The American Fly Fisher

Volume 9 • Number 1 • WINTER 1982

The Center

As reported later in this issue, the building fund campaign for the International Fly Fishing Center in West Yellowstone is progressing quickly, as are the actual construction plans. Construction is scheduled for this spring and summer. As also reported, we need your help now more than ever. One of the dangers faced by a campaign such as this one is that many people, seeing it go well, will assume that they don't need to get involved. The fly fishing community is not so large that we can afford that kind of thinking—we can't assume that someone else will take care of things. It's up to us to get involved.

We know that only a small percentage of the fly fishers in this country are members of the Federation of Fly Fishers or the Museum, and so we are trying to alert non-members to this project in any way we can, through articles in various magazines, through direct mailings, and by word of mouth. It could be that many people who for one reason or another have never joined the F.F.F. or the Museum would be interested in joining now that the International Center is being established. Museum members can help build the Center simply by alerting friends to its existence. One of the benefits we expect from the high visibility of the International Fly Fishing Center is an increase in membership in both cooperating organizations. Such an increase could take place right now, with your help. If you have any friends who might like to know more about the Center, let us know.

The American Fly Fisher

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

Volume 9 Number 1

WINTER 1982

On the cover: a turn-of-the century angler, prepared for anything, with fly rod and bait box. photo from the collection of Charles Eichel.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

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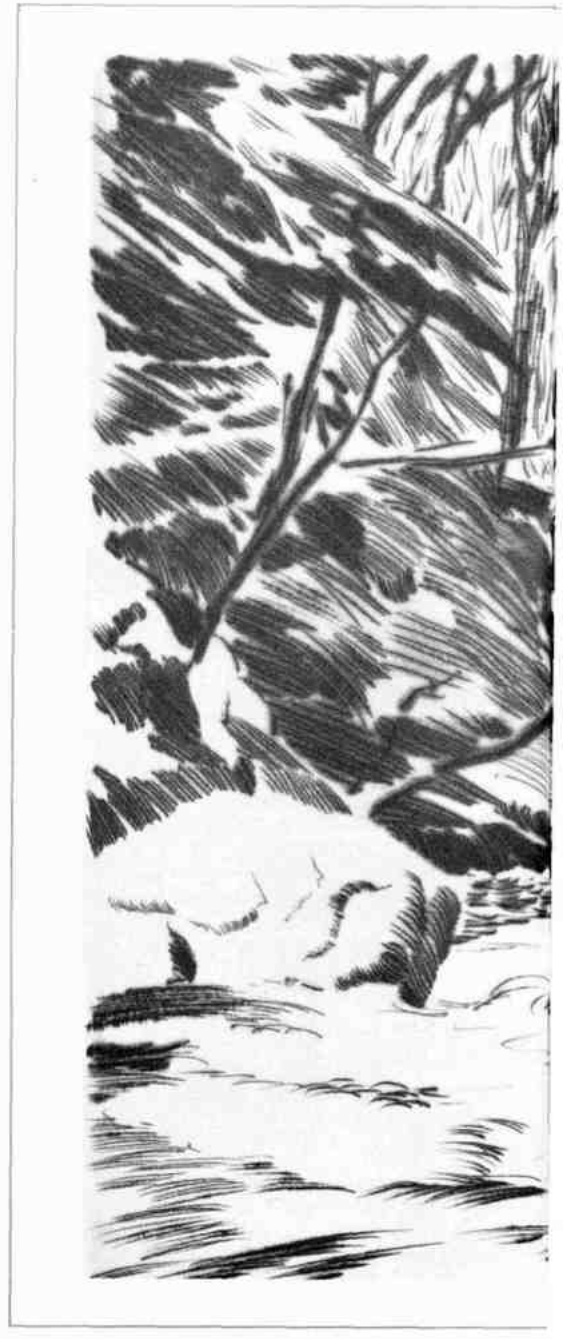


Great and Gentle Man Howard Walden 2nd

by Richard Salmon

Howard T. Walden 2nd was the author of several angling books, the best remembered being Upstream and Down *and* Big Stony. *His other books included a comprehensive guide to freshwater fishes and an anthology of angling stories. When he died last March, his friend Nick Lyons sent the manuscript of a last story, written only a few weeks earlier, to* Fly Fisherman *magazine. The story, "Young Blood and Old," was published in* Fly Fisherman's *Summer Issue; it was the portrayal of an aging angler giving up both his sport and the tackle with which he'd practiced it. Howard Walden was in his eighties when he wrote it, and was himself going through just that process of surrender.*

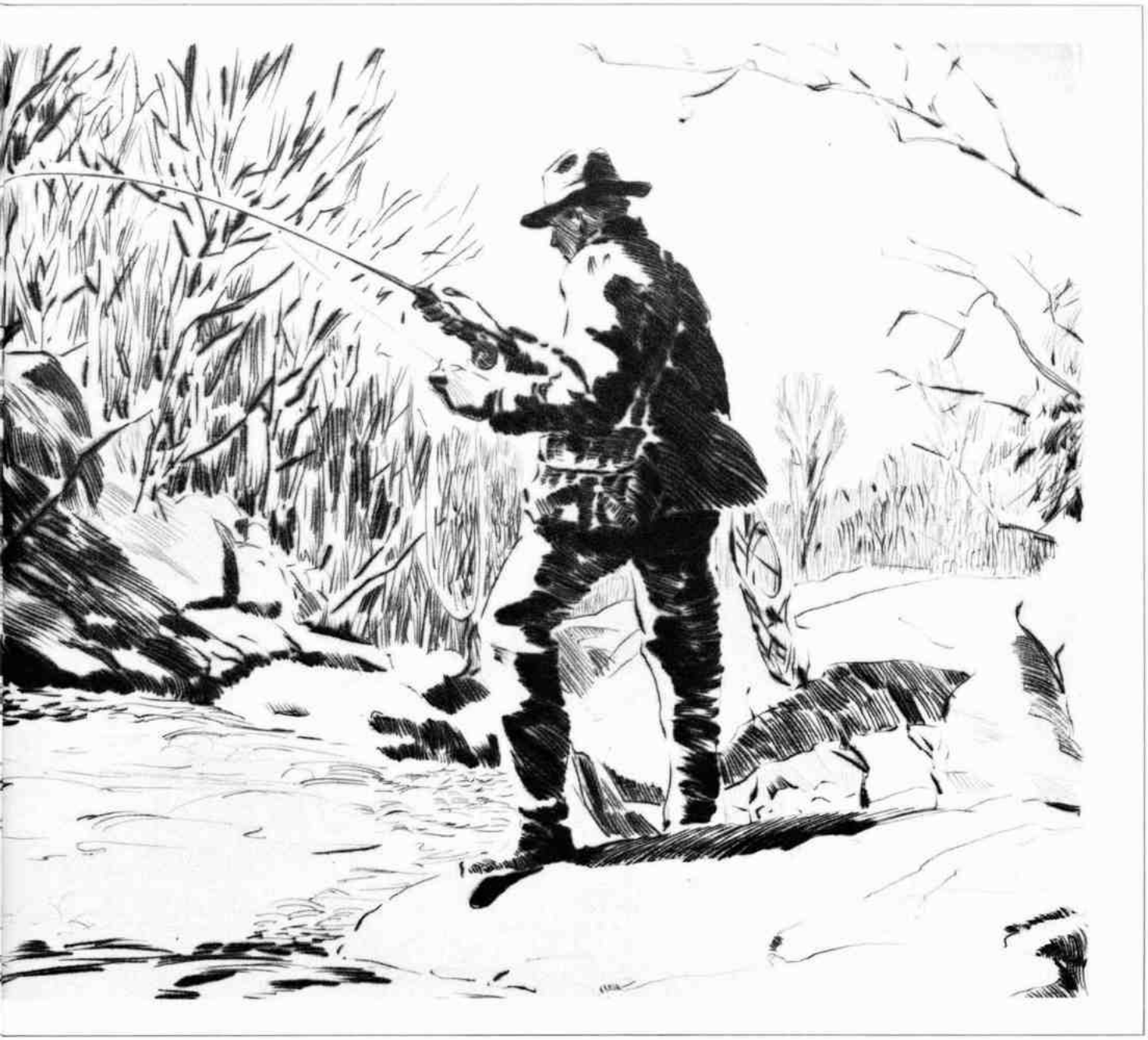
At the same time that he was shepherding Walden's final story into print, Nick persuaded Richard Salmon to write the following remembrance. Richard Salmon's own books include Fly Fishing for Trout *and the beautiful limited edition* Trout Flies,*—and he knew and fished with Howard for over half a century. Our thanks to Richard and Nick for their good efforts to honor the memory of a superb angling writer.*

During the Dawn of Civilization—about 1928—I first met and instantly fell in love with Howard Walden 2nd. He lived with his wife Jo and two children in Palisades, New York and I in Snedens Landing, just a half mile away. There also lived Churchill Ettinger, superb artist who was adept in every medium from etching, dry point, through oils and water color to fly fishing.

The three of us fished the local waters. Church and I tied the flies, wet and dry patterns now almost forgotten—Cow Dungs, Professors, Queens of the Waters, Grizzly Kings—and we all took brookies with them.

Howard had a tiny rod—a Winchester from William Mills, six and a half feet long weighing about two ounces—with a little reel that held level silk line. I had one just like it that cost forty dollars at Harry Stevenson's Sporting Goods store in Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Once in a while, when all of us could, we'd get into an old Ford and set off for



Churchill Ettinger, a friend of Howard Walden's and one of this country's leading sporting artists, produced this etching, "Opening Day," using Howard as a model. We print it with the permission of the artist.

the Beaverkill or the Little Beaverkill. We'd stop at the Covered Bridge, what is now "The Camp Site", and fish above it. There were big brown trout over against the precipitous bank. We could see them lazily chewing their cuds in the clear water. Church and I would try to reach them with a sixty-foot cast and never got within ten feet of them. Howard hit the spot with almost every cast—about six feet above the inattentive leviathans. His Fan-Wing Royal would uncurl on its 3-X leader and settle on the water "like thistledown", as the saying is. It would float with no drag, right over those fish, and once in a while one of them would take notes on a strange insect it had never seen before. The fish would rise slowly, look at the fly, nose it; but like all cunning fish and astute persons, it would keep its mouth shut.

Howard never did hook one of those big trout; Church and I couldn't, because we weren't able to reach them.

Oh yes, we'd all come home with trout, but not big ones.

One day Howard pointed out that about ten miles away, there was a fellow named Walter Taradash who had fished with Wally Ward, a fly tyer and an expert with the Bamboo wand. Wally was dead at that time—shot down in flames in World War I—but Walt had his rods, furs, hooks and feathers. Walt suggested we go over into Pennsylvania to the Brodheads. He made arrangements with huge Herman Bergdorf who had two log cabins on the famous creek; his also huge wife would cook for us. Howard, Walt, Church, and I set forth to cross the Delaware and win the battle of Brodheads.

When we arrived at the colossal German's house at supper time there was a veal-kidney stew, three vegetables, a great

Portrait of Howard Walden—"He stood about five feet seven and he was thin"—photograph courtesy of Elizabeth Walden Hyde.

pitcher of fresh-pulled milk, warm home-made bread, various jellies and jams and, after we had as much as could be galluped down, dessert came on—a sweet lemon custard.

Howard wasn't a big man. He stood about five feet seven and he was thin. The sinews of his arms stood out like banjo strings. His legs were scrawny but long and his stride could wear down an Olympic runner.

He seemed to be indefatigable and it was hard for big men to keep up with him on street or stream.

On a stream or a pond he could cast a fly and hit a dime in a gale of wind.

I have watched and have entered various tournament-casting events where enthusiasts spent their energies trying to drop a fly into a non-windswept dimension of a bushel basket at fifty, sixty, seventy, even up to ninety feet. Howard, with no ostentation nor triumphant goals, could outcast them with his little rod. He was so beautiful to watch, so natural in rhythms; his arms and his hands, married to the rod with never a divorce in mind. How that Little Winchester loved him!

Church Ettinger slammed the car door on my Winchester, busted the mid-section, and I gave the remains to Howard. They fitted his old rod perfectly, but I thought he should use a bigger stick to fish the big Beaverkill and the Willowemoc.

I went over to see Nat Uslan in Nanuet, about ten miles from Snedens Landing. The big guy had a rod-making shop there and made a five-sided job—any size or weight you wished. Nat got into the engineering dynamics of a five-sided rod, pointing out the ridigity of a triangle opposite a flat-side—a circle of bamboo, against that of flat sided 6-strands that were nimble but not stiff enough for accurate dry-fly casting. Nat's rods were light and stiff. He baked the sticks, coated with some kind of goozilum, and turned out a fine piece of fishing equipment.

I brought the sticks back to my workshop and wound them with red and black silk. Seven inches from the cork handles I set a 3-strand red band, and every inch above it a black three-strand winding, marking them in numerals up to 20 inches, and dotting the measurements with Valspan. The idea was to tell the fish-catcher how big his trout was.

I gave my finished Uslan to Howard on his birthday. The others went to Walt Taradash, Ken Boocock and one to me.

When once Howard came back from fishing to the clubhouse, he'd sit a while and gab to Sparse or to me or to anyone who happened to be on the porch. Sparse would say, "Try this Garrison out on the pond". "Harv", as we called him, would reluctantly take the fine bamboo and cast unbelievable parabolas of line.

Weiler would put a Leonard in his hands, and to watch Walden cast was the greatest show since "Gone with the Wind."

One weekend, four of us ventured into Vermont. It took most of the day to get to Arlington, where we signed up at the Inn. Norm Rockwell once lived in the underskirts of Arlington and the walls of the Inn were hung with a lot of his originals. Cal Coolidge stayed there after his father swore him in as President of the United States. So did a lot of news-folk, and Cal, so it is said, being an early riser, went the next morning to the newspaper dispenser to get the latest dope on what went on yesterday. He was followed by a *Times* man who couldn't sleep. They arrived before the newspapers were delivered, both teetertottering from one foot to the other without utterance. Cal broke the silence and suggested that maybe the newsman would like a drink. The reporter said, "Yes". Cal ordered two moxies and each paid for each.

The beds in the Arlington Inn were brass, and they squeaked. There were elephantine bathtubs in porcelain that seldom if ever held a drop of hot water; we bathed and shaved in these Baffin Bay conditions, had breakfast—buckwheat cakes and bacon—and started up the Battenkill.

About ten in the morning, someone said "John Atherton lives somewhere up here, and so does Rockwell; let's stop in."

So, we found Atherton's house and knocked on the door. His wife, Maxine, came to ask who we were and what we wanted. I said, "We are trout fishermen".

She said—"Anyone who's a trout fisherman may come in." We did, and spent the rest of the morning looking at salmon flies, paintings and the Audubon print of the Mallard over the fireplace while we talked and talked.

