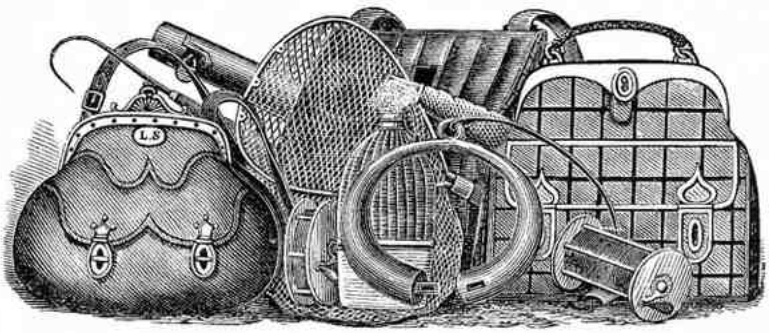
35th Anniversary Issue
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING

The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

SPRING 2003 VOLUME 29 NUMBER 2

Possibilities



Fishing Equipment. From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters *(New York: The American News Company, 1875), 215.*

Peepers have begun their evening song. The streams are pushing high against their banks, and trout season is just beginning in Vermont. One can almost believe the snow won't come again, but if it does, it won't last long. Even the quality of light makes things seem possible.

At the Museum, we're thinking a lot about possibilities. For months, staff has been crowded into one room, working about as closely together as anyone can [stand]. Art Director John Price and I, freelancers with home offices, are dreaming of the day when new offices again can accommodate a publications nook. We are all very excited about the new buildings and grounds, and we invite you to take a look at some conceptual drawings, beginning on page 17.

This issue features some authors who have always been excited about the Museum and its work. As editor, I feel triply lucky when first, the Museum gets an important donation (a Thaddeus Norris rod); second, the friend who facilitated that donation is willing to discuss the rod's history; and third, a collector and Norris enthusiast is willing to give us some more background on Norris and a bit of the analysis of the rod.

Charles T. Lee Jr. is both a friend of Frances Borie's and ours. After A. Clay Borie, owner of the Norris rod, died in 2001, his widow donated the rod to the American Museum of Fly Fishing. "The Story of a Rod and Two Trout," a little history of the rod and the donation, begins on page 2. Next, in "Thaddeus Norris: America's Izaak Walton," Jerry Girard, an authority on known existing Norris rods, gives us a little background on Norris, as well as a description and analysis of the rod in the Museum's collection. His article begins on page 3.

As David Ledlie (another great Museum friend: former registrar of the Museum, former editor of *The American Fly Fisher,* and trustee emeritus) points out, there aren't a lot of written accounts of fly fishing in the New World before 1840. But in October 1839, the British *Sporting Review* published an account by feature writer George Tattersall, "Fishing in the North American Lakes and Rivers." In it, Tattersall recounts his American travel experiences and makes the claim that fly fishing was not widely practiced across the pond. This article is reprinted here, with an informative introduction by Ledlie, beginning on page 8. (And check out that fish on page 26.)

The Museum turns thirty-five this year. We couldn't have made it this far without our members, and we won't get much further without you. Please consider a gift this year to our Capital Campaign (see page 20 for details). Give whatever you can. I, for one, am considering how my name should appear on the walkway.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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The Story of a Rod and Two Trout 2
Charles T. Lee Jr.

Thaddeus Norris: America's Izaak Walton 3
Jerry Girard

A Brief Introduction to George Tattersall and "Fishing in the North American Lakes and Rivers" 8
David B. Ledlie

Fishing in the North American Lakes and Rivers 9
by the author of "The Backwoods of America"

The Campaign for the American Museum of Fly Fishing: Phase II 17

Museum News 22

Contributors 26

ON THE COVER: *Thaddeus Norris's rod against pages from* The American Angler's Book: Embracing the Natural History of Sporting Fish and the Art of Taking Them *(Philadelphia: E. H. Butler, 1864).*

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The Story of a Rod and Two Trout

by Charles T. Lee Jr.

Beauveau Borie, probably taken in the late 1870s—about the time the trout noted on the rod were caught.

In the 1840s, "Uncle Thad" Norris opened a tackle shop on Logan Square in Philadelphia, where he sold flies that he tied and fly rods that he built.[1] His *The American Anglers Book* was published in 1865, the first comprehensive description of fresh- and saltwater fishing in America.[2] In it he describes fly tying, rodmaking, and techniques of trout and salmon fishing, including a description of several trout deliberately caught with a floating fly.[3] One of his fly rods came to be owned by Beauveau Borie, a Philadelphian born in 1846. Borie's grandfather came from Bordeaux to Philadelphia in 1805 and started an importing business. The family rapidly became well established in Philadelphia, and soon after the Civil War, they and some Philadelphia friends acquired land in the Maine lakes region and proceeded to build cottages to escape the summer heat of Philadelphia.[4]

Meanwhile, by the 1850s, a few sportsmen from Boston and New York had discovered the marvelous fishing in the Rangeley Lakes area, where brook trout of 8 pounds and more had been caught.[5] The Rapid River, Upper Dam, and the confluence of the Kennebago and Rangeley Rivers were becoming well known. The Oquossoc Angling Association across from Indian Rock on Rangeley Lake was founded in the late 1860s and is still in existence today. The Rangeley Lakes Historical Society has a mounted brook trout caught in 1897 at the Upper Dam that weighed 11 pounds, 2 ounces.[6] Norris describes a five-day trip made to the Rapid River in the fall of 1864 by Dr. Elisha Lewis, during which he and a companion caught 237 trout, weighing in at 264½ pounds, the two largest being more than 4 pounds. It was in this area that the Bories built their summer home.

