



The American Fly Fisher

Volume 9 • Number 2 • SPRING 1982



Meeting and Conclave, August 11-14



This year we will again hold our Annual Membership Meeting during the Conclave of the Federation of Fly Fishers. The Conclave will be held August 11-14 at West Yellowstone, Montana. All Museum members will be receiving a notice of the times and dates of Museum meetings (both a general membership meeting and a Board of Trustees meeting will be held, one immediately following the other).

If you have never attended a Conclave, you owe it to yourself to do it. We've been told by this year's planners that Conclave

82 will be different from previous gatherings in some ways, especially in the emphasis by speakers and exhibitors on practical down-to-earth guidance for the average fly fisher. Several improvements have been made in the arrangements for exhibitors, so that the West Yellowstone Convention Center will be used for commercial displays and fly tying demonstrations, and the town's gymnasium will not be used.

These are exciting times for both the Federation and the Museum. Conclave 82 promises to be an eventful one, and offers fly fishers the chance for some good

socializing, excellent lectures and demonstrations, and great fishing. Additional details about the Conclave schedule are available from the Federation of Fly Fishers Headquarters, Post Office Box 1088, West Yellowstone, Montana, 59758 (1-406-646-9541). The Federation maintains a full time office in West Yellowstone, and it's not too early to start making your plans for the Conclave.



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*On the cover: trout fishing at Lake
Yellowstone, Wyoming, in the late 1800s.
See the article on wild trout
management in Yellowstone Park,
starting on page 22. photo courtesy of
the National Park Service.*

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Aficionado Fishes Worms

A Study of Hemingway and Jake

by Elizabeth Walden Hyde

"You going to fish bait?"

"Yeah. I'm going to fish the dam here."

"Well, I'll take the fly-book then. . . ."

". . . Take a worm can."

"No, I don't want one. If they don't take a fly I'll just flick it around."¹

In *The Sun Also Rises* Bill Gorton goes off downstream while Jake Barnes sits on a dam of the Irati River, a remote stream in Spain, one he knows to be full of trout, and threads a worm onto his hook.

Bill is an old friend from the States, a lot like Hemingway's old friend Bill Smith from Michigan. Jake is an expatriate newspaper man living in Paris. He wants to be a writer. A wound from the war has left him impotent. In Spain for the fishing and Pamplona's fiesta, Jake is a recognized aficionado; in other words, Spaniards can sense that he is a passionate connoisseur of the artistry of the bullfight. He's got *the feeling*.

He puts on "a good-sized sinker" and lets it drop below him close to the edge of the dam. He doesn't feel the first strike. His rod bends almost double when he starts "to pull up." In a little while he has six good trout, banded-out dead on the dam beside him. He admires their color and firmness. He guts them because it's a hot day, and carries them off to be washed and packed in layers of ferns in his bag. The bag is now full, so he settles back to read "a

wonderful story" of death in the frozen Alps where a bride waits twenty-four years with her "true love" for the groom's body to emerge from a glacier. Bill returns at last, sweating and smiling, wet to the waist from wading. He presents four trout he has caught on a McGinty, about the only fly Hemingway ever mentions besides the Royal Coachman. Each one is bigger than the one before, and all but the smallest are better than Jake's. Jake expresses envy, admits all six of his were caught on worms, is called a lazy bum, and stirs himself to collect the chilled wine and to spread out the picnic (*SAR*, 118-121).

Among scholarly critics of *The Sun Also Rises* there must not be any fly fishermen. For half a century critics and campus classrooms have been questioning the significance of Jake Barnes' wound, but nothing in print has called attention to the worm. The Burguete-Irati interlude shared by Jake, Bill, and their new acquaintance, an Englishman named Wilson-Harris who leaves them each a dozen hand-tied flies, has been invariably described as an idyll, a sort of pastoral sojourn for the restoration of souls. Together the men hike from Burguete through sloping fields and woods and over hills to fish the Irati. They laze on its banks, explore a monastery, drink beer and play cards back in Burguete. This

is the good life, unknown to the wastelanders, Lady Brett Ashley and her dissolute circle, who have passed up the fishing for sex and alcohol and for corrupting Pamplona's prized young matador. "It brings [Jake] health, pleasure, beauty and order, and helps to wipe out the damage of his troubled life in Paris," Mark Spilka writes in his well-known essay, "Death of Love in *The Sun Also Rises*."²

Perhaps, but a few puzzling details stand out. Why the monastery? Why does Jake spread out the picnic and serve it without any help from Bill? What's this about a groom in a glacier? And a few more questions a trout fisherman is bound to ask: Why does Wilson-Harris give Jake a dozen hand-tied flies he'll never fish with? Is it likely a fly at midday would bring a bigger fish than a worm sunk deep at a dam? And foremost, flares the question: If "afficion means passion" (*SAR*, 131), "passion of knowledge . . . wholly authentic, meaningful and pure, and something that Jake had to acquire through persistent effort" (Leo Gurko, *Ernest Hemingway and the Pursuit of Heroism* [New York: Crowell, 1968], p. 58), and if the pursuit of heroism is "a reaction to the moral emptiness that [Hemingway's heroic figures] feel compelled to fill by their own special effort" (Gurko, p. 236), what's this fellow Jake doing sitting on a



dam fishing worms while the trout are rising and taking flies upstream from him and down?

In "Fishing with a Worm" Bliss Perry, an early *Atlantic Monthly* editor, who along with Izaak Walton doesn't mind admitting he caught his last trout on a worm, compares fly-fishing to the poetry of angling and worm fishing to "angling's honest prose."³ Trout impossible to reach with a fly, Perry says, should be lured by a worm—felicitously dropped over that bank of bog grass into the right deep spot, if the humbled angler can crawl on his belly under alders and cedar bows and sometimes fish with the rod tip only and two feet of line. At certain times a trout will take only live bait; some narrow deep brooks, some stretches of streams, can't be reached with a fly. In defense of worm fishing Perry pronounces: "No man is a *complete* angler until he has mastered all modes of angling," but he warns that "a man should be honest."

Jake is honest about his six trout, but he neither had to crawl on his belly nor coax with a worm what a fly could not interest anywhere along the Irati's open stretches of water prime for casting. Are we then to suppose that the aficionado of the bullfight's poetry and precision, he who has fished for trout all his life, has not yet mastered the mode of fly-fishing? Or, that

maybe his creator has not, and ignorance glares through his fiction here? Or, could Jake's sedentary fishing habits have to do, somehow, with his wound?

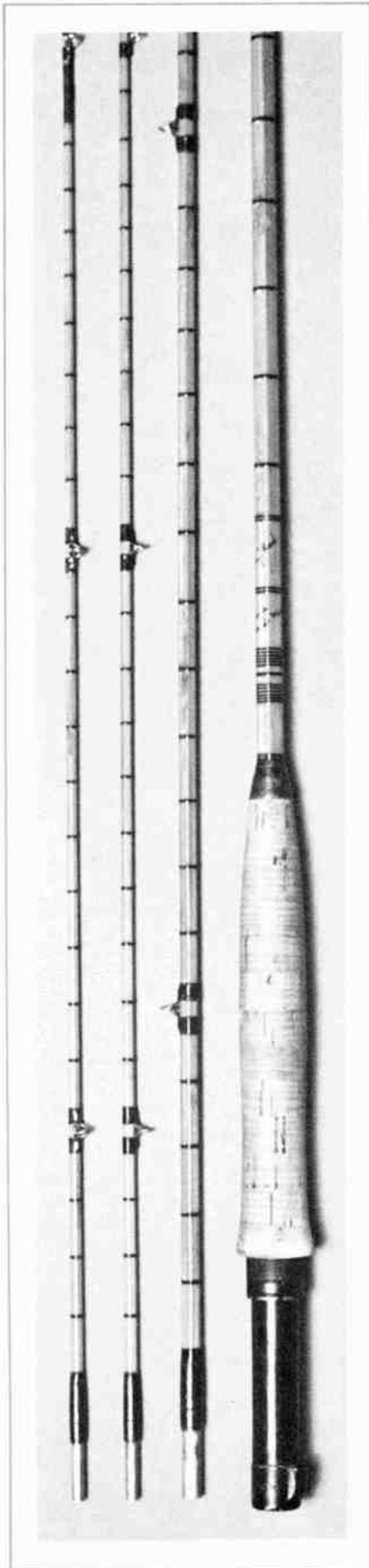
Delbert E. Wylder writes of Jake in *Hemingway's Heroes* (Albuquerque: Univ. of New Mexico, 1969), "Between the idea of how he should act and the reality of how he does, falls the shadow of his wound" (p.54). Perhaps he shouldn't get it wet. But the next day he does and tells us, "It was hot enough so that it felt good to wade in a cold stream, and the sun dried you when you came out and sat on the bank" (*SAR*, 125). It was hot on the first day, also. Was he too tired to wade and cast? He had hiked a long way and was tired, but he had travelled from Paris to Burguete in order to hike a long way for some excellent wild fishing, the kind of fishing you have to hike a long way to find. You can fish over dams at home.

Metaphorically, then, is the wound involved here? All Hemingway tells us about Jake and his wound, after the novel was written, is this: "He was capable of all normal feelings as a *man* [sic.] but incapable of consummating them. The important distinction is that his wound was physical and not psychological and that he was not emasculated."⁴ In *Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Twayne, 1963), Earl Rovit tells more: "The

The Navarre Pyrenees, from which flow the Irati and its sister streams on the Spanish-French border. photo courtesy of the Spanish National Tourist Office.

cause and the nature of Jake Barnes's wound force his experiences into a level of symbolic relevance which makes his slow, uncertain struggle to regain a positive stance toward life as much a parable as an 'epistemological' romance" (p. 160). On the other hand, any forcing of Jake's Irati experience "into a level of symbolic relevance" soon appears needless with Rovit's reminder that "Hemingway's fictions seem rooted in his journeys into himself much more clearly and obsessively [than other writer's fictions]" (p. 164).

Is the sequence then simply autobiographical? Would Hemingway who trout-fished all his life and wrote about it, who penned an appreciative "Foreward" to Charles Ritz's *A Fly Fisher's Life*, and who like Jake was a wounded veteran, expatriate writer and aficionado of the bullfight, have dropped a worm over the dam in this



same situation? *Did he?*

The real Bill "Gorton" of Michigan has admitted to fishing the Irati River with Hemingway and to most of the dialogue during the streamside picnic. The play on the word "utilize" (*SAR*, 122) he recalls as his own. "I guess we all have our moments," he said. Interviewer Donald St. John did not ask him if Hemingway fished bait at the dam, if he was reading of a groom in a glacier when and if Bill Smith returned with better trout caught on a fly, and if the Englishman—there was, indeed, an Englishman—had joined them to visit a monastery. Details. Hemingway was "an artist . . . not a diarist," Smith said in his famous friend's defense.⁵ Nevertheless, in the Burguete-Irati episode of *The Sun Also Rises* the diarist's hand would seem blatantly evident. A look into Hemingway's past, his fishing methods and the extent of his writing that touches on trout will answer the questions posed here.

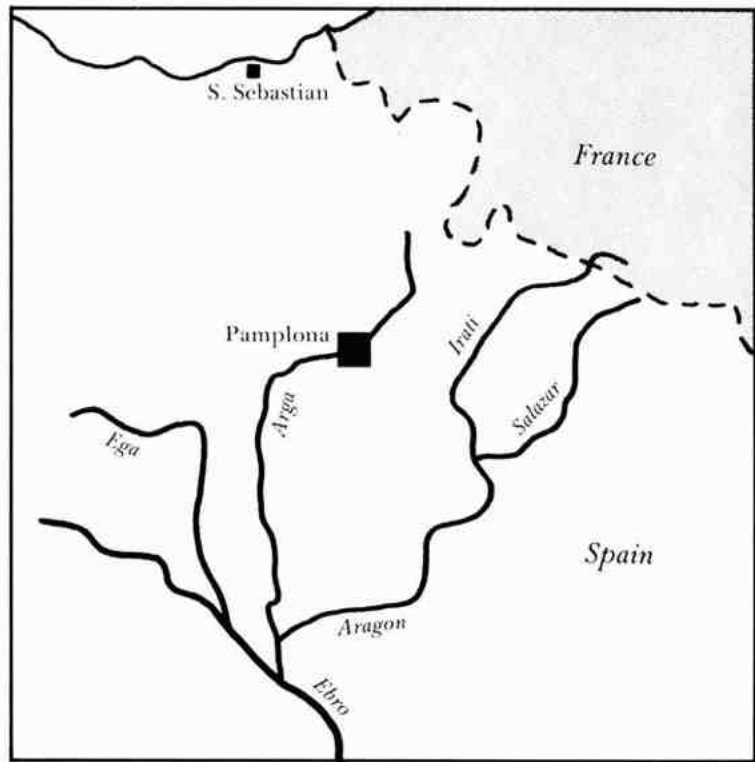
Hemingway grew up in Michigan where he spent his summers at Walloon Lake. He caught many trout, big ones, but in the plethora of Hemingway biographies and reminiscences that recall the barefoot boy with pole and string of trout, I could find only two mentions of fly-fishing in Michigan. One is in *Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story* (New York: Scribner's, 1969) where Carlos Baker describes Hemingway's return to the Irati River after loggers had ruined the fishing. "Bill Smith had brought along a box of sure-fire old favorites from the summers at Horton Bay [near Walloon Lake]: McGinty's, Royal Coachmans, Yellow Sallys. . . . They put the flies away and used worms and grasshoppers" (p. 149), and four days passed without yielding a trout. One might be satisfied with this, that indeed Hemingway was a fly fisherman of some ability when he wrote *The Sun Also Rises*, were it not for the smack of salt in Horton Bay and the almost complete indifference to fly-fishing in the stacks of Hemingway printed matter, on him and by him. Baker gives a better idea of Michi-

Ernest Hemingway's Hardy Fairy trout rod, on permanent exhibit at the Museum, was given by Museum Trustee Pres Tolman in 1973. He acquired it at a Federation of Fly Fishers Conclave auction in 1972, from Jack Hemingway, who requested it be donated to us. The rod is an 8'6", three-piece model used by Ernest Hemingway when he first went to Sun Valley, Idaho in 1939.

gan trout fishing when he writes of the same two anglers fishing the Black River, each with a wet fly on one hook (there's your fly) and a grasshopper on another. Twice by this method Smith landed two fish at once, and together they caught sixty-four in one day (p. 62). Baker also tells of the lad who had been using grasshoppers for bait for years when he received a grade of 90 on a six-page Biology paper, "The Anatomy of the Grasshopper" (p. 18). His brother Leicester Hemingway writes that before first grade Ernest could give the Latin names for more than two hundred and fifty birds (*My Brother Ernest Hemingway* [Cleveland: World, 1961], p.24), many of which would soon fall victim to his shotgun. One, a snipe [*Capella delicata*], he consumed raw on a five-dollar bet (p. 70). The only other hint at early fly-fishing is found in this volume: "By the spring of 1920 . . . Ernest was again longing to be in northern Michigan, outwitting the local trout with both natural bait and flies" (pp. 61-62). Also, a curious mention of post-war fly-fishing: "Ernest was enthusiastic over the fly-fishing in the Rhone Valley, where the water was just clear enough to fool the trout" (p. 79).

Mary Welsh Hemingway, in *How It Was* (New York: Knopf, 1976), breathes not a word on trout. Other related sporting habits of her husband, however, come into focus. Illegal pheasant hunting in Oak Park: "You had to get rid of them quick because they had just introduced them," said Hemingway, who had to carry his kill home in his shirt and dispose of the bones in the wood-burning range, a smell he would never forget (p. 227). A heron, the biggest he had ever seen, he shot with a rifle at age fourteen, "just for fun" (p. 228), and was nearly arrested. Also for fun, and because they were loose near the garden, he shot two of his neighbor's rare Belgian hares, but this occurred after the war and his brother Leicester attributes the event to aftereffects (*My Brother Ernest Hemingway*, p. 59).

When Hemingway and his friend Sampson shot a porcupine for fun, Dr. Hemingway intervened and made them cook and eat it—all. "Father had the greatest contempt for so-called sportsmen who killed ruthlessly for the fun of killing or to boast about the size of the bag," Marcelline Hemingway Sanford remembers in *At the Hemingway's* (Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1961), p. 82. An "exponent of decency in sport" (p. 82), the gentle country doctor and father of six, who later took his own life, is quoted by his daughter as saying, "It takes judgment to shoot. It takes kindness to kill cleanly, and it takes a wise man never to shoot more than he can eat" (p. 81). According to critical studies, Hemingway emulated his father, the sportsman who taught him to hunt and fish. Jackson J. Benson in *Hemingway: The Writer's Art of Self-Defense* (Minneapolis: Univ. of Minnesota, 1969) contends that Hemingway took to hunting and fishing because the rituals,



Pamplona and the Irati River are in north-central Spain, quite near the Atlantic coast and the French border. The Irati flows south from France into the Ebro, which flows into the Mediterranean Sea.

rules and techniques taught by his father epitomized the male tradition and provided an escape from a feminine environment (p. 9). (Hemingway had four sisters and a dominating mother.) A page later, though, Benson seems to contradict himself; he says that for Hemingway fishing was "a release from anxiety . . . often produced from the continual effort of trying to be a man" (p. 10).

Here is what Hemingway had to say about it to Archibald MacLeish: "Fishing is as exciting as war."⁶

Hemingway thrilled to the feel of "horsing in" (or "out") a trout. "People that have never horsed them out don't know what they can make you feel," he once said and added a cryptic question: "What if it only lasts that long?"⁷ *The feeling* is what counts. In his autobiographical "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick Adams, back from the war, "felt all the old feeling" when his "heart tightened as the trout moved." Again, Hemingway on *feeling*: "You cannot live on a plane of the sort of elation I had felt in the reeds and having killed, even when it is only a buffalo, you feel a little quiet inside. Killing is not a feeling that you share . . ." (*Green Hills of Africa* [New York: Scribner's 1935], p. 120). *Aficion*, as we have established, is subjective feeling, the hand-on-shoulder touching to express shared knowledge and passion for the bullfight, and *Death in the Afternoon* (1932; rpt. New York: Scribner's, 1960) adds this: "The truly great killer must have a sense of honor and

a sense of glory far beyond that of the ordinary bullfighter. In other words he must be a simpler man . . . he must have a spiritual enjoyment of the moment of killing" (p. 232).

In the son's sense of honor we hear the father's voice, and in Hemingway's repeated insistence on the clean kill, but the rest begins to seem like an aberration. When in top form, Ernest Hemingway did not simply kill cleanly, he enacted a favorite phrase. He administered death.

