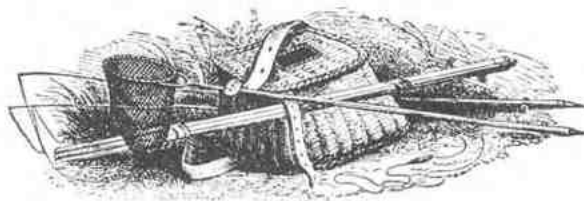


The American Fly Fisher



Fly Fishermen Everywhere
are cordially invited to attend
the 7th Annual Meeting
and Awards Dinner of
The Museum of
American Fly Fishing
at Manchester, Vermont
May 21, 1977

featuring an Auction of
Antique and Modern Items
of Fishing Tackle, Prints,
Art Objects and other items
too numerous to mention.
Contributions are Solicited
and

Honoring the Ladies and
Gentlemen who have
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Fly Fisher of the Year
The Arnold Gingrich Memorial
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The Mary Orvis Marbury Award

For Reservations (\$15)

write to the Secretary
The Museum of American
Fly Fishing

Manchester, Vermont 05254

Vol. 4 No. 1
Winter 1977

Museum Needs

The antique advertisements reproduced on this page are a gentle reminder that although we do have a fine collection of memorabilia on display and in storage, the collections are far from complete. For example, Yawman & Erbe manufactured five styles of automatic reels. We have on display but two sizes of the nickel model. There are several hundred rods produced during the period between 1870 and 1900 which should be preserved which we do not have, particularly the solid woods of hornbeam, lance wood and green heart. Many tackle making firms were short lived and many rod makers working alone could produce only a few fine pieces in the time they were in

business. These rarities are especially desirable. Your attention is also invited to the fact that a few years ago, the Patent Office actually sold priceless Patent Models indiscriminately and these "firsts" most emphatically should be in our care. Advertisements suggest many hundreds of thousands of artificial flies were produced and our experience tells us that the artificial is the kind of memorabilia that has the least chance of surviving. The membership is urgently requested to make every effort to acquire the antique tackle that is available and so help preserve and perpetuate an American tradition. Contributions are tax deductible.

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Are the most skillfully made. Best material, more perfect in action, of any Split Bamboo Rods in the World.



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Are the smoothest running, strongest in power, noted for lightness, beautiful in finish, full steel pivots, patented side plates, highest quality, unequalled.



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Nickle "

Bronze "

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Made by Chas. E. Wheeler.



The Acme Split Bamboo Rods we believe to be the best rod for the money, and are made as follows: Hexagonal, German Silver Mounted, Solid Reel Seat, Welt Ferrules, Metal Plugs, Cane Whipped Butt, Extra Tip, in hollow, round wood case which completely protects the rod. Ask your dealer for them.

Every Acme Rod Guaranteed.
Acme Rod No. 6, \$18.25. Acme Rod No. 4, \$14.50.

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The American Fly Fisher

Published by The Museum of American Fly Fishing
for the pleasure of the membership.

WINTER 1977

Vol. 4 No. 1

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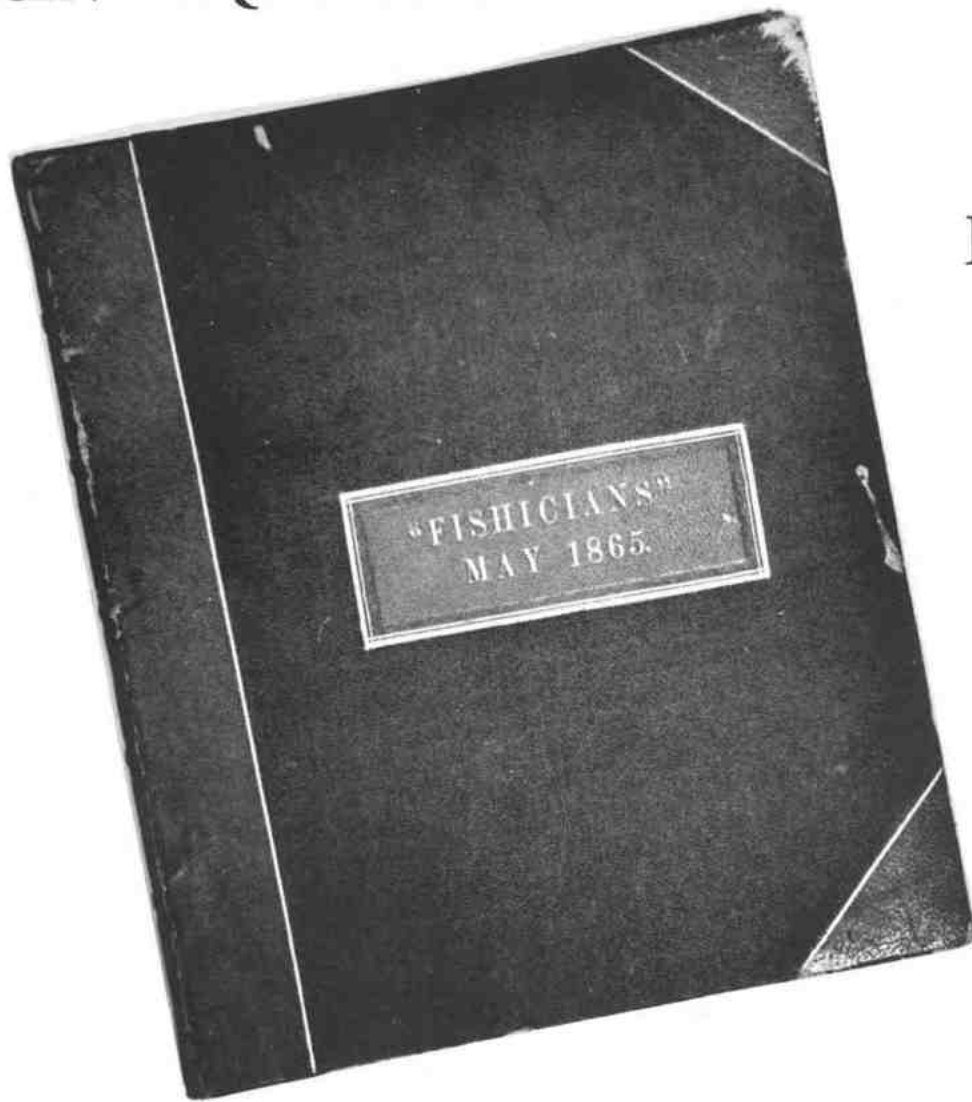
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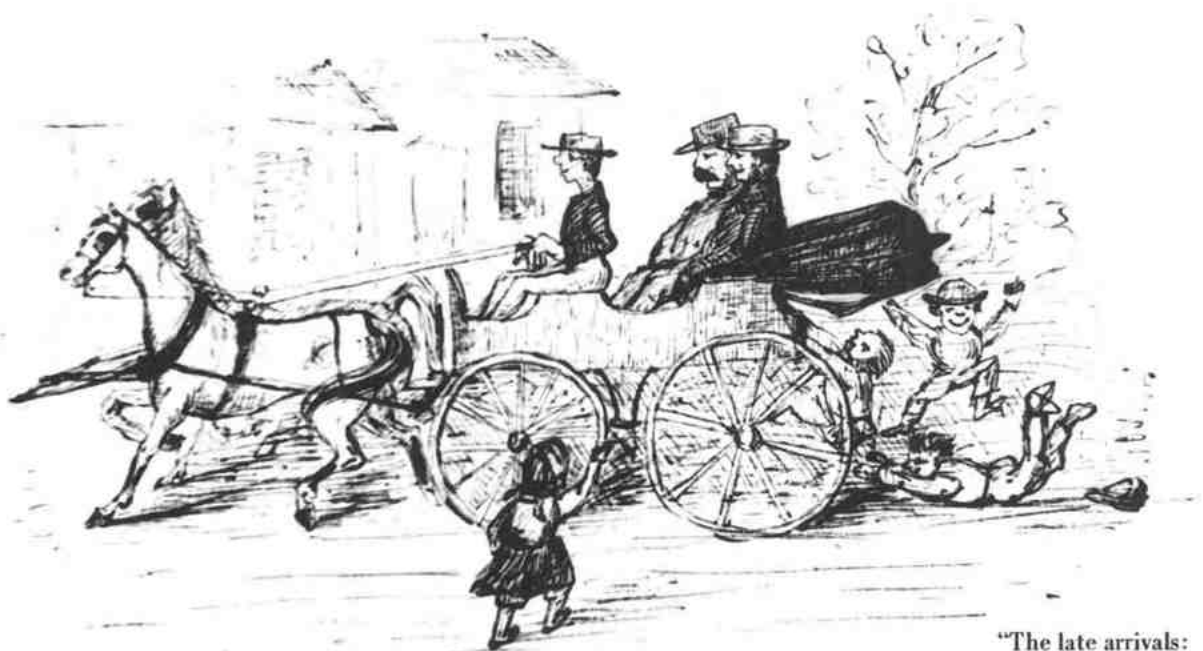
RECENT ACQUISITIONS



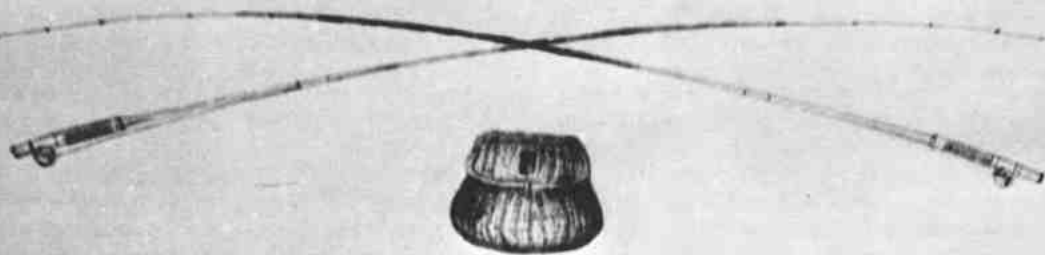
The Fishicians

by David B. Ledlie

Front Cover of Manuscript . . .
on page 3 is illustrated the first
page of the Manuscript.



"The late arrivals:
Otis and Draper."



As the Spring of 1865, approached, three members of the club of **Fishicians** who were located in New York, had several informal meetings, and there was much correspondence between them, and other members dwelling in provincial towns. The Corresponding Secretary, also, scattered many letters broadcast over the land, in which were propounded many questions, all looking towards the streams of Maine as the ground for the next Campaign -

But the club finally abandoned the trip to Maine, when they learned that, Trout do not take the fly in those waters until the middle of June. They relinquished the idea of going to Maine with the less reluctance, that a trip so far from rail roads, and telegraphs presented some objections to those of the party who were men of family, and then, there were others whose health and tempers would have suffered from so long a postponement of the Spring fishing -

The Corresponding Secretary, therefore, laid up his elaborate



Dr. C. Godfrey Day of Hatchville, Massachusetts has recently donated to the Museum of American Fly Fishing a unique manuscript written by his grandfather, Dr. Walter de Forest Day. It describes in detail Day's sojourn to the Neversink River in the spring of 1865 in the company of an elite group of medical piscators dubbed the "Fishicians." The group was comprised of six members: Day (secretary), Otis, Fitch, Adams, Draper, and Eno.¹ The manuscript is laced with humor, contains many scholarly quotations, and reference is made in one instance of the inimitable George Washington Bethune - the "American Editor" of

America's first edition of Walton's *Complete Angler* (1847). We include below selected excerpts from the work as well as several pen and ink illustrations for which Otis and Eno were responsible.

"As the Spring of 1865 approached, those members of the club of FISHICIANS who were located in New York, had several informal meetings, and there was much correspondence between them, and members dwelling in provincial towns. The corresponding secretary, also, scattered many letters broadcast over the land, in which were propounded many questions, all looking towards the streams of Maine as the ground for the next campaign. But the club finally abandoned the trip to Maine, when they learned that trout do not take the fly in those waters

¹ We are not certain as to the spelling of the name we have listed as Eno as the manuscript is difficult to read at this point.

until the middle of June. They relinquished the idea of going to Maine with the less reluctance, thus a trip so far from railroads, and telegraphs presented some objects to those of the party who were men of family, and then, there were others whose health and tempers would have suffered from so long a postponement of the spring fishing.

"The corresponding secretary, therefore, laid up his elaborate paper upon the 'fisheries of Maine' and the club was really 'all afloat.'

"About this time a letter came from 'the Judge' (Fitch), proposing that we should try the Neversink again. This was not altogether unfamiliar ground, for the club had tried it the preceding spring and found it wanting; it began to be, however, 'there or no where,' and as we recalled the scenes of our former 'bout,' its dark pools and bright shallows, framed in hemlock and laurel, together with the substantial comforts of bed and board won us over.

"Then came the stage of joyful expectation and active preparation: a very important part of the angler's pleasure. Rods that for months had been hibernating in case and closet were brought to the sunlight and the 'moving accidents' of flood and field repaired. Reels and creels were inspected. Those lines, which had fallen for us in so many pleasant places, were gone over carefully; old clo', promoted to fishing coats and pants were repatched and cupboards were searched for old, umbrageous hats accustomed to our phrenological developments. The tackle shops were visited, and much time and pleasant solicitude spent in the selection of flies - (When one goes to buy flies without knowing what he wants, his expenditure is only limited by his means). In this compartment lie some indispensable coachmen, yonder some sober gray, red and brown hackles; here a bunch of little blues. 'You may give me half a dozen,' here a lot of those blessed 'Beaver-Killers,' and you think that will about do you - 'Ives you never were mistaken in your life!' You have just begun to buy. Yonder were some 'cow dungs' and cantankerous 'professors,' risky to-be-without; there are some white millers, which, one's own experience to the contrary, everybody knows are irresistible at the gloaming, or ought to be. There are some iron-clad stone flies, and, in short - as you glance over the assortment, you see dozens of palmers, hackles and wing-flies, dressed with all manner of legs, wings, and tails; with silks and dubbings, feathers and floss of many hues, all tied so neatly, that you must not be without a few of each, least one should be the taking fly. And so when you have put the fat envelope into your pocket, along with a nine-foot casting-line or two, having previously schooled your facial muscles into an ex-

pression of unconcern, you pay your bill like a philosopher, and think yourself fortunate indeed if you can afford to buy an evening paper and indulge yourself in a ride up town. (Note by American Editor). Flasks and pipes, and wind-defying matches are not likely to be forgotten, nor the stores for lunch, nor the wading-shoes, full of memories, perchance of holes, half hobless, and dented all over with honorable scars like a monitor laid up in ordinary.

"The arrangement for teams were left as usual in the hands of 'the judge.' But gradually a cloud, at first only so large as a good sized man's hand began to assume formidable proportions, until at length half or the curulean was hung in black. Otis, Draper, and finally Frank Fitch² notified the club, that between business and physical disability - they should be obliged to take their names off this year's roster, and content themselves by recalling the days that had been.

"In spite of these discouragements, which robbed the club of half of its members, it was resolved to 'move immediately upon the enemy's works'."

After rendezvousing in Kingston, New York; Day, Fitch, and Adams proceeded via stagecoach (see illustration) to Napanoch - a trip of approximately 25 miles which in all probability followed the present route of U. S. Highway 209. At Napanoch, impedimenta and piscators were loaded into a wagon drawn by two horses and the party "struck off into the regions of trout streams and bark peelers."³ The final destination being "the hospitable doors of Snyder and Lament" in Claryville. Claryville is located about 20 miles from Napanoch at the junction of the East and West branches of the Neversink.

2 Fitch apparently was able to arrange his schedule so that he could accompany the party after all.

3 Indigenous to the Catskills were vast stands of hemlock, the bark of which was employed in the tanning of animal hides. Tanning and bark peeling were major industries to the area until the early 1870's - when the bark supply was exhausted. (See H. A. Haring, *Our Catskill Mountains* - 1931.)



The loading of equipment.

The fishing that the party encountered was quite good. "After breakfasting, and overhauling their traps, the party, concluding, very naturally that in the high state of the water, the best fishing would be above, walked up the stream passing many familiar spots, among others a very cool, and romantic spring under the overhanging rocks above the first sawmill. Adams and Fitch put-in at Holdriches, while Day began at Van Aikesn's Mill. They did not get at their work till nearly noon and when they counted their catch at night the following was the result. viz - Fitch 41 saved, 10 thrown back. Adams 11 saved, 12 back. Day 27 saved, 24 back."

And "The next morning, being Thursday, May 25th it was decided not to have any particular plan, but that all should fish together. While Adams and Fitch were soaking their leaders behind the schoolhouse, Day waded across the 'brush-dam' and fished slowly, waiting for the others. When they arrived, they pushed above towards the bridge, and the Sec not understanding the above, kept on his way downstream, casting frequent looks behind and waxing vexed, more and more at his cruel desertion. Chewing the cud of discontent, he finally pulled out and was stamping down the meadow towards the 'Big hole,' when the Judge, who, knowing the irascible nature of the young person had followed, hailed him. It was not easy to pacify the youth, but harmony at length being restored, they dipped in at the 'Big hole' and loitered along, waiting for Adams, who finally arrived in a mood requiring explanations all around. The pipe of peace was smoked, and there after, they did fish together as far as the old dam above the bridge with the following baskets. viz - Adams 24 saved, 13 back - Fitch 45 saved, 10 back - Day 28 saved, 15 back."

Otis and Draper joined the group on Saturday the 27th. The count for the day's fishing was: Adams 22, 15 back; Draper 15, 5 back; Day 17, 24 back (there is no memorandum of the count of Otis, Fitch, or Charley Snyder. The total catch (not including the late arrivals or Charley Snyder) for their ten day respite was 1,535 trout - an average of more than 50 per person per day.

A quick perusal of various biographical dictionaries as well as information supplied by C. G. Day furnishes the following information concerning the Fishicians.

Walter de Forest Day was born on October 27, 1835 in Catskill, New York. He was graduated from Williams College in 1859 and from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1863. He served as a medical cadet in the Civil War, studied for a year at the Sorbonne, was professor of Botony and

Materia Medica, and served as Superintendent of the Board of Health of New York City for 16 years. He died in New York City on November 27, 1889.

