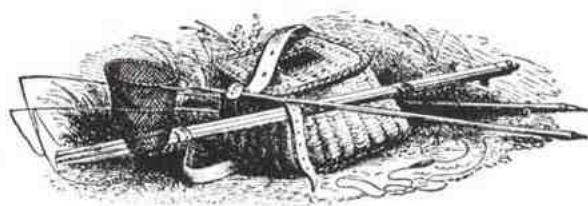


The American Fly Fisher



Vol. 6, No. 2
SPRING 1979

A Note from the President

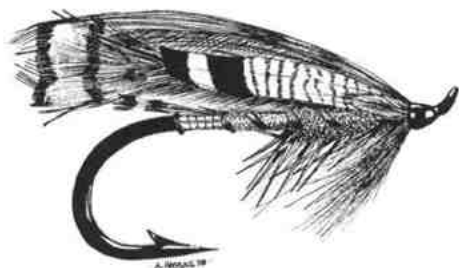
It would be nice to be able to report that since I became President a year ago the Museum's membership has grown by leaps and bounds, but this is not the case. Membership has continued to grow, and we have every reason to believe it will continue to do so, but progress is slow; too slow. As we increase our fund-raising and artifact-gathering efforts, we must also increase our membership drive.

You as members are in the best possible position to help. Membership in the Museum does not, of course, appeal to all fly fishers, but each member probably has at least one friend who would enjoy belonging. In your renewal notices these days, we are including a post card for your use in telling us who these people are. If you recommend them to us, we will take it from there. But, you can do even more, by approaching them personally.

It is not simply a matter of convincing people to help out with a good cause. There is something very tangible in it for them. Show them a copy of the Museum magazine. If they are interested in history, fishing tackle collecting, or just good angling literature, the magazine alone will convince them. But you don't have to be a historian or an antiquarian to appreciate the Museum magazine. A lot of fishermen who never even think of history would like to get a look at an original Quill Gordon, or take a peek in Ray Bergman's fly box. We're going to continue featuring rare and unique items like these in the magazine, and you just can't see them anywhere else. The issue you are now reading has a forecast of some of the upcoming features; take a look at it. It will be a shame if a lot of the people who would enjoy these things miss them just because they didn't know about them.

So, share the Museum with a friend (Museum membership makes a fine gift, too). The more members we have, the better job we can do.

Leon Martuch
President
The Museum of American Fly Fishing



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The American Fly Fisher

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SPRING 1979

Vol. 6, No. 2



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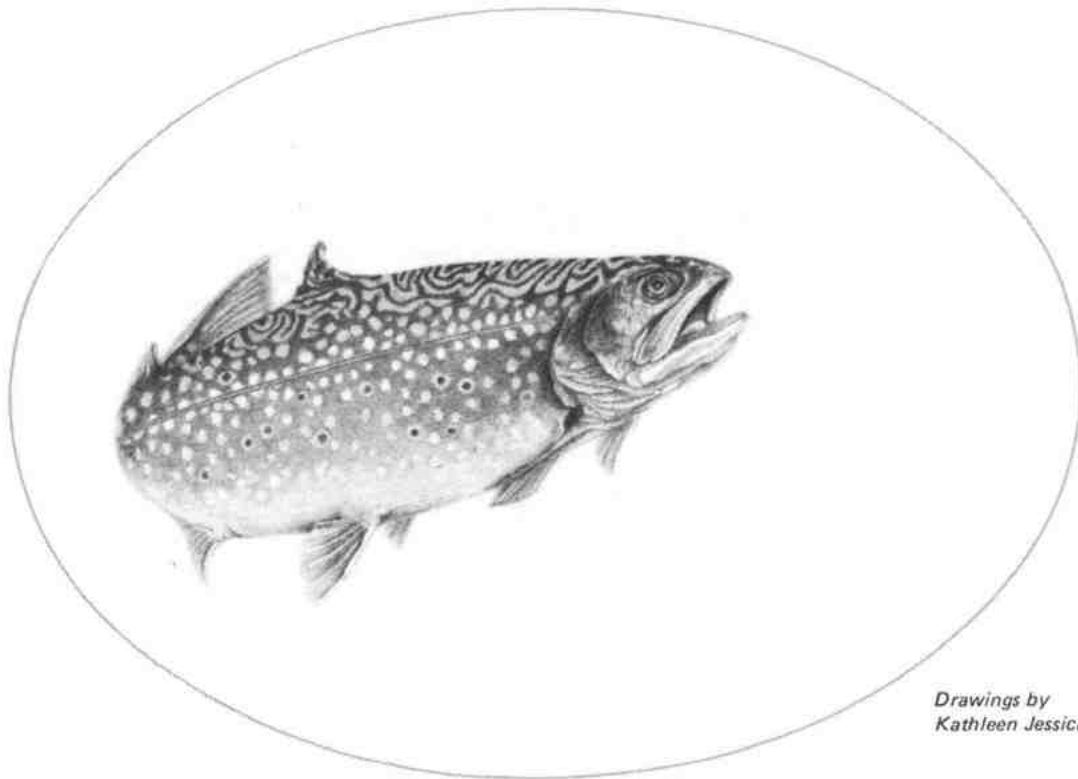
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*Drawings by
Kathleen Jessica J. O'Leary*

A Fishing Tramp in North Carolina

By Benjamin Rush

TO most of the people of the Northern States the mountain region of North Carolina is as a sealed book. Until recently facilities for travel have been crude and limited, and the public roads are but little better than cattle trails. Hence few tourists have penetrated the picturesque wilds of a region which embraces some of the loftiest mountains east of the Rockies.

The scenery of this delightful wilderness is always pleasing. In early summer the forest extends far as eye can see, forming huge billows of richest green. Laurels and snowy azaleas show masses of lovely bloom, and the mountain air is laden with a delicious fragrance which startles the senses of a weary Northern man. But the landscape is not all forests and flowers. Gaunt rocks and towering cliffs guard smiling valleys and shadow rushing, foaming torrents. Civilization has set her seal upon many of the most accessible and fertile spots, so that one may tramp from fire to farm, from camp to caravansary, and find the comforts of home or of modern hotel fringing the forest primeval. In time the laughter and

song of summer tourists will echo from misty peak and shadowy wood and mingle with the cadence of every fall; but that day is not yet. Nature has intrenched herself in a favorite stronghold, which is not to be easily stormed by the butterfly hosts of fashion.

Up in the gaps between the mountains are many cool, sparkling streams, nearly all of which contain almost countless numbers of speckled trout. Especially is this true of a network of brooks in the eastern part of Jackson County, which I visited with a friend for our first trial of these waters.

The journey was uninteresting until we reached the summit of "Old Bald," 5,786 feet above the sea. There we enjoyed one of the most glorious views of the entire region. We could see the peaks of the Blue Ridge forty miles away to the east and northeast of us, and the intervening country was one vast expanse of lofty peaks, narrow valleys and deep gaps. Most of the mountains in that vast expanse are wooded to their summits, and the fresh green of the trees, the dark lines of laurels, rhododendrons and hemlocks along the gaps,

and the lofty peaks of the Richland balsams to the north of us, made up one of the most beautiful sights I had ever beheld. No signs of a human habitation in any direction — it looked as though the foot of the white man had never trod those wilds.

We followed old Bald Ridge along a well-beaten trail upon its summit for nearly three miles. The ridge is covered with a carpet of the greenest grass, white honeysuckles and red clover, which make the richest pasturage in the world for cattle and horses. That ridge resembles a well-kept park more than anything else. Beautiful, wide-spreading oaks and beeches are scattered about, looking as though they had been planted by some careful landscape gardener, and we half expected to see some fine country house peeping from one of the stately groves. But we were in the wilderness, where bears, wolves and wildcats dwell.

Near the east end of the ridge we laid down upon the grass, ate our lunch and watched the ever changing shadows as they swept over the mountains below. After an hour so spent, we set out to find our way down to Caney Fork, the stream we were going to fish. We knew it was in one of the gaps below us, but were not quite sure which one, and as we did not know whether we could find a cabin to spend the night in, we were anxious to catch some trout for our supper and to prepare a place for sleeping. We discovered a little trail which seemed to lead down the mountain, but after following it a short distance it disappeared, and, being unable to find any other, we struck out for ourselves, knowing that any stream we might find would, in the end, lead us to the Tuckasugu River, of which the Caney is a branch. After descending about two thousand feet we came to a long, dark line of rhododendrons, and heard the roar of a waterfall — pleasant pledge of trout for supper.

The rhododendron thicket was almost impenetrable, but after one or two attempts, we reached the water. The bushes overhung the stream, and the only way was to wade in and fish from the rocks. The stream was but a few yards wide, very rocky, and after a few minutes we found that there were but very few fish in it. We waded down stream for an hour or more, but we could not find any path leading out of

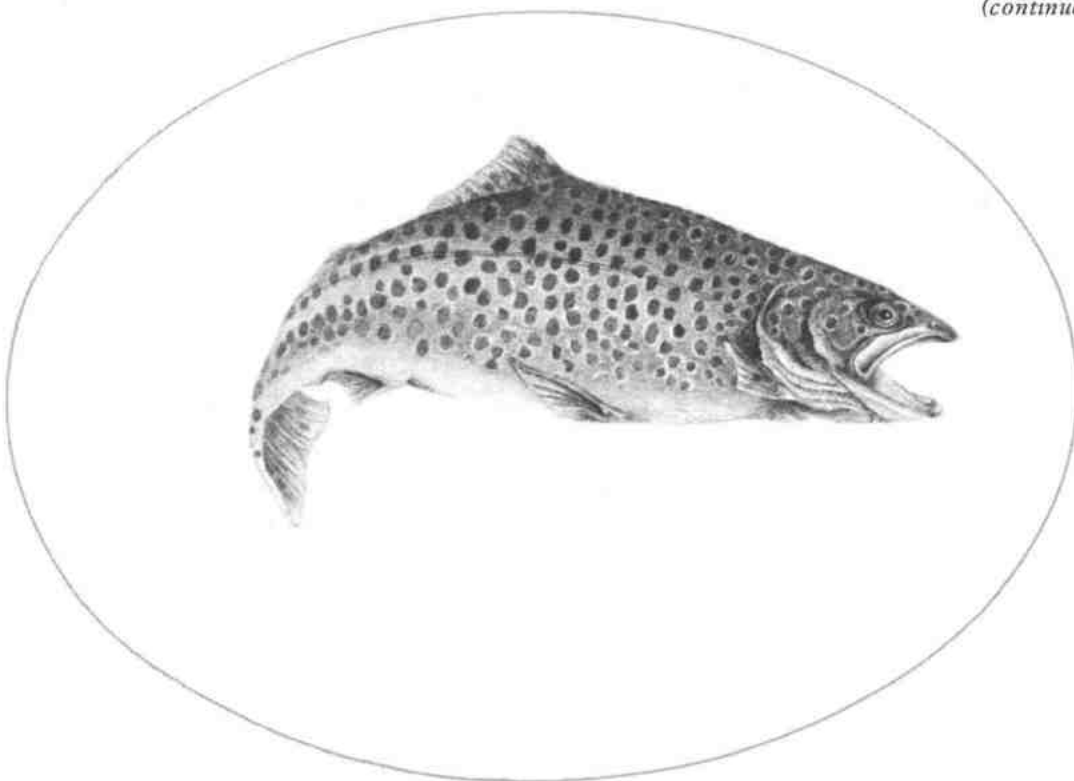
the thicket, and it is not very safe to attempt finding one's way out without a trail to follow. At last we came to the edge of a steep fall, about eighty feet in height; the water plunged down upon big boulders, and we could see no way out of our difficulty except to go with the water. The probable result of such a tumble did not appeal to us, so I pulled off coat and shoes and climbed a small hemlock to take an observation. I thought I could see a slight trail along the opposite side of the brook. It proved to be a hog path, and by it we commenced the descent. It was rather close work, but we at last reached a large flat rock, about half way down the fall.

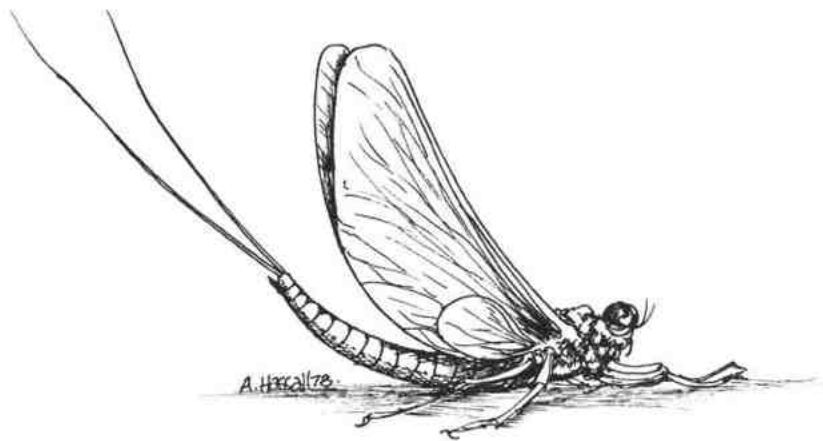
Will was ahead, and when he stepped upon the rock he called out for me to come on. I was coming on as fast as I could, and told him to go ahead and I would follow. Well, he did go ahead. He stepped off the rock upon another one which looked safe enough, but as he planted both feet upon it, it slipped and he took a header for the bottom of the ledge, fully forty feet below. It was very laughable to see him going down that fall, but I was pretty badly frightened at first, and did not have time to think of laughing at him. I followed him as rapidly as I could, without going as he did, and when I reached the bottom he was just crawling out of a big pool. He was very wet and considerably shaken up, had a few bruises on his legs, and was using some rather expressive words.

After he had rested we commenced casting our flies again. I used a plain cinnamon-colored hackle with red body for my lower fly, and a gray-winged blue-bodied coachman for an upper one. Will was not very skillful with the fly, and used a plain hook with "stick bait." He went on ahead and I followed, about one hundred yards behind him. The trout took both stick bait and flies pretty well, but we caught none above seven or eight inches in length. The work was not very satisfactory, but we wanted fish for our supper and were not very particular about size, provided we could get enough of them. We fished for about an hour, and upon counting up our catch found that we had upward of thirty.

It was then about six o'clock; we were in a deep, dark wood with no signs of a cabin near us, and we did not care to

(continued on page 28)





William T. Porter and the Origins of Imitation

by David Ledlie

"So long as this exhilaration sport shall be enjoyed either as an occasional pastime or as "grand and expansive passion" by the over-tasked statesman, the hard-worked scholar, the naturalist, the inbred sportsman, or a single faithful pupil of the Walton school, in the length and breadth of the sporting-grounds of America, so long will Mr. Porter's *practical hints* [My emphasis] be read with advantage, and his name be breathed softly and affectionately by those lovers of the angle, who in coming time will only know him as he is connected with this chapter."

SO reads a portion of an introductory paragraph to Chapter Seven (entitled "Angling") of Francis Brinley's *Life of William T. Porter* (1860). Porter was owner and editor of America's first weekly sporting periodical, "The Spirit of the Times" which he was associated with from 1831 until his death in 1858.¹ In its prime it had a circulation (claimed by Porter) of approximately 40,000. Although concerned primarily with thoroughbreds and racing, the "Spirit" often found room for matters piscatorial and was thus quite influential in shaping America's angling heritage. [For a biographical sketch of W. T. Porter and a discussion of "The Spirit of the Times" see "The American Fly Fisher" Vol. I, No. 3, 1974].

