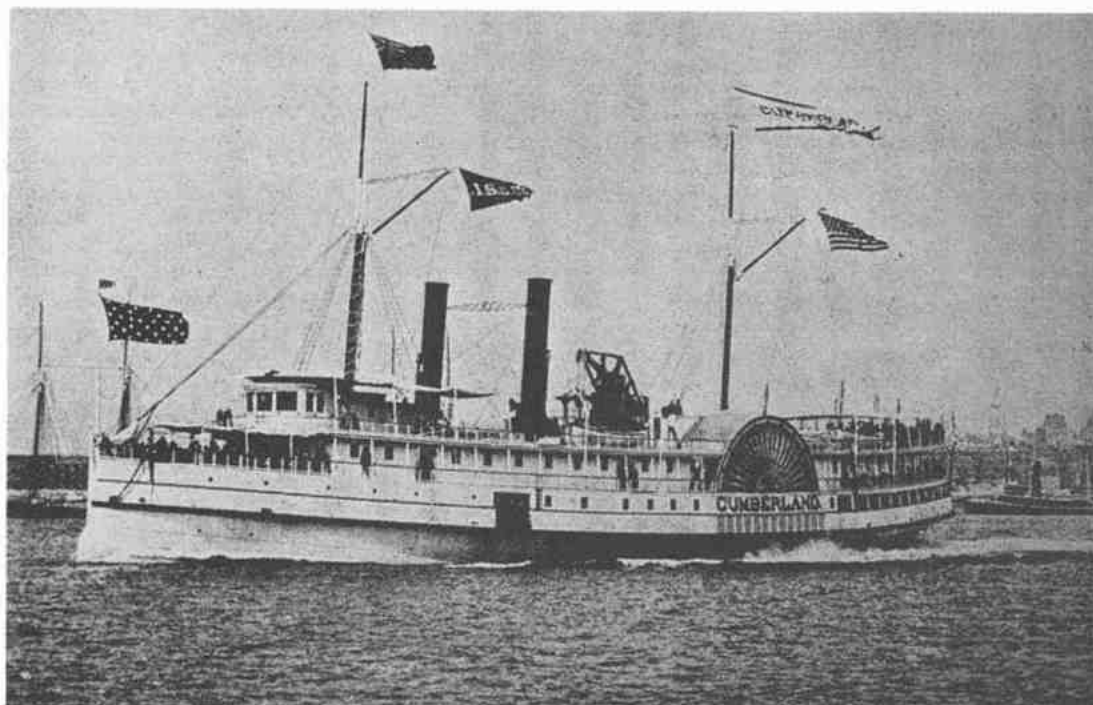
"I saw the boil of the water as he took the fly, the line started slowly from the reel as he turned downward a foot or so of his broad tail appeared in the air waving a farewell to me, and then, forgetful of all I had been told to do at this point, the instinct of the trout fisher overcame me, and I struck hard and sharp. The fish, a large one, was going away from me to the bottom of the stream, and the result of my striking as I did was very much as though I had attempted the same thing with my line attached to a runaway horse. My line, with about half of my leader, flew back high over my head, and at once realizing and cursing my folly, I put on a new leader and fly and resumed fishing. In half an hour, Shaw having killed another meantime, I had a rise, hooked my fish, and snapped off my fly in exactly the same way I had done before, being unable in my excitement to resist striking as the fish turned. Peter, at this, began talking to Andre his fellow Micmac, in their native tongue, and I am sure was indulging in the most unfavorable criticism of my skill, which I cut short by telling them we would return to the house." ¹

Sage's disappointment must have been compounded by the knowledge that Haines had that same morning killed two salmon, one of 12 pounds and another of 32 pounds. Later in the day he hooked and lost two more fish due to his "confounded propensity to strike too soon . . ." The general, meanwhile, who had never in his life thrown a fly and could not cast a wit (casts of 10-15 feet were not uncommon for the general) managed to hook and land two fish. Thus, as the sun's rays retired for another day, so did a crest fallen Dean Sage, tired, fishless, and extremely frustrated.

