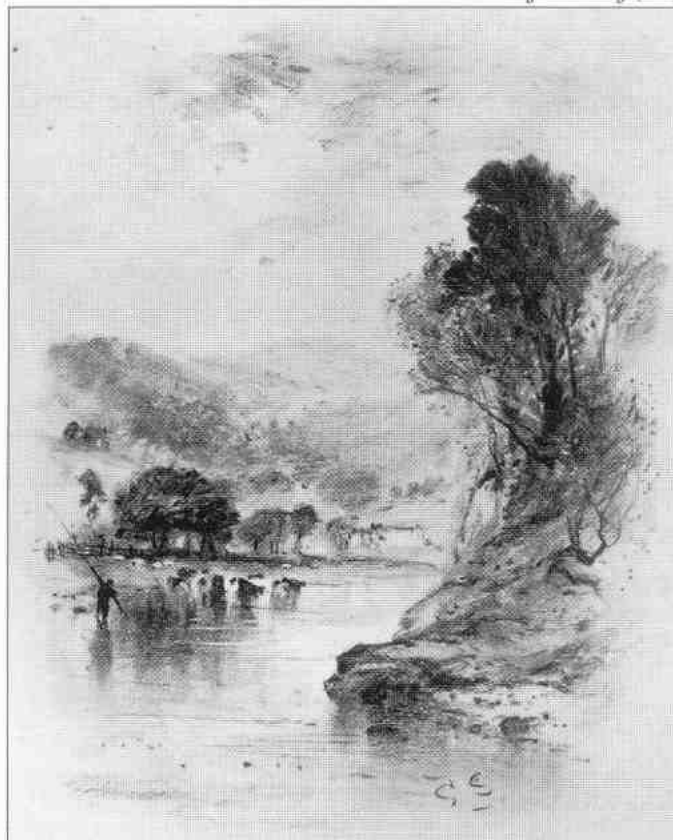


The American Fly Fisher

SPRING 1994 VOLUME 20 NUMBER 2



Books, Poetry, and An Esquire

THIS IS AN EXCITING ISSUE we've put together, rich, it seems, with people and books, fine writing and poetry, old photographs and sketches. It will arrive during the heady rush to enjoy spring's divine gifts.

We are most pleased in this issue of *The American Fly Fisher* to introduce our readers to member Warren Miller, who is writing a biography of the colorful publishing and sporting figure Arnold Gingrich. Gingrich, as most of you know, happened to be one of the Museum's early supporters and first presidents. This biography affords us a fascinating window into the work and psyche of a very intriguing man—I predict you will not be able to put the magazine down as you spend a busy morning, circa 1968, with America's Esquire.

Old friend (and fine rodmaker from Maine) Dave Klausmeyer brings us up to date on recent publications with a look at rod books for fly rod lovers and collectors. The literature, he shows, is trying to keep pace with the interest in

studying and collecting older tackle.

In his poem "Why Should Not Old Men Be Mad?" the great Irish poet W. B. Yeats wrote, "Some have known a likely lad/ That had a sound fly-fisher's wrist/ Turn to a drunken journalist." Sounds as if he knew what he was talking about (the wrist, not the drunken journalist). Erudite member Gordon Wickstrom chronicles for us Yeats's familiarity with our sport. The knowledge that Yeats fly fished will now inform my reading of his poetry.

If you think about nineteenth-century America and the spread of sporting knowledge, you might just wonder how western folk learned the fancy art of casting. In this issue Warren Vander Hill and David Wheeler look at how people learned to cast, especially in the remote areas of the western wilderness. The image of rough frontier settlers, soldiers, cowpokes, and landed gentry flailing their rods and hooking bushes just as we all did when we learned to handle a fly rod is, well, endearing.

And as a note and apology, in the conversion of the final proofs of our Winter issue of *The American Fly Fisher* to the printed magazine, a naughty computer gremlin came in and mischievously swiped some type. The headline "Trustees" was dropped from the masthead, and later on page 26 the name of the object generously donated by trustees Earl Worsham, Gardner Grant, and Jim Taylor—a Billingshurst reel, 93.32.1—was inadvertently eliminated from the list of 1993 donations to the collection. Luckily our trustees are of a nature that they don't get too whipped up about a computer malfunction. We'll seek to rein in the little devil who's trying to get us in trouble next time.

We are excited by your recent research and contributions to *The American Fly Fisher*, both of which further the body of knowledge about this sport. Please contact me with your ideas and thoughts. We love to hear from you.

MARGOT PAGE
EDITOR



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING

*Preserving a Rich Heritage
for Future Generations*

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The American Fly Fisher

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SPRING 1994

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ON THE COVER: *Arnold Gingrich was a publishing and sports icon, well known in the middle of this century. He also happened to be one of the Museum's ardent supporters and an early president. In this Spring issue, biographer Warren Miller gives us an inside look at a most interesting writer, fly fisher, and the founding editor of Esquire magazine. Photograph courtesy of the Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan.*

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A Morning in the Life of America's *Esquire*

by Warren D. Miller

ARNOLD GINGRICH was one of the Museum's first presidents (1974-1976). His literary renown as the editor of *Esquire* magazine and his sporting allure lent this fledgling museum the credibility and exposure it needed. Gingrich's biographer, member Warren Miller, has pieced together a partial mosaic of this private and fascinating man's life by juxtaposing biography with excerpts from Gingrich's own writing. We are pleased to be the first to publish adapted material from Miller's work-in-progress, *America's Esquire: The Life and Times of Arnold Gingrich*.

EDITOR

IN THE MIDDLE THIRD of this century three editors dominated American magazine journalism: Henry Luce of *Time*, Harold Ross of *The New Yorker*, and Arnold Gingrich of *Esquire*. Of the three, Gingrich was arguably the best editor and had the greatest cultural influence, yet until now biographers have overlooked him. Like Luce, Gingrich was visionary and concerned about the direction of American culture. Like Ross, he knew and loved classical literature. Unlike either, he was a graceful and unobtrusive editor, secure in himself. "He edits best who edits least" was his statement on the art of editing.

Esquire, with which his name was synonymous, was the first for-men-only magazine in the United States. The magazine's maiden issue came out at the then-unheard-of price of fifty cents not

long after Roosevelt closed the banks in 1933, yet it was an immediate commercial hit. Later, *Esquire*, Inc., became one of the first media conglomerates to go public.

Gingrich's career was extraordinary. During his tenure with *Esquire* he edited the work of fifteen Nobel Prize laureates and fifty Pulitzer Prize winners. From Hemingway in the magazine's October 1933 launch through contributors such as Updike, Bellow, and Tom Wolfe in the 1970s, the magazine was a consistent reservoir of some of the best writing in America. Gingrich's columns and articles appeared in over 400 issues of *Esquire* until his death on July 9, 1976. His old friend and angling companion, Charles Ritz, died four days later.

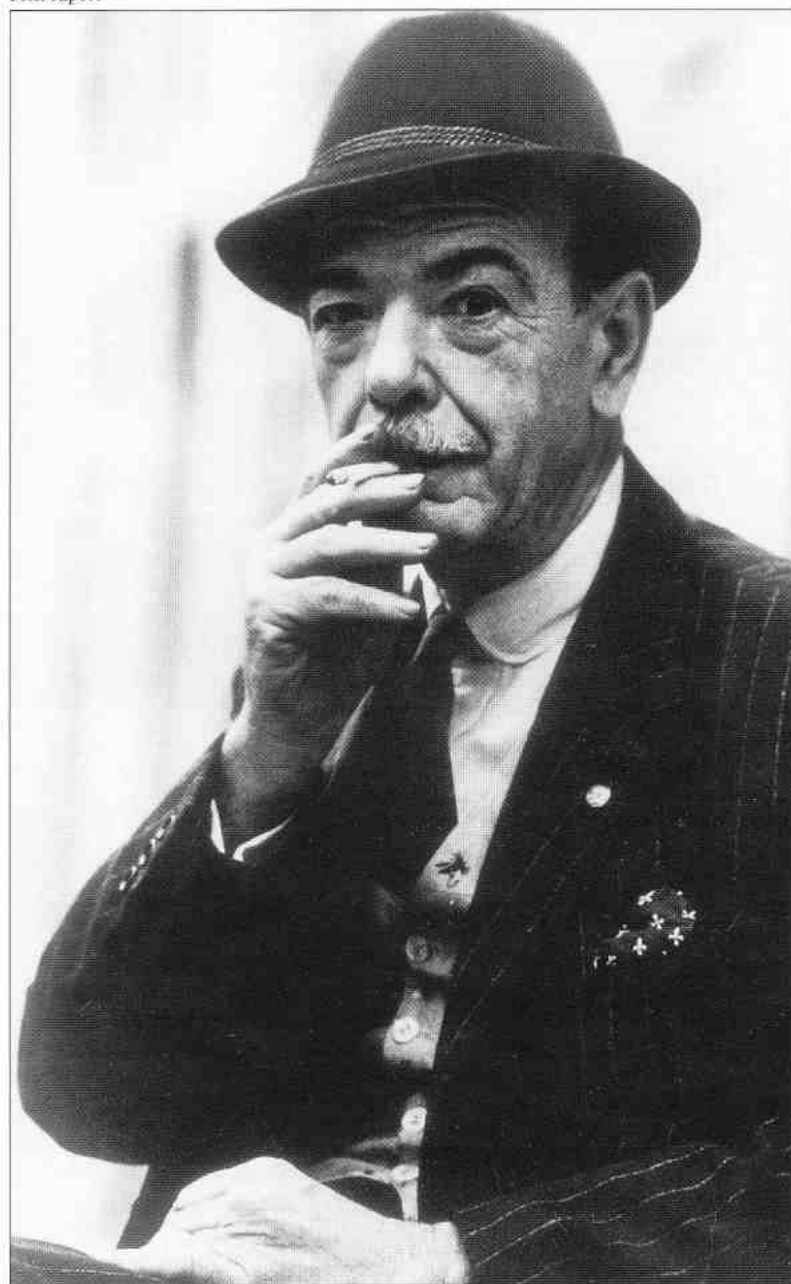
Like legendary editor Max Perkins, Gingrich understood writers. He felt the isolation our art imposes. He was kind, generous, compassionate, and resourceful, but he was no patsy. One example: He had made a sizeable advance to Scott Fitzgerald, in return for which Fitzgerald had done nothing, and done it for months. Anxious to get something, anything, to satisfy the advance, he tracked down the elusive Fitzgerald, who was paralyzed by writer's block, and gently persuaded him to write the famous "Crack-Up" series about—what else?—writers with writer's block.

During a period of American history when many prominent writers were either drunks or alcoholics, Gingrich was neither. As the nation rose from the

Great Depression to dominate the world's economic and military order, he remained consistent and centered. His refined sensibilities were *Esquire's* primary strength. When American standards of taste and conduct steadily declined in the 1960s, Gingrich's Renaissance Man became an anachronism. *Esquire's* style had less and less in common with American men. In 1979 two young businessmen from Tennessee bought the magazine for a pittance barely three years after his death.

Gingrich's personal life and habits were a paradox. Descended from forebears who had founded the Mennonite Church, and born in Gerald Ford's hometown of Grand Rapids twelve days before the Wright Brothers' 1903 flight at Kitty Hawk, he was a philanderer who married three women a total of five times. He and his first wife, Helen-Mary Rowe, married three times—once when they eloped as college seniors in 1924 (and never told her mother), again a year later after Gingrich had a job paying \$50 a week (the minimum income required for her mother's blessing), and a third time twenty-eight years later after they divorced, Gingrich having survived a disastrous eight-month marriage in between.

Grace Coolidge described his last wife, Jane, as "the most beautiful girl ever to set foot in the White House." Gingrich met that "girl" in mid-1936 at the Compleat Angler, a saloon on Bimini where Ernest Hemingway hosted a



Arnold Gingrich, longtime publisher of *Esquire* magazine, was the author or editor of many books including *The Joys of Trout*, *The Well-Tempered Angler*, and *American Trout Fishing*. He was a dedicated conservationist and served on numerous boards, including a term as president of this fledgling museum (1974-1976).

Jane owned, an elegant, two-story Dutch home on four acres in Ridgewood in north Bergen County, New Jersey. Built in 1757, ten years after the Gingrich forebears arrived near Lancaster, Pennsylvania, from the Alsace region of France, the old house became the Gingrich manse on April Fool's Day, 1964. In his later years, he had an established morning routine there—when he wasn't overnighing with his paramour at his apartment just off Fifth Avenue on New York's Upper East Side.

What follows is a description of that morning ritual. The first four hours of each day included his three favorite activities: fly fishing, editing, and playing the violin. At two of those, Arnold Gingrich, co-founder and founding editor of *Esquire*, excelled.



THE DAY MIGHT WELL HAVE been April 1, 1968. The Tet offensive in Vietnam had just ended, hundreds of thousands of college students protested U.S. involvement there daily, and LBJ had startled the nation the night before by announcing, "I shall not seek, and I will not accept, the nomination of my party [for another term] as your President." "Liberal Communist" Alexander Dubcek was trying to relax the hold of totalitarianism in Czechoslovakia. Gold sold for \$38 an ounce, and then, as now, the prime rate was 6 percent. *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner* with Tracy, Hepburn, and Poitier, was packing the nation's movie houses; *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* was a Broadway hit; and John Updike's *Couples* was number two on the *New York Times Book Review's* bestseller list. Nolan Ryan was a rookie pitcher for the Mets, and Tony Jacklin had just become the first Briton to win a

party. After an intermittent affair spanning three continents and almost two decades, they finally married in 1955, the first time that both were single at the same time.

Difficult and mercurial writers adored him, yet he was distant from his three sons. That may be why a signed first edition of *Cast Down the Laurel* ended up in the hands of this writer. Penned on February 11, 1935, the inscription to his son begins: "For Rowe" and ends with "Arnold Gingrich." Why not something like "Love, Dad" for his seven-year-old boy?