Atherton, of course, knew *Upstream and Down* and *Big Stony*, Howard's two Derrydale books. We chewed the fat about where to fish the Battenkill. "Fish the most difficult lies", said Atherton. "No one ever takes big fish in easy waters. Up below the bridge at Norm Rockwell's is a good place.

He won't mind; he doesn't fish. Cast over against the bank if you can reach it."

Howard said, "I never caught a decent fish under a bridge."

So, we left the Athertons. Howard reached the under-the-bank hot-spot and took a good brownie. The rest of us were skunked.

Howard was one of the most stubborn men I have known. There was always a chopped-off decision that was final.

"I won't go fishing with you, got to put up the screens." And this self-discipline occurred time and again. The rest of us would hire a fellow to put up the screens, even if it reduced the bank account to below freezing—and we'd go fishing.

Walden didn't fish much in Nova Scotia. "Got to fix the roof." "Got to caulk the rowboat." "Got to mow the lawn." "Got to rebuild the ricket that holds the oil tank." "Got to put wire mesh around the pea-patch." "Got to pump out the well." "Got to stack the winter wood."

When we were successful in luring him from his chores, he'd join us belly-laughing trout fishers. Howard seldom really laughed. He chuckled. The rhinoceros hide face on that physiognomy would open a trifle and a remark would come from him that reminded us of Yorik—"a fellow of infinite wit." During the explosion of his witticism, he'd never crack a wide smile. He had subtle humor that would set the rest of us in guffaws and, still, Walden would remain as complacent and, except for a chuckle, as silent as a crypt in the Valley of the Kings.

Try as we would, those of us who tied flies couldn't get him to make a decent one. Yet, in his basement workshop, he could put together a Dunk Phyfe cabinet with dove tails and mortises that would defy any accomplishments of a modern cabinet maker. He took his time. Everything had to be as perfect as his prose-poetry. There were no split infinitives in his joints, joists, jalousies, no dangling imperfections in his parquet floors. But Howard just wasn't up to tying and he knew it, so he would not allow himself to attempt—any more than he'd try to make a concert grand piano.

We'd take him up to Ray Bergman's on Cedar Avenue in Nyack and watch Ray batting out wets and drys. Howard respected Ray's accomplishments and I gather that the two of them fished together—same as Sparse—on the little Rockland Streams.

But, far as I recall, Walden just couldn't get his spatulate fingers to work silk, fur, feathers, tinsel, and Ray's Sinfata hooks from Reddich.

He was frustrated and perhaps embarrassed by this inability; when we struck out for parts of streams, he'd remember how long it took us to tie a Quill Gordon and where came the materials. He'd accept one or two, put them in his snap-cachet English fly box, and catch fish with them when we couldn't.

Howard was a stream-reader, like Schwiebert or Flick. One would go with him, stream-side and suddenly he'd stop.

"There's a fish behind that rock," he'd say, and sure enough there was. He'd work it out slowly and beach it, pat its belly, hold it upright, and put it back where it belonged.

Trout, put back like that, swim slowly away, turn on their sides and give a snide glance and even a fish-smile, as if to say "I fought you and I won, didn't I? See you next year at Junction Pool, and I'll be twenty inches long. Get out your 2-X leaders and, if you please, a Hendrickson by Roy Steenrod or a Montana by Elsie Darbee—they're scarce now for Elsie isn't with us any more."

Howard adored Bourbon whiskey, the kind we distilled in our kitchens in Snedens Landing. It came off at 168 proof and we aged it in small kegs in the rumble seats of Fords. Some of it. The rest we housed in a deep cellar. We built an adzed-out cradle with a rope to an oak tree and when the wind blew the cradle would rock.

I don't think I ever saw Howard drunk. He'd get a little tiddly occasionally when Walt and I would bring him some Jack Daniels to Nova Scotia.

"Smuggled?" he'd ask.

"Of course," we'd say, and he'd believe us and savor the tang of Honest-to-God Bourbon. The whiskey of Nova Scotia is a titration of alcohol, weak as a new gosling and not fit to drink. It costs a pretty penny, too.

Once Harv had sipped, he'd look at some vague object in the sky and recite, word-for-word, Paul Revere's Ride or sonnets from Shakespeare—14 lines, not 15—and he'd be letter-perfect.

I think Harv learned many things from his respected mother. She was no Whistler's Study in grey, a lady sitting with hands folded in her lap, in profile. She'd look you in the eye and her hands were so busy they looked fuzzy . . . and she spoke slowly, thoughtfully.

One day, I came home from Lee Wulff's camp on Portland Creek in Newfoundland carrying no salmon but a large reel with the gad-dangest bird's nest of braided backing you ever saw. It was like over-done, long spaghetti, well-stirred.

Top: Howard Walden fishing the Medway River, Nova Scotia. photograph courtesy of Elizabeth Walden Hyde. Middle: pitching camp in 1919. photograph courtesy of Mary Ellen Kidd. Bottom: at his writing desk. photograph courtesy of Elizabeth Walden Hyde.

I had worked on it for a long time and, finally, was about to give up and tackle the project with scissors, when Howard came in.

"See you have trouble," he said. "Come up to my house. My mother will unmesh that tangle in no time."

So, I did. I handed the reel and the ravel to the lady.

"Where is the end of this string? she asked.

"Don't know."

"Well, I shall find it," she said, and did, with a crochet hook.

First thing you know, little neat whorls of braided backing began falling on the floor. With utmost patience, Howard's mother got the bird's nest unswiveled and held each coil while I reeled in.

That's the kind of mother a fisherman should have.

Howard wrote slowly and often complained that he'd run out of sustenance for his novel. He'd been working on it for months, if not years.

"I've just run out of words", he said.

I came home and, on a Sunday, went through the *Times* with manicure scissors. I had a shoe box on my table and when I came upon a good word, I'd crop it out neatly and drop it in the box. Words like degamatord, fly-boat, furze, gallipot, clamant, eupepsia, percipience, endrogynous, doquet, caput, algalogy and so on. I had just finished a book on Trout Fishing and had a lot of words left over. Some editors deleted them, so I put these words in the box, too. Finally I filled the box. There must have been three, four thousand words. I gave it to Howard on his birthday with a card saying that with this contribution he could finish his work. He thanked me and went back to his "tripewriter" as he called it.

The novel is still unfinished, for he died before the box of words was half-emptied. When it is published, you might find "gallipot" in it somewhere, or even "eupepsia".

When he'd cast a line he wouldn't grunt like some tennis players. He'd throw a slow line about thirty feet and would probably mutter, "you pepsia, you old pepsia, you!"

I haven't the foggiest idea what a eupepsia is and I'm not about to look it up because I'm busy writing about Howard Walden.

The last time I saw Howard in his Jordan Bay house in Nova Scotia, quite a few years ago, it was springtime and he was in great trouble.

Seems that on a certain day, every spring, a consternation of Willets arrive, just as the swallows do in that town in California.

Willets, in case you don't know, are long-necked birds. They look like a Rail. If you want to know more about Willets, ask R. T. Peterson, but I can vouchsafe that Willets are noisy and they didn't arrive at Howard's house at a decent hour—say 9:30 A.M. No! They came at four in the morning when Howard was sleeping and dreaming of Scheherazade or the part in the twenty-third Psalm about still waters.

These Willets perched on Howard's barn roof top, various acoustical posts, chimneys, and outhouses and would start to discuss family affairs, have arguments and so on.

Willets don't go "peet-weet" or "chee-chee"—simple stuff like that.

One of them, just out of Quebec will yell to another just out of Ontario, "Why don't you shriek in French?" The other will reply in English, "Pipe down you S.O.B.," and the battle is drawn. This is at four o'clock in the morning, you recall, and Howard is awakened from his dreams of Miss Scheherazade. He's disturbed. He gets out of bed. He loads his twelve-gauge, double-barrelled; goes downstairs, opens the front door, points his gun at the great nebula, Andromeda, and lets fly. There is silence after the blast and Mr. Walden with gun, goes back to bed. He's just about asleep, catching up to the "Still Waters" at seven o'clock, when one willet bawls at another about states rights, labor unions, or his wife's lover, and all pandemonium breaks loose.

There's one way to cure the Willet problem, Howard has said. "They love sardines. You get a bunch of sardines in cans. Open them, pour out the oil, and substitute laudanum. The birds gobble up the stuff and soon maybe a dozen will be dozing on your lawn.

"The larynx, or voice box, of a Willet is located about halfway down its long neck. Place the bird on a chopping block and chop off the portion that makes the noise.

"Hand the rest of the bird to your wife with instructions to pluck it, roast it with the proper seasoning, and, surrounding it

with wild rice, serve it with a little currant jelly."

This is tough on Willets, which are getting scarce.

"What this country needs is an extinct Willet," said Howard.

Walden was about the last nymph fisherman, outside of Ray Bergman, with whom I fished. Howard stuck to Ray's methods: the cast, in still waters, was not a long one. The nymph and leader would sink immediately because Mr. Walden soaked them and tied them with an underbody of lead wire. If a fish didn't strike while the fly was sinking, Howard would wait until his line went slack. Then he'd wait for a minute or so and, with Bergman's hand twist retrieve, he'd pull the nymph slowly—oh so slowly—across the bottom, watching for the least indication of line stoppage or unnatural interruptions in line flow. At these almost imperceptible indications, Howard would lift his little rod and strike and, time and again, I've seen him reel in a fish when I was skunked. He had Job-patience, most of us had not; and that's the reason he could out-fish us. He also had fixed concentration. If an earthquake shook the earth, Howard wouldn't bat an eye. He'd just go on casting his lazy line and he'd always fish it out, bringing the nymph almost up to the toes of his waders before lifting out of the water.

No slap dash for him; nor for the trout. Putting trout down was "an abomination before the Lord" and he eschewed it. He liked a happy trout which had no fears of unsuspected predators such as Mr. Walden. Let the fish glory in their aqueous environment until, surprise, they gulped his nymph.

For some years, Howard had been convinced that Edward Hewitt's nymph was for him. The bug was black on top, cream underneath and had a few wisps of black hackle. Hewitt squeezed the body, perhaps with pliers, so that it was horizontally oval. Hewitt designed another nymph —perhaps many others—with different bicolored bodies, all of which were segmented with black silk, and all were hard and small. Some were dotted on the underbody with brush strokes of black.

Howard fell for these and I tied a lot for him. He had success, in a moderate way, on the Beaverkill, Willowemoc, and Sundown.

Then, I found that the late and lamented Elsie Darbee had perfected a Montana nymph with a scarlet tail. She gave me a couple and I tried to duplicate them. I tied a bunch for Howard. He quit the Hewitt nymph and doubled his catch with the Montana in Nova Scotia. It is a big fly, weighted and tied on an 8 or 10 hook, 2 x long, fine wire. Somehow, Elsie improved on the original Martinez. Elsie, it seems to me, could improve on most anything. She even improved on her own husband, Harry, who couldn't write. He was left-handed and had been scourged by schoolteachers to use his right hand in trying to do script. He failed, they failed, and so Elsie did all the writing in the little house down the road from Roscoe. Harry did tie flies, right-handed, on the vise attached to the roll-top desk in the living-working room downstairs. Lovely flies they were and are, but they were hard to come by. Harry was busy taking care of customers who came in to get a neck of blue dun or a jungle cock and he'd yell for Elsie. "Where's the Jungle Cock?" and Elsie'd run upstairs and find the stuff.

I don't know how many flies I tied for Howard Walden. Certainly not many patterns and few of each because he had faith in Art Flick's system of a sparse fly box. Matching the hatch was not Howard's cup of tea.

Bergman wrote in *Trout* that artificial flies do not necessarily take trout because they imitate a natural; "It merely means that we have created something they like because it excites their appetite, even though it doesn't exactly simulate nature." Walden fell for this theory, hook, line, and sinker. But he caught trout.

After his wife Jo died, Howard lived a lonely life in Nova Scotia. He thought it a good idea to leave his rather big house in Winter and to come back to Palisades where he'd be among friends and have a warm bed to sleep in and a sheaf of foolscap and his "tripe-writer" to peg out the rest of his novel.

That's the way it was until he tripped on the top of his sister's cellar stairs, fell and cracked a skull that held more fishing lore than could be packed into ten other would-be fisherman's sconces.

He never knew what struck him. He died that day and we, you and I, lost him. Oh, yes. But we did not lose his inspired scribblings.

Illustrations on pages six and seven are by Milton Weiler, and appeared in the original Derrydale edition of Upstream and Down, *by Howard Walden. reprinted courtesy of Mrs. Libby Weiler.*

The Angler's Polka

One of the odder angling rarities in American History is the sheet music for "The Angler's Polka," a finely printed number published in 1854. We print its cover sheet here. The composer was William Vincent Wallace. Wallace was born at Waterford, Ireland, on June 1, 1814, and he toured South America as a violin and pianoforte virtuoso in the late 1830s. From 1843 to 1851 he lived in New York City and began to publish music. He also wrote several operas. He died in France on October 12, 1865. According to the *National Cyclopedia*, his orchestration was "thin and imperfect" and "popular judgment places him second in ability among the three Irish composers" (but it doesn't tell us who the other two were).

Most significant is Wallace's dedication of this creation "to his friend Wm. T. Porter, Esq." Porter was the founder and editor of *The Spirit of the Times* (first published in 1831), our most influential early sporting periodical. He was by all accounts the leading force in American sporting journalism before the Civil War. Wallace probably met him during his years in New York.