The following morning the Sage party loaded their provisions aboard a horse drawn scow (provided for them by John Mitchell an Irish sportsman who was a contractor for a portion of the Intercolonial Railway. He is not to be confused with Archibald Mitchell, creator of the Mitchell salmon fly and one of the founders of Runnymede Lodge on the Ristigouche) and began a slow but, we are told, delightful trip upriver to the Upsalquitch. It took them all day to get the twelve miles which brought them to the first falls on the Upsalquitch. They could not get their scow above the first falls, thus they halted their journey and made camp amidst a plethora of mosquitos, midges, and black flies.

After an unsuccessful excursion to a pool five miles above their camp, early the next morning, Sage and his two Indians traveled down river to the pool at the mouth of the Upsalquitch. It was there that "fierce Dean" brought his first salmon to gaff.

"We then embarked, and in less than an hour had gone down the six miles and were at the Upsalquitch pool, which is long and deep, with a fine beach on one side and terminating in a long stretch of smooth and very swift running water of an average depth of six or seven feet. Half a mile of this brings you to a gradual turn in the river (the Ristigouche) where the water deepens for quite a distance without actually forming a pool, with an abrupt bank at least seventy-five feet high on one side, and a good beach on the other. Just as we came to the pool proper we saw a salmon jump, and I drew a happy augury from the sight. Anchoring the canoe at the head of the pool I began casting, having on a small fly with a yellow tail, black body, and mallard wings. I had not to wait long, when with about fifteen yards of line out I had a strike, and summoning all my resolution, kept perfectly quiet until the fish made his first halt at the bottom of the river. Then, giving a sharp but gentle twitch, to my intense joy I felt my first salmon firmly hooked, and my lost manhood partially re-



Steamer - typical of type that ferried Sage, Haines and the general to the Ristigouche.

Heading out for a morning's fishing. Note typical birch bark canoe.



Heading up river on a horse drawn scow. Henry Van Dyke referred to these vehicles as "Horse Yachts."
 Courtesy of DeWitt Sage

stored. The fish was very active, but did not seem particularly strong. I soon got ashore, and a few moments later Peter gaffed and held up by the gills a creature which I recognized from descriptions as a "mended kelt," that is, a fish which had been very late in spawning the preceding fall, had remained in the river all winter, and on going down to the sea in the spring to recuperate had met some of his kind on their way to fresh water, and turning back had gone with them. My fish was nearly three feet long, but weighed only fourteen pounds and was almost black, with a head disproportionately large. As he was mortally wounded by the gaff we killed him and gave him to some Indians who were passing down the river. This was not the fish we had seen jump, and inspired with fresh confidence I had the canoe anchored a few rods below the first place. Just as Andre dropped his stone overboard I saw a fish jump about twenty yards down the stream from us, and, commencing on a short cast and gradually lengthening my line, at last reached the spot where he had shown himself. A moment of anxiety as the fly passed right over where I knew the fish must be, and then with a swirl, and showing half his side, he rose and went down, taking the fly with him. So soon as he stopped I struck firmly and the fish, feeling the steel, started off like lightning diagonally across and down the river, taking out about fifty yards of line with a rapidity which made the reel sing like a buzz-saw and the rod tremble from tip to butt. At the end of this run the fish, partially turning, made his first leap out of the water, then dashing across the stream jumped again and sought the bottom for a moment's rest. This moment I improved in getting to shore, but before I was fairly out of the canoe the fish had started off again, and in spite of my running down the beach after him had gained about fifty feet more of my line, and brought up sulkily behind a large stone under the opposite bank. This gave me an opportunity to reel up and collect my scattered senses, but I could not get the fish to do anything more than now and then give a succession of short and vicious tugs at the line, and at last I had to send Andre over with the canoe to start him out. Leaving the rock with a speed which made my reel hum, he went sailing down-stream steadily, stopping occasionally for an instant to try and rub the hook out against some stone. This trick of a salmon's, which is often successful, communicates a very peculiar vibration through the line to the rod, which shakes as if it had been sharply tap-

ped with a stick at the butt. The water was good for half a mile further down, so I did not check my fish as sharply as I might, not wanting to throw away a single chance. His runs began to grow shorter and began to yield a little to the pressure exercised to bring him towards the beach. At last I got him up within ten feet of the shore, and told Peter to go down and try to gaff him, getting below the fish, which I should then, by easing on the line, let go down past him tail foremost. Peter was a very poor gaffer, however, and made a motion which the fish saw, and off he went again with seemingly a new supply of strength and game. This time, at the end of his run, he came to the surface of the water and thrashed about, trying to break the line with his tail. It took twenty minutes more to get him in position to be gaffed, and when finally Peter terminated his gallant fight I was quite used up, as much from excitement as exertion, and lay down on the beach by the side of my victim deliciously fatigued and joyful 'ad unguem.'