We in the fly fishing community know Gingrich by the books he wrote on our passion—*The Well-Tempered Angler* (1965), *The Joys of Trout* (1973), and *The Fishing In Print: A Guided Tour Through Five Centuries of Angling Literature* (1974). Published two years before he died, the latter volume reveals the depth and breadth of Gingrich's prodigious knowledge of fly fishing. He also edited *American Trout Fishing* by Theodore Gordon and *A Company of Anglers* (1966).

Gingrich maintained a voluminous angling library at the residence he and

Arnold Gingrich (in his *Esquire* office) during the height of his career.



professional golf tournament in the United States. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., had announced he would visit Memphis later in the week to support a strike by municipal sanitation workers there, and a lanky young fellow named George Bush was a first-term congressman from Houston.

Gingrich habitually rose at 4 A.M. He slept in Italian silk pajamas, over which he slipped a Pendleton robe as soon as he got out of bed. He liked to wear slippers made of llama fur, which he had bought on a trouting trek to the Peruvian Andes in 1957. Not one to soft-peddle her views on any subject, Janie called the strange-looking white slippers "giant hair balls." By the time they became husband and wife, she was what he termed "an ex-fisher." There had been a time when he was not so lucky.

Women fishing is one thing, and watching women fishing is another. But women watching fishing—well, in my experience, women who watch fishermen, at least stream fishermen, almost invariably remind me of a dog watching television. They have no capacity of sustained attention, no concentration whatsoever, and an eye only for the extraneous and inconsequential. Still there is a fairly general feeling that for some reason fishing should be a shared experience.

I've known men who said they didn't go fishing any more, since their old buddy died, or moved away, or whatever. And they didn't mean their wives. I wonder if these men really ever did go fishing. Maybe they just went on what used to be called "outings," presumably because they let you out of the house. I'm all for friendship, and partnership has been a good idea since Damon and Pythias, I suppose; but if what you're setting out to do is to come, by the most permissive of definitions, within the pale of angling, then you don't need a partner. Your partner, your one true old buddy, if you could only get it through his minimal brain, is

the fish. In its deepest self, fishing is the most solitary sport, for at its best it's all between you and the fish.²

Comparing women watching fishermen to a dog watching television would invite heaps of derision upon anyone making such a comparison today and deservedly so. Though Gingrich loved women, and liked them, too, he was an unreconstructed male chauvinist. Such an attitude was common and accepted in an age when men's views of women amounted to little else.

He undoubtedly kept his chauvinism to himself around plainspoken Janie. She had suffered a debilitating stroke in 1967, so he routinely read himself to sleep from one of the several books on his nightstand. In the case of Updike's *Couples*, mate-swapping, homosexual romance, and a panoply of gratuitous four-letter words made for a combination guaranteed to make Gingrich shudder.

It wasn't that Gingrich minded changing times or changing with them. He didn't. In fact, he rather liked leading the charge of change, as he had when, during the depths of the Great Depression in 1933, he, Dave Smart, and Bill Weintraub launched *Esquire*. But changing times didn't have to mean poor taste and pandering literary standards. Or so he thought. This was a man whose slogan was, after all, "Never leave well enough alone."

As an agent of change, Gingrich was self-effacing. Though prominent socially, he was neither social climber nor self-promoter. He was a modest man who took life seriously, but himself not at all. A man of charm and social grace, he was also an iconoclast who reveled in the uproar his first book (and only work of fiction) created. The book—*Cast Down the Laurel*, a parody of life in Grand Rapids at the time of his upbringing—offended virtually all in the upper social crust there, including his straitlaced mother-in-law at the time.

Most mornings Gingrich would put on his trademark half-rim glasses, which rested on whatever book he had dozed off reading the night before, and check his wife's condition, usually with Marguerite, the female half of the French couple who lived with the Gingriches. Then he would don his everyday angling uniform, including khaki trousers, red wool shirt, navy blue wool necktie, tweed sport coat, and Tyrolean wool hat. As part of his Ridgewood morning ritual, Gingrich enjoyed casting over the ponds at the Joe Jefferson Club up the hill. Its spring-fed pools maintained a year-round water temperature of 55 degrees, ideal for trout. He wore a beige fishing vest over the coat and kept a Dunhill Meerscham pipe and four new pipe cleaners in a vest pocket specifically reserved for them.³ By the time he tamped down and fired



Arnold and Jane K. Gingrich in Iceland in 1956. The rod and fish are Al McClane's.

up his pipe, he would have smoked one or two unfiltered cigarettes, even though he had undergone lung surgery.

I had thought, as so many have said, that the United States Senate was the hardest club to get into, but some of these fishing clubs must make that claim dubious. It took me three years to crack this one, and if Traver [Bob Traver—close Gingrich pal and General Electric executive—no relation to John Voelker's pseudonym, Robert Traver, author of *Anatomy of a Murder*, *Trout Madness*, and *Trout Magic*] hadn't happened to be its president, I might not have made it yet. Its site is Saddle River, just above the town line of Ho-Ho-Kus, and that's the back door of New York City. But that's only a facet of the fact that the city is what it has its back to, and as a city dweller that was something I had to live down. This I have been trying earnestly to do for the past five years, serving as the club's volunteer adjunct caretaker, feeding the fish on all weekends and holidays, working my tail off with rake and broom keeping the ponds' surfaces cleared, and in general seeking to deport myself as I always adjoined my kids to do, like "a little gentleman," but there are times even now when I harbor the feeling that I might still be on probation.

The club takes its name from the fact that its grounds belonged, in the last years of his life, to the famous American actor (and fisherman) Joe Jefferson. Jefferson fished places like Henryville with the likes of Gifford Pinchot and Grover Cleveland.

...

There are very few places that can be

left to Mother Nature's care, and that's as true of the places where we live as well as where we work. Largely, of course, it's because Mother Nature has taken such a pushing around from man-made interference with her processes. Why, even the ponds I fish at Joe Jefferson Club, though fed from springs that have been there since time out of mind, require constant care or they too could soon go to pot. That might not have been true back in 1874, when Joe Jefferson first acquired them. It took bulldozing and the judicious use of weed killers, before the ponds could be brought to their present pristine state where they're fishable the year around.⁴

The temperature that foggy Monday morning was 62, 6 degrees warmer than the night before. The barometer had fallen a half inch overnight to 29.73. Falling pressure means an approaching front, which means rising fish, and Gingrich knew of nothing quite so beautiful as a feeding trout, unless it was the deep maple glow of one of his classic violins by Stradivari or Guarneri or Amati. What better way to greet Opening Day than with a cellar-dwelling barometer reading?

With his lifelong habit of voracious reading, Gingrich annually reread Walton and Cotton's *The Compleat Angler*. Nearly 300 years before, they wrote: "Indeed, my good Scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a

better berry, but doubtless God never did': And so, if I might be judge, 'God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.'"⁵

Gingrich liked to put it more succinctly: "Fly fishing is the most fun a man can have standing up." In fishing, as in most endeavors, he was a traditionalist.

Gingrich's tweaking of the austerity of his Mennonite ancestors didn't end with two dozen bamboo fly rods or a half-dozen classic violins: this was a man who owned *two* Bentleys. The older car, a black 1954 model, was named *The Beautiful*. As soon as Janie had learned that its companion, of 1963 vintage, was a model called the *Countryman*, she dubbed it *The Bumpkin*. The *Beautiful* and *The Bumpkin* resided in the garage a few paces from the house. Not surprising for a guy whose tastes ran to old violins, old books, and old fly rods, Gingrich preferred *The Beautiful*.

The two-mile drive up tree-lined East Saddle River Road to the Joe Jeff Club typically consumed less than five minutes. This private fishing preserve sat three hundred yards off the road and was protected by both a fence and a locked gate. Gingrich was usually there by 4:30 A.M., well before sunrise. His approach to fishing was epitomized when he described himself as a "20/20 man," 20/20 being the measurement for *How Well* an angler fished, not for *How Much* one caught.

A quarter century ago I fished frequently with Ernest Hemingway out of Key West and in the Gulf Stream off Bimini. They say that the human memory tends to enlarge upon pleasure and to minimize pain, but about all I remember of that fishing now is the agonizing backache. I'd pump and reel for the better part of an hour to get a big tuna up to the boat, only to have him sound like an elevator with a snapped cable. Then I'd pump and reel

John Groth sketched Gingrich astream, the lead illustration in Gingrich's 1974 book, The Fishing in Print.



again for the better part of another hour before losing him, finally to the sharks.

I know now, as I didn't know then, that the finest fun in fishing is qualitative—and that all that fishing I used to do, whether trolling for bass in Pistakee Bay or for big fish on the blue water, was merely quantitative. Like most Americans, I started out in fishing by Thinking Big. I didn't know that the added dimension of fishing fun begins only when you start Thinking Fine.

Since 1939, when I first crossed that great divide between fishing and angling, I've acquired a baker's dozen fly rods, including some fairly stout sticks intended for salmon, but for the past five seasons I've hardly ever had occasion to use any of them but one, a custom-made bamboo job measuring just over 6 feet long and weighing just under 1¼ ounces. It's called the Midge, as it's primarily intended for use with tiny midges of size 20 or smaller, but it's such a versatile rod that I've used not only bucktails and streamers of sizes 10 and 12 on it but even salmon flies up to size 4.

You're in another league, you might say, and its standards are infinitely higher. Your new par for the course is 20/20, and the thrill of making it, even if you manage to bring it off no more than once or twice a season, is greater than hauling in a boatload of fish by the old chuck-and-chance-it and troll-and-pray methods. Of course, 20/20 means getting a fish of 20 inches or more on a fly of size 20 or less. Every time you do it you are entitled to give yourself the secret grip of the exclusive society of veritable anglers, as distinguished from ordinary fishermen.

What fly? When you're fishing fine, it doesn't seem to make a great deal of difference. If it's a size 20 or smaller, I honestly think it could be sky-blue-pink and you'd still get a strike on it. Also flies this small are very tolerant of slight errors of presentation that might be fatal in the conventional sizes.

The ironical part of it all is that your headiest success as an angler only begins

when you start caring more about the fishing than the fish. It is something like the gambling axiom, "Scared money never wins"—greedy fishing never produces. Or maybe fish are like cats; they won't come to you if they know you want them, but swarm over you if they know you don't. To sum up, you give all the good cards to the fish, then win more handily than you ever did before.⁶

Gingrich liked to fish from the narrow strip of land between #1, the large pond on the west, and #3, a smaller one on the southeast. His favorite was #2 on the northeast. Now, more than seventeen years after his death, a sign proclaiming "ARNOLD'S POOL" is nailed to a tree facing #2 by his favorite casting spot.

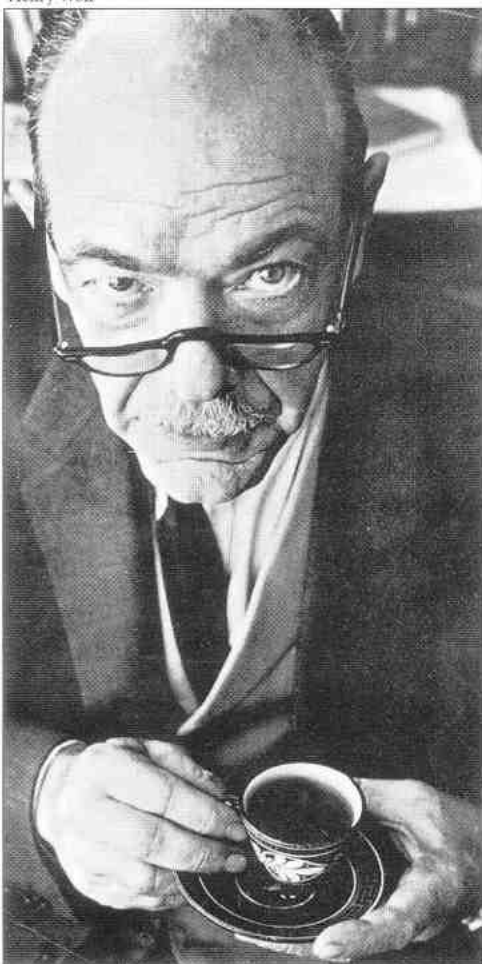
He kept several rods, including his beloved Russ Peaks, on the racks at the Joe Jeff clubhouse. Fishing with small rigs, of course, he hooked far more fish than he landed, bringing to mind Herbert Hoover's dictum, "All men are equal before fish." Nonetheless, when Gingrich caught a fish at the Joe Jeff Club (or anywhere else), he could be expected to indulge his habit of talking to the fish before releasing it. He believed that trout are too beautiful to catch only once. As he got older, his rods got smaller to even the terms of the contest between fish and fly fisher.

Now, I hardly ever have occasion to use, out of my present battery of fly rods, any-

thing longer than 6 feet, or weighing appreciably more than 2 ounces. On such rods I have consistently taken salmon, though never yet larger than 14 pounds. As for trout, I now generally use, except on big rivers, a rod of 4 feet, 4 inches in length, weighing exactly an ounce [Jim Payne made only three of these little batons and Gingrich owned two of them]. Correspondingly, the dimensions of the rest of my tackle have also shrunk, as I have learned that the increase in enjoyment, when you're fishing fine, is in direct proportion to the decrease in your size of tackle.

... Of course, I ought to warn you that going in for fine tackle is definitely doing it the hard way. You will get snarls, not only in your leader but even in the forepart of your line, and they will be pesky to pick loose because of the very fineness of your tackle. You must be temperamentally suited to getting a kick out of doing it the hard way, or this fishing is not for you. My wife says that a tape recording of me "enjoying myself" on the stream would strike fear into the hearts of a riot squad. Sure, the slightest unexpected trick of the wind or lapse in your own timing can make you goof into an unholy mess and you'll cuss yourself to high heaven. But when that little coil of oiled silk shoots out ahead of you the way it should, as it does about nineteen times out of twenty, fishing fine is an unexampled thrill.

