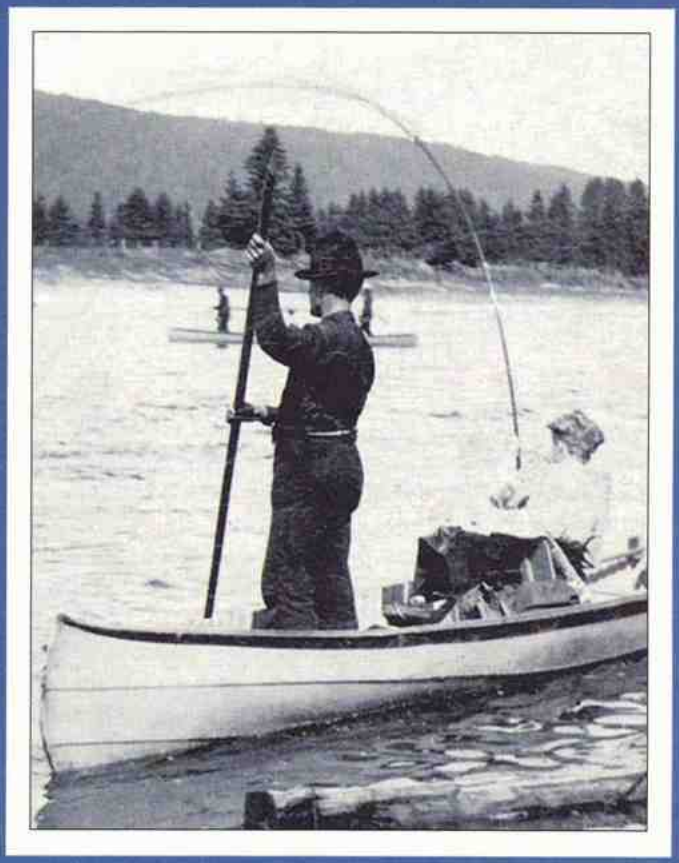


The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

FALL 1998 VOLUME 24 NUMBER 4

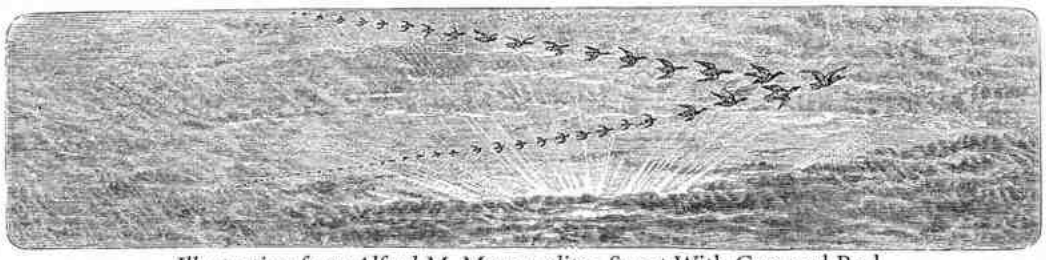


Illustration from Alfred M. Mayer, editor, Sport With Gun and Rod in American Woods and Waters. *New York: The Century Co., 1883.*

Old Haunts

As I write this in mid-August, autumn is already beginning to creep up on Vermont. Last week, while gearing up to fish the Mettowee, a group of honking Canada geese flew by in formation. I looked at my husband and softly wailed, "Nooooo!" Fall is my favorite season, and yet its first signs can make me feel a nostalgia for the very moment I'm experiencing.

And so we present you an issue that is somewhat seasonal in its nostalgia and reaches back toward old haunts through family connections, international connections, biological connections. We even include a chilly fall fishing story with ghostly overtones that could appear here only during this time of year.

Once again we hear from our friend Jürgen F. Preylowski in "Julius vom Hofe: From Westfalian Emigrant to Legendary American Reel Maker," a piece originally published in *Fliegenfischen* in March 1985. Acting on a lead from Jim Brown in 1984, Preylowski found family records of the famous reelmaking vom Hofe brothers in his native Germany in the Evangelical Lutheran parish in Altena. The piece was translated for us by Richard C. Hoffmann, professor of history at York University and a frequent contributor.

The greenback cutthroat trout, long thought to be extinct, is the state fish of Colorado. In "Bringing Back the Greenback," Gordon M. Wickstrom tells the story of the greenback's rediscovery—the unofficial rediscovery in 1952 and the official one in 1969. Wickstrom discusses some of the social, economic, and political changes in the years between that made the later official rediscovery possible. Wickstrom graces our pages a second time this issue in Notes & Comment with "Contrasts in Trout Art," a philosophical and comparative piece in which Schubert, Schubart, and Courbet figure prominently.

Paul A. Morosky is back with another tale of his great-grandfather, Archibald Mitchell, in "The 1912 Record Fish" (see the Summer 1997 issue for his first installment, "The Ristigouche Atlantic Salmon Fishing of Archibald Mitchell"). Mitchell won *Field & Stream's* first grand prize for Atlantic salmon that year after taking a 40-pound salmon on the Ristigouche River. We include Mitchell's account of the taking of that fish, as well as some fine photographs from Morosky's collection.

And what better time than fall for a ghost story? Our "Off the Shelf" selection is a piece by W. Earl Hodgson from his 1909 book, *An Angler's Season.* "October" finds Hodgson fishing with Prince Bismarck and his gillie, John. Besides catching seatrout and salmon, they also stumble upon a ghost and seek out a warlock. This story boasts mystery, superstition, deceit, misunderstandings, imbibing, poaching, fisticuffs, song, big fish, and logical explanations. We hope you enjoy it.

And I'd like to share some good news with the historians out there who use *The American Fly Fisher* in their studies and research: we have scheduled the long-overdue publication of an index as our Winter 1999 issue. The index will cover the last eight years of journals, from Winter 1991 through the one you're holding in your hands. We're very excited about being able to provide this most valuable Museum tool to our members. We'll be back with our regular fare of photos, articles, and information in Spring 1999.

May your fall and winter be frequented with thoughts of—or visits to—your own old haunts.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

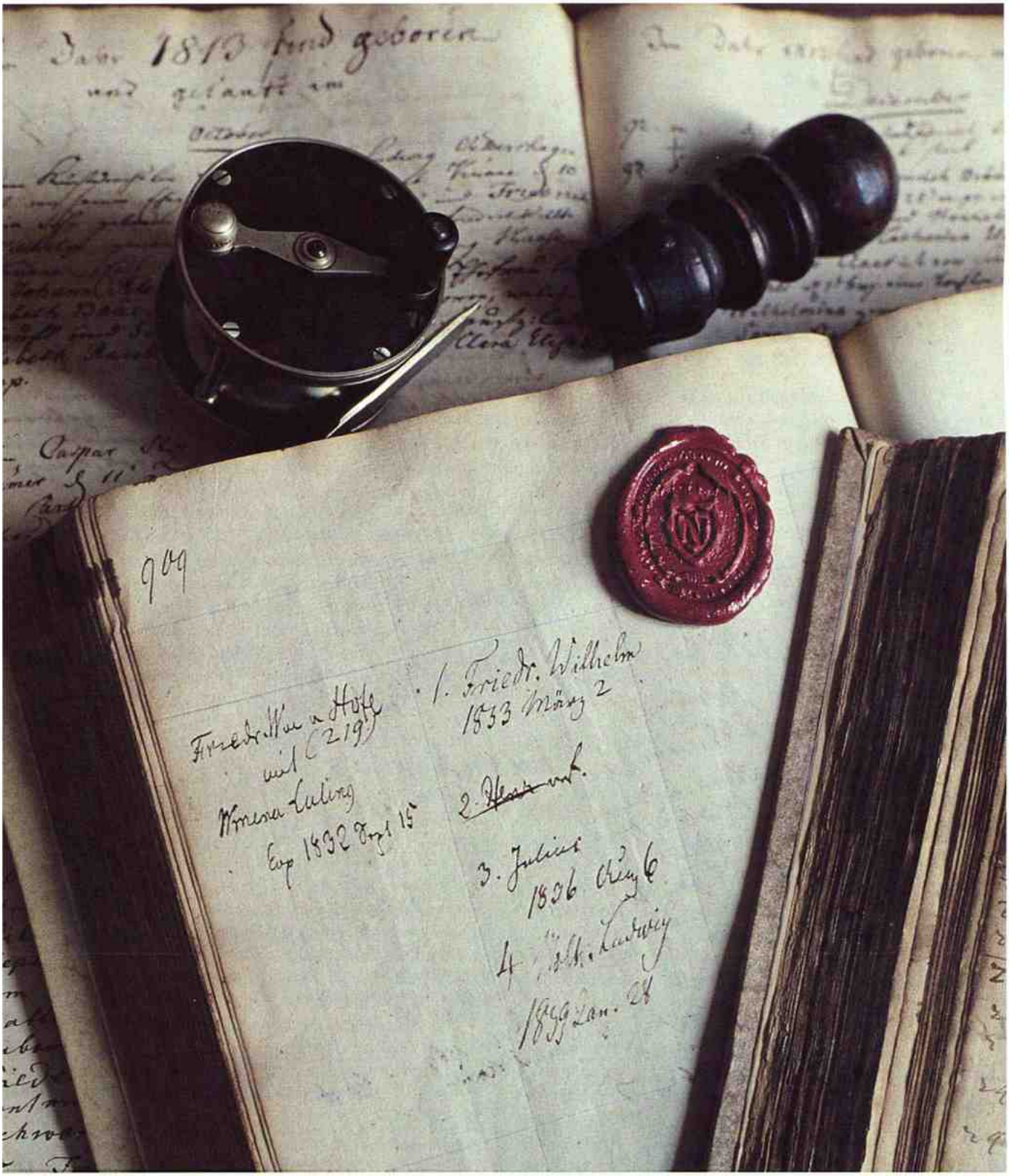
FALL 1998 VOLUME 24 NUMBER 4

ON THE COVER: *It is clear from the bend in the 14-foot split-bamboo rod that it is not a grilse that Isabel Mitchell is fighting. Paul A. Morosky shares the story of his great-grandfather Archibald Mitchell's 40-pound salmon taken from Runnymede Lodge water on the Ristigouche River in "The 1912 Record Fish," which begins on page 9. This photograph of Mitchell's daughter was taken by Edward Alan Olds Jr. It is from his photo album, c. 1902–1918.*

The American Fly Fisher is published four times a year by the Museum at P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Publication dates are winter, spring, summer, and fall. Membership dues include the cost of the journal ($30) and are tax deductible as provided for by law. Membership rates are listed in the back of each issue. All letters, manuscripts, photographs, and materials intended for publication in the journal should be sent to the Museum. The Museum and journal are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographic material, or memorabilia. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to *The American Fly Fisher* are to be considered gratuitous and the property of the Museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Articles appearing in this journal are abstracted and indexed in *Historical Abstracts* and *America: History and Life*.

Second Class Permit postage paid at Manchester Vermont 05254 and additional offices (USPS 057410). *The American Fly Fisher* (ISSN 0884-3562)

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The American Fly Fisher*, P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254.



Town seal of Altena, c. 1812–1814 (Napoleonic period), beside a trout reel by Julius vom Hofe, c. 1882. [Both superimposed on a page from the parish register listing the children born to Friedrich Wilhelm and Wilhelmina vom Hofe up to 1839, and an unidentifiable page from a record dating 1813.—Tr.]

Julius vom Hofe: From Westfalian Emigrant to Legendary American Reelmaker

by Jürgen F. Preylowski

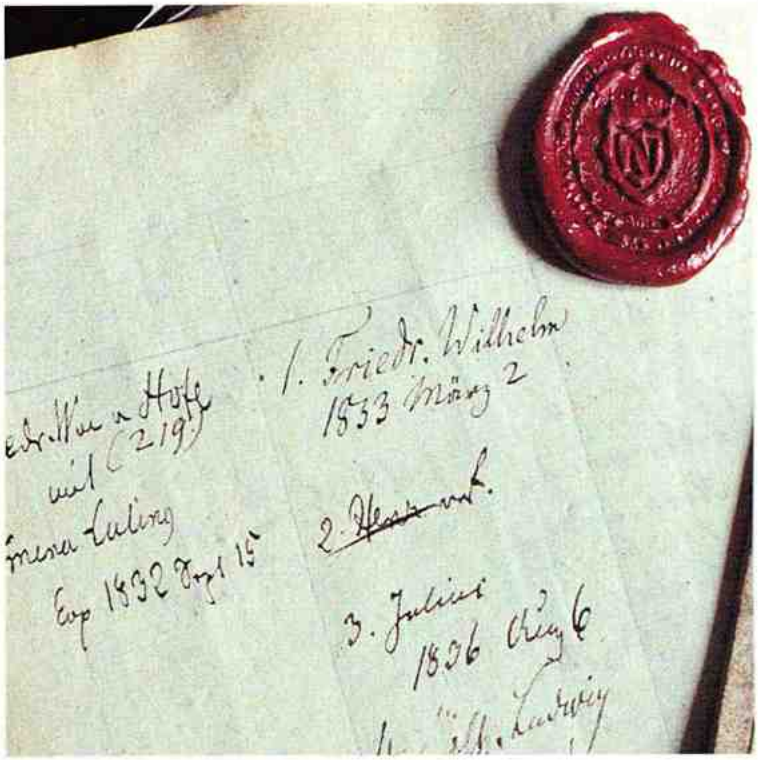
Excerpt from an article originally published in Fliegenfischen, *March 1985, pp. 62–63. English translation by Richard C. Hoffmann.*

As new names keep arising in many areas of American culture, learning, economic life, and politics, so it is in the history of fly fishing in Germany. Indeed, American collectors and historians often ask me to undertake research about family names of German origin that seem to be important in the context of fly-fishing history. Most often, the facts I receive are so thin that investigations on my part can bring forth no new results. I was thus the more astonished when, in July 1984, I received a letter from Jim Brown, a fellow collector from Stamford, Connecticut, which contained unusually precise information about the German roots of one of the best-known American makers of fishing tackle, the legendary firm of vom Hofe.

It not only appeared certain that the family had immigrated from Germany, but further that Julius vom Hofe—who along with his brother Edward established the basis for the fame of the firm—was born in Germany. Jim Brown's research revealed that the vom Hofe family came from Altena in Westfalia [*A town now of about 30,000 located at the edge of the Sauerland hills southeast of the Ruhr. —Translator*]. The head of the family, Frederik vom Hofe, came to New York in 1847 or 1848 and had his family follow him via Antwerp in 1849. Frederik vom Hofe was supposed to have been born in 1806 in the castle of the Counts of Mark, which lay on a hill above the town of Altena. That reference was so concrete, I thought confirmation and expansion of the information would be very simple.

Soon after my initial euphoria, however, I began to doubt that I'd find a quick answer to my inquiries. Two full-day visits to Altena, innumerable telephone calls, and many hours searching in the archives and museums of the town brought me not one step closer. Above all, the name "vom Hofe" turned out to be as common in this neighborhood as "Schmitz" in Cologne. Also, my visit to the Altena castle failed to confirm that Frederik vom Hofe was born there. It became clear that mutual linguistic ignorance after the emigration to America had let many errors slip into the story. Claims about being born at or near the castle of the Counts of Mark and the easy confusion of a middle class "vom" with an aristocratic "von" could soon make plausible a birth in the castle itself. Still, enquiry at the castle had some positive results. I became acquainted with the caretaker there, Harald Storm, himself an enthusiastic fly fisher, who over the following weeks much assisted my investigations.

Working from a list, I questioned at least twenty families named vom Hofe living in and around Altena in the mid-1980s. Sadly, no success. I had just about given up when one evening Mrs. Amalie



vom Hofe, whom I had sought out weeks before, called to tell me that her elder sister could remember precisely that their grandfather had often said that a brother of *his* father had once emigrated to America with his family. No one had, however, heard anything more of him. Finally, I had a firm lead to the particular vom Hofe lineage I wanted.

