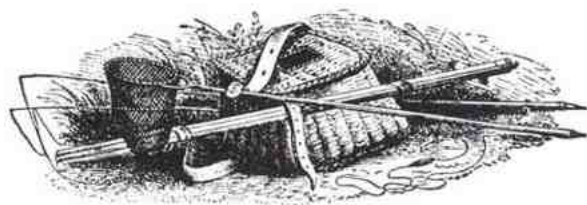


The American Fly Fisher



Vol. 6, No. 3
SUMMER 1979

On Being A Public Museum

The Museum of American Fly Fishing is unique; as far as we know, it is the world's only fly fishing museum. Not even England, with its much longer angling tradition, has such an institution. In both countries there are wonderful private collections, some owned by individuals, some held by clubs for the pleasure of their membership. And there are other more general fishing museums; the United States has at least two others, and The Museum of American Fly Fishing is in contact with them regarding common interests.

Public Museums are a source of pride to their patrons. They appeal to our democratic sentiments, since *anybody* can visit and enjoy them. The private collection, whether property of an individual or an organization, is rather like a privately printed book; it may be a wonderful thing, and the joy of its sponsors, but it does not do most people any good. Its sponsors did not intend it to, and that is their choice, entirely. *Our* choice — or our goal, if you prefer — is to reach farther and to spread an appreciation for the American Angling Heritage beyond its traditional boundaries.

This is more than a matter of mere numbers. It is a matter of who constitutes our audience. It has been estimated that 80% or more of the people who visit The Museum of American Fly Fishing are *not* fly fishers. Because of our location we are able to attract many people from outside the angling fraternity. In this we are reaching places that most angling organizations do not normally reach; we are introducing new ideas to people who might not have concerned themselves with our interests. They see more than pretty fishing tackle and angling art; they see conservation exhibits, a sense of tradition, and a concern for the future they may never have dreamed existed among fishermen. In short, they get a glimpse at our way of life.

Recently, at least two fishing publications have featured articles on stream etiquette. Good manners are very important, of course, but usually the people who subscribe to the magazines are the ones who least need the lessons. The articles are good but they are misdirected, since the people we would most like to have read them do not see them. So it is that the Museum's exhibits reach beyond the "hard core" angling fraternity. They offer the veteran fly fishermen a chance to see the treasures we all have heard of, yet they provide countless strangers with a glimpse of a new world. We do not know if we convert many visitors — make fly fishers out of them — but we do know they go away a little more aware of the beauty and worth of the sport. One of the most common responses from visitors has been "I had no idea there was so much to this." Such statements are the finest rewards for a public museum.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dame Juliana and the Book of St. Albans, Part I by Thomas P. Harrison	p. 2
Salt-Water Fly Fishing (1911) by A. W. Dimock	p. 5
Over the Bar (1930) by Rupert West	p. 8
Quill Gordon: Variations on a Theme	p. 12
The Mary Orvis Marbury Fly Plates	p. 15
The Ray Bergman Wet Flies	p. 20
Back Casts	p. 22
Notes and Comment	p. 24
Recent Acquisitions	p. 27
Museum News	p. 30

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Dame Juliana and the Book of St. Albans

by Thomas P. Harrison

Thomas Harrison, Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Texas (Austin), has stepped forward again to enlighten us in a scholarly fashion on certain facets of our angling past. In his two-part essay Professor Harrison discusses Dame Juliana Berners, the legendary author of our first known angling book, "Treatise of Fishing With An Angle". He carefully reexamines earlier conclusions concerning her identity, and discusses her role in two editions of the Book of St. Albans (1486 and 1496). It was in the latter edition that the treatise on angling first appeared.

In this issue Professor Harrison examines the story of the Dame, and prepares the way for his discussion of the treatise. In our next issue he presents his findings and conclusions about the treatise.

Part I

THE present essay produces no startling discovery revealing the identity of Dame Juliana. Its major purpose is to reexamine certain conclusions heretofore proposed concerning this question and to indicate new directions pointing to her identity and her role in the two editions of *The Book of St. Albans*. Students of these subjects are indebted to Mr. John D. McDonald, whose comprehensive study¹ includes a complete review with valuable facsimiles of all the important commentators through four centuries.

The first edition of *The Book of St. Albans* was issued in 1486 from a press in the town of St. Albans in Hertfordshire, its printer known only as "one sometime Schoolmaster of St. Alban," so called by Wynden de Worde, printer of the second edition of *The Book*, in 1496. Printed in folio, *The Book* comprises three distinct treatises — on Hawking, Hunting, and Coat Armor, the last clearly a compilation. Prologues for all three and, as it has been proved, also the orthography of the entire Hunting treatise belong to the Schoolmaster, a North-countryman.²

The Hawking tract, derived probably from several manuscripts,³ is concerned with the proper vocabulary with reference to hawks, the art of training them, their diseases and medicines, their treatment in the field, and finally a list of species and their assignment to the various social stations of hawkers.

It is generally believed that Dame Juliana shared in this compilation. That she was the author of the Hunting treatise is stated at its conclusion: "Explicit Dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of hunting," a pronouncement which remains the sole authentic evidence of her existence. And Blades adds (p. 8), "so that he [the printer], a contemporary, evidently believed her to be the authoress."

At the outset of Hunting the printer thus indicates its form and content: "Likewise as in the Book of Hawking aforesaid . . . in the same manner this booke following sheweth to such gentle persons the manner of Hunting for all manner of beasts, whether they be beasts of Venery, or of Chace, or Rascal. And also it sheweth all the terms convenient as well to the hounds as to the beasts aforesaid. And in certain there be many diuerse of them as is declared in the book following."

The chief source of Juliana's metricised compilation was an English translation of *Le Art de Venerie*, in Norman-French, by William Twici, ca. 1327.⁴ Her text survives in two closely related extant manuscripts, Lambeth 491 (the earlier, 1400-1450, and more important) and Rawlinson Poet. 143.⁵ Their original, presumably by Juliana, became the basis of the text used by the Schoolmaster in 1486. The commands to the hounds, from Twici, are ordered to be in French, as in Juliana's



treatise: "Arere," "sa fa cy avaunt," "sweff mon amy sweff," "souce holb," and so on. The *Art* was succeeded by *The Master of Game*, 1387-1391, its English translation by Edward, Duke of York, ca. 1405. This work, source of the dialogue between master and man, an interpolation in Juliana's treatise, will be considered in a different connection with the all-important Fishing treatise of 1496.

The Hunting treatise is characterized by several features which set it off completely from the others, features which, to my knowledge, are unique in the history of sporting literature. The first of these are the rhymed couplets as the major vehicle of the treatise. It opens thus:

Wheresoeuer ye fare, by frith or by fell [forest or plain]
My dear child, take heed how Tristram⁶ doth ye
tell . . .

Listen to you dame and she shall you lere.

The use of rhyme faintly links Juliana with the practice of the unknown woman who wrote *The Flower and the Leaf*, a Middle English poem wrongly attributed to Chaucer, which follows the pattern of *rime royal*, a seven-line stanza rhyming ababbcc. ⁷ However, the first two stanzas of Hunting rhyme aabbcc, others being of varied length and number of lines. Thus as an English woman who wrote before 1500, Juliana joins the noble authoress of *The Flower and the Leaf*, with whom in yet another particular later to be mentioned, she is accidentally linked. ⁸

Throughout the text of the Hunting Treatise, the author's direct address to the pupil or pupils is constant; "Do so, my child," "Think what I say, my child," "My dear children," "Say, child, where you go? My dame taught you so," and so on. "Evidently," writes Blades (pp. 11-12), "that portion was originally written for a mother to use as a school book" to teach reading as well as knowledge of hunting terms. ⁹ On the other hand, Dame Juliana may have used this means in addressing an English child or children, a possibility to be developed directly.

So much then, for the contents of the 1486 *Book of St. Albans*. Now for the first printed account of Juliana, from the pen of John Bale (1495-1563). This account appeared in his *Scriptorum Illustrium Majoris Britannie* (1559). ¹⁰ Having extolled Juliana's physical and mental endowments, Bale continues: "Among the many solaces of human life she considered hawking and hunting in the highest estimation . . . These arts therefore this ingenious woman was desirous to convey through writings as the chief marks of nobility." Having listed the three components of *The Book of St. Albans*, he adds: "Dicitur de piscatione edidisse opus culum" [(She) is said to have edited a little book about fishing], the implication being that he has seen only the first edition, not the second (1496). ¹¹ He has heard a report, however, that Juliana produced a little tract on fishing. This he distinguishes from her known writings (*Scripta*). Bale concludes by stating that she flourished in the year 1460. "Considering that the name of the lady is the whole of the text upon which Bale had to build, this is by no means a bad specimen of imaginative biography," concludes Blades (p. 9). Yet it seems very unlikely that Bale's information was limited to the Schoolmaster's "Explicit . . ." and, despite the unsurprising absence of his sources, there is no reason to discredit the whole of Bale's account. As to his allusion to the fishing treatise, a successor, John Pits (1560-1616), is the first to include it without qualification in his list of Juliana's writings (McD., p. 78).

Curiously enough, without exception all the later antiquarians echo Bale's idea that Juliana engaged actively in hawking and hunting. This Diana-Minerva image persists through the centuries whereas, however true or not, it is wholly extraneous to the question of Juliana's identity as author and compiler. If she was a noblewoman it would be natural to picture the lady with a merlin upon her wrist or following hounds; Queen Elizabeth was devoted to both sports, but for Juliana there is, of course, no such evidence.

To come now to the widespread tradition that Dame Juliana was a Prioress of Sopwell ¹² Nunnery of St. Albans (founded 1140, dissolved 1537). This conviction began with what seems the trustworthy evidence of William Burton (1575-1645). His statements, apparently also derived from Leland, were found in holograph notes in a copy of *The Book of St. Albans*, 1486. ¹³ Burton writes that Dame Juliana was a noblewoman, daughter of Sir James Berners, that she was a "Prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, neere St. Albans," and she "was living in 1460, according to John Bale." Accordingly, these remain the usual statements for the later antiquarians.

The authentic records of Sopwell do not include Juliana as a Prioress. The list: Philippa, named 1310, 1324, and 1327, died ca. 1330; Alice de Pekensden, appointed 1330; Margaret



Fermeland, 1341; Matilda de Flamstead, resigned or removed before 1412; Letitia Wytttenham, 1418-1435; Joan Chapel, removed because of age, 1480 or 1481; Elizabeth Webbe, 1481 to at least 1501. ¹⁴ The interval between 1435 and 1480 leaves room for an unnamed prioress, though there seems no reason to postulate such an omission from the official records. Such a suggestion is paralleled by that of Joseph Haslewood (1769-1833) to explain the absence of Juliana from the Berners pedigree. Silence "might well arise from the final circumstances of her entering a convent, and taking the requisite vows of celibacy . . . It was usual for the relatives to consider such monastic devotees as no longer branches of the family stock . . . Hence, perhaps, her name would be scarcely preserved beyond the archives of her own society," ¹⁵ archives which, it may be remarked, contain no mention of her name, at least of Sopwell.

Thus evidence is altogether lacking that Juliana was a prioress of Sopwell, or even a nun there. Even further, there is none that she was ever formally a member of any nunnery. Accordingly, "It is more probable, if she was connected with the priory [of Sopwell], that she was a lady boarder in it." ¹⁶ As such, she would pay for her maintenance and be free to teach, to hunt, to fish in the nearby River Ver. However, "the air of the English nunneries would seem to have been unfavorable to learning. The sole works ascribed to English authoresses at English Nunneries are a *Life of St. Catherine*, written in Norman-French by Clemence, a nun of Barking [in Essex], in the late twelfth century, and *The Boke of St. Albans* . . . by Dame Juliana Berners, whom a vague and unsubstantiated tradition declares to have been prioress of Sopwell." ¹⁷

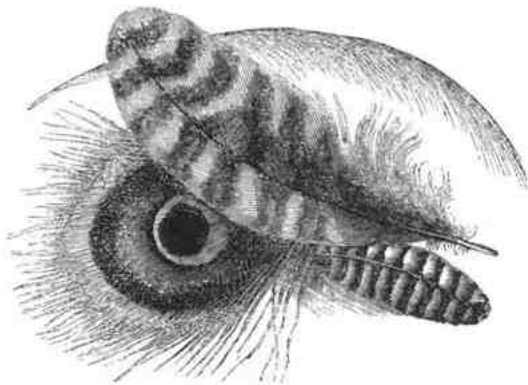
Not only were adults admitted as paying guests, but "the nunneries occasionally acted as dame-schools for very young boys." ¹⁸ At Sopwell at the time of the dissolution, 1537, "there were two children living at the priory, probably for instruction by the nuns." ¹⁹ This is an authentic setting for Dame Juliana, a boarder or perhaps a nun, as instructress of boys, thus accounting for her adjurations interposed throughout the hunting treatise. The picture is an inviting one and consistent with her traditional connection with Sopwell, but beyond this wholly without foundation.

A surprising addition to the legend of Juliana seems to have escaped notice. Appearing in an edition of the Fishing treatise, the editor, William Loring Andrews, cites Bernard Quaritch's *Monuments of Printing* (1897), where the following conjecture was added by one of Quaritch's bibliographers, Michael Kerney: The Hunting treatise "is written imaginatively as the instructions of a school dame to her children (Bairns). The author was perhaps connected with St. Julian's House or Hospital (Domus Juliani) attached to St. Alban Abbey. Some

such phrase as *Domus Juliani pueri* might easily have led to *Dam Julyans Barns*.²⁰ The Hospital of St. Julian, founded by Geoffrey, Abbot of St. Albans, was devoted to the care of lepers,²¹ or as Chauncy less explicitly states: "The hospital called divers miserable poor People together, provided for them, and gave a maintenance to support them: which you may read among the Acts of that Abbot."²² Although Mr. Andrews was unaware of the function of the Hospital of St. Julian, one can sympathize with the mood of his conclusion (p. xlii): "If Dame Juliana Berners be . . . a myth and a fictitious character, she will find congenial company in that realm of the imagination where Bunyan's Christian, De Foe's Robinson Crusoe, and Walton's Master and his Scholar have their being — creatures of the brain . . . while men and women of

warm flesh and blood are, by comparison, mere shadows . . ."

The search for Juliana has been more recently extended to Saint Juliana herself (1192-1258), of Liege: "She joined the Canonesses Regular at Mount Cornillon, where she became Prioress in 1222 . . . She resided in a land near the Pyrenees whose waters were superabundant with trouts and salmon . . . Authoring a fishing book in this kind of environment would not be unusual." Her name, the author suggests, "may have graced a convent in England, not necessarily at St. Albans."²³ At least her name there lived in the Hospital for lepers. At Norwich the English Juliana (1343-1443) spent most of her life in Carrow priory. Though never canonized, she was known as St. Juliana because as an anchoress her chamber was in the churchyard of St. Julian.²⁴



1 *The Origins of Angling*, New York, 1963. Subsequent references to the author are abbreviated as McD.

2 William Blades, editor of *The Book*, 1486 (London, 1881). In the 1480's eight books were issued at his press, six in Latin, two in English — *The Boke of St. Albans* and *Chronicles of England*. The above colophon appears in the latter, reprinted by de Worde in 1497, at which time the Schoolmaster was dead, his successor one John Marchall. The St. Albans school was "of great size and fame from early medieval times, certainly from the twelfth, probably from the ninth century to the dissolution" (*Victoria History of Hertfordshire*, ed. William Page, London, 1914, II, 47). The press was apparently not connected with the Abbey of St. Albans.

3. For description of these see E. F. Jacob, "The Book of St. Albans," *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, vol. 28 (1944), p. 104.

4 *The Art of Hunting*, ed. H. Dryden, rev. by Alice Dryden (Northampton, 1908); see McD., p. 70.

