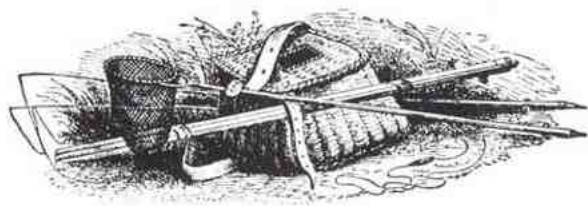


The American Fly Fisher



Vol. 6 No. 4
FALL 1979

The Dust of History

Dust is a perpetual problem in a Museum. It settles on fine artifacts even in the best ventilated room, and makes a carefully prepared exhibit seem sloppy. Objects coming to the Museum from neglected attic corners may already have many decades of accumulated dust on them; the particles become a part of the varnish on old rods, and mingle with the corrosion on old reels. Neglect and time have ruined many an antique, and have provided employment for countless curators and museum conservators.

Dust has a popular appeal, however; its presence in an abandoned house, or on an old book, fascinates us. We are moved to draw a finger across the surface, or write our name. There is excitement in its message of forgotten places, and a feeling of discovery in being the one to break the spell of neglect. At its worst, dust is a routine annoyance. At its best, dust is time personified. Under many aliases, from goofus eggs to angel guano, dust has the ability to make us appreciate the passage of time around us. We have never been especially grateful for the favor, since until recently the dust itself was so transient, so easily removed.

Things have changed. Dust as we came to know and love it is no longer a simple bane of the housewife. In its more elaborate forms, particulate matter has seriously altered some parts of our world. The technology that caused the "black snows" of major industrial cities also found ways to remove it, but, as any curator knows, dust is often invisible until it has settled. History has never seen the like of what we now find settling on us, and the sense of discovery as we examine it is not a happy one.

Scientists do not call it dust. It comes in a variety of technological pollutants and "fallouts," the most insidious of which may be acid rain. It falls on our most cherished waters and has already reduced some to fishlessness. The Adirondacks, one of the fountainheads of American Angling, are in a state of industrial siege. Scientists as far south as

(continued on page 18)



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A Salute to Leisenring and Skues

by V. S. Hidy

MANY of us who have developed some versatility in our fly fishing techniques today owe a considerable debt of gratitude to two remarkable bachelors — James E. Leisenring of Allentown, Pennsylvania and G. E. M. Skues of London, England. These two mellow nonconformists never took the time to romance a girl and get married. It is perhaps just as well because few young ladies could have lived with such perfectionists who were inclined to scoff at fashionable trends and ideas. These two men are noteworthy today because they are independent thinkers of fishing the submerged artificial fly. They did this during those easygoing years between 1900 and 1950 when it was fashionable to master only one technique: the two-dimensional strategy of the dry or floating fly.

The angling experience of both men is impressive. Leisenring's wanderlust led him to travel more than 25 seasons into the American West, Canada and Alaska. All his time during his best years was devoted to the mastery of mathematics, metallurgy, entomology and trout. As a result, he became a master tool and die maker, and a master angler. And, although the orders could be piled high in the tool room of the Bethlehem Steel Company, he would depart sometime in July for the Madison, the Rogue, the Feather or the Kern. Depending on the weather, his mood and his finances (he panned for gold and caught trout for hotel dining rooms to earn extra money), he would return to Pennsylvania in the fall bronzed, happy and looking for work. Eventually, if not promptly, the Steel Company foreman would call him back, give him a stern lecture on "Dependability and Loyalty to the Company" and put him to work on the more delicate, precise and urgent jobs at which he excelled.

The angling adventures of Skues included expeditions to France, Germany, Bavaria, Yugoslavia, Turkey and Norway. The character and techniques of anglers he met abroad are discussed with charm and insight throughout his books. For the most part, however, Skues fished on the rivers and chalk streams of the British Isles. During his best years he wrote extensively for *The Field*, *The Fishing Gazette*, *The Salmon & Trout Magazine*, *The Journal of The Flyfishers' Club of London*, and *The Bulletin of the Anglers' Club of New York*. His writings contain many brilliant observations on stream strategy, insect behavior, the character of fly fishermen, the feeding habits of trout, and the dressing of trout flies.

Starting with *Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream* (1910), Skues proceeded to publish *The Way of a Trout with a Fly* (1921), *Side-Lines, Side-Lights & Reflections* (1932), and *Nymph Fishing for Chalk Stream Trout* (1939). After his death in 1949, two books from his pen were published: *Silk, Fur & Feathers*, a collection of essays on fly tying which he had written many years earlier for the *Fishing Gazette*, and *Itchen Memories*, a book of previously unpublished papers about his fishing on the river he loved best. In addition, Skues corresponded extensively with anglers in many countries. Excerpts from these letters are available today in *The Angling Letters of G. E. M. Skues*.

Starting with his first book, Skues carried on a rather friendly but deadly serious vendetta with F. M. Halford,

England's self-appointed piscatorial pontiff who deplored use of a submerged fly. In Chapter 1 of *Minor Tactics*, Skues praised the "inquiring mind" and stated that his purpose was "to urge brother anglers to keep an open and observant mind, to experiment, and to bring to their angling, not book knowledge, but the result of their own observations, trials, and experiments — failures as well as successes." After some sly observations on pages 4, 5, 6 and 7 . . . enjoying "sport on occasions and in places when and where the dry fly offered no encouragement, not any prospect of aught but casual and fluky success," he advances into one of the most charming and most brilliant of all expositions to be found in the literature of angling: *Subaqueous Happenings In Nature*.

"You shall see the trout swashing about in the shallow water covering the weed-beds, in pursuit of the nymphs, and presently the phenomenon known as 'bulging.' This is the first stage of the rise."

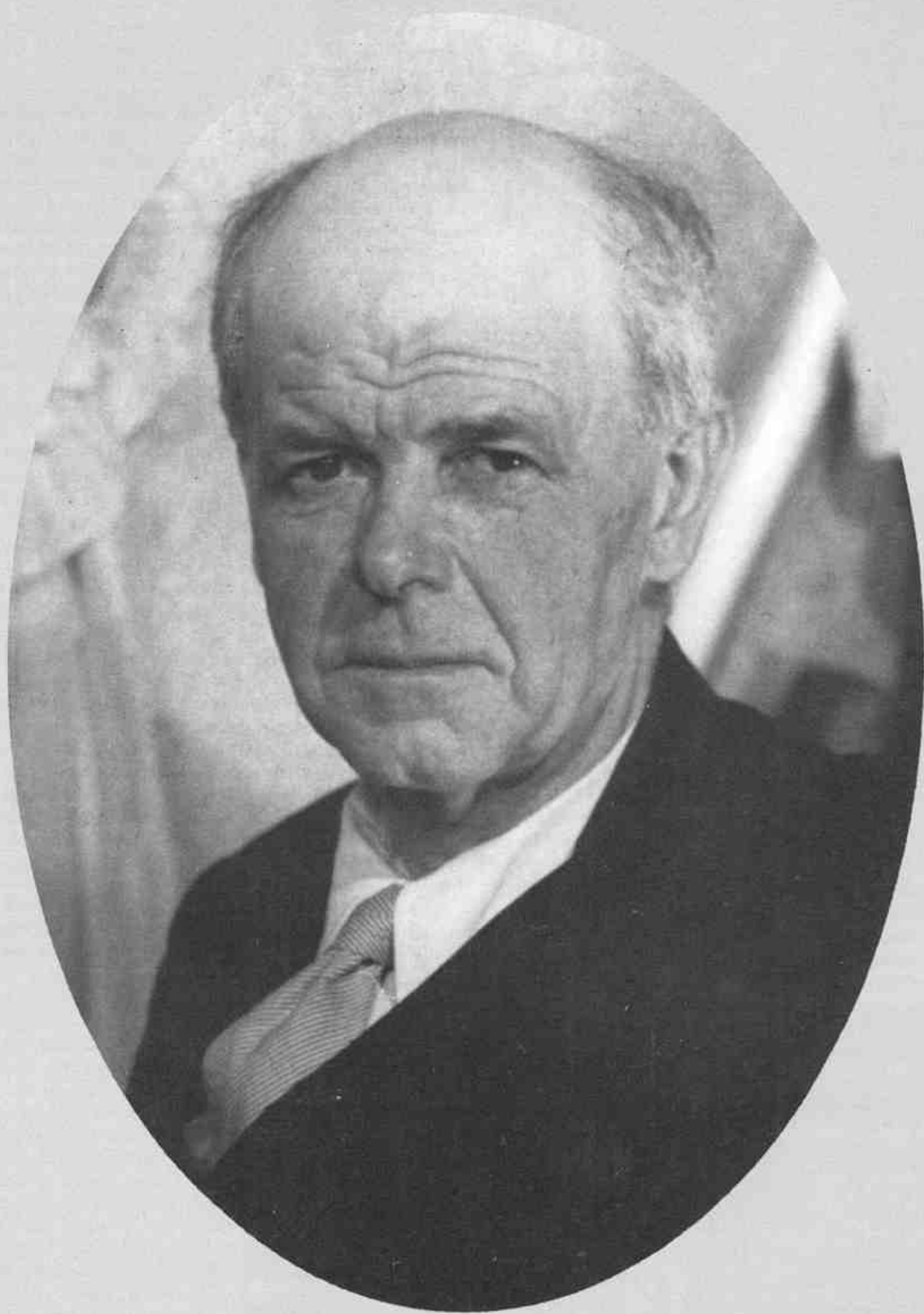
"Presently," he explains, "the trout find attention to the winged fly more advantageous — as presenting more food, or food obtained with less exertion than the nymphs — and turn themselves to it in earnest. This is the second stage. Often it is much deferred. Conditions of which we know nothing may keep back the hatch, perhaps send many of the nymphs back to cover to await a more favorable opportunity another day; so it occasionally happens that, while the river seems mad with bulging fish, the hatch of fly that follows or partly coincides with this orgy is insignificant. But, good, bad, or indifferent, it measures the extent of the dry-fly purist's opportunity."

Then the hatch "presently peters out, and at times with startling suddenness all the life and movement imparted to the surface by the rings of rising fish are gone, and it would be easy for one who knew not the river to say: 'There are no trout in it.' For all that, there are pretty sure to be left a sprinkling, often more than a sprinkling, of unsatisfied fish which are willing to feed, and can be caught if the angler knows how; and these will hang about for a while until they, too, give up in despair and go home or seek consolation in tailing. Often these will take a dry fly, but an imitation of a nymph or a broken or submerged fly is a far stronger temptation. This is the third stage."

Skues then points out that, as the dry-fly purist restricts himself to the second stage of the hatch, there are other anglers who enjoy varying their tactics, particularly since "bulging trout are bold feeders . . . and once the trout sees the fly the chances of him taking it are far better than are the chances that a surface-feeding trout will take the floating dun which covers him."

He goes on to say that "the flash of the fish as it turns to take the fly may often be seen, so dimly and so momentarily as to be apt to escape notice if one does not know what to look for," . . . and then he explains that "the commonest indication of an under-water taking is an almost imperceptible shallow humping of the water over the trout . . . caused by the turn of the fish as he takes the fly, and when the angler sees it is time to fasten."

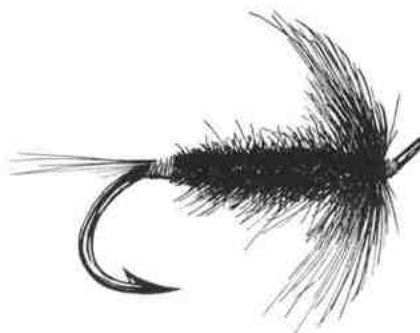
The chapter closes with one of the classic statements in



James E. Leisenring (1878 - 1951)



Iron Blue Flymph



Hare's Ear Flymph

Two Leisenring patterns, drawn from originals in the Museum Collection, by Mike Haller.

angling literature: "There are those who wax indignant at the use of the wet fly on dry-fly waters. Yet it has a special fascination. The indications which tell your dry-fly angler when to strike are clear and unmistakable, but those which bid a wet-fly man raise his rod-point and draw in the steel are frequently so subtle, so evanescent and impalpable to the senses, that, when the bending rod assures him that he has divined aright, he feels an ecstasy as though he had performed a miracle each time." Such fascination and charm leads him to "confess" that hooking a fish on a floating fly "seems secondary in its sameness and comparative obviousness and monotony of achievement."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, Leisenring had been fishing many more types of water, East and West, and evolving a finesse-and-suspense-filled technique of his own. Like Skues, he found far greater enjoyment and fascination in the three-dimensional challenges of the submerged fly than in the relatively monotonous hooking of fish on the dry fly. He had examined the stomachs of trout, made notes on the colors, sizes, shapes and form of the *food they had eaten*. To simplify this study he made up a unique *Color and Materials Book* which provided a tool for extremely accurate notetaking *on the stream in natural light*. His fly-tying techniques and fly dressings were, therefore, based upon original observations. As he states in his book, *The Art of Tying The Wet Fly*, "the art of tying the wet fly rests upon a knowledge of trout stream insect life, a knowledge of materials used for imitating the insect life, and an ability to select, prepare, blend and use the proper materials to create neat, durable and lifelike imitations of the natural insects."

Thus, although Leisenring had read the writings of Stewart, Ronalds, Pritt, Tod, Halford, Skues and many others, he was his own man and an original thinker in his own right. His notebooks, of course, show many dressings

and observations by astute anglers copied from books which he studied in his search for knowledge. His *attitude* is shown in the works (recorded in his notebook) of Hewett Wheatley, Esq. who wrote *The Rod and Line* in 1849: "Obstinacy is the vice of little minds, Credulity the failing of little experience, and Prejudice a villainous compound of both. Dear good, kind friend reader! I pray thee shun the firmness of Obstinacy, the ready belief of Credulity, and the unwilling mind of Prejudice."

Leisenring, then, matched Skues in open-mindedness, finesse, stream strategy and appreciation of the excitement to be found in the submerged fly. Although he could not match Skues as a writer, he perhaps excelled him in his versatility as an angler . . . due to the sheer number of streams, lakes and rivers he fished in his travels of United States, Canada and Alaska. Long before 1939 when Skues wrote "Though in general the angler will find his best profit in presenting his artificial nymph as if it were a natural nymph on its way to hatch . . .," Leisenring had perfected a technique which ultimately became known as the "Leisenring Lift." If he saw a likely spot for a good fish, or saw a fish feeding beneath the surface, he would cast up and across stream. Next he would give his line a tug to straighten the leader. Then, as the fly approached the fish, he would slowly raise his rod tip. He called this maneuver "making the fly become deadly" since it caused the soft hackle fibers and the fibers of the fur or herl bodies to quiver and move as the fly approached the trout. The fish would often take it at once or turn and follow it for a closer view. They usually liked what they saw.

Undistracted by a vendetta with any angler, dry-fly purist or bait fisherman, Leisenring's fame grew on his deliberate, short and medium casts with an 8½ foot, 4¼ ounce Leonard rod with a medium-soft action, a tapered



Leisenring out west, about 1920, probably somewhere near Yellowstone Park. The rainbows were likely sold to a hotel dining room.

silk line and a 9 foot Hardy gut leader tapered to 4X, 5X . . . or 6X, "I do not try to impart any fancy movements to my fly with my rod but simply allow the fly to advance naturally . . . the water will do all that is necessary to make a fly deadly if it is properly tied.