After long searching, I eventually found in the old records of Altena's Evangelical Lutheran parish the long-desired handwritten entries to show that Friedrich Wilhelm vom Hofe was the son of the silversmith Stefan Friedrich vom Hofe. He was born on 13 December 1808 (the American report had been 1806) and baptized on 18 December 1808. He married Wilhelmina Lüning on 15 September 1832. Also in the parish register, I found four entries of births [*I.e., to Friedrich and Wilhelmina vom Hofe —Tr.*], although that of the second child is illegible and crossed out [*Perhaps denoting death in early infancy?—Tr.*]:

1. Friedrich Wilhelm 2 March 1833
2. ——
3. Julius 6 August 1836
4. Wilhelm Ludwig 28 January 1839

Thus, it is one hundred percent certain that Julius vom Hofe was born in Germany. Edward vom Hofe, who today enjoys an almost legendary reputation as a reel builder, was born in 1846, three years before his family's emigration to New York.

Vom Hofe fishing tackle was famous in its own day and still is now, but information about the firm and its people is incomplete. The emphasis in their period of greatness was on the big-game fishery. Giant shark hooks, steel leaders, strong six- and eight-section split-cane boat rods, and multiplying reels for sportfishing tuna were the best-known products. Today, however, mainly their trout and salmon reels get the top prices at auctions and are desired not only by American collectors, but even for use in fly fishing.

The vom Hofes were major contributors to American reel design. The death of Edward vom Hofe in 1920 ended a great era of American reel manufacture, even though Arch Walker, Otto Zwarg, and S. E. Bogdan have partly continued the great tradition. Arch Walker is quoted as saying of the old vom Hofe reels, "They still function well in spite of the hairline cracks in their hard rubber endplates—like aristocratic ladies just starting to look their age."[1] Today's fly fisher who has had the good fortune to hold a vom Hofe Restigouche, Colonel Thomson, Perfection, or Peerless in the hand, or even to fish with it, knows whereof Arch Walker speaks.

ENDNOTES

1. In Schwiebert, Ernest. *Trout,* volume II. New York: E. P. Dutton, 1978, p. 904.

Bringing Back the Greenback
Oncorhynchus clarki stomias

by Gordon M. Wickstrom

THE CUTTHROAT TROUT is now the glamor fish of the mountain West. In Colorado, rediscovered and saved from extinction, the particularly beautiful greenback is the most glamorous of them all. How this lovely and delicate fish was rescued after being thought extinct for so long is a tale of two cultures: one of the early 1950s and the other of the late 1960s.

In 1952, when the unrecorded discovery of living greenbacks first took place, anglers little esteemed the cutthroat trout. Although highly regarded on the table, it was thought to be a poor fighter and a rather easy, none-too-interesting mark. Rainbows and browns suited better the established idea of what a trout ought to be. Furthermore, cutthroat culture in the hatchery was at that time difficult and expensive and, therefore, neglected. The exception to this low assessment of the cutthroat was the considerable regard anglers had for the carefully protected Yellowstone black-spotted cutthroat in its native Yellowstone Lake and River.

The long and the short of the matter is that in 1952, when one young Colorado scientist got excited by some little trout he had just caught and came to suspect that they might be native greenbacks, few anglers felt any particular interest in "natives" or any investment in the "nativism" idea as partisans promote it today. And even if that first and early rediscovery of the greenback in 1952, which is the burden of this essay, had been well publicized and promoted, it is still highly doubtful that there would have been the enthusiasm necessary, those nearly fifty years ago, for the reestablishment of secure and fishable populations of this old "Rocky Mountain speckled trout." The 1969 date for the greenback's official rediscovery is significant. Only after that date—and its social, economic, and political upheavals—could anglers, ecologists, and politicians come to so value and take pride in this ascendency of a "native" species over the "exotics" in our streams and lakes.

The angling worm of those tumultuous times took a turn toward the New Left, "nativism" becoming the sign of the times on the environmental, ecological, and associated political fronts. There was no fish better qualified than the Colorado greenback to lead the way to the restoration of conditions as nearly "pre-European" as possible, conditions in which Rocky Mountain "native" fishes could thrive. It was the greenback that the Colorado legislature nearly stampeded to name the state fish in 1994, replacing, with a stroke of the pen, the tough, dependable, admirable rainbow, now ignominiously under suspicion as that "interloper from California." The metaphor is impossible to mistake.

If the first cutthroats evolved in the Pacific Northwest from the parent rainbow, one may well ask how they found their way to the interior Rockies where they adapted so well and individually to various troutless watersheds such as the Snake, the Colorado, the Rio Grande, and the Yellowstone. Students of salmonid development now feel quite sure that the mechanism for this movement was the sudden occurrence in periods of glaciation of ice dams (possibly also seismic events) that blocked ordinarily westward flowing streams on their way to the Pacific. These ice dams forced both water and trout back over the shoulders of the Rocky Mountains, even over the Continental Divide, to flow down south and east in streams old and new.

Lewis and Clark, on their way west in 1804, first encountered and described the cutthroat as a distinct species, and William

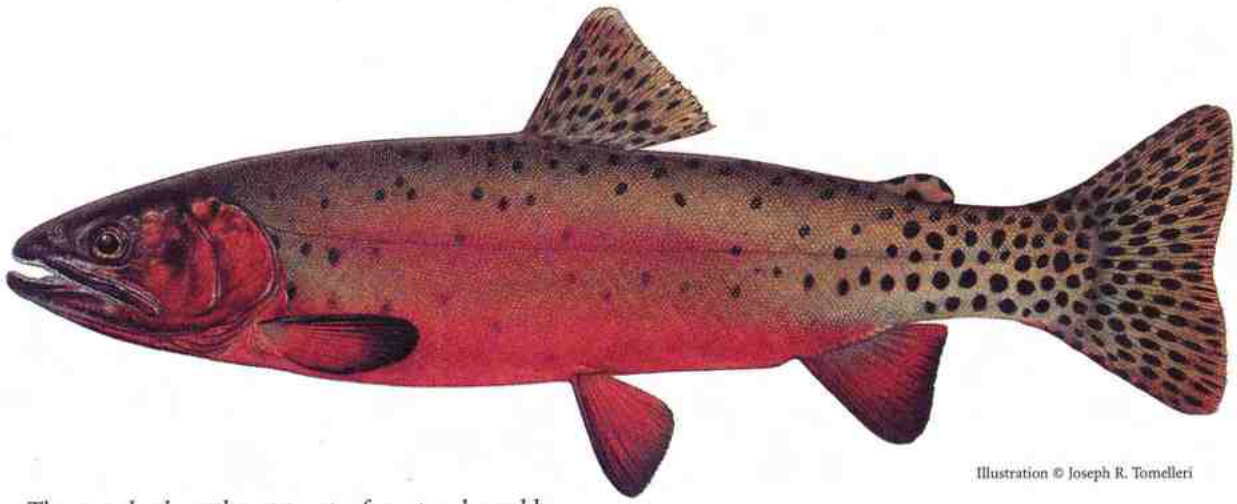


Illustration © Joseph R. Tomelleri

The greenback cutthroat trout, of spectacular golden red display, with the largest spots of any trout. Native to the watersheds of Colorado's South Platte and Arkansas rivers. The state fish of Colorado. For many years, thought to be extinct.

Clark was to have his name forever tied to all its varieties as *Oncorhynchus clarki.* These trout were at times crucial to that expedition's always-precarious larder.

Soon thereafter, westering mountain men, explorers, and pioneers, making their way to the Rocky Mountains and beyond, were to find and value this excellent fish. Those who took the northerly route from the Missouri and the Platte into the Northwest in their turn found the Lewis and Clark varieties—those related to the Pacific drainages. They were plentiful, delicious, and willing prey.

With the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1859, not a few of those restless new westerners, instead of taking the northern Oregon route, turned south, following the South Platte River into the Colorado Territory where in the mountains west of what would become Denver they found the Front Range streams filled with a beautiful "speckled" trout, again delicious and willing. This trout, almost surely a *speciation* from the Colorado River variety of cutthroat, made itself at home in the drainages of the South Platte and more southern Arkansas rivers of Colorado's Eastern Slope. The greenback got heavily fished, fair and foul, for both sport and as a valuable addition to the frontier diet.

Robert J. Behnke

And all too soon, essentially by 1890, the greenback was all but gone forever. Pollution from mining, deforestation, commercial fishing, unlimited sporting bag limits, and the fish's unfortunate vulnerability had done the dirty work.

Coincidentally, Rocky Mountain tourism was getting under way at this time with railroads playing a key role in that development. Realizing the importance of good fishing to tourists, the railroads, in cahoots with the federal government, were quick to stock the new and exciting rainbow from California into the fished-out waters of Colorado's Front Range. The rainbow seemed the answer to the trout fisherman's prayer, the cutthroat quickly and easily forgotten. The last authenticated greenback was recorded in 1906 by the distinguished University of Colorado naturalist T. A. D. Cockerell.

For at least eighty years, Colorado Rocky Mountain anglers got along quite happily, fishing good populations of imported rainbows, browns, and brooks, with a few remaining, if remote, populations of the Colorado River cutthroat on the western, less-populated slope of the mountains.[1]

Then, in 1969, with a new public consciousness about "nature" and all things "natural" in place, the internationally distinguished salmonid scholar Dr. Robert J. Behnke, of Colorado State University at Fort Collins, announced that he and his associates had found a surviving population of the greenback cutthroat high in the mountains only a few miles west of Boulder, Colorado, in a tiny run of water known as Como Creek, an extremely rugged tributary of North Boulder Creek. Como tumbles headlong over itself down through the University of Colorado's Mountain Research Station. (This essay might as readily be thought of as a tale of two universities.) Among the station's four or five rustic buildings, at 10,000 feet above the

Almost as a lark, Rickard caught a few of the fish in Como Creek. As much a scientist as an angler, he soon came to suspect that he just may have found the long-lost greenback!

sea, Como slows down barely enough to allow a few small trout to hold on. These little trout, as it turned out, were and still are an essentially pure strain of greenbacks.

Professor Behnke, with the best scientific technologies, identified these little trout as the primeval greenback. Much was made of this good news, and plans for its recultivation were immediately put in place.

Behnke soon discovered yet another pure strain of this fish in the Little South Fork of the Cache la Poudre River, a more northerly watershed of the South Platte system. He also found a small but pure population to the south in a tributary of the Arkansas and an elusive, genetically doubtful population in Rocky Mountain National Park in the headwaters of the Big Thompson River.

Although these national park "greenbacks" themselves came to nothing, Rocky Mountain National Park proved an excellent location in which to foster the first new populations of greenbacks based on Como Creek and Poudre River brood stocks. Self-sustaining populations of the beautiful little trout quickly took hold there with the help in 1973 of the Endangered Species Act. These fish did well enough that by 1978, the "endangered" classification could be eased to "threatened," and new waters remote from the dangers of other trout competition and hybridization were stocked with greenbacks. It has been a gratifying success story of what is now more than twenty stable populations, providing quite good greenback, no-kill fly fishing. Biologists feel that the greenback in its own special waters will soon need no special protection at all.

PNNL Photo

William Howard Rickard Jr.

But that is only half the story, the well-known half. The other, earlier half is more romantic. It is the story of struggling graduate students at the University of Colorado, embarking on serious, advanced research in biological sciences. Bill Rickard, who returned from World War II and earned an undergraduate degree in biology, was an accomplished fly fisherman and promising scientist with the sensibility of a classical naturalist.[2] With three fellow graduate students, he spent three summers of study at the alpine Science Lodge, as today's Mountain Research Station was then known. Two of them had new brides in tow.

Almost as a lark, they caught a few of these fish. Rickard puzzled over them. They were obviously cutthroat, carrying that distinguishing slash of bright red just under the jaw, but otherwise were unlike any he had ever seen before in his extensive Colorado fishing. As much a scientist as an angler, he began reading in the technical literature and soon came to suspect that he just may have found the long-lost greenback!

Rickard took specimens down to Boulder to the single professor in his university department interested in fishes. Said the professor: "Bill, you're wasting my time and your own. The greenback is extinct. Forget it." Nor would the professor accept one of Rickard's specimens.

Bill then sent specimens to Dr. Howard Tanner at Colorado

Gordon M. Wickstrom

Como Creek, narrow enough to step across in some stretches, is one of the last refuges of the greenback cutthroat.

State University, a fish biologist, who sent them in turn to the National Museum of Natural History in Washington, D.C., where a "type specimen" of the greenback had long been stored. The museum eventually confirmed that indeed the fish from Como Creek were identical to the "type specimen" greenback! But it was too late for Bill to pursue his discovery to publication. He had to get on with his own quite different and demanding research on plants, not in Colorado but on his knees in Nevada's Mojave Desert, at the atomic test site.

Rickard bore up silently under the summary rejection of his alma mater, the University of Colorado, but the greenback might well have been reinstated among living species right there and then in 1952, Rickard earning the credit. True to his modest nature, however, he wrote an article for the Colorado Division of Wildlife's publication *Colorado Outdoors.* Appearing in October 1962, long after its submission, Rickard's piece described what was known about the "long-gone" greenback and suggested, only *suggested* mind you, that living greenbacks *might* yet be found in isolated little waters high up on the sides of the Continental Divide where they had escaped the persecution of man, beast, and other fishes. And all the time he knew very well that he had himself, almost beyond doubt, found the lost Colorado native. Such is the discipline—and the cost—of science.

Needing to get to his work in Nevada, under the direction of his new mentor at Washington State University, Rickard departed Colorado, leaving his bottled specimen greenbacks on the dusty shelves of the Mountain Research Station. Robert Behnke and the men from Colorado State University, some fifteen years later, following up on institutional memory and scientific rumor, went to Como Creek and found Rickard's bottles on the shelves and the fish in the creek. The rest, as they say, is history.

With Como's fish (living and bottled), the existing literature, the "type specimens" in Washington, DNA comparisons, and painstaking work, they were able to make the rediscovery official. The cultural climate around them had been changing fast and had prepared the way with new dispensations in both society and science to allow full appreciation of their achievement. The times were right for bringing back in glory this Colorado native.

And it becomes a cautionary tale for those who carelessly disregard the work of universities, faculties, and graduate students who with hard work of mind and body in laboratory and field achieve so much. It took two universities, the dedicated work of two generations of scholar-scientists, DNA technology, and nothing less than a cultural transformation to prepare the way for the return of the greenback to its rightful domain.

ENDNOTES

1. Colorado's fourth cutthroat, the yellowfin *Oncorhynchus clarki macdonaldi,* is held to be extinct, wiped out by rainbow hybridization. It was indigenous to the small area of Twin Lakes near Leadville, Colorado, and lived happily there without hybridization—side by side with the greenback—until the rainbow came. The yellowfin kept to the depths and grew to 8 or 9 pounds; the greenback preferred shallow waters and streams and stayed small. Curiously, the yellowfin was sent to France and from there to Germany and not heard of after. Professor Robert Behnke has wondered if a yellowfin may not have survived in some remote water, just waiting to be found.

Colorado's superb Trapper's Lake on the Western Slope long supported a fine population of the pure Colorado River cutthroat *Oncorhynchus clarki pleuriticus,* but it has been genetically damaged by the introduction of rainbows.

At the same time as the demise of the greenbacks, the eastern brook trout was stocked indiscriminately over the higher mountains of Colorado where it overpopulated and stunted itself.

2. Dr. William Howard Rickard Jr. is retired from the Pacific Northwest National Laboratories in Richland, Washington. He now fishes the west-slope cutthroat and steelhead, continues his research, and develops special teaching projects for the National Laboratories and the Richland public school system.