5 In addition to Jacob, *op. cit.* see A. L. Binns, "A Manuscript Source of the Book of St. Albans," *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library*, vol. 33 (1950-1951), pp. 15-24.

6 The legendary knight who taught all hawking and hunting terms (*The Works of Sir Thomas Malory*, ed. Eugene Vinaver, I, p. 375, cited by McD., p. 69).

7 *Chaucerian and Other Pieces Edited from Numerous Manuscripts*, W. W. Skeat (Oxford, 1877), pp. lxxvii-lxx.

8 Another woman writer was Christine de Pise (1363-1431), famous French authoress two of whose prose works were translated and printed by Caxton — *The Moral Proverbs of Cristyne*, 1477, and *The Faytte of Armes*, 1489. See further Henry Plomer, *William Caxton* (Oxford, 1925), pp. 100-101 and 154-155.

9 The blank pages after the Explicit illustrate a common practice of scribes and early printers to fill these "with such common household aphorisms or popular rhymes" together with brief notes on beasts of the chase, names of hounds, marks of a good greyhound and of a good horse (Blades, p. 21).

10 For a facsimile and translation of Bale's book, see McD., pp. 73-74.

11 As Bale's writings obviously depended heavily upon the reports of his friend John Leland (1506-1552), a word about Leland may be in order. The editor of Leland's best known work was Lucy Toulmin Smith (*The Itinerary of John Leland*, 5 Vol., Carbondale, Illinois, 1964), from whom we learn that Leland's travels throughout England as Henry VIII's Antiquarius extended over the years 1535-1543. "His plan seems to have been to note down his facts on the spot, or from various local inquiries; then later, at leisure,

he wrote his narrative direct from them, adding bits from memory occasionally." Such haphazard practices in gathering information hardly add credibility to Bale. Though, according to McD. (p. 76), Leland visited St. Albans, extensive research has disclosed no allusion to Dame Juliana. It is possible that Bale's extensive panegyric derived from Leland's unpublished notes.

12 So named from the nuns' habit of dipping their crusts in the water of a holy well.

13 For the Burton notes in facsimile and proof of their authenticity see McD., Appendix C, pp. 267-273.

14 *Victoria History of Hertfordshire*, ed. William Page (London, 1914), IV, pp. 422-425.

15 Quoted by McD., p. 88. See extensive Berners pedigree in Henry Chauncy, *The Historical Antiquities of Hartfordshire* (London, 1700, pp. 160-161. Jacob, *op. cit.*, pp. 102-103, finds a Bernes who was "a prominent member of the Mercers company in the latter days of Edward III," a John de Bernes, mayor of London 1370-1371, who bequeathed large sums to the city, and in the 15th century several other similar names. Finally, "Julyans Barnes" has been equated with a man "a certain Julian the Berner, keeper of hunting dogs on a feudal estate, by Mr. David Wagstaff, *The Arte of Angling*, ed. G. E. Bentley, etc. (Princeton, N. J., 1958), p. 1.

16 *Victoria History of Hertfordshire*, *op. cit.*, IV, p. 426.

17 Eileen Power, *Medieval English Nunneries* (Cambridge, 1922), p. 239-240.

18 Power, *ibid.*, p. 263. At St. Michael's, in Northamptonshire, there were seven or eight children lodged and to be taught (p. 517). And "the educational provision . . . was wholly restricted to children of the upper classes — nobility, gentry, and the wealthy merchants," states Power, *Medieval Women* (Cambridge, 1975), p. 91.

19 *Victoria History*, *op. cit.*, IV, p. 425. So there were probably children during earlier times.

20 *The treatise of fysshynge with an angle*, 1496 (New York, 1903), pp. x-xi.

21 *Victoria History*, *op. cit.*, IV, 464-467.

22 *The Historical antiquities*, *op. cit.*, p. 459.

23 Austin S. Hogan, "The Historic Trout Flies of Europe and America," *The American Fly Fisher*, vol. 5, no. 1, 1978, pp. 15 and 18-19.

24 *Victoria History of Norfolk*, II, 352.



Saltwater Fly Fishing

By A. W. Dimock

Every generation of fly fishers, since at least the 1850's, has rediscovered saltwater fly fishing, and each succeeding generation has improved on the theory and practice of the sport. A. W. Dimock wrote a number of outdoor books for young people, and he also wrote the remarkable "The Book of the Tarpon", which was illustrated with his brother's surprisingly good photographs of tarpon fishing action. The "Book of the Tarpon" was published in 1911, three years after the article we reprint here. "Salt-Water Fly Fishing" appeared in "Country Life in America" in January of 1908. We could wish for better quality photographs, but we are sure they are worth reproducing here, if only for Dimock's reckless manner of landing redfish (page 7).

IT is a cardinal principle with the angler that the fish must be buncoed. If you keep faith with him, by delivering a real fly instead of a counterfeit, you are disgraced. You are quite on the level of the lad with the bare feet, who sits on a log by the stream with a pole, a string and a mouthful of bait and yanks in the fish that had scorned the orthodox flies you so skillfully tendered them.

Fly-fishing had linked itself with the mountain torrents, swift rivers and rock-bound lakes of mine own North Country by ties so sacred that it seemed immoral to attempt it in the bays, rivers and passes of the South. Before I could really essay it I had to retire to my room and read aloud the Declaration of Independence. I rejoice now in my victory over superstition, for I find myself a missionary in a benighted land.

Such ignorance among fish I never before encountered. I tried them with a split bamboo rod, an expensive reel and a cleverly constructed fly. I had tied bits of bright worsted on the line to mark distances for the camera man, who was keeping in focus for possible jumps. The fish ignored the fly but ate up the worsted and sections of line with it. Then I tried old flies that had been chewed by salmon and eaten by moths, and found the fish rather prejudiced in their favor. In general, if they got the colors they wanted, the form in which they came was immaterial. Sometimes I tried the light silver-and-vermilion casting spoons of the shops, with indifferent success. The lure that was irresistible, which channel-bass, cavallies,

Spanish mackerel, lady-fish and a dozen other varieties seized with avidity, was a bit of bright tin about two inches long by a third of an inch wide, roughly cut to something like the shape of a fish. Then with a tiny swivel in the mouth, a hook in the tail and a slight twist to give the thing a wiggly motion, it becomes a great and successful deluder of the fish. Yet there are times when nothing will secure his attention. Dangle your fly before him, trail it on both sides and drag it over his back. If it hits him he will knock it in the air with his tail and close one eye gently as he turns slowly away. Then you lay down your rod and walk along the beach till you find a sand crab scooting for his hole. Catch him before he gets there, or if you fail, put your finger in the hole, wait until he takes hold of it with his biggest claw, and pull him out. That's the way I did the first time, but since then I've let my boatman catch the crabs. Then borrow a plain hook from some fisherman who isn't an angler and catch the fish that derided you.

In such an emergency all anglers fall from grace; the worm will turn. I once knew the dean of anglers in this country to tie a mouse to a hook and let him swim across a pool past the lair of a big trout who feared not God nor regarded man.

Of course any fisherman on the coast will tell the angler the best time and place to catch fish, only, no two of them will agree, and when one finds out for himself he will have to learn over again the next day. My latest theory is that the best time to catch fish is when they bite, but that view is subject to change.

The passes leading to the harbors of the west coast of Florida are popular with fish of many species. Instead of wading in ice-cold streams you walk out in the warm surf and cast among the breakers, or stroll inside the pass, on the shore of the bay. In quiet water choose from the gliding forms the biggest channel-bass and coax, tempt and badger him with a fly, thrown before, behind, all around and straight at him, until you rouse him to languid attention, growing interest, earnest desire and furious determination. This will end in a wild rush for the fly whenever and wherever it touches the water, and your fish is hooked. You must mind your eye as the rod bends double; it isn't a brook trout or a black bass that you have on your line, but a powerful creature that may wear you out before you land him. Your line is steadily running seaward and your patience with it, but nothing can be done beyond keeping all the strain you dare on the rod. Perhaps when 250 feet of line are out and only fifty left, just when you are losing hope, the fish turns and makes for the shore. Then you must run up the beach like a scared rabbit, wind in line as fast as you get a chance, letting it out only when you must. Always supplement the action of your rod with your legs and if, in an hour, or two, or three, the fish gives out first, you can decide in accordance with commissariat requirements whether your fifteen or twenty-pound captive is to be netted or released on parole.

Sometimes a school of mackerel swims past, tossing the water into little cascades as they break up an assemblage of minnows and devour them in detail, and you toss any old fly you have among them, assured that three or four will jump at it at once and you will have broiled Spanish mackerel for supper — provided, however, that their sharp teeth don't sever your line. If a two-pound lady-fish, sometimes appositely called skipjack, strikes, you will have attained the *Ultima Thule* of fishing with a fly-rod and light tackle. No other fish jumps so quickly, so often, nor so high in proportion to his size, nor does any other make so brilliant a defence. Compared with it even the tarpon is sluggish, and trout, bass and salmon little livelier than mud puppies. Your reel will buzz an octave higher than you ever heard it, and your fingers will be blistered wherever they touched the line while playing this splendid fighter who so richly earns the liberty you will surely restore it at the close of the performance. It is quite too bony for your alimentary canal and has already fed your mind, heart

and muscle.

Now cast your line far out to where that tarpon rolled. Perhaps he will take the fly, and then you will barter fly and line for one beautiful leap, the sight of which will be well worth all it costs, for your reel holds less line than will be called for by the rush of the Silver King.

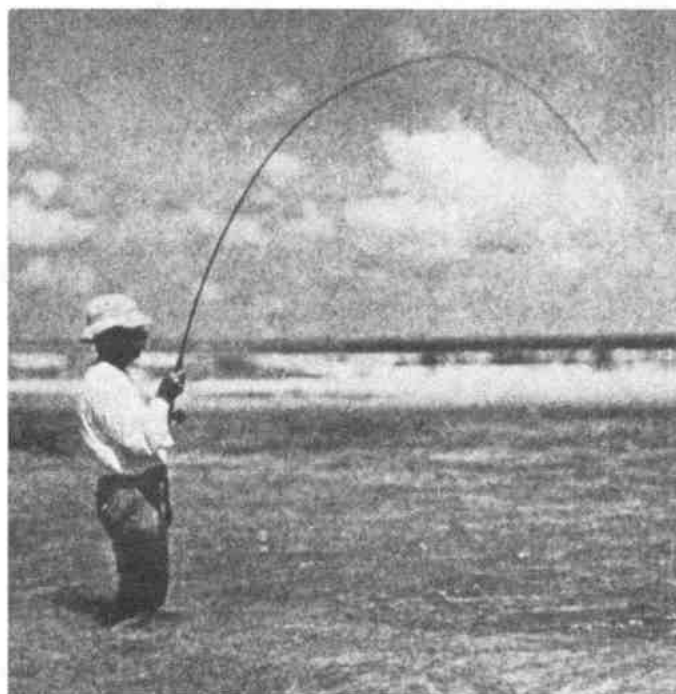
No use to cast for that flying beauty with the big wings and a back spotted like a leopard. He is a whip-ray and lives on mollusks whose shells his quartz-crusher jaws pulverize without effort.

That ugly fish with the big fin and the cruel mouth would never find it out if you chanced to hook him. He is called the tiger of the seas but is really a low-down cowardly brute.

The great splashing around that bunch of little fish is made by cavallies. One of them will take your hook with anything you choose to put on it and you will get it back with the fish after strenuous effort that may consume hours. From the back of the cavally, at the base of the dorsal fin, you may cut the curious "lucky bone" and insure your own good fortune, at the cost of his, while from the flesh of this dark-meated fish you may cut steaks that will remind you of tender beef.

Sometimes I take a light Canadian canoe and with my boatman paddle out through the pass to fish in the surf, hoping thus to keep dry. It doesn't always work that way. The boatman has learned to sit low in the canoe and exert himself mightily to keep it at right angles to breaking waves, and I have been taught to choose weather that is fair for tempting the surf with so frolicsome a craft. When a wave really catches a canoe broadside on, however, and breaks over it, it bumps it heavily on the sand, rolls it over, with its passengers inside, and fills both full of sand in a negligible fraction of a second.

Most fish on the Florida coast will rise to a fly. I have taken from one to a dozen varieties at every pass between Cedar Keys and Cape Sable. Some can be caught at any season, but number and variety are greatest late in the spring. Yet all are subject to moods, the secret of which I have not fathomed. At times they require more coaxing than a balky horse, at others you can't keep them away with a club. There are mackerel days, sea-trout days and ladies' days. On one of the latter at Little Gasparilla Pass my score was two channel-bass, four cavallies, one sea-trout and thirty-nine lady-fish. The mackerel were kept for the table and the rest turned loose as they were caught. On the following day at the same place not





a fish could be coaxed to rise. I have seen Mr. Herbert Johnston and the late Dr. Trowbridge catch five- to eight-pound channel-bass by the light of the moon at Sarasota Pass. In the bay of the same name the latter captured from his light canoe, handled by himself, a twenty-two-pound channel-bass and a sixteen-pound cavally, all on light fly-rods. The late Dr. Ferber, dean of fly fishermen on the Florida coast, coaxed to his rod every species of fish to be found in the Homosassa River, from the so-called fresh water trout, or big-mouthed black bass,



down to the worthless gar and tiny needle-fish. His record as a fisherman was handicapped by his conscience, for he habitually carried a tape-measure and a spring balance which he religiously used before he spoke.

Tarpon of all sizes will rise to a fly when they have been sufficiently tantalized. Big ones six or more feet in length can be found in passes, deep channels and broad bays near the coast, but can rarely be landed because the hard mouth of the fish strands the light line before he can be captured. Baby tarpon of eighteen inches and upward abound in small tributaries to the large rivers and the countless little inland ponds of mud and water. Often these will rise freely, but their mouths are so hard they are hooked with difficulty. The rare event of their capture leaves a delicious tingle in the memory. If they do not respond promptly to your cast, trying to fool them with that lure is a waste of time. "If they will, they will, you may depend on't. And if they won't, they won't, and there's the end on't." Try another brand of fly, and another, and another until you have bullied them into a passion.

Spanish mackerel are found in the currents of the passes and the rivers and, especially when traveling in schools, are ravenous, bite greedily and investigate afterward, which is good for the fisherman.

The sea-trout likes the neighborhood of oysters and coral reefs, and affects quiet water and snags, but cannot resist a bright-colored fly. A five-pound specimen will fill an angler to the brim with joy. The swimming-bladders of these fish are large and gelatinous and when cooked can discount the famous New England dish of cods' sounds.

Lady-fish, or skipjacks, keep where the water is swiftest and if it is their hour for feeding will often meet the fly before it touches the water. On the light fly-rod they are in a class by themselves, even the tarpon looking upon their performance with an envy that is without hope.

Mangrove snappers collect under wooded banks in deep water and hide in hollow sunken logs but when the spirit moves show greediness in their dash for the fly.

The cavally may be traced by the trouble he makes in schools of smaller fish and is then pretty sure to take anything in the likeness of a fly that is cast within his reach.

The sluggish sheepshead rarely comes out from under his old wreck unless something more seductive than a bunch of feathers is tendered him, yet he has occasionally been taken on a fly.

Mullet can be taken on a fly-rod only by snagging them, after which they display a spirit worthy of a game-fish. At Little Sarasota Pass, where a school of mullet with their little sucker mouths lifted to the surface of the water, were absorbing some floating scum, I caught eleven of them by casting flies at their mouths until the hooks caught in their lips.

Shark and jewfish can only be reached by the fly through an intermediary. In Estero Bay a small red shark swallowed a cavally that I was playing and then gave me an acrobatic exhibition by leaping like a tarpon several feet out of the water many times.

