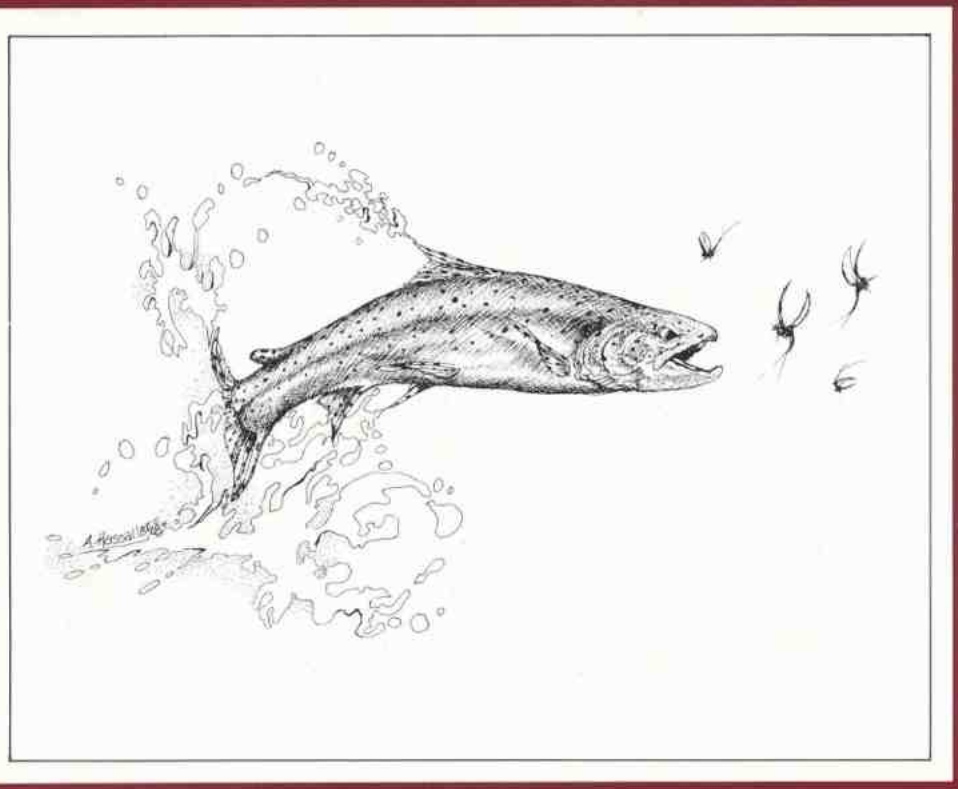
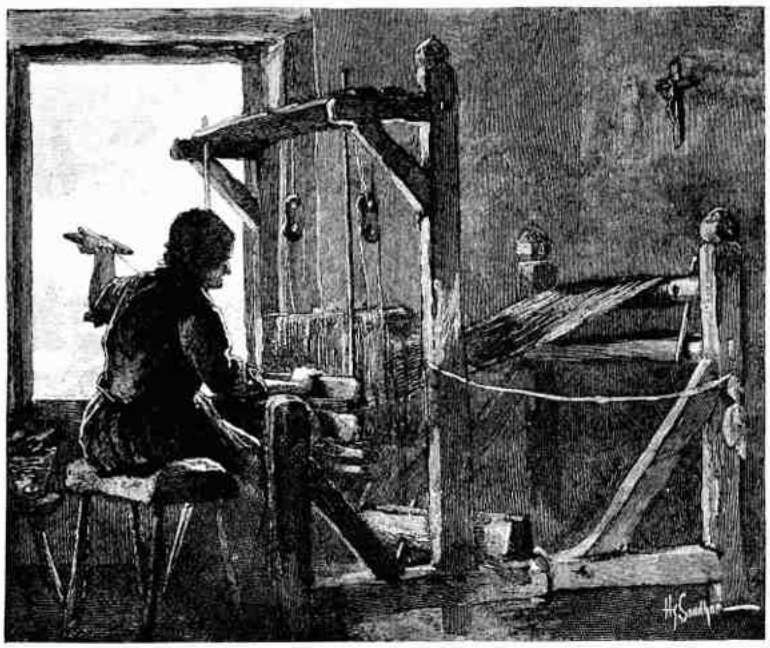


The American Fly Fisher

Volume 13 • Number 4 • SUMMER 1987



Mixed Bag

In this issue of the *American Fly Fisher,* rather than concentrate on a single topic as in our previous two numbers, we return to a potpourri of offerings. You will note that articles covering a broad range of topics are included: literature, art, history—even mathematics. Obviously, anything that we publish relates to the history of fly-fishing, but we pause momentarily to point out that this relatively small area of concern is intimately intertwined with all other branches of knowledge. The history of fly-fishing is not just a cataloged collection of old piscatorial regalia; more correctly, it transcends these inanimate things. To fully comprehend and appreciate its development and context, one must understand a much broader picture, one that encompasses literature, history, art, and more. Sure, it's important to include articles on reels, rods, and flies, and we will continue to do so. It is our intention, however, when doing this to always be mindful of a much larger framework. In this issue of the *American Fly Fisher,* we invite you to enjoy the literature of Verlyn Klinkenborg, the art described by Allan Hassall, Robert Kohrman's checklist of pseudonyms, Graig Spolek's treatment of power and action, and a poem by Henry Van Dyke. We remind our readers, too, that we always appreciate comments and suggestions—*and* that our continued success depends upon the contributions of readers and supporters!

The American Fly Fisher

SUMMER 1987 Volume 13 Number 4

On the cover:
Illustration by Allan Hassall

The American Fly Fisher, the journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, is published four times a year by the Museum at P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Publication dates are winter, spring, summer, and fall. Membership dues include the cost of a one-year subscription ($20) and are tax deductible as provided for by law. Membership rates are listed in the back of each issue.

All letters, manuscripts, photographs, and materials intended for publication in the journal should be sent to the Editor, Box 16, Buckfield, Maine 04220. The Museum and journal are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographs, materials or memorabilia. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to the *American Fly Fisher* are to be considered gratuitous and become the property of the Museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Articles appearing in this journal are abstracted and indexed in *Historical Abstracts* and *America: History and Life*.

Second Class Permit postage paid at Manchester, Vermont 05254 (USPS 057410)
The American Fly Fisher (ISSN 0881-3562)
POSTMASTER: Send address changes to the American Fly Fisher, P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

Talking about Maclean

A River Runs Through It, a collection of short stories by Norman Maclean, was published by the University of Chicago Press in April 1976. It is the most popular work of fiction published by this press. Twenty-four thousand copies of the clothbound trade edition have been sold to date (now, an average of 1,000 copies are sold annually); 115,500 copies of the paperback edition have been sold (now, about 18,000 are sold annually); and gift and deluxe editions account for approximately another 10,000 volumes sold. In short, nearly 150,000 copies have been purchased—not bad for the first literary effort of a retired University of Chicago professor of English who was seventy-four years old at the time of publication. Three stories are collected; the longest, and clearly the best, is the first, "A River Runs Through It". We

Books of The Times

September 23, 1983

by Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

A RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT.
By Norman Maclean.
Photographs by Joel Snyder.
124 pages. Illustrated. Chicago. $25.

Norman Maclean

Norman Maclean was a professor of English at the University of Chicago until his retirement in 1973. Then he took up writing, and at the age of 70 brought the university's press a book of three stories—a book "with trees in it," he explained, hence its rejection by a number of commercial outfits—which Chicago published in 1976 under the title "A River Runs Through It and Other Stories."

Despite the trees (or because of them), the book did very well for the press, selling about 20,000 copies in its hard-cover version, and 50,000 more in its paperback edition, which came out in 1980. That means at least a million literate people (or however many there are in the United States) have not yet read even the title story. They may do so now in a special gift edition of "A River Runs Through It" that the publisher has just put out.

A gift edition of a novella, or what is really no more than a long short story? With a foreword by the University of Chicago Press's senior editor that is

by Verlyn Klinkenborg *illustrated by Allan Hassall*

stretch no point in calling this a very fine example of fishing literature, and we entreat you to peruse this exceptional volume at next chance you get. We have done two things: we've included a review of Maclean's book from the New York Times *(this will give you an idea as to background and plot of the story), and we have also included Verlyn Klinkenborg's essay "Talking About Maclean." The latter is insightful and precisely written, and it tells us what Maclean's story is really all about. Verlyn has expertly probed the depths of Maclean and his story, affording us understanding that might have otherwise gone undiscovered.*

Ten years ago, the University of Chicago Press first published Norman Maclean's collection of stories called *A River Runs Through It and Other Stories.* The other stories almost instantly fell away, leaving us with "A River Runs Through It." Maclean is not a great author, for his output is small and very uneven, but he has written a great story, one that after more than a decade will be considered a classic of American literature. "A River Runs Through It" so far surpasses the rest of Maclean's work that it must have surprised him the way it surprises any reader who thinks he is reading a fishing tale.

"A River Runs Through It" is the story of a man, whose life is like a river, talking about his brother, whose life was like a book. "At the time," the narrator says while sitting on the bank of the Blackfoot, meditating, "I did not know that stories of life are often more like rivers than books." He means that few lives have plots. Most of us slide along like foam on a river, lacking either the compulsion or the luck to be caught in events that could actually be called a plot. This, one infers from subsequent events, is a damn good thing.

When Maclean says "I did not know that stories of life are often more like rivers than books," he is telling his tale and talking about it simultaneously. Maclean does this naturally, for it suits the openness of his temperament and the fact that the narrator is an old man looking back on his youth. Hemingway, to take a famous example, conducts his business differently. In "Big Two-Hearted River," the storyteller never stands back from telling his tale to talk about it; he is so all-knowing as to be invisible. It is as if Hemingway assumes that readers have larcenous natures and should not be trusted with a storyteller's ego, or as if "Big Two-Hearted River" were told by the private voice of a man who habitually

just a touch self-congratulatory? With photographs illustrating what is profoundly a work of literary imagination? Yes, I too had my doubts, especially about Joel Snyder's photos of Montana's Big Blackfoot River, the story's setting, which tend to be either full of spray and patterns of light or the sort of panoramic scenes you find in fishing magazines, but have little obvious connection with the earthy comedy or the classical tragedy of the story.

But let me take a crack at defending the edition.

The story—superficially about the self-destruction of the narrator's brother, Paul, a great fly fisherman who drinks, gambles and fights too much —bears rereading under any circumstances. You have to keep considering it, if only to see past the wonderful distractions on its surface—the dry ironic wit of the narrator, Paul's older brother; the unforgettable character of their father, a Presbyterian minister of Scottish descent, who believed that at at least a part of man's redemption might be found in mastering the four-count rhythm of properly casting a dry fly, and the irresistible fishing scenes.

As with the fast-flowing parts of a stream, you have to keep staring at the surface of Norman Maclean's story before you can make out the deeper things that lie underneath—and see past them to the depths where doomed mankind is transcending itself through art, and where the art of the story itself is being conceived and shaped.

But why the photographs? In an essay, "On the Edge of Swirls," written for the new edition, Mr. Maclean pauses only for a moment to reflect on another meaning of the story—that "if you should ask me where is the best place to live your life, I would make the same answer, 'On the edge of swirls'"—and plunges into a detailed and fairly literal reflection on fish and fishermen and rivers. This brings him to the photographs, which he invokes to explain how a good trout river "works." And this leads naturally enough to the note at the end of the book by Joel M. Snyder—the author's son-in-law, who teaches art and design at the University of Chicago—about the raft trip he took down the Big Blackfoot in order to get the photographs.

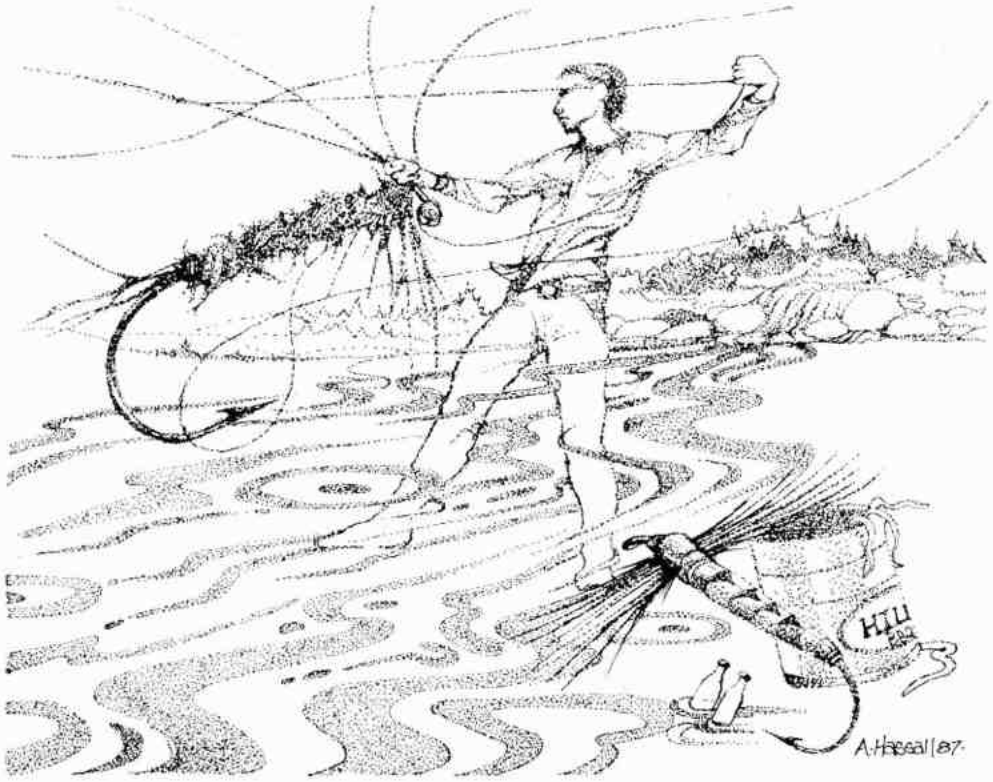
Thus we keep coming—"by a commodius vicus of recirculation," if Professor Maclean will forgive me for the reference—back to the Big Blackfoot River that runs through the story and the author's life, back to the most specific detail of his story. And, as I'm sure he would say if he weren't too down-to-earth and discriminating with language to make broad theoretical pronouncements about writing, it is in the specifics that art begins.

Instead, what he finally has to say about the specifics of art and of the Big Blackfoot River is in the glorious final paragraphs of his story, which I can't resist quoting, though you should keep in mind that they come after the fury of the story is spent, and while the marvelous details are still ringing in the reader's mind, and there are tears in our eyes:

"Of course, now I am too old to be much of a fisherman, and now of course I usually fish the big waters alone, although some friends think I shouldn't. Like many fly fishermen in western Montana where the summer days are almost Arctic in length, I often do not start fishing until the cool of the evening. Then in the Arctic half-light of the canyon, all existence fades to a being with my soul and memories and the sounds of the Big Blackfoot River and a four-count rhythm and the hope that a fish will rise.

"Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it. The river was cut by the world's great flood and runs over rocks from the basement of time. On some of the rocks are timeless raindrops. Under the rocks are the words, and some of the words are theirs.

"I am haunted by waters." §



refers to himself in the third person.