Archibald Mitchell

Photo from Edward A. Samuels, With Rod and Gun in New England and the Maritime Provinces *(Boston: Samuels & Kimball, 1897)*

The 1912 Record Fish

by Paul A. Morosky

In the Summer 1997 issue, Paul A. Morosky introduced readers to his great-grandfather (pictured above) in "The Ristigouche Atlantic Salmon Fishing of Archibald Mitchell." Morosky has been successfully researching his relative's life. In this article, Morosky shares Mitchell's account of the 1912 record fish, which appeared in Field & Stream, *as well as some more photographs from his collection.* —EDITOR

AT A TIME WHEN THIS CENTURY was still very young, *Field & Stream* magazine sponsored an annual fishing contest awarding prizes to sportsmen who landed the largest fish in a variety of species. In 1912, Archibald Mitchell of Norwich, Connecticut, was awarded the first grand prize for Atlantic salmon having taken a 40-pound salmon from his Runnymede Lodge water on the Ristigouche River in New Brunswick. For the January 1913 issue of *Field & Stream,* Mitchell was invited to provide an account of the taking of this prize-winning fish (Archibald Mitchell, "Stories of the Taking of the Record Fish," *Field & Stream,* January 1913, vol. 17, no. 9, p. 996). In his account, Mitchell could not pass up the opportunity to proclaim the merits of fly fishing for Atlantic salmon. His words provide some further insight into the king of all sportfishing when the Atlantic salmon fishery was at its zenith. On the pages that follow, Mitchell's words are juxtaposed with photographs taken at the time by his son-in-law, Edward A. Olds Jr.

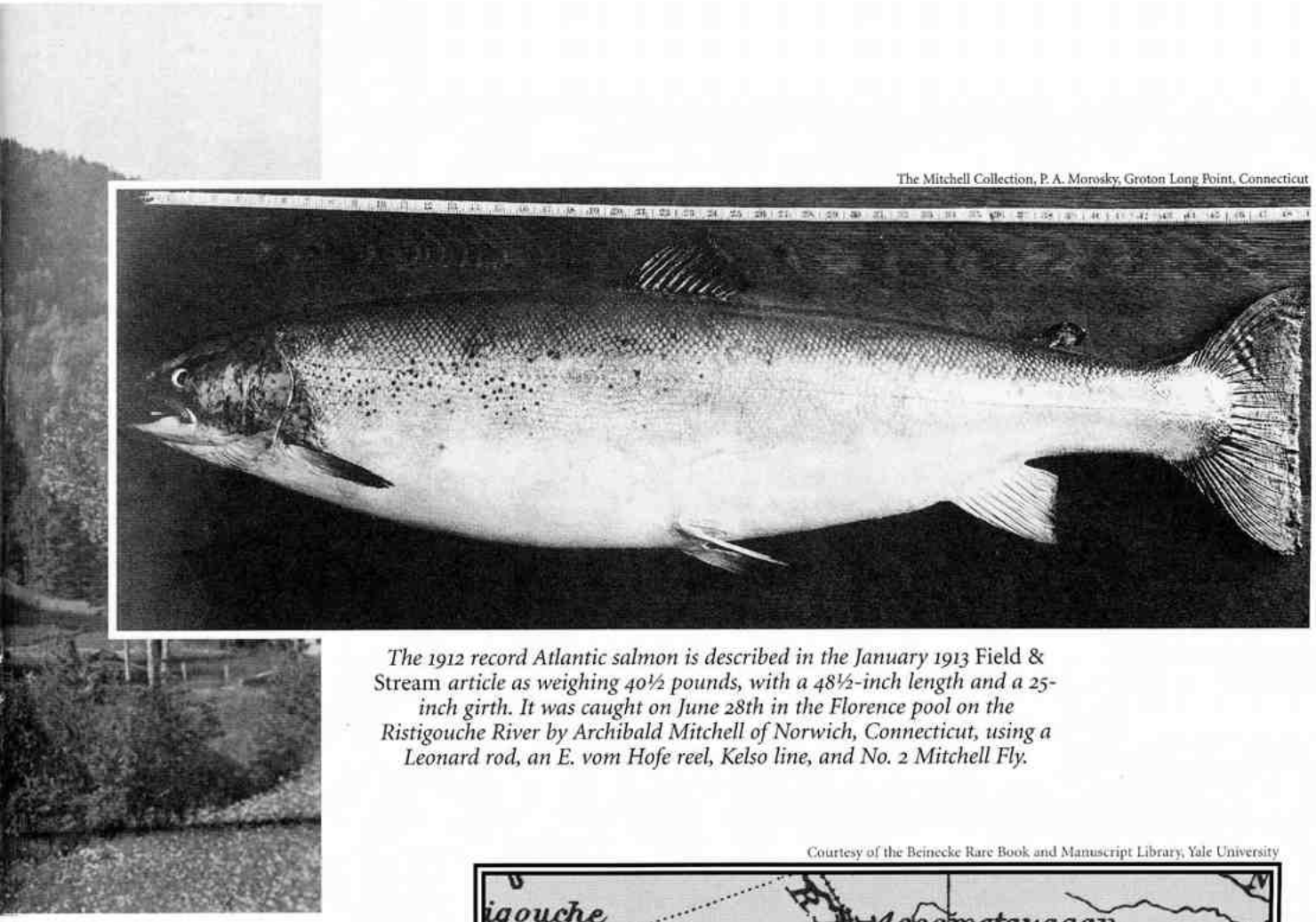
The Mitchell Collection, P. A. Morosky, Groton Long Point, Connecticut

In the January 1913 Field & Stream *article, Mitchell wrote, "In 1902, the writer was fortunate in purchasing, jointly with a friend (Mr. Frederick W. Ayer of Bangor, Maine), the Runnymede Lodge water and farm, about four hundred acres, of Mr. John Dawson, a Yorkshire Englishman—Our water, when in good condition, accommodates eight rods, and is now owned by five men, Messrs. Thomas Hunter, of Detroit; E. A. Robertson, of Saginaw, Michigan; Sigmund M. Lehman, Jules S. Ehrich, of New York, and the writer."*

~ I began fishing this year on Monday, June 10th, and had met with good success up to June 27th, having up to this time killed fifty fish, weighing in the aggregate 1,001 pounds. On June 28th it was my luck to fish as my water for the day the High Rock and Florence pools. I commenced pretty well upriver, where the current was strong, and found the fishing slow that morning. Finally I got down to the Florence pool, where the late Billy Florence put a mark with brown paint on a rock opposite to locate where he usually met with the best success, which is in line with what is known as "the boil" in this well-known pool. Up to this time I had not seen any indications of fish.

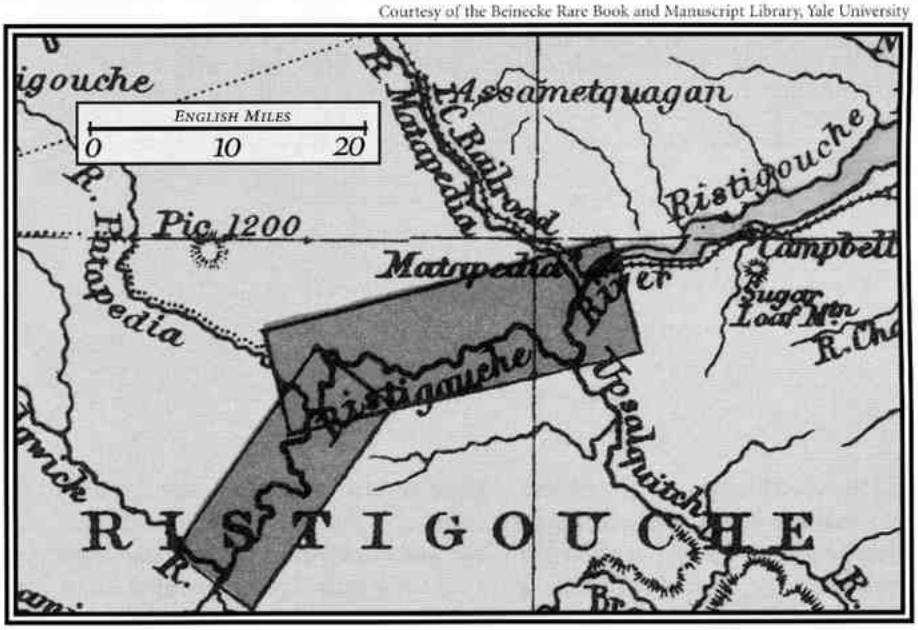
After anchoring at this place I passed the rod to my head boatman, David Wheeler, and said, "Fish out this drop for me." I frequently do this nowadays; in my earlier fishing, like most men, I had more youthful enthusiasm, and wanted to hook and kill every fish myself, but have long since gotten over that. On or about the fourth cast a fish rose, took the

The Mitchell Collection, P. A. Morosky, Groton Long Point, Connecticut



The 1912 record Atlantic salmon is described in the January 1913 Field & Stream *article as weighing 40½ pounds, with a 48½-inch length and a 25-inch girth. It was caught on June 28th in the Florence pool on the Ristigouche River by Archibald Mitchell of Norwich, Connecticut, using a Leonard rod, an E. vom Hofe reel, Kelso line, and No. 2 Mitchell Fly.*

Courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale University



An 1888 map detail of the Ristigouche River from Dean Sage's The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing *(Edinburgh: Douglas, 1888, pp. 6–7).*

The Mitchell Collection, P. A. Morosky, Groton Long Point, Connecticut

This wonderful 1911 Edward Alan Olds Jr. photograph of salmon fishermen and guides on the Ristigouche River was reproduced in the January 1913 Field & Stream *article, wherein Mitchell wrote, "To my mind there is nothing to compare with salmon fishing—and there is nothing remarkable in an experienced salmon fisherman occasionally killing a fish weighing from twenty-five to forty pounds on a number six or eight fly."*

fly on a short line and was hooked. David passed me the rod immediately. It seemed to realize its danger at once, and suddenly became alarmed. It made a vertical leap, bringing from David Wheeler the exclamation, "That salmon made the highest leap I ever saw a fish make!"—and we both agreed it must have jumped as high as six feet.

After returning to the water it started across the river with almost lightning speed and took out one hundred yards of line. "It's bound for the New Brunswick shore!" groaned David. I said, "Get away, you; it is trying to climb to the top of Squaw Mountain!" as it made another high and savage leap.

I then reeled in, and after getting him within a comfortable fighting distance of the canoe, the fish started off again, downstream this time.

"He's now headed for Matapedia; if he takes us down there, we will not be able to get back in time for lunch," remarked David philosophically.

"What do I care? Lunch is of no consequence; we all eat too much anyway, and most people dig their graves with their teeth," I growled, attending strictly to the fish.

The Mitchell Collection, P. A. Morosky, Groton Long Point, Connecticut

This Edward Alan Olds Jr. photograph shows the championship team of Archibald Mitchell and guide David Wheeler who together landed the 1912 record Atlantic salmon. It is doubtful that the trout in the picture presented much of a challenge, even on the trout rod shown. However, in the January 1913 Field & Stream *article, Mitchell described a very different experience with a trout rod when he wrote, "In June 1897, I had as my guest on the Ristigouche River the late Albert Nelson Cheney, at that time Fish Culturist for the state of New York. I had long been of the opinion that it was possible to kill a salmon on a light trout rod with a good trout reel and sufficient line. Urged by Mr. Cheney to make the trial, I decided to do so. On June 7th, the conditions being favorable, I hooked and brought to gaff in exactly twenty-seven minutes a 23½ pound salmon on a 4⅛-ounce split-bamboo trout rod with an ordinary trout reel and line, but using a salmon leader and a Mitchell Salmon Fly. This was considered at the time a somewhat remarkable performance, as the fish was over ninety times heavier than the rod." It is worth another look at the trout rod in the above picture and the salmon in other photographs in this article.*

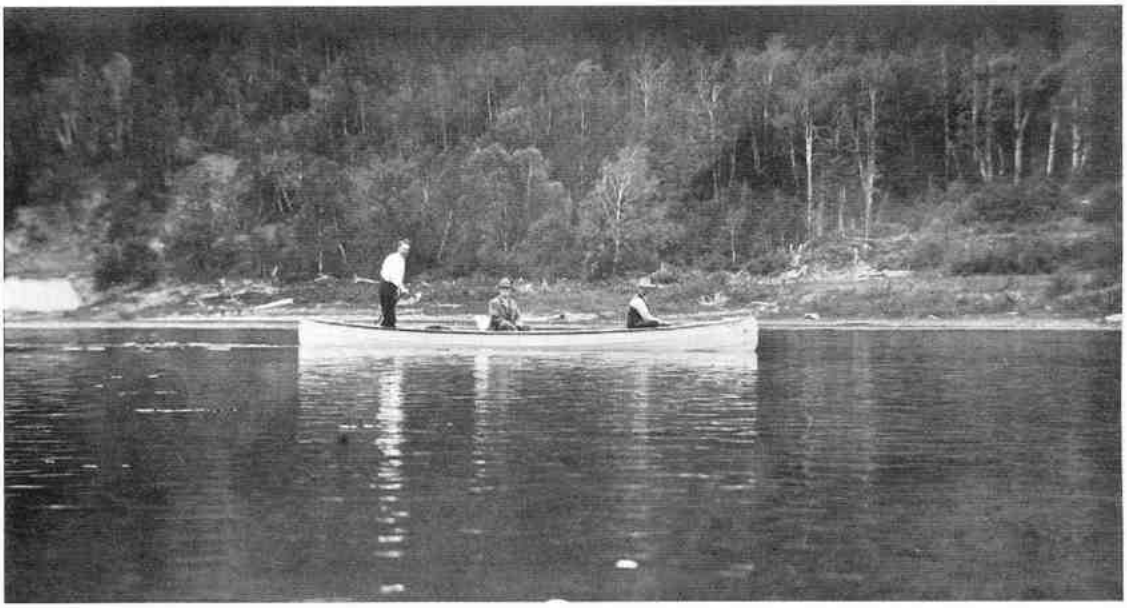
After this run was over I reeled in line as rapidly as possible and soon got him in hand once more, but he then made another run and took out a lot of line. By this time he was getting pretty well exhausted, and when about 150 feet from the canoe, and straight across the river, I again reeled in, and by putting on a heavy strain upwards, succeeded in getting the fish to the surface of the water, which could not have been accomplished so quickly if its strength hadn't been spent from the brilliant fight it had made in an attempt to clear itself from the hook. It lay still on the top of the water, showing its dorsal fin, and about a third of the upper half of its tail.

At this time I began fully to realize that this was the fish I had for years dreamed of killing—a record breaker for me. In its first rushes it was difficult to determine the size of the fish, having often been deceived on this point, but as it lay quietly on top of the water, exhausted after its short but lively fight, it was plain to be seen that it was far above the average size.

I then said to my men, my nerves still tingling with the excitement of the contest, "Hurry up, boys, the fish is ready for

The Mitchell Collection, P. A. Morosky, Groton Long Point, Connecticut

The fishing logs do not show Isabel Mitchell matching her father's 40-pound salmon, but it is clear from the bend in the 14-foot split-bamboo rod that it is not a grilse that she is fighting. Photo by Edward Alan Olds Jr., from his photo album, c. 1902–1918.



Again in the January 1913 Field & Stream *article, Mitchell wrote, "Two things make salmon fishing fascinating: the first is that no one can tell in advance what luck he is going to meet with. If a man should live a century and fish for a hundred seasons, he would never find conditions in two different years exactly alike—so that salmon fishing is always a glorious uncertainty, but when conditions are right it is absolutely the king of all sports. Another thing: no two salmon, after being hooked, act alike; and the fight to kill the fish varies with every individual salmon; one never knows what a salmon will, or will not, do."*

the gaff now, if we could only reach him—paddle for all you are worth!" and I kept reeling in, taking up line as fast as the canoe moved toward the fish, still keeping up a heavy strain and lifting the fish upwards so as to hold the quarry on the top of the water.

We got within reach of the tired fish, approaching him from a little below, and succeeded in getting close to him without his seeing us or the canoe. David gaffed him quickly, as only an expert can. While we did not happen to time this fish, David and I both agree that from the moment it rose to the fly until it was gaffed was not over ten minutes.

After David had used the "priest" and put the fish to rest, he declared, "This is the biggest salmon ever landed in my canoe, and I have been a guide on this river continuously for over thirty years."