Fessenden Nott Otis, an early expert on genito-urinary and venereal diseases, was born in Ballston Springs, New York on March 6, 1825. He graduated from New York Medical College in 1852 and served as police surgeon in New York City from 1861-1871. Between 1871 and 1890 he was lecturer at the New York City College of Physicians and Surgeons. He died on May 24, 1900 in New Orleans of a carbuncle during convalescence from double pneumonia. Otis was an accomplished artist, having published in addition to many erudite medical papers, several text-books on landscape drawing. *Easy Lessons in Landscape* was a very popular one that reached a fifth edition. While Otis is not specifically identified as F. N. Otis in the "Fishicians," we feel that circumstantial evidence strongly suggests that our identification is a correct one. F. N. Otis was an artist and physician who resided in New York City during the 1860's. He also had piscatorial interests as evidenced in an article on trout fishing in the Rangeley Lakes which was written by Edward Seymour and appeared in "Scribner's Monthly" (1877). We quote the following excerpt:

"It is not unusual for the more enterprising fishermen to work their way up Kennebago Stream, four, five, or even six miles. This trip involves hard labor by the guide in poling or in pulling the boat over the frequent shallows, and great caution is necessary to guard against such a mishap as the pencil of that enthusiastic and thoroughly scientific sportsman, Dr. F. N. Otis has reproduced ---." (See illustration on page 23.)

It is interesting to note that an edited version of Seymour's article (sans several illustrations) formed a chapter in Mayer's *Sport with Gun and Rod* which was published in 1883.

As to the identity of Draper, we suggest either William H. Draper or Henry Draper. Both were eminent New York City medical men. The identity of Fitch, Adams, and Eno has eluded our initial research efforts.

D. B. L.

(A clue to the identity of Adams and Fitch is found in a statement by John M. Adams who wrote "Trouting in the Sierra Nevadas" which appeared in our issue of Fall, 1974. Adams states his father fished 30 years in the Catskills with Judge "Fitz" of Prattsville, N. Y. The letter by the younger Adams to Fitz, describes western fishing and was published in 1884.)

A. S. H.



Hotel at Napanock . . . original spelling was Napanock as on the hotel sign.

Patents

by
Ruth W. Upson

The Museum of American Fly Fishing presently has in its workroom, copies of patents from the United States' Patent Office dating as far back as the 1850's.

These copies were selected by the Curator and include the following classifications: rods, reels, flies, fly books, tackle and items related to these various classifications.

This file is used extensively for reference work and although

this is its primary purpose, it also provides a host of unusual and sometimes curious solutions to various angling problems.

For the angler who has the misfortune to frequently break the tip of his rod, Mr. James Annin of LeRoy, New York, in 1888, came up with a very thoughtful idea. In his words, "My invention relates to jointed fishing rods, the object being to provide a more convenient way of attaching an extra tip."

DIAGRAM 1

As the diagram illustrates, the extra tip is firmly attached to the butt section of the rod, with the smaller end snugly encased within the handle section. The recess is at such a depth that the tip will lie below the outer surface of that part of the handle which is grasped while fishing, thereby preventing any uncomfortable projections.

The accumulation of odd rod sections and missing pieces in the Museum work room is grim evidence that the invention of Mr. G. P. Andrews of Staffordville, Connecticut just might have some merit.

In 1881, Mr. Andrews, apparently dissatisfied with the prevailing construction of fishing rods, submitted to the Patent Office his improvement in design.

Mr. Andrews explained the design of his unique idea with the following diagram and explanation.

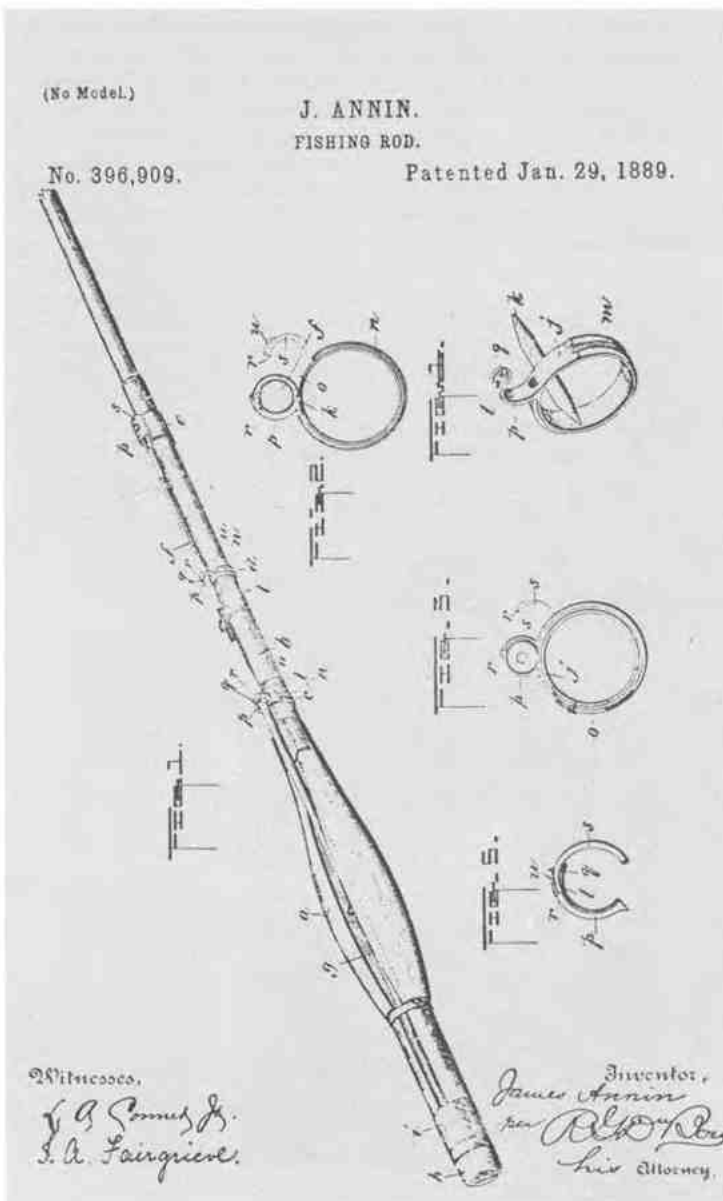
DIAGRAM 2

"Figure 1 represents the rod with its several lengths secured in line. Figure 2 shows the same with two lengths partly closed.

"Figure 3 represents two lengths folded together, and Figure 4 is a sectional view on the line xx, Figure 1.

"AA indicate several lengths of a fishing pole, that are hinged together by the hinge-links B, pivoted in the ends of said lengths or sections. The sliding ferrules C, that are arranged upon the sections of the pole will be slipped over the joints to maintain the pole ready for use, as shown in Figure 1, or they will be slipped back from the joints when it is desired to fold the sections together, as shown in Figures 2 and 3. Short bands or ferrules D are provided on said sections for the eyes d, through which the fishing line E will pass. Within the butt-end of the first or large section, I arrange a small steel balance, f, and upon the pole I arrange a graduated scale, F, for the pointer of this balance.

"I also provide a suitable cap, G, by means of which the end containing the balance can be closed when it is not desired to use the latter. I also secure a coiled spring, H, to the first section and so arrange it that in folding the sections it can be grasped at



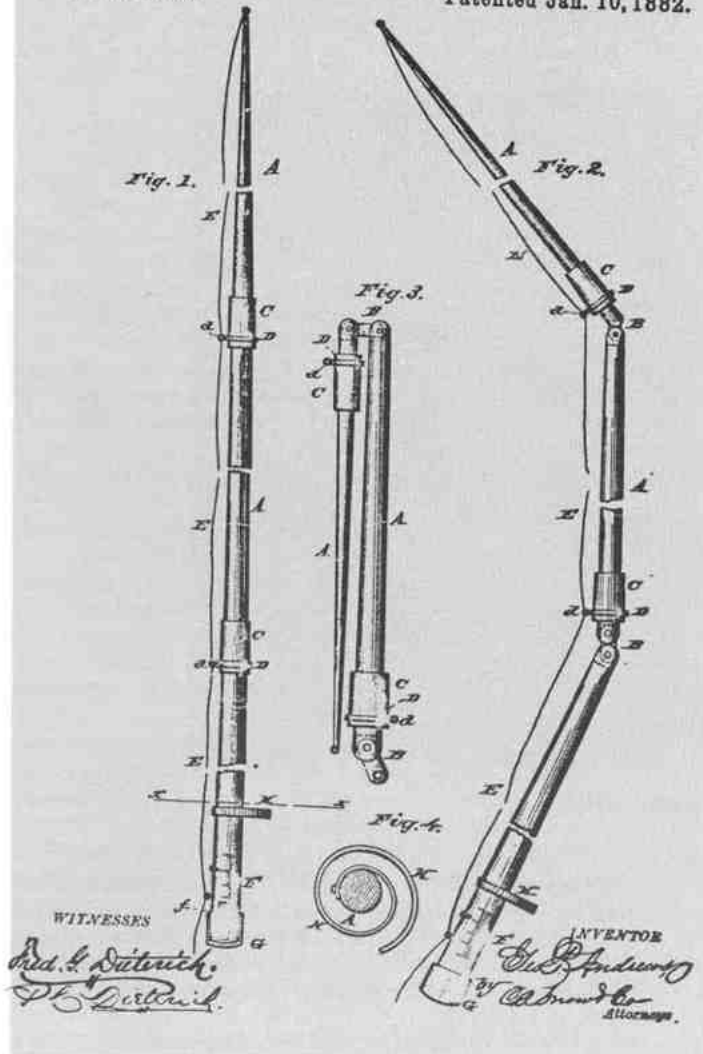
(No Model)

G. P. ANDREWS.

FISHING ROD.

No. 252,008.

Patented Jan. 10, 1882.



one end and straightened out to allow the sections to come together, after which, upon releasing the spring, it will spring once or twice around the folded sections, thereby holding them together. By employing these hinge-links the sections can be folded parallel with each other, and also there will be no danger of the loss of any part of the pole, whether folded or straightened out."

DIAGRAM 3

In the summer of 1891, an application was made by Mr. George W. Upton of Warren, Ohio for a patent on a "Fishing Fly." The patent was granted on February 9, 1892.

Prior to this time, numerous ideas concerning fly design had appeared but this particular model patterned a fly in which the feathers, silks, gimps and other materials were attached to one or more separate pieces of metal or fiber. These, in turn, could be attached or detached from the fish hook instead of attaching the materials to the fish hook itself.

"The objects of my improvements," stated Mr. Upton, "are first to enable the angler to more quickly change the artificial flies; and second, to enable the angler to save the artificial fly when the gimp, gut or other attaching material is broken or weakened instead of throwing it away with the hook as has been done heretofore."

(No Model.)

G. W. UPTON.
FISHING FLY.

No. 468,376.

Patented Feb. 9, 1892.



Witnesses
E. C. Souther
E. W. Dow

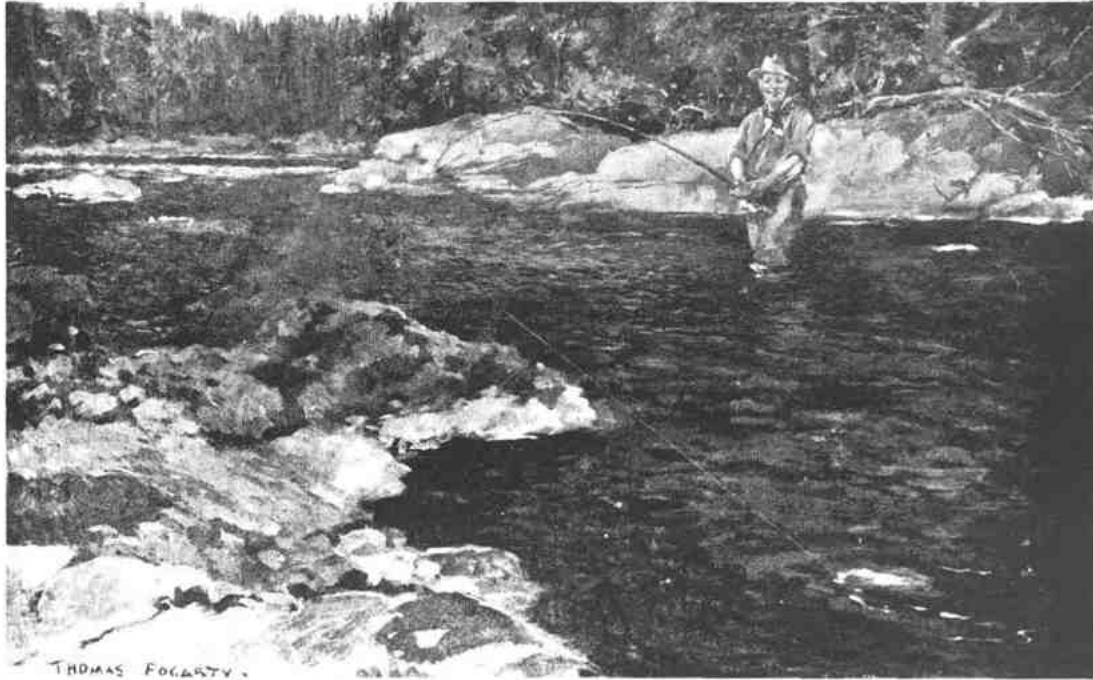
Inventor
George W. Upton

Along with the extraordinary, as is evidenced above, the patent collection also includes many copies of the inventions of those men whose names are revered in the angling world - Orvis, Vom Hofe, Leonard, Chubb, to name a few.

For the angler who is interested in the historic design and construction of his equipment, the collection offers extensive factual information.



The Catching of a Certain Fish



"Then in the twilight the battle."

We settled down peacefully on the river, and the weather, after so much enmity, was kind to us. Likewise did the flies disappear from the woods utterly.

Each morning, we arose as the Red Gods willed; generally early, when the sun was just gilding the peaks to the westward; but not too early, before the white veil had left the river. Billy, with woodsman's contempt for economy, hewed great logs and burned them nobly in the cooking of trout, oatmeal, pancakes, and the like. We had constructed ourselves tables and benches between green trees, and there we ate. And great was the eating beyond the official capacity of the human stomach. There offered little things to do, delicious little things just on the hither side of idleness. A rod wrapping needed more waxed silk; a favorite fly required attention to prevent dissolution; the pistol was to be cleaned; a flagpole seemed desirable; a trifle more of balsam could do no harm; clothes might stand drying, blankets airing. We accomplished these things leisurely, pausing for the telling of stories, for the puffing of pipes, for the sheer joy of contemplations. Deerskin slipper moccasins and flapping trousers attested our deshabelle. And then somehow it was noon, and Billy again at the Dutch oven and the broiler.

Trout we ate, and always more trout. Big fellows broiled with strips of bacon craftily sewn in and out of the pink flesh; medium fellows cut into steaks; little fellows fried crisp in cornmeal; big, medium, and little fellows mingled in component of the famous North Country *bouillon*, whose other ingredients are partridges, and tomatoes, and potatoes, and onions, and salt pork, and flour in combination delicious beyond belief. Nor ever did we tire of them, three times a day, printed statement to the contrary notwithstanding. And besides were many crafty dishes over whose construction the major portion of morning idleness was spent.

Now at two o'clock we groaned temporary little groans; and crawled shrinking into our river clothes, which we dared not hang too near the fire for fear of the disintegrating scorch, and

drew on soggy hobnailed shoes with holes cut in the bottom, and plunged with howls of disgust into the upper riffles. Then the cautious leg-straddled passage of the swift current, during which we forgot forever - which eternity alone circles the bliss of an afternoon on the river - the chill of the water, and so came to the trail.

Now at the Idiot's Delight, Dick and I parted company. By three o'clock I came again to the river, far up, halfway to the Big Falls. Deuce watched me gravely. With the first click of the reel he retired to the brush away from the back cast, there to remain until the pool was fished and we could continue our journey.

In the swift leaping water, at the smooth back of the eddy, in the white foam, under the dark cliff shadow, here, there, everywhere the bright flies drop softly like strange snowflakes. The game is as interesting as pistol-shooting. To hit the mark, that is enough. And then a swirl of water and a broad lazy tail wakes you to the fact that other matters are yours. Verily the fish of the North Country are mighty beyond all others.

Over the river rests the sheen of light, over the hills rests the sheen of romance. The land is enchanted. Birds dip and sway, advance and retreat, leaves toss their hands in greeting, or bend and whisper one to the other; splashes of sun fall heavy as metal through the yielding screens of branches; little breezes wander hesitatingly here and there to sink like spent kites on the nearest bar of sun-warmed shingle; the stream shouts and gurgles, murmurs, hushes, lies still and secret as though to warn you to discretion, breaks away with a shriek of hilarity when your discretion has been assured. There is in you a great leisure, as though the day would never end. There is in you a great keenness. One part of you is vibrantly alive. Your wrist muscles contract almost automatically at the swirl of a rise, and the hum of life along the gossamer of your line gains its communication with every nerve in your body. The question of gear and method you attack clear-minded. What fly? Montreal, Parmachene Belle,

Royal Coachman, Silver Doctor, Professor, Brown Hackle, Cowdung, - these grand lures for the North Country trout receive each its due test and attention. And on the tail snell what fisherman has not the Gamble - the unusual, obscure, multi-named fly which may, in the occultism of his taste, attract the Big Fellows? Besides there remains always the handling. Does your trout today fancy the skittering of his food, or the withdrawal in three jerks, or the inch-deep sinking of the fly? Does he want it across current or up current, will he rise with a snap, or is he going to come slowly, or is he going to play? These be problems interesting, insistent to be solved, with the ready test within the reach of your skill.

But that alertness is only the one side of your mood. No matter how difficult the selection, how strenuous the fight, there is in you a large feeling that might almost be described as Buddhist. Time has nothing to do with your problems. The world has quietly run down, and has been embalmed with all its sweetness of light and color and sound in a warm lethe bath of sun. This afternoon is going to last forever. You note and enjoy and savor the little pleasures unhurried by the thought that anything else, whether of pleasure or duty, is to follow.

And so for long delicious eons, the river flows on, ever on; the hills watch, watch always; the birds sing, the sun shines grateful across your shoulders; the big trout and the little rise in predestined order and make their predestined fight and go their predestined way either to liberty or the creel; the pools and the rapids and the riffles slip by upstream as though they had been withdrawn rather than as though you had advanced.