Porter's "practical hints" include comments concerning the theory of imitation. Brinley includes the following quote (taken from the pages of the "Spirit").

"We confess our entire disbelief in a doctrine considered orthodox by many, that each season and stream has its peculiar and appropriate flies; and we have arrived at this conclusion after as much practical experience as many Waltonians who have attained the age of fourscore. Since we were stout enough to wield a rod, our "constant custom of an afternoon" has been to put it to use, if, by hook or by crook, we could; for the which propensity many is the birchen one we have had applied to our shoulders, and we are free to say, that with three flies well matched, there is very little necessity of cumbering one's hook with an infinite variety. Give us a red or brown hackle for the end of our leader, with a black midge for the first dropper, and a light salmon-colored butterfly

not larger than your thumb-nail for the second, and we can raise from his cool retreat the craftiest trout that ever gorged a grasshopper, or turned up his nose in scorn at the bungling efforts of a greenhorn."

And as to "the best practical treatise on fishing" available to the neophyte angler Porter strongly recommends two British works: Davy's *Salmonia* (1828) and Wilson's *The Rod and the Gun* (1844).

It is within the page of Wilson's *The Rod and the Gun* that one finds the philosophical justification for Porter's "no need to match the hatch" doctrine.

"As expert angling never was and never will be successfully taught by rule, but is almost entirely the result of assiduous and long-continued practice, we purpose being very brief in our general disquisition on the subject. We shall commence by stating our belief that fly-fishing, by far the most elegant and interesting branch [branch] of the art, ought not to be regarded exclusively as an art of imitation. It no doubt depends on deception, which usually proceeds on the principle of one thing being successfully substituted in the likeness of another; but Bacon's distinctive definitions of simulation and dissimulation place the subject in a truer light. As simulation consists in the adoption or affection of what is not, while dissimulation consists in the careful concealment of what really is — the one being a positive, the other rather a negative act — so the great object of the fly-fisher is to dissimulate in such a manner as to prevent his expected prey from troubling himself by a vain effort to simulate or assume, with his fly, the appearance of any individual or specific form of insect life. *There is, in truth, little or no connection between the art of angling and the science of entomology; and therefore the success of the angler, in by far the greater proportion of cases, does not depend on the resemblance which subsists between his artificial fly and the natural insect.* [My emphasis] This statement is no doubt greatly at variance with the expressed principles of all who have deemed fishing worthy of consideration, from the days of Isaiah and Theocritus, to those of Carrol and Bainbridge. But we are not the less decidedly of opinion, that in nine in-

stances out of ten a fish seizes upon an artificial fly as upon an insect or moving creature *sui generis*, and not on account of its exact and successful resemblance to any accustomed and familiar object.

If it is not so, let us request to be informed upon what principle of imitative art the different varieties of salmon-fly can be supposed to bear the most distant resemblance to any species of dragonfly, to imitate which we are frequently told they are intended? Certainly no perceptible similarity in form or aspect exists between them, all the species of dragonfly, with the exception of one or two of the sub-genus *Calepterix*, being characterized by clear, lace-like, pellucid wings, entirely unadorned by those fantastic gaudy colours, borrowed from the peacock and other "birds of gayest plume," which are made to distinguish the supposed resemblance. Besides, the finest salmon-fishing is frequently in mild weather during the cooler seasons of the year, in autumn and early spring, several months either before or after any dragonfly has become visible on the face of the waters, as it is a summer insect, and rarely makes its appearance in the perfect state until the month of June. If they bear no resemblance to each other in form or colour, how much more unlike must they seem, when, instead of being swept like lightning down the current, as a real one would be, the artificial fly is seen crossing and recrossing every stream and torrent, with the agility of an otter, and the strength of an alligator? Or darting with regular jerks, and often many inches under water, up smooth continuous flows, where all the dragonflies on earth — with St. George to boot — could not maintain their place a single second! Now, as it is demonstrable that the artificial fly generally used for salmon, bears no resemblance, except in size, to any living one; that the only tribe which, from their respective dimensions, it may be supposed to represent, does not exist in the winged state during the period when the imitation is most generally and most successfully

practised; and if they did, that their habits and natural powers totally disenable them from being at any time seen under such circumstances as would give a colour to the supposition of the one being ever mistaken for the other; may we not fairly conclude that, in this instance at least, the fish proceed upon other grounds, and are deceived by an appearance of life and motion, rather than by a specific resemblance to anything which they had previously been in the habit of capturing? What natural insect do the large flies, at which sea-trout rise so readily, resemble? These, as well as grilse and salmon, frequently take the lure far within the bounds of the salt-water mark; and yet naturalists know that no such thing as a salt-water fly exists, or at least has ever been discovered by their researches. Indeed no true insect inhabits the sea. What species are imitated by the palmer, or by three fourths of the dressed flies in common use? An artificial fly can, at the best, be considered only as the representative of a natural one which has been drowned, as it is impossible to imitate the dancing or hovering flight of the real insect over the surface of the stream; and, even with that restricted idea of its resemblance to nature, the likeness must be scarcely perceptible, owing to the difference of motion, and the great variety of directions in which the angler drags his flies, according to the nature and special localities of the current, and the prevailing direction of the wind.

The same observations apply, with almost equally few exceptions, to bait-fishing. The minnow is fastened upon swivels, which cause it to revolve upon its axis with such rapidity, that it loses every vestige of its original appearance; and in angling with the par-tail, one of the most killing lures for large trout, the bait consists of the nether half of small fish, mangled and mis-shapen, and in every point of view divested of its natural form.

Fly-fishing has been compared, though by a somewhat circuitous mode of reasoning, to sculpture. It proceeds upon a few simple principles, and the theory is easily acquired, although it may re-

(continued on page 8)



THE GRIZZLY KING.



SAM SLICK.



LONG TOM.



THE PROFESSOR.



GREEN MANTLE.

Plate of Flies from Wilson's The Rod and The Gun

The impact of Porter's words on imitation undoubtedly was considerable among the *Spirit's* readers. Theories naturally are successful as long as they work, and the sometimes garish, blatantly non-imitative flies suggested by Wilson & Porter were successful with the gullible, naive brook trout of our eastern seaboard. The non-imitation school burgeoned and remained in vogue through the turn of the century [witness the color plates in Marbury's "Favorite Flies and their Histories" (1892)]. With the introduction of the more selective *salmo trutta* in the early 1880's hatch matching became a necessity. Halford's dry flies were introduced in the 1890's, and America's first angling entomology was published by Lewis Rhead in 1916. Earlier references to fly fishing entomology and imitation can of course be found (see for example Ken Cameron's article on Sarah McBride "The American Fly Fisher", Vol. 5, No. 2, 1978), but these were the exception. It is to Wilson & Porter then that we perhaps owe the beginning of the rococo period of American fly tying.

The Outing:

An Album of Sporting Tribulations

Sporting writing of the nineteenth century often seems stilted to us today, and even more often lacks humor. Occasionally, however, we find an example of more relaxed writing, proof that our forefathers were not always lost in lofty sentiments. The illustrations that follow are taken from T. B. Thorpe's "A Visit to John Brown's Tract," which appeared in HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, July, 1859. Not only do they suggest that American sportsmen have always been able to laugh at themselves, they demonstrate the timelessness of some amusements; today's outdoor humorists are getting plenty of mileage out of the very same themes.



THE BOAT.



THE MILE-STONE.



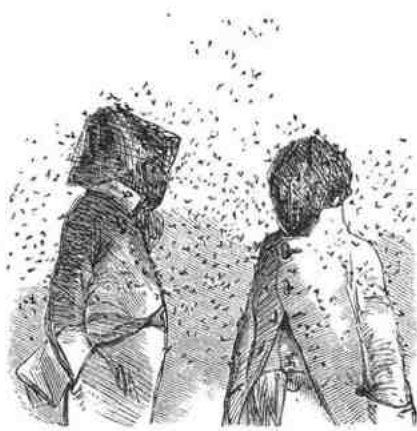
THE REPAIRED ROAD.



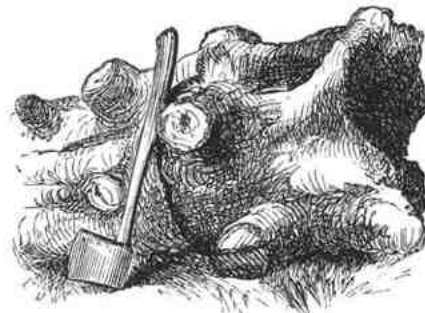
THE GOOD ROAD.

1 Mile A little farther.
Scale of Miles.

In Camp...



PUNKIES ABOUT.



NOT HARD TO SPLIT.



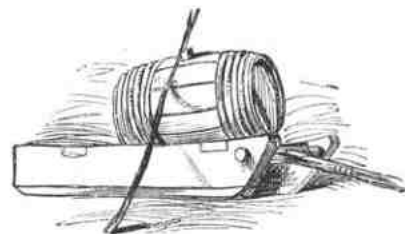
THE DINING-SALOON.



THE KITCHEN.



A SMUDGE.



WATER-WORKS.



THE HOTEL.

Afield...



OARS AND PADDLES.



PRANKS OF PADDLES AND OARS.



GUN, BOOTS, ETC.



GROWTH OF GUN AND BOOTS.

The Origins of Imitation

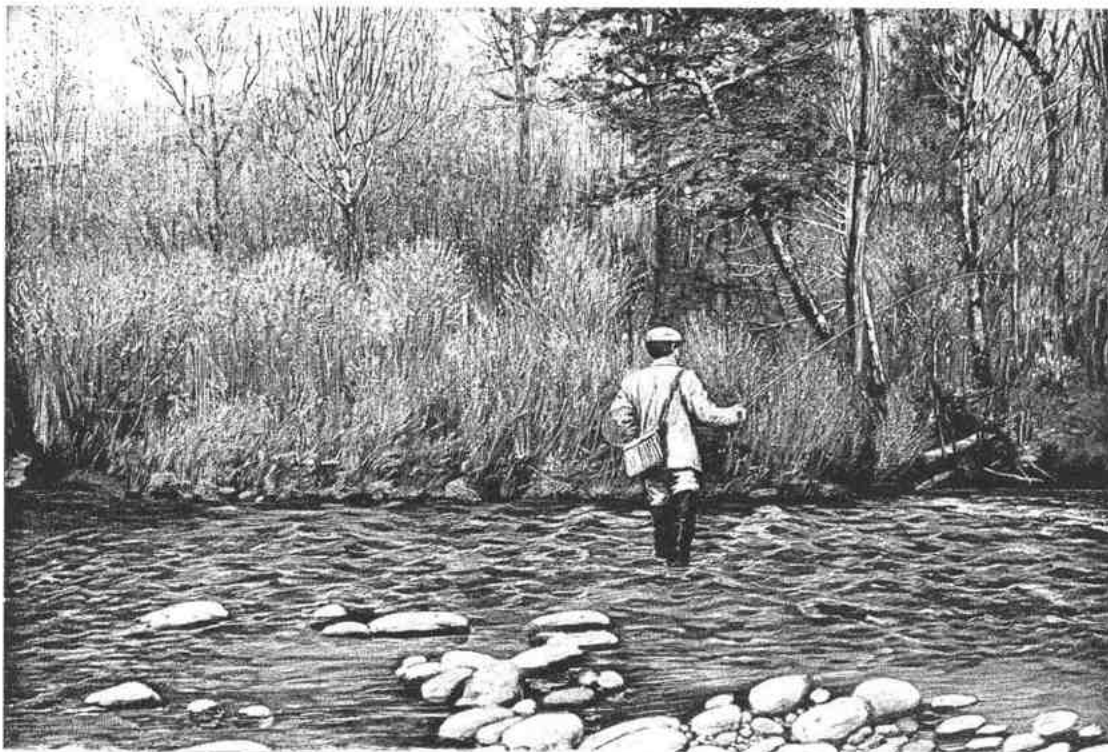
(continued from page 5)

quire long and severe labour to become a great master in the art. Yet it is needless to encompass it with difficulties which have no existence in reality, or to render a subject intricate and confused, which is in itself so plain and unencumbered. In truth, the ideas which at present prevail on the matter degrade it beneath its real dignity and importance. When Plato, speaking of painting, says that it is merely an art of imitation, and that our pleasure arises from the truth and accuracy of the likeness, he is surely wrong; for if it were so, where would be the superiority of the Roman and Bolognese over the Dutch and Flemish schools? So also in regard to fishing: The accomplished angler does not condescend to imitate specifically, and in a servile manner, the detail of things; he attends, or ought to attend, only to the great and invariable ideas which are inherent in universal nature. He throws his fly lightly and with elegance on the surface of the glittering waters, because he knows that an insect with outspread gauzy wings would so fall; but he does not imitate (or if he does so, his practice proceeds upon an erroneous principle), either in the air on his favorite element, the flight or the motion of a particular

species, because he also knows that trouts are much less conversant in entomology than M. Latreille, and that their omnivorous propensities induce them, when inclined for food, to rise with equal eagerness at every minute thing which creepeth upon the earth or swimmeth in the waters. On this fact he generalizes, — and this is the philosophy of fishing.

We are therefore of opinion that all, or a great proportion, of what has been so often and sometimes so well said about the great variety of flies necessary to an angler, — about the necessity of changing his tackle according to each particular month through the season, — about one fly being adapted solely to the morning, another to noon-day, and a third to the evening, — and about every river having its own particular flies, & c., is, if not altogether erroneous, at least greatly exaggerated and misconceived."

1. Porter left the "Spirit" in 1856 and in conjunction with George Wilkes established "Porters Spirit of the Times". There was also a period of time in the early 1830's that Porter was not associated with the "Spirit", c - 1832 - 1833. He purchased the paper in 1835.



Casting in the Shallows.

An Angler's Notes on the Beaverkill

by Benjamin Kent

This article is part of a chapter written by Kent for Louis Rhead's book, THE SPECKLED BROOK TROUT (1902). The illustrations that accompany it are, of course, by Louis Rhead. Modern Beaverkill anglers will find much of interest in Kent's comments on techniques and flies. Anglers who have been fortunate enough to fish the Beaverkill and its tributary the Willowemoc since the new no-kill regulations have gone into effect may not feel the brown trout is such a bad idea after all.

