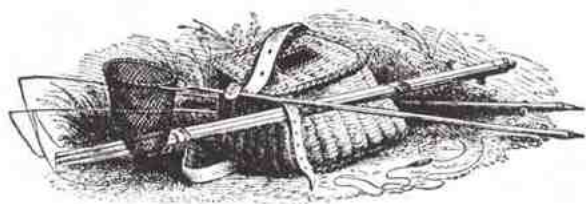


The American Fly Fisher



Vol. 4 No. 4
FALL 1977

Museum Needs

SALMON TACKLE.

FINE LANCEWOOD RODS, 14ft. long, - \$8.50
 HAND-MADE LANCE RODS, with 2 tips, - 12.00
 WHEELER'S SPLIT BAMBOO RODS, \$20.00 to 35.00
 LEONARD'S FINE " " \$40.00 and 50.00
 REELS, - - \$7.50, \$12.00, \$15.00 and \$22.00

FORREST'S SCOTCH SALMON FLIES.

EXTRA HEAVY LEADERS. GAFF HOOKS.

FINE ENAMELLED SALMON LINES.

Dame, Stoddard & Kendall,

Successors to BRADFORD & ANTHONY,

374 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



SEND FOR CHUBB'S

New Retail Catalogue for 1888, which contains 130 illustrations of Angling Goods, a description of 60 different kinds of Rods, from a 4¼-ounce Trout to a 26-ounce Salmon Rod. Address

THOS. H. CHUBB,

The Fishing Rod Manufacturer, Post Mills, Vt.



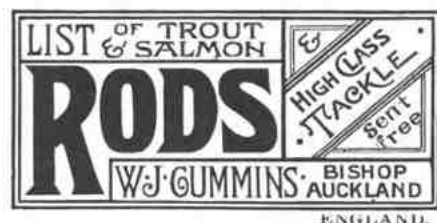
NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Sent to all ANGLERS who desire to procure the finest quality of

Rods, Reels, Flies,
AND ALL KINDS OF
FISHING TACKLE.

Personal attention to all orders.

C. F. ORVIS, Manchester, Vt.



FISHING RODS

For finest hand-made fishing Rods, send for descriptive price list to the man who does not sell to the trade, pays no agents' commission or rent, but sells direct to the angler, and gives him more value for the money than any manufacturer in this country. Address with stamp, EDWARD SMITH, Pittsford, Rutland Co., Vt.

Mention this paper.

QUEBEC

Forrest's Salmon Flies.
Complete assortment TROUT FLIES from patterns suitable for lakes and rivers in this vicinity.

Salmon & Trout Rods
LARGE ASSORTMENT.

Choice Gut Leaders, etc. Headquarters for Sporting Goods.

ANDREWS BROS., No. 1 St. John Street, QUEBEC, CAN.

CHARLES PLATH & SON,
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in
FINE FISHING TACKLE,
No. 130 Canal St. (near Bowery) New York.

Anglers, send stamp for our handsome Illustrated Catalogue of best made Rods, Reels, Lines, Flies, Minnows, Gangs, Trolling Baits, Amateur Rod Makers' Supplies and everything requisite for anglers.

NOTE—We manufacture all grades of Snelled Hooks, Leaders, Minnows, Gangs, Flies, etc., and will quote special prices to dealers.

REELS,

Rod Trimmings.

Patented Solderless Tie Guides.

ISAAC J. BOOTHE,
BIRMINGHAM. - CONN.

PRICE'S PATENT
Tin Tackle Cases.
IMPROVED—REDUCED.

Pocket, 7¼×3¼×1¼in. \$1.50
 Gem, 9×6×5¼in. 4.00
 Acme, 12×8×5¼in. 6.00

They are the best. Be sure to see them.

FOLDING (POCKET) HATS.

PATENTED.

Fishing—Three ounces, wide brim, pin stripe.
 Gunning—Five ounces, helmet, dead grass.

SEND SIZE OF HAT WANTED.

Either Hat by Mail 50 cts.

Illustrated circulars on application.

H. F. PRICE.

Box 2308. 29 Murray St., New York

PECK & SNYDER,

124, 126 & 128 Nassau St., N. Y.
DEALERS IN

Fine Fishing Tackle.

Two-piece Greenwood Lake Black Bass Rod, German Silver Mountings. \$1.50
 Same Rod, Nickel Plated Mountings. 3.50
 Fine Split Bamboo Fly or Bass Rods, German Silver Mountings, each. 15.00
 Same Rod, Nickel Mountings, each. 10.00
 Best Baits for Trolling for Bass or Pickerel are the White Bait Phantom Minnow, sizes Nos. 4 and 5, each 7c.; No. 6, 85
 Fine Trout Flies per dozen. 75
 Fine Bass Flies, per dozen. 1.50
 Best Fly Spoons, Nos. 4 and 5, each. 50
 American Spinner, Nos. 5 and 6, each. 75
 Nickel Plated Bass and Pickerel Trolls. 30
 Rubber Multiplying Reels, 60yds., with Patent Click. \$3.50; 80yds., \$3.75; 100yds., \$4.00.
SOMETHING NEW.—Sand Worm or Shrimp Box, very neat, \$1.25.

TO ANGLERS.

Hand-made Greenheart Trout Rods, 2 tips, partition bag 3-1. Carriage paid to any address in the States. Boyton Floating Flies—Trout size, 15cts.; Bass, 25cts.; Salmon 40cts. each; our English Trout Flies, a sample dozen for 50cts. Price list gratis.

KEWELL BROS.,

Manufacturers of all kinds of Superior Fishing Tackle, 810 Valencia St., San Francisco, Cal.

Silk Worm Gut.

CORMACK & CO. call attention of dealers, the trade and consumers to their large assortment of **Murcia Silk Worm Gut** for fishing tackle. Long and extra long, heavy and fine. Sample thousand, assorted grades, heavy to line \$7.50. Address

CORMACK & CO.,

81 New St., or Box 3,700, New York City.

HILL ON THE DOG.

THE STANDARD WORK ON THEIR

MANAGEMENT AND DISEASES.

Price \$2.00.

For sale by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

Contributions of memorabilia from these fine old tackle houses can be money in the bank for contributors. Members can help the Museum by emphasizing that tax deductions equivalent to the fair market value of these items are allowed donors by the Internal Revenue Service.

The American Fly Fisher

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

FALL 1977

Vol. 4 No. 4

Editor
Austin S. Hogan

Art Director
Anne K. Secor



OFFICERS

President
Carl Navarre

Vice President
Steve Raymond

Vice President
Austin S. Hogan

Treasurer
Leigh H. Perkins

Secretary and Ass't Treasurer
Mrs. Laura Towslee

Executive Director
Paul Schullery

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Through Miramichi with Rod and Rifle	p. 2
Glamour Girl of the Maine Lakes by Austin S. Hogan	p. 5
The Wild Man of Lucky Brook by C. C. Munn	p. 8
Fly-Tying in Winter by Arthur Ransome	p. 11
Natural and Artificial Flies	p. 12
A Christmas Garland Color Plate	p. 13
Color Fly Plates	p. 16 & 17
Color Plate	p. 20
Living Water: The Don by Sheona Lodge	p. 21
John's Cakes by W. H. Boardman	p. 23
Sporting Tour in August, 1858 by F. S. Stallknecht	p. 25
Paul(ina) Brandreth	p. 31
Museum Information	p. 32

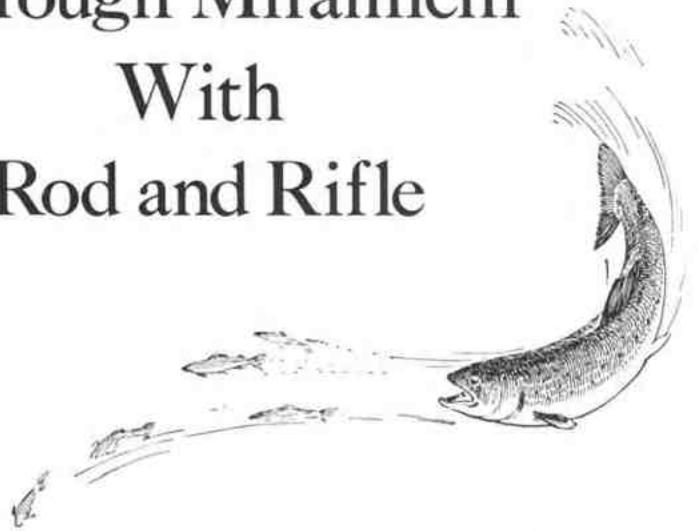
THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER, the magazine of THE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FLY FISHING, is published quarterly by the MUSEUM at Manchester, Vermont 05254. Subscription is free with payment of membership dues. All correspondence, letters, manuscripts, photographs and materials should be forwarded care of the Curator. The MUSEUM and MAGAZINE are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographs, materials or memorabilia. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations which are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER are to be considered gratuitous and become the property of the Museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Publication dates are January, April, July and October. Entered as Second Class matter at the U. S. Post Office, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

© Copyright 1977, THE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FLY FISHING, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Original material appearing may not be reprinted without prior permission.

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



Through Miramichi With Rod and Rifle



On the morning of August 20, 1888, a morning that broke glorious over the Nepissiquit Bay after two days of mist and rain, I found myself bidding good-bye to our well-fed host at the Wilbur Hotel, Bathurst, New Brunswick. Seated on an express wagon piled up with boxes and bags, and bristling with guns and rods, with two Indians perched on precarious eminences of the motley pile, we waved our farewells. A pair of weedy colts, better up to their work than their appearance promised, bowled us swiftly over the rough road, past farms and lots of uncleared forest, a distance of some nine miles, to the Papineau Falls on the Nepissiquit River, above which our canoe White Heather awaits us.

The Falls presented a very fine spectacle, the river pouring itself over a ledge of granite, and where it has receded leaving curious traces of water sculpture, such as circular basins in the solid rock, with the round stones still remaining, the gyrations of which had scooped the "pot-holes," so called. Here we left our wagon, which was to proceed along the rough lumber track on the river's eastern bank to join us some sixteen miles above at the Grand Falls, and this, therefore, will virtually be the starting point of the expedition.

The muscular arms of my two Indians, Joe and Peter, swiftly forced the light canoe against the rapid current, and having a permit to fish as I moved along, I willingly rested them at the principal salmon pools.

The first notable pool is Gordon Meadow Brook, named in honor of a former Governor of New Brunswick, famed for his sporting proclivities. Here the river is wide and shallow, but the mouth of a tributary stream invariably has a great fascination for the *Salmonidae*, and this proves no exception.

Fishing down some unpromising looking water, a cautionary word from Joe as we approach the peculiar swirl that marks a sunken rock, puts me on my guard, and not in vain. As the black-doe fly swings slowly round about a yard from the hidden rock, there is an upheaval of water, dear to the angler's eye, and the back fin and pink side of a large salmon have been revealed and quickly curtailed by the closing flood. A few moments to rest him, and I send the fly inch by inch nearer to where he broke, on the tip-toe of expectation. But no response. Surely he did not get a taste of its quality. What can be wrong? "Perhaps he has moved, sir," said Joe; and acting on the suggestion, I lengthen my line and send a cast several yards away to the other side of the ripple from the rock. The response was immediate;

with a sidelong rush that showed his black back and gleaming sides, he seized the fly, and instantly the line began to hiss from the reel, while the rod was strained almost double. He proved a very gamy fish of nearly sixteen pounds; and evidently set a high estimate on the value of his life, for he fought long and valiantly, and left no tactics untried to rid himself of the toils. A series of high springs, a straightaway rush at the pace of ninety miles an hour, twisting over and over under water and jerking heavily, striking savagely at the leader with his tail -- all proved of no avail. Admiration of his pluck almost made me regret his fate; but Joe's relentless gaff quivered for a moment only above the victim, then instantly, with unerring aim, the bright steel was buried in the shining side, and the metallic body was laid, bright and beautiful, on the bottom of the canoe. Before leaving this pool, I also killed a fine grilse of four pounds weight, which died game, and two large sea trout of a combined weight of five pounds.

A beautiful pool just beyond, where some immense masses of rocks overlook a lake-like expanse of the river, is noted as the place where a gentleman of St. John encamped with his whole family after being burned out of house and home by the great fire. As we passed a brood of young shield ducks were diving and disporting in a very lively fashion.

Among the most noted camping grounds that we passed, I must particularize the Middle Landing, where the river contracts itself into a deep, narrow gorge, and then pours itself into a placid pool, where grilse and salmon delight to linger; the Big Chain, one of the most picturesque parts of the lower river, where Lady McDonald spent a few weeks of the previous summer; the portage path here is like a bit of fairyland, so wondrously lovely is it with sweet, flowering shrubs and hazel copses, with a bubbling ice-cold spring and deliciously cool banks of ferns and mosses.

Little Chain is another beautiful pool, doubtless endeared to my memory because it proved a lucky one. Here I killed another salmon and raised a grilse, but could not charm him to make a second attempt at black-doe or fairy. A bear had been reported as seen at this spot a few days previously in the act of taking a bath and fishing.

Toward evening, we find ourselves no longer struggling with a rushing current, but paddling apparently on the bosom of a broad lake. Quickly traversing its expanse we enter a gorge, where the water at first is still and dark, and the precipitous

rocks rise on either side to the height of from one to two hundred feet. The shades of evening were already closing over the landscape, and curtained as we were by the steep sheer sides of the cliffs, the gloom grew intense. We knew that in these rent rocks we witnessed the work of myriads of slow years, during which the waters had been chiseling out this passage. There was an awfulness about it difficult to describe. Pushing through the gorge for nearly half a mile, at a sudden turn, I looked up and beheld confronting us:

The giant element

From rock to rock leap with delirious bound.

Crushing the cliffs beneath.

I felt that seldom in my life had I witnessed anything more impressive. We had passed through the galleries of the sculptor, and here we stood, face to face, with the power that, unwearied with untold centuries of labor, was still at work carving the solid rock in the old fashion.

A steep pathway led up from the ravine of the river bed to a level plateau that formed a lovely camping ground, and had evidently been very frequently used for that purpose. Here we found our baggage awaiting us, and in the fast waning light we cut out tent poles and firewood, and soon the air was fragrant with the steaming tea and the juicy salmon steak broiling over the glowing coals. The cataract was hidden from view by a growth of birch, but its roar filled the air not unpleasantly.

Still later in the evening, shouts were heard from some French half-breeds, who always make a noise as they travel and are, therefore, poor guides, if any hunting is aimed at.

Two Boston gentlemen -- one of whom, an old college chum, I had last met quite as unexpectedly on Fleet Street, London, an antithesis as direct as conceivable to this quiet scene of sylvan beauty -- were making a canoe voyage up the Nepissiquit, intending to portage to the Tobique River, and descend by that stream to the St. John. After a pleasant exchange of hospitalities, they pushed on to the pools of the Upper River, haunted by the giant trout; while I concluded to remain here to do another day's salmon fishing below the falls, and to enjoy the quiet repose of the succeeding Sunday in this romantic spot, from the allurements of which I found it difficult to tear myself away.

It is difficult to decide which view of the falls is most impressive, that from the canoe below, looking upward at the seething torrent in the act of taking the delirious bound, or that from the cliff above, where one looks down upon the white and tortured waters, writhing between the rocky barriers after they have made the fearful leap. On the cliff above are carved the names of many, who like us have with awe bent over the giddy summit, and looked down upon the raging abyss immediately beneath. Among them we recognize the names of officers in Her Majesty's service, now perhaps in sun-scorched India or Egypt, who, doubtless, when oppressed with the glare of eastern skies, sometimes think tenderly and affectionately of such spots as these in our happier climes.

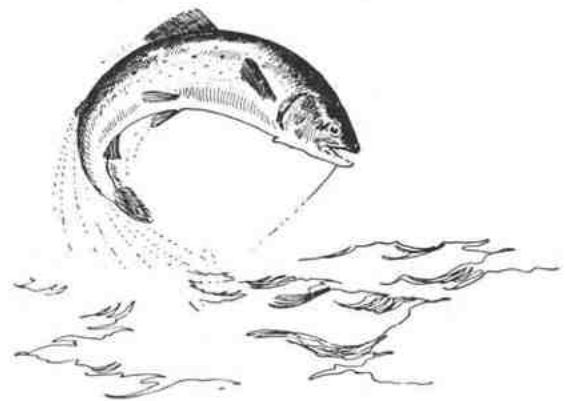
Immediately below the falls is one of the most curious salmon pools in the world. It is called the Falls' Pool. The water is not very deep, and where the salmon lie it is calm and quiet. The difficulties of playing the fly in still-water are so well known to sportsmen that it would seem impossible to take any fish here. But fortunately a great fragment of rock, detached from the cliff, slopes upward from the river's edge, and resting on a narrow ledge overhangs the pool. Crawling upon this rock on all-fours and entirely concealed from view, the fisherman can throw his fly lightly on the pool, and allowing it to rest for one moment only on the calm surface, immediately withdraws it, if not taken. One clumsy action will entirely spoil the fisherman's chances, until a fresh fish slips into the pool, which is continually happening. The "old soldiers" seem to know the deception, and occasionally turn on the side, and eye the feathery cheat in a sidelong mocking way that is very provoking. The only fish hooked are those that have newly arrived in the pool. If the throw proves successful, the moment that the fly touches, like

an arrow shot from the bow, a torpedo-like shape darts diagonally toward it, and floundering for one moment on the surface disappears below. The other fish appear to eye the hooked one with amazement, but hardly with alarm. They evidently fail to take in the situation, and draw aside lazily when he comes among them, as if to implore sympathy and aid. Seeing that there is no relief here for him, the fish usually darts down stream, and the Indians bringing up the canoe, the fisherman steps in and gaffs his fish a few hundred yards down the river. To fish this pool successfully a man must be endowed with the qualities of patience, skill, tact and observation, in fact, a being as far removed as possible from the idiot defined by Dr. Johnson as an angler. Such fish as are here found are not to be caught by fools, they can only be taken by men of accomplishments.

Leaning over the edge of the protruding rock, I counted sixty salmon fanning the sands of the pool below, but I was told that many years back it was a common thing to count upward of two hundred in this pool. After vainly essaying to scale the falls they slink back here to show their disappointment by indulging in a lazy sulk. In vain for them, exist in the upper river, above the falls, most lovely pools and boiling rapids which their restless, intrepid spirits would have delighted to achieve. They have come only some twenty miles from the river's mouth. Could not a small grant of government money be made to build a fish ladder that would enable the fish to surmount this great natural obstacle and open to them the remaining sixty-five miles of river and the three lakes, and furnish a journey from the sea worthy of the ambition of the most aspiring salmon?