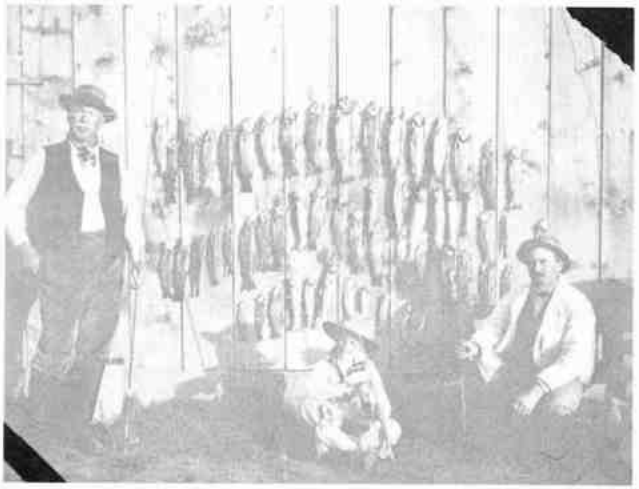
Here are the lyrics:

Anglers rowing gently to the fishing grounds.
some cast the fly
others troll
reeling out more line
a few nibbles from the "small Fry"
a big fish takes hold
arrowy rush of a twelve pounder

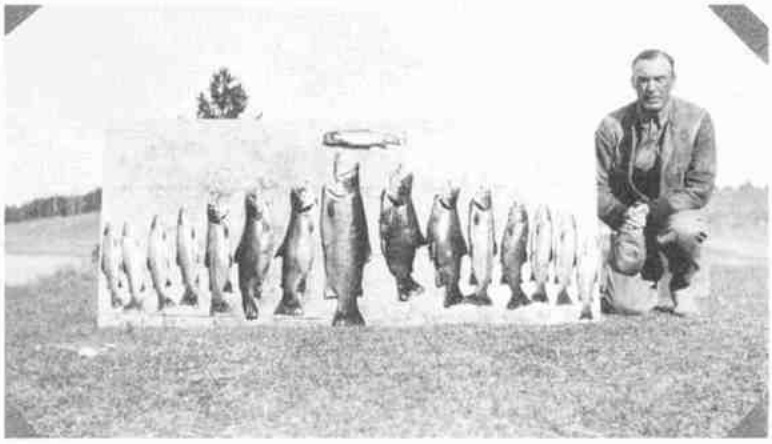
It appears to us that Mr. Wallace's orchestration wasn't the only thing that was thin and imperfect. We considered suggesting that the Museum open its next business meeting with a rousing chorus of "The Angler's Polka" (steins aloft), but it appears none of the officers play the accordion.

The Trude Ranch

In Volume Five, Number One of *The American Fly Fisher*, Ken Wright told the story of the famous Trude Ranch, established in Idaho by Chicago attorney A.S. Trude. A.S. Trude is now best remembered for the fly named in his honor, still a very popular pattern in the west, but he was better known locally for the truly extraordinary fishing to be found in the lakes on his property. Mr. Wright, a great grandson of A.S. Trude, has shared with us some additional photographs of the heyday of this fishing, which first attracted the Trude family west in the early 1880s. Under private management and control, this quality of fishing was maintained for many years; much of the original fishing water was lost behind a dam in the late 1930s.



A selection of catches from the Trude ranch waters reveals the fertility of the resource. Several of the anglers can be identified. In the upper left, this page, is the famous orator William Jennings Bryan. Directly above and below, and upper right on page eleven is Walter S. Trude. The two lower pictures on page eleven show Herbert Hoover.



International Fly Fishing Center Progress Report

by Paul Schullery

In early December, and again in mid-January, I met with Museum President Gardner Grant and the other members of the Fund Raising Committee and received the latest word on the building fund campaign. The report was both promising and troubling.

The campaign has covered a lot of territory, and the outlook is promising in the long run; as reported in the last issue of *The American Fly Fisher*, pledges are coming in at a good rate. On the surface, the amount of money we've reported receiving seems simply wonderful; we're still on schedule to start construction this year. However, the situation is complicated because a large percentage of the money that has been raised is in deferred gifts—pledges that will be paid gradually over several years. As Gardner Grant explained it, "We run the risk of a cash shortfall, because our short term cash flow may not be adequate to pay for construction this spring. This is a serious problem because we do not want to wait an additional year to start building. Construction costs are escalating so rapidly that a building built in 1983 would cost much more than one built in 1982. Of course we have the alternative of taking loans against the pledges we have received, but this would also be costly because of high interest rates. Our best option, and one I think we can achieve, is to encourage more cash contributions this winter and spring, before construction begins. It is vital we have the support of fly fishers now, as well as in two or three years."

The irony of the situation, as Gardner has explained it, is that we do not suffer from a shortage of support or from a reluctance of donors to make a long-term commitment; what we need is a greater immediate commitment that will carry us until the longer term pledges are fulfilled. Now that the overall fund-raising campaign is showing such promise of long-term success, the Campaign Committee intend to concentrate on cash gifts, so that the actual construction plans can be kept on schedule.

Now is the time for all those who have been trying to decide whether they will make a gift to realize that their gift is of critical value. The decision is not one that should be put off any longer.

In December I spent some time in Bozeman, Montana, with the architectural firm of Mattson, Prugh, and Lenon, who are designing the Center. Our talks concentrated mainly on the exhibit and collection storage areas, and included such topics as temperature and humidity controls, energy needs, special engineering considerations in exhibit areas (for such things as aquariums, security, and fire suppression systems, for example), and other topics important in planning a professional museum facility. On January 15, the Building Committee met with architect Dick Prugh in Denver and made final decisions on floor plans and related structural considerations, so that the working drawings are now being prepared. Contractor bidding should occur soon.

Not long ago, Dennis Bitton, Editor of the Federation's *Tabloid Bulletin*, asked me to prepare a little report on the planning of the exhibits. The report appeared recently in the *Bulletin*, and because it was so well received and seemed to serve its purpose, it is reprinted below. We're all quite excited about these plans, and we believe they will make the International Fly Fishing Center a home we can all be proud of.

PLANNING THE NEW MUSEUM

In many recent conversations with members and officers of both the Federation of Fly Fishers and The Museum of American Fly Fishing, I've noticed that quite a few people don't completely understand the purposes of the Museum, or what we try to do with our exhibits. Now that we're moving along quickly in the plans for the new building, it's a good time to give everyone a preview of what we hope to accomplish with the exhibits in the new International Center.

Most people seem to think that the Museum is concerned only with the history of the sport. Actually, our real goal is to cover the whole world of the fly fisher. We are, by legal definition, an educational institution, and the goal of our educational

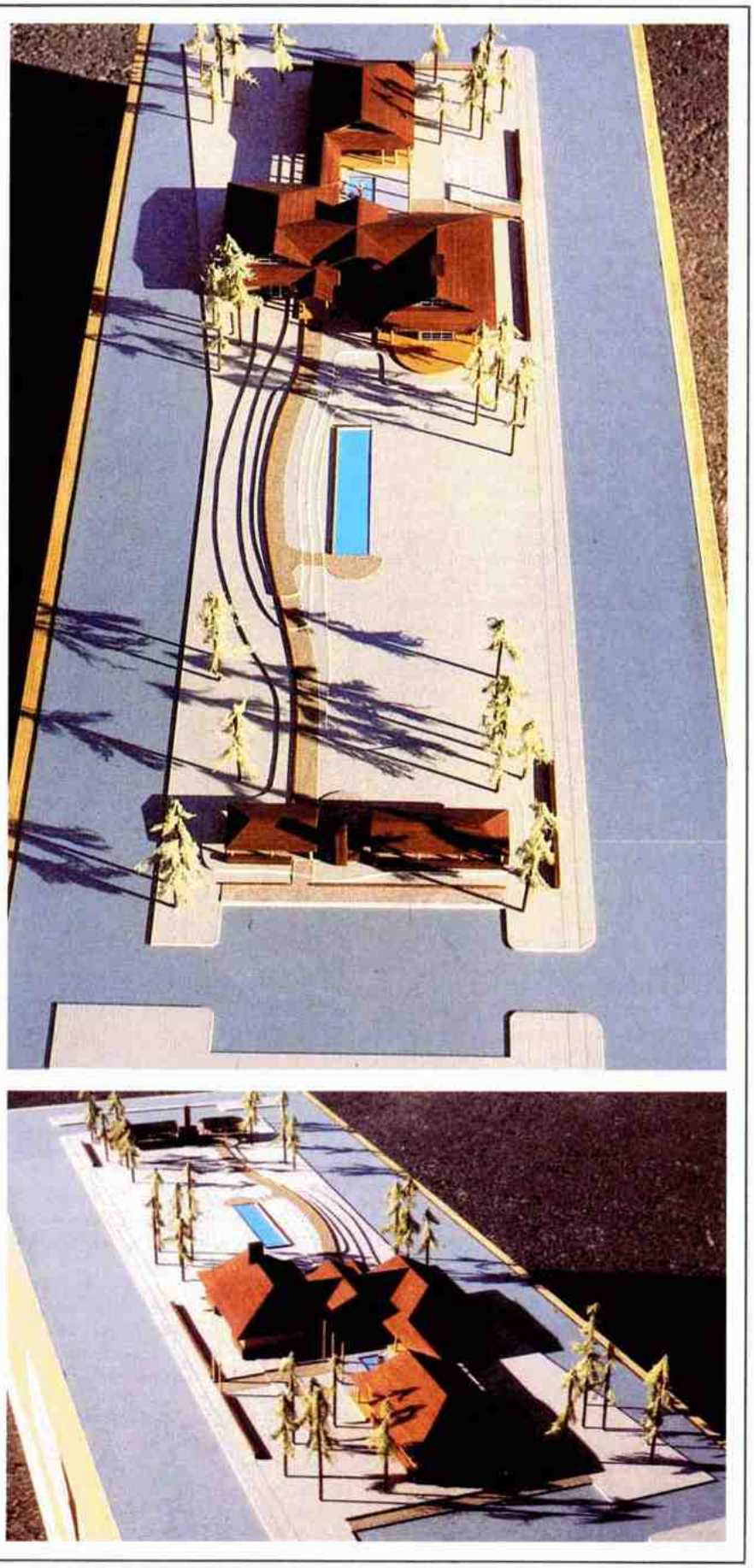
efforts is not all that different from the goal of the Federation's efforts; we want to share with the public the delight and fascination that is found in all aspects of fly fishing, including the history and traditions, of course, but also including all of the crafts and arts now associated with the sport, the natural world fly fishing brings its practitioners so close to, and the essential message of conversation of (and reverence for) the resources we value so highly.

Those who have visited the Museum in its present location in Vermont will know that up to now we have devoted the majority of our space to historical subjects; we've had to do so because our space has been quite limited and because the historical items we had were the simplest and most efficient way of getting our message across. We have managed to have exhibits concerned with conservation (including a recent exhibit devoted to the Whitlock-Vibert Box Program, and general membership appeals for various conservation organizations), but in our limited space we had to present the public with the most outstanding items we could, so we devoted much space to the extraordinarily rare and valuable tackle we have—tackle they couldn't see in any other public museum anywhere in the world.

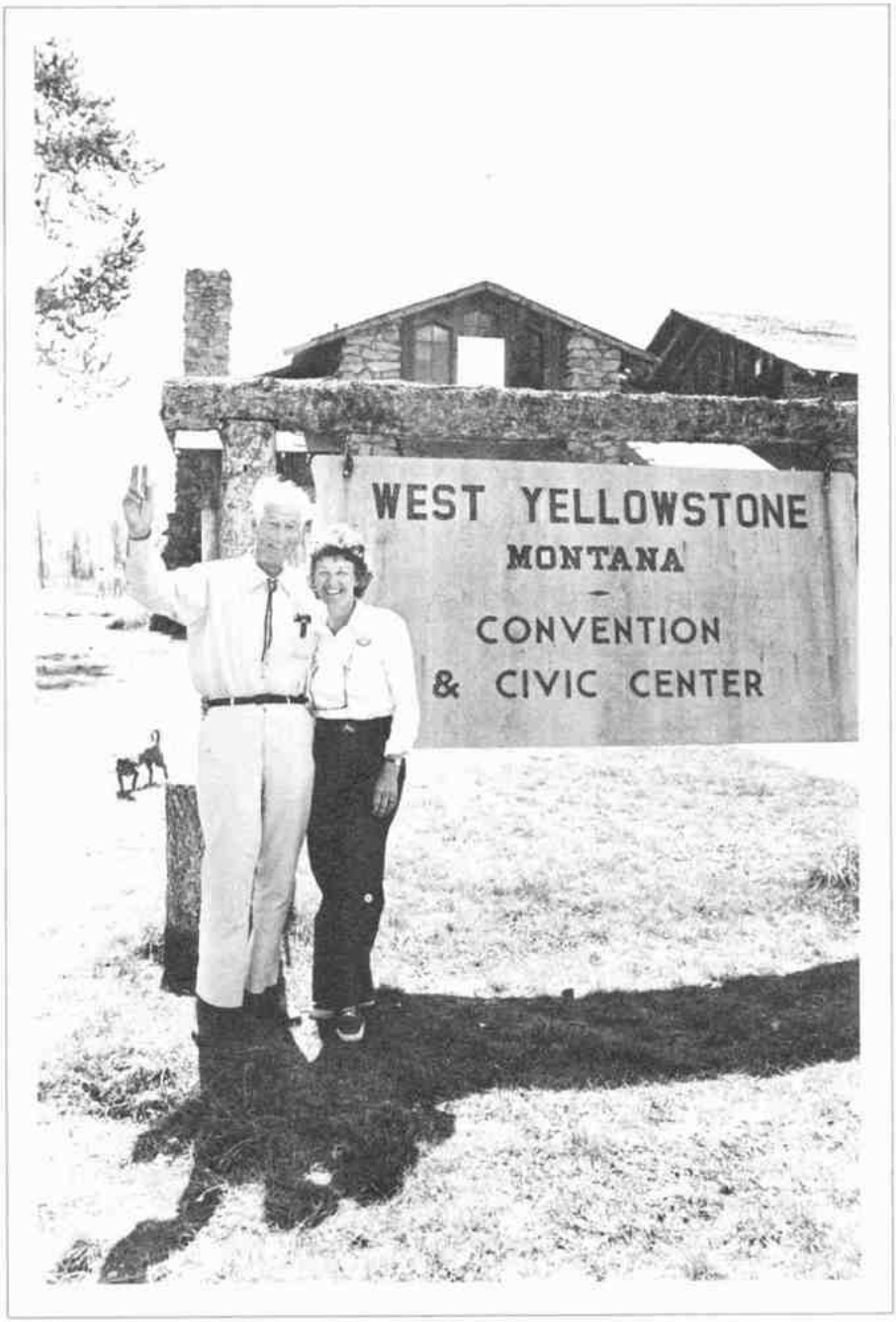
Now, or soon, in the new facility, that will all change. We're going to have several times as much floor space, and we can do justice to all aspects of the sport. We will even be able to exhibit more of the great assortment of historical items we have. Though it's a little early in our planning to show you any drawings of actual exhibits, we are far enough along to tell you generally what we are aiming to do.

It's worth mentioning that the whole exhibit planning process is a team effort. The leadership of both the Federation and the Museum are advising and being consulted as the exhibit plans firm up. Obviously, the Federation is the expert source of information on conservation, just as the Museum is the source for historical information. What we intend to end up with is a blend of such expertise, to present our message and our cause in the best light possible.

What the Museum will become is a showcase, not just of the objects but of the



The architect's preliminary model of the International Fly Fishing Center, West Yellowstone, Montana. The building fronts on the street directly adjacent to the boundary of Yellowstone Park. Note barbecue area and casting pond. The building is essentially three large areas, containing exhibits, administrative area, and auditorium.