Borie's Norris rod has a German silver butt cap, very similar to those on other rods of the time, and on the end is engraved "B. Borie." In addition, there are engraved the dates and dimensions of two large trout, which we assume were caught while fishing with this rod. The first records "Sept. 24, 1877. Pool below Morrell's Rock. Weight 7 lbs. Length 25". Width 7". Girth 15". Time 1 hr. 25 min." It is not known where Morrell's Rock was, and we assume that it was a local name given in a similar way to Indian Rock on Rangeley Lake.

The second engraving reads "Sept. 10, 1879. Quick water above McKean's Rips. Weight 6¾ lbs. Length 25½". Width 7". Girth 14". Time 35 min." McKean was the name of another Philadelphia family closely associated with the Bories who also had a camp on the lakes. It seems likely that McKean's Rips was the name given by the families to a particular stretch of water where they frequently fished. The family still owned the camp in 1930s. Don Palmer, head of the Rangeley Lakes Historical Society, has not been able to find the location of the Borie and McKean properties on the maps that he has available[7], and there is no further record of other times and places that Borie may have fished with the rod.

The Norris rod was passed down through the family together with other later Payne and Leonard rods to A. Clay Borie of Philadelphia. Mr. Borie died in 2001, and his widow, Frances Borie, has kindly donated the rod to the American Museum of Fly Fishing as an important artifact in the history of fly fishing in America.

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ENDNOTES

1. A. J. Campbell, *Classic and Antique Fishing Tackle* (New York: Lyons & Burford, 1997), 13–14.
2. Thaddeus Norris, *The American Anglers Book* (Philadelphia: E. H. Butler, 1865), 414–38, 441–56.
3. Ibid., 333.
4. Autobiographical notes of Beauveau Borie Jr., ca. 1935, kindly provided by J. A. McA. Borie of Philadelphia.
5. Rangeley Lakes Chamber of Commerce. Rangeley Lakes, Maine, History. http://www.etravelmaine.com/rangeley/rhistory.html.
6. Personal communication from Don Palmer of the Rangeley Lakes Historical Museum, October 2002.
7. Ibid.

Thaddeus Norris: America's Izaak Walton

by Jerry Girard

Derrydale Press print of Thaddeus Norris, 1931. Courtesy Anglers' Club of New York.

The Thaddeus Norris rod donated to the American Museum of Fly Fishing by Mrs. Frances Borie in 2002 is an important artifact in the history of fly fishing in America. It was created by the man I consider to be the father of American fly fishing and America's Walton. John McDonald wrote, "He knew about everything there was to know in his time, put it all down in 1864, and thereby established the school of early American fly fishing with a rounded theory and practice."[1] Although Thaddeus Norris was recognized in his own time and considered by many to be the nineteenth century's greatest angler, his accomplishments and influence in our sport have been lost to the twenty-first century angler.

The last thirty years in fly fishing have been filled with an explosive growth of publications fueled by technological developments in equipment and the exponential increase in the number of anglers joining our sport. Authors and experts abound, educating and influencing the newer generations of fly fishers in the use of graphite rods and synthetic fly-tying materials. The needs of the modern angler have been fulfilled with these last thirty years. Questions of how to cast, how to tie flies, and how to fish our extensive variety of waters have been answered by the numerous and ever-growing numbers of how-to books based on each author's experiences. With so much angling information available (books, magazines, fishing shows, and fishing guides), today's angler is stalled in the "catching phase" of our sport. Few grow to experience its essence. Classic literature is left unread, and fly-fishing history is not explored. Norris would be better known if *The American Angler's Book* (1864) was retitled *The Complete Book of Fly Fishing*—which, by the way, is what it is.

Thaddeus Norris was born near Warrenton, Virginia, on 15 August 1811 and moved to Philadelphia in 1829, where he opened a mercantile business. He began selling fishing tackle and soon offered rods of his own construction.[2] Norris immersed himself in angling and communicated with the noted anglers of his day, among them George Bethune, Frank Forester, and Robert Barnwell

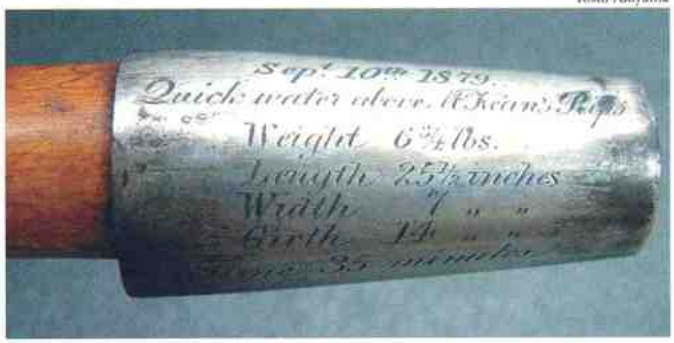
Yoshi Akiyama

Reel seat and German silver butt cap, engraved with date and dimension of a trout.

