The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

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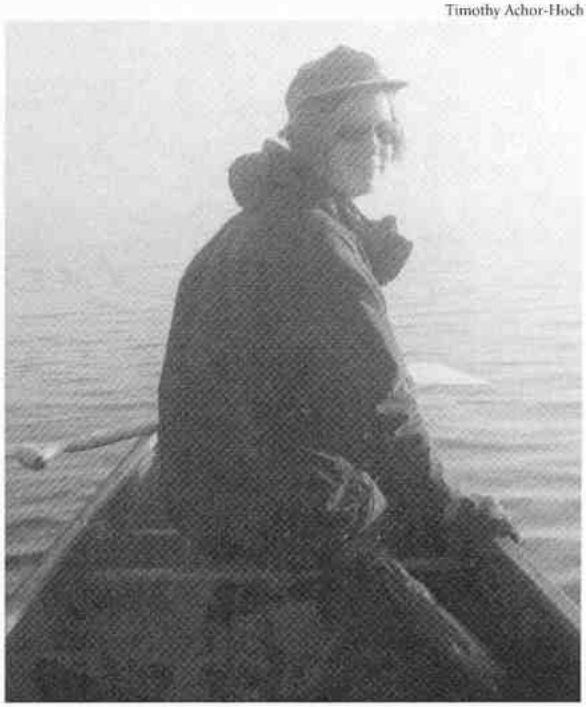
Timothy Achor-Hoch



The editor on Osgood Pond as the morning mist lifts, September 1997. Coolidge hung out here for six weeks in 1926.

Right outside the small publications office of *The American Fly Fisher* is a room full of books. Fishing titles. About 3,000 of them, and the collection is growing. Occasionally this collection of books brings researchers our way who may spend a few hours or a few days combing this resource for information.

The Winter 2000 issue features three such researchers. Graydon R. Hilyard, Paul A. Morosky, and Bill Mares have all paid visits to the Museum: Morosky to research information about his great-grandfather and the fishing world around him, which has resulted in three articles for our journal thus far; and Hilyard and Mares to do research for their recently published books on Carrie Stevens and the fishing lives of presidents, respectively. We'd like to take this opportunity to share with you examples of some of the work being done by historians who use our library and collections as a resource.

Graydon R. Hilyard and Leslie K. Hilyard's book, *Carrie Stevens: Maker of Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies,* is due out from Stackpole Books in January. We've excerpted the first chapter of the book, "A Family History," which is a good general history of Stevens. Many readers will already know of the 6-pound, 13-ounce brook trout that won her second prize in *Field & Stream*'s 1924 Fishing Contest, the publicity from which probably made her subsequent career and reputation as a fly tyer. But many readers have probably never heard of her, and the Hilyards' book gives us a great opportunity to feature her again. "A Family History" begins on page 6.

In "Green Smoked Salmon Dinner," Paul A. Morosky takes us slightly further back in history than in his previous accounts of his great-grandfather, Archibald Mitchell (see Summer 1997 and Fall 1998). This article finds Mitchell fishing the Quebec side of the Restigouche River from his camp. In the summer of 1900, Albert Nelson Cheney, a regular contributor to *Forest and Stream,* visited Mitchell. He later reported on that visit, which featured a dinner of green smoked salmon that he and Mitchell enjoyed as the guests of Dean Sage, whose camp was across the river. This account begins on page 2.

Bill Mares's book, *Fishing with the Presidents: An Anecdotal History,* was published by Stackpole Books in 1999. Mares used to be a politician himself—from 1985 to 1991, he served as a member of the Vermont House of Representatives. He left politics to teach history and American foreign policy to high school students. One day, on a trip to fish the Battenkill, he decided to drop by the Museum. The curator pointed out various presidential artifacts and books, and thus began Mares's fascination with presidential fishing and research for his book. We have excerpted the fourth chapter, "Fishing and Escape," which includes adventures of Arthur, Cleveland, both Roosevelts, Coolidge, Hoover, Eisenhower, Carter, and Bush. I personally appreciate the brief allusion to Coolidge's stay at Lake Osgood (known to me as Osgood Pond), where I've spent a week every summer for the past thirteen years. "Fishing and Escape" begins on page 15.

Finally, we'd like to draw your attention to page 26, which features our 1999 Heritage Award winner, Bud Lilly. The award dinner was held in Bozeman, Montana, in September. This spread features photos from the event, as well as an excerpt of the comments made by Trustee Emeritus Paul Schullery.

Enjoy the fruits of these historians' labors. Then come visit the collection yourself.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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ON THE COVER: *Carrie Stevens at her tying bench c. 1949.*

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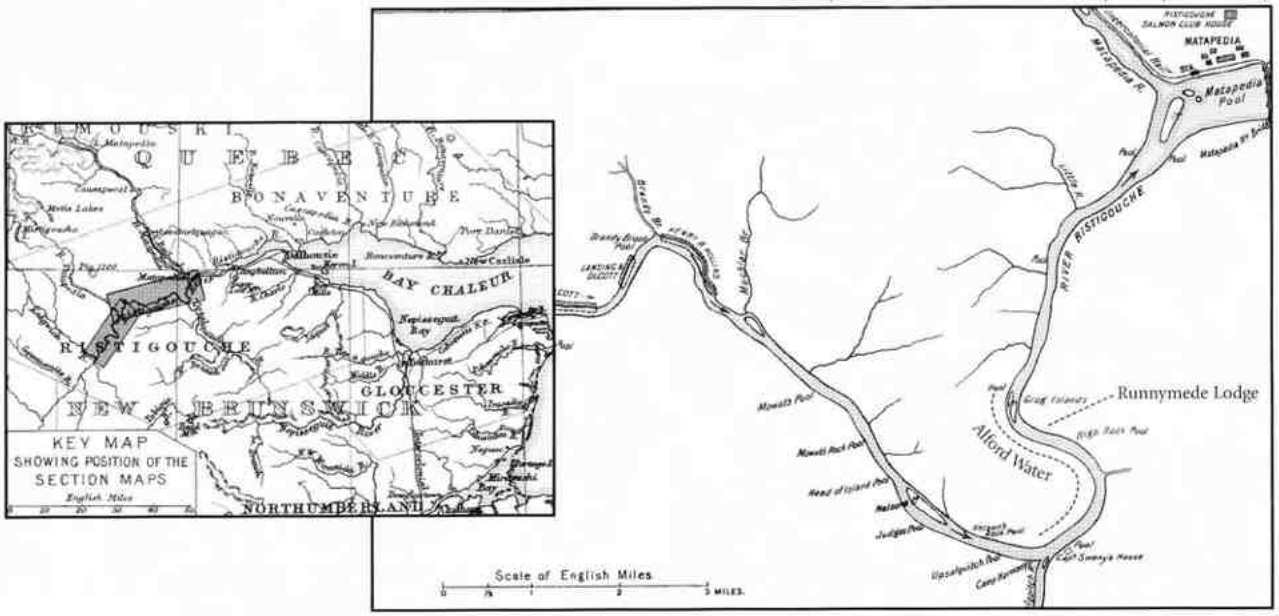
Green Smoked Salmon Dinner

by Paul A. Morosky

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



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

In previous issues of *The American Fly Fisher* (Summer 1997 and Fall 1998), I have presented glimpses into the Atlantic salmon fishing of Archibald Mitchell at his Runnymede Lodge on the Ristigouche (now Restigouche) River in New Brunswick, Canada, c. 1902–1923. Before his Runnymede era, Mitchell fished from the Quebec side of that river out of his camp on the former Alford property, which he bought in 1892. In the summer of 1900, Mitchell had as his guest there Mr. Albert Nelson Cheney, the fish culturist for the state of New York. Much of what we know about Mitchell's salmon fishing, during the zenith of that sport, comes from Cheney's accounts in his weekly column, "Angling Notes, in the periodical *Forest and Stream* (now *Field & Stream*). The 18 August 1900 issue of his column features a lengthy report that Cheney wrote on his visit to the Alford camp. He included an account of a dinner of green smoked salmon that he and Mitchell enjoyed as the guests of Dean Sage at his Camp Harmony, located across the river from the Alford property. Let us listen to Cheney's words as he recounts the story and see if we can sense what it was like to be a part of what may have been the finest of all fly-fishing experiences. To help visualize the scene, I will juxtapose some photographs taken on location during that period by Archibald Mitchell's son-in-law, Edward Alan Olds Jr.

The Ristigouche

Looking out of the open door at Alford's this cold, rainy morning, I can see the waters of the Ristigouche of the old maps and grants, and the Restigouche of the modern maps and railway folders, hurrying down to Matapedia post-office and Matapedia railway station and I have good reason to believe that there are salmon in the very water I look upon from the house. But they are safe so far as the salmon fisherman is concerned, for this is Sunday, and the salmon rods are unjointed and stand in the corner of the hall, and the lines are unwound from the reels and drying in the bedrooms.

On the New Brunswick side of the river, and just above Alford's, where the Upsalquitch comes in, the American and British flags are flying above Camp Harmony, showing that the members of the club are at home, but the evidence of the flags is not necessary, for I have seen Mr. Dean Sage, Mr. William Sage, Mr. J. W. Burdick, Colonel Stackpole and Judge Hamilton on the river, some of them in the act of killing fish, or losing them, and Mr. Mitchell and I are to dine there later in the day. The river guardian has just walked out of his shanty on the opposite shore, just below the Sweny cottage, and is taking a look at water and sky. As he was out all night protecting the river and watching for net drifters, I presume he can tell just how hard it did rain in the night, and if we may expect the river to run down still more, as we hope, so that salmon will lie in the Alford water, or expect it to remain stationary, so that when Monday comes we must go down to Grog Island, where yesterday

Mitchell Collection

This is the view that Cheney had as he began his account of his visit to Mitchell's camp on the former Alford property on the Quebec side of the Ristigouche River. Cheney is looking across the river to Dean Sage's Camp Harmony where he, Mitchell, and Fred Ayer were Sage's dinner guests later that evening.

Mitchell Collection

The recipe that Cheney recounts for green smoked salmon involves both curing and smoking the fish. The ingredients—salt, molasses, pepper, and sugar—are still used today in smoked salmon (or lox), as well as in the finest recipes for grav lax (Atlantic salmon cured in the ground in the Viking tradition).

I lost a big salmon—my only rise—from the parting of a knot in my leader, and where Mr. F. W. Ayer killed three fish. The Upsalquitch shows that it is still good water, for the stones under the water break at Camp Harmony which mark its decadence for big fish when they appear, or still under water. I fished it in a pouring rain one day and killed a salmon of 17½ pounds which took out all my casting line and a good part of my back line and gave me more sport than a 24½-pound fish in the main river. The following day Mr. Mitchell fished it and killed a 19-pound fish on the same water, his own, and in the afternoon five fish from 8½ to 24½ pounds on the Sage water. So far the fish killed seem to have been fish that were nipped as they were passing up the river on the flood, and were attracted by some fly as they passed, for there is no evidence that they "lay," as the river men say, long in any of the pools. I had one lesson to show that a man should never put his fly on this river, or any part of it, at any time, unless it is in condition to kill.

The Alford water is late water—that is, it is rapid when high, and until the water gets down the fish do not lie in it. Even at this time it is considered about 2 feet above fishing condition, and several days ago, when it was still higher, a salmon took my fly in it, and he has got it yet, so far as I know.

I came into lunch and stood my rod against a tree at the door, which was all right enough, but I left my leader on it, which was wrong. Usually I take the leader off and put it in the damp box, but on this occasion I did not, for I had thought I would put on a fresh one, as there appeared to be a weak place in the one on my line. After lunch Mr. Mitchell and I took our rods and walked down to the canoes, and as the man pushed out I unhooked the fly from the reel bar and cast it on the water near the canoe, and a salmon happened to be there where one was not expected, and I found that what appeared to be a weak place in the leader really was one, though it might have killed the fish had the leader been wet instead of dry.

Green Smoked Salmon

The rainy Sunday morning had made way for a bright sunny noon at the time our men poled us up and across the river to Camp Harmony to dine.

Stanford White made the plans for this camp, perched high above the water, and it is about as perfect as a fishing camp can be made. The veranda on one side almost overhangs a portion of the home pool, giving an excellent opportunity for the fisherman who may be sitting on it to watch the movements of the fish in this pool, and the view downriver is particularly fine.

Returning one evening to the house, I met Mr. White coming down from the upper portions of the river, and he reported very indifferent success, but later I saw in the score book at the Ristigouche Salmon Club that Mr. White, having learned that the salmon had appeared in considerable numbers up the river, had again gone to the upper pools of the club and killed, as I now recall it, something like twenty-three salmon. But I am getting away from

Mitchell Collection

When the road to the camp washed away into the river, there were no bulldozers or backhoes, just strong backs accustomed to hard work.

the dinner at Camp Harmony, where, in my estimation, the chief dish was a green smoked salmon. One gentleman went so far as to say he preferred the green smoked salmon to fresh salmon. Anyway, I liked the fish so well that I asked Mr. Sage to call up the Indian who officiated at the smokehouse to tell me how he smoked the fish, and here is how it is done, as I noted on the back of an envelope: split the fish down the back, take out the backbone, put in pickle of salt, molasses, and water. Molasses one-half cup, salt and water enough to make brine and cover fish. Leave the fish about two hours in pickle, then open the fish, put skewer across it on skin side to hold it open and flat, rub a little sugar and pepper in flesh side, and smoke two days with smoke from beech wood. For green smoked salmon small fish should be used. The smokehouse is made of bark with an opening in front near the bottom for the smoke fire, and a door at the back for putting in and taking out the fish.

Camp Harmony after Dinner

It is the most natural thing in the world that in a salmon fisherman's camp the conversation after dinner over cigars and pipes should be of salmon and salmon fishing. Daniel Adams, one of my canoe men, had told me of killing a 15-pound salmon with worm bait while fishing for trout, and he knew of other trout fishermen who had killed salmon in the same manner, and of eel fishermen who had killed salmon on cut bait. Alexander Mowat had assured me on more than one occasion that salmon would take worms on the bottom, and I mentioned the instances that had been related to me. Judge Hamilton contributed the fact that his father had killed salmon on minnow bait, and Mr. Ayer practically closed the discussion by saying that everything went to prove that salmon took the fly because they thought it was something to eat, and they took it because they wanted to eat it if it proved palatable. Mr. Mitchell said he had seen three salmon take the fly under the most favorable circumstances for clear observation. In each case, the fish came up behind the fly slowly, as minnows have been seen to swim after a bait drawn through the water, and advancing without hurry or dash, seized it and turned down toward the bottom with it.

Mr. Dean Sage brought out a book of souvenirs, a few of which I have before me as I write—one is a well worn Jock Scott hooked into a sheet of note paper bearing the following legend, [which provides the explanation of its retirement]:

"With this Jock-Scott fly, tied by Forest & Son, Kelso, Scotland, I killed in the Ristigouche River, Canada in June, 1883 besides three fish that broke loose, after being hooked, the following salmon: 20½, 20, 20½, 24½, 20, 22, 26, 38, 23, 12½, 27, 28. Twelve in all weighing 282 pounds. —Dean Sage."

As the fish averaged 23½ pounds, in spite of the 12½ pound one, the twelve were above the average of June fish in the Ristigouche, as Mr. Mitchell tells me a fair average for the early runs is 22 pounds.—[1]

Near the end of his 18 August 1900 column, Cheney relates an account of fishing exploits at the Dawson farm located downstream and across the river from the Alford property.

A Woman's Score

One morning, as we passed downriver over the Dawson waters, where Billy Florence fished so many years, Mrs. John Reid was fast to a fish, and was about to bring him to gaff—in fact, after our canoes passed one another, one of our men, looking back, saw the fish taken into Mrs. Reid's canoe. On the following Sunday, when we called at the Dawsons', Mrs. Reid told us that the fish weighed 35½ pounds, and the same day she killed one of 25½ pounds, and a day or two later she killed one of 34½ pounds, and at that time the men at Dawson's had not equaled her big fish. In the same pool young Mott, son of Jordan L. Mott Jr., last year killed a salmon of 43 pounds,—[2]

With fishing results such as these, it is little wonder that Archibald Mitchell would buy the Dawson farm and its fishing waters in 1902. Later he would build Runnymede Lodge on this site.

ENDNOTES

1. Albert N. Cheney, "Angling Notes," *Forest and Stream,* 18 August 1900, vol. 55, no. 8, pp. 125–26.
2. Cheney, "Angling Notes," p. 127.
3. *Ibid.*
4. Editor, "A. N. Cheney," *Forest and Stream,* 24 August 1901, vol. 57, no. 8, p. 1.
5. Photo of Cheney from Edward A. Samuels, *With Rod and Gun in New England and the Maritime Provinces* (Boston: Samuels & Kimball, 1897), p. 282.