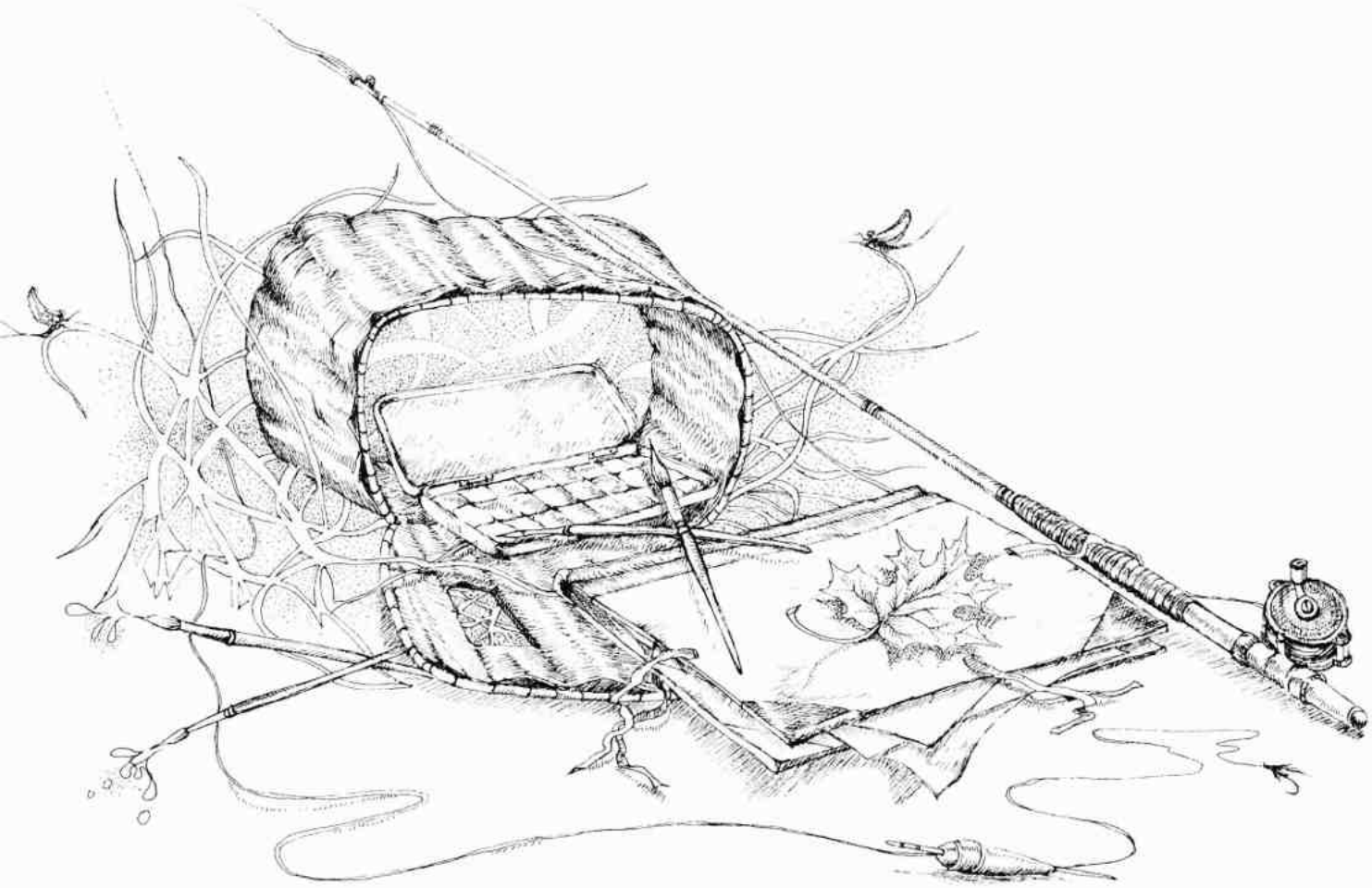
The narrator of "A River Runs Through It" is a more liberal storyteller. He is an explanatory man. He doesn't merely deliver events and images and leave them for us to decipher; he also helps account for the way those images work. This is a narrator we learn to trust, one whose intelligence carries us a good way into the story, yet who recognizes that he is profoundly ignorant of his brother. He sees enough angles to admit the possibility of more angles than he sees. Because the narrator believes that lives are mostly like rivers, he does not place too much emphasis on plot; Paul's murder is an anticlimax, after all. And because the narrator believes in explanation, he gives us a second plot, the one through which Neal stumbles bare-assed and sunburned, to illuminate the first.

Initially, Neal seems to be a marginal character. He is the narrator's brother-in-law, and what relation is a brother-in-law to one's brother? But Neal concentrates the emotional impact of "A River Runs Through It": he is the lightning rod, the scapegoat, and the object of exclusion. The reader ought to identify with him. In this story, the reader, too, risks becoming a scapegoat, for "A River Runs Through It" is about exclusion. To grasp the truth of that, all one has to do is listen to the narrator. "What a beautiful world it was once," he laments with an old-timer's pity for the young (and for himself). "We regarded [the Big Blackfoot] as a family river, as a part of us," he says. The reader is excluded by the misfortune of birth: "the world outside ... was full of bastards, the number increasing rapidly the farther one gets from Missoula, Montana."

Now, there is not an angler in the world who will read "A River Runs Through It" and think, By god, Maclean is right; I am a bastard! The reader sides with the narrator instinctively because most anglers share his sense of a time-deep, personal hold on a stretch of river. (The only other thing for which we have such a private feeling is our childhood, and it, too, is exclusive.) It is a measure of the narrator's charity, his liberal nature, that he lets us pretend to be Montanans for a while, gives us an honorary membership in a tight family, even lets us fish on the family river. Talking about his story and admitting his helplessness, Maclean encourages in us the belief that we belong to an elite. If this were Hemingway, we could only hope to be Neal, all of us bastards.

Neal is an outcast because he lives in California, fishes with worms, hides behind women, and asks "What's a sucker? ... and so became the first native of Montana ever to sit on a rock and ask what a sucker was." But mainly he is an outcast because he did not learn to fish under the tutelage of his brother-in-law's father, a Presbyterian minister. (Nor, by the way, did the reader.) At the center of "A River Runs Through It" lies a law that is primary and universal, whose Word is the Greek New Testament. That is the point of Maclean's opening sentence: "In our family, there was no clear line between religion and fly fishing." This does not mean *we were religious about our fly fishing* so much as it means that religion and fly-fishing reveal the same universal law: that all good things "come by grace and grace comes by art and art does not come easy." Maclean solemnizes the point: "if you have never picked up a fly rod before, you will soon find it factually and theologically true that man by nature is a damn mess." That is why we clamor for grace, which comes without heeding our clamor. Grace is the gift of help unsought.

The reader will notice that after the seventh page of "A River Runs Through It" the boys' Presbyterian father virtually disappears until the final fishing scene. But his work has been done. The code Neal departs from is in place—a four-count rhythm, which a man who sunburns his ass with a whore by his side has queered like a shoat on a dance floor. But Neal is not the only sinner in this story,



not even the major one. He is just the sinner whose sins are unacceptable because they must be pitied. Neal understands none of the Maclean family code (a local branch of divine law), and he violates it, but Paul understands the code completely, and he violates it too.

"A River Runs Through It" is remarkable for what the author does not do to Paul—he does not psychologize him by entering his head and explaining what he finds there. Any reader wants to know why Paul—a well-raised boy—prefers a bet on the side to fishing without a bet and why his whole life has a bet on the side that he ultimately loses. It does not seem quite accountable from the Presbyterian perspective, except through the clichéd assumption that preachers' kids tend to wildness. (Paul's story provides unexpected assurance that grace and luck are entirely unacquainted, for his luck runs out while his grace and art never do.) But we do not see Paul's angle on his life story; we see the narrator's instead. And for the narrator, Paul is the inexplicable other with whom he shares brotherhood. "It is," as Maclean writes, "those we live with and love and should know who elude us." Like us, Paul is man's mess in the flesh, and we always have trouble accounting for the unruly flesh of others.

Because they are brothers, the narrator forgives—without asking—Paul's willing excursions from righteousness while he is unable to forgive Neal's, who hardly knows better. Brotherhood explains part of this promptness to forgive, but not all of it. The rest comes from the latitude given to genius. It is an open assumption in literary criticism, dating from the ancients, that a genius may bend the rules that bind lesser men. What is true esthetically appears to be true ethically too, as any history of poets' lives will bear out. Poets kick up bigger, but finer messes than the rest of us.

That Paul is an artist the narrator affims again and again; so often, in fact, that we must finally come to the conclusion that Paul's art—fly-fishing—is greater than the narrator's art—writing. This is a conscious irony on the narrator's part, a willingness to diminish himself before a superior artist whose artistry would not survive without his own. That irony was built into their relationship from the beginning. "We had to be very careful in dealing with each other. I often thought of him as a boy, but I never could treat him that way. He was never 'my kid brother.' He was a master of an art. He did not want any big brother advice (or money or help), and in the end, I could not help him."

As any fly fisherman knows, Paul mastered an art that in a funny way disavows its ends. Fly-fishing is a wholly simple and entirely elaborate art, but its artists frequently claim to care nothing for catching fish. The narrator reflects that disavowal of purpose when, in the moment of supreme anticlimax, he says, "This was the last fish we were to see Paul catch. My father and I talked about this moment several times later, and whatever our other feelings, we always felt it fitting that, when we saw him catch his last fish, we never saw the fish but only the artistry

of the fisherman." Like most of the characters in this story, the reader spends a lot of time watching Paul fish, and the one thing he learns is that the trout on the end of Paul's line exist only to confirm his artistry.

Though Paul is a master with a fly rod, he is also, like his brother, a writer—a reporter "on a Montana paper"—and a storyteller. Paul's stories, told as he and his brother cross the Continental Divide and called by the narrator "his Continental Divide stories," resemble the ambiguity of fly-fishing itself. Are they meant to be literature and exist for themselves—like the fly fisherman who enjoys casting—or are they intended to produce action (in the form of help)—like the fisherman who is happy only when fish are biting? The two stories we hear concern a jack rabbit who lures Paul—in his car—off the road, and a woman who's "kind of funny. The only place she'll let you screw her is in the boys' locker room in the high school gymnasium." To both stories the narrator has the same reaction: "Maybe he was telling me something I wouldn't like but would dislike less if I heard it first as literature . . . or . . . maybe he was just my brother and a reporter passing on news items to me that were too personal or poetical to be published."

In all his stories, Paul "was the leading character but not the hero." His tales take this turn because he realizes that there is nothing especially heroic in the petty way he departs—bets on the side and locker-room trysts—from his father's code. His manner of telling them is resolutely ambiguous; they are, after all, Continental Divide stories, which in one direction cascade toward an appeal for help and in another pool-up in self-reliance. The point here is that Maclean has constructed his own story, "A River Runs Through It," in such a way that these delicate ambiguities do not get trampled underfoot. He resists—ironically—the temptation to step in and settle things for the reader; he explains, but what he explains most is his own uncertainty. He is an old man telling this tale, but he has preserved the confusion of a young man who is unsure whether or not he has heard a cry for help.

Paul is a leading character but not a hero, because artists are not heroes and neither are younger brothers to their stolid elders. If the narrator had been the younger brother, this could well have been a story about heroes. But it is the fate of younger brothers to make their older brothers feel stodgy and responsible, a perspective from which heroism looks strangely like truancy. Instead of making his brother a hero, the narrator has chosen to portray him as a superior artist, a greater genius.

But genius always extracts its price: supreme control in one part of life for chaos is another. There is an ancient ambiguity here, too. If sickness makes you clairvoyant, should you wish to be well? That is why the question of help looms so large in "A River Runs Through It." How do you help and what exactly are you helping? the narrator repeatedly asks. The final word on the subject belongs to the man who reads the Greek New Testament: "'That should have been my text,' my father said. 'We are willing to help, Lord, but what if anything is needed?'"

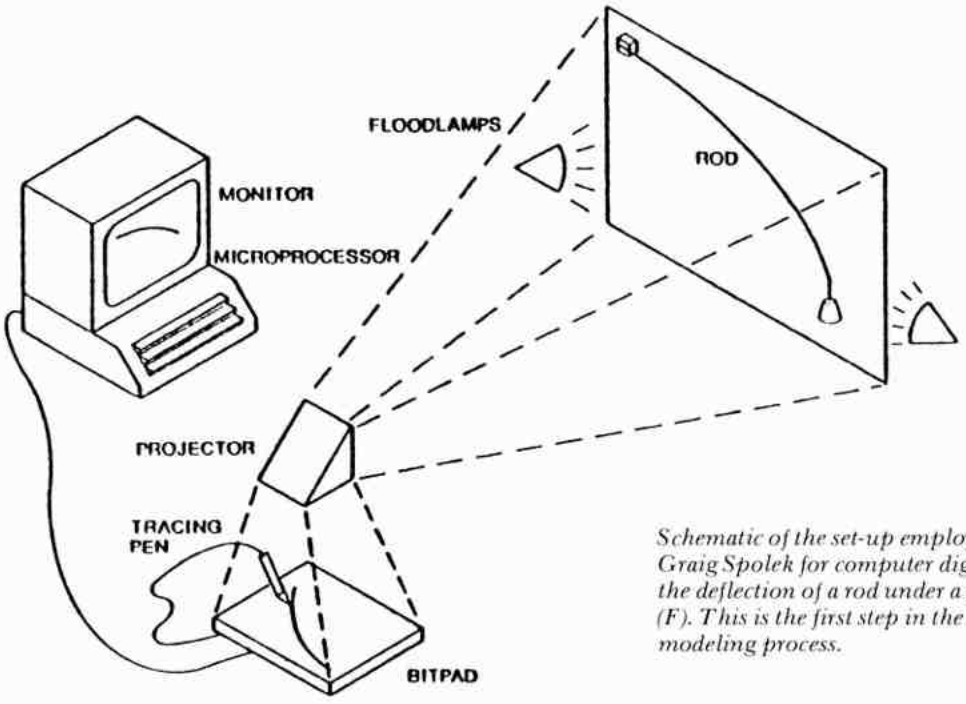
"A River Runs Through It" is a great work of irony, for its narrator has chosen to subordinate himself to a superior artist and a younger brother. He has chosen to emphasize his confusion and alert us to the confusion amidst universal law that we feel as well. In its irony, "A River Runs Through It" resembles another tale about a genius fisherman, *Moby Dick*. Ishmael, the narrator, practically swoons at the demonic artistry of Ahab, and yet, ironically, Ahab exists only through the self-abashed art of Ishmael. The same is true of "A River Runs Through It." The narrator defers to his brother's finer artistry, and yet his own lesser art has triumphed. It is always Ishmael who survives. §

Verlyn Klinkenborg is assistant professor of English at Fordham University, where he teaches eighteenth-century literature. He contributed to the American Fly Fisher *on a previous occasion (see the* American Fly Fisher, *vol. 12, no. 3, p. 19).*

Where the Action Is

by Graig Spolek

About thirty-five years ago, your editor purchased his first fly rod. It was a nine-foot, three-piece model of Tonkin cane, manufactured by Horrocks-Ibbotson, replete with beautiful red windings. Profits from a newspaper route supplied the capital for the purchase, and after the sum of five dollars and ninety-five cents had changed hands, the clerk advised that yes, the rod sure was a beauty and that it had great action. *We had read about action in the sporting periodicals of the day, but we weren't sure what the term really meant. From a perusal of these erudite journals, however, it was certainly clear that it was important to have a rod possessing good action. Now, according to our local sporting goods clerk, at last we had one! More than three decades (and a few rods) later, we're still not sure what the term action really means when it is used to describe a physical or mechanical property of a fly rod. Furthermore, I'm sure that there are many anglers out there who are in the same boat. Action has been, and still is, a very nebulous descriptor. Like the weather, anglers talk about it, but nobody has ever done anything about it—that is, offered us a precise definition of the term or developed a scheme whereby one can accurately quantify the physical/mechanical properties of a fly rod. Enter Graig Spolek, associate professor of mechanical engineering at Portland State University. Thanks to Spolek's expertise in the application of differential equations to mechanical systems and some novel computer modeling techniques, a rather straightforward method has been developed to quantify the mechanical behavior of a fly rod. But we'll let Spolek tell you all about it in a two-part series on this topic, which follows. Part I defines terms and describes the method he developed for accurately quantifying a fly rod's casting characteristics. In Part II, with his rating scheme firmly in place, he quantitatively compares the mechanical characteristics of nineteenth-century fly rods with those of the twentieth century. Professor Spolek's work in this area is of landmark stature. He has broken new ground in a garden whose soil has lain fallow for years. Our hat is off to him.*



Schematic of the set-up employed by Graig Spolek for computer digitization of the deflection of a rod under a given load (F). This is the first step in the computer modeling process.