Then suddenly the day has dropped its wings. The earth moves forward with a jar. Things are to be accomplished; things are being accomplished. The river is hurrying down to the lake; the birds have business of their own to attend to, and it pleases you; the hills are waiting for something that has not yet happened, but they are ready. Startled, you look up. The afternoon has finished. Your last step has taken you over the edge of the shadow cast by the setting sun across the range of hills.

For the first time you look about you to see where you are. It has not mattered before. Now you know that shortly it will be dark. Still remain below you four pools. A great haste seizes you.

"If I take my rod apart, and strike through the woods," you argue, "I can make the Narrows, and I am sure there is a big trout there."

Why the Narrows should be any more likely to contain a big trout than any of the other three pools you would not be able to explain. In half an hour it will be dark. You hurry. In the

Forest it is already twilight, but by now you know the forest well. Preoccupied, feverish with your great idea, you hasten on. The birds, silent all in the brooding of night, rise ghostly to right and left. Shadows steal away like hostile spies among the tree-trunks. The silver of last daylight gleams ahead of you through the brush. You know it for the Narrows, whither the instinct of your eagerness has led you as accurately as a compass through the forest.

Fervently, as though this were of world's affairs the most important, you congratulate yourself on being in time. Your rod seems to joint itself. In a moment the cast drops like a breath on the molten silver. Nothing. Another try a trifle lower down. Nothing. A little wandering breeze spoils your fourth attempt, carrying the leader far to the left. Curses, deep and fervent. The daylight is fading, draining away. A fifth cast falls forty feet out. Slowly you drag the flies across the current, reluctant to recover until the latest possible moment. And so, when your rod is foolishly upright, your line slack, and your flies motionless, there rolls slowly up and over the trout of trouts. You see a broad side, the whirl of a fan-tail that looks to you to be at least six inches across - and the current slides on, silver-like, smooth, indifferent to the wild leap of your heart.

Like a crazy man, you shorten your line. Six seconds later your flies fall skillfully just upstream from where last you saw that wonderful tail.

But six seconds may be a long, long period of time. You have feared and hoped and speculated and realized; feared that the leviathan has pricked himself and so will not rise again; hoped that his appearance merely indicated curiosity which he will desire further to satisfy; speculated on whether your skill can drop the fly exactly on that spot, as it must be dropped; and realized that, whatever be the truth as to all those fears and hopes and speculations, this is irrevocably your last chance.

For an instant you allow the flies to drift downstream, to be floated here and there by idle little eddies, to be sucked down and spat out of tiny suction-holes. Then cautiously you draw them across the surface of the waters. Thump-thump-thump-your heart slows up with disappointment. Then mysteriously, like the stirring of the waters by some invisible hand, the molten silver is broken in its smoothness. The Royal Coachman quietly disappears. With all the brakes shrieking on your desire to shut your eyes and heave a might heave, you depress your butt and strike.

Then in the twilight the battle. No leisure is here, only quivering, intense, agonized anxiety. The affair transcends the moment. Purposes and necessities of untold ages have concentrated



so that somehow back of your consciousness rest hosts of disembodied hopes, tendencies, evolutionary progressions, all breathless lest you prove unequal to the struggle for which they have been so long preparing. Responsibility, vast, vague, formless is yours. Only the fact that you are wholly occupied with the exigence of the moment prevents your understanding of what it is, but it hovers dark and depressing behind your possible failure. You must win. This is no fish: it is opportunity itself; and once gone it will never return. The mysticism of lower dusk in the forest, of upper afterglow on the hills, of the chill of evening waters and winds, of the glint of strange phantoms under the darkness of cliffs, of the whisperings and shoutings of things you are too busy to identify out of the gray of North Country awe - all these menace you with indeterminate dread. Knee-deep, waist-deep, swift water, slack water, downstream, upstream, with red eyes straining into the dimness, with every muscle taut and every nerve quivering, you follow the ripping of your line. You have consecrated yourself to the uttermost. And you are very little, very small, very inadequate among these Titans of circumstance.

Thrice he breaks water, a white and ghostly apparition from the deep. Your heart stops with your reel, and only resumes its office when again the line sings safely. The darkness falls, and with it, like the mysterious strength of Sir Gareth's opponent, falls the power of your adversary. His rushes shorten. The blown world of your uncertainty shrinks to the normal. From the haze of your consciousness, as through a fog, loom the old familiar forest, and the hills, and the river. Slowly you creep from that strange enchanted land. The sullen trout yields. In all gentleness you float him within reach of your net. Quietly, breathlessly, you walk ashore, and over the beach, and yet an unnecessary hundred feet from the water lest he retain still a flop. Then you lay him upon the stones and lift up your heart in rejoicing.

How you get to camp you never clearly know. Exultation lifts your feet. Wings, wings, O ye Red Gods, wings to carry the body whither the spirit hath already soared, and stooped, and circled back in impatience to see why still the body lingers! Ordinarily you can cross the riffles above the Halfway Pool only with caution and prayer and a stout staff craftily employed. This night, you can - and do - splash across hand-free, as recklessly as you would wade a little brook. There is no stumble in you, for you have done a great deed, and the Red Gods are smiling.

Through the trees glows a light, and in the center of that light are leaping flames, and in the circle of that light stand, rough-hewn in orange, the tent and the table and the waiting figures of your companions. You stop short, and swallow hard,

and saunter into camp as one indifferent.

Carelessly, you toss aside your creel - into the darkest corner as though it were unimportant - nonchalantly you lean you rod against the slant of your tent, wearily you seat yourself and begin to draw off your drenched garments. Billy bends toward the fire. Dick gets you your dry clothes. No one asks you any questions, for on the river you get in almost any time of night.

Finally, as you are hanging your wet things near the fire, you inquire casually over your shoulder - "Dick, have any luck?"

Dick tells you. You listen with apparent interest. He has caught a three-pounder. He describes the spot and the method and the struggle. He is very much pleased. You pity him.

The three of you eat supper, lots of supper. Billy arises first, filling his pipe. He hangs water over the fire for the dish-washing. You and Dick sit hunched on a log, blissfully happy in the moments of digestion, ruminative, watching the blaze. The tobacco smoke eddies and sucks upward to join the wood smoke. Billy moves here and there in the fulfillment of his simple tasks, casting his shadow wavering and gigantic against the fire-lit trees. By and by, he has finished. He gathers up the straps of Dick's creel, and turns to the shadow for your own. He is going to clean the fish. It is the moment you have watched for. You shroud yourself in profound indifference.

"Sacre!" shrieks Billy.

You do not even turn your head.

"Jumping giraffes! why, it's a whale!" cried Dick.

You roll a blase eye in their direction as though such puerile enthusiasm wearies you.

"Yes, it's quite a little fish," you concede.

They swarm down upon you, demanding particulars. These you accord laconically, a word at a time, in answer to direct question, between puffs of smoke.

"At the Narrows. Royal Coachman. Just before I came in. Pretty fair fight. Just at the edge of the eddy." And so on. But your soul glories.

The tape-line is brought out. Twenty-nine inches it records. Holy smoke, what a fish! Your air implies that you will probably catch three more just like him on the morrow. Dick and Billy make tracings of him on the birch bark. You retain your lofty calm: but inside you are little quivers of rapture. And when you awake, late in the night, you are conscious, first of all that you are happy, happy, happy, all through; and only when the drowse drains away do you remember why.

THE FOREST (1903)
Stewart Edward White

Charles Hallock was owner, publisher and chief editor of *Forest and Stream* when this ID card was issued to Fred E. Pond, a young editor. It gave Pond license to sell subscriptions which suggests long hours and low pay for the privilege of rubbing shoulders with the sporting royalty of the times.



The Castalia Stream

by Emerson Hough

Histories of trout waters are extremely rare in our angling literature. The earliest mention of the limestone stream accompanied by a detailed description of interest to the angler came as late as 1891 when the Chicago reporter Emerson Hough visited Castalia. What is of special interest is that a group of fishermen took a dead stream and made it into a living, productive natural resource.

For those interested in stream management, Vice President Steve Raymond, editor of the Federation of Fly Fishermen's magazine THE FLY FISHER has been running a series of articles on historic American trout streams and their preservation, for the past several years.

In regard to Castalia, we would be very much appreciative if a modern history could be made available.

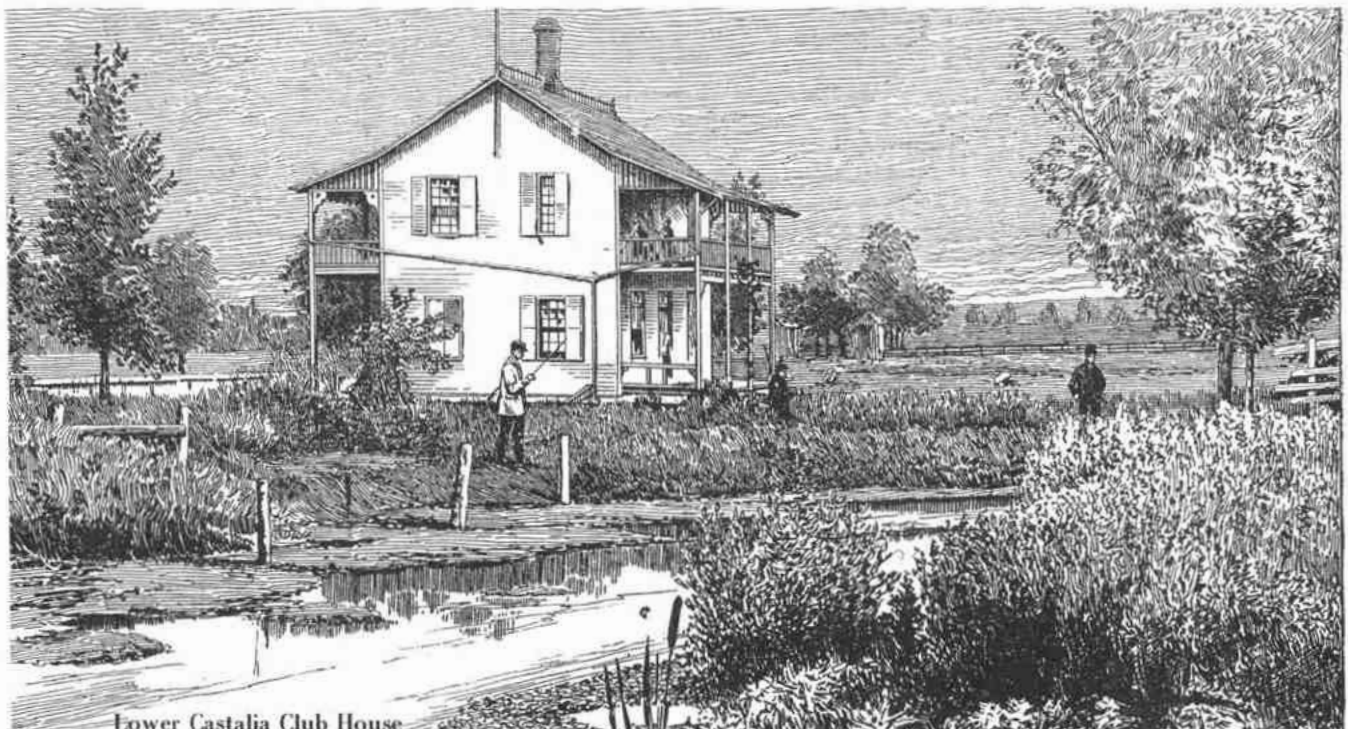
Under all the Castalia valley surface, there lies a most singular rock, a coral-like limestone, more porous than pumice stone, the like of which is not found in all the countryside near by, nor in any part of the country now known. In Castaliatown, in Sandusky, and other towns of that region, you can see masses of this rough fantastic rock heaped up as lawn ornaments. Within a few years the value of this product has been learned, and now by boat and train, far and wide, the "Castalia stone" goes to a paying market. It is chiefly used in paper factories in a pulverized form for a stock filling. Much of it is shipped as far east as Maine.

Blue, cold, forbidding and mysterious, the stream ran down its mysterious valley, and many saw it who turned from it with a shiver. Strange beings ruled that valley, it was sure, and an unholy blight rested on the stream beyond all question, though the early settlers. They shunned the valley, and it was long left untouched, the stream all the time running through it, telling to itself the story of its mysterious sources under the earth, always just so large, so blue, so cold, so strange. Enchantment, beyond doubt. Because, from head to mouth, in all the clear, pure water fish would not live in the Castalia stream! That was known and settled long ago. Put a big strong fish in one of the great "blue holes," as the giant springs are even now called, and the blue dismal depths at once became its sepulchre. Now, that meant that the stream was nothing less than bewitched, enchanted, un-

canny, dangerous and good to leave alone. So the elk and the deer claimed the thickets, and a few great trees stood up over the valley, and the stream ran on and on, how long, only the stars knew, from whence, not even they could tell, though the stars are counted wise.

Enter now upon the scene one R. H. Haywood, a man with money and not afraid of mysteries. The more mystery the better. He picked up the land along the haunted valley in great lumps, the owners "guessing it off," for payments so absurdly small. Mr. Haywood sometimes resold over 100 measured acres out of a tract he had bought "guessed off" for 40 or 50 acres. Mr. Haywood resolved to harness the Castalia stream, spirits and all. Unwise resolve. He might have known it would ruin him, and ruin him it did. He spent \$60,000 in cutting the great raceway through the valley which even today gives the stream its rigid artificial look for miles, built a mill, made further improvements and altogether sought to take possession of the stream. The stream resented it, rebelled and ruined him. "Nothing but trout and pleasure for me," said the stream, "I will not turn a wheel!" And today it is wheel-less from spring to mouth, full of trout and full of pleasantness. Only the raceway remains, miles and miles of it, as it was cut 53 years ago by a man whose name is nearly forgotten.

Three things now remain to be established; who first suggested that trout would live in the Castalia stream, who first put



Lower Castalia Club House

them there and who first protected them? These questions run before the history of the two clubs which now own the stream.

Not long ago, *Forest and Stream* published the obituary of a man prominent in Ohio sportsmanship and natural history circles - the late Dr. Sterling. That learned enthusiast was acquainted with the Castalia stream in the '50's. So was that father of fishculture, the late Dr. Garlick, whose work antedates even that of the beloved Seth Green. Dr. Garlick's book, "Fish Culture," bears the date of 1857. It was either Dr. Garlick or Dr. Sterling, both Ohio men, who first conceived the idea of planting trout in the fishless Castalia stream. Dr. Sterling claimed that it was himself who first analyzed the water of the stream and found it almost identical with that of the famous Caledonia stream where Seth Green conducted his work so successfully. Soon after this, says Dr. Sterling, the experiment was tried. Yet now comes Mr. Milton P. Peirce, of Columbus, Ohio, and claims that when he was a boy, and a student at Cleveland, he saw Dr. Ackley and Dr. Garlick bring in strings of trout from this same stream. I have this only on hearsay, not from Mr. Peirce, but if Mr. Peirce thinks trout were native to this stream, this being much in support of his well-known idea that trout cannot be successfully planted, he is sadly mistaken. I do not know how old he is now, or was when he saw these trout, but it is known to a certainty that trout were planted in this stream upon the suggestion of either Dr. Garlick or Dr. Sterling, made in 1867 or 1868. The first trout fry were planted on the 17th of March, 1873, by Mr. Hoyt, who owned the mill and dam upon the upper stream.

And now the weird tales about the stream seemed about to be verified. The trout were put in above the dam and in the great spring known as the Upper Blue Hole. They promptly died. Wonder was expressed at this, as later it was found that when the dam was opened the fish did very well in the live water. Scientists have found the reason for all this now, and have solved the mystery of the once lifeless stream. It is easy to see now that the immense body of water coursing from below the surface of the earth is altogether un-aerated, and, therefore, unfit for an oxygen-loving fish like a trout. Pass this water over a dam, break it up, stretch it out, and it is perfect for trout, and verifies the analysis. It is learned now that for about two weeks of the year, in February, when the snow is sweeping into the rocks below the earth, trout can and sometimes do get into the great spring and live there. At the close of that brief season they leave the spring or die. The snow water may carry a little different quality of breathing matter with it.

Very well. Mr. Hoyt tried again. He had some good breeding troughs put in and soon had a nice lot of young trout. Unfortunately, he also had a lot of neighbors of the "tough" variety. These complained of the back water of the dam. They drained his pond, broke into his breeding troughs, and made him all sorts of trouble, including certain lawsuits. Mr. Hoyt won his suits, but soon thereafter his mill was mysteriously burned. Angry and disheartened, he smashed open his dam, destroyed his breeding troughs and left the country. He went back to New Hampshire and is there now. Mr. Scott Robinson, who is getting up the club history, is in correspondence with him now.

After the trout were let out all through the stream, they seem to have been forgotten for a while. Three years after that time Mr. C. W. Sadler, of Sandusky, caught a nice basket of trout, away down the stream. The word got out gradually, and then the murderous natives went to work with nets, spears and guns, and did all they could to exterminate the beautiful fish, which had now attained a good size. The stream was full of these natural fish. Of this I shall speak later.

The fact was now established that trout would grow and thrive in this stream. It was not a sporting club which first took advantage of this. The first man to protect the trout of Castalia was A. G. Miller, the present keeper of the "Lower Club."

Miller had trouble with the natives, who wanted the trout. He has counted 21 men with forks, spears and guns, standing over the spawning beds killing the big trout. On one occasion, he had to go to his house for his gun before he could drive the fellows away. Gradually he broke up this sort of thing to some

extent. Then for a while, he charged 50 cents a day for the right to fish the stream. Soon after that he saw the thing was growing too big for him to hold down. The fulfillment of fate had come. The stream had not a wheel upon it. It would not work. Its destiny was trout and pleasure.

Mr. Lee McBride, of whose courtesy on this quest earlier mention has been made, heard of these trout about this time, and he and Mr. Frank Mason, both of Cleveland, came down and looked over the country on the advice of Mr. Adams, of the upper stream. They found Mr. Haywood holding the lower stream, mill sites, etc., and of him they got the refusal of a ten years' lease. Returning to Cleveland, they formed the club now generally known as the "Lower Club." This was incorporated as the "Castalia Sporting Club." Its lease was first made in 1878, so club life on the Castalia stream is a matter of only thirteen years. The trout were first planted as fry only eighteen years ago.

