Hemingway and Company

Even though 28 years have now passed since Ernest Hemingway’s death in 1961, our fascination with his public persona, his personal life, and his art remains as strong today as it was in his own lifetime. Indeed, he has emerged as a mythic figure, and our continuing interest in this enigmatic and controversial man has manifested itself in a seemingly endless stream of popular and scholarly articles, dozens of "personal memoirs," and provocative biographies; Hemingway conferences and festivals; television documentaries, and, of course, the inevitable mini-series.

As most of our readers are already aware, Hemingway was a lifelong fisherman, but I think we’ve come to remember him primarily as a saltwater angler. Look at the popular imagery: Hemingway on the bridge of his “Pilar” Hemingway in the Keys, Bimini, Dry Tortugas, Cuba. And always, the omnipresent marlin, tuna, or barracuda. If one looks through the boxes of snapshots and portraits in various Hemingway collections around the country, if one examines the family scrapbooks, then a different portrait moves under one’s fingertips and a Hemingway far removed from that tanned figure on the bridge of the Pilar re-emerges. Here we find a young man posing in front of the family cottage on Michigan’s Walloon Lake with a stringer of perch and northern. There he stands next to Horton’s Creek, an oversize cane pole in his hands, and a massive creel flung over his shoulder. Later, a footloose teenager comes into focus.

He’s carrying a fly rod now and he’s fishing streams (with worms AND flies) like the Boardman and the Rapid. By this time, the perch and pike have been supplanted by colorful brookies and acrobatic rainbows.

It’s an engaging portrait to be sure. Now, through the kindness of Hemingway’s sons, John, Patrick, and Gregory, we have been given permission to publish an original and heretofore unpublished diary kept by Hemingway while on a fishing/hiking trip in northern Michigan in 1916. We think it’s a fascinating document, filled with Hemingway’s insights, observations, enthusiasm, and—plenty of fishing.

Jim Brown, a frequent contributor to our journal in the past, returns this issue with a well-written overview of the museum’s fabulous Frederick A. Sharf reel collection. As Jim points out, the donation of this collection of reels by Mr. Sharf effectively doubled the size of the museum’s reel holdings, thereby making it the “finest publicly held collection of its kind.” We’ll be releasing a hardcover “catalog” of our growing reel collection later this year. The author? Well, Jim Brown, of course.

We’ve rounded out this volume with the work of two newcomers: Rick Hafer, a professional economist from Missouri, and Charles Barnes, a gifted poet from Windham, Vermont. Rick’s offering, On the Relative Costs of Bamboo Fly Rods: 1878-1989, covers quite a lot of unexplored territory and presents us with some rather surprising conclusions. Charles Barnes is, among other things, a latter-day Edwardian gentleman, expert fly fisher, and, as our readers will discover, a superb poet. We thought you’d enjoy his “Atlantic Salmon.”

Finally, we’d like to thank our readers—including many from overseas—for the letters and calls we received following the publication of our last issue, our first as a new team.
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ON THE COVER:  
A young Ernest Hemingway on board a Chicago-Michigan steamboat bound for northern Michigan, June 1916. Courtesy The Hemingway Collection, John F. Kennedy Library, Boston, MA.
The Frederick A. Sharf Reel Collection  

Article and Photographs by Jim Brown

In 1986 a very large collection of tackle was donated to The American Museum of Fly Fishing by Frederick A. Sharf of Massachusetts. This collection, which will continue to be known as the Sharf Collection, includes a wide variety of angling items but is chiefly distinguished by its nearly 300 reels. The Sharf donation effectively doubled the size of the museum's reel holdings (now approximately 750 pieces), and it also made the museum's reel collection arguably the finest publicly held collection of its kind.

Frederick Sharf is President of the Sharf Marketing Group, an organization that manages and markets professional athletes, an outgrowth of a family business started by his grandfather in 1892 that marketed sports products. Although the Sharf family business did not become involved with fishing tackle until the 1930s, its involvement increased steadily in recent years. Many fly fishermen will recall the Sharf name in conjunction with the importing and distributing of the classy English fly boxes made by Richard Wheatley, Ltd. Given this background, I was surprised to learn that Frederick Sharf is not a fisherman and had started collecting unintentionally. His account tells it best:

"I was introduced to the world of antique fishing reel collecting by accident. My wife was walking down New Bond Street in London and saw in the window of the prominent antique dealer Mallett & Son a display of antique reels. She walked in to look at them and was told all but seven pieces were in the process of being mounted into a display for a castle in Scotland. On August 31, 1973, she bought the seven odd pieces as a present for me.

"Once my wife, Jeannie, whetted my appetite with the initial purchase of reels from Mallett, I immediately wanted to buy more reels! My correspondence with English dealers commenced in September of
1973, and within a few months I had the nucleus of a serious collection. The collection took its final form with the assistance of Ralph Fitzpatrick and Len Codella; both of these dealers took an enormous personal interest in my collection and in my desire to dig out historical material about the various manufacturers whose names were stamped onto the reels. Ralph is located in London, and Len is located in Turner Falls, Massachusetts, thus bringing to my collection the best available examples from England and the United States.

"By the summer of 1986, the collection had outgrown the space available in my home, and I decided, along with my wife, that it would best be located where scholars, sportsmen, and others could have access to it. The American Museum of Fly Fishing was the logical recipient, and I am pleased that thirteen years of collecting was culminated by the gift of the collection to that museum."

The Shaff Reel Collection is now partially on display at the museum's Manchester gallery and also, in part, on national tour in the museum's traveling exhibit "Anglers All." Both reel installations are impressive pyramid-shaped displays designed by Ernest Schwiebert. The remainder of the Shaff Collection is in storage and will be featured in future displays and in future issues of The American Fly Fisher. The collection spans more than one hundred years of American and British reel making (from approximately 1835 to 1950) and includes trout and salmon fly reels, bait-casting reels, saltwater reels, trolling reels, ice fishing reels, and spinning reels. It is particularly strong on 19th-century British fly reels, which fills a longstanding need in the museum's collection.

The George Main Salmon Fly Reel is a personal favorite of mine. This huge 5" reel would seemingly outlast the runs of the largest salmon. It is a well-built machine of light, butter-colored brass that features a thoughtful antifoul crank and ingeniously hinged, raised checkplate. The raised checkplate design may have originated in Britain as early as the 1840s, and it continued to be popular for nearly 40 years. George Main was active in the London fishing tackle trade from 1882 to 1902. It appears that this business was absorbed by the old tackle firm of Bernard and Son in 1903.

A pair of brass trout reels from Dublin, Ireland, interested me from the moment I first saw them. They were obviously built many years apart, but their underlying stylistic similarity was compelling. After some research, I learned that the oldest reel was made by James Murray around 1850, the other reel by John Flint about 30 years later. Both reels were made of copper and brass and are marked "J. Murray." The Murray reel is a casting reel made in London, and the John Flint reel is a salmon fly reel made in Dublin. The Murray reel features a simple, functional design, while the John Flint reel is more ornate, with intricate engravings and a fine script signature. Both reels are examples of the timeless practicality of early Anglo-Irish fishing tackle, and they serve as a reminder of the skill and craftsmanship of the craftsmen who produced them.
hold narrow diameter silk lines. Many of these reels now make excellent midge reeis. The small revolving plate reels by makers such as Hugh Snowie & Sons, Eaton & Deller, and Reuben Heaton, to name only a few, will hold and surrender a lightweight modern plastic fly line faultlessly. The revolving plate pattern seems to have developed in Britain sometime in the 1860s in response to the tendency of crank handle reels to foul the line. In the revolving reel plate, the handle knob is fastened to an outer winding plate which revolves next to the spool—a more trouble-free handle arrangement. Various terms have been used to identify the revolving plate reel including rotary plate, winding plate, and plate wind but all refer to the same stylish design.

Speaking of style, it would be hard to improve upon the look of some reels. The E. Paton salmon reel made in Perth, Scotland, around 1880 is one such example. This is a traditional revolving plate design with a rosewood backplate and front frame. The contrast of its dark wood frame and brightly polished brass winding plate make a strikingly elegant combination. It is regrettable that as yet very little is known of E. Paton, for his work is of the highest quality.

Wood has never been as popular a material for reelmaking in the United States as in Britain. America did produce some sidemounted wood trolling reels but nothing like the aforementioned E. Paton salmon fly reel and nothing to compare with the Nottingham reels, so popular in Britain for more than a century. The Nottingham reel is a light, free-running wooden reel, usually of walnut or mahogany, designed for river fishing. It takes its name from the city of Nottingham, on the River Trent. Some of the smaller Nottingham reels were used for fly fishing but most were used for float fishing. The Sharf Collection contains a large selection of Nottingham reels. One of the nicer examples is signed “Dunhill;” this is Alfred Dunhill, the famous pipemaker. Dunhill enjoyed fishing and sold these finely crafted walnut reels in his London shop on Euston Road. Another attractive and rare Nottingham reel is the Henry Milward & Sons “frogback,” so called because of its characteristically shaped metal backplate support. This is a massive reel of 5½” diameter and probably intended for saltwater use. There are several reels made by David Slater in this group as well. Slater is generally considered the best of the Nottingham reelsmiths, and is particularly known for his “combination reels” that combine elements of the Nottingham reel with the modern pillar reel.

Many anglers today know that the sport of spinning became popular in the United States during the years following World War II, but few seem to be aware of the great age of this type of fishing. Peter Malloch of Perth, Scotland, is often credited with the invention of the first spinning reel in his 1884 patent for the Malloch sidecaster. Others believe that the first true spinning reel dates from the fixed-spool design that Alfred Holden Illingworth originally patented in 1905, and subsequently improved with patents in 1910, 1913, and 1921. There are many early and unusual spinning reels in the Sharf Collection, including several Malloch sidecasters and a pair of Illingworths. The Illingworths feature a manual line pick-up rather than an automatic bail but are otherwise remarkably modern looking.