Mitchell and Guides

In his 1900 article, Cheney makes reference to one of the conservation efforts of his host Archibald Mitchell (second from the right in photo). He writes:

> The Alford water at a proper fishing stage has a wide bed of gravel on the left bank. This gravel bed, the bottom of the stream in high water, grows wider and wider as the water recedes. At first there are several pools in the gravel, but as the water gets lower there is but one, and eventually this dries up. Every spring there will be a quantity of salmon fry in these pools in the gravel, and ultimately they gather in the last remaining pool which is at that time a considerable distance from the river. Mr. Mitchell has been in the habit of rescuing the fry and placing them in the stream, and he does it in the summer. When the pool, which maintains the same level as the river, gets small, he digs a hole in the lowest part of it and in this hole he sinks a bucket, the top level with the bottom of the pool. Wednesday the pool became dry and the salmon fry gathered in the bucket and were carried to the river and liberated. Often I have wondered how many similar places there may be on the river where salmon fry are left to perish for lack of someone to do as Mr. Mitchell has done for a number of years, and I have wondered how many young salmon were utterly lost during the many, many years before Mr. Mitchell began his work of rescue.[3]

Mitchell Collection

Cheney

Albert Nelson Cheney was a regular guest of Archibald Mitchell at his camp on the former Alford property. In fact, it was Cheney who had recommended that Mitchell purchase the property in 1892. Excerpts from the announcement of his death in the sporting paper *Forest and Stream* (24 August 1901, vol. 57, no. 8, p. 1) provide some insight into the man.

> Born a farmer's boy in Glens Falls (New York), about (1846), Mr. Cheney acquired at a very early age that passion for angling which abode with him through life and had a determining influence upon his career. He was among the first persons in this country to give attention to the possibilities of fish culture, and his aid was sought by the United States Fish Commission when suitable sites were to be selected for government fish hatchery stations. In 1895, when the New York Fish Commission was reorganized and the office of State Fish Culturist was created, Mr. Cheney was selected to fill the place. Always an accomplished fisherman, with a special fondness for the trout stream and the salmon river, Mr. Cheney was among the earliest contributors to the *Forest and Stream*, and for a number of years, up to the time of his death was regularly associated with it as a contributor of those "Angling Notes," which have been an invaluable feature of the paper. Mr. Cheney had a winning personality. His friendships were many, his friends devoted and true.[4,5]

Carrie Stevens: A Family History

by Graydon R. Hilyard & Leslie K. Hilyard

Photo by Joseph D. Bates Jr. (hand colored by Pamela Bates Richards)

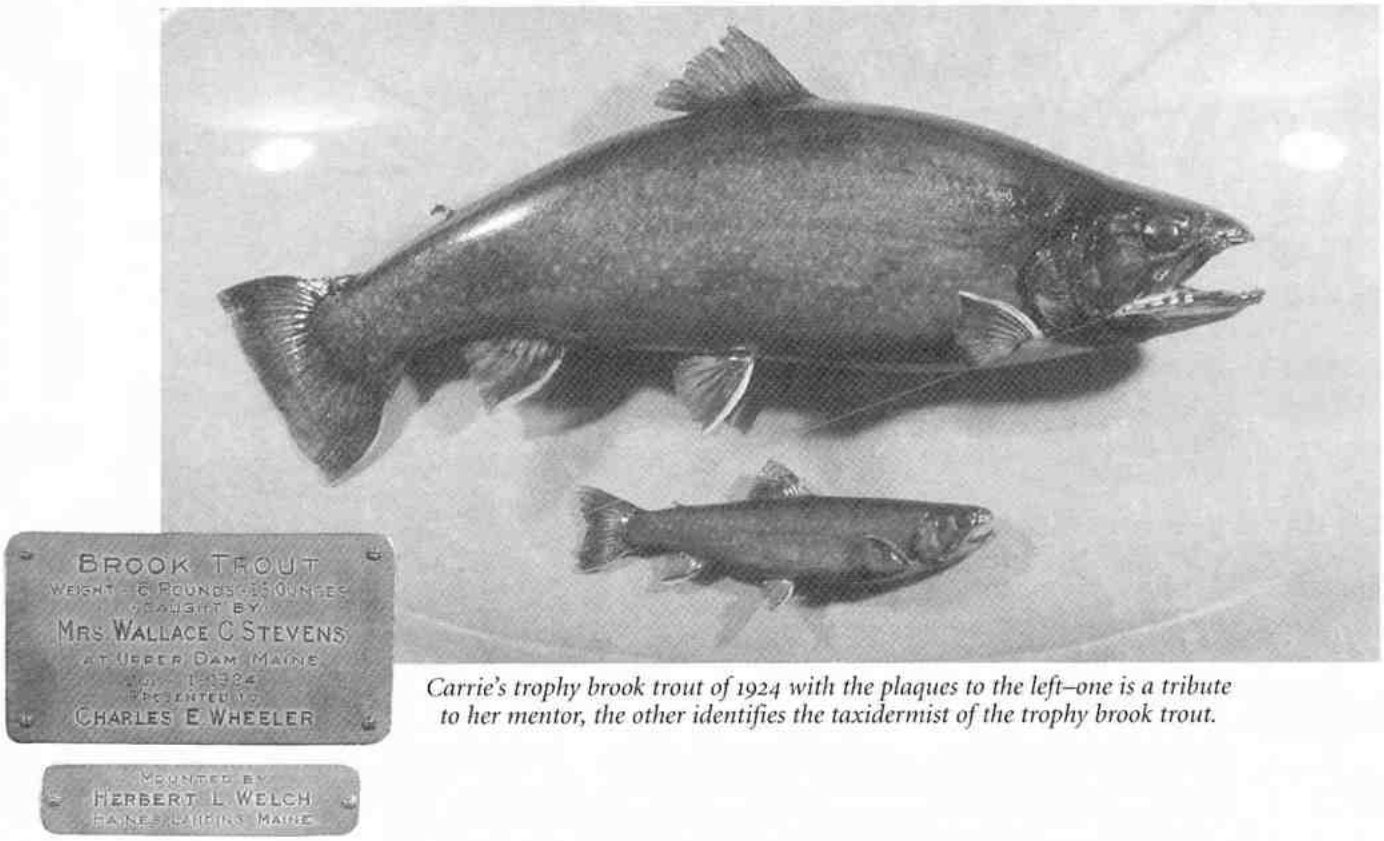
Graydon R. Hilyard and Leslie K. Hilyard's book, Carrie Stevens: Maker of Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies, *will be released by Stackpole Books in January 2000. Graydon Hilyard researched the Museum's collection in the preparation of this book. We are pleased to present this excerpt.*

—EDITOR

On a stark and brittle day back in '53, I visited Mrs. Carrie Stevens with George Fletcher, the legendary salmon angler, now 89 years. This visit took place in her Victorian dwelling in Madison, Maine. We had her cookies and cakes with siltable tea. Since George had sold her most of her materials, they were known to each other. He was not at all interested in acquiring her small biz, but hoped that I would be. So it came to pass that she produced enough material to make a fly her way. After assuring herself that I would buy, she did her best, and we concluded the deal. . . . So you might say that I saw her make her last fly.[1]

THUS, H. WENDELL FOLKINS, of Tamworth, New Hampshire, documents the final hours of a brilliant career in the history of streamer fly tying. The stark and brittle day was December 4. The year was 1953. The fly was the Pink Lady streamer.

Nearly half a century has passed since Carrie Stevens laid aside her silks and feathers and closed Camp Midway, pristinely located at Upper Dam in the state of Maine. There, in mountain shadows, she had lived for thirty fishing seasons



Carrie's trophy brook trout of 1924 with the plaques to the left–one is a tribute to her mentor, the other identifies the taxidermist of the trophy brook trout.

with her husband, Wallace, a prominent fishing guide whose urbane clientele migrated annually to the Upper Dam House just down the carry road from their camp.

This legendary hotel was ideally situated for the pursuit of trophy brook trout and landlocked salmon, as it overlooked the Upper Dam Pool, which links two gemstone lakes: Mooselookmeguntic to the east and the Upper Richardson to the west. Upper Dam was originally built in the 1850s to facilitate the log drives from the Kennebago watershed to the Androscoggin River, but would become renowned for the fishery created by its turbulent waters.

Whether casting or trolling, the hotel's sporting guests caught fish that today's anglers can only fantasize about. From June 1897 until the hotel's closing, management kept a detailed fish log in which guests were invited to record their catches. Good taste dictated that no entry be made unless the trout or salmon was at least 3 pounds. Anything less was considered unremarkable, and tradition demanded that such fish be safely returned to grow to a proper size.

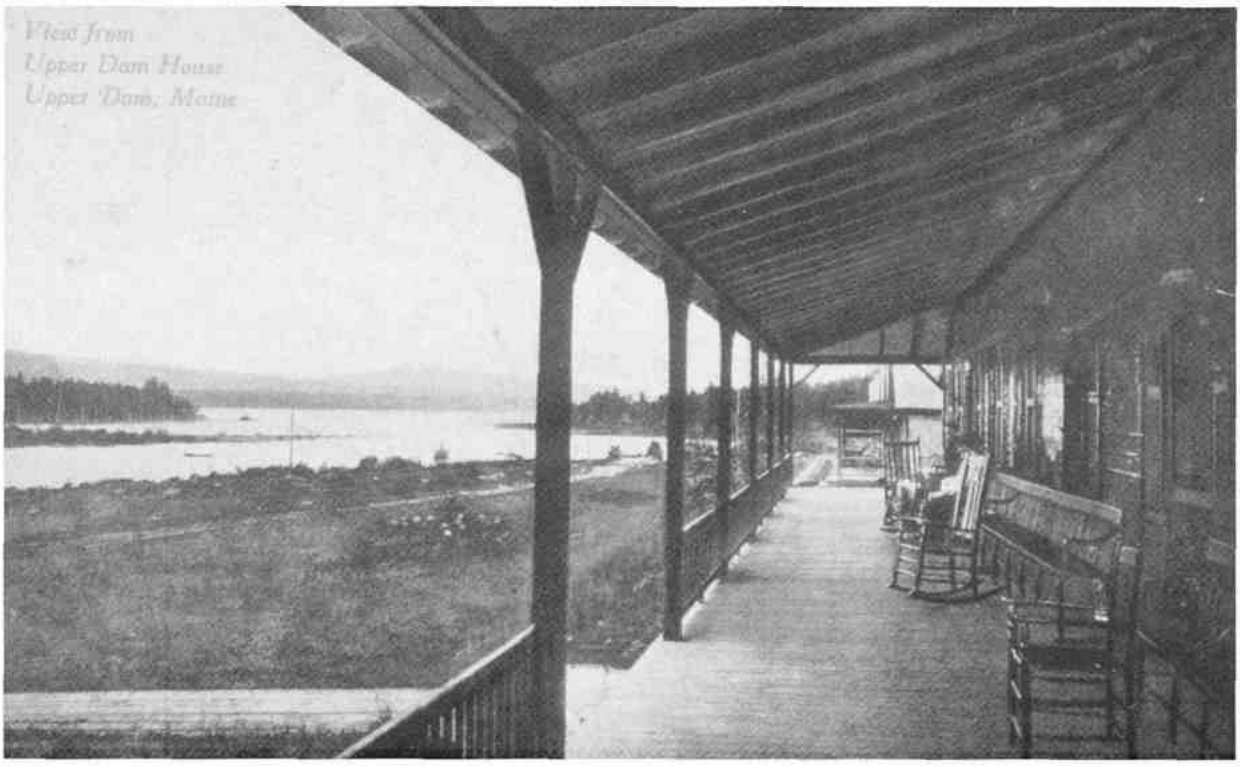
It was in this blending of the cosmopolitan and the wilderness that Carrie Stevens found the stimulus to elevate the newly developed craft of streamer fly tying to its highest level of artistic expression. Who should be credited with the origination of the streamer concept is debatable, although Theodore Gordon of New York and his litter of Bumblepuppies dating back to 1880 appear to have the strongest claim.[2]

Maine has given us many fly tyers whose names form a veritable roll call of streamer history: Herbert L. Welch of Haines Landing, Gardner Percy of the Percy Tackle Company of Portland, Bert Quimby of South Windham, Emile Letourneau of Waterville, and Fred Fowler of Oquossoc, to name but a few. Joseph Stickney of Saco and the chief of wardens in the 1940s was another designer who had the Percy Tackle Company execute his many patterns. Collectively, these tyers generated a streamer pattern list that produces to this day. Fly books would be impoverished without including Welch's Black Ghost, Letourneau's Ligget's Special, Quimby's Green Ghost, Stickney's Supervisor, Fowler's Bolshevik, and Percy's Ghosts of yellow, blue, and brown. Yet, when examples of her contemporaries' tying efforts are laid beside those of Carrie Stevens, any arguments about her consistently superior design and execution rapidly dissolve. The Stevens streamers exist on an aesthetic plane that others could only rarely approach—not that the others were inept, but that Carrie was that good.

Facts pertaining to Carrie's early years are sketchy at best and are often difficult to confirm, as she and Wallace had no children. Interviews with her few remaining relatives add nothing of significance to the biographical record—not surprising, really, for who among us can recall specific details about our grandparents, let alone our grandparents' brothers and sisters?

A recently uncovered birth certificate once thought to be lost to fire clearly establishes that she was born Carrie Gertrude Wills on 22 February 1882, in Vienna, Maine, the youngest child of Albert and Nellie (Davis) Wills. The document also records that she had three brothers and two sisters: George R., born 3 March 1873; Albert James, born 28 November 1874; Arthur E., born 25 February 1877; Nettie Elinor, born 29 December 1870, only to die September 11, in either 1871 or 1876; and Elizabeth Elinor, born 14 April 1879. That even this much information is contained on the birth certificate is quite remarkable, given the fact that birth, marriage, and death registration were not required by Maine law until 1892.

With the exception of Elizabeth, little is known about these siblings. Carrie and Elizabeth remained close friends throughout their adult lives, both living in Anson, Maine, just across



A view from the porch of the Upper Dam House.

the Kennebec River from Madison, where Carrie and Wallace made their final home. Elizabeth married Harold Duley, originally of Stark, Maine, and raised three sons and two daughters. She later developed an interest in fly tying, focusing on the hardware store trade. The Mrs. Duley's Special, an obscure Carrie Stevens origination, is named for her.

At some point, Carrie left Vienna, arriving in Mexico, Maine, where she eventually met Wallace Clinton Stevens, the manager of a local livery stable. On 1 May 1905, at age twenty-three, she married Wallace, age thirty-eight. Their marriage certificate was filed in Mexico, Maine, but it states that they were married in West Farmington, Maine, by the Reverend Freelora Starbird.

Nothing more is known about Carrie and her husband until their arrival at Upper Dam sometime before 1919. They first stayed on Prospect Point, about a mile below Upper Dam, looking out upon the Upper Richardson. All that remains of that site is a cellar hole.

All of the area camps are on leased land owned by the Union Water Power Company of Lewiston, Maine. The company's records show $25 received in September 1920 as payment on a lease signed by the Stevenses on 30 September 1919. No record of the actual lease could be found. Another payment of $346.48 made in November 1920 to the Upper Dam sawmill indicates that they lost no time rebuilding Camp Midway. These notations do not rule out an earlier arrival, however, as there is always the possibility that they sublet a previous residence.

Although it is known that Wallace once worked for Camp Aziscohos on the Upper Richardson, the records have been lost, and many of the individual camps are gone. Little remains on that stretch of shore except an impressive windlass linked to the railroad track, used for pulling boats up and through the rock-strewn waterfront, a necessary piece of engineering on this windswept shore.

By 1920, Wallace was firmly established as a guide capable of attracting a sophisticated clientele, one of whom would become pivotal in the life of Carrie Stevens.

> In 1920 Mr. Wheeler made a blue and white bucktail and feather combination streamer fly tied on a long shank hook he had made for him in England. He sent us one of these flies to try out in the pool, including some feathers and hooks and suggesting I try and tie some flies. Mr. Wheeler is an old family friend and an ardent fisherman. He has been coming to Upper Dam on fishing trips off and on for the past 30 years. With the feathers and hooks and some white hair from an old deer hide (we lived in camp the year round at this time and it was not unusual to have one laying around) I fashioned my first fly—a new type of streamer, known today as the Rangeley Favorite.[3]

Mr. Wheeler was Charles Edward Wheeler (1872–1949) of Stratford, Connecticut, perhaps better known as Shang. A man of prodigious talents, he is best known to the sporting world as the central figure in the Stratford school of decoy carvers. For twelve consecutive years, he received first prize in the amateur category of the International Decoy Makers Contest, held at the National Sportsmen Show in New York City. This was the premier competition of the era, much as the Ward World Championship Wildfowl Competition of Ocean City, Maryland, is today. Shang's amateur status was not a reflection of his carving talents, but of his generosity. He never sold a decoy, instead giving them away to his friends. At current auction prices, Wheeler wooden-body decoys bring more than $20,000, which indicates just how fortunate those friends were.