In October, 1879, the so-called "Upper Club" was organized. It is a large club, numbering 67 members, and at first was made up largely of Sandusky and Toledo men, though many Cleveland men joined later. Their first lease was of the Castalia Milling Co. and ran for 20 years at \$50 a year. Then the milling company began a systematic series of annoyances and squeezed the club into sacrificing their lease and buying their property, which they did, and thus got their stream in safe keeping also. These figures do not represent the total amounts spent by either club, but are less than such amounts. The Upper Club has spent about \$8,000 in making new stream beds.

Part II - "The Lower Club"

It was a blustering day in early April when Mr. C. W. Sadler, of Sandusky, and the writer undertook to engineer a vehicle over the ugly road which at that season lay between that city and the grounds of the "Lower Club." We will call it by that name, for so it is commonly distinguished, though the real name of the incorporation is the Castalia Sporting Club.

Mr. Sadler said we should take the Venice road, so that we could follow up the stream from that point, and thus see something of how it lay upon the ground. At Venice, about five miles from Sandusky, we crossed the stream, a wide and pretty water, just at the railway bridge which spans it as it enters the bay. A few rods to the left of the wagon bridge stands the Venice mill, and we paused a moment to look at the white water washing through the sluice and broadening out into a magnificent pool.

"This pool is really open water," said Mr. Sadler, "and the club cannot well protect it. There have been a number of 3 lb. trout taken out of here on worms. You see, the trout drop down stream and get over this lower dam. The club doesn't dare put in a fishway, for that would let up pickerel, perch and all sorts of things. I don't doubt that thousands of pounds of trout have come down over this dam and gone out into the bay. The net fishermen often find trout in their pounds, well out in the bay. It is impossible to tell what proportion of the escaped trout thrive in the warmer lake water, but they certainly live there for a while at least."

We now turned the corner of the mill and headed upstream. To our left we saw some great pools or ponds in a half marshy country. Before us we could see the winding way of the natural stream, and away off to the left my friend pointed out the course of the "old mill race," which flows by the ruins of the "old brick mill," long since burned down.

"This big water below here is called 'Dreer's Pond' or 'Dreer's'," said Mr. Sadler, "and here is unquestionably the lurking grounds of the largest trout. Most of the heavy baskets have been made along here in the spring. Mr. Fayette Brown made his fine catch here last week. M. Julian Yale always gets some of his heaviest fish here. Just now the big fish are probably lying in this water, or a great many of them. These pools are very deep, and as you see hard to get at and quite too wide to fish across. The trout can certainly protect themselves here."

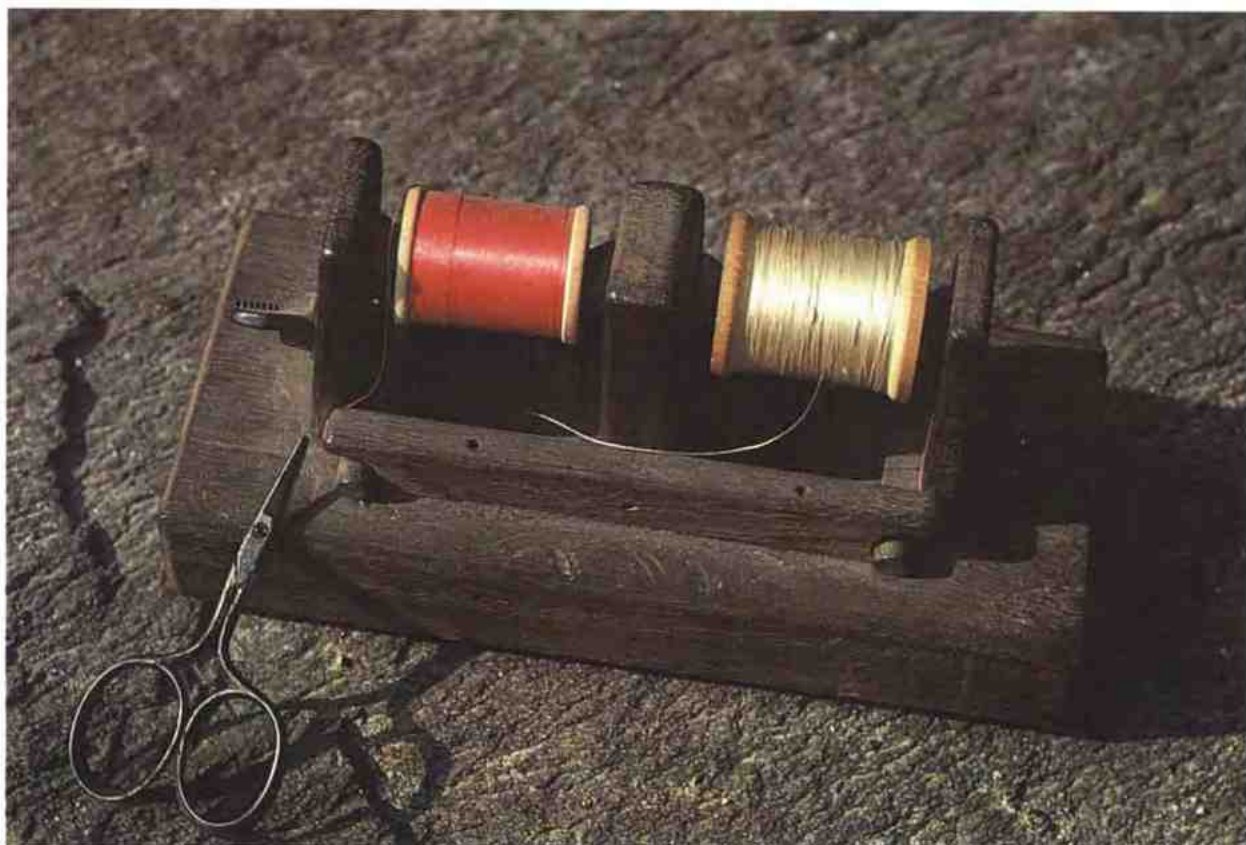
MUSEUM TREASURES

All color photos in this issue by Bernard (Lefty) Kreh.



The Mary Orvis Marbury panel display was first exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893.

Donor - The Orvis Company



A very old rod winding device used by Orvis employees during the early days of the split bamboo.

Donor - The Orvis Company

I had had no idea that there was such a volume of water in the stream until I saw these lower reaches. It is almost a young river.

"The stream is full of trout," said Mr. Sadler, "and they grow very rapidly, because the conditions are simply perfect. The feed in the stream is much superior to that in the Caledonia stream of New York. This peculiar moss is scattered along the stream from one end to the other, and it is simply full of feed. If you will take out a rakeful you can see dozens and hundreds of crawfish, fresh-water shrimp, miller's thumbs, minnows and the like. The entire stream is full of feed, and I do not believe the like exists anywhere in the country. This is not in the least artificial. Nature did it all, and just made this stream a natural heaven for trout. The moss not only feeds but protects the fish. They are lying down in there, covered up out of sight, thousands and thousands of them, 2 and 3-pounders. It is simply a sight to see the spawning beds, further up the stream, in season. You will see a perfect mass of large trout, such trout as you wouldn't dream were in the stream. Then they disappear, and where they go nobody knows, even in a stream studied as thoroughly as this. The biggest trout are not seen at all in the fishing season. They lie deep in the moss, under the banks, or in these deep pools. All the fish you will catch are broad, lusty fellows, and very brilliant. Their shellfish diet gives them their flaming colors, I suppose."

We were working slowly toward the club house as we talked. Pulling laboriously along a terribly muddy cross lane, we passed through a bit of sparse timber, where the natural stream ran close by and spilled out into some wide pools. All this was elegant fishing water, my informant said, and so it seemed. In spite of the snow and mud all about, the stream was bright and clear. It has no surface water, the banks being so arranged that the drainage flows back in ditches. The banks of the old mill race are like levees.

At first, the Castalia Sporting Club had eighteen members. Then the limit was placed at twenty-five, and is now full. It would be very difficult to secure a membership there now. The stock is not transferred to any extent; \$1500 would not touch a single share, and I imagine there isn't money enough to buy out the stock of some of those men. No wonder, I am sure, for so far as my travels have informed me, I would not trade a share of this stock for one in any club in the country. This is trout fishing convenient, accessible, infallible, with all the comforts of home, after wild fish, big fish and plenty of them. The men of this club cannot better themselves very much certainly. They do not remember their \$40,000 or \$50,000 investment, or think of their annual assessment of \$75 or \$100 a year.

I have at one time or another met a number of the men who belong to this club, and I don't believe there is a dude in the lot, and they average mighty high-grade as successful trout fishers. Among so hearty a lot of men, therefore, you would expect in the club house about what you would find, a roomy, comfortable pleasant sporting domicile, with no dudery visible. The building is two stories, with ample room for everybody. The main room below has a mammoth fireplace which is useful as well as cheerful, for the club opens its season March 15. The walls of this assembly room are decorated with trout designs in colors and black and white. Some artist, in playful allusion to Mr. Harvey Brown's partiality to a big Parmachene Belle, has presented the club with a painting of that fly in colossal proportions. There are life-size drawings of numbers of the notable trout, including one showing a trout with the tail of a mouse sticking out of its mouth, just as it was when the fish was caught. It is a very comfortable place. The locality is so quiet and peaceful, too, I should think one could stay a month there, or maybe a year, and not get tired at all.

Explaining to Miller's family our mission from Mr. McBride, Mr. Sadler and I started out in the afternoon to explore the stream. We found the fish not rising well and only brought in half a dozen; all, of course, were the club standard of 8 in. The rules of the club are very simple. No fish less than 8 in. must be kept, and not over 15 lbs. a day. No lure but the artificial fly

can be used.

But a nice club, a pretty stream and pleasant surroundings may be one thing, and really good trout fishing quite another. How about the actual supply of trout? There is no question about that. The stream is simply full of trout. We saw them by the hundreds, all active, strong, brilliant fish, not stall fed, but endowed with all the vigor, shyness and cunning of the wild trout, untamed and incomparable. We saw any number of great fellows, over 1½ lbs. or probably over 2 lbs. The fish were very shy, and I soon learned that curiosity and fishing didn't go well together, for when I stopped casting from a distance and stepped up to the bank to count the trout, they scampered off, and not only refused to be counted but declined to rise. The water of this stream is something to rave over. It is very swift and pure as a pearl. It has a sort of bluish cast, a steel color, taken from the reflection of the sand in places, but it is as transparent as air. Needless to say, it takes fine tackle and fine fishing to take trout here. The best flies for early spring are dark, black-gnat, brown-hen and the like being much used. You will see fine gear used by the Castalia anglers.

We hauled out the club records that night, and looked for big fish. One thing was at once apparent. The fisher for count abides not here. The main thing sought is to have the greatest weight in the least number of fish. The heaviest fish ever taken on Castalia Stream, it seems, was found in the fishway at the old brick mill, when the water was shut off on the first trial of the shute. This fish was a brook trout, and weighed 5¼ lbs. We prowled along the pages in search of big fish taken on the rod, and found something like this, only a few instances being given, picked up half at random: Julian Yale, one trout 3¼ lbs.; Fayette Brown, one trout 3 lbs. 3 ozs.; Julian Yale, March 30, 1885, 26 trout, 15 lbs. 2 ozs.; Julian Yale, March 28, 24 trout, 18 lbs., largest 1 lb. 2 ozs.; Julian Yale, May 29, 1887, 1 trout 19 inches long, weight 3 lbs. 3 ozs., and 3 trout, total 5 lbs. 7 ozs. It seems that Mr. Yale and Mr. Sheffield in 1887 caught trout on the fly when the thermometer stood 6° below zero, and the lines froze stiff. The stream never freezes. Mr. Yale's total catch for 1887 was 45 trout, total weight 32 lbs. 14 ozs. In 1887 Fayette Brown caught 142 trout, 61 lbs. 1 oz.; Harvey Brown, 1887, 133 trout, 51 lbs. 10 ozs. In July, 1890, Mr. J. H. McBride took 26 trout, 12 lbs. 2 ozs.; Mrs. Fayette Brown, April 5, 20 trout, 13 lbs.; Mr. McBride again, 35 trout, 18 lbs.; Mr. Prescott Ely, April 14, 1890, made the remarkable catch of 31 trout, weighing 15 lbs., and 33 jacksnipe! Mr. Fayette Brown, June 13, 1889, caught 25 fish, 12 lbs. and on May 9, 29 fish, 13 lbs. On some days, said Miller, a man could catch 75 lbs., he could catch a bushel basket full. I have caught 10 lbs. in two hours in a heavy snowstorm, said Mr. Van Vleck. Mr. Sadler said he had often caught his basket full before breakfast and gone back to Sandusky. Mr. Jay C. Morse, May 25, 1888, caught 14 trout, 10 lbs., one fish 16½ inches long and weighing 2 lbs. On May 23, 1888, Julian Yale, 18 fish, 10 lbs., and Mr. Fayette Brown, 18 fish, 9½ lbs. Mr. Yale in 1880 caught 6 trout that weighed 6 lbs. coming to the club at 6:30 one evening and going back in the morning at 8 o'clock. Mr. Lee McBride, June 1, 1880, took 18 fish, 7¼ lbs. In 1890, Mr. W. T. Carrington caught a fish that weighed 2 lbs. 2 ozs. The same year Mr. J. H. McBride took at one fishing 26 trout, 9 lbs., and Mr. Prescott Ely, 22 trout, 8 lbs. March 15 and the day after, 1890, Messrs. A. C. Ely and W. H. Comstock, of Chicago, took 50 fish, 21 lbs. during a heavy snow.

I could fill the paper with records like the above, but enough have been given to show the quality alike of the fish and the fishermen. The Castalia is above all things a fishing stream. It is stocked, full stocked, and has no fear whatever of diminution. There are some European brown trout in the stream, and also some rainbow trout. They are not often met. Miller, the keeper, bemoans the fact that anything but brook trout was ever put in the stream. He believes in letting well enough alone, and he is just exactly right about it, too. There were some grayling planted six years ago, but since then Miller has only caught two of them, and I heard of no others. No long ago some one in the

Upper Club planted a lot of watercress, and this beastly and tenacious plant has spread all through the stream, to the great detriment of the fish and fishing. The Lower Club has spent about a thousand dollars in trying to get rid of this cress. It is raked out in great quantities. It would seem that the experimentative stage had gone about far enough along the Castalia Stream. If they will leave nature and the brook trout alone there, they can have any quantity of sport assured for the future, and beyond that nothing better lies or can be gained by experiment. The basis of all this is the wonderful stream itself. It falls 27 ft. in 2½ miles, including one dam, 45 ft. in 5½ to 6 miles, dams and all. Its current would appear at least six miles an hour. Artificial barriers, floats, bridges, etc. have been provided in abundance, and all in all, the little river is simply lovely.

Part III - The "Upper Club"

Miller, the keeper of the Lower Club, took me on his wagon for the short but muddy ride between the latter club and the headquarters of its neighbor, the "Upper Club," as we may most easily distinguish it. The white sides of the Castalia mill, which is a landmark on the upper stream, were easily visible all the way, and presently we could see the club house of the Upper Club, and could define the course of their stream and boundary lines.

Andy Englert, the keeper of the Upper Club, made me a diagram of the club grounds, showing the course of the streams, etc.

And now for a look into the Blue Hole. It is a sight not to be forgotten. No wonder the simple natives of a superstitious day shivered in awe as they gazed into its weird and ghostly depths, motionless, changeless, transparent, and draped with funereal gloomy moss along its curving sides. The sight makes one's shoulder blades creep today. I should think at a guess that it is 75 to 100 ft. across this great spring. It is nearly a perfect circle, and tapers down, cone-shaped, or with sides curving like those of a drinking tumbler, to a depth of 43 ft. Drop a nickel in, and you can see it every inch to the bottom. The green moss hangs out in great streams on the sides. The water is clear, but of a steel blue, ghostly cast. Its volume is always just about the same, and it is always just so clear and just so cold. The uniform temperature of the great spring is 50°. Below the spring the stream warms 2° per mile. At the brick mill of the Lower Club, and at Venice, two or three miles below that, the nearly uniform temperature is 71°. The trout live all through the stream in equal

condition. At this early date of April, there seemed to be a general working of the large trout toward the head of the stream. The average of the fish we secured out from under the floats was very heavy. I never saw such a quantity of one-pound, pound-and-a-half or two-pound trout. The stream seemed full of them.

In the afternoon it came off bright and quiet, and the trout did not rise, but it was very pleasant to walk along the banks and watch the water and the trout. Such great lusty big fellows, and so many of them! They lay under the protection of the floats for the most part, but if you stamped hard upon the covering they would dart out in schools, perhaps a dozen, sometimes twenty or thirty great big fellows. It is not forbidden by the ethics of this club to fish under the floats, and many of the large trout taken are caught upon a fly under the float with the current. This is not fly-casting, and though it is fly-fishing in some sense of the word, it is not high grade work, and therefore not really good enough for this club. Only "artificial bait" may be used, and I sincerely hope that this means strictly the artificial fly. That is the only lure which should be tolerated for an instant on this stream. The limit for a day's catch is 15 lbs.

The club has a hatchery of its own, a little building by the side of the great mill pond, and the stream is constantly stocked. It is usually said that the club organized in October, 1879, but the first certificate of stock of the "Upper Club" was issued really May 15, 1878, the club being then first incorporated as the "Cold Creek Trout Club." This was on the old leasehold basis with the Castalia Milling Co., \$50 a year for 20 years. Then followed the deliberate persecutions of the latter concern, and when it was decided to buy the ground outright instead of leasing, the club changed its name, this time to "The Castalia Trout Club Company," and this is the legal and actual name of the "Upper Club" today. Not so very many men could answer an off-hand question as to the name of either of these two clubs of the Castalia Stream, but the distinction of upper and lower club will serve.

The Upper Club has a membership of 67, which would seem quite large enough. There is a smattering here of the neophyte element, always delightful, albeit innocent of the guileful ways of the wily trout, but the per cent of old stagers is quite enough to bring up these younger gentlemen into the full skill of the angler's craft, for there are skillful trout fishermen here as you will find anywhere.

FOREST AND STREAM
May 7, 1891



This venison loaded stage coach was weighted with Adirondack trout during the summer months. (c. 1890) It followed the same route from Northville to Piseco Lake other sportsmen had trav-

elled since the early 1830's. Photographs are a necessary adjunct to the Museum's library. We ask that you check your old photos and mail them to our Registrar to become a part of our library.

MUSEUM TREASURES



The great American artist, Winslow Homer, once owned this fly rod.