IF there is one stream more than another that deserves the title of a perfect trout-stream it is the Beaverkill. Rising in the high western Catskills and continuing along the high western plateau, having an elevation of from 1,500 to 2,500 feet, winding and twisting along between high hills and under deep, shady banks and having frequent deep pools, it possesses that first requirement, a cool temperature of the water. Excepting in those rare years when all nature languishes in drought, the stream is broad, deep, and copious. To the fly-caster it is the ideal stream, as he can — after the spring "fresh" is over — wade the entire stream, excepting at two or three very deep pools and at the falls. And the wading, too, is comparatively easy; after one has attempted some of the Adirondack or Maine streams, strewn with great square blocks of granite, the Beaverkill seems a veritable boulevard. The water, naturally, is as clear as crystal. John Burroughs says "there are no streams having the brilliancy of the Catskill streams." The stream, indeed, seems to possess every requirement that a trout-stream should have. The bed of the stream is generally broad, thus facilitating easy flycasting. The entire stream is a constant succession of rifts and pools, following each other with singular regularity and affording a never-ending source of interest. The head-water of the Beaverkill is Balsam Lake, over on the

western slope of Balsam Mountain. I imagine it is a very wild country up that way, as it is entirely out of the way of all travel. One day while hanging around Bill Hardie's, waiting for the buckboard to take me down stream, I fell in with a native from that region. He had some things done up in a bandana handkerchief and was tramping home; he told me it was "purty quiet and lonesome up there, and considerable unhandy for getting things in and out, but he felt that someone had to live up there, so he made up his mind that he would." Weavers is about as far as most anglers go; the stream there is small, but having the same rifts and pools that characterize it lower down. From the falls to where Alder Brook "comes in" the Beaverkill is only a mountain-stream, but from Alder Brook the bed of the stream widens and the mountain-stream becomes a "little river," and from there on down the fly-caster generally has plenty of room for his back-cast. It will matter little to the fly-caster where he starts in, he will surely find beautiful water to whip his flies over.

Changes Caused by Floods

The great rush of water that flows every few years in the Beaverkill causes many changes in the bed of the stream. One of these big "freshes," as they are called, occurred about the

year 1895 and it made great havoc, especially between Shin Creek and Ellsworth's. Just below Shin Creek there was a large pool on Abel Sprague's land that we called the swimming-hole; this was completely filled up with stones and a flat rift above was hollowed out into a deep pool. At Voorhis's great changes took place, the big pool called the "Second Docking," one of the most enchanting places for fly-fishing, was entirely turned about, the pool filled up, and a new channel formed back under the hill-side. "Little Pond Brook," another pool, beloved by all old-timers, was ruined. At the "Big Bend," about midway between Jersey's and Ellsworth's, there was a great upheaval of rocks and stones, piled up fifteen to twenty feet high, and the entire character of the stream was changed. I fear that many a lusty trout met his death in that same "fresh," for I know the fishing was very poor all that spring and summer.

The Izaak Walton of the Beaverkill

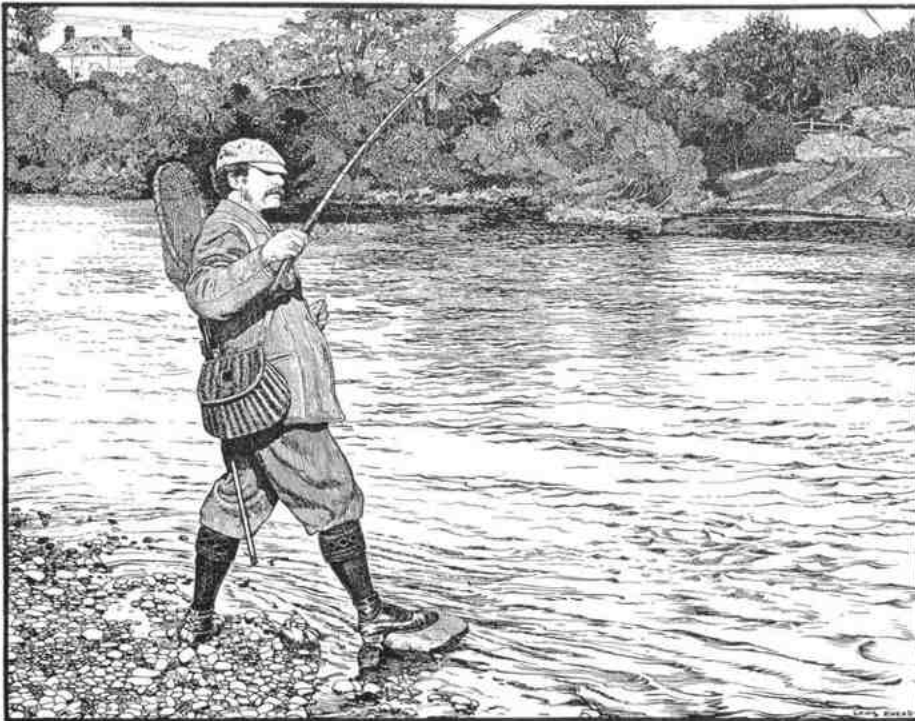
All those old-timers who fished that part of the stream about Shin Creek knew Mr. Theodore Ingalsbe — "Uncle Thee" we called him. It was my good fortune to fish many days with Uncle Thee, and my mind teems with a thousand reminiscences of fishing-trips with him, up and down the stream. Uncle Thee was the acknowledged crack fly-fisherman of the Beaverkill. He always caught fish; he used a ten-foot rod, and, as a rule, put out from forty to sixty feet of line. He was by far the longest fly-caster I have known on the Beaverkill, and the dexterity with which he kept that long line from "Getting up trees" was a sight worth seeing. I shall have more to say of Uncle Thee later on.

Varieties of Trout in the Beaverkill.

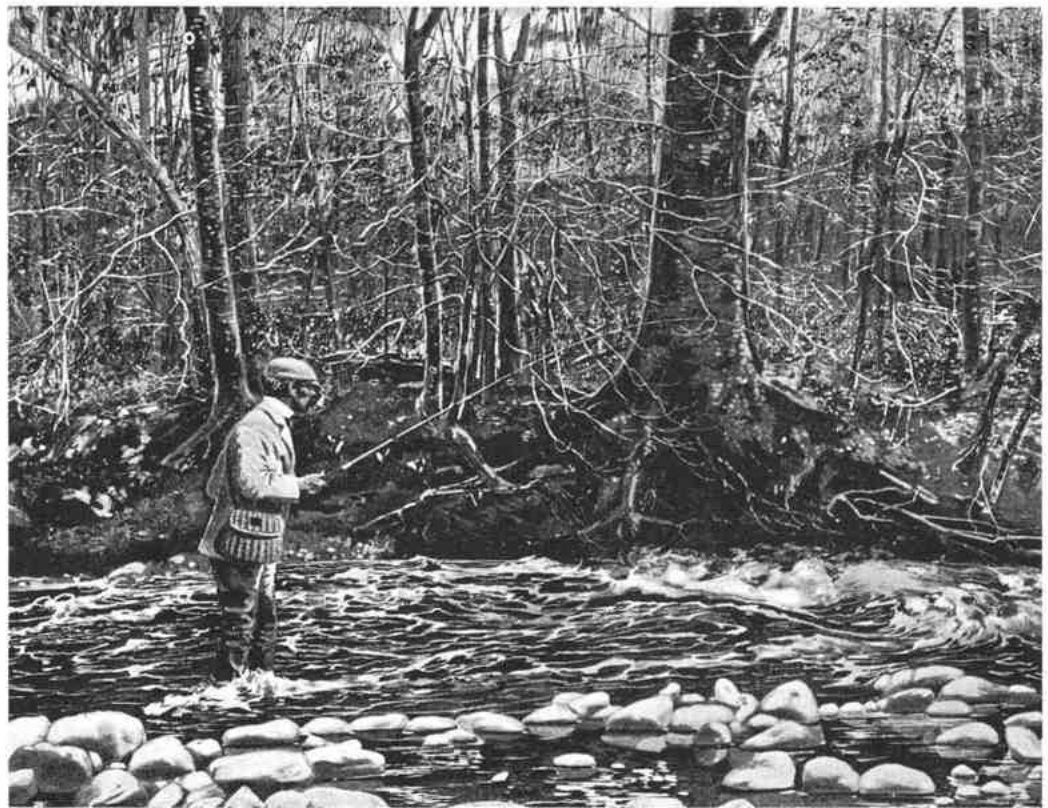
The New York Fish Commissioners have from time to time put a variety of foreign trout in the stream; just why I cannot explain, as the native trout is far superior to all others in every respect. This was well illustrated by a fish commissioner of a neighboring State, who remarked that "one might as well try to paint the rainbow as to improve on our native trout." For a time good sport was had with some "California" trout — as they grew to a large size, they

added greatly to the sport — but in a few years they entirely disappeared. I once had an exciting time with one of those big "Californias." One June afternoon Uncle Thee and I strolled down to "Davidson's" Eddy. We were about to start in when Uncle Thee discovered that he had forgotten his landing-net. I insisted upon his taking mine. When I was about half way down the eddy and Uncle Thee was near the lower end I hooked the big fellow. I had on a No. 12 Cahill for a second dropper and the "California" took it with a rush that made my blood tingle. I immediately shouted to Uncle Thee to bring the net. Just opposite a lot of drift trash had caught and toward this the trout made frantic rushes. I was using a nine-foot four-ounce rod. In some way Uncle Thee had entangled the elastic attached to the net in such a manner that we could not undo it, so I told him to net the trout for me. I then began to reel up, the big fellow rushed and tugged, but the little rod was true and the snell was one I had tied myself, so I kept up the pressure and he soon came along. Uncle Thee made a sweep for him but missed him, and away he flew for the drift trash. Again I reeled him up, and that time Uncle Thee slipped the net under him and we carried him on shore; he measured over nineteen inches and was very broad and deep, shaped somewhat like a bass. I have never caught a native as large as that in the Beaverkill, so cannot compare the gamy qualities between the California and the native. I have since caught a brown trout that measured over twenty-two inches that did not begin to "put up the fight" that the California did. For a time a few rainbow trout were caught, but they soon ran out. Then we occasionally saw a trout that for a better name we called "hybrid," a pretty, bright-colored fish with small red spots; they also disappeared. Then, with a rush, came the brown and German trout; I say with a rush because they have multiplied so fast that they now outnumber the native. Comparisons are generally odious, but they are especially so when you compare a brown trout to a native.

In appearance the brown is scaly, flat, greenish-yellow, irregular in form, bad eye, homely all over. In the native the scales are invisible; he is gold and silver, round and symmetrical, and as beautiful an object as lavish nature produces. In a sporting way, the brown rushes at a fly and impales himself and then holds back hard and dies limp and wilted. The



*"Dashing down stream"
(Beaverkill).*



The Willowemoc, a tributary of the Beaverkill.

native, with a gleam and a glint, darts for the fly, and unless the angler's eye and hand are quick, he had taken the fly in his mouth, found it is not food, spit it out, and is off, all in the twinkling of any eye. When hooked he darts about, turns over and over, is here, there, and everywhere. When netted, he is still fighting, and keeps on fighting and kicking to the bitter end. The brown is more of a cannibal than the native; in fact, most brown trout that I have opened have contained trout, some of which have been a fourth as long as themselves. As food, the flavor of the brown becomes "weedy" after the middle of May and is decidedly unpleasant to the taste, though early in the season he is not so bad. The native is sweet and delicious as long as the stream is up. All talk now about the brown trout is futile; they are there to stay and will remain as long as there are trout in the stream.

Flies

One of the peculiarities of the native trout is that they will seldom rise, in the daytime, to a fly that has much red in its composition. The most successful flies are the dull, modest-colored ones. The following list is as complete as needed: Cahill, Marston's Fancy, Drab Wing Cowdung, March Brown and Ginger March Brown, Whirling Dun, Black Spinner, Coachman, Black Gnat, Orvis's Red Fox, and Yellow May or Green Drake on No. 12 or 10 hooks. My preference is for a Sproat hook. I like a long, slender point and a fair-sized barb. The O'Shaughnessy is the best hook for big flies, but is too clumsy for anything less than a No. 8. The cahill fly should have light-brown speckled wings; they are often tied too dark. In my opinion the Cahill is the best fly on the Beaverkill; it was the best when I first fished the stream, and it is the best to-day. It would be difficult to say why this fly has remained so killing when others have had their season and then have proved worthless. Of course, the angler may increase the above list a hundred fold; he may use a Hackle, a Professor, or a Queen of the Water with occasional success, but in my experience the cast that kills is a Cahill for a stretcher and a Marston's Fancy and a Drab Wing Cowdung

for droppers. The Marston's Fancy is tied in various patterns, but the one I have found the best is that shown in Mrs. Marbury's "Favorite Flies." But that book must not be a guide to the Cahill, as Fig. 121 in "Favorite Flies" is a very different fly. Fig. 118 is more like a Cahill; possibly it is a typographical error in giving 121 instead of 118. The body of the Cowdung should be a light greenish-yellow, not a cinnamon color. The Yellow May and Green Drake are used in May only, when the May fly is on the water. The Coachman and Black Gnat are used in the evening, especially in June and early July. Uncle Thee always used a Coachman for a stretcher; he was frequently criticised for this, but his reason for doing so, as he confided to me, was simply that he could see it better. A No. 10 fly, fifty or sixty feet away and partly under water, is not a particularly conspicuous object at best, and the white wings of the Coachman were probably more so than the usual drab wing. Orvis's Red Fox is a good fly, so also is the Whirling Dun. The March Brown and Ginger March Brown are to be depended upon, also the Black Spinner. The Orvis's Red Fox is also the correct pattern for the Beaverkill fly, which is tied in a score of different ways.

A brown trout will take anything from a Parmacheene Belle to a brass button. I met a fisherman last year who was greatly exercised over a brown trout he had caught under the bridge below Joe Cammer's; he thought it looked mighty big and had opened it and found a snake eighteen inches long inside. That was a good story, but not half so good as the famous one told by Jerry Durgin, down in Maine. Jerry was out with a "Sporter" when they "hooked a trout that only measured twelve inches but weighed two and one-half pounds; they cut him open, when out jumped a mink; they caught the mink and took it home and put it in a cage, and by and by it had two little minks." An old friend of mine who lives on the Beaverkill told me with considerable excitement of a fisherman down below Rockland who had taken three trout that weighed over three pounds apiece. "Did he get them on a fly? I inquired. "Yes," he said, "on a fly, or grasshopper, or something."

The 1874 Orvis Reel

THE 1874 reel is among the most highly prized of all 19th century reels, with some collectors willing to pay \$400.00 or more for one in good condition. The narrow profile and perforated plates are now familiar to most well-read anglers, but even this well-known reel has about it some mystery, in the form of at least two models that are at best very rare and at worst might not exist at all.

The 1874 reel is regarded as a major break with previous reel design; its narrow spool was quite unlike most fly reels then in use. The narrow spool allowed for more rapid winding of the line. The perforations on the side plates, which lightened the reel considerably, permitted air circulation through the line when it was on the spool. As the patent claimed, "A current of air is continually forcing itself through the wound-up line, and all mildew and rot thereby avoided, as under these circumstances the line soon becomes thoroughly dried."

A quick look at the reels by Follett and Billingham (pages 16 and 17) reveals that neither narrow spools nor well ventilated lines were new. What was new was turning such a narrow spool *upright*, so that it was mounted on the rod handle in the modern way. Both the Follett and Billingham had been mounted "sideways," as are modern automatic reels.

The reel was first offered in the Trout model, for \$2.50 with black walnut case. This first model did not have a click.