As active as Shang was in all aspects of the sporting realm, his primary focus was on fishing. Although his fish carvings are relatively few in number, many feel that they are superior

From the beginning, the Gray Ghost has inspired generations of tyers. Beginning at the top, left to right, row 1: Red Ghost, originated and tied by Ray Salminen. Babbs Ghost, originated and tied by James Warner. Row 2: Brown-Olive Ghost, originated and tied by David Goulet. Blue Ghost, originated and tied by Gardner Percy. Row 3: Pink Ghost, originated and tied by Paul Kukonen. Rainbow Ghost, originated and tied by Ernest "Moose" Bodine. Row 4: Green Ghost, originated and tied by Bert Quimby. Rogan Royal Gray Ghost, originated and tied by Alex Rogan. Jungle Ghost, originated and tied by Leslie K. Hilyard. Row 5: Red-Green Ghost originated and tied by Kyle McCormick.

to his award-winning waterfowl.[4] Not surprisingly, the hands that carved so well were also adept at splitting and planing the bamboo used to create the rods that delivered his Magalloway River bucktail and other fly originations. It is to this passion for fishing that the fly-fishing community owes a debt of gratitude. Without Shang Wheeler, we may never have heard of Carrie Stevens. As she admitted, "It is doubtful if I would ever have made a fly if Mr. Wheeler had not sent us one to try out in the pool in 1920."[5]

Carrie showed her appreciation by originating three streamer patterns named for Wheeler: the Charles E. Wheeler, the Shang's Special, and the Shang's Favorite. It is sometimes thought that the streamer pattern called the Judge is named after him as well, but although he was politically active, having served as both state representative (1923–1926) and state senator (1927–1928), Shang had no legal background or appointments to the judiciary. The Judge likely is named after another of Wallace's clients, Judge Charles H. Welles, also of Stratford, Connecticut.

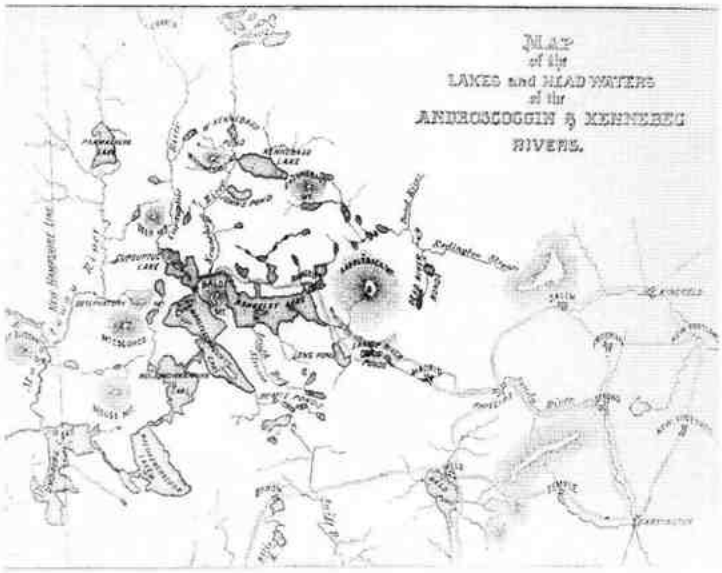
In later years, Carrie's close association with Shang caused some minor controversy. Somehow, the story arose that Shang, not Carrie, had originated many of the streamers collectively known as the Rangeley's Favorites, a category based on her company name, the Rangeley's Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies. Shang knew full well that in the fishing community, today's myth can be tomorrow's gospel.

Shang set the record straight in a letter to Carrie Stevens, to whom he gave full credit. The letter is as remarkable for its total recall of minute detail as for its modesty. Writing in 1942, Shang explained that he had indeed tied a fly that he called his "Shephaug Special." It had a long-shanked hook, and he had great success with it while fishing in the Magalloway River in Maine in 1920. The following year while visiting Carrie and Wallace Stevens, the Shephaug Special failed him. Carrie Stevens came to the rescue. Taking Shang's long-shanked hook, she added materials favored by local tyers: rooster's hackle, deer hair, tinsel, or blue heron's feathers. As Shang explained, "The Rangeley Favorite by reason of having the point of the hook well back in the tail of the fly, hooks a very large percentage of the fish that strike, in fact the fish usually hook themselves." Using Carrie's creation Shang tried again. "The next day I brought 18 fish to net, right out of the white water in the pool and put two trout and one salmon on the records book before noon. We took other record fish in the afternoon, but released them all. A Mr. Church and a Mr. Young fished all day in the pool and took but three fish." Shang concluded his letter with a double tribute: "And so I say that to Carrie Stevens belongs the credit for producing and developing the first Rangeley Favorite and also for designing the greatest killers in this type of fly."[6]

A significant date in Carrie's life was 1 July 1924. That was the day she took the now-legendary 6-pound, 13-ounce brook trout that won second prize in the 1924 *Field & Stream* Fishing Contest. Competition was intense that year, with only 4 ounces separating first from fourth place. The first-place fish was caught at Island Lake in Montana, and the remaining three were all taken from the Upper Dam Pool.[7] Carrie presented the taxidermy mount of this fish, which she had caught on a Shang's Go-Getum, to Wheeler.

It was the decision of the editors of *Field & Stream*, one of the premier sporting magazines of the 1920s, to follow up this event with a magazine article narrating Carrie's taking of the trophy brook trout that propelled her from provincial obscurity to national prominence. In the September 1925 issue, she related her account of the taking of the trout.

Many a fly tyer has faded without a trace, but this is not the case with Carrie Stevens, thanks to the powerful combination of a superior product and the printed word. Had word-of-mouth advertising been her only ally, she likely would have



Map of the lakes and headwaters of the Androscoggin River.

Upper Dam House, c. 1890.

remained just another regional tyer known only in Upper Dam. Because of the fundamental importance of the *Field & Stream* article to the Stevens story, and because the reader would find it difficult to exhume a seventy-five-year-old back issue, this essential account is reprinted here in its entirety.

TALES OF RECORD FISH AND FISHING

Edited by Ladd Plumley

And again a lady wins an enviable place in *Field & Stream*'s Prize Fishing Contest, this time in the brook trout class.

The Eastern fisherman has an almost inexpressible love for that exquisite member of the trout family, the Eastern brook trout. In my kid days my dad used to go to Canada for his fishing and he told me stories of the sleek sides peppered with vermilion—a fish for me enchanted, for I was a fisher for catfish and eels.

A couple of miles from our New Jersey house, a brook rambled through a piece of woodland. The property was owned by a city man, one of those who intend a big country place and then for some reason give up the idea. He dammed the brook and perhaps stocked it with brook trout.

In the brook I caught my first trout, a sleek little 8 incher, far more wonderful to my eyes than I believed any fish could be. After that first trout I dreamed 'em, I went boyishly insane about trout; the brook where they lived was a kind of sacred place.

I think many Easterners, lovers of the open, think of brook trout as I did then and as I do even yet. Some declare that the American brook trout is doomed to extinction, but this is not likely. Although a delicate fish and needing the purest and coldest of water, there is no evidence that he is disappearing. Fish commissioners distribute and plant him largely, and in some waters his sleek tribe flourishes where other trout life cannot thrive, or at least not so well as he.

In Maine the brook trout attains his maximum size, and in the Rangeley Lake region in particular this fish is sometimes taken of great weight. For many years the two pieces of water below what is known as the Upper and Middle Dam in that region have had a deserved reputation for the size of the brook trout taken yearly. Here will follow the story of the taking of the brook trout that gained for its catcher the second prize in *Field & Stream*'s 1924 Fishing Contest.

This magnificent brook trout, taken at the Upper Dam weighed 6 pounds 13 ounces, was 24¾ inches long and 15 inches in girth. It was taken with a Thomas rod, a Hardy reel, an Ideal line, and on a homemade fly, made by the angler.

Come to attention, ye male sportsmen! This splendid trout was taken by Mrs. Carrie G. Stevens, who made the fly. Her sportsmanship won her also the Special Women's Prize for 1924.

Please Consider! Mrs. Stevens did not take her big trout from a boat; she took him from the apron of the dam. Below was a heavy current, and the fish had to be played to a finish in the current and brought to the dam for netting. Moreover, Mrs. Stevens did not leave to another the honor of landing the fish. She used the landing net herself.

Listen while the good sportswoman tells her story of taking the largest brook trout caught at Upper Dam in thirteen years.

SMASHING A THIRTEEN YEAR RECORD

by Mrs. Carrie G. Stevens

In the latter part of May 1924, I made a fishing trip to Upper Dam in the state of Maine. And later I visited this well-known trout water again. It was the first day of July, a day which will continue long in my remembrance. The sun shone brilliantly, a soft and delightful breeze tempered the air. It was indeed a heavenly day.

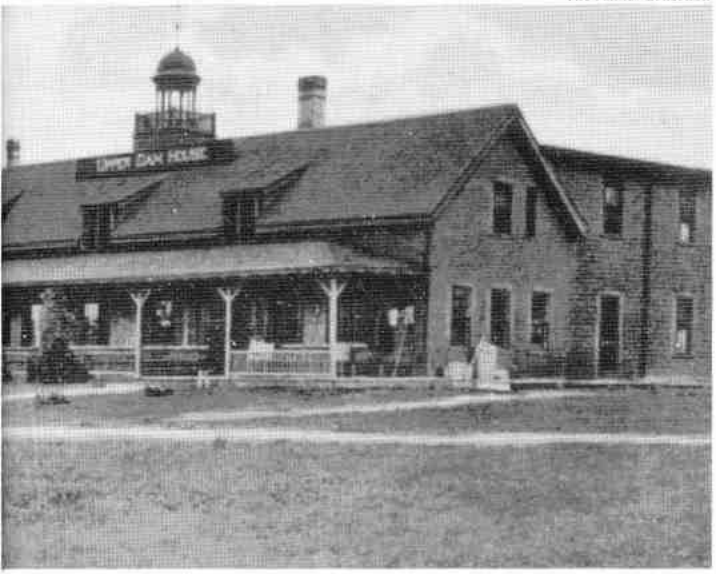
Do you believe in hunches? I had one that morning. Somehow I felt that the day would be a wonderful one for fly fishing. And just as soon as I had decided to go out that day, I felt, curiously enough, impelled to hasten all I could. So anxious was I to be at my fishing that I did not wait for lunch. I slipped on my fishing rig and was immediately on my way toward the pool, which is only a short distance from our cottage. When I arrived at the dam and pool, it was a little after eleven o'clock. Below the dam, the apron reaches out toward the heavy current. On the apron I took my place, casting my fly out into the heavy current.

Immediately, and after making only two or three casts, I raised a small salmon (the Maine landlocked salmon). Then, almost immediately thereafter, I raised, and played to the finish, another fish. To be sure, what splendid sport I was having! The hunch I have spoken of had been a true one.

But—that's the way always. After the second fish nothing more seemed be doing. Not an offer from another, not even a small fish.

Half an hour passed. Continually my fly fell upon the water.

The Palmer Collection



The Rangeley Historical Society

The fireplace at the Upper Dam House.

Conditions had become very uninteresting. But I put more pep into my casting. "Now," said I to myself, "those chaps out there have just got to take notice. Watch the feather, my speckle sides!"

Making another cast, I gave my rod three or four lively jerks. Here and there my fly skipped back and forth on the water. And right in the middle of this little feather tango a big trout rolled heavily up. He seized the fly. Then, instantly feeling the steel as I struck it home, he made his first long sprint. His speed was really terrific, that's the only word.

My heart thumped wildly. I fully expected that at any moment the big chap would yank away all my line. Also I feared (a feeble word for my feelings) that he would gain the turmoil and the rush of the white water. Straining on him all that my tackle would stand, at length I stopped him—stopped him just in time.

Several times he made his powerful runs, and several times I managed to turn him back. Then I got him in nearer the apron at the dam. Three or four times I caught a glimpse of him. Then he would be away once more and down into the current.

Oh, if I could only get him close enough to net him! That was constantly my desperate thought. And it was so frightfully disappointing, and thrilling, to reel and strain him so close to me that I could almost but not quite reach out to him with the landing net, then, and just like that, once more he was away! Swiftly he would make the turn and rush from me like mad.

Gradually, however, my rod was getting in its work, gradually the fish was getting exhausted. Gradually, also, I myself was getting well tired down, no wonder.

Then the big fellow began to come in toward me quite submissively. I was filled with triumph, elated with the success I had in handling so large a trout.

Quiet as Mary's little lamb he came right in toward my feet. But he had a little plan in his big fish head. And, believe me, it well-nigh worked. As I've said, meek as a Moses trout, in he came. Then—dive right to the bottom. Down directly under a submerged log which lay before me amid great rocks.

Only the moment before I was so hopeful, so proud. And the thought that, when the mighty chap was almost all in, I was about to lose him! That was almost too terrible to be borne.

Any moment I expected that my line would part. What to do with the fish sulking under the log I did not know. But when you don't know what is best it's a good plan to do nothing. So nothing I did. My line was as taut as stretched steel wire. I simply waited for something to happen. And it happened.

Out from under the log the big chap speeded. This time I really had little difficulty in guiding him away from the heavy current and around to the side of the apron of the dam into quiet water.

Quite easily then I netted the big chap. And not until the trout was safely in the net did I realize my great excitement. Without waiting to remove the fly from the mouth of the fish, I started for the hotel. In one hand I carried the landing net with the trout in it and in the other hand my rod. I rushed into the hotel and had the splendid trout weighed at once. He dropped the scales to 6 pounds and 13 ounces. This was the heaviest brook trout that had been taken in the Upper Dam pool in thirteen years. He was caught with a Thomas rod, nine feet in length, a Hardy reel, an Ideal line, and on a fly that I made myself.

Allow me to say that I am proud indeed to have taken so large a trout and to have won with its catching the second prize for the Brook Trout Class in *Field & Stream*'s Fourteenth Fishing Contest.

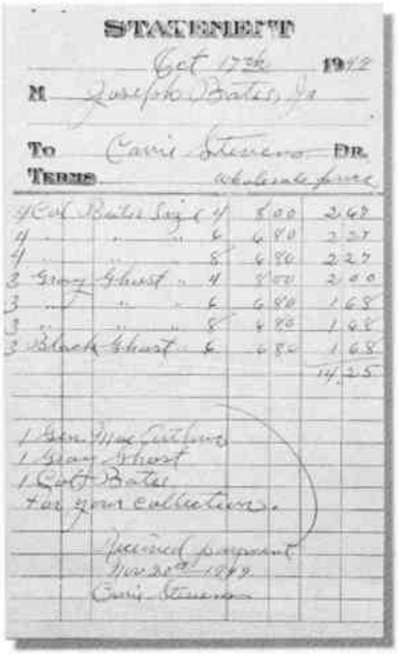
A newspaper interview granted by the Stevenses to the *Madison* (Maine) *Bulletin* on 29 February 1940, illustrates the linkage between the trophy trout and her career as a fly tyer. Sixteen years after landing the fish, her enthusiasm for the moment would still shine through.

One day not long afterward, when Mr. Stevens was out guiding a party, and Mrs. Stevens was alone in the cottage, she got out the hooks and feathers and began the construction of a fly, a rather large one of hackle feathers and bucktail hair. Let her continue the story in her own words: "When I had finished the fly, it looked pretty good to me and I thought I would try it out on the Upper Dam pool which is restricted to fly fishing. This type of fly was something entirely new and the day I first tried it out proved to be a big day for me. I was fishing from one of the aprons of the dam at the edge of the white water.

"Suddenly I got a strike and I knew I had something. For almost an hour, I was so busy that time, for me, nearly stood still. And I was thrilled! Previous to this I had fished with bait. Now I had a fish on a fly that I had just made myself.

"It took me almost an hour to tire that fish out, an hour packed full of action. Near the end, he dove under an old log near the shore. Wasn't I frightened? I was afraid he would go out the other side and tangle the line. Very gently, I pulled toward me and eased him out from under the log and then with a dip of the net, I had him.

"It was a brook trout and a beauty. It weighed 6 pounds and 13


STATEMENT

Oct 17th 1949

M Joseph Bates, Jr

To Carrie Stevens DR.

TERMS wholesale price

4 Col Bates Size 4		8 00	2 67	
4 " "	6	6 80	2 27	
4 " "	8	6 80	2 27	
3 Gray Ghost "	4	8 00	2 00	
3 " "	6	6 80	1 68	
3 " "	8	6 80	1 68	
3 Black Ghost	6	6 80	1 68	
			14 25	

1 Gen. MacArthur
1 Gray Ghost
1 Col. Bates
for your collection.

Received payment
Nov 20th 1949
Carrie Stevens

Statement for flies tied for Joseph Bates Jr. by Carries Stevens in 1949.

A pool in name only, Upper Dam requires a guide to navigate the turbulent waters

ounces and was the largest fish taken from this pool in thirty-five years."

"Let me finish the story for you," interrupted Mr. Stevens.

"Don't listen to him," said Mrs. Stevens, "I know what it is he wants to add."

"Well, it's what they told me at the hotel when I got back that day."

"Don't you believe him," said his wife, blushing like a high school girl with her first beau.

"Anyway," insisted Mr. Stevens, "I wanted to tell you that my wife had been feeling poorly for some time. She hadn't been able to walk up and down stairs, or stand any great length of time without sitting down to rest. Now there are about twenty stone steps leading down to the apron at Upper Dam, and believe it or not, after my wife had spent an hour landing that fish, they say she grabbed pole, landing net, fish and all and ran up the whole flight of stone steps and all the way to the Upper Dam Hotel, shouting, 'See what I've caught.'"