Few anglers could match Leisenring's empathy for the trout. "In selecting hackles for the wet fly it is necessary to keep in mind that the trout prefers his food alive," he wrote. "Live insects kick their legs and struggle. They also possess an iridescence, a liveliness of color which vanishes when they die. Therefore, the careful fly tyer will select his hackle according to its ability to *act* and *look* alive." Then, completely in accord with Skues and the other great English fly dressers, Leisenring insisted upon a careful attention to color: "The color of tying silk should be chosen to harmonize with the body materials you intend to use in imitating a particular insect, keeping in mind the *undercolor* which you wish to show out through and reflect from the dubbing or body of your completed fly."

Leisenring's virtuosity and skill as a fly tyer and angler, then, were combined with a particularly sensitive desire to *please* the trout, a quality which does not quite emerge from the writings of Skues. "You must tie your fly and fish your fly so the trout can *enjoy* and *appreciate* it," Leisenring would say to those who asked to inspect his fly book and inquired about his fishing tactics.

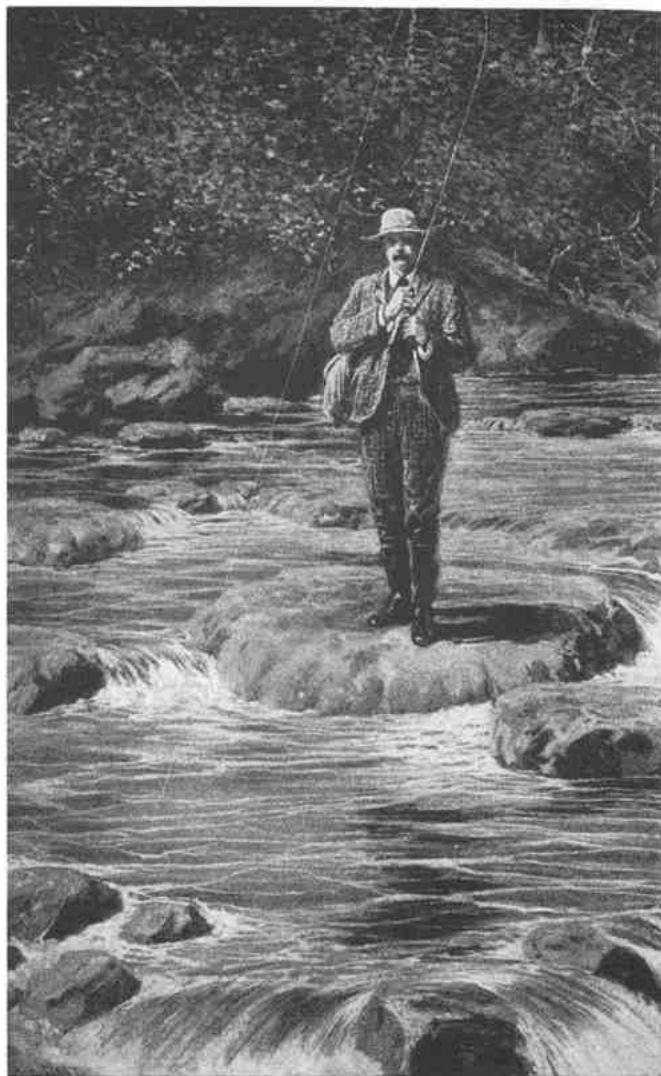
I first met "Big Jim" at a pool on the Brodhead at Analomink. After he netted the trout he was playing, I looked at the fly and saw that it was such a fly as you could not buy in a store. A year later I met him again and we became friends. He invited me to his home and, at my request, taught me to tie flies. I found him to be a generous and patient teacher but stern in his demands for simplicity (no half hitches!) and a *perfect* taper in the bodies which we spun between two pieces of Pearsal's tying silk of a selected color.

For more than three years I tried to persuade him, on fishing trips and at his fly tying table, to write down his ideas on fly tying and trout fishing. Finally he agreed, on one condition. "Promise me you will tell them I don't expect anyone to agree with a thing I say." I promised and the book was published in 1941. Several hundred copies of the book found their way to England and one of those who applauded Leisenring's ideas was G. E. M. Skues. Eventually, some of Big Jim's wet flies and nymphs were on display in the Flyfishers' Club of London. The supreme tribute, perhaps, was paid by Charles Rethoret, the French innkeeper at the Hotel Rapids on the Brodhead. He commissioned a Pennsylvania artist to paint an oil portrait of Leisenring and it hung there in the bar for more than twenty years.

Leisenring died in September, after the season closed, in 1951. Had he lived a decade longer, he would have scoffed at spin-fishing. He knew the pleasures of fly fishing with delicate tackle so well that, though others might prefer to excite the rapacity of fish with spinners, he would have always used the fly — wet or dry — as the trout preferred it at the time . . . Stage 1, Stage 2 or Stage 3 of a hatch. If there was no action at all, of course, he could coax and tease the trout. Then, should they just nudge his fly, as if clowning and playing with it, he would offset his hook with a pair of jeweler's pliers. He often hooked such fish, including some large ones, in the tough flesh on the *outside* of their jaw.

Both men, it seems, achieved their ambitions of understanding the sport of fly fishing *in depth*, and sharing their knowledge with their fellow sportsmen.

"I would give much," Skues wrote at the age of 63, "to be able to leave behind me, when I pass over the ferry, a work which would extricate the subject from the confusion in which generations of inaccurate observation and loose thinking and writing have involved it."



Some years ago, in tribute to these two master anglers whose observations and honest reporting had clarified some of the mystery for me, I coined the word "flymph" to describe the essence of their findings. The word identifies, for the first time in a single word, that brief but critical and dramatic stage of emergence when the aquatic nymphs are struggling to the surface to become flies. This frenzied wiggling and kicking of the legs occurs as the wing cases are splitting open to release the crumpled and still imperfect wings. When it reaches the surface and takes to the air it becomes a fly but just before that it is neither a nymph nor a wet fly nor a mature fly submerged. Wingless, disheveled and kicking, with a juicy, translucent body, the flymph is of *profound* importance to the fly fisherman.

The phenomenon of trout feeding on the flymph can be so subtle that the average angler misses it entirely, or it can produce an orgy of slashing, furious competition among the trout. To say the fish are feeding boldly, as Skues phrased it, can be a considerable understatement. The rises of the larger trout to the small, wiggling flymphs can be savage enough to snap a tippet.

After the *Sports Illustrated* text of my version of Leisenring's techniques was published in the book *Wet Fly Fishing*, I received a telephone call at my home in Portland one Sunday evening in June. It was an indignant fly fisherman who had tied some flymphs after reading the book. He had just returned from the Deschutes and he was still angry

at the loss of several big rainbows which had snapped his leader during an orgy of feeding on flymphs.

"Do you ever fish the Deschutes," he asked.

"Yes, rather often."

"You hook those big rainbows on those tiny flies you describe in the book?"

"Yes, there are times when they ignore large flies."

"That's the way it was this weekend but it makes me so damn mad when they break my leader. Can you hold 'em?"

"Not always, but I sure enjoy hooking them and seeing them jump before they break off!"

"So do I but I just simply can't stand it sometimes, losing big trout like that so I was wondering if you had figured out a way to hold 'em. They won't take a dry or a wet if I use a heavier leader for that big, fast water up there. I feel better now that I know you can't hold them either!"

That conversation would have brought a smile and a chuckle from Leisenring and Skues, the two master anglers who delighted in pleasuring the trout just beneath the surface of the water as well as on the surface with a dry fly. Neither angler ever suffered the doomed frustrations of the dry-fly purists who choose to ignore the excitement of the flymph.

My meeting on the Brodhead in Pennsylvania's Pocono Mountains some 40 years ago, fishing with him for several summers and learning to tie flies at his side during the winter months (in Allentown and Philadelphia) was, altogether, one of the most memorable experiences that could come to a young angler who had learned to fish for spiny rays on a meadow stream in Ohio and aspired to learn to deceive trout with a fly.

Therefore, I take this opportunity to share with the reader my personal list of the qualities possessed by Big Jim that led to his greatness and fame as a fly fisherman, fly tyer and stream strategist.

First, his intuitive appreciation of the trout's character, its changing moods, wariness and selectivity in feeding on certain insects at various times.

Second, his open-mindedness and tenacity in studying the habits, colors and behavior of insects firsthand on trout streams and in the books written by other anglers.

Third, his searching mind and adventuresomeness that prompted him to fish a tremendous variety of trout streams and lakes in United States, including Alaska.

Fourth, his persistence in searching for and getting high quality materials for tying trout flies, particularly blue dun and honey dun hackles, bird feathers, and the finest hooks available in various sizes, weights and styles.

Fifth, his self-taught, meticulously simple style of creating a fly to imitate the natural appearance of an insect *alive in the water*.

Sixth, his appreciation of color and his skill in blending natural materials to achieve desirable colors and textures with materials *when wet*.

Seventh, his superb eyesight and keen powers of observation which he increased by the constant use of a pocket magnifying glass.

Eighth, his manual dexterity that he maintained and improved through the years in his work as a tool and die maker.

Ninth, his natural desire to achieve perfection in everything: tying flies, repairing rods and reels, weaving a landing net, designing and making his own hackle pliers and fly-tying vise.

Tenth, his quiet and friendly generosity in sharing his ideas, fly-tying paraphernalia and materials with his friends. Add to these qualities the fact that he never married and devoted virtually his whole life to fly fishing and you may then reach a fairer understanding of Leisenring's stature among the anglers of the world. Unless you knew him, however,

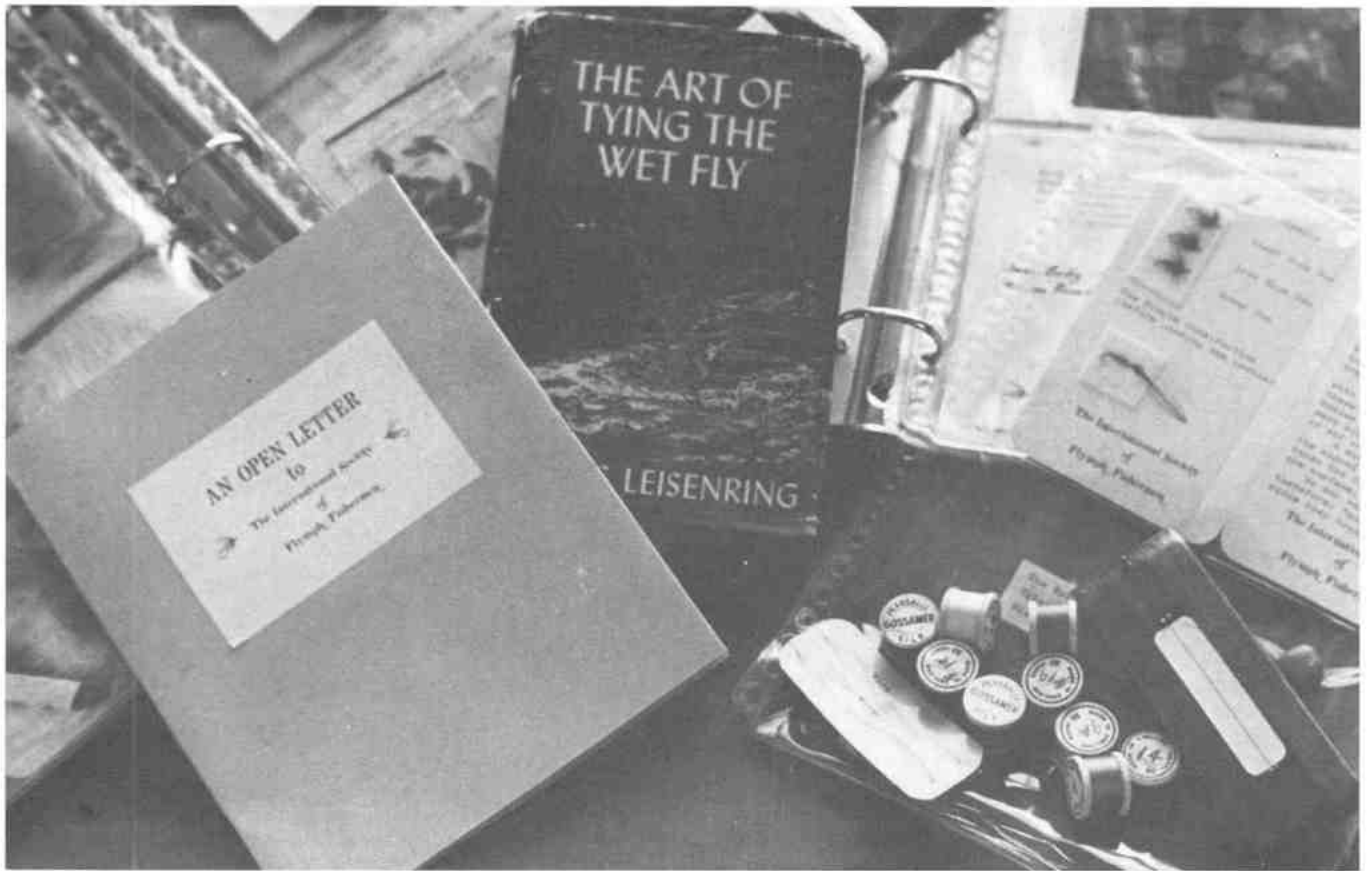
and, better yet, fished with him, you could not truly appreciate his deep love of the sport of fly fishing or his virtuosity on the stream, including his sly techniques with the dry fly.

The stretch of the Brodhead he loved best was a fisherman's delight there at Analomink prior to the devastating flood in the 1950's. I do not recall the names of the pools but Leisenring knew them all intimately and he knew the times of the day or evening when various types of Mayflies and caddis flies would hatch. I tell you those were magic hours. In fact, it was the Brodhead right there during the Thirties that inspired Eugene Connett to write his little classic, *Magic Hours* and publish it in a limited edition for his friends in the Angler's Club of New York.

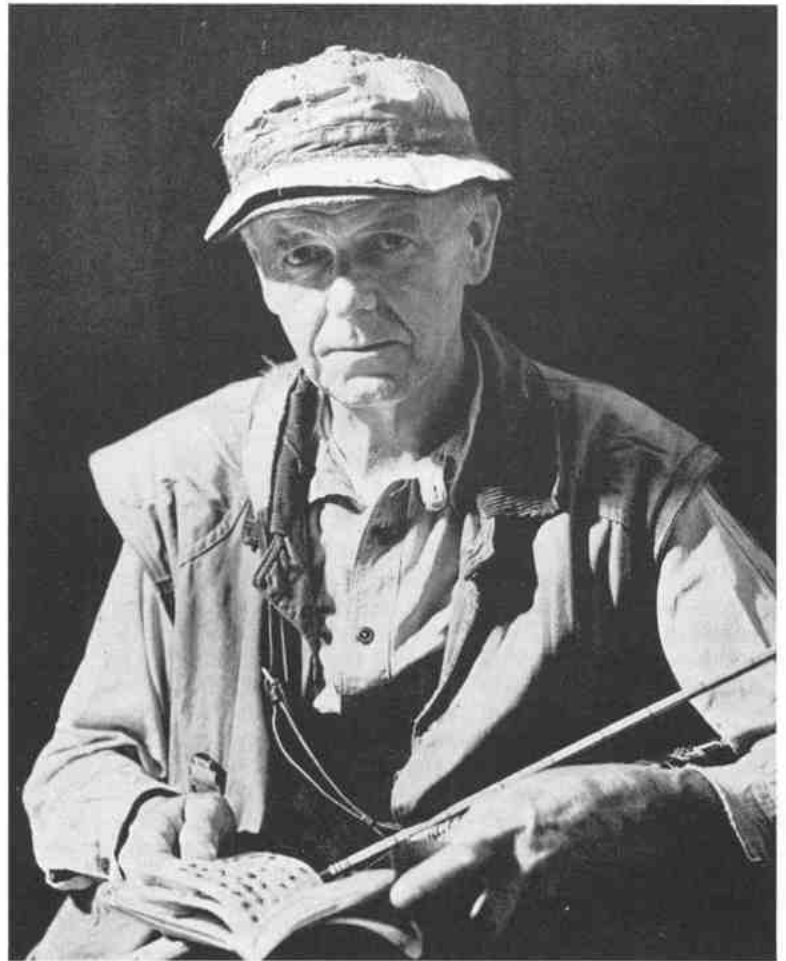
Those were the days, also, of a certain hysteria for the dry fly and the beginning of some enthusiasm for nymph fishing by Hewitt, Knight and Connett. No one was focusing on the "flymph" or appreciating its drama except Big Jim. For him, as we know today, flymph fishing was a delightful technique that he had brought to a high degree of perfection although he classified it simply as one type of wet fly and one of his many techniques, never pausing to give it a distinctive name in recognition of its uniqueness.