Far removed now from his father's influence, the big-game hunter can not be satisfied without a kudu: "I'd rather get one than all the rest [oryx, leopard, lion, waterbuck, etc., already bagged] . . . I don't give a damn about these rhino outside of the fun of hunting them. But I'd like to get one that didn't look silly beside that dream rhino of his" (*Green Hills of Africa*, pp. 87-88). His remorse for a bungled bagging, a wounded sable bull left to the hyenas because it could not be found, seems sincere enough ("I was thinking about the bull and wishing to hell I had never hit him" [p. 271]), although he never alludes to the leopard he shot at blindly, several times, according to wife Mary in *How It Was*. The leopard trailed blood and "a piece of shoulder blade" until finally they "found the beastie dead" (p. 368). When, toward the close of the safari, laden with hides and horns the vehicles arrive at the outpost, the ghost of father looms. "We ate the meat," Ernest assures the reader (p. 272),—several

thousand pounds, that would be, before loading up the trophies.

"If sport is a mirror of life it is also a mirror of any other activity in life, such as writing," states John Atkins in *The Art of Ernest Hemingway: His Work and Personality* (London: Spring Books, 1952), p. 104; "Today [Hemingway] says, 'I'm modest. I just want to be champion.'" (By this time he was after tuna.)

Of four hundred and twenty-seven Hemingway contributions (including reprints) to newspapers and periodicals, only seven focus on trout fishing, and two of those are reprints. "Are You All Set for Trout?" (*Toronto Star Weekly*, April 10, 1920) presents practical tips on what to buy, how much to pay, what bait to use, when and where, and tells how to "horse in" a trout rather than jerk it out of the stream. "Fishing for Trout in a Sporting Way" (*Toronto Star Weekly*, April 24, 1920) says to use worms and live bait. Expensive gear is not needed. "Trout rise to a hopper far more readily than they do to a fly, and they are bigger trout. If you want to insure catching big trout, put three good sized hoppers on the hook."

One notable exception to the Hemingway habit comes in "The Best Rainbow Trout Fishing" (*Toronto Star Weekly*, Dec. 11, 1920) which shows respect for the fly fisherman and almost as much for the rainbow trout as is shown elsewhere for the bull.⁸ Hemingway describes leaving the rapids, too rough for fly-fishing, and hiking



A young Ernest Hemingway, right, and Lewis Clanahan, a friend from Illinois, leaving on a pack-in fishing trip in Michigan. This photograph, currently part of the Museum's Hemingway rod exhibit, is used with permission of Hemingway's sister, Madelaine Hemingway Miller.

eight miles to a pool where his Royal Coachman can take a 9-pound, 26-incher. The feeling is certainly there when the two tired figures "slog into the foreground" and drop their heavy packs near the pool, and it's there during the explosion and battle scene, and I would happily believe him if it weren't for some other fish stories.

In *Green Hills of Africa* "Pop" says to Hem, "You damned liar," while Hemingway answers, "I swear to God" (p. 210). The story goes that he caught three big trout, "the biggest bloody kind" (p. 211), on a river nobody ever fished, so hard to get to when he was a kid, "out on the huckleberry plains beyond the Sturgeon and the Pigeon" (p. 210). That's belly-crawling country, and if "the kid" did catch those fish, it's a pretty safe bet (reading Hemingway) they were not hooked on a cast "the second the flies hit the water" (p. 210). Then again, the trout whose leaps resounded "like bathtubs

thrown into the lake," in "Fishing for Trout in a Sporting Way," were not caught by the method described: "These monster trout won't touch a fly and we fish for them by casting out from the bank with minnows and letting them lie on the bottom of the channel," (*TSW*, April 10, 1920). According to Bill Smith, "That is not the way you cast with minnows when taking Rainbow. But no matter," he said to interviewer St. John. "Hem angled stories as does everyone. Particularly when they were fishing stories." The customary tactic for catching Rainbow went like this: "We'd cut the head off a small perch, skin it back, put the hook through the tail and let it drift to the bottom [dropped from a boat, without casting]. Then we'd bring the lines to shore, prop them up with log butts, set the reel and wait for a bite. We'd have several rods set that way and while we waited we'd play poker or 'catch.' When the reel started hum-

ming we'd drop everything and haul in the fish. Lost one or two rods that way, I remember. Some of those trout were seven, eight pounds."⁹

The picture Hemingway paints of himself as angler is quite of another hue. Nick Adams, taken from the start for a very slightly fictional version of the young Hemingway, is Huck Finn complete with willow pole and coil of silk line wedged at the tip. In "The Last Good Country" he lands a trout too big for the pan but has to kill it. As often happens with live bait, the trout has swallowed worm, hook, and all. He then sets out for shallow water to catch a couple of small ones, the size his sister prefers, just right for their frying pan at the campfire. He wants no one else to discover his wild river (*The Nick Adams Stories* [New York: Scribner's, 1972], pp. 109ff.). The big trout in "On Writing" fares better. Nick releases it alive from the water-filled bag slung at his side. "He was too big to eat. I'll get a couple of little ones in front of camp for supper" (p. 240). In "Big Two-Hearted River," fishing again for the first time since the war, "Nick had one good trout. He did not care about getting many trout." Only in "The End of Something" is there an indication of how things were usually done. When the lake fish weren't biting from the boat, Nick and his girl friend who loved to fish set up the skinned-perch method and braced their steel rods on the shore, but nothing was fun anymore (pp. 201-204).

Critics are nevertheless seduced by "a carefully determined order of virtue and simplicity . . . self-disciplined moral conduct,"¹⁰ the sportsman's code handed down from father to son. Carlos Baker emphasizes the spirit of "fair play" in "Big Two-Hearted River." Nick wets his hands before releasing a small trout, and "as if for fisherman's luck"¹¹ the threaded grasshopper "took hold of the hook with his front feet, spitting tobacco juice on it." Philip Young, too, remarks: "He knows precisely how to disengage and throw back a small trout so it will not suffer from the experience, and he spits on his bait for luck" (*Ernest Hemingway* [New York: Rhinehart, 1952], p. 19). In "Big Two-Hearted River," Nick fishes all day long without once reaching for the book of flies bulging in his breast pocket. Of fifty grasshoppers trapped in a jar, secured in another pocket, he uses five. His eight-dollar casting line is fed out with the current. A fly rod horses in his trout. He keeps his gut leader coiled in damp

flannel inside a pouch. He kills his trout before cleaning them, he whacks their heads against a log, and that is good. "What is clean is good, true, and beautiful and vice versa. To understand Hemingway's aesthetic one must realize that these things are practically interchangeable," writes Richard K. Peterson in *Hemingway: Direct and Oblique* (Paris: Mouton, 1969), p. 55. One might put in an oblique word for the grasshopper here, pierced from stem to stern by the sportsman's hook, impaled alive by the raft it clutches to ride a strange and terrible element, signalling shadows from the deep until something sudden, that it must sense coming, takes it. As for the wetting of hands, a trout that isn't lightly lip-hooked is not often to be spared by this moral gesture. Critics might as well cite as moral behavior Jake's covering of the worms: "I filled two empty tobacco tins with worms and sifted dirt onto them" (*SAR*, 113).

Hemingway is not insensitive. He can empathize with a hunted, wounded lion in "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber,"¹² and in "Now I Lay Me" the grasshopper's agony is only disguised:

"Once I used a salamander from under an old log. The salamander was very small and neat and agile and a lovely color. He had tiny feet that tried to hold on to the hook, and after that one time I never used a salamander, although I found them very often. Nor did I use crickets, because of the way they acted about the hook."¹³

But is he honest? Many are quick to put Papa down, even as the great aficionado and celebrator of Spain, Arturo Barea, one who should know, insists that Hemingway has wronged all the details of Spain, its women and Franco's Civil War. To Barea's thinking Hemingway was "a spectator who wanted to be an actor and who wanted to write as if he were an actor. Yet it is not enough to look on: to write truthfully you must live, and you must feel what you are living."¹⁴ No feeling then, either? He who has been linked with Louis Bromfield for his "love of the good earth, of cool streams . . . without question, Hemingway's basic affirmation"¹⁵ is accused by Mark Spilka of taking "less delight in nature than in outdoor sports. He is more concerned, that is, with baiting hooks and catching trout than with the Irati River and more pleased with the grace and skill of the bullfighter than with the bull's magnificence."¹⁶ His scenic descriptions, devoid of seasonal changes, exhibit no deep feeling. Spilka argues and is seconded by Samuel Shaw. Shaw cannot imagine Hemingway spending more than a few days at Walden Pond or on the Irati River before returning to the city. "Boredom would destroy the pleasure" (*Ernest Hemingway* [New York: Ungar, 1973], p. 44). Enough. It is time to rise to the defense of a much beleaguered author of several important and lasting American novels.

One cannot read "Fishing the Rhone Canal" (*Toronto Daily Star*, June 10, 1922)

without responding to the "little stream called the Rhone Canal." Brown with the rush of early spring it spills from a hillside where a few medieval dwellings catch the late sun. It presses on, deep and muffled through fields tilled for centuries, and as the angler moves upstream against the current he seems to be discovering, along with history, death and renewal, the thrill of a very old sport. His trout is without doubt caught on a fly. He does not name "the strange fly" nor the trout which "jumped into the air twice," but we are glad he caught it. (Leicester Hemingway can verify it.) And if it's truth we're after, "Trout Fishing in Europe" (*Toronto Star Weekly*, Nov. 17, 1923) has got to be the genuine article. Although Hemingway had already published his instructions for baiting a hook and letting the current carry it ("Fishing For Trout in a Sporting Way," *TSHW*, April 24, 1920), here his Toronto readers are in for a surprise. He depicts a day's fishing on a snow-clouded Swiss stream near the Rhone, during which he is followed in silence by an old man. The fish are not biting. Desperate to entice the laggards Hemingway has gobbled four or five worms on his hook. The old man on the bank continues to follow and frown. At last, impatient and vastly annoyed, Hemingway demands to know why the old man is there. You don't know how to fish worms, the old man allows, and he proceeds to show Hemingway how to place only one worm on the curve of the hook with half the worm free to wriggle. He also instructs the master baitman on grub for August fishing, and Hemingway concludes the neat little piece with a recipe for Swiss "blue trout."

Bill Smith was right. Hemingway was not a diarist. Although it is now apparent that his limited knowledge of fly-fishing at the time he wrote *The Sun Also Rises* can account for some of the doubtful aspects of the Burguete-Irati sequence, invention is there, and for a purpose. If it were drawn directly from life, as is most of the dialogue, Bill Gorton would have gone off downstream with a McGinty on one hook and a hopper on the other while Hemingway would have covered the dam pool and waded on upstream with two or three hoppers hugging his. He would have been up as early as Jake: "It was cool outside in the early morning and the sun had not yet dried the dew that had come when the wind died down" (*SAR*, 112). But not for worms. This is grasshopper-gathering time, when they can't hop away, that almost breathless moment of hope and fresh beginnings that Nick Adams and Hemingway knew so well.

The monastery? The groom in the glacier? Not feeling the trout strike? Artistic invention all. Hemingway has picked his details with a purpose. We must see in Jake's worm the thing that it is, a graphic symbol of impotence, and in his actions as

in his life, the incomplete angler, the incomplete man.

¹Ernest Hemingway, *The Sun Also Rises* (New York: Scribner's, 1926), p. 18; subsequent citations from this edition appear in the text as *SAR*, with page number.

²"Death of Love in *The Sun Also Rises*," *Hemingway and His Critics*, ed. Carlos Baker, American Century Ser. (New York: Hill & Wang, 1961), p. 86; see also Carlos Baker on "no health in [the] wastelands"; *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist*, 1952; 3rd. ed. (Princeton: Univ. Press, 1963), p. 85.

³"Fishing with a Worm," included in *Angler's Choice: An Anthology of American Trout Fishing*, ed. Howard T. Walden II (New York: Macmillan, 1947), p. 23; subsequent citations from Bliss Perry are to pp. 25, 28.

⁴Quoted by George Plimpton in "An Interview with Ernest Hemingway," *Hemingway and His Critics*, p. 29.

⁵Quoted by Donald St. John, "Interview with Hemingway's 'Bill Gorton,'" in *Hemingway and 'The Sun' Set*, ed. Bertram D. Sarason (Wash., D.C.: NCR Microcard Edns., 1972), p. 185; see also p. 183.

⁶Quoted by Scott Donaldson, *By Force of Will: The Life and Art of Ernest Hemingway* (New York: Viking, 1977), p. 72.

⁷*Ibid.*

⁸See "Bull Fighting a Tragedy" (*Toronto Star Weekly*, Oct. 20, 1923), included in *By-Line: Ernest Hemingway: Selected Articles and Dispatches of Four Decades*, ed. William White (New York: Scribner's, 1967), pp. 90-98.

⁹Quoted by St. John, "Interview with Hemingway's 'Bill Gorton,'" p. 169.

¹⁰Carlos Baker, *Hemingway: The Writer as Artist*, 1952; 3rd ed. (Princeton: Univ. Press, 1963), p. 126.

¹¹*Ibid.*

¹²" . . . bullet . . . bit his flank and ripped in sudden hot scalding nausea through his stomach. He trotted, heavy, big-footed, swinging wounded full-bellied, through the trees toward the tall grass and cover. . . . Then it crashed again and he felt the blow as it hit his lower ribs, and ripped on through, blood sudden hot and frothy in his mouth, and he galloped toward the high grass where he could crouch and not be seen and make them bring the crashing thing close enough so he could make a rush and get the man that held it"; Hemingway, "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," *The Short Stories of Ernest Hemingway*, 1925 (rpt. New York: Scribner's, 1969), p. 15.

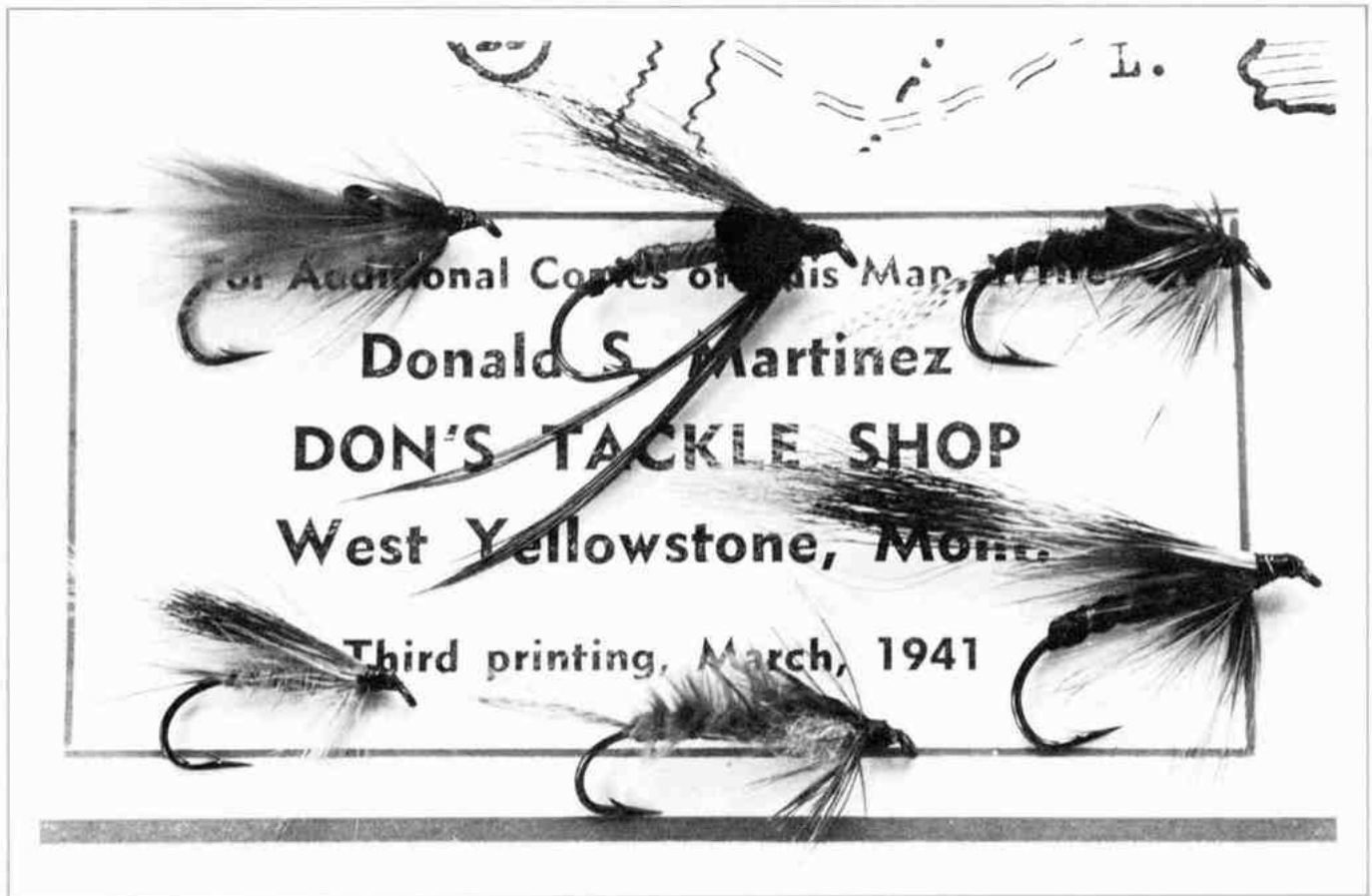
¹³Hemingway, "Now I Lay Me," *Men without Women*, 1927 (rpt. New York: Scribner's, 1955), p. 220.

¹⁴"Not Spain but Hemingway," *Hemingway and His Critics*, p. 212.

¹⁵Michael F. Moloney, "Ernest Hemingway: The Missing Dimension," *Hemingway and His Critics*, p. 181.

¹⁶Spilka, "Death of Love in *The Sun Also Rises*," *Hemingway and His Critics*, p. 92.

Elizabeth Walden Hyde teaches American Literature, Shakespeare and writing in New York. Her non-fiction and fiction have appeared in numerous magazines and journals. She is currently preparing the remaining manuscripts of her late father, Howard T. Walden 2d, for publication.