Lee and Joan Wulff, Honorary Co-Chairmen of the building fund campaign; the West Yellowstone Convention Center is a near neighbor of the International Fly Fishing Center building site. photograph by Christine Fong.

ideals of the sport. As important as the historical rarities and natural world of fly fishing are, they have a special use to us in the exhibits. We will use these things to promote the message, so that people will be made to realize that this many faceted sport offers deeper rewards than are received by any one of its parts.

We figure we have at least two audiences. The obvious one is the group of people who already know about fly fishing and who will come to the Museum for some very specific purposes. They know who the great names are, and they recognize the fine tackle and art as a very important part of their life.

The other audience is the general public—people who are not involved in the sport but who are interested enough to come in and look around. In a sense they might be the most important part of the audience. At least they are the ones we must work hardest to reach with our message. The International Center gives us a great opportunity to reach out to the general public in ways we never could before, to spread the word about fly fishing to people who might otherwise never encounter it.

And so we plan that a major portion of the exhibit space (our total planned space for exhibits is about 3,000 square feet) will be devoted to an introduction to the sport—a spacious room called "The Flyfisher's World." This room can be enjoyed by angler and non-angler alike. Veteran fly fishers will recognize in it a tribute to the many dimensions of their sport, while newcomers will be introduced to what all fly fishing offers them. Some of the things we plan for this room are live-fish exhibits, live-insect exhibits, fly fishing water craft (Adirondack guideboats to modern belly boats), fly casting technique exhibits (most people don't know that fly fishers are casting the weight of the line rather than the weight of a lure), and a variety of other exhibits that will give the non-angler a broad overview of the sport and its pleasures.

A smaller room will be devoted to an informal gallery of anglers. Not a "hall of fame" in any formal sense, this room will simply present the tackle and related memorabilia of famous fishermen and famous people who also happened to fish. The room will therefore appeal to the serious angler (who can see the tackle of Joe Brooks, Arnold Gingrich, and so on) and to the non-angler (who can see the tackle of people whose names are generally recognizable, such as Hemingway, Eisenhower, Hoover, Webster, Carnegie, and others). In fact, an important function of this room will be to suggest to non-anglers that some very respected and famous citizens loved fly fishing. Though the general public will not recognize the names of famous anglers, they will certainly be impressed by the sight of tackle used by Zane Grey or Bing Crosby.

A second smaller room will appeal most to the serious angler. It will be devoted to the crafts of the sport, especially rod and reel building, and flies. Here will be the real treasure-trove of great tackle, from the earliest Murphy and Leonard masterpieces to the latest in graphite and boron, from the primitive brass reels of 1800 to modern precision machines of exotic alloys, and from pre-Civil War flies to the latest creations for saltwater fishing. Never before has the public had the chance to see so much fine fishing craftsmanship assembled in one place. The Museum's collection of rods and reels is one of the best in the world, and we will be exhibiting the best representative items we have.

That's just the briefest sort of preview. We've very excited about how our plans are shaping up, and we have lots of work to do. Some of you we have already consulted with, and others will be hearing from us. This is your museum, and we will share its creation as well as the joy of its completion.

Fascination and Art

Two brief meditations on the nature of our sport and the sport in our nature

By Preston Jennings

One of the most exciting gifts the Museum has ever received is the Preston Jennings manuscript collection, given recently by Mrs. Preston Jennings. Included in this collection is Preston's considerable correspondence with most of the major angling figures of his time, many of his stream notes and diaries, and an assortment of other unique items. Possibly most exciting of all, however, is the unfinished manuscript of a book.

His only published book, A Book of Trout Flies, *first appeared under the Derrydale imprint in 1935, and is now generally recognized as one of the major milestones of American angling writing. It was the first successful attempt to catalog and describe the major fly hatches of a region; previous books had been inadequate in some way, either in nomenclature (Louis Rhead's* American Trout Stream Insects, *though it was more comprehensive in some ways than Jennings's book, lacked a usable system of names and representative patterns) or in depth (previous books on dry flies, such as Gill's* Practical Dry Fly Fishing, 1912, *Camp's now-forgotten* Fishing with Floating Flies, 1913, *and La Branche's* The Dry Fly and Fast Water, 1914, *concentrated on technique and tackle rather than on imitation). Based on that one book, Jennings earned a secure place in the history of fishing literature; though the book has been replaced and improved upon by numerous later books it will always stand as the prototypical angler's entomology for Americans.*

It was with some excitement, then, that we learned that Jennings had been working on a second book. Museum Trustee Nick Lyons, who served as our representative in arranging the gift of the Jennings manuscripts, alerted us to the existence of this material, and Mrs. Jennings generously donated not only the manuscripts themselves but the copyright to any of the unpublished material we might see fit to shepherd into print. And so, with Nick acting as our editorial advisor, we present here a first sampling of Preston Jennings's second book, which he planned to call The Fish and the Fly.

As Editor of The American Fly Fisher *I am accustomed to employing the "editorial we" in introductory remarks of this sort, but I must depart from that practice in this case in order to explain the process by which this material was prepared.*

Working under Nick's watchful long-distance eye, I reviewed the entire manuscript, which appears to constitute well over half of the intended book. Even at this early stage of the work of preparing this material, I must say it has been a fascinating process, an opportunity not only to watch an important angling writer at work but to compare notes on the actual writing process with a fellow author.

The writing of a book is an organic process. An author may begin with a jumble of important notions that he or she wants to present. If they are technical, as in entomology, they usually evolve from a series of reasonably precise notes into an orderly narrative. If on the other hand they are reflective or philosophical, they may take shape much more slowly, and even mysteriously. Such seems to have been the case with The Fish and the Fly. *Jennings intended to explore entomology, fish vision, the properties of light, and the imitation of insects in this book, all extensions of work he had done in his first book and in a number of articles. He also wanted to explore angling philosophy. He had ambitions for the introduction of the book to investigate the subjective and aesthetic elements of the sport, and he had advanced well toward that goal by the time he died. In the surviving manuscript there are no less than five separate bundles of pages entitled "Introduction," and a sixth entitled "Preface." Some of these are three-page fragments and others are more extended, but all cover the same territory, and show that slow, even halting creative process by which a series of ideas become an essay. Many ideas, episodes, or stories are told twice; one that must have been particularly important to Jennings appears in four different versions.*

He was obviously pretty far along in preparing the introduction. Usually such repetition doesn't begin to occur until most of the important notions have been sorted out and written down at least once. As I read them over, and over, it became clear that he was heading in certain directions with some idea or theme. What I have done, then, is to identify those recurring themes that were obviously of greatest importance to him, and then arrange his writings into a cohesive presentation of his thoughts. Though all editing involves certain presumptions, I have kept intrusions to a minimum. Virtually every word here is his; after a preliminary editing for syntax and grammar, my only additions are a few "bridges" —introductory clauses that connect his own writings in a way I imagined to be most appropriate to his theme.

It would appear that most of this work was done in the 1950s; the remark about President Eisenhower is in the present tense. Jennings had published a series of articles on trout vision, insect translucency, and related subjects in the 1940s, and it seems probable that some of that material may also have been intended for inclusion in this book. As I continue to sort and define this collection of writings I imagine that a more complete sense of his direction will become apparent. At the moment, it is enough to have some first offerings from one of our most significant angling authors, and to know that there is considerably more to come.

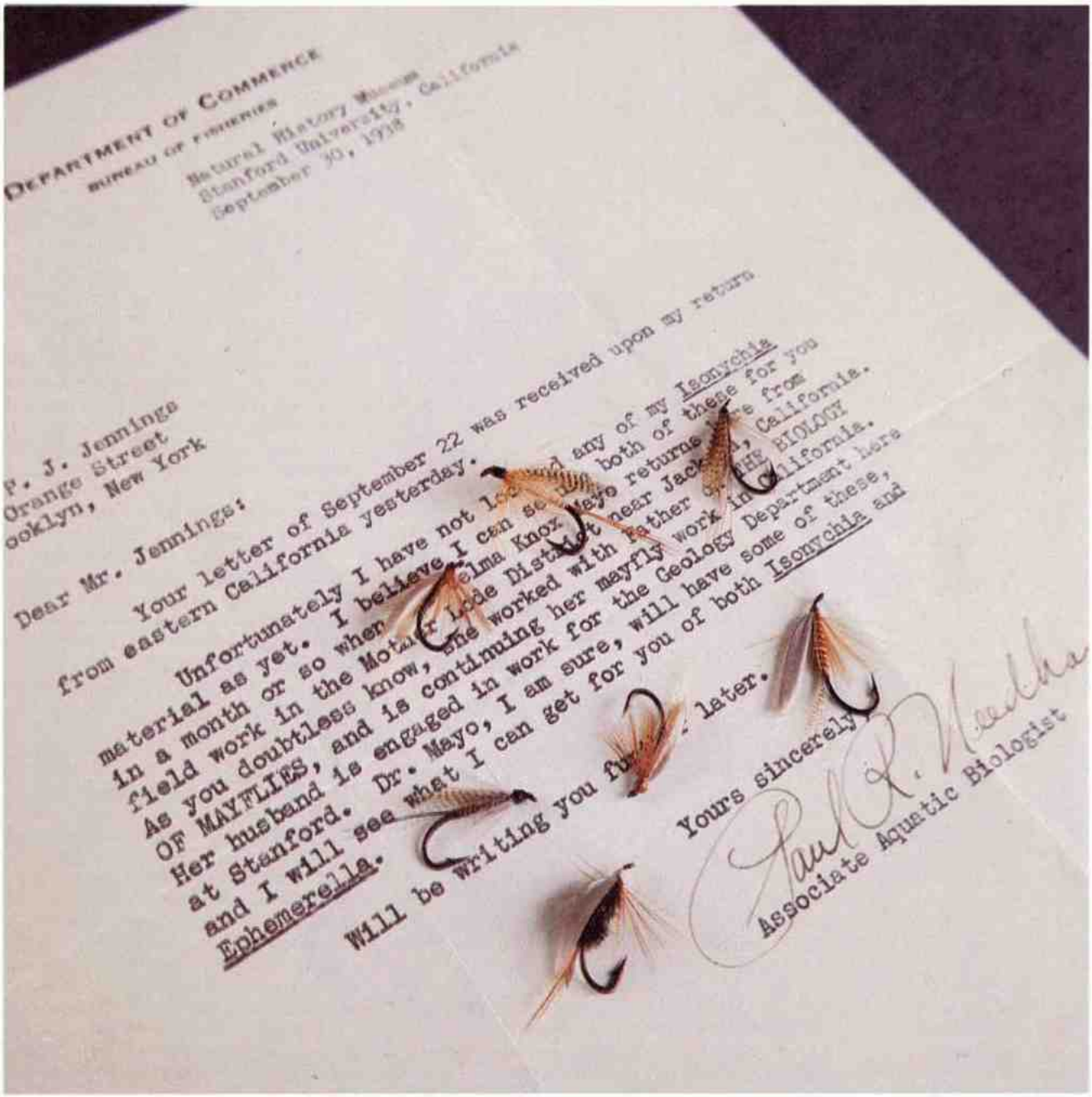
Paul Schullery

Fly Fishing and Art

Fly fishing has often been referred to as an art, and I think there is some justification for the label. According to Webster the word "art" has a variety of meanings. His first choice is a description of a skill or dexterity, acquired by experience, practice, and observation; in other words, a knack or technique. He goes on to say, however, that art goes further than mere knack or skill. It encompasses the study of the laws of nature, and the adaptation of those laws to the needs and usages of man.

Apart from skill and dexterity, then, "art" has other implications. At one time it implied the mere copying of nature, or the things of nature. Artists, especially painters, copied nature as they saw it. Gradually, though, they not only copied but rearranged what they saw to improve the composition; they changed arrangement of the natural subject so that the overall picture would be more pleasing to the eye.

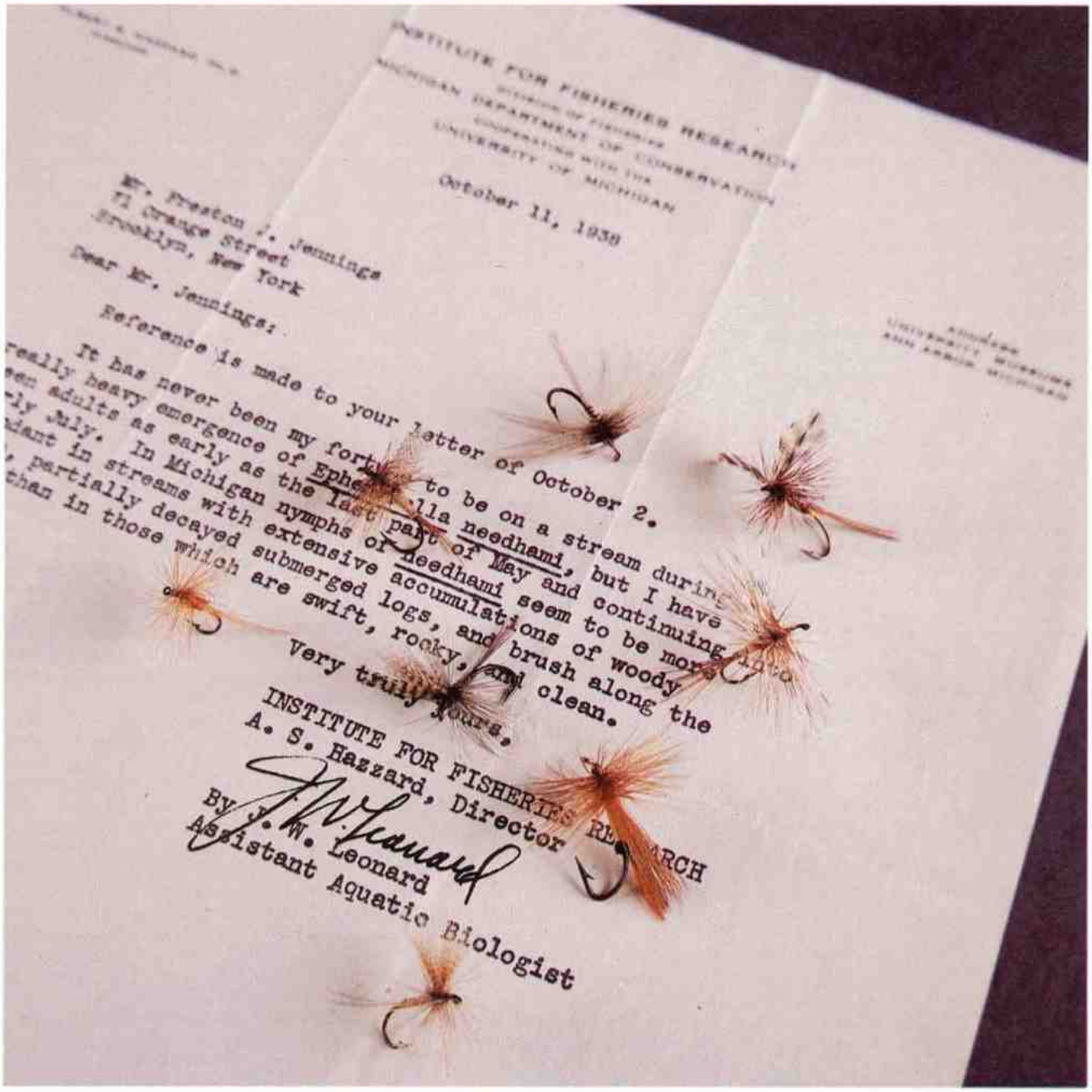
Fly fishers, and amateur fly tiers, are basically artists in that they must be students of nature. The food upon which their quarry feeds is the model to be followed in their work of art. Theirs is an inexact art, to be sure, but an art nevertheless (Dickens used the term "artful" to



describe the method of a clever pickpocket in *Oliver Twist*; had the artful dodger been a fly fisherman he would have had in his fly box a few well-scoured worms and some tiny hooks, so that he could pick those stream pockets that are not ordinarily accessible to the fly fisher).