When we returned to camp we weighed the fish and the scales registered 40 and ½ pounds; it measured in length 48 and ½ inches, girth 25 inches. It was the heaviest fish that ever fell to my rod, and it put up one of the liveliest battles that I have ever had with a salmon. The fight, though short, was exceedingly brilliant, and the chances are that it will be a long time before I have another such experience. ~

Three years later, Mitchell would land a still larger salmon—41 and ¼ pounds—in his beloved Runnymede waters. ~

October

by W. Earl Hodgson

From An Angler's Season. *London: Adam and Charles Black, 1909.*

Included in the Museum's angling library are three books by one W. Earl Hodgson, all published by Adam and Charles Black of London: Trout Fishing *(1904),* Salmon Fishing *(1906), and* An Angler's Season *(1909). Mr. Hodgson was apparently a contributor of fishing articles to such periodicals as the* Times, *the* Nation, *the* Evening Standard, *the* Nineteenth Century, *the* Scotsman, *and the* Daily Mail, *and his books drew on these articles, often revising and expanding them. "October"—the final chapter of* An Angler's Season, *which divides its chapters into the first ten months of the year—made its debut as new material in the book. We love its chilly feel and would like to share it with you this season.*

—EDITOR

IN SCOTLAND THE STATUTORY close-time as regards trout begins on October 16; but in our district it is feudally ordained that there shall be no fishing for trout after the end of September. That is wise. The Tay trout spawn late, and are in good condition throughout October; but they are not so plentiful as they should be. Twenty years ago, Mr. Wood tells me, any fairly skillful angler could easily have 15 lb., or even more, on a favourable morning at any time of the season; but now a basket of similar weight is to be expected only on an exceptionally good day in spring, or during the August or September floods. . . . [It] is well that the trout should have a yearly fortnight more of freedom than the Law commands. During the first half of October the salmon of the Tay are still fair game; but in our part of the river that is what may be called a derisory privilege. You might almost as well set out to catch capercailzie by putting salt on their tails as hope to catch a salmon above Grantully this month. The fish that pass Grantully do not pause very often or very long until they are in Loch Tay, or in the tributaries thereof, or in the Lyon; and fish that are running are not to be successfully tempted by any lure. Thus it seemed that the close of September was to be the end of the season.

Just before the middle of October, however, there came an interesting letter with the morning tea-tray. It was an invitation to fish on the Earn. It came from a man whom I did not know. He explained that he sent it at the suggestion of a London friend-in-common. He had, he said, a very good stretch of the river; but, though the fish were many, he was not succeeding very much. Would I come to show him how to do better?

Of course I would! I am far from being as crafty a hand at salmon-fishing as I hope to become; but, except amid serious circumstances, there is never any use in saying that you cannot do something which you are asked to do. My friend's friend on the Earn would probably be at least as fortunate, during my visit, as myself; but I would go cheerfully and with brave countenance.

As things turned out, I needed considerable courage. The train was late; and the dog-cart which was to take me from the little station, on the line from Perth to Balquhidder, was later. After a four-miles drive amid heavy rain, I found my host, on the doorstep of a fine old mansion, obviously a little put out at the delay. We were to fish that afternoon, and it was now nearly two o'clock.

I had never seen Prince Bismarck; but I had seen many portraits of him, and my host, save for his bushy auburn hair, seemed to be the Prussian come to life again. The resemblance was not merely physical. My new friend's habit of mind was stern. This I realised during the conversation at our hasty luncheon. When I asked him, for example, what he thought of the proposal to end the House of Lords, "I don't think of it at all," he said. "The House of Lords cannot be ended except by civil war—fighting in the streets." Other topics upon which I ventured fared no better. He dismissed each of them with a swift judgment which left no fresh opening. If you think that I must have been leading in the conversation, you are quite right. It is

Illustrations by Charles Whymper, F.Z.S., from F. G. Aflalo, *Fisherman's Weather.* London: Adam and Charles Black, 1906.

A Rough Day and Boiling Water

true that I was taking the lead; but what could I do? Bismarck was not taking it himself. When we were on the way to the water, to reach which we had to trudge downhill through three or four pathless and muddy fields, he mentioned that all his life he had been subject to hot haste of temper, and that he was only now, on retirement from the Stock Exchange early in middle life, getting the better of the habit. You are not to think that I was ill at ease with him. On the contrary, I was delighted. He struck me as being a still strong man in a bleatant land; a refreshing person in a time of Socialists, Dryfliers, Cobdenites, and other total abstainers from high spirits and common sense.

The river was in flood. It seemed ridiculous to think of it as being a tributary of the Tay. That is how it is regarded geographically; but it would be more precisely thought of if deemed a substantive river having an estuary in common with the Tay. That afternoon, on which I saw it at close quarters for the first time, it was as big as the Tay itself. It was more discoloured than the famous river ever is after the first gush of a sudden flood has passed away. Not there and then, at any rate, I perceived, should I be able to show Bismarck how to catch a salmon. Even in a muddy flood trout sometimes hover so near the surface that they can see flies floating down; but salmon habitually lie at the bottom. An Eagle, the largest and most gaudy of our lures, would be invisible to them on the brown Earn heaving from bank to brae.

So I thought, and I was not wrong. Neither of us had seen any sign of a salmon as we went homewards through the fields.

Next morning the scene had quite a different complexion. There had been frost in the night. Rime lay daintily on the grass, and the river sparkled in sunshine. The flood had fallen two or three feet, and the water was beautifully clear. Failure on such a day would be inexcusable.

I had a rise soon after beginning. O the joy of it! So certain did it seem that the fish were "on the move," I had no chagrin at having struck too late. What was a missed rise on the morning of a day when one would have a dozen or a score of rises? I should assuredly have three fish, if not four, by the time I was to meet Bismarck, where a mill-stream ran into the Earn fully a mile down, at luncheon. My only fear was that he himself might have five. An exaggerated reputation is not an unqualified advantage.

"Boast not of the day in the morning," as the Spaniards say. Ten o'clock passed, and eleven, and twelve; yet the fish were still all in the river. Not another rise had I had. My gillie had begun to look disappointed, and even censorious. He hadna' thocht it possible to be sae long and sae hard at it on sic a day wi'oot a fush.

"We may get one here, John," I answered as, having passed a clump of trees, we came upon a pool in which two fish had just risen at the same moment.

John did not answer, and on turning to see why he was silent I found him looking uneasily across the river. His features, hitherto always ready to break into a smile, were set in something like alarm. He tried to let them relax when he knew I was looking at him. Not altogether succeeding, he reluctantly entered upon an explanation.

"That's whaur Peter bides," he said, nodding at a house

across the water, and as if speaking to himself rather than to me. It was a large, straggling house of one story, evidently very old. It was enclosed by a square of ancient oaks. These details I took in while wondering what could be the importance of Peter in John's eyes. I asked who Peter was.

"He's greenkeeper to the Golf Club up by," John answered slowly. After a pause he began again, this time with resolution.

"As ye're sure to be wantin' to stay a guid while at this pool, Sir, and maybe to come back to't—for it does ha'e mony fush, I maun allow—I'll jist be plain wi' ye, Sir. Peter's a witch—a man witch—what's ca'd a warlock."

"O John!" I exclaimed.

"Ye needna' laugh, Sir. It's the truth I'm tellin'. And I'm feared that, if he is at hame, he may put the buidseachd on ye—and on me too."

"The buidseachd, John! What's that?"

"The evil ee," said John, in low tones.

I was too much astonished to speak.

A greenkeeper with the evil eye!

It was true that after a three-years residence in the Highlands it had become difficult to remain absolutely certain that the invisible veil between this world and its life and some other world and its activities was never rent. . . . [It] is hardly possible for any one, howsoever well endowed with the critical hardheadedness that comes from moving about in the most worldly society, in London or elsewhere, to dwell in the Highlands without soon beginning to be doubtful as to whether all "superstitions" are so superstitious as at first they seem.

"But the Greenkeeper to a Golf Club possessed of the Evil Eye—O John, that is too steep!" I said this to myself after pondering for a few moments; and then I said as much to the gillie.

"Weel, Sir," said John, doggedly, "though what I ha'e tell't ye may soond rideecilous, it's what a' the folks hereaboot believe. Peter's no' canny."

"Has he cast the evil eye upon many of them?"

"On nane ava' that we can be quite sure aboot," John answered, in a tone less burdened by apprehension. "But that's nae doobt because he hasna' had need to."

This was puzzling; but John explained.

"Peter is comparatively a stranger here. He's been i' this pairish only three years come Martinmas. But the gowfers werena' long in findin' oot that they had made a waefu' bad bargain when they appinted him to keep the green. For ae reason or anither, there's no' a man among them that's no' carefu' no' to offend Peter. In fac,' he's the terror o' the countryside."

"Where did he come from?"

"Oot o' Logierait, far ower the hills there," said John, waving a hand towards the north. "The Club didna' ken onything aboot him when they brocht him here—except what they were tell't in his testimonials. What was pit into his testimonials seemed to be a' richt. In fac', ye never saw the like. A'body o' staunin' in Logierait and for mony a mile roond aboot—lairds an' members o' the Hoose o' Lords, forby meenisters o' a' denominations—ga'e Peter the grandest character. But the Club sees through a' that noo. Peter's auld freen's wanted t' get quit o'm."

"Is that known to be the case, or is it guess-work?"

"Vera little guess-work aboot it, Sir. Nae sooner had Peter been safely appinted than members o' the Club began to get letters frae freen's in Logierait warnin' them aboot Peter—letters frae some o' the few in the pairish wha hadna' gi'en him testimonials. They were to the effec' that he was in league wi' the De'il, and that the De'il had even been seen in his company—playin' awfu' pranks. Some o' the folks here say the same thing—though they're gey quiet aboot it, keepin' a calm sooch as far as possible."

John paused, and then said, in a lighter voice, "But there's ae guid thing. It seems that Peter never bides very long in ae place—seldom mair than four or five years. So, it may be, we ha'e only twa years o'm noo."

"Couldn't he be sent off before then? Why doesn't the Club give him the sack?" I was speaking in the hope of urging John on to further chatter.

"Send Peter awa'e Sir! Mercy on us, wha would daur to dae that? It was thocht o' at first, when it was seen that Peter negleckit his wark; but when things cam' to the pint, at an extraordinar' general meetin' o' the gowfers, naebody could be got to propose the motion. They a' kent that onybody wha did propose't would be a target for Peter's evil ee. So, I'm told, they a' sat as quiet and solemn as if they were i' the kirk. Mair dumb, in fact; for no' even the Captain, wha was in the chair, found his tongue, excep' to say, after they had a' sat in dead silence for ten minutes or a quarter, 'I think, gentlemen, we may now adjourn.' Ye see, Sir, the vera nicht afore the meetin' a fearfu' sicht had been seen aboot Peter's hoose, an' that, comin' on the heels o' the warnin's free the north, was alarmin'."

"What was the fearful sight, John?"

"I'd raither no' say, Sir, if you'll excuse me. It doesna' do to talk aboot sic things. But I think I can safely tell ye this, as Peter himself brags aboot it when he's in guid humour. Peter's no' really the servant o' the Club. Ye see whaur he bides—near twa mile frae the coorse. That's because he says the garrets abune the Club rooms dinna' suit his health. He's vera often doon at the coorse, especially if there's a guid match gaun' on; but as for keepin' the greens—he hardly ever does a haun's turn. Besides a' this, at every quarterly meetin' there's a letter frae him demandin' a rise o' wages; an' he aye gets it, for the reason I ha'e made ye acquant wi'—naebody daurs say no to Peter. He's the maister o's a' in thee pairts."

During most of this talk we had been moving slowly down the pool, casting. Just as John had resumed, to tell about Peter's riches, which were reputed to be considerable, a fish rose at the fly. He strained heavily as he went down, and I had no thought that he could be other than one of the salmon which had been leaping; but he immediately came up again with a dash that carried him into the air, and we saw him to be a seatrout.

"We'll ha'e to go noo, Sir," said John, as he lifted the fish out on the gaff. "It's nearly lunch time. But we're only a short step frae the mill-stream."

At the tryst we found Bismarck seated on the bank, waiting.

"Any luck?" I asked.

"None," said he.

I beckoned to John. He brought my creel, and showed the seatrout, which was nearly a four-pounder.

"Yes: I see," said Bismarck, quickly turning to his packet of sandwiches; "but we're fishing for salmon."

It was nearly three o'clock when John and I were back to the place where we had begun in the morning. Luncheon, rest, and the lapse of time have a wonderful effect on the angler's spirit. If he has had good sport in the morning, he expects to have better in the afternoon; if he has had none, he is confident that at least a little is to come. He sets to work, in

Salmon Jumping the Falls

either case, with reason in his mood. The fish have been "on the take"? Why, then, it is probable that they are on still. They have been off? Well, as they usually rise for a while at some stage of the day, it may be that we are just in the nick of time.

John and I were thoroughly optimistic at the fresh start and for half-an-hour after. Then our conversation began to languish. John remained civil and attentive; but I have no doubt he was convinced that there was something wrong in my way of working the fly. As a matter of fact, he had been suggesting that a little more line would be advisable. "In this clear water they're apt to see ye unless the flee is weel awa'." When he said that, I always let out a little more; but after four or five casts I was moved to reel in, surreptitiously. It was from no want of will that the fly and myself fell short of John's requirements. It was simply from want of strength. On an eighteen-feet greenheart rod three or four extra yards of line add considerably to the horsepower required in casting, and already, after a long morning of practically fruitless effort, my left ribs and both arms were aching. This I should not have noticed had we been having any success; but failure brings troubles of all kinds into view. I was finding John's remarks, now become infrequent, tiresome. John, hitherto a youth of sprightly humour, was become as much a bore to me as I was a duffer to him. The very weather was obtrusive. As often happens early in autumn, the frost of the morning had "come back," and the heavens were veiled in cloud. If only we had been having a fish now and then, or even a run, the weather would have seemed all right; as things were, it was dismal. Salmon here and there were leaping; but not one of them would look at a fly. Besides, I had an exceptional cause of being out-of-sorts. Residing in the wilds, I have an instinctive conscience as regards north, south, east, and west. On the drive from the railway station to the house, over a road which had many turns, I must, for a moment, have lost the sense of directions, which I had not recovered; at any rate, ever since I had set foot on its bank this river Earn, which I knew to flow from west to east, had seemed to be flowing from east to west. Readers native to the land south of the Border, who never know where they are in relation to the points of the compass, and laugh at any one who raises the question, will perhaps oblige me by recalling their feelings when under the influence of one of those recurring dreams in which you think, for example, that you have just entered a ballroom and are trying so to arrange your overcoat that the night-dress shall be concealed. The peculiar irritation which was caused by the Earn persistently flowing the wrong way will then be understood.

When we came to the pool opposite Peter's house John and I, it may be said, were not on speaking terms. At any rate, we were not speaking. That I felt to be fortunate. Had we been in the cheerful relationship of the beginning, morning or afternoon, John might have counseled a hasty passage beyond the range of the uncanny influence; but, as he was despising me so much that he was no longer even suggesting a change of fly, he could not very well break silence to ask a favour.

He sighed when, having reached the end of the pool, I turned towards the head of it once more; but that did not deter me. He could hardly be more uneasy about Peter than I was about my plain-spoken host.

The fact is, while not deserving the repute in which I was apparently held by the friend-in-common of Bismarck and myself, I was not such a duffer as John thought. It had not been for nothing that I had become acquainted with a good many miles of the Tay under the guidance of James Stewart. I do now or then know a good pool when I see it. The whole of the stretch over which we had gone looked promising; but this pool was the best part. All the rest of the water was such as salmon often show themselves on, frequently leaping; but it was such water as they ran through without much stoppage. The pool was the one place in which fish would be lying in wait.

Night falls early after the middle of October. It was nearly dark when we were at the head of the pool again. I was not sorry. Two or three of the rising salmon were only a few yards from our bank. I could easily reach them with a comparatively short line, and in the dusk I should not be seen. At last!

On parting from Mr. Malloch, to whom, according to custom when passing through Perth, I had paid my respects the morning before, I had received wishes for good luck and a

forty-pounder. It seemed as if the wishes were to be not vain.

You cannot always tell, even approximately, the weight of a fish just hooked; but there was something unprecedentedly emphatic about this one. Against the easy violence of his dive, the great, stiff, lumbering rod was as a reed shaken by the wind.

If a salmon could make the weapon bustle about so, why should not I? I felt ashamed of my aches and pains, and they instantly ceased to be. Why had I been cross and taciturn? John was the best gillie in the Highlands! He was already delivering heartfelt felicitations.