One of the most interesting and attractive American reels in the Sharf Collection is a J. C. Conroy & Co. brass multiplier with a custom crank, believed to have been built about 1870. Conroy is one of the oldest names in American reel-making. Advertising suggests that this New York City firm was established in 1830. The earliest Conroys are frequently made in what has been called the New York Ball Handle Style. This is a rugged double multiplier with a counterbalanced handle, often without a click or drag. The counterbalance weight is ball-shaped, thus giving this style its name. These reels were most common in large saltwater sizes but were also made in smaller freshwater sizes such as this Number 3. It has been suggested that John Conroy originated the counter-balanced handle, and while the decorative heart-shaped counterweight on this reel is probably not what he had in mind, it is still a beautiful design and one I'm not sure he would have entirely disapproved of.

If you've enjoyed this brief introduction to the Sharf Reel Collection, you should treat yourself to a visit to the museum's Manchester gallery where a much larger selection of reels from this collection is on display. Seeing the reels up close is a far richer experience than looking at a picture or reading a description. But if you love antique reels and really can't make the trip, don't despair; this full the museum is scheduled to publish an illustrated catalog of its complete reel collection, including the complete Frederick A. Sharf Collection.

Jim Brown is a professional librarian who lives and works in Stamford, Connecticut. He is an avid fly fisherman and collector of antique fishing tackle, who has published one book, Fishing Reel Patents of the United States, 1838-1940, and numerous articles on the history of American fly reels.
The apprentice fly fisher, June 1916. Hemingway exhibiting fine form landing a trout.
Hemingway:
A Trout Fisher’s Apprenticeship

by Donald S. Johnson

“While Nick walked through the little stretch of meadow alongside the stream, trout jumped high out of the water. Now as he looked down the river, the insects must be settling on the surface, for the trout were feeding steadily all down the stream.

As far down as he could see, the trout were rising, making circles all down the surface of the water, as though it were starting to rain.” *

Ernest Hemingway
“Big Two-Hearted River”

We tend to think of Hemingway as the saltwater fisherman we’ve seen in photos: tanned and bearded, invariably wearing a sun visor and a pair of baggy shorts, taking shark off Bimini or landing marlin in the Gulf Stream near Cuba—vintage “Papa.” But long before his introduction to big-game fishing, he knew and loved the brook trout and rainbow, the brush-choked creeks and pebble-bottomed, amber-colored streams of northern Michigan.

Ernest was born to Dr. Clarence (“Ed”) and Grace Hall Hemingway on July 21, 1899, in the quiet suburban village of Oak Park, Illinois. Just seven weeks after his birth, his parents bundled him up and whisked him off to northern Michigan, traveling first by steamer across Lake Michigan, and then by railroad and finally wooden rowboat to inspect the future site of the family’s summer cottage on Bear (later Walloon) Lake near Petoskey. This whirlwind expedition established a family tradition, and for the next 17 years, Hemingway would take delight in the seasonal ritual of journeying northward to the lake, where the family summered at Winde- mere Cottage.

Hemingway’s love of fish and fishing was born at Walloon Lake, and by his third birthday, when he went fishing with his father for the first time, his mother proudly noted in his scrapbook that Ernest “caught the biggest fish of the crowd.”

In addition to fishing for bass, pike and perch in Walloon Lake, Hemingway spent the greater part of his boyhood years haunting small streams like Shultz’s and Horton’s Creek in search of trout. His apprenticeship as a trout fisherman was probably imitated on Horton’s Creek, a lovely little stream that empties into Lake Charlevoix. One of the earliest photos of Hemingway, the trout fisherman, shows him standing next to Horton’s Creek with a massive cane pole in his hands and a cavernous creel strapped over his shoulder. Ernest was then all of five.

In an unpublished manuscript that was probably written in Paris during the mid- to late 1920s, and which is now housed in the outstanding Hemingway Collection at the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library in Boston, Hemingway nostalgically recalled fishing on Horton’s Creek as a boy. He remembered dropping his line in the small openings among the cedar deadfalls, the sudden strike of the trout, the intensity of the sensation, the tension of the fight, and finally, the unforgettable feeling of holding a wild trout in his hands. Hemingway was a skilled fisherman at the time he composed the piece, and he thought it “interesting” to fish with elegant, English-made bamboo rods with wet or dry flies. But he finally concluded that fishing for trout in this fashion lacked the “emotional” impact and appeal of fishing with a cane pole and a can of angleworms as a boy on Horton’s Creek.

Hemingway’s knowledge of fishing and hunting were acquired primarily from his father. Dr. Hemingway was an accomplished outdoorsman who exhibited a great sensitivity for all things wild. Over the years, he would educate his son in the fundamentals of cleaning and preparing wild fish and game; caring for rods, reels, guns; tying wet and dry flies; building fires and baiting hooks. In “Fathers and Sons,” another of his semi-autobiographical “Nick Adams stories,” Hemingway would pay tribute to his father in this passage about Nick’s love of the outdoors:

... someone had to give you your first gun or the opportunity to get it and use it, and you have to live where there is game.
and fish if you are to learn about them, and now, at thirty-eight, (Nick) loved to fish or shoot exactly as much as when he first had gone with his father. It was a passion that had never slackened and he was very grateful to his father for bringing him to know it.*

By the time Hemingway had reached his mid-teens, fishing had become one of the great passions of his life. So complete was his addiction that during the winter months of 1916, the 16-year-old Hemingway drafted a rapturous poem about his fishing exploits entitled "The Day." One of the verses reads:

When you started before daybreak,
Mist arising from the water;
When your oak strokes sped the rowboat past the reeds
When the line trailed out behind you
Then a splash! The bass broke water
He "had" struck it right beside you.
Tell me brother
Was not that the day?

Writing during this same period to a friend, he confessed that he knew his family would be pleased if he became "more civilized" and showed a greater interest in math and less interest in fishing.

Like most boys on the threshold of manhood, Hemingway also began to exhibit a new-found sense of independence as well as a strong desire to do some adventuring and exploring in places like Africa, South America, or in the country around Hudson's Bay in Canada. He would ultimately visit Africa and South America later in life; however, he never did see the magnificent tides which country of Hudson's Bay, although he did at one time contemplate canoeing to James Bay, the southern appendage of Hudson's Bay, via the Moose River in northern Ontario.

He assuaged his wanderlust with two longish hiking-fishing trips in 1915 and 1916. In June of 1915, Ernest and Lewis Clarahan, a friend from Oak Park, crossed Lake Michigan on a steamer, landed at Frankfort, Michigan, and set out hiking to Walloon Lake by way of Traverse City and Charlevoix, fishing all the way and living on beans and freshly caught trout for a week.

After their school year had ended in June of 1916, "Emie" and "Lew" (as they referred to each other) packed up their pup tent and rods and took to the road once again, this time alternately hiking and riding the rails through the pine forests and farmlands south of Traverse City.

Their initial destination was Bear Creek, a clear, sandy-bottomed stream not far from the village of Kaleva. The fishing exceeded their wildest expectations. Ernest would proudly record in the diary he was keeping that one of the trout he had taken was an 18-inch brute that had fought for 15 minutes.

By rail they traveled to Walton Junction—"the place," Hemingway humorously noted, "that put the junk in junction." After passing through the rail yards at Walton Junction, they moved on to Mayfield and the Boardman River. They waded the Boardman off and on for two days, often in the rain and soaked to the skin. Hemingway was immediately impressed with the river's quick current and the fighting qualities of the resident rainbow population.

Later, while waiting for the train to Kalkaska, they bartered with an 85-year-old pipe-smoking woman and her 78-year-old gentleman companion, trading two suckers Lew had caught for a quart of fresh milk.

Journeying north once again, they finally reached the lumber town of Kalkaska, where they headed off cross-country toward Rugg Pond, a startlingly beautiful impoundment on the Rapid River, created to provide a power source for a small electric generating station.

With the end of their trip now close at hand, they fished the Rapid hard. After nightfall, on the last evening they would spend together, they continued
fishing far into the night in a deep pool below the power house dam. Hemingway was now in his element, taking a great many trout in the “dark, swift water.” In the morning they said goodbye to their friends at the pond, enjoyed a farewell meal at a “lumberjacket joint” in Kalkaska, and parted company, with Lew returning to Oak Park while Hemingway continued north to Windemere for the summer.

The week of vagabonding and trout fishing with Lewis Clarahan marked the end of one formative period in Hemingway’s life and, in a very real sense, set the stage for another. He had savoried his first exhilarating taste of freedom during the trip, and he undoubtedly craved more.

One suspects that he was also beginning to recognize that there was something else he wanted to explore. Near the end of the little diary he kept throughout the trip, Hemingway had scrawled “good stuff for stories,” and then listed some of the towns, rivers and people he had visited or met. He was now thinking seriously of becoming a writer.

Hemingway graduated from Oak Park High School in June of 1917. After commencement there was another summer at Windemere, tending the family farm across Walloon Lake, and, of course, fishing—oftentimes with his friend, Bill Smith. Rather than follow his friends to college that fall, Hemingway opted, instead, to pursue his dream of writing professionally. In October he boarded a train for Kansas City where he would launch his career in journalism as a cub reporter on the Kansas City Star.

His stint on the Star was interrupted when the United States entered World War I. In May of 1918, the adventure-seeking Hemingway joined the Red Cross as an ambulance driver. Within days of his enlistment, he was bound for Europe.

In Italy, Hemingway drove ambulances for a time. But, wanting to be closer to the fighting, he soon volunteered for duty as the director of an emergency canteen on the Piave front.

There, on July 8, an Austrian shell burst in the forward listening post near the town of Fossalta, where he was delivering canteen supplies to Italian troops. Hemingway’s legs and feet were severely wounded in the blast, and he was sent to an American Red Cross hospital in Milano, where he would spend six months recovering.