Upper left: Orvis flies on gut. (c. 1885) A "round" split bamboo made by Charles Murphy, and a brass reel of the period. (c. 1877)



The salmon fly with the label caught 249 lbs. of Atlantic salmon in 1898, the Grande Cascapedia. Brass reel by Hardy, the other, maker unknown.

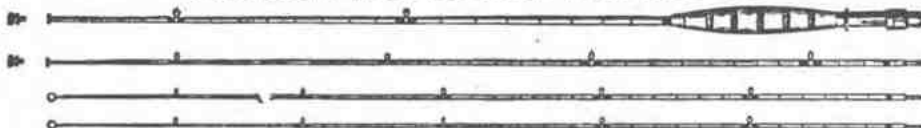


A green heart rod with ground spike and shaped grip. A typical wound cane handle of the period and brass reels. (c. 1870)

On Tackle Shops

SYRACUSE BAMBOO FURNITURE CO.

Successors to SYRACUSE FISH ROD CO.



MANUFACTURERS OF

Fine Split Bamboo Fishing Rods,

WITH CORK AND CELLULOID HAND GRASP. (Patent applied for.)

It is light, fits and will not blister the hands. Recommended by the most experienced anglers in the U. S. Order one through your dealer for inspection, and if not satisfactory can be returned. The U. S. Net and Twine Co. are agents for New York City.

The glittering gang trolling baits which we are manufacturing are the coming bait. It takes the place of the phantom minnow, and is warranted to take two fish to one on any other bait. For sale by all principal dealers in New York.

We are also manufacturing all the popular spoons, such as fluted, kidney and hammered. For sale by all dealers. Send for catalogue.

Syracuse, N. Y. HENRY LOFTIE, Manager.

The pleasures of fishing are chiefly to be found in rivers, lakes and tackle-shops and, of the three, the last are the least affected by the weather. The sight of rods in a window brings a fisherman to a full stop as surely as the sight of a bridge. In such weather as we have been having, when fishing is all but impossible, a fishing tackle-shop has a magnetic power that can be felt over a considerable area. We are conscious, for example, of a shop in the City Road when we are at the further end of Deansgate and of a shop in Moulton Street while we are dodging trams at the corner of Albert Square. These are the shops we know. But it is the same in strange towns. There too, there seems to be a mistaken idea that the centre of the town is some Town Hall, or Public Library, or Square decorated with political gods in stone or bronze, when, if the truth were known, the whole town is grouped about some little shop where a man will find, in the window, boots and pike tackle, Mayflies and flat-irons, and behind the counter a fisherman like himself. Let him go in there and he is in a strange town no longer. There, at least, he has the passwords and is allowed to taste the brotherhood of man. In these shops there is nothing but good will, except towards polluters of rivers.

Again and again I have gone into a tackle shop in a strange town lonely and dispirited and come out blithe as a blackbird on his own lawn. Of course, there are shops in which fishing tackle is no more than grocery, stuff to be sold, but these are not shops kept by fishermen and they do not last long. In the right shops is always the atmosphere of a good fishing day. Inside those shops all is confidence. All men are Selwyn Marryats and all fish are not fools, but not so clever that we shall not catch them. A rosy glow enhances our memories, from which, somehow, our bad days are expunged.

It is a pleasure to see other men buying fishing-tackle, a pleasure to feel that their confidence is also yours, a pleasure to cast forward with them in imagination to the riverside. It is a pleasure to see the tackle, some of it confirming your own choice in the past, some of it promising happy extravagance in the future. It would be gross ingratitude not to acknowledge the warmth of

feeling that is given by the delightful sight of an old lady selling pennyworths of maggots to small boys. The sort of shop that can be counted on is the shop where the small boy who asks for a penny hook is given a twopenny one with a handful of maggots thrown in. In such a shop, I do not mind being sometimes overcharged.

Such a shop is kept only by a fisherman. That is the secret. No one cares to hang whether his grocer takes sugar in his tea or whether he takes tea at all. But the pleasure of a visit to a tackle-shop depends a great deal upon the knowledge that at the weekend the tackle-dealer will be fishing like his customer. All the great tackle-dealers were good fishermen. I think of J. W. Martin, the 'Trent Otter'; of poor Walbran, who was drowned while grayling fishing (well I remember visits to his shop as a small boy, with my father); and of the friend so many Manchester fishermen have lost in the late Mr. John Pendrigh.

It is as mistaken to think that we go to tackle-shops only because we need tackle as to think that we go fishing only because we want to eat fish. Most fishermen dislike eating fish and do their best not to buy tackle. It is just because the tackle-dealer is a fisherman himself that he can be so extraordinarily tolerant of his customers.

For there are two distinct kinds of visits to tackle-shops, the visit to buy tackle and the visit which may be described as Platonic when, being for some reason unable to fish, we look for an excuse to go in and waste a tackle-dealer's time. Of this the tackle-dealer is well aware. He knows, at once, as one of us comes through the door what kind of visit is intended. The man who looks at his watch, raps out his order in accurate detail, half a dozen each of Brunton's Fancy and Little Marryat with two casts tapered to 4X, is going grayling fishing and wants from the dealer nothing but efficiency. That other, a little shy, whose eyes wander from the rods in their khaki cases to the glass-fronted cupboard of reels, from the artificial minnows to the flies, from them to the labelled boxes on the shelves, who modestly suggests that another customer shall be served before

himself (to give him an excuse for staying longer in the shop) is in a different category. The one has come because he is going fishing. The other is there because, alas, he is not. The one wants tackle, the other a course of mental treatment. Such is the noble nature of tackle-dealers that in most cases he gets it.

In this matter, the really good tackle-dealer can put doctors and even solicitors to shame. He could give lessons to diplomats. None, so well as he, knows how to suffer fools. Everyman, while at his tackle-dealer's, is made to feel that he is something of a fisher, that his praise of this or that is praise worth having, that he is, indeed, the very man the tackle-dealer is glad to talk fishing with. And if Everyman does, at his tackle-dealer's spend rather more than the small amount he had decided to stand himself when he came in, why he comes out with a moral tonic that is worth the money many times over, and he has the tackle too.

It is the moderation of the tackle-dealer that is so admirable, for he has his visitor at his mercy. Of course, he must not be tempted too far. The visitor, if he is wise, will keep his talk to the safe subjects. It is not safe to mention reels and, if the conversation approaches the point at which rods begin to come out of their cases, he had better remember an appointment; or, if he really wants to play with fire, announce firmly that he does not mean that day to buy a rod. The tackle-dealer will tell him that he need not think of buying one, but will let him handle the

magic wands just the same. Magic they are and the dealer knows it and so should Everyman, who must in this crisis count over in his mind the long row of rods he has already.

A rod bought on one of the Platonic visits to a tackle-shop is never the pleasure that a rod is which has been bought, so to speak, on purpose. The Platonic visit should retain its character to the end. There is no harm in paying for it by the purchase of a few flies (which will always "come out in some time"), or some gut or a packet of hooks. But major purchases introduce an element that may destroy the otherwise salutary effect of the visit. A packet of flies can be hidden in the pocket and from the conscience, but to have to carry through the streets a brand-new rod as a proof that you have needed comfort on account of an inability to go fishing, is a searing experience, not to be easily forgotten.

This is, of course, well known to the superlative tackle-dealer, who will even put a rod away rather than take advantage of a customer's weakness (and we are often very weak) to inflict upon him a humiliation difficult to forgive. Bad tackle-dealers, who are not fishermen, take their chance and lose their customers. No man likes to revisit the scene of a public loss of his self-control.

from *Rod and Line*
by Arthur Ransome, 1926

FINE FISHING TACKLE.



CORNWALL & SMOCK,
"THE OLD REMINGTON GUN STORE."
281 & 283 Broadway, New York.

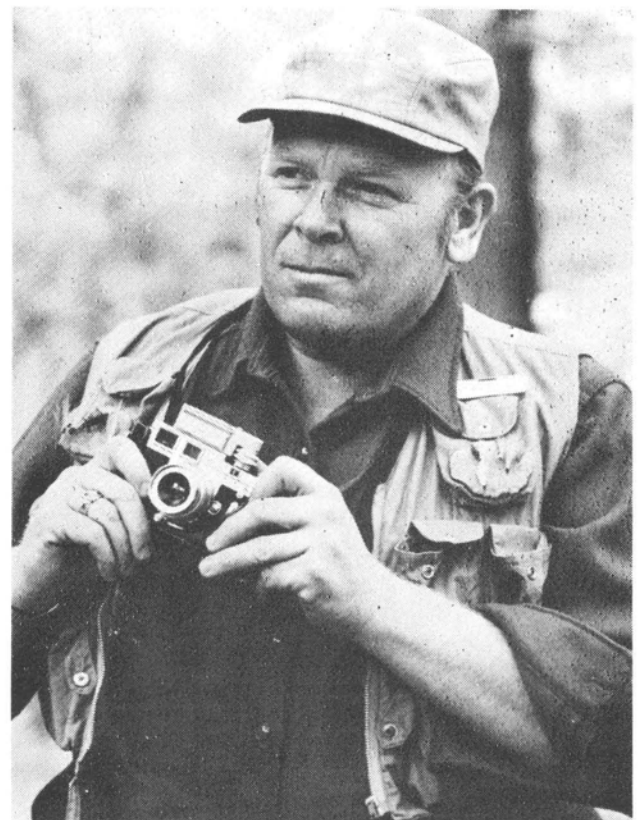
Albert I. (Pal) Alexander 1929 - 1976

We are again saddened by the passing of one of our valued Trustees, Albert I. (Pal) Alexander, who passed away December 16, 1976.

Nationally known as a contributor to our special causes, his loss will be deeply felt by Trout Unlimited, The Federation of Fly Fishermen and the regional associations to which he belonged. "Pal" was a past Vice President and a Director of the Federation of Fly Fishers and during the first years of this society, organized the New England chapters. He was active in the Outdoor Writers of America and Outdoor Writers of New England. His articles have appeared in *Field & Stream*, *The Fly Fisher* and *Trout*, among others too numerous to mention.

The contributions to the Museum magazine and the United Fly Tiers' *Roundtable* note his interest in the history of fly fishing and his vast knowledge of fly dressing. We will miss him.

A Memorial is being established at the Museum. Contributions may be sent in his memory.



MUSEUM TREASURES



Antique fly reels in the Museum's collections. (Left to right, top to bottom). 1. Band and thumb screw brass reel, c. 1870. 2. Brass multiplier, c. 1875. 3. The Orvis patent of 1874. 4. Leonard Patent, 1890. 5. Vom Hofe type with composition rubber side plates, c. 1890. 6. A Yawman & Erbe automatic. 7. A punch pressed model, c. 1900. 8. A Hendryx. 9. A multiplier, c. 1915. 10. Meiselbach, c. 1925. 11. A Rainbow. 12. An Orvis (modern).



A salmon dry fly tied by George La Branche. Donor - Ted Rogowski

Two Trips to Hamilton County

The first Americans to take the grand tour of the Adirondacks seldom separated the gun and the rod. When they fished they were ready to take a shot at a deer or moose and resting from a hunt, fishing often occupied much of their time. They were Waltonians, using bait or fly as the conditions demanded and as complete anglers, were always much concerned with natural history. As tourists, they were very much interested in the native residents of the wilderness. This account is that of two sportsmen, Barrett and a friend, Petrie, who made an excursion from Lake Pleasant, N. Y., to Louis Lake a few miles distant from their hotel.

Tuesday, May 30th, 1853, Barrett and Petrie started for Louis Lake with Burr Sturges, Silas Call and Wm. Randall for guides. They found a comfortable shanty and Petrie caught a few small brook trout at the falls by the outlet. Primarily after deer, they got one yearling buck, ate off the land, accompanied by the regulation pork and on Thursday the 2nd, started on an excursion to the Indian River.

It is very hot, the river is very winding and the current slow. It was rather monotonous and uninteresting - much of the timber along the stream is dead, from a dam constructed at the foot of Indian Lake which backs up the water many miles. It was about 3½ p.m. when we got to Porter's Clearing; what a wild place for a man to select and bring his family up in. I wish I had kept away, for the stumps and log buildings were an eye sore, and a distraction from what would have otherwise been magnificent scenery. Still, the wild rugged mountains are all around, and many a peak may be seen almost fading into the blue in the distance.

At Porter's we deposited all our plunder, then fish for an hour or two and obtain a number of the speckled beauties. To bed and very tired. B. and I have to pig it together - our couch about narrow enough for one, and feathers at that. My great coat serves as a pillow and in a moment in the arms of Morpheus.

Friday the 3rd. Rainy and cloudy. Silas and I went to the lower end of the lake and fished under the dam (Indian Lake) and the rips below; but the trout were very small and we threw back all we caught. Returning thence we went ashore to visit "old Cibelee" the Indian at his cabin. We found him at work preparing ground to plant his potatoes, hale and hearty though wrinkled and grey. He was glad to see us for he always expects some presents from strangers. A stiff horn of brandy set his tongue a-running, but I could not fully comprehend what he said, speaking as he did in broken English. He told me his father was officer (chief) of a tribe in Canada and supplied the British army under General Wolfe with provisions. Cibelee was twelve years old when the battle between the English and the French was fought at Quebec. Afterwards when the Revolutionary War was fought, his sympathies were with the Americans, whom his tribe opposed, and he had to run away to the states. In Canada he lived near St. Francoisville. He prated a great deal about a gold and silver mine he had discovered, ten day's journey hence, and says he means to visit it, and promised to take Silas Call with him; said they could go all the way by water except a

quarter of a mile, gave me some details about his discovering it - which was at night when he discovered a brilliant reflection among the rocks; cut two forked sticks, placed them on the ground, and then laying another straight stick along these, pointing exactly in the direction of his mine, had no difficulty in finding it next day.

His son Lige lives with him, but was absent, and the centenarian didn't like it. He frequently spoke of Lige: "Damn Lige; he earn money - get drunk, Damn fool." Said he had no provisions for two days but potatoes, of which he had over a hundred bushels on hand. We gave him a pound trout and a present also of a gold dollar and returned to the lake.

I was rather disappointed in his personal appearance, he is short and his nose having been flattened by the kick of a horse, injured his looks. His house is built of square logs, with a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. I asked him if he was not afraid to live alone; he said no - he had a gun and could shoot the bear and panthers. "Me not poor," said he, "Can see well - can shoot deer - so far." Pointing to a young colt 40 rods off. "Indian's stomach good - good as gentleman's - legs weak." Poor old fellow. This lake takes its name from his settlement here. There is another of his tribe here also, whose shanty is on the other side of the lake, named John Camp.

Cibelee has two grand daughters, both married to white men. He loves drink like all his race, and considers it himself a great medicine.

My time was greatly broken up by this visit which I would not have missed and B. had in the meantime beaten me all to sticks in catching trout; but in the afternoon we both stuck steadily to fishing, and then my pile was quite as large as his. We selected about forty pounds of the finest, and George Sturges, a boy of 15 or 16 is to carry them to Lake Pleasant tomorrow on his back. Verily he is a curiosity too - told me he had shot 100 deer last winter - the young varmint and exterminator. Well, the day's fishing has been a glorious one, but the black flies have almost eaten me up.

Sunday the 5th. It is stiller here on the Sabbath Day. We breakfasted very late - say 8 o'clock and went again to see old Cibelee. He was in his log house squatting on the hearth about to light his pipe. He gladly laid this aside for a cigar. The house was very dirty; the floor evidently hadn't been washed for a month. In one corner was a bedstead with a very dirty blanket on it, in another lay some deer skins on the floor, against the beams, under the roof were some three or four rifles and a shotgun. A lazy young man of the tawny race lounged in a chair as we entered, but got up and threw himself on the bed - this was John Camp, Cibelee's grandson. Little of the conversation that passed was worth noting.

Indian John showed us a small pond in the woods near by, which is much frequented by deer but there were none in it. As we returned to the boat a young Indian came down to his canoe followed by his dog, and carrying a rifle. Carefully stepping in he quietly but quickly paddled upstream. As Silas remarked, now you see the Indian at home.

Monday, June 6th. Left Indian Lake soon after breakfast, fishing along as we rowed up the river - catching a few trout. B. took twice as many as I. At the forks where the Jessup's River, and the outlet of Louis Lake join, they take the name of Indian River. There is a fine pool here where many trout are usually caught. Here we went ashore and dined. The outlet of Louis runs some three miles before joining Jessup's. As we rowed up this, B. being ahead, shot a deer about fourteen rods off and tumbled him over; he jumped, however and made off. The guides tracked him for some distance then gave up. It is a hard job to carry the boats around the falls, some quarter of a mile. When we go to Louis, a piece of bark propped up on a log told us fresh bread had been deposited for us at Sturges' new house across the lake.

Tuesday, June 7th. We had tolerably good fishing today and it is pleasant to stay here. I may as well note that all the tackle we have had from Conroy's is most unreliable; the hooks miserably secured and the leaders of irregular sized gut. My bass pole is too stiff for trolling - something of a style between that and my Scotch fly-rod would be the thing and twelve feet long.

The gut leaders should be two yards long. The train and gut on it, three strands, or nearly a yard more - which makes quite gut enough. Hereafter if I ever visit Hamilton County, will bring good salmon gut, double hooks of all sizes, and swivels, and the guides will tie me up trains every way suitable, and to be depended on. We have found the drag on our reels a great convenience and so far unobjectionable. The pace for trolling is to row at from a mile and a half to two miles per hour - and about thirty five yards of line out. If rough, less will do, if smooth fifty or sixty yards may be necessary.

Wednesday, June 8th. Another fine day; its a perfect blessing for us, this glorious weather. We fish and fish again, and a couple of the Sturges' boys arrive from Lake Pleasant, but bring no news beyond the welcome intelligence all are well; that Burr's cow had not yet calved; and that Silas' dog had torn up his deer skins. I might have mentioned that on Monday while coming up the outlet of Louis Lake, which stream flows through a flat bottom or marsh - we saw a great number of wild duck - mostly black ducks, and not less than fifty. Now I write this while our boat is drifting on the lake and Silas is tying me up a gang of trolling hooks, for I have not a set left, and were Mr. Conroy here and heard the expletives ejected under the circumstances, he would doubtless profit by the gentle hint.