Power and *Action*

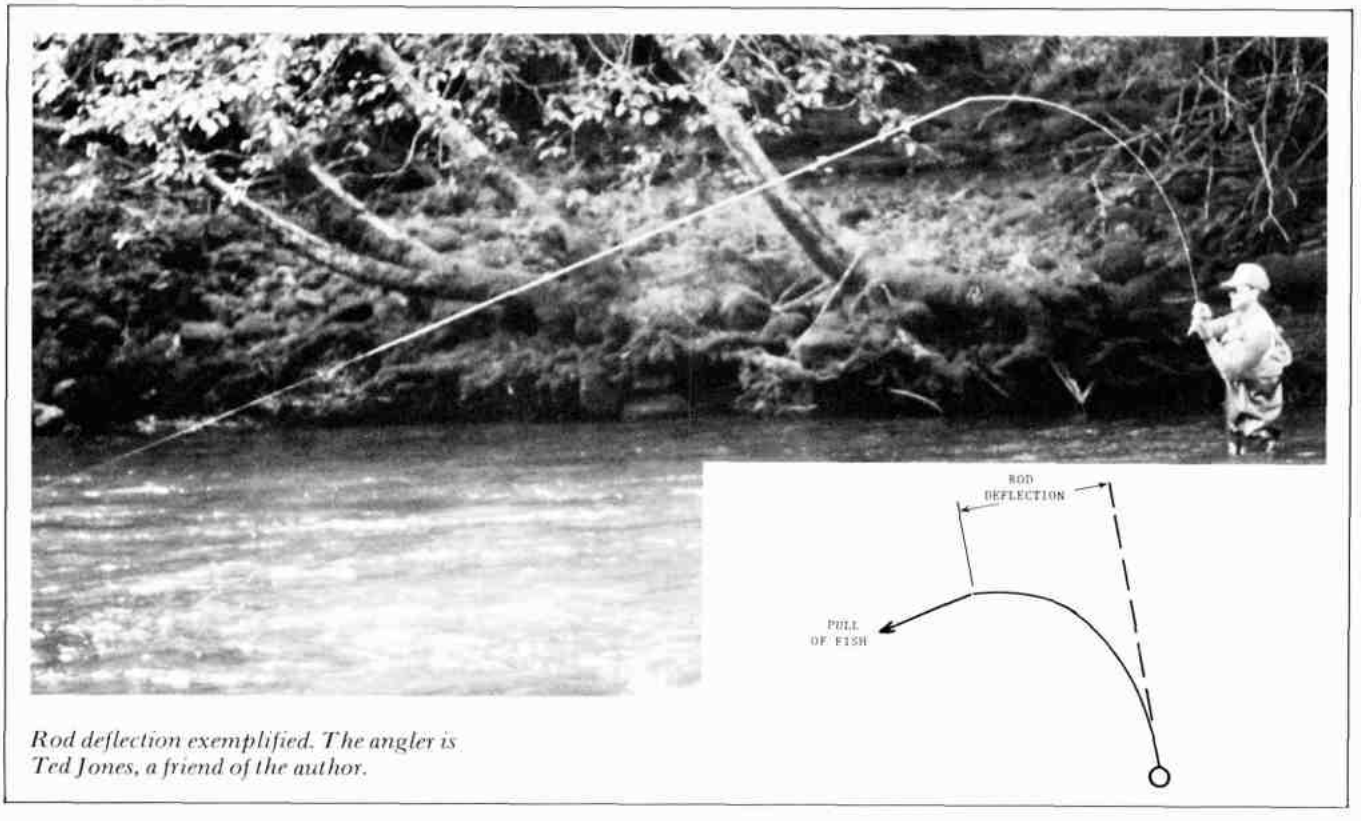
The words conjure up images of sleek, streamlined racing-machines noisily careening around corners at breakneck speed. *Power* and *action*. These and similar words have been routinely used for years by anglers and angling writers to describe the mechanical behavior of fly rods.[1] But what do these terms really mean? For example, *action* has been used to describe both the static curve of a rod deflected under a load (e.g., bent when playing a fish) and the dynamics of a rod's casting speed (i.e., fast or slow action). Furthermore, I'm sure we've all hefted a high-quality cane or graphite rod, wiggled it back and forth, and remarked to our spouse, fishing friend, or anyone within earshot, what wonderful *action* so-and-so rod has—and boy, what terrific *power!* Both terms are imprecise when used in describing the mechanics of a fly rod. They have absolutely no quantitative basis and are generally used in a very subjective, unscientific fashion—ofttimes enshrouded in a blanket of very dense fog. So how can we accurately describe the mechanical behavior of a fly rod? Anglers apparently do want to quantify, for a particular rod, deflection to load and casting speed. Speaking from a mechanical engineer's point of view, this can be most easily done by forgetting about the fuzzy words (power and action) and using the terms *stiffness* and *frequency*. These terms are used by engineers because they have precise meanings and are directly related to mathematical equations. It is the intent of this paper to explain to fly casters how *stiffness* and *frequency* can be used *apriori* to predict a rod's casting performance. Although these terms do not evoke as sensational imagery as *power* and *action*, they are, as we shall see, much more useful.

Stiffness

We intuitively think of the stiffness of a spring as some measure of how hard we need to pull on the ends of the spring to produce a certain amount of deflection. The fly rod acts in the same way as a spring when it resists the line pull due to the flight of a fish (or when our line gets snagged in a tree): the greater the pull, the greater the deflection of the tip. The stiffness of either the fly rod or spring is just the pull or force required to produce a given deflection. The deflection of a rod is necessary to absorb the shock put on a leader by a lunging fish, and the rod absorbs that energy so that the leader does not break. But the force causing the deflection depends on the size of the fish and the angler's urgency in turning that fish before other impediments—such as snags or fast water—enter the picture. So if we visualize the rod acting as a spring that aids us in landing a fish, then its stiffness becomes a measure of that performance.

We must be careful how far we carry the spring analogy, however, because there are major differences between the behavior of a rod and a spring. The first difference is that the rod bends while the spring stretches. The bent rod demonstrates the beauty of a smooth curve, enhancing the beauty of the rod itself. The shape of that curve, the curve of the deflected rod, has become one of the signatures of a rod's design. We have all heard comparisons of parabolic actions and tip actions, perhaps not recognizing that the rod curvature was being described. More precisely, the stiffness of the rod is being defined. Or, even more precisely, it defines the variation of the stiffness from the butt to the tip, the "stiffness profile" as identified by Don Phillips.[2] So when authors use *action* as a rod characteristic, they mean the same thing as *stiffness profile*, a more technical term that shows up as the rod curvature during a static load.

The other major difference between spring stiffness and fly rod stiffness is that while the stiffness of a spring remains constant, no matter how much deflection has occurred, the stiffness of a fly rod does not remain constant. This fact seems to be unknown to or ignored by rod manufacturers. If for purposes of design, the fly rod is treated as a cantilever beam, which is nothing more than a rod held at its butt with a load on its tip, then there are simple equations that can be used to calculate the relationship of rod stiffness and curvature. Garrison and Carmichael cite these equations for determining the dimensions of bamboo rods, but these equations were originally developed for beams of steel and concrete, items that don't deflect much and aren't supposed to. These equations *are not valid for flex-*



Rod deflection exemplified. The angler is Ted Jones, a friend of the author.

ible beams, especially for those that have tip deflections more than 25 percent of their length! Of course all fishing rods fall into this category, so the equations really shouldn't be used. Why? Simply because these equations indicate the springlike behavior of rods with a constant stiffness, but the stiffness of actual rods increases dramatically as they are bent more and more.

In order to test the significance of this effect, a laboratory test was carried out to accurately measure a rod's deflection and its curvature. A rod was clamped horizontally by its butt and a weight was hung from the tip. The rod's curvature was scanned automatically by a computer that then calculated the stiffness, which was defined as the weight of the load divided by the vertical tip deflection. When light loads were suspended from the rod tip, the measured rod stiffness was reasonably close to that predicted by the aforementioned simple equations. However, the rod's stiffness was found to increase by a factor of seven or eight when the rod was heavily loaded. The simple equations introduce significant error.

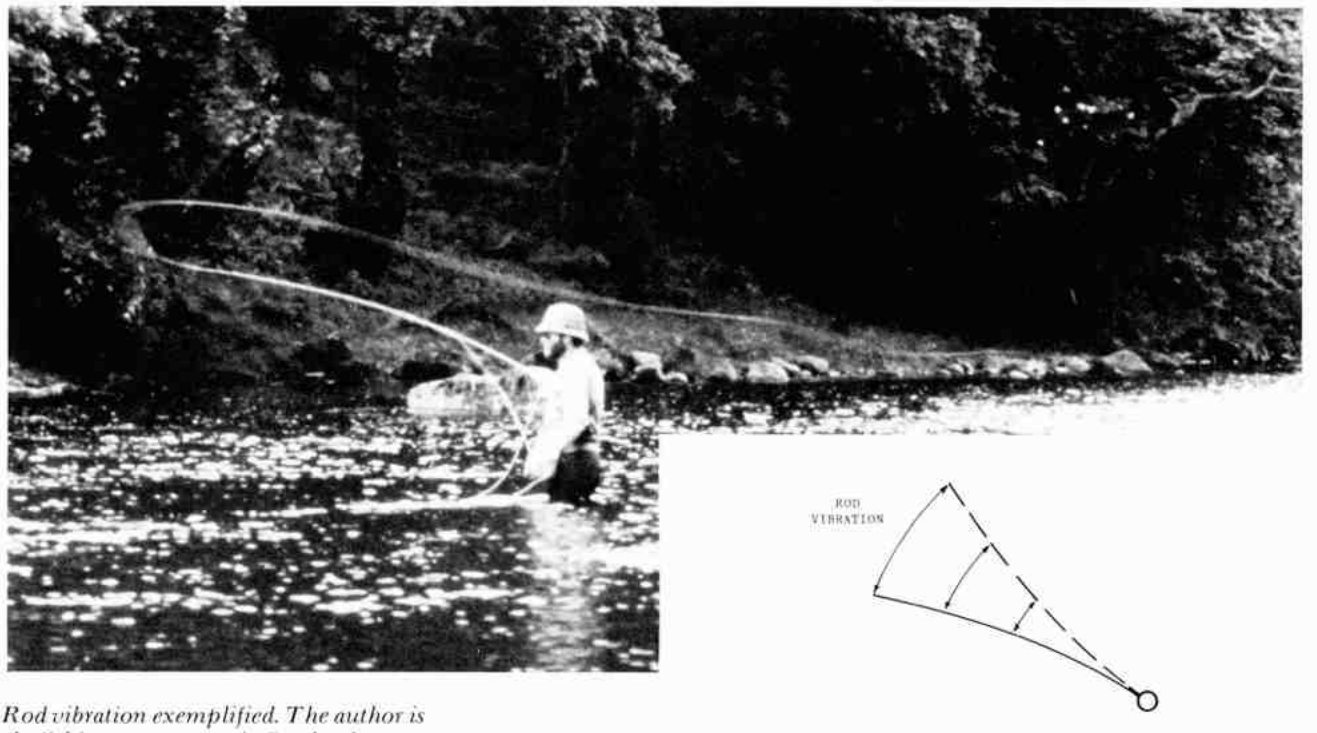
The laboratory test was performed to demonstrate the inaccuracy introduced by the constant stiffness equations and to test the capacity of a new set of equations that were derived specifically to predict the deflection and curvature of a heavily loaded rod. The new equations are somewhat complex, and a computer must be used to solve them (the details of the equations and their solutions are published in scientific literature).[3] The large deflections predicted by these mathematical equations were accurate when compared to those measured for actual rods. Hence, the mathematical model of a rod was used with confidence to test the effect of varying design features of rods. Each design feature was changed independently of all others, and the effect of that change on the rod's stiffness was determined. The results of these computer-generated rod designs were interesting and not always obvious.

One of the marketing features of any rod is its length. Length has a profound effect on rod stiffness. As one would expect, shorter rods are stiffer than longer rods. Specifically, the stiffness varies inversely with the length squared. So a rod that is half as long as another will be four times as stiff.

Another rod feature that is very important to rod designers, but often ignored by the rod buyer, is the diameter of the rod. Since all rods are tapered, we must be more specific about where we measure the rod's diameter. For purposes of comparison, let's separate diameter effects from taper effects. For instance, consider the butt diameter to be a convenient measure of the typical rod diameter. The rod's stiffness varies dramatically with changes in the diameter, even more dramatically than length effects. Again, from deduction, we expect that the rod with a smaller diameter will be less stiff. What we might not expect is that the stiffness varies with the diameter raised to the fourth power. This means that a rod with half the diameter of another will be one-sixteenth as stiff.

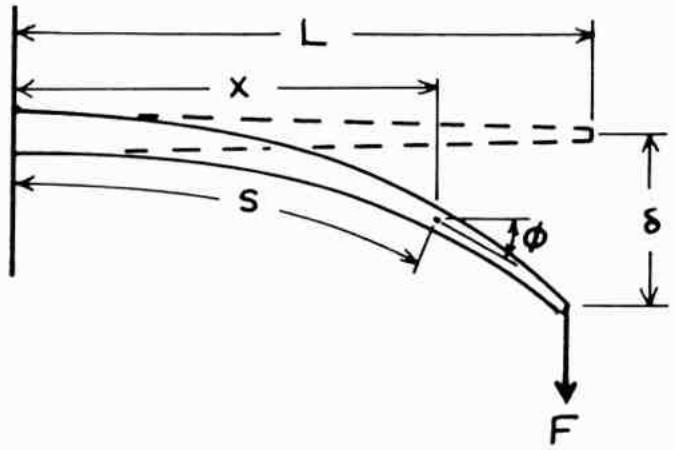
Once we identify the importance of diameter on stiffness, we logically conclude that the rod taper will also significantly impact on the stiffness. That, indeed, is the case. For uniform tapers, where the rate of diameter decrease from the butt to the tip is constant, we can quantify the taper as the ratio of the tip diameter to the butt diameter. As this ratio increases, the stiffness increases. For example, if the taper ratio is increased from one-tenth to two-tenths with the same butt diameter, then the stiffness increases by a factor of two to one. The exact amount of this stiffness increase is valid only for the example cited, but one can get an idea of the importance of this design factor. It must also be recognized that the stiffness effects will differ for compound tapers.

The final factor affecting rod stiffness is the inherent stiffness of the material that composes the rod. In our experience, we have come to expect differences in butt diameter and taper for rods of about the same length and stiffness when they are constructed of bamboo, fiberglass, or graphite. The manufacturers vary those design features to achieve the desired performance, part of which is the stiffness. They do so to compensate for the material stiffness, which is its modulus of elasticity and is often referred to simply as the *modulus*. For example, since the modulus of graphite is much larger than that of



Rod vibration exemplified. The author is fly-fishing on a stream in Scotland.

1. Geometry - Tapered Cantilever Beam



L = Length

F = Force

δ = Tip Deflection

2. Simple Linear Equations

$$\frac{d\phi}{dx} = \frac{F\ (L - x)}{EI}$$

$$\delta = \int_0^L \phi dx$$

E = Modulus of Elasticity (constant)

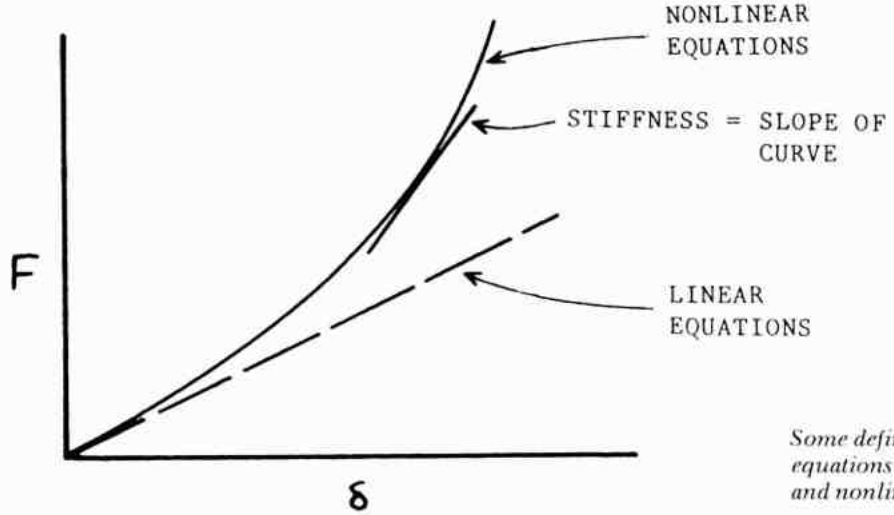
I = Moment of Inertia at distance x

3. Nonlinear Equations

$$\frac{d^2\phi}{ds^2} = \frac{1}{I}\ \frac{dI}{ds}\ \frac{d\phi}{ds} + \frac{F}{EI}\cos(\phi)$$

$$\delta = \int_0^L \phi ds$$

4. Results



Some definitions and the differential equations that describe both the linear and nonlinear models (see text)

fiberglass, the diameter of the graphite rod is reduced proportionately to produce the same stiffness for the two rods. The stiffness of rods varies linearly with the modulus, so a rod with a material that has twice the modulus of another will be just twice as stiff.