Whether the last part is true or not, certainly Mrs. Stevens had just cause to rejoice. The fish was entered in the *Field & Stream* Fishing Contest for the United States and Canada and took second prize. The first prize fish weighed only one ounce more.

The event also won for Mrs. Stevens a special prize of an expensive oil painting by Lynn Bogue Hunt, given to the woman showing the most sportsmanship in landing a fish. This painting is now on the wall of the living room in their Anson home.

Carrie wrote to Joe Bates about the role of the trophy fish in her career. "Because the fish was such a nice one and was caught on a new fly I made, it caused much excitement and was being talked much about which resulted in my receiving many orders for flies, and soon I was in the fly business."[8]

The years from 1920 to 1924 were the incubation period for the Stevens style, and the remainder of the decade found her solidifying that style into a form uniquely her own. During these early years, she adopted the nineteenth-century habit of numbering her streamers instead of giving them names. She described her streamers of this period as plain and apparently felt that with their generic quality, they did not deserve specific identities. This changed midway through the 1920s, with the origination of the Rangeley Favorite streamer combined with her exposure to exotic and imported feathers, but throughout her career, her cards continued to be printed with a pattern number space.

Wallace came up with a totally new approach to fly fishing in 1927 when, in desperation, he became the first person documented to use a streamer for trolling.

> Sometime later Mr. Stevens, who has guided many prominent people including Senator White of Maine for fourteen years, was out fishing with Judge Charles H. Welles of Connecticut. They trolled with live bait for several hours and caught nothing.
>
> Finally, Mr. Stevens said to the Judge, "I am going to try one of Mrs. Stevens's big flies."
>
> The Judge began to laugh and said, "What do you expect to get trolling with a fly?"
>
> "Well," said the other, "we can't get any less than we have been getting the last few hours."
>
> "All right," said the Judge, "go ahead and try it."
>
> The live bait was removed and replaced by one of the flies and within five minutes they hooked a 4-pound salmon. Judge Welles then decided to try trolling with one of the flies and within a short time they had caught their limit while all the other fishermen around using live bait were not getting a thing.
>
> After this, the trolling flies began to get popular and are now preferred to live bait by most all who have ever used them.[9]

In the Upper Dam Fish Record, anglers recorded not only their record fish, but also the flies that took them. Though the record for 1926 has only two entries listing Stevens flies, one for the Rangeley Favorite and one for the Stevens Favorite, in the 1930s there is an explosion of Stevens patterns. The Pirate, the Green Beauty, and the Wizard are first mentioned in 1931; Shang's Special, the Golden Witch, the Blue Devil, and the Gray Ghost, on which H. E. Akerman caught a 3-pound brook trout, in 1934; the Witch in 1935; the Greyhound and the Happy

Starbird Studio

eated by the flow.

The Bartlett Collection

Carrie and Wallace, c. 1942.

Garrison in 1937; and the White Devil and the Don's Delight in 1938. Of the 173 record fish taken from the Upper Dam Pool during the 1930s, 49 percent were caught on Stevens patterns.

In 1935, she began to use letterhead, which indicates a growing sense of confidence. Gaining the attention of such luminaries as Zane Grey and Herbert Hoover probably helped her self-esteem as well. Throughout most of her tying career, she used the same letterhead, depicting her as the maker of the Rangeley's Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies. Not until late in her career, when she moved to 173 Main Street in Madison, did she design another.

By the early 1940s, Carrie Stevens was firmly established. Sporting magazines such as the *National Sportsman* were writing articles about her and crediting her with originating the Gray Ghost, Water Witch, Greyhound, White Ghost, Blue Devil, Green Beauty, Golden Witch, and about fifty other varieties. Although Carrie never left the state of Maine, her streamers traveled widely as orders streamed in from Alaska, California, Oregon, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and even New Zealand and Patagonia.

By the late 1940s, Carrie's health problems, observed by Wallace as early as 1924, appear to have grown chronic in nature. Although it is not clear what her medical problems were, they were starting to interfere with daily function. In a series of letters written in 1949 to Colonel Bates, she laments her lack of energy, pains in her right hand, and an enlarged gland in her throat.

The death at that time of Shang Wheeler, their summer friend of many years, only added to their list of losses. Before him had already gone G. Donald Bartlett, the closest of friends, as well as Frank Bugbee, who in happier times had suggested the Gray Ghost name.

The problems caused by Carrie's poor health coupled with Wallace's advancing years were becoming insurmountable. The efforts of maintaining a wilderness camp continually damaged by savage winters, combined with its inaccessibility to medical care, were proving to be too much. The aging process was taking its toll, and their beloved Midway was sold to Forest Eaton of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in the autumn of 1949.

That year marked the beginning of the end for the Upper Dam House as well. Events set in motion long before the building of the house were now exacting their toll. The enactment in 1869 of the first state of Maine protective law for trout had contained a devastating flaw, as it gave no protection for the blueback trout (*Salvelinus oquassa*) of Franklin and Oxford Counties.[10] Local settlers had always depended on it heavily for a winter food supply, and their demands for the right to continue to slaughter these diminutive trout were granted. As the blueback was not considered a game fish and was rarely taken by hook, officials probably saw little harm in granting this exemption.

By 1874, that view was being challenged. The Maine Fish Commissioner's Report for that year stated that "it was a great mistake to allow these beautiful fishes to be taken at all as it was to the blueback that they attributed the great size of the Rangeley trout." It was further stated, "As the blueback diminished in numbers so would the far-famed Mooselucmeguntic trout," saying that the blueback was to the Rangeley Lakes what the myriad of smelt were to Sebago Lake and Reed's Pond.[11]

An opposing view was offered by Edward Seymour in the February 1877 issue of *Scribner's Monthly*. In his article, "Trout Fishing in the Rangeley Lakes," he states:

> There is still a fourth variety, called by natives the "blue-back" trout, the *Salmo oquossa* (so named because it is peculiar to these waters), which is also generally supposed to furnish food to the monarchs of the lake. They come in an immense army, actually filling the streams here and there with a dense, struggling mass, which the natives capture by the bushel and by the barrel in nets, buckets, pails; even scooping them out by hand and throwing them on the bank. They are salted down and preserved in the same way as mackerel are cured. These blue-back trout have never been found

The Bates Collection

Carrie at her tying bench, c. 1949.

more than 9 inches in length, nor less than 6 inches. In flavor, they are quite as rich and delicate when cooked as the brook-trout. After spawning, they retire to the lake just as suddenly as they appeared; and notwithstanding the numbers in which they are captured during the brief stay in the stream, they do not diminish in multitude year after year.

Ecological prophets in America have a long history of being ignored. As is often the case, the much-delayed passage of a totally protective trout law in 1899 came too late. The years of greed had already strip-mined the Rangeley waters of the blueback trout.

In 1875, the introduction of the landlocked salmon (known then as *Salmo salar sebago*) into the Rangeley watershed[12] was the death knell for the brook trout. Suddenly this paragon of game fish found its position of dominance under attack. No longer was it a predator species; instead, it had become the prey. Bereft of its food supply on the one end and hunted by the more aggressive salmon on the other, the brook trout began a slow decline into obscurity. The belated planting of smelt as forage fish for the salmon in 1891 came too late.[13] By then, the salmon had usurped the ancestral waters of the brook trout. The Upper Dam Fish Record shows that from 1945 to 1949, only eight brook trout were taken from the pool, compared with seventy-three salmon—not enough of either fish to underwrite the Upper Dam House. The Upper Dam House doors, which first swung open in the 1880s, were closed forever.

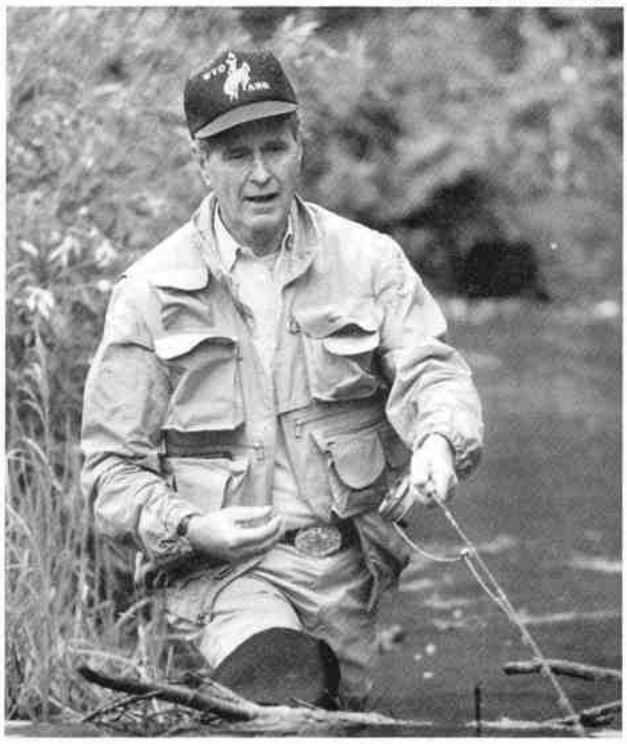
ENDNOTES

1. H. W. Folkins, letter to author, 18 March 1990.
2. Joseph D. Bates Jr., *Streamer Fly Tying and Fishing* (Harrisburg: Stackpole Books, 1966), p. 22.
3. Carrie Stevens to Joseph D. Bates Jr., personal correspondence, 25 August 1941.
4. Dixon Merkt, *Shang* (Spanish Fork, Utah: Hillcrest Publications, 1984), p. 103.
5. Carrie Stevens to Joseph D. Bates Jr., personal correspondence, 3 February 1942.
6. Merkt, *Shang*, pp. 105–6.
7. Ladd Plumley, "Fish and Fishing," *Field & Stream*, vol. 10 (February 1925), pp. 54–59.
8. Carrie Stevens to Joseph D. Bates Jr., personal correspondence, 5 December 1949.
9. "Trolling with Flies Popular with Fishing Devotees," *Madison* (Maine) *Bulletin*, 29 February 1940.
10. William Converse Kendall, "The Rangeley Lakes, Maine, with Special Reference to the Habits of the Fishes, Fish Culture and Angling," Washington, D.C.: *Bulletin of the Bureau of Fisheries*, vol. 35 (1915–1916), p. 28.
11. *Ibid.*, p. 30.
12. *Ibid.*, p. 31.
13. *Ibid.*, p. 38.

Fishing and Escape

by Bill Mares

Bush Presidential Materials Project



President George Bush fly fishing in Maine.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing played an important role in Bill Mares's fascination with presidential fishing. A visit to the Museum one summer day in the early 1990s began several years of research and interviews that led to Stackpole Books's 1999 publication of Fishing with the Presidents: An Anecdotal History. *We are pleased to share this excerpt with you.*

—*Editor*

It was noon, and Bob Boilard—retired machinist and part-time fishing guide—was drinking coffee in his parlor in Biddeford, Maine. The phone rang. "How are they biting, Bob?" said the voice at the other end. This was not a friend from Kittery or a customer from New Jersey. This was George Bush, the president of the United States, calling from Air Force One. The plane was about to land at a Maine air force base, and the First Angler wanted his buddy Boilard to tell him where the fish were.

"Mr. President, I can't tell you anything sitting here in my kitchen," Boilard says.

"Well, then, meet me at Walker Point at three o'clock this afternoon."

"Yes, sir."[1]

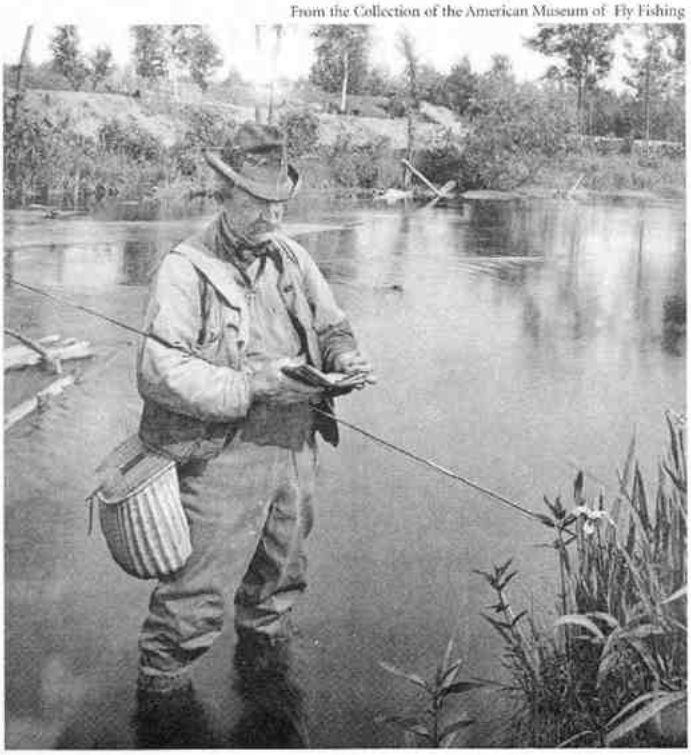
Most of us today would think that a presidential vacation is an oxymoron. With the world's agonies evident at a flip of a radio dial or an image on CNN, a president dare not be out of touch for more than a few hours. Today's presidential vacation spots are places that can accommodate satellite dishes, fax machines, modems, communications of the most advanced sort, where as much attention is given to the media's comfort as to the president's. Preparations for vacations mimic those for the Persian Gulf War.

In 1882, however, President Chester A. Arthur could travel seven hundred miles from Washington with just a valet and a Secret Service agent who didn't seem to do very much. In the 1920s, Calvin Coolidge could leave Washington for two or three months at a time. And even the activist president Franklin D. Roosevelt could take a six-thousand-mile, three-week cruise to the Galapagos Islands in the days before the Munich crisis in 1938.

Some presidents, such as Cleveland and Bush, have fled to the woods or to their vacation homes. Others have fled to the official and unofficial presidential retreats of Camp David and Key West. And others have found release through one-time escapes to places from Alaska to Florida and from Panama to Maine.

As Hoover observed, "Fishing seems to be one of the few avenues left to presidents through which they may escape to their own thoughts, may live in their own imaginings, find relief from the pneumatic hammer of constant personal contacts, and refreshment of mind in rippling water."[2]

From the Collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



President Grover Cleveland choosing a fly from his wallet.

Bush, too, found fishing soothing. "It totally, totally clears your mind, even when I was president. In this setting, you relax. It's not just catching the fish; it's the background, the environment, the beauty of it all. You can get just mesmerized by the waves and the clear surf. So I get a kick out of not just catching or trying to catch a fish, but from being in this setting."[3]

Chester A. Arthur Sneaks Across the Border

Chester A. Arthur was an avid fisherman during much of his life. Indeed, he held an Atlantic salmon record of some 50 pounds on a stretch of the Cascapedia River in Quebec before he became president. Once in office, however, he was determined to keep his vacations within the United States. One place he escaped to was Alexandria Bay on the St. Lawrence River in upper New York State, where he traveled in the fall of 1882.[4] The Thousand Islands was becoming a popular resort area. President Ulysses S. Grant had spent a few days fishing there in 1872, when his most notable performance had been to fall out of a red cedar skiff as it docked at Pullman Island. One witness remembered that "every pocket in the Prince Albert suit was leaking" as the president made his way back to the Pullman estate.[5]

Despite the assassination of President James Garfield a year earlier, an event that had put Arthur in office, the president's only protection was a single Secret Service agent, plus a valet.

Hoping to show that Arthur was not only a machine hack but a sponger on the public trough, *New York Sun* editor Charles Dana sent his crack reporter Julian Ralph to record Arthur's week-long fishing vacation.[6]

Arthur, a widower, seems not to have minded having Ralph or other reporters along. In fact, while the other reporters did very little, Ralph went fishing with the president each day, and sent back daily two-thousand-word dispatches full of chatty detail and devoid of censure.

Throughout the week, Arthur read late (though not newspapers or public documents, apparently) and rose late and fished when he felt like it. Ralph observed that each evening he would pass Arthur's open sitting room and see the president and his single protector reading and smoking before a blazing fire. The guides grumbled at one point that he slept so late, "it don't matter when he comes now; there aren't no fish." Ralph reported:

> He seems to be as far removed from news of what is going on throughout the land as he is from the news centers themselves. He has no callers of note, and but few of any sort. He gets no daily newspaper and . . . he used the telegraph very little. When he is approached upon political topics, he positively declines to say a word.[7]

When Arthur did come down to fish, it was in comfort and style. The president fished in the steam yacht *Minnie,* a long, narrow craft with a closed cabin aft and three fishing skiffs attached to the stern. He carried not only the heavy trolling rods, but also half a dozen bamboo fly rods, "each slender as a

carriage whip," with all the attendant hooks, lines, equipment, gaffs, nets, and a box with hooks, snells, spoons, scissors, knife, field lines, even a bottle of silver polish. The picnic hampers groaned with cutlery, pastries, broiled chicken, chops, cold meats, potatoes, and "appropriate beverages." There were fur robes, cushioned seats, a coffee pot, a toaster, stew kettles, bait buckets, even a double-barreled shotgun for duck hunting.