Perhaps the best way to test yourself, before investing in a mess of light tackle, is to compare angling to driving. Automatic, no-shift gearshifts have been avail-



Jacket photograph from Toys of a Lifetime (1966) by former Esquire art director Henry Wolf.

able to the motorist for just about the same length of time that spinning tackle has been available in this country to the fisherman. Both have been a boon to the guy who is only concerned with "getting there" in the easiest way possible. But there are those to whom a car, in and of itself, is more than a mere means of transportation. Of such dedicated motorists it has been written: "An accomplished motorist no more wants an automatic drive than an accomplished pianist wants an automatic piano." Shifting gears is getting there the hard way, too, but if you can understand the thrill of gunning a car through the gears, instead of leaving all that work to some mushomatic machinery, then you probably have the temperament to try becoming a 20/20 angler.⁷

On most mornings, Gingrich indulged himself at the Joe Jeff Club for thirty minutes or so. Well into his sixty-fifth year, he had long since reached Hewitt's third of the three stages in an angler's development, where the angler prizes the means above the quarry, How Well above How Much. For Gingrich, that meant rods of all makes and de-

scriptions, so long as they were midsize or smaller; lines, leaders, and reels appropriately matched to these diminutive rods; and flies, flies of all sizes, colors, and descriptions. He didn't tie his own, and he loved to catch fish, so he bought what he used, and he was susceptible to a marketing pitch of any sort. The more outrageous the claims of success that accompanied it, the more likely he was to be hooked. Gingrich personified the notion that most flies catch more fishers than fish.

My big trouble is that I over-react to both success and failure. Let me catch a four-pounder on no matter what fly and I'm ready to make that fly the foundation of a new religion, and I'm chucking it at every poor fish in sight for the next month, until I make them all so sick of the sight of it as to obviate its last chance of enticing any of them. I've done this with the Montana nymph, the Zug Bug, the little Royal Coachman streamer, and most recently with a New Zealand pattern called Mrs. Simpson. The latter is one of three patterns featured in a mail-order offering that must have been made to all the fishing clubs in the country, and in the case of the Joe Jefferson Club, the treasurer, who gets all such mail along with the bills, gave it to me. He did it without saying why, but presumably under the assumption that I am the club's likeliest sucker for anything new, and sure enough I sent off the next day for a dozen of these "proven trout killers," as advertised, at a dollar apiece. Better I should have sent them the twelve bucks as a nondeductible goodwill contribution, telling them to keep the flies, but of course I had no way of knowing that at the time.⁸

No later than a few minutes after five he would return his gear to the clubhouse and head for home to get ready for work. After another look in on Janie, who was usually still asleep, he would shower, shave, brush his teeth, and comb his few remaining strands of hair.

Though a warm and contented man, the bags under his eyes gave him a look of perpetual sadness. He was balding and, since the early 1930s, had sported a thick mustache, which he stroked often. At 5 feet, 10 inches and 163 pounds, he stayed trim by following a diet he called DEAMOF—Don't Eat Anything Made Of Flour.⁹ He often said that it was the only diet that had ever worked for him.

In his downstairs bedroom Gingrich would don his publisher's uniform: charcoal gray custom-made wool suit with nonmatching vest from D. Mondati in Rome over a white cotton shirt with frayed French cuffs. A maroon-and-white silk regimental tie, English wool hat, and handmade N. Tuzek shoes the color of a vintage port finished the job.¹⁰ Though *Esquire* was a powerful force in men's fashion, Gingrich was no model of sartorial splendor. In fact, it seemed that looking quite the opposite came easily to him.

Though he ordered his expensive Tuzeks handmade from a London craftsman, he refused to wear galoshes over them. "I pay a lot of money for these fine English shoes, and I'm not going to tarnish them with galoshes," he often said.¹¹

On a misty morning like April 1, 1968, Gingrich would have probably slipped into a beige raincoat before hanging a tape recorder around his neck, picking up a satchel bulging with manuscripts, and heading off to catch his 5:50 A.M. bus. Though he usually carried the satchel in one hand and his umbrella in the other, he still made the three-quarter-mile walk in twelve minutes, arriving at the intersection of Racetrack Road and Route 17 at 5:45 A.M. Even in the months when it was light, he often hailed the bus with a lantern.

He liked to ride in the back of the bus

Photograph entitled "Narcissus at the Music Rack" from *A Thousand Mornings of Music: The Journal of an Obsession with the Violin* (1970).



because he often met interesting people there. He also enjoyed riding there because it was something a man of his stature would not be expected to do, and unassuming people rather like doing the unexpected. Besides, he could read unobtrusively in the back as he listened to himself play the fiddle on his tape recorder as he rode into Manhattan.

After a lapse of forty-nine [Gingrich added a couple of imprecise years in the following excerpt] years, he had begun taking violin lessons in 1967. But unlike his dexterity with a fly rod and his fluency with a story, his fiddling was atrocious. Harry Shub, his violin teacher who had given recitals at Carnegie Hall, observed with tactful understatement, "He was not blessed with talent."

Overnight I became hourly more determined to get Mr. Shub to take me on as a pupil. When I played the reglued Klotz [a violin] for him in the back room at Rosenthal's the next noon, his first expression was that of a man who has just been told that the chicken sandwich he is finishing was actually made of rattlesnake meat.

I spared him the necessity of saying anything by telling him that my last teacher, over fifty years before, had said that "it must be the way you were taught, because nobody could get that bad all by himself."

"No," said Mr. Shub, now swallowing as if he had just taken a test for the mumps, "it isn't as bad as that, it's just that it's so—well, what shall I say—so chaotic."

"Well said," I told him, "I've been looking for a term to describe it to myself, and all I've thought of up 'til now is 'utterly unhousebroken.'"¹²

Twenty years Gingrich's junior, the demanding Mr. Shub cared not a whit about any of his students' accomplishments. The fact that Gingrich was pre-

sent at the creation of the magazine that had become the country's preeminent chronicle of male style and literature was irrelevant. Practice all of Shub's students must, and Gingrich was no exception.

To everyone but Gingrich, his violin-playing was a terrible assault on the ears. Nevertheless, he insisted on sawing away on his Strad or his Guarneri or his Amati or his Stainer in rapt enchantment, eyes closed, body swaying back and forth with the movements of his bow.

Gingrich might have been oblivious to the grating sound he produced, but Janie wasn't. Endowed with perfect pitch and hearing abilities that dogs would covet, she could hear the high notes before they ever could. Her gifts of pitch and plainspokenness haunted him when he played his classic 1618 Amati at home. "You sound dreadful even when you play fairly well," she said more than once.¹³ Gingrich fiddled on.

Somehow, listening to a tape of his own violin playing helped him read. Though he had turned over the day-to-day editorship of the magazine to Harold Hayes, Gingrich still read every word of every article that appeared in the magazine before it was printed. This

day he might well have leafed through a couple of the manuscripts that had been submitted for the thirty-fifth anniversary issue of *Esquire*. The theme of that special 300-page edition, due out in late September, was "Salvaging the Twentieth Century." It included feature articles by Daniel Boorstin, Gore Vidal, William F. Buckley, Jr., Kenneth Tynan, Dwight Macdonald, William Styron, Wilfrid Sheed, Truman Capote, and David Merrick.

The 18-mile bus ride to Manhattan ended at the Port Authority terminal building on Eighth Avenue at Fortieth Street. From there he usually hailed a cab for the short ride to *Esquire*, Inc.'s offices, which occupied the fourth floor of the Look Building on Madison Avenue between 51st and 52nd Street. Arriving about 6:30 A.M., Gingrich ordinarily had the place to himself, it being the habit of the magazine's younger denizens to amble in about 9:30.

After shedding raincoat, tape recorder, and satchel, he invariably pulled the violin case from the top shelf of one of his bookcases and removed the gleaming Stradivari from inside. He was habitually mesmerized by the richness of this beautiful instrument made in 1672. Tucking the Resonans Number Three



A fanciful male sporting club scene sketched by John Groth for *The Fishing in Print*, but eventually not used.

shoulder pad between the fiddle and his coat, he would hold the violin between his chin and his shoulder, grab his gold-trimmed Dodd bow with the ivory frog, and take his place in front of his music stand. Then he would turn on his recorder.

For the ensuing ninety minutes cacophony would reign. Gingrich never wavered from his music, often playing his favorite piece, the adagio from the Third Mozart Concerto in G, K216, along with its Franko cadenza. As always, he would play with his eyes closed as his body swayed in time with his relentless sawing.

When the tape ran out, Gingrich would lovingly wipe off the violin, much as he had gently stroked the trout, loosen the tension on the bow, and tuck the Stradivari back into its case and lift it back atop the bookshelf. On top of the paper-strewn coffee table would go the sheet music. Down would come the music stand. Then, until the routine ten o'clock business meeting, he would listen through his headset to Gingrich playing Mozart as he read still more articles.

When he needed a break, Arnold Gingrich pulled out a fishing book. In the steel and concrete of midtown Man-

hattan, fishing in print was as close to heaven as this nominal Episcopalian could get.

As Sparse Grey Hackle says, some of the best fishing is to be found not in water but in print. It follows that some of the best fishing partners are to be found not in life but in literature. I know there are some things I've read that come to mind more often while I'm fishing than anything I can remember that anybody ever said to me beside stream or pond.

It was in the preface to his own edition of *The Compleat Angler*, in 1896, that Andrew Lang said: "To write on Walton is, indeed, to hold a candle to the sun. Had Montaigne been a fisher, he might have written somewhat like Izaak, but without the piety, the perfume, and the charm." We can do without the piety, I should think, but the perfume and the charm—yes, that's the two-way stretch with which to test the samples, to see if they warrant inclusion in a book of memorabilia.

A book can fall considerably short of measuring up as a literary masterpiece, and still contain the wherewithal to enchant the angler. Let it diffuse the whiff of authenticity, that is to the fisherman the perfume of credence, and let it exude a modicum of charm, to endow things as they are with an aura of things as they ought to be at best, and you convey that

sense of recognition value that makes the fisherman nod his head, and maybe touch his temple, as if to say, "I must remember this."

Entering the room in the house that was once called my office, we crawl through thickets of rod cases and fly boxes until we come upon a veritable spate of books. And there we go a-fishing.¹⁴ ∞

ENDNOTES

1. Tom Wicker, *New York Times*, April 1, 1968, p. 1. Actually, Wicker's lead omitted "for another term," even though Lyndon Johnson's statement included it.

2. Arnold Gingrich, *The Well-Tempered Angler* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1965), pp. 71-72.

3. Gingrich had a large collection of pipes. The first he ever owned was a briar made by Dunhill, but he also owned pipes by Comoy, Peterson, and Borling, among others. For an entertaining look at his love and knowledge of pipes, see Chapter II in his "My Pipe and My Bowl," in *Toys of a Lifetime* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1966).

4. Arnold Gingrich, *The Joys of Trout* (New York: Crown Publishers Inc., 1973), pp. 35-36, 64.

5. Quoted in Gingrich's *The Fishing in Print: A Guided Tour Through Five Centuries of Angling Literature* (New York: Winchester Press, 1974), p. 44. The passage comes from the fifth edition (1676) of *The Compleat Angler*, and Gingrich wrote, "It is undoubtedly one of the best known and most often quoted passages of all."

6. Arnold Gingrich, *Field & Stream* (December 1959), pp. 40, 82, 101.

7. Gingrich, *The Well-Tempered Angler*, pp. 34, 43-44.

8. Gingrich, *The Joys of Trout*, pp. 21-22.

9. Gingrich, *Toys of a Lifetime*, p. 290. Gingrich details his various battles with his bulge in Chapter X, "My Flesh and the Devil with It."

10. Gingrich elaborates on his preferences in Chapter I, "The Cut of My Jib," in *Toys of a Lifetime*.

11. Quotation attributed to Arnold Gingrich by John A. Russo, Ho-Ho-Kus, New Jersey, in interview with the author on August 13, 1989.

12. Arnold Gingrich, *A Thousand Mornings of Music: The Journal of an Obsession with the Violin* (New York: Crown Publishers Inc., 1970), p. 82.

13. *Ibid.*, p. 50.

14. Gingrich, *The Fishing in Print*, pp. 1, 3-4.

W. B. Yeats and the Fly

Fly fishers find Yeats's imagery evocative of their own best moments on the water

by Gordon M. Wickstrom



From *Autobiographies* by W. B. Yeats (1927)

POETRY, IT HAS BEEN SAID, is the most esoteric of the arts. So it's remarkable to find fly fishing quite often invoked by poets to serve as metaphors or allegories. An outstanding example is the poet William Butler Yeats, as shown in the analysis here, first published in 1970 in the F.F.F. journal, *The Flyfisher*, by frequent contributor Gordon M. Wickstrom.

JOE A. PISARRO
Former editor of *The Flyfisher*

PROBABLY NO SPORT has so vivid a life in literature as fishing. So special is the role of fishing, and particularly fly fishing, in both life and art that the compromised word "sport" has always been an uneasy generic name for what Izaak Walton called "the contemplative man's recreation." That fishing was the first and perhaps still is the only sport to inspire a masterwork of world literature in Walton's *Compleat Angler* attests to this specialness. From our beginnings, we have attributed an important symbolic meaning to fish, fishing, and fishermen. In the sacred waters of our origins, the fish is soul or self; the fisherman is the divine fisher

for souls or the human fisher for selfhood. Witness Christ's call to Saints Peter, Andrew, James, and John to leave their nets and be fishers of men and Christ's own symbolic identification as a fish.