We can now summarize that a given rod's stiffness will depend on its length, butt diameter, taper, and material. Specifically, the stiffness of a rod depends on the variables discussed according to the relationship:[4]

$$\frac{(\text{Modulus})\ (\text{Diameter})^4}{\text{Length}^2}$$

We can now also conclude that a rod's stiffness will not remain constant but will increase significantly as it bends more and more. Thus, when we try to anticipate how a rod will bend when turning a heavy fish, we are able to compare two different rod designs.

Frequency

We must do more than reel in lunker trout; we must also make pinpoint casts with delicate flies to entice them. Fly-casting is a dynamic activity, fighting a fish is a more-or-less static activity. A rod's dynamic behavior is characterized by its frequency, or the speed at which it naturally vibrates.

All mechanical devices vibrate; the speed at which they vibrate is called the natural frequency. When the mechanical device is pushed back and forth at a frequency near its natural frequency, the device resonates and shakes wildly. For example, when we drive the old car with worn-out shocks over a washboard road at just the wrong speed, the car starts bouncing around like crazy. If we go a little faster or a little slower, there's no problem. In between we strike the resonance of the car's suspension with the frequency of the bumps in the washboard road.

Fly rods, being mechanical devices, also vibrate with a natural frequency. Actually, a fly rod can vibrate at very many natural frequencies, or harmonics, but we only need to concern ourselves with the lowest natural frequency because that is the one that controls the so-called casting action. The casting motion seeks to strike resonance within the rod. During a forward cast, the rod is loaded by both the weight of the line and the weight of the rod we are trying to accelerate. When the forward casting stroke is halted, the rod continues to move forward, its speed increasing until it straightens out. When it is straight, both the rod and the line being cast have their maximum speed. Since line speed controls the cast, this point of maximum speed is very important in predicting casting performance.

The line speed during casting depends on the natural frequency of the rod, all other factors being equal. A rod with a higher natural frequency will deliver greater line speed than one with a lower natural frequency. This has been known to fly casters for a long time, for they developed descriptions of fly rod natural frequency: A fast action means high natural frequency, a slow action mean low natural frequency. We can begin to understand how these terms cause confusion though. *Action* was used by Janes and Engerbretson to indicate rod stiffness; Engerbretson uses *feel* to describe frequency. Garrison and Carmichael use *wave linear action* for frequency.[1]

Frequency is a much more useful term for describing a fly rod's casting characteristics, because it can be quantified. It can be measured experimentally or it can be predicted by mathematical equations. We have done both and discovered that the mathematical prediction was quite accurate. Once convinced of the validity of the mathematical equations, we again tested the various design features to determine their relative effects on frequency. Rather than presenting those specific findings below, the results will be generalized.

A rod's frequency depends on two factors: its stiffness and its weight (more correctly, the *amount of mass* and its *distribution*). The frequency of a rod increases as its stiffness increases. So those factors discussed previously (length, diameter, taper, and material) that increase the stiffness will increase the frequency, if they have no effect on the rod weight. Obviously, they all do affect the weight. The amount of material and its distribution in the rod are determined by rod length, diameter, and taper. The density of the material affects the weight. Because of these interactions, a rod's stiffness and frequency are not totally independent, but some design changes affect one more than the other. As a result, one cannot predict the frequency from the stiffness or vice versa. It would be possible, by properly adjusting the design variables, to produce two rods with exactly the same stiffness having different frequencies. Conversely, two rods with the same frequency could display different deflection under the same load.

Thus, we conclude that two separate quantities, *stiffness* and *frequency*, must be known for a given rod, to anticipate how it will perform in the field. These two properties embody the concepts used by previous writers when describing fly rod actions but have the advantage in that both have precise meanings. They can be measured or predicted for each and every rod. If values for stiffness and frequency were specified for available rods, soon we would feel as comfortable in using them as we are now in comparing rods for #5 or #7 lines, or contrasting slow, medium, or fast actions. The main difference in using *stiffness* and *frequency* as fly rod descriptors, in place of *power* and *action*, is that we would all be using common language.

In order to demonstrate, rather than speculate on, the importance of the terms *stiffness* and *frequency*, these quantities were measured for a wide variety of historic and contemporary fly rods. In the second article of this series, the results of those tests will be discussed. Specifically, the evolution of fly rod designs, in terms of their respective stiffnesses and frequencies, will be analyzed. The reasons for the shift to modern rod materials will then become clear. Furthermore, the understanding and use of the terms *stiffness* and *frequency* to describe fly rod performance will be employed as the basis for an objective rating scheme for fly rod performance. §

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1. For example, Edward Janes uses *power* and *action* (see appendix to the 1976 edition of Ray Bergman's *Trout*). Dave Engerbretson uses *action* and *feel*. See "Fly-Rod Actions," *Rod & Reel* (May/June 1982). Garrison and Carmichael use *wave linear action*. See *A Master's Guide to Building a Bamboo Fly Rod* (1977): p. 236.

2. Phillips, Don, "Another Dimension for Fly Rod Evaluation... Stiffness Profile," *Fly Fisherman* (June/July 1973).

3. Spolek, Graig, and Jeffries, Steve, "Analysis of Large Deflections of Fishing Rods," *Computational Methods and Experimental Measurements*, Springer-Verlag (1982). Copies of this paper can be obtained by writing to Professor Graig Spolek in care of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, Portland State University, P.O. Box 751, Portland, OR 97207.

4. The stiffness also depends on the rod taper, but that dependence cannot be expressed in a straightforward form. The dependence of stiffness on taper is nonlinear. The nearly linear dependence of the example used in the text of this paper was purely coincidental, but the taper values used to calculate that dependence are typical of those for fiberglass and graphite fly rods.

Tying the Edson Tiger

by Philip Chute

One of the most difficult tasks confronting angling historians who are interested in flies is the determination of the correct, original dressing for a particular fly pattern. If the originator of a successful pattern does not accurately record the dressing at the time, in all probability it is soon lost. A successful fly pattern is quickly copied by other angler-flytiers. Material substitutions are ofttimes made, and before long the original pattern undergoes a metamorphosis into something that looks entirely different, yet carries the same name as the original. So to sort things out, we must rely on recollections or perhaps a drawing or a photograph of the fly's dressing that is in question. And so it goes. Herein we offer some recollections by Maine native Philip Chute, relating to the Edson Tiger, a streamer fly. According to Phil, Tiger *came before either the* Light *or* Dark Tiger. *It is interesting to note that Joe Bates, in his* Streamer Fly Tying and Fishing *(1950), makes no mention of the* Tiger. *All his references are to the* Light *and* Dark *models.*

In the early 1930s, my father, J. C. (James Cleveland Chute), decided to open his resort, the Chute Homestead, on Long Lake in Naples, Maine, early enough to attract spring fishermen. In April, Evacuation Day was a Massachusetts holiday and a big opening weekend at Sebago Lake in Maine. My father brought Bill Edson and Chief Roland Nelson for some publicity pictures and several days of fishing. Bill Elliot came to take publicity pictures for the State of Maine.

Bill Edson styled himself as world champion fly caster. He appeared at the old Boston sportsmen shows between 1930 and 1940 and could cast a hundred feet, which was considered exceptional then, with a regular nine-foot Montague rod and reel. He worked for the Montague Rod Company and lived in Massachusetts.

The chief, a Native American Penobscot, whose name was pronounced Ne-dah-ba, had a lecture show with song, dance, and archery demonstrations that came to the homestead and, I suppose, other resorts. Nedahba had come to Naples as a child with his family to sell baskets, drums, and toy bows and arrows to the summer people.

At that time, rowboats (the Rangeley double-ended was the most popular) were used by local guides. The guides sewed a smelt on a good-sized snell hook. The smelt, about three and a half to four inches long, were dipped in the Songo River or other streams and kept in live boxes in spring-fed holes or streams. The smelt would rotate slowly when trolled. The only other baits in common use (this from Uncle George) were the Archer minnow, which my brother describes in his poem, "The Salmon," and a bucktail fly, just a bare hook with white or colored bucktail.

Bill Edson used only his tiger fly for all fish, and he used the first knotless leader I ever heard of. He called it "chemical horsehair." Bill set up a stand in the back door of the barn and taught me to tie *the* Edson Tiger. The light and dark models came later. I remember the fly having a brown natural bucktail wing, a yellow chenille body striped with silver, a wood-duck tail, a small, red throat feather, and of course, a real jungle-cock eye on each side. I think these jungle-cock feathers then cost five cents a piece, a whole neck, four or five dollars.

When Bill caught two or three salmon and trout right off the dock at Migis Lodge on Sebago, that put an end to the smelt-only legend for salmon fishing in Sebago.

J. C. had bought me a fly rod for five dollars, a split-bamboo rod. Up until that time I had a telescoping steel rod and a black Weber Bakelite reel. I went with Bill and Chief Nedahba and a couple of others one day when we fished from the shore at Moose Pond and Adams Pond in Bridgton, Maine. I got a lot of education but no fish.

The early opening of the hotel for May fishing was short lived. It was too cold to turn on the water, with our exposed piping. When fishing parties did show up, a long, lean Sebago painter my father had working for him would drop his overalls and become a guide. At least twice I was pressed into service to row a "sport" on Sabago Lake and Brandy Pond.

In the photograph, Bill wears a Brown's beach jacket, a nice warm coat advertised in early magazines. Chief Nedahba wears his famous knitted tam, full of fishing flies. Bill Edson left the Montague Company and moved to Portland. For years he worked in the fishing tackle department of Edward's and Walker's. He kept his fly-casting form by fishing for mackerel along the shores of Casco Bay. §

Philip Chute was born in Naples, Maine. Although he was trained at the University of Maine as a wildlife manager, he spent his career managing the Chute family hotel in Naples. Retired now, when not fishing he enjoys carving decoys.

Bill Edson (left) and Chief Roland Nelson, better known as Chief Nedahba, (right) pose with the day's catch at the Chute Homestead in Naples, Maine, circa 1932. According to Joe Bates (Streamer Fly Tying and Fishing), *Nedahba was responsible for originating the Biplane, streamer pattern.*

James Cleveland Chute, Philip Chute's father, fly casting from the dock of the Chute Homestead on Long Lake, circa 1932

A brace and a half of landlocked salmon taken from Sebago Lake, circa 1932

Jim Chute tries to photograph the photographer while guests at the Homestead concentrate on more important matters, circa 1932.

"A View on Montmorenci River near General Haldimands Country House," a watercolor painted by James Peachey in 1782. The Montmorency is just north of Quebec City and flows south into the St. Lawrence from the North Shore. Courtesy of Public Archives of Canada

Chaudiere Falls near Quebec, Lower Canada, a watercolor painted by British Canada's Thomas Davies in 1792. The Chaudiere River flows north and into the St. Lawrence River approximately ten miles downstream from Quebec City. Courtesy of Public Archives of Canada

A watercolor/pen and ink over pencil by James Peachey titled "Encampment of the Loyalist's at Johnston, a New Settlement, on the Banks of the River St. Laurence in Canada, taken June 6th 1784." Angling is in evidence both from shore and boat. Fly-fishing was employed for the capture of bass in the St. Lawrence at the time (see the American Fly Fisher, *vol. 11, no. 2, pp. 2-6). Courtesy of Public Archives of Canada*

On Early Canadian Painting

by Allan Hassall

Although documented instances of fly-fishing in North America prior to 1800 are rare, fly-fishing was certainly practiced on a regular basis on this side of the Atlantic during the eighteenth century. We know of three specific references and refer our readers to the American Fly Fisher *(vol. 7, no. 3, pp. 14-15 and vol. 11, no. 2, pp. 2-6) for details. Much of this early piscatorial activity was centered in British Canada and was practiced by British army officers whose fishing excursions took them to the streams of eastern Canada as well as to those of the northeastern United States. A number of these officers were well trained as topographers, but they not only mapped the areas to which they traveled, they also rendered picturesque watercolors of the Canadian landscape. Many of these scenes depict what appear to be sport-anglers. Unfortunately, because of the lack of detail, one is not able to determine the precise mode of angling. While we cannot say whether a particular subject is fly-fishing, we can say that angling was certainly a popular activity in Canada at that time. Given the popularity of angling as evidenced by these early Canadian scenes, coupled with the aforementioned references to eighteenth century fly-fishing, we feel sure that fly-fishing was a routinely practiced sport in North America during the eighteenth century.*

We asked Allan Hassall to examine some of these early Canadian paintings from an artist's point of view and also to tell us a bit about early Canadian art. He graciously agreed.

As a young Canadian and an art student at the University of Guelph (many more years ago than I care to remember), I was thoroughly introduced to the history of Canadian art. In all honesty, I would rather have spent that time doing my own drawing and painting. Of course, I now more fully recognize the importance of art history—in tracing artistic developments from past to present; we gain insight not only into the various mechanical techniques that were developed, but also into the reasons artists created their varied styles in an effort to share their "visions" with us.

I spent hours and hours looking at works of the masters. The Impressionists, the Group of Seven[1], Winslow Homer, and Andrew Wyeth all provided an incentive for me to work harder to develop and fine-tune my own techniques. As I did, I began to comprehend the reasoning behind these different styles of art, and I began to develop a genuine appreciation for these extraordinary artists. But what about Canadian art, specifically early Canadian art?

When one looks at early Canadian painting, one has to admit it was not the most exciting time in Canadian art. It centered around religion. That is, it was painted in provincial baroque or Mannerist style and depicted various religious themes. Please don't misunderstand me, I have no argument with religious art. But at that time, studying pictures of patron saints, saints, martyrdoms, and nuns, painted over and over again, seemed never ending and gave me very little artistic inspiration. After a while, my interest waned.

With the signing of the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, what is referred to as the New France school of art made way for the newer British North American painting. Many young British army officers moved to Quebec, Halifax, and York (Toronto), a number of whom were well-trained

1. A group of predominantly Canadian artists whose work was characterized by the use of extraordinarily brilliant colors. They flourished during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

topographers. Some painted, and the majority of their work seemed to me, then, to be merely picturesque. It lacked a personal identity with the Canadian landscape. It recorded visual information, but emotional content was completely lacking. The British aristocracy, however, grew quite fond of these little paintings, and for a short time Canadian picturesque art was very popular in Europe.

For the most part, art of the New France school was painted with oils, as these works were painted indoors in a studio or similar setting. The later (British) landscapes were almost all painted in watercolor—not just by chance. The medium of watercolor was, indeed, first introduced to North America by the British. Watercolor is very compatible with painting outdoors. The pigments are water soluble, and a large selection of dry colors can be covered in a small container. Brushes, water containers, and watercolor paper is all that is needed. Oil paint, on the other hand, requires many large, single tubes, turpentine, linseed oil, rags, and a large mixing palette to hold the paint. And remember, most oil paintings take weeks or months to dry—some take years. I remember touching a Van Gogh once (when no one was looking) and the paint was still soft! Most of the early Canadian watercolors were quite small for practical reasons: Their small size allowed them to be safely packed away when traveling long distances. Some of these smaller paintings were taken back to England, then engravings, larger watercolors, or oils were made.

Because of its lack of emotive force, early British Canadian landscape painting has never been my cup of tea. To me, the most exciting time in the history of Canadian art is the period of the Group of Seven. The Group of Seven *truly* captured the wild spirit of Canadian landscapes, and the influence of their paintings can be seen in many contemporary paintings even today.

In spite of my lack of reverence for most of the early British Canadian landscapes, these mechanical renderings perform an important function: They give a fairly accurate picture of the landscape as it appeared at the time, thus ofttimes provide significant historical insight.

Now, to be fair, I should say too that not all of these artists of the British officer-topographer school lacked creative talent. There was a minority of responsive artists whose work transcended mere topographical observation. Thomas Davies (1737 to 1812), for one, has always been a favorite of mine. Other artists of this period whose work showed a wonderful, spontaneous approach to watercolor are James Peachey and George Heriot. I was initially attracted to Davies's work because many of his watercolors show anglers in the landscapes. Davies, an officer in the Royal Artillery, rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. His tenure of more than fifty years in military service was served in many parts of the British Empire. Painting at every possible moment, Davies spent time in Quebec in 1759 and Halifax in the 1770s; he even campaigned in the American Revolution around Boston and New York.