"Take a drink, John."

"Yes, Sir: wi' richt guid wull. . . . This is to be a stiff job, Sir, and a long ane."

"You didn't see him, John?"

"No, Sir; but I ken the place. They're aye vera big fish that lie here. In fact, this pool and the bit just below the mill-stream, whaur the Maister has been fishin' a' day, are the only casts in the water that ye can really depend on."

In the uplifting excitement of the moment, John was candid.

"But what about Peter, John?"

"O, we maun e'en try no' to think aboot Peter. It was here that the forty-twa-pounder was ta'en last season—at this time o' the month, too. Losh, Sir!" he added as the reel whizzed, "should we no' be movin' doon?"

I should have been glad to go downstream; but it would not have been easy to do so for more than about thirty yards, and therefore, as the pull of the fish had not become really dangerous, it would have been unwise to move at all. At the short distance indicated, the path by the river ceased and the very high bank slipped steeply into the stream. Just where the path ended a peril in the water began. This was a long series of tree stumps, situated at intervals so regular as to indicate that the river had gradually, in the course of ages, eaten its way under the roots of an ancient avenue. . . . [A] hooked salmon does not make a point of running under a snag whenever there is a chance; my own experience goes to show that the fish nearly always rejects the chance. I would have run that risk, then, had it been the only risk; but there was the precipitous bank. Even in daylight, instead of venturing to seek on it foothold close to the river, I had passed up round the shoulder and walked along on the level top; and I had seen its unstable face, a front of sand, to be honeycombed with rabbit-holes. It was not a place over which one would willingly run after a salmon in the dark.

On consideration John admitted this. Also he perceived that, as we could not go down indefinitely, it was better not to go down at all until absolutely obliged to. We would keep the thirty yards as a reserve against the extreme measures which the salmon would probably adopt.

"But what if he runs up?" asked John in an afterthought; adding, "That would be even waur than his fleein' doon."

The clump of trees at our shoulder completely blocking the way upstream, that was true; it had not until then occurred to me. The salmon had not shown any disposition towards running up. Now he was not even alarming in his tendency the other way. His head was upstream again, and I had recovered most of the line that had been rushed off; he had been moving in half-circular directions from one side of the river to the other, and, sedate but strong, was still upon that course.

Swish! sh-sh-sh-z.

That is an ugly sign for a beautiful thing, the sound of the spray which falls upon the water when a salmon leaps and for a moment after.

"Was that our fish loupin'?" John asked anxiously.

"I couldn't see; but I think so. At any rate, he's turned and flying."

Soon we were at the end of our thirty yards, and the contents of the reel were our sole resource. . . . All the hundred yards of plaited silk were out . . . half the backing of brown twine was gone . . . ten yards or so more and rupture was inevitable . . . but the fish had turned! He was keeping on the offside, too, far away from the line of snags.

Slowly he came upstream; slowly, slowly, the tense line softly humming; the while I reeled in inch by inch and warily stepped backwards towards the copse.

"When does the moon rise, John?"

Though John was close behind me and must have heard, there was no answer.

"It would be a help, John."

Still John was silent.

When I looked inquiringly over my left shoulder, it became evident that there was something wrong.

John, stalwart John, was motionless; his face had become so pallid that it reflected what faint light there was; the eyes, fixed and staring, expressed some indefinite fear.

A school chum had used to be just like that before falling and writhing and foaming at the mouth. He had been epileptic. Was it possible? . . .

"It's a' richt, Sir," John whispered, as if dreading to be overheard. "Excuse me. But jist look ower your ither shoulder."

On looking as directed I saw that John was in no need to be apologetic.

A Spectre had entered upon the mirky scene. It was standing, a little way up, on the other side of the river. I would say that It was watching us were it not that It seemed to be without a head. Otherwise the figure was that of a man. The outlines were perfectly clear. The dress was what is called "a lounge suit," and the hands were in the pockets of the coat. Withal, It had an aspect of unreality. It did not seem substantial. It was but a figure of light at the best; not glaring light; dim, indeed, or at least strangely soft; white, with a delicate stain of blue; and, gazing intently, I saw, or fancied, that it flickered.

"It cam' oot o' Peter's hoose," John muttered.

"Who or what can It be?"

"I ha'e my ain idees; but I'd rayther no' say. Only, ye may mind what I tell't ye aboot wha plays pranks wi' Peter. I'm no' for namin' him the noo."

You may think that my observations and this dialogue were singularly deliberate. So they were. I found myself astonished at them. They occupied less than a minute, however; and stupefaction, rather than active alarm, would seem to be the first effect of a Vision. Perhaps the salmon had a steadying influence. Thirty or forty yards off, he was ponderously sauntering across-stream and across. I daresay he helped me not to lose the sense of being still on a pathway of reality. At any rate, I did not feel so ghastly as John was when I had looked at him.

Rumination on these self-satisfied lines came to an abrupt end.

Just as he had touched on the other shore and was due to turn on his tracks, the salmon leaped. The Spectre heard him, and came strolling down the bank. It did not glide, as glides the ghost of the novel or of the stage; It walked just as a man would walk. It stopped where the fish had leapt and plunged. Then, instead of completing his cruise to the hither shore, the salmon

A Pool on the Tay, Dalguise

rushed towards the Spectre. He paused, not far from the bank, opposite the dread being. That was not all. When the Spectre, turned upstream again, resumed Its stroll, the fish set off in the same direction. At first I took this, if indeed I thought of it at all, to be accidental; but evidently it was not so. When the Spectre stopped, near the head of the pool, the salmon stopped. When It began to come down again, so did the salmon; tail-first, I felt, but as if it were keeping step with the apparition backwards. An involuntary utterance of astonishment was not unnatural.

"Beg pardon, Sir?" said John.

"He's seen the ghost," I answered, "and is following It about."

John made no immediate remark; but soon he said, "Wha ever ken't the like o' that? If I had the freedom o' the fush, it's no gaun' near the ghost I'd be—if ghost he is, Sir."

"You don't want to run, John?"

"No' noo, Sir. At first, if I could ha' done onything at a', I micht ha' been inclined to run; but I'm gettin' used to't. Forby, he needs long legs that wud run frae—ye ken wha' Sir."

"Pooh, John! I see neither tail nor horns, and I don't think there are hoofs."

John said something which from his tone I knew to be reproachfully argumentative; but I did not really hear him. Suddenly I had a new cause for anxiety. Had It a definite beat? How far down was It going? Would It stop and turn where It had stopped and turned before? If It should lead the fish down the river farther than the line would reach from the end of my own beat, I should have but little chance of coming out of this tussle in triumph.

Again involuntary words must have escaped.

"Beg pardon, Sir?"

"Nothing, John. Only, I was thinking of asking It to stop. If It goes far down and the fish goes too, we're done, I'm afraid. Will you shout, John?"

"No' me, Sir,—unless ye gi'e positive orders. I shouldna' like to be askin' an obleegment frae the—ye ken wha, Sir, as I said before."

By this time the Spectre was Itself beginning to settle my concern. It had stopped, and had turned; but, instead of making to come back again, It moved slowly off into the meadow. Ten or twelve yards from the water, It stooped; slowly and as if with effort pulled Itself erect; moved a few steps; then gradually, legs-first, vanished. As far as mortal eyes could tell, It had, with notable leisureliness, sunk into the earth.

The process of disappearance, somehow, was more disquieting than aught that had befallen.

I had no remark to make.

John, at my elbow, sighed with relief.

The salmon leapt; splashed about on the surface for a few seconds; and bolted up the river.

My host was scrambling down the hillock at our back. He had caught two fish, he said, and had sent his gillie home with them. Why had I stayed there so long? It was getting on for dinner-time. Had I had any luck?

"We're just in the holts wi' a good ane," said John, realising that I was too much engaged to be talkative.

Swish! sh-sh-sh-z.

The sound came from afar, and I trembled at the thought of what might happen next. The salmon, if he liked, could come down much more quickly than I could reel up; and by this time the hook must have worn its socket loose. The anguish of that moment! . . . Hoping to encourage the fish to keep fronting the torrent, instinctively I had slackened the strain. . . . All was well. He was coming down, but not running down; dropping down tail-first. Slowly, slowly, but with never a pause, his tether shortened; by and by he passed, and I had him against the stream. "All right now," I thought, and even said; and was speedily undeceived. If the salmon had seemed fatigued, he had been, inadvertently of course, misleading. He leaped, not once, but three or four times in immediate succession; he bored to the bottom and stood erect, tail-up; he dashed hither and thither, pausing only to wag his head in playfulness or rage; he came to the surface and smote it with his tail. Bismarck was unrestrained in the generosity of his compliments and exhortations.

Swish! sh-sh-sh-z. . . . Whirr-r-r! "All right, John!" He was again, apparently, beginning the half-circular tour, and I thought I foresaw an opportunity to bring our performance to an unexpectedly early finish. The fish seemed to be in no fear of us. Time after time, at the end of one of his consecutive curves on the outside edge, he had come close to the bank, and

had even paused a few seconds there; in fact, he had paused each journey. Theoretically he had almost been within reach of the gaff; but practically he had been outside. He had never, as far as, judging by the feel of things, I could make out in the darkness, been near the surface when close to us; it had been from the bottom of the water, eight or nine feet deep, that he had shown his leisurely contempt. I wondered, next time he was in-shore would it be possible to persuade him, in consideration of the toil we had jointly undergone, to come halfway up? In that case, and John being prone on the bank at the port of arrival, with his gaff aslant in the water to the hilt, the episode might be brought to an event. I would try. . . . With might and main I raised the rod, and did so not in vain. Distinctly I felt him coming up, and not yet turning to go out. . . . Was this the moment to say "Now!" and let John strike on chance? What, after all, would it matter if he missed? The salmon and I would be just as we were. A jerk of the gaff against the line would be deplorable; but, as the line was vertical, there was not much risk of that. . . . "Now!" . . . John had not missed; but he was still prone. Evidently he was in distress. "Help!" he cried: "I'm slippin' in!" My host was to the rescue promptly, and an extraordinary ongoing ensued. To the pull of the salmon John could oppose no more than his own inertia, which, as the bank was sloping, was not great. All the muscular energy he could afford to use was that which was needed in order that he might not lose hold of the violently agitated gaff. John, in short, had become part of the landing apparatus. There was Bismarck, his heels dug into the turf, his head and shoulders thrown back as if he were engaged in a tug-of-war, John's ankles in his hands!

When at length the four of us were reposing on the bank I myself at least was nearly as "far through" as the salmon.

Dinner within an hour would have been welcome; but my host did not insist on punctuality. He said that a fresh meal could be prepared at any time. We had still to visit the house across the river. Nothing less would satisfy him. While we were resting John and I had given an account of what had happened in the early stage of the evening. That is to say, I had told the tale, and John had given evidence in corroboration. Bismarck, incredulous at the outset, was sufficiently impressed to desire acquaintance with Peter.

John protested. The boat, he said, besides bein' vera sma', was auld and rotten; so were the oars, which were no' even o' the same size. The boat was never used excep' for minnow-fishin' when the water was fallin' low. To try to cross in sic a dark nicht and wi' the water pretty high would be dangerous. It would be better to wait till the mornin'.

John did not exaggerate the defects of the boat, which, waterlogged, lay near the foot of the pool; but his warning was in vain. Bismarck was resolved to probe the mystery without delay.

Having emptied the boat by turning it keel-up, we launched it and set out; crossed the strong flow slantingly; and arrived at Peter's door, on which Bismarck knocked just as if he were a postman in a hurry.

Steady footsteps within were heard; the door was opened; and a man stood inquiringly in the narrow hall, which was lit by a lamp on either side.

"I'm tenant of the shooting and fishing across the water," said my friend, "and I have come to see you on a matter of importance."

The man in the doorway, an athletic figure of middle age and middle height, whose pleasant and alert face was instantly attractive, seemed amused.

"Tenant—only tenant? Dear me! You might be the Laird, or even the Factor, by the way ye speak—Don't-think-o'-arguing-wi'-me, so to say. However, come awa' in, and bring your suite."

The fellow spoke in a tone of banter which, I noticed, took Bismarck by surprise. As he was leading the way through a devious passage, "Is that Peter?" asked Bismarck, in a whisper.

"Aye: it's himsel', Sir;" John answered, resignedly, clearly meaning, "A willful man must have his way" and that the way was not likely to be smooth.

The apartment in which we soon found ourselves was very unlike what could have been expected. It was lofty and otherwise spacious. A pile of coal and logs was burning brightly on an ungrated hearth, on either side of which, built into the receding wall, was a cushioned seat. Easy-chairs were ranged about the fireplace. A bookcase, packed, covered the whole of the wall on the right of the ingle-neuk; on the other side was a huge cupboard with a divided door, whence Peter had just brought a decanter filled with a purple liquor and four small tumblers, which he had placed on a little round table standing between the easy-chairs and the fire.

"Claret, gentlemen," he was saying.

Cases of stuffed birds and set-up fish, three or four stags' heads, the head of a Highland bull, bows and arrows, a flint-lock gun, pistols, and other things which I could not take in at the moment, decorated the three other walls.

"I ha'e no particular objection to other wines, or even to spirits; but I like claret for sentimental reasons, which are the only reasons that are always satisfactory. Claret is the wine that our forebears liked and thrived on."

A table in the middle of the room was strewn with daily journals, weekly reviews, and monthly magazines.

Peter had handed round the plenished tumblers.

"Gentlemen, The King! " said he and, still sitting, each of us raised his glass.

Peter lowered his, saying, "It is customary to rise when a toast to the King is called."

Bismarck and I arose with conscious lack of grace; John, still more awkwardly, followed suit.

"Now," said Peter, seating himself after the little ceremony, "we'll go into this important business which gi'es me the pleasure o' your company." He looked at each of us, inquiringly, in turn; his singularly straightforward blue eyes finally resting on Bismarck.

Was Bismarck as uncomfortable as myself? I hoped and believed that he was. But for him, we should never have been there. I should have liked to be there with countenance unashamed; but we had blundered. We were aggressive fools. Peter, leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, paused for answer. He was master of the awkward situation. He was not at all angry; I thought, indeed, that he was keeping amusement in restraint. However that may have been, he was indulgent. As Bismarck stayed silent for a few moments, no doubt in the process of collecting his scattered intentions, Peter resumed.

"I'll warrant it is the business that usually brings persons o' importance to my door. Poachin'. Isn't it, noo?"

"It is," said Bismarck, eagerly I thought; I daresay he felt that he would be stepping farther into error if amid our high-

Casting into an Awkward Corner

ly practical circumstances he broached the subject of the Spectre and Ye Ken Wha. "Exactly. I regret to say that I suffer a good deal from the scoundrels. My partridges were short, and I've hardly any pheasants; I have a suspicion that the river is netted. It occurred to me that you, a constant resident in the district, might—"

"Quite so," said Peter, in an obliging tone. "But am I richt in takin' you to say that every poacher is a scoonerel."

"You are," said Bismarck.

"And you mean it?"

"I do. Poaching is theft, or, at the best, robbery."

"I do a bit o' poachin' mysel'," said Peter.

"Oh?" said Bismarck, discomfited.

"Yes. Would you like to apologise?"

Bismarck did not answer immediately. He was weighing the alternatives. It was an anxious interval in the placid conversation. I expected that the determining influence would be the trait he had mentioned in the morning; and I was not wrong.

"No," said he: "certainly not."

His vigorous features, as he looked up, expressed resolution blent with wonder. What would Peter say now ? What further rebuke should we have to suffer?

"Well," said Peter, rising, "I like ye nane the waur for stanin' by what ye said. But it doesna' do to be called a scoonerel. It micht lead to bein' treated as such. We maun find a way oot o' the difficulty. Here, John: just gi'e me a hand wi' this table."

The larger table having been moved into a corner, Peter took down two pairs of boxing-gloves from among the firearms on the wall.

"They're very light," he said, as he handed a pair to Bismarck,—"in fact, the lightest."

Bismarck took them; gently moved them up and down, one in each hand, as if in response to Peter's statement of their weight; then looked up in perplexity, saying, without words, What am I to do with them?