Yoshi Akiyama

A closeup of the silk wrapping, a testament to the preservation of this historic rod, a cherished piece of the Museum's collection.

Yoshi Akiyama



Date and dimension of second trout engraved on German silver butt cap.

Roosevelt. He was well educated and well versed in the angling literature of his time.

Norris realized that British tackle, fishing techniques, and flies were not suitable for the conditions found in America. He experimented with fishing techniques and studied our fish and our waters. He was one of the first to design American flies and tackle suitable for fishing here. He traveled as far west as Michigan. He even owned a trout breeding farm in Bloomsbury, New Jersey, for a couple of years and published *American Fish Culture* (1868), the first publication devoted to the topic. Norris also wrote articles for the sporting periodicals of the time. He was a frequent guest at the meetings of the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences and was considered one of the best observers of fishes and often the only reliable source of information on various species.[3]

Thaddeus Norris was a noted angler of his time and was affectionately known as "Uncle Thad." He fished the Brodhead in Pennsylvania's Poconos and was an early Catskill angler on the Willowemoc and Beaverkill.[4] With the support of his angling friends, Uncle Thad published *The American Angler's Book*, which quickly became the nineteenth-century angler's bible.[5] The book covers types of fish in detail, fishing and casting techniques, tackle and tackle repairs, flies and fly making, rodmaking, fish breeding, fishing stories, and destinations. It is easily read and surprisingly modern—a work of vast proportions, at 692 pages, and a monumental achievement. *The American Angler's Book* was first published by E. H. Butler & Co. in Philadelphia in 1864; they printed two editions. Porter & Coates bought 699 copies of that second edition in 1865, with all the plates, and issued an edition with their imprint. They printed editions of 250 copies each in 1881, 1886, and 1891.[6] Theodore Gordon learned to tie flies from it and wrote the following in his *Fishing Gazette* column, describing the first written record of a fly fished dry in America.

THE NOTES OF THEODORE GORDON
DRY-FLY FISHING IN AMERICA BEFORE 1865
February 27, 1892

HAVE YOU EVER read Thaddeus Norris's "American Anglers' Book," 1865? It was my book of books for many years. It mentions dry-fly fishing—on page 333—as follows: "If it could be accomplished, the great desideratum would be to keep the line wet and the flies dry. I have seen anglers succeed so well in their efforts to do this by the means just mentioned, and by whipping the moisture from their flies, that the stretcher and dropper would fall so lightly and remain so long on the surface that a fish would rise and deliberately take the fly before it sank. One instance of this kind is fresh in my memory. It occurred at a pool beneath the fall of a dam in the Williwemock [probably Willowemoc—Ed.], at a low stage of water, none running over. The fish were shy and refused every fly I offered them when my friend put in a Grannom for a stretcher, and a minute Jenny Spinner for a dropper. His leader was of the finest gut and his flies fresh, and by cracking the moisture from them between each throw, he would lay them so lightly on the glassy surface, that a brace of

Yoshi Akiyama

The reel seat, stamped NORRIS, *against pages from* The American Angler's Book.

trout would take them at almost every cast, and before they sank, or were drawn away. He had but these flies and made his whip for his evening cast in this pool,. &c."

This was probably written several years prior to the date of publication. I have fished the Williwemock. It is in Sullivan County, N.Y. 7

Thaddeus Norris was one of a few early American rodmakers and a contemporary and fishing companion of Samuel Phillippe. He was a pioneer in rodmaking and contributed to the development of the split-bamboo rod. He advertised "fine trout and salmon rods of iron wood, lancewood, greenheart, and rent and glued bamboo made to order."[8] His rods were highly prized by anglers of his day and were praised by Fred Mather, A. G. Wilkinson, and W. C. Prime. Ten existing Norris rods had been previously reported: two in the Anglers' Club of New York and eight in private collections. Now the eleventh, the Borie rod, is in the Museum's collection.

The Borie rod was made according to the instructions given in *The American Angler's Book*. It is in the classic style of one butt section, two midsections, and three tips, all housed in a typical Norris wooden form case. As with other Norris tips—vary in length. Every operation was done by hand. Rods were stained, then shellacked. The woods selected for each section, along with the design of the rod, resulted in a quality casting and fishing instrument.