We can well believe the tales of canoe loads of salmon speared here in old times when game wardens were a thing unknown. The fish would be absolutely helpless and the birch-bark flambeau would inevitably betray almost every one to the relentless spear. Of course, so famous a pool is not without its salmon myths and traditions. The writer has been told, on excellent authority, how one forty-five pounder committed suicide by leaping into the canoe, how another rushed down stream with a line of one hundred yards and was again made fast. Gentle reader, the writer also heard other stories far more wonderful, but he will not rehearse them as he wishes to gain confidence and esteem, and fears to provoke such criticism as he once overheard of a brother angler: "How strange that men who in other relations of life are truthful in speech and trustworthy in character, will lie with audacious hardihood about fish."

With a sigh of regret, the salmon tackle was put away and the beautiful trout rod is got ready. What a toylike thing it seemed after the ponderous sixteen-foot salmon rod. We took a long lingering look behind at the brown backs in Falls' Pool, and regretting, for their sake and our own, the power is denied them of accompanying us in our progress through the upper river, we bade them a sad adieu. Our various packages have been skillfully stowed in the canoe, that surprised us by its capaciousness; the canvas tent is spread as a covering over the cargo; the senior Indian Joe takes his station at the stern; gun in hand I recline as comfortable as circumstances admit on the baggage; two pairs of



muscular arms are impelling us up the swift current. Onward! Each turn of the river is to open up to us a new wonderland! With enthusiasm, thought flies ahead to the upper reaches before us to the fabulous trout that haunt the upper pools; to the bears and moose and caribou. Heaven help them that may wander within reach of our rifle.

Proceeding some four miles above the Grand Falls, we reached another rocky gorge called the Narrows, about one-quarter of a mile in length, through which the river roared hoarsely. Here must have been, at one time, the scene of an imposing cataract, but centuries of attrition had completed their work, and cut out a channel. All our stuff had to be portaged by the path; but the men were able to pole up the empty canoe. It took them some length of time and furnished me with a very pretty spectacle. Looking over the brow of the cliff, below in diminished perspective the Indians, with every nerve and muscle at full tension, were to be seen forcing the canoe through the seething water, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot in five minutes. The picture was framed by the walls of dark rocks on both sides of them.

Once more, we were pitching our camp as evening fell; this time on a grassy meadow at the mouth of Nine-Mile Brook. While the camping preparations were going forward, I put my rod together and killed sufficient trout for the pan in a few minutes. In fact, small trout swarmed everywhere in this part of the river. I caught one trout 6 inches in length, distended in an abnormal fashion; and found on investigation that its stomach contained a young mole. How the fish swallowed the animal and was able to take the fly when the tail was actually protruding from its throat puzzled me very much. In the upper pools I afterward frequently caught large fish with an imitation mouse made of fur twisted on the hook. I also heard of squirrels being swallowed (on undoubted testimony) as they swam across the pools; but these fish were over 4 lbs. in weight, while this midge was only 4 oz., and had swallowed a creature almost as heavy as himself.

At the Devil's Elbow we halted for two days. This is the name bestowed on the best big trout pool of the river. What connection the Prince of Darkness can have with these lovely surroundings we failed to discover. Our tent poles went up on a sloping pebbly beach, where the river makes a sharp turn. Here we saw traces of our American friends in the shape of heads of enormous trout, wings of the shield duck and partridge. We have omitted to record that we daily shot numbers of these birds. We afterward learned that our friends had killed an immense number of large trout, some six or seven pounds in weight, had shot a wildcat swimming the river and had unsuccessfully stalked a bear. We caught some very large trout here, the largest drawing the scale to 5¼ lbs. Some were beautifully tinted with red and ochre, but their symmetry was sadly marred by the enormous size of their heads, which gave them a look of ferocity.

Two miles above this fine trout pool, we found the camp of a young Yale student showing unmistakable evidence of successful hunting. One bear skin was stretched out with cords on a frame-work of stakes in the process of drying; two more already well dried were spread as rugs on the floor of the tent; a fine beaver skin and the enormous wings of a golden eagle, some mink and musquash were also among his trophies of war. A

message, written with charcoal on a bit of birch bark, informed us that he had gone on to the Lakes and would return in a few days; near his tent was a deserted lumber camp that had been a favorite resort of bears owing to some stores having been left there.

Rugged hills now loomed up blue in the distance and beckoned us on. Pleasant bits of intervals were crowded with a growth of choke-cherries, tree-cranberries and squaw-bushes, whose fruit is so prized by bruin.

Joe observed that he never saw more "works" about the river, referring to the bears, which indeed had trampled down the bushes well along the shore to get at the berries, especially the fruit of the squaw-bushes, which is white and has an acid, not disagreeable flavor. Squaw-bushes are probably so-called because they are much used by the Indian squaws for withes and basket making.

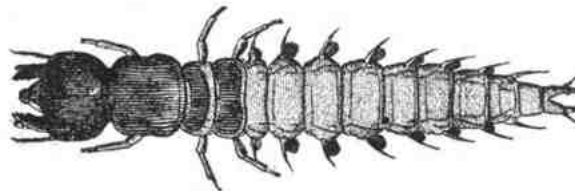
We passed several pools full of enormous trout, but we desisted from killing trout over four pounds in weight simply because the sport had become monotonous. At Lyman's Pool, so called after an American lawyer who roughed it here in the brush with my man Joe for three successive seasons, I killed a male fish of four and a quarter pounds weight, most exquisitely marked with carmine and orange, especially on his ventrals and pectorals. Joe had many stories to relate of his trip with Mr. Lyman. Here Mr. Lyman shot a bear; there fell a bull moose while standing in that "bogan" or cove; at that point a fine caribou was missed, and so on. At the mouth of Portage Brook, a stream of no inconsiderable size, we found fine camping ground, evidently often used in the past. Here we remained for two days attracted by the beauty of the spot. Large trout lay in a pool some hundred yards below the mouth well across the stream toward the opposite bank. Fresh tracks both of moose and caribou were seen in some meadow land close to the river, while the numerous stalings of bears betrayed their recent presence. We were evidently in a good game country. Toward night we heard more than once a stealthy crackling among some dry timber, but were at a loss as to what class of game to attribute the noise. We found about a mile to the eastward of the river a bog and meadow intersected with moose paths. However, we did not stumble across anything. Joe called in the evening, making rather a poor effort, however, in comparison with the scientific skill of the Micmacs of Nova Scotia, and to no effect.

Without one sigh of regret, we reflect that we are rapidly leaving civilization and its cares behind us. In exchange, nature is steeping our whole being in her gladness and freshness. The west wind is wafting to us from the woods the resinous scents and odors of wild flowers. The glorious sun is touching all things with heavenly alchemy.

Can we dream of wars and carnage,
Craft and madness, lust and spite;
Roaring London, raving Paris,
In this point of peaceful light?

Good-bye to cities! My only society for the next few weeks is to be found in two or three favorite volumes, the companionship of my two men, and most of all in the open book of Nature that I have turned at such an inviting page.

Forest and Stream
May 17, 1888
June 7, 1888



Glamour Girl of the Maine Lakes

Fly Rod's Reel was of Solid Gold.

by Austin S. Hogan

The lady that can walk into the sportsman's world of fly fishing and emerge a celebrity is rare. Miss Cornelia Crosby, (Fly Rod), of Phillips, Maine did it by proving a female Victorian, petticoats and all, could take trophy fish as well as any man. She wasn't the first to cast. There were others who enjoyed the fly fishing vacations with their families but few took the lady fly fisher seriously. Cornelia Crosby engraved her emancipation proclamation on wilderness waters with a Parmachene Belle and fished so well she became a featured writer with the *Maine Sportsman*, *The Maine Woods* and *Shooting and Fishing*. Often her article was the only one on angling to appear in the latter, a New York publication. The contributions were pioneer Hollywood but by the force of her personality, her woman's drive and her natural talent for reporting, she opened the gate to the acceptance of the lady fly fisher. In time, Fly Rod's celebrity appearances drew thousands to the sportsman's shows at Madison Square Garden and at Boston's Mechanics Hall. They made her the most famous fly fisherwoman in the world.

Fly Rod's career began through her love of hunting and fishing. Born in Phillips in 1854 when it was almost isolated in the northern forests and schooled by the most talented of her neighbors, she became expert with rod and rifle in her teens. She shot the last of Maine caribou, legally killed, in Aroostook County, was issued Maine Guide License No. 1 and was sharp eyed enough to challenge and shoot it out with Annie Oakley in a friendly match. It isn't strange that the environment would make her an informed writer and charming conversationalist concerning trophy fish and trophy game. What is unusual is that she deliberately chose to make her place in a world dominated by men, not as an amateur but as a professional.

J. W. Bracket, editor of *The Maine Woods*, published in Phillips and circulated over the whole United States gave her her first byline, "Fly Rod's Notebook." Within a very few years, her sporting accounts were being reprinted by newspapers in many New England sporting centers and as far distant as Minnesota and Alabama.

Maine residents who remember her give the impression she was dynamite. The image that reflects from her writing is that of a school girl having the most delightful time travelling from lake to lake, meeting people from Oregon, Iowa, California, shop talking with guides and interviewing hotel keepers about the new accommodations. The scenery is always lovely and the waters are always tranquil except for the ripples made by feeding trout. In reality, behind the daintiness was the sharp intelligence that spelled money for the lodge owner, the boat builder, the guide and the State of Maine. Not only was she a master of the fly rod, Cornelia Crosby was a one lady advertising agency.

Fly Rod dished out plenty of whipped cream but she also



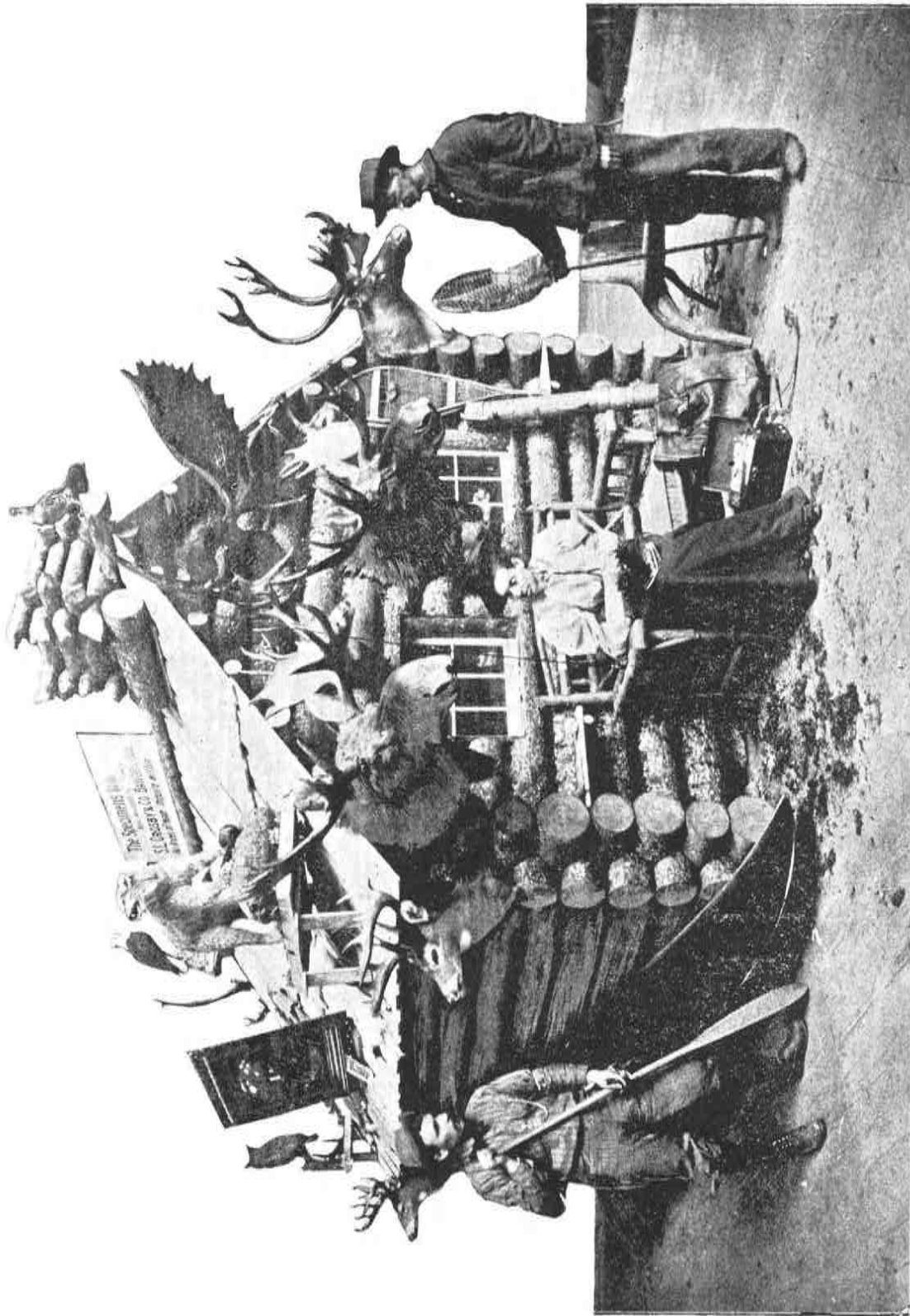
Cornelia Crosby

"Fly Rod's" publicity photo which appeared in
The Maine Sportsman
in 1894.

gave her readers of the *Maine Sportsman* and *Shooting and Fishing* exactly what they wanted. This was gossip of their vacationland, news of friends, news of fishing backwoodsmen and celebrities, and accounts of big trout caught, presented in a neatly packaged chatter column. If it was an article about a Fly Rod adventure, she didn't brag but offered a convincing glass plate photo of the victorious fisherwoman centered on a fish like the eight and a quarter landlocked she caught at Sebago. Fly Rod could catch the big ones and continually demonstrated this was no great problem. The result was an admiring following and her own "in" crowd as early as 1894.

Along with her notebook, Cornelia carried a special rod custom-made by Charles Wheeler of Farmington, (could he have been the gentleman who taught Carrie Stevens the rudiments of tying?) and a Winchester with which she hunted bear and caribou. At the peak of her popularity, the stage that brought her to a wilderness hotel carried her birch bark canoe lashed to the top. The arrival meant the tourists on the veranda would be interviewed by a person of charm and fashion, the guides would sweat and the landlord would have his name in front of hundreds of potential customers. Fly Rod's editors probably winced each time they opened her packet but behind the femininity and the blatant advertising was a sure knowledge of fly fishing and a recognition of the need for conservative action as it applied to the lessening abundance of trout and salmon.

"This winter I have spent much time travelling in different parts of Maine and I think I know a good hotel when I see one, and I am proud to say there is not a better house in the State than the Rangeley Lake House, with model landlord John Marble. Mr. Marble who is a member of the Maine Sportsman's Fish and Game Association discussed new laws



"Camp Maine Central" as seen at the New York Sportsman's Exposition at New York, May, 1895. From left to right: guide Ed Grant, Cornelia Crosby and guide James Mathieson. Previously, "Fly Rod" had used two beautiful Penobscot Indian girls as attractions.

and what is needed. All are glad the last 50 lb. box of trout has been taken from Rangeley waters. It was a wise thing to pass laws so that hereafter trout can only be taken on a fly from Quimby and B Pond. Now if the streams, EVERY ONE that flows into the chain of lakes can be closed, we shall have good fishing for years to come." (1894)

"There are still big trout in the pools at Upper Dam and if they will only rise to the fly are sure of being caught, but not always of being landed, for I venture to say enough fishing tackle has been broken this season at the pools. Mr. T. B. Stewart of New York (he caught two 8½ lb. trout on one cast, 1882) is still there and will not give the trout any rest until October."

"Master Clarence Haskell, a lad of fourteen summers fishing from a raft on Big Pond, landed forty two trout on the fly in two hours, the largest a pound and a half."

"There has been more travel to Kennebago Lake and Seven Ponds this season than ever before. Dr. Warren of Portland and Charles F. Lewis with M. D. Tibbets as guide, who in 3 days fishing with the fly caught 340 trout - just for the sport. They returned all but the few they ate."

"To a woman belongs the honor thus far this season of having landed the largest at the Rangeleys. A 10 lb. salmon that measured 27 inches in length, 10 inches in girth, by Mrs. George Wilbur of Phillips, Me."

"The record breaker speckled trout for 1897 was caught by Harry Dutton of Boston, who with his family is now at their elegant camp on Pleasant Island, Cupsuptic Lake. The trout weighed 9½ lbs. and is being mounted by S. L. Crosby."

"How many who read *Shooting and Fishing* have ever seen a rod wound with white silk from the reel seat to the tip, then varnished and made transparent so that to look at the rod one would say it never had been wound. Dr. W. H. Snyder has one which is a beauty and attracting a great deal of attention."

"Yes, I am ready to go fishing as soon as the trout are ready to rise to the fly. I have my tackle in order, and have another new, elegant rod, this one from the Chubb Rod Co., Post Mills, Vt., a gift. It's a little beauty, a Raymond, 4½ ozs. eight strip, split bamboo, which can, I know, land as gamey a trout as there is. Nothing delights my heart more than fishing tackle unless its to tackle trout."

"The largest trout caught in a number of years was taken by S. H. Jones of Lowell, Mass. and weighed 10½ lbs. These make even a 5 pounder look small." (1894)

"The salmon record has been broken by Professor S. R. Morse of Atlantic City in Rangeley Lake, July 10, 1897. It's a 13½ lb. landlock which now is the envied fish, but there are larger ones in the lake. The same day Jefferson Winship of Nebraska caught one that weighed 12 lbs." (Still the record for Rangeley.)

"There seems to be no doubt that Pres. McKinley will come to the Rangeleys in Sept. as guest of Senator William P. Frye at his log cabin on the Cupsuptic, near Mooslookme-guntic."

The President never made it, perhaps due to his assassination. The high points of Fly Rod's career, however, were climaxed each year with her appearance at the Sportsman's Shows in New York and Boston. By 1895, she had become a star employed by the Maine Central Railroad to advertise the advantages of traveling by rail to the fishing resorts. Taking advantage of her talent for showmanship, they put her in charge of their exhibits and with a coterie of guides and two beautiful Indian girls, Fly Rod pulled them in by the thousands.