"This fish weighed twenty-three pounds and was the finest in condition and color of any I killed. Peter who had gaffed him very awkwardly, bragged a good deal of the skill he had displayed, and he and Andre assumed a much more deferential air towards me than they had hitherto used. Both Indians were remarkable for a stupidity which each fully appreciated in the other; for example, on one occasion when Peter had made several futile attempts to gaff a fish, Andre, who was standing near me, remarked as though to himself, 'Peter, dam fool.' Not five minutes later Andre, despite my remonstrances, allowed the canoe to drop down directly through a part of the pool where we had seen a fish jump, when Peter, turning around to me, said in a whisper, 'Dat Andre dam fool.' Both, in their rude, untutored way, had approximated to the truth. "Going back to the pool I very soon killed another smaller fish, and as it was getting late in the afternoon, started back to the camp with the two salmon in front of me in the canoe, where I could feast my eyes upon them without turning. I found the general and Haines had given up salmon-fishing, not having seen one since I left, and with their light tackle had had a good afternoon with the trout at the mouth of a little brook which flowed into the river. The next day the general went to Metapedia, and in the afternoon sent back a messenger with the welcome news that the lessee of the Ristigouche, whom he had met there, had

kindly given us permission to fish his river. Accordingly, we made a raft to transport our luggage down, and that night pitched our tent on a beautiful bluff at the junction of the Upsalquitch and Ristigouche, and just over the pool. Here we were comparatively free from flies, with good fishing all about us and a delightful view up and down both rivers."¹

This was to be the sight of Camp Harmony (named after the wife of one of Sage's good friends, Joseph Twitchell) where he was to return every summer until his death in 1902. For the remainder of their stay the fishing was excellent. One morning Sage and Haines hooked 23 salmon. Eleven were landed, the largest of which was 29 pounds and caught by Dean. Four of the eleven were killed with a fly of Sage's own tying. We are told that this was his first attempt at the art of manufacturing salmon flies. On Tuesday, July 14, 1875, the tent was struck, baggage was loaded and the journey home was begun.

Sage concludes his piece with a short paragraph which alludes to his enthusiasm for this new found sport.

"After a fresh run salmon has taken the fly he disarms all criticism on his previous conduct, and hard to please must be the man who does not consider the sport he then affords ample consideration for any amount of long journeying and hard fare it takes to procure it."¹

We had not been successful in identifying either Haines or the general. We know only that the party began their adventure in New York, and that the general's invitation was made to Sage in March of 1875. These two facts coupled with the information that the Sage family normally did not make the move from Brooklyn to their country home in Menands, New York until well into the month of April would indicate that both Haines and the general were from New York City environs.

A perusal of the Brooklyn directory for the year 1880 reveals a Samuel A. Haines who resided at 538 Clinton Ave. - only a short distance from Sage's home at 779 St. Marks Ave. Perhaps this is the mysterious Mr. Haines?

Our third installment will deal with the Camp Harmony years.

¹ "Atlantic Monthly," August 1875.

² "Game Fish of the Northern States of America" by Robert Barnwell Roosevelt.





Reuben Wood

1822 - 1884

Born in Greenbush, N. Y., Reuben Wood, and his brother Ira became internationally known as champion tournament casters and sportsmen. Reuben left Greenbush for Syracuse, New York where he entered the tackle business. As a member of the Onondage Fishing Club, he was the first to sponsor fly casting tournaments casting over 60 feet with a lancewood rod, and then with the development of the split bamboo, demonstrated his expertise to further distances at country fairs and fishing club tournaments. One of his best distances was 101½ feet with a salmon rod at a State Sportsmen's Association meeting at Coney Island (1881).