His tiny watercolor (14 inches x 20½ inches) of the Chaudiere Falls, near Quebec, Lower Canada, done in 1792 (see illustration), is a gem. Davies had a very strong sense of good composition and design. Within this framework, his attention to detail can be seen in every square inch of the painting. From the mist at the base of the falls in the background, the misty droplets of water form the small but strong silhouette of the angler. The gentle rhythms of the river's currents lead us to the three figures in the foreground. Each rock, rock face, and tree is very carefully rendered, right down to the last leaf or twig. Nothing is left to our imagination except to wonder what it must have been like to be there almost 200 years ago.

At first glance, we notice five figures in this painting; actually there are seven, six of whom are looking at the solitary angler, who may very well be playing a nice trout or salmon.

Except for his approach to painting skies, Davies used watercolor—essentially a transparent medium—in a very opaque manner. Many watercolorists would suggest that Davies might have been better off using oils (a more opaque medium). However, Davies has managed to capture such strong, vivid colors in many of his paintings that we can't help but admire his watercolor technique.

Personally, I like to see watercolor used transparently, so that the white paper shines through the many washes, or glazes, of colors. Davies was a very bold watercolorist who showed great courage and conviction while laying down "staining sepias, raw umbers, and sap greens, a confidence built by many years of practice. It's unreasonable to be totally critical of Davies's work, as he did so many things so well. But some of his paintings show a lack of proper proportion, especially where figures are concerned, and in some cases the perspective is incorrect. A view near Point Livy, opposite Quebec, with an Indian Encampment (done in 1788, 13¾ inches by 20⅝ inches) illustrates both of these criticisms. In spite of these faults, as well as the small scale Davies worked in and how much detail he captured on such a small format, these are minor weaknesses that his later paintings seem to have overcome. It is recorded that Davies did many of his paintings while on fishing trips. We are fortunate to have visual records of such trips, but unfortunate not to have written journals. I suspect he could have told us some *real* fishing stories. A relatively large number of Davies's paintings were discovered in a British private library in 1953; the discovery served to renew interest in Davies as well as all early Canadian art.

An interesting feature of these early paintings is that hundreds of watercolors depict anglers. Anglers are shown fishing along rivers, lakes, and streams as well as from boats. A close examination of these paintings makes it difficult to decide whether any of these anglers are fly-fishing. Not one of these early paintings shows the classic loop behind the angler, and many rods were painted without a reel. In many of these paintings extremely long rods are depicted—too long in my opinion to be in proportion to the angler and surrounding environment. Some paintings also depict anglers fishing with a float, or bobber.

So, there we have it. Early British Canadian painting ostensibly appears to be quite dry and unexciting, but on careful examination we can find a few artists whose style and aproach has been quite influential in the development of Canadian art.

This short essay does not really do justice to early Canadian painting or some of the higher profile artists of that time. To accomplish such a feat would require a more scholarly approach. Quite honestly, I'd rather be painting, drawing, or illustrating—and after reading this meager attempt, you might think that I should stick to my art and forget about writing. I do hope, however, that as a result of my effort, some appreciation of this period in Canadian art has been gained. My research for this paper came from a variety of sources, but obviously the best sources were the paintings themselves, and what we all can see in them, if we only look carefully. Good painting, regardless of style, subject matter, or technique, gives us visual clues that excite our senses. Good art actually takes us with it, even if just for a moment. The small watercolors of Davies, Peachey, and Heriot did just that, and then some. Three cheers to this trio of early Canadian artists. §

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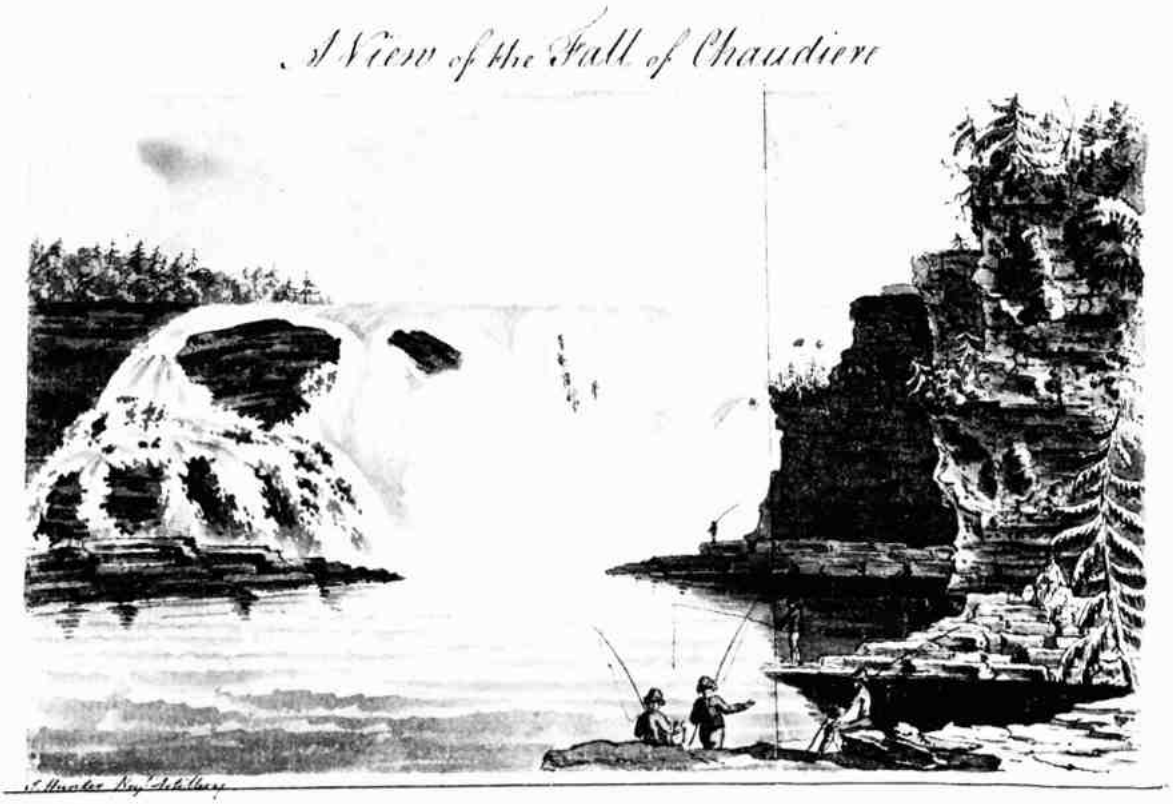
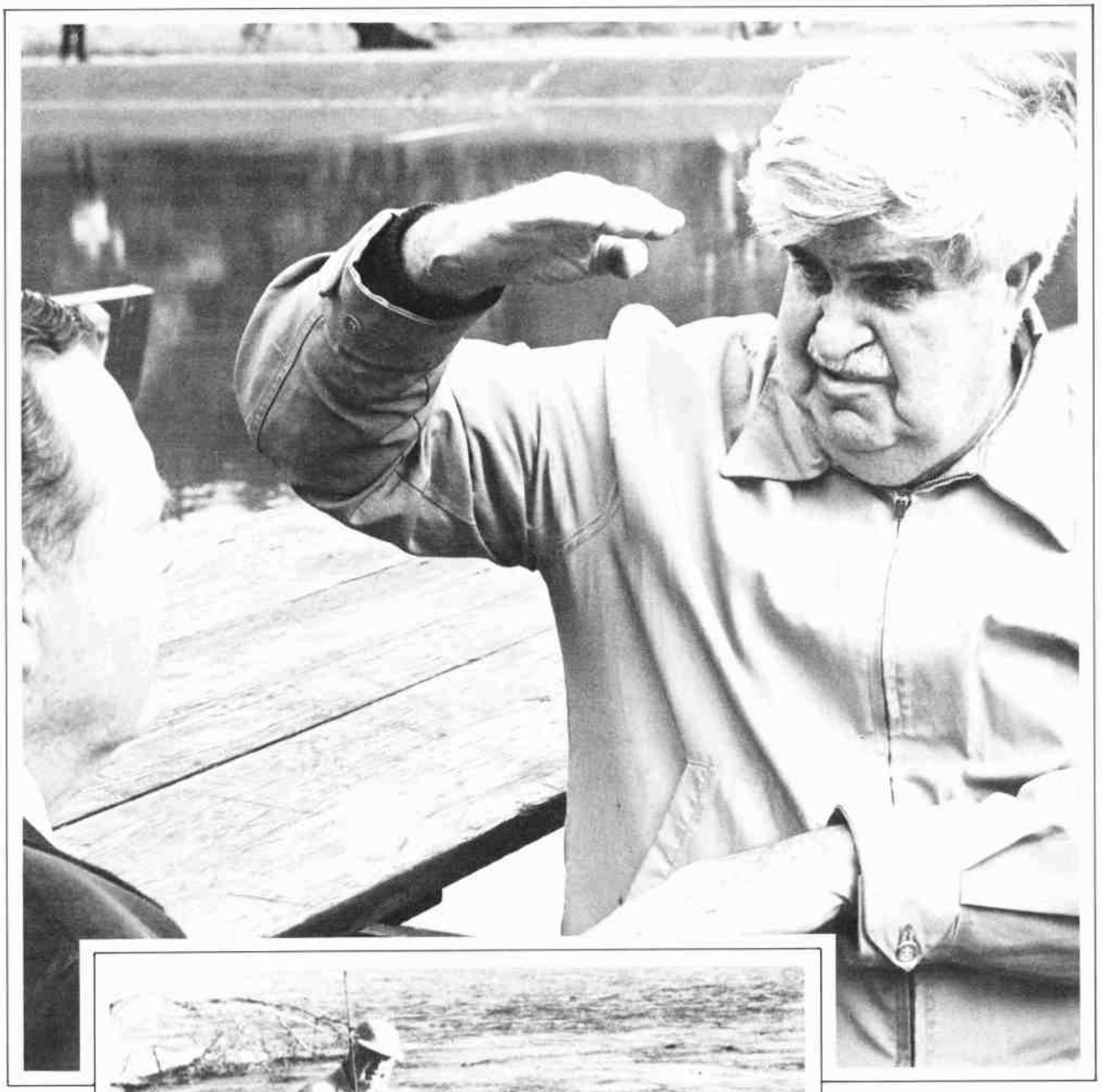
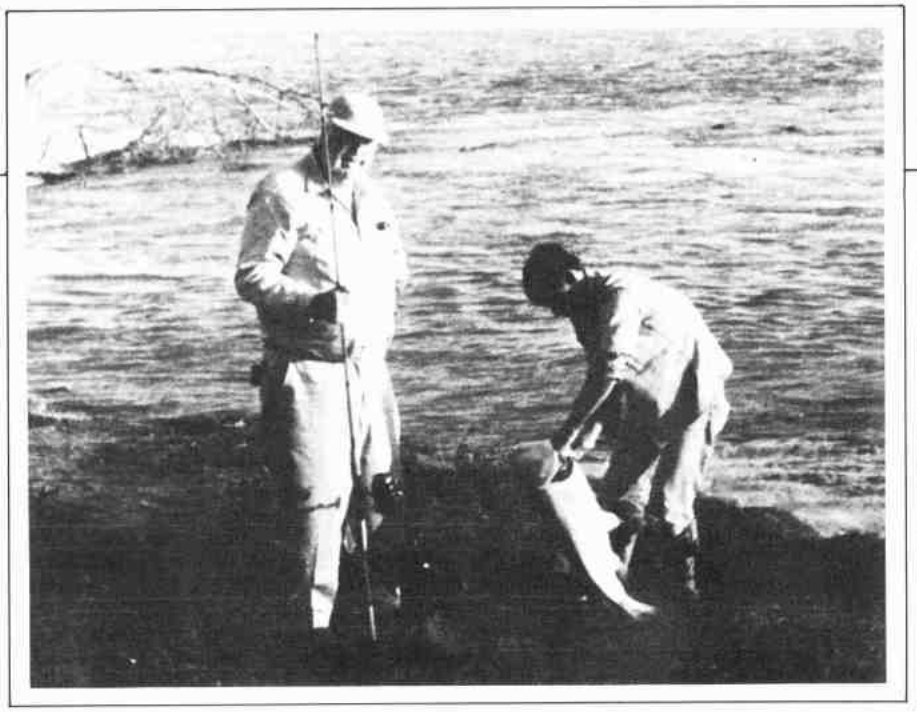


"A View of the Fall of Chaudiere," watercolor/pen and ink by James Peachey, circa 1784. Obviously, angling was an important activity here. See also Davies's rendering of the same scene (color illustration). Courtesy of Public Archives of Canada

"A North East View of Crown Point upon Lake Champlain," watercolor, 1760, by Thomas Davies. Crown Point is in New York state, about ninety miles north of Albany. Courtesy of Public Archives of Canada





The one that got away. Hewitt, an inveterate story-teller, regales his captive audience with a tale whose veracity was obviously above question.

Ashley Hewitt, soon after he landed a fourteen-pound Dorado on the Parana River in Argentina, early in 1965. Hewitt was sixty-nine at the time.

Atlantic Salmon and the Dry Fly

by Ashley C. Hewitt

Although Edward Ringwood Hewitt was certainly not the first to fish for Atlantic salmon using the dry-fly method (see, for example, the American Fly Fisher, *vol. 11, no. 2, p. 18), he was the first to popularize the method. Hewitt, an engineer trained at Princeton, was, according to those who knew him, pompous, bombastic, overbearing, belligerent, pig-headed, and somewhat of a tyrant. On the other side of the coin, he was innovative, highly intelligent, a successful businessman, and not a bad fisherman. For some very interesting and entertaining reading, we highly recommend two of Hewitt's autobiographical publications:* Those Were the Days *(1943) and* Days from Seventy-five to Ninety *(1957). Hewitt came from a well-to-do, influential, New York City family. His father was at one time mayor of New York, and it was not uncommon for the likes of Cyrus Field, Alexander Graham Bell, or Thomas Edison to visit the Hewitt household. When Hewitt first discovered that salmon could be taken on a dry fly, he was fishing the Indian River in New Foundland, Canada, in 1914. A short account of his discovery is contained in the chapter on dry-fly fishing in his book,* Secrets of the Salmon *(1922). Many years later (circa 1960), Hewitt's son Ashley, who accompanied his father on that now-famous 1914 trip, wrote his version of what had transpired. To our knowledge, Hewitt's account has not been previously published. We are grateful to his son, Ashley Hewitt Jr., for supplying us with this manuscript.*

At first glance it would seem wildly improbable that there was any connection between the discovery that the Atlantic salmon would take a dry fly and an exotic fashion at the imperial Russian court. There was such a connection, although somewhat tortuous and remote. To trace it requires going back to the summer of 1913 when I accompanied my father, Edward R. Hewitt, on my first salmon-fishing trip, which was to the east coast of Newfoundland. We fished the Gander, Gambo, and Terra Nova rivers. Our head guide, Dan Burton, had his home near the mouth of the Terra Nova River and consequently knew that area very well.

Being a novice, I was assigned the best guide—Dan. Toward the end of our trip, when we were fishing the Terra Nova, Dan apparently felt I had learned enough about wading big rivers so that he did not have to be close to me all the time. Whenever I fished the big pool below the falls' gorge, Dan would make for the tops of the ridges on both sides of the river. After several days of this, I could no longer contain my curiosity and asked him what he was looking for.

"Black foxes!" he answered, "One of the most valuable furs in the world."

Of course I wanted to know why it was so valuable, and I asked him about it. I was told that the pure black fox and the somewhat less valuable variant, the silver fox, were found wild only in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island.

The black fox brought such high prices because of a unique characteristic: If stroked with a rod or blade of ivory (or another dialectric material), it became highly charged with static electricity, and fine gold leaf or gold dust sprinkled on it would adhere to it tenaciously for hours. The contrast between the black and gold was very striking. For some years this had been very fashionable with the ladies of the imperial Russian court.

Next day, when Dan returned from his scouting, he was all smiles.

"I found them. A vixen and four cubs," he said. "I'll get them next February when their coats are in prime condition."

Dan wrote next March that he had trapped four of them and received the fantastic prices of $1,500, $1,350, $1,125, and $900, for a total of $4,875. This made him by far the richest man on Newfoundland's east coast. He said he was going to build a motorboat, which would be the only privately owned one in Bonaventure Bay. He suggested that with this boat we could fish many more rivers, by following around the coast to their mouths and poling up them in canoes. He and the boat were engaged for the months of July and August 1914.