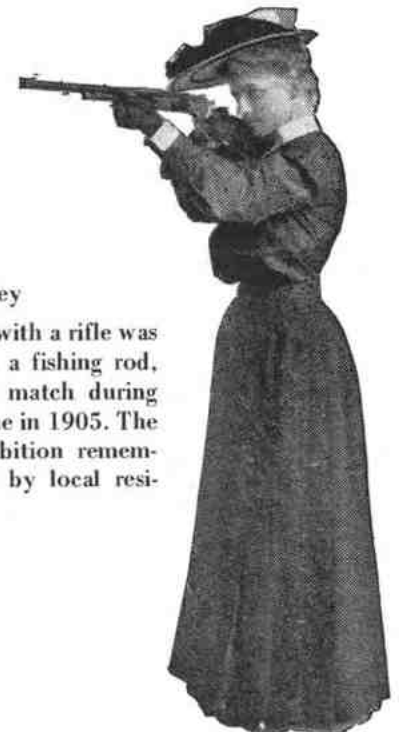
These sporting shows were America's yearly spectacles and owed their success to the fact the nation was a nation that sincerely believed in the blessings of outdoor recreation. The shows were a grand convention where old friends met and the exhibi-

tors honestly competed with each other for the attention of the public. Hunting and fishing was a positive theme, (contrast - a Boston sports show, 1964, with piano player Liberace given top billing) and featured were tournament casting, old time guides, tackle, huge State Conservation exhibits and infestations of celebrities, both amateur and professional, each a champion in his own right.

Ed Grant, famous Dead River guide axed out the cabin used by the Maine Central and its walls were decorated with trophy trout and the skins of bear and wild cat. One enthusiastic reporter described it as the best in the show, "in charge of Miss Fly Rod, a most engaging conversationalist and as well posted in all branches of piscatorial art as old Izaak himself. She has with her the rod and case she has used for the last fifteen years and which has made her so famous. Miss Crosby's popularity can be noted from the fact this exhibit was crowded with interested people at all times. She has received many valuable presents, among them a Parker gun, a Devine fishing rod, a Leonard rod and a whole Spaulding outfit of wearing apparel for woods life."

Enter Fly Rod's solid gold fishing reel at one of these sports events. There seems to be no record of the donor or a description of its size and weight. Displayed in 1897 she was challenged to catch a fish with it. To prove its functionalism, it was carried to Grand Lake Stream that next spring and a salmon of 4½ pounds was taken. After that risky venture, it is presumed the solid gold reel was retired. Like the famous rod made by Hiram Leonard with its jeweled reel seat and gold plated ferules and fittings, Fly Rod's fabulous reel has disappeared, temporarily it is hoped.

This lively lady's outdoor life was curtailed in the early 1900's when she slipped while boarding a train. The accident put her on crutches and hospitalized her frequently from then on. With her sporting career ended, she became active in church and charitable work, passing on at Lewiston in 1946, one day after her 92nd birthday. But for nearly three decades, she was the queen of the waters, the glamour girl of the Maine lakes who proved that the world of sport fly fishing was for women as well as men.



Annie Oakley

"Fly Rod", whose skill with a rifle was equal to her skill with a fishing rod, challenged Annie to a match during the Oakley tour of Maine in 1905. The match became an exhibition remembered for many years by local residents.

The Wild Man of Lucky Brook

by C. C. Munn

Tales of terror are not common in our outdoor literature. If we go back far enough in our history, we can find legends of the abominable snowman among the Eskimos and Indians. Although Rowe, the editor of the "Maine Sportsman," from which this article was taken, states it's part fact, part fiction, anyone who has roamed the deep woods has felt hidden eyes watching on a lonely trail and strange sounds from the darkness in the black night outside the rim of the campfire.



There were two of us - an old fishing chum and myself - and with good guides, canoes and all the necessary outfit for a month of camp life, we had journeyed fifty miles from civilization into the very heart of the Maine wilderness, - pitched our tents beside a pretty lake known as Lucky Pond and settled down for a month's rest and wildwood life.

The lake was a gem in its way: of clear, cold water, about four miles long, sandy and pebbly shores, completely surrounded by low mountains. The primeval forest had never been marred by the hand of man and naught but the occasional cry of a loon on the lake or the chatter of a squirrel disturbed its silence. It is amid such surroundings that the true peace and poetry of camp life are felt. The ruthless lumberman's tracks and any sight or sound of humanity always mar the picture.

I had heard of this lake on previous trips into the woods, but as it was almost inaccessible except by a long and hard upstream canoe journey, had never before visited it. We were more than charmed by the situation and lost no time in getting ready to take comfort in true backwoods style and stock a larder. A deer and a nice string of birds were soon in store and then we proceeded to enjoy life.

Comfortably settled by the camp fire, one of our guides that evening told us a queer story of how he had once come upon a strange creature: half man, half bear, with a hideous ape-like face; how it had uttered a strange, mournful cry as it stood upright in the shadow of the thicket and glared at him a moment, and then with a blood-curdling scream plunged into the forest and disappeared. It was a well told tale and while it might have made the low, quavering cry of a wild cat, in a distant swamp,

sound a little more uncanny, it did not disturb our rest, for such stories float around among the backwoods guides and are told and retold to all who visit the woods, a part of the stock in trade of all good guides. We thought little of it, in fact had almost forgotten it, until one day, a week after, we were startled by some very unusual and mysterious discoveries. The first was the finding, among a tangle of driftwood at the mouth of a stream, just across the lake from our camp and called Lucky brook, the handle of a broken paddle with the end cut, carved and stained into a most hideous semblance of a human skull. The top was formed of the round end of a bone set into the wood; the teeth were the real teeth of a wild-cat inserted into a grinning mouth, and to make it more hideous, between them the wood was stained a deep red. The eyes were formed of bits of round bone, with little circles of black about them.

It was an uncanny bit of handiwork and much we marveled at it. This stream, at the mouth of which we found this odd bit of driftwood, we had never explored; partly because we had not gotten around to it and partly because it was of a forbidding look. The water was black and looked treacherous; the banks, as far as we had been, a bog swamp and why it had been named "Lucky" brook, was a query. It looked unlucky. It entered the lake between two rocky banks, one of which had a sloping face of rock, perhaps twenty feet, and back of these a flat swamp.

We were still discussing the queer bit of drift when one of the guides, who had been crawling around the face of the boldest of the cliffs, called to us. We hastened to him and found he was examining a peculiar, faint outline drawing on the face of this rock. It had apparently been intended to represent a skele-

ton. The skull was merely a ring with holes for the teeth and eye sockets, the ribs and bones of arms and legs rudely cut in the rock and yet rough and rude as it was, it had an ominous look.

We studied it long and carefully and marveled much. Had this pretty lake once been the hiding place of some pirate in years gone by, or what? We looked and talked and looked again at the queer figure on the rock until the sun had crept down in the west, and it was time to start for camp.

That night I noticed the guides were unusually silent and my chum had less to say than usual. Somehow the story of the queer creature our guide had claimed to see, forced itself into our thoughts.

But when the first smile of sunlight peeped down upon us through the treetops next morning, and wakened the birds as well as us, all uncanny fears of hidden pirates or skull and crossbones fled away. There is nothing like bright sunshine to chase away any and all hobgoblins in the woods. Our supplies were running low and we resolved to hunt for more.

My chum started for the foot of the lake for birds and my guide and I headed the other way. There was a stream entering the lake about a mile above Lucky brook, along the banks of which was a favorite feeding spot for deer. Toward this we paddled and entering it I laid my paddle aside and, with rifle in hand, sat and watched the opening vista of forest, swamp and thicket through which the stream wound its way. It is a most charming pastime, this sitting on an air cushion in a canoe with one's back resting against a thick blanket folded across a thwart, a trusty rifle in your lap, the prospect of a deer ahead, and naught to do but feel yourself floating on air, as it were, while you watch for him and all the varying landscape views at the same time. Now it is a stretch of swamp alder where bunches of blue heather color the brown bush background, and dead trees at intervals stand like whitened sentinels to watch your progress. Now it is a dark and shadowy passage beneath the bending tops of stately fir trees; again it is a broad opening, where the stream forms a tiny lake a dozen rods across, bordered by a luxurious growth of rushes bending in billows beneath the breeze; a flock of ducks disturbed here, rise with sudden splashing, and circling around head away to some other lakelet they know well where to find; a muskrat, scared from its house building, plunges in from a bank and swims across in front of you; and still again you enter the shadows and the deep, silent mystery of the dense woods is all about you; the chattering of a red squirrel fifty rods away almost startles you with its loud distinctness; you can hear your own heart beat, the silence is so absolute. The guide makes no sound with his paddle, he simply twists and turns it and almost without a tremor the canoe moves on and on up the stream with the thick shadows of the wilderness beside you on either hand. It is like a dream, a continuous succession of surprises, a voyage into fairy land.

A mile of this and we come to a sloping hillside where once a mountain tornado had swept down the forest like reeds; a hunter's fire had later on burned the dead and dry tangle and a fresh growth, of young scrub mixed with patches of grass, had taken its place. And while we slowly passed beside this low opening, suddenly I spied a young buck nipping the still green leaves, from a low cluster of maples. The guide sees him as soon as I, the canoe is halted by a firm back stroke, I raise the rifle; a sharp crack follows; the deer leaps into the air and with a loud bleat makes two bounds and plunges into a hollow. Our hunt is ended, but even at this supreme moment and just as the guide has forced the canoe up into the tangled brush bank and I rise to step out - suddenly from the edge of the forest growth and not twenty rods away, there breaks upon the stillness an unearthly scream, so strange, so frightful in its suddenness, that I forget in an instant the deer I have shot, and look at my guide in silence. I have had many strange experiences in the woods; I have learned many sounds of wild animals, wildcats, panthers, and such gentry, screaming at night in some swamp, but in all my experiences I have never heard such a cry as that! With a sudden sense of fear I spring out, pushed the canoe back clear of

the brush, leaped in, seized a paddle, and shoved out into the open stream. I looked at my guide; he looked at me. "Great Scott! Levi," said I, "what was it?"

There was not a sight or sound of the forest that Levi was not familiar with. He could tell them all by day or by night, be it bobcat, panther, wolf, bear or deer. He could paddle a canoe so still the breaking of a twig rods away could be heard. He could tell the points of compass the darkest night that ever blew, but for the first time he was plainly beaten.

"I give it up," he replied, as he shook his head. For ten minutes we waited and listened in breathless silence for the cry to come again. Not a sound broke the stillness.

"Shall we go," he said, finally.

"And leave the deer?" said I.

His face was a study as he still watched the shadowy forest. The hunter's instinct finally won and he pushed back into the bushes and stepped ashore. It is needless to say we crept cautiously through the undergrowth. We found the deer and quickly slitting its tendons, trussed it on a pole, regained the canoe and started back. But hardly had we passed the open stretch, ere there came to us from far away in the forest that same unearthly scream, loud and clear, but repeated again and again. We paused not, but putting every ounce of strength into each stroke, we sped on and on until the open lake was reached and a good mile of clear water separated us from the shore. Then we paused to take breath.

I am not superstitious. I do not believe in ghosts, or hobgoblins of any sort. I am familiar with the peculiar cries of any and all "Varmints" that roam in the Maine woods and yet as I sat in the canoe that day and wiped the perspiration off my face, in spite of all sense and reason I felt peculiar. I noticed also, as Levi was filling his pipe for a smoke, that his hand shook. Mine did, also, and as I scanned the shadowy ravines that opened between the low mountains all about, I confess they looked sinister. But a mile of open water is a great tonic after a fright of that sort and I finally breathed easier.

"Hang it all, Levi," said I, as we resumed our paddles, "It was most likely a panther that was after that deer, the same as we were." He shook his head. "It wasn't a panther," he replied.



C. C. Munn holds a brook trout from Lucky Brook.

But we got a worse scare later on. Our course to camp, toward which we now headed, brought us close to a point on one side of which was a bit of sandy shore and just inside it a tiny brook entered the lake. We had shipped some water in getting the deer in, or else in our hasty rush down the stream had knocked a hole in the canoe and as there was two miles of lake to cross I thought it best to go ashore and examine our craft. We found a tiny leak and while the guide caulked it I took a look about and a peep at the little brook. The lake was low and out on the edge where the brook and lake joined was a bit of sandy shore the size of a table. I came suddenly upon it and then more suddenly upon two immense tracks recently made there, fully fifteen inches long and spreading at the toes at least six.

They looked like those made by a barefooted giant, but the toe marks showed claws like a bear, only longer. I called to Levi. He came, and without a word went down on his knees, out with his knife and began picking out the sand to see how deep the claw marks were. Then he went back to the canoe and returned with both rifles and silently handed one to me. Then he looked intently across the brook to the swamp, back on the other side full twenty feet over; turned up the brook, crossed, came back opposite to me, looked carefully into the long tangled grass and beckoned me. I followed.

There I saw the same footprints where the creature had evidently leaped the brook and struck into the soft bog bottom. The tracks were deep and the mud had been splashed over the tall grass. It was a terrible bound the animal had made from one set of tracks to the other, full twenty feet!

Then we looked farther up the stream and found the same tracks on harder bottom, where only the faint heel mark and sharp, distinct toe mark were visible. We looked and listened and looked again.

"What is it?" I finally whispered. Levi's face was drawn and pinched. He slowly shook his head. "Let's get out of this," he said, finally. We lost no time, but loaded and launched our canoe and headed for camp.

Now a piratical carved paddle might be a freak of some idle trapper, and a skeleton picked out with a knife point on the side of a rock, the pastime of a lazy hunter; but those bloodcurdling screams uttered by some creature unknown to an old woodsman like Levi, and freshly made tracks of a size and ferocity that made a bear's or panther's track seem like a rabbit's in comparison, were stern and startling facts that would not be downed. That night as I sat by our campfire and told my day's adventure, I noticed my chum also watched the dark shadows of the forest all about, and long after we had turned in I heard the guides still talking in low tones, still keeping the fire burning brightly, and when the gray light of early morn crept into the tent and I crawled out, I found them both fast asleep on the ground close beside the still smouldering fire.

After breakfast we held a council. All the circumstances that had disturbed us were discussed at length. It seemed probable that we had some sort of strange neighbor that haunted the woods and streams of Lucky pond and the more we discussed him, the less attractive the creature proved. The guides were for packing up and quitting the lake at once. My chum and I were undecided. We finally settled it by the toss of a coin.

To hunt for the "Bogie" won the toss. To hunt, I say, and yet where? The signs we had for a clew were miles apart and on three sides of the lake. The one and only tangible evidence was the fresh tracks. But they led into an impassable swamp. We resolved to explore Lucky brook. We started light, carrying only our rifles, and crossed the lake. At the mouth of the brook we paused, to examine once more the rudely carved skeleton cut on the cliff at the entrance. For the first time we noticed that one bony arm was evidently cut to point up the stream. It was not an encouraging signpost, by any means, but four men and four Winchester are quite a battery and we kept on. For a mile the stream wound in tortuous curves through a swamp, with here and there dead trees standing like ghostly sentinels, whose

branches had for years been beaten by storm and sun until they looked like bleached skeletons on guard. A crow on top of one cawed dismally.

Beyond the forest shut in and the dark waters of the stream took on a blacker hue. Half a mile more and the stream narrowed into a brook that gave us the first music of running water and the banks began to shut in high and rocky beneath the tangle of fir and spruce. Soon we came to a foam-flecked pool, into which the brook tumbled in a way, which at any other time and place would have sounded cheerful. Here it seemed to utter defiance. We drew our canoes out on a mossy rock and with rifles in hand paused to consider.

It was a weird spot: gray and green moss-covered rocks above our heads on either side; gnarled and twisted cedars forming a thick tangle crowning them; long tufts of grey moss hanging from their branches and twisted trunks like beard on the face of some gnome, and over all the shadowy silence and deep, dark, mystery of the wilderness. Beyond and above us the brook opened a narrow passage.

Cautiously we crept up the bed of the stream, over the wet rocks slippery with the perpetual dampness of the forest, twisting and turning for a few hundred rods while the rocky banks grew more shadowy. And then an opening showed ahead and soon we entered a circular, crater-like space, perhaps ten rods in diameter, walled in on all sides by sheer, rocky banks. In the center, the brook formed a pool deep and dark; and floating slowly across it from the tiny cascade at the farther side, patches of white foam kept a slow-moving procession. It was a spot fit for the bath of a Diana and her goddesses, but the shadowy solitude and the mystery of our quest left no space for poetic contemplation.

We paused, and huddled together like scared children gazed wonderingly about at the grandeur of the spot. The black, twisted roots of cedars like the arms of a devilfish crawled over the rocky banks; the long tufts of mossy beard hung from their branches; the white patches of foam circled slowly around the dark pool; the music of the brook as it entered was the only sound that broke the silence and even that had an unnatural sound.

We listened and looked, and listened again and then suddenly I felt Levi grasp my arm and point to a white object that was perched high on the top of a rock away up on one side of the tall bank, that walled us in. It was the skull of a moose, with the spreading antlers bleached almost white, and beyond it lay two more of the same ghostly objects, and back of them what seemed like the dark entrance to a cave. And then as we held our breath, suddenly from out of the opening in the rock, there rose a hideous, gray, shaggy haired and bearded head and face! an ape-like face, in the grinning mouth of which the white teeth showed clear and distinct, and then slowly a massive, hairy body followed. We held our breath, our eyes riveted to the horrible sight.

One instant and then the creature slowly turned its face and seemed to look down at us and then suddenly it uttered a scream, the fierce rage and intensity of which I have never heard before and never want to again.

What I felt or thought, I can never tell. I only know that the next instant we were in a mad scramble back over the slippery way up which we had come, and at every bound that wild screech repeated in rapid succession only hastened our flight.

How we ever got back to the canoes without broken bones, I never knew, but we got there, wet, bruised and sore from many falls; and tumbling into them never ceased paddling till the open lake was reached and we breathed once more.

We broke camp that day and I have never visited that lake again.





Fly-Tying In Winter

No doubt the proper place for tying flies is at the waterside and the proper time is just before fishing, when, after seeing what fly is on the water, the perfect fisherman takes out his dubbing bag and ties one like it, "and if he hit to make his fly right, and have the luck to hit also where there is store of trouts, a dark day, and a right wind, he will catch such store of them as will encourage him to grow more and more in love with the art of fly-making." But perfection is hard to come by, and exact knowledge of flies and the assiduity of professional fly-tyers have made it less urgently desirable than it used to be, at least in this matter. Your fisherman is not very likely to find the trout feeding on a fly which has not got its place in every tackle-maker's catalogue. He wastes no time in tying one for himself, but takes one ready from his box and with it, let us hope, catches such store of trouts as will encourage him to buy more flies at the same shop.