The lady-fish and tarpon always jump out of the water while being played; the kingfish usually jumps as he strikes, but not afterward; the Spanish mackerel rarely leaps above the surface. Excepting a few unimportant small fish, I remember no other fly-taking acrobats among the many gamey fish of the coast.

The fly-rod for salt-water fishing should weigh at least eight ounces and be very stiff. A multiplying reel, carrying one hundred yards of heavy line is not too large. Many of the fish could be captured with a four-ounce rod, but the process would be a dreary one, lacking the excitement of a well proportioned contest. The latter would require the more powerful weapon.

Over the Bar

by Rupert E. West

Bluefish are respected by modern anglers as among the hardest-fighting of all saltwater fish. The success of the anglers in the following account is especially notable since nowadays fly fishermen use wire shock tippets whenever going after blues. This story is part of an article that appeared in "The National Sportsman" in June of 1930.



Connett and Pruyn on the stern of the boat.

THERE is an old adage that goes something like this: "When the wind is in the east, it's neither good for man nor beast." Now there is more truth than poetry in that, especially to those who venture beyond the outer bar of Oregon Inlet in small boats in quest of such members of the finny tribe as bronze backs and blues.

While there may be other ways of spending a vacation, I doubt if there is any that offers more thrills than that of fishing off Oregon Inlet, and it was a moment of great elation for me when I received an invitation from Francis Pruyn to join him for a few days at Bodie Island Club for a try at the Inlet fishing.

Pruyn and Lynn Connett stopped on their way down and picked me up. At Point Harbor, where we were to take the ferry across to the narrow strip of Carolina Coast country, we were joined by Oliver Gilbert, a seasoned veteran of outside fishing. Arriving at Kitty Hawk, a little fishing village made famous by the Wright brothers as the scene of their first flight in a heavier than air machine, we were met by George Mann, keeper of Bodie Island Club. A thirty mile ride down the beach in the station wagon and we arrived at the club house.

We had no more than unloaded our luggage and gotten the kinks out of our legs from the ride, before George announced that supper was ready and ushered us in to a long table groaning with such tempting dishes as only the coast country of the Carolinas can afford. An hour later we were sprawled comfortably in the lounge room firing questions at George as to the prospects for the morrow's fishing.

I have never yet gone to sea at Oregon Inlet when there were not mountains of white water threatening to topple over on the boat. This day was no exception. We crossed the bar without mishap and there was a feeling of relief when we were beyond the breakers and in smoother water. We had gone

about a half mile to sea when George suddenly swung the tiller to port and we headed for the breakers.

"Get your tackle ready, fellows, small school of channel bass just ahead of us." Unfortunately we missed that school so George headed for the open sea again, and ran about two miles down the coast.

"Big flock of gulls to starboard," sang out Gilbert.

That was the best news of the day. Gulls meant fish. Thinking of course that we had at last struck the channel bass, we were soon in the flock of gulls. They were darting and diving all around us making an unearthly din with that cry peculiar to the gull. The surface of the water was covered with cut fry (small fish on which channel bass and bluefish feed) and the gulls were having a picnic.

"We're in a school of blues, fellows, change the squid," yelled George.

Still using heavy trolling rods with thirty pound test lines, we immediately changed to monatuk and eel squid. We had no more than gotten them over the stern before each of us had a strike. With a boat moving at four or five miles per hour, even a two or three pound blue is not easy to land.

Gilbert and I lost our first strikes but the fish were no more than off before we had others on. Pruyn and Connett landed theirs, two glistening beauties, and kept their lines inside until Gilbert and I had our fish aboard. The gulls were darting at our squid as they went skimming through the water, and several of the blues would follow the ones that we had hooked until we lifted them over the side.

"Those blues are small, if we can get in a school of tailors you fellows will have some sport," said George, leaving the wheel long enough to come aft to look them over. (A tailor is a bluefish weighing from two to five pounds.)

We had taken several of the small blues by following the

gulls and were fully two miles up the beach for the school was heading north, then George spied another flock of gulls about a mile off shore.

"Let's run over and see what they are after," he suggested and headed to sea again.

The wind was still blowing from the east and the seas were getting higher. I am never so enthused over fishing that I fail to keep an eye on the sea. I was wondering what the Inlet would be like when we started back. But George had an eye on those gulls and was determined to see what they were after, and we were soon in them.

"You'll get some real fishing now," he said as he throttled the engine and we sent our lines over the stern.

Connett took the first blue, placed his heavy rod on the top of the cabin and rigged a salmon rod with a small line, gut leader, and No. 1 drone, and sent it singing over the stern. We, of course, expected to see him lose his tackle at the first strike, but he disappointed us by reeling in a three pound blue.

"There's no sport in shooting rabbits with an elephant gun," he said and placing that salmon rod alongside the heavier one, he darted into the cabin and came out with a light fly rod and trout line and a book of flies.

It was my opinion that Connett was changing the order of things by hunting elephants with a bird gun. The idea of taking bluefish on a fly rod from a moving boat with a heavy sea on in the Atlantic was absurd.

Connett looped on a bass bug and sent it swishing over the stern. It struck the water about thirty yards aft and had no more than struck before that light rod swung into an arc. I expected to see the line go or the rod break but Connett was no amateur with a fly rod. His rod and line held and the fish stayed on. I dropped my rod into the bottom of the boat and reached for the throttle and slowed the motor to about three miles per hour. The fight was on. The others immediately took their lines in so as to give Connett a chance. Then we watched the battle and gave a sigh of relief when he had worked the fish close enough alongside for Pruyn to reach out and lift him aboard.

It is my opinion that it was the first blue ever taken from a moving boat in a high sea with a fly rod.

"That looked like real sport, I'll have to try it," said Pruyn and the second fly rod was soon rigged and in action.

Pruyn was using a 9½ foot 5½ ounce rod with a Bob Davis bug. Gilbert and I decided to suspend operations and watch the tackle smash, but again we were fooled for again Connett and Pruyn both hooked and held their fish. Imagine if you will a fighting blue on the end of a fly rod in a raging sea. My respect for the fly fisherman was growing. Fighting every inch of the way, that wisp of a rod and thread-like line giving a foot there, taking a foot here, the fish were being gradually worked toward the boat, the rods sometimes bending until the tips almost touched the sea. It was a game where skill counted.

Gilbert and myself having only heavy tackle along, decided we would suspend operations entirely and watch Pruyn and Connett use those fly rods. "They're going to be out of luck if a channel bass happens to take one of those bugs," laughed Gilbert.

But after watching Pruyn take the fight out of a blue at the end of that fly rod, I wouldn't have been surprised to see him coax a half ton shark within gaff reach.

The seas were increasing and the boat was rolling considerably but with George at the wheel no one seemed the least uneasy. The boat was so rigged that it could be handled either by the tiller aft or the wheel forward, and George would come aft occasionally to watch the sport.

"Who'd thought a blue would take a crazy looking thing like that bug. I believe they'll strike at anything," said George as Connett hauled one alongside for him to take in the boat.

"I'll see about that," replied Pruyn and taking a book of



Pruyn playing a bluefish on a light fly rod.

flies from his pocket, he selected a Royal Coachman, looped on a gut leader and sent it sailing over the stern. The moment it struck the sea his rod swung into an arc and the reel went humming.

"Well I'll be d---," exclaimed George, and I gave a hearty second.

Pruyn then switched to a fly but for a reason unknown to us at that time he failed to get a strike.

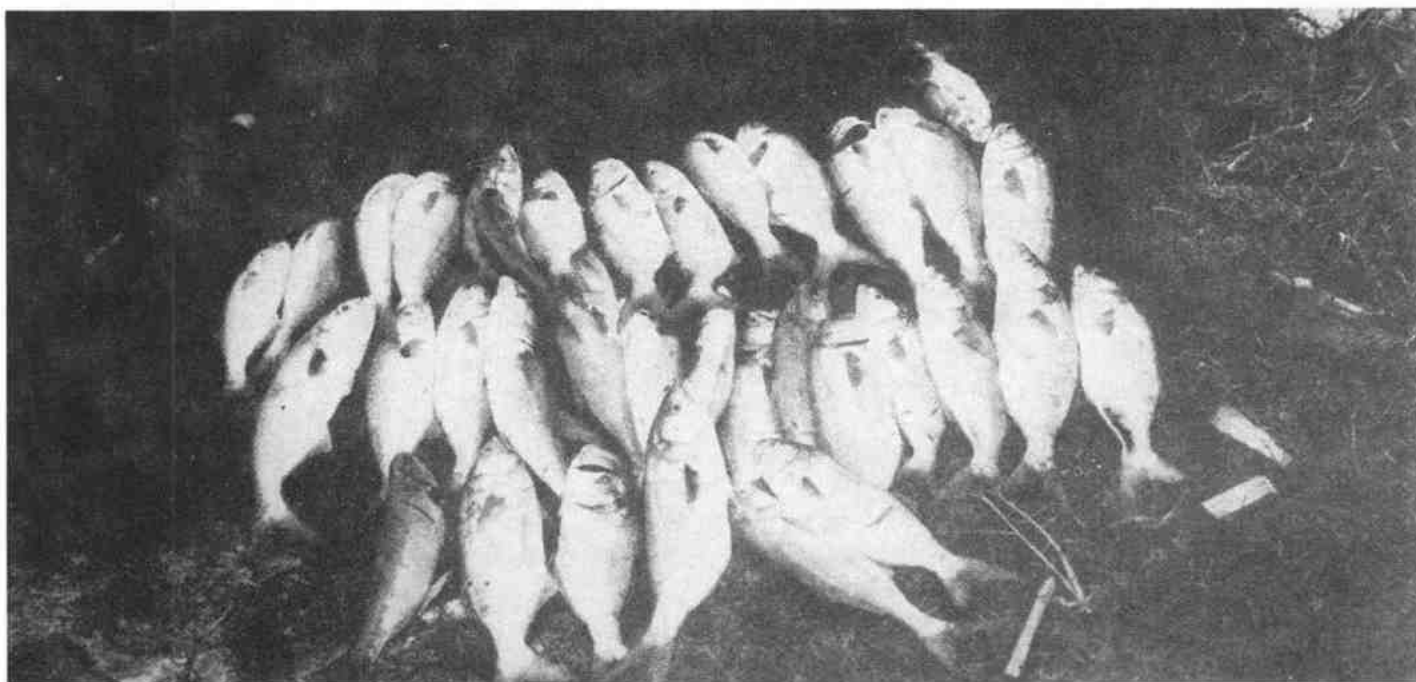
"They can't see that one," said Pruyn and changed to a Silver Doctor.

Evidently the Doctor was just what they wanted. At least they could see it and went for it and how. A White Miller was tried with the same good results. Both Pruyn and Connett had found that the fly had to be bright enough to show in the blue water. The moment the flies would strike the water the blues would come for them. Butts down, tips almost trailing in the sea, the fight would be on. Gain a yard, lost five, fighting with rod always, until Mr. Blue, the gamest of fish to his inches that ever swam the sea, was near enough to lift over the side.

They had taken probably two dozen of those blues on flies and with the ones that we had taken with the drones, we had a nice catch.

I was still in doubt as to what the surf might be doing at the Inlet and was ready to suggest that we go in. I was saved that suggestion by the sea itself as at that moment we topped one of those blue rollers and went sliding off its crest at an angle that sent tackle, fish and everything else that was not tied down, skidding about the bottom of the boat. We were then about a mile north of the Inlet.

Pruyn and Connett, both propped to keep from being pitched over the side, were fighting a blue each. I throttled the motor to a slower speed until they could get them aboard.



Then with that look of satisfaction that can come only to a man who has taken a fighting blue on a single snell fly at the end of a five ounce rod in a raging sea, Pruyn said, "We're through for today," and signaled George who opened the throttle and swinging head on into a mountain of blue water that broke into silver spray that swept the boat from stern to stern, we were again headed for the Inlet.

That east wind was doing its stuff. We could see a raging wall of white water clear across the Inlet. Even in the best of weather when the sea is moderate, there is just a narrow channel that is safe to go through. Even then only those who know the Inlet will take a chance.

As we neared the Inlet I saw a wonderful sight. The tide was ebbing and the green water from the sounds was pouring into the sea. Where these waters met just outside the breakers, the colors were clearly defined, seemingly they refused to mix. At the risk of being washed off the cabin, I managed to make a picture of the water at this point. Strange to say, though the line was as fine as that of a draftsman's pencil, on the one side the sea was twice as rough as on the other.

"It's the current against the wind," explained George.

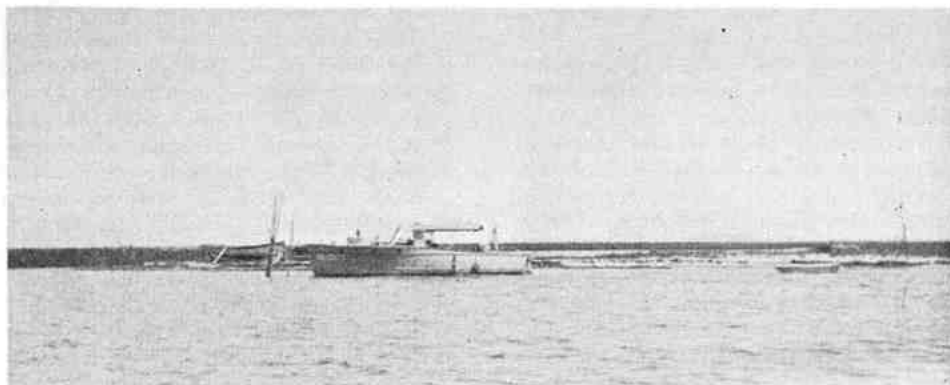
As we drew near the Inlet I noticed that George would glance aft occasionally watching the sea and leaving the wheel he came aft to the tiller where he could be near the motor. Fortunately our skipper knew the sea. As we headed into the Inlet he throttled the motor to half speed and with a wall of

white water on either side of us we started through. A giant comber caught us about midship and it seemed to me that we were carried fully a hundred yards on its crest before we slipped off into its wake. George, his sinewy hands grasping the tiller, glanced aft and swung the boat so as to catch the next one just right and once more we were balanced on a sea, that had it not been for his skill would have sent us on our way to Davy Jones's locker.