In 1883, in charge of the United States' angling display at the

International Fisheries Exposition in London, he won first in the salmon casting at the Welch Harp using an 18 foot split bamboo, scoring 108 feet. The English champion, Malloch, cast 105 feet. With the trout rod, he beat four English competitors with an 82½ foot cast. As a guest of W. B. Marston, editor of the English *Fishing Gazette*, Reub tried club fishing, but his flies were far to large for the British brown trout. He cast beautifully but his score was zero on the Kennet at Hungerford. It was here he first became acquainted with dry fly fishing.

The Reuben Wood fly named for him perpetuates his memory.

The Izaak Walton of Iowa



Editor RECREATION:

He is the one on the right in this group. The grand old man is the most noted angler in this part of the West. Although growing old in years, he is the youngest when fishing. The days are never too long nor the sun too hot for him to have a try at the bass.

John R. Rollins, or John, as they call him, was born on one of New Hampshire's stony farms, near the village of Wakefield, in 1824. Sawing wood winters, and piling stones summers, was largely his childhood's introduction to the poetry of life. Thirty years ago he retired from active business, though he is at present a director in 4 or 5 banks. The summer months find him fishing somewhere between Maine and the Dakotas, and his reminiscences of fishing, in the earlier days, would make interesting reading to the anglers of today.

Many a night have I lain on my cot, in camp, by the bright log fire, and listened to his stories of fishing, back in the 60's, when you could catch black bass without bait in the Iowa lakes. This was before they became the fashionable resorts they are today. This may seem strange to you, but I have seen the bass

Des Moines, Ia.

strike, when biting freely, at a flannel rag attached to the hook, if cast when the water was rough.

For many springs we have packed our grips for the wooded lakes of the North, and for the past 8 years we have done most of our fishing at Lake Osakis, Minn. The above picture represents a day's catch there, but the gill net and ice-fishing, in winter, are rapidly and surely destroying the beauties of the lake for the angler.

The other Iowan, the one on the left, is A. H. Miles, a leading druggist of Des Moines, who always finds a few weeks, every year, to take a trip to the north woods for a whirl at the black bass and the muscalonge. But it is of the king of anglers I write. I will not go into particulars as to his ability. It has never been questioned. He is a true angler, an ardent sportsman, and we all look to him as authority on everything pertaining to fish or fishing.

The man in the center is E. J. Pauli, of St. Paul. He is another true friend and genial companion who can always find time to enjoy the click and buzz of the reel.

H. F. BLACKBURN

From RECREATION MAGAZINE, April 1896



Book Review

THE ATLANTIC SALMON TREASURY

Col. Joseph D. Bates, Jr., editor, 386 pages (6" x 9"), limited, privately printed edition of one thousand numbered and signed copies, available only from The Atlantic Salmon Association, 1405 Rue Peel Street (Suite 200), Montreal, Canada H3A 1S5, @ \$125.00 per copy.



The Atlantic Salmon Treasury is magnificent surfacing of the best of the writings in the *Atlantic Salmon Journal*. For over two and one half decades, the *Journal*, the communication of the Atlantic Salmon Association, has been a sophisticated compendia of salmon information combining the best of the technical as well as the lyrical on his majesty *Salmo salar*, with the wisdom of such salmon angling notables as Col. Joseph D. Bates, Jr., J. L. Hardy, Dana Lamb, Anthony Netboy, Percy Nobbes, Alex Rogan, Eugene Wilson, and Lee Wulff to name but a handful of its more prominent members and writers.

Under the critical attention of its editor, Col. Joseph D. Bates, Jr., the *Treasury* has been divided into six enticing and important sections; Historical Notes, Bits About Atlantic Salmon, Salmon Flies and Tackle, Tips on Fishing Tactics, Salmon Fishing, The Lore of Atlantic Salmon, and Fish Tales by the Fireside. All facets of salmon angling are represented with pert-

inent information not to be found elsewhere along with drawings by famed artists Milton C. Weiler and Charles DeFeo.

This extract from the ephemeral *Journals* of the Atlantic Salmon Association has been anthologized into what only can be called a sumptuous volume on salmon and salmon angling. In a slip-cased edition of one thousand numbered and signed copies on 70-pound laid paper, bound in full Morocco-grain leather, with four raised bands, trimmed top edge of genuine gold leaf, bound-in ribbon, and parchment end papers, the *Atlantic Salmon Treasury*, at a price of \$125.00 has to be considered one of the outstanding angling publications of modern times and is certain to be a prized collector's item not only for its manifestation of the bookbinder's art but because of the nature of its contents now firmly housed in permanent form.