Though the proper time for fly-tying may be the moment before fishing, the time when this art is likely to yield the greatest pleasure is out of the trout season altogether, when the disconsolate trout-fisher knows that another two months or so must pass before he may even try to catch a trout. Then fly-tying is the next best thing to fishing; it is the sort of licking of the lips that eases a thirsty man in a desert. You may renew the whipping on your rod, take your reels to pieces and oil them and put them together again, varnish the ring of your landing-net (a thing often left undone until it is too late), strip your line and air it; you may do all these things, but not one of them will bring you so near to fishing as the looking through of the scraps of fur and feathers that are meant for fishes' mouths. And though it is decidedly good to go through your fly-boxes, it is not so good as to make new flies. A lover cannot for more than a moment or two contemplate a lock of his mistress's hair, but he can happily spend a deal of time in carving a table for her. Inspection cannot be prolonged without uncomfortable idleness. There is a limit to the number of times you can rearrange a fly-box without finding yourself out.

But in the winter it is dark early. We must tie flies by artificial light, and this is likely to yield strange results if we do not pick out our silks and feathers beforehand, by day. Nor, since we can get no models, in winter is the time to experiment in new dressings. We must make flies like those we have already tried and of patterns that we know will be useful. We can do, for example, with a dozen of Greenwell's Glory, and this, with its starling wing, dull-waxed yellow silk, gold thread, and coccy-bondhu hackle, is a fly about which we are not likely to make mistakes, even by the light of a candle. Black spiders, too: there is always sense in filling up our stock of them, with red, black, orange, or orange and gold bodies, hackled with plain black cock's hackles or, better, the soft metallic blue-black hackles from the head and neck of a cock pheasant. A neighbour sent me the best feathered cock pheasant I have had for many years, and ever since, in spare moments after dark, I have been turning out the flies that I know I shall need during next season, pheasant tail and hare's ear (a good variety of stone-fly) and spiders of all kinds. J. W. Dunne's series of dry flies can be made in

artificial light by a man who has seen no models if he has bought the materials, which are all described and sold by letters and numbers. "Silk, blended M. and L.; Hackle, so many turns of J.12." But the mathematical precision of such a recipe detracts from the pleasure of the cook. Something should be left to chance and taste and for winter tying I prefer old simple dressings; "badger hackle, pheasant wings, and mallard whisks" - with such a recipe the cook has a latitude wholly desirable. The other way is like counting the plans that are to go into a pudding.

Too much precision catches at the mind just when it should be free for distant flights far from the circle of light in which, indoors, in winter, after dark, the fingers are shaping wings, twisting hackles, spinning the down of a hare's ear on a thread of lightly, wetly varnished silk. As you tie a fly you are already fishing it, and, while your fingers are busy under the lamp, it is only the Grand Vizier of your mind who superintends them. The Caliph, you, has moved in time and space. A summer stream laps about your knees, there is a noise of water in your ears, flies are hatching and floating down before your eyes, and there, just where the ripple turns to smooth, you see the flash of a trout. Will he take in June the fly your fingers are still making in January? Of course, he will. He does, and you strike. It is the trembling of your fingers that brings you back to winter lamplight. This will never do. That hackle must be unwound and preened and wound again, but long before it is fairly wound and made fast, the Vizier is again alone and the Caliph, you, is once more far away, this time six months younger and by another stream, catching, with a fly the very spit of this that is all but finished, the best trout you put in your basket last year.

It is a waste of time, I say, to experiment in winter. Make, as well as you can, the flies that you can trust, partly because such flies have a past, of which they give you the freedom while you tie them, partly because you will otherwise never use them. A natural disposition to distrust new flies, together with a natural diffidence, will lead you, in summer, when the trout are rising, to try every fly you have in your box before risking the loss of a fish by offering some unorthodox, half-accidental mongrel tied by yourself. This, of course, applies particularly to flies for river fishing. Lake flies have a wider margin of permissible fantasy. But even for lake fishing, when I am tying them by lamplight, I prefer to make flies of the patterns I know I shall need. Some of them may, what with Caliph's happy absences, be rough, but

"How poor a thing I sometimes find
Will captivate a greedy mind."

And if you run out of a standard pattern, Greenwell's Glory for example, losing your last in a good fish, you are happy to find even a poor specimen in a corner of your box. Poor as it may be, it has its family prestige. Even if it catches no fish in summer, it has caught plenty in winter, while it was still in the vise. It has already the glamour of victory. You fish it with confidence and therefore well, and if it is your tail-fly you may at least get a trout on the dropper.

Rod and Line
Arthur Ransome



Natural and Artificial Flies

In the year 1830, being then a stripling of nineteen, I was residing at Ewart, in the county of Northumberland, England, in the double capacity of tutor to a friend's children and a student of practical agriculture. The farm consisted of 600 acres and was bisected by the pretty little trout river Glen, which pursues a devious course of about a mile through a deep and narrow channel between steep banks of alluvial soil to its junction with the Till, which river forms the eastern boundary of the farm for about a mile and a half further. Both these rivers abound with speckled trout, which attain a large size, individuals from 2 lbs. to 4 lbs. being occasionally taken; and they are besides frequented by the whistling or sea trout in the spring and fall. In ordinary states of the water and weather these fish are difficult to catch, as the rivers flow with a slow and gentle current, presenting everywhere a smooth and glassy surface, unbroken by stream or ripple, on their course through and alongside the farm; so that the angler's only chance to make a fair basket is late in the evening or early in the morning, or during the prevalence of a smart breeze.

One morning in the month of June, I awoke before three o'clock and not being inclined to sleep again, I arose and taking my rod which lay ready mounted on its hooks in the back passage, went up to the northern boundary of the estate, where I knew there were two or three good casts, and fished them very carefully for nearly an hour without success. Not a fin could I induce to stir, though I tried all my favorite lures. By this time it was nearing four o'clock, and the sun was beginning to show his disk above the low range of the eastern hills; and thinking to try a natural bait, I stepped into a clump of osiers which bordered the stream to look for some small beetles. While engaged in the quest, the sun attained a sufficient elevation to shoot his slanting rays above the bushes on the opposite bank, and light up with a golden glow the branches among which I was standing. Absorbed in admiration, I stood for a time motionless watching the play of light and shade, when suddenly "plop" sounded from the water outside of the willows. Thinking it was caused by a water-rat, I went to look for it, when "plop! plop!"

sounded again, and I saw it was fish and not rats stirring. As the sunbeams crept down lower on the branches a perfect stream of flies began to pour from their tips onto the surface, and the water became "like a boiling pot," as an old angling acquaintance of mine used to say.

I tried a few casts where the fish were most numerous, but they would not take my flies, although leaping all around them. I captured a few of the flies, and taking a short cut ran home and tied four of the best imitations I could make. The head, thorax and legs were black, the wings of a brownish hue, the body or abdomen covered with a blue down like that on a plum, and the size about that of the common housefly, only rather longer. I tied two of them on a trace and went up to where the flies were floating down and the fish feeding on them. Keeping well in advance, and casting where the fish broke the surface while sucking in the flies, I fished down to the junction of the Glen with the Till, and when I went home to my breakfast at 8 o'clock, I turned out of my basket twenty-two trout, not one of which was less than 9 in. in length, and the two largest weighed over 1 lb. each.

At noon I went down to the river again and fished for an hour, but could only get three fish, and these must have taken the fly from pure greediness, as they were gorged to the throat with their insect food. I went down to the Till in the evening, but the trout were not on the feed, and I could only get a few small ones, which I returned to the water. What makes this remarkable is that though I have been an angler for over sixty years, and a collector and observer of insects for the same time, I have seen that species of fly only on that one occasion, and the artificial imitation has not proved a favorite with the fish, as I never had any success with it in subsequent trials.

If any of your numerous readers should have had a similar experience with a local insect, I should like if they would relate the same through the columns of *Forest and Stream*.

Belleville, Ont.

Forest and Stream, Sept. 29, 1888

J. T. B., Sc. D.



ROMEYN OF KEESVILLE, N. Y.

Dr. J. R. Romeyn was a well-known physician of Keeseville, whose wider fame, however, came to him through fly and rod, and the unique record of having whipped the same rapids for forty-five consecutive years! He made his first trip to "Bartlett's," as a young man, in 1855. He made his last, as an old man, in 1900. Every spring in the interim, as regularly as the buds came out upon the trees, Dr. Romeyn came out of Keeseville,

and wended his way to "Bartlett's," passing through Saranac Lake, and stopping for a night or a day at the Evans Cottage. "Lute" Evans had been his favorite guide, and the doctor had been one of the first guests at the well-known boarding house on Main Street, which he continued to visit as long as he lived.

The last years of his pilgrimage were filled with the keen sadness of change, but the routine of a lifetime held dominion over him. He continued to do the thing which for years had been his greatest pleasure, even after he knew there could be only sorrow in its repetition. He outlived the regency of Virge, and the vice-regency of Virge's wife. He saw their domain of blended personality change into a soulless "club." He wandered over the familiar ground when the familiar landmarks and people had disappeared. His recurrent presence became the one thing changeless in the midst of change. He became a last and lonely link with the past - the avatar of "Bartlett's" - perpetuating in his tall and gaunt but kindly person the half-forgotten memories and associations of its heyday.

There is no more lovable or pathetic figure in Adirondack story than Romeyn of Keeseville, for a lifetime casting his fly in the Bartlett rapids - outliving not only the friends on the bank but the run of trout in the waters. At last, in the spring of 1901, he came no more, and early in the following year he died. Men said he did not come because he died; but we who knew the lonely fisherman will always think he died because he could not come.

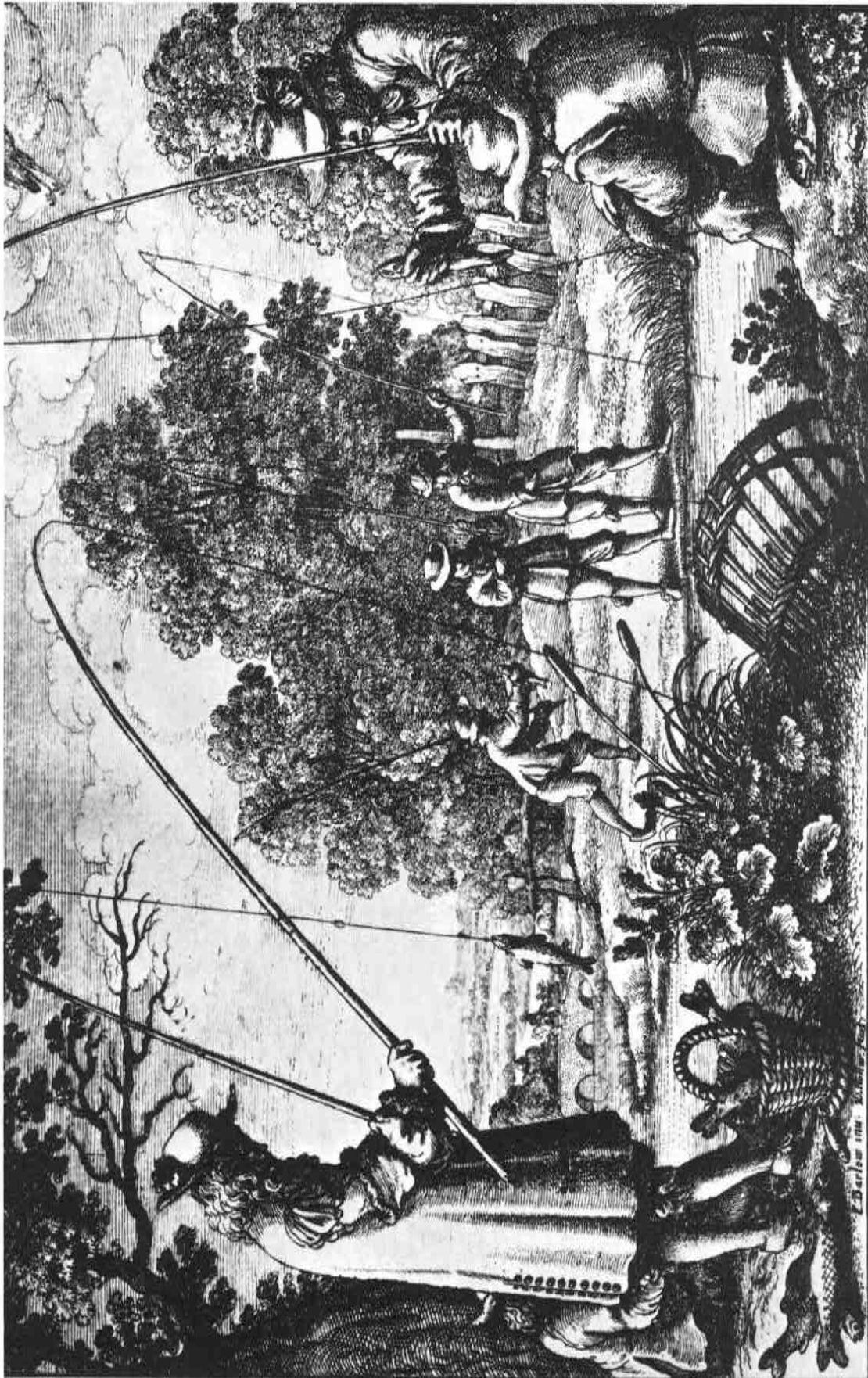
Alfred L. Donaldson

A History of the Adirondacks, N. Y. 1921



A CHRISTMAS GARLAND

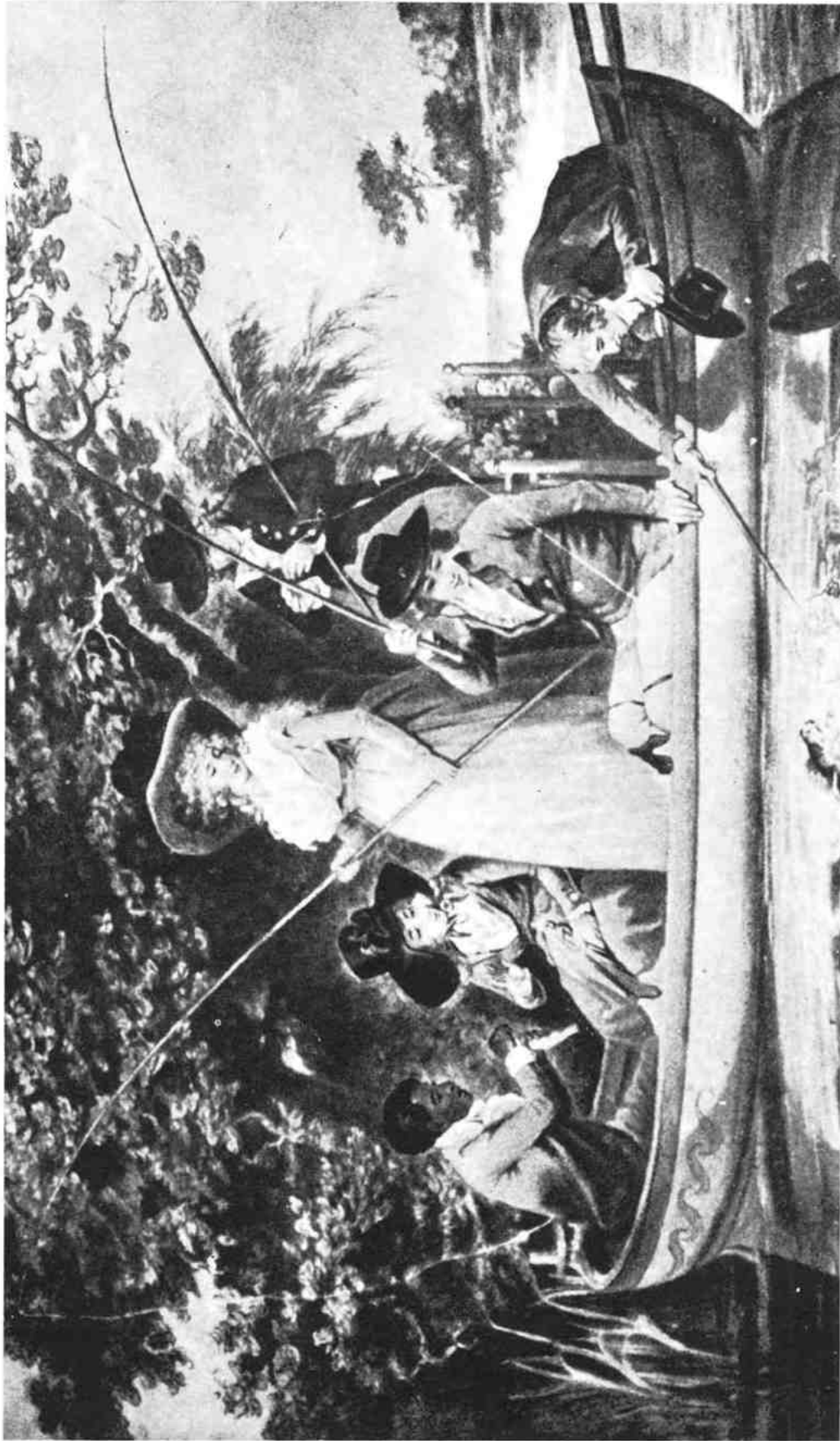
Being a portfolio of pictures (on following pages) to delight the eye and extend Holiday Greetings to all good fly fishers and friends of The Museum of American Fly Fishing wherever they may be.