Charles Orvis, who had an unerring eye for marketing, sent an introductory model to Charles Hallock, the editor of *Forest and Stream*. Hallock loved it:

"C. F. Orvis, the celebrated rod maker of Manchester, Vermont, has sent us a beautiful German Silver, perforated trout reel, which he is now manufacturing, the most unique we have seen, and we might say, equal to any other reel in its various features. In some respects it is unlike other reels, and the improvements which the patents cover are quite marked. It is a narrow reel; its diameter is larger in proportion to its width than is usual, so that it winds more rapidly and lays the line more evenly than if the spool or cylinder were wider. Its perforations make it quite light — yet heavy enough to balance the line comfortably, and also serves to dry the line rapidly by admitting circulation of air. For our own preferences we should wish a click but others would think differently. It is a pretty toy, as well as a useful implement and can be carried in a very small space by unshipping the crank. Price is \$5.00 in case. We should think a salmon reel after this patent may be even more desirable, as metal salmon reels are always ponderous."

Hallock's preference for a click was soon honored. By the summer of 1875 the reel had a click. Perhaps surprisingly, for there surely was a great market, there never appeared the salmon model Hallock longed for.

Model Number Two was a wider spool bass reel (one is pictured opposite), which had a line capacity of 70 to 80



THE ORVIS REEL.

The best Click Reel for the price in the market.

Is nickel plated, has bushed bearings, screw-off oil cap, smooth click between plates, is perforated to make it light and allow the line to dry.

Being narrow between plates (trout size $\frac{1}{2}$ inch) it takes up line fast as a multiplier.

No. 1. Trout Size.

Holds 40 yds. No. 4 water-proof line.

Regular Style.	Postage prepaid.	-	-	\$2.50 each.
With Safety Band,	-	-	-	3.00 "
Aluminum,	-	-	-	3.50 "

No. 2. Bass Size.

Holds 70 to 80 yds. No. 4 line.

Balance handle, safety band and back-sliding click, making either a free running or click reel.

Price, post-paid,	-	-	-	-	\$3.00
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7

yards, compared to the trout reel's 40 or 50. The bass reel, like the trout reel, had the detachable handle (the "crank" referred to by Hallock) and sold for \$3.00.

From the beginning, Orvis farmed out production of the new reel to the Manhattan Brass and Manufacturing Company of New York City. According to Warren Shepard ("History and Development of the Fly Reel," in *Fly Fisherman*, October, 1970), the New York Company charged Orvis a tooling-up fee of \$350.00, and then produced the reel, in brass, in lots of 1,000 with a unit cost to Orvis of 45 cents. The solid German silver model cost Orvis \$1.65 each.

(continued on page 29)



"Almost an Enthusiasm"

Prelude to a Great American Fishery

The following letter appeared in the BULLETIN OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION for 1881. Western anglers can be grateful that Mr. Throckmorton, even if he did not quite have an enthusiasm, "almost" had one. The striped bass-fishing illustration is from Genio Scott's FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS (1869).

San Francisco, November 12, 1880.

Hon. Spencer F. Baird,
U. S. Commissioner Fish and Fisheries
Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

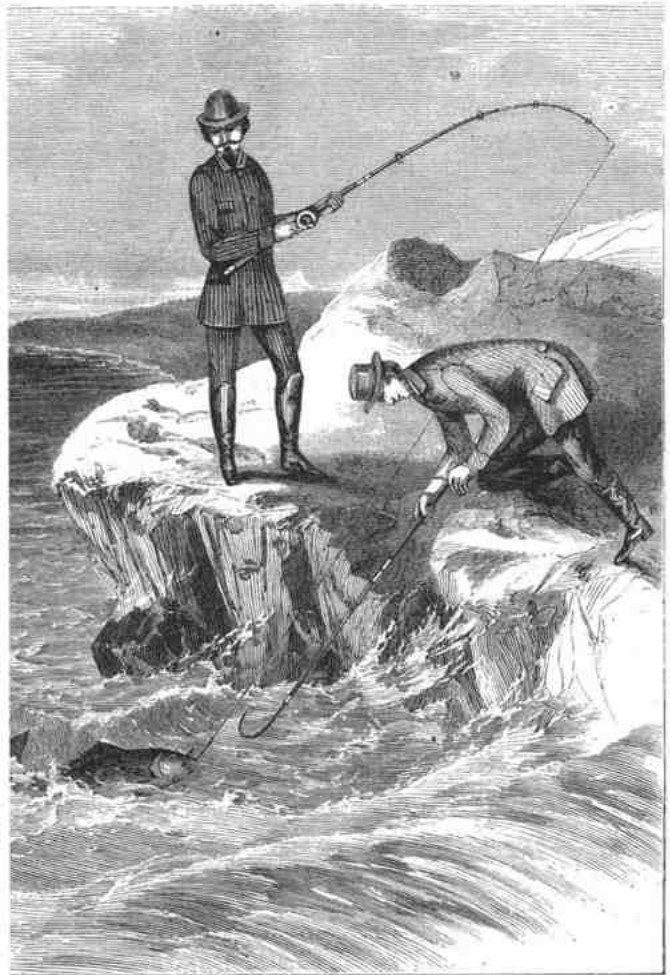
Dear Sir:

I have from unavoidable causes been compelled until now to defer addressing you upon the subject of the transporting to, and acclimatizing in, our waters the striped bass of your coast.

I have long had the impression, that the great bay of San Francisco, together with the bays of San Pablo and Suisun connecting with it, and the number of creeks running into them, affording a variety of qualities and conditions regarding temperature and saline properties, together with feeding material, would be well adapted to the propagation and growth of the striped bass.

Having this in view, I last year opened a correspondence with Mr. Livingston Stone upon the subject of attempting the transfer of some small fish at the time of the bringing on of the lobsters. Many difficulties presented themselves in the matter of obtaining the small fry of the striped bass, which resulted in my suggesting to Mr. Stone the probability of obtaining them in the extreme headwaters of the Navesink or Shrewsbury River, in New Jersey. Mr. Stone succeeded in obtaining a small number at the place designated by me, and, with his usual skill, brought them safely to this coast and deposited them at the head of the straits of Carquinez, the turning point of the fresh and salt water.

Some six or seven months after the time of placing in the water I heard that one of 8 inches in length had been taken in the bay of Monterey, which is about one hundred miles south of this, and is an open roadstead on the Pacific Ocean. All of the circumstances were of so doubtful a character that I gave the rumor but little attention, until about the 1st of July, eleven months after the planting of the young fry, at the time about 1½ inches in length, in the straits of

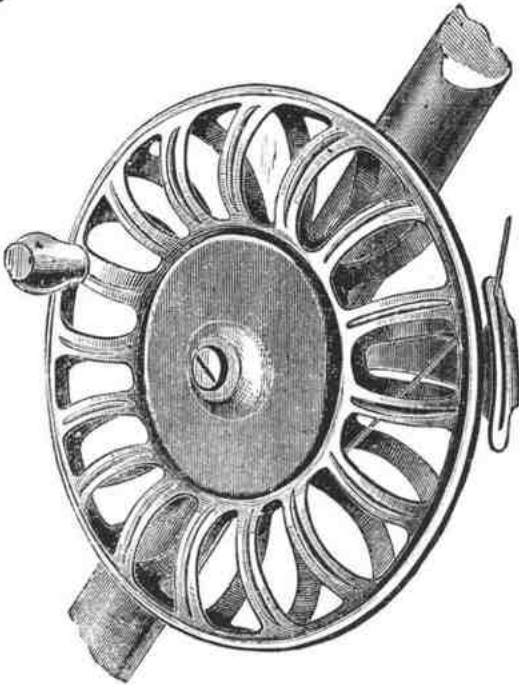


Carquinez, there was brought to me a very handsome striped bass taken in this harbor, measuring 12½ inches in length and weighing one pound. The fish was in the highest condition, the milt full and ripe, and the flavor fully up to the best specimens of the fish at the East. The exceedingly rapid growth, indicating the adaptability of the waters of this bay to this development, together with the immense amount of shrimps, which abound in this bay and furnish abundant food, have, I must acknowledge, infused me with almost an enthusiasm to have this valuable fish brought here in sufficient numbers to insure the breeding of them. I have heard of some experiments having been made in breeding them artificially. If that can be done, we might, of course, bring them out as easily and in as great numbers as we now do shad, and my object in now writing you is to ascertain the probability of such an effort being successful.

If it cannot be done our only course must be to enlarge upon and extend the experiment of last year. The small fry can be obtained in the fresh-water heads of the Navesink, the Raritan, the Passaic, the Hackensack, and, in fact, all of those small rivers which flow from the New Jersey coast into the Atlantic and the bays emptying into it. Will you be so kind as to give the matter some thought and let us have the benefit of it? The shad are a success, and we feel satisfied that so soon as they shall have reached such numbers as to insure contact we shall breed them in abundance.

With much respect, I remain, yours truly,

S. R. THROCKMORTON,
Chairman California Fish Commission.



THE
FOLLETT PATENT
Trout AND Bass Reel

The Lightest, Cheapest and
Most Durable Metal Reel ever
offered to the Anglers of this
Country.

SUITABLE FOR TROUT, BLACK BASS
AND PICKEREL FISHING.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH.
LIBERAL DISCOUNT TO THE TRADE.

Sample Reels furnished if they cannot
be purchased from dealers in your place.

W. & J. M. AIKENHEAD,
55 Front St., Rochester, N. Y.

1882

A Sampler of Early American Fly Reels

Early American fly fishers used a great variety of reels, in many cases the same reels used by their non-fly-fishing brethren. It is rarely possible to be absolutely sure any reel built prior to about 1870 was intended solely for fly fishing, but some general types were most popular. A list of references on early reel history is appended to the conclusion of this discussion, for those interested in pursuing the subject.

The wooden reel in the upper left of the picture on pages 16 and 17 was probably built after 1850, and could have been used for fly fishing or light trolling. It has the advantage over many of its metal counterparts in at least one regard; its handles are counterbalanced. Though some few of these early wooden reels survive in functioning condition, most were subject to warping and rot.

Directly below the wooden reel is a Follett Patent reel, as described in the 1882 advertisement at the top of this page. The Follett was copied after the Billingshurst, two of which are to the right of it. William Billingshurst of Rochester, New York, patented this reel (patent number 24,937) on August 9, 1859. It is generally known as our first patented fly reel, but as with the Follett it was useful for different kinds of fishing, and some reels patented before 1859 were probably used for fly fishing. Note the reel foot of the upside-down Billingshurst. Though this reel and its imitations were fairly popular, this type of mounting reels never replaced or seriously threatened the supremacy of the vertically mounted reel.

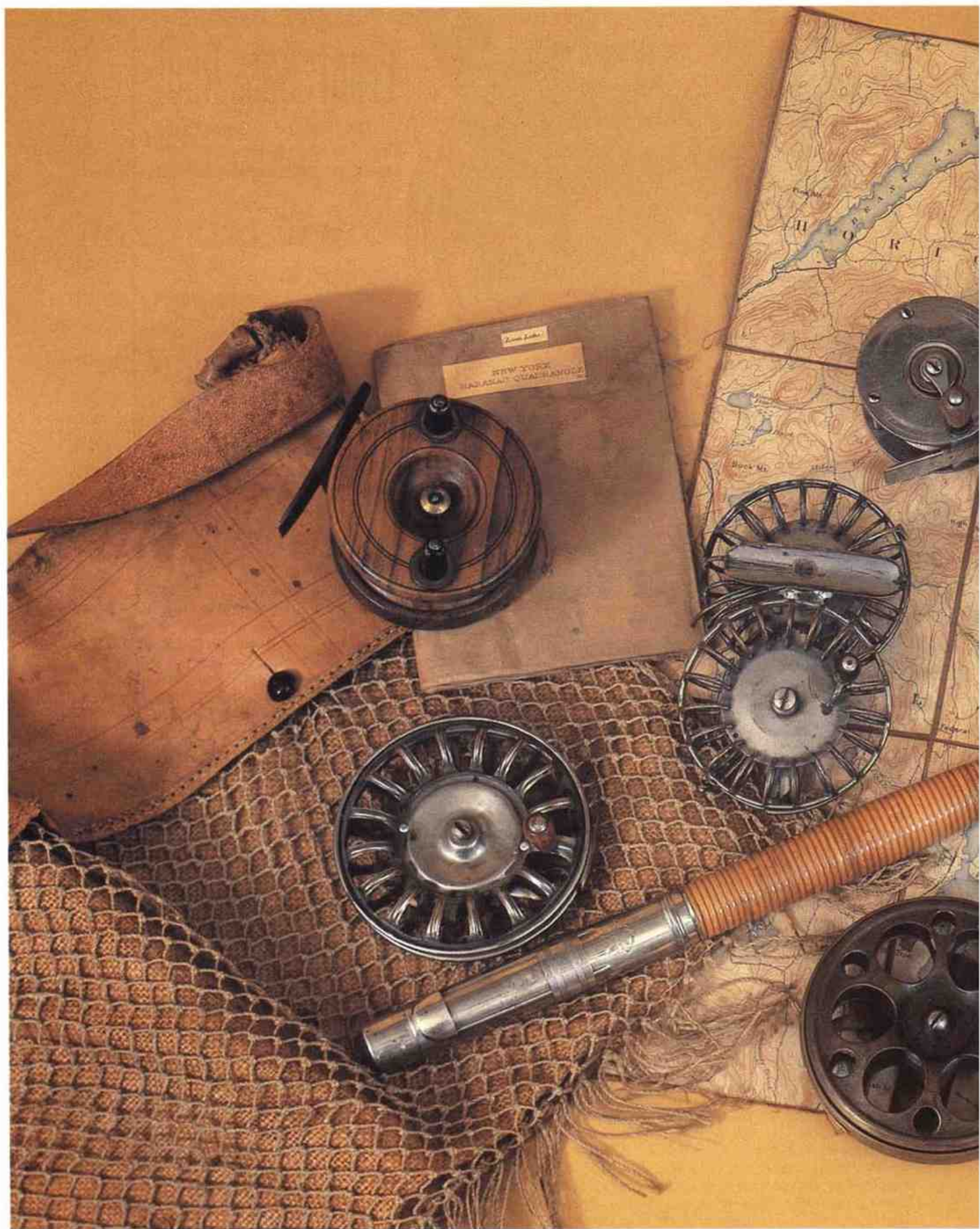
To the right of the Billingshurst reels are three typical 19th century reels, all of which would have been common after 1860. The one on the left carries the patent date of November 14, 1871. The only patent we have record of for that date for a reel was Number 121,020, assigned to Silas B. Terry, of Waterbury, Connecticut. This reel is probably by the same maker, but does not contain the refinements specified in the patent. One of the confusing things about researching early reels is that a maker often stamped a patent number on models of reels that the patent did not

really affect. The other two reels, both of brass, are not identifiable by maker, but are of similar vintage as the Terry reel.

Below the fly rod, which is a Thomas Chubb lancewood, are three side-mounted reels. The left and center ones both appear to have been handmade, and are of unknown age. Judging from their various similarities to the Follett and Billingshurst, they are probably from the late 19th century. The right reel, though it looks equally old, was built by Charles Clinton of Ithaca, New York, and patented in 1889 (Number 413,774). It is included here to show that fashions in reelmaking were not uniform, and that it is quite easy to accidentally underestimate the age of a reel at first glance (though a second glance at the Clinton reveals its patent date).

In the lower right are three very early American reels, whose use and origins are unknown. All three feature the wraparound band common on reels in use up until the mid 1800's. Notice that the middle reel is a multiplier; many people are surprised to learn that multiplying reels were in use before 1800 in this country.