In a strange way, fishing and the attendant killing have never been associated with the carnage, blood lust, and moral risk that some sentimental persons and many zealots have often attributed to land hunting. The fish as prey is at once more spiritual and less particular; his life does not appear to be his own as is the case of the pheasant, the deer, or the fox. He belongs to a different realm of consciousness, another element, abstract and formal, abundant with ritual significance.

The fisherman clearly operates in a different order of things from the hunter or any other "sportsman." His solitary pursuit has archetypal substance, and when he is most truly "contemplative," and when he fishes the fly, he is most apt to be open to and aware of the ancient and profound meaning.

Confident of this specialness about fly fishers and their flies, William Butler

Yeats, arguably the greatest poet of our century (1865-1939), used the fly fisher and his craft as a central and controlling image in several of his most impressive poems. His output over half a century dealt with his native Ireland; Ireland of ancient myth and modern revolutionary politics, of nature and art, of passion and hate, his loves and occult philosophy.

Yeats was a native of the west country, of County Sligo, and though he lived his adult years in London, Dublin, and finally in his tower-home in County Galway, he remained faithful to his idea of himself as a Sligo man—Sligo, twin-shouldered by Donegal to the north and Mayo to the south where perhaps the finest of all the splendid Irish fishing for both trout and salmon is still to be found. Though he fished almost exclusively in his boyhood, and then only occasionally, he learned enough during those Sligo years and observed enough later to make his grasp on angling accurate and sensitive.

Fly-fishing readers of his poems find these images right on the mark, evocative of their own best moments on the



From *A Guide to Coole Park, Co. Galway: Home of Lady Gregory* (1973)

W. B. Yeats, J. M. Synge, and G. W. Russell (A. E.) fishing on Coole Lake on the estate of Lady Augusta Gregory, probably around 1907.

Although I can see him still,
The freckled man who goes
To a grey place on a hill
In grey Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies,
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man.
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped 'twould be
To write for my own race . . .

The poem goes on to a catalog of the "other" Irishmen, self-defeating cravens, drunks, knaves, and clowns who spoil all they touch. Then the poem returns for solace to the fisherman:

Maybe a twelvemonth since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience,
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face,
And grey Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark under froth,
And the down-turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream;
A man who does not exist,
A man who is but a dream;
And cried, 'Before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn.' (pp. 145-46)

And so one of the great poems of the language at once seems to crystallize the fly-fisher's experience, his energy, his solemn role in a larger experience, and its close kinship to poetry "as cold and passionate as the dawn."

Ireland has a built-in receptivity to such imagery: the Irish are a fish-conscious people, long associating fish with a stable economy, food, and sport as well as symbolic life. In myth, the salmon is identified with wisdom and a metaphysical life.² In his notes to early poems, published in *Crossways*, Yeats wrote:

The little Indian dramatic scene was . . . ("Anashuya and Vijaya") about a man loved by two women, who had the one soul between them. . . . It came into my head when I saw a man at Rosses Point carrying two salmon. "One man with two souls," I said, and added, "O no, two people with one soul." (p. 447)

water. The reader validates the image with, "Yes, that's the way it is." Such validations of experience are at least one of the essential functions of poetry.

Yeats describes in an early poem, "The Song of the Wandering Aengus," how:

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.¹ (p. 57)

The delicate and lovely poem continues through the vision of a beautiful girl (not unusual in angling lyrics: remember Walton's milkmaids) and ends in the poet's promise to hunt for the girl through all that western land "till time and times are done."

But other places and sterner tasks were to call the poet away from his youthful, Celtic dreaming and cause him to transform his angling image. Ireland had to be recalled to her past national and cultural glory; the English

oppression had to end; the Irish had to revive their literature and create a drama. Paradoxically, the literary efforts, which Yeats sparked and led, had to begin in London among the exiled Irish intellectuals there and come home to Dublin around the turn of the century. This huge and ultimately successful undertaking held many moments of disillusionment and disappointment for the poet. The Irishman, who in too many cases was immune to the call of greatness from the poets, revolutionaries, even exquisite women like Maud Gonne, Yeats's first and great love, seemed to need no enemies, even the British.

The failure of Ireland to rise to the challenge of his vision disappointed Yeats, often nearly to despair. In 1919 he responded with the poem "The Fisherman" in which the gray, Connemara fly fisher becomes a symbol for the controlled passion (a useful description of fly fishing) and the ideal of Irish manhood for the modern dilemma. The poem comes round to Yeats's hope, his intention one day to make a poem of equal intensity and skill to the fisherman's art:



Irish revolutionary, actress, and writer Maud Gonne was the inspiration and love of Yeats's life. Her impassioned beliefs and unflagging energy landed her in prison on more than one occasion. She refused Yeats's offers of marriage but remained a lifelong friend.

This is the kind of teasing past thought that the fish and fisherman have for the Irish mind. The salmon has a heroic shape—an epic, mythic life, while the trout belongs to the world of the lyric, to the experience of love, a congenial nature and a reflective, if gray, integrity.³

In the complex poem “The Tower,” the aging poet inventories his diminishing vigor and regrets that he must leave Ireland to “young upstanding men” while he retreats to a reclusive study of the dignified abstractions suitable for a proper old poet. The young men to whom he resigns his power are those:

That climb the streams until
the fountains leap, and at dawn
Drop their cast at the side
of dripping stone; . . .
I leave both faith and pride
To young upstanding men
Climbing the mountain side,
That under bursting dawn
They may drop a fly; (pp. 196-97)

Earlier in the poem, anxious to escape the bondage of age, he cites his boyhood again:

. . . when with rod and fly,
Or humbler worm, I climbed Ben Bul-
ben's back
And had the livelong summer day to
spend. (p. 192)⁴

It was a time of passionate imagination, but not so passionate as that of the old age now “tied” to him by the world. Reluctantly, he would give way to younger, stronger men.

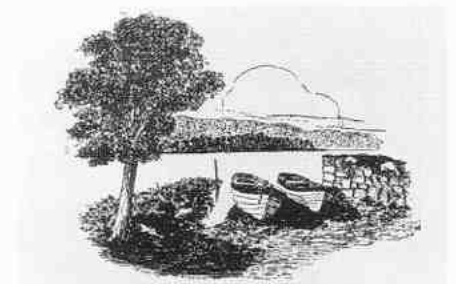
But such men were hard to find: he had been one himself, he argues in the poem, before the “sedentary trade” took over his life. Looking back on it all brought forth the famous poem “Why Should Not Old Men Be Mad?” In it he began:

Why should not old men be mad?
Some have known a likely lad
That had a sound fly-fisher's wrist
Turn to a drunken journalist;
A girl that knew all Dante once
Live to bear children to a dunce; (p. 333)

He recalls everything that caused him grief: his own Maud Gonne—for him a modern Helen of Troy, the success of bad men, failure for the good, naiveté of the young, Ireland's resistance to her

new potential. The image of sanity and purpose, of controlled passion is in that fly-fisher's wrist, its downturn over pools among the rocks as the flies follow the line's tight loop toward the fish.

Regardless of how frustrating and unsatisfactory the confused events of our public lives become, whether in Yeats's new Ireland or our own more Los Angelized country, there's promise of another way—that ancient, youthful fly fisher still stands there in the cold, gray Connemara dawn, casting his flies from the past into the future to a prey that is not a prey at all, but a quest, a mystery, a symbol of the fly fisher's own soul.⁵



Innisfree, Lough Gill

ENDNOTES

1. Quotations from the poems are taken from *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* (New York: Macmillan, 1961). Page numbers given by the quotes are from this edition.

2. In his play *Deirdre*, Yeats has his heroine compare the King's deception with “Hackles on the hook.” Interesting also to the angling entomologist is the mayfly paternity (according to one version of the myth) of Cuchulain of the Red Branch legends, greatest of all the Irish heroes.

3. The ideal condition of nature for men is the one ideal for trout.

4. Ben Bulbin is that great mountain-mesa in the north of County Sligo, close to the Yeats ancestral home and in whose shadow he lies buried at Drumcliff Church.

5. Other poems to look at are “The Stolen Child,” “The Ballad of Father O'Hart,” “The Fish,” “The Blessed,” “The Wild Old Wicked Man,” and “The Long-Legged Fly.” Many more poems, though not presenting the fisher directly, deal with the world of stream and lake, of fish and water-bird, where the fisherman is implicit, native, and welcome.

Books about Fly Rods, Fly Rod Makers, and Fly Rod Lovers

by David R. Klausmeyer

IN RECENT YEARS there's been an increase in the number of anglers who study the historic aspects of our sport and collect older rods, reels, and related paraphernalia. Unfortunately for the person whose enthusiasm doesn't match his or her pocketbook, this growing interest has also been accompanied by escalating prices for these items. Today, fewer and fewer fly fishers can now own their own little piece of angling history. Yet still they dream.

These anglers pore over the collector's catalogs, visit the shows, and attend the auctions. With eyes as big as salmon reels, they absorb everything that lies before them: flies, rods, reels, books, art, and all manner of things that have given our sport its life and zest. These objects become a part of their lives, like the icons of some new religion. It's all so wonderful, so desirable.

Yet, while the interest in studying and collecting older tackle has increased, the literature on the subject hasn't kept pace. Indeed, it's fair to say that some fly-fishing tackle and memorabilia collectors are making major purchases based on very little information. I know rods and reels best, so I'll confine my comments to these items.

COLLECTORS AND COLLECTING

Many times an angler will say how he longs to own, let's say, a fly rod made by Everett Garrison, but, curiously, when asked if he has ever actually seen an example of Mr. Garrison's work, the answer is almost always "no," which is understandable since very few of these hand-split and hand-planed rods were ever produced. So why the strong desire for something that has never been seen, much less ever cast?

Rods by Payne, Gillum, Young, and a

few other makers are touted as being "must haves" if any collection is to ever be complete. And the same holds true for reels, with examples by Walker, Zwarg, and Vom Hofe heading the list of those that will be found in any respectable collection. Yes, the work of all these craftsmen is quite fine, but that's not the point. The problem is that many of these items, and a whole lot more, are being declared worthy of serious consideration, or not, based on very little firsthand experience with these pieces of tackle and with very little authoritative literature on these subjects. Perhaps one of the most accurate statements that can be made about the whole tackle collecting craze is that good, sound information is as scarce as the tackle itself. Yet, the faithful to the religion subscribe to certain unshakable truths that some pieces of tackle are obviously better than others, even if they've never been personally examined.

In general, more has been written about flies and reels than rods, and even less about fly-fishing books and art. And further, I know of no book appraising and discussing the merits of various rods and reels that has ever been written by an actual rod- or reelmaker. This is unfortunate, because those who split the culms of cane and stand at the lathes do see a bit of folly in some of the discussions taking place about fly tackle (but that's a whole different topic, which will have to be saved for another time).

In all fairness, let me make clear that I am not referring to those authors whose only object is to attempt an accurate historical record of various tackle manufacturers or to catalog the output of those makers: they generally do an excellent job. The difficulty lies where the angling public mistakes the "tackle

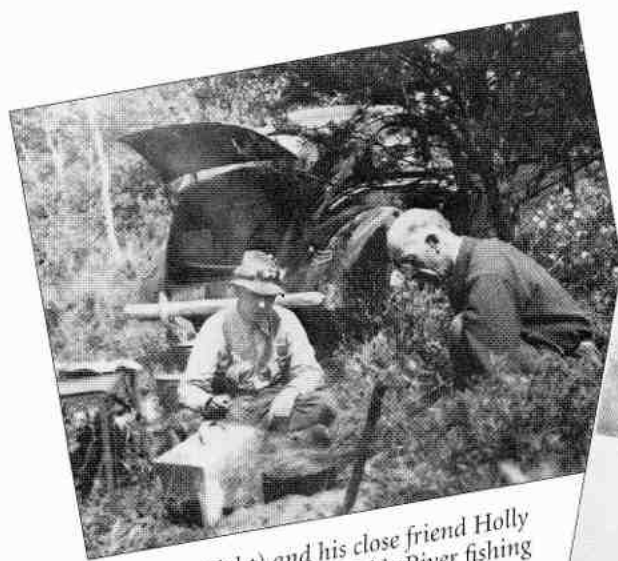
critic" for the true historian. It's like the difference between a scholar of the history of the theater and a theater critic. Both have their contributions to make, yet the reader must always keep in mind that the former is describing objective facts, while the latter is attempting to give an educated opinion, but an opinion nonetheless. The tackle critic just can't run down to the local fly shop and wag a scarce bamboo rod or spin the spool on a reel made by a company long out of existence, but the theater critic can go to the theater and judge for himself.

ROD BOOKS FOR COLLECTORS

Until now, the most comprehensive sources of information on the history of the fly rod have been Martin Keane's *Classic Rods and Rodmakers* and Ernest Schwiebert's *Trout*.¹ Yet even with these landmark volumes, which remain essential reading for anyone interested in the history of our sport, one must still be careful to separate fact from opinion and make every effort to form his own ideas about what makes a "great" fly rod. But now the literature on fly tackle is beginning to mushroom and I am pleased to say that it is taking a more objective turn.

Dick Spurr and his company Centennial Publications, of Grand Junction, Colorado, have begun to publish a series of books that will be of benefit to collectors and students of angling for years. Not only do they add to the available information on tackle, but Spurr is making every attempt to let angling craftsmen speak for themselves as authors. Several books are already available and more are planned for the future.

Centennial Publications's first effort in the field of tackle history is *Colorado Classic Cane: A History of the Colorado*

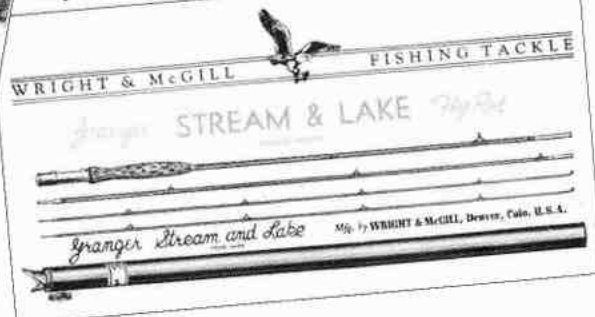


Dickerson (right) and his close friend Holly Blossom on a typical Au Sable River fishing weekend.