CROWDED WATERS

Except for the gentleman dressed in the height of fashion, the "jumps" worn by his fellows seem ideal for bank fishing. -- from *The Severall Wayes of Hunting, Hawking and Fishing*

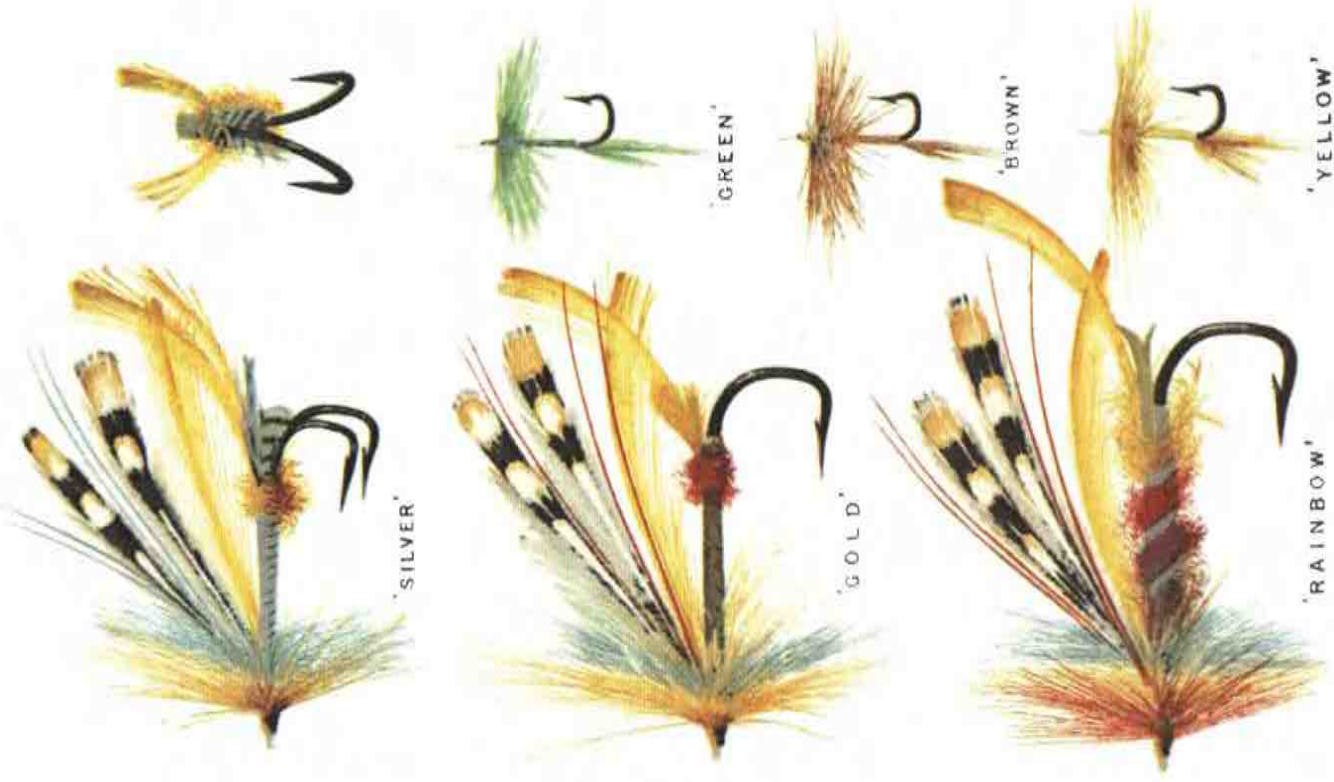
1671



THE FISHING PARTY

The artist George Morland's famous oil engraved in mezzotint by G. Keating, 1788. A number of inexpensive color reproductions were made during the late 19th century.

The Historic Salmon Fly



Various Patterns, Day & Scott, 1872

A divergence occurred in the dressing of the British Atlantic salmon fly in 1870 when Cholmondeley Pennell in his *The Modern Practical Angler* removed most of the wing except the Jungle Cock.

Beginnings of Modern Concepts



McCormick & Co., 1899

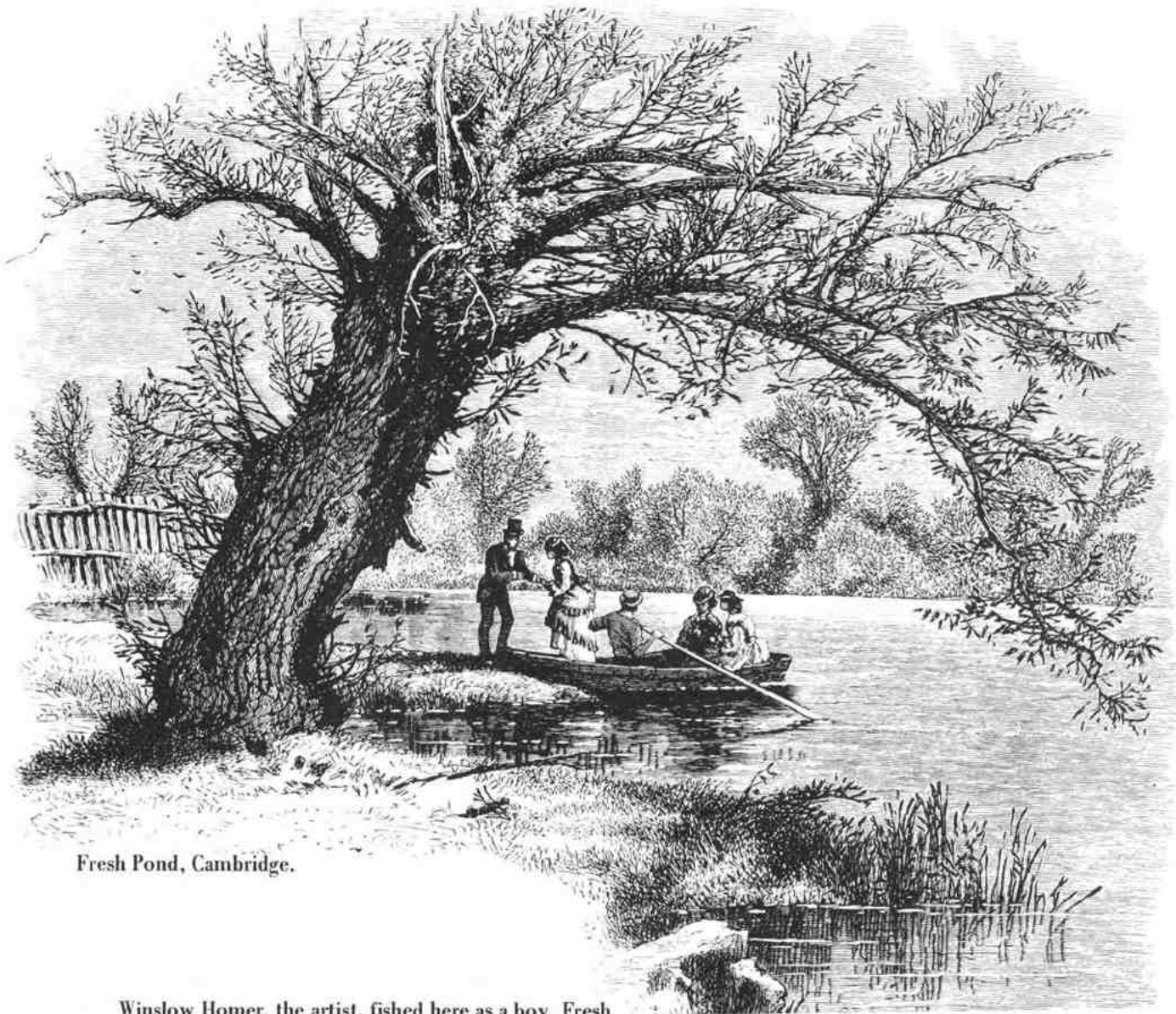
The righteous wrath of the traditionalist prevailed however, and the general form followed that of the Jock Scott (1845) with multicolored wings and bodies noted in these dressings of 1899.

— from Sir Edward Grey's *Fly Fishing* 1899.

Modern and Contemporary Patterns



The ultimate in the dressing of the British Atlantic salmon fly peaked in those years between 1900 and 1930. No more magnificent dressings over a wide spectrum have ever been devised, accompanied by the closest attention to detail and the selection of the finest materials drawn from the ends of the earth. A lack of materials during World War II promoted a simplification of dressing in some patterns. Canadian guides substituted hair wings for feathers and more subdued color schemes. First American experiments with the dry fly proved so successful, it soon became standard equipment, relegating the beautiful older dressings to no more than conversation pieces carried in the fly box. The dry fly has been less acceptable in the British Isles.

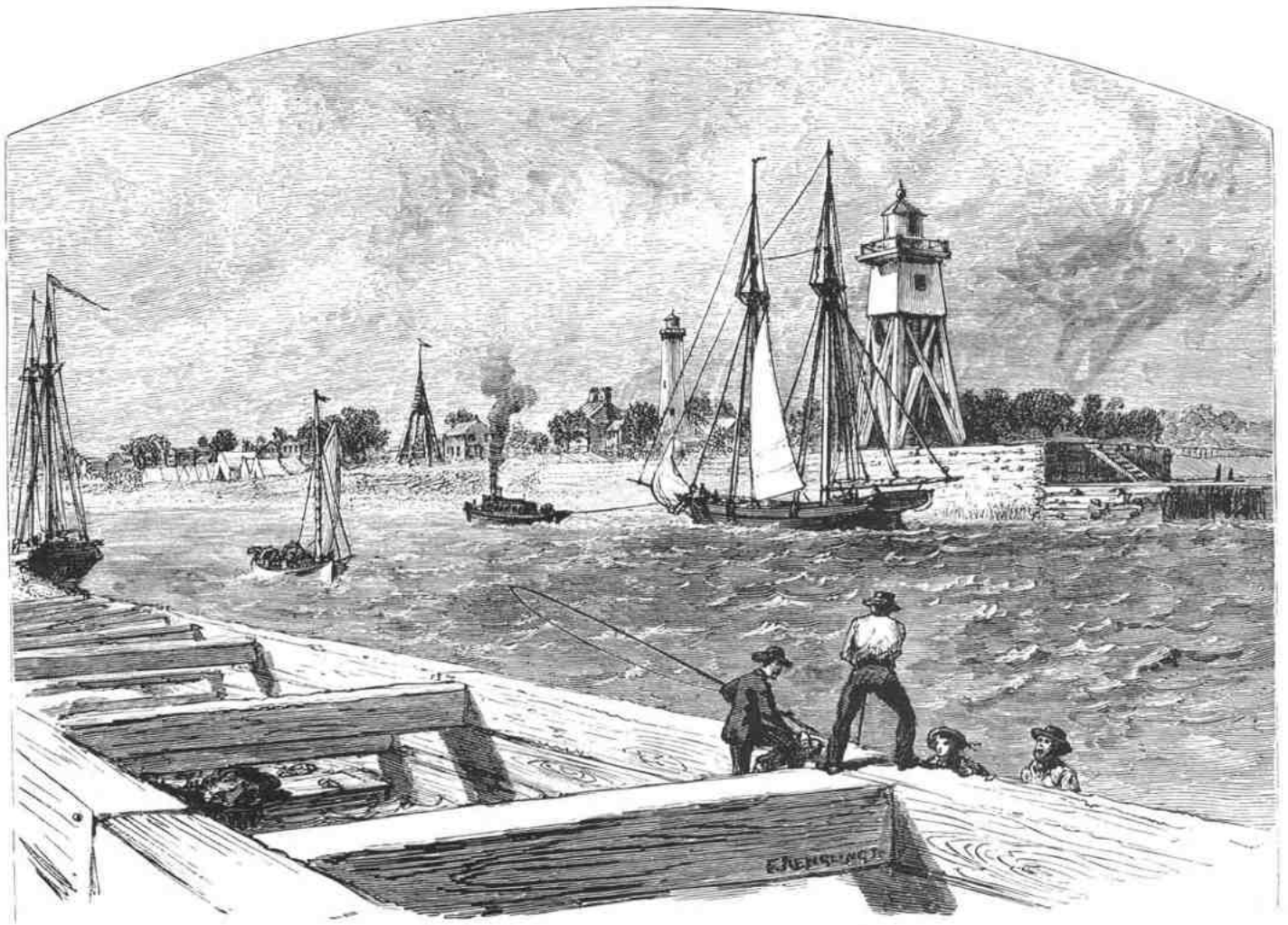


Fresh Pond, Cambridge.

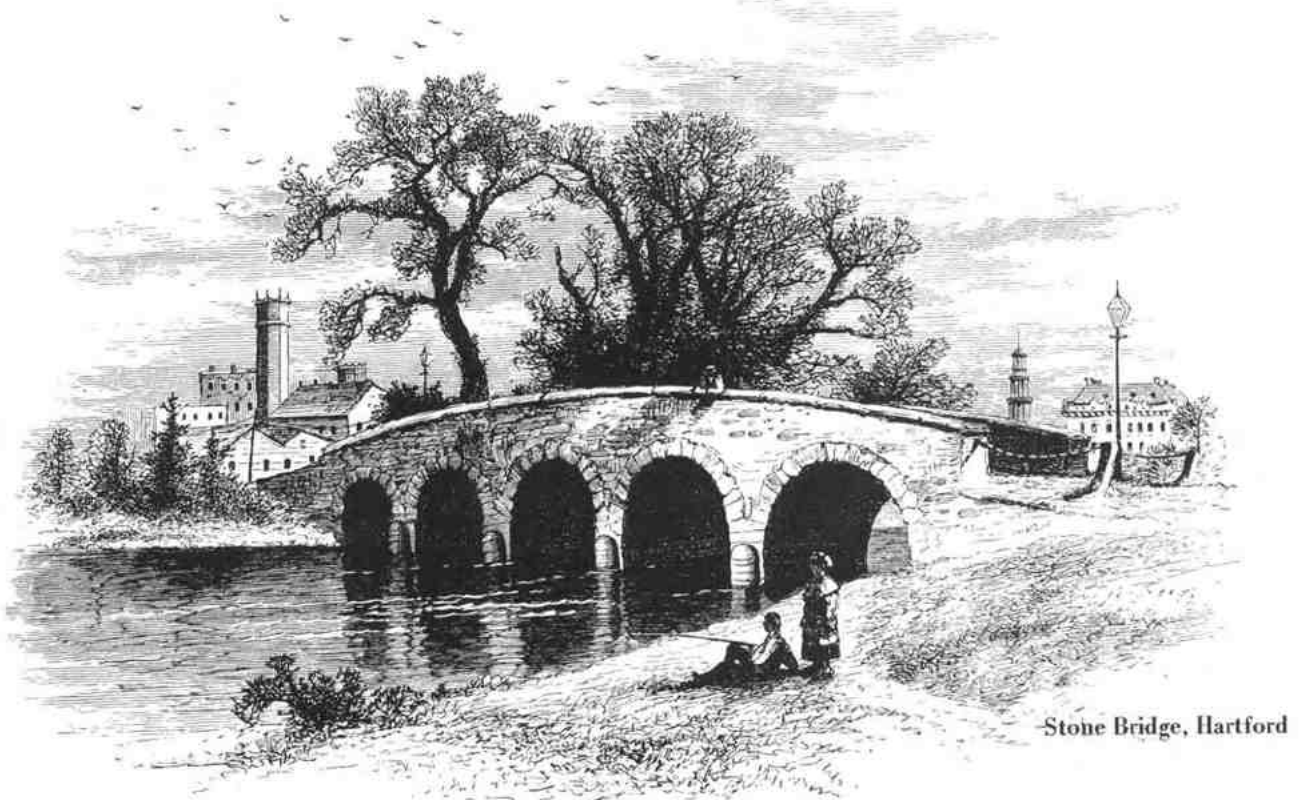
Winslow Homer, the artist, fished here as a boy. Fresh Pond is now a reservoir surrounded by a high wire fence, fruit stands, shopping centers, gas stations and houses.



By
Winslow
Homer



Kenosha Harbor



Stone Bridge, Hartford



Fish and Amerindians Fishing

Catch, cook and eat . . . This 1585 watercolor of Amerindians fishing by colonist John White is the first rendition of fishing in America. The locale is off the coast of North Carolina.



Early Eastern Fly Patterns

This first hand colored plate of flies to appear in an American angling book, *Fish and Fishing in the United States and British Provinces of America* by H. W. Herbert, (Frank Forester), 1850, seems to indicate a preference for the longer shanked hook. Thomas Finnegan of New York City advised as to the proper color for American waters as the basic patterns were British.

Living Water: The Don

by Sheona Lodge

Sheona Lodge of Westmoreland, England sends us this reminiscence of an earlier day when tranquility reigned and life from the distance of the years seems to be much more peaceful. After reading it, came the decision to reproduce in color the salmon flies that were popular at the time of the article. (See centerfold.)

My first impression of Aberdeenshire was one of disappointment; the country appeared flat and uninteresting after the mountains, forests and lochs of the Western Highlands.

The first day on the Don we left the car at Keig Bridge, clambered down a bank where white lilac and wild cherry were in flower, and walked on a carpet of heartsease to Broom Brae.

If the "wise thrush was singing each song twice over" his notes were drowned by the wilder cries of curlew and redshank, oystercatcher and sandpiper.

We stopped for an instant to inspect a reed-warbler's nest filled with greenish-white eggs, speckled with olive and light brown.

When we got to Broom Brae, "keep an eye on that stone" said my father, "that is where he lies." It was a boulder rather than a stone, and "he" was in a taking mood, sucking in flies as they floated over his nose. He came to the first cast - a two pounder.

My father was fishing dry fly upstream; "you try down to the bridge" he said, "and if you don't do much there, try the Rookery Stream below."

Surprisingly I didn't do too badly; I was fishing wet, my usual March Brown and Greenwell's Glory. To be honest, I wasn't concentrating. I simply had not realized that Scotland could be like this; the river was majestic, the scale grander than anything to which I had been accustomed. In the States you are used to wide horizons. Hitherto while fishing I had been enclosed by banks and trees; here the only obstacle to a straight line was the wind, and even that, though it ravelled one's cast, seemed part of a symphony.

I was listening, not fishing, allowing my line to dangle idly beneath the bank fifteen or twenty feet below me. This would never do! I pulled myself together and began to draw my line out of the water gently, preparing for the next cast. There was a violent tug; for the next ten minutes every other thought was blotted out of my mind, there was only myself and this trout alone in the world. "Keep level" I did remember that; in spite of all I have said about unhindered space, hazards appeared as if from nowhere, railings I had never noticed had to be climbed, rocks negotiated; however, I managed to net him.

My father was pleased, but not for many years - even with several salmon to my credit - did he consider me much good as an angler. Once only did he praise me "it seems a pity" he said "to get married just when you are beginning to show some aptitude with dry fly."

The Forbes Arms Hotel was purely an angler's inn, J. Brunton Blaikie in his "I Go A-Fishing" published in 1928, speaks of "the genial host, Charlie Spence." I believe there is still a Spence at The Forbes Arms, one whom I remember as a baby. With the best will in the world the cooking cannot be as good as it was when his great aunt reigned in the kitchen. Those breakfasts! Porridge with jugs of creamy milk, any one daring to add sugar would have been regarded as an ignorant Sassanach. The men ate their porridge standing, as was customary in Scotland. Trout next, and then bacon and eggs, honey in the comb or marmalade eaten with what were known locally as "soft pieces" with butter fresh from the farm. We all sat at one long table, Mr. Strachan looking somewhat like a benign Winston Churchill, at the head of it, always with a wallflower in his buttonhole. It was at this table that I discovered the art of manipulating conversa-



tion. I was let into the secret by a man who valued variety in topics, and his skill in changing a discussion away from trout and towards Tennyson was only equalled by his dexterity in casting a fly.

No one fished on the Sabbath. We walked to the Kirk along General Wade's road. When the hour-long sermon began, Mr. Strachan in his square pew with its own window, pulled the blind if the sun was too strong, and placed his watch where both he and the Minister could see it - everyone fumbled in their pockets and produced white sweets which they surreptitiously popped into the mouths, and the building became pervaded by a strong scent of peppermint. The sermon I remember began "Oh Thou Who paintest the polya-a-a-anthus pur-r-rtle;" apt because Donside polyanthus were more vividly purple than anywhere else.

To anglers, rivers are not merely rivers: about some it is easy to feel that if they were less mysterious, one could crack the code to reveal a new world. Others one knows instinctively.