V. S. "Pete" Hidy is well known to anglers for his many excellent articles and books such as *"The Pleasures of Fly Fishing."* Though he deferentially places himself in the shadow of Leisenring, his own contributions to fly fishing are considerable. This article originally appeared, in different form, in the lovely little journal of the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon in December of 1970. We believe it deserves wider circulation and so we reprint it here. Photographs are courtesy of the author.

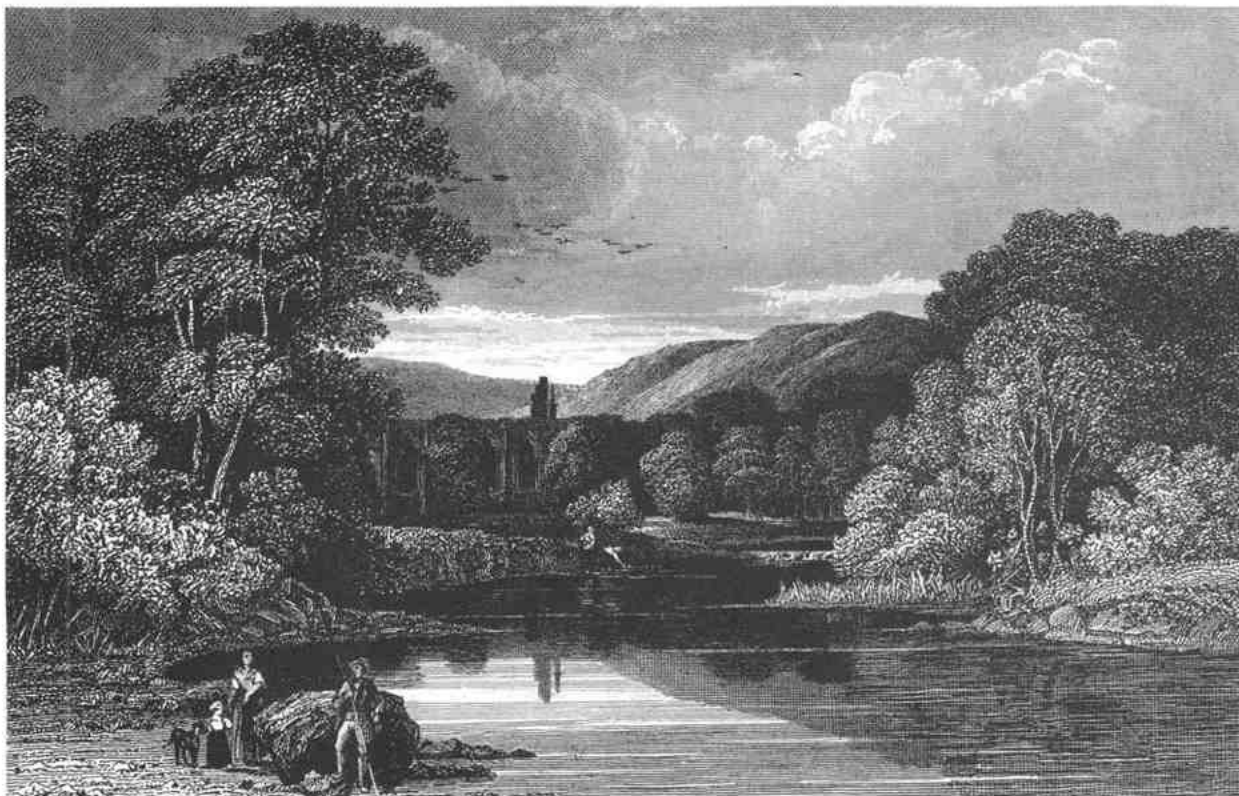




Above, a collection of Leisenring literature and memorabilia. Pete Hidy has produced two limited edition looseleaf volumes, "The Leisenring's Source Books," which describe the techniques of tying Leisenring's patterns. Included in the volumes are Leisenring's tying silks and his "spinning block," used to create the dubbed bodies for his flies.



Right, the well-known portrait of Leisenring.



Dame Juliana and the Book of St. Albans

by Thomas P. Harrison

In our last issue Professor Harrison reviewed the story of Dame Juliana by examining the documentation concerning her that has built up over the centuries. In this issue he turns to the Treatise itself.

The "Treatise of Fishing with an Angle" first appeared in the second edition of "The Book of St. Albans", in 1496. Because of Dame Juliana's association with the first edition, it was widely assumed that she also wrote the fishing material. However, sound evidence has always been lacking, so that authorship of the fishing instructions is unestablished. Professor Harrison here examines the evidence gathered to date, and offers some new conclusions. He begins by discussing an extant manuscript of the "Treatise" that differs from the first printed edition.

The Manuscript

THE manuscript has been reproduced in facsimile by McD. (pp. 134-173) from the unique copy at Yale; it had been previously printed in 1883 by Thomas Satchell,²⁵ the Glossary ably assisted by the distinguished scholar, W. W. Skeat. This incomplete document, which according to Skeat dates from 1450 or even earlier,²⁶ differs materially from the first printed text in *The Book of St. Albans*, 1496; is an independent text but drawn from the same original. That more than one treatise existed when the present one was written is suggested by the reference in it to baits for the carp "as I haue herde saye of persones credyble & also founde wryten in bokes of credence" some of which, remarks Satchell (p. vii), "may still be extant, unnoticed among the manuscripts of Continental libraries." Satchell describes the manuscript as "written on five sheets of paper folded into quarto form," or according to a recent report,²⁷ "possibly on two full sheets folded twice (16 pages) and one half sheet folded once (4 pages)." At the

end of the last page (p. 20) the manuscript breaks off with instructions on bait for trout in September. Altogether the manuscript includes about half the full text of the 1496 edition, supplied by Satchell in brackets. "The loss would be a trifle less than fourteen pages or seven leaves" (McD. P. 179).

Wynkyn de Worde, the Westminster printer, describes the new addition (1496) as "a compendious treatyse of fysshynge wyth an angle . . . necessary to be had in this present volume: by cause . . . it is one of the dysportes that gentylmen use." Later he explains its inclusion with the other three tracts in order that it "sholde not come to the hondys of eche ydle persone whyche wolde desire it yf it were empyrntyd alone by itself . . . therefore I have compylid it in a greter volume of dyuerse bokys concernynge to gentyll & noble men to the intent that the forsayd ydle persones whyche sholde haue but lytyll mesure in . . . fysshynge sholde not by this meane vterly dystroye it." Though aware of this ungente class of "ydle persones," de Worde recognizes that fishing had become an acceptable sport "that gentylmen use." In a few

years he ventured to issue the fishing treatise "allone by itself,"²⁸ (see further McD., pp. 20-21).

The Fishing treatise consists of argument or Prologue, instruction, and "Orders," the last, as McD. observes (p. 18), designed "to establish the moral qualities of the angler" through a series of caveats to remind him of the rights of others. This addendum, which concludes the treatise, is significant, yet the Prologue turns out to be the most interesting because it is the most personal of the three parts.²⁹

The Prologue presents a new and unique feature in that here the Fishing author adopts the form of the Debate (French *de'bat*), a literary genre which, also originating with the ancients, became in the Middle Ages of widespread popularity and importance.³⁰ The traditional debate presents two figures who argue at length in turn, often with violent abuse, and finally agree to submit the verdict to an appointed judge, who very often does not appear. Obviously the Fishing Prologue involves a signal departure from the traditional framework in that the Duke of York, author of the *Master of Game*, whose arguments for Hunting have prefaced his lengthy treatise on this subject, is absent. It is fitting, therefore, to summarize first his major argument.

The Hunting Prologue

A complete prospectus of the subsequent contents initiates this preliminary discourse:

The nature of each beast of venery and of chase, the kinds of hounds and other dogs "both of their nature and conditions," and related matters. "Furthermore I will prove by sundry reasons . . . that the life of no man that useth gentle game and disport be less displeasurable unto God than the life of a perfect and skilful hunter, or from which more good cometh." Hunters eschew the seven deadly sins, they are more just and understanding, more alert, more at ease, "in short . . . all good customs and manners cometh thereof, and the health of man and of his soul." Having fled the seven deadly sins, "he shall be saved" and have joy and solace provided "he leave not the knowledge nor the service of God nor of his master for his hunting nor his own duties. Sin results from idleness without work or in his chamber, "a thing which draweth men to imaginations of fleshly lust and pleasure . . . Every man that hath good sense knoweth well that this is the truth." A day in the field with all his duties brings the hunter home for rest, food, and sleep. In the morning he enjoys the fresh air, the songs of birds, the dew: all are "great joy . . . to the hunter's heart. Each step in the chase of the hart or deer, the kill and the "undoing" gives him pleasure. Coming home he bathes, eats supper, takes an evening walk, and sleeps without any evil thoughts. "Hunters live longer than any other men, for as Hippocras the doctor telleth: 'full repletion of meat slayeth more men than any sword or knife.'" Moderate diet and frequent sweating for hunters prevent sickness. "Therefore be ye all hunters and ye shall do as wise men." Hunting prepares a man for the pursuits of peace or of war.³¹

The Fishing Prologue

"Salamon in his parables sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flouryng aye . . . & a longe. And syth it is soo: I aske this questyon/, whiche ben the meanes & the causes that enduce a man in to a mery spyrte." Sports is the answer, and between hunting, hawking, fishing and fowling "the beste . . . is fysshynge: callyd



Anglynge wyth a rodde: and a lyne and an hoke / and thereof to treate . . . both for the sayd reason of Salamon and also for the reason that phisyk makyth in this wyse Si tibi deficiant medici medici tibi fiant: Hec tria mens leta labor & moderata dieta . . . Yf a man lacke leche or medycyne he shall make thre thynges his leche & medycyne: . . . The fyrste . . . is a mery thought. The second is labour not outrageous. The thyrde is dyete mesurable." The angler eschews disagreeable company, and, avoiding excessive labor and surfeit of diet, he chooses a quiet occupation "whyche may reioyce his herte . . . And he must drawe him to places of swete ayre.

Now thenne woll I dyscryve the sayd dysportes . . . to fynde the best of theym as verly as I cann / alle be it that the ryght noble and full worthy prynce the duke of Yorke late callid mayster of game hath dyscryued the myrthes of huntynge lyke as I thynke to dyscryue of it and of alle the other." Hunting is too "laborious." The hunter is forever running and sweating as he follows his hounds. He comes home with torn clothes, wet, muddy, some hounds lost, and other griefs. [Hawking and fowling are also full of trouble.] The angler may lose a line, a hook, even a fish he has caught, but at least "he hath his holsom walke and mery at his case, a swete ayre of the swete sauoure of the meede floures . . . he hereth the melodyous armony of fowles. He seeth the yonge swannes: heeron: duckes: cotes and many other foules wyth theyr brodes / whyche me semeth better than alle the noyse of houndys: the blastes of hornys and the scrye of foulis that hunters: fawkeners & foulers can make." The angler rises early, which is "moost to the heele of his soule . . . As the old englysshe prouerbe sayth . . . Who soo woll ryse erly shall be holy helthy & zely. Thus haue I prouyd . . . that the dysporte & game of anglynge is the very meane . . . that enducith a man in to a mery spyrte." To all you who are virtuous, gentle and free born "I wryte . . . this symple treatyse . . . to the content that your aeye maye the more floure and the more lenger to endure."³²

The author of the Prologue proposes the query, the "question" of the debate. The, following another characteristic of this genre, as indeed Edward does also, she cites recognized authorities upon which to base her side of the argument — Solomon, a proverb and a household adage from the *Regimen Sanitatis*.³³ Then, subordinating "all the other (hawking and fowling) she respectfully challenges the claims for hunting advanced by the Duke of York. The more strenuous, noisy life of the hunter contrasts vividly with the

quiet, contemplative pastime of the angler. Certain virtues they have in common, and they both delight in the natural world as the angler more intimately observes the various birds on the river. Still the arguments of each contender remain distinct throughout. Impressed by the occasional parallels, one critic believes that if the Fishing author "did not consciously copy, at any rate she wrote under the influence of Edward, Duke of York."³⁴ In fact her familiarity with the Duke's claims for hunting appears indeed to have prompted her to set forth in opposition the superior art of angling.

With "thus have I prouyd" the debate comes to a close. The personal tone of the Prologue sets it apart from the Fishing treatise proper. After a break in the text this begins: "Yf ye woll be crafty in anglynge: ye must fyrste lerne to make your harnays." Then follows the orderly exposition of the art of angling, most sentences filled with imperatives. The preceding break, clean and abrupt, defines the debate as a set piece quite distinct from the objective, impersonal angler's manual, which, as suggested above, may have had a Continental source.

The Fishing Epilogue

The Epilogue, or "Orders" consists of a number of charges, warnings to all fishermen, and here the pronounced personal note of the Prologue is far from absent. As a sort of afterthought, the fisherman, she cautions, "woll not desyre gretly many persones with you, whiche mighte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serue god deuowtly in sayenge affectuously youre custumable prayer. And this doynge ye shall eschewe & voyde many vices, as ydylnes whyche is pryncypall cause to enduce man to many other vyces, as is ryght well knowen" (McD., p. 227). This clearly echoes the Hunting Prologue, which reiterates that "the hunter is without idleness . . . for as I have said idleness . . . is the foundation of all vices and sins." Moreover, the word *game*, meaning quarry, italicized above, occurs twice again in the Epilogue³⁵ and three times in Duke Edward's address to Prince Henry, which prefaces *The Master of Game*. In short, as an addendum to the Fishing Prologue, the Epilogue appears to be by the same hand even as both disclose familiarity with the Hunting Prologue.

This apparent continuity, which links Juliana's two-fold share in the Fishing treatise, may be even further observed in a later one, *The Arte of Angling*, 1577.³⁶ Here the author states his acquaintance with "that which hath been put in print heretofore" (p. 31), which must mean Juliana's treatise (four editions, 1496-1532/1534). Instead of the "Orders" of the Epilogue, the author more charitably lists thirteen inward "gifts" of the angler. These to the recent editor of *The Arte* are only "an approximation of the catalogues of Christian virtues." These gifts "have nothing in common with the list



of six charges which Dame Juliana lays on noble fishermen . . ."³⁷ Yet in adapting the traditional virtues to the angler the author does indeed recall certain of the charges from the Epilogue. The third cardinal virtue becomes "Love to the owner of the game" (a word appearing nowhere else in *The Arte*). This corresponds to Juliana's first charge, established at length "that ye fysshie not in noo mannes seuerall water." The eighth gift is "Liberality in feeding of them" (the fish), which repeats the charge that "ye shall . . . nouryssh the game" (a second use of this word). There follows in *The Arte* "A content mind with a sufficient mess" which reflects the charge against being "too rauenous in taking of your sayd game . . . as when ye haue a suffycient mese ye sholde coueyte nomore as at that tyme." The repeated phrase as well as prayer, enjoined in both texts, are neither of them unexpected. Still, the complete comparison of the two seems to establish a valid relationship.