"Put them on, of course," said Peter, "and your jacket off." He had laid his own jacket aside, and was already gloved.

"But," said Bismarck, hesitatingly, "surely it's not to be expected—"

"That you can put up your hands against a greenkeeper? Yes: that's it. It's what they a' feel in the same circumstances—my distinguished visitors. Tuts! Dinna' let sic a trifle stand between us! I'm no' a greenkeeper by nature. I'm hardly one in reality. The post is a sinecure. I hold it merely in order to account to the folks hereaboot for my bidin' in the place. It gi'es me my visible means o' subsistence. But that's nothing. What I really live on are the invisible imports. These make me at least a gentleman of means. So, kind Sir, come on!"

At the close of this speech, delivered with easy arrogance modified by good-humour almost brotherly, Bismarck burst into laughter. Then he rose from the easy-chair; and took off his jacket. It was impossible to feel repelled by Peter. It was impossible to reject his challenge. We had invaded his house, and we had called him names. If he was good enough to have these attentions bestowed upon him, surely he was good enough for others, those which he had invited? Surely we were not so unworthy as to abandon our course of conduct merely because it had taken us to an unexpected turn, risky to ourselves? That was implicit in what Peter had said; but it was implicit only. The fascinating rascal had too much delicacy of taste to be raspingly plain in his speech. He was treating us with much consideration.

"Yes: come on!" said Bismarck, tapping Peter on the shoulder. Out shot Peter's left; but, without otherwise moving a hairbreadth, Bismarck jerked his head, and nothing happened. The rest of the round was experimental sparring. Each man was trying to discover the particular artistry in which his peril lay.

"Slow work," said Peter. "Fill the glasses, John. You'll find bottles in the cupboard."

The second round was almost as little effectual. Neither man could get at the other's face, and the blows elsewhere, hard though some of them were, seemed to be against tissue scarcely less resilient than india-rubber.

John had become excited. Having filled the glasses, he had returned to the door of the cupboard, and was standing there, near his master, uttering snatches of encouragement and of suggestion. This seemed unfair. What was I to do? I could not well stand up and take the part of my host's antagonist; but something had to be done. I requested John to take his seat and

be quiet. John would not. He seemed unable. He was, I perceived, struggling to regain the bearing which is proper to a gillie and usually an unbreakable habit; but the influence of this exceptional crisis was too strong. Besides, he had a show of reason for his attitude. "In any turn-up I've been at, Sir, a body was allowed to tak' a side."

"Silence, bantams!" said Peter. "When twa elderly gentlemen are fechtin' a' other argument is unseemly. At least, that's the rule in this ring. It has to be observed. Sit doon, baith o' ye, and hold your tongues."

"Yes, John," said the other pugilist: "sit down. And be easy. We shan't be long."

"You've a bit up your sleeve, I see," Peter remarked. "Well, so have I. Now then!"

Each made a show of being blindly violent; for a minute or so there was a great ducking and bobbing of heads, and hammering thereof. Then they slowed down, Peter walking round Bismarck, who revolved on his own axis, and anon Bismarck walking round Peter, who similarly watched the foe. . . . What Bismarck's error was, his back being towards me at the dramatic instant, I do not exactly know; but Peter was quick enough. Bismarck had been hit sharply under the chin, and was on his back.

"No' hurt, I hope?" said Peter, cheerily. "No, no! Just a bit tap that does nae real herm, though at the minute it feels as bad as a knock on the funny bone. I propose a short interval for refreshments."

"Refreshments certainly," said Bismarck, rising and laughing; "but I don't think we'll begin again. I'm outclassed, Peter."

"Hoot, toot! Dinna' say that at this early stage! It micht just as easily be your turn next time. I saw ye tryin' for't. You're just as fine a chiel as ony I ha'e met since I was walloped by the laird frae Comrie. Dear me! That was a dooncome! He was white-haired and auld, sae much sae that I thocht shame o' mysel', and was inclined to sue for peace; and he had long side-whiskers, and spats, and a grey frock-coat; he looked, and spoke, like a draper. But it wasna' behind a counter he had been reared. It was nae fecht at a'—just doon and up, doon and up. Nae suner had I found my feet than I found the floor. And he just smilin' and polite as a shop-walker a' the time. Aye: he was a fearsome Colonel! But you and I are a match, and the luck may be wi' you if we start afresh."

Though these remarks, as they proceeded, became manifestly heartfelt, Peter, I knew, had set out on them with intent to soften Bismarck's vexation. In this he was successful. When we were all seated round the fire again, Bismarck was in excellent spirits. He wanted to withdraw the unfortunate word, since now, having gone through the ordeal of battle on account of it, he could do so without shame; but our new friend would not hear of this.

"We'll keep the peace noo, I think," said he, soothingly; "but—just fill the glasses, John, lad—apologisin' is oot o' the question. I never think o' ca'in' for't, or allooin' it. To tell the truth: At this stage on sic occasions I aye seem for the time to see that I mysel' am the chief offender. O' the twa views o' poachin'—yours and mine—yours is the maist commonly held. There's nae doobt o' that."

He paused; gazed meditatively into the fire for a few seconds; and then began again. Like his other openings, the new one was of a nature wholly unexpected.

"But it is not always the common opinion that is right," he said, snapping the words out with an earnestness that was startling. "No: not even though it be the opinion which all persons, all parties, and all classes hold. You see," he went on, less emphatically, "I read a good deal, and often, being a lonely man, I sit and think about what I have read; and that, no doubt for the same reason—loneliness—leads to notions that may strike ordinary folk as queer." Then, thinking aloud, apparently scarce conscious of our presence, and lapsing into his habitual dialect, the extraordinary man reviewed the social polity of the time. I will not undertake to give a word-for-word report of what he said. So fresh and pungent was the commentary, I think I could almost do so; but perhaps a summary will suffice. It was certainly sad, said Peter, to think o' the thoosands o' men wha nooadays found it hard to mak' a livelihood; but were we on the richt road to a remedy? If there were only scores o' ill-aff folk, instead o' thoosands, would the State be sayin' to the people, "Poor, miserable wretches, what's your wull? Just tell us, and we'll do it. But, before speakin', be sure you really ken how miserable you are"? No: if there were only scores o' puir bodies, instead o' thoosands, the State wudna' be sayin' that. Yet, why no'? Didna' each lowly insec' feel a pang as great as when a giant died? Micht there no' be as much sufferin' in a single hoose as in a mob fillin' half the streets o' London ? Aye, and more; for sufferin', when it got ower being individual and private, became no' sufferin' at a', but a kind o' rejoicin'. No' seein' this, the State had lost its head. A' it was daein' in the hope o' puttin things richt was tendin' to swell the mobs that were exultin' in their woe. Waur than that: it was lowerin' the spirits even o' a' the well-doin' common folk in the country. Nae State could go on tellin' the people that they were miserable withoot the people becomin' so. Nothing that could be thought o'—no' even free trade in drink and intemperance a general fashion—would be sae bad as this. It was a debauchery o' the emotions and the mind. He jaloused there must noo be thoosands o' men no' earnin' onything wha could be earnin' much if they liked. But that was no' the worst o't. The worst o't was that there was a cloud o' thinkin' misery ower the land. The people were losin' spirit. State aid was no' a' blessin'. It could never gi'e the people pluck and peace o' mind and happiness. What ga'e these things was a man's ain effort—that, and naething else. He sometimes thought that if it werena' that other countries which were possible enemies had States, we'd be better withoot a State at a'. Fause sentiment, which injured when it tried to cure, would never then get the upper hand. After a' each man for himsel' was the principle o' well-being and happiness.

This outbreak left us silent and Peter fell into a reverie again. At length Bismarck, having expressed respect for the precepts we had heard, delicately indicated inability to reconcile them with Peter's practices.

"Oh!" said Peter in his lighter voice, "I ken I'm no' exactly consistent. But I'm no' sae far oot wi' mysel' as would appear. You think that a man o' my principles should be industriously followin' an ordinary trade? How could I do that? I shouldna' be mysel'. I should be an item in some union or other, a mite in a movin' cheese. I shouldna' like that. The organisation o' labour has raised wages, and that's guid; but it's no' a' that a real man wants. I like the guid things o' this life; but they would ha'e nae savour if they cam' to me through cooperation wi' some thoosands o' other men individually feckless and self-suppressing—self-assertive only in the lump. That's no' high-mettled enough. Self-suppression and regimentation are proper only against the King's enemies. They're glorious then.

A Small but Good Pool

They're no' inspirin' when used for other purposes, gi'en' life a drab hue. Sociality is natural and fine. It's likin' for your freen's and respect for your kent enemies if they're strong. The very opposite o't is Socialism, which is a mak'-belief o' love and respect for a body, kent and unkent alike—a doonricht damned delusion. That, or onything o' the kind I canna' endure the thought o'."

"And so," said Bismarck, "you're a—a sort of outlaw?"

"In a manner of speakin', yes," Peter answered, not at all offended. "Only," he added, chuckling, "I've very good antecedents. I'm no' what ye can ca' a working man by nature. Neither were the ancestors o' ony o' the nobles in this bonnie country. They just took what they wanted, withoot sayin' 'By your leave' to onybody. And so—"

"Oh, Peter, Peter," Bismarck interrupted, in a disappointed tone, "don't say it—it's just common Radicalism!"

"I hope to heaven it's no' that!" Peter answered, with equal fervour. "But I'll tell you, and then you will judge for yoursel'. What I was goin' to say is that an estate in land is no' like a fortune made by industry. It was to begin wi' seized and set apart by force. It has never acquired the same moral title as a fortune made in honest business has. That is why poachin' is no' so bad as other kinds o' theft. In fact, I canna' see it to be theft at a'. If I did, I would drop it. I ha'e my ain wants, which are unco expensive, and, like other folk, I ha'e lame dogs to be helpit ower a stile. I need aboot three hundred pounds a year, and I mak' maist o't by poachin'. It's no' very muckle when levied on a wide district. But I wouldna' levy it if I thocht poachin' essentially wrang. It appears to me no' unfair as between man and man. And it's no' only mysel' that has that view. I'm as weel respectit by a' I have to do wi' as Claverhoose was by the Duke o' Argyll and other Whigamores."

Peter laughed complacently.

"You see," he went on, "the lairds and I are on a footin' o' equality. They ha'e something unusual—titles of nobility or what-not—that gi'es them privilege against the ordinar' run o' people; and so ha'e I."

"What is that, Peter?" asked Bismarck, greatly interested.

"I've often wondered," Peter answered, ingenuously. "A' I ken aboot it is that on moors and in forests and on rivers whaur poachers are constantly bein' caught I mysel' go at large withoot bein' interfered wi'. Neither game keepers nor police ever meddle wi' me. Sometimes, in fact, they ask me, on the sly like, when I'm to be at some particular place, meanin' that they want to be sure o' no' bein' there themsel's. Ower and ower again they've tell't me that they winna' fa' oot wi' me if they can help it. That's been the way o't whaurever I've been—in a' parts o' the coonty o' Inverness and twa in this. Ah, bonnie Inverness!" He sighed in retrospect.

"Why did you leave, Peter?" Bismarck asked.

"Leave?" Peter echoed, his thoughts coming slowly back to the present time. "Because I had made too many freen's."

"Too convivial, perhaps?"

"No, no," Peter answered, gravely: "there was naething o' that sort intil't—at least, naething by-ordinar'. I left because I had been obliged to become freen's wi' a' the lairds in the coonty. Whaurever I settle, a' the gamekeepers, as I ha'e mentioned, gi'e me a wide berth; but that's no' the way wi' the lairds. Ane by ane, they call upon me, and in course o' time they've a' called; or if a few haven't their sporting tenants have. That's what mak's me move on and be a sort o' hameless wanderer ower the Hielands."

We were still puzzled.

"Don't you see?" said Peter, his gaze moving from one to the other in astonishment. "How could you expec' me to poach ony mair on your ain place—land or water—after the proceedin's o' this nicht? We've had a bit fecht and are freen's noo. After I've had a blaw-oot wi' a man—whether I've licked him or he has lickit me—I never again go helpin' mysel' in his preserves. I focht my way into the freendship o' a' Inverness, and so oot o' the coonty. I've done the same in ae fine wide district in Perthshire, and ye ken yoursel' that the same thing's gradually happenin' here."

Bismarck began to laugh; but Peter, who had been speaking

in a simple matter-of-fact tone, though a little sadly, looked at him with an expression which put a check on mirth.

"Pardon me," said my friend, softly; and fell silent.

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Peter, as if suddenly conscious that the spirits of the company had drooped, and rising lithely from his chair. "The glasses, John—fill up! We'll have a song."

"Words and music by mysel'," he said, having tuned his violin, which he had fetched from a corner of the room. "They cam' into my head a minute ago. No' grand opera, ye ken; but a' richt in spirit, I think. Ilka verse carries its ain chorus—the last twa lines."

Then he sang to a lilting air:

O bonnie is the August day
As any day in Spring
When o'er the heather, brae to brae,
The young grouse take the wing!

And bonnie the September time,
Calm sparklin' in the sun,
When through the stubble, tipped wi' rime,
The perky paitricks run.

When doon the hillside creeps the snow
And snell has grown the air
'Tis fine to leave the plains and go
To seek the mountain hare.

And finer still if luck attend
Your footsteps up the wind
And into easy range should send
A muckle hart or hind!

Aye: that's a' grand; but what's the gun
Compared wi' rod and reel
When from the North Sea comes a run
O' salmon and o' peel?

Peter's voice, light, confident, defiantly joyous, instantly caught us as with a charm, and held us so. The first chorus was by no means shy; the last was a roar of immeasurable glee.

The enchanting knave was absolute.

"Well," he said, when we had rested for a minute or so, "the nicht's wearin' on, and ye maun be hungry. I had my ain supper just before you cam' in. Could you do wi' cold grouse?"

Gladly could we have done with that, or with any other fare, had a meal there and then been a thing desired; but eating would have been too prosaic at that moment. No, no: we must be going.

"At ony rate, you canna' go empty-handed," said Peter. "That wouldna' be lucky. Ootby I ha'e something that will please you. Come and see."

When we were again in the open air and aside from the light cast into it from the doorway, there was the Spectre! It had taken the arm of Bismarck, and was leading him across the meadow within the square of oaks. John and I were close at their heels. "I see I'm in a lowe," the Spectre was saying, in the unmistakable voice of Peter. "My fishin' claes—I wear them when I've a netfu' to carry to the railway station—are smeared wi'—what d'ye ca' it?—phosphorus, I think, and shine. I put them on at sunset, thinkin' that the water would be doon enough thi' nicht for an hour or so with the leister. Excuse me. They're no' dirty—only glowin'. They're very usefu' at the leisterin'—savin' me frae troublin' wi' a torch, which splashes a body wi' pitch. I've only to bend ower the bow o' the boat, and there, in a jiffy, are the salmon! But the fish I'm going to show you, hoping you'll accept it, was no' ta'en that way. I took it on a flee this morning, just after daybreak. Fair sport."

Here the speech stopped. So did Peter himself. He bent down; moved a hand about upon the turf; found an iron ring; pulled; and raised a trap-door.

"No' a bad arrangement this," he said. "Nae doobt when you've been fishin' on the bank opposite you've noticed the mouth of the big culvert on this side. The covered-in burn has never less than three feet o' water unless the Earn is very low. Thocht I to mysel' when I took up my abode here, 'This is the very place for my coble. Naebody will ever think that there's a boat up the burn, and I'll no' be troubled wi' questions as to what I need a boat for.' So I stripped off a square o' the turf, cut a hole in the roof o' the culvert, and put this trap-door doon—wi' the turf on, as you see."

"Neat," Bismarck remarked.

"Aye: so it is, if I may say so. And I've another o' the same roond the bend, behind the hoose. I thocht it might be usefu' in case there should be need for a mysterious disappearance. At the side o' the other trap-door I pulled doon a slap o' the wall o' the culvert, and made a bay big enough to hold the boat, which naebody would be likely to notice in the dark. So if ony folk, seein' the boat enterin' the mouth o' the burn, followed in pursuit, they would no' be likely to find it. They would soon come doon again, and if they thocht it was mysel' they had seen in the boat they micht come into the hoose to spier, and there they would find me at the peacefu' fireside, studyin' the affairs o' the day."