Don Martinez

Western Dry Fly Master

by George Grant



Donald Skillman Martinez was a professional fly tier who, during the years from about 1932 to 1943, spent his summers in West Yellowstone, Montana, and his winters in Los Angeles, California. Prior to his residency in Los Angeles not a great deal is known about him except that his early school years were lived at Washington Green, Connecticut, and at some time thereafter he lived in Chicago and for several seasons fished in northern Michigan on the Jordan and Boardman Rivers. It appears that he attended college in the east, but it is not known where—or if he graduated. There is a brief reference to his having taken a course in limnology under the tutelage of a Doctor Needham, presumably Dr. J. G. Needham, Cornell University, but to date this can not be verified. A letter written from Los Angeles to a friend in the east discloses a sense of humor and a clue to his family background:

"Skillman is my middle name, my mother's family name—town near Princeton is where the first settlers of that name held forth. Around here anyone whose name ends in "ez" is automatically Mexican. The name Martinez establishes a presumption in people's minds that I am Mexican and not likely to have done much trout fishing. If solvent, Mexicans become "old Spanish families". I fall somewhere in between being neither one nor the other— $\frac{1}{4}$ Spanish via New Orleans. All of which has nothing to do with trout fishing".

A visitor to the Martinez residence at St. Andrews Place and Eighth Street in Los Angeles about 1940 would have felt that he was being pleasantly transported into another world and, if he was a fly tier or a fly fisherman, he would have been enchanted. His eyes would most certainly have been drawn first to several split-bamboo fly rods, fully assembled and hanging by their tips (to keep the "set"

out) from the valance above the wall paper. A closer examination would have revealed that the rods bore such names as Leonard, Payne, Lew Stoner, etc. He would have noticed several longish pans containing water in which were soaking various sizes of Spanish silkworm gut being made ready for tying into tapered leaders. Nylon monofilament by this time had made its advent but many older fishermen were reluctant to trust a "new-fangled" product that often slipped a well-tied Turle knot. On the walls there were pictures—fish, fishermen, wildlife, and the scenic beauty of Yellowstone country in all its unspoiled splendor. A closet door, pressed into service as a bulletin board, displayed a miscellany of snap shots, magazine clippings, and pending orders for flies, a number of them with sample flies dangling precariously.

Perhaps most fascinating, however, was a table with an orderly array of boxes of

Though Don Martinez is now best remembered for popularizing the woolly worm, the author points out that he was a true pioneer in western dry flies. As a matter of interest we present, opposite, some original Martinez nymphs and wet flies, including an unusual crane fly imitation (middle of upper row) tied in 1939.

Below: an original Martinez woolly worm. Photographs on page 8 and 9 by John Merwin.

completed flies ranging from miniscule dries to, by comparison, gargantuan chenille-bodied, palmer-hackled wets. Also, there were steelhead patterns on heavy wire hooks and standard pattern wets, but mostly there were dry flies—quill-bodied variants, spiders, bi-visibles, hair-winged Wulffs, and more, for Martinez was a versatile artist. Despite the variance in size and style all had the unmistakable touch of a master craftsman.

By this time the visitor would surely have noticed that his nostrils were being assaulted by the penetrating fumes of paradichlorobenzene crystals so extravagantly used in that era to ward off attacks by moth larvae on feathers and flies, but even the possibility of migraine would have been gladly risked in exchange for the rare privilege of being allowed to enter the sanctum of one of the world's finest fly dressers.

Seated in an old wooden deck chair in a relaxed, semi-reclined position was Martinez himself, nonchalantly feeding various materials onto a hook secured in the jaws of a most unorthodox vise. Now, the visitor would have become oblivious to his surroundings while he watched, entranced, as deft hands worked quickly and precisely to form exquisite small dry

flies with deceptive ease at the rate of one every three or four minutes. Cal Dunbar, longtime resident of West Yellowstone who, as a teen-ager growing up in Los Angeles, was a frequent visitor in Martinez' home, describes the operation in this manner:

"I used to visit Don by the hour at his L.A. home in 1939 thru 1942 (left for the Marines in 1943) and watch him tie flies. He used a Thompson head (in varying sizes to fit the hook size) with a chrome shaft about 18" long (forearm length) with a rubber nut on the end which he placed in a $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep typewriter ribbon tin mounted on the left arm of his chair—as a "socket." I've seen him tie quilled dry flies, 22, 24, etc., and glance at a book (novel or whatever) as he proceeded."

Rae Servatius, Martinez' business associate at West Yellowstone, adds the following commentary:

"He developed the so-called pin vise. He removed the head part from a table vise and attached a piece of cane from an old rod. He cut out the rim from a baking powder can top halfway around so there was a place for the cane handle to rest in. He nailed the can top to the arm of a wooden chair and thus he could spin the vise in the can top and the material he was holding automatically rolled on the hook.



Later a metal product company made the vise with a metal rod, Thompson I think. I bought many after his passing for flytiers I employed up here."

Ray Bergman made this brief but interesting observation in his book *Trout*: "Don Martinez advocates and is the designer of a hand vise. Tiers who use this vise need no other tool than a pair of scissors, and they produce flies faster than tiers using any other method. This way of tying is excellent for wet flies, streamers, and hackle dry flies. Not only that, but you can sit relaxed and comfortable in an arm-chair while tying, thus avoiding the fatigue attending tying flies at a vise where you must sit at a desk, table or bench."

It is apparent that these vises went through a natural period of transition and refinement. The one with the bamboo fishing rod extension was evidently the original and was discarded in favor of a more advanced model. Those presumably made by Thompson had a chrome shaft that evidently screwed directly into the threaded bushing at the rear of the vise barrel, and the hook was secured by operating the lever just as would be done with a table vise. The vise that Martinez was using at the time of his death also had a metal shaft but it was hinged and was snapped open or shut to release or secure the hook. The long shaft and the barrel of the vise had to be in a straight line with each other so that as the shaft was rotated the vise jaws turned in the same plane, as with a lathe, or a treadle-operated vise such as is used by Sig Barnes, wife of Pat Barnes, a famous West Yellowstone guide.

Many close friends, clients, and neighbors of Martinez in his years at West Yellowstone are as one in crediting him with the creation of the long-famous "Woolly Worm" trout fly. Col. Joseph D. Bates, Jr., in *Streamers and Bucktails* expresses the opinion that creation should be left to the Deity and the more modest word "origination" should be applied to fly patterns. In this particular case I would go a step further and suggest that a more fitting word would be "adaptation" or "variation". There is no doubt in my mind that the pattern(s) that we know today (and have known for over forty years) were unquestionably first conceived by Don Martinez, but that in so doing he merely altered a very old concept to bring into being the extremely effective lure that has resulted in the demise or, at least, the deception of countless numbers of large trout, particularly those residing in western waters. Ray Bergman, writing in his book *Trout*, reported Martinez as saying (re the Black Woolly Worm):

"This is probably the most popular number that was ever commercialized. *They were not original with me* but were derived from a very old Missouri bass fly of somewhat similar design. I was merely the first to make them commercially as a

trout fly, or to be more accurate, trout lure. Black is perhaps the best number."

The forerunner of the "Woolly Worm", regardless of whether this later variation was first tied in Montana or Missouri, was the "Palmer" (Soldier Palmer, Red Tag Palmer, Grey Palmer, Gold Palmer, Red Palmer, Black Palmer, etc.), and the antiquity of this type of trout fly construction is well established by A. Courtney Williams (*Trout Flies, A Discussion and a Dictionary*, 1931), wherein he wrote:

"According to Ronalds all Palmers represent hairy caterpillars such as those of the Tiger, Ermine and Fox Moth, all of which are better known to most of us as 'woolly bears'.

The Palmer is almost the oldest British fly, and Izaak Walton refers to it in *The Compleat Angler* as follows: 'Mr. Barker commends several sorts of Palmer flies, not only those ribbed with silver and gold, but others that have their bodies all made with black, or some with red, and a red hackle.'

The name 'Palmer' may seem a curious one. In the days of the Crusades it was a term used for warriors who had returned from the Holy Land, since it was the custom amongst them to bring back branches of palm. It became applied to caterpillars because of their nomadic habits. The flies subsequently took their name from the caterpillars they are supposed to represent."

The proper method of constructing the "Woolly Worm", despite its apparent simplicity, has always been a controversial topic among fly dressers. One of these discussions centers around whether the palmer hackle should be applied so the filaments lean toward the eye or the bend. Another is whether the hackle should be tied in at the shoulder or near the tail. There is little question but that the hackle can be made more secure and durable if the quill is reinforced by binding it with a thread, wire or tinsel ribbing, but which is better and whether it should be done at all is often contested.

Some early Martinez patterns possessed by The Museum of American Fly Fishing have the hackle filaments facing forward in the direction of the eye. A pattern tied by him and shown in a color plate in *Fortune Magazine* (May 1946) also shows the hackle facing forward. It is evident, too, that the quill was tied in by the butt and wound forward as there is a diminution of filament length from bend to eye. In the fly pictured the hackle is reinforced with a narrow flat gold tinsel ribbing.

The most popular pattern, very likely the original one, has a thick, black chenille body palmered with a grizzly hackle. Tiers who made these flies for Martinez say that the tinsel rib was standard. The short red floss or wool tag has always been considered a part of the original pattern but it is often omitted by modern-day tiers.

Don and Mary Martinez posed for this portrait in 1949. It is of special interest because it shows his personal version of his fly tying vise as well as a few of his dry flies. photo courtesy of Bud Lilly.

I had often heard that Martinez tied "Woolly Worms" without the aid of a vise while he talked to and waited on customers in his West Yellowstone shop. Mrs. Rae Servatius, first lady of West Yellowstone fly fishers, who tied flies for Don and later was a business associate, had many opportunities to observe him and this is what she wrote me:

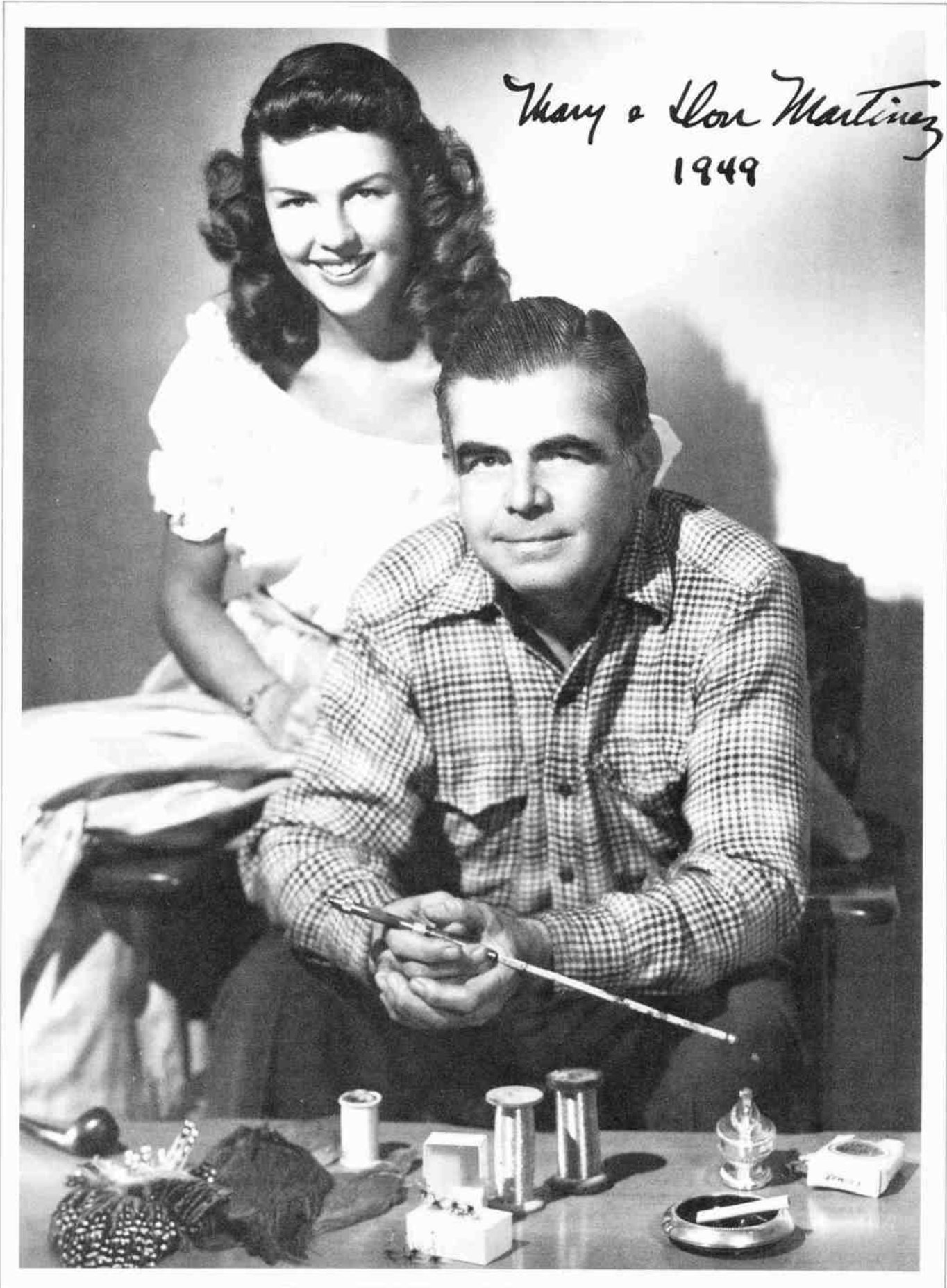
"Don did tie while waiting on customers. He held the hook by the eye in his left hand and wrapped the material with his right hand, but he did this only on large Woolly Worms that he could get a good hold on—and only on rush orders."

The metamorphosis of Don Martinez as a tier and user of dry flies is very interesting. When he came to West Yellowstone about 1932-33 and opened a small shop in a corner of the old Totem Cafe he was probably the first commercial tier to bring with him to that little rural community, possibly even to the State of Montana, a real knowledge of how to properly tie and fish dry flies.

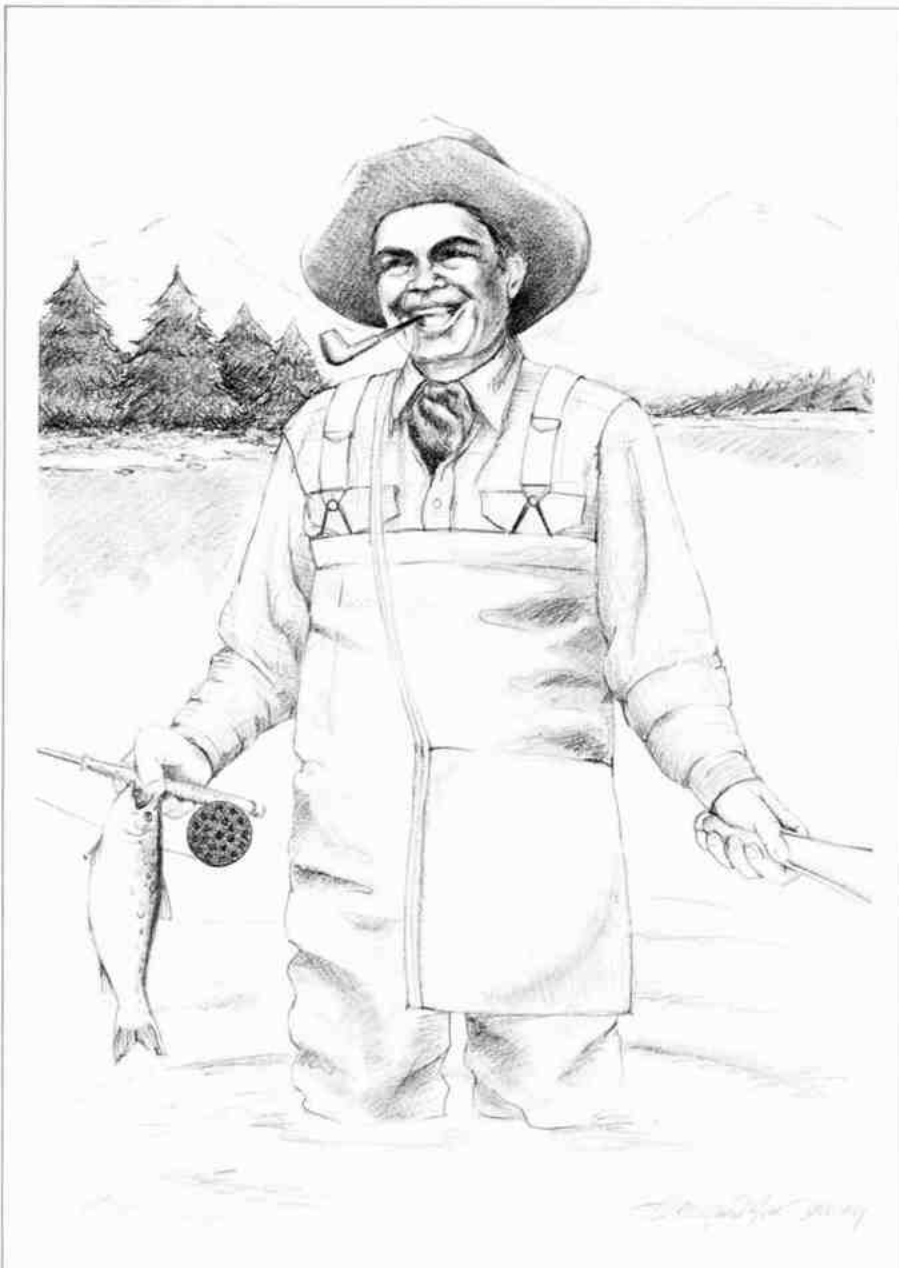
Although he is best remembered because of the "Woolly Worm" there is little question that at the outset his real love was for quill-bodied, sparsely-hackled, bunch-wing dry flies, and that he tied them so well that they compared favorably with those produced by the Darbees, the Dettes, and other eastern experts. One gets the feeling, too, that his ability to tie such flies was a source of great pride and satisfaction to him.

After several years of trying to educate western fly fishermen to appreciate the superiority of lightly-dressed flies he reluctantly resigned himself to the facts of life. Western dry fly fishermen, ignorant as they were of the niceties of the floating fly, believed then (as they do now) that the important qualities of a dry fly were floatability, visibility and durability, perhaps with small streams and spring creeks excepted. In a letter to Preston Jennings (February 1939) Martinez expressed his feelings in this manner:

"For my own use, and for a limited number of my customers I prefer a fly with a scanty hackle. However, in order to please the majority of the people I work for it is necessary to make a pretty bulky fly. In the samples I am sending you separately the hackle is a bit longer and more of it than I like, but in order to induce people to use my stuff at all I have to make them this way. There is no profit in my making flies that will never get used."