Beautiful Louis Lake. After supper started after deer. Mr. B. with Burr Sturges going down the lake while Silas and I paddle by its head. Near the inlet we hear a rustling in the alders, and ere long a stately buck stalks out from the brush and commences cropping the lily pads. The boat is slowly and noiselessly paddled up within three rods then I take aim and fire. A splashing is heard and I could see nothing for the smoke of my gun. The gentleman managed to scramble out but we soon found him. After a short tussle with Silas, our deer became venison. B. was less fortunate never getting a shot.

Thursday the 9th. The fishing here is very poor and we trolled all the forenoon catching but very few. The glory of Louis has parted for the season and we mean soon to change our quarters. That was a fine buck we got last night, and our morning meal and dinner from his carcass was eaten with gusto. B. tells me there were six shot holes in his skin so he was tolerably peppered. It is very hot and the southerly wind comes in puffs only, across the lake. We sent out one of the Sturges' boys this morning with a pack load of trout to Lake Pleasant; that they may be put on ice. B. and I have had a discussion on the very important question whether in trolling our hooks should be inserted in the backs of the shiners or in the belly. He gives for the belly, I the back - the guides agree with me, but B. in fishing matters is hard to beat. Within the past few days I have used an application for the skin to prevent the black flies biting, and does very well until it evaporates or rubs off. This was composed of a pint of olive oil in which two ounces of crude camphor have been dissolved. We both took a turn around the lake after dark for deer but saw none.

Friday the 10th. After breakfast again on the move, starting in our boats across the lake with our plunder. Adieu old Louis Lake, and shouldering our packs, up the mountain we start. We are bound for the Jessup's River, near the Indian Clearing and on the trip there we expect to catch a good many trout, by strict and legitimate fly fishing. We had some four miles to tramp, and on our way, Silas discovered a young fawn, a few days old. The poor little thing was not afraid of us but looked piteously in our faces with its large and lustrous eyes. They told me it might be easily tamed but laden as we were with baggage, William barked like a hound when off it started and soon disappeared in the bushes. It was a pretty little animal and beautifully spotted.

On reaching the river, we commenced fishing, but with miserable success; the trout were small and it is evident the large fish have not yet worked up stream. We shantied near the river, and suffered great torture from the swarms of black flies and mosquitoes. There is no way of fishing the stream here except by getting in and wading, for the trees and brush are very dense along the water's edge.

Saturday the 11th. What between too much fire and myriads of mosquitoes, I never spent a more comfortless night. We rose very early and started on our tramp out for Lake Pleasant. After a walk of five miles, we find a team waiting us at the State road; and thence ride to the house of Mr. Holmes where I am delighted to learn the girls are well and so also Mrs. P. who has caught during our absence a lake trout larger than either B. or I. Have you ever been in the woods two weeks without shaving, a thorough wash, and your clothes torn and saturated with perspiration? If so, I need not tell you the glorious and soothing comfort of a thorough change of raiment, perfect ablution and a clean shave.

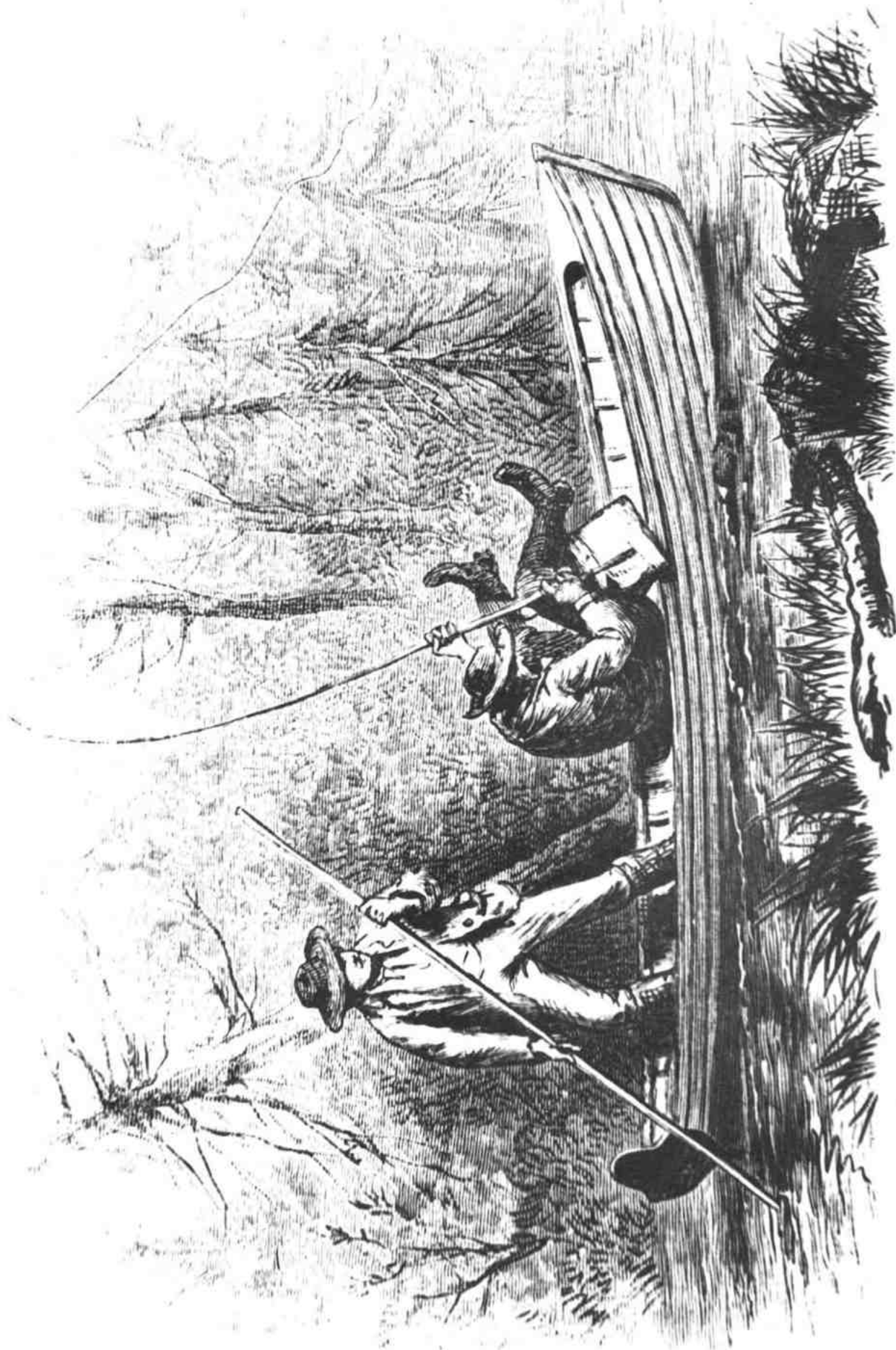
Monday the 13th. Left Albany at 3¼ p.m. by Hudson River Railroad, returning to New York about 8½ p.m.

Note: General Wolfe fell at Quebec on September 13th, 1759 thus making Cibelee 106 years old. We took into the woods with us, 3¼ lbs. of tea, 13 lbs. of sugar, 6 bottles of brandy, 175 cigars, besides smoking tobacco; of all we had enough exactly without scrimping and about ¼ lb. of tea left - sugar perhaps a little short. The men were all fond of tea and took it at every meal.

This ends the journal of a good fellow, a good sportsman, and a good friend. I can add nothing to his truthful picture, but one more, "ye woods adieu"; and when I visit ye again, may I be accompanied by the same Scotch matron and two Scottish lassies, who I doubt not will long remember their first trip to Hamilton County.

B.

- from the *Spirit of the Times*
March 11, 1854, P. 39



AN EXPERIMENT IN NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

"Fishician" Dr. Fessenden Nott Otis was an accomplished artist. This engraving, from a sketch by him illustrated an article by Wm. Seymour, "The Rangeley Lakes," published in *Scribner's Monthly*, 1877. Scribner's published a number of articles on fishing centers. (Not in the Museum Library.) Preserving the fly fishers' art is a Museum function.

Poetry for Gourmets

Alvan Macauley, Jr. of Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan, a Trustee and long time contributor to the Museum, sends us these pleasant verses. Those that fish for Atlantic salmon have a gregarious instinct that seems to draw them together to celebrate the simple fact that they would rather fish for salmon than engage in any other sport.

Alvan Macauley's parents visited the Grande Cascapedia just a little bit beyond yesterday and may have enjoyed the last great runs of fish in that river. Frank Gray Griswold reported that in 1924 the salmon were both abundant and of great size, 7 rods of the Cascapedia Club taking 589 fish which weighed 12,878 pounds. The largest weighed over 40 lbs. Alvan's father was the annual guest of Joseph B. Schlotman for many years. The small groups who fished the Grande Cascapedia often met between seasons.

Alvan's mother died in 1974 at the age of 102. The following verses were found in her effects. They were written for Mr. Frank C. Rand's Salmon Dinner, at the Harbor Point Club House, Harbor Springs, Michigan, by Ruth Latham Ball.

THE ANGLER'S DREAM

From out the distant reaches
Of mountain, sea and land
Earth's bounty shows no limit
When the table is set by Rand.

We taste the tang of spices
From India's sunny clime
We've enjoyed the fruits and ices
And the golden juice of lime.

There is sugar from an island
Down on a southern sea
Then China sends her tempered best
In a lacquered box of tea.

The potato comes from Ireland
The bread from Kansas plain
This round of savory olive
Once knew the slopes of Spain.

From a dim and quiet woodland
From breast of shady brook
We have the curly water cress
From out her sheltered nook.

I wish that the initials
U. S. S. R.
Were stamped a bit less plainly
On the salty caviar.

Let us mention, too, the onion
From Bermuda's glimmering sands
And hearts of Michigan celery
White as any lady's hands.

To their many worthy virtues
We now would give acclaim
Nor fail we in our tribute
To radiant Java's name.

But, last of all, these viands
Must complement one dish;
Tonight we all have gathered here
To celebrate - the Fish!

From the banks of Ristigouche
To the shores of Traverse Bay
The piece de resistance of this feast
Has come to crown the day.

So I lift my glass to drink a toast
To excellence - most uncommon.
I give you then, my fellow guests,
That paragon - the Salmon!



Dean Sage

Part IV - The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing and The Angling Library of Dean Sage

by David B. Ledlie

THE RISTIGOUCHE AND ITS SALMON FISHING

Scribner & Welford handled the distribution of *The Ristigouche* in the United States. Their letter to Dean Sage follows:

Scribner & Welford
Importers of Books
743-745 Broadway

New York, Dec. 28, '87

Mr. Dean Sage

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 18th, with advices concerning the book, and the package of etchings, etc., came duly to hand. In the rush of Christmas work it was pushed one side, but we were glad to get the information and it is all carefully noted. Everything promises well about the book, and we are confident that it will be very choice.

Now that Christmas is over, a little delay more or less will not matter, so we trust that Mr. Douglas will take all the time necessary.

When the book is ready, will you please direct Mr. Douglas to send our copies to our London representative, Mr. L. W. Bangs, care Sampson Low and Company, and he will enclose them with our other goods. We should be very glad to have your copies also come in the same way at the same time and we will hold them for you as desired. As soon as you can advise us of the cost, we should be glad to hear.

On the title page you sent us, we note that it says "Published by David Douglas." If the printing has not gone too far, and if it would be agreeable to you, we should be glad if our imprint could also appear say in some such way as this:-

Edinburgh
David Douglas

New York
Scribner & Welford

This omits the words "published by," but perhaps they are not essential. (Douglas did not change this. See title page in Vol. 3 No. 4, page 25 *The American Fly Fisher*.) Or perhaps some other arrangement would be better such as:-

Edinburgh
David Douglas

New York
Scribner & Welford

Very truly yours,

Scribner & Welford
(Henry L. Smith)

Sage's wife, Sarah, was intimately involved in the publication process. Portions of her letters to David Douglas follow:

"It was pleasant to see your handwriting once more, and the idea of using Susie's sketch in the book pleases me. We are both struck with the fact that there is something not in good drawing where I have made a blot while intending only to make a dot. Is this to your eye an exact copy of the drawing? Susie thinks she could not remedy it without the model. If you mention this to the Artist, perhaps he can tell what it is. I think this face very like Mr. Sage's and like the idea of its use as a tail piece with the latin as you suggest, but no English reference to the Adirondacks. Dean feels that this is wholly a Ristigouche book. Our Adirondack pleasures are tame compared to those of Salmon River (*the Sage family owned a cottage on Hewitt Lake in the Adirondacks*). I mean for his taste. I returned the other sketches this morning and hope they will reach you safely. I have written all about the sketches to Mr. Sage and my decisions so that he can write you on the subject if he thinks necessary. It seems to me that the face in the enclosed sketch is even more like Mr. Sage than Susie's, but I suppose if you found any difficulty in the figure. Susie's sketch could be reduced through photography." (Sage-Douglas letters, Jan. (?) 1888)

And from a letter dated Paris, Jan. 14th, 1888 Sarah writes:

"This morning's mail has brought the sketches and your kind letter. I think you are very observing to notice that they lack the (*word or phrase missing*) of the scenery of the river. The figures have the appearance of backwoodsmen as we call them. On the Ristigouche the fishermen are only seen with the Indians. While speaking of the book, did Mr. Sage or I, either of us, speak about the map for the title page? We both like it and I think I told Mr. Sage that I would say so in my letter. The common scroll that encloses it could, I should think, easily be improved."

W. G. Burn-Murdoch designed the vignettes for the chapter headings of *The Ristigouche*. An example of his work is included in an accompanying illustration.

Jan. 16th, 1888

Dear Mr. Douglas:

The engraver I would advise you to employ is a man Thomas N. Pridge. He was employed by Mr. Blackit to engrave the first heading, and in my opinion did very well. Your best plan is to send him here to get the plates and give him the proofs. If he requires any advice he had better come to me:

I send you one completed vignette as approved of.

Yours faithfully,
W. G. Burn-Murdoch

The small vignettes are for the following chapters.



Initial letter and head piece . . . a proof of the heading to Chapter IV by Burn-Murdock.



Apparently, Sage did not take Burn-Murdock's advice. All of Murdock's chapter headings were engraved either by Thompson, Annan and Swan, Aikman, or Adam.

Hillside, Menand's Road
13th Feb. '88

Mr. Dear Friend:

I have just returned from my Western trip which has been an unusually hard one. I was in the woods one day with the thermometer 24 degrees below zero. I have just time to write you a short business note about your last letters.

As to the preface, if you have no serious and vital objection, I would prefer to have No. 1. (mine with the alterations indicated on it) I want to have your part quite as prominent as it should be rightfully. If it is only your natural modesty which makes you hesitate to have the truth told, I hope you may overcome it, but if it is a deeper feeling I am willing to yield.

Second, as to the dedication, I think my father would prefer leaving out the adjective, and I return No. 2 with that omission.

Third, I return the only title page I have which I suppose is the one you want. The others are at Scribners, also the proof of the listed illustrations. Bogan is a word which I supposed was of Scottish origin meaning a little lagoon or bay caused by some small stream emptying into a larger one.

The more I thought of Scribner's proposal to have their name appear with yours on the title page, the "checkier" it appeared to me and I was sorry that I had mentioned it to you at all. I have long since become entirely resigned to any delay in the publication of the book and now the only effect I receive from an announcement of another postponement is that I sympathize with you who are having all the trouble.

I will send you 300 more pounds tomorrow or next day, as exchange is cheap now.

I beg you to believe that I deplore the sorrow you have met in the loss of your old friend. Such partings grow more frequent as we advance in age and serve as premonitions of our own fast approaching end. My friends and dear ones have thus far been singularly spared but I am sure that I cannot escape with only the one great sorrow that has yet to come.

I sail on the City of Berlin March 30th and expect to meet my wife and the girls in London the 11th or 12th and go on to Edinburgh the last of that week. Will write you on reaching London and ask you to send to the hotel where we stopped, if you remember it and engage rooms for us.

Affectionately,
Dean Sage

Sage mentions in the Preface to *The Ristigouche* (dated Albany, N. Y. December 1887) that the text of the book was completed in 1886. The cost of publication which includes everything from artist fees to postage stamps came to \$3,678.13. One hundred and five copies were printed of which 25 were for sale in the United States, 25 were for sale in England, 50 were for

presentation, and five were ear marked for public libraries. The imperial octavo volume contained eleven chapters, was 291 pages in length; and in addition to a fold-out map of the Ristigouche drawn and lithographed by John Bartholomew contained seventy engraved illustrations. The contributing artists were G. Reid, W. G. Burn-Murdoch, J. Adam, S. Parrish, A. L. Merritt, C. A. Platt, H. Sandham, S. Sage, G. Aikman, G. Ferrier, Townsend, C. O. Murray, J. W. Taylor, Annan, Swan, and A. S. Thompson.

The following chapter headings are listed:

- I The River
- II Canoes and Indians
- III Camp Harmony
- IV The Salmon
- V Tackle and How to Use It
- VI The Salmon of the Matapedia Bridge
- VII Hours for Angling
- VIII The Waugan et Infra
- IX The Season of 1885
- X The Adventures of 1886
- XI Angling Literature

Two additional chapters were written by Sage: *The Season of 1887* and a chapter on flies: but these were not included in the published volume (see Sage-Douglas letter - Dec. 18, 1887). The book was sold in the United States by Scribner and Welford at \$100 per copy.

It went on sale (probably) in June of 1888 (a highly favorable review appeared in the July 19, 1888 issue of "The Nation" to which Sage was a frequent contributor). In a letter to David Douglas dated August 2, 1888, Sage mentions that the book is selling well, and that Scribner considers it "the handsomest sporting book yet issued." In late September of that same year, Sage and his wife visited New York City.

"I was in New York last week with my wife and went to Scribners. They had sold all their twenty-five copies of my book and got \$100 for each copy. The duty they paid by having the books valued, I suppose, was under \$4.50 per copy. This left them profits on the twenty-five copies over \$1,200.00 and at the same rate they will make on the 10 copies they have had from you at pounds 10-10 each, over \$400 more even if they don't raise the price, which I advised them to do, as there are a number of possible buyers who are still unsatisfied. I am sorry I did not know this sooner that you might have asked them more for your ten copies. They have had none of the worry or work, and have calmly walked in at the eleventh hour and gathered all the booty. Another case of 'Sic vos non votis.'" (Sage-Douglas letters, Sept. 25, 1888.)



Dean Sage's note book which contains the original manuscript of *The Ristigouche* and its Salmon Fishing (342 pages).