Each day, Arthur, dressed in a gray suit and a pearl-colored derby, would come down to the dock and sally forth for four to eight hours. Once into the fishing grounds of the day, the president would climb into one of the fishing skiffs or stay in the *Minnie* and fish from a comfortable chair. He caught bass, muskellunge, and pickerel by the dozen on minnows, lures, and flies. Although he was famous for his salmon fly-fishing talents, he was quite happy to catch fish with mere bait. It was so relaxing that one day he even fell asleep while reading a book, but when a tug awakened him, Ralph reported, he "played with the fish artistically."

Almost every day, a local photographer named McIntyre pursued the president "like a man after a consulship." Arthur was patient and obliging, wanting only to be assured that the man did not include the minnow bucket in the picture of the renowned fly-fisherman president. Politicians seeking an audience fared less well. "Whenever one has sent to the hotel to ask if he could be entertained and could see the president, word has been received that the president desires privacy," wrote Ralph. Early in the week Arthur had explicitly ordered the crew to avoid Canadian waters so that he would not break the precedent that sitting presidents never leave the United States. But by the end of the week, he was perfectly content to go where the fish were, which included Queen Victoria's dominion. He even allowed the irrepressible McIntyre to take pictures of him in a foreign land.

On the last day, Ralph reported that the president's party had caught nineteen fish in all. The trip ended with Arthur rested and those who had met him contented.

The only sour note Ralph heard was sounded by the guides who complained that Arthur was a piker on tips and, as one of them moaned, "not as free with his thanks as many of the regular summer boarders. . . . [T]he President is so used to attention that he looks upon the utmost we can do for him as no more than is justly due him."[8]

Cleveland Escapes to the North Woods and Cape Cod

Early in his first term, the intense pressure of job seekers on Grover Cleveland as the first Democratic president in twenty-seven years persuaded him to get clean away from Washington. (The Pendleton Act establishing the civil service had only been passed in 1883.) Together with a few friends from Albany and four experienced guides, Cleveland headed into the Adirondack woods around Saranac Lake. Secretaries, aides, Secret Service—all were left behind on this combination fishing and hunting trip. Cleveland spent most of his days fishing and his evenings playing euchre. The men shared a 27-by-10-foot cabin and apparently slept in their clothes on balsam branches spread on the dirt floor. Several nights they even jacked deer, shooting animals temporarily mesmerized in a lantern's beam.

The *New York World* sent a reporter on a two-day tramp to track down the lost president. When he arrived, Cleveland's company greeted him affably. Despite being invited to join their meal, the winded reporter could not hide his censure.

> The president asked me to join them at breakfast and told the cook to "place one more plate." The meal consisted of broiled venison, baked potatoes, hot biscuits, and tea with condensed milk. It was served on a rough board supported on stakes. Large logs were used as chairs. Everything was primitive in the extreme. There was not the slightest thought of form or formality. While we sat at table, I had an excellent opportunity to observe the president's appearance. He seemed even to have gained considerable flesh since he entered the mountains, and his manner betokened some fatigue and lassitude. I was told by one of his guides that the arduous journey through the forest had exhausted him so much that for two days after reaching camp he had been unable to move freely about. Small wonder, speaking from my own experience! The life he is leading in his retreat in the wilderness is too much for him. It is totally unadapted for any but the hardiest woodsman.[9]

In the interregnum between his two terms, Grover Cleveland practiced law in New York City. When his wife returned ecstatic from a visit to the area around Buzzards Bay in Massachusetts, Cleveland bluntly asked the host, *Century* magazine editor Richard Gilder, "Are there any fish?" Yes, there were plenty of bluefish and sea bass available in the bay, and trout in nearby streams. After renting cottages on the bay for several years, the Clevelands bought a two-story shingled cottage on several acres of Monument Point next to the home of the actor Joe Jefferson.

For the next decade, "Gray Gables" would offer the Clevelands fish, seclusion, and engaging friends, such as Gilder, the publisher William Appleton, the railroad builder John Forbes, and Richard Olney, who would become his attorney general and later secretary of state. It would provide a happy place to raise their children and a welcome retreat from the tensions and pains of Cleveland's second term.

He and Gilder often fished in a small catboat, named after his eldest daughter, Ruth. Or they might go by carriage with the Jeffersons to the Indian village of Mashpee on Cape Cod. Jefferson's son had bought three islets on a small pond in Mashpee, and there the men fished frequently. They jokingly renamed the three islets Cometoit, Getoffit, and Stayonit.[10]

Cleveland could take his fishing seriously, even grimly. After watching Cleveland fish through the foulest kinds of weather, Gilder wrote, "Grover Cleveland will fish when it shines and fish when it rains; I have seen him pull bass up in a lively thunderstorm, and refuse to be driven from a Cape Cod pond by the worst hailstorm I ever witnessed or suffered. He will fish through hunger and heat, lightning and tempest. . . . This, I have discovered, is the secret of Cleveland luck; it is hard work and no let up."[11]

After Cleveland left the White House, the family continued to spend happy vacations at Gray Gables. Then, family tragedy struck when his beloved daughter Ruth caught diphtheria and died in January 1904. As biographer Allen Nevins wrote, for years Cleveland had worried about the impending Cape Cod canal to be built right past the estate. Now, he and the family also "shrank from the anguish of going back to the familiar scene without Ruth." They sold Gray Gables and bought a new summer home near Tamworth, New Hampshire, where, according to Nevins, he took up freshwater fishing enthusiastically.[12]

(The house eventually burned and nothing remains on the site. A housing development is on the former estate, with many of the streets named after Cleveland's aides and friends, such as Vilas, Lamont, Jefferson, and Gilder.)

Courtesy of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library

President Roosevelt's favorite sport was household knowledge. Here is FDR angling in May 1936.

Theodore Roosevelt and the River of Doubt

In 1913–1914, the indefatigable Theodore Roosevelt joined an exploration of a feeder river to the Amazon basin. It wasn't a fishing jaunt or even a hunting expedition so much as an adventure—an adventure that nearly killed the Rough Rider. Its fevers and physical strain broke his health. His book about this trip, *Through the Brazilian Wilderness,* mentions fish and fishing quite frequently, but most of the references relate to fish as food, not to fishing as recreation. In the appendix, Roosevelt outlines the fishing equipment the well-prepared explorer should take.

> For small fish like the pacu and the piranha an ordinary bass hook will do. For the latter, because of its sharp teeth, a hook with a long shank and phosphorous-bronze leader is the best; the same character of leader is best on the hook to be used for the big fish. A tarpon hook will hold most of the great fish of the rivers. A light rod and reel would be a convenience in catching the pacu. We used to fish for the latter variety in the quiet pools while allowing the canoe to drift and always saved some of the fish as bait for the big fellows. We fished for the pacu as the native does, kneading a ball of manioc farina with water and packing it on the hook as bait. I should not be surprised, though, if it were possible, with carefully chosen flies, to catch some of the fish that every once in a while we saw rise to the surface to drag some luckless insect under.[13]

As fishing historian Paul Schullery observed drolly, "Roosevelt's Brazilian fishing was done for survival, but he at least recognized a future sporting opportunity. Carefully chosen flies, indeed."[14]

Calvin Coolidge Learns to Fish

Today it is inconceivable that a president could take months of vacation, yet in the summers of 1926, 1927, and 1928, Calvin Coolidge left Washington for stays of six weeks, two months, and almost three months. One of his principal activities was fishing.

Coolidge never said much about his own fishing, but his Secret Service chief Edmund Starling was not so laconic. Himself an avid fly fisherman, he vowed to convert Coolidge to fishing generally and to fly fishing especially. It took him three summers, but he succeeded.

In the summer of 1926, the Coolidges spent six weeks at Lake Osgood in the northern Adirondacks. There, Coolidge began his fishing apprenticeship under Starling's instruction.

For his 1927 summer vacation, Coolidge chose the dry climate of the Black Hills of South Dakota, in part because of Grace Coolidge's respiratory problems. They established camp on the 100,000-acre Custer State Park with an executive office at the Rapid City High School thirty-two miles away, and Coolidge made the hour-long drive several days a week. He did some work, but he was not overly strained. Moreover, the public was far more interested in Charles Lindbergh, who had just flown single-handedly across the Atlantic and was then traveling around the United States.

The fishing was excellent, in part because Starling made sure that the streams where Coolidge fished were amply stocked with lochleven and rainbow trout.

This vacation was notable also for the blossoming of Mrs. Coolidge's fishing skill. Accompanied by Secret Service Agent James Haley, Grace Coolidge waded through underbrush, car-

Courtesy of the Calvin Coolidge Memorial Foundation

President Calvin Coolidge shows the day's catch to his wife, Grace, and their dog, Rob Roy, probably in South Dakota in 1927.

ried her own rod, reel, and creel, baited her own hook with worms, and eventually removed her own sizeable rainbow trout, which she took home and had cooked for the president's lunch.[15]

Unfortunately, Mrs. Coolidge's fishing was short-lived. According to Starling, one day while the president was at the temporary White House in Rapid City, Agent Haley took Grace Coolidge for a long walk in the hills and, being unused to the woods, got lost. When Coolidge returned, he was incensed. He sent out search parties, who finally met the couple on the path back. Within minutes, Haley was banished from the detail, and Starling was put in charge of Mrs. Coolidge's security.

"I found myself in a fine fix," wrote Starling. "Mrs. Coolidge could not go walking unless I went with her. But if the president wanted me to go fishing, I had to go with him and she had to stay at home."[16]

The following summer, at the suggestion of Wisconsin Senator Irvine L. Lenroot, a competitor for the vice presidential nomination in 1920 and a friend of the Coolidges, the president accepted an invitation to stay on the famous Brule River in northern Wisconsin. He had told the world that he chose "not to run," and his principal concern again seemed to be the health of his wife. He also chose not to attend the Republican Party's convention and, indeed, was apparently asleep in his railway car on the way to the Brule when Herbert Hoover won the nomination.

Lenroot had learned that the Henry Clay Pierce estate near Lake Superior was available for rental. Starling visited and gave his imprimatur for the right mixture of fish, security, and comfort. The encampment covered four thousand acres, held dozens of lakes connected with canals and locks, and had an eight-room house on an acre-sized island. An eight-foot wire fence surrounded the entire estate, and several lookout towers were already in place. The estate contained stables, a dairy barn, its own powerhouse, and a private fish hatchery reputed to be more extensive than any in the state. The Coolidges had a staff of more than two hundred to serve and protect them: guards, secretaries, stenographers, a personal physician, eleven Secret Service officers, army and navy aides, six chauffeurs, and twelve household servants, including chief housekeeper, valet, doorman, barber, head cook, butler, and a personal maid to Mrs. Coolidge.[17]

They set up executive offices in the library of Central High School in Superior, about an hour's drive away, installed telephone and telegraph lines and air links with Washington, and the Coolidges settled in for the summer. After ten days of rain, the weather brightened, and starting on Coolidge's birthday, July 4th, the president fished for most of the rest of the summer.

One day reporters asked Coolidge how many fish there were in the river. About 45,000 he estimated. "I haven't caught them all yet," he said, "but I've intimidated them."[18]

Hoover Flees to the Rapidan

Even before the Crash in October 1929, the pressures of the job and the loathsome Washington climate sent Herbert Hoover in search of a retreat. His aides Lawrence Richey and Marine Colonel Earl Long found a promising location at the headwaters of the Rapidan River in Virginia, about one hundred miles from Washington at a cool elevation of 1,500 feet.

The site also offered some trout fishing. Hoover-the-engineer spent many hours building pools by hand in the stream and then had the waters stocked with rainbows.

Refusing public monies, Hoover himself bought the 164-acre site for $5 per acre and leased another two thousand surrounding acres for protection and riding trails. His wife, Lou Henry, oversaw the construction, from a series of tents to a grouping of rustic beam-buildings, including the president's lodge, or "Brown House," two mess halls, cottages for presidential aides, guest cabins, and a central building called the Town Hall. There was no central heating in the Hoovers's fastidious camp; only dead wood was allowed for cooking and heating. Guests were reminded that they were roughing it, and Lou Henry's advice for cold nights was posted in all guest cottages: "After all blankets and eiders are exhausted, put on your camel's hair dressing gown, wrap your head in a sweater, and throw your fur coat over everything!"[19] Among those guests were Charles and Anne Lindbergh, Winston Churchill, publisher William Allen White, journalist Mark Sullivan, and Thomas Edison.

Hoover even carried out some foreign policy at the Rapidan retreat. In October 1929, according to newspaper accounts, he and British Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald sat on a log near the stream and laid the basis for the Disarmament Treaty, which limited the naval strengths of Britain, France, Italy, Japan, and the United States.[20]

According to Secret Service Chief Edmund Starling, the river was, alas, plagued with eels that depleted the trout population, requiring frequent restocking. Starling also had a streamside view of the Great Depression's effect on Hoover's angling. "As the years went by and the Depression came, President Hoover grew nervous. His hands would tremble as he worked with his tackle. I have seen him catch a fishhook in his trousers, his coat, and then in his hat. It was odd to see this, for he looked like a man without a nerve in his body."[21]

Perhaps inevitably, the Rapidan camp became a political issue during the 1932 campaign when Democrats accused Hoover of building the retreat with government funds and labor (in the form of marine construction units). Hoover, through Secretary of the Navy Charles Francis Adams, was forced to issue a point-by-point rebuttal that detailed how he had bought the land at fair market value, how the marines were "on duty" anyway, and how he had furnished the camp entirely with his own funds.[22] After his defeat, Hoover deeded the property to the federal government, and it was incorporated into the Shenandoah National Park. Much later, he would write, "When you get full of telephone bells, church bells, office boys, columnists, pieces of paper and the household chores—you get the urge to go away from here. Going fishing is the only explanation in the world that even skeptics will accept."[23] The skeptics never did leave Hoover in peace—but that had nothing to do with his fishing and everything to do with his presidential stewardship.[24]

The cartoonist Jay N. Darling visited Hoover on the Rapidan a number of times. In a letter to a friend, Darling described how he and Hoover had once hidden from the Secret Service.

> One day when he and I were out horseback riding in the Smoky Mountains, we plotted to duck away from the cohort of bodyguards that usually rode ahead and behind and sneaked off on a side trail that was hardly visible and rode like hell until we felt pretty safe. Then we took another side trail and wound up at an old deserted observation tower of the Forestry Service. We hitched our horses off in the brush, climbed up into the top of the tower, and spent the whole day there—cooked our own lunch, built a dam in a little creek that ran near the tower, caught a mess of trout for the frying pan, but the most fun was watching from the top of the tower the secret service men scouring the countryside to find the president. It is the only time in my life I ever saw the man really happy and unrestrained.[25]

FDR'S Many Fishing Retreats

Fishing became part of Franklin D. Roosevelt's rehabilitation program after his polio attack. In 1923, he and his Harvard buddy John S. Lawrence of Boston purchased a houseboat in Florida. They named the seventy-one-foot craft the *Larooco,* for "Lawrence-Roosevelt Company." During the winters of 1924–1926, Roosevelt "lost himself from the world almost completely," according to his son James, using the craft in Florida for a combination of swimming, fishing, reading, and entertaining.[26]

During the second year's cruise, James reported that "after catching a thirty-five-pound barracuda, [Father] was through to the deck of the launch when a heavy squall blew up. 'Had to be passed in through galley window . . .' he wrote [in the log]. The ligaments of a leg and knee were torn, and he was immobilized for several days."[27]

Eventually, the expense of the craft and the slowness of his overall recovery caused Roosevelt and Lawrence to sell the boat for scrap in 1926.[28] Meanwhile, he had discovered Warm Springs, Georgia, and the therapeutic effects its hot water had on his wasted legs. For two years, Roosevelt used its indoor pools and became "Dr. Roosevelt" to dozens of similarly afflicted people who flocked to the resort. In 1926, he bought the resort and eventually pumped two-thirds of his fortune into a foundation for polio treatment. Warm Springs would be a favorite retreat to the end of his life. There he got the benefit of the baths, but he could also do some fishing for perch in nearby ponds.