Michigan, and more particularly, the trout streams he had fished there, were much on his mind as he lay in bed recovering from his wounds. In Hemingway’s short story, “Now I Lay Me,” written in 1927, the wounded Nick Adams comforts himself in much the same way, recalling the days he spent fishing for trout as a boy:

I had different ways of occupying myself while I lay awake. I would think of a trout stream I had fished when I was a boy and fish its whole length very carefully in my mind; fishing very carefully under all the logs, all the turns of the bank, and the deep holes and the
clear shallow stretches, sometimes catching trout and sometimes losing them.*

Writing to Bill Smith, one of his oldest friends and fishing partners between operations, Hemingway confessed that he yearned for Horton's Creek and the wilds of Michigan's Pine Barrens, a vast semi-wilderness area located east of the slumbering cross-roads town of Vanderbilts. Smith replied with a joyful and resonant letter calculated to raise the spirits of his wounded friend, whom he addressed as "The Wonderful Woodsman." Yes, they would fish the Barrens and a host of other streams together, Smith wrote. Nothing could possibly keep them away from the Minnehaha, the Black, or the Sturgeon. And rainbows! Let them beware; they would catch hundreds.

Hemingway returned to Illinois in January. The next summer, still hobbling by his leg wounds, he set off to northern Michigan on a singleminded quest for trout, soon linking up with Bill Smith, who had completed his service with the U.S. Marine Corps. Throughout that summer, Hemingway dashed off letters to his many friends encouraging them to join him on his fishing expeditions. In one letter to Howell Jenkins, who had served with him in Italy, Hemingway enthusiastically described his plans to fish the Pine Barrens:

Bill and I have a complete camping outfit for 4 men. Tents, blankets, cooking utensils, camp grate and so forth. Where we will go will be the Pine Barrens and camp on the Black River. It is wild as the devil and the most wonderful trout fishing you can imagine. All clear—no brush and the trout are in schools. The last time we were over Bill twice caught and landed two at once.**

Toward the end of summer, Hemingway's peregrinations found him exploring north of the Straits of Mackinac in the equally wild Upper Peninsula, where he was joined by Al Walker and Jack "Jock" Pentecost. Together they would catch hundreds of trout on the Fox River north of Seney, an adventure that he described in another ebullient letter to Jenkins:

Jock and Al Walker and I just got back from Seney. The Fox is priceless. The big fox is about 4 or five times as large as the black and has ponds 40 feet across. The Little Fox is about the size of the black and lousy with them. Jock caught one that weighed 2 lbs. 15 and a half of the inches. I got one 15 inches on the fly! Also one 14 inches. We caught about 200 and were gone a week. We were only 15 miles from the Pictured Rocks on Lake Superior. Gad that is great country.**

Ernest Hemingway’s passion for fish and fishing would last a lifetime. Horton’s Creek, where he had first "horsed out" a trout as a five-year-old, had been the font for that passion. His apprenticeship had been served during his teenage years on (now) classic streams like the Boardman, Pigeon and Black. By the time he waded the gem-like Fox he had become a journeyman in every respect. Indeed, it had been a long and fascinating journey of discovery. One
wonders if Hemingway, now a restless veteran out of the wars, instinctively knew during that endless summer of 1919 that his lifelong association with northern Michigan would soon be ending. For, by that point, he had developed an unwavering belief in both his ability and in his dream of becoming a writer of distinction. Writing, it seemed, was surpassing fishing as the great passion of his life.

Forsaking the family home in Oak Park, Hemingway remained in Michigan that fall and early winter of 1919, living alone and writing in a rented room in Petoskey. He churned out but had no luck whatsoever selling his work to the leading periodicals of the day. In January he moved on to Toronto, resuming his journalistic career with the Toronto Star, where he often wrote marvelously witty and entertaining articles based on his own exploits in northern Michigan.

Hemingway met his future wife, Hadley Richardson, during a gathering at a friend's apartment in Chicago in October of 1920. Within a year they would be married—fittingly—at Horton Bay on Lake Charlevoix. Just prior to the wedding, Ernest, along with his friends Howell Jenkins and Charles Hopkins, made what would prove to be his last trip out to the Barrens to fish the Sturgeon River. Ernest and Hadley would sail to Europe later that winter, settling in Paris, where Ernest would begin another exacting period of apprenticeship—this time as a writer. In time, he would become one of the finest prose stylists of this, or, for that matter, any century.

Hemingway took his love of fishing with him wherever he went—from the Black Forest of Germany to the Gulf Stream. Nor would he ever lose his love for trout or the environs they inhabited. He often yearned for Michigan, though, a yearning he reveals through the thoughts of Nick Adams in a short story, written in Paris in the mid-1920s, called "On Writing."

He loved the summer. It used to be that he felt sick when the first of August came and he realized that there were only four more weeks before the trout season closed. Now sometimes he had it that way in dreams. He would dream that summer was nearly gone and he hadn't been fishing. It made him feel sick in the dream, as though he had been in jail.*

Hemingway would never fish in Michigan again. He would, however, revisit the forests and lakes, the bright, cold running streams and tamarack swamps of his youth, time and time again in his writing, leaving us enduring stories like "The End Of Something," "Three Day Blow," "The Last Good Country," and "Big Two-Hearted River."


Several years ago, I fished most of the Michigan waters that Ernest Hemingway had fished during his youth. Smallsish creeks like Shultz’s, Horton’s and the Bear; little-known streams like the Rapid and Minnehaha; superb trout rivers like the Boardman, Pigeon, Black and Sturgeon; and, of course, the Fox-Hemingway’s “Big Two-Hearted River.” It was mid-August, and the air was oppressively hot and heavy. Most of the rivers were low, and the hatches virtually nonexistent. Looking back now, I suppose I spent more time swimming than fishing.

As always, there were other compensations. I had seen deer and mink and—on one occasion—a solitary moose at close quarters. There was a rare glimpse of an elk herd near the Pigeon river, and, on the Fox, the sight of five sandhill cranes gliding phantom-like over the tops of the pines, the bare red crowns on their heads visible against a grey dawn sky. I clambered over rotting lumber dams, explored the remains of at least one abandoned lumber camp, chatted with locals. Every evening there was a sybaritic cup of Navy rum and tea to be savored next to the fire, and—always—the smell of the breeze wafting through my campsite, carrying the elemental smells of pine and cedar, sand and water, smells that are distinctly “Michigan.”

I had read all of Hemingway’s Nick Adams stories and having spent many of my own boyhood summers on lakes and rivers in Michigan, I had a good sense of what the “Michigan experience” had meant to Hemingway. But it was easier now, having fished his rivers, to understand why trout fishing figured so prominently in his early writing, and how, on a spring day in Paris in 1924, some five years after he had fished the Fox, the memories of days spent pursuing wary trout, would inspire the struggling young writer working in a noisy flat above a sawmill at 113 rue Notre-

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**MEMORANDA**

2 Blankets /
Cook Kit /
Ax /
2 Reels /
2 Rods /
Hooks /
Camera /
Matches /
Flies /
Pins Pills /
2 Comb Knife forks /
2 Spoons /nToilet Paper /nCan Opener /
Salt and Pepper /
Safety Pins /
3 lb. Bacon /
Corn meal /nWatch /
Compass /
Pedometer /
Post Cards /
3 Pair sox /
Adhesive tape /
2 maps /
cheese cloth /
Belt /
Draw 7:00 from Bank /
Potted meat /
german sweet chocolate /
Dig worms.

**MEMORANDA**

Meet Lew at 4 O’clock here Avenue Station at 5.

**JUNE 11**

Today’s trip. Hiked from Onokama to Bear Creek along the Manistee R. Camped in dandy spot on bank of stream. Many trout jumping. Killed water moccasin on R.R. track.

**JUNE 12, 7 A.M.**

Camped and fished on Bear Creek a stream clear and about 50 feet wide. Many trout jumping. Good night’s sleep.

2:30 P.M.

Fished this morning. Creek clean and must be waded. Caught 4 trout. 1 that was 14½ inches long and 1 that was 18 inches long. Great fighters. Took 15 minutes to land the big one. Lew had luck. Caught 1 big trout on worms and biggest on a fly. Fished downstream, caught a grayling. Took some great pictures. Had a good sleep.
June 10–21, 1916
by Ernest Hemingway

Dome-des-Champs to create that spare and evocative masterpiece, “Big Two-Hearted River.”

We can find evidence of Hemingway’s enormous interest in trout and trout streams in his writing, both published and unpublished, in his voluminous correspondence, and in a solitary diary which we have been privileged to publish herein. “Hike to Walton Lake, June 10–21, 1916,” was utilized by Professor Carlos Baker in his Ernest Hemingway: A Life Story (Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York, 1969), but for the most part, it has attracted little attention. In 1986, I traced Hemingway’s route using the diary he kept in 1916 (just prior to his 17th birthday) and, after joining the staff of The American Museum of Fly Fishing the following year, I sought, and was granted permission from Hemingway’s sons, John, Patrick, and Gregory, and The Hemingway Society to have the diary published for the first time here in The American Fly Fisher with the by-line, Ernest Hemingway.

The diary itself is pocket size. Hemingway’s entries were made in pencil, and although he usually wrote with a firm hand, some of his writing is hurried and therefore somewhat difficult to read. In a few instances we were obliged to leave a blank space where a word was unintelligible. Otherwise, the diary has been reproduced in its original form, with Hemingway’s own spelling and punctuation.

We were deeply indebted to John, Patrick, and Gregory Hemingway for graciously allowing the museum to publish their father’s diary. We also wish to thank Professor Robert W. Lewis of The Hemingway Society for permission to publish the diary in its entirety. Special thanks to Gordon Allen, a nationally known artist/illustrator, for the superb drawings and maps which appear on the following pages, and to Nancy Aiken for her pen-and-ink talents.

D.S.J.