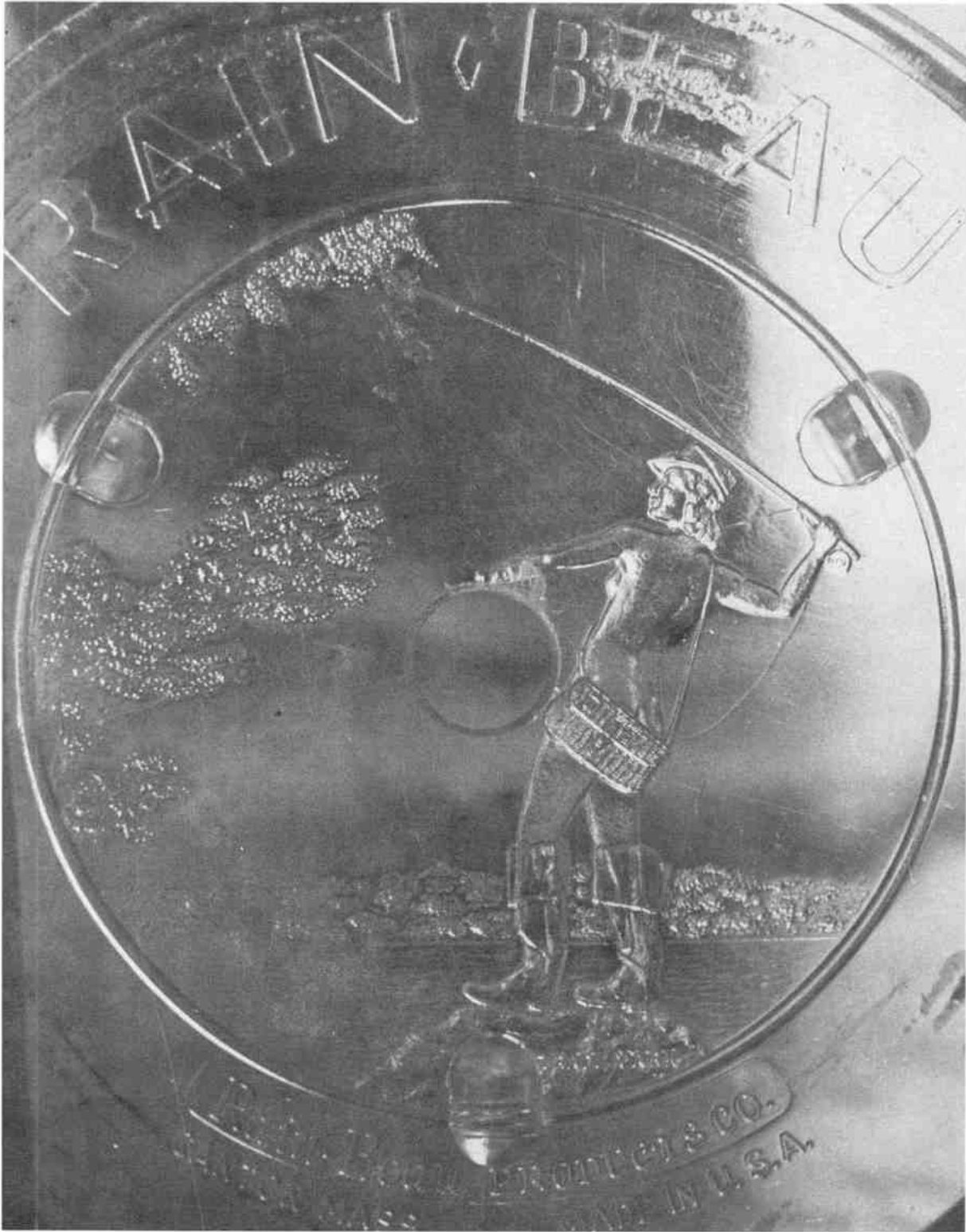
We were not more than ten minutes crossing the bar but to me it seemed an hour, and when once we were in the smoother waters of the sounds, I renewed my resolution never to cross the bar again, one that I knew I would break at the very next opportunity.

I am sure no one who has witnessed the taking of blues on a fly rod can resist the temptation to have a try at it himself. Just to feel the pressure at the butt of a five ounce rod and to gauge the tension of that frail line as Mr. Blue tries to smash it. And this I know, a blue will take a fly if it is a bright color; you can land him if you know how; and we had them in the boat to prove it.

Once we were back at the club and had those glistening beauties on old terra firma and Pruyn and Connett had put their fly rods away with an added touch of respect, I made a pact with Gilbert that we too would have a try at the blues with fly rods some day, even if the wind were east.



“Rain-Beau”



It would require very little effort to come up with a justification, other than simple amusement, for publishing a picture of this early plastic case for a Rain-Beau fishing line. We could present it as an example of the countless minor manufacturers whose names are now forgotten but whose work has historical significance. It would probably require even less effort (and considerably less taste) to make light of the illustration. Any such comments, however, would undoubtedly be a violation of today's enlightened standards of sportspersonship. And so we simply present it for what it is — a nice picture — and we only note in passing that the angler seems to have threaded her fly line through the hook keeper.

Quill Gordon:

Variations on a Theme

THEODORE Gordon would no doubt be amused and entertained by the collection of namesakes pictured on page 13, but he would certainly not be offended by the variety of interpretations his original pattern has experienced. Though many modern fly fishers approach pattern with an almost religious concern for accuracy, Gordon himself thought the fly was entitled to many forms. As he said in a letter to G. E. M. Skues in 1912, "I like to have this fly with bodies (quill) and hackles of several shades and one with quill tinged yellow. This fly serves well. I can vary them to suit." And later, in another letter, "I use three shades of the Q. G.



Photograph in the Museum collection, of Theodore Gordon in about 1870. Gordon frequently comments in his letters on hunting; much of his fly-tying material was gathered by his own efforts afield.

and if body and legs hit off the natural, the wings of, perhaps, the wrong color do not seem to count against the fly."

Most of what we know about Gordon's flies and his tying comes from his own writing. The quotations above come from the best source; *The Complete Fly Fisherman*, *The Notes and Letters of Theodore Gordon*, edited by John McDonald. Through it we can piece together the processes and philosophies behind this legendary pattern and the man who created it. We do not know when he first used it, but from his letters we can be sure it was before 1906, for in May of that year he described the pattern to Skues.

He apparently varied the actual materials of the pattern. His own description is of "light blue hackle" for the tail, but Harold Smedley, in *Fly Patterns and Their Origins* reports that he also occasionally used wood duck wisps. The quill body was a constant (though we see he varied the shade), and was sometimes wrapped with gold wire. Our specimen is not wrapped. He recommended varnishing the foundation before winding the quill, for added strength. The hackle was of the palest dun, and the wing was a single bunch of wood duck barbles mounted upright. Gordon had strong feelings on the matter of wing tying. R. B. Marston, the editor of the *Fishing Gazette* (the English journal in which Gordon's series of "Little Talks" appeared), thought the wing should be split: "I should think it would float better if the wing was divided and made V-shape; perhaps American trout are not so particular in having their artificial flies "cocked" as ours are — or are supposed to be — for I have scores of times killed trout which took the fly floating all on one side."

Gordon responded with his usual terse logic. First, he said, "if the wings are well set up, the fly will cock very well without splitting them." Then, demonstrating the capacity for observation that made him able to pioneer so much American dry fly fishing, he noted that *real* mayflies do not have split wings:

"By the way, how often do you see your Duns floating down stream with wings apart? Nine-tenths of the freshly hatched ephemeroptera sail down with wings closed, so close together that they appear as one wing. This may have just happened to be the case in my experience, but this is the Dun habit afloat and ashore. Their wings are closed when at rest. A split wing makes more show on the water, but at times a four-ply closed or solid wing kills better. I fancy that any fly will cock all right if it is well built upon a well-proportioned hook."

Mention of the hook was not a passing notion; a constant and nagging concern of tiers in Gordon's day was the basic matter of hook quality. Whatever else he might think of modern fly-tying, he would doubtless be pleased by our hooks.

Gordon said that he finished his flies with only a slight shellacking of the head, what he called "the merest threatening of shellac." He said "it is not important with my flies as I use the whip finish, but still I like to have it protect the tying silk."

The modern Quill Gordons pictured are an indication that Gordon was wise to encourage experimentation with the pattern. The original Quill Gordon is singular in some impor-



Art Flick



Helen Shaw



Theodore Gordon



Reuben Cross



Ray Bergman



Edward Hewitt

Quill Gordon

tant respects. Probably most outstanding is proportion. Clearly Gordon had different concepts of wing/body proportions, as well as hackle placement. His wing stands higher than the hackle, and the hackle occupies very little of the hook shank.

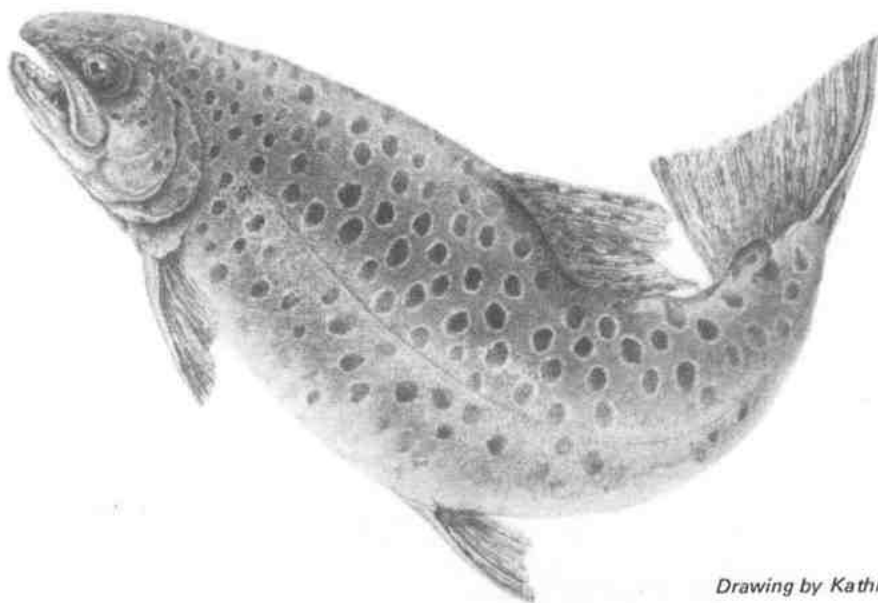
Each of the master tiers represented in the picture had a slightly different idea of the Quill Gordon. All ignored the one point about the pattern on which Gordon stood firm; they all divided the wings. Each master then proceeded with other subtle changes. Art Flick's pattern calls for yellow tying silk. Ray Bergman mounted the wings ahead of the hackle. Both Bergman and Flick, as well as Helen Shaw, wrapped the body in wire, opposite direction from the wound quill. Other variations, in hook size, hackle shade, and general proportions, also are evident.

But for the work of McDonald in resurrecting the many writings of Gordon we would not know yet just how influential he was in his day. There is a lesson here for students of American angling; just because an individual did not produce a book, or does not get mentioned in the books of others (Gordon was largely forgotten by the late 1930's) does not prove that individual was not a major force in angling thought. There is an unfortunate bias in angling history against the periodical, but the periodical is the heart of the story. Gordon's writings in *Forest and Stream* and the *Fishing Gazette* docu-

ment one of the most important developments in American Angling History. At one point during his life, Gordon's series of "Little Talks" was almost published in book form. Had this happened, or had he started the fishing magazine he was once invited to edit, our debt to McDonald might not be so great.

We cannot be exactly sure what insect Gordon was trying to imitate. From his own statements we know he probably had several flies in mind when he tied his various versions of the Quill Gordon. Apparently he also had several *sizes* of flies in mind, since the fly we have is larger than the insect modern fly-tiers are seeking to imitate when they tie a Quill Gordon. It must have brightened his day considerably when he first realized that his pattern was undergoing the peculiar transposition by which the name of the imitation becomes applied to the natural insect. As he put it in 1908, "I was amused recently when an angling friend informed me that the birds were taking many of the 'Quill Gordon' flies in the air after they rose from the water. This reminds me of those large hatches of Pink Wickhams which were reported by an observer some years ago."

The original Quill Gordon was donated to the Museum by L. Petrie and Guy Jenkins. The Art Flick fly was donated by Art Flick, and the Helen Shaw pattern is part of the Arnold Gingrich Collection. The other three were donated by Alvan Macauley.



Drawing by Kathleen Jessica J. O'Leary

The Mary Orvis Marbury Fly Plates

The Columbian Exposition Panels featured the flies of Mary Orvis Marbury and photographs of many American waters.



The story of the life and achievements of Mary Orvis Marbury has been told in other magazines recently. Ken Cameron's two-part historical study of "The Girls of Summer" appeared in *The Fly Fisher*, and Susie Isaksen's biographical sketch of Mary appeared in the *Orvis News*. The legacy of Mary Marbury, through her book and her leadership in Orvis's commercial fly-tying operation, is the standardization of American fly patterns. Her book, *Favorite Flies and Their Histories*, remains one of the most significant landmarks in American fly-tying literature. Its 32 color plates clearly illustrated 290 fly patterns, greatly expanding on an earlier work by her father and A. Nelson Cheney, *Fishing With the Fly*, which illustrated 127 patterns. The Orvis book was a standard; no doubt fishermen continued to argue over pattern, but there was at last a reliable reference to which confused anglers could refer for the commercially accepted pattern.

It is difficult for many modern anglers, accustomed to lavishly illustrated books and magazines, to imagine the quandary of 19th century fly fishers. Many early anglers ordered flies from tiers in the nearest city. There were virtually no color catalogs. Pattern listings in catalogs were usually just that: lists of names.

Mary Marbury's book was a great success. Its printing history testifies to that, as we know of at least the seven printings listed below:

- 1892: First edition. 1892 appears on both the title page and reverse side of the title page.
- 1892: First edition. At least four additional printings of this edition followed the first. On these subsequent printings the date 1892 appeared only on the reverse of the title page.
- 1892: First British edition. We do not know how many impressions were made of this edition.
- 1892: Second edition.
- 1896: Third edition.
- 1896: Fourth edition.
- 1955: Modern reprint of the first edition.

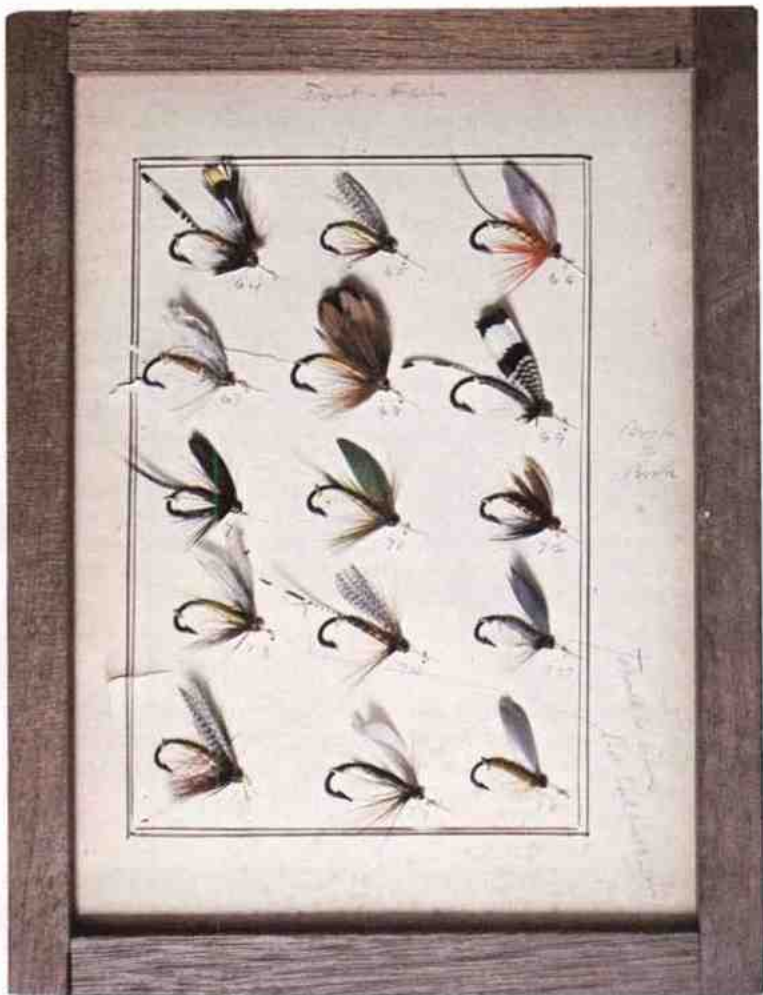
The traditional image of Mary Orvis Marbury is near-idyllic. Her father hired a professional fly tier to come to Manchester to teach her the trade, then she managed the fly-tying operation for many years in the homey setting of rural Vermont. Faded photographs of the fly-tying room give a feel of security, even sanctuary, where life and occupation were pursued in tranquility.