If you study that great painting called the "Fields of Arles," by Van Gogh, you will find that the painter has taken certain liberties with nature, thereby creating an illusion that is agreeable and pleasing even though it is a deception. The layman knows certain facts about natural laws: that the farther away an object is the smaller it seems to be (this is called linear perspective), and that the farther away an object is the less contrast you can see between light and shade (a building in the far distance shows little or no difference in color between the side that is brilliantly lighted and the side that is in shadow). The latter of these two laws is less well known, and Van Gogh concentrated his deceit—his illusion—in his treatment of light and shadow in this great painting. Look closely and you will see that the series of buildings depicted, as they recede into the far background, follow the natural laws of linear perspective; they get smaller as they get farther away. But in dealing with the other law, Van Gogh reversed the normal visual process. The building nearest the viewer shows the least contrast

An assortment of well-dressed wet flies by Preston Jennings, part of the Jennings Fly Collection donated to the Museum recently by George Stagg. The letter, from Paul Needham, one of the leading aquatic biologists of the time, is part of the Preston Jennings Manuscript Collection, recently donated by Mrs. Preston Jennings. photographs on pages 15 and 16 by Don Gray.



An assortment of Jennings's own dry flies, some donated several years ago by Arnold Gingrich and some more recently by George Stagg. The letter is from Justin Leonard of Michigan, another prominent biologist of the time, Jennings's, correspondence with leading fisheries and entomology authorities of his day was voluminous, making him an exception among popular fishing writers.

between light and shade, while the most remote building shows the greatest contrast. This bit of art, a simply created illusion, resulted in a great masterpiece. The problem facing both artist and fly fisher is one of determining which illusions are acceptable. The invention of the camera, and especially the great improvements in photography in recent years, has freed the artist from merely copying the external appearance of nature. The artist now may study and observe the broad fundamentals which are part and parcel of all art—the eternal verities of nature itself.

A theatre near my home has on its wall the inscription "Ars longis, vita brevitas." Art is long and life is short. The artist therefore looks for and tries to interpret those things that seem to him to be the essential parts—the verities that live on generation after generation. On the other hand, the beginner may see only what is immediately before him and try to copy nature without seeking out and emphasizing that which is good and enduring.

I once studied painting under the guidance of an artist whose work I had long admired. Having secured duplicates of his paints, brushes, medium, canvas, and so on, I was disappointed that after a few days work I could not turn out a picture as good as his. Not wanting to admit defeat, I decided that it must be my glasses that kept me from seeing the delicate shades

and details with which his paintings glowed. After consulting not one but two eye specialists I realized my glasses were without defect, so I rather shamefacedly talked the matter over with the master painter. "Well," he said, "the trouble with you is not lack of equipment or eyesight; it is the lack of knowledge of what to look for. You only comprehend and utilize what you already know. I have stored in my brain many years of seeing, and during those years I have inquired as to why things have certain shades of color, and how those colors are formed. I have learned those combinations of pigment and light that give me the desired effect and enable me to pick up traces of color and exaggerate them so that the finished picture is not a copy of nature but an improved exaggeration that is more pleasing to your eye than nature itself would be."

The late Frank Dumond, a friend of mine, was an instructor in art at one of the oldest and best known American schools. Shortly before his death, he told me that the great trouble with students of art was their inclination to try to copy the things of nature rather than to study the nature of things. Fly fishing should be approached in the latter manner. Sooner or later we have to get down to the nature of things.

The Fascination of Fly Fishing

There is a fascination about fishing that is difficult to pin down in any specific terms. Perhaps it stems in part from the Garden of Eden, where food grew in abundance and was to be had for the taking. Of course this was long before the "New Deal," when the government told us "Don't bother with getting off your behinds to pick your daily bread, just sit there and we will bring it to you . . ." In any case, one great impetus that causes eighteen million Americans to buy fishing licenses may be the often-hidden desire to get something for nothing, or to reap where they have not sown.

Fishermen, like those who till the soil, are in large measure dependent on nature for success in their ventures, and have often been thought of as students of nature and therefore better able to cope with vexatious problems in a complex civilized world. Many political figures have resorted to fishing to impress their wavering adherents that they could be included among the gentle in spirit and be given political support. In other cases, however, fishing has been a genuine means of escape from troubles and trials for those in positions of great political importance.

Fly fishing has intrigued many great political figures, both here and abroad. For some of them, at least, it is a mysterious and intriguing sport; for others it is a means of temporary escape from more important matters. Herbert Hoover said that a president is allowed privacy only when he is praying or fishing, and one cannot pray all of the time.

Viscount Grey, Foreign Secretary for Great Britain during the First World War, often journeyed to his favorite trout stream for a short period of relaxation. I have been told that during those fishing trips the German espionage agents covering his movements happily reported to their High Command "Take it easy and get some sleep; Grey has gone fishing."

President Eisenhower, like Hoover and Cleveland before him, appears to enjoy fly fishing for its value in bringing him closer to nature rather than as a means of avoiding political pressure. In fact he is not only a fly fisher but confines himself to the use of the floating fly.

At first glance, the catching of a simple creature—the fish—seems to be a fairly easy undertaking. The process of fly fishing appears so simple, merely the clever imitation of fish food, that the question naturally arises of why does it intrigue the minds of men, and not only the simple but the great?

Perhaps it is the appearance of simplicity that first lures us into fly fishing, but as we pursue the sport we are led deeper and deeper into matters of greater complication, and we become absorbed in this inexact art beyond our power to escape. But I think there is something else that causes us to fish besides the joy of a complex sport. I think there is something embedded within the soul of man that demands expression. The early Hebrews were aware of this and took the pains to attribute it to their particular deity: and God gave man dominion over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air . . . It is my belief that it is our desire to establish our dominion over other living things that creates much of the interest in fishing. The fly fisherman has an added advantage here because the fish taken on an artificial fly can be released unharmed after capture; we can have our satisfaction of dominion, and the fish can have its life.

It is only the beginner who wishes to kill a lot of fish. It would appear that he has to have actual proof of his expertise in order to impress his friends. Older and more experienced fishermen also like to catch a lot of fish, but they kill very few.

A moment ago I said that the fish is a very simple creature. It is so simple that we often overlook the simplicity of its needs and attribute to it many characteristics that are more nearly in accord with human life than with fish life. The fish lives and dies with such basic problems as feeding, reproducing, and escape from its enemies. And so it may be that fishing satisfied not only man's desire for dominion but also his need to get closer to those fundamental things of nature from which modern civilization has removed us.

Another element of the fascination of fly fishing is mystery. The human mind has always been intrigued by the mysterious and the unknown. King Solomon admitted that there were a few things that he, despite all his wisdom, did not understand. One of those happened to be the way of a man with a maid. And, while modern scientists are now investigating hormones, genes, and other biological influences which determine the actions and reactions of men and women, another wise man, a noted British barrister, has devoted his too short life to producing a book about another mystery, "the way of a trout with a fly."

Much of the mystery of fish results because fish and men live in such different atmospheres; the man, a later evolution from the sea, is prone to interpret the fish in terms of his own advanced state of being rather than trying to think and see as the fish does.

Years ago a famous broadway comedienne told a story about her next door neighbor. It seems that the neighbor had purchased a donkey for the amusement of his children. The donkey wandered away one day and became lost, and the comedienne was asked to help find it, which she did very quickly. When asked how she knew where to look for the donkey, she explained that she immediately placed herself in the position of the donkey so that she would be able to see where she would go if she were a real donkey. After a short walk as a donkey she came upon the real donkey and returned it to the waiting children. Fishermen, in their fascination with their quarry, are compelled to learn more about it in order to cash in when the going is good. When the going is bad, nothing will help.

During the past thirty-odd years of my own involvement with the fascination and mysteries of fly fishing, I would have been a complete idiot if I had not picked up a little information, which, when passed along to others may be a handy addition to their own store of knowledge; it may point the way to several phases of fly fishing that have not yet been explored. What I can offer, therefore, is not the last word in either knowledge or technique; it is rather my impressions, after a good many years of trial, error, theory, speculation, and practice. I hope it may inspire some fellow angler to strive harder for that state of perfection that we know will never be quite attained but that will always remain a goal—the will to know, to explore the fascination, is itself the beginning of wisdom.

And for myself, if in trying to break through the barrier that divides the known from the unknown I leave any sign of the struggle, I hope that it will signify to the friendly eye that sees it that "Jennings fished here—he didn't catch much, but he tried—God how he tried."

Dead Pool

Never in all my days on this stream
have I taken a trout from this pool
under the black willow, a good place
for big fish, the current undercutting
the bank, a cover of foam
on the eddy; caddis, always; shifting
schools of dace. Still, once a year,

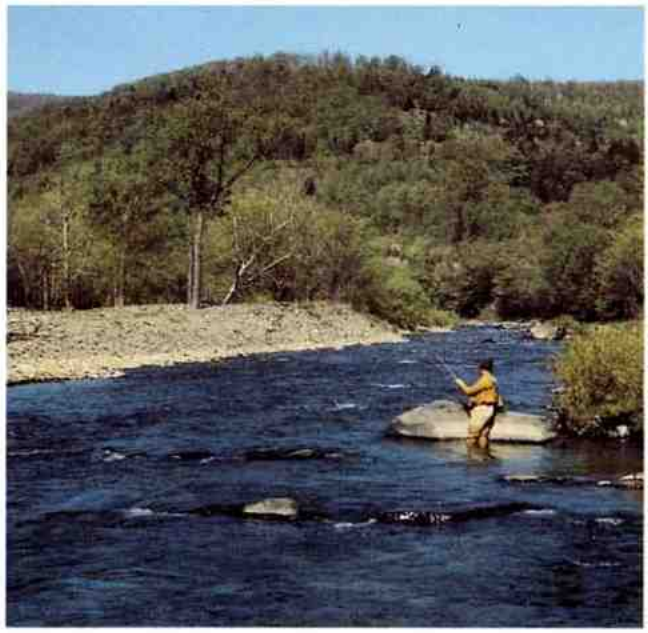
I wade the riffle at its head, move
into the shade of the high bank
and fish the run: a nymph
to the expected mayfly hatch, though nothing
comes of it, nor of a dun
cocked in the driftline. Today
it is the same. I lie in the sand

by the oxbow, and watch, imagining
one day my fly might ride true
in the feeding lane, and in a shimmer of spray
the river will burst and I'll stare
into the ravenous power of light
I know is holding in its lie. There is

no more to it, though it is true
I know of other holding places like this one,
where in the fluid congress of the general darks
something huge and heavy takes
its secret breath, by reason of
its sheer bulk wary and at pains
to conceal the breaking of surfaces. Seeing there is

the double order to this thing,
I know this pool cannot be dead. Things work
both ways; here lies
the monstrous fish that feeds by night,
and only then.

John D. Engels



A major part of the Preston Jennings collection is his personal photograph collection, containing several hundred color transparencies. The pictures document his travels, especially his fishing trips to Canada and the Catskills. Preston Jennings's work with salmon and salmon flies is not as well known now as his work with trout stream insects; he was the author of major articles on the vision and feeding habits of salmon, and experimented with salmon fly patterns, the most famous of which were the Iris series of streamers. The color scenes shown here are representative of the Jennings collection, and show both salmon and trout fishing.

Recent Library Acquisitions

Reporting a Bibliographical Bounty

The Museum library is growing even faster than the rest of the collection. In the past couple years we've received several large collections, including the late John Atherton's personal angling library, given by Maxine Atherton. As exciting as the books are the numerous unique items: fishing diaries, manuscripts, and assorted related documents. Perhaps the most outstanding of these unusual items is the Preston Jennings Manuscript Collection, which includes not only his stream notes, correspondence, and clipping files but the incomplete manuscript of an unpublished book (part of this manuscript appears starting on page fifteen in this issue).

One area we could wish for better progress is historical photographs. We are receiving some, but we are sure a great many more are just waiting to be gathered before they are lost. Early photograph albums, such as the one we recently received from Katharine Holden, are invaluable historical resources.

The following items are listed alphabetically, by donor. Our thanks goes out to all of you who have contributed so much to the growth of the library recently.

Arnie Abramson—Henrik Bech, *Sadan vaelger og bygger man Fiskestaenger*, 1964.

Jim Adams—Claudius Aelian, *Aelian on Fly Fishing*, 1979.

Leon Apfel—Eric Taverner, *Divers Ways to Tackle Trout*, 1925.

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The frontis from Brookes's Art of Angling, *1774, a book donated to the Museum by Robert Buckmaster.*

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Duncan Campbell—George Ferris, *Fly Fishing in New Zealand*, 1976.

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Scotty Chapman—Fishing journal kept by Mr. Chapman from 1941 to 1965 in Yellowstone Park area.