TUESDAY
Broke camp. Went to Walton Junction. Went to Mayfield and then hiked to Boardman. Had dinner at Walton Junction. Called for mail but none there had it forwarded to Kalkaska. Fished in afternoon. Lew went up small creek. I waded down the big river. Boardmen river in between 30 and 50 feet wide and fairly deep with a devilish current. We made a spruce house and bed and slept well Tues. night. It started raining 2 A.M. in the morning. We cut up thru the woods about two miles and fished down stream in the rain. Lew caught two nice rainbows and six brook trout. I only caught one brook trout. The rainbows fought nicely and broke water. Lew caught them both at an old lumber dam. After trout dinner we walked to Mayfield and bought stuff. In afternoon fished at the old deserted broken lumber dam. Lew caught two suckers about two feet long they gave us some sensation while we thought they were trout. It rained at night and we dried our soaked clothes in front of a roaring fire. Had a good supper and slept well. Boardman is some river.
We broke camp and hiked to Mayfield. We said so long to some old folks that we traded the two suckers to for a quart of milk. The old woman smoked a pipe. The old man is 78 yrs. and the woman 85. They were delighted with the suckers. We went from Mayfield to Walton Junction (the place that put the junk in junction) and where we met the train & then went to Kalkaska. We hiked from there to Rug a little place on Rapid River. Its a creek about the size of Hortons with many clear places and deep holes. Also two nice dams. We fished from 4 to 5 and Lew caught one nice rainbow and a brook trout and I caught three rainbows. We camped on a high hill. There is a small water power electric plant out here in the wilderness run by a fellow from Chicago. He had a rainbow 20 inches long.

FRIDAY.
It rained hard last night. We got up early in the morning and fished. Lew lost a whale of a rainbow just below the power plant. I caught ten brook trout and Lew caught nine. Certainly was glad to get our mail at Kalkaska. Lew caught two trout...
HEMINGWAY'S JOURNEY TO WALLOON LAKE

JUNE 10 - 21, 1916
"Riding the rails:"
Hemingway perched on a freight car at Walton Junction.

The "fastest trout fishing stream." Hemingway above a pool on the Rapid River.

that would weigh about a pound apiece. We got our dinner cooked (bacon) and were just starting to fry the big rainbow when a thunderstorm came up and we had to go into the tent. We took some dandy pictures of the Rapid river. It is white water about every 50 feet and the trout bite freely. We just kept the two big ones and threw the others back. We met a nice old woodchuck by the name of Tanner who used to own the store now at . The Rapid is the prettiest fastest trout fishing stream I have ever tried. We fished all night at a milky pool below the power house as our blankets were kind of wet. We had good luck. I caught 5 rainbows and 7 or 8 brook trout. Great fun fighting them in the dark in the deep swift water. One rainbow I caught was a peach about a pound. Lew caught several brooks and after day break a nice rainbow. Lew went to sleep till 8 o'clock. I caught several nice brooks from the window of the power house. The fellows that run it let us sleep there if we wanted to. It is actually heated. In the morning we said good bye. There were a lot of people who said they were sorry to see us go. The whole town came down to see us off. We went on to Kalkaska and had dinner in a lumberjack joint and then I took the train to Mancelona to get mail. I stopped at Mancelona from 1:35 to 8:15.

Rough burg. Met a nice lady from Alba. Took train to Petoskey. Stayed overnight at Hotel Perry and then hiked to Horton Bay. Had dinner at Dilworths and then supper at Wesley's and Kathryn's. Rode dirt to Eagle Island in the afternoon and got a boat to go to Culbert's on Tuesday. Still raining. Hope to get some trout fishing tomorrow.

Monday noon.

Had supper and breakfast with Wesley and Ruth. Fished all morning and caught 14. Threw all but two back. Too damn small. It is beginning to clear up but it is quite cold. Had dinner on creek—one man beans and bread and butter. Supper at Wesleys House. Fried trout Strawberries. Slept well at Dilworths. Almost a frost. In afternoon sent a crow by Dilworths for a scare crow. Tues. Had breakfast at Dilworths. Split wood and cleaned a chicken. Took gun down to creek. Caught 8 trout 1 rainbow. Dinner at Dilworths.
INSURE WITH THE
Old Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
ORGANIZED 1794 CHARTERED 1810

GOOD STUFF FOR STORIES & ESSAYS
1 old couple at Boardman
2 Mancelona—indian girl
3 Bear Creek
4 Rapid River
5 Mancelona, rainy night, tough looking lumberjack, young indian girl, kills self and girl

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<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Lew</th>
<th>Ernie</th>
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<tr>
<td>Log</td>
<td>Mon</td>
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<td>2 Rainbows</td>
<td>Tues</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 Rainbows</td>
<td>Wed</td>
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<td>Friday night</td>
<td>4 Rainbows</td>
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Assets, $26,954,099.46
Losses Paid $176,600,000

ACCOUNT
Bed at Perry's .75
Chocolate .15
Bread .10
Fare to W.J. 1.22
Fare to Mayfield .25
Supplies at W.J. .25
Dinner .30
Paper .05
Can of Meat .10
Fare Mayfield to W.J. .25
Dinner W.J. .25
Supplies .20
Fare W.J. to Kalk .37
Magazines .15
Dinner Kalkaska .20
Sat. Eve. Post .05
Bananas .10
Supper at Man. .15
Fare Man - Pet. .87

Hemingway (right)
and Clarahan in camp.
"Diner" usually meant
freshly caught trout with bacon.

Hemingway atop a rotating paddle wheel at
the "old deserted broken lumber dam" on the
Boardman River.

Drawings by Gordon Allen
On the Relative Costs of Bamboo Fly Rods 1878–1979

by R.W. Hafer

The split-cane bamboo rod holds a special place in the history of fly fishing. Its evolution is often the subject of lengthy discourse, from the introduction of snake guides to changes in the construction and shape of grips. The discussion in Volume Two of Schweber's Trout about the bamboo rod alone covers more than 180 pages. Moreover, Keane's Classic Rods and Rodmaking is a testament to the precision and craftsmanship that characterizes the rods of Leonard, Orvis, and others.

While much has been written on the technical aspects of the evolution of the bamboo fly rod, information on the economics of its history is hard to find. Statements to the effect that $15 for an Orvis rod in the 1890s was really a lot of money in those days are often found throughout writings about the bamboo rod's history. And, to be sure, most of us probably know that such is the case. After all, the $2,500 price tag for Leonard's prize-winning rod at the 1876 Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia would still be a lot of money even if prices haven't increased. But prices being what they are, they have increased quite a bit during the past 100 years. Hence the question, what would that Leonard or Orvis rod from the late 1800s cost if prices were then what they are today?

There are two ways to show the changes in the cost of bamboo fly rods during the past century. One is to restate the prices of the rods in terms of a common price level. By accounting for changes in the general price level that have occurred during the past century, the prices of rods from the 1880s or the 1980s are made directly comparable. The other approach is to calculate how much a certain rod costs in terms of how many weeks of work it took for an average worker to purchase it. Knowing what average weekly earnings are for a period and the cost of any given rod, it is simple arithmetic to figure out how many weeks (or some fraction thereof) the average worker had to labor exclusively to purchase the rod.

Measuring the Real Price of Rods

To make the price of a fly rod 100 years ago comparable to that of a rod today, some yardstick of the general increase in prices during this time span is needed. An often-used measure of the general cost of goods is the Consumer Price Index (CPI). Using the CPI, the price of rods at any point in time can be made directly comparable. This is done by dividing the nominal price of the rod—the price that is quoted in any one year—by the CPI's value for that year. The result is called the real price.

An example will help clarify the measurement of the real price. The base period for the current CPI is 1982-84. That is, the value of the CPI is set equal to 100 for the 1982-84 period. (It is 100 because it is an index number.) Another way of thinking about it is that during 1982-84, a dollar bought a dollar's worth of goods and services. In 1894, the CPI is equal to 8.6. This means that what cost $1 in 1982-84 cost only about 9 cents in 1894. According to available sources, a Leonard "petite" sold for $40 in 1994. What does $40 in 1894 dollars translate into in terms of recent prices? Since the CPI for 1894 is equal to 8.6, the "real"
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<tr>
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<th>Real Price</th>
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<td>Leonard Fairy, Adirondack</td>
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<td>Leonard Petite</td>
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<td>Leonard Catskill</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Leonard Standard</td>
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<td>Ten dollar grade</td>
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<td>Light and Medium Tournament</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Standard</td>
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<td>1923</td>
<td>Hardy Bros. Delux</td>
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<td>Trout(dark)</td>
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<td>Trout(light)</td>
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<td>Ace</td>
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<td>Model #62(Rainbow)</td>
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<td>1950s</td>
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<td>Premier</td>
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<td>Victory</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Table 1 continues on page 20.

The price of the "Petite" is calculated to be $465, or ($40/8.6) + 100 = $465. In other words, in terms of 1982-84 prices, the rod would have cost $465, or about twelve times its original price.

Using historical values of the CPI, the real price of bamboo fly rods for the period 1878 through 1985 have been calculated. Several sources were used for nominal prices of fly rods: Keane's Classic Rods and Rodmaking (1976); Melner and Kessler's Great Fishing Tackle Catalogs (1979); Schullery's American Fly Fishing (1987); and Roederer's The Compleat Angler's Catalog (1985). One of the difficulties with some entries listed in these sources is that no specific date is given. In such instances, the real price of the rod is calculated using the average CPI for that time. For example, catalogs reprinted in Melner and Kessler indicate that between 1883 and 1892 Orvis sold an 11-foot hexagonal fly rod for $20. To calculate the real price of this rod, the average of the CPI for the 1883-92 period is used.

The sample of fly rods above and the relevant details are found in Table 1. The first column of the table lists the years covered; the second column lists the manufacturer and the style of rod. Sometimes the style is actually a name such as the "Petite," which was produced by the Leonard company in 1894. Other times, the style only provides a description of the rod. The comparison of prices, nominal and real, are made in the third and fourth columns of the table. Again, the nominal price is the price in the year listed and the real price is what it would have cost in terms of 1982-84 prices.

Looking down the column of real...
prices, the classic rods of the past were priced lower than bamboo rods today. While the range of prices is wide, owing to the inability to hold quality constant, the evidence shows that one could have purchased a Leonard split-bamboo fly rod in the late 1800s for, in modern terms, $174 to $581. The $174 “Standard” models were 9 to 11 feet, 6 to 10 ounces, all three-piece rods with an extra tip. The relatively more expensive “Fairy” must have been worth the additional cost: three pieces, 8 1/2 feet, extra tip, and only 2 ounces.