The real story, as we now begin to understand it, was less serene. Old-timers recall stories of an unsuccessful marriage (she was married in 1877 but lived only briefly with her husband), a son who died in his 20's, and a Mary Orvis Marbury of less gentle a nature than the one who shines from the pages of her book. At times she was a marvelous conversationalist. Theodore Gordon, who visited the Orvis family in Manchester at least twice, recalled her as a "delightful woman." She obviously had a way with correspondence, for her book grew out of the voluminous letter file gathered in the process of handling fly orders from all parts of the country. To further complicate the picture that survives, she was the author of a book about country dances; there must have been some gaiety in her life at times, though it seems to have waned in her later years.

The acclaim her book and her fly-tying received surpassed that of any of her contemporaries. In 1893 she directed the assembly of an exhibit of Orvis flies and fishing photographs (taken by the nation's leading photographers on waters in many states) for the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. The exhibit was in the form of large framed panels mounted on a hinged support (the panels, which currently are part of the Museum's exhibit, were pictured in Volume IV, Number 1 of *The American Fly Fisher*). The panels were part of the U. S. Fish Commission Exhibit, and, like the book, were well received. A writer for the British *Fishing Gazette* reviewed the entire exhibit, and gave her highest praise:

"But if we are to speak of art and tastefulness and beauty, we must after all pass further on and yield the palm eventually to a woman" for the panel display of "78 plates of actual flies of all





Mary Orvis Marbury

(continued from page 15)

sizes and colors on plates or screens which are hinged at the back and swing freely for easy inspections. Each screen is some two feet square and carries a photograph or several photos typical or directly illustrative of the country or methods of fishing in that country where the fly would naturally find its use."

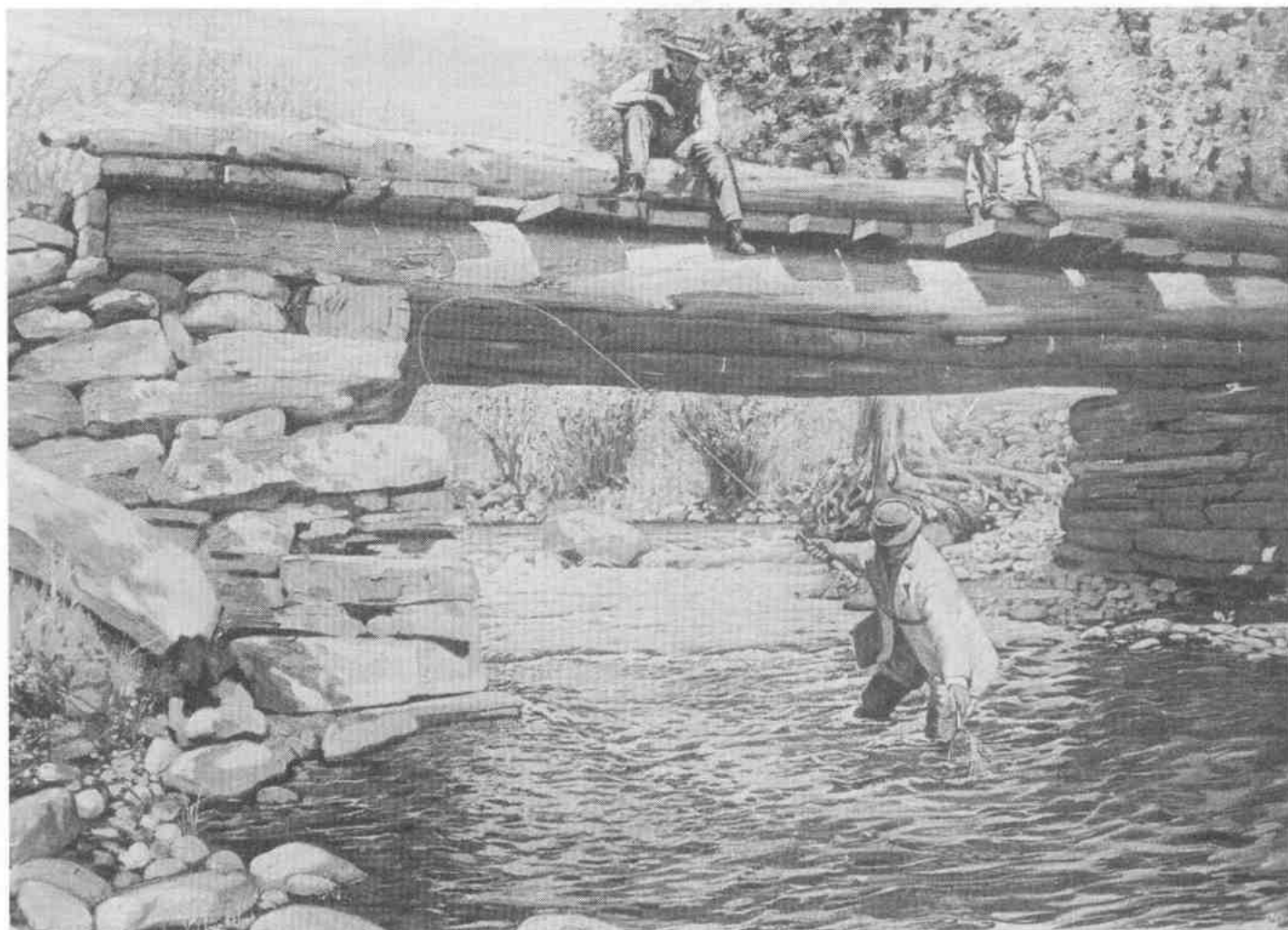
But the usefulness, and even the glory, of Mary's book was to be short-lived. The patterns it depicted were in large part from an earlier age; many are still in use, and so the book is still an important reference work, but the fishing of Mary's correspondents of the 1880's was not the fishing of 1900. The waters changed. Many died, many were impounded. The fish changed. The native brook trout was replaced by the hardier brown trout, a fish less susceptible to gaudy Victorian fly patterns. By about 1903, when Mary turned over the management of the fly-tying room to her sister-in-law (Mrs. Robert J. Orvis), she may already have seen the changes coming.

Theodore Gordon's comments in his letters and articles are revealing. While he prized his copy of her book, and encouraged his friends to obtain it, he had little use for her trout flies,

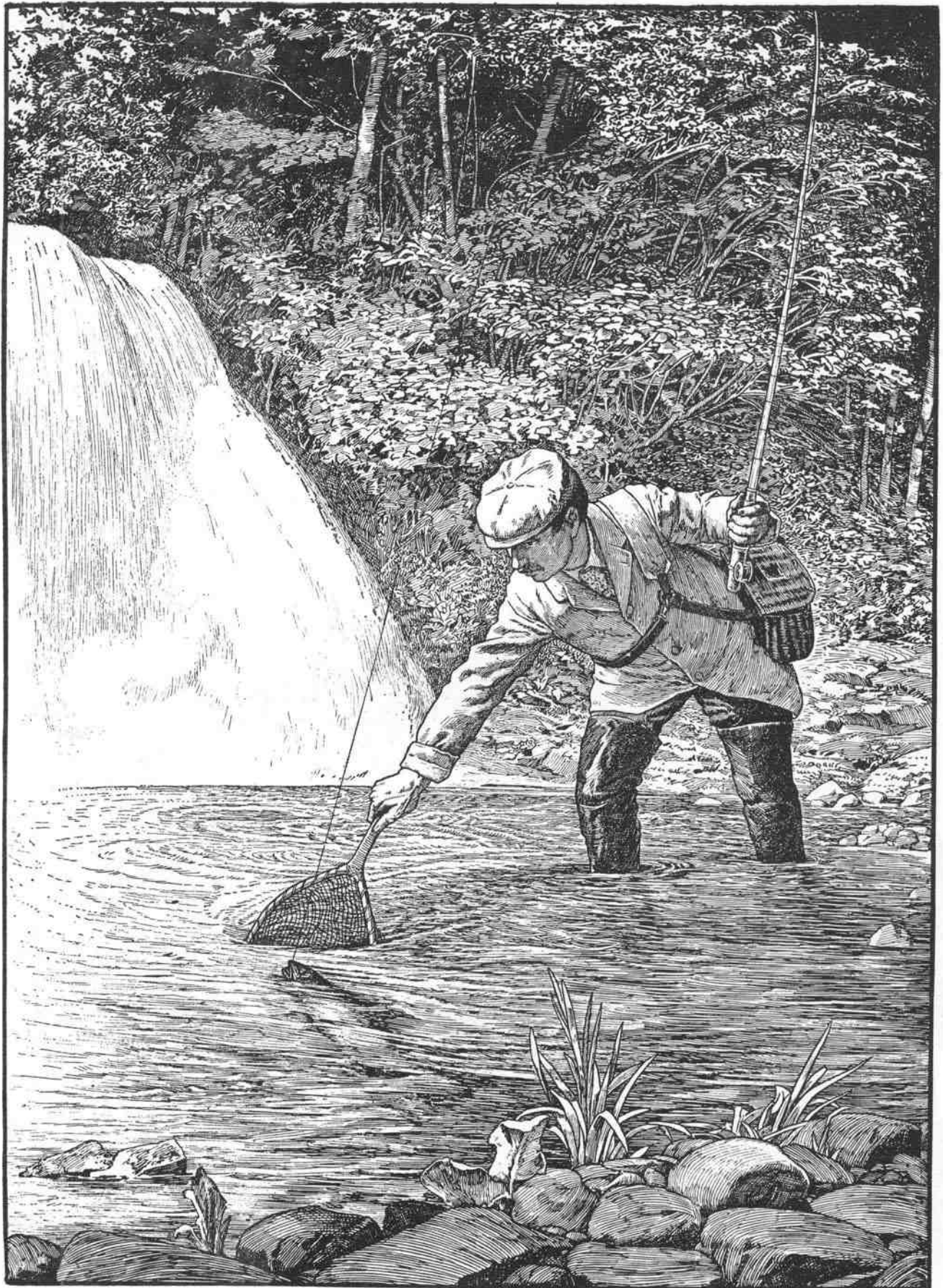
which he said "are very strong and carefully made, but none of my friends use them. They are heavy and tied on stout gut. Fine bass and big lake flies." Gordon was, of course, moving in a different direction with his fly-tying, a direction that would allow him and his successors to cope with brown trout fishing. Though Gordon died in 1915, only one year after Mary, they were of different eras. She died before hers was truly over, and he died before his was truly established. We could wish for worse than to have been present on those occasions when Gordon visited Manchester. We can only wonder what ideas may have been exchanged when the young Gordon lured Charles Orvis from political subjects into the realms of angling, just as we can only wonder if Mary was there to hear it all.

All the fly plates from which the flies in the book were reproduced survived, for several decades in the attic of Charles Orvis's old warehouse on Union Street in Manchester. Their condition is remarkable, almost too good to believe. We feature on pages 16 and 17 a few representative plates.

The Editors thank Susie Isaksen and Austin Hogan for information they provided for this account. Theodore Gordon information and quotations come from John McDonald's edition of Gordon's writings.



"A cool spot in leafy June" by Louis Rhead.



"A pool where big fellows lie low" by Louis Rhead.



The Ray Bergman Wet Flies

Anglers are always interested in what flies their fellow anglers carry; streamside meetings often turn into mini-seminars on fly pattern and theory. Probably even more interesting than the flies our friends carry are the flies carried by acknowledged "experts." More than one generation of American fly fishermen would have been delighted at the opportunity to study the flies preferred and carried by a well-known figure like Ray Bergman. Many of the best-known anglers of the 20th century, including Hewitt, Flick, Cross, and Bergman, were also professional tiers, so it is not all that difficult to locate original flies tied by them. It is another matter, however, to know their own personal preferences. Thanks to Mr. Joe Weise (who has in the past several years donated a number of fascinating Bergman items to the Museum) we can know Ray Bergman's personal favorites, at least when it comes to wet flies.

The box is as Ray last used it, full of his own flies. Mr. Weise suggested that these flies were used by the author of *Trout* on his numerous trips to the west. Judging from the sizes and patterns this seems like a good guess. There is profit and

pleasure in studying this collection. Notice the simple worm-patterns, and the clipped deer hair bodies on some flies. Mixed in with traditional wet flies are bucktails and simple chenille-bodied flies, some with leader clippings still attached.

We have in our collection a tracing (also donated by Mr. Weise) made by Ray Bergman of three trout he caught in late September of 1941 in the Firehole River, Wyoming. The fish were 17, 17-3/8, and 18 inches long, with a total weight of 7-1/2 pounds. Written on the edge of the large brown sheet is the following note: "Caught 13 of same size — lost one 4-1/2 at Biscuit Pool — held him for a time but he went in the log — jumped three times so know his size fairly well." It is easy to imagine the angler, shivering in the "snow squalls" he noted in another margin of the tracing, casting through the heavy mist that gathers along the geyser-fed river. In the cold and in the excitement of the jumping trout he may have fumbled with this fly box as he chose another fly to replace the one the 4-1/2 pounder took with him. Through such imaginings, as unproven as they are, this fly box can bring us as close to Ray Bergman's experiences as can his books.

Good Reading 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.

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.

BROWN UNIVERSITY FLY FISHING EXHIBIT CATALOGUE

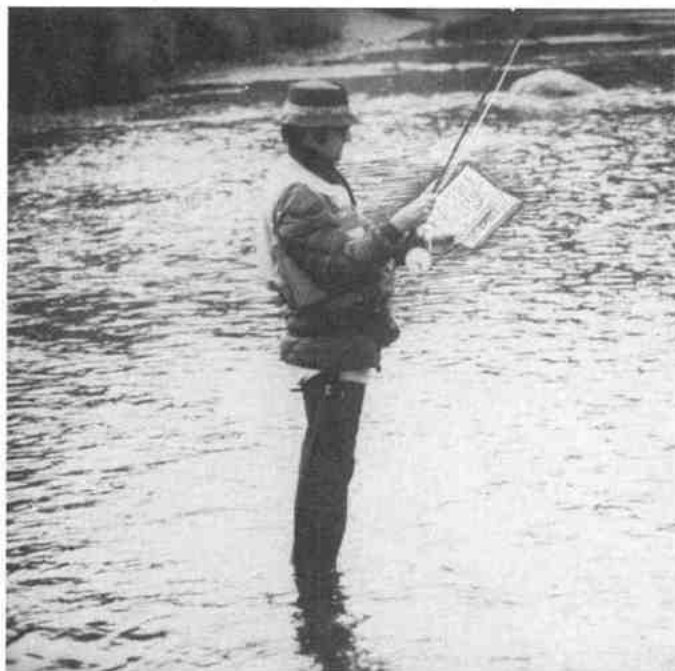
In 1968 Brown University's Rockefeller Library exhibited a selection of rare angling books and tackle. The catalogue of this exhibit has already become a collector's item. The foreword is by Joseph Bates, and the historical introduction by Austin Hogan. 16 pages, paper cover, \$3.00.

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.