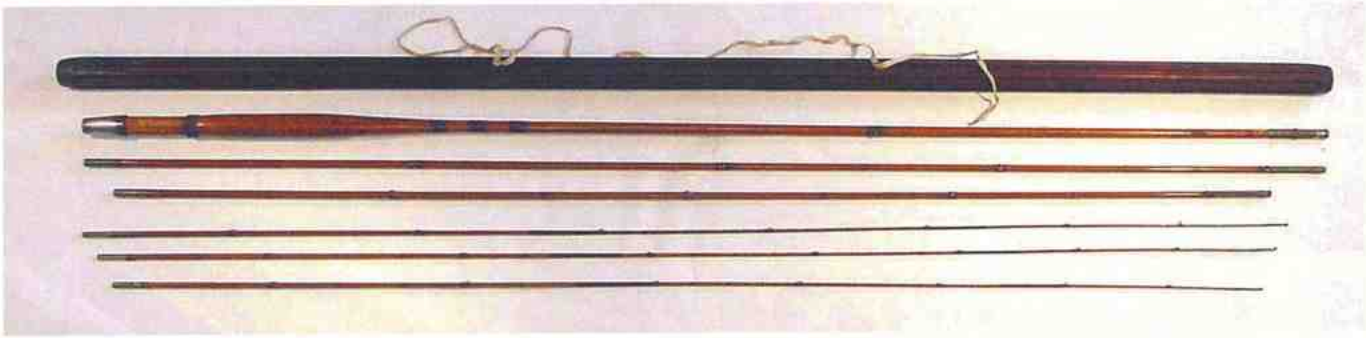
An analysis of the Museum's rod reveals a butt section featuring a bird's-eye maple hand grasp spliced into either white ash or lancewood for the remainder of the section, ending in a rolled and silvered soldered German silver female ferrule. There are two hanging ring guides, one 18.5 inches from the splice, the other (missing) near the ferrule. The splices are partially covered with three red silk bands. Each ferrule has a ferrule plug. The reel seat is a German silver–rolled and –soldered sliding band, as seen on other Norris rods. NORRIS is stamped into the reel seat. The butt cap is not a typical Norris one and is engraved, as described by Charles Lee on page 2.

Midsection lengths are 47.5 and 51.25 inches, each having four hanging ring guides and four decorative intermediate red wraps. Both are solid wood (white ash or lancewood), beginning with a simple rolled and soldered German silver male ferrule with exposed wood on its bottom, then ending with German silver–rolled and –soldered female ferrules with plugs.

The three tips vary in length from 48 to 51 inches, each having seven hanging ring guides, a unique wire twist-top, and a simple rolled and soldered German silver male ferrule with exposed wood on its bottom. Each tip was made in three sections: wood for the first 24-plus inches with four decorative intermediate wraps; spliced four-strip bamboo for the next 16.5 to 18 inches with fifteen intermediate wraps; and finally, a wrapped spliced section 10 to 12 inches long of solid lancewood or bamboo with no additional wraps. All ferrules have a small wire loop bound to them.

Other than his rods and his books, only a few artifacts associated with Uncle

James Hardman



The Norris rod—with its classic design of one butt section, two midsections, and three tips—is surprisingly modern. Its wooden form case is unique, yet typical of the Norris style. Sections often varied in length.

James Hardman

Attractive one-piece bird's-eye maple hand grasp and reel seat with a finely knurled sliding band and unusual butt cap. Simple, straight rolled and soldered male ferrules with exposed wood bottom.

James Hardman

Rolled and soldered female ferrule with knurled ferrule plug; one-piece, handmade, twisted wire tip-tops.

Thad remain. James Leisenring once owned a fly book belonging to Thaddeus Norris. It was made about 1860 and contained flies of the period, including two identified as "Norris flies."

Uncle Thad taught generations of Americans to fly fish, and no other angler influenced them more. With the addition of this Norris fly rod to broad public access, twenty-first-century anglers can more fully appreciate the importance of Thaddeus Norris in the history of the sport. Norris died at his home in Philadelphia on 11 April 1877. The following is a memorial sketch of Norris by an angling friend, which appeared in *Forest & Stream* on 26 April 1877.

In Memoriam

The guild of anglers has lost a master of the gentle art. Thaddeus Norris, of Philadelphia, widely known throughout the country as a teacher and authority on fish and angling, has passed away. Suddenly but painlessly he fell into his final rest on the 11th of April, 1877, at his home in this city.

To those who enjoyed intimate companionship with him no words the writer can pen are needed to keep his memory green; still, a duty remains to outline, however feebly, some of the characteristics of an angler whom Walton would have loved as a kindred spirit. To attempt to furnish even a brief record of the events of his life is not the writer's purpose. It will be sufficient to notice that he was born near Warrenton, in Virginia, in 1811, and at an early age he removed to Philadelphia, which was his home for the rest of his life. He acquired, as a boy, a love for fishing; but, to quote his own words, he "never became an angler until he ceased to trust in the flesh"—that is, had abandoned the bait and learned to cast the fly. But this latter art, once acquired, became a delight of his life; and an experience of over thirty-five years' practice as a fisherman in one so patient, so close in observation, and so fair in his conclusions as Mr. Norris, gave his name deserved weight with naturalists and savans [*sic*], as well as anglers, in all questions touching the genera, habitats and characteristics of fish, as well as the best methods for their capture.

The special charm in Mr. Norris to his brother-anglers was his subtle and artistic perception of all that is poetical and beautiful in the surroundings of the angler at his sport, and his power to portray truthfully and impressively the comfort and delight they imparted to his own physical and spiritual being, by bringing him into the closest contact with the wonderful and beautiful creation which the great Maker and Builder hath wrought in His handiwork which we call Nature. To some men life in the woods and by the stream is a kind of inspiration. If Thoreau had been an angler, he would have been one after the heart of our departed friend. And the reader of Mr. Norris's miscellaneous sketches at the conclusion of his "American Angler's Book," especially the two entitled "Fly-Fishing Alone" and "The Angler's Sabbath," will in some measure comprehend, if he has the stuff in him whereof the true angler is made, how closely the writer of them dwelt to

Nature's true "inwardness" and how deep was his appreciation of the secrets which the woods and waters reveal to those who love them.