As often observed, John Denny in *The Secrets of Angling*, 1613, follows *The Arte* in versifying all but one of the angler's gifts, and the next year Gervase Markham, in *The Pleasures of Princes*, reduced Denny's to prose.

Conclusion

In the absence of positive facts one is forced to resort to conclusions drawn from inference. Dame Juliana probably lived in the late fourteenth century and the first half of the fifteenth. A period of her life she spent at St. Albans, possibly in Sopwell priory. Here in 1486 the Schoolmaster found and printed the signed (?) manuscript of her "boke of hunting." As a schoolmistress, Juliana's chief purpose here is to instill the terms used in a sport governed by the code of chivalry as she addresses her pupils in easy couplets derived from Twici in English. In effect this treatise is discrete, made to order. Juliana's second treatise, on fishing, was written some time



after the death of Edward, Duke of York, in 1415, "late callid mayster of game," her complete manuscript issued in 1496 by de Worde, who did not know its author. Juliana wrote only the Prologue and the Epilogue, which are distinctly personal; for the treatise proper she drew upon some fishing manual of possibly Continental origin. The simple prose of the fishing treatise, directed toward "a newer class of merchants turning away from the courtly past . . ." (McD., p. 101) inevitably contrasts violently with the rhymes of the hunting lesson. Yet the disparate purpose of the two works hardly justify the denial of Juliana's authorship of both pieces.

Such a summary as the above is open to question. The round, unvarnished truth about "Dam Julyans Barnes" must await new documentary proof.

- 25 *Miscellanies by Various Writers, English Dialect Society, XIX, 1876-1887.*
- 26 "The watermark, along with the character of the script, points to the first half of the fifteenth century as the period of writing," E. F. Jacob, *op. cit.*, p. 115. On the watermark see McD., p. 175.
- 27 Marjorie G. Wynne, Research Librarian, Yale University, in letter, March 30, 1979.
- 28 The *Book* appeared in folio, 1496; without Heraldry in quarto, 1515 and 1518; Hunting alone ca. 1526-1530; and finally Fishing alone in quarto, 1532-1534, "the earliest known pocket manual on that subject in all the literature of sport in England," Elaine Pafort, "Notes on the Wynken de Worde Editions of the *Boke of St. Albans* and its Separates," *Studies in Bibliography*, V (1952-1953), pp. 43-52.
- 29 The hunting motif is found in Xenophon and other Greeks and the three-part pattern in the thirteenth-century *Art of Falconry*, by Frederick II. See McD., pp. 7ff. and Appendix B, pp. 259-265, reprint of Frederick's Prologue.

- 30 Famous in England are the thirteenth-century *Owl and the Nightingale*, *Debate of the Body and Soul*, and of less vogue, *The Flower and the Leaf*, mentioned above in connection with Juliana's Hunting treatise. For full discussion of the form of the medieval debate, see J. W. H. Atkins, ed., *The Owl and the Nightingale* (Cambridge, 1922), pp. xlvii-lv.
- 31 *The Master of Game: by Edward, Second Duke of York: the Oldest English Book on Hunting*, ed. Wm. A. and F. Baillie-Grohman, foreword by Theodore Roosevelt (London, 1909), p. 1-13. This extensive work is largely a translation of *Livre de Chasse*, ca. 1387, by Gaston de Foix; see McD., pp. 15-16 and Appendix A, pp. 251-258. Edward translated while in prison ca. 1405 and he died at Agincourt in 1415.
- 32 McD., pp. 184-191.
- 33 Dating from the eleventh century and translated into many languages, the *Regimen* "is really a handbook of domestic medicine. It was not intended for the medical profession, but for the guidance of laymen," Francis R. Packard, M. D., *The School of Salerno: The English Version by Sir John Harington* (New York, 1920), pp. 30-31. The Latin quoted in the Prologue (*requires replacing labor*) is thus rendered by Harington:

When mou'd you find your selfe to Natures Needs,
Forbear them not, for that much danger breeds,
Use three Physicians still, first Doctor Quiet,
Next Doctor Merry-man and Doctor Dyet.

McD. (p. 102) terms the *Regimen* "a highly regarded medical authority and largely on this basis suggests a physician or country doctor as the author of the Fishing treatise," if it was not Juliana.
- 34 J. W. Hills, *A History of Fly Fishing for Trout* (New York, 1971), pp. 9-10.
- 35 "The writer of the treatise proper does not use *game* in this sense," that is, as quarry (McD., p. 66).
- 36 *The Arte of Angling*, 1577, ed. G. E. Bentley, notes by H. L. Savage (Princeton, N. J., 1958).
- 37 *Ibid.*, p. 33, n. 39 and p. 79, n. 6.



The Demise of the Brook Trout

An Angler's Forum

Late in the 19th century, as a result of overfishing, poor logging practices, and various other incautious activities, the amount of brook trout-inhabited stream mileage decreased with alarming quickness. The native fish was in many cases replaced by the European brown trout or the rainbow of our own west coast, but quite often the waters were made uninhabitable. We gather here a few of the comments made by anglers during this transition period, when the brown trout was still being established, and before many harmful industrial practices were curtailed. As will be noticed, opinions ranged from unalloyed glee to abysmal pessimism over the future of fishing; some anglers welcomed the brown, others cursed it.

We tend to look back on those restless times with a certain complacency; good fishing, for both brown and brook trout, is now found in many parts of this country. It is perhaps not widely enough known that the demise of the brook trout goes on today, and some entire regions are threatened with extirpation of their brook trout by less easily solved problems, such as acid rain. We are still paying for poorly considered stocking practices in many localities. In the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, for instance, the amount of purely brook trout stream mileage has declined almost 50% in the past 25 years. The park, a protected natural enclave, exemplifies what continues to happen to the brook trout in spite of our ever-increasing appreciation for this lovely native fish.

Most of the following authors will be immediately recognized. William Harris was the founding editor of "The American Angler," and a leading writer of his day. Theodore Gordon was, of course, Theodore Gordon. John D. Quackenbos wrote the rare little "Geological Ancestry of The Brook Trout", published privately for The Angler's Club of New York in 1916 (300 copies). Fred Mather was a leading author and fisheries authority, his opinion being published in U. S. Fish Commission Report for 1887 and constituting one of the earliest comments about the brown trout in this country. The last statement – and by far the gloomiest – comes from one Myron Reed, who was quoted as "a noble man, and an excellent angler," in Jordan and Evermann's "American Food and Game Fishes" (1902).

William Harris

IF the three foreign species of salmon-trouts transplanted to American waters, the best known by anglers is the German or brown trout (*Salmo fario*), which were planted in our streams in 1883. This fish, in its native waters, particularly those of Great Britain, presents all the varied characteristics of coloration and form that distinguish our American trouts. In England, there appears to be, at least, twenty trout living in streams not distant more than twenty-five miles from each other, which the resident fishermen designate by names such as "Tweed trout," "Teviot trout," "Ettrick trout," etc., the source of the nomenclature being the name of the river in which the fish lives. These trout are all *fario*, but are readily distinguished one from the other by the shape and bulk of the body and its distinctive coloration.

The brown trout was the fish caught and eaten by the ancient monk, and so ideally treated upon by Walton and Cotton, by the Prioress of St. Albans in her quaint old English, and poetically by Ausonius in the sixth century. It is the oldest and best-known salmon-trout of the Eastern Hemisphere, for there is hardly a county in England without its trout stream, and it is well distributed over Scotland and Ireland and the water on the Continent.

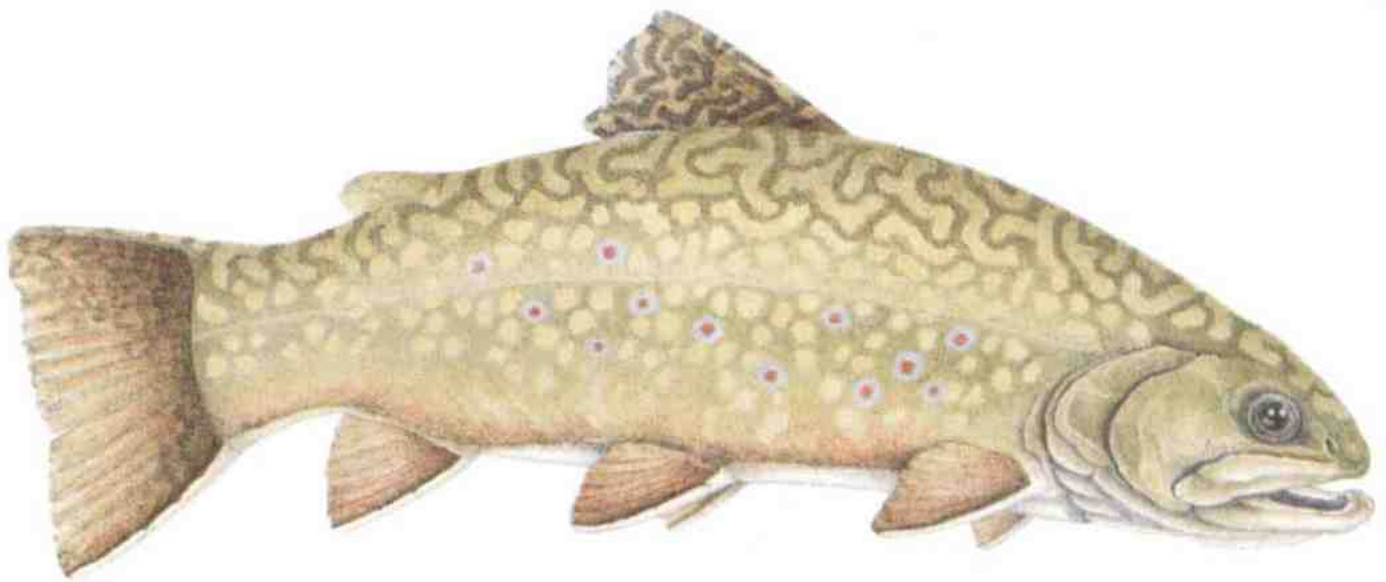
The brown trout has lost popularity among numbers of American fishing clubs and anglers because of its rapid growth, large size, and consequent ability and inclination to devastate waters in which our smaller trouts live. Being able to exist and thrive in waters of a higher temperature than is adapted to other trouts, they should never be placed in streams which the latter inhabit. True, most, if not all, of

our native salmonids are cannibals, in fresh or salt water; but owing to the size of the brown trouts and the practice of putting them in comparatively small and shallow trout streams, where they can ravage at will on *fontinalis*, planting of them should be discountenanced and discontinued. One club, the Castalia of Ohio, owning the grandest trout stream in America, finding that the introduced brown trout was destroying the Eastern red-spotted charr (*fontinalis*), used, and may still be using, every means to destroy them; and similar action will be and should be taken by every lessor or owner of water inhabited by our native trouts, if the foreign fish has unfortunately been introduced therein.

Theodore Gordon

I do not believe that *fario* is more cannibalistic than any other trout after it reaches a large size. I have seen our own *fontinalis* take a little trout of the same species. Men are apt to look back upon the sport they enjoyed in youth with great pleasure, and I would be the last to decry the merits of our own native fish. In the north-east, where *fontinalis* thrive and are numerous and of good size, it would be wise to leave them in possession. Restocking where advisable is necessary with the same species. I am well satisfied that for many of our old streams the brown trout is most emphatically *the fish*. They increase rapidly, grow fast, rise well, and fight like demons as long as the water remains cold. All of the *Salmonidae* becomes languid, I believe, in water which has reached a high temperature.

I presume that we all have our prejudices in regard to one thing or another, but the brown trout has won its way to a high place in the estimation of many of the best anglers in this country, particularly those of varied experience, who



Drawing by
Kathleen Jessica J. O'Leary

have fished a great deal each season during many years. We all love our native *fontinalis*, and would be very glad if we could have a good head of fairly large brook trout in our big streams, but except in a few localities present conditions do not favour this. Long droughts and warm water do not agree with the "little salmon of the fountain." Many of us can remember how poor our sport was before the first of the brown trout came in. There were not many of these, but they were of good size and gave much sport, but they were called "Dutchmen," and were accused of destroying the

native trout. It seems the natural tendency of mankind to throw bricks or stones at foreigners.

John D. Quackenbos

In certain American streams, the brown trout has developed game qualities superior to those of the native brook trout sharing its place of abode. It puts up a better fight and does full justice to its Anglo-Saxon name of *Sceota*,

a shooter or darter. On the Navesink the fisher whose creel is largely made up of brown trout is considered more expert than he who principally baskets the *fontinalis*. It requires greater skill to provoke a rise from the European stranger, for through his longer association with intriguing white men he has learned to distrust everything offered as food, and scorns a fly clumsily dropped about his hiding place or a live bait plumped into the water near his nose. He is so cunning, shy and suspicious of everything unusual, that the man who lures him to his death must possess extraordinary intellectual gifts and experienced skill to match against his inherited instincts refined to an extreme in a novel environment. And this is why we not unfrequently hear of a big trout somewhere in the Catskills holding his own throughout the season in some deep pool where he laughs at the miscellany of deceptions devised to tempt him by importunate summer guests. He simply knows. He is never caught off guard. He is never too hungry to ignore the denatured flutter of the artificial fly, the cramped wriggle of an impaled worm, or the limping sprawl of a transfixed grass-hopper. To circumvent such a monarch is a feat worthy of the most accomplished craftsman.

Fred Mather

From my experience I think that the brown trout, as it is called in England, and which is the common brook trout of Europe (*Salmo fario*) is a quick-growing fish, which is destined to become a favorite in America when it is thoroughly known. I have taken this fish with a fly, and consider it one of the gamiest, in fact, *the* gamiest, trout that I ever handled with a rod. I will state, however, that angling friends who

have had more extended experience in European fishing than I have say that the Loch Leven trout is a gamier and better fish than the brown trout, but I have had no experience with the Loch Leven fish further than to hatch it. I believe that the brown trout will be found to be a better fish, taking it all around, than our own native *fontinalis*. The reasons for this belief are: (1) It is of quicker growth; (2) it is gamier; (3) except in the breeding season, when the males of *fontinalis*, are brilliantly colored, it is fully as handsome; (4) from what I can learn I incline to think it will bear water several degrees warmer than *fontinalis*, and therefore it is adapted to a wider range.

Rev. Myron W. Reed

This is the last generation of troutfishers. The children will not be able to find any. Already there are well-trodden paths by every stream in Maine, New York, and in Michigan. I know of but one river in North America by the side of which you will find no paper collar or other evidence of civilization. It is the Nameless River. Not that trout will cease to be. They will be hatched by machinery and raised in ponds, and fattened on chopped liver, and grow flabby and lose their spots. The trout of the restaurant will not cease to be; but he is no more like the trout of the wild river than the fat and songless reed-bird is like the bobolink. Gross feeding and easy pond-life enervate and deprave him. The trout that the children will know only by legend is the gold-sprinkled living arrow of the white water; able to zig-zag up the cataract; able to loiter in the rapids; whose dainty meat is the glancing butterfly.



Brown trout, Gardner River, Montana

Kosmic Rods: Mysterious Masterpieces

Among fly-fishing tackle collectors there are few names that so stir the imagination as that of the short-lived Kosmic Rod Company. What little information we have is too often questionable. What follows is drawn from the few modern accounts of this company, with some additional details gathered from Museum files.

The most careful discussion so far published of the productions of the Kosmic Company appeared in Martin Keane's *Classic Rods and Rodmakers*. Marty spends most of his time describing refinements in fittings, especially ferrules. If you are fortunate enough to come across a Kosmic, his book could be invaluable. Since he has presented more than we know about the technical end of the company's rod production, we will restrict ourselves here to what we know about the comings and goings of the company itself.