While a detailed analysis of the prices for each rod is not the purpose of this article, the sample of rods reveals a perceptible pattern in pricing during the past century. Using the real prices in Table 1, an “average” real price was calculated for each decade. Keeping in mind that our sampling procedure does not account for changes in quality or manufacturer, the average should be viewed cautiously. With this caveat in mind, however, the averages and the range of real prices are reported in Table 2.

The most striking aspect of the figures in Table 2 is that the average real price declines over the sample. Of course, given the fact that our sample of rods undoubtedly becomes more egalitarian over time, such a decrease in the average may not be unexpected. What is interesting is the significant overlap in the real price ranges from the 1870s through the 1950s. This suggests that even with the curtailment of bamboo shipments from China and the subsequent rise in prices for raw materials, the average real price of bamboo rods did not rise appreciably during this 80-year span. A reasonable explanation for the lack of noticeable price rise is the advent of fiberglass and the mass marketing of fiberglass fly rods by companies, such as Shakespeare, after World War II. Because fiberglass rods and, later, rods made of graphite were viewed as substitutes for bamboo, the demand

### Table 1 continued

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<th>Model</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<td>7.6</td>
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<tr>
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<td>941</td>
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<td>675.00</td>
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<td>600.00</td>
<td>568</td>
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<td>125</td>
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<tr>
<td>Far and Fine</td>
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<td>Bamboo</td>
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<td>568</td>
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<td>Roberts</td>
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<td>Standard</td>
<td>600.00</td>
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<td>Sans Pareil</td>
<td>1,510.00</td>
<td>1,428</td>
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<td>Individualist</td>
<td>905.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Classic</td>
<td>635.00</td>
<td>601</td>
<td>1.6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winston</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trout, Light Trout</td>
<td>695.00</td>
<td>658</td>
<td>1.8</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. “Real price” is calculated as the nominal price divided by the Consumer Price Index (1982–84 = 100).
2. “Work weeks” is calculated as ratio of nominal price to average weekly earnings.
3. Price index used is average of 1883 through 1892.
4. Price index used is average of 1900 through 1910.
5. Price index used is average of 1945 through 1955.
6. Price index used is average of 1950 through 1955.
7. Price index used is average of 1951 through 1956.

For some entries, average of price range is used. These are denoted by a ~.
shift away from bamboo to these modern synthetic materials placed downward pressure on prices.

The shift of the market away from bamboo rods—Schweibert notes that bamboo rods account for less than two percent of total sales (1984, p. 1098)—may explain the steep rise in recent prices. For those who maintain that bamboo is really the only material from which fly rods should be made, the recent pricing shift reflects the luxury item nature of this small market segment. Note that even though the range for bamboo rods in 1984-85 was such that slightly more than $300 would have purchased a Fosters “Wisp,” the average had risen to over $800. If we use the Orvis rods listed for 1984-85 as representative samples, the average real price is still about $750, a price that is far above the highest price from the period before the War.

To get a better feel for the data in Table 2, the range and averages are plotted in Figure 1. Of most interest is the significant overlap of the real price ranges during the period up to 1960. Prior to that time the averages do not change dramatically, indicating that the real price was somewhat stable. The figure puts into stark contrast the average prices of the 1970s and 1980s. Not only are the average values quite high relative to previous means, as mentioned above, but note the lack of overlap with previous price ranges. This result suggests that the split-bamboo fly rod of today is, in comparable terms, much more expensive than its predecessors. But before that conclusion is made, it is instructive to measure the cost in another fashion.

### TABLE 2

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Decade</th>
<th>Real Price Average</th>
<th>Real Price Range</th>
<th>Weeks Worked Average</th>
<th>Weeks Worked Range</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1870</td>
<td>$498</td>
<td>$386-610</td>
<td>7.9</td>
<td>6.1-9.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1880</td>
<td>209</td>
<td>83-326</td>
<td>2.5</td>
<td>1.0-3.9</td>
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<td>1890</td>
<td>409</td>
<td>174-581</td>
<td>4.3</td>
<td>2.2-7.3</td>
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<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>235</td>
<td>85-592</td>
<td>2.4</td>
<td>0.8-5.7</td>
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<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>229</td>
<td>167-312</td>
<td>1.8</td>
<td>1.4-2.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1920</td>
<td>335</td>
<td>240-400</td>
<td>2.4</td>
<td>1.7-2.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1930</td>
<td>184</td>
<td>77-310</td>
<td>1.1</td>
<td>0.5-1.9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1940</td>
<td>216</td>
<td>104-312</td>
<td>0.9</td>
<td>0.4-1.3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1950</td>
<td>213</td>
<td>74-372</td>
<td>0.8</td>
<td>0.3-1.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1960</td>
<td>na</td>
<td>na</td>
<td>na</td>
<td>na</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1970</td>
<td>1.173</td>
<td>425-2,381</td>
<td>3.0</td>
<td>1.1-6.1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1980</td>
<td>833</td>
<td>331-2,838</td>
<td>2.3</td>
<td>0.9-7.6</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Source: Table 1. Na indicates not available.*

An Alternative Measure

The preceding discussion indicates that throughout most of the last century, the real price of bamboo fly rods was relatively stable. The data show that average real prices have increased sharply only during the past two decades or so. An alternative approach to measuring the changes in the cost of fly rods during the period since the last 1800s is to measure the cost in terms of work weeks. By dividing the nominal price of the rod by the relevant average weekly earning, a figure indicating the number of weeks the average worker had to work to afford the rod is obtained.

Based on the average annual earnings data available from various historical sources, the work weeks needed to purchase the various bamboo rods are given in the last column of Table 1. The entries for 1878 indicate that the average worker labored six to nine weeks solely to purchase either of the two Krider fly rods listed. A look down the column, however, suggests that these early figures may be somewhat out of line: this manufacturer (Krider) clearly produced relatively expensive equipment in its day.

These calculations, like the real prices discussed above, suffer from our inability to hold quality constant. Consequently, it may be useful to compare results across time for specific manufacturers. For example, the average number of work weeks necessary to purchase the 1894 Leonard entry in Table 1 is...
about five weeks. Calculating this average for the Leonard rods listed for 1984-85 lowers the figure to about two weeks. This decline in work weeks indicates that even though the average real price has increased sharply during the same period—from $392 in 1894 to $780 in 1984-85—average real earnings had risen faster. In other words, even though a Leonard rod cost more (in real terms) today than in 1894, one needs to work fewer hours to afford it. This suggests that bamboo fly rods today are more accessible to the average fly fisher than they were 100 years ago.

As with the real price information, the average number of work weeks needed to buy the fly rods for each decade of the sample is calculated (see Table 2). Like the averages based on real prices, these results show a decline in the average number of work weeks that were necessary to cover the cost of the bamboo fly rods listed. For instance, the average number of weeks needed in the 1980s is about the same or less than the number needed during the period prior to the 1930s. The pattern of weeks worked, plotted in Figure 2, shows a noticeable downward trend from the late 1800s through the 1950s. This pattern indicates that the average fly fisher worked fewer weeks to purchase one of the split-cane rods listed in Table 1 than during the previous 80-year period. This again reflects the rise in real purchasing power relative to the real prices of the fly rods listed.

The rise of the average cost during the post-war period again reflects the exclusive nature of bamboo rods as they are currently marketed. That is, the market for such rods is relatively segmented and specialized. Note, however, that the range of weeks worked during the 1970s and 1980s still overlaps that for all previous decades. Viewed in this manner, the minimum number of weeks necessary in the 1980s—0.9 weeks—also would have enabled the average worker to purchase one of the fly rods listed during the 1930-50 period. In other words, the cost of a split-cane bamboo fly rod has not become more expensive than earlier.

A Summary

The evidence clearly indicates that the average cost of quality bamboo fly rods, both in terms of their real price and of the number of work weeks needed to purchase them, fell from the late 1800s through the mid-1900s. Real prices showed a relatively slow downward drift during this period; work weeks evidence an even more noticeable downward trend. The latter result reflects the rise in real earnings during much of this period. After the 1950s, however, this pattern is broken. Average real prices and average work weeks both increase relative to the earlier trend.

The data also indicate that today one could work as few or fewer weeks to purchase a split-cane bamboo fly rod than any other time during our sample. Even though the real price of rods has risen, the average worker’s purchasing power has risen faster. This means that split-cane bamboo fly rods have not all become prohibitively more expensive in recent years relative to any time during the past century.

R.W. Hafer is a research economist with the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis. His professional research interests are in monetary economics and the workings of financial markets. His interest in the history of fly fishing has led him into a number of libraries and onto many of the Midwest’s trout streams. Hafer would like to thank Gerald Dwyer, Gail Heyne Hafer, and Paul Schullery for helpful comments and suggestions at various stages of his study of the relative cost of bamboo fly rods.
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 $1 per copy:
- Volume 5, Number 3
- Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4
- Volume 7, Numbers 3 and 4
- Volume 8, Numbers 2 and 3
- Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2, and 3
- Volume 10, Number 2
- Volume 11, Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4
- Volume 12, Number 1
- Volume 13, Number 3
- Volume 14, Numbers 1 and 2

The American Museum of Fly Fishing
Post Office Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254

Museum News

The sage tells us that "strenuousness is the immortal path." I don't know if we've reached the point here at the museum where we regularly tread on the "immortal path," but we have been working hard on a great many exciting projects and programs. Here's just a sampling:

Major Art Exhibition at Museum
June 9–August 7
We're very pleased and honored to report that AMFF hosted a major exhibition of the art of Peter Corbin, one of America's finest sporting/landscape artists, from June 9 to August 7, 1989.

Entitled "An Artist's Creek," this special exhibition featured on a broad range of Peter's exceptional paintings; from his (now) classic works such as "A Chance to Double" and "Last of the Day" to his most recent offerings like "A Cascapedia Morning" (the 1989 Atlantic Salmon Federation "Print of the Year"), and several other exciting new paintings created expressly for the exhibition at AMFF.