Roosevelt fished through the campaign of 1932, and he fished when he became president—dozens of times. It was almost all saltwater fishing. So often did he fish and so many fish did he bring back to Washington that the waiting room for guests outside Roosevelt's White House office became known as the Fish Room, for all the angling memorabilia kept there.[29]

Depending on whether the president fished in the Atlantic or the Pacific, the navy was ready with two sets of presidential "cruise gear." Within a day of notification, an elevator would be installed on the vessel, and throughout "presidential country," as a cruiser would be designated, ramps would be built so that he could move around the deck in his wheelchair. Official business did reach him—daily mail drops, constant radio contact, correspondence. But it didn't require much time. During the daytime, Roosevelt did a lot of deep-sea or bottom fishing, and evenings were spent at cocktails, poker, and movies.[30]

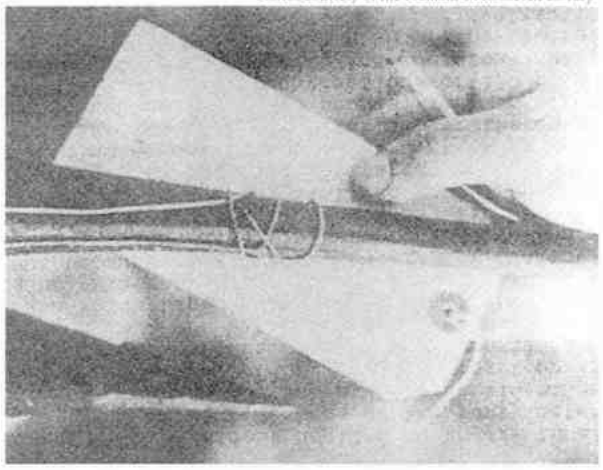
Usually the president was accompanied by a fishing launch that would be put out to sea on calm days. Two seats were mounted on the stern. Most times the president fished, he was accompanied by a member of the party, the captain of the cruiser, and an experienced fisherman among the crew.[31]

Much as he loved to fish, it was never easy for Roosevelt. Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes described how laborious it was to maneuver the president around the ship and into the fishing boats. About a Roosevelt cruise in 1935, Ickes wrote:

> When the [cruiser] *Houston* anchored, a companionway was lowered from the leeside of the ship and the president's fish launch was

FDR with son Elliot and an unidentified crewman on the Larooco *with an immense grouper, either 1924 or 1925.*

Photos courtesy of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library



The bill of the sailfish that FDR caught, showing the lines from another hooked sailfish wrapped around it.

brought alongside the little platform at the foot of the companionway. Then two men would carry him sideways down the companionway. They would hand him over to Captain Brown and the other man I have referred to, who would swing him around into his armchair. There he would sit and fish. Especially when the water was rough, as it was sometimes, I was a good deal worried about this transshipment of the president to and from his fishing launch. Any misstep or any sudden lurch of the launch might have caused an accident resulting in serious injury to him. But he never seemed to mind. . . . Cheerfully he submitted to being wheeled up and down the special ramps that had been installed on the *Houston* for his use, or to being carried up and down like a helpless child when he went fishing. He was an avid fisherman and, with his strong arms and shoulders, he was able to give a good account of himself if he once got a fish on his hook. Fortunately, he was a lucky fisherman, also.[32]

During a press conference on the railroad train back to Washington from a Texas fishing trip in May 1937, Roosevelt said somewhat disingenuously:

> The objective of these trips, you know, is not fishing. You have probably discovered that by this time. I don't give a continental damn whether I catch a fish or not. The chief objective is to get a perspective on the scene which I cannot get in Washington any more than any of you boys can. . . . You have to go a long ways off so as to see things in their true perspective; because if you sit in one place, right in the middle of the woods, the little incidents that don't mean a hill of beans get magnified by a president just as they do by a correspondent.[33]

In August 1938, Franklin Roosevelt combined business with pleasure by steaming to the Galapagos Islands on the battle cruiser *Houston*. The trip was successful both for the president's angling success and for the specimens collected by the Smithsonian Institution staff led by Dr. Waldo Schmitt. On this three-week trip, members of the presidential and Smithsonian party caught eighty-three different species of fish, including two new species of goboid fish. One of these was named after the President, *Pycnomma roosevelti.* "Throughout the cruise [FDR] took an active part and a live interest in all our collecting," wrote Schmitt.[34]

Among the fish FDR caught was a 20-pound rainbow runner and a 230-pound tiger shark, which he fought for an hour and a half. Most interesting was the snaring of a 9½-foot, 100-pound sailfish in the knotted loop of his line. While fighting a larger sailfish, FDR had snared this sailfish by the "beak." Even though the larger fish eventually got away, this fish was brought to gaff.

The president even wrote a foreword to the Smithsonian's account of the expedition, in which he suggested future collaborations between the navy and the Smithsonian. "We can-

Courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution

President Dwight D. Eisenhower with a young fly-fishing enthusiast.

not know too much about this natural world of ours. We should not be satisfied merely with what we do know. . . ."[35]

Until World War II, Roosevelt did much of his East Coast fishing from aboard the converted Coast Guard ship *Potomac.* This ship weighed 450 tons, was 165 feet long, could steam at 14 knots, and carried a complement of fifty men. A deckhouse was built that contained a lounge, a dining salon, and the president's stateroom. Roosevelt could easily fish from the stern or be transferred to a smaller craft. Other accommodations were made for up to six guests and the Secret Service contingent. In 1940, fifty-caliber machine guns were added fore and aft.

During the war, the *Potomac* was returned to sea duty as a patrol craft and because the Secret Service was not happy to have the president use a craft unprotected against air attack (the machine guns notwithstanding), Roosevelt began to look for another place of regular retreat from Washington's pressures and heat. Discreet inquiries led to a former Civilian Conservation Corps camp in the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland about sixty-five miles west of Washington. According to William Rigdon, one of Roosevelt's aides, the camp proved ideal for the demands of comfort, seclusion, and security. Roosevelt named the camp Shangri-La, after the mythical Himalayan utopia of James Hilton's novel. (The name was kept by President Truman, but was changed to Camp David by President Eisenhower.) The camp was guarded by a detachment of marines who lived in an adjacent camp. Next to it was a training camp for Office of Strategic Services (OSS) spies, and Rigdon said one worry was that overly enthusiastic trainees might test their skills by breaking into the president's compound. None did.

Roosevelt liked to fish in the Hunting Creek, which ran through the camp. The national park rangers always stocked the creek with brook trout, although the president was not told of this service. Prime Minister Winston Churchill was a guest at Shangri-La, and on at least two occasions he went with the president to the creek. As Rigdon recalled, "The two men sat side by side on portable canvas chairs—the president pole fishing and Churchill smoking. The cigars created enough of a screen to protect both of them from mosquitoes. They would sit there and talk by the hour. Neither I nor anyone else came close enough to know what they talked about on these informal occasions."[36]

Ike Retreats to Colorado

Dwight Eisenhower went fly fishing more than forty times

during his eight years as president, in Georgia, Colorado, Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and even once in Argentina. Even so, fishing was a distant second to golf. The authors of a recent book on presidential golf estimate that Ike played almost eight hundred rounds during his eight years in office.[37]

At a press conference during his second term, Eisenhower observed, "There are three [sports] that I like all for the same reason—golf, fishing, and shooting—because they take you into the fields. . . . They induce you to take at any one time two or three hours, when you are thinking of the bird or the ball or the wily trout. Now, to my mind, it is a very healthful, beneficial kind of thing, and I do it whenever I get a chance."[38]

Early in his first term he visited his brother Milton, who was president of Pennsylvania State College. As soon as the pair stepped outdoors to fish, they were besieged with onlookers and kibitzers. They peppered the president with bits of advice and proffers of angling gadgets to make him more successful. Eisenhower was apparently not amused, and although the pair caught fish, he changed his personal fishing venue to Colorado.

Henceforth, Eisenhower did much of his fishing there, at least until his heart attack in 1955. After that, he fished at private clubs in Rhode Island and Connecticut. In Colorado he was usually the guest of his friend, the builder Aksel Nielsen. Byers Peak Ranch was Nielsen's getaway sixty-five miles west of Denver, at an altitude of 8,500 feet. There was plenty of fishing because three miles of the St. Louis River ran through the ranch. Nielsen had built a cluster of simple cabins, and Ike stayed in the only one that was heated.

According to Alfred Lansing in *Collier's* magazine, Eisenhower fished with a 6-foot, 1½-ounce bamboo rod and dry flies. He carried no creel and put his catch in a grass-lined pocket of his fishing vest. Ike would fish all day, but preferred the evening between six and eight, and he dressed in sober clothing, never white. Although he carried a complement of Ginger Quills, Rio Grande Kings, and Red Variants, his favorite fly was the House and Lot, which had been designed by a Denver high school teacher, Ralph Coffman. Nielsen so named the fly because "it gets all over the place—it'll find fish where you'd sworn there never were any."[39]

He and Nielsen or other fishing companions would talk constantly during their fishing, mostly joshing insults. And if he couldn't catch fish on flies, Eisenhower was not above using a spinner, "that last resort thing," but asked the reporters not to "hold this against me."[40]

Knowing of Hoover's love of fishing, Eisenhower once invited the former president to join him in some presumably quiet angling. But the press swarmed around the pair like black flies in June, and they caught few fish. Hoover, who had once observed that only prayer and fishing offered presidents genuine escape from their official duties, remarked to Ike, "I now detect that you have lost the second part."[41]

Jimmy Carter, Fly Tyer, Fly Sharer

Calling his conversion to fly fishing "one of the most gratifying developments of my life," Jimmy Carter later wrote that he looked for chances to pursue it during his presidency. One of those chances was the presidential retreat at Camp David, the "Shangri-La" of FDR.

Richard Nixon took some credit for the Carters' love of Camp David. In his book *In the Arena,* Nixon wrote that in the first year of his presidency, Carter was trying to set an example of parsimony and conservation by cutting back on some presidential perks, such as the yacht and matchbooks and lavish limousines. Included on the hit list was Camp David. Nixon wrote to Carter, urging him to keep the retreat. "The measure of a president's leadership," Nixon wrote further, "is not how many hours he spends at his desk or where his desk is, but how well he makes the great decisions. If getting away from the Oval Office helps him make better decisions, he should get away."[42] Carter took the advice, and as well as a regular refuge for the Carters, Camp David became the site for what was arguably the most important achievement of his presidency, the Camp David Accords between Israel and Egypt. Doubtless, a nearby stream stocked with trout added to the appeal of Camp David, as did other trout and bass waters in the vicinity.[43]

One of the Carters' other favorite escapes was Spruce Creek in Pennsylvania, where they stayed with farmer and fisherman Wayne Harpster, who described Carter's approach as follows.

> President Carter was a stickler, and when he decided to do something, he worked at it until he got it done. I think he enjoyed the whole action of going out into the stream and casting and trying to catch fish. It was a good way to clear his mind. And I tried to make it so he could have that kind of therapy.
>
> Dry flies he enjoyed the most by far. Occasionally, when the dry flies weren't doing well, I would try to get him to do nymphs and streamers, and he would sometimes. But he would almost prefer to go out and catch nothing on dry flies to catching fish other ways.
>
> He loved to make flies at Camp David and come down here and fish with them. I'm sure he got more satisfaction out of catching a fish on a fly he tied than any other way.[44]

As Carter's term became wracked with inflation, the Iranian hostage crisis, and soaring energy costs, the president took his fishing escapes wherever he could. In July 1980, on a trip back from Japan, Carter and Secretary of State Edmund Muskie stopped off in Alaska to fish for grayling with Governor Jay Hammond. They flew north from Anchorage to Clarence Lake, near Mt. McKinley. Carter had the satisfaction of not only catching fish but catching them on a fly of his own design. That summer, passage of Alaskan land legislation was a top priority and "this brief trip renewed my determination to succeed, at the same time giving me some new arguments to present to doubtful members of Congress, whose votes I would be seeking back in Washington." Although the trip lasted only six hours, "it was a pleasant respite from the duties of my office, compounded at that time by the Iranian hostage crisis."[45] Even before he left Alaska, Carter got an earful of citizens' opinions on the bill.

> Later I heard that at the state fair in Fairbanks the Junior Chamber of Commerce had accumulated a large pile of empty bottles. For a fee, the fairgoers could throw them at photographs of me, Secretary Andrus, Congressman Mo Udall (a key sponsor of the legislation), and at the Ayatollah Khomeini. I never did know for sure who won this "popularity" contest, but I was told that my pile of broken bottles was a little larger.[46]

On the morning after Carter lost the election in 1980, he went into the small office he used as a fishing workshop and carved a small wooden rack to be used for drying fly line evenly. It was a gift for his Pennsylvania fishing host and friend, Wayne Harpster.[47]

At the dedication of the International Fly-Fishing Center in West Yellowstone, Montana, in 1981, Jimmy Carter made the following remarks.

From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

President Jimmy Carter demonstrates fly casting.

For those who have been in public life, or those who have major responsibilities as a mother, or father, or teacher, or a doctor, or an engineer, or a farmer like me, you know that there's a place where solitude is precious and where companionship with friends is equally precious. A place where quiet, undisturbed peace is precious and where the most enjoyable excitement of catching a big fish, or even losing a big fish, is precious. I'm grateful to have a chance to be here for the groundbreaking of this fine place, which will mean a lot to fly fishermen not only in our own country but throughout the world. You have blessed me by inviting me. I am one of you, and we share a lot in life. I hope that when my own time is past, and ours, that we'll leave the Earth a little more beautiful and a little purer, and the trout a little more ferocious and maybe a little bit larger, than when we arrived, not because we didn't catch our share, but because we invested for the Amys and the little Sarahs of the world that are coming along behind us.

I was pleased as president to have a chance to make some momentous decisions. One of the most exciting days of my life was when Cecil Andrus, a neighboring governor of yours, as secretary of the interior, and I were able to save with one stroke of the pen a hundred million acres of wilderness area in Alaska.

This is the kind of thing that is gratifying to a president, but to be on a solitary stream with good friends, with a fly rod in your hand, and to have a successful or even an unsuccessful day—they're all successful—is an even greater delight. . . .[48]

Bush Escapes—Into the Gleam of Publicity

George Bush has fished all his life for all kinds of fish. He fished for mackerel, bluefish, kingfish, barracuda, sailfish, bonefish, bass, and trout. He fished in Wyoming, Idaho, Alaska, Florida, Alabama, and Texas, but his favorite spot was the family place at Walker Point in Kennebunkport, Maine. Most of us would hardly call it an escape to be surrounded by the Secret Service, electrified fences, protective shrubbery, and the Coast Guard. But Bush seemed not to mind. After all, he was there before the tourists. He had fished in Maine all his life.

For Bush, fishing's appeal lay in its cleansing quality.

> It totally, totally clears your mind. You relax. It's not just catching the fish; it's the background, the environment, the beauty of it all. You can get just mesmerized by these waves and this clear surf. So I get a kick out of not just catching or trying to catch a fish but

from being in this setting. . . . I can think about nothing or if I do want to think about certain things, it's a good way to do it. It's not just an escape; it's a good way to concentrate if you want to. It's that combination of the tranquillity, the natural beauty, and the chance to escape or concentrate if you want. It's conducive to either relaxing or concentrating.[49]

After he left the White House, George Bush had an experience in which his escape was due to the Secret Service. He had gone to Labrador to fish for salmon.

We were trying to get into our fishing lodge, and the helicopters had to land because of the weather. I went out to survey the ground, and when I was walking back to the helicopter, I stepped on a patch of ground with only a little moisture on it. Well, I stepped on this mossy place, and I sank into a bog up to my waist. Literally I couldn't move. If I had been alone, I could have been dead.