The first time we see the name "Kosmic" on a rod is 1890. It was at that point used as a trade name by the A. G. Spalding Company, of New York and Chicago. In *The American Angler*, August 16, 1890, there appeared the following testimonial letter from Kit Clarke. Clarke was the author of *Where the Trout Hide* (1889) and would soon write *The Practical Angler* (1892).

Mssrs. A. G. Spalding & Bros.:

Gentlemen: I have handled some pretty good rods, but none has pleased me better than the five-ounce "Kosmic" which you built for me last May. I labored with it daily during the month of June and lifted many heavy trout up to four pounds each, and then, in order to test its murderous qualities, tried bottom fishing with a four-ounce live perch for bait. The little perch went into the jaws of a four-pound trout, and in due time the trout went into my boat. This, you will concede, is a hard test for so light a tool, but it stood it like an old-timer, and is worth all the praise I can give it. I like a rod with backbone — one that is tough and stiff in the middle joint, for, after all, a rod's work is done between the ferrules, and in this most valuable essential my "Kosmic" is perfection. Besides, the artistic mounting and beauty of finish displayed in the rod won admiration from many accomplished anglers. The man who tries to make a better rod will have to hustle.

Yours respectfully,
Kit Clarke

From this letter we can suspect, but not prove, any number of things. Such flowing testimonials normally appear shortly after the introduction of new models. Perhaps the first "Kosmic" rods just appeared in 1890 or shortly before then. We can also imagine, taking into consideration the usual rhetorical overkill of any such advertisement, that

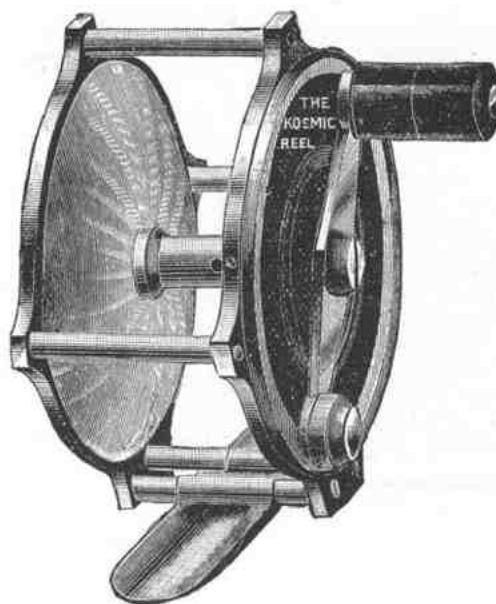
even at this early date the workmanship of these rods was recognized as outstanding.

The casting rod handle shown on the following page is from the Spalding period; its ferrule bears two patent dates, May 6 and May 27, both 1890. The former was assigned to Loman Hawes, the latter to Eustis Edwards. The rod is obviously an outstanding piece of work. Notice that it, as well as the other two pictured, have the very narrow cork rings on the handle that characterize rods from this period. On the reel seat of this rod is the number 1744, a sign that there must be many more around.

The 1890 date would be in keeping with what we know of the partnership of F. E. Thomas, Loman Hawes, and Bill Edwards. These three, destined to become legendary figures in American Angling History, all left their jobs with Hiram Leonard (from whom they learned the trade), and organized the Thomas, Edwards & Hawes Company, in Highland Mills New York, in about 1890. According to Martin Keane, Hawes soon left and was replaced by another, even more renowned, builder, Ed Payne.

A. G. Spalding was supposedly the company's outlet for their rods, and we know quite a few were indeed marketed under the "The Kosmic, A. G. Spalding Bros." name, but it appears that soon the Thomas, Edwards & Payne Company was sold to the U. S. Net & Twine Company. This seems to have happened before 1895, and by this time we are dealing almost exclusively in doubtful "maybes."

Bill Edwards left the company shortly after it was sold
(continued on page 18)





On the left is a U. S. Net and Twine rod, "The Isaak Walton." It is a 14 foot, three-piece salmon rod, part of the Barnes Collection. The middle rod is a close-up of the handle of the rod on page 17. This is a 10 foot, four-piece pack rod; note, on page 17, the many extra sections provided with this rod. The rod on the right is an 8 foot, 4 inch, three piece bass rod, donated by R. C. Nickerson. The reel shown on page 17 is a Kosmic multiplier, No. 936, donated by Ross McKay.



Kosmic Rods:

(continued from page 15)

to U. S. Net & Twine, but not before Kosmic rods had received great acclaim, including a Gold Medal at the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

Payne and Thomas continued with Kosmic for several more years, Payne staying until about 1898 when he bought the Kosmic milling equipment and moved it to Highland Mills to found the E. F. Payne Company. Thomas lasted slightly less time. Apparently one factor in their restlessness involved having to commute from Highland Mills to Brooklyn, where the U. S. Net & Twine factory was. The change of ownership did *not*, however, cause any noticeable change in the quality of the rods.

The pack rod pictured on page 17 is from the post-Edwards period of the Kosmic story. It uses the Edwards ferrule, and also retains the loose "ring-and-keeper" guides that were by then going out of fashion. The other rod pictured on page 16 is evidently from the last days of rod production by the U. S. Net & Twine Company. We cannot absolutely determine if it was built by the famous partnership. It bears the number "404" and the name "The Isaack Walton."

We also know, as if there is not confusion enough, that in

1896 Kosmic rods were advertised by the Wilkinson Company of Chicago. According to Sparse Grey Hackle, the Kosmic Company in 1895 was housed in the Self-Winding Clock Company plant, owned by the Pratt family of Standard Oil. A Pratt apparently provided some of the financial backing for the company at this time. As of about 1896, according to Sparse (in *Great Fishing Tackle Catalogs of the Golden Age*), Payne and Frank Oram, who had also worked for Leonard, were the guiding forces in the Kosmic Company, and they both left for Highland Mills in about 1898.

Kosmic also produced reels (as the one pictured) and lines. According to Ken Cameron there was a time when some Spalding lines carried the U. S. Net & Twine trademark, so again there is confusion and room to learn.

It would take a careful search of many city directories and local advertisements to untangle some of this story. Some of it also might be clarified by additional catalogs that we do not yet have in our files. It is hoped that among the readers of this magazine there are people with more information. We hope to hear from you, so that more can be learned about the mysterious masterpieces of the Kosmic Rod Company.

The Dust of History

(continued from inside front cover)

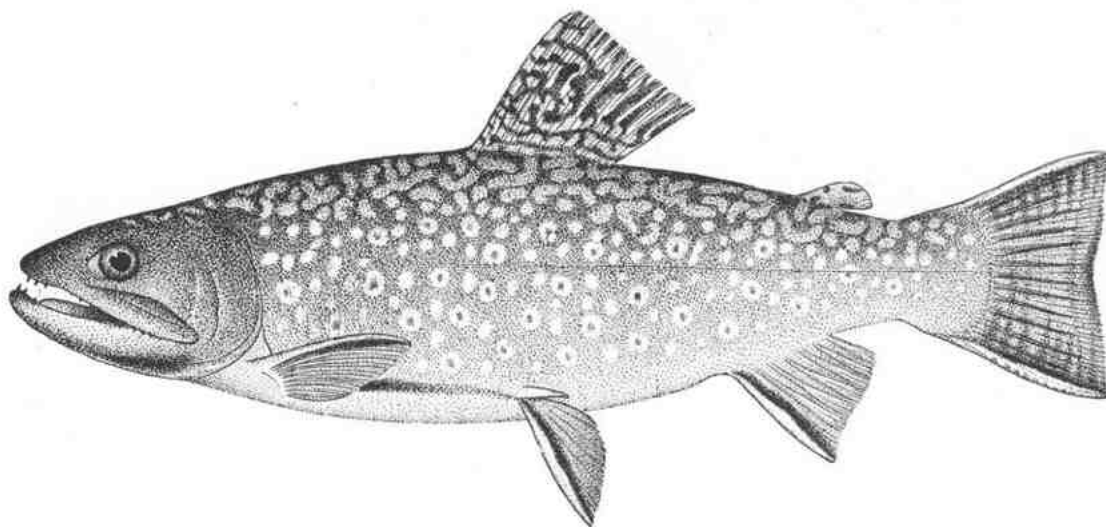
Tennessee and as far north as Maine are recognizing equally grave situations. Dire predictions are everywhere.

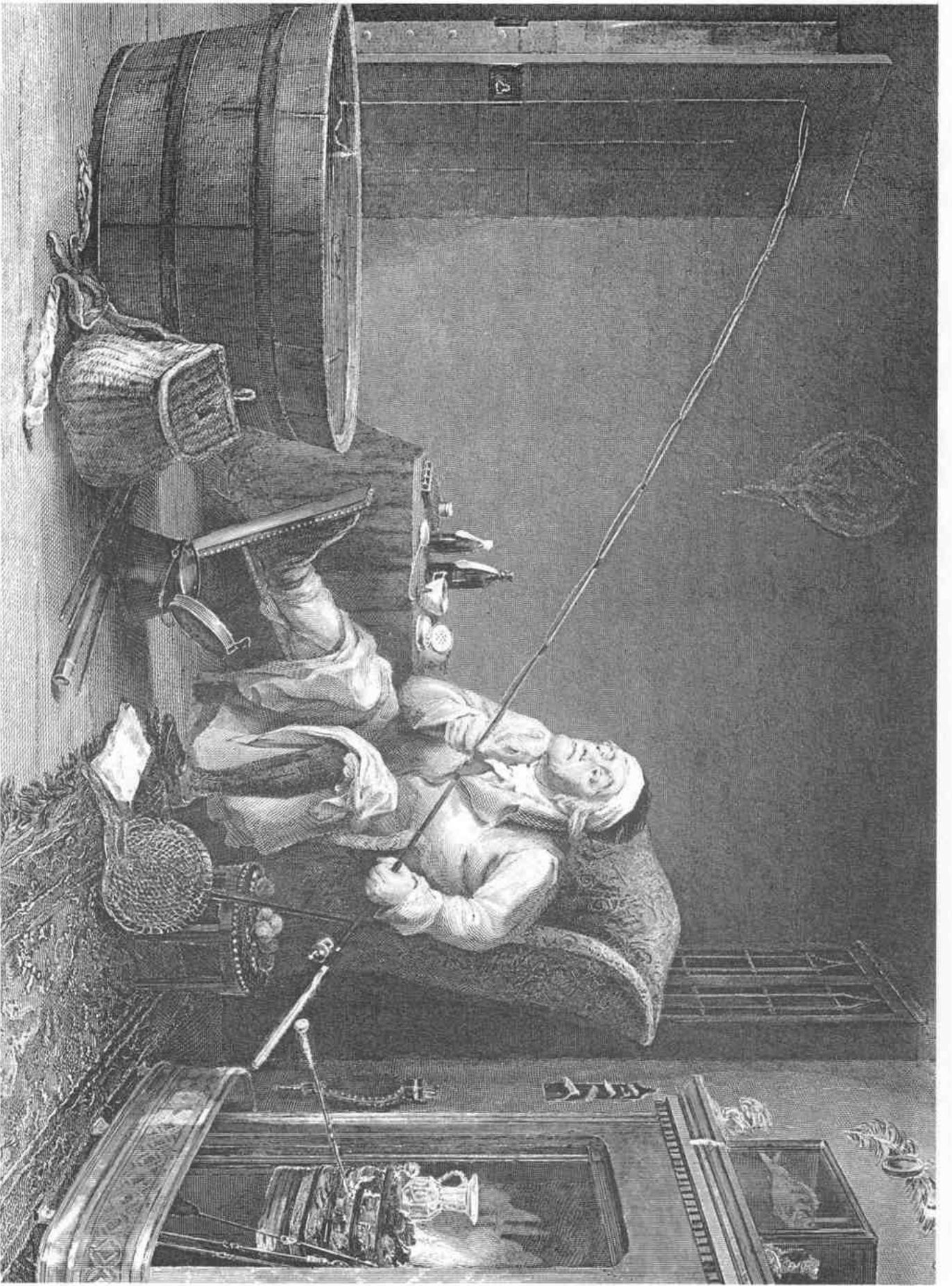
The dust that settles on the rods, reels, and other objects here at the Museum can be removed, and does no real harm. This tackle has retired, its work finished. It was used in simpler times, times the Museum is pledged to commemorate. Our commemoration of those times should also be a pledge to preserve the best of what they had to offer. As a historical and educational institution we must show a commitment to the future. In the rooms of The Museum of American Fly Fishing are found conservation exhibits, and stacks of pamphlets from several fishing/conservation organizations. In this magazine are frequent references to conservation history. It is no coincidence that many of the Museum's trustees and

leaders are also influential conservationists, for the preservation of our history and our traditions is just part of the greater goal; preservation of a sport — and a way of life — that is built on a fabulous past.

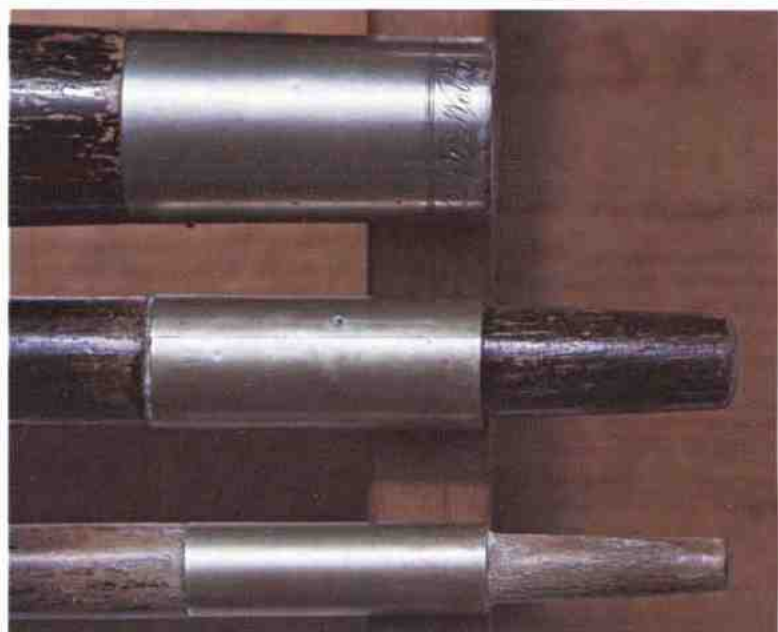
In some small but important way the Museum has a role to play in achieving that goal. We can serve as a living reminder of both the good and the bad of our past.