For twenty years I was his companion in many of his excursions to the mountain-streams for trout fishing, and while in expertness, perseverance and keen relish for luring the wary trout to his fly he had few superiors, it was not by these that he made a trip in his company one long pleasure. The vista down the stream underneath o'erarching boughs; the sturdy or graceful forms of the various trees, according to their kind; the exquisite forms of vegetable life as shown in the mosses, ferns and lowly growths of the forest and along the margin of the stream; the aromatic balm of the air, laden with the resinous odors of spruce and hemlock; the habits of birds and insects; the expressions and colors of the dawn and sunset; the changing face of a familiar landscape under varying skies, with alternations of lights and shadows—all these things fed his soul with joy and moved him to the utterance of devout gratitude to God, who thus opened His storehouse of wonders and beauties to all His children, and made His best gifts common to all the race.

Possessing great mechanical gifts, he was led on little by little to essay making his own implements for his spring and summer campaigns, and in time acquired such great facility and such accurate knowledge of the best materials for their construction, that his rods and flies, in the judgment of many experts, had no superiors. He was ever full of sympathy and encouragement for every novice in angling or tackle-making who chose to appeal his stores of useful knowledge for suggestions or aid. The boy who loved to go a-fishing always found the soft spot in his heart; and his love for children was as remarkable as his success in winning them to love him. He ever manifested the heartiest sympathy and respect for the worthy poor, and his sudden departure will be mourned in many a lowly home where the dwellers had had their burdens lightened and their hearts cheered by a friend whose interest in their welfare they knew by an infallible instinct was genuine and sincere.

Without professing any ability for literary work, his accurate knowledge and his thorough appreciation of the subjects of which he wrote, enabled him to produce one of the most instructive and entertaining books on angling which has ever been published, while his work on pisciculture is recognized as a standard authority on a subject now engaging widespread attention.

His experience in angling was wide and varied. From the lordly salmon to the smallest member of the finny tribe, he had captured many varieties, and in many waters. But after all this experience was attained, he was ever ready to confess that his highest enjoyment from the sport was attained by an excursion with a congenial spirit to a mountain trout-stream which he could wade, and along which he could wander at will, taking in due season his "nooning" and rest for the impromptu dinner, made up in good part from the morning catch, and where the pipe and sweet discourse which followed whiled away the time until the afternoon sun lowered to the proper point for beginning the evening fishing, which was protracted into the gloaming: this was, in his opinion, the crown of the angler's delight. How often has it been the writer's privilege to enjoy these scenes with him! What a delightful companion he was, ever cheerful, fertile in resources, full of knowledge in all things pertaining to the craft! What a droll raconteur! How vividly he could depict the amusing or grotesque points of the queer people he had met! how full of verse and song and story! and withal how noble, how unselfish, and how warm-hearted! Dear Uncle Thad! never again shall we take our diversions together, or revisit the scenes of our former exploits by the limpid waters of the mountain-streams, where our friendship was strengthened to a true brotherhood!

But if this feeble tribute to thy worth and admirable qualities shall help to lead the younger band of enthusiastic anglers to emulate thy example, by cultivating the habit of so using their wanderings in quest of recreation that they shall grow in useful knowledge, in the spirit of humanity and charity, in love of God and their fellowmen, then it is fit that out of a full heart these few feeble words have been spoken.

Joseph B. Townshend
Philadelphia, April 1877

ENDNOTES

1. John McDonald, *The Complete Fly Fisherman: The Notes and Letters of Theodore Gordon* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947), xx.
2. A. J. Campbell, *Classic & Antique Fly-Fishing Tackle* (New York: Lyons & Burford, 1997), 13–14.
3. Fred Mather, *My Angling Friends* (New York: Forest & Stream Publishing Company, 1901), 37–48.
4. Ernest Schwiebert, *Trout* (New York: Dutton, 1975), 144–46.
5. Thaddeus Norris, *The American Angler's Book: Embracing the Natural History of Sporting Fish and the Art of Taking Them* (Philadelphia: E. H. Butler, 1864).
6. Fred Mather, *My Angling Friends* (New York: Forest & Stream Publishing Company, 1901), 41.
7. McDonald, *The Complete Fly Fisherman*, 3.
8. Quote from an advertisement reproduced in A. J. Campbell, *Classic & Antique Fly-Fishing Tackle* (New York: Lyons & Burford, 1997), 13.

"Caveat entered."