One of the best sources of historical information about American fishing reels is James Henshall's *BOOK OF THE BLACK BASS* (1881 and many later editions). Henshall was himself one of the leading collectors of reels in his time. Another good source of information is Melner and Kessler's *GREAT FISHING TACKLE CATALOGS OF THE GOLDEN AGE* (1972). Ernest Schwiebert's new *TROUT* has a healthy chapter devoted to the history of American reels that is especially strong for the years after 1875. Warren Shepard wrote a three-part history of American fly reels for *FLY FISHERMAN* magazine that was published in that magazine in February, August, and October of 1970. He also contributed a very good short chapter to Allan Liu's *THE AMERICAN SPORTING COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK* (1976) on reel collecting.







H. H. GUBB
ROD & GUN COMPANY
CATALOGUE
1906

Wm. A. Chapman & Son,
Dealers in Rods & Fishing Tackle,
100 N. 3rd St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

FISH & SIMPSON,
Dealers in Fishing Tackle,
100 N. 3rd St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SARA J. McBRIDE,
FISHING TACKLE,
2809 HUDSON ST.,
NEW YORK CITY

Sportsmen's Emporium,
SCHMIDT & THORPSON,
TAXIDERMISTS
148 William Street,
NEW YORK

FINEST
ROD & GUN FILES
Charles F. Orvis
Manchester
Vermont

JOSEPH ANDRADE & CO.,
RAN OSTRICH
FANCY FEATHERS
100 FLECKER STREET
NEW YORK

ROBERT HANBOTTOM,
Fishing Tackle & Gun Supplies,
100 N. 3rd St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WHITING & HENDRICKS, PROPS,
100 N. 3rd St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILKINS & HIGGINS,
FISH & GUN SUPPLIES,
100 N. 3rd St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

GOLD MEDAL BRAND CO.,
WOLFE & HIGGINS,
FISH & GUN SUPPLIES,
100 N. 3rd St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.



A Collector's Directory

by Ken Cameron

ARNOLD Gingrich, whom Steve Raymond called "the foremost compiler of lists" in angling literature, made it his custom to publish compilations of useful names and addresses. I pay him the compliment here of imitation, with the single difference that mine is a list of *useless* names and addresses, and any mail sent to the following will come back marked Address Unknown, or possibly Long Gone. With very few exceptions, these firms are no longer with us; the descendants of a few of them are still in business, but most are not.

My rather relaxed criteria for the list were that the people and firms have been active before about 1915 and that they have been American. Dates, when given, are often approximate; a single date means that a single reference, advertisement or catalog has turned up from that year; a decade — "fifties" — indicates the approximate period when they flourished.

A complete directory to angling businesses of the past is probably impossible, but even an incomplete one will be of some help, I hope, to people who read old angling literature and who research angling tackle of the past.

Abbey and Imbrie, New York. Succeeded Andrew Clerk and Co. (which see) c. 1875 and lasted into the nineteen-twenties, being finally absorbed by Horrocks-Ibbotson (which see). Rods, reels and general tackle, most if not all by other makers.

Abbott, William W., Philadelphia. General tackle (1882)

Abercrombie and Fitch, New York. From the late nineteenth century, until just the other day . . .

Allen, E. T., San Francisco. General tackle. (1890)

Andrus and Naederle, Connecticut. Rods (Nineties.)

Annin, J., Caledonia, New York. (Turn of the century.)

Anschutz, Ed., Philadelphia. General tackle. (1881)

Barnum and Morehouse, Syracuse. "Smith's Patent Automatic Reel". (1882)

Barton, Alexander and Waller, New York. Split bamboo rods (1876)

Bartlett, Eugene, Montague City, Massachusetts. Became the Montague City Rod Company, mid-nineties; lasted until c. 1955, when Sewell Dunton and Sons is reported to have taken over some of the machinery. Sewell Dunton and Sons was bought by Thomas and Thomas in 1974. (From Mary Shepard.)

Bartlett, Leander, West Pelham, Mass., Split-bamboo rods; became Montague City, nineties.

Bate, Thomas H., New York. General tackle. Founded 1822; became the William Mills Company, c. 1870 (which see).

Benn, John S., San Francisco. (Sometimes "Bean.") Fly-tier, c. seventies to turn of the century.

Billinghurst, William, Rochester, New York. (Also "Billinghast") Patented first open-frame fly reel, 1859; originally a gunsmith. George Washington Sears ("Nessmuk") carried a Billinghurst rifle. (Woodcraft, 1884.) Not listed in local directories after 1870.

Boston Bamboo Rod Company, see B. F. Nichols.

Boyd, G. W., Harrisburg, Pa. Rods, split bamboo with greenheart core, split bamboo, greenheart with split bamboo mid and top, all greenheart. (1883)

Bradford and Anthony, Boston. See Dame, Stoddard and Kendall.

Bristol Steel Rods, see Horton Manufacturing Company.

(continued on page 26)



The Louis Rhead Flies

Louis Rhead was unquestionably among the most innovative fly-tiers America ever produced. It seems to be the consensus among modern angling historians that he was perhaps *too* innovative, because his approach to fly-tying was so much his own invention that others had difficulty following it. His book *American Trout Stream Insects*, published in 1916, identified many of the important flies in the Catskill region of New York, but did so in a manner very few of his readers could use. Rhead was a gifted illustrator but his pictures of insects are in all too many cases unidentifiable. He made the problem greater by adopting his own system of names; he said that scientific terminology was unnecessary for "the simple use of plain anglers."

The inability of his readers to apply his lessons to their fishing may have kept the book from enduring but it did not keep Rhead from a successful business in fly-selling. The page from the 1931 William Mills Catalog shows the great variety of styles of Rhead flies (there was also a page of "Louis Rhead's American Nature Lures").

Among the oddest-appearing of his patterns were the






"Reverse" Downstream dry fly series. One is pictured opposite this page. The confidence of the catalog description apparently was not borne out by experience.

Louis Rhead produced several other books, including one on bait fishing that has just recently been reprinted. Because his books have not been lasting, we may tend to underestimate their influence on American anglers of his day. For him to offer such an extensive selection of flies, and for the fishing market to support that selection, for so many years (he was already working with William Mills in 1916) is some evidence that many found his approach persuasive. It is unlikely that *American Trout Stream Insects* will ever be reprinted; not only is its entomology impossible to follow, much of its other advice is now outdated. On the other hand it does contain many nuggets of good information, and probably should not be passed over as lightly as it has been by angling bibliographers.

The flies pictured were donated by Judd Weisberg and an anonymous donor.

Louis Rhead's American Nature Flies

William Mills & Son, Sole Makers

These Nature Flies are finely and strongly made. They are tied from patterns made by Mr. Rhead to imitate natural flies collected and painted by him while on the streams of New York and Pennsylvania.

Mr. Rhead states that the same varieties of flies are found on most of the trout streams of the United States and lower Canada, and that the forty patterns he submitted are the best out of hundreds of natural flies collected by him.

Those marked with * are the ones he selected as the most popular and successful varieties..

April Patterns	May Patterns	June Pattern	July Patterns
*A- 1 Needle Tail	*M- 1 Green Drake	*J- 1 Female Greeneye	*K- 1 Golden Drake
A- 2 Brown Buzz	M- 2 Brown Drake	J- 2 Male Greeneye	K- 2 Pinktail Drake
A- 3 Short Tail	M- 4 Mottled Drake	J- 4 Greenback Drake	K- 4 Spottail
*A- 4 Brown Drake	M- 5 Cinnamon	*J- 5 Yellow Tip	K- 6 Olive Drake
A- 5 Longtail Drake	M- 6 Sandy	J- 7 Lemontail	*K- 7 Orange Stone
A- 6 Soldier Drake	M- 8 Gray Drake	*J- 9 Chocolate Drake	*K- 9 Redhead Gnat
*A- 7 Sailor Drake	*M-10 Yellow Sally	*J-14 Pointedtail Drake	K-10 White Miller
*A- 8 Red Bug	M-11 Flathead	J-16 Emerald	K-12 Plume Spinner
A- 9 Long Horn	*M-12 Alder	J-19 Hairy Spinner	K-13 Golden Spinner
A-10 Cowdung	*M-17 Golden Spinner	J-20 Gold Body Spinner	*K-17 Orange Miller
A-16 Shad Male	A-17 Shad Female	A-18 Shad Female (with eggs)	

Each pattern is tied on one size hook only, which is suitable for natural size of fly. Average size about No. 10.

PRICE \$2.50 DOZEN

SUPPLEMENTARY SERIES—NEW TINY NATURE FLIES

To fill the demand for a smaller fly which is exact imitation of the natural insect, made on size 12 hooks.


April Patterns	May Patterns	June Patterns	July Patterns
A11 Brown Dipper	M7 Tiny Ruby	J3 Dark Claret	K3 Little Celt
A12 Pale Claret	M9 Dark Olive	J6 Silver Sedge	K5 Ruby Tip
M3 Olive Speckled	M13 Maple Fly	J8 June Orange	K8 Green Spinner

\$2.50 per dozen

METAL BODY FLY

Set of six metal body flies. Good for all season, all weather. All localities. Steady diet. Most killing trout flies ever made.

Price \$1.00 Set



LATEST NEW TROUT FLIES


New set of six Humpback Nymphs suitable to surface, middle and bottom waters. Good all through the season.

Price \$1.00 Set



New set of four "Reverse" Downstream Dry Flies. Just drop them on the surface; they float downstream until taken by trout.

Price \$1.00 Set



The American Fish Hog: Portraits from Life



The terms "Game Hog" and "Fish Hog" became most popular in the 1890's when George Shields regularly featured photographs of excessive sporting kills in his magazine RECREATION. The cartoon above appeared in April, 1898, in that magazine, and was titled "A Distinguished Member of the Herd." The following three short articles describe the ravages wrought by unthinking "sportsmen" in three American locations. First is from an article that appeared in THE AMERICAN ANGLER on September 6, 1890. It was titled "Adirondack Trout Hog at it Again." The second is part of an article written for OUTING, August, 1901, by Emerson Hough. The third is a chapter, "The Great American Trout Swine," from Theodore Van Dyke's book FLIRTATION CAMP, OR THE RIFLE, ROD, AND GUN IN CALIFORNIA (1881).

The Adirondacks

ABOUT six weeks ago I entered from North Creek, and within the last few days I came out by the Northern Adirondack. During that intervening period I was in nearly every portion of the district, and fished in most of the waters. I fished from hotels and camps, in public and private waters, had a delightful time, but had no trout fishing that was worth the name.

I came out with the impression that there is not a trout stream in the Adirondacks that compares with the much over-fished waters around Henryville or Wilksbarre in Penna, Broadhead's or Bowman's creeks. Trout there were in plenty, but no fishing. The favorite method seemed to be cutting a pole on the banks of the creek, tying about eight feet of line to the end, and when necessary to reduce the length to two feet, as was frequently the case, to wrap the surplus around the tip of the alder. Part of the first fish caught acted as bait for the rest.

One night a guest at the same hotel, his face and chest swelling with pride, asked me to go out and look at his catch, mentioning that it figured nearly 150. I suppose it did, but I would rather have buried it than let it be seen.

Nine out of ten could have been measured by the different fingers on one's hand and perhaps a dozen were over six inches. There may be better fishing for trout up there, but I did not run across it.

I had some very fine black bass fishing, trolling in the more southern lakes in July using either artificial flies or spoons, or live minnows. In the northern lakes the fishing was all for lake trout, and then the munitions of war were a hand net, 75 yards of telegraph wire, and a gang hook warranted to catch a shark.

If I go into the woods another year for the sake of my health, before I leave home I will put my flies away in camphor and go without them. This may seem a jaundiced view of the trout fishing in the Adirondacks, but I had the same experience in '85. I thought however, that as from stocking and preserving, the sport had improved so wonderfully in Pennsylvania during the last year or so, perhaps it was the same in the woods.

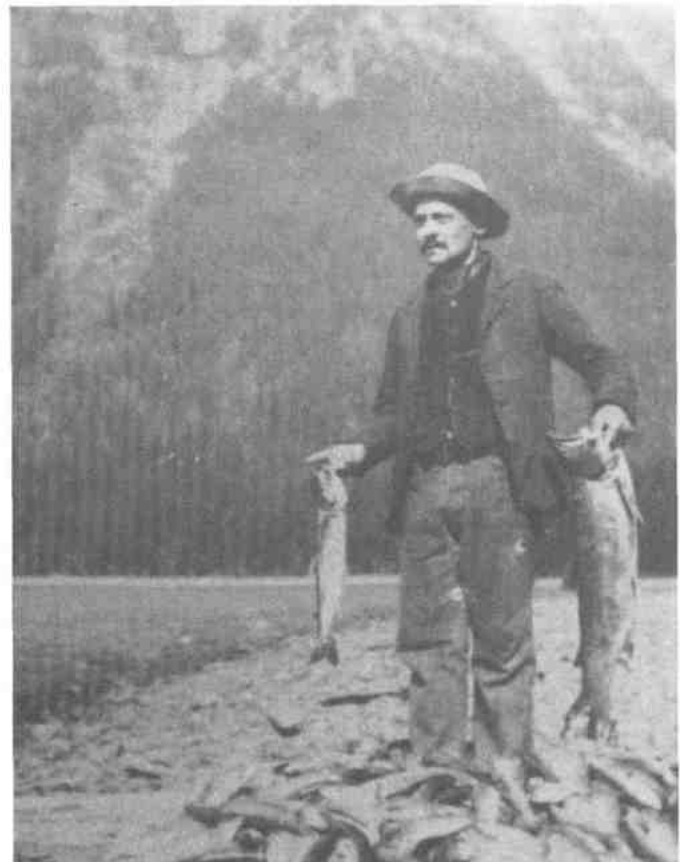
Adirondackuss.



The above photograph, from the 1890's, was captioned "One days catch, 142 lbs., at St. Alban's Bay, Lake Champlain." The photo below, from the northern rockies, was captioned "Mr. Stannard's morning catch on Eaton Creek, largest 11 lbs., 8 1/2 oz." Notice the pile of fish at his feet. Both pictures from The Museum Collection.

Wisconsin

As to the bass fishing which may be found in the wilderness lakes of both peninsulas of Michigan, in the upper part of the State of Wisconsin, and in upper Minnesota, the mind can hardly picture the unspeakable abundance of bass which still prevails there, and this in spite of steady fishing for the Chicago markets, which have their men out in hundreds of localities in our north woods. In time we shall see the history of bass fishing in this country follow that of the muscallunge fishing, line for line. For instance, there is the history of Lake Gogebic. When the railroad first got in there men came back and told of schools of bass which would snap at a piece of flannel, at any kind of bait or lure, even at the naked hook trailed on the surface of the water. There were tons of these bass also piled up upon the sand to rot. Go to Gogebic to-day, and they will tack your boat onto a steamer and drag you off a dozen miles, where they hope you may perhaps get a dozen bass. I once came in the winter time to a little lake in the Manitowish chain known as Laura Lake. My guide and I got into an old, abandoned shack of a house, not very warm, but better than nothing at the time. I asked him why the place had been abandoned and he gave a very satisfactory reason. "Why," said he, "the fellow that used to live here couldn't make a living any more. He used to catch bass out of here till you couldn't rest, but he fished the year through, and the fact is, he sold all the bass out of this lake, until he couldn't make a living any more. You can hardly catch a bass here now." So much one family can do when it moveth itself aright.