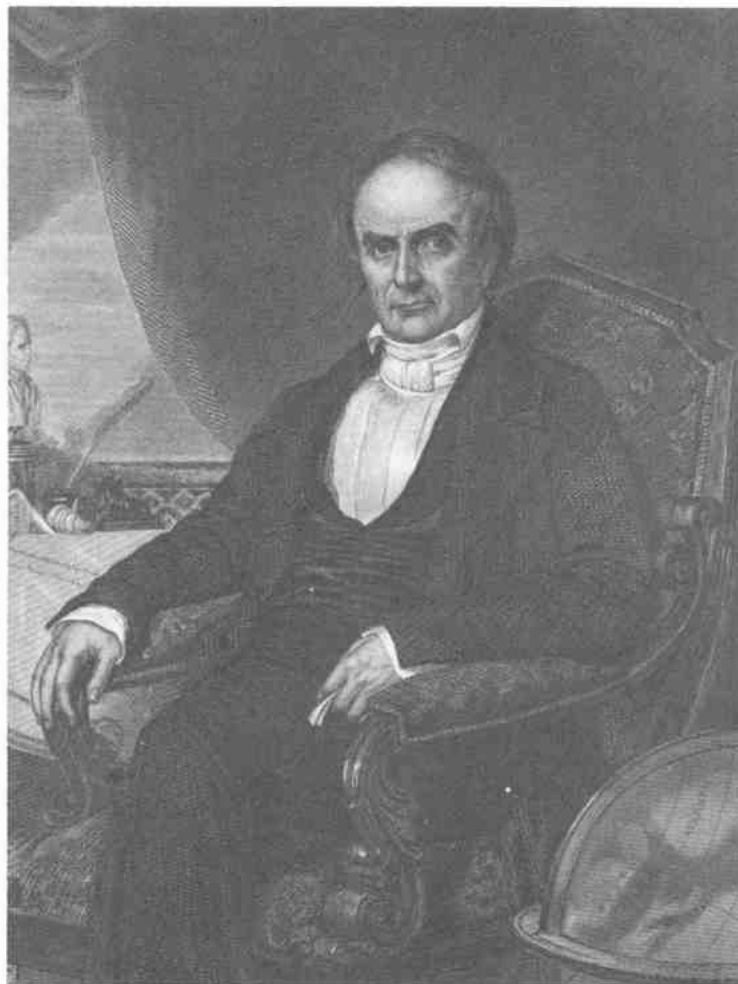
Brendan Gill of the *New Yorker* once described a curious antique of considerable age as safe because no one paid any attention to it. He said it was "secure in the immortality of neglect." Very few things can find security that way any more, least of all the priceless natural and historical heritage of American angling. The dust of history no longer settles as lightly, or as simply, as it once did.





The Enthusiast





An Extraordinary Acquisition The Daniel Webster Rod

In Volume 6, Number 2, of *The American Fly Fisher*, we published Charles Lanman's essay on Daniel Webster as an Angler, that essay being the most thorough treatment of the subject. It is plain, however, that much more research could be done about the fishing pursuits of this leading 19th century statesman.

Webster was born in 1782, in a very restless political era. He fished from youth, though of his first fly fishing we are ignorant. We know he was interested in the natural history of streams, and, as Lanman demonstrated, he was a lifelong devotee of sportfishing. In 1801, while at law school, he wrote that "I have dismissed from the office of this life a few Federal partridges, pigeons, and squirrels, and have drawn from the abundance of Merrimac a few anti-Federal fishes — no loaves — such as sword-back, perch, and flat-headed demi-semi-crochet quavers, *alias* scaly flat-sides." His correspondence, throughout his life, contains references to fishing. There is need for some enterprising scholar to undertake a careful search of this correspondence, as well as other original source material.

The rod we have recently received is probably an acquisition of his later years. It was made by the New York tackle firm of B. D. Welch, a company we know was in existence as early as 1851. Since Webster died in 1852, and since in the last decade of his life he more than once received fine-quality tackle of New York make, we suspect this rod was probably from the period 1840 — 1852.

The rod has the heavy pool-cue appearance of pre-civil war tackle, and was probably a 4-piece 12 ft. rod (the tip has not survived). The fittings, which were polished and restored some years ago by the Smithsonian Institution, show both fine craftsmanship and the slight irregularity of form that characterize this earliest and least-understood era of American tackle manufacturing. Only the second section has guides, though the butt section does show markings toward its ferrule end, where there may at one time have been mounted a similar guide.

We have estimated the stand on which the rod currently rests to have been produced many years after Mr. Webster's death, probably in the period 1910-1925. There are no legible

markings on the leather case, and other markings are clear in the photographs on page 20.

It is not uninteresting how the rod came into our possession. Slightly more than two years ago, Mr. Henry Dunbar of Warrenton, Virginia, alerted the Museum at the urging of then-Trustee Benjamin Fuller, that a fishing rod once belonging to Daniel Webster was owned by a Mrs. James Mitchell of Warrenton. In the ensuing two years, a lengthy correspondence developed, in which Mrs. Mitchell expressed interest in the Museum and gave us additional information on the rod. We were sad to learn, early this year, that Mrs. Mitchell had died, but her son, Samuel Mitchell of Washington, D. C., was equally interested in seeing to it that the Museum received it. From that point arrangements proceeded smoothly, and an agreement was reached whereby we purchased the rod from Mr. Mitchell.

Under the circumstances it does not seem at all inappropriate to explain that we paid \$2,000 for this rod, a price well in line with current markets in such rarities. Indeed, Mr. Mitchell received higher offers from private collectors,* but his interest in the Museum, and in having the rod exhibited professionally, prompted him to accept our best offer. We were, in fact, delighted with all aspects of our dealings with Mr. Mitchell. The transaction was completed in August, when Museum Trustee Ben Schley picked up the rod from Mr. Mitchell and personally transported it to Manchester for us.

We could not ask for a happier circumstance in this rod's "pedigree," either. Quite often items of this age are difficult to identify absolutely; their authenticity is easily challenged. This rod, however, has changed hands very few times, and has never really left the family. As Mr. Mitchell explained to us,

"Julia Webster, Daniel Webster's daughter, married my grandfather's grandfather, Samuel Appleton of Ipswich, Massachusetts. My grandfather, Samuel Appleton, left the fishing rod to my mother Sally Appleton Mitchell, who in turn left it to me."

High quality fishing rods from before 1850 are extremely hard to come by. Thus, this rod has considerable historic value notwithstanding its ownership; we have only two other rods we can positively date to before 1855, though we have a number of others that are probably their contemporaries.

But it is ownership that makes this such a priceless find. Webster's role as a political force, as well as his fame as an orator, are unique. Very few Presidents had as much influence on pre-war American politics as he did. In the way we revere any historic object, we often wonder, "just think . . . this might be the very rod with which he caught the giant trout from the Carmans River on Long Island in the 1820's" (though accounts differ enough that we still are not certain it was Webster at all). At least we have a tangible link with our dimmest angling past; for certain the hands that cast this rod shook the hands of the likes of James Madison, and maybe even of Jefferson and Washington. With the acquisition of the Webster rod we have obtained the physical embodiment of early American angling, and we approach, perhaps as closely as we can hope to, a spiritual kinship with our angling origins.

We must also thank Trustee Alvan Macauley for making this purchase possible. Our operating budget does not permit such things, and Al has generously provided us with adequate revenue by donating two collector-quality firearms which we will sell.

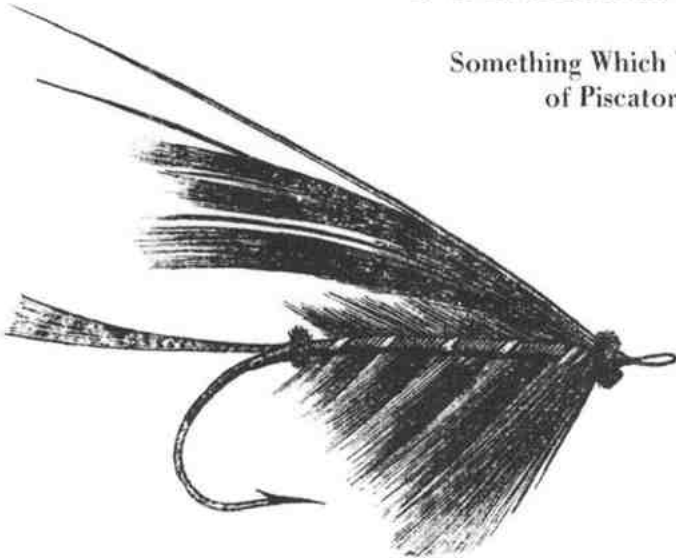
It will be noted in the exhibit of the rod that it appears as a memorial to Sally Appleton Mitchell.



This Currier and Ives print is said to show Daniel Webster landing his famous brook trout, but the fish in the picture is much too small to be the record size mentioned in the story. Do any of our readers know more about the print?

A Moral Invention

Something Which Will Check the Flood
of Piscatorial Falsehood



We happened upon this little editorial while searching some early scrapbooks in our files. From the mention of President Arthur, we would place it in the early 1880's (the clipping was trimmed so that neither date nor author remained). The mention of a President reminds us of the famous story about Grover Cleveland, in which he reported that a doctor acquaintance once weighed a baby on the same scales he used for salmon fishing; according to the Doctor's scales, the newborn infant weighed sixteen pounds, proof that even "reliable" means of measurement are subject to fallibility.

AN earnest friend of morality has just invented a self-registering fish-hook, which he is now endeavoring to bring to the attention of the clergy. The end of the fish-hook to which the line is usually attached slides over a long and flexible metallic shank provided with an ingenious index, or, rather, a series of indices. When a fish is caught and lifted from the water by means of the hook and line alone, the weight of the fish causes the hook to slide a certain distance upon the flexible shank, which distance is automatically marked by an index. Thus the weight of every fish is accurately measured, and as the indices cannot be tampered with unless the hook is removed, and as the hook cannot be replaced unless all the indices are first moved back to the place occupied by them before any fish was caught, it is practically impossible for the fisherman to register more fish than he actually catches.

An invention which compels fishermen to tell the truth as to the number and weight of fish caught by them would be of inestimable value to the morals of a community. There is no doubt that the inventor of the self-registering fish-hook has no object in view except that of checking the flood of piscatorial falsehood which spreads over our land every summer, and the suggestion that he is a designing politician who hopes to injure President Arthur's boom, by lessening the weight and number of the fish caught by the president on his spring fishing tour is unworthy of credit. Whether the clergy will aid in this effort to promote piscatorial truth remains to be seen, but it is very certain that the sporting ministers who never go fishing without catching at least one ten-pound trout will denounce the invention as being wholly without scriptural warrant.

While the self-registering fish-hook will undoubtedly accomplish much good, it cannot be denied that it is not all that could be desired. The fisherman, it is true, cannot lie about the weight of the fish brought home by him without detection, but what certainty can be felt that the fish have been caught by the fisherman himself? The owner of a self-registering fish-hook can buy forty pounds of trout from a small boy; he can attach them one by one to the hook, and on his return can exhibit the fish and his self-registering hook and calmly claim that he caught the trout "up back of Squire Hickox's woods." Or a fisherman, having fairly caught forty pounds of cat-fish, may throw them away and substitute for them forty pounds of trout bought at the market. Wicked men can thus beat the self-registering fish-hook as thoroughly as wicked car conductors beat the bell-punch, and the only real service which it can render to morality will be to render it impossible for the fisherman to claim credit for the "fifteen-pound trout which he hooked, but which got away from him."

The truth is that fishing and morality can be reconciled only by the sternest laws. All fishermen should be compelled to have their fish weighed by a public officer, and any fisherman claiming to have caught a fish as to the weight of which he cannot show a certificate signed by the public weigher should be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and punished therefor. In this way it will be possible to keep fishermen within the limits of truth, but no self-registering fish-hook or other ingenious device can be expected to change the hearts of habitual and hardened fishermen.



Herbert Hoover's famous essay on the state of fishing in his day was first presented as a speech to the Izaak Walton League, in Chicago on April 9, 1927. It was first printed in 1928 by the government under the title of "The American's Right to Fish," The limited edition that is now prized by collectors was published in 1930 by the Huntington Press. According to a letter in the Museum files, written by Hoover's secretary, the text of the speech was automatically and immediately public domain, and Hoover received no personal benefits from the publication.

The essay is of special interest to us for the changes in philosophy it illustrates. In Hoover's time, it was still an almost universally accepted belief that more fishermen could be properly accommodated simply by providing them with more fish. His description of the remedy is an example of what was considered the most enlightened outlook in his time. And, of course, the whole thing is interesting because Hoover was an enjoyable and amusing story teller.

We picture above some of the Herbert Hoover memorabilia currently on exhibit at the Museum. Included are a Hardy fly rod and reel, a number of flies, and copies of both "A Remedy" and another Hoover book, "Fishing for Fun and To Wash the Soul." The photograph included in this picture was taken of Hoover in Yellowstone Park, a favorite fishing spot of his. The uniformed man is Horace Albright, Superintendent of Yellowstone in the 1920's.

A Remedy for Disappearing Game Fishes

by Herbert Hoover



WISH to state a fact, to observe a condition, to relate an experiment, to lay before you a proposition, to offer a protest, and to give the reasons for all. I shall not discuss the commercial fisheries on this occasion because I wish to be cheerful and philosophical.

The fact I refer to is that our game fishing is decreasing steadily and rapidly. The condition is that the present method of rehabilitation through hatcheries and distribution of fry and fingerlings is a failure because of high infant mortality. The experiment in the case indicates that artificial hatching can be made successful if the fingerlings are carried through infancy to childhood. The proposition is to further extend these nurseries in cooperation with this association and all fish clubs. The protest is that even this is useless unless we can check pollution of our streams. The reason for it all is that fishing is good for the soul of man.

The Fact

Man and boy, the American is a fisherman. That comprehensive list of human rights, the Declaration of Independence, is firm that all men (and boys) are endowed with certain inalienable rights, including life, liberty, and the pursuit of fish. America is a well-watered country, and the inhabitants know all of the fishing holes.

The Americans also produce millions of automobiles. These coordinated forces of inalienable right, the automobile and the call of the fishing hole, propel the man and boy to a search of all the water within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles at week-ends alone. He extends it to a radius of five hundred miles on his summer holidays. These radii of operations of all these men and boys greatly overlap. All of which has over-worked the fishing holes, and the time between bites has become longer and longer, and the fish have become wiser and wiser.

Some millions of fishermen have invented thousands of new lures of seductive order and devised many new and fearful incantations, with a host of new kinds of clothes and labor-saving devices to carry them about.

We have indeed made stupendous progress in physical equipment to overcome the mysteries of fish. We have moved upward from the rude but social conditions of the willow pole with a butcher string line, fixed with hooks ten for a dime, whose compelling lure is one segment of an anglerworm and whose incantation is spitting on the bait. We have arrived at the high state of a tackle, assembled from the steel of Damascus, the bamboos of Siam, the silk of Japan, the lacquer of China, the tin of Bangkok, the nickel of Canada, the feathers of Brazil, and the silver of Colorado — all compounded by mass production at Chicago, Illinois, and Akron, Ohio. And for magic and incantations we have progressed to application of cosmetics to artificial flies and to wonders in special clothing with pigeon holes for varied lures and liniments and to calling bite a "strike." Nor do I need to repeat that fishing is not the rich man's sport, though his incantations are more expensive. I have said elsewhere that all men are equal before fishes. But I ask you if, in the face of all this overwhelming efficiency and progress, there is less time between bites?