From Thaddeus Norris, The American Angler's Book: Embracing the Natural History of Sporting Fish and the Art of Taking Them *(Philadelphia: E. H. Butler, 1864).*

A Brief Introduction to George Tattersall and "Fishing in the North American Lakes and Rivers"

by David B. Ledlie

Early accounts of fly fishing in North America before 1840 are scarce. In the eighteenth century, Joseph Banks, the renowned naturalist, cast his flies on Newfoundland's waters in 1766;[1] Robert Hunter, a British citizen on a business trip to the States, observed local fishermen fly casting for black bass along the shores of the St. Lawrence in 1785–1786;[2] and Lieutenant John Enys, a British army officer, reported fishing for Atlantic salmon on New York's Saranac River in 1786.[3]

The early nineteenth century saw no more until the publication of John S. Skinner's periodical, the *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine,* in 1829. This was America's first sporting periodical, and it was published monthly until 1844. William T. Porter began publishing our first weekly sporting miscellany, the *Spirit of the Times,* in 1831. Although both these early periodicals dealt mostly with matters relating to the turf, they kept their readers up to date on the piscatorial doings on both sides of the pond. Thomas Doughty's *The Cabinet of Natural History and American Rural Sports, 1830–1834* encouraged the angler to use artificial flies rather than natural baits for salmon and trout. Godfrey Vigne offers us descriptions of fly fishing in Canada for Atlantic salmon in his two-volume tome, *Six Months in America,* in 1832. And in 1833, Dr. Jerome Van Crowinshield Smith published *The Natural History of the Fishes of Massachusetts,* America's first angling book that contains an extensive how-to essay on fly fishing. None of these early references gives much of a perspective on how prevalent fly fishing was among the general populace of the new world, nor is much mention made of the piscatorial sophistication of those who practiced the gentle art.

Enter George Tattersall (1817–1849), a British subject and the great-grandson of Richard Tattersall, founder in 1766 of London's famous and still functioning horse-auction mart. Tattersall, an architect, artist, and sportsman of some repute, came to the States in 1836. He spent several years traveling throughout the country, writing under the pseudonym Wildrake, and functioned as a feature writer for the British *Sporting Review* (1839–1870), a popular monthly British sporting periodical that covered all matters relating to turf, chase, and rural sports. Between 1839 and 1840, he contributed twelve articles (by my count), which detail his adventures in the New World. He traveled extensively through the South, getting as far west as New Orleans, then wended his way north through the Allegheny Mountains to the Great Lakes region, where he spent a "season" fishing in Lakes Erie, Huron, and Ontario and many of the neighboring rivers and streams.

And this, finally, brings us to the focus of our lengthy introduction. His article, "Fishing in the North American Lakes and Rivers," which appeared in the October 1839 issue of the *Sporting Review* (p. 270), recounts his fishing adventures there and makes it abundantly clear that in the 1830s, in the backwoods of America, fly fishing was practiced by few among the populace. As he puts it, this "is not a country of anglers" (p. 271). He mentions that those few who fished for pleasure angled in "a peculiar manner" (p. 271). They used "'fishing poles,' cut in the adjoining woods . . .; a few feet of 'twine' or 'whipcord,' serving the purpose of a more legitimate fishing-line,—while the hook is baited with a worm, grub, grasshopper, or any sort of diminutive fish that can be easily procured" (p. 271). As a seasoned angler/fly fisher and fly tyer who, since childhood, had "been brought up on the banks of one of the finest trout-streams in the North of England streams" (p. 271), he was "horrified" (p. 271) by the lack of fly-fishing sophistication among the American colonists. In remarks that are quite patronizing, he portrays his American angling brothers as rivaling a gaggle of feckless monads when it comes to casting a fly. And he is quick to point out that there was "little good fly fishing in America" (p. 275). He offers various reasons for this: (1) The country is "*too new*" (p. 275); (2) North America's streams were difficult to fish with flies because the overgrown banks made casting extremely challenging; (3) the streams were clogged with all sorts of detritus; (4) many streams were too large; and (5) flows were ofttimes "too sluggish to afford good fly fishing" (p. 275). Obviously, these conditions were a far cry from the more open, faster-flowing streams of northern England to which he was accustomed. Additionally, he points out that the local populace found it much more efficient to use nets or trot lines for capturing large numbers of fish. Although he caught extraordinary numbers of brook trout on "any kind of artificial flies" (p. 276)—he and a friend landed 600 trout in a nine-hour period—he mentions that he would much rather catch an order of magnitude less on his home streams in England. His luck with gray trout (lake trout), however, proved fruitless. He tried flies that he bought locally, as well as some of his own manufacture, but for some reason, all proved ineffectual. This author has caught numerous lake trout on flies of various patterns. They are voracious feeders, and fly pattern does not seem to be crucial.

According to the *Dictionary of National Biography,* Tattersall did several of the illustrations for Charles James Apperley's *Hunting Reminiscences of Nimrod* (1843) and edited the British *Sporting Review* during 1844 and 1845. He died of "brain fever" in London in 1849.

No doubt there are additional important references to fly fishing in the New World to be found in early British sporting periodicals. Bringing them to light would certainly significantly enhance our understanding of the development of the gentle art in North America.

ENDNOTES

1. See David Ledlie, "A Colonial Fly Fisher," *The American Fly Fisher,* vol. 7, no. 3 (spring 1980), 14.
2. See "More on Sir William Johnson," *The American Fly Fisher,* vol. 11, no. 2 (spring 1984), 5–6.
3. See Elizabeth Cometti, ed. *The American Journals of Lt. John Enys* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Adirondack Museum and Syracuse University Press, 1976).

Fishing in the North American Lakes and Rivers

by the author of "The Backwoods of America"

Long before I ever looked upon the "broad blue waters" of the Great Lakes of America, I had visited and angled in nearly all the little "ponds and pools," that we Britons, in pure national vanity, are pleased to dignify with the name of "lakes"; and, as a matter of course, conceived some of them of amazing importance. There was my old neighbour, the far-famed and celebrated Windermere, whose size has often astonished my younger days; and when I first beheld the wide-spreading Loch Lomond, I marvelled how our little island could contain so vast a body of pent-up waters! To the delightful scenery of our own lakes I refer not, to

> "Despise those beauties once so much admired."