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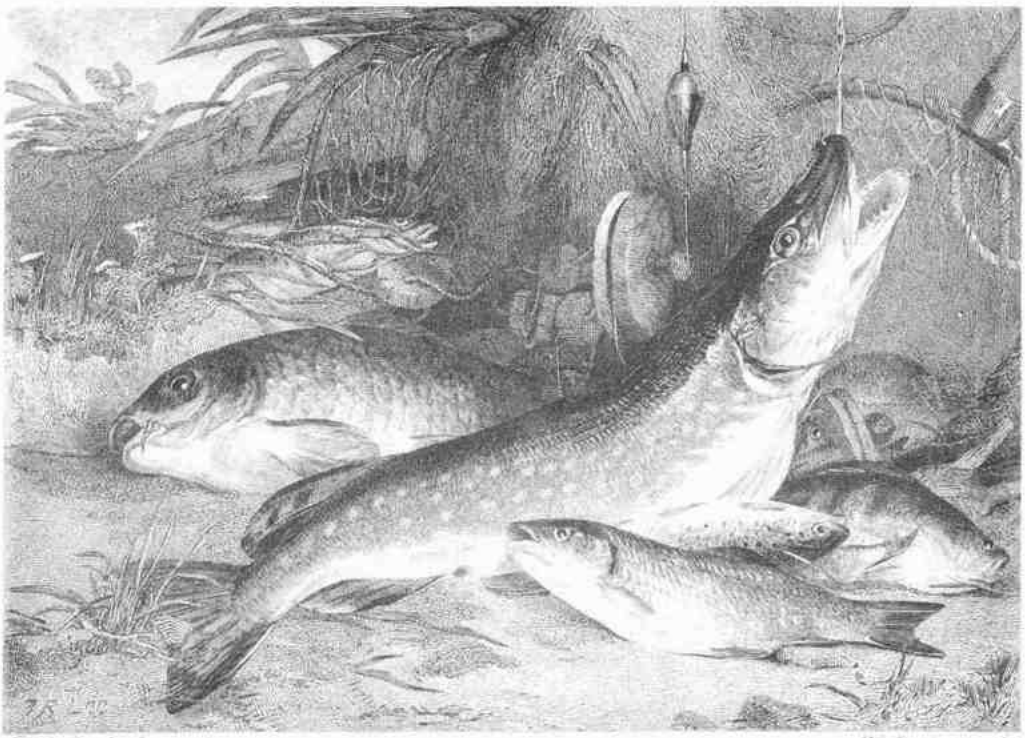
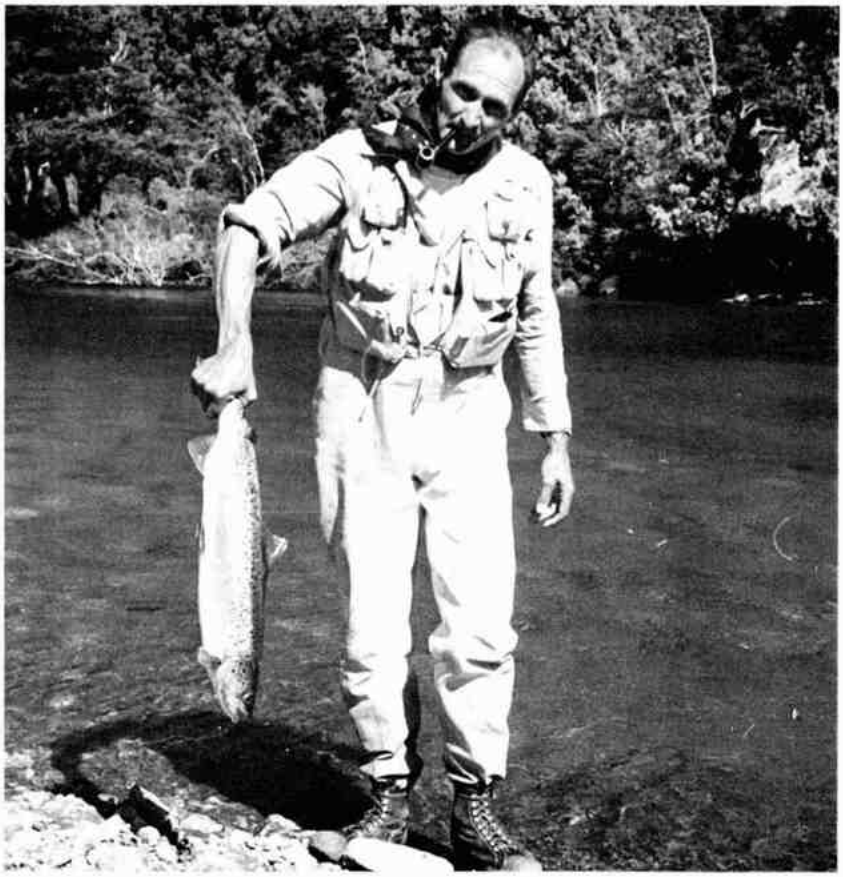


The frontis from The Fly Fisher's Text Book, *1841, by Theophilus South; South's book contains numerous excellent engravings, a number of which have been reproduced in* The American Fly Fisher *in the past year (the angler on the inside front cover of this issue is also from South's book).*



In the winter of 1951 Roderick Haig-Brown and Lee Richardson traveled to South America to explore the fishing there. Haig-Brown's great Fisherman's Winter *was based on this trip. He is shown, above, with his first landlocked salmon of the trip, and Lee Richardson is shown, below, with a five and a half pound Chilean rainbow.*

A History of Fly Fishing for Trout; George Holden, *Streamcraft,* 1920; Hubbs, Greeley, and Tarzwell, *Methods for the Improvement of Michigan Trout Streams,* 1932; John Alden Knight, *The Modern Angler,* 1936; Robert Lincoln, *Guide to Best Fishing,* 1948; H.G. McClelland, *The Trout Fly Dresser's Cabinet of Devices,* 1931; Gervase Markham, *The Pleasures of Princes,* and Robert Venables, *The Experienced Angler,* 1927; Roland Pertwee, *Fish are Such Liars,* 1928; William Plowman, *Economy in Brewing,* 1797; Elmer Ransom, *Fishing's Just Luck,* 1945; Louis Rhead, *American Trout Stream Insects,* 1916; Louis Rhead, *Fisherman's Lures and Game Fish Food,* 1920; Ben Robinson, *Pond, Lake and Stream Fishing,* 1941; Alfred Ronalds, *The Fly-Fisher's Entomology,* 1921; Fred Shaw, *The Science of Fly Fishing for Trout,* 1925; A.B. Shepperson, *An Angler's Anthology,* 1932; Harold Smedley, *Fly Patterns and their Origins,* 1943; Harold Smedley, *Trout of Michigan,* 1938, #8 of 50; Harold Smedley, *What's What and Who's Who in Fly and Bait Casting in the United States,* 1940; O.W. Smith, *Trout Lore,* 1917; Charles Southard, *The Evolution of Trout and Trout Fishing in America,* 1928; Henry Van Dyke, *Days Off,* 1918; Henry Van Dyke, *Fisherman's Luck,* 1921; Howard Walden, *Upstream and Down,* 1938; Izaak Walton, *The Compleat Angler,* 1931; Ed Cumings Fishing Tackle Catalogs, 1933, 1938, 1942.

Godfrey Day—Scrapbook containing clippings of article "The Fishicians".

Lindley Eberstadt—Account book inscribed with descriptions and comment about flies from Ronald's *Fly Fishing.*

Chico Fernandez—photograph of Fernandez with 18lb snook.

R.V. "Gadabout" Gaddis—R.V. Gaddis, *Guide to Where the Fish Are, The Flying Fisherman.*

Vernon Gallup—E.H. "Polly" Rosborough, *Tying and Fishing the Fuzzy Nymphs,* 1969 edition and 1978 edition.

Charles Haller—copy of 16mm film "The Good Earth".

Vernon S. Hidy—Svend Methling, *Cafe d'Atlantide,* 1976.

Katherine Holden—George Parker Holden's fishing photograph album; photograph of George Parker Holden netting a fish; Henry Van Dyke, *A Creelful of Fishing Stories,* 1932.

Jack Hutchinson—photocopies of *Fishing Gazette* articles; Dawn Holbrook, "Custom Build Your Own Fly Rods"; Roy Patrick, *Pacific Northwest Fly Patterns* and 2 color plates of flies; Ralph Wahl interview with Al Knudson, cassette tape.

Alec Jackson—Interview with Al Knudson, cassette tape; complete set of *The Greased Line.*

Adele Jennings—The Preston Jennings Manuscript collection, including several personal fishing journals from between 1927 and 1943; 317 slides; assorted fishing licenses from New York, New Brunswick,

New Jersey, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania between 1929 and 1953; assorted issues of *Esquire, True, Sports Illustrated, Fishing Yearbook, The Fisherman,* and others, containing articles of interest to Preston Jennings or written by him; several hundred pages of correspondence between Preston Jennings and most major angling figures of the 1940s and 1950s, including La Branche, Skues, Haig-Brown, Wetzel, Flick, Steenrod, Phair, Bergman, and many others; numerous folders containing research notes on entomology and fisheries studies; more than 200 pages of manuscript, most handwritten, of unpublished book *The Fish and the Fly;* clipping folders containing many reviews and comments on Preston Jennings's *Book of Trout Flies;* miscellaneous clippings and charts on fish behavior and physiology.

Mrs. John Knott—Edward vom Hofe catalog, 1940.

Richard Kress—Livingston Stone, *Domesticated Trout,* 1877.

Charles Kroll—Charles Kroll, *Squaretail,* 1972.

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Leon Martuch—*Sports Afield Fishing Annual,* 1953, 1963, 1964, 1970. *Sports Afield,* Dec. 1960; *Sports Afield,* June 1961; *Motor News,* August 1965; *Fisch and Fang,* 19 November 1960; *Consumer Reports;* March 1965; 87 assorted Phillipson fly rod catalogs and other material; assorted Johnson catalogs; Scientific Anglers catalog, 1973; Earl Osten, *Tournament and Bait Casting,* 1946.

Mrs. M.H. Matthes—Charles W. Stevens, *Fishing in Maine Lakes,* 1884.

Frank Mele—E.F. Payne Rod Co. booklet, *"Fishing?"*

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Donald Owen—Sir George Aston, *Letters to Young Fly-Fishers,* 1927; Louis Babcock, *The Tarpon;* Edward Hewitt, *Those were the Days,* 1943; Henry Van Dyke, *Fisherman's Luck,* 1899; Dean Witter, *Meanderings of a Fisherman.*

Leigh Perkins—Gary J. Anderson and Ann E. Brimer, *Salar, the Story of the Atlantic Salmon,* 1976; Harriet and James Barnett, *The Game and Fish Cookbook,* 1975; L.L. Bean, *Hunting-Fishing and Camping,* 1946; Ray Bergman, *Trout,* 1938; Patrick Chalmers, *A Fisherman's Angles,* 1931; Tom Dolan, *Sports Afield Collection of Know Your Fish;* Bob Elliot, *The Eastern Brook Trout,* 1950, inscribed by the author to D.C. Corkran; Stephen Gwynn, *The Happy Fisherman,* 1936; John Alden Knight, *Moon Up—Moon Down,* 1972; George Mendoza, *Secret Places of Trout Fishermen;* Colonel William Parker Straw, *Amoskeag in New Hampshire—An Epic in American Industry;* C. Herb Williams and Walt Neubrech, *Indian Treaties American Nightmare,* 1976.

John H. Phipps—Catalogs—Abercrombie & Fitch, 1967, 1968, nd; Hardy Angler's Guide, 1961; Milwards, 1961; Pezon et Michel, 1957, Weber, 1938.

Lee Richardson—Lee Richardson, *You Should have been Here Yesterday,* 1974; Scrapbook of 1952 fishing trip to South America with Roderick Haig-Brown; Gordon Grand, "Banshee Shadow Flies", bound manuscript; E.C. Powell Memorabilia, including letters and mailing labels.

Ben Silknitter—Booklet—Marvin K. Hedge, "Accuracy Fishing and Long Distance Fly Casting Made Easy".

3M Company—A grant for the purchase of *Forest & Stream* and *The Spirit of the Times,* complete, on microfilm; letters from Myron C. Gregory to Lew Jewett, concerning fly line history and weight designations.

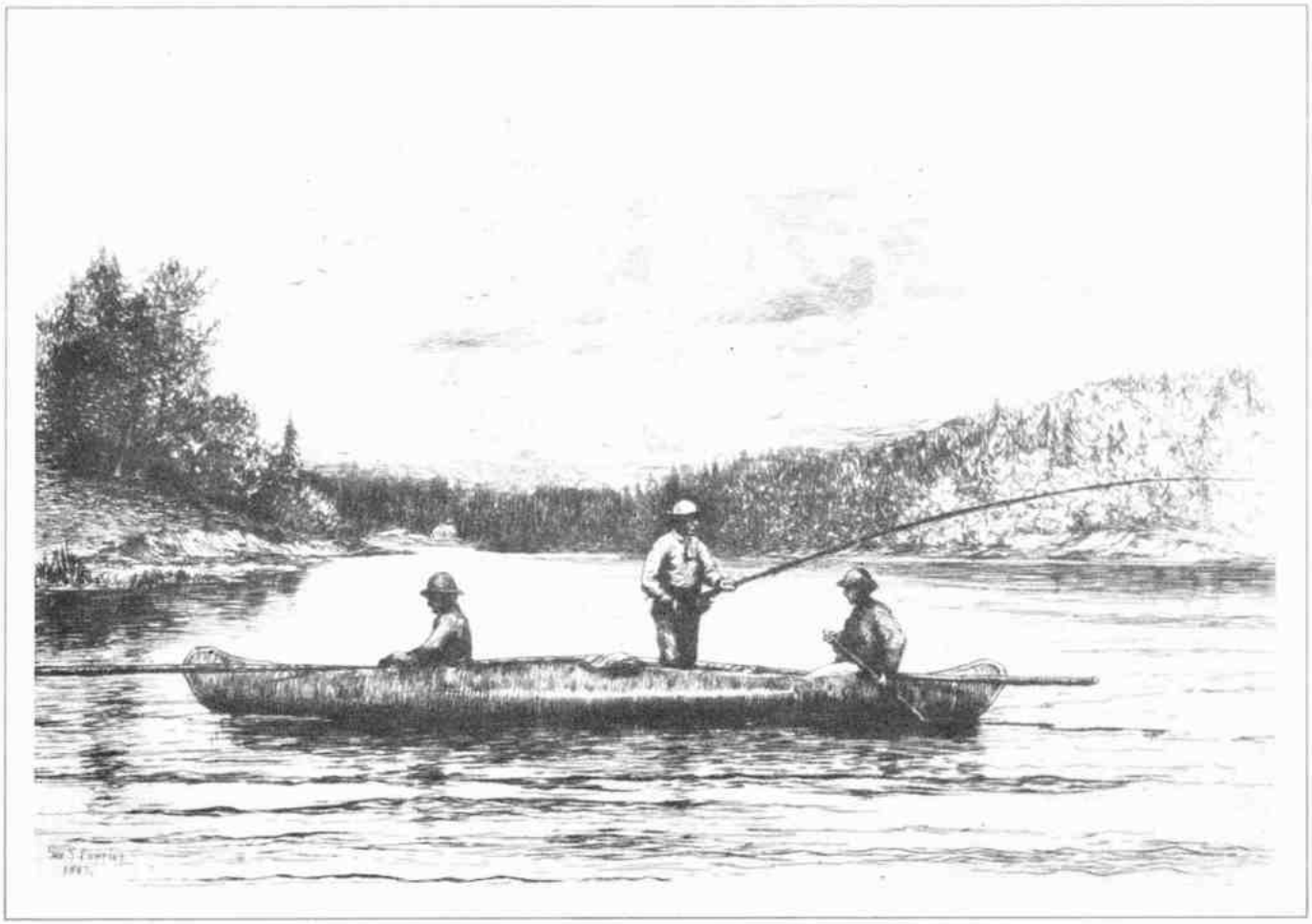
Joseph Wilcox—Hutton and Blake, *The Complete Angler and Huntsman,* 1919.