Reproductions from Colorado Classic Cane.

Reprint from the 1947 Catalog of Wright & McGill Rod Co.



Bamboo Rod Makers (1991) by Dick Spurr and bamboo rod restorer Michael Sinclair. This book covers the rodmaking histories of the well-known Goodwin Granger, Phillipson, and Wright & McGill companies, as well as smaller makers, such as the Arend Rod Company, the DeBell Fishing Tackle Company, and several others. Just thumbing through this volume, one quickly discovers that the literature on the history of tackle manufacturers and their products is taking a new turn. First, the illustrations: numerous reproductions of catalogs and magazine advertisements allow the reader to discover the full extent of rod models produced by these various Colorado companies, as well as their original retail prices. Reproductions of company documents and dozens of shop photographs help to burst the popular myth that bamboo rod craftsmen mope around in their basement workshops, spectacles dangling on the end of their noses, ever ready to be rude to customers and callers. These documents and photos clearly show that many craftsmen, even the smaller one- and two-man shops, were far more developed and professional in their dealings than is generally believed. And the reader clearly sees that the larger of these manufacturers—Granger, Phillipson, and Wright & McGill—weren't operating "shops" in the usual sense, but

were small factories capable of producing many hundreds of rods a year. Indeed, one is amazed at the overall high quality of their products given their mass production methods.

Centennial Publications is also producing in-depth biographies of individual rodmakers. *Dickerson: The Man and His Rods*, the first in this series, is by Dr. Gerald S. Stein and James W. Schaaf and really sets the standard by which all future books on tackle craftsmen will be judged. Tracing more than just his rod-making career, the two authors present a complete biography of the individual from his birth in Bellaire, Michigan, on April 10, 1892, until his death in that same town on June 16, 1981. This book, like other Centennial publications, is profusely illustrated, presenting unpublished photographs of Dickerson and his family taken throughout his life, as well as photos of his shop, machinery, and rods. Have you ever seen an actual Lyle Dickerson catalog? Several are reproduced in the book, as well as pages from the Dickerson company ledger. And for the first time in print, a craftsman describes the use of mechanical rodmaking machinery. Author James Schaaf now owns the tooling from the Dickerson shop and he describes the use of the milling and ferrule drawing machines. Throughout the book one finds other unique rodmaking tools discussed and

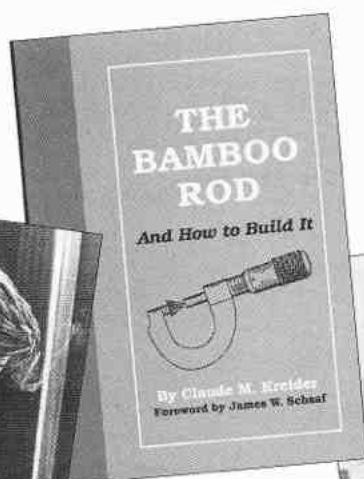
each is illustrated and described by a craftsman who really understands their use.

Perhaps the only shortcoming with *Dickerson* is the section entitled "Comparing Dickersons with Other Makers." These comparisons and contrasts are based on a survey conducted by Dr. Stein of a group of bamboo rod collectors, dealers, and makers. In all fairness, the desire to compare and contrast Dickerson's work with the output of other makers is understandable and my criticism is highly subjective. That being said, however, it is disappointing to see words such as "sweet, elegant, outstanding, impressive," and the usual list of superlatives crop up in a serious study. This is especially confusing since the work of Garrison, Young, and Summers is not included in these comparisons because, at least in part, they made rods of the parabolic and semiparabolic variety; most of Dickerson's rods were made using more progressive tapers. Well, by any reckoning, the work of these other rodmakers is "outstanding" and "impressive."

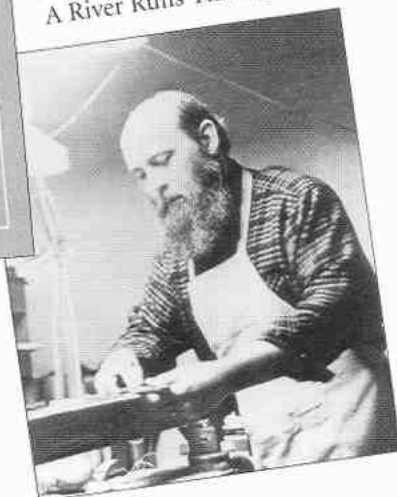
Perhaps a more instructive and inclusive comparison could have been made using something like the simple deflection test. The deflection test is that old standby where the handle of a rod is secured by some safe method and a standard-sized weight is hooked onto



Rodmaker Glenn Brackett (above) and Hoagy B. Carmichael (right) from *Classic Bamboo Rod Makers*.



Bob Taylor, who restored the rods featured in the film *A River Runs Through It*.



the tip of the rod and then gently released to allow the rod to bend under the gravity of the weight. This could be done against some board or wall marked with grids, allowing some basis for objective comparison of different rods. These would have easily lent themselves to illustration and thus eliminated subjective error and opinion. A yet more thorough comparison could have been made by employing the types of theories and methods developed by Greg Spolek in his two-part article entitled "Where the Action Is," which appeared in the pages of *The American Fly Fisher* several years ago.² Perhaps one day someone will undertake a more scientific comparison of the Paynes, Leonards, Dickersons, and others mentioned in *Dickerson*, and lay to rest much of the speculation and rumor that surround the work of these makers. That would indeed be a major groundbreaking study and could be a book in itself. This criticism, however, is as subjective as the section comparisons of the book and, actually, the book is strengthened rather than weakened by their inclusion.

FOR THE STUDENT OF TACKLE

In 1992 Centennial Publications began distribution of three new books of interest to the collector and the student of tackle. The first is a reprint of *The*

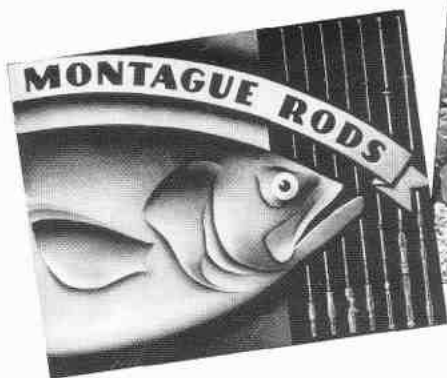
Bamboo Rod and How to Build It by Claude Kreider, with an appendix giving fresh technical information by James W. Schaaf. First published in 1951, Kreider's little book is a tribute to the subtle simplicity of the bamboo rod and to the surprising ease with which a rod may be constructed. The first time I read an original copy of *The Bamboo Rod* I couldn't believe it was actually possible to produce a finished rod with the simple tools described by Kreider. Mr. Kreider was known to produce fine rods, which proves that it's not in the tools, but what's in the hands and the heart of the craftsman that counts.

A word of warning to anyone interested in testing his own hands at constructing a bamboo rod: don't plan on using Kreider as your sole guide. The single most useful book available to the prospective craftsman is still *A Master's Guide to Building a Bamboo Fly Rod* by Everett Garrison and Hoagy B. Carmichael.³ Read Kreider's *The Bamboo Rod*, however, for reassurance that you will not need the most complicated tooling in order to make a rod that will in all probability meet your expectations.

Even with such a complete book as *A Master's Guide*, the first tests of the rod craftsman is that of inventor and improviser. Almost all of today's makers take a little from Garrison, a bit from Kreider,

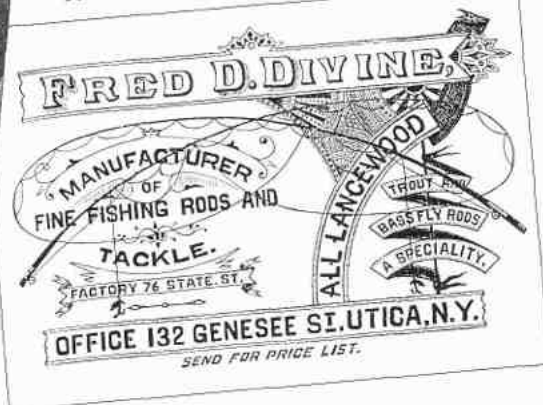
and so on, to devise methods that work for them.

Also in 1992, Dick Spurr wrote *Classic Bamboo Rod Makers Past and Present*. In this book, Mr. Spurr briefly chronicles the rodmaking careers of forty-five craftsmen, some of whom are still alive and very active, some who have passed away, and many with whom you will probably not be familiar. It should be made perfectly clear that this is a fresh study and does not simply rehash what has already been said by other authors. Makers such as Harold Gillum and Jim Payne, who are quite well known within the fly-fishing fraternity, are included in this volume, but Samuel Phillipe, Charles Murphy, Hiram Leonard, Fred Thomas, and a few others whose lives have been chronicled in other places are not. Many new names will be found: Dave Male, Jon Parker, Mike Spittler, Daryll Whitehead, and some guy named David Klausmeyer, to name just a few. In putting this compendium together, Spurr interviewed the makers themselves and let them tell their own stories. For the deceased rod craftsman, someone who personally knew the maker provided the pertinent details. The entries follow a fairly uniform format: a biographical sketch of each maker, a discussion of how each individual came to the world of fly fishing and rod crafting in particular, any pertinent connections



John T. Bishop and Jim Payne,
circa 1946.

Divine's first ad which
appeared in the 1882 Utica City Directory.



with other tackle companies, and a description of the types of rods made by each fellow. Facing each entry is a full-page photograph of each man (why are rodmakers always men?). This book bridges the gap between the rodmakers of the past and contemporary craftsmen.

Centennial Publications reprinted the *E. F. Payne Rod Co. Corporate Records, 1930-1968* two years ago. This is an altogether different sort of book. As Len Codella says in his introduction, this book has "little literary value." In fact, the only "literary" aspect of the book is the introduction, which is an excellent thumbnail sketch of the history of the E. F. Payne Rod Company. The remainder and bulk of the book is totally nonliterary: it is a reproduction of the corporate records of that organization, complete with corporate officer signatures, document typos, corrections, and stamps and signatures of notary publics. Yes, I use the word "organization" because the reader is confronted with the fact that rodmaker and artisan Jim Payne was serious about running a successful company and didn't simply meander about his shop tinkering with bamboo. Not included are production and sales records. Some collectors are interested in who purchased rods, and in being able to correlate serial numbers with dates of manufacture and sale, etc.,

but such notions seemed rather odd to many past manufacturers; much of this type of record keeping may not have even occurred to the employees of the Payne Company. Anyway, most of the production records were unavailable for inclusion in this book and so none appear. (From what Mr. Spurr was able to uncover, however, the annual production of the Payne shop may have far exceeded 700 rods per year, the rough figure many have accepted as that company's yearly output.) This is a book for the most serious students and is bold in that it will only enjoy limited appeal. But it falls right in line with the philosophy of Centennial Publications, for, as Dick Spurr says, he "wants to preserve these pieces of history before they're lost."

CENTENNIAL'S 1993

In 1993 Centennial Publications made several additional contributions to fly and fishing tackle literature. To start, there is a reproduction of a vintage catalog of the Montague Rod & Reel Company. Though Montague has never been considered a producer of high-grade tackle, this catalog reproduction is a gem. Students of tackle will see rod models such as Manitou, Rapidan, Fishkill, Flash, and so many of the others that we have all examined. What is curious is the large number of mod-

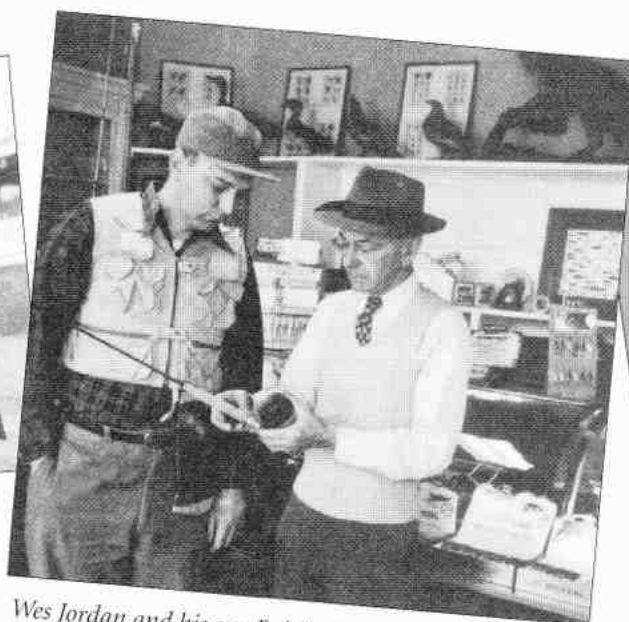
els. By this author's count, Montague Rod & Reel offered sixty-six models of fly rods, with many models being made in several lengths and weights. This same breadth of production was carried over into the astounding number of saltwater and other freshwater rods offered by Montague. I suppose that for the collector of fishing tackle (or the American Museum of Fly Fishing), obtaining a complete set of Montague rods would be a lot like collecting an entire set of 1952 baseball cards!

Another book offered by Centennial Publications last year is *Fishing Rods by Divine* by Michael Sinclair. This book covers the rodmaking career of Fred Divine, who is one of the most maligned of all rodmakers. In the introduction, Sinclair writes, "Bamboo rod historians and aficionados eagerly declare that none of the rods made by the Divine Company were the equal of those made by more popular companies. This book will suggest otherwise." It seems Sinclair has a gift for understatement!