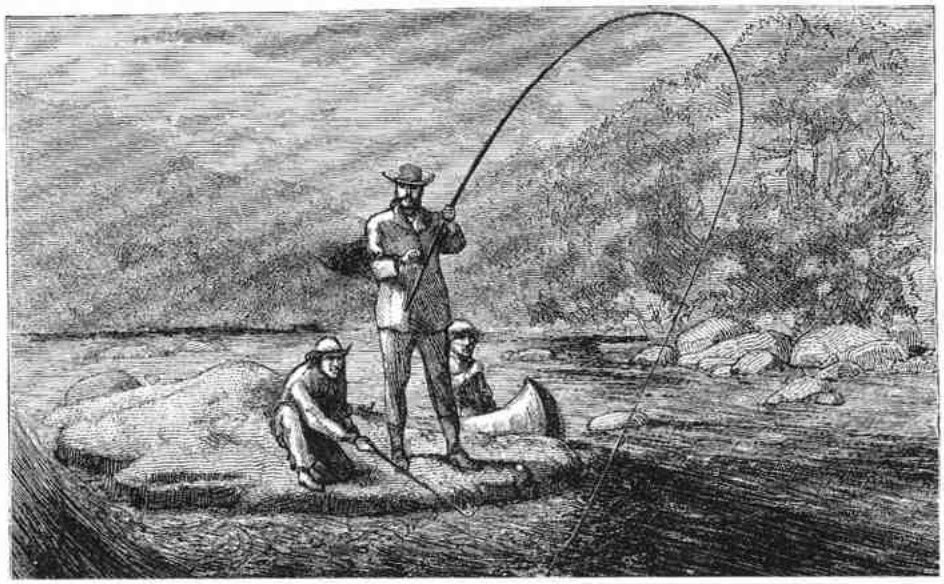
I speak only of their size as compared with the lakes of other countries. As for Windermere—after all, what does it resemble? It is just like a portion of a middle-sized river, of irregular breadth; for in some places it is narrow, crooked, and altogether river-like. In America it would scarcely pass for a "pond" of middle size; and the people, most probably, would apply to it the term "Rock Pond," or "Crooked Pond," or some name equally unpoetic and unclassical. Give me, however, my native valleys, mountains, lakes, and woods, in preference to all that I have elsewhere seen! And now, when I have roamed over the wide world until my eyes have become "sated with seeing," give me, I say, in life's decline, those scenes of my early youth again to gaze upon and admire—to wean back my heart that I might lay it at the feet of my "first love"; and, oh! that I could *feel,* while I repeat, with the poet—

> "I still have hopes, 'midst all vexations past,
> Here to return, and die at home at last."

But I set out with the intention of giving some account of fishing in the Great Lakes of America, and here I am still lingering among the "blue mountains of Cumberland."

I remember being present at a sale by auction, when the whole angling apparatus of a deceased commandant of a British regiment was brought to the hammer,—not to liquidate the debts of the gallant officer, but those of a drunken, worthless vagabond—a half-Indian, to whom his late master had bequeathed—not only his fishing implements, but his "guns an' pistols an' a',"—indeed everything that had belonged to him as a sportsman. The sale took place in a small town where elegant fishing rods were but little known, and quite as little valued; and where the people would as soon have thought of casting their old hats upon the broad waters of their rivers and lakes, as they would the choicest flies that ever were "dubbed and dressed." On that occasion a splendid fly rod fetched 1*s.* 9*d.*; two silk landing-nets, and the same number of basket-panniers, 1*s.* 0½*d.*; and a fishing-book, regularly crammed with lines, hooks, flies, gimcrackery and nicknackery of all descriptions, sold for 2*s.* 1*d.*!! And pray, the reader probably may ask, what am I to understand by all this? The

Pool below the Chute. In Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters. *New York: The American News Company, 1875, 245.*



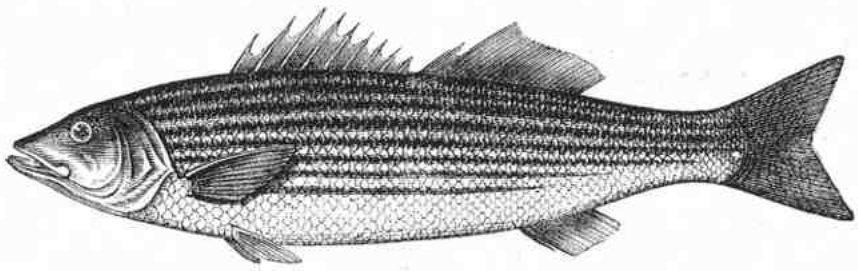
The general fighting a 34-pound fish. George Dawson,
Pleasures of Angling with Rod and Reel for Trout and Salmon.
New York: Sheldon & Company, 1876, fp178.

answer appears obvious—that the country where this took place is not a country of anglers. And yet some of them do angle a little, too, in their peculiar manner; but when they fish for bass along the shores, they use "fishing-poles," cut in the adjoining woods for present use; a few feet of "twine," or "whip-cord," serving the purpose of a more legitimate fishing-line; while the hook is baited with a worm, grub, grasshopper, or any sort of diminutive fish that can be easily procured.