According to Sage's own records, Scribner and Welford bought 25 copies from Sage and nine copies from Douglas. Douglas was originally sold 24 copies; thus, 15 copies remained for sale in Edinburgh. Of those sold by Scribner, only 27 are listed as purchased. Among the purchasers were Robert Golet, W. K. Vanderbilt, and Daniel Fearing (not to be outdone, he bought two copies). Forty-two presentation copies are listed by Sage. Of these, we have been able to ascertain the numbers of seventeen copies:

Number	Presented to-
1	Henry Williams Sage
14	Sir Donald Smith
21	O. H. Payne
22	L. C. Bramerd
23	Captain and Mrs. Sweny
24	Mrs. J. W. Pruyn
36	Sanford Fleming
38	Dudley Alcott
39	Mrs. H. M. Shipley
41	Mrs. H. P. Whitney
42	W. P. Clyde
84	J. M. Hamilton
85	H. M. Hanna
88	Henry M. Sage
91	F. H. Ellis
93	Bernard Quaritch
95	Susan Cooper

Others who were presented a copy of the book included Noah Porter (President, Yale University), Samuel Clemens, The Grolier Club, and the Duke of Beaufort. Eight presentation copies are unaccounted for. (We are advised that copies No. 11 and No. 89 contain Sage's Bookplate - indicating that he kept at least two of the eight copies.)

The original manuscript of *The Ristigouche* is shown in the accompanying photographs. We are indebted to Yale University's Beinecke Library for allowing us to photograph the manuscript.

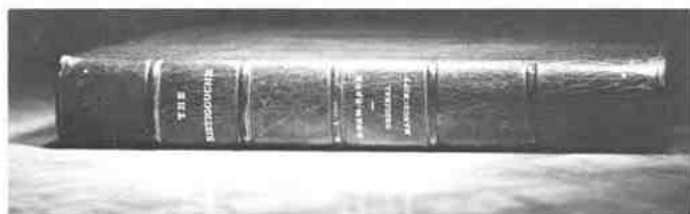
While Sage's magnificent volume contains much "how to" information for the successful capture of the Atlantic salmon, it is much more the saga of a man and the river he loved - a potpourri of his personal adventures centered around a gentleman's retreat in the "wilds" of Canada. It is flavored with the humor and the dialect of the Mic-Mac, the history of the river, and some thoughts on angling literature, and is garnished with a profusion of lavish embellishments.

Much more valuable to the pedestrian salmon angler of the day was a lengthy essay (seven chapters, 149 pages) devoted almost exclusively to the pursuit and capture of the Atlantic salmon that appeared in a book entitled *Salmon and Trout* by Dean



"Twilight on the River," the frontis piece for *The Ristigouche* which was drawn by George Reid. This is a photograph of a proof that was sent to Sage for his approval.

Sage and others. (2 editions were published. A trade edition and a large paper edition limited to 100 copies.) This was a volume which formed a part of the American Sportsman's Library, edited by Casper Whitney and published in 1902 - the year of Sage's death. In addition to the aforementioned volume, Sage published an article entitled "Salmon Angling" in *Outing* magazine in 1900 (vol. 36, p. 389). The article was also devoted to the "how to" aspects of salmon angling.



Full leather case which houses Sage's original manuscript at the Yale University Beinecke Rare Book Library.



THE ANGLING LIBRARY OF DEAN SAGE

The well known angling library of Dean Sage contained nearly 1625 volumes (including some duplicates) at the time of his death. The listing is contained in two privately printed volumes:

A Catalog of the Books on Angling Belonging to Mr. Dean Sage
(1896)

and

A Supplement to the Catalog of Books on Angling
Collected by Mr. Dean Sage
(1904)

Both books were limited to 50 copies and printed at the DeVinne Press. Apparently Sage had quite a time with DeVinne for he mentions in a letter to David Douglas:

"After much delay and loss of temper on my part the catalogue of my angling collection has been published by DeVinne and I send you one of the 50 copies. It contains several very exasperating printer's blunders two of which you will observe in the preface and two on pp. 208 and 210. Mr. George Daniel's inscription on the fly leaf on the 5th Walton . . . 'From my friend William Pickering, Vale!' being rendered 'From my friend William Pickering Vale'." (Sage-Douglas letters, Nov. 29, 1896.)

The following excerpts gleaned from the Sage-Douglas letters deal with the growth of the Sage angling library. The library grew rapidly as is evidenced below:

"I have the first installment of my angling collection from London, about 300 volumes. Nearly all rare and over 100 of them from Westwood's collection, many presentation copies to him with letters from the author inserted." (Nov. 26, 1882).

and

"My angling collection grows apace. I must have now between 1600 and 1700 volumes, some duplicates to be sure, but on the whole, quite satisfactory. I have secured a Walton first at a cost in London of 50 pounds but am not quite content with its appearance as there are more inaccuracies in the pagination than are to be found in the accepted models. The Berners I shall have to wait the results of another year's successful business before getting. My wife complains that all the books save angling ones that we have had for the past year have been presented us, mostly by you but this does not prevent my telling you on your request that I have not the 'Songs of the Edinburgh Angling Club' you speak of." (May 5, 1883).



From top to bottom: *Supplement to the Catalog of a Collection of Books on Angling*, *Catalog of a Collection of Books on Angling*, *Salmon Fishing in Galway, Ireland* and *The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing*.

and

"I have been making some additions to my angling collection since I wrote, the most notable of which is a set of the first 4 editions of Walton which belonged to Joseph Crawhall of Newcastle, that of 1653 having been in the possession of John Evelyn. I had to pay 120 pounds for these, but they have a sentimental value (expressed in money) by reason of their former owners and the price didn't seem so high judging from what an imperfect copy of the issue of 1653 fetched at the Beckford sale the other day - 87 pounds - the last leaf being defective.

"I now have 2 sets of copies of the first five editions and I think my collection in volumes must number near 2,000. A good many of these, however, are duplicates of which I shall dispose of after a time, keeping the best." (Dec. 19, 1883).

Apparently business was not as brisk as originally perceived by Sage in 1883 for he had to wait more than six years before he purchased a first edition of Berners.

"Quaritch has just sent me on approval a copy of the 1496 edition of Julyana Barnes (obtained from the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch) with 2 fascimile leaves, the rest original. Two hundred and ten pounds and I think I shall take it. I passed last evening in collating it with the Haslewood fascimile and found it substantially all right." (Sage-Douglas letters, July 30, 1893).

Bernard Quaritch, a world renowned, London antiquarian book dealer was a good friend of Dean Sage. In fact, when Quaritch died, Sage was asked to write a biographical sketch of the famous bookman. The piece appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1901 (vol. 185, p. 843).



A corner of the famous Dean Sage library at Hillside, Menands, New York.

When Sage died, the library was passed on to his son Dean Sage, Jr. He augmented (he added approximately 200 volumes) the library of his father - adding to it such rarities as the second edition of Denny's *The Secrets of Angling* (c 1620) and Samuel Gardiner's *A Book of Angling or Fishing* (1606). The library was sold in April of 1942 by Parke-Bernet Galleries. The five hundred and fifty-two lots (composed of approximately 1,800 volumes) brought a total of \$10,764. The average price per book was under 6 dollars!! According to Charles Wetzel, additional volumes were sold in January of 1941 by Park-Bernet, however, these volumes were not part of the angling library.



"Walton & The Milk Maids" a painting which was done for Sage by George Boughton. The painting was, no doubt, hung in the Angling Library.

This concludes our biography of Dean Sage. We have been somewhat negligent in our treatment of this famous angler-author in that spatial requirements (as well as an editor who sees things only through a fish's eye) have not allowed us to pursue a myriad of interesting non-angling facets of Dean Sage's life. Nevertheless, our story has come to an end and we are deeply indebted to the following supporters who, so graciously and generously, gave of their valuable time in helping to bring this project to fruition:

Ms. A. A. Andrick, DeWitt Historical Society

Mr. J. S. Beck

Mrs. J. T. Carpinello, Albany Law School

Mr. H. S. Fenimore Cooper

Mr. Austin Hogan

Miss K. Jacklin, Cornell University

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Ms. S. Pease, University of Vermont

Mr. Dewitt Sage

Mrs. E. T. H. Talmage

Miss D. M. Rybur, Albany Institute of History and Art

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Miss M. Wynne, Yale University

Ms. R. Young, Long Island Historical Society



MEMORIAL TO A RODMAKER

CHARLES FRAZEE MURPHY

Charles Frazee Murphy, a noted maker of split-bamboo fishing rods, and the first one to make a rod on that plan from tip to butt, died in Newark, N. J., Dec. 15. He was born in 1825, and from a very early age was an enthusiastic angler and sportsman. As he grew up he became recognized as one of the best fly-casters and crack shots in America. For the last forty years he has caught more fish and killed more birds than any man in New Jersey. In his youth he was known as the strongest man of his size in that State. He stood 5 ft. 6 in. and never weighed over 125 lbs., yet he could easily lift a barrel of flour or plaster and put it on his head. He could also cross an unplastered room by gripping the beams overhead with his fingers and thumbs. When he was 56 years of age he jumped a few inches over 100 ft. in ten successive standing jumps. He was also a great boxer, and as quick as a flash. On one occasion he got decidedly the best of "awful" Gardner, when that terror of the ring was in his prime. He excelled in all athletic sports where strength and quickness were requisite.

In 1860 Mr. Murphy conceived the idea of manufacturing split-bamboo rods for the trade, and for a number of years supplied the rod, made of four strands, to the well-known firm of Andrew Clerk & Co., in New York City. Had Mr. Murphy patented his process of manufacture, it is thought he would have made a fortune. "Honest Charley Murphy," however, was a very conscientious workman, and he would not intrust to any assistant the work he thought it necessary for him to perform. Thus, while he made but a limited number of rods every year, they secured good prices, and were eagerly sought for by the most prominent anglers in this country and Europe.

A more honest man and a true friend never lived. In temperament he was nervous, excitable and self-willed. Mr. Murphy was unquestionably an original. He was fond of any kind of fun and was possessed of a quaint, dry wit. In speaking of him the other day his friend, the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, remarked, "It takes all kinds to make a world, but Mr. Murphy's death has completely broken up the set."

During his long lifetime in the field he was the associate of many noted sportsmen, among whom were Henry William Herbert (Frank Forester) when he lived in Newark; Henry Toler, Mike Sanford and Bill Darrah, who under other names are the leading characters in the "Warwick Wonderlands." With either fly or bait rod Mr. Murphy was an expert, and a hard man to beat. He was a great lover of nature and a close observer. When fish and game began to grow scarce he became very bitter in his denunciation of the "march of improvement." He said he "could no longer go shooting on the Newark meadows without some locomotive or other coming along and knocking the gun out of his hands." Mr. Murphy throughout his shooting career held to the muzzleloader. A better snipe shot never lived. He once killed 94 without a miss. Two years ago he was appointed game and fish warden for Essex County.

As a living treasure of local history, as a genial and ever fresh source of stories that were better than history, Mr. Murphy will be best remembered. His personal activity, his quick motions, his short, lithe, well proportioned body, his bright eye, his long soft hair, all seemed to be and to make part of his story; and his wonderful memory was the treasure house of his jewels, and his perfect art in drawing out his incidents was the setting that gave them double worth and interest.

FOREST & STREAM
December 22, 1887



THE MARKET PLACE

The year 1976 witnessed a period of inflated prices which makes it exceedingly difficult to establish any kind of a critical judgment as to whether or not any angling book, print, original art work or item of antique tackle is priced commensurate with what the Internal Revenue Service designates its fair market value. A survey of dealer's catalogues suggests scarcity the most important of the critical factors rather than the timeless worth which in times past kept certain items always at peak value. There seems to be little point in discussing these values for there seems to be no way of establishing a basis for comparison. Shock waves are bound to ripple up and down the spine each time a new price list is received and a purchaser of an antique rod or rare book must beat the breast and say three "our Fathers" when writing out the check. To buy or not to buy isn't an easy decision.

The new book Market does seem to be attaining some degree of stability and within our own little bailiwick of the Museum and its membership, it's good to report members have produced a number of books on angling well worth the asking price.

The first contribution to our library in 1976 was Henry Bruns' *Angling Books of the Americas*, the Angler's Press, Atlanta, Ga. 1975. A bibliography of 543 pages and over 2,000 entries, it is a massive thing. Bruns is not a professional bibliographer, but the love for angling books has made this a truly inspired effort. I recall the author writing me he had over 20 years in his research and the sheer numbers of titles prove it. The price for the trade edition is \$60. There is a limited edition available but I am not sure of the price at this writing due to the before mentioned inflation. I can say, however, if you are interested in angling books of the past, there is no way of living without it. It also can be added that once acquired it will be a time to get conditioned to a series of frustrations, for you will find listings of books you never dreamed existed and a number of shocks that suggest Goodspeed, Wetzel and others might have done their homework a little better. You will also find Bruns attempted a project beyond the scope of any one person. A bibliography covering a time span from Colonial times to the present really requires a group effort. The one man job has resulted in omissions which too often are inexcusable.

But even if the Bruns bib has its shortcomings it still is easily worth the money. *Angling Books of the Americas* should be on the shelves of every major library in the country.

In a previous issue of this magazine, I pointed out there seems to be a trend toward again publishing the "prestige" angling book citing Dean Sage's *The Ristigouche*, by the Angler's and Shooter's Press, as an example. Col. Siegel has repeated with Shirley Wood's *Angling for Atlantic Salmon*, illustrated by Tom Hennessey, introduction by Dana Lamb and limited to 990 copies, signed by the author and artist. Shirley Woods is a business-man living in Ottawa who has written the first book to give the complete modern story of fishing for the Atlantic salmon on the rivers of Eastern Canada and provide a vivid and intriguing picture of the sport which in spite of its costs is attracting more enthusiasts every year.

Slip cased, bound in crimson buckram with gold stampings, it is a handsome volume and the paper is Curtis natural woven rag, a proper combination along with the excellent illustrations. The price of \$59.50 includes postage and insurance.

When the Museum was in its early years, there were a number of volunteers who helped us greatly in the routine tasks of inspecting, registering and appraising the memorabilia that constitute the Museum's first collections of rarities. Among them was Martin J. Keane, the dealer in classic rods, who gave freely of his time and experience. He was then gathering the material for a book. *Classic Rods and Rodmakers*, Winchester, 246 pps., \$15.00 is now in print. The book is an authentic, first history of its kind and we are more than pleased it is a member of the Museum's staff and Board of Trustees who has pioneered the field. The photos, taken by the author, are excellent and the overall perspective is sharply in focus. The author divides rod-

makers geographically, beginning with the early Easterners such as Leonard, Payne, Orvis, Thomas, Edwards, Gillum and Garrison, as the first classicists. Middle Americans are Dickinson and Young; Westerns, the Powells, Winston and Howells. Many more rodmakers are discussed and an early history given with the themes all revolving around the contributions of each to the development of the American split bamboo fly rod.

It will take time for this book to be recognized as the basic text long needed by the American fly fisher - needed in the sense a dictionary or encyclopedia is needed. Yet I suppose, just as a good number of people will never feel the need for a dictionary, so, there are fly fishers whose concern is limited only to the fishing. Those who do read will grow in stature.

We have a book equally as valuable on the history of reels, as yet unpublished, written by John Orrelle. From my perspective, that it has not yet appeared in print, is to the shame of the publishers who apparently are selling a profitable segment of the book buying public a little short.

Keane's *Classic Rods and Rodmakers* should go into several editions and has the honest research behind it a reference requires.

In another direction so does Charles E. Brooks' *Nymph Fishing for Larger Trout*, Crown Publishers, \$9.95. Charlie, is an old and trusted friend of the Museum who has also given freely of his time and experience. One of the first Westerners to realize western nymph fishing had a few hitherto undivulged secrets, he began his questioning over a decade ago. He would be the first to admit he doesn't have all the answers but who else has ever told us the live natural never puts its belly to the sky or fumbles or bumbles along the bottom in its pursuit of food, as is obviously what happens to the artificial if it isn't controlled. The masters, such as Skues and Leisenring are given the good second look to the reader's advantage but what is most evident, Charles Brooks shows what he is talking about. The photo color plates are excellent. Illustrations + diagrams are by Dave Whitlock.

In truth, all the authors mentioned have the expertise, make the clear explanation, and make the purchase of their books no gamble at all. Most refreshing is the fact there isn't a Narcist in the bunch. Of late years, the number of authors who find themselves such beautiful and knowledgeable fly fishers they can hardly stand themselves, has been on the increase. Let's hope books such as these set an example for a reversal of that direction.

A. S. H.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE ANGLER IN NEW ZEALAND

The combined arts of pisciculture and acclimatization have completely upset all the old-fashioned ideas as to where to go for sport, and also as to size and habits of even the most familiar kind of fish. If any of the most noted American anglers were asked to say, at a word, where the biggest trout in the world are to be caught, they would probably be puzzled for an answer, and the chances are a hundred to one that they would give a wrong one. Those who have the "inside notion," however, would have not a moment's hesitation in replying, "New Zealand, for a thousand dollars!" And they would win the money, if any one were rash enough to put it up.

Taking all the elements of enjoyment for anglers into consideration, indeed, not only are the biggest trout in the world to be caught in the wonderland of the Pacific, as New Zealand has been justly called; but the pleasantest and by no means the most expensive fishing is to be had there. In a word, it is an angler's paradise; and any one who has spent a season there can honestly lay over the most stupendous "fish stories" that he is likely to hear anywhere else. It is a curious feature of the country that everything is on a gigantic scale. the moa (*Dinornis gigantea*), a wingless bird, with which the island once swarmed, stood 14 or

15 ft. high, and had legs as thick as a horse's. Even now, eggs of this monster are sometimes found, measuring 12 in. from end to end; and though no specimen of the living bird has yet been captured, vast skeletons are constantly being discovered. The acclimatized animals seem to follow the same law, for in every instance where they have been successfully established at all - and there have been some very perplexing failures - they have not only rapidly multiplied in enormous numbers, but also developed a size which would be deemed fabulous in their natural habitat. This is markedly the case with fish.