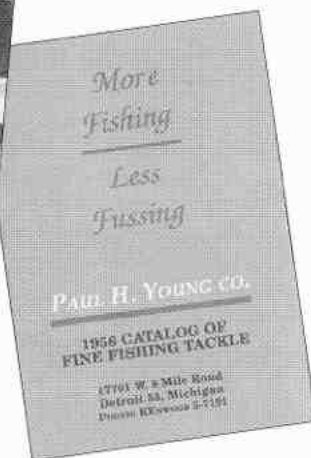
The fact of the matter is that although most "bamboo rod historians and aficionados" do indeed take a disparaging view of the work of Fred Divine, most rodmakers admire his ingenuity and the rods produced by his company. Yes, Divine did make several inexpensive grades of rods, but he was running a business and had to meet a



Wes Jordan with his Indiana motorcycle, purchased from the Boston police for \$75.



Wes Jordan and his son Bob in the old Union Street showroom of the Orvis Company.



payroll. The Divine Rod Company of Utica, New York, also made many rods that were second to none. The Museum, for instance, has one example of a high-grade eight-strip Divine rod. Making this sort of rod is an achievement in itself. Take a sheet of paper and draw a circle. Now divide that circle into eight equal pieces, much like an eight-piece pie. Try to imagine, if you can, the machinery that crafts the bamboo strips required to manufacture such a rod. It should also be noted that Divine held several patents for improvements in rod construction and rod-fitting design.

Centennial's *Wes Jordan: Profile of a Rodmaker* (1993) is a collaborative effort between Dick Spurr and Gloria Jordan, wife of the late Wes Jordan. This book chronicles Jordan's career through the Cross and Southbend tackle companies and his years with Orvis. Of particular interest is how Jordan took Orvis's rod production up to 5,000 bamboo rods per year (a feat that just may rank with the beveler developed by Hiram Leonard which demonstrated that a multistrip bamboo rod could even be mass-produced) and the full story of how he developed Orvis's famed impregnation process. Indeed, others may have solved the financial problems facing Orvis in the early 1940s, but it is generally agreed that Jordan was the mastermind behind running the manu-

facturing facilities at peak efficiency. Once again, the reader will find numerous photos and illustrations of Wes Jordan, rodmaking machinery, and catalog reproductions.

One funny story deals with how Jordan felt about going to work for Orvis in 1940. Jordan wrote, "Up until the time I went to Manchester, I had never heard of Orvis and even after all of my years in the rod business I had never seen an Orvis rod." And this from the man who played a key role in helping to bring the company into the forefront of the tackle industry!

This is a particularly fascinating volume because Spurr and Gloria Jordan used as their basis a manuscript by Wes Jordan. That manuscript is none other than Jordan's unpublished autobiography. In *Wes Jordan: Profile of a Rodmaker*, the reader will find numerous quotations from that unpublished book, making this new volume especially authoritative.

Centennial Publications will publish several additional books this year that will continue to fill out the libraries of tackle historians, including a book containing five Payne Rod Company catalogs and a new book covering the histories of the F. E. Thomas Rod Company, the various Edwards companies, and Sam Carlson and his role with F. E. Thomas and Edwards.

At long last, rod historians and collectors have access to important information that will help them to form their own opinions and discover more about the rich history of the fly-fishing tackle industry.

ENDNOTES

1. Martin J. Keane, *Classic Rods and Rodmakers* (Stockbridge, Mass.: Classic Publishing Company, 1976). Ernest Schwiebert, *Trout* (New York: E. P. Dutton, Inc., 1978).

2. Craig Spolek, "Where the Action Is," *The American Fly Fisher*, Summer 1987, vol. 13, no. 4. Part two of this insightful study appeared in *The American Fly Fisher*, Winter 1988, vol. 14, no. 1. In this series, Mr. Spolek not only goes to great lengths to provide more precise definitions to such common fly rod terms as "rod action," but also provides a rather unique methodology for comparing and contrasting rods of different eras, materials, and makers. I know that some would be apprehensive in allowing their prized rods to be put through Mr. Spolek's rigorous tests (the serious reader is encouraged to read this very interesting study), but "Where the Action Is" did demonstrate the need to develop a more accurate set of definitions and framework when comparing rods. From the point of view of this rodmaker, Spolek's work is the most important to come along in years.

3. Everett Garrison and Hoagy B. Carmichael, *A Master's Guide to Building a Bamboo Fly Rod* (Piscataway, N.J.: Winchester Press, 1977). There's little doubt that today's bamboo rod cottage industry stems from the publication of this book.

From *American Fly Fishing: A History* by Schullery (1987)



"Englishmen in Colorado: Fishing for Breakfast," from the *London Graphic*, 1872. The American west was a popular sporting destination for European adventurers following the Civil War.

Fly Casting Instruction Reaches the American Frontier

by Warren Vander Hill and David Wheeler

MOST PEOPLE TODAY learn to fly cast by attending clinics, watching videos, or reading profusely illustrated magazine articles or books on the subject.

For the authors—an American social historian and a historical geographer who are both avid fly fishers—that fact naturally turned our attention to two questions: how did people learn to cast, especially in rather isolated areas of the country where we know that people did fly fish? And what was the source of their instructional information?

The article which follows, written by the New York art critic, editor, and fly fisherman Ripley Hitchcock, originally appeared in *St. Nicholas Magazine* in July 1886. In this essay, as well as one in the August 1886 issue of *St. Nicholas*, Hitchcock talks about fly fishing with enthusiasm and reverence.

These writings must have impressed the *Oklahoma War Chief's* editor, Colonel Samuel Crocker, who decided

to print the July 1886 "Fly Casting" piece in his frontier paper's July 29, 1886, issue.

That "geographic leap" should be of interest to anyone interested in our questions. But even more significantly, it is also an example of cultural and literary mobility which was, of course, an important aspect of the westward movement. Published in New York City, and certainly the best known of nineteenth-century juvenile magazines, *St. Nicholas* was dedicated to advancing a genteel, upper-class view of American life. The editor and readers of the *War Chief* hardly fit that description.

This newspaper began publication in Wichita, Kansas, in 1883. It served as the official voice of a colony of settlers (boomers) led by Captain David Lewis Payne, a Civil War veteran, who sought to settle the Indian lands of the Oklahoma Territory against the laws of the federal government.

The editorial position of the newspaper opposed monopolies, supported a

return of the public domain to its rightful owners—the people of the United States—and, of course, advocated the immediate opening of the Indian territory to homesteaders.

Thwarted attempts to establish illegal colonies in the Territory and financial difficulties led to frequent shifts in the place of the newspaper's publication. Less than two months after it was established in Wichita, publication shifted to Gueda Springs, Kansas, and briefly, in the spring of 1884, to the Oklahoma Territory, then to Arkansas City, South Haven, and finally, in 1885, to Caldwell, Kansas, the headquarters of the Oklahoma colony of settlers.

Captain Payne died unexpectedly on November 28, 1884, while waiting to be served a glass of milk at the Hotel de Barnard in Wellington, Kansas. He was at that moment responding to a question about the status of the Oklahoma Territory. Even though his followers carried on, "the scarcity of money, hard

FLY CASTING: How To Acquire a Practical Knowledge of This Accomplishment

by Ripley Hitchcock

IT IS NOT NECESSARY to wait for summer nor for access to water, in order to practice casting. A house-top, a door-yard, or even the spacious floor of an old-fashioned barn offers just as good a chance for practice as a lake or river. Fly-casting is a very simple movement, and not a flourish. The elbow is kept down at the side, the fore-arm moving only a little, and most of the work is done by the wrist. Holding the rod by the grip, the part of the butt wound with silk or rattan to assist the grasp, one finds that the reel, which is just below the grip, aids in balancing the rod. The reel is underneath in casting. After hooking the fish, many anglers turn their rods so as to bring the reel to the upper side, thus letting the strain of the line come upon the rod itself instead of upon the rings. In holding the grip, the thumb should be extended straight along the rod, as this gives an additional purchase. For the first cast, take the end of the line in the left hand, and bring the rod upward and backward until the line is taut. As you release the line, the spring of the rod carries the line, backward. This is the back cast. Then comes an instant's pause, while the line straightens itself out behind, and then with a firm motion of the wrist, helped a little by the fore-arm, the rod is thrown forward, and the line flies out easily in front. Begin with a line once or once-and-a-half as long as the rod, and lengthen it out by degrees. The main points to be remembered are: to keep the elbow at the side, to train the wrist, to move the rod not too far forward or back, always to wait until the line is straight behind on the back cast, and to make sure that in this the line falls no lower than your head, a process which it will take time to accomplish. There is no more awkward fault than that of whipping a rod down to a level with the horizon.

When the learner becomes accustomed to handling his rod, he must try to perfect himself in two matters of great importance—accuracy and delicacy. Place a small piece of paper fifteen or twenty feet away, and aim at making the knot in the end of the line fall easily and quietly upon it. Your efforts will be aided if you will raise the point of the rod a trifle, just as the forward impulse of the line is spent, and the line itself is straightened in the air for an instant in front. This is a novel kind of target-shooting, but its usefulness will be realized when the angler finds it necessary to drop his flies lightly just over the head of some wary trout.

This excerpt originally appeared in St. Nicholas Magazine in July 1886.



Captain David L. Payne, "the Oklahoma Boomer." Courtesy of the Kansas State Historical Society

times, and legislative disappointment" caused the *Oklahoma War Chief* to languish and, on August 12, 1886, suspend publication. Publication was not resumed, but the techniques of fly casting described here are as interesting to us in an age of tight loops, reach casts, and double hauls as they were to the Oklahoma boomers in 1886. And the article's appearance in a newspaper like the *War Chief* provides unique evidence of the manner in which information about this method of fishing reached the frontier.

◀ ◀ ◀ ◀ ◀

Though Captain David L. Payne is little more than a footnote in our history texts, his scheme to settle Oklahoma Territory ultimately succeeded. The *Oklahoma War Chief*—the voice of the boomers—may be of interest to few but archivists, yet it served to foster a fly-fishing tradition on the western frontier, a tradition that time has not diminished. ~

ANGLERS' EVENINGS.

PAPERS BY MEMBERS OF THE MANCHESTER
ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION.

SECOND SERIES.



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

Manchester:

ARTH. HAYWOOD AND SON, 57 AND 58, OLDHAM STREET.

London:

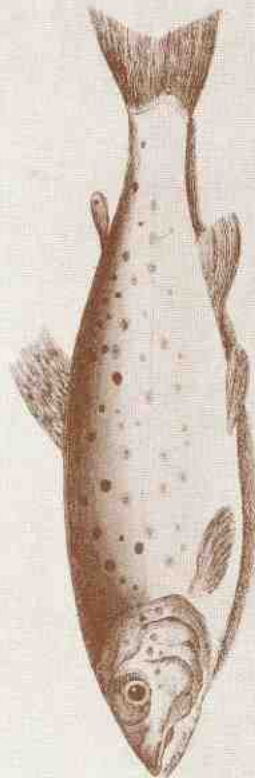
SIMPSON, MARSHALL AND CO.
1882.

Frontispieces

FOR THE BOOK LOVER (and most of our readers would eagerly claim to be one), there is no finer joy than wandering through the stacks of our library, admiring the Museum's priceless book collection. By appointment, scholars, researchers, and the avid bookworm come here to page carefully, reverently, through the pages of books written or collected by such notables as Atherton, Bergman, Gordon, Haig-Brown, Henshall, Hewitt, Halford, and Skues.

The covers of these books are themselves worthy of their own coffee table coverage, with their exquisite gold-leaf engravings highlighting this sadly lost book-art. We've selected for your reflection just a sample of the lovely frontispiece material showcased in one of our most valuable antique book collections from Theodore Gordon's personal library (see Gallery, page 22). Though comprised of a relatively small number of books (many in his library were lost to fire), Gordon's collection represents some of the oldest and most diverse in terms of composition, subject, and cover art.