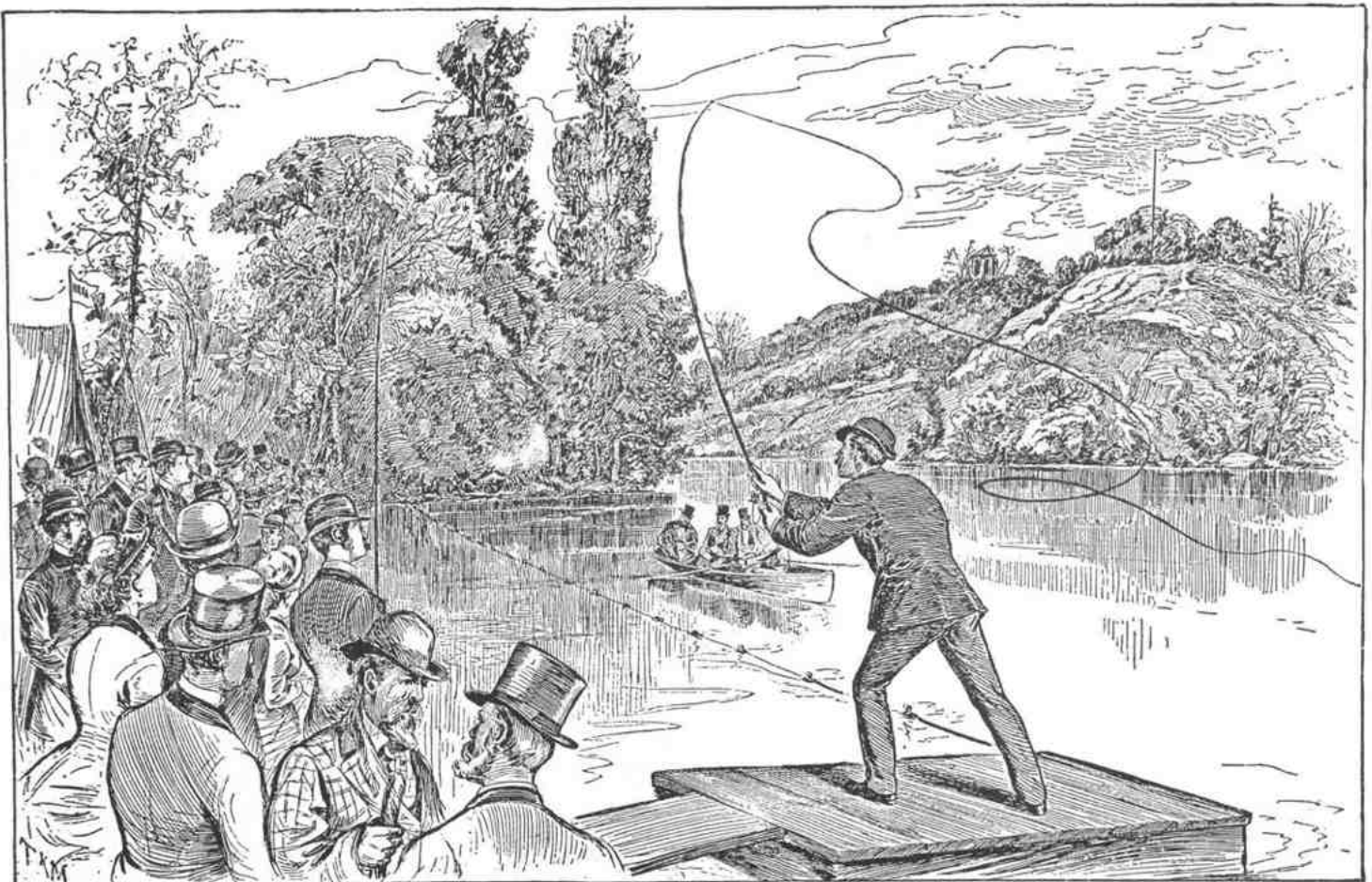
MUSEUM CATALOGUE, 1969 - 1973

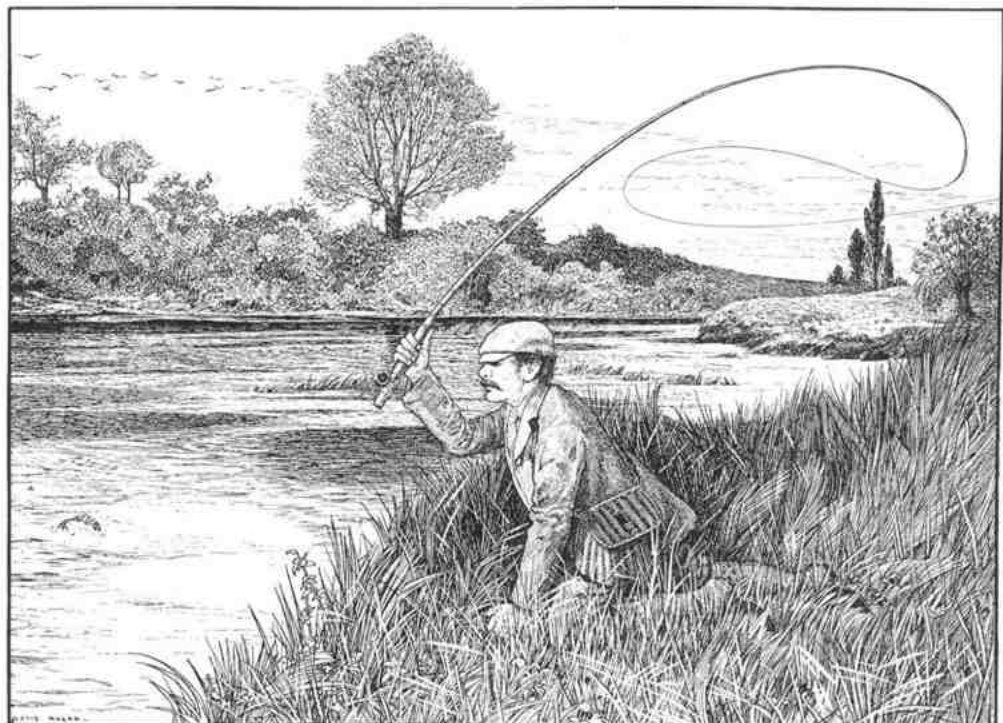
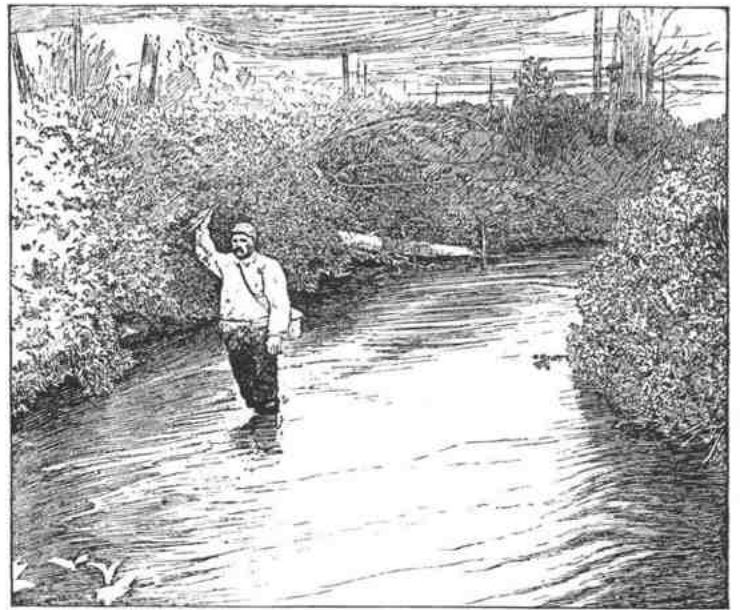
A true rarity, the Museum's catalogue of holdings was published in 1973, shortly before THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER was launched. The quarterly magazine, which regularly announces new acquisitions, has replaced the catalogue in function. The catalogue contains Austin Hogan's thoroughly researched essay "An 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, 8 1/2" x 11", \$4.00.



Backcasts

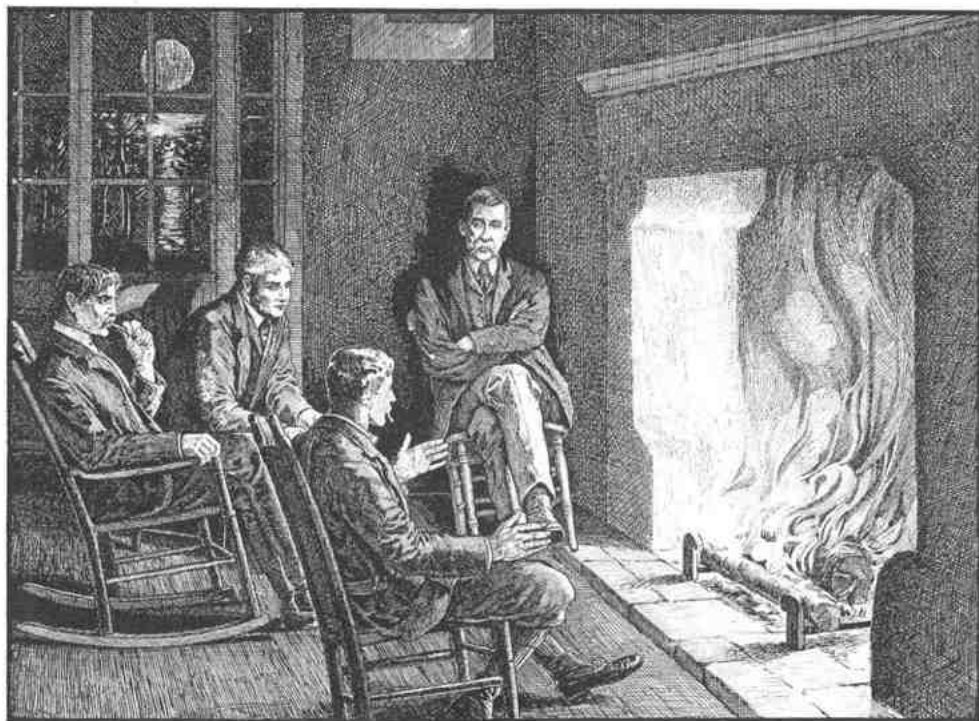
We present here a gallery of improbable illustrations in which both the casting prowess and the imagination of our forefathers are showcased. The illustrator's advantage over the photographer is sometimes an editorial one, involving artistic license. In the case of some early drawings of fly-casting, such as the fanciful ones gathered here, artistic license seems to have intruded upon physical possibility. At least we rarely see modern anglers producing such graceful and complex aerial inscriptions. Our former editor, Austin Hogan, recalls a professional caster who always concluded his exhibitions by "writing his name with the line." Apparently his audience was not really able to recognize the script, but they were sufficiently impressed by the swirling loops of line to respond with hearty applause. These illustrations appeared in a variety of publications between 1875 and 1905.





Notes and Comment

We begin here an occasional department, devoted to short subjects and historical footnotes. Suggestions and contributions are welcome, of course.



A Response to Trout Book Review

The Reviews of *Trout* and *Fly Reels of The House of Hardy* which appeared in the Winter, 1979, issue of *The American Fly Fisher* prompt me to write this letter in an effort to achieve two objectives. First, by discussing the reviews, to present some different opinions. Second, to point out a lack of consistency of standards between the two reviews. Nevertheless, let me commend you for your practice of printing forthright book reviews. In too many of today's angling periodicals poor books are given favorable reviews and as a consequence buyers are misled. Fortunately, this is not the case with *The American Fly Fisher*.

In the foreword to the review of *Trout* it is noted, and correctly so, that the work is more of an encyclopedia than book. *Trout*, though encyclopedia in scope, differs in one important respect from most other encyclopedias; it is the product of one individual and not a group working in concert. On this point alone Schwiebert should be commended. In fact, I think you do commend him.

The review of *Trout* is confined to Book I, "The Evolution of Fly Fishing." So are my observations. Further, where I fail to make comment on a specific topic addressed in the review, assume that I concur. As the reviewer points out there are errors in the book. In a work of this size and scope, particularly the product of one individual, they are to be expected; their presence does not surprise or disappoint me.

Concerning the information contained in the first 130 pages of Book I, the reviewer observes that much of it is distilled from Radcliffe, Marston, Hills, and McDonald. Possibly this is so, yet to me these sections do show evidence of Schwiebert's knowledge of the original literature. Certainly his treatment of "The Ancient Origins of Angling" is in a large measure an original presentation. Much of the information found there cannot be distilled from the authorities named above.

The forty page chapter treating "The Evolution of American Fly Fishing" is considered, by the reviewer, to be shallow and incomplete. Schwiebert's failure to mention Smith and Brown is cited. There can be no doubt that these two authors made

significant contributions to early American Angling Literature. Both are, and should be, of interest to angling historians but in reality they have very little to offer one who is primarily interested in fly fishing for trout. Schwiebert's failure to mention some British authors who helped shape angling in America is also cited. Hofland and Wilson are given as examples. Hofland and Wilson, though interesting authors, are not major contributors to British Angling Literature. Therefore it is difficult for me to understand how they helped shape our sport. I am aware that both authors were often referred to in early American sporting periodicals, but I must question the general availability (in America) of their books during those formative years. Rarely do their books appear on current American used book lists. If their books were widely distributed here it is difficult to understand why more copies have not survived.

A valid criticism of *Trout* is that it fails to mention early American sporting periodicals. Schwiebert's treatment of fly fishing literature, even though selective, is extensive. Many maintain that it is already too long without consideration of material published in periodicals. Nevertheless early American sporting periodicals should have been mentioned because of their importance to the development of our sport. Clearly, a discussion of the information contained in them is beyond the scope of one book, even one as extensive as *Trout*, but some provision could have been made to mention them.

Under some minor corrections the reviewer correctly points out that most students of Walton consider the 1676 printing to be the fifth and not the sixth edition. However, there is some basis for Schwiebert considering it the sixth edition since there were two issues of the third edition, with different title pages (1661 and 1664).

One error of some significance which is not mentioned in the review occurs on page 98; *Blacker's Art of Fly-Making* was not first published in 1855. Blacker's book appeared in 1842 and again in 1843 under different title. Some of the early copies of Blacker contain artificial flies and thus predate Aldam (1875). For this reason Blacker is important to trout fly fishermen.

Immediately following the review of *Trout* is a review of *Fly Reels of The House of Hardy*. While the reviewer of *Trout* refers to it as a disappointment the reviewer of *Fly Reels of The House of Hardy* refers to it as a trusted reference. Is this equitable? There can be no comparison of the time and effort that went into the writing of the two books. *Trout* is a major milestone in our literature and even though not without faults does contain much of value. Even though I will not go so far as to say that I consider Schwiebert's book a "trusted reference" I can say, in all honesty, that as a student of Hardy's catalogs and a collector of their tackle for almost forty years, *Fly Reels of The House of Hardy* was a disappointment.

Let me hasten to add that it is not my purpose here to belittle Stockwell's efforts since his book is a positive contribution and will be of value to neophytes in the field of collecting. My purpose, if I may repeat myself, is to present different opinions and to demonstrate a lack of consistency of standards.

Under no circumstances should *Fly Reels of The House of Hardy* be considered a trusted reference. Let me illustrate by discussing the book's treatment of just one reel, the Cascapedia. Only one variant (size apart) is mentioned. Photographs of a reel with a prefabricated frame (much like a Vom Hofe) are shown. Reels with frames machined from single pieces of stock (in the manner of our present day Bogdans) or castings are not mentioned. Moreover, reels with aluminum sideplates are not considered, and the reader is left with the impression that all Cascapedia's have ebonite side plates. Stockwell notes that the

reel was available from 1935 to about 1940. The reel can be found in Hardy's catalog for 1934 and may have been available earlier (I lack catalogs from 1932 to 1933).

Finally, one major omission by Stockwell that can not be left unrecorded; in his book I can find no reference to custom-made reels that Hardy produced, starting at a very early date, for individuals. I refer specifically to reels that never became, to the best of my knowledge, catalog items. Such reels are of interest to collectors. Proof of their existence can be found on pages 879 and 880 of *Trout*.

Before closing I must state a deep concern I have about the unfavorable review given Book I of *Trout* in *The American Fly Fisher*. I do not want to see readers of the Museum journal extend the review to all six books. There have been other unfavorable reviews of *Trout*, in fact most of the reviews that I have seen have been more critical than complimentary. Unfortunately I detect a small element in the general angling public that is deriving a certain amount of pleasure and satisfaction from this. I do not want to see the Museum fuel such feelings. *Trout*, though not without fault, is a major contribution. Many reviews of the book, though quick to point out its failings, do not comment on its strengths. Ernest Schwiebert has given a great deal of himself to all of us who fish the long rod, not the least of which is *Trout*. We all should recognize and acknowledge our debt to him.