Dan advised us to be at his house by July 1, as the salmon usually had come into the Terra Nova by then. We arrived on July 1, but no salmon had come into the river yet. Their presence is easily determined, as they almost always jump clear of the water as soon as they enter the first pool in the river above tidewater. Just why they do this is not known. Some think the salmon jump to rid themselves of sea lice adhering to their scales.

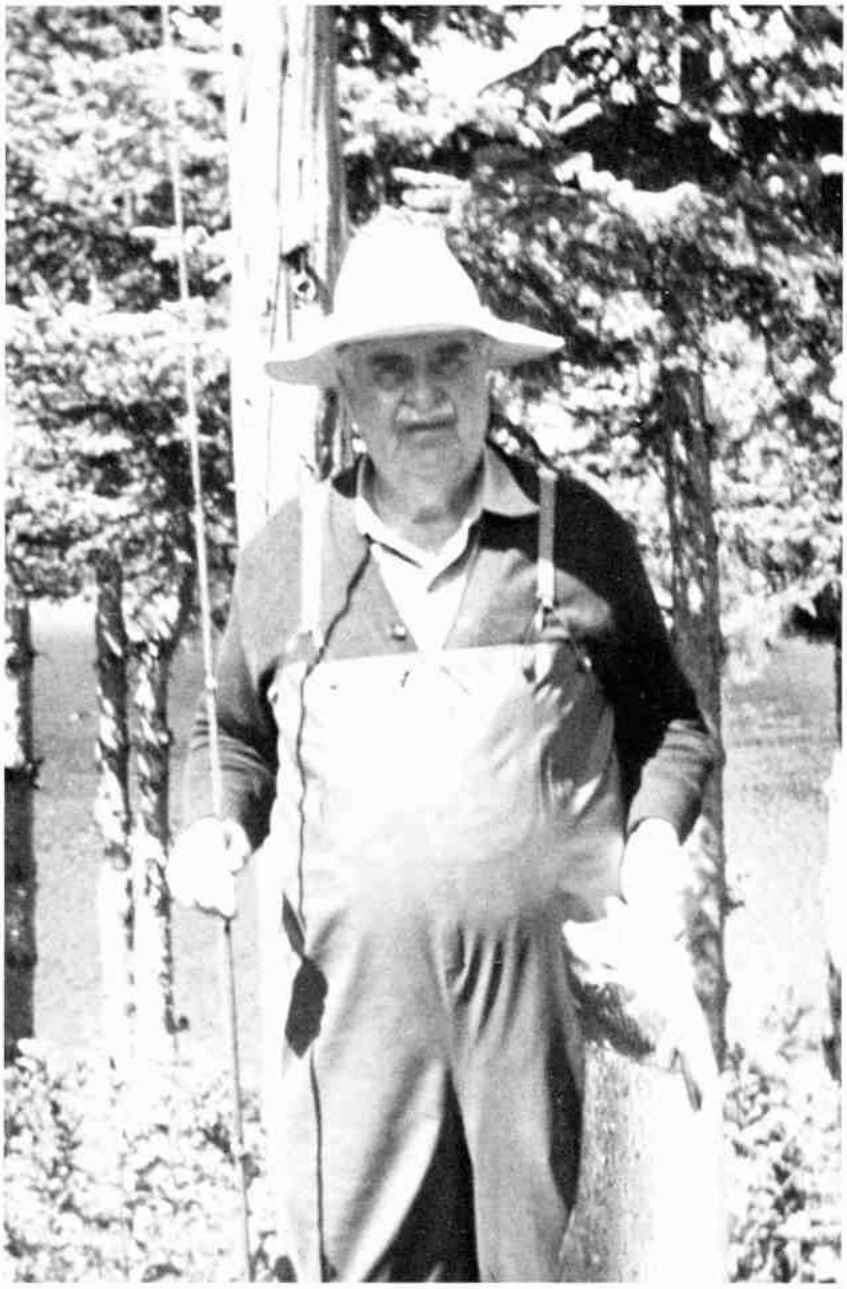
There being no salmon to fish for, we took to fishing for the salmon parr with trout rods and trout flies. They were easily caught on almost any wet fly of size 14 or smaller. During the late afternoon the parr rose avidly for flies on the surface.

They would take dry flies of size 16 or smaller such as Black Gnat and Gray Hackle. We caught and returned many of them as we studied their feeding habits.

On July 4, Dan said he wanted to show us something. He took us on the motorboat about two miles down the bay. Here, close to shore on a steep, coarse gravel bottom, he showed us hordes of capelin, sardinelike fish, spawning. On the fringe of this school were a considerable number of salmon feeding voraciously on the capelin. Suddenly the salmon near the surface ceased feeding as if a whistle had been blown. Almost with one accord they turned and headed for the mouth of the Terra Nova, many with their dorsal fins out of water. Dan explained that an offshore wind had blown some of the fresh water from the river along the top of the salt bay water. When this fresh water touched the salmon, they simply had to follow it into the river to begin their spawning cycle. He said he had seen the same occurrence several times before.

From the next day on, there was very good salmon fishing in the Terra Nova. After a week's good wet-fly fishing, we decided to run around the coast to the Indian River, which emptied into the next bay to the west of Alexander Bay into which the Terra Nova drained. Dan said it had never been fished with fly and rod as far as he knew, as it could only be reached by sea.

As we approached the mouth of Alexander Bay, we could see more than twenty icebergs aground in the larger Bonaventure Bay, and a fog bank coming in. Dan deemed it wise to pull in behind the vil-



One that didn't get away. Ashley Hewitt with a steelhead, captured while on a fishing trip in Oregon

lage of Salvage for the night. The village then consisted of a couple of houses on a tiny rock island that was so bare, the soil to grow a few potatoes had been brought by boat from the mainland and was held in place by wide planks. There were some codfish drying racks made of poles and a rickety dock of unpeeled logs. Night and the fog precluded seeing much more.

In the morning we asked how to get to the Indian River. We were told to follow around the point to the west and then up the bay. The river emptied into the southwest arm. During this talk, my father kept eyeing what appeared to be a lobster car. He was inordinately fond of lobster and had often complained he never had enough of it. He asked if there were any lobsters in the car, and if so, were they for sale. The car owner allowed as how they "might have a few, but the cannery is paying a turrible high price for them." The car hauled out onto the dock contained fifteen lobsters ranging in weight from about three-quarters of a pound to one and a half pounds.

"How much?" asked my father.

"Reckon I'll have to get ten cents a piece fur them," said the owner.

We bought all fifteen and ate them that night at the mouth of the Indian River. I put away four of them, and my father and the guides ate the rest. For once, father had enough lobster.

The next day, using two canoes to carry us and all the camping gear and food, we poled up some seven miles to a large lake about eight miles long. We were somewhat disappointed at the amount of fishing water found at the head of the lake.

There was really only one big pool just below a rock gorge with an eighteen-foot waterfall at its head. Fish could also be caught where the river ran into the lake. The fish just below the falls would not take, as they were concentrating on getting over the falls. Hence, there were just two places to fish. Catching a fish in either place usually disturbed the rest so much, one had to wait an hour or more before another rise could be expected.

Father had the guides portage a canoe around the falls and went exploring upstream. A second lake almost three miles square began about three hundred yards above the falls. The first day he followed entirely around the shore and failed to find the river inlet. The next day the inlet was found to be on the east side only about a hundred yards above the outlet. It was concealed by heavy alder growth. A way had to be cut through this heavy growth, which met over the stream. The water ran over fine gravel and was only about three inches deep, necessitating our dragging the canoe by hand. After about half a mile, the brush ceased, and three roundish holes containing lily pads were found amid long marsh grass. Good moose country. Just above these

pools was another long lake that looked about ten miles long.

Father cautiously approached the lowest pool expecting to see some big square-tailed trout. To his surprise, he saw a school of some twenty-five salmon. The Indian River salmon were a small breed, running from seven to nine pounds. A twelve-pounder was a big one, and it was rare. Father cast a small wet fly near this school and then over them. Then he tried the other two pools, which both contained good schools of salmon. They completely ignored any wet fly of any size fished in any manner.

Suddenly father remembered our earlier fishing for parr with a dry fly on the Terra Nova. He immediately put on a # 12 Greenwell's Glory, as the parr had preferred dark flies, especially black ones. On the first cast over the school, six salmon rose to the fly—actually bumping into each other, so none got it. The next cast was to one side of the school, and one came out and took it with a rush. It was landed and released. All fish not eaten were released, as there was no way to preserve them while camping out. After we caught six fish on the Greenwell's Glory, we tried experiments with different flies. It was quickly established that the bigger the fly and the higher it rode on its hackles, the better the salmon took it. In all, thirty-three salmon were caught on a dry fly in those three pools that first day.

Father was in very high spirits when he returned to camp, just like a boy with a marvelous new toy. That night he tied up about half a dozen flies, mostly of a bushy hackle type on #8 and #10 hooks, using brown and gray feathers.

It was agreed that I should try some of the new flies on the lily-pad pools, while father fished the pool and inlet to the lake where we had previously been using wet flies. He wanted to see if the dry fly would take fish in moving water as well as in the still water of the lily-pad pools. I went upstream to fish these three pools and try out some of the new flies. Apparently some of the salmon had gone on upstream during the night. However, there were still about half as many as father saw the previous day. I first tried a Greenwell's Glory # 12 fished dry. I hooked and landed a salmon on the second cast. I then began trying out the new flies. A # 10 brown hackle took another after some ten casts near the school. The second catch evidently stirred up the pool so much that no more fish would rise. I moved to the middle pool and tied on a # 10 gray hackle tied with Plymouth Rock feathers. The fly was dropped to one side of a small school of seven visible fish. Two salmon came for it fast. The smaller one got it and was landed and released, but had stirred things up with six jumps. I moved to the upper pool and put on the biggest gray hackle I had. This was more than an inch in diameter on a # 8 hook. This time three fish came for it, but none got it. On the second cast, farther to the side, a salmon came out and took it. It was landed and released. By moving back and forth from pool to pool, it was possible to raise fish almost continually. My total catch was nine salmon, the biggest being a nine-pounder. The larger the fly, the more rises were had.

My father had an interesting time below the falls in the faster-moving water. He found it much harder to raise fish, as they seldom came at the first cast. By persistent casting over a good, known lie alongside a rock, he raised and landed one after a dozen casts. The same was true where the river ran into the lower lake.

It then came on to rain for two days, and this ended the dry-fly fishing, probably by lowering the water temperature. Also, the salmon moved upstream toward their spawning grounds, as they usually do on a rise of water. We returned to the sea and the motorboat, as we still had the Gambo River to fish.

I believe Ambrose Monell also caught several salmon on a dry fly in the Upsalquitch River in New Brunswick that summer. The winter of 1914-1915 was full of discussion of the new art between Ambrose Monell, George La Branche, E. R. Hewitt, and Harry Beadleston—all longtime trout-fishing companions.

Monell took on the job of developing a suitable rod for handling the salmon dry fly, and the salmon too. La Branche took on the task of developing a group of salmon dry flies. E. R. Hewitt worked on the problem of reducing the inertia of reel spools to prevent breaking the fine leader tippets (1x) found to be necessary. He also worked on tying up leaders longer than nine feet, which seemed to be indicated. I cannot recall what Beadleston worked on.

Much of this equipment was tried out on the Upsalquitch River in the summer of 1915 and was found to be most effective. Hewitt found that the twelve-foot, two-handed split bamboo rod developed by Monell was very tiring to his back, though it cast beautifully and handled fish extremely well. He began to develop a single-handed rod, using a Leonard nine-foot, five-ounce tournament rod to start with. His work culminated in the now well-known eight-ounce dry-fly salmon rod, which is ten feet six inches.

This historic salmon-fishing trip had a historic ending. We were camped at the narrows between the two Gambo lakes on August 4, 1914. The next morning was drizzly and foggy. Out of the mist appeared a large dory poled by one man. It was loaded down with two barrels of flour, six sides of bacon, bags of traps, several cases of ammunition, and some eight cases of canned goods. It turned out to be Davis, the guide we had had with us the previous summer.

"Where are you headed with all that grub?" called my father.

"War's bruk out," answered Davis.

"Who's fighting who?" asked my father.

"I don't know," replied Davis. "All I know is that flour has gone up a dollar a barrel overnight in St. John, and I'm going up in the woods until it's over."

This presaged the end of the Russian imperial court and the ladies bedecked with black fox furs sprinkled with gold leaf. But dry-fly fishing for salmon continued and it is now a thriving sport, greatly enjoyed by many salmon fishermen. §

A studio portrait of Ashley Hewitt (circa 1919). Hewitt, like his more well-known father (Edward), was trained as an engineer. From his expression we assume that he would rather be fishing than posing in a portrait studio.

Ashley C. Hewitt was born in 1896, in Ringwood Manor, New Jersey. After attending Morristown Preparatory School, he matriculated at Princeton University, graduating in 1917 with a degree in geology. Described by his son as a highly intelligent eccentric, Ashley worked as a development engineer for many companies: Mack, Indian Motorcycle, Douglas, and Lockheed, to name a few. He was an avid fly fisherman, and he fished with such well-known personalities as Walt Disney and Arnold Gingrich. He died in 1970.

Checklist of Angling Pseudonyms

by Robert Kohrman

William C. Harris: a rare photograph of the founder, editor, and owner of the American Angler *(1881 to 1900). Many of the authors appearing in the checklist published in the* American Angler.

The following checklist, compiled by Robert Kohrman, comes from two primary sources: Austin Hogan and Frederick Eugene Pond. Hogan published his list of pseudonyms in his American Sporting Periodicals of Angling Interest *(1973), while Pond's lists appeared in Bradford's* American Angler *(February 1918), the* Sportsman's Directory *(1892), and* Turf Field and Farm. *At one time, Hogan owned one of Pond's original notebooks, and this is where he gleaned most of the information for his list. So, in effect, Pond gathered most of the material for* all *these lists. More often than not, correspondents for the early sporting periodicals signed their articles and letters with pseudonyms. Without Pond's diligence and perseverance we might never have known the identity of some of the nineteenth century's most popular angling writers. Pond was born at Packwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1856 and spent most of his life as an editor of various sporting periodicals. These included* Turf Field and Farm, Wildwood's Magazine, *the* Sportsman's Review, *and the* American Angler. *From 1923 until his death in 1925, he wrote the rod and gun column for the New York* Herald Tribune. *Pond had a great interest in American sporting personalities. He published a series of sporting biographies in* Turf Field and Farm *("Memoirs of Eminent Sportsmen," see the* American Fly Fisher, *vol. 12, no. 4, p. 23), and he authored several biographies of famous sportsmen for* Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography. *He was always collecting newspaper clippings relating to and photographs of nineteenth-century sporting personalities. Fortunately, much of this material was obtained by noted bookman Lindley Eberstadt (now deceased). He gave the material to Yale's Beinecke Library in 1975. The photographs that accompany this checklist are copies made from originals in the Eberstadt collection. We are grateful to Beinecke's Patricia Middleton for her assistance in arranging for us to copy these photographs. We are careful to remind our readers that this list is, no doubt, incomplete. We implore you to advise us of any additions or corrections.*

Robert Kohrman is professor of chemistry at Central Michigan University in Mt. Pleasant, Michigan. In addition to his expertise in organic chemistry, he is an amateur historian whose knowledge of the history of Lake Superior and its environs is rivaled by few. He enjoys fishing the streams of Lake Superior's north shore, especially the Nepigon.