George I. Willis—George Ingraham's fishing diary written in the 1890's, photocopies of 3 pages.

Other recent acquisitions

The following list includes all titles we have received in the past two years other than by normal donation. Most of these are review copies sent us by various publishers; all such review copies become part of the library. A few are from anonymous donors. We especially appreciated the selection of recent titles sent us by Frank Amato Publications, which greatly strengthened our collection of Pacific Northwest titles.

Henry Abbot, *The Birch Bark Books of Henry Abbott,* 1980; Sheridan Anderson, *The Curtis Creek Manifesto,* 1978; Anonymous, *Dit Boecxken,* 1978; John W. Barber and Henry Howe, *Early Woodcut Views of New York and New Jersey,* 1975; The Bassman, *James Heddon's Sons Catalogues,* 1977; Joseph D. Bates, Jr., *Streamers and Bucktails: The Big Fish Flies,* 1979; Robert H. Boyle, *Bass,* 1980; Enow Bradner, *The Inside on the Outdoors,* 1973; Charles E. Brooks, *The Living River,* 1979; Charles Cadieux, *These are the Endangered,* 1981; California Trout, *Symposium on the Management of High Mountain Lakes in California's National Parks,* 1977; Childerhouse and Trim, *Pacific Salmon,* 1979; Clarke and Goddard, *The Trout and the Fly,* 1980; R.J.W. Coleby, *Regional Angling Literature,* 1979; Trey Combs, *Steelhead Fly Fishing and Flies,* 1976; Jacques Yves Cousteau, *Oasis in Space,* 1975; Henry Ellis, *A Catalogue of Books on Angling,* 1977; Frank Elder, *The Book of the Hackle,* 1979; Muriel Foster, *Muriel Foster's Fishing Diary,* 1980; George F. Grant, *The Master Fly Weaver,* 1980; George F. Grant, *Montana Trout Flies,* 1981; Roderick L. Haig-Brown, *Alison's Fishing Birds,* 1980; Roderick L. Haig-Brown, *Bright Waters, Bright Fish,* 1980; Roderick L. Haig-Brown, *The Master and His Fish,* 1981; Linda Herman, *Kerridge Angling Collection: A Bibliography,* 1980; International Game Fish Association, *World Record Game Fishes,* 1980; International Game Fish Association, *World Record Game Fishes,* 1981; International Game Fish Association, *World Record Marine Fishes,* 1978; Les Johnson, *Sea Run,* 1979; Randall Kaufmann, *American Nymph Fly Tying Manual,* 1975; George M. Kelson, *The Salmon Fly,* 1979; Art and Scott Kimball, *Collecting Old Fishing Tackle,* 1980; Tom Kuchenberg, *Reflections in a Tarnished Mirror,* 1978; Letcher Lambuth, *The Angler's Workshop,* 1979; Light and Humphrey, *Steelhead Fly Tying Manual;* Carl F. Luckey, *Old Fishing Lures and Tackle,* 1980; W. Patrick McCafferty, *Aquatic Entomology,* 1981; Thomas McGuane, *An Outside Chance,* 1980; Steve Raymond, *Kamloops,* 1980; Lee Richardson, *Lee Richardson's B.C.,* 1978; Laura and William Riley, *Guide to the National Wildlife Refuges,* 1981; The River Conservation Fund, *Flowing Free,* 1977; Donald V. Roberts, *Flyfishing Still Waters,* 1978; Ernest Schwiebert, *Death of a Riverkeeper,* 1980; Ernest Schwiebert, *Trout,* 2 Vol., 1978; Theophilus South, *The Fly Fisher's Text Book,* 1841; Suffolk and Berkshire, Earl of et al, *The Encyclopedia of Sport,* 1898; James Turner, *Reckoning with the Beast;* Wilson and Parks, *Tying and Fishing the West's Best Dry Flies;* Lee Wulff, *Lee Wulff on Flies,* 1980; Wyodoski and Whitney, *Inland Fishes of Washington,* 1979; Don Zahner, editor, *Fishing with the Fly Rod,* 1978.



Chiploquorgan

Canadian Salmon Fishing in the 1860s

by Captain Richard Dashwood

Though fly fishing for salmon was occasionally practiced by 1800 in North America, it did not become a common and well-known pastime until about the time of the Civil War. We've published early accounts and illustrations of salmon fishing before, but this one has an unusual feature of great interest: few early accounts discuss the threats to the resource and the fishing in as much detail as does this one.

We are moved to reprint this chapter from the book Chiploquorgan *by its republication. In 1979 Saint Annes Point Press, Fredericton, N.B., reprinted the book in a limited edition, and we were provided with a review copy by the Sportsman's Cabinet, Box 59, Ogdensburg, New York, 13669.*

Chiploquorgan, *written by Captain Richard Dashwood of the British Army, was a description of hunting and fishing adventures throughout much of eastern Canada. Jack Fenety, who wrote the introduction to the new edition, described Dashwood's adventurous wanderings as "perhaps the lengthiest British Army furlough of all time." We reprint here the entire chapter on salmon fishing.*

Angling historians have pointed out that some of the first, and best, fly fishermen in North America were British citizens, visiting the New World on some scientific or military mission. These well educated travelers often kept journals, primarily for the entertainment of family and friends but occasionally for publication. This seems to have been especially the case with early Atlantic salmon fishing in Canada, where British Army officers and other representatives of the British government had cause to make extended visits of a sort not common to the United States after our revolution. Dashwood's book, published in 1871 in Dublin, is one of the most revealing of these accounts.

The word "Chiploquorgan," incidentally, is explained in the book's original preface as follows: " 'Chiploquorgan' is the Indian name, in the Milicite language, for the stick on which the kettle is suspended over the camp fire . . . The Indians attach a certain degree of superstition to the Chiploquorgan, and it is considered most unlucky to burn or remove it on leaving a camp."

THERE are many excellent salmon rivers in Nova Scotia, but they are much damaged by netting and spearing, and in some instances altogether blocked up by impassable mill-dams.

The salmon fishing in this province commences much earlier than in other parts of North America, especially in the rivers lying to the westward of Halifax, where fresh fish can be taken with a fly in March.

The Indian and Gold rivers, within forty miles of Halifax, afford fair sport at

times, and are the earliest streams. In the spring large flies take in these waters. Greys, fiery, browns, and the Nicholson, all of them tied with rather gaudy wings, kill well.

The Le Havre is a splendid stream emptying into the sea at Liverpool; forty miles further to the westward. The bottom of this river is dark, and I found that flies, as gaudy as those used at Ballyshannon, did good execution. Yellow body, yellow hackle, jay shoulder, with a gaudy mixed wing, and a couple of toppings over all, proved an excellent fly in high water. Since I visited this stream it has been totally destroyed by the erection of an impassable mill-dam at the mouth.

Twenty miles to the west of the Le Havre is Mill river, a capital stream. The fish here are bothered by sawdust, and the angler by lumber driving; however, notwithstanding these drawbacks, fair fishing is sometimes to be had. The same flies as for Le Havre suit this river, also the "Admiral," a fly of repute in many parts of the country, but with which I never yet succeeded in raising a fish, although I tried it in various places. To the east of Halifax the salmon run later. The best river on that coast is the St. Mary's, but it is so horribly poached and speared, that any sport is a great uncertainty. The same class of flies as those mentioned above are used in this river. There are many other smaller streams, where, occasionally, after a freshet, fish may be killed.

I paid a visit one summer with a brother officer of the name of Farquharson, to the Margaree, a river of Cape Breton. We travelled from Pictov by steamer, to Port Hawksbury; from thence by land to the Bras d'or Lake, an immense inland sea connected with the salt water by very narrow straits. We crossed this lake by steamer to Bedeque, and drove from that place to the valley of the Margaree, distant twenty-seven miles.

We brought a canoe with us from Halifax, together with an Indian, who proved but a bad hand at poling, and was altogether a poor specimen of his race. Our driver, who started from Bedeque elated, got more drink on the road, and ended by nearly capsizing us down a precipice. After we reached our destination, this man having only rested his horses an hour, and still exceedingly intoxicated, set out to drive home, on a pitch-dark night. They get their worth out of horses in North America, though the animals are rarely sound from being overworked when young.

Cape Breton boasts of some very pretty scenery, the valley of the Margaree, in particular. The river, for the first twenty miles from its mouth, runs through broad "interval" land, backed by high and steep hills covered with forest. "Interval" is the word used to denote meadow land on the banks of rivers, which are covered by the spring floods. This alluvial soil is very valuable, and produces large crops of hay.

The settlers here were a peculiar set of people, almost all Highland Scotch and Roman Catholics, speaking Gallic in addition to English, some even not knowing the latter language. I met a Scotch woman nearly a hundred years old, who had been all through the Peninsular war with her husband, a soldier in a Highland regiment. These people were most kind and hospitable, but some of them very ignorant, and rather lawless. As an instance of their ignorance, we were actually asked by a well-to-do settler, if it was true the Duke of Wellington was dead, and if he was not a great general!

The poaching on the Margaree is far worse than in any other river in North America, the settlers spearing and netting the pools nightly, in open defiance of the law. We were much annoyed by their spearing the pool opposite our camp, and reported it to the chief warden, who was afraid to do anything, and as the settlers came in gangs of over twenty, with blackened faces, we could not identify them, and so were powerless.

I was informed that the late chief fish-warden was a plucky fellow, who did his

Illustrations for this article are from The Ristigouche and its Salmon Fishing, *by Dean Sage, published in Edinburgh in 1888. Those on pages 26, 27, and 28 are scenes that would have been typical in Dashwood's time.*

duty and prevented poaching to a great extent, but his politics not suiting the Hon. Member for the District, he was turned out to make way for the present useless individual.

The river is naturally most prolific, the fish run over twenty pounds in weight, and rise well. There are no rocks in the lower part of the stream, and the pools are smooth, compared to most American waters. The bottom is gravel and sand, so the salmon "stands" vary more or less with the spring freshets, new pools being formed and old ones silted up or changed. Among the best fishing stations are the Forks, and the Island pool, half a mile lower down.

I cared less for the Margaree than any river I had ever visited in North America. It was too civilised, and you were apt to have your camp surrounded, especially on Sundays, by a crowd of loafers and gaping natives. One afternoon, whilst making flies in camp and resting the river for the evening cast, I was horrified at the sight of two tourists in Rob Roy canoes, splashing about in the middle of our best pool. They had come down the stream, to the head of which they portaged their cockney crafts in carts, after crossing the Brad d'or Lake, which they had reached by steamer from Halifax. It is a consolation to know that there are still plenty of wild rivers, inaccessible to the town loafer and cock-tail sportsman in a Rob Roy, as provided he cannot get above you, there is no fear of his coming up stream, which it would be impossible to do in such a craft. As a matter of course, we asked these unwelcome spoilers of our best cast to partake of the usual camp hospitality. They proved very harmless men, and only damaged our fishing through ignorance.

The flies I found most killing in the Margaree were, the old "Nicholson," and a yellow fly, and when the water was low a fly perfectly black, with the exception of wood duck in the wing. Broad silver tinsel or twist suits this water best.

There is a good marble quarry near the bank of the river, but it is not worked. Gold is now found in one of the tributaries of the Margaree, and an American company have commenced working it. I found some good specimens of quartz in some high barrens several miles back from the river, where I spent a couple of days looking for cariboo, but only saw a few tracks. The sand flies were here in swarms, while down in the open intervals there were hardly any flies at all, which was a great comfort.

Without doubt the best salmon fishing in North America is in the rivers flowing into the St. Lawrence; among the small celebrated of which are the Jacques Cartier near Quebec, several tributaries of the Saguenay, the Mingan, Moisic and many others.

The fish commence to run in the St. Lawrence about the middle of June. The same flies as used in the New Brunswick rivers answer for these waters; in the Moisic a fly entirely green kills at times. The Nicholson is also good, and orange bodies with claret hackles; wings should not be very gaudy. Most of these rivers are rented by Canadians and others. There is a good river near Gaspé at the entrance of the bay of Chaleurs, which is hired by a Canadian.

Sea trout frequent more or less all the rivers in North America. In some streams they are so numerous at the commencement of the run as to be a positive nusiance to the salmon fisher.

These fish are not the same species as the sea (commonly called white) trout of the English and Irish coasts; they are a shorter and thicker fish, more spotted on the back, and with a yellowish tinge on the belly. Nor do they jump out of the water when hooked, like the fish met with in Connemara and other parts of Ireland. As to flies they take almost anything, and are excellent eating.

In most of the rivers there is an enormous run of gaspereav, a species of herring; they ascend the fresh water in May, and are caught in thousands by weirs made of brush, and constructed in the shape of the letter V with a kind of trap at the top. They are also captured at the foot of heavy falls by dip nets; a man stands on a platform or rock, and keeps dipping his net into the foam.

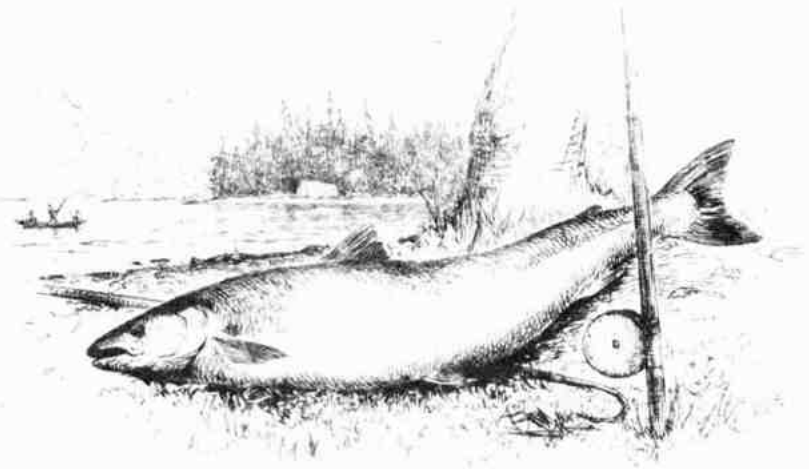
These fish are then salted and packed in barrels; they are soft, without much flavour, and very inferior to the regular herring, which also is taken in large numbers in the Bay of Fundy. The herrings do not appear until after they have dropped their roe, and are not to be compared to the same species that frequent the English coasts.

The shad, an excellent fish, likewise belonging to the herring tribe, and weighing from one to four pounds, ascends the fresh water, but not until June. They are chiefly killed by nets and spears.