With a merry laugh Peter took a step down; and down, down, down he went. Just thus had the Spectre disappeared.

"Follow, gentlemen," said Peter, "mindin' the steps—they're slippy."

The steps, seemingly fixed somehow against the wall, were very narrow, not more than a foot in width.

"I can lift them aff, and put them into the coble, and then there's no trace at a'," said Peter.

We were in the boat by this time; and what happened in the darkness I could gather only from what Peter was saying.

"Ah, yes: here he is! At least thirty pund, I'm sure, and clean-run—I wunna' wonder if he had still the sea-lice on him. Steady, now. Keep your hands inside the coble. They micht scrape against the wall."

He was punting us down the culvert. Soon we were on the river, and soon on the other side. Peter had told us not to bother about our boat. It could lie where it was all night; he would take it over in the morning.

"Well done, well done!" he exclaimed, when he had peered down upon our own salmon, lying among the bracken. "I heard splashin's and the reel, and kent some o' you was playin' a fish; but I had no thocht that it was sic a fish as that! Mine's sma' compared wi't. But keep it—keep it! Maybe you've no' yet overta'en a' the freen's you would like to send salmon to. It may help you in that way."

Cheerily wishing us good-night, Peter returned to his boat. We watched him as he shot luminous across the river, singing:

When from the North Sea comes a run
O' salmon and o' peel.

Contrasts in Trout Art

by Gordon M. Wickstrom

Not long ago, my wife and I found ourselves walking the streets of downtown Livingston, Montana, on a beautiful midsummer evening in keen anticipation of fishing the renowned DePuy Spring Creek the next morning, never mind that, as it turned out, gales of wind blew us off the water. Knowing nothing as yet of those winds of the morrow, we were excited by what was almost a saturation of appealing trout art in the local shops.

The pleasure and the concentration of it got me to thinking about what might be the origins of trout fishing art. Certainly angling is distinguished among all the sports in its contribution to world literature of Izaak Walton's masterwork *The Compleat Angler* (London, 1653), and fishing has always been the most intensely literary of sports. But, apart from literature, what can we say of trout art—art that today seems to be enjoying a golden age?

Although not an art historian, I'm bold enough to write here about two works of angling art from the last century that can be considered *early*: a piece of music and a painting—each with the same title, "The Trout," and each about the death of its respective fish.

The music is the brightest, happiest work of art imaginable. The painting, on the other hand, is almost terrifying in its violence and brutality—no fish picture like it in my experience.

About the music first. The great Franz Schubert was on a walking trip with his friend, the singer Vogl, in the mountains of Austria in July of 1819. They visited in the home of a friend where there were eight lovely daughters who pleased the young men immensely, and so they lingered. Their host, an amateur cellist, asked the young genius Schubert for a piano quintet that they and friends could play together right then and there at a musical evening. And so Schubert began to compose his great Quintet in A, op. 114, which came to be known as "The Trout" for its use of one of Schubert's songs. "The Trout" turned out to be, and remains, among the most dearly loved of all chamber works. It is exhilarating music and relieves every sorrow. The quintet is an unusual combination of instruments: a single violin, a viola, a cello, a piano, and, astonishingly, a double bass—exactly tailored to the local ensemble of music makers.

It is in the fourth movement of the work that Schubert employs his own song "Die Forelle" (1817) as theme, working several happy "trout" variations upon it.

But the "trout" *poem* by C. F. D. Schubart (note the slight

The brook so gaily rippling,
There flashed a lively trout.
But soon there came an angler,
With rod and line and hook,
To catch the fish that swam there,
So happy in the brook.
The trout snapped up his bait.
He twitched his rod and caught him.
And sad at heart and grieving,
I saw the victim die.

difference in names), which Schubert set in his original song for solo voice, is insipid and Disney-like in its sentimentality about animals and nature.

Above are some bits of Schubart's poem patched together in translation. Luckily we do not have to hear those verses in the quintet, which leaves them unsung and forgotten. What remains is the *music* and its pleasures that belong more to the entire life of the stream and every lively trout rather than the death of Schubart's merely pathetic trout.

Then there is Gustave Courbet's painting *The Trout* from that French radical realist's 1850s period. This trout fills the frame: a big, heavy-bellied brown trout hauled up on the shore of lake or stream, dying a terrible death, the line disappearing down his gullet, probably to a baited hook spilling blood from the great fish's gills. Courbet's colors are almost Fauvist in their dark, ruthless intensity. As we watch the picture, we are spared nothing. That trout's sentient eye, filled with fear, pain, and utter desolation, holds the angler in its supplication—or rather its accusation.

Schubert's music warms us, refreshes us, and convinces us of the beauty and joy in all created things. It is uncritical, accepting, and healing. Courbet's painting, on the other hand, forces the issue of the obscenity of death. The death of this powerful animal is its emblem.

Two visions of the world and our place in it dominate these two early examples of great trout fishing art. The death of the poet Schubart's trout, as narrated in Schubert's song, apart from the music, counts for little. There is nothing real about that fish, the suffering of which is only the posturing of an inferior romantic poet. What counts for Schubert and what pours forth from the music is, paradoxically, the trout's *life*, the sound of which releases our joy in youth, love, beauty, and nature—all of it in Schubert's music.

Courbet's trout and its death, on the other hand, is all the reality there is, and we are subsumed in it. Reality is not much more than our certain and awful death: meaningless, cruel, and forgotten even before it is noticed. Death is what animals, what *people* do, the painting suggests.

These two early works of trout art suggest a polarity, lines of tension, along which we arrange or try to arrange our lives. Life and death! Indeed, as has so often been noted, the trout is a canary down in the dark and dangerous mines of our lives. Of course, there is always the chance that the bird will live to sing.

Leave your journal open to this page...

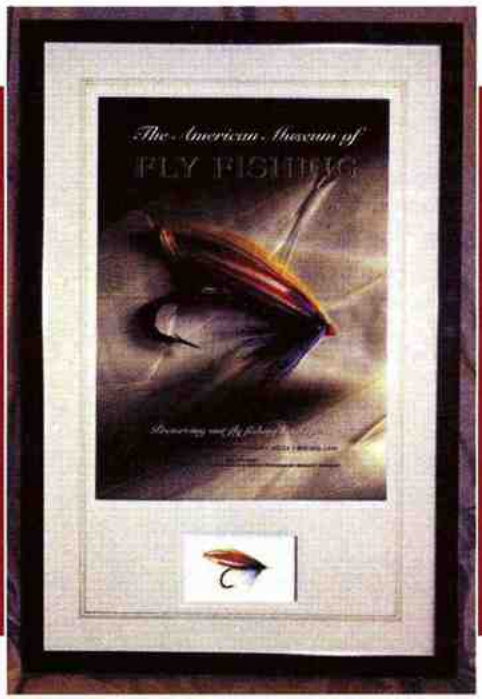
you might net a fly-fishing treasure this holiday season.

Please make all checks payable to AMFF and send to:

American Museum of Fly Fishing
P.O. Box 42
Manchester, VT 05254
Telephone orders: 802-362-3300.
MC, Visa, and American Express accepted.

The Pool
by Brett James Smith

This important etching, done in a framed limited edition of 30, is available exclusively through the Museum. $200

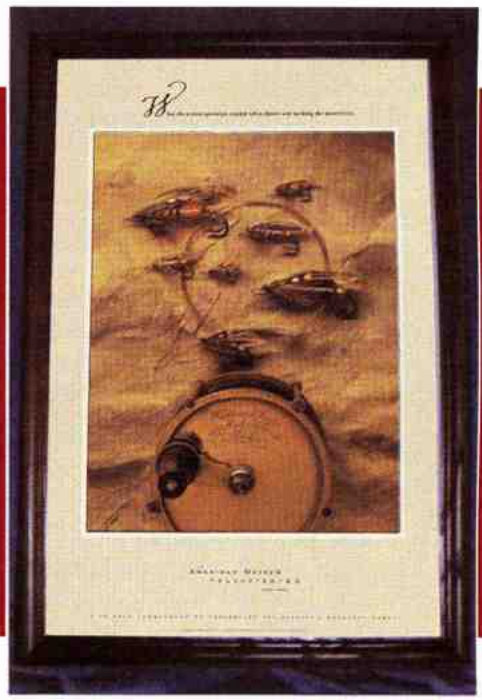


The Columbia Poster

Framed poster and shadowboxed fly, the Columbia. An elegant addition to any collection. $195

30th Anniversary Poster

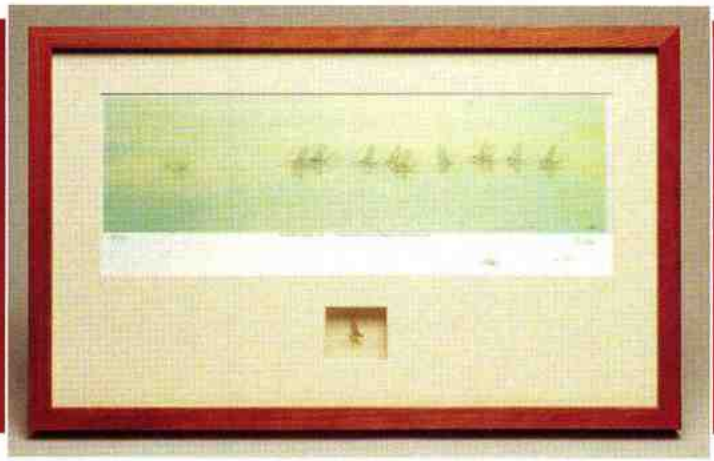
This framed work of art will be a stunning addition to any home or office. Measuring 20" x 30". Photographed by Bob O'Shaughnessy. $75



The Bubble
by John Betts

This special Celebration Edition of *The Bubble* is limited to 30 prints. Each is signed, numbered, remarqued, and mounted in a shadowbox frame with a classic fly tied by Betts. $250

Shadowboxed with a fly tied by John Betts.



The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254
Tel: 802-362-3300. Fax: 802-362-3308

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum)

INDIVIDUAL	
Associate	$35
Sustaining	$60
Benefactor	$125
Patron	$250
GROUP	
Club	$50
Trade	$50

Membership dues include four issues of *The American Fly Fisher.* Please send your payment to the Membership Director 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!

Hours are 10 AM to 4 PM. We are closed on major holidays.

BACK ISSUES!

Available at $4 per copy:

Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 7, Number 3
Volume 8, Number 3
Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 10, Number 2
Volume 11, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
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, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 21, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 22, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 23, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 24, Numbers 1, 2

Museum News

Frederick Buller

Frederick Buller's "A Fourth-Century European Illustration of an Angler" appeared in the Spring 1998 issue. In that article, we ran his photograph of an enlargement of the figure of the fisherman and the salmon—together with the tail of an Ichthyocentaurus—in black and white. (The full image of the Ichthyocentaurus appeared in the drawing on page 6 of that issue.) Buller adds that, strictly speaking, the Icthyocentaurus should have hooves in place of hands (Tritons have hands; see Deipnosophistae *viii. 36 by Athenaeus), but his untrimmed photograph (not shown) reveals that only the right arm is hoofed. In this issue, we run the trimmed photograph—taken by the Buller at Lydney Park in November 1997—in color.*

AMFF NEWS

The Museum is back in the newsletter business with publication of its first issue of *AMFF News* this fall. Two issues of the *Greenheart Gazette* were produced in 1990, but because of staff shortages it was short lived. With new staff aboard, *AMFF News* will be published quarterly to keep members up to date between issues of *The American Fly Fisher.*

The newsletter will be sent free of charge to all current members. Visitors to the Museum will also receive a copy when they pay admission. We hope that this will generate interest and bring about a commitment from those visitors who might otherwise not become members.

The editor of *AMFF News* is Sara Wilcox, the Museum's special projects coordinator. John Price, art director of *The American Fly Fisher,* will design the newsletter. For more information about this new publication, contact Sara Wilcox.

www.amff.com

At long last, the American Museum of Fly Fishing has an official website. Now anyone with a computer and an interest in fly fishing will have access to all kinds of information about the Museum at www.amff.com.

According to Art Director John Price, who designed and built the website, "The challenge was making the site fun to look at, yet easy to download and move about in. And now that the site is up and running, the trick will be to keep the information fresh and current for repeat browsers."

Visitors to the site are greeted by an informative piece detailing the Museum's purpose and history. Links within the site will allow internet browsers to sign

up for membership, order merchandise from our gift shop, look at items featured in our current exhibits, check the calendar of events, get directions to the Museum, and e-mail the Museum and its staff. The Museum's website will also feature links to other fly-fishing related sites.

"The entire staff is extremely excited to be bringing the Museum and its message onto the World Wide Web," said Executive Director Gary Tanner. "It was past time for the Museum to have a presence on the internet. Not only will this let all our members with internet access keep up with Museum activities, but it will allow us to reach a huge audience of anglers who might not have been aware of our existence. I have no doubt that this is only the beginning of bigger and better things for the American Museum of Fly Fishing."

Staff Changes

Sean Sonderman joined the Museum staff as curator in July.

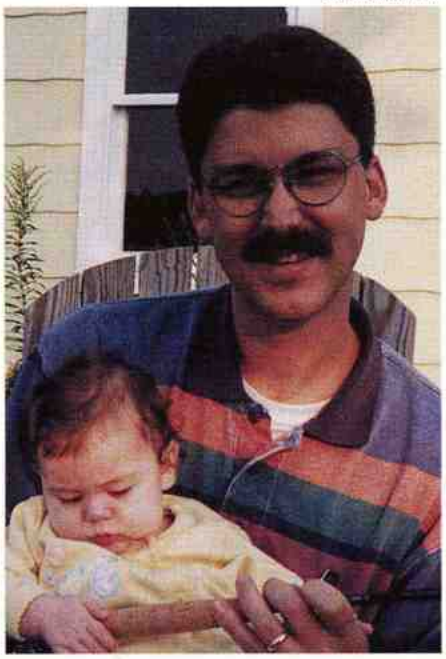
Sean, a native of Charlotte, North Carolina, brings to the Museum a passion for fly fishing and a wealth of curatorial experience. Among his credentials are a B.A. in education from the University of North Carolina–Charlotte; a second bachelor's in history and an M.A. in museology, both from North Carolina State University. He is currently working toward a master of public administration.

Before joining the Museum, Sean was most recently assistant director and project coordinator of Historic Oak View in Raleigh, North Carolina. He has also been an exhibit designer and curatorial consultant to the Raleigh City Museum, a committee chair on the North Carolina Museums Council, a curator and museum technician for Mordecai Historic Park in Raleigh, and a design researcher for a Charlotte museum design firm.

Accompanying Sean to Vermont are his wife, Alicia, a social studies teacher at the Long Trail School in Dorset, Vermont, and his five-month-old daughter, Regan. Sean, who has been fly fishing in Canada, Scotland, and North Carolina, is looking forward to fishing the Battenkill and the Mettowee and teaching Regan about the sport he loves in the beautiful streams of Vermont.

He's excited about delving into the treasures in the Museum's extensive collection as well. He says, "I accepted the position with the Museum for many reasons: the curatorial challenges it pre-

Alicia Sonderman



Sean Sonderman, our new curator, and his daughter Regan with fly rod.

THE ANNUAL membership meeting of the American Museum of Fly Fishing will be held at 9:00 AM on Saturday, October 17, 1998, at the Equinox Hotel, Manchester, Vermont. The trustees' annual meeting will follow immediately thereafter at the same location.

sents, the multidisciplined nature of the job, to bring up our daughter in Vermont—but my primary motivation was the opportunity to combine my professional work as a curator with my personal love of fly fishing. I am looking forward to many satisfying years with the Museum."

The Museum must sometimes bid farewell to staff too. Marianne Kennedy, who joined the Museum in September 1996, resigned her position as director of administration in August. Marianne accepted the position of director of Southern Vermont Programs with the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, located here in Manchester. We wish her well.