Checklist of Angling Authors, Alphabetical by Pseudonym

James A. Henshall; pseud., Oconomowoc. *Henshall, America's expert on the black bass, contributed many articles to* Forest & Stream. *He authored* Book of the Black Bass *(1881 and other editions),* Camping and Cruising in Florida *(1884),* Favorite Fish and Fishing *(1908),* Ye Gods and Little Fishes *(1900), and* More About Black Bass *(1889).*

Acorn	James Oaks[1 3 4]
Adirondack	Lucius Eugene Chittenden[1 2 3 4]
Agricola	William Elliot[1 2 3 4]
Alfred Oldfellow	Alfred Beach[1]
Al Fresco	Dr. J. C. Kenworthy[2 3 4]
American Angler	John J. Brown[1]
American Editor	Rev. George W. Bethune[1]
Americus	Dr. Francis Lieber[1]
A Mule	George M. Phelan[1]
An Amateur	James DeKay[1]
An Angler	Sir Humphrey Davy[2 3 4]
A.N.C.	Albert Nelson Cheney[1 2 4]
Ancient Pistol	G. Swan[1]
An Ex Editor	Col. Thomas Picton[1]
An Old Angler	Charles Weidmeyer[1]
An Old Angler and Bibliopole	Boosey Thomas[1]
An Old Un (or The Old Un)[4]	Francis A. Durivage[1 4]
Anonymous	William Samuel
Archer	George A. Stockwell [1 3 4]
Artemus Ward	Charles F. Brown[1]
A Southerner	Amos A. Drake[1]
Auger of London Life (or Auger)[4]	Henry Mort Feist[1 4]
A Veteran Observer	E. D. Mansfield[1]
Badger Hackle	Theodore Gordon[1]
Barnwell	Robert Barnwell Roosevelt[1 2 3 4]
B. Hackle	A. Monheimer[1 4]
B. Hackle	Henry Mort Feist[1 2]
Ben Bent	Col. Frank S. Pinkney[1 2 3 4]
Beryl	Mrs. H. C. Brown[1 2 3 4]
Billy Bowline	Henry S. Raymond[1]
Black Hackle	G. Garron Green
Blue Jay	Charles J. Williams[1]
Boone	Rev. Joshua Cook[1 2 3]
Bourgeois	Lewis B. France[1 2 3 4]
Byrne	D. B. Wier[1 4]
Canuck	S. E. Sangster[1]
Carl Benson	Carl Astor Bristed[1 3 4]
C.F.H.	Charles Fenno Hoffman[1]
Christopher North	Professor John Wilson[1 2 3 4]
Clericus	Rev. William Cartwright[1 2 3 4]
Clerk of Oxenforde	William Pendleton Kennedy[1]
Climax	Maj. J. D. Hill[1 3 4]
Clou D'Argent	Prof. James Silvernail[1]
Col.	S. C. Massett
Coquina	George Oliver Shields[1 3 4]
Corigeen of the Field (or Corigeen)	Joseph Adams[1]
Cypress, Jr. (or J. Cyprus, Jr.)	Wm. Post Hawes[2 3 4]
D.E.N.	Rev. Alfred Brook[1]
Dinks	Capt. Jonathan Peel[1 2 3 4]
Dixie Carroll	Carroll Blaine Cook[1]
Dog Whip	L. H. Smith[4]
Drahnegle	Fred J. Englehart[1 4]
Du Farge	William B. Mershon[1 2 4]
E.E.M. (or E.M.E.)	Edward Eames Millard[1]
E.H.	Emerson Hough[1]
El Comancho	Walter Shelley Phillips[1]
Ephemera	Edward Fitzgibbon[2 3 4]
F.F., of the Cedars	Henry William Herbert[2 4]
Fitz	Fred E. Romeyn[1]
Flood 'n Field	Charles W. Field[1 2 3 4]
Fluviatus Piscator	Rev. Joseph Secombe[1]
Fly Rod	Cornelia Crosby[1 2]
Frank Falconer	S. N. Carvalho[1 4]
Frank Forester	Henry William Herbert[1 2 3 4]
Fred Beverly	Fred. A. Ober[1 2 3 4]
G.	Gen. George Gibson[1]
Genesee	Prof. J. H. Gilmore[1]
George Francis (or George Thomas)	George Francis Thomas[1]
Gloan	Thomas Ackley Logan[1 2 3 4]
G.M.	Gervase Markham
Gothamite	Col. Thomas Picton
Grapho	John Harrington Keene[1 2]
Gray Eagle	Fred J. Englehart[1 4]
Gray John	Graydon Johnston[1]
Gregory Greendrake	J. Coad[1 2 4]
Hackle Palmer	Dr. R. Blake Key[1 2 4]
Hal A. Dacotah	Gen. E. H. Sibley[1 3 4]
Hans Breitman	Marian A. Wilder[1]
Harry Fenwood	William W. Walsh[1 2 3 4]
Harry W.	George W. Kendall[1]
H.B.	Hamilton Busby[1 3 4]
H.C.B.	H. C. Brown[1 2]
H.H.T.	Henry H. Thompson[1 2]
H.T.	H. Thompson[1]
Hy Julians	Dr. W. M. Briggs[2]
Ik Marvel	Donald G. Mitchell[1]
Iraneus	Samuel Iraneus Prime[1]
Ira Zell	Robert Barnwell Roosevelt
Irodequoit	Dr. Frank T. Buckland[1]
Jacobstaff	George Boardman Eaton[1 4]
J. Cyprus, Jr.	William Post Hawes[1]
J.M.M.	Prof. James McMullen[1]
John Chalkhill	Izaak Walton[2 4]
J.R. (or J.G.R.)	John Gross Rich[1]
Juvenal (or The Juvenile)	Col. Thomas Picton[1 3 4]
Kego-E-Kay	Fred Mather
Kelpie	F. H. Thurston[1 2]
Keokuk	Craig Miner[1 2]
Keuka	J. M. Buckley[1]
Kingfisher	J. H. Hickman[2]
Klahowya	Orange Perry Barnes[1]

Hamilton Busbey; pseud., H. B. Busbey was an editor at Turf Field and Farm *and was a good friend of F. E. Pond.*

Henry Hastings Sibley; pseud., Hal. A. Dacotah. *Sibley was the first governor of Minnesota, famous for his campaign against the Sioux Indians.*

L.	Charles Lanman[1]
Lake Brooks	Arthur Robert Harding[1]
Lariat	Charles Hallock[1 2 3 4]
Le Viola	Col. Thomas Picton
Lucy J.	Mrs. W. D. Tomlin[1 2]
Luke Shortfield	John Beauchamp Jones[1]
Major Jack Downey	Seba Smith[1]
Major Joseph Verity	Rowland Robinson[1]
Mark Biff	Henry Wellington Wack[1]
Mark West	Robert L. Morris[1]
Maurice O'Quill	Martin Van Buren Denbow[1]
Meadows	Barton P. Wallop[1 4]
Monmouth	Maj. E. August Egbert[4]
Mortimer	John Mortimer Murphy[1 2 3 4]
M.P.	Moses Perley[1]
Nanit	C. R. Tinan[1 2 3 4]
Ned Buntline	Col. Edward Zane Carroll Judson[1 2 3 4]
Nessmuk	George Washington Sears[1 2 3 4]
Newton Newkirk	Clyde C. Newkirk[1]
N. of Arkansas	Col. C. F. M. Noland[1 3 4]
Norman	W. David Tomlin[1 2 3]
Oconomowoc	Dr. James Alexander Henshall[1 2 4]
Old Angler	Boosey Thomas[2 4]
Old Angler	M. C. Weidmeyer[1] (M. C. Wiedemeyer)[3]
Old Hickory	James N. Hickman[1 2]
Old Isaac	T. S. Morrell[1 2]
Oliver North	W. Mullen[1]
Oliver Optic	William Taylor Adams[1]
Ollipod Quill	Luke Wyman[1 4]
Ornis	George Bird Grinnell
Palmer Hackle	Robert Blakely[3]
Paul Brandreth	Paula Brandreth[1]
Paul Fisher	William Andrew Chatto[2 4]
Peter Oliver	William Andrew Chatto[3]
Peter Parley	Samuel G. Goodrich[1]
Peter Pilgrim	Robert Montgomery Bird[1]
Philanthropus	Richard Franck
Phineas Camp	William N. Duane[1]
Pipes of Pipesville	S. C. Massett[1]
Piscator	William E. Elliot[1]
Piscator	W. Hughes[2 4]
Piseco	Adm. Lester A. Beardslee[1 2 4]
Pious Jeems	Col. James Gordon[1 3 4]
Podgers	Edward J. Hooper[1]
Podgers	R. L. Ogden[1 3 4]
Porte Crayon	David H. Strother[1 2 3 4]
Ralph Greenwood	Arthur C. Gould[1 2]
Red Spinner	W. Senior[2 3 4]
R.H.	Robert Howlett
Robert Ramble	John Frost[1]
Robin Ruff	H. D. Forsyth[1]
Roger Reed	S. D. Barnes[2]
Rusticus	Garrit Furman[1]
Sam Slocum	Charles Hallock[1 2]
Samuel A. Bard	Ephraim George Squier[1 3 4]
S.C.C.	Samuel C. Clarke[1 2 3 4]
Scarlet Ibis	Wakeman Holberton[1]
Seneca	Henry H. Soule[1 3]
Seth Fielding	Charles Bradford[1 2]
S.G.	Seth Green[1]
Shongo	Samuel T. Davis[1 2]
Silent Sam	Samuel S. Stinson[1 2]
Sillalicum	W. A. Perry[1 2]
Sir J. E. Alexander	W. A. Adamson
Skitt	H. E. Taliaferro[1]
Sol Ace	George W. Strell[3 4]
Somerset	Arthur A. Fowler[1]
Sparse Gray Hackle	Alfred W. Miller[1]
Stephen Oliver	William E. Chatto[2]
S. Trutta	Dr. J. H. Slack
Switch Reel	R. H. Corson[1 2]
Sylvanus	John H. Hubbard[1 2]
Ted Grayson	Francis Endicott[1 2 3 4]
T.G.	Theodore Gordon[1]
The American Editor	Rev. George Washington Bethune[1]
The Bee Hunter (or Tom Owen)[3] (or Tom Owen, The Bee Hunter)[4]	Col. Thomas B. Thorpe[1 3 4]
The Colonel	W. E. Simmons[1 2]
Theophilus South	Edward Chitty
The Professor	J. Charles Davis[1 2]
The Professor	John W. McDonald[2]
The Ranger	Captain Flack [1]
Tom Owen [3] (or Tom Owen, The Bee Hunter)[4]	Col. Thomas B. Thorpe[1 3 4]
Ubique	Parker Gillmore[1 2 4]
V.D.	L. D. Van Doren[2]
Virginius	Eugene Virginius Connett 3rd[1 2]
W.	William Cowper Prime[1 2 4]
W.	Charles Wilkins Webber[1]
W. (or Von.)	Samuel Webber[1]
Walton	Henry Thorpe[1 2 3 4]
Walton Fisher	S. E. Clark[1]
Weston Fisher	S. C. Clarke[2]
Wildfowler	Lewis Clements[3 4]
Will Wildwood	Frederick Eugene Pond[1 2]
W.T.	W. Thompson[1 2]
Yo	George Bird Grinnell[1 3 4]
York's Tall Son	William T. Porter[3 4]

Samuel T. Davis;
pseud., SHONGO.

Checklist of Angling Authors, Alphabetical by Last Name

Joseph Adams

W. A. Adamson
William Taylor Adams
Orange Perry Barnes
S. D. Barnes
Adm. Lester A. Beardslee
Alfred Beach
Rev. George W. Bethune

Robert Montgomery Bird
Robert Blakey
Charles Bradford
Paula Brandreth
Dr. W. M. Briggs
Carl Astor Bristed
Rev. Alfred Brook
Charles F. Brown
John J. Brown
Mrs. H. C. Brown
H. C. Brown
Dr. Frank T. Buckland
J. M. Buckley
Hamilton Busby
Rev. William Cartwright
S. N. Carvalho
William Andrew Chatto

William E. Chatto
Albert Nelson Cheney
Lucius Eugene Chittenden
Edward Chitty
S. E. Clark
S. C. Clarke
Lewis Clements
J. Coad
Eugene Virginius Connett 3rd
Carroll Blaine Cook
Rev. Joshua Cook
R. H. Corson
Cornelia Crosby
J. Charles Davis
Samuel T. Davis
Sir Humphrey Davy
James DeKay
Martin Van Buren Denbow
Amos A. Drake
William N. Duane
Francis A. Durivage
George Boardman Eaton
Maj. E. August Egbert

CORIGEEN OF THE FIELD (OR CORRIGEEN)
SIR J. E. ALEXANDER
OLIVER OPTIC
KLAHOWYA
ROGER REED
PISECO
ALFRED OLDFELLOW
AMERICAN EDITOR (OR THE AMERICAN EDITOR)
PETER PILGRIM
PALMER HACKLE
SETH FIELDING
PAUL BRANDRETH
HY JULIANS
CARL BENSON
D.E.N.
ARTEMUS WARD
AMERICAN ANGLER
BERYL
H.C.B.
IRODEQUOIT
KEUKA
H.B.
CLERICUS
FRANK FALCONER
PAUL FISHER (OR PETER OLIVER)
STEPHEN OLIVER
A.N.C.

ADIRONDACK
THEOPHILUS SOUTH
WALTON FISHER
S.C.C. (OR WESTERN FISHER)
WILDFOWLER
GREGORY GREENDRAKE

VIRGINIUS
DIXIE CARROLL
BOONE
SWITCH REEL
FLY ROD
THE PROFESSOR
SHONGO
AN ANGLER
AN AMATEUR

MAURICE O'QUILL
A SOUTHERNER
PHINEAS CAMP
AN OLD UN
JACOBSTAFF
MONMOUTH

William Elliot
William E. Elliot
Francis Endicott
Fred J. Englehart
Charles W. Field
Henry Mort Feist

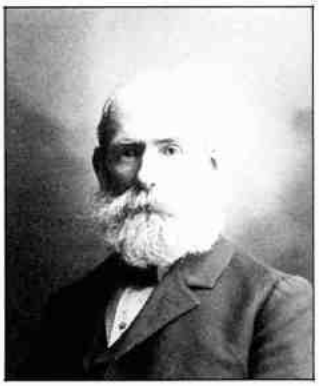
Edward Fitzgibbon
Captain Flack
H. D. Forsyth
Arthur A. Fowler
Lewis B. France
Richard Franck
John Frost
Garrit Furman
Gen. George Gibson
Parker Gillmore
Prof. J. H. Gilmore
Samuel G. Goodrich
Theodore Gordon
Col. James Gordon
Arthur C. Gould
G. Garron Green
Seth Green
George Bird Grinnell
Charles Hallock
Arthur Robert Harding
William Post Hawes
Dr. James Alexander Henshall
Henry William Herbert

J. H. Hickman
James N. Hickman
Maj. J. D. Hill
Charles Fenno Hoffman
Wakeman Holberton
Edward J. Hooper
Emerson Hough
Robert Howlett
John H. Hubbard
W. Hughes
Graydon Johnston
John Beauchamp Jones
Col. Edward Zane Carroll Judson
John Harrington Keene
George W. Kendall
John Pendelton Kennedy
Dr. J. C. Kenworthy
Dr. R. Blake Key
Charles Lanman
Dr. Francis Lieber
Thomas Ackley Logan

AGRICOLA
PISCATOR
TED GRAYSON
DRAHNEGEL (OR GRAY EAGLE)
FLOOD 'N FIELD
AUGER OF LONDON LIFE (OR B. HACKLE)
EPHEMERA
THE RANGER
ROBIN RUFF
SOMERSET
BOURGEOIS
PHILANTHROPUS
ROBERT RAMBLE
RUSTICUS
G.
UBIQUE
GENESEE
PETER PARLEY
BADGER HACKLE (OR T.G.)
PIOUS JEEMS
RALPH GREENWOOD
BLACK HACKLE
S.G.
ORNIS (OR YO)
LARIAT (OR SAM SLOCUM)
LAKE BROOKS
CYPRESS, JR.

OCONOMOWOC
FRANK FORESTER (OR F.F. OF THE CEDARS)
KINGFISHER
OLD HICKORY
CLIMAX
C.F.H.
SCARLET IBIS
PODGERS
E.H.
R.H.
SYLVANUS
PISCATOR
GRAY JOHN
LUKE SHORTFIELD

NED BUNTLINE
GRAPHO
HARRY W.
THE CLERKE OF OXENFORDE
AL FRESCO
HACKLE PALMER
L.
AMERICUS
GLOAN



George Bordman Eaton: pseud., Jacobstaff. *Eaton was a frequent contributor to* Forest & Stream

James Oakes; pseud., Acorn. *Sportsman and friend of William Porter, editor of the* Spirit of the Times, *Oakes published frequently in the* Spirit. *His coterie of friends included Nathaniel Hawthorne, N. P. Willis, and H. W. Herbert; (pseud.,* Frank Forester).