Smelts are very plentiful, especially in the St. John river, though they are never sold in the market, being small, and quantity not quality is the first desideratum in this country. At Fredericton our men used to catch hundreds of them with a rod and line. The smelts are quite equal in flavour and superior in size to those caught in England.

I never saw a shrimp in the country. They would be considered much too small fry, though a regiment formerly stationed at St. John had a shrimp net, and some of the officers used to go out shrimping in the harbour and catch plenty of them. Of lobsters, as I have before mentioned, their name is legion.

Many English fish, such as soles, whiting, red mullet and others do not frequent



The 19th Century salmon angler's equipment was extremely heavy; the first few feet of the rod, as pictured on the right, was often as thick as a shovel handle. The reels were often solid brass, weighing a pound or more.

these coasts. There are numbers of white bass and sturgeon in many of the large rivers. The St. John river, New Brunswick, contains fish of either kind. We used to have a good sport near Fredericton, spearing bass when they made their appearance in the early spring. At that time of year they come to the top of the water in shoals, and play about for a few minutes at a time.

Two men in a canoe station themselves near where the bass are playing, and on a shoal coming to the surface, they immediately paddle as quickly as possible up to the spot and throw a spear, the head of which on striking a fish comes out of the socket, and is held to the pole only by a cord. This is to enable the fish to play, as they would otherwise very likely break the hold.

Most of the inland lakes of North America contain brown trout, which vary in size, appearance and flavour according to the nature of the country where the lakes are situated. Some fish are exceedingly well fed, and of a deep orange colour when cut open, of others the flesh is white and tasteless. The trout very in size from a quarter to three or four pounds, but generally do not exceed two pounds, and in some waters one pound.

I have generally observed that rocky bottomed lakes contain small and poor fish, whilst those situated in rich and loamy soil the reverse. The trout in lakes which have not been much fished rise greedily. In the neighbourhood of Halifax and other large towns they are much more shy.

I remember when camped on the Nepisiguit lakes the trout rose to every cast, and on bringing a fish into the side of the canoe, he was frequently followed by others eager to take the fly from him. Many times the original fish having wriggled off close to the canoe, the one "in waiting" rose at once and took the fly. I am speaking now of waters that had rarely ever had a fly cast into them.

The trout flies used in lakes are not large, and of almost any shade and pattern.

It is an immense advantage in this country to be able to tie your own flies; good ones are hardly to be got, except a few imported from home. As a rule you pay enormously for a very inferior article, both as regards workmanship, material and pattern. Most of the feathers are dyed, and the hooks weak and bad.

Fortunately for myself I mastered the art of fly-tying years ago, and was therefore independent of the scamped rubbish sold by the tackle makers, more especially those of Halifax. In St. John, New Brunswick, there was a very respectable man of the name of Willis—a saw-filer—who could put a decent fly together if he had the materials.

Notes and Comment

MORE ON THE HALF LIMIT CLUB

Volume Eight, Number Two, of *The American Fly Fisher* contained a brief note from Ed Zern, appealing for more information on the Half Limit Club, founded in 1948 by John Alden Knight. We received a letter from Mrs. Richard Alden Knight, providing us with some excellent additional background on this early kill-limiting organization. Mrs. Knight sent us an article about the Club that appeared in *Western Outdoors* in June, 1948. The article reported that John Alden Knight was President of the Club and Arthur Emery Low, of Santa Barbara, California, was a Charter Member. It seems that Mr. Low provided *Western Outdoors* with the information about the Club. A few quotes from Mr. Low, extracted from his many comments, give the mood of the Club:

"Realizing the utter impossibility of ever keeping our fishing up to the present standards, let alone improving them through hatcheries or other means, there was recently started a new movement called the Half-Limit Club . . . In the interests of better fishing, we, the undersigned, have banded together into an informal, non-profit group . . . We believe that an angler should be content with a few good fish in preference to a limit catch of lesser fry . . . It is not our purpose to curtail in any way the sport to be found in fishing. We believe in catching as many fish as we wish, keeping a few, and releasing the rest to be caught again another day . . . Accordingly we pledge ourselves to kill no more than half a legal limit of fish each time we go fishing, subscribing to the principle that more pleasure can be derived from catching

AMERICAN FISHING, SUMMARIZED

We found this summary of fishing in the United States in an old Ogden Smith's (London) Fishing Tackle Catalog. We were impressed by the author's ability to cover what we had heretofore considered a pretty big subject in a very few words:

"U.S.A. The Western Districts abound in Steelhead, Cutthroat and the Rainbow. The Yellowstone Park Reserve has some good streams. The Eastern States mostly contain Fontinalis (Char) and some good Brown Trout Waters. Those in Maine are rather like Hampshire waters and are fished dry."

Count on a fishing writer to give away all those secret hot spots.

We recently found this advertisement for an early San Francisco dealer; the ad is circa 1890. Do any of our readers know anything about this firm? It would be especially interesting to know where they "imported" fishing tackle from.

many but killing few."

It all sounds quite familiar these days, but back in the 1940s only a few anglers and fisheries biologists were bold enough to suggest such things as fish-for-fun. Here was a small group of sportsmen willing to participate in what they called "self regulation" in order to protect their sport. Thanks to Mrs. Knight for sharing the information with us. Do any of our readers know more about the Half Limit Club? It would be interesting to hear if any reckoning was ever made of membership, or to trace the mood of limiting one's kill from these first efforts to later, more successful movements.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S SALMON

About five years ago, in Volume Four, Number Two of *The American Fly Fisher*, there appeared an article about Rudyard Kipling's American fly fishing experiences by our Editor before he became Editor. The article concluded that little was known about Kipling's fishing activities in North America from 1892 to 1896, when he resided frequently in Vermont. We recently came across a brief reference in the August 1, 1896 *Forest and Stream*, which strengthens our conviction that Kipling was an occasional angler during those years. A correspondent to *Forest and Stream* on that date reported that he recently "had the pleasure of traveling a greater part of two days with Rudyard Kipling, who had been down around Gaspé, and was chock full of enthusiasm and joy because he had taken a 15lb. salmon, the first and only one, I believe."

We regret Kipling wrote so little about his fishing; besides his delightful essay "On Dry-Cow Fishing as a Fine Art" (in which he snags a cow on his back-cast and chases it around the neighborhood) and a few brief accounts of fishing in Oregon and other western waters, we have only indirect hints of his angling. But now we can at least add Atlantic salmon to his American catches.

The above photographs are part of the Ralph Orthof collection of tackle, recently acquired by Museum member and collector Ed Kram. Ed has donated part of this collection to us, and both he and we are trying to learn more about Mr. Orthof, who was a skilled and creative fly tier. Mr. Orthof apparently fished with both Pinky Gillum and Charles DeFeo, and may have been influential in their circles. His tackle was of the highest quality, and we would like to learn more about him so that we could document this important collection better. Do any of our readers know of Ralph Orthof? He seems to have been fishing in the 1930s and 1940s; we are not certain which photograph is him.

Museum News

JOIN THE MUSEUM

Membership Rates	
Associate	$ 20
Sustaining	$ 30
Patron	$100
Sponsor	$250

Send your membership application and full address to the Secretary, The Museum of American Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont, 05254. The Museum is a member of the American Association of Museums and the American Association for State and Local History. We are a non-profit educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE

We have the following back issues of the magazine available now:

Volume Five, Numbers 3 and 4
Volume Six, Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4
Volume Seven, Numbers 2, 3, and 4
Volume Eight, Numbers 1, 2, and 3

Place your order with the Registrar, The Museum of American Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont, 05254. Enclose $4.00 for each copy desired. The $4.00 covers postage.

Auction Report

by David Ottiger, Director of Development

The second annual West Coast auction was held December 3rd at the San Francisco University Club. It was quite a success, thanks to hard and able work by our organizing committee, headed by Art Frey, and including Larry Gilsdorf, Perk Perkins, Joe Rychetnik, and our host at the University Club, Robert Henderson—as well as crucial assistance from Randy Rives, Jim Van Loan, and others.

Among those attending were Loren Grey (son of Zane Grey), Marty Seldon, Senior Vice President of the Federation of Flyfishers and recently named their "Man of the Year", Museum President Gardner Grant, former President of the Federation and current Vice President of the Museum Charles Nelson, renowned rod builders Walton Powell and James Schaaf, editor and writer Mike Fong and his wife, photographer Christine Fong, and casting authority Mel Krieger.

Will Godfrey did his usual excellent and entertaining job as auctioneer, coaxing and cajoling attendees to higher levels of generosity. The auction raised nearly $12,000, but just as important was the fun—those who attended had an enjoyable evening of good food and drink, terrific company, and a very good time.

The Auction could not have been possible without the support of those individuals and companies who donated the prizes. The Museum would like to thank:

Maxine Atherton
Donald O. Benedict
Robert Buckmaster
Cortland Line
Charles Cummings
Robert Eddy
John F. Eggerts
George Grant
Fenwick/Woodstream
Mike Fong
Arthur Frey
Bill Karduck
Don Labbe
Dana Lamb
Bud Lilly
J. Michael Migel
Andrew Montague
Mustad Hooks
Orvis
Ogden Pleissner
Henry Reed
John H. Roush
Sage Rods
Peter Sang
James Schaaf
Scott Powr-Ply
Mike Stidham
Sunset Lines
Take-It-Easy-Ranch
Prescott Tolman
Sportsman's Edge
Scott Waldie
Steamboat Inn
Wild Wings

Spring Dinners — *Attend One in Your Area*

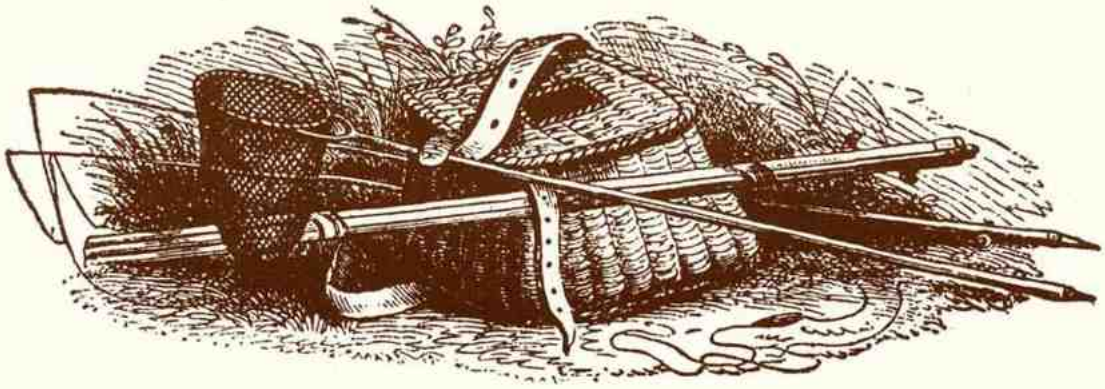
The Museum is now expanding its Dinner/Auction program by organizing in several locations around the country. These areas include: Milwaukee, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Jersey, Los Angeles and others. If any member would like to have a dinner in their hometown, or would like to help the Museum in one of the above areas, they should contact Dave Ottiger at (914) 564-2061. We're very excited about this program of dinners. Not only will it allow us to make many new friends for the Museum, it will allow those of us who currently are involved to get to know one another and share a good evening's company. For the Museum to become all it can as a national educational institution, we must greatly increase public awareness of our work. Dinner/auctions permit us to do just that, and have the added benefit of earning funds for our ongoing operation of the Museum.

Because the dinner program is expanding, the San Francisco Auction last December is the last one where invitations and catalogs will be sent to the entire membership. Announcements of auctions will be sent to local members in the area of the auction. Any members who want announcements of *all* upcoming auctions should write the Museum.

Support the Museum With a Prize

With the expansion of the dinner program comes a more acute need for auction prizes. Many of our members have skills at fly-tying, rodbuilding, and other crafts. We hope that all members will give some thought to ways of helping the auctions. Classic rods, reels, or flies, books, prints, or autographs, original artwork, and many other items are useful, and a tax deduction can be realized by the Donor. Any member who has either a donation or an idea about a donation should contact the Museum.

Once again we'd like to remind our members and friends that our auction program is supported by gifts from our friends. We do *not* remove objects from the permanent collection for these events. On rare occasions, with the express permission of the donor, we will auction duplicate items, but this is rare, and only occurs when we are certain the wishes of the donor are satisfied.



Visitors

Lately we here at the Museum have spent some time trying to estimate what visitation will be like for the new International Fly Fishing Center, in West Yellowstone. It's tricky business; we've explored every avenue short of hiring a wizard to read the future in chicken entrails, and we still don't think we can predict how many people will visit the new Center.

Part of the problem lies in a characteristic phenomenon that all new museums experience; for the first couple years visitation exceeds all expectations and everybody feels great. Then, as the "regulars" all are accounted for, visitation drops off rapidly and Museum Officers have to go to work to lure the people back with new exhibits, programs, and other expensive attractions.

Another part of the problem lies in some statistics that are easily misinterpreted. Every summer two and a half million Americans travel to Yellowstone Park (the rest come to Vermont and fish in the Editor's favorite spots on the Battenkill). About 200,000 of them are issued fishing permits; that sounds like a lot, but only about ten percent of *those* are serious fishermen. The permit is free; it's given out with little inconvenience. Many people pick one up (and five for the kids) without any real intention of using it, "just in case." So now we're down to maybe twenty-thousand serious fishermen in the park each summer, quite a few of whom don't travel through West Yellowstone.

Some optimists among us are expecting a hundred thousand or more visitors. A neighboring museum in West Yellowstone, a very nice small museum whose exhibits cover wildlife, Indians, geology, and local history, gets about 30,000 visitors a year, appealing to a wide variety of visitor interests to do so. Our appeal is much more narrow, but on the other hand it's a lot more intense as well. Again, it's hard to compare.

There are other variables that will affect visitation, including admission fee, regional and national publicity, and the price of gasoline during any given summer.

Trouble is, once we know—once we've counted that first summer's visitors—we really can't compare it to our past. We've never made an accurate count of visitors here in Manchester, because the exhibits are unmanned and the visitors could not be easily counted. Estimates of annual visitation here have run as high as 25,000.

One big difference we *know* we will see in West Yellowstone is in who the visitors are. West Yellowstone is certainly the foremost national crossroads of fly fishers, from both coasts, and we will instantly be receiving a much more evenly balanced group of anglers, with western states far better represented than they are now. That is very important to us.

Even more important to us is that from that location, with its many attractions, we will find it easier to make the public aware of us—anglers and non-anglers alike—because we will be so much more visible than we could be here. In the long run, visitation will be only as good as we make it, through our own efforts at letting people know the International Fly Fishing Center is worth a visit.