Fortunately, there was a Secret Service guy and a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman who pulled and pulled on my arms and out I came, with what Ross Perot would call a giant sucking sound.[50]

ENDNOTES

1. From an interview by the author with Boilard, August 1995.
2. Herbert Hoover, *Fishing for Fun* (West Branch: Hoover Presidential Library, 1963), p. 76.
3. Author interview, August 1995.
4. Arthur was not the first president to vacation in this community. Martin Van Buren visited the area. And Ulysses S. Grant was a guest of the Pullman family in 1872 after his nomination for a second term.
5. "President Grant Falls in River," *Thousand Islands Sun* (Alexandria Bay, N.Y.), 27 May 1976, p. 4.
6. I am indebted to Paul Lancaster and his biography of Julian Ralph, *Gentleman of the Press* (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1992), for introducing me to that intrepid journalist and his detailed dispatches about Arthur's sojourn in Alexandria Bay. The quotes from those dispatches that follow are all from the *New York Sun,* September 28 to October 8, 1882.
7. Julian Ralph, *New York Sun,* 5 October 1882, p. 1.
8. *Ibid.,* 7 October 1882.
9. *New York World,* quoted in Allan Nevins, *Grover Cleveland: A Study in Courage* (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1932), pp. 244–45.
10. Information on Cleveland's fishing escapes comes from Nevins's Pulitzer Prize–winning biography, *Grover Cleveland.*
11. Edward Lindop and Joe Jares, *White House Sportsmen* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1964), p. 75.
12. Nevins, *Grover Cleveland,* pp. 741–42.
13. Theodore Roosevelt, *Through the Brazilian Wilderness* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1920), p. 384.
14. Paul Schullery, "Theodore Roosevelt as an Angler," *The American Fly Fisher,* Summer 1982, pp. 25–26. I am indebted to both Paul Schullery and Roosevelt's great-grandson Tweed for alerting me to this adventure. Tweed Roosevelt contends that it was TR who "popularized" the piranha and made it a widespread image of voraciousness.
15. *New York Times,* 22 June 1927, p. 17.
16. Edmund Starling, as told to Thomas Sugrue, *Starling of the White House* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1946), pp. 252–53.
17. This paragraph is based upon a letter from amateur historian Russ Soli of Brookfield, Wisconsin, to Ms. Cindy Bittinger, the executive director of the Calvin Coolidge Memorial Foundation, 31 October 1990.
18. John Hiram McKee, *Coolidge Wit and Wisdom* (New York: Frederick A. Stokes, 1933), p. 21.
19. Ruth Dennis, *The Homes of the Hoovers* (West Branch: Herbert Hoover Presidential Library Association, 1986), pp. 47–50.
20. Richard N. Smith, *An Uncommon Man* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1983), pp. 34–35.
21. Starling, *Starling of the White House,* pp. 283–84.
22. Letter from Adams to Congressman Henry T. Rainey, 1 August 1932.
23. Hoover, *Fishing for Fun,* p. 18.
24. "After Hoover left office, he deeded the property to the Virginia Department of Conservation and Development. For ten years the camp was used as a Boy Scout retreat, and in 1958 it was transferred to the National Park Service. The Rapidan retreat is now a part of the Shenandoah National Park and 'Camp Hoover' may be visited during the summer months. Three of the original buildings remain and the Park Service plans to restore the camp to its 1929–1933 appearance." Dana Lemaster, "Hoover Was Here," *Washington Post,* 16 July 1997, p. D9.
25. Letter to George Mathew Adams, 29 July 1944, Darling Papers, University of Iowa Libraries, Iowa City, Iowa. Cited in David Lendt, *Ding: The Life of Jay Norwood Darling* (Ames: Iowa State University Press, 1979), p. 50.
26. James Roosevelt, *Affectionately, F.D.R.* (New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1962), p. 163.
27. *Ibid.,* p. 165.
28. *Ibid.,* pp. 162–67.
29. Another informal name given the room by the staff was "the morgue" because guests often had to "cool off" there waiting for the president to receive them. Cited in William Hassett, *Off the Record with F.D.R.* (New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press, 1958), p. 312.
30. William Rigdon, *White House Sailor* (Garden City: Doubleday, 1962), pp. 44, 60, 97–99. After his polio, Roosevelt did very little freshwater fishing, except at Warm Springs and Shangri-La. Two exceptions were a 1943 vacation to the South Carolina estate of financier Bernard Baruch and a short excursion with Churchill when the two met in Quebec, Canada, that same year.
31. Rigdon, *White House Sailor,* pp. 60–62.
32. Harold Ickes, *The Secret Diaries of Harold L. Ickes,* vol. 1 (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1953), pp. 449–50.
33. FDR's 366th Press Conference, 13 May 1937. Held on the President's train en route from Galveston, Texas, to Washington, D.C. Courtesy F.D.R. Library.
34. Appendix to the Log of the Inspection Cruise and Fishing Expedition of President Franklin D. Roosevelt on Board USS *Houston,* 16 July 1938–9 August 1938.
35. Roosevelt, F.D. Foreword to *Explorations and Fieldwork of the Smithsonian Institution in 1938,* 20 December 1938.
36. Rigdon, *White House Sailor,* pp. 213–19.
37. Shepherd Campbell and Peter Landau, *Presidential Lies* (New York: Macmillan, 1996), p. 108.
38. Press conference, 15 October 1958.
39. Alfred M. Lansing, "Ike's Fishing Secrets," *Collier's* magazine, 15 April 1955, p. 32.
40. *Ibid.,* pp. 31–33.
41. Lindop and Jares, *White House Sportsmen,* p. 80. Former U.S. Senator Mark Hatfield (R. Oregon) worked with and under Hoover while a graduate student at Stanford. Hoover treated him as almost a surrogate son. Although Hatfield was not much of a fisherman, he knew well Hoover's passion for the sport and heard many of the ex-president's observations.

Truman and Roosevelt may have escaped into the sea in part because they wanted to get out of the range of the press. In Mr. Hoover's day, there was much more privacy, seclusion, and more opportunity to escape. He was not gregarious and fishing was one of those marvelous compensations. Today, you can't even get into the wilderness areas without the tenacious press right there. Can you imagine a president today getting off by himself, as Hoover did on the Rogue River, or as Cleveland did in the Adirondacks?

Today, Hoover's comment to Eisenhower is more true than ever—presidents can't even fish in seclusion. Prayer is the only activity left and I'm sure that if they could, the media would take pictures of this or listen in to what the presidents might say to the Lord. (Author interview, 20 October 1993, Washington, D.C.)

42. Richard Nixon, *In the Arena* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1990), p. 160.
43. Jimmy Carter, *An Outdoor Journal* (Fayetteville: University of Arkansas Press, 1994), p. 73.
44. Author interview, July 1995.
45. Carter, *An Outdoor Journal,* pp. 120–22.
46. *Ibid.,* p. 122.
47. Howell Raines, "In Fly Fishing, Carter's Record Can't Be Assailed," *New York Times,* 4 May 1991.
48. Carter's remarks reprinted in *The American Fly Fisher,* Fall 1981, vol. 8, no. 4, p. 7.
49. Author interview, August 1995.
50. *Ibid.*

1999 Heritage Award

Gary Tanner

The American Museum of Fly Fishing's 1999 Heritage Award winner, Bud Lilly.

Longtime museum supporter, angling mentor, and conservationist Bud Lilly was honored with the Museum's 1999 Heritage Award at a special dinner in Bozeman, Montana, in September. The Heritage Award was established in 1997. It is given annually to honor individuals whose commitment to the Museum, the sport of fly fishing, and natural resources conservation sets standards to which we all should aspire. Bud's work in fisheries management and his tireless efforts—both "waders-on" and politically—for the Whirling Disease Foundation perhaps overqualified him for this honor. (For more details about this event, see Museum News, page 28.)

The following is an excerpt from comments made about Bud at the Bozeman dinner by Trustee Emeritus Paul Schullery, the Museum's first executive director.

When my book *Royal Coachman* was published last winter, the dedication read like this: "This book is dedicated to Bud Lilly, a great fisherman, conservationist, and friend. In a world where the very concept of hero has been either cynically discarded or commercialized into triviality, it's good to know someone who still measures up to an earlier and higher meaning of the word."

That pretty much gives away my feelings about Bud, and it reflects the feelings of many others as well, so I can't express how pleased I am that the American Museum of Fly Fishing has chosen to honor him as it has.

Many of you here have known Bud longer than I have. I met him about twenty-five years ago, when I first visited (Bud Lilly's) The Trout Shop. Bud could see how hooked I was on fly fishing and wild trout and always paid the kind of attention to me that made me think that perhaps I somehow mattered. I know thousands of others left the shop feeling the same way—only one of Bud's many, many contributions to the world of wild trout.

But another reason I am so pleased Bud is being honored here is that even then I could see how his influence reached well beyond The Trout Shop and its customers. Through my colleagues and coworkers in the National Park Service and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, I learned how important Bud was to the world of wild trout. I learned, for example, that on occasion the park's fisheries operation would be in jeopardy

Gary Tanner

Museum Trustees and Heritage Award winners Gardner Grant (center) and Leigh Perkins (right) present the 1999 American Museum of Fly Fishing Heritage Award to Bud Lilly. The award plaque features a carving of a cutthroat trout by noted carver Ellen McCaleb.

Gary Tanner

Trustees Leigh Perkins (left) and Wayne Nordberg (center) share a story with Heritage Award Dinner Committee Chair Michael Owen.

Gary Tanner

Author, historian, former Executive Director and Trustee Emeritus Paul Schullery spoke in honor of Bud Lilly.

from faraway inaction that local appeals could not affect. What finally would break the jam had nothing to do with government procedures. It had to do with someone quietly telling Bud Lilly the problem. Bud would then make the requisite phone call to the right person, either within or outside of the government, but somewhere above the inactive parties in the chain of command, and things would get moving again. There isn't a chapter in civics textbooks about the Gardner Grants, Leigh Perkinses, and Bud Lillys who not only know the right phone numbers to call, but have the immediate and respectful attention of the person who answers the phone.

Bud was first president of Montana Trout Unlimited, first chair of the International Fly Fishing Center, and a founder of the Montana Trout Foundation. He is and long has been an active and effective force in many organizations, including the American Museum of Fly Fishing, the Greater Yellowstone Coalition, American Wildlands, the Montana Rivers Action Network, the Whirling Disease Foundation, the Montana Land Reliance, and the Federation of Fly Fishers. He sometimes seems to outrun even these groups in his breadth of thinking. This is citizenship at its best.

Arnold Gingrich, once president of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, was right when he wrote that "Bud Lilly is a trout's best friend," and to that sentiment I can only add that Bud is also a best friend of the American West, whose landscapes he has done so much to protect and whose very culture he has helped to shape. Thanks to him, and to all of you for coming here to honor him. ≈

Museum News

Annual Meeting

The annual membership and trustee meetings were held at the Equinox Hotel in Manchester, Vermont, on October 23. At the members meeting, the following trustees were re-elected to new three-year terms: Foster Bam, Paul Bofinger, Wayne Nordberg, Allan Poole, and John Swan. Former Trustee Peter Corbin was re-elected to the board after a one-year absence. And we welcome new Trustee Robert D. Priest of Alexandria, Virginia, to the board.

At the meeting, Robert G. Scott was elected president of the board; Pamela Bates Richards, David Walsh, and James L. Spendiff were elected vice presidents; James H. Carey was elected treasurer; and James C. Woods was elected secretary. The Executive Committee now includes those individuals just mentioned, as well as "retiring" President Richard Tisch. Richard was thanked roundly by the board for his hard work and dedication during his two 2-year terms of office.

Dan Welch

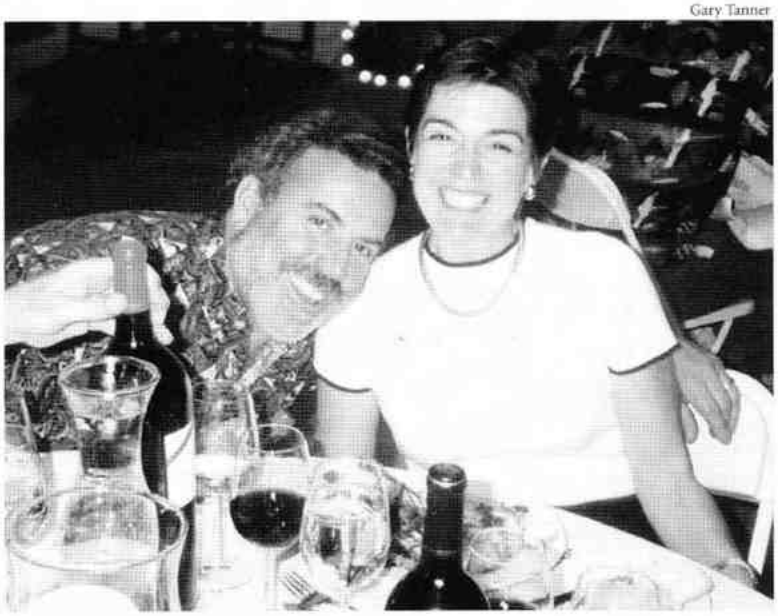
Outgoing President Richard Tisch was presented with a limited edition presentation copy of Joseph D. Bates Jr. and Pamela Bates Richards's Fishing Atlantic Salmon: The Flies and the Patterns.

Napa Valley Patron's Event

Our third annual patron's event in the Napa Valley was held on October 16 this year at the Charles Krug Winery in St. Helena, California. Hosts Marc and Janice Mondavi kindly provided a dramatic dining facility in the former carriage house at the winery. A delicious five-course dinner was served by Elaine Bell Catering. Wines were most generously provided by Charles Krug Winery, as were the magnum centerpieces etched with the Museum logo, which were part of the deluxe silent auction.

A special highlight of the evening was a little casting contest set up by Museum Trustee Dinner Chairman Roger Riccardi on the expansive lawns of the winery. Guests were enticed to ply their skills at six different casting stations around the grounds, using rods from the Museum's hands-on collection—from a 13-foot greenheart rod to a modern-day Hexa-

Gary Tanner



Our hosts, Marc and Janice Mondavi, opened their carriage house and grounds at the Charles Krug Winery for a delightful afternoon of casting, great food, and fine wine.

Gary Tanner

Our gracious hostess, Janice Mondavi, shows outgoing Trustee President Richard Tisch and Martha Tanner how it's done with a 13-foot greenheart rod.

graph–which doubled as the grand prize for the tournament (donated by Hexagraph Rods). It was quite a hoot to watch men and women in their cocktail attire casting/flailing at targets as diverse as a water fountain and a wash bucket! When the score cards were passed in shortly before dinner, Tom Arnold was the winner with a total of only nineteen casts!

As those of you who are on our California mailing list are already aware, the invitations for this event—although mailed out the day after Labor Day—were lost in the mysterious workings of the U. S. Postal Service until after the event took place. We realized the dilemma several weeks before, however, and were able to contact likely guests in the area. We're sure there were many who would have liked to have joined us, and you can bet a first-class mailing for next year's event will ensure that everyone has a chance to come to what has become a unique annual event. Our special thanks to Chairman Riccardi, as well as to Cheryl Hoey of Orvis San Francisco for drumming up the crowd. Further thanks to Art Bond for bringing along a fabulous exhibit of sporting art for the guests' enjoyment.

Fall Dinner/Auctions

Bozeman. The 1999 Heritage Award Dinner, honoring Bud Lilly, was held on September 11 at Montana State University in Bozeman (for more information about the award and its recipient, see pages 26–27). The able MSU staff flawlessly catered the cocktails and dinner to the nearly 100 guests in attendance. After dinner, Bud Lilly was toasted and

Gary Tanner

Casting contest winner Tom Arnold (second from left) received the grand-prize Hexagraph rod from Museum Trustee and Event Chair Roger Riccardi (far right). Second- and third-place winners, Rudy von Strasser (far left) and Juan Ordonnez (second from right), respectively, received magnums of Charles Krug wine for their efforts.

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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.

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

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Volume 24, Numbers 1, 2, 4
Volume 25, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4

Nancy Simpson

Philadelphia Dinner/Auction Cochairs Lynn Claytor (left) and Lee Pierson (right) share a bright moment with guest Henry Winsor.

roasted by angling historian and author Paul Schullery. In turn, Bud expressed his personal thanks to lifelong friends, many of whom were present.

Both previous Heritage Award winners, Leigh Perkins and Gardner Grant, were in the audience and presented Bud with his award: a stunning carved cutthroat trout with a commemorative brass plaque created speicfically for this event by talented carver Ellen McCaleb. Following the award ceremony, auctioneer Lloyd Mandeville enlivened the crowd with his witty style as the fundraising portion of the evening was launched. Local donors to the auction included Greg Lilly and Bob Jacklin.

The hardworking dinner committee was chaired by Michael Owen. Mike's team of helpers were Tom Anacker, Evie Cranston, Lionel Dicharry, Cory Dogterum, Cal Dunbar, Bob Jacklin, Jean Kahn, Harry Murphy, Frank Richardson, Phil Sandquist, Paul Schullery, and Marilyn Wessel. Marilyn is director of the Museum of the Rockies, where "Anglers All 2000," our new traveling exhibition, will open on June 3. David and Evelyn Cranston, Jean and Alan Kahn, John and Anita Lutz, John M. Mussey, and Lewis and Linda Robinson were sponsors of this event.

The dinner/auction also marked the debut of three "Museum Trips 2000." Trips offered are to Boca Paila, Mexico; Gates's AuSable Lodge, Michigan; and Brahman's Royal Wolf Lodge, Alaska (with Mel Krieger). These trips will be filled by winning bidders exclusively at our dinners around the country, so plan on attending one to get in on these fabulous Museum-only trips.

Philadelphia. On October 7, the Museum reprised its Philadelphia dinner/auction at the Merion Cricket Club. Cochairs Lynn Claytor and Lee Pierson of the Delaware Valley Women's Fly Fishing Association and their committee members—George Angstadt, Darrell DeMoss, Mary Kuss, and Eleanor Peterson—gathered a crowd of more than 100 guests to support the Museum. The event was cosponsored by the DVWFFA and the Anglers' Club of Philadelphia, who most generously donated the evening's table wines.

The Cricket Club once again proved to be a stellar venue, with excellent service and an exquisite dining experience. Many thanks to our hostess Dierdre Caldwell. Further thanks go to local auction donors George Angstadt, Tom Goins, Curt Hill, Pat Harner, Jack Larkin, Ted McKenzie, and Jay Tolson, who contributed merchandise and day trips to the area's exclusive fishing clubs. And special appreciation goes to Nancy Simpson for photographing candid moments at this event.