Mary & Lon Martinez
1949



upper left: Donald Martinez, fishing a favorite stream near West Yellowstone, probably in the early 1950s. This drawing was produced by artist Georgine MacGarvey from a poorly printed photograph in an old magazine.

lower left: Martinez was perhaps the first in his region to issue periodic bulletins about his shop and the fishing in the area. This one was sent by him to Preston Jennings about 1940. The Guide also contained a map of the country around West Yellowstone with hints on how to fish the waters.

right: a selection of Martinez dry flies, sent by him to Preston Jennings during their lengthy correspondence. The two flies on the upper right, with grouse-feather wings, were part of his "Pictorial" may fly series. To the left of the top fly is a "Chocolate Dun," then a "Gordon" (with a hair wing), then a "Multi-Hackled Variant" with a mixture of oversized brown and grizzly hackles. In the center of the group is a "Birch's Favorite," with a turn of partridge hackle ahead of its darker brown hackle. The three flies in the foreground are "Reversed Caddis" patterns. All the flies, part of the Preston Jennings Collection, were donated to the Museum by George Stagg, photograph courtesy of C.M. Haller.

FISHING GUIDE

By DONALD S. MARTINEZ

DON'S TACKLE SHOP

West Yellowstone, Mont.

There is no better trout fishing region in the United States than the section within a radius of 100 miles around West Yellowstone. Bigger fish may be taken during a brief period in the fall in certain Steelhead rivers emptying into the Pacific, and there are places where a greater number of fish may be caught at times, but considering the great variety of water, weather conditions, beauty of scenery, accessibility, large average size of fish, long season and safe wading this district is without a peer. There are hundreds of miles of large rivers running beside the highways, and other hundreds of miles of open water to be reached by side roads or trails. Practically all of this water is on public land, either National Park or National Forest, open to the public.

This map is only an outline of the available fishing. It will help you plan your time to advantage, however. Space does not permit a full description of each place. Where the map itself is obscure, or the text is not clear, please call on us in the store for fuller information. Conditions vary from time to time; a stretch of water that was barren in June may be excellent in August. It is our business to keep posted.

GAME LAWS

To insure continued good fishing the authorities both in and out of the Park occasionally place... waters in...

with some experts going to 3X, which is perhaps too light for safety in wet fly fishing where the fish average better than two pounds. A careful dry fly man can get along with 3X gut, rarely popping off a fly, but will lose flies right along when fishing wet with gut finer than 1X. However, the greater number of strikes due to the use of light leaders compensates for the loss of an occasional fly.

Favorite dry fly patterns include the Adams, Birch's Favorite, Dunham, Special Granger Quill and the B's-ables. During the month of June long hackled Variants on a 12 hook work well, due to the presence of the Brown Drake on the water, but later small flies do better. At times size 16's are a necessity.

As the experienced fisherman knows without being told, the best dry flies are apt to be small in size and dull in color. The nearer they approach the natural insects in size and outline, the more likely they are to work. Here again pattern is less important than good floating qualities.

Commencing in 1938 we began collecting and classifying natural trout stream insects from both the Madison and the Snake River watersheds. It is our intention to continue collecting the insects on which the trout feed and to work out artificials with the cooperation of certain expert fishermen. Dry fly men...

water of the river channel. Wet flies best, boots or waders needed.

2. The South Fork. Turn right on Lake Shore road (marked with sign) 4.1 miles West of town on 191 as above, where straight stretch of highway ends. The stream may be reached by turning off on any of several side roads to the left, after diving two miles into the woods. Perfect Dry fly water, trout average 18 inches, mostly rainbows. Hip boots are sufficient.

3. The Peninsula — Check speedometer as you turn off main highway onto Lake Shore Road. Go 4.1 miles and turn off Lake Shore Road to your left. Fish anywhere around this peninsula, particularly in the Bay. The channel runs south along the east side of the point, and can be reached by wading. The west side of the point may be fished from shore. Grayling are taken here at times.

4. Mouth of the Madison. 3.5 miles North of town, turn left at Lake Shore Road. Park anywhere about 5 miles after leaving highway. Fine run of slow-moving water for other nymphs or wet-flies. High waters needed here.

5. Cross Madison River and turn left 300 yards at top of grade. Park in grove of pine trees a half mile west of highway. River channel runs along this shore of the lake. Boots required here. Try dry flies or nymphs.

By 1953 he had capitulated completely and was now tying what he called "rough water dry flies" with bodies made from caribou hair. They were, by his own admission, more shaggy and bulky than the "Rat-faced McDougal" and the "Irresistible" after which they were fashioned. His radical withdrawal from previously held opinion is apparent in a letter to *Field & Stream* (1953) in which he said:

"I guess every dry fly user has quietly gone nuts trying to keep his fly floating in fast water. Usually the best rise takes place at sundown or thereafter. By then the line is soggy, the wrist and hand are tired, and it is murder trying to get the fly to float.

Night after night last summer on the lower Madison I kept wishing to Heaven I had a fly that would really float and that I could see right up to full dark.

Well, anyway, I made up some flies with clipped caribou hair bodies along the lines of the Irresistible, but made the bodies oversize so that the air held in the spongy hair offset the weight of the hook and made a positive floater.

Of course a fly with a bulky body looks clumsy and I didn't think they'd work on large, smart fish in clear shallow water. Specifically, I thought they'd be worthless in the Firehole and in Flat Creek at Jackson, Wyoming. In the past we always used 16's

the American fly-tying
English practice represents the crystallized
opinion of centuries of careful investigation and
experience



and 18's very lightly dressed. Anyway, these bulky flies not only worked fully as well as the slim-bodied affairs we'd always used in the past; they worked even better."

Martinez was never an imitationist in the generally accepted sense or use of the word—in fact, he had an aversion to what he termed "Louis Rhead-ish" flies. He did, however, in keeping with the thinking of most of our renowned dry fly dressers, try to produce artificials that had some resemblance to the naturals that were hatching on the waters where he fished. Unlike most

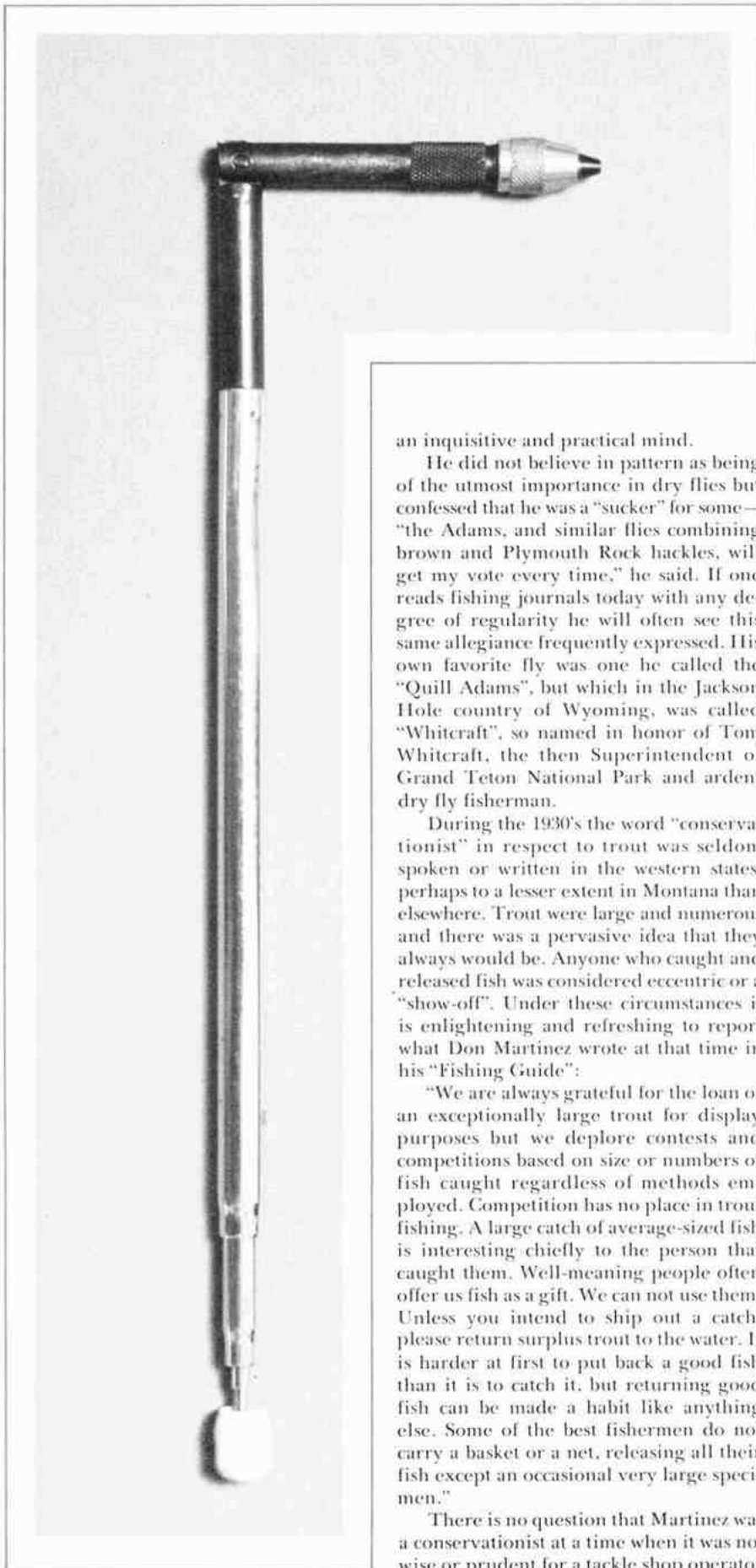
of the tiers in the early part of this century it is possible that he did have some formal education in the study of aquatic insects. In one of his letters to Jennings, he said:

"One of the many regrets is the fact that I dozed through a course in limnology under Dr. Needham. I took it with the vague idea that it might help my trout fishing, which it probably would if I had studied harder."

A thorough reading of other letters in this fascinating exchange of ideas between these two men leads one to believe that

Martinez was modest and self-effacing in his assessment of himself and that he knew a great deal more about trout stream entomology than he professed to know. One of his clients for whom he often served as a guide once told Cal Dunbar, "Don studied the bugs in school—he *knows* them!"

His experiments (*Field & Stream*, June 1953) to determine how a dry fly floating on the surface might appear to the trout were rudimentary compared to the many sophisticated scientific studies that have been conducted since, but they do reveal



John Fishburn of Bend, Oregon, recently donated this original Martinez vise to the Museum. Mr. Fishburn's father took fly tying lessons from Don Martinez, and Mr. Fishburn himself worked for Don at his West Yellowstone shop in 1941. The vise has a simple car-antenna extension rod attached to it, apparently one of the variations Martinez tried over the years.

an inquisitive and practical mind.

He did not believe in pattern as being of the utmost importance in dry flies but confessed that he was a "sucker" for some—"the Adams, and similar flies combining brown and Plymouth Rock hackles, will get my vote every time," he said. If one reads fishing journals today with any degree of regularity he will often see this same allegiance frequently expressed. His own favorite fly was one he called the "Quill Adams", but which in the Jackson Hole country of Wyoming, was called "Whitcraft", so named in honor of Tom Whitcraft, the then Superintendent of Grand Teton National Park and ardent dry fly fisherman.

During the 1930's the word "conservationist" in respect to trout was seldom spoken or written in the western states, perhaps to a lesser extent in Montana than elsewhere. Trout were large and numerous and there was a pervasive idea that they always would be. Anyone who caught and released fish was considered eccentric or a "show-off". Under these circumstances it is enlightening and refreshing to report what Don Martinez wrote at that time in his "Fishing Guide":

"We are always grateful for the loan of an exceptionally large trout for display purposes but we deplore contests and competitions based on size or numbers of fish caught regardless of methods employed. Competition has no place in trout fishing. A large catch of average-sized fish is interesting chiefly to the person that caught them. Well-meaning people often offer us fish as a gift. We can not use them. Unless you intend to ship out a catch, please return surplus trout to the water. It is harder at first to put back a good fish than it is to catch it, but returning good fish can be made a habit like anything else. Some of the best fishermen do not carry a basket or a net, releasing all their fish except an occasional very large specimen."

There is no question that Martinez was a conservationist at a time when it was not wise or prudent for a tackle shop operator

to be one. It is only because there were such individuals then that so much good trout fishing still remains now.

Martinez had a large clientele and spent a great deal of his time guiding "summer" fishermen. He knew many prominent men, such as fishing magazine editors and writers—he fished often with Ray Bergman. There were others, too, bankers, executives, and expert fly fishermen. For the most part he liked these men and got along well with them, but there were others who found him to be autocratic and abrasive. Shop customers said that at times he was downright rude, aloof and unfriendly. In letters to Jennings he described some of his clients as "club-footed peasants" and others as "masquerading as dry-fly fishermen". Having known the long hours and pressures of tackle shop operation in West Yellowstone myself I can perhaps understand better than most that these outbursts were most likely aberrations of his true character.

Don Martinez left West Yellowstone and operated a tackle shop in Jackson, Wyoming, during World War II, although his shop was operated for two years by his partner, Rae Servatius, after he departed. He did not live a long life, passing away in Los Angeles about 1955, but he is well and fondly remembered in Montana and Wyoming both as an exceptional fly tier, a skillful fly fisherman, and an individual who loved our great rivers and wanted to preserve them for others.

The author wishes to thank the following individuals for their assistance in the preparation of this article: Cal Dunbar, Mrs. Rae Servatius, Pat Barnes, and Bud Lilly, all of West Yellowstone, Montana, and Dave Bascom of Oakland, California.

George Grant is best known as the author of two widely acclaimed fly tying books, Montana Trout Flies and The Master Fly Weaver, and for his long and fruitful editorship of Montana's River Rat. His contributions to western angling history have appeared frequently in The American Fly Fisher.

Royal Coachman

Perhaps no American fly has become better known than the Royal Coachman. Its name had the right combination of romance and class to appeal even to non-fishermen, and the fly itself has such a commanding appearance that few fishermen can keep from having at least one or two in their fly boxes. Its qualities as a fish catcher have been debated and challenged, but its market appeal is universally proven. Numerous variants have appeared over the years, so that the Royal Coachman is now actually a family of flies including wets, dries, and streamers (very few flies are made in all three types).

The genealogy of the Royal Coachman has been traced before, through the writings of Twentieth Century writers such as Jennings, Flick, Smedley, and Gingrich. The pattern has undergone continuous reconsideration and revision, so that most of the modern forms are distinctly unlike the original. On pages sixteen and seventeen we present both an original and several of its grandchildren.

The original is a priceless specimen from the Museum's Orvis Collection. This fly served as the model for the color plate of the Royal Coachman in Mary Orvis Marbury's *Favorite Flies and Their Histories*, published in 1892. The Orvis family was intimately associated with the origin of this famous pattern, and to the best of our knowledge this fly was tied by Mary herself.

The fly seems to have been originated by a prominent New York commercial fly tier named John Hailey. According to Mary, writing in *Favorite Flies*, Hailey developed the pattern in 1878. Within a few years it was well enough known that Charles Orvis, Mary's father and one of the leading tackle dealers of the day, was moved to write to *Forest and Stream* with a detailed biography of the fly. We reprint the relevant portions of his letter below. We begin in the middle of his letter, which was in part a response to another *Forest and Stream* correspondent whose pen name was "White Hackle." The fly tier that Orvis mentions

was the John Hailey referred to above. As a matter of curiosity we have retained the spelling and punctuation as it was in Orvis's letter:

In looking through my fly-case I often call to mind the history of each variety, and I sometimes wonder if a little memorandum of the same would in time become of interest.

The royal coachman mentioned by "White Hackle" was first offered to purchasers by me. It did not, however, originate with me. The fly-tyer I mentioned long ago sent to me a sample of the same, saying, "I have just been tying some flies to order for a gentleman. He says he likes the coachman better than any other fly, but he finds it very frail, and he wants me to tie some with red silk in the middle, to make them stronger, and he also wants a little sprig of wood duck for a jib (tail). I send you a fly to see. I think it quite handsome."

This inclosed fly had a white wing, brown hackle, peacock body, bound in the center with red silk, and tail of wood duck feather with the black and white bars. I kept this fly for some time, showing it to several people. One evening a number were gathered around a table looking at the flies. My family, Mr. Horace T. Dunn, of California, and Mr. L. C. Orvis, of Hartford, Conn., were present discussing the propriety of every fly having a name, numbers giving them little or no individuality. I said, "But what is one to do? I do not propose to name flies. We have too many names already." "Why not?" say they. "If you make a new combination name it. Else it will never be popular. No one can remember to distinguish flies by numbers; they get confused. A name fixes a fly in your mind." "Well," I answer, "that may be; but look, here is this fly, a handsome fly; it is similar to a coachman, but it is not a coachman. There is but one coachman; that is the

fly we all know, with a white wing, peacock body and brown hackle."

"I will tell you," exclaimed Mr. L. C. Orvis, "that is an extra fine coachman; all that scarlet makes it quite magnificent—call it—call it—the royal coachman!" This seemed suitable, so the fly was christened. Not long after I published a list of flies, and included the "royal" coachman in the number.

Later I received a letter from an angler in Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado, saying: "I wish you would make a coachman for me with all the gilt on it possible. I believe such a fly would be stronger and more taking."

We tied the flies, making the body of gilt, with only a neck or ruff of peacock hurl, and it proved most acceptable both to the man for whom it was designed and to the fish of Colorado. We have made many dozens for that country, and it seemed too good a fly not to be added to the list, so the "gilt" coachman received a place.

The red-tip coachman and lead-wing coachman had been known in the trade long before I entered it, but I feel responsible for the innovation of the royal and gilt coachman, and here confess and account for the same.

This letter appeared in *Forest and Stream* on February 5, 1885, so we see how quickly the Royal Coachman was revised.

It appeared in both trout and "lake" versions in the Orvis-Cheney book *Fishing with the Fly* in 1883. The one presented on page sixteen was listed as a "Lake Fly" in Marbury's 1892 book. According to Harold Smedley, in *Fly Patterns and Their Origins* (Fourth edition, 1950), it was first tied as a fan wing dry fly by the famous Catskill fly tier Theodore Gordon. If the fan wing was preceded by some other type of floating pattern, we have not seen mention of it in print. Have any of our readers?

According to Smedley, Gordon thought the fish took the fan wing Royal Coachman



for a flying ant, but apparently Gordon changed his mind about this. Writing to fellow fly tier Roy Steenrod in 1914, Gordon said "What the trout takes R. Coachman for, when fished dry, I cannot imagine. I do not use it, except water is colored, but lots of men do, and kill with it." Gordon was perhaps the first angler to resist using this colorful pattern because it just didn't look like anything; many later anglers had the same problem with it.