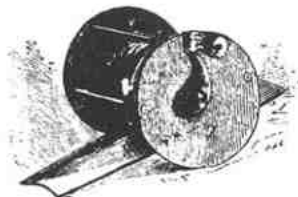
A. I. "Pal" Alexander

(Ed. Note: The Museum does not have a copy in its library.)

New Slide Show and Photo Project



Trustees Bernard (Lefty) Kreh and Boyd Pfeiffer set up their gear for the Museum's first slide show and photo project. Internationally known for their creative use of the camera lens, the two top outdoor writers have been featured in the best of our sporting magazines, are outstanding authors of sporting books and have worked for many years with sportsmen to further the causes of Conservation. Kreh conducts a popular outdoor column for the *Baltimore Sun* and Pfeiffer writes an equally popular column for the *Washington Post*.



WOMEN'S STUDIES

The Museum is commencing a program to include articles about women in *The American Fly Fisher*. The project justifies itself because women have been influential in the development of fly fishing. However, the subject deserves attention as a special project because, as in so many other areas of angling history, information about women is scarce and not readily available.

Our goal is to reflect how women have been involved in the development of American fly fishing with an article in each issue. Hopefully, in this way, we can reflect more accurately the entire spectrum of fly fishing history.

While persons working on women's studies will concentrate primarily on the historical perspective, their efforts should generate a greater sense of involvement and belonging in the sport among women who fly fish.

Since a women's studies program fulfills its purposes more fully if greater numbers of women are exposed to our efforts, a campaign is being launched to recruit more women as members of the Museum. This campaign requires the assistance of the membership at large. Please take a few minutes to write down the names and addresses of fly fisherwomen you know and send them to me. I will, in turn, send them a recent issue of *The American Fly Fisher*, a membership brochure and a letter encouraging them to join.

We also need the assistance of anyone who has information about an individual woman or group of women who have participated in the social or technical development of fly fishing. This call for information includes histories (or back copies of minutes and other records) of women's fly fishing clubs. Please send me a description of any papers or other historical materials. If putting the materials in a publishable format presents a problem, I will help coordinate a solution.

Those who have already taken an interest in the women's studies project have agreed that those who contribute will not be categorized into a separate committee or auxiliary. Instead, the project will involve all members who take an interest and can contribute.

Your help is essential to the success of the women's studies and membership recruitment projects. Please help — it will be most appreciated.

Susie Isaksen, Coordinator
Women's Studies
Route 2, Box 286
Poynette, Wisconsin 53955

LIBRARY

The following books are not on our library shelves. Contributions would be appreciated.

Leonard	<i>Mayflies of Michigan Trout Streams</i>
Ovington	<i>Basic Fly Fishing and Fly Tying</i>
Raymond	<i>The Year of the Angler</i>
Overfield	<i>Famous Flies and Their Originators</i>
Venard	<i>Fly Dressers Guide</i>
Goddard	<i>Trout Fly Recognition</i>
Wilson	<i>Fishing the Dry Fly</i>
Schwiebert	<i>Nymphs</i>
Schwiebert	<i>Salmon of the World</i>
Atherton	<i>The Fly and The Fish</i>
Lynde	<i>34 Ways to Cast a Fly</i>
Halsewood Ed.	<i>Book of St. Albans</i> Original and Reprint
Combs	<i>Steelhead Trout</i>
Netboy	<i>The Atlantic Salmon</i>

Further listings will be contained in future issues of this magazine.

RESEARCH

Charles E. Brooks of West Yellowstone has sent in his first progress report in the form of a section of horse hair line. Although it may seem weird, during all the years fishing books have been offered the interested public, no author seems to have felt it necessary to provide instruction as to how to make a line from horse hair beyond the preliminary instruction by an ancient Roman who told us to select white hairs from the tail of a stallion. At the conclusion of Charley Brooks research, we look forward to a basic knowledge regarding the historic way of fabrication.

Dermot Wilson, of Nether Wallop, England, presented the Museum with an English horse hair line while visiting the Museum in November last. It is the only line we know of in this country available for exhibition and study. Not knowing what to study, the Brooks research will be of good value. Many, many thanks to Dermot, not only for this fine contribution of a real rarity but his informative lecture at the Annual Meeting.