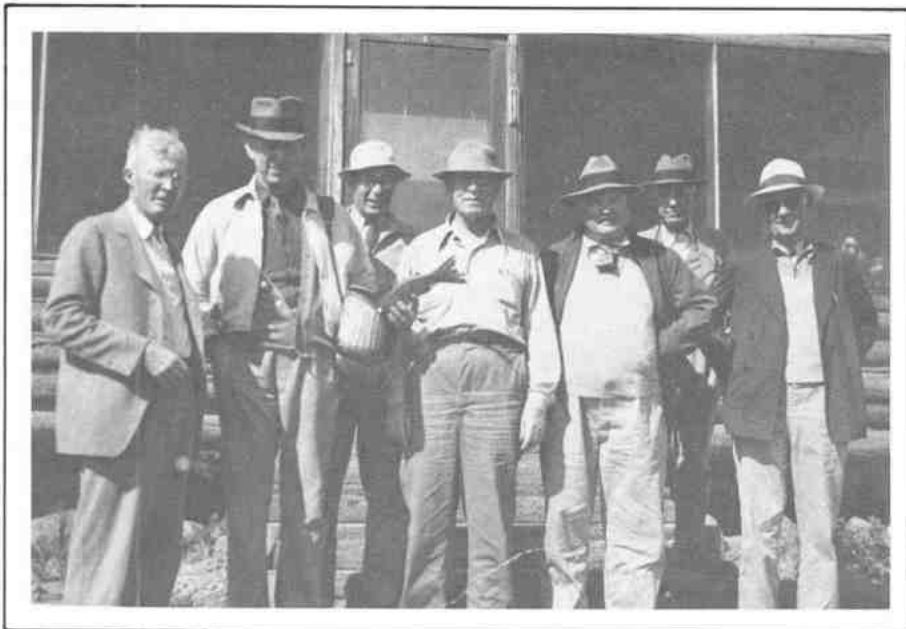
However, our fishermen can put in many joyous hours at home polishing up the rods, reels, and lures, and discussing new flies when the imponderable forces of spring begin to move their bones. They could not get such joy out of a collection of live anglerworms, and that is all a part of what we are trying to get at anyway — recreation and soul satisfaction. But I am off the track, because the Department of Commerce deals not in the beatitudes but in statistics. Moreover, we must also maintain the economic rather than the biologic method in discussion or some other department of the Government will accuse Commerce of invading their authority. Nevertheless I may say, as an aside, that the fishing beatitudes are much amplified since Izaak Walton, for he did not spend his major life answering a bell. He never got the jumps from traffic signals or the price of wheat. Its blessings include discipline in the equality of men, meekness and inspiration before the works of nature, charity and patience toward tackle makers and the fish, a mockery of profits and conceits, a quieting of hate and a hushing to ambition, a rejoicing and gladness that you do not have to decide a blanked thing until next week.

But to return to the economics of this sport. Having done everything to improve the tackle, lures, and incantations we must conclude that the distance between bites has been increased because of rising ratio of water to fish. In other words, there are less fish. And, to slip back to the beatific side of fishing a minute, I might mention that there will be no joy on long winter nights making reinventories of the tackle unless there be behind it the indelible recollection of having caught a few bigger ones last summer. But I will say more on the economic importance of the fishing beatitudes later on.

Based upon the number of fishing licenses issued in licensing States, the Bureau of Fisheries estimates that ten million people went game fishing in the year 1926. Any calculation of twenty years ago will show that not one million people went fishing during those years. But I have no sympathy with attempts at disarmament of the gigantic army which every year marches against the fish, nor any limitations on its equipment of automobiles, tackle, or incantations. I am for force, more force, and more fish.

Despite the statistical efficiency of our department I do not know how many each one of the army captured last year. Judging by my own experience it was not so good. I spend several days searching fishing holes at various points between Chesapeake Bay and the Pacific; I tried to find some spot where not more than six automobiles had already camped, or where the campers did not get up before daylight and thus get the two or three fish which were off guard at that time of day. The State of New Jersey secures an accounting from its licensees of the number of game fish they catch. It works out at about 4.5 fish per fisherman per annum. Fishermen are not liars, and therefore I conclude that even in that well-organized State it was heavy going.

Now, I want to propose to you an idea. I submit to you that each fisherman ought to catch at least fifty fish during the season. I would like more than that myself, but that ought to be demanded as a minimum under the "rights" as



About 1931 Hoover and a group of his cronies posed for this photograph after a day of fishing the Henry's Fork of the Snake River, near present Island Park Reservoir. Charles Brooks sent the Museum this picture some time ago, with the additional note that according to rumor the man with the creel caught the only fish.

implied in the Declaration, provided it included one big fish for purposes of indelible memory, conversation, and historic record.

And at once I come to a powerful statistic — that is, fifty fish times ten million men and boys — the purpose of which I will establish presently. This minimum ideal of a national catch of five hundred million game fish is of the most fundamental importance if we as a nation are to approach a beatific state for even two weeks in the year.

And as we are thinking nationally, five hundred million fish divided amongst one hundred twenty million people is not so much as you might think at first, for it is only about 4.1 fish per person, and it includes the little ones as well, and each of us eat one thousand ninety-five times a year, less whatever meals we miss while fishing.

At this point some one will deny that we have ever taken any five hundred million fish in a year. I agree with him that we have not attained any such ideal per fisherman in long years. If it had been true, the moral state of the Nation would have been better maintained during the last calendar year. There were lots of people who committed crimes during the year who would not have done so if they had been fishing, and I assure you that the increase in crime is due to a lack of those qualities of mind and character which impregnate the soul of every fisherman except those who get no bites. Unless we can promise at least fifty fish per annum, including that occasional big one for recounting and memory purposes, we may despair of keeping the population from further moral turpitude.

The Condition

Nearly fifty years ago the game fishermen in certain localities began to complain bitterly to their Congressmen about all this expanding distance between bites, which in economic terms is called the "lag." As an equal opportunity for fishing must be properly considered by any great government as a necessity to public tranquility, measures were at once taken. The great government said, "We will now apply artificial means to the natural birth and distribution of fish."

Thereafter the Federal Government built forty game-fish hatcheries. The State governments built one hundred ninety-one hatcheries for game fish, and private enterprise has constructed sixty more. In these mass-production works, the maternal carelessness of laying eggs out loose in water to be

eaten by cannibalistic relatives and friends was to be halted, and the eggs were thereafter carefully safeguarded in glass jars and troughs and temperatures. The baby fry and fingerlings thus born in security and reared in comfort to half an inch long or so were then placed in private railway cars and distributed back to the streams, being thereupon started on their happy way to be eaten by the same relatives and friends as fresh meat instead of fresh eggs.

We have steadily increased in zeal in all these endeavors to beat the "lag" between bites until, during the last few years, these two hundred and ninety-one hatcheries working on fifteen species of game fish turn out an average of one billion one hundred million infant game fish to be duly launched into life amongst the cannibals.

In addition to these paternalistic and maternal endeavors on the part of the Government, I am aware that mother nature has herself been busy also. Private enterprise in the shape of responsible mother fish is working upon the same problem; they are probably doing more than the paternal Government, for all I know. Private enterprise usually does. One thing we do know, and that is that it takes a host of fingerlings to provide for the survival of a fish of blessed memory. At a particular control over Alaskan salmon it is estimated that one billion six hundred sixty-eight million seven hundred fifty thousand eggs and fry were launched into life and three million seven hundred forty thousand adult fish came back — and it is thought all who escaped infant mortality did come back — so that the loss was 99.77 per cent. Or, in other words, it took four hundred and fifty fry to make a fish. And at this rate the annual one billion one hundred million fry and fingerlings from the whole battery of hatcheries would produce one-third of a fish per fisherman per annum.

I may say parenthetically that I introduce these statistics of birth registration and infant mortality among fish because it will relieve your minds of anxiety as to accuracy. But if anyone feels these figures may be wrong, he has my permission to divide or multiply them by any factor based upon his own experience, with the time element in bites, the size of fish, or the special incantations.

In any event, one billion one hundred million bureaucratic-mothered fry from all our combined Government hatcheries was only 2.2 fry for each fish in the modest minimum national ideal which I have insisted upon. And if

anybody thinks that it only takes 2.2 fry to make a fish he is mightily mistaken. I conclude statistically from my own experience of the time between bites that the Alaskan figure of mortality should be corrected from 99.77 to 99.99 per cent.

What I am coming to is that is the solemn fact that only some microscopic per cent of these fry or fingerlings, whether synthetic or natural, ever live to that state of grandeur which will serve as inspiration to polish the tackle or insure the approach to the battle in renewed hope with each oncoming season. And we lose ground every year, sector by sector, as the highways include more fishing holes in the route. We must either multiply the output of our hatcheries by some fearful number or find some other way out.

The Experiment

Some four years ago I expressed to Commissioner O'Malley, when inducting him into the headship of the Bureau of Fisheries, my complete skepticism over the effectiveness of our synthetic incubation and its statistical relations to the realistic life of a fish. My general thesis was that those infants did not have a dog's chance to gain that maturity which was required either by public policy or to produce the fishing beatitudes. He and his able assistant, Mr. Leach, thereupon started experiments to see if we could not apply mass production in nursing infant trout, bass, and other game fish to an age when they could survive traffic accidents or do battle with cannibals or enter the cannibal rank themselves — and, in any event, hope to survive. It was

my aspiration that if these adolescent youths could not win in open combat, at least some of them reared to three inches long might make a full meal for a cannibal, instead of his requiring two hundred fry fresh out of the eggs; and then we would save one hundred and ninety-nine or so. These experiments were seriously successful. And the same authorities, Messrs. O'Malley and Leach, are convinced that by this means we have improved the fighting chance of these children of fish up to about fifty-fifty go, and thereby our one billion one hundred million governmental fingerlings might serve as a base to produce the national ideal of five hundred million big fishes. I again refer you to my previous statement on the safety factor in the magic of statistics.

Nor was it so expensive. One hundred bass couples in specially prepared pools produced two hundred thousand offspring and raised them to three inches long for a total outlay of five hundred dollars — omitting rent and experts — or four fish for a cent. Likewise, trout were carried along in life under the shelter of hated bureaucracy until they could do battle.

After this preliminary experience I, two years ago, appealed to your chapters and to fish and game clubs throughout the country to cooperate with us in establishing more experimental nurseries — the Department of Commerce to furnish free fingerlings, free breeding stock, and free technical supervision. It was one of the conditions that all streams in each neighborhood should be stocked with the product so as to give the boy a chance also. Fifteen chapters of the League, sixteen clubs and private individuals, five States and municipalities have cooperated and established



nurseries in nine States. Pennsylvania leads with fourteen stations, Minnesota next with thirteen stations, every one of the latter being League chapters, whose officers should be taken to the heart of every man and boy who has hopes for the fishing beatitudes. The State of New Jersey, working independently from the same conclusions, has done wonders on her own.

Last year was our first year; four million six hundred sixty-seven thousand fish were raised up to battling age in these cooperative nurseries and delivered into the streams. The annual capacity of these nurseries, when going full blast, is probably near twenty million fish. I believe those who have overcome their initial troubles are enthusiastic of success.

The Proposition

Now, the purpose of this speech and these statistics is to demonstrate that we need more nurseries. We ought to have several hundred. They are inexpensive compared to the annual outlay on tackle and the automobile journey to fishing holes. When you get through at that fishing hole you will be glad to have paid for several hundred fish at the rate of four to a cent. And by stocking all streams in the neighborhood, they offer a large opportunity for establishing fealty from the small boy to the ideals of the sportsman. He may, for sound reasons of his own, continue to use his worn fly or even a worm, but be assured he will grow up to refined tackle all right later on.

Our Government, national and state, is today spending nearly two million dollars a year on game-fish hatcheries. We are convinced of their futility unless we can carry their work this one stage further. That stage should be accomplished through local effort and cooperation, and the Federal Government is prepared to furnish instruction, advice, breeding stock, and fingerlings free to any chapter or club which will undertake it. If every State in the Union would respond as Minnesota, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey have responded, the job is done.

The hatcheries are the necessary works for mass production of infant fish. That is a technical job requiring large expense, high skill, and training. Clubs can not well undertake to run them, and we have long since accepted that as a proper function of the Federal and State Governments.

But the nurseries require only a few thousand dollars for plant and but a few hundred dollars annually for operation. It is our view that the nurseries are the only agency that will make the hatcheries worth while. If our nurseries could turn out five hundred million three-inch fish, we could trust the natural mothers to supply the balance.

And I appeal to the fishermen of America to take up and further exhaust this great hope of permanent game fishing in our country. It is your problem, and the remedy for a departing sport is with you. Not by demanding that an already maternally and paternally responsible Government do everything on earth, but in the pride of sportsmen to do their own job. Unless something like this be done, our sons will not be catching the limit. It is the real hope of triumph over the discouragement between bites.

The Protest

And there is another phase of all this. Aside from the cannibalistic enemies of infant, adolescent, and adult fish, acting in lively alliance with the organized army of ten million fishermen, we have still another fish enemy to deal with. That is pollution. Herein is the poison cup which we give to eggs, fry, fingerlings, adolescents, and adult fish alike.

Now, if we want fish we have to reserve some place for them to live. They all occur in the water, but it happens that nature adapted them to clean water. I suppose that was because nature foresaw no fishing beatitudes along a sewer.

And this question of pollution has a multitude of complications and lack of understanding. There are as many opinions about pollution as there are minds concerning it. Those who oppose it are not under the spell of the fishing lure. Pollution exists in different waters in different degrees — from ships, factories, coal mines, chemical works in cities and towns — only to mention a few of them. Many of these things damage public health, destroy the outdoor appeal of the streams, and all of them damage the fish.

But after all we are an industrial people. We have to work at least eight hours a day and all but two or three weeks in the year, and we can not abolish our industries and still pay for fishing tackle. So I have long since come to the conclusion that what we really need in every State, through our State authorities, is that there should be a survey of all the streams and a division of them into three categories.

First, to determine the streams that have not yet been polluted, then give immediate protection to these streams, or parts of them, that they never shall be polluted; that no industry shall be allowed to settle upon them unless there is adequate guaranty that there will be no pollution. The second category includes the streams that are polluted to the finish. There are many of these that could never be recovered, as a matter of practical fact, without the displacement of hundreds of thousands of people from their homes through the crushing of their industries. The numbers who would benefit by clearing them would be infinitesimal compared to the suffering and loss implied in such an operation.

Then we should have a third category of streams — those that are perhaps partially polluted, where we could get correction by systematic and sound action and gradually restore them to the first category.

There are also problems of pollution of our coastal waters. I have discussed that before and will not enter upon it now. The same handling of our stream pollution is the first conservation measure in our country. For various reasons of States rights it is but little a Federal problem. But States rights are State responsibility and the mental complex of some States that their rights extend to passing the buck to the Federal Government needs psychopathic treatment by indignant chapters of the Izaak Walton League.