Gordon wasn't far off in his suggestion of an ant imitation; in some ways the Royal Coachman wasn't a bad imitation of the prevailing ant imitations of the time. The Red Ant pattern in Marbury's book differed from the Royal Coachman in having

a brown rather than a white wing and in having a tuft of peacock herl only at the end of the body rather than both fore and aft of the red silk band, but in gross appearance the two patterns are similar.

The tufts are interesting in other respects. Nowadays, with the exception of an occasional attempt to imitate the egg sac of some insect, very few fly patterns feature a butt that is larger in diameter than the body. In Marbury's day it was different. *Favorite Flies and Their Histories* shows nearly thirty patterns with a tuft of herl or chenille at the butt; many of these patterns had a similar tuft at the shoulder, differing in appearance from the Royal Coachman only in color. The Royal Governor had a herl

body with a green band in the middle. The Lady of the Lake had a herl body with a silver band in the middle. So did the Shad Fly. The Marston, a bass fly, had a white chenille body with a silver band. The Mather had a herl body with a lime-green band.

Banded and tufted patterns were equally common in the Orvis-Cheney book *Fishing with the Fly* of 1883, so it's difficult to tell how much influence the very popular Royal Coachman had on the development of other patterns. It is interesting, though, to see that all of the tufted or banded patterns, which were quite common then (more than ten percent of the patterns in Marbury's book), have virtually disappeared except



for the Royal Coachman.

The Marbury pattern itself is slightly fancier than modern versions, having a tapered tag that is rarely seen today. Also, most modern tiers use golden pheasant tips rather than wood duck for the tail.

On page seventeen we present a sampling of later Royal Coachman patterns, all dries except for a single wet fly. The wet fly was tied by Preston Jennings, who did much to repopularize the pattern when he suggested its probable similarities to the *Isonychia* mayflies, a suggestion heralded by Arnold Gingrich, who published Jennings's theories in "There is a Royal Coachman," an article in *Esquire* in 1956. Below the wet fly is a fan wing version, also by Jennings.

Below it is a fan wing version tied by George Parker Holden, author of *Streamcraft* and *The Idyl of the Split Bamboo*. Holden was recently written about by Hoagy Carmichael in the Fall, 1981 issue of *The American Fly Fisher*. His Royal Coachman was probably tied in the late 1920s or early 1930s, and the Jennings flies were probably tied in the 1950s. Next to the Holden fly is a fan wing by the famous Charles De Feo, a master salmon fly tier and artist. We don't have a date for this one, but it was probably produced in the early 1950s. Above it is another fan wing, this one tied by Joseph Messinger, the West Virginia tier who developed the Irresistible. Above it is a spent wing (with double hackle-point wings) dry

fly tied by John Alden Knight, author of several well-known fly fishing books in the 1930s and 1940s and originator of the Solunar Tables.

The Jennings, Messinger, and De Feo patterns are part of the Preston Jennings Collection donated by George Stagg. The Holden version was given to us by Katharine Holden, and the Knight fly was a recent gift from John Rockwood.

The Royal Coachman continues to evolve and adapt. There are many variations besides the ones shown here, and we hope that some day someone will take the time to produce a thorough catalog of patterns, including regional favorites and patterns that have faded from view.

John Shaw of Drumlanrig

and the natural history of Atlantic salmon, 1840

by Alec Jackson



The importance of John Shaw's work can be best illustrated by a note found in Westwood and Satchell: "Mr. Shaw's experiments, chiefly undertaken to establish the identity of the parr and salmon, were the beginnings of fish-culture in Great Britain."¹ and by William Scrope's words: "Mr. Shaw's ingenious experiments have lately had a very wide circulation; but still I have thought it proper to make a very short abstract of them, as they are of too great importance to be omitted in any publication relating to salmon. . . . For the scientific and successful experiments of Mr. Shaw, the Keith medal was awarded to him for the biennial period of 1838 and 1839; it is of gold, and of the intrinsic value of sixty guineas."²

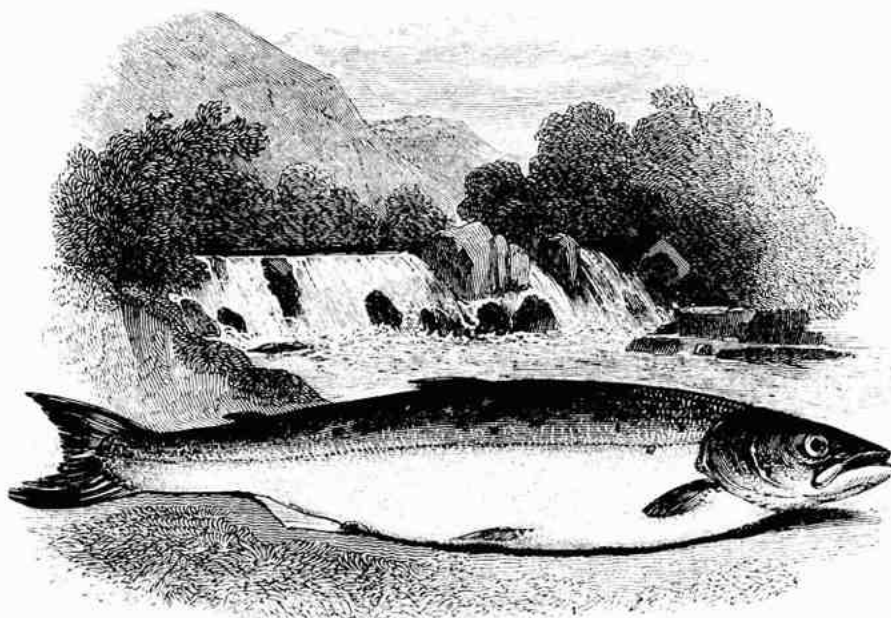
Before John Shaw's experiments most naturalists were of the opinion that parr were a distinct species and that the young

of salmon attained smolt size and departed the rivers, in favor of the oceans, a few weeks after hatching. Consequently, attempts to protect salmon were confounded since parr were not considered salmon and their unrestricted slaughter was allowed.

Prior to John Shaw a few individuals did recognize that parr were young salmon; among them, William Scrope and the poet James Hogg. William Scrope concluded, ten years before John Shaw's experiments, that parr were young salmon.³ Two years before John Shaw's experiments James Hogg expressed the opinion that parr were young salmon and, as Alex Russel informs us, was ridiculed: ". . . previous to the decisive experiments, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, gave the world some very good reasons of his own for holding the parr to be the young of the salmon. . . . This however, had little effect, beyond raising a crop of jokes about the license of poets in

general, and of poet Hogg in particular."⁴

Professor James Wilson describes attitudes at the time John Shaw performed his experiments and likens natural history writers of the day to a flock of sheep: "But (to digress again for a moment) writers on this, and innumerable other subjects, may be likened to a flock of sheep. . . . Now your 'men wat writes' are just precisely animals of this description, baring (we fear and mourn), that their coats are far more threadbare, themselves more gaunt and grim, and their other habits rather those of fleecing than being fleeced. They for a time (and many times) compose confusedly some huddled statement, of which one portion knocks the other down, and the spread of knowledge looks extremely thin, till someone bolder or more desperate than the rest (or driven by fear or hunger), makes a sudden spring upwards into the world of imagination, where he invents a round unvarnished tale of circumstantial truth. . . . Away go the others through that glorious gap; . . ." But of John Shaw he says: "But then comes a sturdy observer actually with his eyes open, and finds that if he chooses to use them he can see; so he hies him to the wood (that Birken Shaw is sinewy, tough, and strong), cuts his rod, and laying about among the 'contributors,' he 'whips the offending Adam out of them' in less than no time—and stating the simple truth to the discomfited philosophers, he broadly

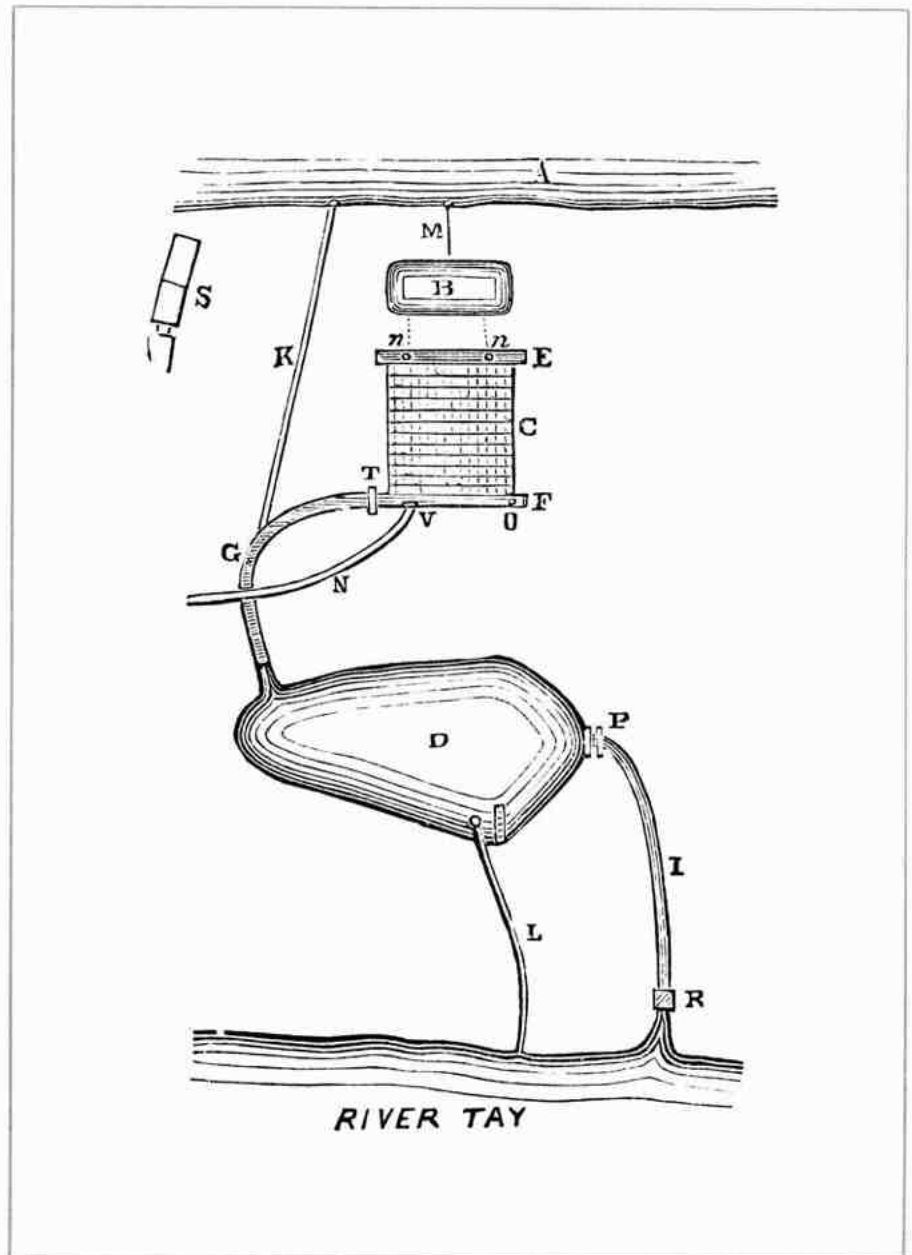


A fine steel engraving published in The British Angler's Manual, by T. C. Hofland, in 1839. Though his illustrations were superbly produced, Hofland otherwise followed the example of many fishing writers of the time who simply quoted earlier writers on subjects like natural history; he accepted earlier reports that salmon hatch in April or May and weigh seven pounds by July.

illustrates the difference between what Wordsworth calls 'A Fact and an Imagination'. Alex Russel has recorded how many reacted. "Amidst all these self-satisfied, and only self-satisfied theorists, Mr. Shaw—head-keeper to the Duke of Buccleuch at Drumlanrig Castle—appeared, in 1836, with his measurements, his plates, and his dates, the results of careful and repeated experiments—and almost instantly the whole tribe turned on him as a common enemy."⁶ Only after the Stormontfield experiments, reported by William Brown⁷ and Robert Buist⁸, did John Shaw receive some of the recognition he deserved.

John Shaw's experiments showed that parr are the young of salmon which, two years after hatching, become smolts and leave the rivers in favor of the oceans. His experiments were reported in three papers. The first two were published in *The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* in 1836⁹ and 1838.¹⁰ The third, the most complete and

This map of the famous "fish-farm" at Stormontfield, on the River Tay, where Shaw's work was vindicated, appeared in an article on "Fish-Culture in America" in Harper's New Monthly Magazine in November, 1868. To quote from the article, "The water source of these ponds is a mill-race (A), which runs parallel to the river Tay and a few hundred yards distant from it. The filtering-pond (B) and the hatching-pond or boxes (C) are built nearby in a shaded glen, and connected with the mill-stream by a sluice (M) so arranged so that the supply of water can be regulated." The watering trough (E) distributed the water to the hatching boxes, 180 in number, each being two feet square and three inches deep. The trough (F-T-G) served to release water and smolts to the reservoir (D) from which both were released as desired back to the River via trough (P-I-R).



1.



Day before hatching.

2.



One day old.

3.



Two months old.

4.



Four months old.

5.



Six months old.

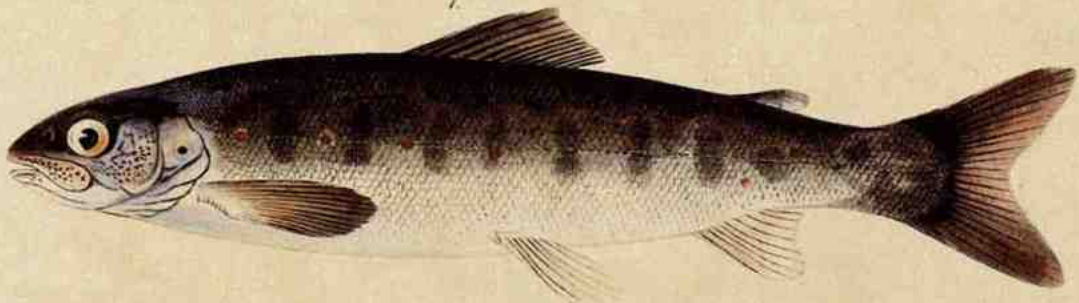
6.



Twelve months old.

The above are Parr produced from the ova of Salmon.

7.



Eighteen months old.

N^{os} 7 & 8, here the same aspect at the same age.

8.



Converted Parr or Smolt, - Two years old.

thus most interesting, was published in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh* in 1840, having been read before the Society on December 16, 1839.¹¹ It contains one superb colored plate (reproduced here and showing the development of salmon from ova to age two years) at least equal in quality to those found in William Yarrell's long recognized masterpiece of 1839.¹² In addition to John Shaw's illustrations there are other outstanding colored plates in salmon literature that were prepared using specimens collected by him: for example, a plate in William Scrope's book¹³ (showing that when a smolt's scales are removed, parr-marking can be seen) and some of the magnificent sea-trout plates published by Sir William Jardine.¹⁴

Considering the importance of John Shaw's experiments, and the quality of his illustrations, it is difficult to explain why his work is not better known today. Possibly some authors of cornerstone works in salmon literature should be blamed. Their omissions, errors and lack of honesty robbed John Shaw of the recognition due him. This point can be illustrated by reference to Edward Fitzgibbon's *The Book Of The Salmon*, long acknowledged as one of the most important works to treat its subject and much prized by collectors.¹⁵

In 1847 Edward Fitzgibbon published *A Handbook Of Angling* and included in it the results of John Shaw's experiments.¹⁶ Yet in 1850¹⁷ he rejected John Shaw's findings and embraced the ideas of Andrew

Young to the extent that Andrew Young's name accompanies his own on the title page of *The Book Of The Salmon*.¹⁸ This was a surprising change of direction, especially when considered in the light of what Alex Russel tells us: "Mr. Young's evidence, however, was to a great extent vitiated by two causes. He failed to give an adequate account of the conditions under which his experiments were carried on—the construction of the ponds, the care taken to prevent the mixing of broods, the constancy of the watch kept over the growth; in short, he omitted everything that rendered Mr. Shaw's contributions to the question valuable and interesting. On one side, therefore, we have the evidence of an experimenter who told us minutely all he had done; and on the other, the evidence of an experimenter who declined to tell anything but that he had made experiments. Further, Mr. Young had, rather oddly and unluckily, told the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in 1843, that he 'entirely agreed' with Mr. Shaw; whilst the experiments on which he founded his subsequently expressed disagreement with Mr. Shaw, were made in 1841."¹⁹

This change of direction raises questions about the judgment and motives of Edward Fitzgibbon. Was he in some way trying to repay his friend Andrew Young for the salmon fishing he had enjoyed on the Duke of Sutherland's water? After all, Andrew Young did manage the Duke's fisheries and Edward Fitzgibbon did enjoy sport on the Shin.

There are three colored plates in *The Book Of The Salmon* which show the development of the salmon from ovum to smolt.

Plate 6 (facing page 220) contains five illustrations:

1. Ovum the day before being hatched
2. One day old
3. Two months
4. Four months
5. Six months

Plate 7 (facing page 224) contains two illustrations:

6. Eight months
7. Ten months

Plate 8 (facing page 226) also contains two illustrations:

8. Eleven months
9. Twelve months or smolt

There are some noticeable differences in the quality of these three plates. Plate 6 is superb and the five illustrations in it are identical with the first five in John Shaw's plate reproduced here. Plates 6 and 8 are of a lower quality and were undoubtedly prepared using specimens provided by Andrew Young since on page 228 Edward Fitzgibbon writes: "The reader is urged to bear in mind that our larger drawings are after specimens 'born and bred' in the river Shin, and not from ova or fry taken from that river and transferred to spawning-beds or ponds fed by water proceeding from another source." Edward Fitzgibbon is silent

about the origin of Plate 6; no wonder since he copied it from John Shaw, a man whose work he professes to have rejected—hardly the act of an honest author.

Edward Fitzgibbon closes his chapter on the natural history of the salmon with: "A very great error exists somewhere. Is it ours or Mr. Shaw's? Time will tell."²⁰ Time did tell. Time has judged John Shaw to be "the emperor who found Rome brick and left it marble" since, as the opening passage from Chapter I of W. L. Calderwood's book *The Life Of The Salmon* says: "The Stormontfield experiments on the Tay, although they at first gave new vigour to those who disbelieved Shaw, ultimately, after the long dispute described by Russel in his book on the salmon, became a vindication of the Drumlanrig results . . ."

¹¹T. Westwood and T. Satchell, *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* (London: Satchell, 1883), p. 351.

¹²William Scrope, *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing in The Tweed* (London: Murray, 1843), pp. 18 and 40.