Information as to what may be the first synthetic or plastic fishing rod has been revealed through a brief note in *The American Angler*, Vol. 1, 1881, in which its editor William C. Harris states a well known tackle maker of New York City has achieved success in that direction. The rod is made of the new celluloid. Beginning experiments were not encouraging because the material tended to become soft in high or summer temperatures and brittle when subjected to cold.

The information suggests a worthwhile research study as the history of the American plastic fly rod has yet to be written. The history of the impregnated rod which first came into being about 1911 (?) should also be researched.

The oldest and one of the finest rods in the Museum's collections is the Furman rod of 1832. The date and the name of its original owner G. C. Furman is engraved on the reel seat. The name Furman appears as the owners of commercial trout ponds located near Maspeth, Long Island in 1797. It's very probably one of these Furmans was the original owner of our fly rod. A valuable bit of research could be accomplished by simply following through and locating the original Long Island probable owned by the Furmans and recording whatever information is available relative to early fish breeding in the United States.

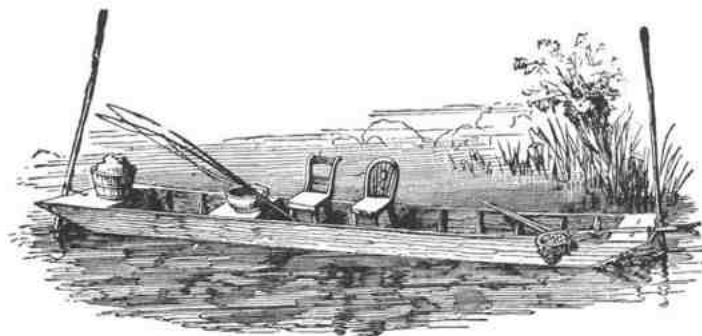
MEMORABILIA

DONOR LIST 1975 - 1976

The Trustees of the Museum of American Fly Fishing gratefully acknowledge the gifts of rods, reels, books, flies and other rare and noteworthy items contributed during the past 1½ years by the following generous donors.

Although every effort has been made to make this listing complete, there is a possibility a name has been omitted. Please write us for a correction in a coming issue of this magazine.

Gilbert Gordon Ackroyd	Meadowbrook, 3 pc. rod w/extra tip
Angler's Club of N. Y.	Mr. Atherton's original drawing for "The Fly and The Fish."
Mrs. Lawrence Babcock	Kosmic Rod
Roger Baker	Etching "Rival Fisherman"
Richard Bauer	1932 Vom Hofe Catalog. Vols. XVII and XVIII of "American Angler." Thomas Catalog.
William Boardman	Hardy Salmon rod.
Stanley E. Bogdan	Edward Vom Hofe solidwood salt-water rod. Lancewood black bass or bait rod. Lancewood fly rod.



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.

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, it's almost a sure bet the staff will be able to provide just the right answer. Extra copies of the magazine are available with the exception of Vol. 1, No's 1 and 2 which are out of print.

AVAILABLE FROM THE MUSEUM

The Museum has for sale the following unusual items by members. All profits are contributed to the Museum.

A Check List of American Sporting Periodicals, by Austin S. Hogan. A prime reference source over ten years in the writing, \$5.00.

The Fishing In Print, by Arnold Gingrich. Destined to become a classic. Autographed. \$12.95.

Where the Pools are Bright and Deep, by Dana S. Lamb. A limited offering. Autographed. \$8.95.

Send check to the
Treasurer, Museum of American Fly Fishing
Manchester, Vermont 05254