Alec Jackson

Alec Jackson is a student of angling literature and Hardy reels. He lives in Kenmore, Washington.

More on Charles Brooks' Grizzly Hackle Article (Vol. VI, No. 1)

The earliest reference that I found appears on page 316 of *The American Angler's Book* (1865) by Thaddeus Norris. The important paragraph reads:

"A Grizzly Hackle is a good drop fly on a bright day towards noon; it is best on a body of black floss or mohair. The hackle for this fly is a mixture of black and white — the darker the better. It is obtained mostly from the neck of the cock. It is good on bright water, and more appropriate for a dropper."

"A pale yellow mottled, or barred Hackle, . . ."

Norris does not give quite enough detail about the grizzly to be absolutely certain that he was referring to a Barred Rock feather, but I think he was. The barred pale yellow hackle was likely a ginger grizzly.

Norris clearly describes both Barred Rock and ginger Grizzly in a later book, but does not name them as such! (Hallock's *The Sportsman's Gazeteer and General Guide*, 1877, page 587, "The Art of Fly Making" by Thaddeus Norris, esq).

"Natural hackles are more generally used in tying trout flies than others. Then there are those, the fibers of which are red at the stem and black on the outer edges of the feather, and frequently black at the stem and red at the outer edges; both of which are called furnace hackles. There are also light yellowish red, termed "ginger hackles". Black hackles are essential in tying dark flies. Grey are used in tying dun colored flies when dun hackles, which are very scarce, are not to be had. Add to these ginger barred and black barred on a white ground, and we have most of the natural or undyed colors."

Norris clearly distinguishes grey hackles, dun hackles, and grizzly hackles, but does not name the last for some reason. It is possible that the information in this section by Norris had previously appeared in "Forest and Stream", since Hallock was editor of that journal.

J. Harrington Keene's book *Fly Fishing and Fly Making*, first published in 1887, contains two pages to which are glued

the actual materials used for tying a series of fly patterns. Chapter V, "Trout Flies and Their Dressings," lists these patterns and each fly part refers to a numbered material on one of the two pages. Feather number 27 is a *Mottled Hackle*, from Plymouth Rock chickens. The bars are not as distinct as the grizzly I know; perhaps age has faded the feather. The following patterns call for Hackle No. 27:

1. Stone Fly
Hackle-Grey (No. 27)
2. Grey Hackle
Hackle-Mottled Hackle (No. 27)
3. Grizzly King
Hackle-Grizzled (No. 27)

The grizzly is referred to by three different names — grey, mottled, and grizzled. A Grey Drake pattern calls for a Mottled Hackle (No. 12), a misprint (which lasted through at least the second edition) that probably meant No. 27, since material No. 12 is not a feather.

In the book *American Game Fishes* (1892), there is a chapter by Keene called "Fishing Tackle and How to Make It". A list of patterns at the end contains three dressings of interest.

1. Grey Hackle
Hackle-Grey, from Plymouth Rock Rooster
2. Stone Fly
Hackle-Grey Dun
3. Grizzly King
Hackle-grizzly

The stone fly pattern is similar to that in Keene's book, except here he presumably does not mean grizzly when he says grey dun.

Thomas Chubb produced a retail catalog in 1891 which had eight full page color plates of flies that were every bit as nice as those in Marbury's book. The Grizzly King is shown twice

Notes and Comment:

(continued from page 25)

(once as a lake fly and once as a floating fly) and the Grizzly Palmer once. All three drawings have hackle striations which suggest grizzly hackle — similar to the hackle drawn for the Plymouth Rock fly in Marbury's book. A Grey Drake pictured in Chubb's catalog appears to have a badger hackle. No Grey Hackle is shown.

That is about all the material I could find, but I think it adds something to the story.

Richard D. Bauer

In Volume V, Number 3, we featured Joe Brooks' account of George LaBranche's first fly-caught bonefish. Museum Trustee Joseph Spear Beck, of Chicago, sent us a photograph taken on the occasion, showing LaBranche with Frankee Albright, his guide. The picture was taken at Islamorada, Florida, in 1947.

In Volume VI, Number 1, we printed an early fishing tackle advertisement, prompting our Assistant Editor to rummage through his own collection of rarities and present us with the bill of sale below. We would welcome other such early commercial materials from our readers.

Dr. Richard Bauer is a Museum Trustee from Towanda, Pennsylvania. Readers might also note, on page 5 of our last issue, the plate of flies from Wilson's "Rod and Gun". The Grizzly King appears to have barred feathers much like modern Plymouth Rock. Wilson's book was published (in England) in 1844. Some of our British readers might wish to pursue the search for the origins of the name there.




Commonwealth of Massachusetts Boston, 1823

Bought of WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.

IMPORTER OF

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, FANCY GOODS, FISHING AND FOWLING APPARATUS.

Sign of the Angler, No. 1 Boylston-square, Orange-street.



April 2	1 Hammer 3/4 Cap Paper 18 th Wool 11 Handle 6 th	74
	1 st Coat Nail, 3/4 Copper Nail 19 th 1 Pitt 4	98
18	1 Ship Scraper	50
May 7	1 Horse Brush	67
	26 - 4 Scrapers 2/16	1.67
June 17	4 Cast Steel 3/4	2.00
Sept 29	1/2 nd Sponge Tack 2/19	31
	Rec ^d the above at the Laboratory	\$ 6.82
	& Approved by H. H. H. H.	

Recent Acquisitions

Since we reported on donations to the Museum Collection in Volume V Number 1 a great many exciting new items have arrived. Included in the following list are all items up to the last few weeks except for library materials (books, documents, and periodicals). We will report on library acquisitions later. It is unfortunate that we do not have space to give more detailed descriptions of some of these items, but at least we are able to acknowledge the donors and inform the membership in a general way of what has been received.

While preparing this list we were struck by the geographic spread of the donors. An encouraging increase in western representation has taken place in recent years; notice especially the number of flies coming from western trout and steelhead regions. These are the result of some hard work by our Trustees, and we are promised a great many more important western additions to the collection in the near future.

Some special donations are mentioned separately in this issue, including some not mentioned here. We are still in process with a number of important donations, and so have not included them yet in this list. We will keep the members posted as these donations are completed.

Notice the number of "personal" creations in the list; besides the flies there are landing nets, fly-tying cabinets, and original art. If you are a tackle-maker, even an amateur, your product is a part of American Angling History. We wish you would share it with us. Hardly a week goes by that we do not encounter some item of tackle built by an anonymous craftsman many years ago. The work of these thousands of "basement artisans" has been neglected in the study of American Angling History, mostly because it is so difficult to study. Some of the best ideas in modern tackle originated in the shop of an amateur somewhere who had no greater ambition than to enjoy himself and build a better fishing tool. The efforts of the individual crafters of tackle tell us a lot about the success and failure of their professional counterparts.

If a name has been omitted, or some other error has occurred in the list, please let us know and we will print a correction in a later issue.

RODS

Charles Armour	Large collection of early 1920's saltwater fishing gear; rods, lures, and many other related items, given in memory of Mr. & Mrs. A. Watson Armour.
Mrs. William Bell	8 ft. Von Lengerke and Detmold rod.
J. M. Burstall	9½ ft. Abbie and Imbrie rod.
Winthrop Murray Crane	15 ft. and 16½ ft. Leonard Salmon rods.
David Crehore	10 ft. Thomas Chubb lancewood rod.
Anne and Suzanne Crowley	10½ ft. rod once owned by Andrew Carnegie.
Harold Demarest	Hand-carved bamboo Japanese fishing rod.
Mrs. Carol Downer	9 ft. ash/lancewood casting rod.
M. M. Greer	9 ft. Heddon rod.
Richard W. Haag	8½ ft. John Landman rod.
George Kirkham	8½ ft. Orvis rod.
M. Arden Lohuis	8 ft. 8 in. Orvis Calcutta cane rod.
Alvan Macauley	8 rods, including an 8 ft. Pezon et Michel, 8 ft. Paul Young, 8 ft. 9 in. Leonard, 9 ft. Dickerson, and 9½ ft. "Divine".
Gerald McMahon	9 ft. rod.
Joseph McNealus	10 ft. Abbey and Imbrie octagonal cane rod.
Broughton Morris	10 ft. Martin (Glasgow) green-heart rod.
William Ware Newton	9 ft. Chubb rod, 10½ ft. Chubb lancewood rod.
Frank Nombalais	7 ft. 9 in. Bristol steel pack rod.
Orvis	2 salmon rods, 10 ft. and 13 ft., makers unknown.

Anita Page
David Patrick

Leigh Perkins

Edward Roesler

Bradish Smith

Wayne Templer
Samuel Webb

J. Nash Williams

Maxine Atherton

Harold Boynton

Mark C. Bressler
Dave Crehore
John Harder

John Horner
William Isham

Robert Paul Ludke

William Ware Newton

8½ ft. octagonal cane rod.
Thomas Special 10 ft. salmon rod, 10½ ft. salmon rod, and 9½ ft. Bergman Dickerson rod.
12½ ft. Thomas Special salmon rod.
9 rods, including a 9 ft. Leonard, 9 ft. Granger Premier, 7 ft. F. E. Thomas, and an 8 ft. Abercrombie and Fitch Yellowstone.
9 ft. Abbey and Imbrie octagonal cane rod.
10 ft. Orvis rod, Calcutta cane.
16 ft. solid wood salmon rod with inscription on butt dating 1852.
9½ ft. Abercrombie and Fitch rod.

REELS

Hardy Featherweight fly reel, once owned by John Atherton.
Swiss-made spinning reel from the 1930's.
Ocean City fly reel.
Frost automatic fly reel.
Leonard Mills fly reel, left-hand wind.
Small antique brass reel.
7 reels, including one Abbey and Imbrie, 2 Meisselbachs, 1 Julius Vom Hofe, and 1 Kalama-zoo.
Pennell baitcasting reel.
Thomas Chubb fly reel and antique casting reel.

Orvis
Donald Owen
Leigh Perkins
Ben Schley
Gordon Young

An assortment of approximately 75 reels, not yet catalogued.
Antique brass fly reel, and "Paradise" automatic fly reel.
2 Hardy Perfects and 2 St. George fly reels.
Shakespeare Russell fly reel.
Meisselbach fly reel and reel of unknown make.

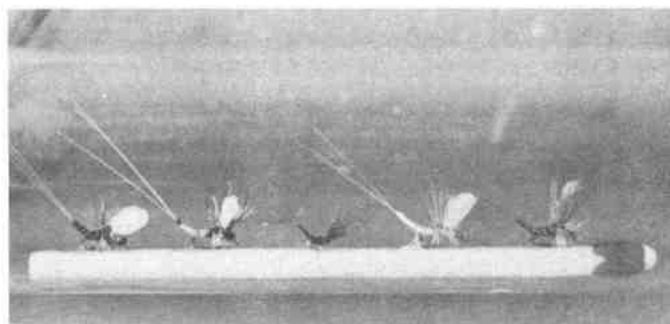
FLIES

James Bashline
John J. Bookman
Charles Brooks
D. C. Corkran
Robert Cruickshank
Fred Fagg
Tony Felizatto
William Fink
Art Flick
George Grant
George Harvey

12 large flies as pictured in Mr. Bashline's book *Night Fishing For Trout*.
13 antique wet flies.
12 original nymph patterns for western trout, as described in Mr. Brooks' books. 3 nymphs tied by Frank Sawyer, and 7 nymphs tied by Mrs. Sawyer.
Mr. Brooks' personal wet fly-book, which he used for many years.
85 Hardy salmon flies in custom 2-tray wooden box.
2 fly books and 2 fly boxes, containing a total of 300 assorted wet and dry flies used in New York and Canada before 1940.
16 flies used for golden trout in the Sierras.
12 Italian wet flies and an assortment of Italian leaders and lines.
9 Pocono patterns, including several Henryville Specials.
11 flies as pictured in Mr. Flick's *Streamside Guide*.
12 original stonefly nymphs in presentation boxes.
35 flies mounted in shadowbox frame; an assortment of standard patterns.

Edward Kram
Lefty Kreh

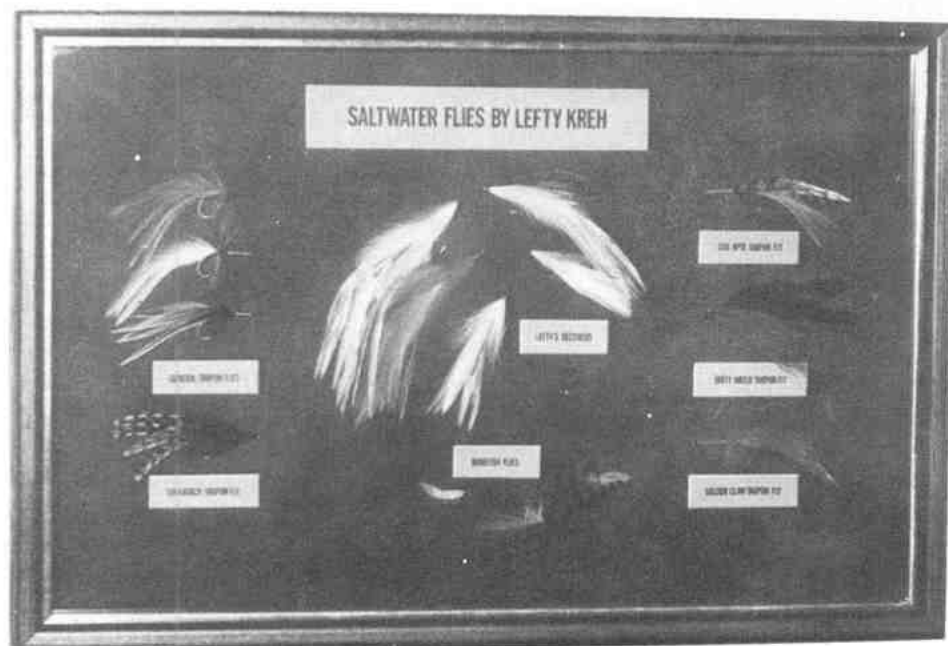
Assortment of 41 wet flies and jigs, including a box of antique hooks and Bray fly box.
15 saltwater patterns, including some Lefty's Deceivers.



Five dry flies (four No. 28's and one No. 32) tied by Bing Lempke.

Charles Krom
Bing Lempke
Chauncey Lively
Robert Paul Ludke
Alvan Macauley
Mayo Mernone
Ed Oliver
Mr. & Mrs. T. L. Pankey

11 modern reproductions of early American brook trout flies.
10 midge dry flies, all 28's and 32's.
11 dry flies and 3 nymphs tied by Mr. Lively.
Fly book with 10 wet flies and 1 streamer, early 20th century.
Magnificent collection of flies, including many Hardy patterns with labels, and original flies by Reuben Cross, Paul Young, Ray Bergman, Edward R. Hewitt, and others.
Commercial bucktail pattern with detachable wing.
Framed shadow-box presentation of 3 large salmon flies by Ted Godfrey.
1 original Don Gapen Muddler Minnow.



A selection of saltwater flies tied by Lefty Kreh, author of "Salt Water Fly Fishing" and "Fly Casting With Lefty Kreh".

Leigh Perkins	15 Yugoslavian trout flies tied by Milan Stefanac.
Sydney D. Peverly, Jr.	75 antique wet flies in fly book, from the 1880's.
John Pierce	39 steelhead flies; a reference collection of standard patterns.
Dick Pobst	8 keel flies, 4 tied by Howard Overmyer and 4 by Jackie Wakefield.
Victor Rand	12 low water salmon flies mounted on presentation display.
Stanley Read	Carey Special steelhead fly.
John Reiger	22 bass and saltwater flies.
Raymond Salminen	Grey Ghost streamer fly.
Richard Schmelzer	24 Canadian wet flies.
Standwood Schmidt	33 steelhead flies tied by Jim Pray, including many Thors and Optics (both originated by Pray).
Walter Thoresen	4 Thor steelhead flies tied by Mr. Thoresen, for whom the pattern was named by Jim Pray.
Ralph Wahl	5 original steelhead patterns.
Joseph Weise	85 Ray Bergman wet flies in a Wheatley box once owned by Ray Bergman.