The Reason For It

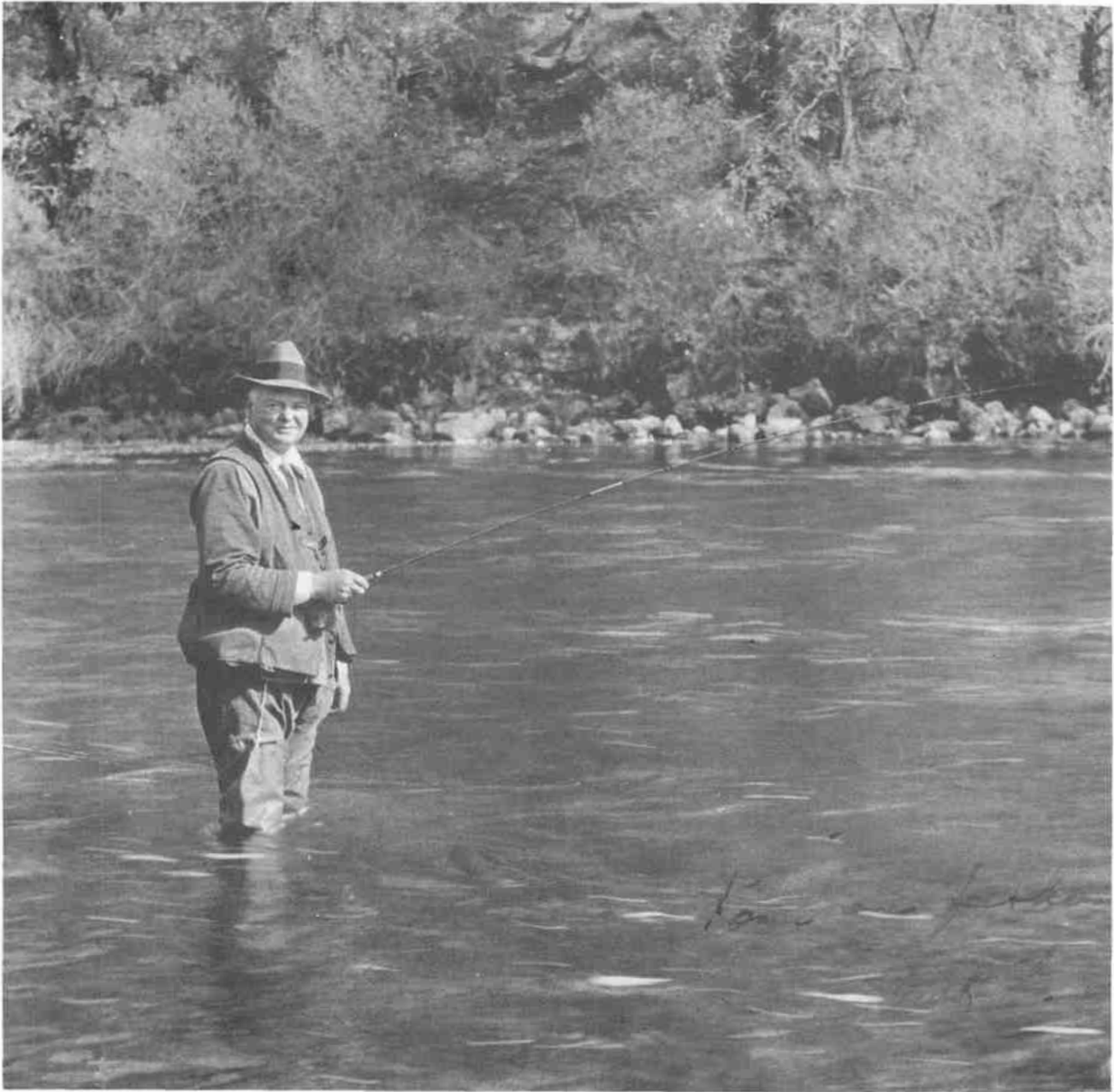
Now, the reasons for all this are some of them economic in their nature, some moral, and some spiritual. Our standards of material progress include the notion and the hope that we shall lessen the daily hours of labor on the farm, at the bench, and in the office — except for public servants. We also dream of longer annual holidays and more of them, as scientific routine and mass production do our production job faster and faster. And when they do the job at all they dull the souls of men unless their leisure hours become the period of life's objective — stimulation and fishing.

We are decreasing hours. These same infallible clocks of progress, the humble statistics, tell us that the gainfully employed have steadily decreased in hours of work during the whole of thirty years. The great majority of us (except public officials) really work no more than eight hours a day except during the stress of planting or harvest or elections. Anyway, if we sleep eight hours we have eight hours in which to ruminate and make merry or stir the cauldron of evil. This civilization is not going to depend upon what we do when we work so much as what we do in our time off. The moral and spiritual forces of our country do not lose ground in the hours we are busy on our jobs; their battle is the leisure time. We are organizing the production of leisure. We need better organization of its consumption. We devote vast departments of government, the great agencies of commerce and industry, science and invention to decreasing the hours

of work, but we devote comparatively little to improving the hours of recreation. We associate joy with leisure. We have great machinery of joy, some of it destructive, some of it synthetic, some of it mass production. We go to chain theatres and movies; we watch somebody else knock a ball over the fence or kick it over the goal post. I do that and I believe in it. I do, however, insist that no other organized joy has values comparable to the outdoor experience. We gain less from the other forms in moral stature, in renewed purpose in life, in kindness, and in all the fishing beatitudes. We gain none of the constructive, rejuvenating joy that comes from return to the solemnity, the calm and inspiration

of primitive nature. The joyous rush of the brook, the contemplation of the eternal flow of the stream, the stretch of forest and mountain all reduce our egotism, soothe our troubles, and shame our wickedness. And in it we make a physical effort that no sitting on cushions, benches, or side lines provides. To induce people to take its joy they need some stimulant from the hunt, the fish, or the climb. I am for fish. Fishing is not so much getting fish as it is a state of mind and a lure to the human soul into refreshment.

But it is too long between bites; we must have more fish in proportion to the water.



Museum Trustee Roy Chapin sent us this photograph of Herbert Hoover. Roy explained that Hoover gave him the photograph when Roy's father was Secretary of Commerce in the Hoover Cabinet in the 1930's. The inscription, which has faded almost to invisibility, read "From one fisherman to another with the sincere regards of Herbert Hoover."

Library Acquisitions

The following list of recent additions to the Museum library might serve to give readers some idea of the breadth of our needs. Under the general heading of "Library" we include a great many kinds of records. In some ways, books are far from being the most important. As has so often been pointed out, the real details of American Angling History are found in periodicals and early catalogs. Our library includes a sizeable file of assorted ephemera, including book manuscripts (donated by the authors), fishing journals, newspaper clippings, and miscellaneous publications, such as state fishing regulations, local fishing pamphlets, and even old fishing licenses. All of these things are legitimately part of the documentation of American Angling, and we welcome them.



Books

The Adirondack Museum	<i>The American Journals of Lt. John Enys</i> , by John Enys.
Richard Beagle	<i>The Toys of a Lifetime</i> by Arnold Gingrich.
A. & C. Black	<i>Fly Reels of the House of Hardy</i> , by Glenn Stockwell.
Enos Bradner	<i>Northwest Angling</i> (2 copies), by Enos Bradner; <i>Trout Streams</i> , by Paul Needham.
Kay Brodney	<i>I Was a Guide for Three U. S. Presidents</i> , by Steve Weyandt; <i>Tommy Brayshaw, Ardent Angler-Artist</i> , by Stanley Read.
Champoeg Press	<i>Angler's Workshop</i> , by Letcher Lambuth; <i>Lee Richardson's B. C.</i> , by Lee Richardson.
Simon Dreilinger	<i>Those Were the Days</i> , by Edward Hewitt; <i>Hewitt's Handbook of Fly Fishing</i> , by Edward Hewitt.
Fly Fisherman Magazine	<i>Fishing with the Fly Rod</i> , ed. by Don Zahner.
Vernon Gallup	<i>Remembrances of Rivers Past.</i> , by Ernest Schwiebert (ltd. ed.)

C. R. Gutermuth

Ruth Hathaway	<i>Fishless Days, Angling Nights</i> , by Sparse Gray Hackle; <i>Tackle Tinkering</i> , by H. G. Tapply; <i>Striped Bass</i> , by O. H. P. Rodman; <i>Handbook of Saltwater Fishing</i> , by O. H. P. Rodman; <i>The Great Outdoors</i> , ed. by Dufresne and Godfrey; <i>Leaping Silver</i> , by Lee Wulff; <i>The Moise Salmon Club</i> , by Edward Weeks; <i>The Compleat Angler</i> , by Izaak Walton (1833); <i>Sport Fishing U. S. A.</i> , ed. by Walker; Many of these are inscribed to Mr. Gutermuth by the authors.
William Heinemann, Ltd.	<i>Amateur Rodmaking</i> , by Perry Frazer (1914); <i>Trout Culture</i> , by Capel (1877).
Honey Dun Press	<i>Fly Fishing in New Zealand</i> , by George Ferris.
Fred Houwink	<i>Scotcher Notes</i> , by Jack Heddon.
International Game Fish Association	<i>Complete Manual for Young Sportsmen</i> , by Frank Forester.
	<i>World Record Game Fishes</i> , 1979.

Alvan Macauley	<i>Fly Fishing the Manistee River</i> , by Bob Church; <i>History of the Black River Ranch</i> , by Emmons; <i>Our Camping Trips</i> , 1st. ed., by Alvan Macauley.	Sandy Untermeyer	<i>Hemingway in Michigan</i> , by Constance Cappel.
Hazen Miller	<i>The Old Au Sable</i> , by Hazen Miller.	Donald Walker	<i>The Toys of a Lifetime</i> , by Arnold Gingrich.
Mustad	<i>A History of the Fish Hook</i> , by Hans Hurum.	Ralph Wahl	<i>The Log of the North Shore Club</i> , by Kirkland Alexander.
Frank Nombalais	<i>Fishing Flies and Fly Tying</i> , by Bill Blades (Custom bound, inscribed).	Other Library Materials	
Orvis	<i>Great Sporting Posters of the Golden Age</i> , by Sid Latham; <i>Stream Conservation Handbook</i> , ed. by J. Michael Migel; <i>The Fly-Tyer's Almanac</i> , ed. by Boyle and Whitlock; <i>Fly-Tying Materials</i> , by Eric Leiser; <i>Nymph Fishing for Larger Trout</i> , by Charles Brooks; <i>Tying and Fishing the Terrestrials</i> , by Gerald Almy; <i>The Caddis and the Angler</i> , by Solomon and Leiser; <i>Fly-Fishing Heresies</i> , by Leonard Wright; <i>The Soft-Hackled Fly</i> , by Sylvester Nemes; <i>How to Dress Salmon Flies</i> , by Price-Tannatt; <i>Salmon Flies, Their Character, Style, and Dressing</i> , by Poul Jorgensen; <i>The Angler's Coast</i> , by Russell Chatham; <i>Professional Fly Tying and Spinning Lure Making Manual</i> , by George Herter.	Adirondack Museum	Assorted Tuttle's Devil Bug literature.
Stanley Read	<i>A Place Called Pennask</i> , by Stanley Read.	Bill Cass	Collection of modern tackle catalogs, from Hardy, Herter's, Hille, Reed, Thompson, Bean, Scientific Anglers, Abercrombie and Fitch.
Peter Sang	<i>Rural Sports</i> , Vol. I, Vol. II, parts 1 and 2, by William Daniel (1801).	Roy Chapin	<i>Field and Stream Magazine</i> , complete run 1950 - 1960, partial years 1961 - 1965, complete 1966.
Syracuse University Press	<i>Adirondack Fishing in the 1930's</i> , by Vincent Engels.	Clyde Harbin	<i>The James Heddon's Sons Catalogues</i> , collected reference guide with commentary by Clyde Harbin.
		David Ledlie	<i>Harper's Magazine</i> , Vol. XXXVII.
		Alvan Macauley	Subscription to <i>Michigan Natural Resources</i> magazine.
		John Phipps	3 <i>Hardy's Angler's Guides</i> , 1921, 1925, and 1931. Farlow (1935) and Albert Smith catalogs.
		Ben Schley	Ogden Smith's of London catalog, 1931 Abercrombie & Fitch catalog.
		Stanwood Schmidt	Collection of clippings from early 1950's concerning the career of Jim Pray.
		Sandy Untermeyer	Collection of modern catalogs, including Paul Young, Anglersmail, Mill Pond, Dick Surette, and Abercrombie & Fitch.



Museum News

Museum Exhibit at Federation of Fly Fishermen Conclave

The Museum sent a small portable exhibit to this year's Federation Conclave at Steamboat Springs, Colorado. The exhibit consisted of several panels of historic photographs of anglers from various parts of the country, dating from the 1880's to the present, and also included Early American salmon flies and trout flies, coho flies from the 1930's, and a collection of the various styles of guides that have been used on fly rods since the 1850's.

The exhibit was part of the general tackle show, and attendance was estimated at 850. Our thanks to John Harder and Don Owens for watching over this exhibit and seeing to it that it was well stocked with brochures and magazines.

Wild Trout Symposium

On September 24 and 25 the Museum's Director attended the second Wild Trout Symposium, sponsored by the Federation of Fly Fishermen, Trout Unlimited, and the Department of the Interior, and held at Mammoth Hot Springs, Wyoming. Wild Trout Symposium one was held five years ago, in 1974, at the same location. Mammoth Hot Springs is the site of the Headquarters of Yellowstone National Park, and Paul also attended the dedication of a new museum facility there which he helped to plan when he worked for the National Park Service.

A Profile of Museum Visitation and Membership

We recently reviewed both our membership list and our guest registers, in order to see who you are, and discovered some interesting things. As a membership organization we are truly a national institution, with the following states leading in members. Percentage of total membership is listed after each state: New York - 11.7%, California - 8.7%, Pennsylvania - 7.6%, Massachusetts - 5.7%, New Jersey - 5.2%, Michigan - 5.0%, Illinois - 4.9%, Washington - 4.2%, Ohio - 3.9%, and Connecticut - 3.6%. A total of 43 states and several foreign countries are represented.

Visitation is, of course, slanted heavily to the eastern states, since that is where the Museum is located. Again,

New York was the leader, both in summer (with 19.5% of the total) and in winter (with 34%). Other leading states were Connecticut, New Jersey, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Ohio, and, surprisingly far down the list, Vermont. California was the only western state to make the top ten in both winter and summer. Membership and visitation statistics were prepared by Dick Kress.

We had registered visitors from Germany, France, England, Sweden, Ireland, Austria, Japan, Peru, Samoa, Venezuela, Australia, New Zealand, and Singapore. Among the more unusual celebrities to sign the guest register was Izaak Walton. We hope he was pleased with what he saw.

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.

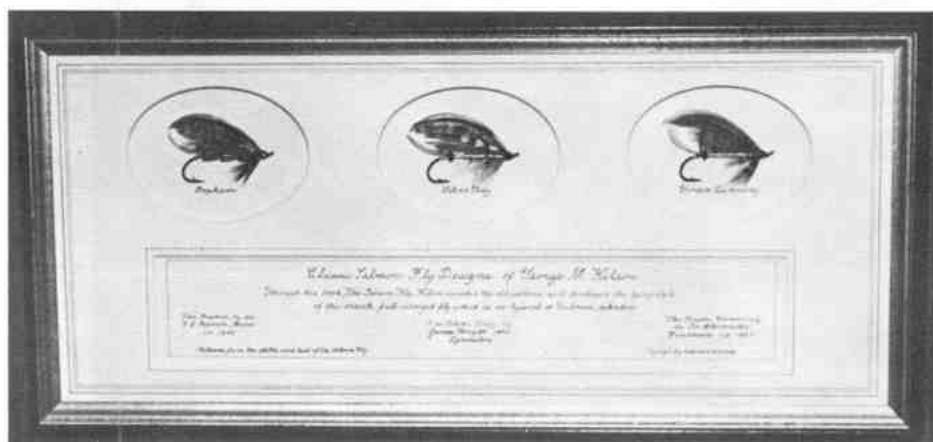
Professional care and exhibiting of the treasures of angling history is a costly project. The Museum, a member institution of the American Association for State and Local History and the New England Conference of the American Association of Museums, maintains itself and its collections through the generosity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



These three flies in an elegant shadow box were tied by expert fly-tier Ted Godfrey in accordance with patterns given in George Kelson's "The Salmon Fly" (1895). They are part of the Museum's "Flies and Fly-Tiers" exhibit.



On the Delights of Trout Fishing

It is common among sportsmen, to sneer at angling as a sort of dull and uninteresting amusement, much wanting in that high excitement, which they say accompanies so pre-eminently, the use of the gun. Now, sir, I have been a sportsman for fifteen years or more, have owned and still own some fine dogs, and as a shot, have not been wholly unsuccessful; but I must say, that in the best day's shooting I ever had, the pleasure has been much less than that derived from a fine trout excursion.

After a few years practice in shooting, and after a certain degree of skill is acquired, it becomes rather a mechanical action to bring the gun to its proper place when the bird is flushed, and the missed shots are generally the result of indolence or carelessness.

But in trout fishing, the excitement never ceases: the difference in the size of the fish — the constant hope of securing a very large one — the varying aspect of the brook — the judgment required in making your casts — and when at last you have succeeded in hooking a heavy fish, the breathless yet restrained impatience with which you play him, now gently pulling on him, again giving way to his impetuous plunges, yet never suffering the line to slacken, until at length he is exhausted, and exulting in your success, you carefully land, measure, and deposit him in your creel. The man who does not then feel excited, has no sporting blood in his veins.

American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine, 1832