Mrs. Frank L. Babbott	Rod, 3 pc., black and yellow winds. 8 ft. 6 in. "Mohr" Rod. 3 pc. "Empire City" Rod. 3 pc. "Walton" Leather Rod Case.
Quenton Brewer	Sportsmen's Pictorial Encyclopedia of Guns, Hunting and Fishing.
D. C. Corkran	Reel. Young "Windex."
Frederick H. Clymer, Jr.	Post Card (from F. H. Orvis 1873).
Darrah Corbet Estate	Pflueger Golden West Reel. Six flies tied by Tommy Brayshaw. Four original flies tied by Brayshaw from C. M. Gatley & Co. Three Ogden Smith Test dry fly trout casts. Three Hardy Bros. gut casts. Two Farlow's Hold-fast gut casts. Two Bean's dry fly leaders. One Allcock Hercules gut leader. Milward-Bartleet Red Loop Cast. Two Rainbow gut casts from Rainbow Fly Co. Envelope with miscellaneous gut materials and tip-pets from Piper & Taft.
George R. Cook, III	Salmon Gaff.
John Engels	Mills Waders.
Mrs. Betty Fetter	Max Rod. 9 ft. 3 pc. Bamboo Rod. 2 Reels. Senate 3 pc. Rod.
B. F. Fiery	Rod. Reel.
Frank W. Fulereader	Rod. Montague comb.
Arnold Gingrich	Edward Ringwood Hewitt Reel. Preston Jennings' flies.
Vernon S. Hidy	"The Leisenring Source Book of Materials for Trout Flies," Vol. 2.
Morgan Hafele	H. L. Leonard Reel.
Jack Heddon	Book "Fly Fisher's Legacy."
George Huber	3 Reels (unidentified).
Donald S. Keleher	Spinning Reel, Bache Brown Spinster
Dana S. Lamb	Book, "The Salmon and the Dry Fly" by George La Branche.
David Ledlie	Rod, "Rawling's Special."
Wells Morris, Jr.	Pack Rod.
Luis Marden	Small Brass Reel. Large Brass Reel.
William McCarthy	Two Salmon Rods. Books.
Alan P. Olson	Fly Book with assorted flies.
Michael J. Penfold	Hardy St. George Fly Reel.
J. R. Pobst	Small framing of two early prototypes of the Keel Fly.
Theodore Ryan	Vernon Deluxe Reel, by L & S. Mfg. Company.
Paul A. Robinson	Orvis Fly Rod, 3 pc. - 2 tip - 9 ft. in leather rod case. Assortment of Salmon Flies (Orvis).
R. Preston Searle	10½ ft. Adirondack Guide Boat with oars constructed by Sam Smith, Long Lake, New York.
Elmer G. Sill	Two section 9 ft. split bamboo spiral fly rod constructed by Letcher Lambuth, Seattle, Washington.
Edward B. Shaw	"Rainbow" steel bait casting rod.
David B. Slohm	Set of cassettes, "Come Fish With Me," Vol. 1.
Dr. John E. Wallace	Fishing Hook, Redditch, England.
Joe Weise	Two letters of Ray Bergman dated 1946.
Edmund Whitney	Rod, Lancewood (Pat. March 1873).

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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.

A descriptive brochure is available.

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 information publications, 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. A brochure will be forwarded on requests.

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 magazine and membership card will be mailed immediately.

The permanent exhibits at the Museum display the world's finest collections of fly fishing tackle.

TO MR. JOHN BARTLETT WHO HAD SENT ME
A SEVEN-POUND TROUT

James Russell Lowell
from *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1866

Fit for an Abbot of Theleme,
For the whole Cardinals' College, or
The Pope himself to see in dream
Before his lenten vision gleam,
He lies there, the sogdolger!

His precious flanks with stars besprent,
Worthy to swim in Castaly!
The friend by whom such gifts are sent,
For him shall bumpers full be spent,
His health! be Luck his fast ally!

I see him trace the wayward brook
Amid the forest mysteries,
Where at their shades shy aspens look,
Or where, with many a gurgling crook,
It croons its woodland histories.

The unerring fly I see him cast,
That as a rose-leaf falls as soft,
A flash! a whirl! he has him fast!
We tyros, how that struggle last
Confuses and appalls us oft.

Unfluttered he: calm as the sky
Looks on our tragi-comedies,
This way and that he lets him fly,
A sunbeam-shuttle, then to die
Lands him, with cool APLOMB, at ease.

The friend who gave our board such gust,
Life's care, may he o'erstep it half,
And, when Death hooks him, as he must,
He'll do it handsomely, I trust,
And John H—— write his epitaph!

O, born beneath the Fishes' sign,
Of constellations happiest,
May he somewhere with Walton dine,
May Horace send him Massic wine,
And Burns Scotch drink, the nappiest!