California

The Indian, the Mexican, and the Spaniard long held this land of which we write, yet the game increased in their time rather than diminished. The antelope slept within sound of the fandango, the elk flourished among the rancher's cattle, the trout flashed in the brook by the Indian's *rancheria*, and the deer drank by his *temescal*. Say not that these men knew nothing of the chase, or were too lazy to follow it for pleasure or for food. This can hardly be said of men who could out-ride the elk or the antelope on the plain, and lasso and bind the grizzly in his rugged hills. They were ardent enough hunters in their way. They lacked only the spirit of the Anglo-Saxons, who go to work at the game of a country like a drove of swine at a pile of grain, beginning at the top and tramping and destroying ten times what would suffice for their real wants.

Why is it that even here, in this far corner of our country, amid these beautiful and abundant streams, it is necessary to toil for miles over great boulder-washes, and penetrate the very heart of the mountain, to find plenty of trout? And why, even here, are they fast fading from the places that knew them? Let the great American trout-swine answer, for here he comes.

We see a rabbit-like complacency of countenance, corn-silk locks, caterpillar mustache, butterfly necktie, *functus officio* paper collar, and lark-heeled boots. He has a small champagne basket strapped on his back, a quart oyster-can of grasshoppers and worms, a line with two or three hooks on a pole and half a dozen extra ones in his pocket, a soul that would rattle in a dried flea-skin, and an abysmal stomach that yearneth evermore for trout.

He has already over fifty trout in his basket — twice as many as any *man* should catch in one day; more than would satisfy the most exacting of his four-footed brethren. Yet he skips along from pool to pool and from riffle to riffle

under the elastic impulse of the only love he ever felt, the love of poor little trout, debased to the worst and last use to which any game can be put — *cooking*. He tosses in his line with countenance eager as a cat's at a mouse's hole, and his face is radiant as a newly made bridegroom's when a little fish, a finger long, comes shimmering out of the water with feeble struggles.

But, surely, he will put that back?

Of course — back into the hole in the basket! Doth it not *count one*?

Soon another comes out only a trifle larger. Too small yet even for him who was made only a little higher than the brutes, instead of (as has long been erroneously supposed) "a little lower than the angels." But not too small for this *porcus*. Joy elevates his snout as he slides the fish through the hole in his basket.

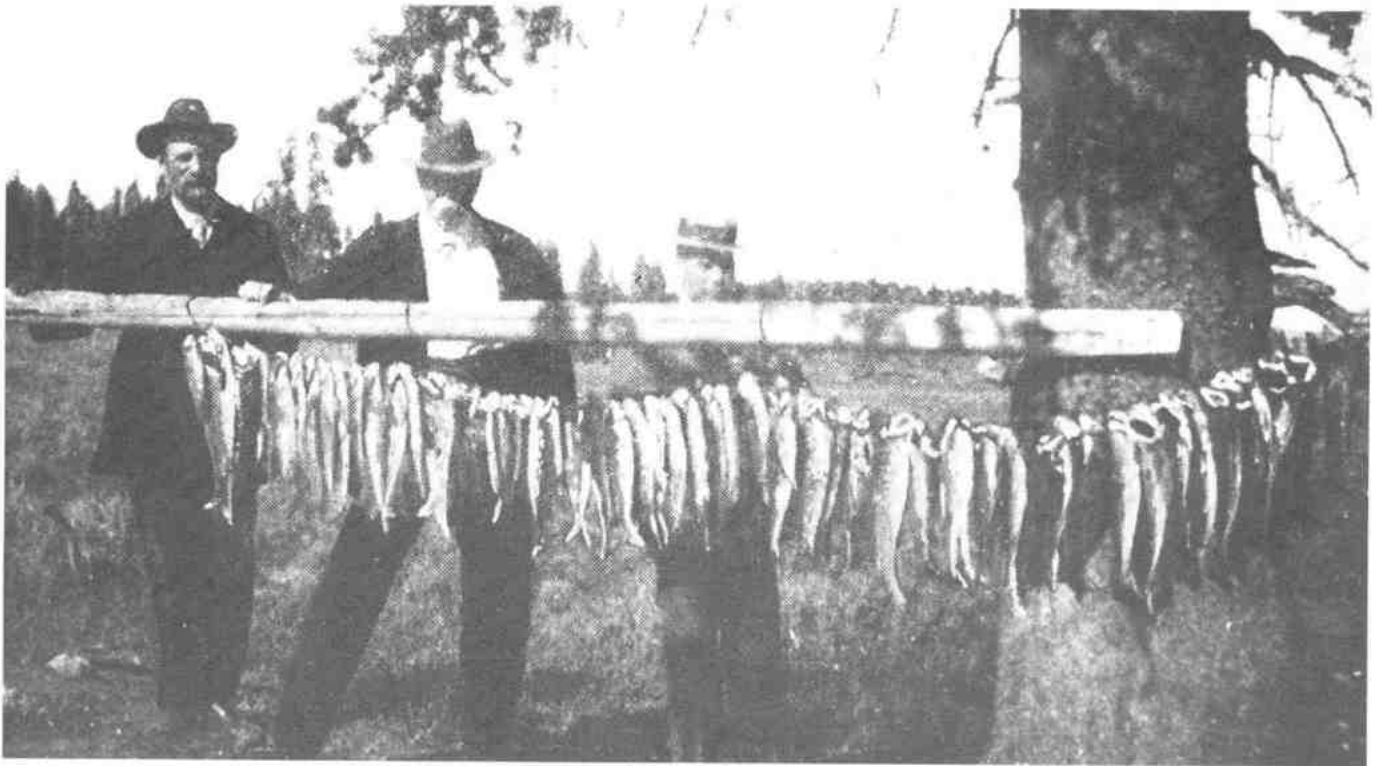
But what good is such a fingerling?

Go to! thou ignoramus! Doth it not *count*? Are not its feeble bones tender? Will it not, in the frying-pan, sing celestial music to his soul? And so, the live-long day, he skips from pool to pool with tireless sole, as if the great problem of life were to see how many of these beautiful creatures could possibly be destroyed in one day. What to him is the *allegro* of the swift-rushing stream, the *maestoso* of the boiling pool, the *andante* of the wind in the pines above! He is deaf to all music but the sputtering expostulation of a poor little trout in the frying pan.

What cares he for the ice-cold stream of crystal, dashing itself into sparkling spray as it leaps down that cliff from its high mountain home, then foaming away through long ranks of stately alders, whirling around white boulders, boiling in deep pools of green and white, glancing through narrows, shimmering over shallows, plunging down steep rocks. Excuse me; he does appreciate it, too. It's quite convenient



Captioned "Caught in three hours, by these two women, at Big Stone Lake, Minn.," this picture was published by RECREATION, in February of 1896. The Editor commented that "It would not be polite to criticize here, the conduct of two women who would kill such a boat load of fish as this in one day; but the reader will, after looking at the above picture and reading the caption thereto, draw his own references."



to wash his fish, to water his horse, to make his coffee!

What to him are the stupendous slopes above, the turreted battlements and granite castles, floating like silver islands in the morning's dissolving clouds or burning with purple fire in the evening sun! Or the grand old forests, so refreshing to the denizen of the sun-baked plains; the pure cool morning air or the view down the great falling valley as the sun floods it with his last beams! His eyes are blind to all but a "nicely browned" trout.

The morning passes, and he has *ninety* in his basket. He meets his comrade, who has about eighty. And now, surely, they are done; for the prince of swine could ask no more than this. And see, too, they are taking off their baskets and winding up their lines.

Yes, they are done. *Done with such slow work as this!* Not thus can proper homage be paid to the idols of the great American *porcus* — the palate, and score! The stream shall be turned, for trout must be had quicker and with less work.

And now, mark how they dam up the stream and turn its current aside; and see the halo of delight that enwreathes each snout when the old channel is nearly dry and the sordid fingers grab up the poor little flopping silver-sides! And see how they gloat over the struggling opalescence and writhing green in the basket, while their palates throb with joy as happy fancy hovers over the sizzling frying-pan! O Nature! Why dost thou not whip such wretches around to thy kitchen door, instead of allowing them to roost in thy drawing rooms.

Above: A common sight in Yellowstone Park, Wyoming before 1920.

U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service photo.

Right: "The Finch-Ruby catch of Black Bass, Balsam Lake, Wisconsin."

from The Museum Collection



A Collector's Directory:

(continued from page 19)

- Brown, John*, New York. General tackle. Author of the first how-to American fishing book, 1845.
- Bryant, Robert*, High Bridge, New Jersey. Six-strip bamboo and all-lancewood rods. (1885)
- Buel, Julio*, Whitehall, New York. First patentee of a metal spoon or propeller-type lure, 1839.
- Burkhard, William R.*, St. Paul, Minnesota. General tackle. (1887).
- Chapman, W. D., and Sons, Theresa*, New York. "Largest manufacturers of fishing tackle in the United States. Sole agents for the Flower City Reels." (late eighties and nineties.)
- Chubb, Thomas*, Post Mills, Vermont. Rods, reels and general tackle; 1868 - c. 1895, then owned by Montague although the Chubb name was kept.
- Clerk, Andrew and Co.*, New York. Possibly agents for early rods of Phillippe and Murphy. Founded before 1850; became Abbey and Imbrie, c. 1875.
- Conroy, J. C.*, New York. Founded before 1840; became Conroy, Bissett and Malleon, 1876; Conroy and Bissett, c. 1881; Thomas J. Conroy after 1884; lasted into the twentieth century. An important early dealer and rod-maker often mentioned by writers of the time.
- Cornwall, William B.*, New York. Reels, the "O. C. Patent Perfection." (1882)
- Crook, Jabez*, New York. Established 1837, the firm lasting to the end of the century. Split bamboo rods as early as 1876; advertised "longwood" rods (probably logwood, a material used by some English makers.)
- Cummings, John*, Utica, New York. Split-bamboo rods. (1875)
- Cruttenden, Will H.*, Cazenovia, New York. Rods. (1885).
- Dame, Stoddard and Kendall*, Boston. Succeeded Bradford and Anthony, c. 1880; Dame and Stoddard after c. 1895; now Stoddard's. General tackle.
- Decker, Ans*, New Jersey. Artificial bass lure, c. 1900.
- Divine, Fred*, Utica, New York. Rods, both solid wood (from c. 1880) and split bamboo, well into the twentieth century; absorbed by Horrocks-Ibbotson.
- Eaton, E. E.*, Chicago. General Tackle. (1876)
- Edwards, E. W.*, Bangor, Maine. Originally with H. L. Leonard, then F. E. Thomas; independent after early twentieth century.
- Enterprise Manufacturing Company*, see Pflueger.
- Finnegan, Thomas*, fly-tier, New York. (Fifties.)
- Follett, E. P.*, Rochester, New York. Reels, c. 1885-89.
- Fowler, A. H.*, Ithaca, New York. Rods and reels. One of the earliest workers in split bamboo (c. 1860-65) patented a hard-rubber reel, 1873.
- Fuller, T. E.*, Greenwood Lake, New York and Pompton, New Jersey. Greenheart and split-bamboo rods, but may not have been the maker. (Eighties.)
- Gallager, A. J.*, Westville, New Jersey. "Common Sense" fly books "since 1885." (Still sold.)
- Gayle, George W.*, Frankfort, Kentucky. Reels, turn of the century.
- Goodridge, S. W.*, Grafton, Vermont. Rods. (1875.)
- Gordon, Theodore*, the Neversink River. Fly-tier, credited with being largely responsible for bringing the dry fly to the U. S. (Turn of the century.)
- Green, E. A.*, Newark, New Jersey. Rod-maker in split-bamboo contemporary with Fowler and Murphy (which see.)
- Grout, Boston*. Rods. (Eighties?)
- Haily, John*, New York. Fly-tier, originator of the Royal Coachman. (Seventies.)
- Hardman, J. W.*, Louisville, Kentucky. Reels. (See Henshall, *Book of the Black Bass*. Forties and after.)



These well-acquainted salmon fishers of the 1890's probably had dealings with many of the firms in this directory. Pictures on pages 25 and 26 are from "With Fly Rod and Camera," by Edward Samuels (1890).