It is necessary to say here that New Zealand consists of two large islands and one small one, having an area altogether about as large as Great Britain, but longer and narrower, very much of the same shape as Italy, with the climate of the south of France, and a population of 650,000 British and 50,000 Maoris, who are the natives of the country. It lies out in mid-ocean, 1,200 miles from the nearest mainland, and it has higher mountains than any other country of equal breadth. A waterfall 2,000 feet high has recently been discovered among the little-known mountains of the West Coast; and the variety and magnificence of the river and forest scenery are indescribable.

It can be imagined what waters there are in such a country for fish. Yet, strange to say, nature placed no fish in them, or, at all events, none worth calling fish. Eels swarmed, and grew to an awful size; but there were no other native fish except a few little tittlebats and smelts, which are now used for bait. The acclimatization of fish began under the auspices of societies, aided by the Government, about twenty-five years ago; and has been accompanied by astonishing results. The salmon, the true *Salmo salar*, has been a most mortifying failure. The government and the acclimatization societies have spent many years, and, perhaps, a hundred thousand dollars, in trying to establish this king of fish; but all in vain. The ova arrive in excellent condition, they are triumphantly hatched out, and the fry thrive apace and attain a phenomenal size in the breeding ponds or weirs; but so surely as they go down to the sea, so surely every one of them falls a prey to some unknown enemy, and never a smolt returns to tell the tale.

But now comes the strangest thing. All other fish of the salmon species that have been introduced have done splendidly. The American brook trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) has made itself entirely at home, like a true bred Yankee, and seems likely to crowd others out of the location wherever it is placed. It is a great favorite with the colonists, from its beautiful appearance. The acclimatization societies do not yet consider it sufficiently established to allow it to be caught, and though it has been turned out in some open waters, I have never seen or heard of one being killed with rod and line.

Then the Loch Leven trout (*S. levenensis*) and the salmon trout (*S. trutta*) have been quite successfully established; and what is most remarkable, the salmon trout goes down fearlessly to the sea and holds its own against all foes, while the true salmon, a much stronger fish, invariably succumbs. The commonest fish of all, however, in New Zealand, and the one which has developed most marvellously, is the brown trout (*S. fario*), which you have also introduced into America. Many of the rivers and streams of both the North Island and the Middle Island - which are almost like two separate countries - are now plentifully stocked with these fish, and, notwithstanding the most ruthless poaching, they are finding their way into all sorts of unexpected places, where none have ever been turned out, by means of the deportations and migrations that occur during floods.

I was fishing a beautiful little stream in the North Island the other day - the Horokiwi is its musical Maori name - when a cheery looking, sunburnt settler came and stood by me, grinning and watching me throwing the fly with great interest. Presently he said: "Ketchin' trouts?"

"Trying to," I replied.

"They's nice, haint they? Leastways my old 'ooman do say so. I prefers heels myself; but I goes down with an 'ay-fork and ketches a couple o' trouts or so for the old 'ooman most hevery

evening."

"Oh, you 'ketches them with an 'ay-fork,' do you?" I said.

"Yes, you can get 'em any time that way. I haint go no patience to stand a-welting' the water with that there whip of a thing, and then p'raps lose 'em arter all."

And that is what goes on everywhere. The old hands among the bush settlers look in "trouts" simply as food. They prefer "heels," but they are getting to like trout, too, and they "ketch 'em" the quickest and surest way they can. Yet they breed and muster strong, and all the "ay-forks" in the country don't seem to make any difference.

There is one thing to be said, the acclimatization societies keep up the supply most energetically. They have breeding ponds, and they employ rangers, and all the better class of country settlers help them all they can. Many men of property in the back blocks never think of returning from town without a can or two of healthy fry -- many thousands, perhaps -- which they quietly turn out in some secluded stream, with a certainty of hearing good accounts of them some day. This is going on steadily from a great number of different points, and the consequence is that the fishing becomes more various and more satisfactory every year. All acclimatized birds, animals and fish are deemed to be the property of the acclimatization society within whose district they are found, and a license for shooting or fishing can only be obtained from them on payment of £1 (\$4) for the season. It is strictly against the law to sell trout. The fishing season commences on the 1st of October and lasts six months. Every sort of information and assistance can be obtained by writing to the secretary of the acclimatization society, who will always be found an enthusiastic sportsman and a courteous gentleman, only too delighted to welcome anglers from abroad.

But how about the biggest trout in the world?

Oh, well, I was just coming to them. There are several rivers in New Zealand -- mostly in the Middle Island -- where for some reason not clearly ascertained, the trout grow much more rapidly and to a larger size than elsewhere. One of these is the Opihi, in South Canterbury, on which is situated the picturesque village of Temuka. I have myself seen an honest brown trout caught there, weighing 28 lbs., and a firmer or better fish I never saw. I have known 40 lbs. of trout killed in the Opihi with one rod in a single evening, and not a long evening either, for darkness falls very suddenly in those latitudes. In the same river fish weighing 30 lbs. have been taken and eaten, and found delicious. I happened to know the country about there well, and I attribute the great size and good quality of the trout in the Opihi to the fact that the river, which rises in the snowy mountains, does not flow into the sea at all, but into a large, deep lagoon, many miles long, which only breaks out into the sea at flood times, though the sea water penetrates into it through the shingle bank, or flows over into it during stormy weather. This lagoon is, in fact, like an inclosed arm of the sea, and is alive with little fish, crabs and all sorts of marine and semi-marine creatures. Here the trout can get any quantity of food, and from the depth and saltness of the water, they develop some of the characteristics of salmon, the red flesh and the large size, without being exposed to the attacks of the ravenous sea-fish. The Matura, in South Otago, another snow river running into a lagoon, has trout as large as those in the Opihi.

A friend of mine who is a true angler, Mr. Alexander Ferguson, manager of the National Bank at Christchurch, Canterbury, to whom I applied for some authentic particulars of sport during the season just over, wrote to me, to follow me to America, as follows: "Brown trout weighing 20 lbs. and upward have been landed with rod and line from streams both in the north and south of Canterbury during the past season. On the Selwyn, a stream fifteen miles from Christchurch, three rods killed twenty-one fish weighing 144 lbs. on the 17th December, with natural bait, bullhead and smelt (small fish indigenous to the river). On the same day two rods killed sixty-four trout weighing 41½ lbs. with artificial fly, in a stream flowing into the Selwyn."

FOREST & STREAM
September 19, 1889

FLY-FISHING FOR STEELHEAD SALMON

During the spring of 1889 for the first time in tributaries of the Columbia River the steelhead salmon or Gairdner's trout have been taken in large numbers with artificial flies. These trout spawn in the small branches of the Clackamas, whose waters reach the Columbia through the Willamette. They ascend to their spawning grounds early in the spring and begin running down in May, increasing in numbers during June. In April a rack is placed in the Clackamas to stop the ascent of the chinook or quinnat salmon for the purpose of securing females to furnish eggs for the salmon-breeding station of the U. S. Fish Commission. This rack prevents the descent of the steelheads and becomes a center of abundance for the spent trout as well as for the gravid salmon. The enterprising anglers of Vancouver and Portland were quick to utilize this opportunity for their favorite pastime. There was almost no limit to the number of trout which were thin, but clean, silvery and perfectly ravenous after their arduous journey and protracted fast. The majority of those who had eaten the fish spoke favorably of their edible qualities. Nearly all the flies seemed to be killing.

The fish averaged fully 30 in. in length and were sufficiently gamy to suit the most exacting angler. An expert could be fully occupied the whole day long and every day in the week, landing perhaps twenty trout daily. Major Canby and Major Lee, of Vancouver Post, on the Columbia; Mr. John Cran, of Portland, and Mr. Reed, owner of the Bunker Hill mine, are among the enthusiasts whose skill was rewarded with almost a surfeit of success. Gradually, but surely, the salmon and trout of the West are becoming fascinated by the attractive devices of the fly-fishermen, and new sources of enjoyment are continually being discovered, where at first the disciples of Walton met with many discouragements.

FOREST AND STREAM
August 8, 1889

OREGON SALMON ANGLING

Here is a letter sent by one of our Portland (Oregon) readers to a friend in New York. The information will be welcomed:

"Last year was the first time to my knowledge that salmon would take the fly in Oregon waters away from tide water. That they would do so was discovered accidentally by a gentleman who was fishing for trout in the Clackamas, a mountain stream about twelve miles from here. The fishing was best from May 20 to June 15, and many large catches were made. My brother landed fourteen in one day, the largest of which measured 39 inches in length. They ran from 24 inches to 36 inches in length, and were all landed without help and after strong fights. My brother's catch was only an average one and was excelled on several occasions by gentlemen of my acquaintance.

"Most of the fishing is done in a beautiful pool 200 yards long and 40 yards wide, where the water is shoal on both sides, quickly deepens to a depth of 6 feet or 7 feet, and at its head has a current of about ten miles an hour.

"The favorite fly is of a reddish cast and is a hard one to describe, but can be procured here from local dealers. The most killing fly is one with wine body and brown speckled wings. Others used were black hackle, coachman, professor and bright red flies. If you come out bring a salmon rod with you, as the work is too heavy for a trout rod, and the best success is had from long casts well out in the current, the fisherman standing on the shore or wading out in the stream as he may prefer.

"June, July and August are considered the best months to visit Puget Sound and Alaska, and I would advise you to engage your passage north as far ahead as practicable, as the steamers can seldom accommodate all the tourist travel that offers.

"Should you come out here I will be glad to assist you in having some good sport with the rod, and if the salmon take hold this year as well as they did last year you will be able to 'catch more fish than you can carry.'"

FOREST & STREAM 1887

HOW TO ENJOY A MARTINI

(continued from back cover)

Sometime during the afternoon, especially if the trout are reasonably relaxed, it may be helpful to drive to the home of one or more friends who reside in the neighborhood, and whose homes offering a combination of Huck Finn-type kids, bird dogs, apple blossoms and barnyard chickens are to be preferred. It is in order, while passing the time of day, to discuss the subject of grouse shooting, and to accept invitations to come up gunning in the fall. With luck, of which Henry vanDyke wrote so charmingly, there should be at dusk, a tremendous hatch of duns large enough to be seen by eyes no longer twenty-twenty, and the water should be dimpled by some highly colored trout. These fish should not be so selective as to disdain your fly, your leaders should not break and your knots should not pull out. For a little while, but not too long, you should have good fishing but not quite as good as you might hope for. It is always best the best fish should not be caught.

Quiet should settle over the stream, and as you drive toward Roscoe, it is a good thing if a star or two should show in the sky. Nothing will be lost, if as you enter the Antrim, you encounter Bill Naden. And, color being most important, you may be expected to hope that the flaming scarlet shirt of Tom Collins is not far distant.

Behind the bar, of course, you see Frank - once of the Central Park Casino. You say, "make mine with House of Lords"; the ice twirls in the glasses, the mixer is frosty cold, the lemon peel snaps; the long stemmed glass glides towards you over the polished surface. That, Brothers of the Angle, is my idea of how to really enjoy a Martini.

from *On Trout Streams and Salmon Rivers*

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 request.

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

Associate	\$ 15.00
Sustaining	\$ 25.00
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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.

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Ogden Pleissner's *Lye Brook Pool*, one of the artist's most colorful and lovable water colors . . . reproduced on the finest papers. Limited Edition \$400.00, unframed. Of this \$380.00 is tax deductible.

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

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

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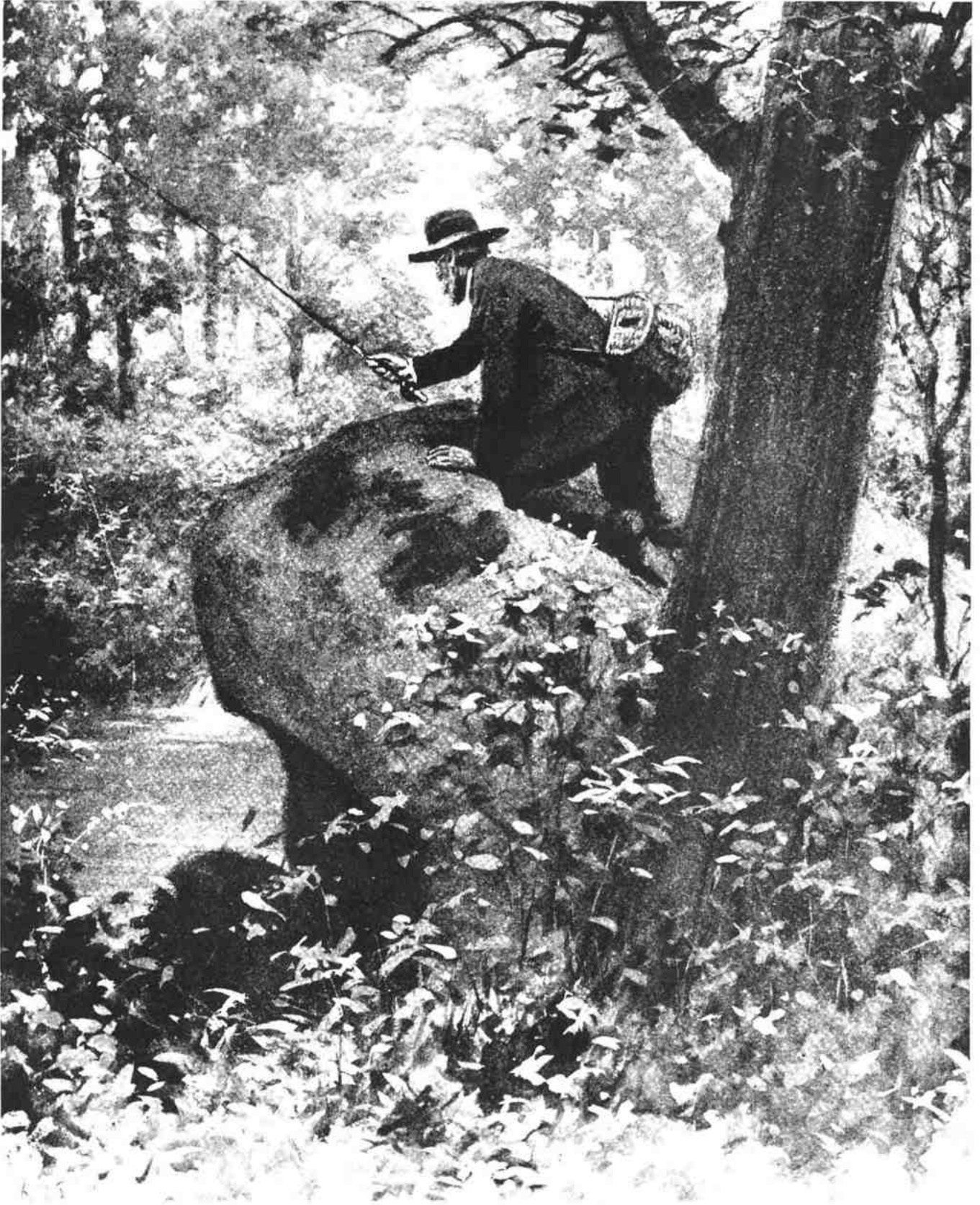
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EXHIBITS

The Museum exhibits are located in the Orvis Showrooms at Manchester, Vt. Three rooms displaying many hundreds of rarities are open to the public every day, all year. Rods, reels, flies, books and other related items can be viewed without charge. The rooms are air conditioned, well lighted and comfortable. Regrettably all the items owned by the Museum cannot be exhibited at one time because of lack of space but displays are changed frequently so that over a period of two years, members, donors, and the general public have the opportunity to view all contributions.

Museum Needs

*"... in a pool five or six feet deep."
A. B. Frost, American Angler, Dec. 1917*



A. B. Frost was but one of many great American artists who depicted the American Angler enjoying his fishing. The membership is urged to make special efforts toward building the Museum's Art Collection into one of the finest in the nation.



HOW TO REALLY ENJOY A MARTINI

by
Dana S. Lamb

Old machine gunners will recall the two-mill tap. It was a movement difficult to describe, but once perfected by long practice it made all the difference in the world in effectiveness of fire. Bartenders of the old Central Park Casino, employing a bottle of French Vermouth instead of a machine gun, perfected a similar and equally effective motion by which a Martini could be perfectly adjusted.

One hears so much today about how to derive the maximum enjoyment from this potion that I venture to offer my own recipe. It is unnecessary to place anything in an icebox the night before, but it is strongly recommended that the experiment be conducted as near as possible to Lew Beach, and that the imbibor commence his preparations while the robins are still singing, and the mist still hangs over the mountains. If he is summoned to an early breakfast by the ringing of the dinner bell so much the better, and it is entirely in order if more eggs and bacon and wheat cakes and sausages and coffee and toast are taken aboard than is advisable on city days.

It will be helpful if there is good company with whom to linger at the breakfast table discussing trout of outstanding personality or stature. Any discussion of such subjects as communism, politics or the stock market is of course, fatal.

A frequent ingredient is the mutual inspection of tackle, before retiring to a sundrenched veranda and a chair - preferably a broken rocker. Here one should exercise considerable deliberation as to which rod, reel, leader and fly is to be employed, what method is to be used and the place where one will commence to fish. If there is any evidence of a hatch, the line should be greased in the usual manner, and no harm will result if particular attention is paid to any violets or other wild flowers which may be in evidence. If there are some little pigs in adjoining pastures, that is all right too.

A small creel should be carried for the sole purpose of transporting a thermometer, a pair of field glasses, a brace of sandwiches and a bottle of ale. The latter at the appropriate time, should be placed in the stream for cooling purposes.

Before wetting a line, many Martini lovers make it a practice to move cautiously out onto a bridge to examine the bottom of the stream through any available cracks or knot holes. This is particularly effective if the scrutiny results in the discovery of what Arthur Ritter used to describe as a big old yellow belly; particularly if he is feeding.

The next step, of course, will be the cautious approach and entry into the stream, followed by slow and careful wading, casting and floating the fly. Whether the process results in raising any trout is a matter of little consequence. In fact, if one who makes a practice of releasing a fish is angling alone, it is often possible to report a better catch if there is no activity and consequent leisure to dream dreams than if one is distracted by having to play a fish.

All deer, scarlet tanagers, Baltimore orioles and similar objects should be examined with the field glasses. It is not, however, necessary to pay any heed to the passage of time. Hunger will indicate the proper time for the consumption of the sandwiches and ale, after which it will be wise to insert an hour or so of sleep. In fact, all suitable resting places should be taken advantage of in the manner of Les Petrie whose silhouette in sand was, in the old days, frequently seen on the banks of the Esopus or Ausable.

(continued on page 32)