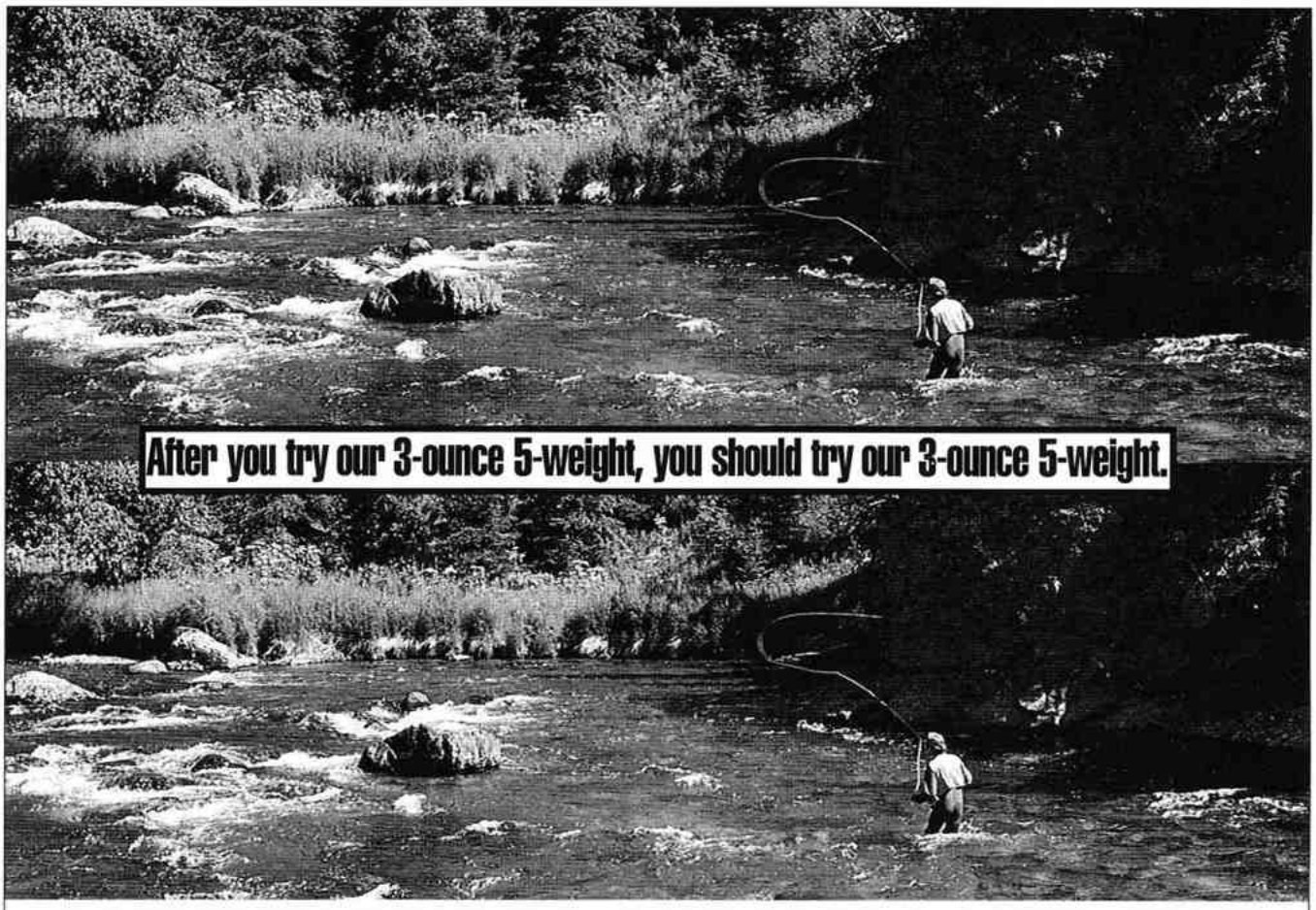
Everyone had a delightful evening, and the cochairs were especially elated when they had the winning bid on a trip for two to Gates's AuSable Lodge in Michigan's Upper Peninsula in summer 2000! Congrats, ladies!

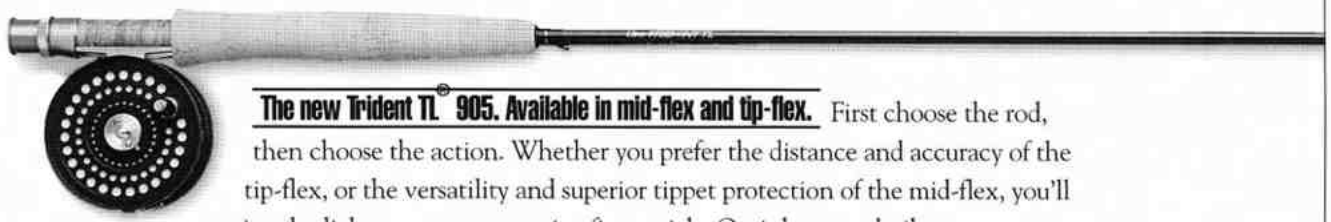
Hartford. With John Mundt once again serving as dinner chair, the Museum held its annual Hartford, Connecticut, dinner and sporting auction at the Farmington Marriott Hotel on November 4. Nearly 100 guests came in support of the Museum, thanks to the teamwork of committee members Bob Allaire, Ron Angelo, Jerry Bannock, Phil Castleman, Jack Coyle, Dave Egan, Joe Garman, Bob Hiler, Chris Hindman, Larry Johnson, Steve Lewis, John Marona, Sal Micca, Bill and Marie Pastore, Vin Ringrose, Ed Ruestow, Mike Ryan, Paul Sherbacow, and Felix Trommer. Only a skeleton Museum staff (translation: two) was able to attend this event, so a special added thanks to new Museum member George Clee for assisting the staff and committee throughout the evening. Our thanks also to Karen Walsh and the Marriott staff for a flawless and thoroughly enjoyable evening.

The silent auction, raffles, and live auction were hugely successful for the Museum, and our thanks to all of the guests for their lively participation in response to auctioneer Mike Tomasiewicz's skills. Local donors of guided area day trips for the live auction were Devin "Mo" Booth, John Mundt, Bill Pastore, and Jack Smola. The Museum

Sara Wilcox

Helen Shaw Kessler (center), author of Fly Tying: Materials, Tools, Technique, *and wife of the late Hermann Kessler, a founder of the Museum, was a special guest at the IWFF conference and attended the Museum's reception.*





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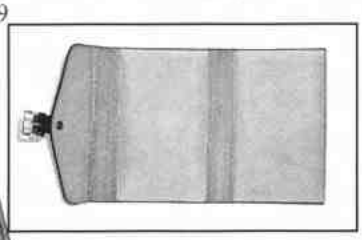

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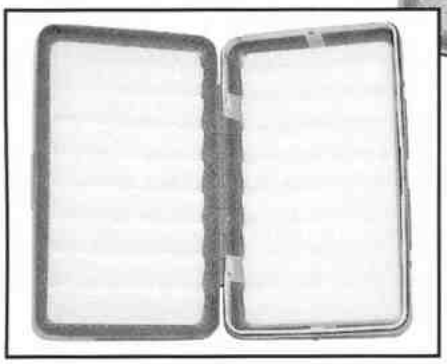

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Sara Wilcox

Salty Saltzman and Joan Wulff at the Museum's IWFF reception.

Upcoming Events

Dinner/Auctions
New York, New York
Cleveland, Ohio
Manchester, Vermont

Heritage Award Dinner
New York, New York

Annual Festival Weekend
Manchester, Vermont

For dates and more information on these and other upcoming events, check your next newsletter or call the Museum at 802/362-3300.

signed up more than fifteen new members this year in Hartford, and we hope to see many more new faces next year.

IWFF

October 22 saw the galleries full to capacity when more than 150 members of the International Women Fly Fishers took time away from their conference up on Stratton Mountain to stop by for a Museum cocktail party. Space was limited as anglers literally rubbed elbows with some of the best-known names in the sport. Both the Museum and the food received rave reviews from women who'd traveled to Vermont from all over the globe, many of whom were seeing the Museum for the first time.

Hildene Farm and Food Fair

During Columbus Day weekend, the Museum once again took part in the annual Farm and Food Fair held at the Hildene Meadowlands in Manchester, Vermont. Green Mountain Fly Tyers George Butts and Gene Liebhaber joined Special Projects Coordinator Sara Wilcox in representing the Museum during the two-day event. Although the weather could have been a little more cooperative, a good time was still had by all at this festive family weekend as anglers of all ages stopped by the Museum table to watch tying demonstrations and check out some fly-fishing artifacts.

In the Library

Thanks to the following publishers for their donations of recent titles that have become a part of our collection (all were published in 1999, unless noted otherwise).

Stackpole Books sent us Ed Jaworowski's *Troubleshooting the Cast;* Poul Jorgensen's *Salmon Flies: Their Character, Style and Dressing;* and C. Boyd Pfeiffer's *Fly Fishing Saltwater Basics*. Abenaki Publishers, Inc., sent us Dick Talleur's *Pretty and Practical Salmon Flies*. Frank Amato Publications, Inc., sent us Skip Morris and Brian Chan's *Morris & Chan on Fly Fishing Trout Lakes*.

The Atlantic Monthly Press sent us Leigh Perkins (with Geoffrey Norman)'s *A Sportsman's Life: How I Built Orvis by Mixing Business and Sport*. And the Lyons Press sent us Frank Mele's *Small in the Eye of a River: Classic Stories and Reflections about Fly Fishing* (1988, 1996); Craig Nova's *Brook Trout and the Writing Life: The Intermingling of Fishing and Writing in a Novelist's Life;* a new edition of Paul Schullery's *American Fly Fishing: A History* (new afterword by author, copyright 1987 The American Museum of Fly Fishing); William G. Tapply's *Bass Bug Fishing;* Lou Tabory's *Stripers on the Fly;* and Tom Rosenbauer's *The Orvis Guide to Reading Trout Streams* (1988).

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation

The American Fly Fisher (publication number 0084-3562) is published four times per year (Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall). Editor is Kathleen Achor. Complete address for both publisher and editor is The American Museum of Fly Fishing, P.O. Box 42, Manchester, VT 05254. The journal is wholly owned by the American Museum of Fly Fishing. Total number of copies: 2,400 (average number of copies of each issue run during the preceding twelve months; 2,400 actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date). Paid/requested outside-county mail subscriptions (including advertiser's proof and exchange copies): 1,850 (average; 1,878 actual). Paid in-county subscriptions (including advertiser's proof and exchange copies): 50 (average; 46 actual). Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, counter sales, and other non-USPS paid distribution: 0 (average; 0 actual). Other classes mailed through USPS: 50 (average; 58 actual). Total paid and/or requested circulation: 1,950 (average; 1,982 actual). Free distribution by mail (samples, complimentary, and other free): 200 (average; 176 actual). Free distribution outside the mail (carriers or other means): 50 (average; 67 actual). Total free distribution: 250 (average; 243 actual). Total distribution: 2,200 (average; 2,225 actual). Copies not distributed: 200 (average; 175 actual). Total: 2,400 (average; 2,400 actual). Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 88.64% (average; 89.08% actual).

CONTRIBUTORS

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▲ **Paul A. Morosky**, of Groton Long Point, Connecticut, 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 is grateful 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 most recent contribution to this journal was "The 1912 Record Fish," which appeared in the Fall 1998 issue.

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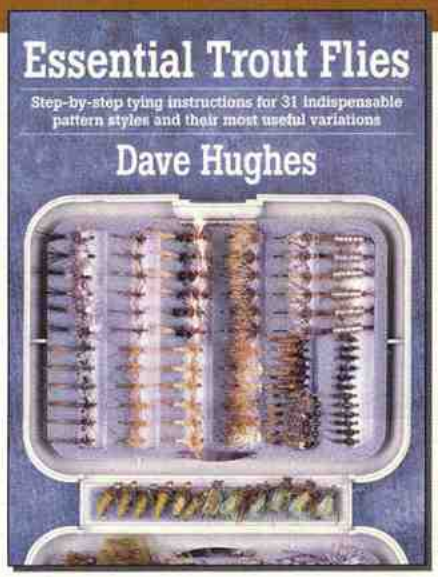

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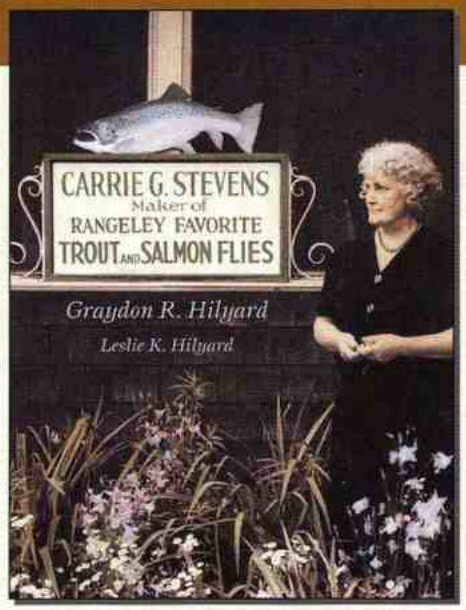

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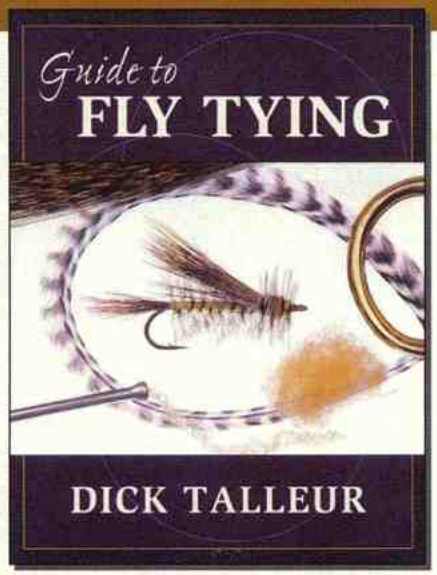

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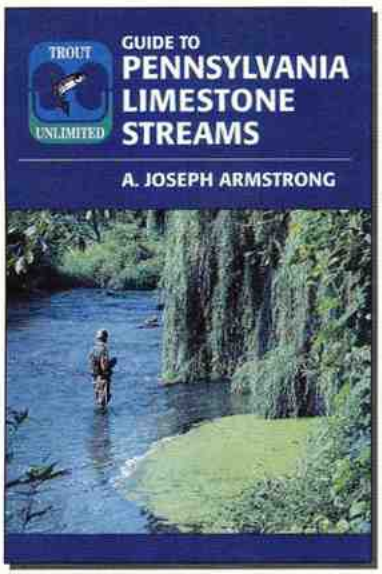

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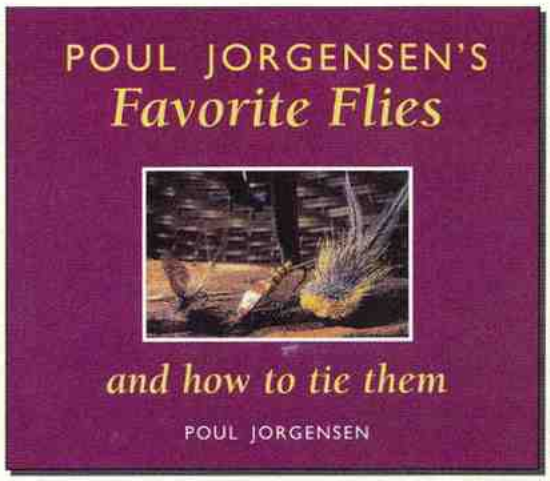

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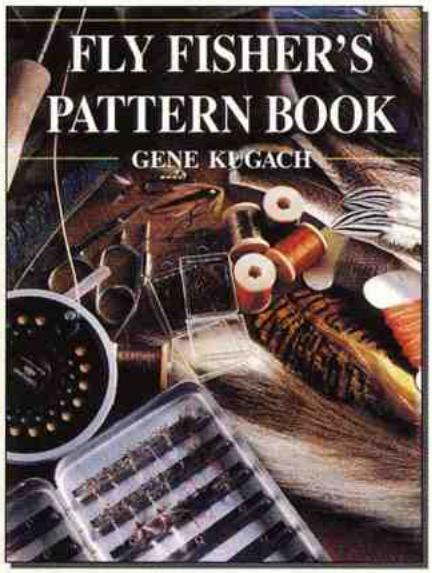

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Living Legends

THE MORE I COME TO KNOW the history of fly fishing, the more strongly I feel that history is not so much about the art and artifacts of the sport, but rather about the people whose lives somehow enable us to enjoy it: the innovators, inventors, manufacturers, writers, and artists. Of course, we do collect reels and creels and preserve them as objects for future generations to enjoy, but I am realizing that it is at least as important to document the lives and times of the men and women who created or used those reels and creels.

People with much broader experience than mine have already been thinking about this kind of documentation. David Ledlie, former editor of this journal and a trustee emeritus of our board, suggested to another trustee emeritus, Leon Martuch, that the Museum begin interviewing "angling personalities" now. When the time comes to write a new book on angling history, much of the pertinent biographical material would then already be in place. Leon, in turn, brought the idea to recent board President Richard Tisch, who brought it to my attention.

It is a wonderful fact of life that when keen minds communicate, good things begin to happen. We will begin the search for funding to create a video library that records the firsthand knowledge and experience of angling's cultural and historic figures. We hope that those who become a part of this library will also see to it that the Museum receives items from their angling lives that can become important pieces in our collection.

Although we must dig for information about those who have passed on, the living legends, if you will, can share important information today. We can ask them questions directly and get real answers, rather than having to surmise what they may have thought or done in a given situation. This is a wonderful opportunity to preserve our recent fly-fishing heritage accurately—and if we don't do it, who will?

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.

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