Dr. Blaikie says "of all the rivers I have fished in Scotland - and I have fished most of them - I think the Don is best . . . its charm, to my mind, lies in the fact that trout are difficult to catch unless you know where to fish for them."

Col. Rollo in "The Art of Fly Fishing" refers to the Don eight times and says it is one of his favourite rivers. As I open the books, letters from the authors written to my father long ago tumble from the pages, letters about flies, about the state of the water, April snow storms, two or three pound trout which show more fight than any twice their size hooked in S. Country rivers!

Dr. Blaikie notes the biting wind of Aberdeenshire, and the delicate smell of budding larches.

More books appear to be written about angling than about any other sport, we never tire of them, to the young they give fresh impetus, to the old they recall memories.

The sharing of an interest can bring an unexpected bonus - new friends on both sides of the Atlantic: "Whoso fyndeth suche one, fyndeth a notable treasure."

John's Cakes

by W. H. Boardman

The editor's sentimental interest in this article stems back to boyhood vacations when he fished his Uncle Tom Chickering's mill pond in Schoharie County, N. Y. The remembrance of the local farmers unloading sacks of wheat and buckwheat to be stone ground into pancake flour is coupled with the stacks of pancakes, eggs and sausage that were eaten at each breakfast. Golden brown and golden in flavor with just a hint of the yeast used to make them raise, they are (for the most part) a lost culinary treasure. The old mill built in 1832 is to become an historical site and so preserved. The glories of a real pancake, however, are long gone . . . even too, the flavor and texture of the original Aunt Jemima.



Camping at Jones Lake near Jock's Lake about 1890, photographer unknown.
Photo courtesy of Adirondack Museum, Blue Mountain Lake, New York.

"It's jest as I told you," said John, as he cheerfully passed to the outdoor breakfast table the twentieth plate of cakes. "Sometimes your appetite is above the everidge, but it settles back. I thought it'd be so from the way you all slep' after comin' down the mountain, so I mixed two pounds of flour, and it's a-goin', but there's plenty."

"The cakes of John," said Colonel Warren, "are not made by any one else in any camp or in any kitchen. They are light; as a vehicle for pure maple syrup they rival the sponge. They are resilient; their restful light-brown surfaces seem to come scarcely in contact. Only two more, John, and I am done. 'Wouldst thou both eat thy cake and have it; Yes, when John mixes the batter there is always enough. They are moist, yet not too moist, and always tender and good. They —" "— stick to the ribs, I'm a-tellin' you," interrupted George. "Your fly-rod'll work better on the few dozen cakes you've pecked at than on the hardtack you had in the war. When the Colonel's leader fouts and climbs trees, I've learned to lay it to the feed."

"I wish, John, that some time you would show me how to make cakes," said Hardy.

"Sure I will — some time," answered John. Hardy was reminded that he had many times asked the same question and had the same answer. To Colonel Warren the question and answer had acquired the familiarity of years. He knew all the ingredients; he might have learned them by differentiation, if in no other way, for whenever, in the vicissitudes of camp life, any were missing, John mentioned it and repeated it, again and again, in the way of apology. He was tender of the reputation of

his cakes. George wanted to know; he needed this accomplishment in his business. He rarely asked questions; he used his eyes and never forgot what he had seen once. Many a morning he had exhausted his pretexts for being near John during the mixing, but too often John's back would unaccountably be turned to him, and yet it was so naturally done as not to arouse suspicion, until, as George once described it to his wife when he had again failed to bring home the recipe she had often asked for, —

"Says I to myself, I'll spot the dinged thing if I hev to crawl between his legs when he turns, so he'll swivel over me. So I tended him for half an hour; reachin' 'round him for a cup, lookin' over his shoulder, droppin' on the floor for a knife, handin' him the milk can, which he said he didn't need jest yet, doin' everything to be sociable and clost. Twice he told me to go to the spring for him, but I was ready for that and hed every kittle in camp filled beforehand. He was worried about the fire, but I'd thought of that, and hed all kinds of dry wood where I could reach it and drop it on without movin' from my tracks, while my head was turned full 'round over my shoulders, a-watchin' him. He didn't seem to be restless, but he didn't get any furwarder; all the time busy and never gettin' ahead, but we was both gettin' hungry. Course he had his coat on, for when he's ready to get breakfast he's ready for church, and I was so busy watchin' his batter pail that I didn't notice, till all at once I see there wa'n't a ding thing left on the table. He hed melted butter in the bottom of the pail, and he grabbed the flour can and struck off in the woods. Said't was too warm by the fire. Then I see his pockets bulgin' with eggs, surup bottle, milk can,

bakin' powder can and everything we had to cook with. I followed him, for John is always so soft-like you'd never 'spicion him, and, besides, he said he liked my company, when I ast him. But he kep' a-goin', and when I sot down on a log to fill my pipe he went out o'sight. I thought about it a spell and then worked back to camp, and there he was a-bakin' cakes!"

"John," said Colonel Warren, "answer me. What do you put in the pail first, when you make cakes?"

"Nothin'," answered John. "You have to put your butter on to melt first; and you must be careful to have it melt slow, so's not to burn. And you don't need to use the freshest butter you've got. Old butter'll do, if it ain't spoilt, and it won't spoil if you keep it in the spring, where it's cool. And I'm a-thinkin', Colonel, that after breakfast George and I could split a few balsam into halves, and wall up the sides of the spring, —sheet-pile it, so's to keep the drift out and make a deeper pool to dip from."

"John, that won't do; you are blinding your trail. We were speaking of cakes. Twenty years ago we had a talk on this subject, and although I do not think you intentionally misled, nevertheless, in my cockiness, I went home firm in the belief that I knew it all. I often spoke of John's cakes when our cook sent in pale, leathery disks that stacked up about ten to the inch thick. My offer to go in the kitchen and instruct the cook was declined, first by Mrs. Warren, and later by the cook, when I insisted on making the offer direct to her. Strangely enough, this tended to make me more firm in the belief that I knew how, and I spoke to the neighbors about it, and became known as the man who knew how to make cakes that were thick, light, sweet, and healthy. I had quoted from Dr. Marston's essay on ripe peaches and applied it to my cakes: 'They can be eaten in enormous quantities, without injury, and sometimes with positive benefit.' They were 'my cakes' now; they were John's no longer, and although I had never made them, they had become to me a pleasing entity.

"There was to be a children's frolic, ours and the neighbors', in our kitchen on Christmas afternoon, and I was to make cakes for them. I prepared for it the evening before, by looking up my fishing record where I had notes of my talk with you, and by doing some hard thinking. I also studied the cook-books so as to learn what to avoid, and I tried to move around the kitchen range with the air of a master. This is important in making cakes as well as in trying a case before a jury, and I still think that my cakes would not have been so very different from John's cakes, if I had not forgotten the baking-powder. The children ate them until their mothers enticed them away, and I hope their ailments were not beyond the average of Christmas nights.

"But, John, you are growing old; I am growing old; and we alone have the secret. It should not die with us: let us develop it now. That is, you explain and I will write."

"There ain't any secret, Colonel, except that the butter must be melted careful, and I'll be pleased to show how I do it — sometime — but I ain't gifted to rightly talk so you could write it down."

"I think, John, that in a decent interval after you have overcome your reluctance, your language will not be unfit for publication. After a quarter of a century of hiding you may need a minute to get used to the glare. Begin slowly, but begin now."

"You melt your butter," said John.

"How much butter?"

"About the size of an egg, and you stir in two eggs and a teaspoonful of salt. Then you crumb up a thick slice of stale bread, but not the crust, and let it soak in the pail with a cupful of water, and when it's soaked you stir in three big tablespoonfuls of condensed milk and two tablespoonfuls of syrup and two more cupfuls of water and your butter, eggs, and salt. Then you stir in flour, about a pound, until the batter is nearly as thick as molasses. Before you bake, stir in two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and your griddle has to be snappin' hot and kep' so. It's easy; anybody can do it," said John, and there was a note of regret, or relief, in his voice as he said it.

"Easier, I sh'd think," said George, "to do it in camp, than to go off in the woods and work from your pockets. Do you happen to know that there ain't a trout in camp and there's one left, that you touched up in the spring-hole, Colonel?"

"Are the provisions low?" said Colonel Warren. "Strange what a pleasing stimulus that condition is to the sportsman. We like to believe that we are unwilling to take the life of a game animal unless it is necessary, but we work hard and wait long to make it necessary. We really like to kill, and, when you think of it, the whole science of hunting and fishing is simply that of killing with the least possible discomfort and danger, limited by a few Marquis of Queensbury rules, made to prevent too fast killing and to prolong the agony. Like assassins we lie in wait for a deer, or steal after him like a sleuth hound and shoot the harmless, beautiful creature from ambush. We con over flies, spoons, and gangs, or sit by baited buoys and study the habits of trout, in order to bring death to their happy homes at meal time. Of course, we bar nets, traps, and salt licks, and try to make assassination a fine art, but it is brutal, and I am inclined to think the instinct for it is a revulsion from high civilization, a desire to get out of its attenuated atmosphere into primitive conditions, and work with our hands for food and shelter. Clarence King's merry thesis, 'Civilization is a Nervous Disease,' has truth in it, although this brilliant gentleman probably did not care a rap for that feature when he developed it. The specific for this disease is to wait on yourself, to hunt, kill, and cook your own food, and —"

"The trout of which we was speakin', Colonel, is good medicine, and you can't be always on-lucky. Best cure for misfortune is to marry again."

"I am not forgetting him, George," said Colonel Warren, "but it is not necessary to fish all the time, and early morning is not the best time."

"Sure it isn't" said John, "and if you can spare us for an hour, George and I could sheet-pile the spring with split balsam and have things more comfortable."

"Could fix it better'n that," said George, "all by myself in less time. There's a beech, just beyond, that come down last fall. Of course, its heart has rotted out by this time. I'd split a piece out of it and make a trough, and hev runnin' water so's to set a pail and let it fill while I'm smokin' my pipe, 'stead of havin' to stoop and dig. It's queer how quick beech rots at the heart and keeps sound in the sap after you fell it. I had a contract to cut and haul twenty cord, guaranteed sound. After I'd get a load on the sled I dasn't take my eye off it for fear it'd rot while I was drawin' it. I never hurried in my life, except then, and when I got the last load in I hurried the man out to view it the same night."

"This is all new to me," said Hardy. "The beech is such a buxom tree. It seems so clean, wholesome, sound, and healthy."

"And yet 'it rots itself in ease on the Lethe wharf,' said Colonel Warren. George is right, but of course he did not mean to include the variety of blue beech, which is a useful timber tree. But we are dawdling on Lethe wharf. John and George might fix the spring while we tidy up the camp; then we'll put up lunches and part to meet again toward night."

There is a charm in all phases of trout-fishing through the open season and it is well not to be bigoted, although we may have strong preferences. After the ice goes out, the sleepy trout is not at his best; he is yawning and recovering slowly from his half hibernation; he is not lively in snow water; he does not take a fly, or anything else unless it is drifted near to him; he nibbles gingerly; he won't play or be played; he is not fat, but he is good, and the fisherman has also had a hard winter, and is longing to wade the stream and to eat fried trout. It is the vulgarest fishing, but perhaps it is the most fun. In May, or thereabouts, the fly-fisherman may gorge himself with sport, when the trout go on the shoals in the ponds, or on the rifts in the river, to race about in swift water and rest in shallow pools. They are scouring off the winter coating, we commonly say, but are they not,

rather, looking up their old haunts, noting the changes, and satisfying themselves that water still runs down hill, just as all of us like to do in the spring? They are plenty and get-at-able. The brutal fisherman's thirst for blood may be quenched for a while, and the gentle sportsman can pick and choose. With falling water and warmer days and nights, our friends in the stream drift to deep water and the pools at the mouths of spring brooks alert for food and comfort and wary of danger. They are fat and at their best in every sense. The fisherman needs to plant his finest darkened leader straight and quiver the flies gently, to deceive the trout, which sees with eyes that, sleeping or waking, never seem to close. If he could only hear and smell, the fly-rod would not be known and the gill-net none too sure. Everything in Nature seems to be fixed and balanced just right. In the evening, Hardy and John were in camp and settled, with supper waiting for the others to come in, when Colonel Warren's voice roared at the edge of the clearing:

"The air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gently sense. The Heaven's breath smells wooingly here! What have you got for supper, John? But pause for a moment while I unbuckle the cover of my pack-basket and George scrapes a little of the bark of the mountain ash; and cut some sugar, John, and bring cold water from the spring. Whoop! This has been a white day and we'll mark it!"

"Two-pound ten-ounces, full," whispered George, as he laid on the curled-birch log a beautiful fish for Hardy to study and admire.

"And you just ketch'd him," said John, as he noted the unfaded colors.

"Jest landed him; ben ketchin' him a good while," said George.

"S 'Swing low, sweet chariot; comin' for to carry me home,'" sung Colonel Warren, as he bent over his pack.

Of course, the true fisherman does not fish for fish. His happiness comes from the outing and the chance for skill. Good luck or bad luck must have nothing to do with it, but there is a spontaneity in his contentment when the big fish comes.

"If I'd hed my way," said George, "I'd 'a'gone this mornin' and anchored by that spring-hole and stayed right there, and taken no chances, so's to be ready when he was willin' to come. Of course, if the Colonel had 'a'let me, I'd gone ashore and dug a worm, but he wouldn't hear to it. I stood the boat off while he drew his flies over the pool twice, and then he reeled up and said it was too bright and the water was too flat, and we'd leave the boat and walk up to the Elbow and spend the mornin' fishin' the holes comin' back. We got some good ones and had lunch and the Colonel took a nap in the shade, while I set and smoked and worried about the big one. Come four o'clock and I couldn't stan' it, so I built a punkey smudge, two or three steps up the wind from where the Colonel was sleepin'. Lord, how the smoke did waller over him!"

"Course he got uneasy and set up, and I told him how they used to throw stones in a springhole, to stir up the trout and make 'em run out half-scared and come back livened up and habited to things fallin' among 'em.

"Stun 'em out!" says I.

"Better smoke 'em out," says he.

"Pretty soon he said, quiet like, as if it jest happened to occur to him, that we might go to the boat and try the big spring-hole for a minute before goin' back to camp; but he studied his fly-book for half an hour before he'd move. He took down the leader, with three flies he'd been usin', and put on the finest brown leader I ever see, and only one fly, a No. 8 Mont-real. Fish took it, most every cast, some good ones, but he let mos' of 'em go. I moved the boat away, while he changed to a little black hackle, about No. 14, and it was beautiful to see him fire that little punkey up to the mouth of the creek and draw it down at the edge of the eddy. And it went out o'sight, jest suck'd down, and the Colonel struck slow. We had him; and the Colonel didn't say a word for half an hour, except once he whispered 'You know where the log is, George!'"

"I never saw prettier handling of a boat," said Colonel Warren. "The tackle was, I think, rather light for that sized trout. We had to take time and be careful. And now, my boy, what have you been doing? You brought in fish for supper, and I see you have some beauties left, nicely packed in brakes by the spring."

"John and I concluded to fish the river below again," said Hardy, "and to walk some distance down the bank before we struck in, so as to get to the pools below. The fish were not biting well, but it was very beautiful, and we got a few before lunch time. John carried my camera, and I have got -- I have got -- some good pictures. While we were eating lunch, John told me that we were within half a mile of Cross's Pond; that it had no fish in it, but, of course, I wanted to see it. We went there, and I made the worst break that I have made since I went away from my rod on the edge of the burnt ground. I left my camera at the river, instead of taking it with me. We walked way around the pond and sat down, and pretty soon a doe came in opposite, perhaps forty rods. She came without a sound, slowly, not like a cat, not like anything else but a deer; just slipped in a quiet, smooth glide, and drank and nibbled. Of course, she looked around and studied the whole pond, but she seemed most anxious about the direction she had come from. She kept looking back."

"Course I knew she hed a fawn back in the woods, soon as I see her actin' that way," said John, "and then I thought about Mr. Hardy's camera, for she'd come to stay, and would work 'round nearer to us. And I'd left the dinged thing at the river, 'though I might have known we stood to see deer, any time of day, at Cross's Pond. Ef I hed it to do agin, I wouldn't 'a'done it."

"Yes, John said that she was probably worrying about a fawn back in the woods, and directly the fawn came scampering in. It stood stiff-legged and stared at its mother with its head turned comically, so that one of the big ears was partly over the other one. Then it turned down the beach, kicked up its dainty hind legs, took a few high leaps, and stopped stiff-legged again. It bucked, like a broncho, going straight up into the air and lighting squarely with all four feet close together. It was a continuous performance, a little, but not much, like a lamb's gambols, for it was graceful. The mother waded breast-deep in the water for grass-roots and lily-pads, but watching the fawn and seeming to coax it. Several times it put its toes into the water and quickly sprang back. Directly the doe went in deeper water, and swam slowly toward us, often stopping for a tender lily-pad and to look back very earnestly at the little one.

"Suddenly, with a rush, the fawn sprang into the water, tore in and made it fly, and in doing so, fell on its knees and wet its pretty little nose. It was plainly frightened at what it had done, but its mother was ahead, so it kept going. It churned and pounded the water with its fore feet, and soon got too high in front and was frightened. It bleated, calling for its mother, and when she swam alongside, the little rascal immediately climbed on her back and ducked her. When she came out from under, she cautiously kept a short distance away, working toward us, but with her head over her shoulder watching the fawn. About the middle of the pond the fawn got in trouble again; got too high in front, and apparently had another panic. The doe swam near him, and he threw his fore-feet over her back a second time; but she was wary, and kept her head above water. Then, for the first time, she made a sound, not a bleat, but a cooing sound, such as pigeons make, and it seemed to soothe the excited little fellow. He swam more steadily, but not at all smoothly, for he appeared to get his legs tangled and lose his stroke. Sometimes his neck was high out of water, and sometimes his nose was buried, but he finally came ashore, just twenty-one feet from where I was sitting on a balsam log. I paced it after they left, but they did not go for several minutes. The fawn trembled so that it could scarcely stand, while the mother licked it and kept making the cooing, crooning sound. It was a

(continued on page 31)

Sporting Tour in August, 1858

of F. S. Stallknecht and Charles E. Whitehead

THIS BEING STALLKNECHT'S ACCOUNT OF IT, WITH WHITEHEAD'S ILLUSTRATIONS.

No stranger group of individuals met at Follensbee's Pond in New York's upstate wilderness than the New England Transcendentalists, Emerson, Lowell, the scientists Agassiz and Wyman, the illiterate guide Sam Dunning and the two younger New Yorkers Stallknecht and Whitehead. The deep woods have a way of searching out character and evolving a democratic process unknown to the society of civilized places. One wonders what effect life in the woods had on the New Englanders - none of them ever wrote of their experiences - and if the meeting between Dunning and Agassiz was brief, it raises the question if perhaps whole sections of our population are worth educating. No doubt, however, that the article does emphasize how beneficial outdoor recreation can be for the urbanite and how precious are the few natural resources we have left.