E. D. Mansfield	A Veteran Observer
S. C. Massett	Pipes of Pipesville (or Col.)
Gervase Markham	G.M.
Fred Mather	Kego-E-Kay
John W. McDonald	The Professor
Prof. James McMullen	J.M.M.
William B. Mershon	Du Farge
Edward Eames Millard	E.E.M (or E.M.E.)
Alfred W. Miller	Sparse Gray Hackle
Craig Miner	Keokuk
Donald G. Mitchell	Ik Marvel
A. Monheimer	B. Hackle
T. S. Morrell	Old Isaac
Robert L. Morris	Mark West
W. Mullen	Oliver North
John Mortimer Murphy	Mortimer
Clyde C. Newkirk	Newton Newkirk
Col. C. F. M. Noland	N. of Arkansas
James Oaks	Acorn
Fred A. Ober	Fred Beverly
R. L. Ogden	Podgers
Capt. Jonathan Peel	Dinks
Moses Perley	M.P.
W. A. Perry	Sillalicum
Goerge M. Phelan	A Mule
Walter Shelley Phillips	El Comancho
Col. Thomas Picton	An Ex Editor (or Gothamite, or Juvenal, or Le Viola, or The Juvenile)
Col. Frank S. Pinkney	Ben Bent
Frederick Eugene Pond	Will Wildwood
William Trotter Porter	York's Tall Son
Samuel Iraneus Prime	Iraneus
William Cowper Prime	W.
Henry S. Raymond	Billy Bowline
Joshua Gross Rich	J.R. (or J.G.R.)
Rowland Robinson	Major Joseph Verity
Fred E. Romeyn	Fitz
Robert Barnwell Roosevelt	Barnwell (or Ira Zell)
William Samuel	Anonymous
S. E. Sangster	Canuck
George Washington Sears	Nessmuk
Rev. Joseph Secombe	Fluviatus Piscator
W. Senior	Red Spinner
George Oliver Shields	Coquina
Gen. E. H. Sibley	Hal A. Dacotah
Prof. James Silvernail	Clou D'Argent
W. E. Simmons	The Colonel
L. H. Smith	Dog Whip
Seba Smith	Major Jack Downey
Henry H. Soule	Seneca
Ephraim George Squier	Samuel E. Bard
Samuel S. Stinson	Silent Sam
George W. Strell	Sol Ace
George A. Stockwell	Archer
David H. Strother	Porte Crayon
G. Swan	Ancient Pistol
H. E. Taliaferro	Skitt
Boosey Thomas	Old Angler (or An Old Angler and Bibliopole)
George Francis Thomas	George Thomas (or George Francis)
Henry H. Thompson	H.H.T.
H. Thompson	H.T.
W. Thompson	W.T.
Henry Thorpe	Walton
Col. Thomas B. Thorpe	The Bee Hunter (or Tom Owen, or Tom Owen, The Bee Hunter)
F. H. Thurston	Kelpie
C. R. Tinan	Nanit
Mrs. W. D. Tomlin	Lucy J.
W. David Tomlin	Norman
L. D. Van Doren	V.D.
Henry Wellington Wack	Mark Biff
Barton P. Wallop	Meadows
William W. Walsh	Harry Fenwood
Izaak Walton	John Chalkhill
Charles Wilkins Webber	W.
Samuel Webber	W. (or Von.)
Charles Weidmeyer	An Old Angler
M. C. Weidmeyer	Old Angler
D. B. Wier	Byrne
Marian A. Wilder	Hans Breitman
Charles J. Williams	Blue Jay
Professor John Wilson	Christopher North
Luke Wyman	Ollipod Quill

ENDNOTES:

1. Austin S. Hogan, "Pseudonyms of Angling Authors—American," *American Sporting Periodicals of Angling Interest* (Manchester, Vermont: The Museum of American Fly Fishing, 1973), pp. 50-59.

2. W. W. Wood, "Pseudonyms of Angling Writers," *The American Angler* 2, No. 10 (February 1918): p. 549.

3. Will Wildwood, "Pseudonyms of Sporting Authors," *The Sportsman's Directory and Yearbook* (Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Pond & Goldey, 1892), pp. 19-22.

4. Fred E. Pond, *Scrapbook*, pp. 92-93. The scrapbook was owned by Pond; it is a collection of clippings of articles that he had written for various sporting periodicals. The list of pseudonyms on pages 92 and 93 was published in *Turf Field and Farm* (circa 1885?).

Notes and Comment

Still More on John Harrington Keene

You might remember that in Part I of our article on John Harrington Keene, we speculated that he and his wife had lived in the New York City area prior to moving to Vermont in 1886. Apparently we were correct. Robert Kohrman (vide ante) recently sent us a copy of the back cover of the August 1, 1885 (vol. 8, no. 5) issue of the *American Angler*. There, in an advertisement of the Enterprise Manufacturing Co. for Pflueger's Luminous Fish Baits, a letter from Keene to the manufacturer is reproduced. The letter, in addition to touting the product in question, gives Keene's address as Brooklyn, New York. We include the pertinent copy as well as a poem by Keene that accompanied his letter.

ENTERPRISE MANUF'G CO. AKRON, O.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have recently returned from a fishing excursion out west, during which I tested your Luminous Baits for all they were worth and found them to exceed ALL YOU CLAIM FOR THEM.

The enclosed is the result of an attack of the CACOETHES SCRIBENDI one rainy morning after a good night's sport with the larger bass, etc.

I send it as a sort of paean of triumph over the success of your capital invention, from an angler's point of view, and you are at liberty to make what use you like of it.

Respectfully, J. HARRINGTON KEENE,
Brooklyn.

The Lay of the Lucky Angler

1.

As day brake east an angler trudged
Away from the river's shore,
And over his back with a leathern strap
A basket full he bore.
'Twas full to the brim with all that swim
In the water's fruitful tide,
And, as he walked, to himself he talked
In a tone most satisfied:
"Oh, I am a lucky fisherman;
Good fortune on me waits,
For surely there's no better plan
Than to use THE LUMINOUS BAITS.

2.

"Well do I know that the big game fish
Scarce ever feed by day.
While others toil in the heat and broil
I laugh in my sleeve and say:
"The night's the prime of the fishing time,
When the great pike seeks his prey
And the large lake trout comes boldly out,
And the Bass and the Pickerel play;
Oh, I am a lucky fisherman.
Good fortune on me waits.
Do you want to know my little plan?
'Tis PFLUEGER'S LUMINOUS BAITS.

3.

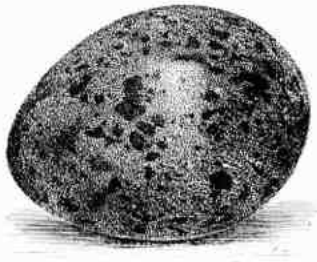
"Let the darkness clothe the watery deeps,
I glory in my sport;
The Mascalonge in the noonday sleeps,
At midnight he is caught
By the "AKRON SPOON," that, like the moon,
Gives forth a silver light,
Or the "CRYSTAL," seen by its glowing sheen
In the dark of the starless night.
Oh, I am a lucky fisherman,
Good fortune on me waits,
For there surely is no better plan
Than to use THE LUMINOUS BAITS.

4.

"The royal Bass as he swimmeth pass
Turns up his high-toned nose
At the daintiest fly e'er seen by eye
That in day the angler throws.
No good is done in the heat of the sun,
But in the darkness dim
That fly is great as a LUMINOUS BAIT
To catch all fish that swim.
Oh, I am a lucky fisherman,
Good fortune on me waits.
Do you want to know my little plan?
'Tis PFLUEGER'S LUMINOUS BAITS.

5.

And the Dobson bright and the Helgramite,
And the Crawfish all are made.
To shine at night like the fire-fly bright,
The fisherman's sport to aid.
The game fish roam from their deep dark home
And rush, the bait to seize,
"And the biggest fish are ever my dish,"
Said the fisherman, "such as these,
For I am a lucky fisherman,
Good fortune on me waits,
And will on you if you try my plan,
'Tis PFLUEGER'S LUMINOUS BAITS.



Corrigenda

Question: Who has egg on his face, and who is quaking in his grave?

Answer: Your editor and F. M. Halford, respectively.

Explanation: In Part II of our series on John Harrington Keene, we incorrectly gave Halford's first name as Frederick, rather than *Frederic*, and his first book on dry-fly fishing was incorrectly given as *Dry Fly-Fishing in Theory and Practice* (his second book), rather than *Floating Flies and How to Dress Them*. We apologize to Halford, our readers, and our angling friends on the other side of the pond. We knew better.

Join the Museum

Membership Dues (per annum*)

Associate*	$ 25
Sustaining*	$ 50
Patron*	$ 250
Sponsor*	$ 500
Corporate*	$1000
Life	$1500

Membership dues include the cost of a subscription ($20) to the *American Fly Fisher*. Please send your application to the membership secretary and include your mailing address. The Museum is a member of the American Association of Museums and the American Association for State and Local History. We are a nonprofit, educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

Support the Museum

As an independent, nonprofit institution, the American Museum of Fly Fishing must rely on the generosity of public-spirited individuals for substantial support. We ask that you give our institution serious consideration when planning for gifts and bequests.

Visit the Museum

Summer hours (May 1 through October 31) are 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. daily. Winter hours (November 1 through April 30) are weekdays 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. We are closed on major holidays.

Back Issues of the *American Fly Fisher*

The following back issues are available at $4 per copy:

Volume 6,	Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4
Volume 7,	Numbers 2, 3 and 4
Volume 8,	Number 3
Volume 9,	Numbers 1, 2 and 3
Volume 10,	Numbers 1 and 2
Volume 11,	Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4
Volume 12,	Numbers 1 and 3

The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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Manchester
Vermont 05254

Museum News

Within our available space, we'll cover a few highlights of current events and exhibitions, hoping to elaborate on at least a few of them in the next issue or two.

Museum Building

As of February 1987, the mortgage on our museum headquarters in Manchester was totally paid off. In the fall of 1983, we took a $120,000 note on our building purchase and planned to have it cleared at the end of five years. Now we not only own our own building, we accomplished same almost eighteen months ahead of schedule. Sincere thanks to all members and friends of the Museum who made this possible with their generous contributions.

Exhibits—Manchester

We've installed several new exhibits in our Manchester, Vermont, home galleries for the 1987 season, partly with the intent of giving our many repeat visitors from around the country something new to enjoy. One new display features the art of bamboo-rod construction and is largely based on the works of Tim Bedford and Lyle Dickerson (see recent acquisitions, following). Works of such modern masters as Gillum, Payne, Garrison, Thomas, and Edwards are also featured.

Another stunning display is taken from the forthcoming book, *The Art of the Salmon Fly*, by Col. Joseph D. Bates Jr. In this display all the *original* flies from which the book's twenty-three color plates were made (by various tiers—some antique) are on display, together with an original Henry McDaniel painting, which is also featured in the book. This book is being published by Boston's David Godine and will be out, we're told, by late summer. Our thanks to Col. Bates for helping us with this exhibit.

Exhibits—On the Road

After highly successful showings in San Francisco (1985) and Chicago (1986), our "Anglers All" traveling exhibit will open at Philadelphia's Academy of Natural Sciences on Saturday, October 24, 1987, and running there until mid-January 1988. From Philadelphia the exhibit will travel directly to the Denver Museum of Natural History, where it will be on view through the spring of 1988. We recently visited the academy in Philadelphia to plan the installation with their exhibits staff. The space allocated to our exhibit is extremely attractive, and we were delighted with the enthusiasm shown by the academy staff during our visit at the prospect of their "Anglers All" showing. It promises to be an extraordinary display and should produce many new friends for our museum.

New Acquisitions

The end of 1986 proved to be a real bonanza in terms of the growth of our collections. Although customarily we have listed all new acquisitions periodically in this journal, the sheer number of items prohibits this at the present time.

A few highlights:

A very large collection of antique fly reels, by both American and western European makers, was donated by Frederic A. Sharf. This donation, known here, now, as the Sharf Collection, effectively doubled the size of our own reel collection. Members will recall that we have a reel-collection cataloging project underway, with the eventual goal of publishing an illustrated catalog of our collection. Our own cataloging work on the Sharf Collection has been completed, although the additional time required has pushed catalog publication back at least to late fall of this year.

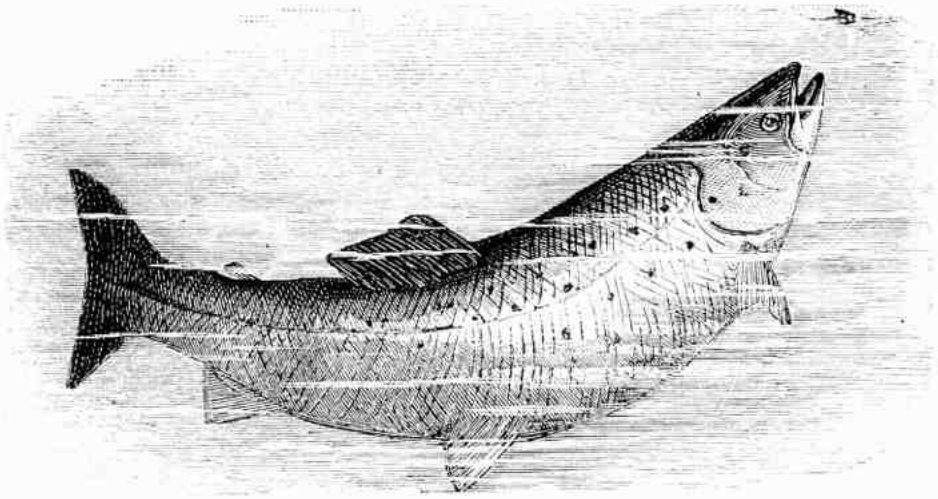
A second major donation to the collection came from our friend Heidi Bedford in California. Known now as the Thomas A. Bedford Collection, in honor of her late husband, Tim—a rodmaker and for several years a trustee of this museum—the collection includes a large number of Dickerson cane rods as well as some of Tim's own work. Just as important are the large files of correspondence that Tim had with rodmakers all over the world, swapping theories and experience with bamboo rodmaking. This will eventually all be cataloged and in future years should be a major source of information for anyone interested in cane-rod construction.

A Fly-Fishing History

Some time ago the Museum arranged for a commission to allow former director Paul Schullery to write a history of American fly-fishing. We're happy to report that the book will be published by Nick Lyons Books this summer. A limited edition of 100 copies is being produced by the Museum. Copies of both the trade and limited editions will be available directly from the Museum. Members will receive a mailing to this effect shortly.

Once again, we apologize for the brevity of the foregoing descriptions. We fully expect to cover them more in depth in a subsequent issue.

—John Merwin



A Bunch of Trout-Flies

by Henry Van Dyke

Here's a half-a-dozen flies,
Just about the proper size
For the trout of Dickey's Run,—
Luck go with them every one!

Dainty little feathered beauties,
Listen now, and learn your duties:
Not to tangle in the box;
Not to catch on logs or rocks,
Boughs that wave or weeds that float,
Nor in the angler's "pants" or coat!
Not to lure the glutton frog
From his banquet in the bog;
Nor the lazy chub to fool,
Splashing idly round the pool;
Nor the sullen horned pout
From the mud to hustle out!

None of this vulgarian crew,
Dainty flies, is game for you.
Darting swiftly through the air
Guided by the angler's care,
Light upon the flowing stream
Like a winged fairy dream;
Float upon the water dancing,
Through the lights and shadows glancing,
Till the rippling current brings you,
And with quiet motion swings you,
Where a speckled beauty lies
Watching you with hungry eyes.

Here's your game and here's your prize!
Hover near him, lure him, tease him,
Do your very best to please him,
Dancing on the water foamy,
Like the frail and fair Salome,
Till the monarch yields at last,
Rises, and you have him fast!
Then remember well your duty,—
Do not lose, but land, your booty;
For the finest fish of all is
Salvelinus Fontinalis.

So, you plumed illusions, go,
Let my comrade Archie know
Every day he goes a-fishing
I'll be with him in well-wishing.
Most of all when lunch is laid
In the dappled orchard shade,
With Will, Corinne, and Dixie too,
Sitting as we used to do
Round the white cloth on the grass
While the lazy hours pass,
And the brook's contented tune
Lulls the sleepy afternoon,—
Then's the time my heart will be
With that pleasant company! §