ART AND OTHER ITEMS

Maxine Atherton	Fish-shaped broach pin brought from India for Mrs. Atherton by Edward Hewitt; Charles Coiner print of brown trout; Leaping Salmon print by John Atherton, No. 1 of 750; Salmon and fly rod print by John Atherton, first appeared in <i>Fortune</i> magazine, includes 5 flies in shadow box (4 by Atherton, one by Charles DeFeo); Charles DeFeo print, "Reflections," inscribed by the artist to Mrs. Atherton.
Richard Bauer	Collapsible antique landing net.
Junia Bostwick	Early printing plate, showing c. 1900 multiplying reel.
Kay Brodney	Print, "Trout Fishing, Lake St. John, Quebec," by Winslow Homer.

Guy Catlin
C. R. Guter-muth

Carl Hopper

William Karduck

Robert Klemann
William Knox

Edward Kram

Mustad

William Ware Newton

David Patrick

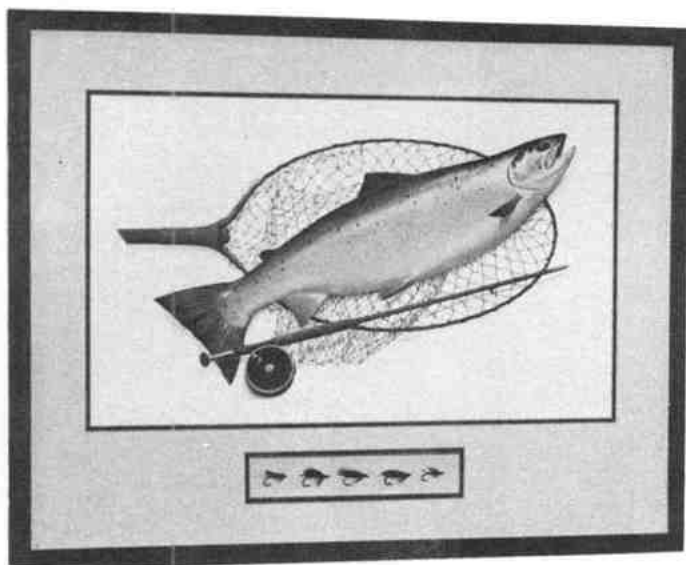
Plano Molding Company
Richard Taylor

Joseph Weise

Gordon Young

One correction is noted from the list of recent acquisitions that appeared in Volume V Number 1. The entry under the name of R. C. Baker was actually donated by two separate individuals. R. C. Baker donated the rods and reel, and Roger Baker donated the etching "Rival Fishermen" by Locke.

2 large wicker creels.
Custom-built tackle box, inscribed and given to Mr. Guter-muth by Senator Harry Hawes.
Assortment of packaged leaders, including Paul Young, Lyon and Coulson, and Herter's.
Custom-built landing net by Mr. Karduck.
Scottish leader material.
Block print of girl fishing, by James Knox and Robert Miller.
1915 photograph of fisherman on Little Saranac River, New York.
Large framed hook display featuring various hook styles and sizes.
Leather-covered tackle box, c. 1900.
Large custom-built fly-tying cabinet with many materials; purchased by Mr. Patrick's father from Ray Bergman.
"Fly and Bug" plastic tackle box.
Set of early topographic maps of the Adirondack area; maps have cloth backs and carrying pack for use afield.
7 original line drawings used in Ray Bergman's books, 1 tracing of 3 large trout caught by Ray Bergman in Wyoming, leader material dyed by Ray Bergman, letter from Art Flick to Ray Bergman.
2 aluminum leader-soaking tins.



Atherton
prints
donated
by
Maxine
Atherton.



Museum News

New Classic Rod Exhibit

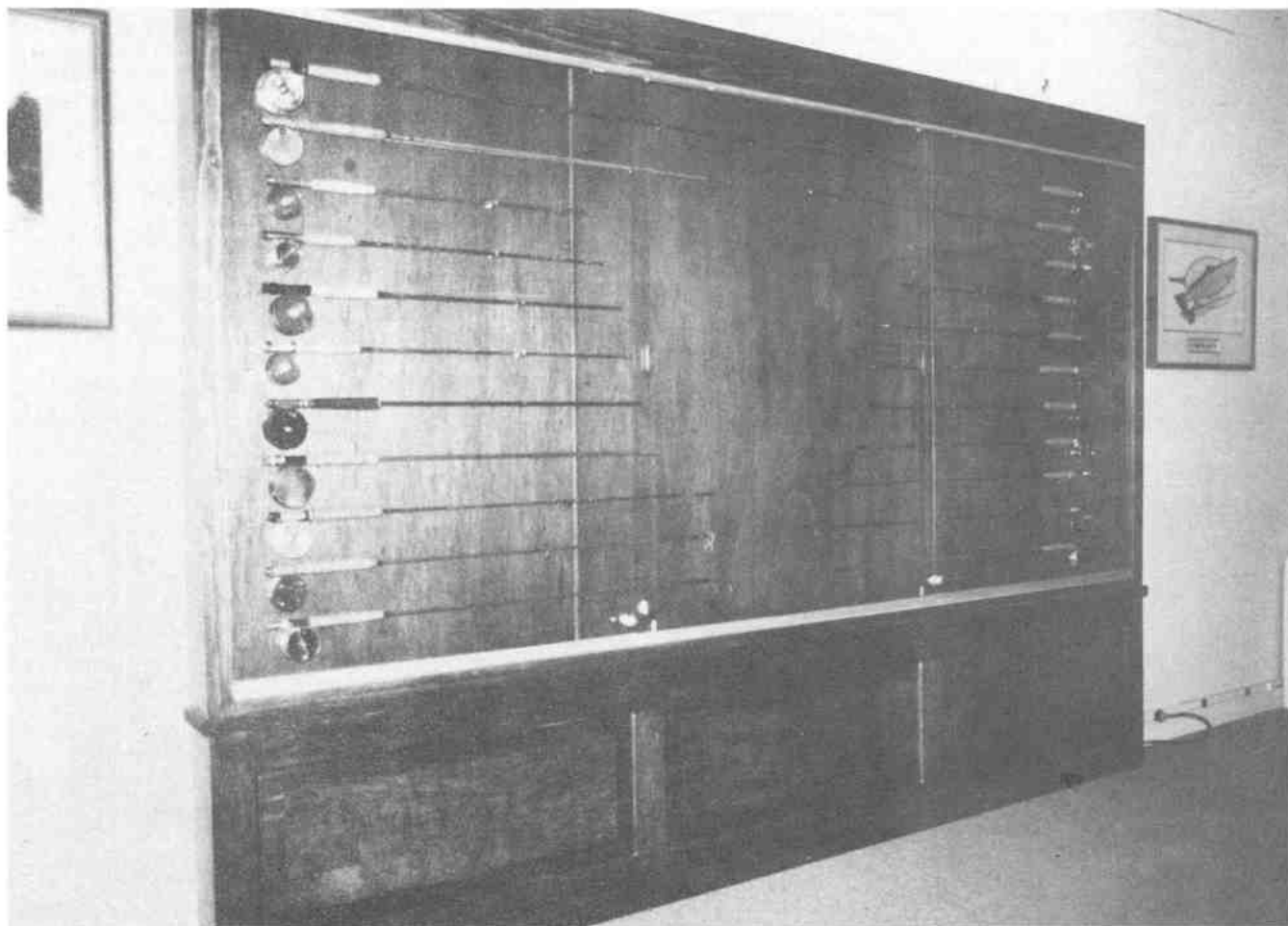
We are pleased to announce the completion of a new exhibit of classic rods, certainly one of the finest such collections in the country. The rods, 23 in all, are presented in a new exhibit in the Museum as an extended loan from the personal collection of Mr. Martin Keane. Marty is a long-time Museum Trustee and advisor, and the author of *Classic Rods and Rod-makers*. We anticipate this exhibit will be in place for at least one year.

The exhibit is special for two reasons. First, the rods represent the finest workmanship of many of America's finest modern rodbuilders. The list includes rods by Gene Edwards, W. E. Edwards, E. W. Edwards, Heddon, Thomas, Hawes, Young, Garrison, Uslan, Powell, Carlson, Gillum, Jim Payne, E. F. Payne, Halstead, Howells, Thomas and Thomas, Dickerson, and several others. Mounted on each rod is an equally attractive reel; makers include Hardy, Vom Hofe, Walker, Shakespeare, Beaudex, and Leonard.

Such a stellar array of fine pieces of tackle would by itself be most noteworthy, but this exhibit has other attractions.

Many of these rods are of special significance in American Angling History. The Paul Young rod, for example, was built especially for Arnold and Jane Gingrich, and the rod is mentioned in Arnold's book *The Well Tempered Angler*. The Hawes rod was the personal rod of Hiram Hawes, one he used to win many of his dozens of National Casting Championships. The Garrison was built especially for the well-known angler and bibliophile Otto von Keimbush. Garrison was asked by Keimbush to build him an especially sensitive rod because Keimbush was losing his sight. Garrison later said the rod was his most difficult custom design. The E. W. Edwards rod was the personal trout rod of its maker, Eustis W. Edwards. The Heddon rod was the personal rod of its designer, H. E. Schmedlen, who carried it as a sample of the Model 1000. It has gold-plated fittings, guides, and ferrules.

We are delighted to be hosting this special exhibit. There is probably no finer public assemblage of the very best in American rod building anywhere in the country, and we encourage members and friends to make an effort to visit while the exhibit is in place.



The new Classic Rod Exhibit, shown here during its preparation, features the finest in modern classic rods. This photo was taken while the exhibit was still being constructed; labelling and more rods have been added.

Museum Receives Net and Fishing Hat Of Charles Ritz

Some time ago we announced the arrival of Charles Ritz's fly box, donated by Pierre Affre, of Paris, France. Mr. Affre has added to this donation a landing net built by Charles Ritz, as well as his fishing hat. Both the hat and the net appeared on the cover of earlier editions of *A Fly Fisher's Life*, Charles Ritz's masterful angling treatise.



Federation of Fly Fishermen Fly Exhibit: A Permanent Loan

As announced briefly in our last issue, the Museum has been made caretaker of the fly collection gathered over the past several years by the Federation of Fly Fishermen. As of press time we are still completing the transfer of the collection, and are now planning a special exhibit of this collection for the very near future. We will place most of the collection on permanent exhibit, in such a way that it complements our own growing collection of flies.

The inventory of the Federation collection is an impressive one. Among the distinguished American tiers represented are Art Flick, Austin Hogan, Theodore Gordon, John Knight, Enos Bradner, Lee Wulff, George Grant, and literally a host of others. There is a superb selection of west coast patterns, many saltwater flies, and many combination art/fly plates.

Many Federation members have seen these flies over the past few years, at major conclaves. The flies have been used as traveling exhibits, since all are framed and can be shipped. The Officers of the Federation decided that the collection had served this purpose very well for long enough, and felt that it was time to give the collection a permanent home. Portions of this collection have been highlighted in *The Fly Fisher*, the magazine of The Federation of Fly Fishermen, from time to time.

Museum Obtains Daniel Webster's Fishing Rod

Shortly before this issue went to press we completed arrangements to purchase a fishing rod that once belonged to one of America's foremost statesmen, Daniel Webster. The rod was passed down from Mr. Webster through various descendants to Mr. Samuel Mitchell of Washington, D. C., with whom we arranged this purchase. We will report in greater detail on



Whitlock-Vibert Box Exhibit explains the egg-stocking process used in many trout streams today. The boxes and literature were donated by the Federation of Fly Fishermen.



"Imitations of Life", a recently completed exhibit in the Museum, recreates the orderly clutter of a fly-tier's table. Most visitors to the Museum are not fly tiers, and this exhibit is designed to increase understanding of fly construction.

this extremely important acquisition in our next issue, but it must be said that this is one of the most significant items of fishing tackle we have yet obtained for the Museum. Daniel Webster was one of America's most renowned political figures, as well as one of our most famous anglers. The rod is of such an age that of its own merit it would be quite valuable. Add to its intrinsic worth as an antique a great historical worth and the rod becomes a treasure of almost unique value. Among figures in American History who were known to fish, there are very few whose reputation and historical role surpass Webster's. Unless a rod once owned by the likes of Washington, Jefferson, or Lincoln is located, the Webster rod may be our most valuable single historical item for some time.

New Additions to the Atherton Collection

Maxine Atherton has donated several significant items for our already large collection of John Atherton memorabilia. This collection was begun in 1976 when Maxine donated a number of fine Gillum rods and associated tackle, and to it she has recently added reels, flies, and some important Atherton art items. Among the latter is a print of the leaping salmon (No. 1 of 750) and a salmon with a fly rod that first appeared in *Fortune* magazine. Most recently arrived at the Museum are 75 volumes from the Athertons' personal library. Included among these books are many inscribed to John and Maxine by the authors.

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.

Captain Raymond Kotrla

We are saddened to report the death of Captain Raymond Kotrla (U. S. N., Retired), who died of a heart attack on August 15, in Washington, D. C. Ray was a Trustee of The Museum of American Fly Fishing from the time of its organization, and served as our second President, from 1971 to 1974. During his Presidency the Museum began many important projects, including the publication of THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER. Besides his enthusiastic work for the Museum, Ray served at various times as a Director and a Vice President of Trout Unlimited, and was active with a number of other organizations. The Museum has lost a very good friend.

Help the Museum Preserve Yesterday For Tomorrow

with membership: Invite a friend to join, or give a membership to someone who would appreciate it. Is there a library in your area that should be receiving *The Museum* magazine? If you give a membership to a public or school library, or to your local fishing club, you'll be helping us reach many people at once.

with gifts: The Museum is always searching for the historically significant in American fishing tackle. Our interests range broadly, from well-known rods to letters from authors to early sporting periodicals.

We also need gifts for fund-raising. Auctions are becoming an important part of our financial support, and we have greatly expanded our appeals for attractive auction items. Many tackle manufacturers have assisted us, but we can do more with your help. Fly-tiers, rod-builders, and other craftspeople all have something special to offer.

with bequests: The Museum's commitment to perpetual care of the treasures of angling is absolute. It was created as a bridge to the past, and it will serve as a bridge to the future. Members who wish to perpetuate their support may do so either through a specific bequest or by designating The Museum as a residuary beneficiary of all or part of their estate.

It is possible to arrange a "life estate" donation, whereby the donor retains life rights to gifts yet is able to benefit from the tax deduction of an immediate donation.

For more information on these matters, contact the director.



I have been a seeker of trout from my boyhood, and on all the expeditions in which this fish has been the ostensible purpose I have brought home more game than my creel showed. In fact, in my mature years I find I got more of nature into me, more of the woods, the wild, nearer to bird and beast, while threading my native streams for trout, than in almost any other way. It furnished a good excuse to go forth; it pitched one in the right key; it sent one through the fat and marrowy places of field and wood. Then the fisherman has a harmless, pre-occupied look; he is a kind of vagrant that nothing fears. He blends himself with the trees and the shadows. All his approaches are gentle and indirect. He times himself to the meandering, soliloquizing stream; its impulse bears him along. At the foot of the waterfall he sits sequestered and hidden in its volume of sound. The birds know he has no designs upon them, and the animals see that his mind is in the creek. His enthusiasm anneals him and makes him pliable to the scenes and influences he moves among.

John Burroughs