Martin's Hotel, Saranac Lake, N. Y. about 1880. The photo illustrates the progressive impact of tourism in relation to what was once a wilderness. To the far left is the original homestead and cleared farmland where Martin took in a few boarders. As visit-

ors increased, the first hotel, left of center and then the "luxury" establishment with its modifications of the 1880's. Stallknecht and Whitehead probably slept and outfitted at the second establishment. Adirondack Museum Photo

New York, Wednesday, Aug. 4

Hurrah for the woods and lakes! Everything is ready; fishing tackle inspected, gun touched up, provision basket packed to bursting; the Albany boat's bell rings as I hurry down Cortlandt street; my friend Whitehead meets me on the boat, and off we swing for Albany. How will business get on in my absence; There is no answer but the Napoleonic - "It must!" So, good-bye to business till New York comes in sight again.

Thursday, Aug. 5

The boat gets in, in good season to enjoy a breakfast of good things at the Delavan House, before the northern cars hurry us on to Lake Champlain. The train lingers at Saratoga long enough for time to swallow a half-dozen glasses of Congress water at the booth in the depot. It helps wonderfully to purge the mind of the heavy cloud of business care that hangs over it the first day out, as well as to refresh the stomach. "Whitehall!" shouts the conductor; "Lake passengers keep your seats!" Ten Minutes more, and we are embarked on Lake Champlain in the neat steamboat United States. We pass Ticonderoga, look at the ruins, monuments of Ethan Allen's daring, when, "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress," he nabbed the British garrison, its captain and his pretty wife. Here is

Crown Point, Port Henry, Essex.

At five o'clock we change boat at Burlington, in Vermont, and at six land at Port Kent, just opposite. There are two other parties bound for the woods on board, so Whitehead and I do not linger, but push on by stage immediately, through Keeseville to Au Sable Forks, and leave again on

Friday, Aug. 6

At six o'clock in the morning, in a private team, we arrive at Martin's on Lower Saranac Lake, fifty miles inland at two o'clock, and have our guides and boats engaged, and everything organized for an early start into the woods next morning. Sam Dunning, famous as a hunter and for his indomitable energy in the woods, who, for his independence as a man, is my guide, and Whitehead gets Hank Averill.

The road from Lake Champlain to Saranac Lake lies through a wild, uneven country. The population along is sustained exclusively by the ironworks and mines iron, in all its stage of getting ready for market, is always before the eye. On yonder hill are the shafts to the mines. Here you pass the heavily loaded wagons dragging the clumsy chunks from the smelting works; here comes a large charcoal wagon drawn by four strong mules. In two or three places are clusters of long shanties, built in the

vicinity of the charcoal ovens and kilns. At Black Brook you pass a large store, the only one for many miles around, supplied with all the wants of the settlers.

The woods are well chopped, and it would seem the supply of the forest for fuel for the iron works is nearly exhausted along the plank road on either side. At many places a young, hearty, second growth is crowding forward among the stumps. The high peaks of the northern stretch of the Adirondacks are before you, Mount Marcy, Baldface and the Catamount, and seem effectually to bar the passage, but the road finds its curved course around the bases, over gentle knolls. The sky, as we came along, was overcast, and it showered at intervals. At one spot the sun illumined a peak, another was enveloped in a heavy cloud, pierced by the sun, which just then shot out his rays, capping the mountain tops with a crown of cloud, fringed with gold and studded with brilliants.

Saturday, Aug. 7

We rise at early dawn, after a refreshing sleep on Martin's fresh oat-straw beds, still fragrant of the fields, and however rude and simple the furniture and other arrangements of his house, there is neatness and cleanliness in every nook and corner, always fresh trout and well-seasoned venison on the table, and a fresh breeze coming down among the evergreen islands on the lake, bearing with them a balmy sweetness from the pines and fir balsams. As you fling open the sash, on arising, you inhale drafts of this delicious air. The dense forest opposite to you grows down to the water's edge; a slight ripple on the surface of the lake lengthens the shadows of the pines, and seems to cut off their inverted tops, and hide them away, one after another, in a mysterious cavern below.

Oh, you denizens of St. Nicholas, Newport and Saratoga, with your gilded miseries, your vanities and follies, and shameless waste of God's good gifts, come here and sleep on Martin's beds, drink from his spring, breathe the air about his house, feast your eyes on the placid scene about you, and you will regret the time lost and the dollars wasted, and learn that, in a sequestered nook, with Nature for your handmaid, you will find that contentment and health for which you so vainly strive in your selfish, aimless existence!

Breakfast ended, we load our boats for a two or three weeks' camping trip. Our outfit consists of a small tent, two guns, three fishing-rods, a good supply of pork, biscuit, tea, sugar and condiments suited to our peculiar little fancies, tin cooking utensils and dishes. Last, not least, Sam Dunning's hound, Brave, leaps in. Our boats weigh one hundred and ten pounds each; the tackle and furniture of each consists of two oars, a scull and a yoke wherewith to carry it across portages. The two parties we left behind at Keeseville came up last night; we are again ahead, and off before there is a sign of their moving. "Have we forgotten nothing," says Sam Dunning. "Nothing," says Hank. "Good-bye, Martin!" "Good-bye!" Each of us takes his seat in his respective boat, the guides shove off, lock their oars, and off we glide over the dark waters of the lake, hiding Martin's house at turning the first point, leaving us alone in this wilderness of mountains, woods, lakes and rivers.

We make our way quietly through the channels between the fifty and odd islands of the lower lake. Here soars an eagle; there a hawk lights on the tip-top of a dead pine tree; here is Pirate's Isle, a high cone rising out of the water clad with pines and spruce. Hear the echo of your shout; it repeats twenty times distinct enough for a count. In this nook we are approaching, the river covered with lily pads and white water-lilies, the shadow of the trees on either shore is grateful after the exposure to the sun on the lake. At a rocky place we must get out, and the guides drag the boats over. This is the work of a few minutes. The river debouches into the middle Saranac Lake. Now the breeze fans your brow, and relieves, in its turn, the closeness of the river. We cross the lake and land at the foot of the rapids, on the short river leading from it to the Upper Saranac land for a portage at Bartlett's house.

Bartlett here keeps a sportsman's inn, like Martin's. He furnishes boats and guides and the best of dogs. I stayed with him a day or two last year. Mrs. Bartlett, besides being a stirring housewife, is ready to go into the woods and camp as lady guide, if a party of ladies gives her a call, and as she knows the points and name of every guide dog and boat all about the country, and will convert a deer, partridge or trout in quick style into roasted haunch, ramrod-toasted saddle piece, pork-fried or baked, and has a multitude of canines ready at her side to fetch the game she wants, and is not afraid to pull a trigger if no better hand is near, no one need fear starvation while in her care.

As we land, Bartlett is busy at his kennels, leading out his yelping hounds on leashes, two and two together. He is going off with six boats and guides to show a party of Connecticut gentlemen a deer hunt on the Upper Saranac. We wish them good luck, and keep on our course. We cross the lower end of the Upper Saranac, and come to the Indian Carry, over the central ridge of land which divides the watercourses of Northern New York, between Lake Champlain and the St. Lawrence. Stephe, who lives on the portage in a small log cabin, carts the boats and truck across the portage, which is a mile long, and in the meanwhile we bathe in the lake, and get Stephe's wife to cook us a noonday meal, which we partake of in company with two lively Cambridge students, out for sport in vacation, with whom we chat away a pleasant hour. Two days ago a party of Cambridge and Boston gentlemen have crossed this portage, and are now in camp on Follensbee Pond; as there are old acquaintances among them we resolve to visit them. Whitehead makes a portrait of your servant on Stephe's door frame in hunting costume. It is pronounced a great success. Sam Dunning is particularly delighted, and bargains that when we get back to Bill Martin's he shall make his picture on the barn door, for which Sam stipulates to find the brush and the mud.

Dinner over we re-embark on Stony Brook Ponds beyond the carry, and pass through the three ponds in immediate succession. I rig a light trout rod and throw a fly where Amblesand brook comes in the last pond, but never a strike do I get. After ten minutes trial we pull on through Stony Creek, which winds and twists like a boa constrictor in a flat meadow overgrown with swamp maples and alders for three or four miles, when it unites with the lovely Racket River. On either bank of this beautiful stream are high trees, an intermixture of evergreens, poplars, birches and maples, the watercourse broad enough at all places to admit of a current of air rippling its bosom; the boat is creeping into the shadow of its verdant bank; bluejays and kingfishers are chatting in the trees, woodpeckers are hammering, and now and then a brood of ducks or a flock of partridges buzz overhead, the sun plays with the lively foliage of the maples and poplars, and flings back sombre shadows from the dense evergreens. Here and there a slough sets back, feeding-places for the deer like stalls in a stable; not a sound is heard save the buzzing of myriads of insects, the whispering of leaves and the warble of the birds, broken in upon now and then with the bass of a bull-frog's strumming sound. What scene could more dispose to reverie?

Fancy portrait of
F. S. Stallknecht,
by his friend
Charlie Whitehead.





A portrait of the "Complete Fisherman's Outfit" that Stallknecht took into the woods.



A portrait of the fish that Stallknecht caught with the "Complete Fisherman's Outfit."

Unaccustomed to being the whole day exposed to sun and weather I fall back on the seat of the boat and doze off in a sweet slumber, dreaming that I float off from the river's bosom into the air, above the tops of the trees, looking down upon the birds cooing so sweetly over the young in their undisturbed nests. The boat goes off in the clouds and I try to catch at the stars, which, without burning, hang all around, till Sam's gruff voice awakens me. He is swearing away at a hidden rock which threatened to rub a hole in the bottom of his boat, and the moment he sees my eyes open begins with one of his smiles, which, if not of the most apt for the occasion, always ends in making Sam, his boat and passenger, all three, shake with laughter, for Sam is a wag in his way, and never fails to turn to humorous account the most untoward event.

Says Sam, "The rub of the boat reminds me of rubbing agin a good-looking widder down in Essex county last winter. I suppose she was a widder, anyhow she was in black, and she might have been a grass, for with all her black drygoods her eyes a kind o' glistened when I helped her out of the stage. Well, it begun to rain, and as she had a couple of miles to go the boys about the hotel were in a pucker how to get up her trunk, which was one of them big square black shanties on wheels with yellow skylights all over; the horses were out ahead and it was three miles to the nearest cart, and as for leaving her handbox and finery for a minute, no woman in the world could be expected to do that, so says I to myself, 'Darn it all, I'll break the rule,' for let me to tell ye, the moment I am out of the woods or my winter tour down to old Essex, to hug the big hotel stove for five or six weeks, and hear what is a' going on out in the world, I am the gentleman, and however much you'll see me shoulder my boat and sweat under the weight of your truck over the carries, then, gad! Jack has got to carry mine and keep my shoes in blacking, and not a finger breadth will I touch to either, no more than I want you to touch your'n in here. But says I, on taking a look at the widder in trouble, 'Marm,' says I, 'I'll see you over the carry,' so off goes my coat, and in less than ten minutes, I had her hundred and fifty pounder safely landed over to the house. Well, there warn't nobody home except the old black cat, so of course I sot down and had a little familiar. Says I, 'Sam's in clover this 'ere lay;' but dang it all, I had her to myself for only three days, when up comes a chap in the stage and walks off my widder to the nearest minister, and off they went without saying as much as a good-bye. So says I, 'I'll stick

to Brave and the woods; never will I find a woman so true to me as this here old dog! When we two are off on a lay I'd like to see the man what'll rob us of our game'."

When Sam's story was done we were at the mouth of the Follensbee Creek, a very narrow brook which for a mile or more winds a sinuous course into the pond. We had scarcely entered the creek when a flock of partridges buzzed up from the grass and lit on the other side. But one barrel of my gun was loaded, and that with heavy buck shot. I was not slow in bringing it to bear on the grass, where I saw the head of one of the birds peeping over. It ran off unharmed by the fire. I reloaded and pursued them in the high grass without success; the thicket was too dense, we paddled up the creek and soon entered the pond. It was a relief to get out of the brook, which swarmed with mosquitoes and midges. Follensbee Pond is about three miles long to half a mile wide. As we rowed into it the sun was just setting, and the shadow of the unbroken woods surrounding it on all sides lay on the bosom of the water, almost across.

There is nothing more beautiful in this wilderness than the ponds and lakes at set of day; the evening air cools you after the midday heat; the last rays of the sun gild the mountain tops and seem to lift the woods toward the skies; the sounds of nature hush off in drowsy languor, and the voices of the night begin.

Whitehead's boat was ahead, so to find out where he was I blew my hunting horn; the blast was answered by echoes innumerable, till I heard his manly "Halloo!" under the bank where he was awaiting us in the shade.

The scene reminded me of Evangeline rowing down among the bayous of the Mississippi, in search of her wandering Gabriel.

We paddled down to the lower end of the pond, and soon espied a boat shooting off from a sequestered nook. It came down to meet us, and was found to contain three gentlemen, one of them Mr. John Holmes, whom I hunted with on Tupper's Lake last year. Another boat appears, containing Professor Agassiz at the stern, Ralph Waldo Emerson at the prow, and James Russell Lowell rowing. They address Whitehead, point out their camp and courteously invite us to lay in and pay them a visit. We accept their kind offer, although it seems hardly fair to disturb such men, who have come so far to seek the solitude of nature. On landing we are met by Professor Jeffries Wyman, whom I often met in Paris seventeen years ago this summer, and am indebted to for many kindnesses. He was attending to dry the stomach of a buck for a specimen. We follow him to their camp.

Their ten guides have built a spacious bark shanty, quite open in the front. Mr. Binney is busy hoisting the American flag, the same that has accompanied him in the East and waved over his bateau on the Nile. They have shot two deer and caught an abundance of trout. Most of the party are away on a row. We pitch our tent at a convenient distance and cook a nice venison steak off one of their deer, which, with a cup of warm tea, sets us all in a good contented frame. It has got to be ten o'clock, we light our pipes and again visit the "Philosopher's Camp" (as Same Dunning calls it); they are all at home now, and a pleasant hour is passed in familiar chit-chat. They are a party of ten in all, with ten guides; Judge Hoar, Dr. Estes Howe and Mr. Stillman, the artist, are among them. We tell them of the news telegraphed from New York to Burlington on the day we passed there, that the Niagara has safely landed the American end of the cable at Newfoundland, and is in communication with the Agamemnon, then near the Irish coast. At hearing this three hearty cheers rend the air, and a hope is expressed it may prove true. The sportsmen talk over their former hunts.

Ralph Waldo Emerson shakes me by the hand, and invites me, looking upwards, to admire the dome. We look up and find ourselves standing under a clump of hoary pines with large naked trunks and spreading green tops, forming a lofty green cathedral, and the stars are all twinkling in the blue arch above, so Mr. Emerson's brief words of ecstasy strike as ever, and need no other illustration than to follow his eyes.

Agassiz is rolled up in his blanket, discussing with Wyman the subject of snakes swallowing and re-ejecting their young,



Brook Trout, Adirondacks about 1915, by A. W. Santway.
Photo courtesy of Adirondack Museum.

when he eyes a bug, gets up for his fly-net, and with an adroit swing and back fling bags the game and very neatly takes his prey out by the tips of his fingers. He catches a few more, and Whitehead plucks one of the same genus off his coat, which he hands him, and it is accepted with the pleasant politeness none but a Frenchman can express.

Sam Dunning, hearing from the guides that they have a French chap among them great on bugs and snakes and opening every fish and animal that comes in his way, edges his way up, bent, as he tells them, on tackling him on his (Sam's) theory on the copulation of trout. Sam declares, with a little pepper in the expression, that the old theory of the trout depositing their eggs and the males then impregnating them with their milt is a hum-bug; he has experimented and found it is not so. Agassiz listens to all he says, but fails to be convinced by Sam's logic and trials; even Sam's last argument, that if he wasn't right the things would have nothing worth living for, fails, so when we come down to bunk in at the tent Sam expresses his supreme disgust with Mr. Agassiz.

"He may be a nice man and pleasant enough, and I might be willin' to go guide with him, but," says he, "it must be great consolation for a man to come away off here in the woods to catch boogs and mice; I should think he might find enough of 'em where he came from; but if you tell me he knows anything about breeding trout, I tell you he don't know northing about it. Pshaw!"

Sunday, Aug. 8

Our first night in the woods was passed in utter unconsciousness, so sweet were our slumbers on the green hemlock boughs, wrapped in our blankets. As soon as breakfast is over we pack up our truck and load our boats. Several of the philosophers' party came down to see us off and wish us good luck in our hunt. We do not shoot today, but try without success for a dinner of trout; all the holes along have been fished every day the past week. We meet two return parties on our way through the Racket River to Tupper's Lake.

On entering the lake the cries of a couple of loons greet us. I point out to the party the spot where my classmate, Harry Sedgwick, and friends, shot a panther three years ago. We row past the eight or ten large islands to the foot of the lake, where Bog river enters, and plunges down a sloping, uneven rock, forming the Bog River Falls, distinguishable at quite a distance by the white foam breaking the green outline of the shore. We take a refreshing bath in the rapids and the foam. How often have I not here, on former hunts, tussled with the trout, and brought them in a true style with the fly and net! Today, however, they won't strike; I get but two, and those not over four ounces each. I claim *first trout*. Whitehead also gets one or two.

Hank and Brave come down the bank to note our fishing. Whitehead breaks a big branch of a hopple bush, shoulders arms with his rod and fights the flies, which, as fast as he drives them off a bit, return to the charge, and seem to be drawn towards him as his wisk moves backwards. After industriously trying several colors from my fly-book, a good fat one and half pound river-trout seizes a blue and gilt hackle; and now the sport begins. My rod bends almost to the water's edge - now I give him line - now reel in again - see him gape and gasp on the surface - slack a few inches, and down he darts; but I am up to him, and after suring and guiding him carefully for fifteen minutes, I drown him so effectually that, without net or gaffhook, I drag him up high and dry on the flat shelving rock, and Hank at once cleans him out ready for the frying-pan. How splendidly his colors flit and change, like the Aurora Borealis; spots and stars of gold, purple and blue seem to revolve on his skin the first ten minutes he is out of water, like the revolving lights in Barnum's Museum.