- Hawes, Lohman and Hiram, Canterbury, Connecticut. Rod makers with H. L. Leonard; Hiram, Leonard's son-in-law, became an independent rod-maker after 1903; the business was continued by his son Merritt into the nineteen-forties.
- H. A. Whittemore Co., Boston. (H. A. W.) Rods and reels, c. 1900.
- Heddon, James, Dowagiac, Michigan. Credited with developing the wooden bass plug, c. 1900; company bearing his name is still very much in business. (See Lincoln, *Black Bass Fishing*.)
- Hendryx. Rods, reels and general tackle, mostly inexpensive and of low quality. Eighties and after.
- Hildebrandt, John, Logansport, Indiana. Credited with developing the shafted spinner lure. (See Lincoln, *Black Bass Fishing*.) Nineties and after.
- Horrocks-Ibbotson Co., Utica, New York. Fishing tackle manufacturer after c. 1895; absorbed Abbey and Imbrie, J. B. McHarg (flies), Yawman and Erbe (reels), Winchester arms (rod and reel). G. H. Mansfield and others; used logos "UTK" and "H-I". Merged with the Gladding Company, 1967.
- Horton Manufacturing Company, Bristol Connecticut. Steel rods, reels, c. 1883 well into twentieth century.
- Huntington, W., Wilton, Connecticut. Hornbeam rods "a specialty." (1882).
- Holberton and Beemer, New York. General tackle; featured McBride flies (which see.) Wakeman Holberton was the author of several angling books. (Seventies and after).
- Ingham, Richard, New York. General Tackle. (Fifties)
- Johnson, Boston. Rods. (See Scott, *Fishing in American Waters*, 1869.)
- Karr, George, New York. General tackle. (1851)
- Judson and Company, Rochester, New York. Solid-wood rods (Seventies)
- Kamp, George, Trenton Falls, New York. (?)
- Kelso. Rods and reels, middle quality. (Nineties and after)
- Kiffe, H. H., New York. General tackle, but probably not a manufacturer. (Nineties and after.)
- Kosmic. Almost certainly a trade name used first by the A. G. Spalding Company before c. 1890 (before which the name of Spalding and that of Julius Vom Hofe.) The "Kosmic" rod of the nineties carried E. W. Edwards' patent ferrule. Later (?) rods bear the Edwards ferrule, the "Kosmic" name, and that of the U. S. Net and Twine Company; another previously Spalding line also carried the U. S. Net and Twine marque. Something of a tangle. (c. late Eighties into the twentieth century.) (Some data from Mary Shepard and Martin Keane.)
- Krider, John, Philadelphia. Tackle manufacturer and seller; featured inside-enamel, multiple-split-bamboo (as many as ten sections.) Mentioned by Norris, 1864; continued at least into nineties.
- Kuck, Alfred C., New York. "Successor to N. J. Plumb". General tackle. (1873).
- Lakin, J. A., Westfield, Mass. Rods; end of business announced, 1876.
- Landman, J. G., Brooklyn. Rods of good quality with patent reel seat. (Nineties and after.)
- Lentner, New York. Rods (and general tackle?). (Eighteen-thirties.)
- Leonard, H. L., Bangor, Maine (c. 1870-1881) and Central Valley, New York. (after 1881). Rods, reels.
- Loomis, Plumb and Co., Syracuse, New York. Early automatic reel. (1882)
- McBride, John, Mumford, New York. Fly-tier, forties through mid-seventies.
- McBride, Sara, Mumford, New York. Fly-tier, seventies.
- MacDonald, J., Deposit, New York. Rods. (c. 1900.)
- McHarg, John, Rome, New York. Fly-tier from mid-forties; patent reel seat, 1873, and manufacturer of rods (?); absorbed by Horrocks-Ibbotson.
- Maikenhead, W. & J., Rochester, New York. Reels (1883)
- Manly, West Brookfield, Massachusetts. Rods. (Eighties?)
- Mansfield, G. H., reels. (absorbed by Horrocks-Ibbotson.)
- Martin Automatic Reel Company, Iliion, New York. After 1884; still in business.
- Marsters, J. F., Brooklyn. Reels, general tackle (?). Seventies.
- A. F. Meisselbach Co., Newark, New Jersey and (later) Ellyria, Ohio. Reels after c. 1885 until nineteen-thirties. Trade names "All Right," "Featherweight," "Featherlight," "Takapart," "Expert," "Rainbow." A major American reel manufacturer of middle quality reels.
- Meek, B. F., Lexington, Kentucky. Kentucky reels, forties and after, well into twentieth century; quality manufacture. (See Henshall, *Book of the Black Bass*.)
- Milam, B. C., Frankfort, Kentucky. Kentucky reels, forties and after; (see Henshall, *Book of the Black Bass*.)
- Mills, William and Sons, New York. General tackle. Successors to Thomas Bate (which see) c. 1873. Sole agents for H. L. Leonard after c. 1878. (Continued until c. 1973.)
- Mitchell, William, New York City. Solid wood and split-bamboo rods; patented screw-in butt-to-handle connection, 1883. Superb solid wood rods. (d. 1887)
- Murphy, Charles F., Newark, New Jersey. Rod-makers.
- Montague Rod Company, Montague City, Massachusetts. Rods, after c. 1895; continued until nineteen-fifties. Mass manufacturer of middle-quality split-bamboo rods.
- Nichols, B. F., Boston. "Successors to Boston Split Bamboo Rod Company" (1880); earlier, Boston Fish Rod Company, B. F. Nichols, Manager. (late seventies and early eighties.)
- Norris, Thaddeus, Philadelphia. Author and rod-maker; advertised rods of lancewood, iron-wood, greenheart, split bamboo. (c. 1877).
- Orvis, Charles F., Manchester, Vermont. Established 1856, general tackle manufacturing. Split bamboo after c. 1880 (?); patented narrow-spool fly reel, 1874; widely publicized fly manufacturing. Successor to the company is still in business.
- Payne, E. F., Central Valley, New York, and Highland Mills, New York. Own marque after c. 1900; carried on by son, James, until c. 1960.
- Peck and Snyder, New York. General tackle. (seventies and eighties.)
- Pennell Reel Company, Philadelphia. Reels of middle and low quality, nineties and after.
- Pflueger Reels, Akron, Ohio. Quality reels and tackle; founded as Enterprise Manufacturing Company, c. 1865 (?) (see Lincoln, *Black Bass Fishing*.)
- Philbrook, Frank J., Bangor, Maine. In "fishing rod trimmings" with E. F. Payne, 1880; patentee of 1877 reel manufactured by H. L. Leonard.
- Phillippe, Samuel, Easton, Pennsylvania. (Sometimes Philippi.) Rod-maker, d. 1877.
- Plumb, N. J., New York. See Kuck.
- Price, H. F. and Co., Brooklyn. General tackle. (1882)
- Pritchard Brothers, New York. Rods and general tackle; praised by Scott, *Fishing in American Waters*. (Sixties through eighties.)
- Reed, William H., Boston. (also Read.) Rods. (eighties.)
- Rochester Reel Company, Rochester, New York. Pressed-metal reel (eighties?)
- Seeberger, A. F. and Co., Chicago. General tackle. (1889)
- Shakespeare, William, Jr., Kalamazoo, Michigan. General tackle. (Eighties and after; still in business.)
- Shipley, A. B. and Sons, Philadelphia. "Bethabara" wood rods, general tackle. (Last third of nineteenth century.)

A Collector's Directory continued:

South Bend Bait Company, South Bend, Indiana. General tackle manufacturers. (Turn of the century; still in business.)

Spalding, A. G. and Brothers, New York and Chicago. General tackle, as indicated by a catalog of 1886; "Izaak Walton" line of rods. See also *Kosmic*. Out of fishing tackle by early nineties? (Still in business as sporting goods manufacturer.)

Snyder, George, Paris, Kentucky. Kentucky reels, from c. 1812 (?) (See Henshall, *Book of the Black Bass*.)

Syracuse Bamboo Furniture Company, Syracuse, New York. Began c. 1888 as Syracuse Fish Rod Company; continued only until c. 1893.

Thomas, Fred E., Bangor, Maine. Rods. Early association with H. L. Leonard; independent before 1899, when working at Bangor with E. W. Edwards; own marque from c. 1903. Continued by son, Leon, until mid-sixties.

Thomas and Branch, New York. General tackle. (1853)

Terry Clock Company, Pittsfield, Mass. Automatic reel. (1882)

Trowbridge, J. S. and Co., Boston. Split-bamboo rods "manufactured in our own workshop". (1873)

Tuttle, O. C., Old Forge, New York. Deer-hair bugs and streamers. (Turn of the century and after.)

U. S. Net and Twine Company. Apparent successor to Spalding lines of tackle after c. 1895.

Varney, George I., Central Valley, New York. Rod-maker for Leonard before c. 1890's; patentee of ferrule; worked

later for Montague? (Mary Shepard and Martin Keane.)
Vom Hofe, Edward, Philadelphia. The Rolls-Royce of American reels; holder of many reel patents. Established 1867, through nineteen-thirties. Also rods, general tackle (by other makers?)

Vom Hofe, Julius, Brooklyn. Reels; not far behind Edward. Last quarter of nineteenth century, early twentieth.

Von Lengerke and Antoine, Chicago. General tackle after c. 1910; associated in later years with Abercrombie and Fitch?

Von Lengerke and Detmold, New York. General tackle (by other makers?) (Turn of the century and after.)

Warrin, J. & T., New York. General tackle. (1851)

Welch, Benjamin B., New York. General tackle. (1851)

Welch, Robert, New York. Rods of solid wood, praised by Scott, *Fishing in American Waters*. (Sixties)

Wheeler, C. W., Farmington, Maine. Rods. Represented by Dame, Stoddard and Kendall, Boston. (Eighties)

Wilkinson Company, Chicago. General tackle. (Established 1872).

Williamson, Readfield, Maine. Rods. (Seventies)

Willsber, Henry, New York. General tackle. (1853)

Wurflein, William. Philadelphia. Rods. (1882)

Yawman and Erbe, Rochester, New York. Automatic reels from c. 1882; absorbed by Horrocks-Ibbotson, c. 1920, although Yawman and Erbe continued as an office equipment firm until the sixties.

A Fishing Tramp:

(continued from page 3)

sleep in such a place without some kind of a shelter. We went hunting for a cave or a big rock to cover us for the night, but after an hour's search we could find none. Just as Will had picked out a smooth, clean place by the side of a fallen chestnut tree, where we could build our fire and cook our fish and bacon, I caught sight of a railfence. I mounted it and saw a broad path, with sled or wheel tracks in it. It was a very welcome sight. I called Will, telling him to let the fire go and come on. I knew there must be a cabin not far away, and after about ten minutes walk down the path, just as rain commenced falling, we reached a gate, on the other side of which was a large, comfortable log cabin. A man who was sitting on the porch bade us to enter, and we obeyed him with pleasure. We were very tired, a little wet and very hungry.

Will is a native mountaineer, so I left it to him to arrange for our food and lodging. The good woman of the house took our trout, and after we had rested about half an hour supper was announced. That supper table was a splendid one to behold; it was a homely table and there was not much in the way of linen, fine dishes or silverware upon it; in fact, I do not think there were cups and saucers enough to go around. I had one and I believe Will did; several of the people used tin cups, and I think I saw one glass tumbler. The knives and forks were a mixed lot, but there were "heaps" of cornbread, big dishes filled with the whitest and mealiest potatoes, and our trout, a big tin pan full of them, with others, caught by some of our host's boys that afternoon.

When we opened our eyes next morning the sun was casting its rays over the mountains, and the fragrance of coffee was wafted to our nostrils. Two of the boys had been out to the big brook, a fork of the Caney, and had caught enough trout for our breakfast while we were sleeping. They assured us that we should catch "right smart" of fish if rain held off through the day.

We started out at eight o'clock, one of the boys with me, bound down stream, one with Will to fish up the same

stream, and two others to fish two other creeks near by. The average width of the stream that we fished was about twenty yards. It is one of the most perfect trout streams I have ever seen — full of dark, deep pools, and long, deep ripples, where trout delight to lie. The stream, for two miles after it passes the clearing where we spent the night traverses an open wood, very easy to get through. There are very few thickets, but many high falls, as the stream falls five hundred feet in its course through the woods. Unlike most streams in the mountains, it can be fished mainly from its banks.

We followed it down for nearly two miles, taking about forty fish. The water was rather dirty, and my companion seemed to think that our sport was not up to the average.

At noon I pulled out a chunk of cornbread and a cold fried trout and took lunch while fishing. While I was eating the last of the trout I came to a long, deep pool with a dead maple lying in the middle of it. The branches of the tree formed a dangerous network, in which was just the place for a big trout to hide. I crawled up and leaned upon a big rock that overhung the pool, and cast from near its foot. There was a rise and a splash, and in a moment I had hooked a beauty — a good half-pounder. I landed him and in a moment he was in my basket. The next cast I hooked two and soon landed them. I worked that pool for about twenty minutes, and the result was seventeen trout. One was ten inches in length and two others weighed not less than half a pound each, while the rest ranged from five to eight inches in length. From that pool down into the long clearing (about half a mile) fish took the fly greedily, and by two o'clock my basket was full.

Rain then commenced falling; there was heavy thunder and vivid flashes of lightning at short intervals, and the trout ceased feeding. We sought shelter in an old cabin near by and waited an hour till the rain stopped; then we took the trail for home. The other fellows had come in before us. The result of their efforts was about one hundred and fifty, but their fish were smaller than ours.

Will and I were well pleased with the day's sport. We had all the trout we wanted; and, as the next day would be Saturday, we decided to start early in the morning and make the hardest part of our ten-mile journey while the day was cool.

We had more trout for supper and breakfast; and then bidding our kind host, his good wife, seven sons and three daughters good-bye, we took our traps and started for home. The sun was shining brightly and gave promise of a hot day later on. We had a big mountain to climb and descend (Deep

Gap Bald, about 6,500 feet in height), and when we reached its summit at eleven o'clock we were about as warm as mortals can be and live. After resting and cooling off we plunged down into Deep Gap, and after a tiresome tramp of four hours we reached the top of Westner Bald, near the end of our journey.

I had carried twelve pounds of dressed trout upon my shoulder all day. Will had about the same load, and we were both tired out, yet more than satisfied with the results of our outing.

from *Outing*, May, 1895.



Orvis Reels

(continued from page 12)

By September of 1875 Orvis had the German silver model in stock.

The two models, trout and bass, remained standard stock items for about forty years. In about 1900 the same reel was also offered in aluminum, for \$1.00 above the cost of the brass (nickel-plated) models. The reel was discontinued around 1915.

So much for the basic story of the reel; now for the unanswered questions. First, and most intriguing, Charles Orvis's original patent had called for a reel not of metal but of *hard rubber*:

"The reel is composed of four concentric perforated rubber disks, placed in pairs at a suitable distance each from the other . . ."

and, later in the patent:

"I have described above a reel in which the perforated disks are made of hard rubber; but do not wish to be confined to this material, as the reel may be made of metal throughout . . ."

Here Orvis was keeping his options open; he recognized the limitations of hard rubber, and specified that the rubber plates were to be strengthened with "hollow embracing metal bands" around their outside edge. More interesting for the

modern historian and collector is the preference for rubber plates at all. The existence of even one such reel with rubber plates is not established. The Museum's sizable collection of Orvis reels came directly from the Orvis Company's own collection, which would seem to have been the most likely place for such a model to have survived. And so we are left with the question of whether or not the rubber-plate model ever got off the drawing board. It could be that Orvis went to metal even before building his prototype, but we must wonder if some day a hard rubber model will turn up.

Another rarity (and the aluminum models are rare enough!) has not yet passed through the Museum's workroom, and that is the "Heavy Gold Plate" model advertised for \$10.00 as "For Prizes" in *Forest and Stream* in 1876. Such reels were advertised in the Orvis catalog also, and so it seems likely a few are in existence. The standard model is stunning enough; the gold-plated model would be magnificent.

A footnote to the story of Patent Number 150,883 (May 12, 1874) has a modern ring. Because of unreliabilities in the alloying process many of the first Orvis reels were sold with malfunctioning clicks. Charles Orvis, through advertisements in sporting magazines, recalled them, probably generating more in good will than he spent in repairs.

Available from the Museum

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER

Back issues of the Museum magazine are already beginning to appear in rare book catalogues. We have available all back issues except Vol. I, No. 1; Vol. I, No. 2; Vol. III, No. 2; Vol. III, No. 3; and Vol. IV, No. 3. \$3.00 each.

BROWN UNIVERSITY FLY FISHING EXHIBIT CATALOGUE

In 1968 Brown University's Rockefeller Library exhibited a selection of rare angling books and tackle. The catalog of this exhibit has already become a collector's item. The foreword is by Joseph Bates, and the historical introduction by Austin Hogan. 16 pages, paper covers, \$3.00.

WHERE THE POOLS ARE BRIGHT AND DEEP by Dana Lamb

A superb collection of Dana Lamb's articles, together with some previously unpublished material, illustrated by Eldridge Hardie. We have only a limited number of these left. \$8.95.

AMERICAN SPORTING PERIODICALS OF ANGLING INTEREST

Austin Hogan's unique checklist of 19th-century sporting periodicals also contains an historical introduction to angling periodicals and a directory of libraries holding such material. Numerous excerpts from significant periodicals are appended to the work, published by The Museum of American Fly Fishing in 1973. 128 pages, paperbound, \$6.00.

MUSEUM CATALOGUE, 1969-1973

A true rarity, the Museum's catalogue of holdings was published in 1973, shortly before THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER was launched. The quarterly magazine, which regularly announces new acquisitions, has replaced the catalogue in function. The catalog contains Austin Hogan's thoroughly researched essay "An Introduction to the History of Fly Fishing in America," as well as G. Dick Finlay's thoughtful description of the Museum's treasures, 24 pages, 8½" x 11", \$4.00.