¹³*Ibid.*, p. 37.

¹⁴Alex Russel, *The Salmon* (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1864), p. 37.

¹⁵James Wilson, *The Rod and The Gun* (Edinburgh: Black, 1840), pp. 155-157.

¹⁶Russel, p. 37.

¹⁷William Brown, *The Natural History of the Salmon* (Glasgow: Thomas Murray, 1862).

¹⁸Robert Buist (Peter of the Pools) *The Stormontfield Piscicultural Experiments* (Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1866).

¹⁹John Shaw, "An Account of Some Experiments and Observations on the Parr, and on the Ova of the Salmon, Proving the Parr to be the Young of the Salmon." *The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* (Vol. XXI, 1836).

²⁰John Shaw, "Experiments on the Development and Growth of the Fry of the Salmon from the Exclusion of the Ovum to the Age of Seven Months." *The Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* (Vol. XXIV, 1838).

²¹John Shaw, "Experimental Observations on the Development and Growth of Salmon-Fry from the Exclusion of the Ovum to the Age of Two Years." *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh* (Vol. XIV, 1840).

²²William Yarrell, *On Growth of the Salmon in Fresh Water* (London: John Van Voorst, 1839).

²³Scrope, facing page 36.

²⁴Sir William Jardine, *British Salmonidae*, 1839-1841.

²⁵Edward Fitzgibbon, *The Book of the Salmon* (London: Longman, 1850).

²⁶Edward Fitzgibbon, *A Handbook of Angling* (London: Longman, 1847).

²⁷Fitzgibbon, *The Book of the Salmon*, pp. 162-229.

²⁸Young, Andrew, *The Natural History and Habits of the Salmon* (London: Longman, 1854).

²⁹Russel, p. 46.

³⁰Fitzgibbon, *The Book of the Salmon*, p. 229.

³¹W. L. Calderwood, *The Life of the Salmon*, 1907, p. 1.

Museum Trustee Alec Jackson lives in Kenmore, Washington and is an avid collector of books on salmon fishing and natural history. He is a frequent contributor to The American Fly Fisher.

The color plate from Shaw's 1840 report, shown here slightly reduced from its full size. The plate was hand-colored, and served as the model for the later, better-known, illustrations in Fitzgibbon's The Book of the Salmon (1850). Alec Johnson loaned us his personal copy of the Shaw report, from which this color plate is reproduced. He obtained it in 1979, in very poor condition ("it arrived in a mortuary sack," he recently told us). He had the entire report deacidified, restored, and silk-reinforced by a leading British expert, and then had it beautifully bound. The colors have not been modified or enhanced in any way.



Yellowstone Fishes in the Mind of Man

The evolution of trout management in a wilderness setting

by John D. Varley and Paul Schullery



The Yellowstone region was used by native Americans for thousands of years before European man arrived. Archeological evidence of fishing is common around Yellowstone Lake; before native Americans acquired horses and were better able to pursue big game, fish were often an important part of their daily diet.

The first known white men appeared in the Yellowstone region shortly after 1800, searching for beaver. They were followed by an assortment of trappers, prospectors, and adventurers, but formal exploration of the park area did not occur

until the late 1860s and early 1870s. Because of a few important expeditions between 1869 and 1871, the wonders of the Yellowstone plateau became more widely known. A few enthusiastic individuals campaigned to have the area set aside as a federal preserve, and in 1872 Yellowstone became our first national park. Very few people noticed, or cared, and those that did soon realized that there were great disagreements over just what the area was being preserved for. Commercial interests, including railroads, frequently came near to doing serious ecological damage to the park. A lack of law enforcement (indeed, a lack of law itself) resulted in widespread vandalism and poaching. The park struggled along with little or no funding for fourteen years.

A turning point occurred in 1886, when the U.S. Cavalry was assigned to guard the park. The Cavalry took this unusual assignment seriously, and brought order and discipline to the young institution. They patrolled the roads, fought fires, and arrested lawbreakers. By the time the army

left the park, in 1918, Yellowstone was a secure part of the American vacation scene.¹

In its first ten years, Yellowstone received less than 10,000 visitors. Until 1883 both hunting and fishing were permitted because there was no other practical way to feed visitors. By the early 1880s, hotels and restaurants were common enough to allow park managers to ban hunting (hunting had become rather abusive by then). At the same time, fishing was restricted to sporting means, except for a few commercial fishermen who provided hotel guests with trout dinners. Commercial fishing continued until 1917.

When the park was established about forty percent of its area was barren of fish life. Very quickly, park administrators expressed an interest in developing fishless waters to provide additional sport. Fish cultural techniques were sophisticated enough in the 1880s to allow fish to be brought from anywhere in the country. In 1881, Superintendent Norris, ignorant of the practical aspects of fisheries work, suggested that carp be stocked in park

This article is reprinted with the publisher's permission from the book Freshwater Wilderness: Yellowstone Fishes and Their World, by John D. Varley and Paul Schullery, to be published in the spring of 1982 by the Yellowstone Library and Museum Association, Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, 82190.

Opposite: the 1901 Yellowstone Expedition of the U.S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries, complete with boat trailer, photo courtesy of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

waters. He was unable to establish them, but he did accomplish the first recorded fish stocking in the park when, that same year, he moved some cutthroat trout from Trout Lake to several nearby ponds.

Other casual attempts at stocking were made during the 1880s, but it wasn't until early in the army administration that serious fisheries work was undertaken. Captain Frazier Boutelle, in charge of the park from 1889 to 1891, commented on the area's potential:

"In passing through the Park I noticed with surprise the barrenness of most of the water in the Park. Besides the beautiful Shoshone and other smaller lakes there are hundreds of miles of as fine streams as any in existence without a fish of any kind . . . I hope . . . to see all of these waters so stocked that the pleasure-seeker in the Park can enjoy fine fishing within a few rods of any hotel or camp."

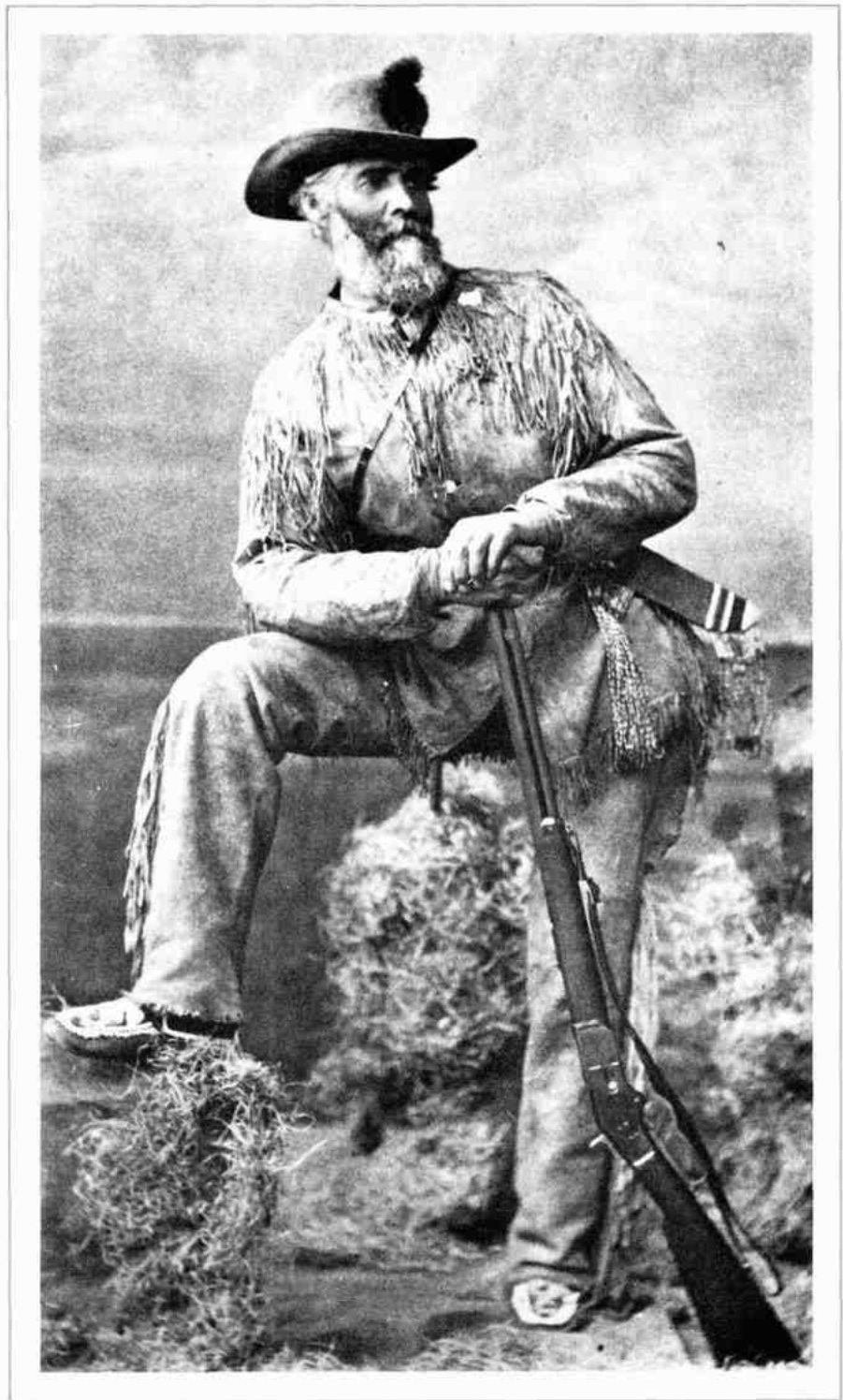
The U.S. Fish Commission began field-work in Yellowstone in 1889, and ten years later were operating a fish cultural station on Yellowstone Lake. It was the beginning of a gigantic hatchery operation that in the next fifty-seven years would yield 818 million trout eggs for use in other waters (mostly outside Yellowstone).

The Fish Commission also undertook major surveys of the park's still-primitive ecosystems, and a wealth of knowledge resulted, giving managers sound scientific information about Yellowstone's fish several decades before they had such information about other park animals.

Fishing in Yellowstone was fabulous. In 1897, the following account of fishing at Yellowstone Lake outlet (near present Fishing Bridge) appeared in the *Overland Monthly*:

"We anchored our boat in the current, and commenced catching fish on our flies as fast as we could haul them out. We caught two and three at a time, and they all weighed about a pound. In an hour and a half we caught twenty-nine fish that weighed a little over thirty pounds. There were so many fish that there was no great pleasure in catching them; it was all too easy . . ."

The goal of park managers was to have the best possible sport fishing in as many waters as could reasonably be stocked. A great deal of hasty stocking took place, and by 1902 Yellowstone had received all the species of sportfish that exist there today.² There were some notable failures among these early stockings. Atlantic salmon and rainbow trout were introduced into Yellowstone Lake, and yellow perch



were established in Goose Lake near the Firehole River. Black bass were introduced into the Gibbon River and several small ponds in the Lower Geyser Basin, and perch somehow found their way into the same ponds. The bass were never heard from again, but the perch survived until 1938 when they were poisoned out to prevent them from getting into the Firehole River proper.

By 1910, Yellowstone was averaging 20,000 or more visitors a year, and its

Philetus Norris, Superintendent of Yellowstone Park from 1877 to 1882, conducted the first informal fish stocking operation in Yellowstone, and proposed that carp be introduced to park waters, photo courtesy of the National Park Service.

PLEASANT VALLEY HOTEL,

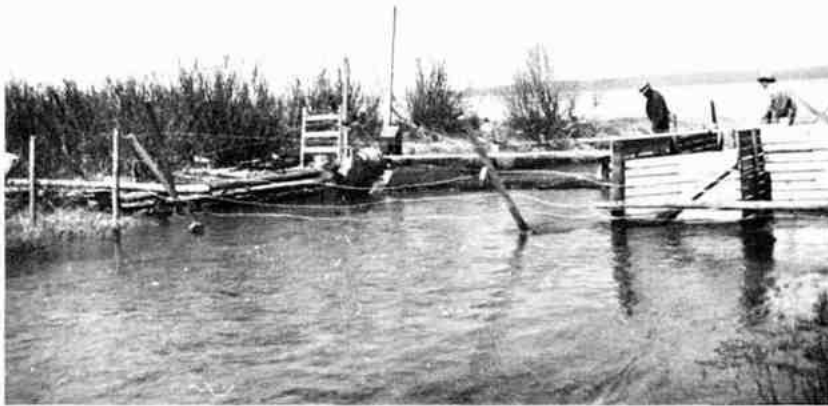
YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

The prettiest place in the Rocky Mountains, and justly celebrated for excellent Trout Fishing in close proximity.

Excellent Accommodations for Tourists and Travelers.

The Petrified Forest and Tower Falls, two of the most interesting features of the Park, within walking distance.

J. F. YANCEY, Proprietor.



Top: a pre-1903 advertising card for Yancey's hotel near Tower Junction in Yellowstone. This small rustic operation hosted many anglers in a relatively untraveled corner of the park.

Middle: Some fishers have been less welcome than others. This fish trap on Clear Creek in 1939, built for hatchery work, featured an electric fence to keep out the bears.

*Bottom: Also in 1939, a cyclone-fence trap door was in use over the Trout Lake fish trap, again to keep out the bears. Yancey advertisement is from Aubrey Haines, *The Yellowstone Story* (Colorado Associated University Press, 1977), the other two pictures are courtesy of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.*

fisheries management operations were expanding. In 1915, about five million eggs were taken from Yellowstone Lake trout. The eggs were distributed around the country, and the park was establishing its reputation as the world's foremost cutthroat trout factory.

At about the same time there appeared the first words of concern about the quality of fishing. The excessive take of eggs, the high creel limits (twenty fish a day), and the growing number of visitors took their toll. In 1919, the Superintendent reported that stocks of trout in Yellowstone Lake had been helped by recent plantings and seemed to be returning to their "former abundance." In a blindness typical of the time, he suggested that the "depredations of pelicans, gulls, etc.," had been responsible for the reduced numbers of fish. Managers were unwilling to recognize that fish and birds had coexisted, in healthy numbers, for countless centuries in Yellowstone, and that white man was the only new factor to be considered. In 1921 an eminent fish biologist noted that "larger fish" were only found in accessible waters in the park.³

In the 1920s and 1930s, Yellowstone fishing became even more famous. Though the fishing was not as good, and though there were 220,000 visitors in 1930, the park still offered far better sport than many other more heavily fished regions.

But more than the quality of fishing was changing in Yellowstone. In 1916, the National Park Service was created to administer the growing family of national parks. The new service faced a challenging mandate in the National Park Service Act:

"The Service thus established shall promote and regulate the use of Federal areas known as parks, monuments, and reservations hereinafter specified by such means and measures as conform to the fundamental purpose of the said parks, monuments, and reservations, which purpose is to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wildlife therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

The Act codified some important ideas that were drifting around at the time. Probably the most important one, as far as the fish and other animals were concerned, was that wild residents of the parks were to be preserved in their primitive state; the natural balances of their world were not to be disturbed or damaged. This has been the most difficult task facing the National Park Service—to preserve delicate primitive places like Yellowstone and yet make them available for millions of people to share and enjoy.

By the time of the Park Service Act, wildlife ecology was maturing rapidly, and various observers in scientific and public circles were looking at Yellowstone with

new eyes. They were appalled to discover that early park managers, in their well-intentioned zeal to improve park fishing, had introduced many new fish to the park, fish that subsequently replaced rare native types.⁴ The park's native fish were wilderness inhabitants, typically gullible and more easily caught than most of the newcomers. To further complicate matters, introduced rainbows often hybridized with native cutthroats, mixing and diluting pure strains of wild fish.

An example of how poorly understood the fish resource was occurred in the 1920s when it was discovered that pelicans on Yellowstone Lake were host for a parasite that infected the trout. There was vigorous enthusiasm in the park administration for an egg-stomping campaign on the pelican's nesting islands. The enthusiasm was heightened by the realization that those pelicans ate many tons of trout, thereby depriving tourists of doing the same. In this case, as in others, the wild residents of the park were still regarded as convenient entertainment for the visitors. There was a strong tendency to tamper with the natural systems to enhance visitor enjoyment. Public outcry saved the pelicans, and slowly public awareness of the difficult mission of the park service improved.

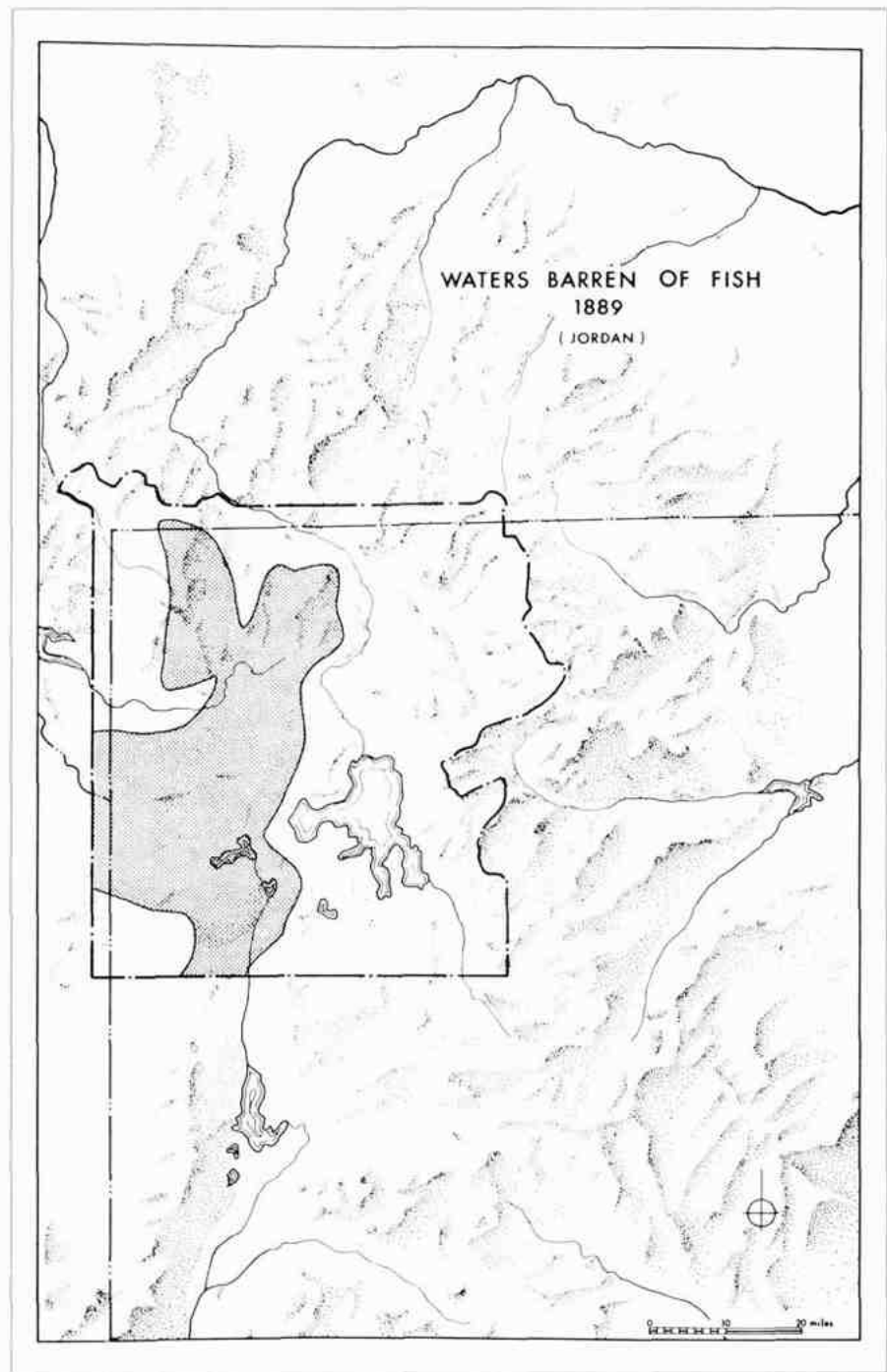
In the early 1920s, the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the Ecological Society of America resolved to oppose any more introduction of new plants or animals to national parks. Of course, the administration of Yellowstone had been resisting new introductions for some years (just as they were resisting many mammal introduction proposals, including mountain goat and reindeer) but now they had increasing public support.⁵

Increasing concern, both for the native fish in the park and for the quality of sport, led to the establishment of a formal stocking policy in 1936:

1. Nonnative fish shall not be stocked into waters containing native fish.
2. Propagation of native species for stocking shall not be encouraged.
3. Distribution of nonnative fish species shall not be expanded.
4. No artificial lake or stream improvements shall be made.
5. Introduction of nonnative aquatic fish food organisms shall not be made.
6. Selected waters shall be left barren of fish.