Peter Corbin was born in 1945 in northern New Jersey and raised, he tells us, in a house full of Labrador retrievers, fly rods, shotguns, and A.B. Frost prints. It was his father who introduced him to hunting, fly fishing, and, most significantly, painting at an early age.

Peter received a classical education in fine art at Wesleyan University from which he graduated with high honors in 1968. Although he now concentrates on painting, his early work was in sculpture and this influence can readily be seen in the unique structural composition of his paintings.

Peter described himself to us as a landscape painter who is simply fascinated with light, while also enjoying painting sporting portraits. "I try," he explained, "to paint more than just a record of sports like fly fishing and upland hunting. I try to portray my feelings about them, the time of day, the light, the mood of being there."

Peter's long list of credits include permanent collections at The National Art Museum of Sport, The Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum, and commissioned drawings for the White House under President Carter.

Museum members and special friends attended a preview of "An Artist's Creek," preceding the exhibit opening.

Additionally, a gorgeous four-color poster and catalogue have been published with the aid of a generous grant to commemorate this one-of-a-kind event. Both poster and catalogue can be obtained by calling or writing us here at the museum.

Museum to Publish Reel Catalog
Good things are coming to those who wait. Now, after some four long years of waiting, museum members and friends will soon have an opportunity to peruse Jim Brown's masterfully researched and written A Treasury of Reels. As many of you already know, Jim wrote and published Fishing Reel Patents of the United States 1838-1940, a sublime little gem that is still in great demand, though long out of print. One of our foremost authorities on reels, Jim is a professional librarian who lives in Connecticut.

If all goes well during our final production phase this summer, Jim's Treasury should be released by late fall or early winter, hopefully in time for the Christmas season. Format? We're considering a hardcover trade edition that will contain a "new" and comprehensive view of the history and evolution of the fly reel, catalog-type listings of the hundreds of reels in the museum's large collections, over 200 black-and-white photos, introduction, and index.

Several of us here at the museum have had the opportunity to read Jim's manuscript over the winter, and we all reached the same consensus upon finishing the book; A Treasury of Reels should become our standard text on historic reels. Moreover, we felt Jim's book

TAFF SUMMER 1989 23
The Museum Giftshop

Our popular Museum t-shirts are made of 100% pre-shrunk cotton in the USA. Specify color (navy blue or cream), and size (S, M, L, XL). $10.00 each, plus $1.50 postage and handling.

Our pewter Museum pin measures one inch high by one-half inch wide and features our now-famous logo in silver on an olive-green background. $5.00 each, plus $1.00 postage and handling.

Please make all checks and money orders payable to: The American Museum of Fly Fishing, and send to: AMFF, PO Box 42, Manchester, VT 05254. MasterCard, Visa, and American Express accepted. Call 802-362-3300.

On the Road with AMFF

Minneapolis, Southwest Harbor, Maine; Denver, Seattle, San Mateo, California; Cullowee, North Carolina; San Francisco: we’ve presented exhibits featuring components from our large, varied (and growing) collections in each of these communities since February of this year. Is AMFF just a depository for old rods and reels? Hardly! We’re a living, breathing educational institution, a MUSEUM in the very best sense of the word. Ours is a museum “on the move.”

Minneapolis: Anglers All, our major national traveling exhibit was installed at the Bell Museum of Natural History by that institution’s exhibits staff and AMFF Executive Director Don Johnson in February, following the exhibit’s highly successful showing at The Denver Museum of Natural History. Held concurrently with Anglers All was a two-day program entitled “A Minnesota Symposium, Fish and the Angler,” presented by the Bell Museum and River Heritage, a nonprofit organization dedicated to understanding and preserving Minnesota’s rivers and streams. Our Anglers All showing at the Bell Museum of Natural History closed in June. Three other museums in Texas, Michigan, and Wyoming have expressed an interest in hosting Anglers All in 1990. But in the interim, we’ll be welcoming the exhibit home for a few months in order to rotate some of the exhibit components, complete a new inventory and insurance listing, and identify any objects that might need to be conserved.

Seattle, Denver, San Mateo: Our staff was able to mount three exhibits at the ever-popular Ed Rice International Sportsmen’s Expositions in Seattle, Denver, and San Mateo this past February and March. AMFF’s participation in these “expos” was made possible through the kindness and generosity of Mr. Ed Rice, President, and Madonna Johnson, Vice President, Ed Rice International Sportsmen’s Expositions of Vancouver, Washington. AMFF presented a fairly large exhibit composed of some 20 three-dimensional framings from our famous William B. Cushman Collection as well as a case devoted to writer/ishermon Zane Grey. Our exhibit was ably staffed by museum volunteers Eric Ruud (Seattle and San Mateo) and Rick Stephanie (Denver). Additional support was provided by Ted Niemeyer in Seattle, Dr. Gerry Stein in Denver, and AMFF trustee Forrest Straight in San Mateo.

Southwest Harbor, Maine: If you’re traveling in Maine this summer you’ll want to catch The Wendell Gilley Museum’s delightful exhibit, “Doctors, Ghosts and Nymphs: The Arts of Fly Fishing.” This special exhibit and program is being presented by the Wendell Gilley Museum’s hardworking Executive Director, Nina Gromley and her tal-
tented staff in cooperation with AMFF. Look for all manner of fascinating components from AMFF and other museums, including flies, woodcarving, paintings, prints, and ephemera. Fly fishing lectures (including an offering by AMFF Trustee David Ledlie) and demonstrations will also be featured throughout the summer months. The exhibit will run through October 1989.

Cullowhee, North Carolina: The Mountain Heritage Center at Western Carolina University in Cullowhee, NC, has prepared a popular new exhibit and multi-image slide-tape program entitled “Mountain Trout,” in cooperation with AMFF and several conservation groups. The exhibition is a chronological history of trout and fishing in western North Carolina, and includes a full-size log cabin, classic cane rods, and a generous sampling of period flies. “Mountain Trout” will remain open to the public until late October, 1989.

San Francisco: When one thinks of fly fishing one thinks of trout, water, and insects! We’ve recently sent six of our Cushner Collection framings featuring mayfly, caddis, terrestrial, and stonefly imitations to The Insect Zoo at The San Francisco Zoological Society in San Francisco! These lovely framings will be on display throughout the summer months at this one-of-a-kind institution.

A Museum Wish List
1. An IBM computer (or any comparable model) and printer.
2. Two IBM “Selectric” typewriters
3. A standard freight scale

Museum to Release Limited Edition Art Print
Some years ago, The American Museum of Fly Fishing released a remarkable limited edition art print for fund-raising purposes entitled “Lyme Brook Pool, Battenkill River.” The artist: None other than the legendary Ogden Pleissner, N.A. Although this was our first, and to this date, only print release, a standard of excellence had definitely been set, and when we first started thinking about publishing another print this past year it was clear that we’d have to do something quite exceptional if we were to meet the past on equal terms. And so we have.

Our next limited edition print, due to be released this fall (in time for the Christmas season), will be created by John Swan, a brilliant artist who hails from Portland, Maine. Interestingly enough, John has been influenced to some extent by the work of Pleissner. Still, if one looks closely at John’s paintings, one quickly notices something quite individual and exciting about his style.

John graduated from the University of New Hampshire with a degree in fine art. His roots, however, are buried deep in the soil of Maine, particularly the wild and historic Rangeley Lakes area, where his family has maintained fishing and hunting camps since the early days of this century. It’s the “Rangeley connection” that has provided John with the locus and the inspiration for works like “Marsh Hunters,” which won him the prestigious title of Ducks Unlimited “Artist of the Year” in 1987.

We’re more than pleased that our print will be published through the generosity of Malcolm MacKenzie, a longtime museum supporter and owner of Finlay Brothers Printing Company, a major firm located in Bloomfield, Ct. The subject? Members of our Publications Committee were in agreement with John on his choice of a river to paint: the Kennebago, a noted trout and landlocked salmon river in northern Maine, and one of his favorite streams. John was introduced to the Kennebago back in the early 1950s. He has fished the river for almost four decades, and over the years he has gained an intimate knowledge of the river’s moods. He considers it a magical and inspirational place. We thought it would be an appropriate choice as the initial release in what we hope will be a whole series of prints that will depict rivers, lakes, people, as well as famous rods, reels and other equipment which figure prominently in the history of American fly fishing. Museum members will be notified of the print’s release here in The American Fly Fisher, and through a special mailing this coming fall.

Our Museum Trustees
In our last issue we introduced you to our museum staff. In this issue we’d like you to meet our trustees. As one might expect, this is a talented, energetic—and incredibly diverse—group of individuals drawn together from across the country by their love of fly fishing and their interest in preserving our sport’s rich and multi-dimensional heritage.

Foster Bam, a Yale College & Law School graduate, was Assistant U.S. District Attorney in New York City before becoming a founding partner of the firm now called Kramer, Levin, Nessen, Kamin & Frankel; today he is a partner in Cummings & Lockwood in Connecticut. He is on the boards of several public corporations and mutual funds, and is Chairman of the Ocean Society Board and Trustee of the Bermuda Biological Station for Research.

William M. Barrett graduated from Georgetown University in 1946 and spent the next 40 years with the Mead Corporation before retiring in 1986. He’s now doing consulting work on the sales and marketing of wood pulp. Involvement in the raw material aspect of the pulp and paper industry inevitably led to fly fishing, specifically for bonelash, tarpon and Atlantic salmon with, he says, mixed degrees of success. Bill is married to Ellen Vera, a former member of the Norwegian national ski team. They divide their time between Florida and Vermont.

Paul Bofinger of Concord, New Hampshire, is an officer of several private conservation groups. Land, river, and lakeshore preservation are his primary vocational interests. Northern New England’s trout and salmon, antique tackle, plus a 30-year fascination with Maine’s Parmachenee Lake’s history—and proper spelling—led him to The American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Lewis M. Borden, III grew up in New York City where his father’s family on Long Island introduced him to the joys of fly fishing in New York, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. The post-college years brought the wonders of family, the toil of Wall Street, and an increasing interest in piscatorial pursuits. Lewis moved his immediate family to Denver, Colorado, in the early 1970s and his business pursuits since have been far-ranging. Lewis and his two boys share a keen interest in western fly fishing, and have fished from Alaska to Mexico.