EDITOR

THE
FLY FISHER'S GUIDE,ILLUSTRATED BY
COLOURED PLATES,REPRODUCED BY
FORTY OF THE MOST USEFUL FLIES,

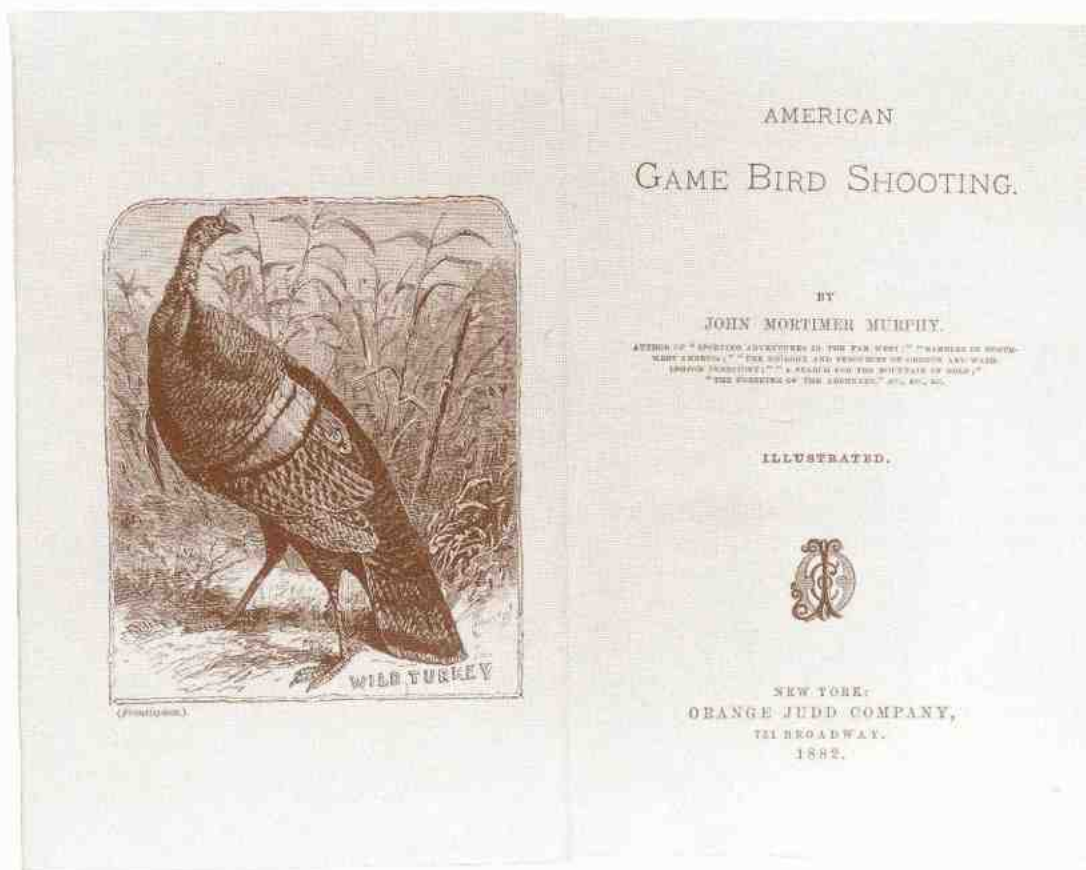
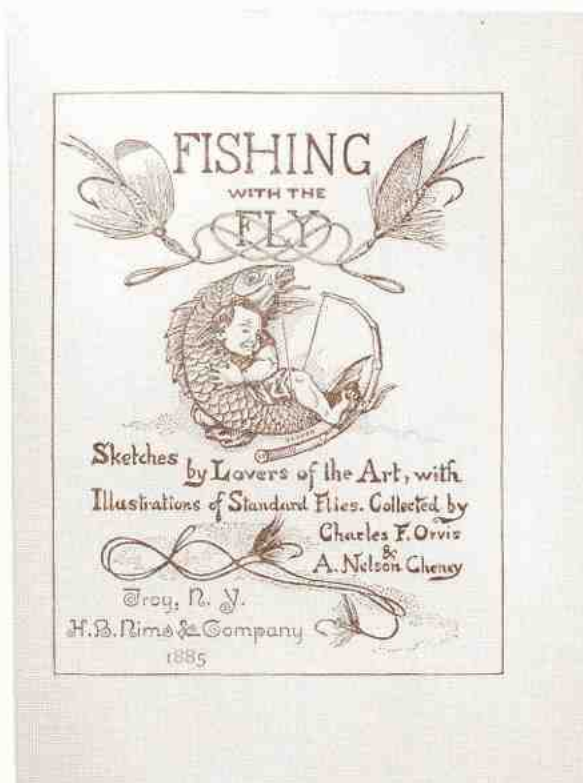
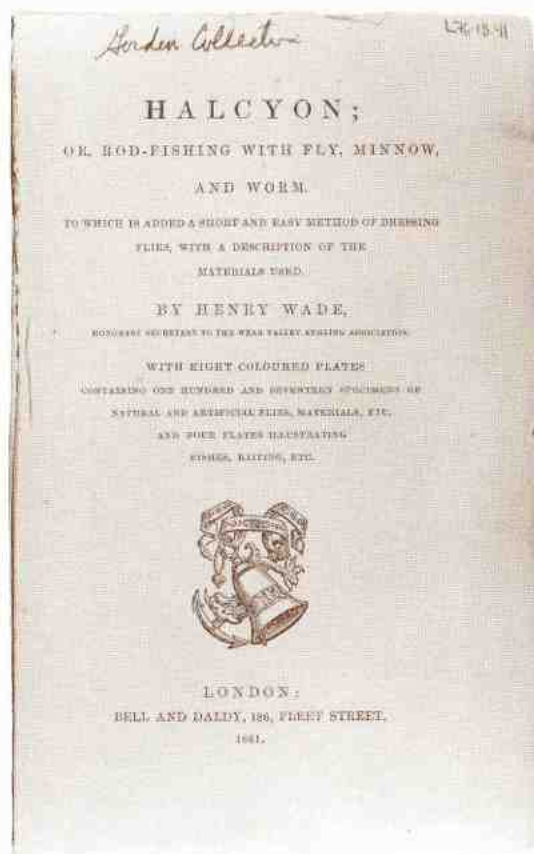
ACCURATELY GIVEN ENGRAVED.

BY
GEORGE COLE BAINBRIDGE.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN.
WHOLESALE.



GALLERY



IT IS NOW NEARLY EIGHTY YEARS since Theodore Gordon went “round the bend” as angling writers are prone to say. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1854 and died of tuberculosis in Bradley, New York, on May 1, 1915. Gordon, of course, was one of the pioneers of modern-day fly fishing and is considered by many to be the “father of the dry fly” in the United States. He was introduced to the dry fly by F. M. Halford of England in 1890, his first experience with floating imitations.

Gordon was a prolific writer and a frequent contributor to *Forest & Stream* and *The Fishing Gazette*. Much of his work is contained in John McDonald’s *The Complete Fly Fisherman* (1947). His rare dedication to the sport came as a result of an illness that banished him to the mountains and barred him from a conventional life.

Often referred to as the “American Walton” and the “Sage of the Neversink,” he lived a remarkable, reclusive life. He was an elegant backwoodsman—a man well-versed in the finer things in life, well-read and intelligent, a latter-day Thoreau. He shunned the angling elite with their clubs and specially stocked waters—to him, they were too easy to fish and no test of skill. As the champion

of the dry fly, the technique of upstream presentation, and the natural float, he had a profound affect on the American fly-fishing scene. Gordon adapted the English fly to American conditions, with stiffer and sparser hackles, and from this the fly developed greater delicacy and buoyancy.

In the fall of 1976, the Museum acquired a remarkable gift. William Naden of New York City generously presented the Museum with a collection of angling books that were originally owned by Theodore Gordon. Though the Naden collection forms a major portion of Gordon’s original library, it represents less than half of his total collection; a 1913 fire in Liberty, New York, destroyed much of it. In addition, Gordon was in the habit of loaning books to friends who in many cases failed to return them.

Other objects in the Museum’s collections belonging to Theodore Gordon are a hand-held fly-tying vise (a prolific tyer, he tied up to the time of his death); a photo of his New York fishing license; a framed selection of his original flies tied in the Catskill style he originated; and some photographic portraits of Gordon.

The Quill Gordon fly, his signature, perpetuates his memory.

CRAIG THOMAS

~ Congratulations ~

Congratulations on your recent accreditation. It comes as no surprise to us that the Museum would be successful in this effort. We have long been familiar with your exacting standards, the professionalism of the staff, and your dedication to quality.

Thank you for sharing the news with us. Please pass our congratulations on to everyone who was a part of this accomplishment.

*Philip M. Drumheller
President, The Lane Press
Burlington, Vermont*

Sincere congratulations and thanks to all of you on receiving accreditation from the American Association of Museums. Your dedication and hard work has taken the Museum into the circle of highly respected organizations. You have effectively opened doors to the future and ensured the viability of the Museum. Your work, your accomplishment, is historic.

*Bruce Begin
Development Director
Proctor Academy
Andover, New Hampshire*

On behalf of the Board of Directors of the Kara Foundation, I am proud to congratulate you and the members of your staff on attaining accreditation. We look forward to continuing our support of your programs, and, once again, congratulations on a job well done.

*Patrick S. DeMoon
President, The Kara Foundation
Bloomington, Illinois*

Congratulations on the accreditation of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. We have arrived and have acquired credentials that will play a key role in the future growth of the Museum. I for one am proud to have been able to make a contribution to the Museum and hope that there will be an opportunity to serve in the future.

*Donn H. Byrne, Sr.
AMFF Trustee
Village of Golf, Florida*

Congratulations . . . from what we have seen and heard, your accreditation is well deserved.

*Carol Ann and Jim Spendiff
Lewistown, Pennsylvania*

Congratulations on your receiving accreditation. You folks are an example to us all.

*James Bryant, Director
Pember Museum of Natural History
Granville, New York*

Bravo! I'm thrilled. Best, from us all.

*Nick Lyons
Lyons & Burford, Publishers
New York, New York*

A very big congratulations on a superb job! The accreditation of the Museum means a great deal to all—especially fly fisherpeople.

*Lewis M. Borden, III
AMFF Trustee
Denver, Colorado*

. . . It is a great accomplishment and we, as members, and as friends of the Museum, are very proud of what it has achieved. We are happy to be associated with such a terrific organization. Congratulations to you all.

*Dave and Judi Shirley
Stratham, New Hampshire*

Kudos to each of you for your wonderful accomplishment. You did it the old-fashioned way. You earned it.

*Ivan Schloff, M.D.
Arthur Kaemer, M.D.
AMFF Trustees
St. Paul, Minnesota*

[Ivan and Art's kind letter was received only a short while before Ivan's death in January. -EDITOR]

This is truly the finest thing that's happened to the Museum since its inception. I know how hard all of you have worked to reach this goal; you all well deserve the congratulations and best wishes that will be forthcoming as a result of this splendid achievement, including my own.

*Robert W. Johnson
AMFF Trustee Emeritus
New Canaan, Connecticut*

Congratulations! Thank you for your hard work and vision on this important event!

*Frank Tardo
Former AMFF Boston Dinner
Committee Chairman
Medford, Massachusetts*

Congratulations! The Museum has reached many milestones, including last year's twenty-fifth anniversary. Now kudos are in order as the accreditation credentials will be presented on February 25. This was done by the combined effort, hard work, and love for the American Museum of Fly Fishing and what it stands for in American history.

I am so very proud to be a member of our museum and of its place in the American way of life. I do not have words with which to express to each of you thanks for making the Museum what it is today. What I feel is pride and love for each of you who make this—our museum—grow each day. I know you love it as I do. Thank you all for making this all possible.

*Jim Schaaf
Concord, California*

Congratulations on receiving your accreditation from the AAM. Please accept my best wishes for a happy holiday season and a successful new year.

*Gene A. Schott, Director
The Heritage Plantation of Sandwich
Sandwich, Massachusetts*

Congratulations to you all on achieving your accreditation credentials—a rewarding effort.

*Jim Baker
Madison, New Jersey*

Congratulations on the AAM accreditation! The Museum and everyone there deserves such recognition. I'm glad that I have been, at least in some small way, a part of it.

*Douglas McCombs
Doctoral candidate and
former AMFF Intern/Registrar
Kent State University, Ohio*

Please allow me to add my congratulations to the many which you have undoubtedly already received upon the gaining of accreditation. This could only have been accomplished through the tireless efforts on the part of the entire staff. The fly-fishing fraternity owe each and every one of you a sincere vote of thanks.

*George Angstadt
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania*

As a veteran of the museum business (researcher, director, trustee), I can appreciate what you and your staff have accomplished in gaining accreditation by the AAM. Congratulations!

*Bill Fenton
Slingerlands, New York*

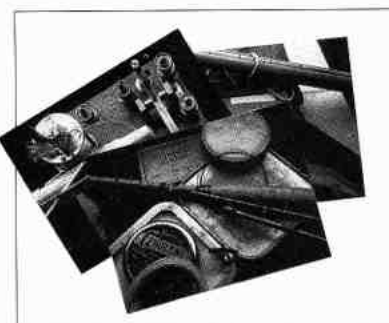
Museum Gift Shop



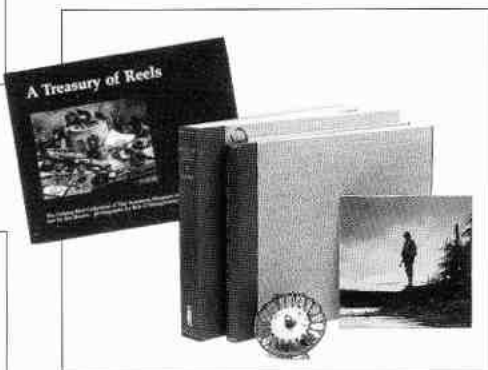
Vest Patch. Museum logo, hunter green with silver/grey... \$5



T-shirts. Museum logo, specify hunter green with white or heather gray with hunter green \$12



Note Cards. Photographs of personality tackle includes Hemingway, Crosby, Eisenhower, Webster, Homer, and Samuel Morse. 12 cards per box, 2 of each image with envelopes \$12.95



*A Treasury of Reels:
The Fishing Reel Collection of
The American Museum of Fly Fishing*
by Jim Brown, photographs by
Bob O'Shaughnessy.
Deluxe edition is handbound and boxed,
with a signed and numbered print by
John Swan. \$450 each.
Available in paperback for \$29.95.



25th Anniversary Poster.
Photograph by Terry Heffernan
(20" x 30"). \$19.95
Please add \$5 for postage and
handling.



Up/Downer Hat. \$16.50
With Durham Ranger fly. Specify
bright blue or tan supplex.
Baseball-style Hat. \$14
Durham Ranger fly. Corduroy avail-
able in burgundy or teal. Supplex
available in bright blue, teal, or
tan.



Ceramic Mug with Museum
logo. \$6
Coaster/Paperweight. Vermont
marble with Museum logo \$10

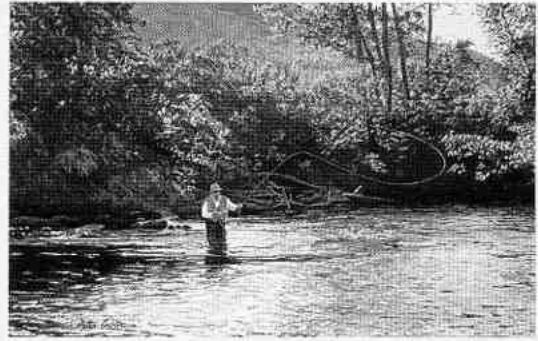


Pin. Museum logo, hunter green
with silver. \$5

Please make checks payable to AMFF and send to P.O. Box 42, Manchester, VT 05254. Telephone orders: 802-362-3300.