At the time, these were pretty revolutionary ideas; fishing was widely judged in terms of the gross numbers of fish each person was able to carry home.

From the 1930s to the 1960s, this policy remained in effect, but sport fishing in the park was still managed for the greatest possible harvest. Management was based on the now-challenged "maximum sus-



tained yield" concept, which had "both as a goal and a restraint the harvest of fish at the highest average catch that can be taken from a population under given environmental conditions."⁶ The fish populations continued to suffer under ever-increasing fishing pressure, and by the early 1960s Yellowstone fishing was in terrible shape.

Managers were beginning to realize that maximum sustained yield fishing wouldn't work, and that a heavy harvest of park fishes was against the ideal of the National Park Act anyway. Fish populations were entitled to the same protection—or something approaching it—as were bison or elk populations.

The shaded area on the map was barren of fish life when Yellowstone was established in 1872. It included almost all of the now-famous Firehole River, much of the Gibbon River, both Lewis and Shoshone Lakes, and many smaller streams and lakes. Map by Kenneth A. Erickson, from The Yellowstone Story, by Aubrey Haines, reprinted courtesy of Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, Colorado.

Fishermen were changing their thinking too. Many realized that there were just too many people and too few fish, and that it was no longer possible for everyone to take home a full creel. Reasoning that the sport was in the catch more than in the kill, fishermen began to promote fishing for fun rather than meat, so that there would still be fish to catch tomorrow. Mottoes such as "Limit your kill, don't kill your limit" were promoted by fishing organizations.

One of the outgrowths of these new concerns was the complete elimination of any stocking in park waters by 1959. Stocking was not compatible with park goals because it did not allow the natural processes to take place; streams that were able to support fish life were allowed to support however much of it they could, but were not given any booster shots (it would not be until many years later that it was also widely understood that stocking was actually harmful to any pre-existing resident trout population).

Though Yellowstone's fish were facing serious problems, and though those problems would not be solved by the elimination of stocking, that action was another example of how park management actions seemed radical at the time. Just as early park administrators had refused to accept any new species after about 1908, and had established fly-fishing-only regulations on the Firehole and Madison in 1950 (not the first such regulations in the country by any means, but still very unusual at the time), park administrators in the late 1950s were trying to push ahead against a strong current. The heavy stocking and massive hatchery programs that had grown up all over the country since 1900 had generated a conviction that stocking was the salvation of all fishing. The notion that trout could somehow replace *themselves* in a stream, by the simple reproductive processes that had served so well for thousands of years, was radical in itself.

There were other obstacles to restoring natural fish populations in Yellowstone. Possibly the most formidable one was bureaucratic. As the National Park Service was awakening to its peculiar obligations in Yellowstone, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (descendant of the old U.S. Fish Commission, and the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife) had turned several Yellowstone waters into a superb hatchery egg-source. While on the one hand the Park Service was supposed to be preserving native fish populations, on the other hand the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service was supposed to mass-produce trout.

Throughout their long stay in the park (and in other Park Service areas, as well) there was tension between the Fish and Wildlife Service and park managers. It has been an often mutually beneficial and yet occasionally strained relationship (on at least three occasions Yellowstone officials

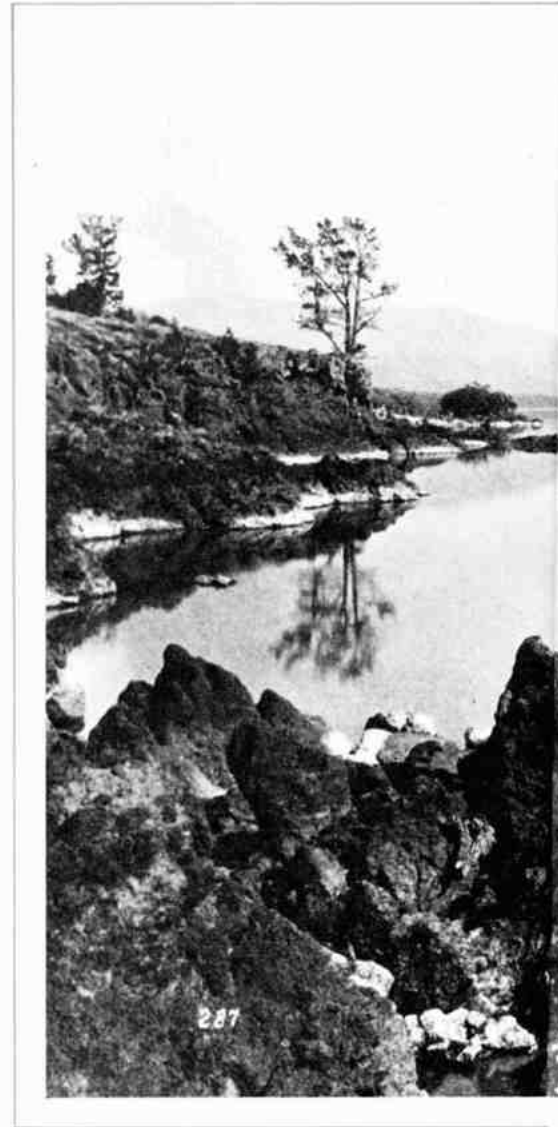
tried to get rid of the Fish and Wildlife Service completely). The story of this relationship is fascinating and colorful, but entirely too long to tell here. What finally happened was that by 1957 the hatcheries were shut down. The Fish and Wildlife Service personnel who remained in Yellowstone shifted their attention to research, especially on Yellowstone Lake. What they learned there and elsewhere would be of inestimable value to park managers.

By 1965 Yellowstone faced several major ecological crises, all of which involved enormous public and political interest, and, as events would show, all of which resulted from earlier attempts to place visitor use of the resource above the resource's basic biological needs. Elk population dynamics were misunderstood and therefore mismanaged, bear management was soon to cause a towering national controversy, park biologists were suggesting that eighty years of forest fire suppression in Yellowstone had been a mistake all along, and, as we have seen, fish populations were in desperate condition.

Because of growing public concern about these problems, the National Park Service was able to launch an ambitious research program in Yellowstone. It was complemented by the redirected fisheries research done by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. While the Park Service studied the animal and plant communities, the Fish and Wildlife Service began exhaustive surveys of all park waters and initiated angler surveys and volunteer fishermen reports. Yellowstone developed these objectives to guide future management:

1. The protection, perpetuation, and restoration of the natural aquatic environments, native fishes, and the associated fauna, and flora.
2. To provide for recreational fishing by the conservative and controlled use of native and nonnative fish populations. This will be accomplished by regulations that will insure high quality fishing as part of the park experience without endangering fish populations, or impairing the wildlife, scenic, scientific, ecological, and historical values of the park and their enjoyment by nonfishing visitors.

The overhaul of ecological management in Yellowstone really commenced in 1967, when Jack Anderson became Superintendent. The next ten years were ones of great progress and equally great controversy. One does not make changes without rocking some very large boats. When rangers began to chase black bears from the road, and fine visitors who fed bears, many people were outraged that their old-time zoo experience was being eliminated. When naturally-caused fires were allowed



to burn themselves out, as they had done in the area for thousands of years before the establishment of the park, many old-timers were horrified; they were trained on the Smoky Bear ethic, that all fire is evil. It was hard to watch the old order die.

But fishing changed with relatively little opposition. Anderson and his staff instituted new and ever more restrictive regulations, designed to protect native fish populations while allowing anglers to catch (and release) a great many more fish. Since 1973 many park streams have been made catch-and-release fishing only. Some others have been closed completely, to allow waterfowl and wildlife to use the shoreline undisturbed. The response from anglers has been overwhelmingly supportive. Anderson, who retired in 1975, was the recipient of awards from angling organizations, and the park is now frequently hailed as a model of enlightened fisheries management.

With continued research and enlightened administration, the future of sport-



fishing is brighter than it has been here since Superintendent Norris started day-dreaming about carp. We are now showing the aquatic ecosystems of the park far more respect than we ever have. But as we have learned how best to enjoy park fishing, and how best to preserve the fish resource, we have been compelled to ask ourselves other, less optimistic questions.

For many years now, Park rangers have faced the difficult question of "Why can we fish here if we can't hunt here?" This is to say, "Why do we allow the harvest of some animals (fish), but not of others? Aren't *all* park animals protected equally by the law?" It is not a simple question, and there is not room to explore it here. We can only suggest, briefly, that everyone who cares about the wild inhabitants of the park needs to consider the present situation in all its aspects.

Parks, in order to survive the crush of modern visitation, are very restrictive about what kinds of public recreation are permitted. Flower-picking, rock-collecting, bear-feeding, and tree-chopping have all

been made illegal in Yellowstone to keep the resource from being grossly damaged. Fishing stands almost alone as a direct wilderness-to-mouth use of the park. Even in catch-and-release water, where all fish must be released immediately, a certain number of fish will die simply from the trauma and exertion of being caught and handled. And even if none of them died, would we ever allow mammals to undergo similar treatment? What if visitors were allowed to lasso elk? There is no ecological difference, as far as interfering with wild-life.

These are provocative thoughts. Fish are not as easily enjoyed as many other park animals; anglers are unquestionably getting very tuned-in on the natural world of trout when they go fishing. Perhaps the impact of their activity is worth it for the intangible rewards of enrichment and appreciation they get from the sport.⁷

Just as, fifty years ago, there were a growing number of people who questioned our gross exploitation of fish populations, there are today a growing number of

A view of Yellowstone Lake, probably in the 1870s or early 1880s, photo courtesy of the National Park Service. Over: another Yellowstone Lake view, courtesy of the National Park Service.



people who question the very practice of fishing in Yellowstone. Fishing is surely one of the best established and least offensive outdoor pastimes in the American leisure tradition. It will no doubt come as a surprise to many anglers that their activities could offend anyone.⁸

Fishing is going to be around in Yellowstone for many years. About ten percent of Yellowstone's visitors obtain licenses, and park fishing just keeps getting better. But there are signs that the future may be uneasy. The legislative basis for fishing in a national park is under intense scrutiny these days, just as in other circles fishing as a pastime is being reconsidered. Fishermen in Yellowstone have a special opportunity, and it is unlikely that the value of that opportunity is fully appreciated by people who don't fish. Only by open communication and conscientious effort on the part of all concerned will the park's aquatic resources be put to their best use.

⁸The early history and prehistory of Yellowstone is a story well told by Aubrey Haines in *The Yellowstone Story* (Boulder: Colorado Associated University Press, 1977, two volumes).

⁹By the first decade of the Twentieth Century, a few of Yellowstone's managers realized that it was foolish to indiscriminately stock fish in park waters without thought or planning. They especially disliked the practice of stocking more than one species of fish in one water. They weren't fully aware that introduced fish could replace native ones, but they were developing a sense of discretion about mixing game fish, and they were also getting a better idea of what the park was for. They resisted the introductions of a wide variety of other animals, from reindeer to game birds of various kinds, at the same time.

That park administrators should begin to see the light so early, when all around them such introductions were becoming steadily more fashionable, is a credit to their foresight. It is

also a credit to their firmness of conviction; in 1908, no less a heavyweight than the U.S. Commissioner of Fisheries proposed that smelt be stocked in Shoshone and Yellowstone Lakes. It couldn't have been easy to say no, but the park did.

In 1907, a fisheries employee, D.C. Booth, was given a reprimand by his superiors for planting rainbow trout in Yellowstone Lake. This is the earliest instance of which we are aware of Yellowstone fisheries managers overtly seeking to protect native strains of fish from dilution.

¹⁰See Richard Muttkowski, "The Food of Trout in Yellowstone National Park," in *Roosevelt Wildlife Bulletin*, Volume 2, Number 4, February, 1925, pp. 471-497.

¹¹Yellowstone taught us many lessons in wildlife management. At the same time that the park was being invaded by new species of fish, park administrators were trapping and poisoning predators. In those days, wolves, cougars, coyotes, and even bears were regarded as pests and vermin. Very few people appreciated the roles predators play in population balances, and even fewer appreciated the appropriateness of having the predators in the park for esthetic reasons. More importantly, as the years passed it became evident that if we were to preserve the park as an example of wilderness America we were obligated to preserve it all. Otherwise it would be just an outdoor zoo. It was a matter of having applied human value judgments to wilderness inhabitants and deciding that there were good animals and bad ones. Such a value judgment may be appropriate in many wildlife management contexts, but it was finally seen as inappropriate for Yellowstone. The value of Yellowstone is in being able to observe all the natural processes unhindered. The Yellowstone resource, it has been said, is not a certain number of elk or trees. The resource is wildness.

¹²Sad to say, introductions did not really stop. Private citizens, either anglers or outfitters (and maybe a ranger or two . . .) stocked small little-known ponds for their own use. Bait fishermen, emptying their bait buckets at the end of a day's fishing, introduced other fish into park waters, fish they may have bought that morning 100 miles away on the other side of the Continental Divide. The eventual abolition of baitfishing in Yellowstone resulted primarily to prevent such introductions.

¹³The concept of maximum sustained yield as practiced in Yellowstone Lake is documented in the classic paper by Benson and Bulkley, "Equilibrium yield and management of cutthroat trout in Yellowstone Lake", U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Research Report Number 62, Yellowstone Park, 1963.

¹⁴The very complex issue of sport fishing in the national parks has been explored in considerable depth in an article, "A Reasonable Illusion," written by Paul Schullery and published in the November-December 1979 issue of *Rod & Reel* Magazine. The article was reprinted for wider distribution by the National Park Service and may be available from that Agency as well.

¹⁵It is important to note that we are not dealing with a moral issue here. Almost all of the people who object to fishing in national parks are not basing their objection on any moral repugnance to the sport. They object only that fishing is incompatible with park goals. We might add, though, that it seems almost inevitable that other groups, whose motivations are more morally oriented, will discover this issue some day.

John D. Varley was for seven years Assistant Project Leader of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service Fishery Research Unit in Yellowstone Park. He has been a professional fisheries biologist for fifteen years, and has worked with both resident and anadromous fish in Alaska, as well as serving as research director at the famous Flaming Gorge Reservoir. He is the author of eleven scientific papers and numerous technical reports and is currently working with salmon and steelhead enhancement on the upper Columbia River drainage.

Paul Schullery worked in Yellowstone as a Ranger-naturalist and as Park Historian. He is the author of several articles on park wildlife and management. His national park-related books include Old Yellowstone Days, The Bears of Yellowstone, and The Grand Canyon: Early Impressions. For the past four years he has been Director of The Museum of American Fly Fishing and Editor of The American Fly Fisher.

Books

The Derrydale Press: A Bibliography by H.A. Siegel, H.C. Marschalk, and I. Oelgart. The Angler's & Shooter's Press (Goshen, Connecticut, 06756), 1981, 266 pages, \$125.00.

The Derrydale Press, A Bibliography by Colonel Henry A. Siegel, Harry C. Marschalk, and Isaac Oelgart is the Angler's and Shooter's Press's latest publication. Bound in bright red cloth and housed in an attractive blue slip case, the volume offers devotees of "Derrydales" the most up-to-date bibliography of the Derrydale Press. One hundred and sixty-nine entries are found beginning with *American Trout Streams*, which was published in 1926, and ending with *A Private Affair* (1941). In addition to the bibliography section there are thirteen chapters, including a brief biography of the Press's founder Gene Connett; a chapter on the contributions of Ernest Gee; a chapter on "The Pain and Pleasure of Derrydale Collecting"; and a chapter that lists the "Personalities Associated with the Derrydale Press"—to mention just a few. Two appendices are also included. The Stinehour Press printed and bound this edition of 1,250 copies on Mohawk

superfine paper. The excellent illustrations were printed by the Meriden Gravure Company. A deluxe edition (26 lettered copies) has also been issued.

Now to the bibliography. Philip Gaskell in his book *A New Introduction to Bibliography* (Oxford University Press, 1972) defines bibliography as "a list of books described in more or less detail. . . ." He goes on to say that it [bibliography] "is an over-used and ambiguous word, for it is applied to anything from an abbreviated checklist of references to a minutely particularized descriptive investigation." Gaskell states that the descriptive techniques used in analytical bibliography may be "considered in five parts"

- (1) transcriptions of the title page
- (2) a formula for the analysis of format and collation
- (3) a technical note, detailing press figures, type, paper, plates, etc.
- (4) details on contents
- (5) notes of any other information which relate to the history of the books, and a list of the copies examined.