Robert Buckmaster was born in Dunkerton, Iowa. He received his B.A. from Iowa State Teachers College and his J.D. from the University of Iowa Law School. He also holds an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree.
from Wartburg College. A practicing attorney from 1938 to 1969, Bob is presently Chairman of the Board of Black Hawk Broadcast Company, of KTIV TV, and of the Minnesota-Iowa Television Company. He also owns and operates a large Iowa farm. A member of a great many corporate and volunteer boards (including many conservation groups), Bob has nevertheless found time to fish in Canada, Iceland, Norway, Chile, New Zealand, and across the U.S.

Roy D. Chapin, Jr. Nearly 50 of Roy's 73 years have been spent in and around the automobile business—first with Hudson, starting as a test driver, and finally with American Motors as Chairman and CEO. A graduate of Yale University and a noted conservationist, he has served as an officer and National Director for Trout Unlimited, Director, Nature Conservancy (Michigan); President, Ruffed Grouse Society; and Director, World Wildlife Fund. He is currently President of The Fontinalis Trout Club. In addition to his lifelong interest in angling and hunting, Roy enjoys raising Labs and English Setters, and collecting angling books and prints.

Charles R. Eichel holds an A.B. from Williams College and an LL.B from New York University. He has practiced law in New York, Florida, and, for the past 15 years, in Vermont. He is listed in Who's Who in American Law. Charles served on the Metropolitan Council of American Youth Hostels in New York for 15 years, and on the Board of Governors of the Boy's Athletic League of New York for 25 years. A lifelong skier and fly fisherman, Charles has been a member of the National Ski Patrol System for 29 years. Although he has fished in Alaska, Florida, Chile, and Spain, his favorite stream remains the Battenkill of Vermont.

G. Dick Finlay has been a Manchester, Vermont, resident since 1946. He is a graduate of Williams College, 1943, was a member of the 10th Mountain Division during World War II, and worked with Orvis from 1947-1957, and 1961-1971, helping to establish the Orvis Fishing School in 1966. He was a founding trustee of AMFF in 1968. He is currently a Contributing Editor for Rod & Reel and Fly-Fishing Dealer, and an instructor for the Orvis Fishing School during summers, and a Bromley Ski School supervisor in winter.

W. Michael Fitzgerald of Westford, Pennsylvania, admits that growing up in central Ohio, obtaining two degrees from Ohio State University, and then serving three years in the U.S. Public Health Service was not the ideal education for a fly fisherman. After founding Frontiers, a leading outdoor travel company, 20 years ago, he has made up for lost time by fly fishing on five continents and many adjacent islands. Mike's wife Susie, and children Mollie and Mike, share his love of fly fishing.

Arthur T. Frey, born in Switzerland and a graduate of the famed Swiss Hotel School, has been associated with hotel business for over 35 years. He is presently General Manager of the Burlington Country Club, in Cobleskill, New York. A senior editor of FFF, and a member of California Trout, he is a collector/frame of piscatorial art with his first exhibition at Coyote Point Museum for Environmental Education in San Mateo. A past AMFF president, he initiated the San Francisco dinner/auction, and the first showing of "Anglers All," also in San Francisco.

Gardner L. Grant has been an avid fly fisherman since his New England boyhood and is a concerned environmentalist. Formerly Chairman of the New York State Council on Environmental Conservation (under three governors), he is currently on the boards of Trout Unlimited, Atlantic Salmon Federation, Hudson River Improvement Fund, and Hudson River Foundation for Science and Environmental Research. A graduate of Yale and Harvard Business School, he lives in Purchase, New York, with his wife Ellen.

William F. Herrick, B.A. Ottawa University, M.A. Michigan State University, is a member of The Anglers' Club of New York, Trout Unlimited, and the Midtown Trout, Yachting, and Polo Association. He was a founding director of Theodore Gordon Flyfishers. His books of poetry include Theodore Gordon Garland, Carving Myself, and, soon to be released, In the Vicinity of Rivers. He founded a major New York ad agency, where he served as motion picture writer-producer, and is now a professional sculptor, with works in numerous private collections. He works out of "Pierre's Gate," an art gallery and workshop in Manchester, Vermont.

Curt Hill is the President of Hill Design Group (creators of AMFF's "Fish & Fly" Philadelphia Anglers All poster), an advertising and design firm located in Philadelphia. A graduate of Syracuse University, Curt is a board member and past president of the Anglers' Club of Philadelphia, and a member of the Atlantic Salmon Federation and Ducks Unlimited. He has fished extensively in the U.S. and on three continents for both fresh and salt water species. Curt is also the chairman of AMFF's Philadelphia dinner/auction committee.

Dr. Arthur W. Kaemmer of St. Paul, Minnesota, was educated at Carleton College (B.A.) and the Marquette School of Medicine (M.D.). Arthur is a fellow of the American Academy of Pediatrics, and a member of the Minnesota Advisory Committee, National Medical Fellowships. He is presently on the attending staff of three hospitals in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area, and also serves as a Clinical Associate Professor of Family Practice & Community Health, and Clinical Assistant Professor at the University of Minnesota. A physician/outdoorsman, the loves of his life are his family, his dogs, and hunting and fishing.

Robert J. Kahn is a native Philadelphian and retired independent real estate executive who served as a Lt. Commander for five years in the USNR during World War II. He is past president of the Philadelphia Anglers' Club and a present Board member, member of The Anglers' Club of New York, Chairman of the Board and former President of AMFF. He is a member of the Brodhead Forest and Stream Association. A fly fisher for over 25 years, he has traveled to Iceland, England, Norway, Argentina, New Zealand, Canada, Ireland, and Mexico. He is newly married to his wife Jean.

Mel Kreiger, owner of Club Pacific, has been a fisherman since his teens, when he first fished for bass in Texas and Louisiana. Mel has taught fly-casting and flyfishing for over 16 years and presently heads the Mel Kreiger School of Flyfishing. He has taught in Europe, Asia, South America, Australia, New Zealand, the U.S., and Canada. His widely acclaimed book and videotape, titled The Essence of Fly Casting, has been used as a curriculum for casting schools all over the world. Mel and his wife Fanny live in San Francisco.

Richard Kress was educated at Rutgers University and is a lifelong hunter and fisherman. He is a past president of the Manchester chapter Trout Unlimited and New Jersey chapter Ducks Unlimited. He was
awarded TU's Fly Fisherman of the Year Award, 1979; D.U. Conservation Award, 1977. Associated with AMFF since 1974, he has been a trustee for six years, is head of the museum's House Committee, and active in the museum's New York and Manhattan direction committees. He presently resides in New Jersey.

David B. Ledlie of Buckfield, Maine, holds a B.A. in chemistry from Middlebury College and a Ph.D. from M.I.T. in organic chemistry. He is currently the Chairman of the Department of Chemistry at Bates College. David has been one of the museum's stalwarts for two decades, serving as a volunteer, Museum Registrar (1975-76), Editor of The American Fly Fisher, and Trustee. He has published numerous articles in academic journals, but is best known by flyfishers for his writing in The American Fly Fisher and Fly Tyer magazine.

Nick Lyons, of New York and a former Professor of English at Hunter College, is now President of Lyndon & Burbard, a publishing firm in New York City that specializes in fly-fishing titles. He is the author of five books on fly fishing, including the recently published Confessions of a Fly Fishing Addict (Simon & Schuster), and for 15 years has written the "Seasonable Angler" column for Fly Fisherman magazine.

Ian McKay, was born in Inverness, Scotland, and came to the United States in 1949. He is a graduate of Rutgers University. His professional activities include 15 years in the banking community in New York. An active conservationist and fly fisher, Ian is Vice President of the Upper Raritan Watershed Association, President of The Anglers' Club of New York, President of Raritan Associates, and a member of The Flyfisher's of London, Broadhead Fly Fishers, the Parkside Angling Association, Trout Unlimited, and the Atlantic Salmon Federation. Ian has fished for trout and salmon in Scotland, Norway, Spain, Iceland, Canada, and across the U.S.

Robert L. Mitchell retired in 1986 as Vice Chairman of the Celanese Corporation, where he worked for 39 years. He was born in Texas, attended Texas A & I College and M.I.T., and received an S.M. degree from the latter in 1947. He now serves on numerous boards including the Nature Conservancy and American Petroleum Institute, and divides his time between homes in Connecticut, Vermont, and Wyoming.

E. Wayne Nordberg of New York is presently Senior Portfolio Manager and member of the Investment Strategy Committee of Lord, Abbott & Company. A graduate of Lafayette College, he is a member of the Financial Analysts Federation, the New York Society of Security Analysts, and a Trustee of Lafayette College. A dedicated hunter and fisherman for most of his life, Wayne is a member of The Anglers' Club of New York, the Broadhead Flyfishers of a number of conservation groups including The Nature Conservancy and The Ruffed Grouse Society.

Romi Perkins was born in Cleveland and grew up in Chagrin Falls, Ohio. She had a deprived childhood, neither hunting nor fly fishing until she married Leigh Perkins. Romi was educated at the University of Cincinnati and at Goddard College. As Lady Ovis she frequently finds herself fishing in Patagonia, surrounded by sharks fishing the flats off Christmas Island, or shooting jungle cock in India. Her exploits, injuries and explanations in field and on the Fly Fisherman of Colorado Ski Hall of Fame, 1988.

Miles Pollard, a native of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has fished for salmon on the Caron and Spey Rivers in Scotland and for trout on the Test River in England. He and his wife Mary also enjoy fly fishing near their summer homes in North Carolina and New Mexico. Miles recently returned from a bonefishing trip to the Cayman Islands. He and his wife travel to Barbados to see their annual trips to Scotland and England for grouseshooting. Miles currently serves on several corporate and volunteer boards.

Susan Alexander Popkin received her B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Pennsylvania. After several years as the curator of a private art collection, she became guest curator for the Philadelphia Maritime Museum's exhibition on the history of fishing in the region. She is presently a freelance curatorial consultant and writer. She and her husband Ivan are avid fly fishermen and the parents of three grown daughters.