Museum News

New York Auction, March 20

The Museum took a bold step in its efforts to expand its fund-raising and publicity earlier this year, and held its first major auction and raffle. The auction, which was announced to members and to many other anglers across the country through an extensive mailing campaign, was held at the Williams Club in New York City in late March. Elsewhere in this issue we make special mention of the many individuals, organizations, and companies that helped us with the auction.

Despite the advance publicity, attendance was disappointing, but enthusiasm was high, both during the social hour and during the auction itself. The bidding was spirited and generous, and the 55 auctioned items brought a total of \$6,407.50. The raffle, held at the conclusion of the auction, brought in an additional \$2,434.00, for a total of \$8,841.50.

Some spectacular prizes were available, both in the auction and the raffle. We had many exciting fishing trips, to as far away as Panama, with several for bonefish in the keys. A number of graphite rods were offered, from several different manufacturers, and a wide assortment of related tackle, including a few items of vintage tackle (not from The Museum Collection) was also available. Both new and old books were bid on, and several fine works of art; most notable among the art items were original works by John Atherton and Austin Hogan.

This auction would not have been possible without the devoted labors of several individuals. Spearheading the advance planning in New York was Gardner Grant, and both Gardner Grant and Leon Martuch helped gather appropriate auction materials. Hosts for the auction were Dick Kress, Leon Martuch, Ben Upson, and Paul Schullery, and the

Williams Club outdid themselves with all other arrangements. Our auctioneers were Gardner Grant (who handled tackle and trips) and the ever-faithful Col. Henry Siegel (who handled art and books), and their expertise at the job and their persuasive presentations made a big difference in the final tally.

This first auction was rewarding in other ways; it was a great learning experience. We were not satisfied with the turnout, and must refine our approach before we attempt another similar affair, but on the positive side, we were able to give our treasury a significant boost. Also, we discovered how truly broad interest in the Museum is among tackle manufacturers. Virtually every firm we contacted responded with a fine gift, and in many cases with top-of-the-line items.

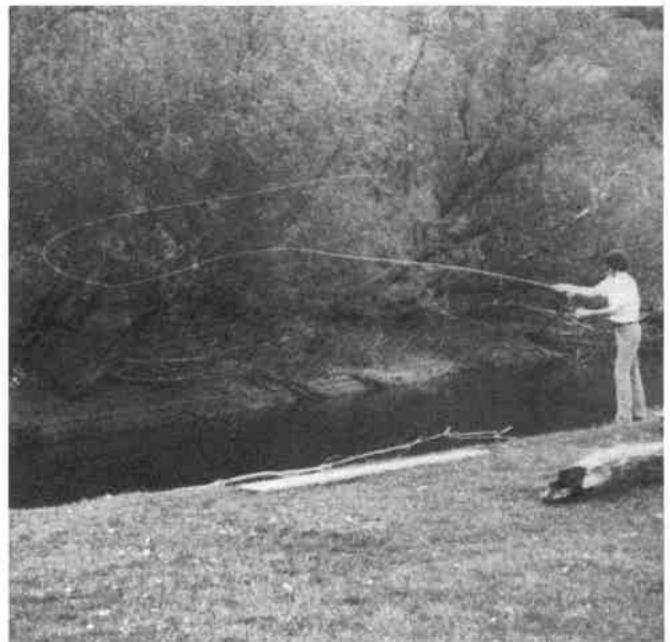


Annual Meeting, May 12

This year's Annual Meeting activities, held here in Manchester, apparently fell victim to fears of gasoline shortages, as attendance was lower than usual. A number of members who had made arrangements in advance to attend cancelled or did not appear because there was some doubt if adequate fuel would be available in the area over the weekend. As it turned out fuel was plentiful, but the caution seemed justified. Perhaps next year the state of supplies will be more trustworthy.

19th Century Fishing Outing

As last year, we gathered along the Battenkill for some historical sport. This year we had three fine outfits; two complete lancewood rods and one green heart with lancewood tip. All three were built from random sections, raw sticks, and partial rods that reposed in The Museum's stock of spare parts. The work was done by John Rosencrantz, recently retired rod repair specialist with Orvis, and the rods are beautiful. Dave Ledlie provided us with gut-snelled flies in a variety of patterns, and the small group of devoted anglers found it easy to adjust their timing to the much slower rods. The Hendrickson hatch was rumored, but did not appear, and Museum member Dick Kress was the only participant to get a rise.



Business Meeting

This year's business meeting contained some important reports and updates on the work done during the last year. Treasurer Leigh Perkins reported in some detail on the New York auction, and the expanded role such auctions could play in the future of the Museum. As usual, our budgeting (though it grows slowly) is restricted to caring for the basic needs of Museum operation and membership service.

Executive Director Paul Schullery reported on progress made in refining and improving the organization of the storage facility for The Museum Collection. He explained briefly that a number of the exhibits have been changed, and previewed some new exhibits that will be announced soon in the Museum magazine. He discussed the direction of the Museum magazine and he and Leon Martuch commented on the expanded use of the magazine in membership work. He reported on his investigation into the accreditation process of the American Association of Museums, and has pinpointed certain parts of the Museum's operation that will require additional attention before the Museum submits itself for accreditation examination.

Trustee Capt. Raymond Kotrla (former Museum President) presented a report on his investigation of fund-raising sources, which include both foundation and government agencies. He presented in brief his outline of how the Museum needs to proceed now that the groundwork has been laid for fund application.

President Leon Martuch began his report by commenting on the remarks about fund-raising made by previous speakers:

"We are in the position of having gathered our feet beneath us, and are about ready to go after major funding."

In discussing the Museum's financial status, Leon said that we are at a point where our biggest needs, such as additional storage and exhibit space, are not things that can be taken care of by membership dues. He sees "membership as a source of funds, but an expensive one. We can't make enough money on membership alone to do the kind of work we need to do." He did, however, stress the importance of increasing membership, both because more members will improve our access to rare angling materials, and because a larger membership will in many ways enhance our professional credibility; we are, after all, an educational institution. President Martuch said he was pleased with the

Museum's greatly increased involvement with other organizations and institutions, especially the Federation of Fly Fishermen, The American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association, and with a variety of other professional museums.

After the President's report, a new slate of Trustees was elected, as follows:

Joseph Beck, Stanley Bogdan, Gardner Grant, Alvin Grove, Austin Hogan, Capt. Raymond Kotrla, William Levy, Alvan Macauley, Leon Martuch, Ed Oliver, Leigh Perkins, Romi Perkins, Steve Raymond, Ben Schley, Pres Tolman, Roger White, and Don Zahner. Our slate of officers remained the same, with the exception of the addition of Gardner Grant as a Vice President.

Award Dinner

Our dinner, also held at the Avalanche Motel, was a remarkably good one, and was concluded by Leon Martuch with the presentation of the President's awards. The President's Award is given now and then to individuals who have performed outstanding volunteer service to the Museum, and there were quite a few such individuals to be honored this evening.

Col. Henry Siegel was recognized for his work as auctioneer. He has become an important part of the auction tradition at our Annual Dinner, and he also did excellent work for us in New York City.

David Ledlie was recognized for his many volunteer services as Assistant Editor of this magazine. He also acts as an advisor to the Director in various other matters.

Ben Upson has been a loyal supporter of the Museum for many years, and most recently helped out at the New York auction. He also handled the fishing tackle items at the auction in Manchester this year.

Gardner Grant, who was unable to attend, was the guiding light and strong back behind the New York auction. His preparations made the affair possible.

Kay Brodney, whose index of the first five years of *The American Fly Fisher* appeared in Volume V Number 4, was recognized for her many services in connection with the Museum's research library.

Ray Kotrla, former Museum President, was honored for his hard work in investigating fund raising sources during the past year.

Dick Kress has devoted many hours of his own time to various Museum tasks, from serving as a host at the New York auction to helping with Museum bookkeeping. Since Dick is the only recipient of this year's award who is not readily identifiable as a Museum Trustee (all the other recipients this year are), we will further identify him here as a Manchester resident who is also President of The Battenkill Chapter of Trout Unlimited.

The President's Award this year was accompanied by a gift, a jar of wild rice.

On the far left, Steve Bravar of "Rod and Reel" magazine shows good form with a 10 foot lancewood rod.

On the near left, two Museum members test their skills.



Photos courtesy of Steve Bravar.

The Auction

Col. Siegel and Ben Upson shared the auctioneer duties, with Dick Kress handling the bookkeeping. Some surprises appeared among the items offered, such as a dozen dry flies tied by John Atherton and donated for this occasion by Maxine Atherton. Among the most hotly contested items was a copy of Volume 1 Number 1 of *The American Fly Fisher*. This maiden issue of Austin Hogan's historical masterpiece brought more than six times its original market value of six years ago. We thank all the donors for this occasion elsewhere in this issue. Altogether this year's auction brought in slightly over \$2,200.00. This is less than last year, but considering our New York auction, and the smaller attendance this year we are pleased with the results.

Coming Up In The Magazine

Our next issue will feature news of many exciting new acquisitions that have been made by the Museum in the past year. Among these are some extremely significant historical items, such as Andrew Carnegie's fly rod, and many important new flies from some of the best tiers in the world. This issue will also examine the origins and evolution of a great American fly pattern, the Quill Gordon, and you will have an opportunity to see how the fly was tied by its originator and by some of America's best tiers.

This same issue will feature what is certainly one of the most (if not the most) significant group of flies in American Angling History. Most well-read anglers are familiar with Mary Orvis Marbury's *Favorite Flies and Their Histories*, which is now widely recognized as one of the truly monumental contributions to American fly fishing. Its color plates were unsurpassed for brilliance and accuracy, and it became a standard guide to fly patterns for generations of anglers. Among the most prized possessions in The Museum Collection are the *original flies* from which these plates were made! All the flies have survived these many years in remarkable condition, stored away for close to a century in the old Orvis warehouse until they were donated to The Museum Collection. We will be featuring some of these patterns (the flies are all on their original mountings, arranged on cards as they appear in the book) in color, along with useful commentary about Mary Marbury's book.

Some major articles are currently being researched for future issues. We will of course continue our color features on Museum Treasures (the spectacular photographs of reels in this issue are a preview of things to come), but several of our previous contributors are hard at work on important new projects. We will soon be hearing from Dr. Thomas Harrison again, the scholar who uncovered the probable author of *The Arte of Angling* (1577). Tom has taken on the subject of Dame Juliana, and his findings are a significant contribution to the literature of the Dame. Our Editor has been researching Theodore Roosevelt as a conservationist for some years, and has almost completed his research on Roosevelt's angling activities. For a President that is generally known as a non-angler, Roosevelt fished in far more places than most modern anglers.

We also will be adding a new department, of notes and comments; a repository of short features and odds and ends that would not meet the definition of "article" but are still very worthy.



Museum Receives FFF Fly Collection

The magnificent collection of framed flies that the Federation of Fly Fishermen has been gathering for some years has been placed in the care of The Museum of American Fly Fishing. This arrangement, a permanent loan exhibit, was completed just before this issue went to press. We will have a more detailed report on this collection in a future issue of the magazine.

Fishing History Featured at Catskill Museum

The Art Awareness Gallery, Lexington, New York, has prepared an extensive angling exhibit that should be of great interest to any of our readers who happen to fish that area this summer. The exhibit will include many historical items, some loaned to the Gallery by The Museum of American Fly Fishing. It will also feature the best in fly tying and angling art from the region; many of the most outstanding eastern fly tiers have sent examples of their work. The exhibit will be open through the summer, and is entitled "The Arts of the Trout." For more information, contact the Art Awareness Gallery, Lexington, New York, 12452.

Change of Address for Ordering Museum Slide Program in the East

The Museum Slide Program, narrated by William Conrad, can be ordered from any of the Federation of Fly Fishermen's seven Regional Audio Visual Distribution Centers, as announced in earlier issues. The address of the Eastern Council Center has changed. Those wishing to order the program in that area should in the future contact Mr. Earl Goldberger, c/o Absolute Coatings, Inc., 34 Industrial Place, Bronx, New York 10461. Telephone 212 - 892-1800.

Membership Information

Members receive THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER, but the magazine is only the most visible of the membership benefits. Others include information and research services, appraisals for donors of materials, and involvement in museum activities. And, of course, the existence of the Museum, and its continuing work in preservation and education, is the greatest benefit of all.

Professional care and exhibiting of the treasures of angling history is a costly project. The Museum, a member institution of the American Association for State and Local History and the New England Conference of the American Association of Museums, maintains itself and its collections through the generosity of its friends.

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

Associate	\$ 15.00
Sustaining	\$ 25.00
Patron	\$ 100.00 and over
Sponsor	\$ 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.

Thank You...

to the following companies and organizations
who donated items to our two recent auctions:

Angler's and Shooter's Bookshelf
Boca Paila Lodge, Cozumel
Byrnescraft
Cortland
Fenwick
Fly Fisherman Magazine
Frank Ferreira
Fish and Game Frontiers
Garcia
H. L. Leonard
Bud Lilly's Trout Shop

Mustad
Oliver's Orvis Shop
Orvis
Pflueger
Scientific Anglers/3M
Steamboat Inn, Oregon
Doug Swisher Fly Fishing Schools
Southern Wisconsin Chapter of T. U.
21 Club, New York
Woodstream

and to the following individuals who also donated items:

Maxine Atherton
Donald Benedict
Kay Brodney
Charles Brooks
Henry P. Bruns
Roy Chapin
A. Tucker Cluett
Gardner Grant
C. R. Gutermuth
John Harder
Capt. Mike Hewlett

Martin Keane
Roland Kollbeck
Lefty Kreh
Robert Learned
Alvan Macauley, Jr.
Leigh Perkins
Capt. Nat Ragland
Capt. Harry Spear
Bob Stearns
Ralph Wahl
Ed Zern

Some Fishing Pretenses and Affectations

Bluntly stated, the affectations and pretenses which I have in mind, and which in my opinion threaten to bring injury upon our noble pursuit, grow out of the undue prominence and exaggerated superiority claimed for fly-casting for trout. I hasten to say for myself and on behalf of all well-conditioned fishermen that we are not inclined to disparage in the least the delightful exhilaration of the sudden rise and strike, nor the pleasurable exercise of skill and deft manipulation afforded by this method of fishing. We have no desire to disturb by a discordant dissent the extravagant praise awarded to the trout when he is called the wariest of his tribe, "the speckled beauty," the aristocratic gentleman among fish, and the most toothsome of his species. At the same time, we of the unpretentious sort of fishermen are not obliged to forget that often the trout will refuse to rise or strike and will wait on the bottom for food like any plebeian fish, that he is frequently unwary and stupid enough to be lured to his death by casts of the fly that are no better than the most awkward flings, that notwithstanding his fine dress and aristocratic bearing it is not unusual to find him in very low company, that this gentleman among fish is a willing and shameless cannibal, and that his toothsome, not extraordinary at best, is probably more dependent than that of most fish upon his surroundings.

While our knowledge of these things does not exact from us an independent protest against constantly repeated praise of the qualities of trout and of fly-casting as a means of taking them, it perhaps adds to the spirit and emphasis of our dissent when we are told that fly-casting for trout is the only style of fishing worthy of cultivation, and that no other method ought to be undertaken by a true fisherman. This is one of the deplorable fishing affectations and pretenses which the sensible rank and file of the fraternity ought openly to expose and repudiate.

Grover Cleveland