Gaskell, however, is quick to point out that the degree of emphasis on any of the above "parts" will vary according to the type of

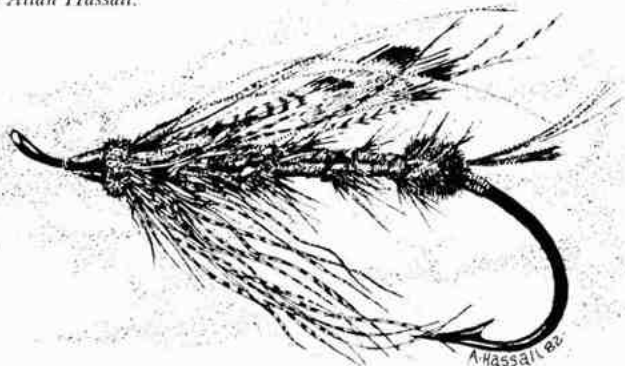
bibliography one is writing. Further, Gaskell mentions that the current conventions of bibliography (as derived from the work of Sir Walter Greg) should be strictly adhered to. A perusal of the bibliography under consideration indicates that the authors have for the most part followed the correct "five part" descriptive techniques. However, their analysis of format and collation is very abbreviated in comparison to more scholarly bibliographies. For the purpose of illustration consider the entry describing *Trouting Along the Catsauqua*, published by the Derrydale Press in 1927. Comparison of this entry in the Siegel bibliography with a similar entry in William Mitchell van Winkle's *Bibliography of the Writings of Frank Forester* serves to demonstrate this point. Van Winkle's collation is much more complete. It enumerates the acknowledgement to Orange Judd Company for permission to reprint (p. iv) and advises us that the book was dedicated "to the memory of Fred E. Pond" (p. v). Details such as these have been omitted from the Siegel text. Neither bibliography mentions the number of copies examined.

Most disturbing to me is the failure of this Derrydale bibliography to mention any details concerning the contents of the books covered and why a particular work is significant. For example, under "comments" for Joel Barber's *Wild Fowl Decoys* (1934) the statement is made that this "is one of the most important books published by Connett," but no reason is given as to why. Granted some of this information can be found elsewhere, but inclusion in the bibliography section would make this reference work much more useful.

A section entitled "Personalities Associated with the Derrydale Press" is intriguing, but somewhat puzzling. The compilers of this list have chosen to give us short biographies of many but not all of the list's members. And it is difficult to ascertain the method behind their eclecticism. Is David Wagstaff more notable than Kenneth Roberts or William Milnor?

In summary, the latest Derrydale bibliography is an interesting and useful publication for both book dealers and Derry-

A Silver & Grey, tied by Alf Walker and drawn for us by Allan Hassall.



dale collectors. I enjoyed reading it, especially the biography of Connett by Steven Ferguson. The first appendix, which deals with "The Care of Books," is valuable in that it alerts the collector to the proper methods for the handling and storage of his books. While *The Derrydale Press, A Bibliography* is much more than a checklist, it is not a true bibliography in the "Gaskellian" sense; but, I ask, is any sporting bibliography?

D.B.L.

British Fresh-Water Fishes

by The Rev. W. Houghton. Webb & Bower Ltd. (33 Southernhay East, Exeter, Devon, EX1 1NS, England), 1981. \$35.00.

British Fresh-Water Fishes was first published in 1889 in two volumes containing forty-one magnificent chromolithographs. At a price of seventy shillings it was an enormously expensive book, yet it was a success; it was reissued in 1894-1895 (at ten shillings and six pence) and again in 1900 (at seven shillings and six pence). Among book collectors the first edition is a much sought-after item. As David Lank noted some time ago in *The Atlantic Salmon Journal* (No. 2, 1973), it is "considered by many the most perfect example of Victorian book-making."

The chromolithographs of the first edition are to some extent responsible for its present scarcity and high cost; unscrupulous dealers destroy the book to obtain the plates. Some of the plates have been reproduced in several places, most notable being the *Salmon Portfolio* prepared by Environment Canada for the 1974 Law of the Sea Conference in Caracas.

The 1981 edition of *British Fresh-Water*

Fishes is a beautifully produced book. It contains a foreword by Lord Hardinge of Penshurst and a Publisher's Note; both provide background information on the first edition, but both are lacking in detail, and so those with a serious interest in the history of the book should read David Lank's article, mentioned above. With that reference made, this review has served its purpose of drawing attention to this excellent new edition of an important book.

Alec Jackson

A History of Angling

by Charles F. Waterman. Winchester Press, 1981, 253 pages.

Anyone who has read much of Charlie Waterman's writing knows that he is reluctant to let on that he really knows what he's talking about. Instead he'll get the message across indirectly, with "I didn't catch much that day, but my wife caught about a hundred with a fly she tied like this . . ." or "I wouldn't take my own word for this, but you can believe it because I heard it from a friend who never borrows money from me." But, try as he will, Charlie can't really hide that he knows more about fishing than most people. And now it's reached the point where he's going to have to admit he knows more about fishing history than almost anybody, too.

A few years ago he wrote a colorful, appealing book called *Fishing in America*, a richly illustrated review of sportfishing from primitive times. Charlie freely acknowledged the help he got from some collector friends, but it was largely his own work that made the book such pleasant reading. Now he has produced *A History of*

Angling, another all-kinds-of-fishing history book. When you think about it, it looks as if Charlie has written more pages about fishing history than anyone else, including the best-known of our fishing historians.

Covering all aspects of fishing history in one book is a lot like covering all aspects of *fishing* in one book: you just sort of skim the surface. But *A History of Angling* skims it pretty well. I see some specific factual errors (streamers were developed long before 1880; sportfishing in colonial America was more widespread than he admits; Gordon didn't originate American dry fly fishing), but they are unimportant compared to what the book accomplishes in other directions. For the author, unlike so many fishing writers, is more interested in *ideas* than in personalities or simple dates. He wonders, at length, over the ways we restrict and define our sport, over "fishing lures and the mysterious ways in which they come and go," over trout fishing writers who tend "towards Latin terms and moody rhetoric" and bass writers who "abhor such effete approaches and write carefully to avoid being accused of literacy," and over bass tournaments that many consider too professionally competitive but that have provided modern anglers with all kinds of tackle improvements (sort of the way a war makes us better at medicine, huh Charlie?).

This is a sensible, witty, and intelligent book. It is not a textbook, or a scholarly reference book. It's a popularly written book on a subject that deserves a larger popular audience than it now has. I hope it sells a lot of copies, because then maybe more people will read fishing history by those of us who are addicted to footnotes and who lack Charlie's sense of humor.

P.S.

Museum News

Annual Meeting at the Conclave, August 11-14

Members will be receiving notice later this spring of the Museum's Annual Membership meeting, to be held concurrently with the Federation of Fly Fishers Annual Conclave in West Yellowstone, Montana.

Last year's Conclave was the best attended ever, and the numerous lectures, demonstrations, and social functions make the Conclave the most important event in the Federation's year. Members interested in learning more about the Federation of Fly Fishers (and we think you should) can contact them at their headquarters office, Post Office Box 1088, West Yellowstone, Montana, 59758 (1-406-646-9541).

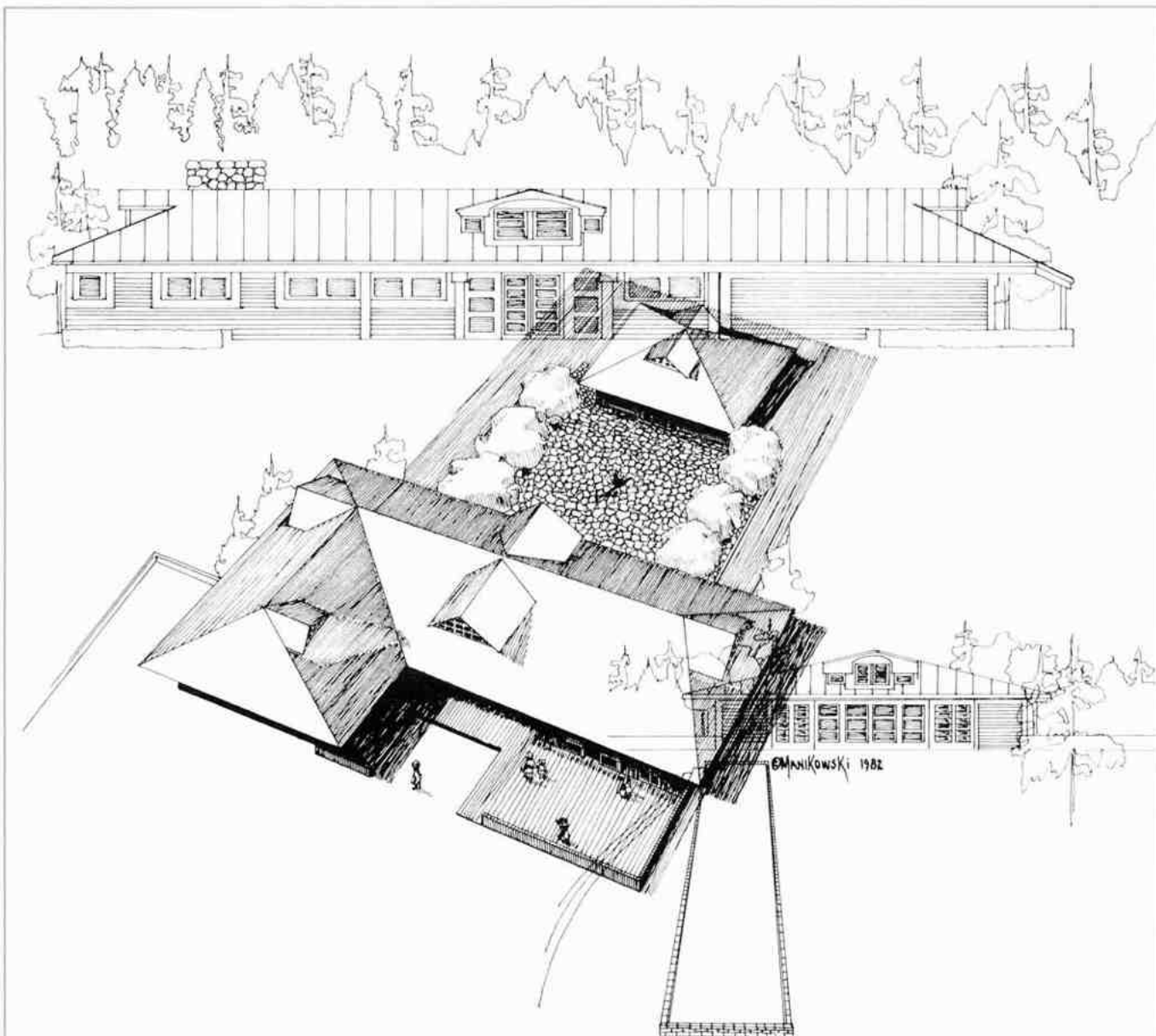
Museum President Gardner Grant is currently making arrangements with the Conclave Committee so that the Museum's meetings do not conflict with any other activities on the schedule.

WHAT'S A REGISTRAR?

Some of our readers may have noticed that in recent issues of the Magazine we list a Registrar as being part of the staff. Some time ago we hired JoAnna Sheridan to work for us as Registrar. JoAnna, who lives in nearby Rupert, Vermont, with her husband and three children, has extensive training

and experience (at Cornell University) in library and cataloguing systems, and has helped us immensely in the refinement and organization of the Museum's all-important record-keeping systems.

The Registrar in most museums functions as the keeper of the catalogs, the person who sees to it that each item that is donated is properly logged in the museum's accession book and assorted catalog systems. By far the greatest part of the work of a professional museum staff is devoted to the behind-the-scenes processes of properly identifying, cataloguing, indexing, and storing of gifts and then caring for them



The Center and the Conclave

We show here a new rendering of the proposed International Fly Fishing Center, West Yellowstone, Montana. The center view, from above, shows the smaller auditorium building, separated from the main building by a courtyard. The larger building houses the administrative offices of both the Federation and the Museum on the right end and the exhibits in the larger left wing.

More information about the building campaign can be obtained from the Museum office in Manchester, Vermont, or from the Federation of Fly Fishers, West Yellowstone, Montana (1-406-646-9541). The Center will be a major topic at the Federation's Conclave this August 11-14. As this issue was going to press we learned that the Conclave program will feature the following: a two-day youth workshop; a one-day workshop in tying Atlantic salmon flies; fly tying workshops for beginners; twenty-four professional fly tiers demonstrating their best techniques; talks by Larry Solomon, Chico Fernandez, Dan Blanton, Gary Borger, Gary LaFontaine, Charles Brooks, Dave Whitlock, and others; many other educational and social activities.

David Ottiger

1950-1982

We are inexpressibly grieved to report that the Museum's Director of Development David Ottiger and his wife and daughter died in an automobile accident on April 3 near Philadelphia. David's son, age seven, survived the accident.

David became the Museum's Director of Development last September, and had responsibility for managing our auction program. He personally oversaw our San Francisco auction and the first two auctions of our spring program, in New York and Cleveland. He was in the process of preparing and directing the auction arrangements in New Jersey and Wisconsin.

David was born on May 2, 1950. He graduated from Pratt Institute with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in 1972. While there he served as Editor-in-Chief of the college newspaper and was elected to both Who's Who in American Universities and the National Student Register. He was a member of the varsity fencing team. From 1972 to 1978 he was Director of Creative and Production Services for the Barton-Gillet Company of New York and Baltimore, a major fund-raising consulting firm. In 1978 he founded his own consulting firm, Windsor Communications, which specialized in communications and marketing for non-profit institutions.

The officers and staff of the Museum extend their heartfelt sympathies to his family and friends.

once they are properly stored. Caring for them, of course, involves such things as keeping them from deterioration, making them available for study, employing them in museum exhibits, and occasionally updating their catalog entries as more information is learned about them.

Museums deal with these duties in a wide variety of ways, and with varying degrees of thoroughness. The current cataloging project going on at the Smithsonian is a good example of how massive and overwhelming such work can be, especially if allowed to pile up; the Smithsonian, using the most modern computer techniques, is going to be some years organizing their collection just so they can find what they have.

All in all, the catalogs of The Museum of American Fly Fishing are in pretty good shape; we had devoted volunteers caring for the collection for its first ten years, and they put in many hours keeping the records straight. What the project now underway is doing is straightening out some kinks that developed in the catalog systems as they were transferred from one volunteer to another, and in refining the systems so that more "finding aids" may be developed. Such aids include indexes that arrange rods, for example, by manufacturer, or by the materials of which they are constructed. It is these refinements that set a good museum aside from a poor one; practically all museums exhibit only a small part of their collection, holding the rest in storage for later use. Indeed, in our Museum as in many, we have many items that will never be exhibited. They are "study" items: ones perhaps not distinguished enough to be exhibited but still worth preserving for their historical interest. For example, it may be enough to exhibit only a few reels from the famous Meisselbach factory, but as a proper museum it is our responsibility to try to obtain one of every model that firm produced. These items have other

important values besides public exhibit, and they make the work of the Registrar extremely important; without good documentation and cross-referencing, the best collection is very difficult to use.

Our Registrar has, then, been concentrating on making the "paper chase" of locating and studying an object as efficient as possible. Working about twenty hours a week over the past year, she has inventoried several categories of objects (reels, miscellaneous, etc.), and is currently overhauling the library catalog systems, with special attention to the tackle catalogs, periodicals, and separates (clippings, manuscripts, photographs, and so on). We anticipate that by the end of the year, depending on the pace of building in West Yellowstone, we will have completed most of this project, after which it will only be necessary to make sure newly acquired items are properly entered in the records. Then we will have the luxury of looking for additional refinements that might be made in the systems we are now creating, so that the Museum will continue to improve its access to the objects and information it seeks to preserve.

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, 3, and 4
Volume Nine, Numbers 1 and 2

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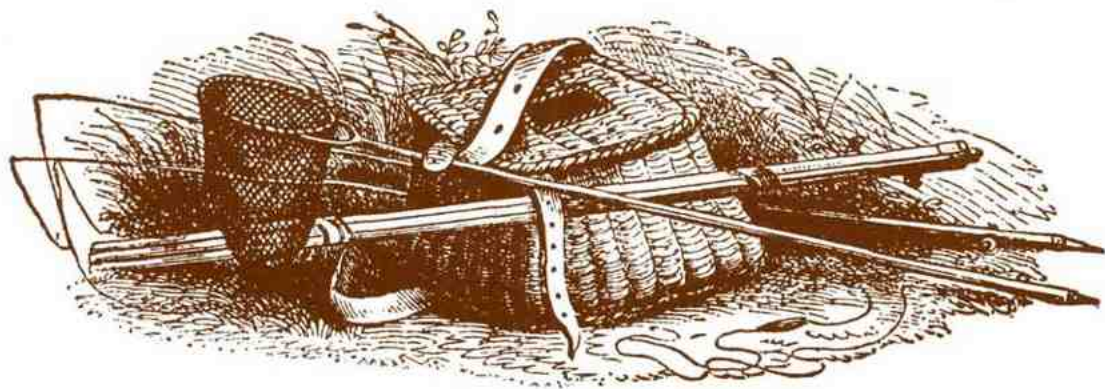
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San Francisco Auction, November 30

The Museum will be holding its third annual San Francisco auction on November 30 at the Green Hills Country Club in Millbrae, California. Art Frey and Larry Gilsdorf are Co-Chairmen of this event, and we are looking forward to a great evening with our friends in the bay area.

We will report on the details of this event in our next issue. Invitations will be sent well in advance of the auction. Anyone wishing to learn more about the auction can contact Art Frey, Post Office Box 13, Burlingame, California 94010 (1-415-344-4231).



Next



Our Summer issue looks at the origins of several aspects of fly fishing. Ken Cameron is back with a lengthy examination of the dry fly, both its neglected pre-nineteenth century history and the social and technological circumstances that brought about its popularity in the late 1800s in Great Britain. As usual, Ken has some penetrating things to say about how we have simplified our fishing history for the sake

of telling pretty stories with tidy endings.

Alec Jackson will be examining the Atlantic salmon fly as it appeared in Blacker's *Art of Fly Making*, a mid-1800s masterpiece from which we will reproduce some glorious hand-colored plates of flies.

We will also offer a lengthy review of a book recently published in Brussels—a scholarly study of the *Treatise on Fishing With an Angle*. This new study reveals a number of previously unknown British

angling writings that predate the *Treatise* and constitute a monumental discovery in angling history; the *Treatise* has long been regarded as the first English-language work on fly fishing, but scholars have long assumed it was part of a tradition of some greater age. Now earlier works have come to light, and much early angling history may have to be reconsidered.