Nathaniel P. Reed is President of Hobie Sound Company and served under the Presidents of the United States on environmental problems. He was Assistant Secretary of the Interior for Fish, Wildlife and Parks for six years under Presidents Nixon and Ford. An ardent hunter and fisherman, he recently completed service on the boards of the Nature Conservancy, National Audubon Society, and South Florida Water Management District. He currently serves as a board member of the National Geographic Society, and Natural Resources Defense Counsel.

Keith C. Russell is a fly fisherman, waterfowl, conservationist, and investment banker. He is author/editor for Dairy-pool Press Books. He authored The Fly Fishingest Gentleman, For Whom the Duck Tolls, and The Duck Huntingest Gentleman. He is Director of the Executive Committee and Chairman, National Banknotes, Trout Unlimited; a member of FF, ASF, TGF, The Anglers' Club of New York, Flyfishers' Club; has fly fished all over the world; and is an amadromous fish aficionado. He resides in Chagrin Falls, Ohio.

Dr. Ivan Schloff received his B.A. from the University of Minnesota and his M.D. degree.
from the Medical School of the University of Bologna, Italy. He is past Chief of Orthopaedic Surgery at the United Hospitals of St. Paul, Minnesota, past Chief of Surgery, Children's Hospital, St. Paul, and Past Instructor in Orthopaedic Surgery, St. Catherine's College, St. Paul. He is presently Medical Director, and a member of the Board of Directors, of Diversified Medical Resources in Minneapolis. A long-time fly fisherman, he has also served on Trout Unlimited's Executive Committee.


Ernest Schwiebert has traveled over most of the fly-fishing world pursuing and recording both fish and fly hatches of the sport he has enjoyed since his youth. His first book, Matching The Hatch, was published in 1955, and is considered a modern classic. Other books include Salmon of the World, Trout Remembrances of Rivers Past, Nymphe, and Death Of A Riverkeeper. Ernest is a licensed architect and urban planner with degrees from Ohio State and Princeton, where he completed his doctorate in 1966. He currently lives in Princeton, New Jersey.

Frederic A. Sharf is a lifelong Bostonian and was educated at Phillips Andover, Harvard (Magna Cum Laude, Phi Beta Kappa), and Harvard Graduate School. He is President of Sharf Marketing Group, established in 1892. He is a trustee of Archives of American Art, Beth Israel Hospital of Boston, Boston University, Essex Institute of Salem, and Winsor School of Boston. He is an avid collector/scholar of 19th-century Boston artists, 19th-century American folk art, and 19th-century Japanese Meiji woodblock prints.

Stephen Sloan is a real estate executive, Marine Development. Educated at Washington and Lee University, he is President of Sloan Marine Corp., Stephen Sloan Marine Corporation, and Chairman, Sloan Marine Associates. He is Chairman of the Board of B.O.A.T.S. New York Yachting Association; Chairman and Historian, Masters Angling Tournament; and Director, National Coalition for Marine Conservation, American League of Anglers, and Fire Island Lighthouse Preservation Society, as well as a member of many other boards and preservation/conervation groups. Steve currently holds 19 International Game Fish Association records.

Wallace J. Stenson, Jr. of Chicago was educated at Yale University and the Law School of the University of Chicago. He is presently the Chairman and Chief Executive Officer of the SWS Group, which manages investment funds. Wallace is an enthusiastic ocean racing yachtsman, and from 1973 to 1975 was the World Ocean Racing Champion. Although he took up fishing late in life, Wallace has managed to fish in Argentina, New Zealand, Ireland, England, Central America, Canada, Mexico, and the United States. Wallace is an advisor to the U.S. Naval Academy on sailing, and he also serves on the boards of many local charities in Chicago.

Arthur O. Stern is Vice President-Legal of The Colonial Group, Inc. and investment adviser to The Colonial Group of Mutual Funds. He is a graduate of Cornell University and Program for Management Development at Harvard Business School, and Boston College Law School. Arthur lives in a Victorian town house in the South End of Boston, and pilots his own Beechcraft Baron to fly fishing and to travel for business and pleasure. He is a member of AMFF's Boston dinner/auction committee.

Dr. Ralf Stinson graduated from the University of Georgia with a B.S. in 1941. During World War II he served in the U.S. Army Air Corps. He graduated from Stanford University School in 1951 before going on to his internship and residency at the Philadelphia General Hospital and University of Pennsylvania. During his long and distinguished career, Dr. Stinson has worked at the San Mateo Medical Clinic (1954-1978), was an Assistant Clinical Professor at the University of California Medical School, and a missionary doctor in West Africa. A widely traveled fly fisherman, he presently operates ranches in California and Idaho.

Forrest Straight is a partner and co-owner of Blazer Construction Company, Palo Alto, California. Born and raised in the San Francisco Bay area, he discovered fly fishing when he found an E.C. Powell rod in the trunk of a used car. From that day forward he has been an avid fly fisherman, casting his line into the waters of three continents. He lives with his wife Cheryl, and daughers Shelly, in Cupertino, California, where he continues to pursue his lifelong ambition: a fish from every shore.

James S. Taylor of Santa Barbara, California, is President of American Capital Management Corporation. Jim's other interests include golf, tennis, and fly fishing. He is a National Director of Trout Unlimited, a Trustee of the University of California at Santa Barbara Foundation, and a Director of the Santa Barbara Zoo and the Santa Barbara Zoological Society. Additionally, he is responsible for the development of trout habitat at the Santa Barbara Zoo. An active conservationist, Jim also owns a major collection of fly fishing equipment and memorabilia.

Ralph J. Tingle is a native of Los Angeles, California, with a long-time ranching background in California and northern Colorado. He attended the University of Colorado, USC, and UCLA. The former President and Chairman of the Board of Bell Petroleum Company of Los Angeles, he is now a small rancher who enjoys fishing, hunting, riding, and skiing.

James W. Van Loan is a native Oregonian, served in the U.S. Army 1954-57, and is a graduate of Oregon State University. Previously employed by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, he purchased Steamboat Inn on the North Umpqua in 1975. He is presently involved in politics since 1966, was appointed to Oregon's Fish and Wildlife Commission in 1987, and has fished many of the world's great rivers. His wife Sharon is President of the corporation that owns Steamboat Inn, a world-class chef, and author of the recently published Thyme and the River: Recipes from Oregon's Steamboat Inn.

Samuel D. Van Ness was born and raised in Texas. He graduated with a B.B.A. from the University of Notre Dame where he played varsity football and was a four-year boxing champion. In 1968, Sam attended the USC Marine Officer Candidate School. He later served as an Infantry Commander in Vietnam where he was awarded four personal decorations for valor and nine additional Presidential and Meritorious Unit citations. In 1970, Sam moved to San Francisco where he is presently the owner of a successful printing firm. Sam, his wife Suzanne, son Jeff, and twin girls Kristin and Carolyn currently reside in Atherton, California.

Dickson L. Whitney of Butternut Farm, Newbury, Ohio, received a B.A. from Williams College in 1949 and an M.B.A. from Harvard University in 1951. He is Chairman/CEO of McMan-Rohco, Inc. and a Director of Hanson, Inc., the Orvis Company, Cedar Fair L.P., University Hospital, Geauga Hospital, Cleveland Zoo, Natural History Museum, and AMFF. He is an avid hunter and fisherman.

Earl S. Worsham is a real estate investor-developer. His projects include the Hyatt Regency, Key West Marriott, Hotel, Little Rock; Hilton, Ft. Wayne; and the first real estate joint venture in the USSR, with a division of the Moscow City Council. He is Chairman of the International Golf Unlimited; Board member, Atlantic Salmon Federation; and active in civic affairs in Atlanta, Georgia. He is listed in Marquis' Who's Who in the World.

Ed Zern was born in West Virginia. He graduated from Penn State in 1932 and spent the next 33 years working as a writer and executive for several major advertising agencies. Ed conceived of and directed the conservation awards program for American Motors in 1953, and directs a similar program for Chevron Oil Corporation. He is a Director of The Atlantic Salmon Federation, Canada, and the Catskill Fly Fishing Center. One of our most beloved authors, Ed is Editor-at-Large for Field & Stream magazine, and the author of six classic books of humor.
Atlantic Salmon

The iron song is brief—
An English ballad—from one voice
Acting for another,
Done on the vicar's wheel;
A he or she
Carried out and back. But you're
Not alone. I can feel your tension
Pulse with me along the length of this ebbing
In the bamboo; a nearly useless
But pretty stick shimmering in the sun
And storm the struggles bent in a one-sided
Rainbow above the river. Two or more
Arm in arm, might go under it
Without a splash. But only one:
An Atlantic Salmon—
Too young to be taken legally.

On a sick-bed mounted it now seems
To lay, framed and dripping—
And still as a leaf. But then
Rising just above the water it uses, suddenly shakes
The silver splendor of its youth at me.

Parr markings reflect a costly flank
Dotted with reddish-brown,
Those berries of innocence
I look at up and down, seem almost ripe
In my hand. Soon to be lost growing up
Against the shifting rigors,
In the rough carry-all of some far-off sea
It may reach. And maturity
Having enough out there, will try the path back home.

Here, the clock pounding on the shore,
Winged fins open and shut, and in the eye
A nearly blank oval not letting on
An urgency; stores the resolve elsewhere,
That for other births
It is born to go uphill.

Now squirming in its spots near me
A yearling needing a field
Of cover, counting down, needing
To bound away from the briars.

And before the varnish has dried,
And it's too late for freedom—
I crouch down with still hands.
That open to one last look
Giving way to the vast imperative
Of life. Needing to watch
The silver riches slide from the net's
Burning web. Slip back breathing,
Going beyond to an uncrossable border
Where it had begun, taking larger steps
That it, like any in the land of hope may look
For a longer run.

—Charles Barnes

Illustration: “The Pool” from Theophilia South’s The Fly Fisher’s Text Book,
(R. Ackerman, London, 1841).