Well do I remember my first entrance on this lake. It was in the month of June - a sombre, cloudy day. The deep green outline of the woods was robed in heavy clouds, and the mountain tops were hidden by the lowering skies in melancholy grandeur. The shores then, as ever, rose gradually mountain high on all sides. Wherever the eye rests on the shore or on the islands, it meets one dense forest, save the limpid element in which you float. Then was the season for trout. We rigged our rods and threw the flies at Bog River Falls, I hooked a three-pounder. My landing-net was still in the basket, and the handle unscrewed; so I managed at first by giving him long line and as much play as I thought sufficient to take the wind and pluck out, and then steadily reeled in, allowing a little line for two or three ineffectual plunges; when at last, by the side of the boat, I resorted to the dangerous recourse of hauling him in with the hand by the line; but no sooner, on stooping, did I slack, than down he rushed, like a fire-serpent from an exploding rocket, and in an instant snapped the tip and broke the hook in two, and, with all my pains, baffled me completely. It was not long before I had a spare tip rigged and the net in order, and in revenge I punished his fellows, who were too eager for the gay flies to listen to his warnings. I had that day two flies on the leader - a bright scarlet and a blue with gilt body - and caught every fish on the latter.

Monday, Aug. 9

Today we have no such luck. Tupper's Lake has been visited so much the last fortnight that we resolve not to stop here to fish or hunt, but to push on through the laborious Bog River portages to Little Tupper's Lake, where we are confident of venison, but expect no trout, as that lake is said to contain none except in the cool brooks discharging into it.

Tuesday, Aug. 10

While preparing the morning meal we are visited by Messrs. Bradish and Dibblee, of New York, who are in camp about a mile from us. They bring us a very acceptable mess of trout, knowing we have not yet been on good fishing ground and after breakfast, we join them in a forenoon hunt.

In the early part of the evening, Sam paddles me up a creek to look for trout. As I am rigging my fishing gear, he suddenly checks the boat, and whispers, with uplifted finger, "Don't

make a bit of noise and shoot!" I look up, and on the margin of the brook a noble buck, full grown, with towering antlers, about twelve rods off, raises his head from the lily pads and river grass on which he is feeding. He spies me, moves and turns. I fire but miss, and before I can pull the second trigger he is hidden in the bushes. Brave is in our boat, he has snuffed his scent, and kicks and rattles his chain in a fret of impatience. Sam loosens the chain, and with a "Heigh, ho! at him my boy!" to cheer him on, he dashes and howls on the track.

We row out to watch the lake, but soon conclude, by the sound of the dog's bark, that the buck has taken to Round Pond safe from our pursuit, so we go back for Brave, who soon returns. I throw a fly in the brook, but no trout, and we row back to camp again, baffled, and this time found it rather difficult to conceal our mortification. Whitehead has, in the meantime, gone off with Hank Jack hunting, and returns to camp about midnight, his boat loaded to the water's edge with two three-years' bucks, which he picked out four feeding together, and shot the same minute, one with each barrel of his gun. So now we have venison; more than enough to last us as long as it will keep.

Wednesday, Aug. 11

Bradish and Dibblee visit our camp at five o'clock this morning, and join with us all in admiration of Whitehead's good shooting. Sam skins one of the bucks, their horns are taken off and stuck up on our tent poles as trophies of victory. It is a delicious morning, the air is cool and bracing, the fiery tongues of the morning sun lick the clouds of vapor off the surface of the lake.

We all breakfast together, and what with eight hungry men to feed, after several days' longing for the meal now spread before us, the best part of one of the bucks disappears, and Sam has to cut slice after slice and make fans of them on spread sticks, on which he broils them on a hot coal fire, the salt spluttering on the rich surface of the savory meat. This is the ramrod

toast. Our table consisting of a large piece of birch bark, spread on a clean spot of ground, is garnished with currant jelly, fried onions, pickles, and all manner of portable comestibles, and in recumbent posture, we gloat over the meal with a passion of satisfaction.

After breakfast, we smoke, lounge and play high, low jack till a heavy thunder-storm drives us all into the tent, where we snooze away the fatigues of the morning. Towards evening another party, headed by Mr. Dalton, of New York, arrives and camps near us. We call on them and supply them with venison, in return for their politeness in sending us a piece on Tupper's Lake on our way up.

Thursday, Aug. 12

It rained till after midnight, and the clouds are still ominous, though the wind has shifted favorably. At daybreak we pull up stakes, strike the tent, and move the camp down to the convenient bark shanty, at the lower end of the lake, well-known to the frequenters of these waters as Constable's Camp. It was built first by a gentleman of that name, who visits it annually, but the right of everybody to occupy a shanty so constructed, during the absence of the builder, is well settled law of the woods.

Here Sam relates to us the adventure of his last year's party of Cambridge men, in shooting a bear that came up with them quite unawares at this very spot, and set them all in a high "buck fever," making the shot fly wildly till poor Bruin's hide and heart were in a jiffy rent into tatters. We bathe, read and sleep away the heat of the day. While dressing after the bath, a mink came creeping over Whitehead's boots and came to take a smell of mine. We sat stock still, watching his fearless movement till he crept away under the stones. At ten o'clock at night I load my gun and light the jack, and paddle out with Sam for a regular night hunt.

*Extract from
Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
Nov. 13, 1858*



Alvah Dunning at Sagamore Lake, 1899

The most famous guide in the Adirondacks began as a professional during the early 1840's rowing a boat for the members of the Piseco Lake Club. His death was caused by blowing out the gas in a hotel room, a not illogical error for an older man who all his life knew only candles and kerosene lamps.

Adirondack Museum Photo



Paulina Brandreth

An Adirondack lady fly fisher who wrote under the name "Paul Brandreth"
Paulina is shown here with her guide at Brandreth Preserve, 1890's.
Adirondack Museum Photo

PAUL(INA) BRANDRETH

1885 - 1946

From *Trails of Enchantment* by Paul Brandreth
(New York, 1930)

Spring is invariably a belated arrival in the North Woods, and the lakes are seldom free from ice before the end of April or first of May. One of the earliest harbingers of warmer weather is the herring gull, and when you see him sailing over the first blue patches of open water, you can get out your fly-rod and prepare for business. Once the ice starts to break up, it melts very quickly and great fields of it disappear sometimes overnight.

I can think of few things in nature more exhilarating and full of promise to the heart of a fisherman - or any one else for that matter - than this sudden transformation of icelocked lakes into sparkling breeze-swept azure of living water. During normal seasons, the fly-fishing commences by the sixth or seventh of May, for soon after the ice goes out the fish move up near shore looking for food and ready to take almost any kind of a lure. Some of your best fishing will be before the pin cherries are in bloom, when the leafless mountains are mauve and purple, and the air is keen as a knife. Casting a fly helps to keep your blood warm, but there will be days when, owing to a strong wind, you will resort to light trolling tackle with a spinner or spoon. As late as the middle of the month, you will step into your guide-boat bundled up to the ears. Yet the sport you will enjoy will more than compensate for cold fingers and shivering flesh . . .

When all is said, however, the halcyon days to fish are those that come towards the end of May and throughout the month of June. By this time the forest is burgeoning into delicious pastel tints of apple green, canary yellow and amethyst, while the snowy blossoms of pin cherry and shad bushes cast their reflections on the mirrored surface of wilderness lakes. Moving slowly along in your guide-boat or canoe, you let the flies drop gently on the tranquil water. Perhaps the Parmacheene Belle or Red Ibis or whatever you happen to be using flickers down with feather lightness a dozen times or more without any response. And then there is a seething sudden boil under the fly; a glistening body shoots into the air, followed by a resounding splash. Instinctively you strike; the point of the rod bends almost double, the battle is on! Sometimes it is a brook trout, sometimes a land-locked salmon. Lake trout seldom jump in striking but usually take a sunken fly, and a big speckler often does the same. But, whatever it happens to be, the thrill of hooking a

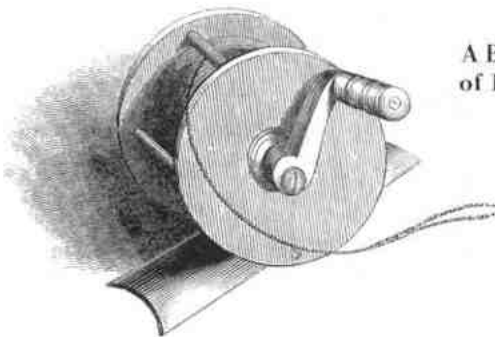
good fish on a fly can never be equalled by catching a trout any other way. It is the cream of fresh water methods, and its poetry has long been sung by lovers of the art . . .

Some years ago the inlet of Beech's Lake was the favored haunt of big brook trout during May and June. A stream of Arcadian beauty bordered by aromatic meadows studded with black spruce and tamaracks, its slow-moving, amber current caught the white gleam of passing clouds, and offered tempting surfaces on which to cast your flies. Wild roses leaned over the water; pitcher plants and swamp pinks grew on the marshy bogs. In the back-ground the forest rolled upward to the crest of a high mountain which raised its tree-clad slopes in august majesty and peace against the clear northern sky. Seldom a sound, save the lonely whistle of an olive-sided flycatcher or the far-off sylvan strain of the hermit thrush disturbed the absolute stillness of this lovely spot, and fishing there was like fishing in a dream. Those strange sweet influences of the wilderness stole around you invisibly as the perfumes that emanated from the meadows and forest. Immersed in reverie and a sense of utter well-being, you would let your flies drop on the mirrored waters until you were jerked back to the world of reality by a resounding splash and a sharp tug on the line. And for the next few minutes you would have your hands full keeping the big square tail away from the banks and fighting him to a finish . . .

The strike of a land-locked salmon is invariably savage. Nine times out of ten he means business and seldom or never plays with a bait or fly the way a lake or speckled trout will do. The very vigor of his attack, moreover, is characteristic of his splendid qualifications as a sporting proposition . . . For sheer sport, he has few equals among fresh-water game fish and he is a beautiful thing to look at with his dark green mottled back and gleaming silvery sides dappled with lustrous black spots. Much as I enjoy catching lake trout, and deep as is my sentimental attachment to the universal favorite, *salmo fontinalis*, I would infinitely rather take a few salmon in a day's fishing than a dozen of either of the other species. The largest salmon I ever had the good fortune to net in the region of Beech's Lake, weighed about five pounds and a half. He fought like a cyclone, and it took just twenty-five minutes to tire him out.



American
Multiplying Reel
of 1882.



A British Reel
of 1838.

John's Cakes (continued from page 24)

very tired, meek-looking fawn that slowly followed its mother into the woods. I have the picture in my mind. It was not over-exposed or under-developed, and it will never fade, but I can't show it to any one else. I feel as John does, about leaving the camera: If I had it to do over again, I wouldn't 'a' done it."

"I understand," said Colonel Warren, "that you have been observing two specimens, a mother and a child, *Cervus Virgin-*

ensis; and these are the tender, loving, lovable creatures men breed dogs to chase, and invent deadly rapid-fire guns and soft-nosed explosive bullets to mangle and kill. Gentle, kindly sportsmen are we! Let us go to bed."

from
Lovers of the Woods 1901



Strange are the roads that fishermen take to their destination. This one is in Vermont (1870's). Was the terrified heart worth the gamble of the trout in the basket?

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
Patron	\$100.00 and over
Life	\$250.00

All membership dues, contributions and donations are tax deductible.

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

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER, free to members, is published quarterly. Back numbers, with the exception of Vol. 1, No. 1 and Vol. 1, No. 2, are available at \$3.00 each.

Ogden Pleissner's *Lye Brook Pool* . . . limited edition unframed prints are available @ \$400.00, of this, \$380.00 is tax deductible. A *Check List of American Sporting Periodicals* by Austin Hogan . . . a prime reference source, \$5.00 and *Where the Pools are Bright and Deep* by Dana S. Lamb, a limited autographed offering, \$8.95, may be ordered from the Treasurer.



PAUL SCHULLERY APPOINTED MUSEUM'S EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

After an intensive search, Paul Schullery, Historian/Archivist for the Yellowstone Park Museum, will be in charge of affairs at Manchester, Vermont on a full time basis. Authorization for the change in organization was voted by the Trustees at the Annual Meeting in May and a national search was started immediately. The growth of the Museum over a decade has been phenomenal, especially within the last three years and the increasing number of contributions, enlargement of exhibit space and expansion of programs, has made the reorganization necessary. The new Executive Director takes office on December 1, 1977. Austin S. Hogan, Vice President and Curator on a voluntary basis for nearly a decade, will continue as a consultant and editor of the magazine. David B. Ledlie, Registrar, will become a consultant, research specialist and librarian as a Trustee and friend of the Museum.

The new Director brings wide professional experience to his position. He holds a B.A. in history, 1970 from Wittenburg University and an M.A. in history from Ohio University, 1977. He was a teaching assistant at Ohio University in American history.

For the past six years his experience has included the duties of Ranger-Naturalist for the National Park Service at Yellowstone, Wyoming with an emphasis on historical interpretation. He was responsible for producing and presenting slide programs, nature walks and history demonstrations, providing experience in public contact, education and technical photography.

As Historian/Archivist, Mr. Schullery was in charge of development and organization of the Yellowstone Administrative Archives with associated advisory duties in management of the Yellowstone Museum Collections. He is also experienced in microfilming, document preservation and management, Museum planning, public research requests and reports.

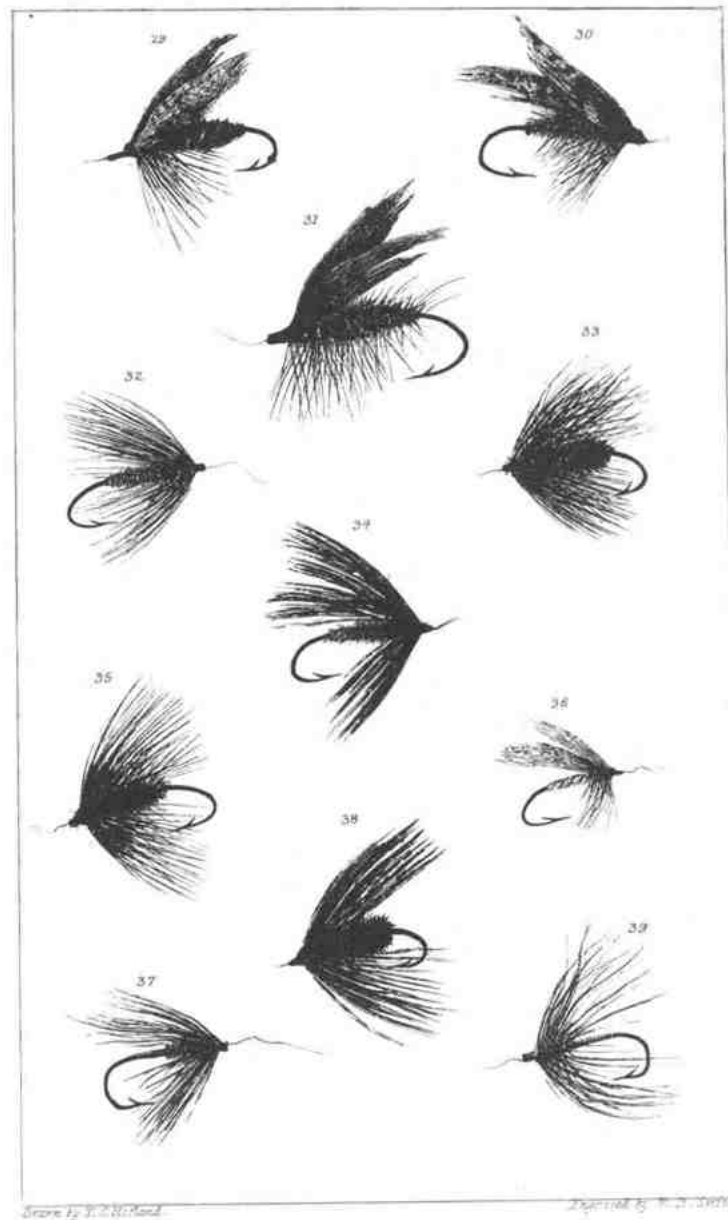
The products of his historical work include a complete inventory of the Yellowstone Archives, several catalogues and indexes of key portions of the Archives, a pamphlet entitled "Historic Fort Yellowstone, 1886-1916," an article about the preservation of Yellowstone's bison herd in *Montana, the Magazine of Western History*, and book reviews for *Montana* and *The Journal of Forest History*. He is responsible for two books; a small guide to Yellowstone's only 4-season road (published last summer) and an anthology about Yellowstone he has just finished editing. He is presently writing a book about the Park's bears. Members will recall his article on Kipling in *The American Fly Fisher*, Spring, 1977.

During his years at Wittenberg and Ohio University, his major interests centered on the American Conservation Movement with a personal interest in the development of a sporting ethic in this country. He is an ardent fly fisher and fly tyer.

A cordial invitation is extended the membership and general public to say hello when in Manchester.

Modern and Contemporary Regional Fly Collections

A Participating Project for Members and Fly Tying Friends



Although gamefish haven't changed their appetites for the artificial, the tastes of fly fishermen have since these patterns were assembled during the 1830's. Flies dating to that age have gone the way of the dinosaur and we now must rely on such reproductions as this engraving for a knowledge of what the patterns of this period looked like. The fly fisherman of tomorrow, our progeny, will be in much the same predicament unless action is taken to prevent the loss of our present day examples.

If you are a fly tyer of reasonable skill, you will find it an enjoyable project to enhance the Museum's collections by tying the most popular patterns representative of your regional waters and sending them to the Museum. Here they will be carefully cared for, exhibited and photographed and eventually, in the years to come, be one of our most prized possessions. If you are a photographer, a number of 5" x 7" black and whites or color

slides will give us the opportunity for reproduction in the magazine, within reasonable limits.

It should be emphasized that a framed selection of contemporary flies, now on exhibition, draws viewers like a magnet and we are certain that the interest will continue far into the future.

We are also pleased to report that one of our Trustees has informed us of the possibility of receiving a contribution numbering several thousands dressed by a professional during the 1930's. In time, there is no reason why the Museum could not assemble one of the greatest collections in the world.

Please mothproof your donation before mounting and mailing. Don't forget the basic information such as: the name of the originator, regional waters, name of the fly tyer and whatever else you feel is pertinent.

Sonnet on Angling

What is the conqueror's most triumphant joy
Compared to his who brings from lake or stream
The valorous trout - carp, cunning, old and coy, -
Or pike voracious - perch with golden gleam,
Or dace of living silver? What a theme
On which the sire may lesson his proud boy,
And friendship listen till day's parting beam
Close on the pleasant toil, the loved employ!
Thence rise no revelries to vice akin,
No vulgar joys unmeet for souls refined,
The angler's art and energies may win
Alike the polished and the manly mind;
The one delight I ween where man ne'er found
Source for repentant sigh, or sorrow's slightest wound.

- Mrs. T. C. Hofland, 1839