Recent Donations

Angling author **Alvaro Masseini** of Prato, Italy, sent us a copy of his latest work *Della Patagonia E Altri Sogni: viagglando con l'arte della pesca a mosca* (translated *On Patagonia and Other Dreams: Traveling With the Art of Fly Fishing)* for our library. **Joseph W. Cooper Jr.** of Kentfield, California, added to the library's diversity with his gift of DeWitt Kinne Burnham's manuscript copy of *A History of the Bollibokka Club and the McCloud River.* Museum staffer **Sara Wilcox** of Manchester, Vermont, gave us a copy of *A Different Angle: Fly Fishing Stories by Women,* edited by Holly Morris. Author **Tom Hollatz** also broadened our holdings with the recent donation of his book, *The Li'l Red Book of Fishin' Tips.*

Longtime Museum friend **Wallace J. Murray III** of Manchester, Vermont, donated an exquisite E. F. Payne Model 400. The teaching collection benefited from **James W. Bean's** donation of a Horrocks-Ibbotsons 9-foot, 5-inch cane rod. Our collection of fishing ephemera received a kind donation of a leader box from **Frank Weatherby** of Brattleboro, Vermont.

Longtime member **Barry Chafin** of Louisville, Kentucky, hit a home run with his gift of a self-tied Dr. Beanblossom salmon fly in honor of his friend Dr. **Robert Beanblossom.** The fly has given him great success on the Pere Marquette River in Michigan. Dr. **Angelo Droetto** of Genova, Italy, donated a set of five antique dry flies from the Valley of Vald'ossola in northwest Italy.

Vann and Carolyn Earhart of Ringgold, Georgia, sent a set of Ultimate Poppers of their own design at the kind request of member and friend **Peter Siviglia** of New York City. In honor of his father, **Robert Buckmaster, Raleigh Buckmaster** of Lansing, Michigan, sent us three beautiful (and original) Messinger Bugs. **Frank H. Chappell Jr.** of Waterford, Connecticut, sent the Museum an interesting New Guinea fishing lure of bone, chicken feathers, and a tortoise shell hook. He assures us that he "acquired it legally!"

Ever-present friend, supporter, and Trustee **Leigh H. Perkins** of Manchester, Vermont, sent over a collection of photos and original correspondence from Lee Wulff.

Finally, Trustee Emeritus **G. Dick Finlay** of Manchester, Vermont, donated what has now become the **Finlay Collection** in the AMFF library. This fine collection consists of approximately one hundred volumes of angling literature. It will be enjoyed by Museum patrons for years to come.

Gold Ink Award

Pre Tech Color, in Wilder, Vermont, color separator for *The American Fly Fisher,* is receiving a Gold Ink Award for a piece printed for the Museum. *The Bubble,* the limited edition print by John


THOMAS & THOMAS
FINE FLY RODS
The rod you will eventually own.
Visit your nearest T&T retailer or write for a copy of our 1998 full-color catalog
Thomas and Thomas • 2 Avenue A • Turners Falls, MA 01376 • (413) 863-9727 • http://www.thomasandthomas.com

Betts, was given a pewter award in the posters category. This year's Gold Ink Award winners were chosen from nearly 1,850 entries submitted within thirty-three different categories. Winning pieces surpassed their competitors based on print quality, quality of color separations, technical difficulty, and overall visual effect. The Gold Ink awards are cosponsered annually by *Publishing & Production Executive* and *Printing Impressions* magazines.

In the Library

Thanks to the following publishers for their donations of recent titles that have become a part of our collection (published in 1998 unless otherwise noted):

Greycliff Publishing Company sent us their reprint of George L. M. La Branche's 1914 title, *The Dry Fly and Fast Water* and Malcolm Knopp and Robert Cormier's *Mayflies: An Angler's Study of Trout Water Ephemeroptera* (1997). St. Martin's Press donated Jerry Dennis's *The River Home: An Angler's Explorations.* Simon & Schuster sent us Mark D. Williams's *Freshwater Fly-Fishing: Tips from the Pros.*

Frank Amato Publications, Inc. sent us Geoff Wilson's *Complete Book of Fishing Knots & Rigs* (1997) and the Inland Empire Fly Fishing Club's *Flies of the Northwest.* Lyons Press donated Steve Raymond's *Rivers of the Heart: A Fly-Fishing Memoir.* Stackpole Books sent us Bruce Sandison's *Trout & Salmon Rivers and Lochs of Scotland* (1997).

Fall Shows

The Museum will be a presence at two fly-fishing shows this fall. Fly Tackle Dealer will be held at the Colorado Convention Center in Denver September 24 to 26. The Texas Conclave Federation of Fly Fishers International Fly Casting Championship will be held at Will Rogers Memorial Center in Fort Worth, Texas, November 20 to 22. The Museum will have a booth in the exhibits of both conventions.

Dinner/Auction Events

October 24
Napa Valley, California
Beringer's Winery

October 29
Boston, Massachusetts
The Exchange Conference Center at the Boston Fish Pier

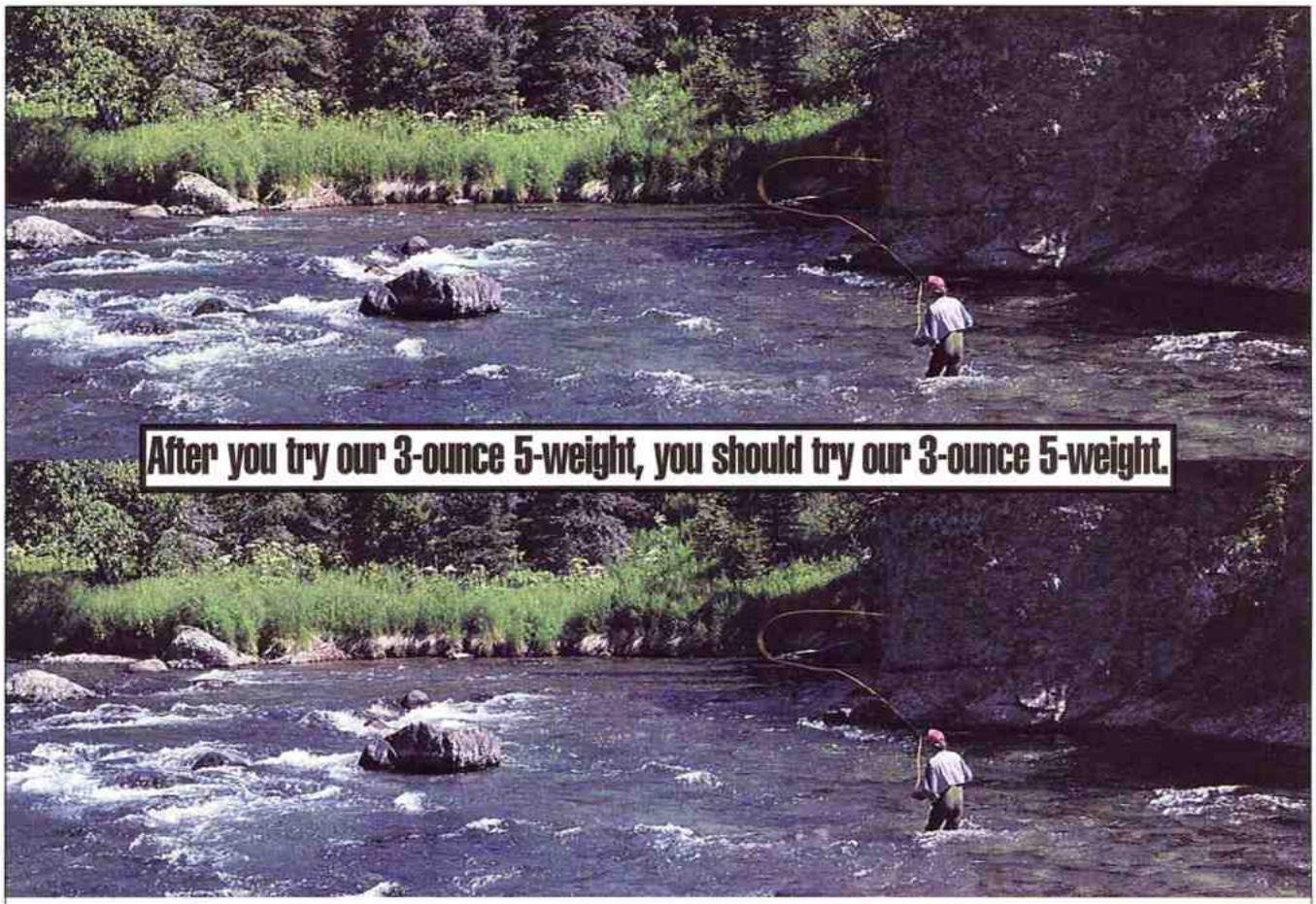
November 5
Hartford, Connecticut
Farmington Marriott

CONTRIBUTORS

Gordon M. Wickstrom is professor of drama emeritus and was longtime chair of that department at Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He is now retired to his native Boulder, Colorado, where he fishes, writes, edits, politics on behalf of trout and their waters, produces a theater group, and generally enjoys his old hometown. His "Fly Fishing and World War II: Retreat, Advance, and Democracy" appeared in the Fall 1997 issue.

Jürgen F. Preylowski is a freelance designer and art director living in Düsseldorf, Germany. He is a collector of historic tackle, books, and angling art. Preylowski designed the fly-fishing tackle collection of Rudolf Feichel, one of the most important collections in Europe, for the South Tyrolean Museum of Hunt and Fishery on Castle Wolfsthurn. Preylowski's translator, Richard C. Hoffmann, is professor of history at York University and a continuing member of the Centre for Mediaeval Studies at the University of Toronto. The two recently collaborated on "He Avoids Fashionable Costume" in the Spring 1998 issue.

Paul A. Morosky is a great-grandson of Archibald Mitchell. Much of his material comes from family documents and photographs. Supplementary information resulted from his research in the Rare Book Room of the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library, the G. W. Blunt White Library at the Mystic Seaport, and the archives of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. Mr. Morosky owes much gratitude for access to the stacks and research support of the Sterling, the Mudd, and the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Libraries at Yale University, his alma mater. He contributed his first article about his great-grandfather, "The Ristigouche Atlantic Salmon Fishing of Archibald Mitchell," in the Summer 1997 issue. Mr. Morosky and his wife Jeanne reside in Groton Long Point, Connecticut.



The Trident TL 905 is available in either mid- or tip-flex. $470.

The new Trident TL® 905. Available in mid-flex and tip-flex. First choose the rod, then choose the action. Whether you prefer the distance and accuracy of the tip-flex, or the versatility and superior tippet protection of the mid-flex, you'll enjoy the lightest, most responsive five-weight Orvis has ever built.

You've got to cast these rods. That's the only way you'll fully appreciate just how light these rods really are. High-modulus graphite combined with an exclusive compound taper means less material in a stronger rod — lighter than any five-weight we've ever made.

You'll also benefit from the vibration reduction of the exclusive Trident grip-damping technology that increases your distance and accuracy on every cast.

Visit your Orvis dealer. With its distinct green blank, handsome gold anodized and maple burl reel seat, and sleek titanium carbonitride guides, the Trident TL 905 is as stunning as it is light.

Come see for yourself. Visit your local Orvis dealer for a test cast. Or two.

ORVIS®

A SPORTING TRADITION SINCE 1856

www.orvis.com

Orvis is proud to support The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Historic Route 7A, Manchester, Vermont 05254 Call toll free **1-800-333-1550 ext. 802** for further information on our dealers world-wide or for a free Fishing Catalog.

HEXAGRAPH™

FLY ROD COMPANY

"All good things . . . come by grace, and grace comes by art, and art does not come easy."
N. Maclean

Grace and art - just two of the qualities that Hexagraph delivers.

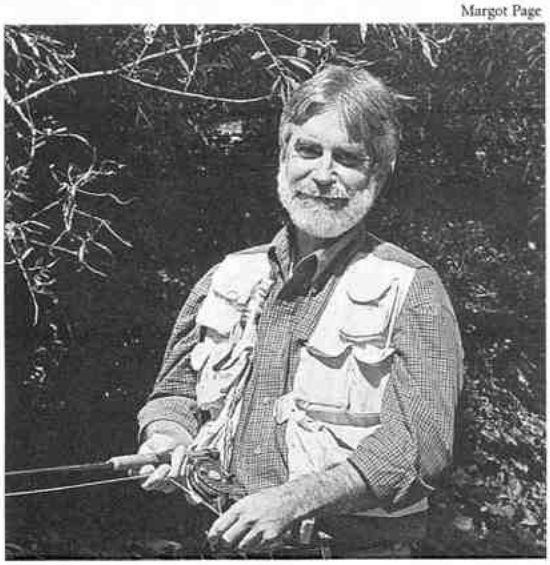
No other rod fishes like a Hexagraph! No other rod will provide you as much enjoyment on the stream! A couple of pretty big statements? Maybe . . . but we're so sure you'll love these fly rods that we back them with a satisfaction guarantee (as in send it back)!

Pictured above	The Atlantic Salmon Miramichi Guide's Choice	- From $695
	The Classic	- From $715
	The Hexagraph	- From $575
	The Small Stream Series - Curtis Creek, Elk Meadow	- From $525

Also available: The Saltwater Special, The Presidential, The Traditions, The Patagonia Travel Pair

Call for Details - You'll be amazed! (713) 464-0505 Hexagraph Fly Rod Company

Margot Page



Collecting Flies

WE HAVE MORE FLIES. Wonderfully important flies. I am pleased to inform our members that the Museum has acquired that portion of his collection—twenty-three framings of 303 Atlantic salmon flies—that the late Colonel Joseph D. Bates deemed the very best and important examples of his lifetime of fly collecting. This unique collection could have gone to public auction block but was instead offered to the Museum at a price significantly below its appraised value by Bates's heirs. At their May 1998 meeting, the Museum's trustees unanimously agreed that the Museum should accept the generous terms offered, which were designed specifically to help us purchase the collection. Simply put, Bates's son and daughter wanted the Museum to get the collection and gave up the opportunity to sell it publicly—discounting its price deeply in the process—to ensure that we did get it.

These flies were used to create the color plates in Colonel Bates's 1987 classic, *The Art of the Atlantic Salmon Fly.* There are flies dressed by Alcott, Arnason, Colonel Bates, Bean, Bigauouette, Borders, Boyd, Cohen, Deane, DeFeo, Drury, Ent, Fabbeni, Gapen, Gislasson, Glasso, Godfrey, Hardy Bros., Heddon, Hibbets, Jorgenson, Kelson, MacPher-son, Malloch, Martinez, Miller, Mills, Newcomb, Niemeyer, Simpson, Veverka, Waslick, Westfall, and Younger presented in twenty-three framings contained in a custom-made cabinet. There is an additional framing of twenty Megan Boyd flies, tied by her specifically for use in books authored by Bates and representing the very best of her work. A framing of twenty flies dressed by Ira Gruber, considered by many to be the innovator largely responsible for establishing the general conformation of the Miramichi-type salmon fly, is also in the acquisition.

Does the Museum need more flies? Former AMFF Executive Director Paul Schullery thinks this " . . . is a pretty shocking question. Of course the Museum needs more flies, just as the Met needs more art and the Smithsonian must continue to document American history, culture, and nature. Museums are in this forever and do not simply announce that they're done one day and don't need more . . . Just as we now regard the Mary Orvis Marbury fly plates [featured in the Spring 1998 issue] as a historic treasure of incalculable value, we need to remember that eventually other people will look back on Joe's [Bates's] flies from a similar gulf of time, and will either be grateful to us that we acquired them or will be puzzled that we didn't." I agree completely.

Our mission is to ensure that the history, tradition, literature, art, and artifacts of fly fishing are preserved and interpreted, and that the knowledge, understanding, and appreciation of the sport of fly fishing are nurtured and expanded. The acquisition of this collection of flies, so perfectly preserved and documented by Colonel Bates, is a giant stride toward accomplishing that mission. We look forward to displaying the collection here in Manchester—and more importantly, around the globe—for millions to enjoy. Here's hoping you get to see it soon.

GARY TANNER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

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.

Accredited by the American Association of Museums