"Lost Pool"
by John Swan (15" x 26")
edition of 400
\$95 each



"Battenkill Afternoon"
by Peter Corbin (30" x 22")
25th Anniversary Edition of 200
\$175 each

LIMITED EDITION PRINTS
Printed on acid-free paper, ample borders.
Each signed and numbered. Postage and
handling included.



"Anglers All: Humanity in Midstream"
"Casting" by Winslow Homer
(18" x 24")



"World of the Salmon"
"Wind Clouds" by Ogden Pleissner,
(26" x 22")



"Evening Mist"
by Chet Reneson (27" x 21")

EXHIBITION POSTERS
Printed on high-quality glossy stock
with ample borders. Each poster is \$15.



"Time On the Water"
by John Swan (26" x 20")



"Water, Sky, & Time"
by Adriano Manocchia (25" x 22")



"An Artist's Creel"
by Peter Corbin (26" x 23")

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The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254
Tel: 802-362-3300

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum*)

Associate*	\$25
Sustaining*	\$50
Benefactor	\$100
Patron*	\$250
Sponsor*	\$500
Corporate*	\$1,000
Life	\$1,500

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, the American Association of State and Local History, the New England Association of Museums, the Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance, and the International Association of Sports Museums and Halls of Fame. We are a nationally accredited, nonprofit, educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

SUPPORT!

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

VISIT!

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

BACK ISSUES!

Available at \$4 per copy:

- Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
- Volume 7, Numbers 2, 3
- Volume 8, Number 3
- Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2, 3
- Volume 10, Number 2
- Volume 11, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
- Volume 12, Number 3
- Volume 13, Number 3
- Volume 15, Number 2
- Volume 16, Numbers 1, 2, 3
- Volume 17, Numbers 1, 2, 3
- Volume 18, Numbers 1, 2, 4
- Volume 19, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
- Volume 20, Number 1



Museum News

by Donald S. Johnson
Executive Director

Conservation Grant Awarded

One of the most welcome bits of news in an already memorable and highly successful year arrived in a November letter from the Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance (VMGA) that informed us we had been awarded a \$1,400 VMGA Conservation Treatment Grant.

The conservation (preservation and/or restoration) of certain objects in the Museum's collections is one of our primary objectives. Our highest priority at this time is the treatment of the Mary Orvis Marbury 1893 Columbian Exposition panels that are on view in the Museum's Leigh & Romi Perkins Audio/Video Gallery. This unique collection of period flies and rare angling photographs mounted in beautiful hardwood panels was originally designed and constructed for Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893 by Mary Orvis Marbury, an innovative fly designer and author, who was the daughter of Charles E. Orvis, founder of the Orvis Company of Manchester, Vermont. It is, perhaps, the most popular exhibit in the Museum and one of the most historically valuable pieces in our collection.

Treatment of the Marbury panels will

begin in mid-1994 when the original period photographs by famous contemporary photographers—which have been slowly deteriorating over the course of a century through exposure to ultraviolet light—will be removed, photographically reproduced by a professional contractor, and then stored in the Museum's environmentally controlled collections management area where they can be regularly monitored by our curator. The panel originals will be replaced by the reproductions.

Future plans call for the Marbury panels to undergo further conservation treatment as well. Treatment of other Museum objects, identified as priorities in the Museum's Institute of Museum Services Conservation Survey of 1989, will continue on a regular basis throughout the coming years.

Museum Hosts Paper Sculptor

He has been described as "the world's leading three-dimensional paper sculptor." And a glance at his creations confirms the validity of that claim as it applies to Leo Monahan, an artist based in Burbank, California. In one of his rare East Coast appearances, his work was exhibited at the Museum during the winter, a particularly appropriate venue for Monahan's art since the sculptures

Margot Page



The Mary Orvis Marbury panels will undergo restoration thanks to a recent grant from VMGA.

are all representations of fishing flies. His twenty-six original pieces remained on exhibit until April 1.

Although the images exhibited were all fly representations, they are only part of Monahan's work, much of which is based on American Indian themes. "The inspiration," according to Monahan, "comes from my childhood in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Much of my fine art is based on my memories of the Indian objects I was surrounded with."

Monahan's interest in paper flies rises from the fact that he is an avid fly fisher and has a keen interest in the outdoors. Paper sculpture is "an unusual medium because it's three-dimensional. First, I do things to the paper to make it look like surfaces such as leather, wood, or metal hooks, so it fools the eye. I make things out of paper that look like anything but paper. The paper is just the medium I use to illustrate the idea."

After leaving South Dakota for the U.S. Navy, Monahan won a Walt Disney Studio Art Scholarship. After attending the Chouinard School in Los Angeles, he then entered the field of graphic arts and was soon running his own advertising agency. In 1985 he left advertising to devote himself full time to paper sculpture. Among his clients he lists Coca Cola, IBM, General Motors, AT&T, the three major television networks, Time-Life, Disney Studios, and some thirty-five other major corporations and institutions. Additionally, his works hang in the Smithsonian Institution and in galleries in Germany and Japan.

The Museum is proud to present the work of some of the world's best-known sporting artists, but this is the most unusual exhibit we've yet mounted. We are very pleased to have offered these superb works for public viewing.

VMGA Award

Hard on the heels of earning accreditation from the American Association of Museums, came the altogether delightful news that the Museum was being presented with the first Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance (VMGA) President's Prerogative Award.

The President's Prerogative Award was designed to acknowledge superior achievement by one of VMGA's member institutions or individuals. William Jenney, VMGA's current president, decided that the 1993 award should be presented "to an organization that has just entered the very select ranks of Vermont's AAM accredited museums—the American Museum of Fly Fishing. They

have achieved something that almost everyone in VMGA aspires to."

The award was officially announced at VMGA's 1993 annual meeting at the Bennington Museum in nearby Bennington, Vermont. We look forward to displaying the award in our reception area in the near future.

A Banner Year for AMFF

The Museum's 25th anniversary year, 1993, may have been the most memorable and successful year in the Museum's quarter century of continuous operation. Herewith some of the year's highlights:

⇒ *Accreditation:* In October the Museum was officially awarded accreditation, "the highest honor a museum can receive," from the American Association of Museums following a rigorous two-year process.

⇒ *Finances:* Income for the year topped \$450,000, a record. All line items in the Museum's income budget, from membership to donations, showed significant improvement over fiscal year 1992.

⇒ *Gala Events:* Both the Annual Festival Weekend in June and the 25th Anniversary Gala Dinner in August were overwhelmingly successful. The Museum's Annual Meeting in August was attended by a record thirty-four trustees from every region of the nation.

⇒ *Exhibitions:* "Anglers All," the Museum's national traveling exhibition, was hosted by three Museums for the second consecutive year. In all, the Museum developed or participated in seventeen traveling exhibits. The Museum's in-house exhibition of watercolors by Chet Reneson was a major success.

⇒ *Publications:* The Museum's publications continue to impress. The Museum published a special 25th anniversary limited edition print by internationally known artist Peter Corbin, several exhibition posters, a unique "Fish Models: An Exhibition" catalogue, and four exciting 25th anniversary issues of its quarterly journal, *The American Fly Fisher*.

A full annual report of the Museum's activities will appear in the next issue of the journal.

Fifth Museum Festival Weekend—June 3, 4, 5

Mark your calendars and plan to spend an entertaining weekend with us here in Manchester, Vermont, on June 3, 4, 5, 1994, as the Museum hosts its Fifth Annual Museum Festival Weekend.

The festivities begin at 6:00 P.M., Friday, June 3, with our traditional gala opening reception of the Museum's 1994 exhibition of featured artists: two unique, nationally known talents, Luther Hall and David Carroll. Additionally, our guests can look forward to viewing several new exhibits installed by our staff.

On the morning of Saturday the 4th, come explore the "World of the Victorian Angler" with us at beautiful Equinox Pond, which is nestled in the shadow of the famous Mount Equinox just "up the road" from the Museum. Participants can look forward to casting period rods and lines, enjoying lunch at the Equinox pavilion located next to the pond, and, hopefully, catching one of the large rainbows that inhabit its waters.

Guests can sample the extraordinary ambiance of the historic Equinox Hotel while attending the Museum's traditional Annual Dinner Party and Auction on Saturday evening. Lyman Foss, the Museum's own "Green Mountain Original," will be auctioning off a fabulous array of sporting items with all proceeds benefiting the Museum.

Between 10:00 A.M. and 4:00 P.M. on Sunday the 5th, guests can observe and take part in demonstrations of rod building, fly tying, decoy carving, canoe building, and much more at our Museum open house. Refreshments will also be available.

All in all, it should be a memorable, fun-filled weekend for members and the public alike. Additional information will be sent to all our members in the near future. See you in June!

IN MEMORIAM:



Dr. Ivan Schloff, Trustee and Friend

Dr. Ivan Schloff, a dear friend and a popular and hard-working trustee of the Museum, passed away on January 17, 1994, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Ivan had served the Museum well for over a decade and was a key member of the Museum's Development Committee.

Dr. Schloff received his B.A. from the University of Minnesota and his M.D. from the Medical School of the University of Bologna, Italy. He was a past chief of orthopedic surgery at the United Hospital of St. Paul, Minnesota, past chief of surgery, Children's Hospital, St. Paul, and past instructor in orthopedic surgery, St. Catherine's College, St. Paul.

His passion was fly fishing and he

fished all over the world. But community service was a cornerstone of Dr. Schloff's life. He served on numerous committees and boards both in the Minneapolis/St. Paul area and around the country. In addition to his service on our Museum board, he served on the boards of Trout Unlimited and the Lew Jewett Chapter of the Federation of Fly Fishermen from which he recently re-

ceived a Lifetime Contribution Award.

Ivan was, first and foremost, a compassionate individual with a great sense of understanding and fairness. The Museum and all that it represents was a large part of his life and he played a crucial role in the Museum's growth and success. He will be greatly missed by all who had the pleasure and honor of knowing and working with him.



Warren D. Miller is a writer and business researcher who lives in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Miller resolved two days after Arnold Gingrich's death in July 1976 that he would write the gentleman's biography "if no one beat me to it." He learned late in 1988 that no one had, so he is. He has read all of Gingrich's books, most of his *Esquire* writing, and much of the material in the Gingrich papers. He has visited the neighborhood where Gingrich grew up, talked to his boyhood chums, quizzed some of his fishing companions, and interviewed many of his former *Esquire* colleagues. Progress on the biography comes in spurts because earnings from doing econometric modeling, competitive intelligence profiles, and valuations of closely held businesses as a Certified Public Accountant fund his work on *America's Esquire*.



Daniel P. Marschka

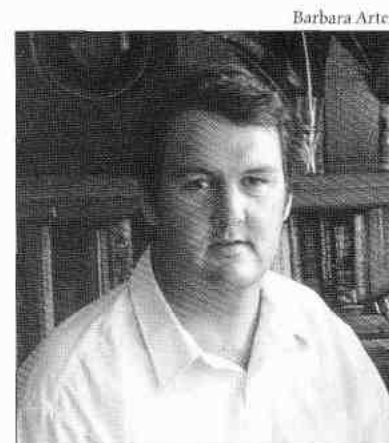


Ball State University Photo Services, Ron Partain

Warren Vander Hill and **David Wheeler** are, respectively, an American historian currently specializing in the history of the American wilderness and a geographer whose main interest is the western range cattle industry. However, both spend most of their time these days in academic administration at Ball State University in Muncie, Indiana, Vander Hill as provost and vice president for academic affairs and Wheeler as dean of the graduate school.

Vander Hill's fly-fishing interests began as a teenager during summer vacations on Vermont's Battenkill and, in recent years, have taken him to Michigan, Utah, Colorado, and Montana. Wheeler, a Michigan native, is partial to the streams and lakes of his home state with trips to Canada included for good measure.

Gordon M. Wickstrom is a professor of drama, emeritus, at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He has retired to his native Boulder, Colorado, where he fishes, writes, gardens, politics on behalf of trout, worries about art, and enjoys his hometown. He is a sometime contributor to *Gray's Sporting Journal*.



Barbara Arter

David R. Klausmeyer holds degrees in English (B.A.) and political science (M.A.) from Oklahoma State University. Formerly a management development specialist at the University of Tennessee, Dave now makes fine cane rods on a full-time basis and is actively involved in Trout Unlimited. He regularly speaks to T.U. and F.F.F. chapters and appears at fly shops throughout the eastern United States to talk about cane rod construction. Dave, wife Barbara, and their two children live in Steuben, Maine.



*The Accreditation Commission
of the American Association
of Museums*

certifies that

*The American Museum
of Fly Fishing*

*has demonstrated a professional level of operation
in accordance with the standards of excellence prescribed by
the American Association of Museums, and is hereby awarded
this certificate of accreditation.*

Bonnie Pluta

Chairman, Accreditation Commission

1993



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING, a nationally accredited, nonprofit, educational institution dedicated to preserving the rich heritage of fly fishing, was founded in Manchester, Vermont, in 1968. The Museum serves as a repository for, and conservator to, the world's largest collection of angling and angling-related objects. The Museum's collections and exhibits provide the public with thorough documentation of the evolution of fly fishing as a sport, art form, craft, and industry in the United States and abroad from the sixteenth century to the present. Rods, reels, and flies, as well as tackle, art, books, manuscripts, and photographs form the major components of the Museum's collections.

The Museum has gained recognition as a unique educational institution. It supports a publications program through which its national quarterly journal, *The American Fly Fisher*, and books, art prints, and catalogs are regularly offered to the public. The Museum's traveling exhibits program has made it possible for educational exhibits to be viewed across the United States and abroad. The Museum also provides in-house exhibits, related interpretive programming, and research services for members, visiting scholars, authors, and students.

The Museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. For information please contact: The American Museum of Fly Fishing, P. O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254, 802-362-3300.