From the days of my childhood almost, I may say, I have been accustomed to *fishing*, in one way or another; having been brought up on the banks of one of the finest trout streams in the north of England; and a partiality for good old Izaak's favourite amusement seems to have increased with increasing years. Think, then, how I must have been surprised—nay, horrified—when I found those colonists (among whom I had gone to sojourn for a season) setting so little store by the late Colonel _____'s beautiful apparatus: I thought I had never witnessed the old adage of throwing pearls before swine so truly verified.

It has been my lot to fish in *three* of the Great Lakes—namely, Ontario, Erie, and Huron—as well as in a vast number of other lakes and pieces of water. The American lakes, for the most part, are well stocked with fish; several kinds of which are of a good quality. By the term "fishing," I would wish to be understood all the usual modes of taking fish, such as angling, spearing, netting, &c. Every person familiar with this pastime, will be aware that, except in the bays, creeks, and shallows of those large lakes, angling must be out of the question; and nearly so are all other modes of fishing. Many of the farmers who live within a moderate distance of Erie and Ontario provide nets, or seines, the flax of which they are made being grown upon their own farms, and afterwards spun and netted in their own families.

As soon as the ice breaks up in the spring, the farmers, in small bodies, repair to the bays, and such fishing-ground as these lakes afford, where they will drag for fish during the whole night; filling, if the fish be pretty abundant, two or three barrels by the hour of sunrise, which they convey home in a wagon, and salt down for a supply of provisions for the summer. But this species of night-fishing, at so early a season of the year, and while the water is still so very cold, is not resorted to as a matter of pleasure or amusement, but of profit; for, although those engaged kindle fires upon the beach to warm themselves, and for the convenience of knowing where to draw their nets ashore, on the whole it is an uncomfortable business. The fish they take in excursions of this sort consist of bass—black, white,



THE STRIPED BASS.

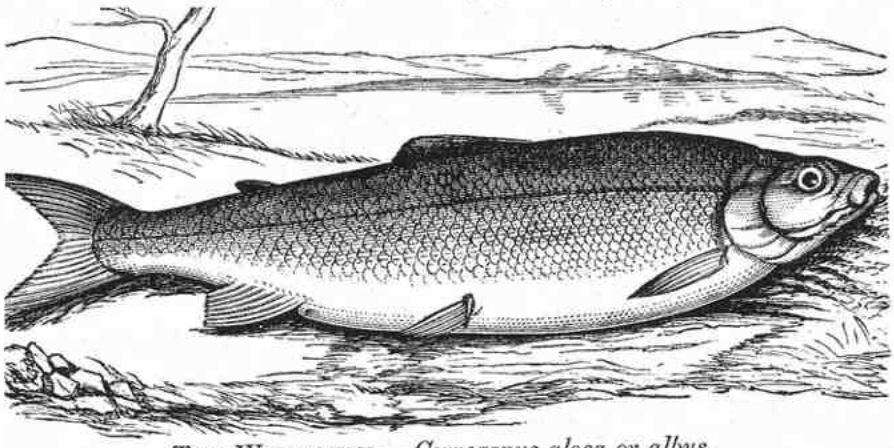
From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters.
New York: The American News Company, 1875, 46.

TAKING A SCRAPE COOLLY.

An illustration from one of George Tattersall's twelve articles published in the Sporting Review *in 1839–1840. David Ledlie notes the initials GT at the lower left and assumes the image was drawn by Tattersall and engraved by EL (lower right).*

striped, and rock; fresh-water herring; pickerel; grey or salmon trout; muskanungi (pike); some white-fish; besides a long catalogue of other sorts, the most of them worthless or of little value. Salmon and eels are found in Lake Ontario, but not above the Niagara Falls.

Of all the fish connected with the Great Lakes, the white-fish, which, when full-grown, weighs from three to five pounds, and shaped, something like a slender trout, is considered the greatest delicacy. These fish, however, are far from abundant, since they are only found in some particular situations, and rarely in large shoals. Those caught in the Detroit River, and in the vicinity of Lake St. Clair, are esteemed the very best that are anywhere to be met with. Early in the season the herring (which is exceedingly abundant) is a tolerable fish; but as soon as the warm weather sets in, its flesh is considered unwholesome. All the varieties of bass are tolerably good, especially the black and striped, both of which are great favourites at the tables of most Americans, and are much angled for (after a rude fashion) from the shores, wharfs, and piers of their harbours and rivers. The pickerel is a tolerably good fish, and is caught in the lakes and ponds in the interior of the country, when all other sorts of fish are extremely scarce; and to a person who is willing to expose himself to a great degree of cold, pickerel fishing sometimes affords very good amusement. The season when I have usually known it practised with the greatest success is from Christmas to the middle of February, the smaller lakes being then all completely closed with ice. Having ascertained the favourite haunts of these fish, which can only be done by fishing for them occasionally during the summer, as many small holes are cut in the ice as the party propose putting down lines. A hole is then bored in a thin and narrow piece of shingle, or board, not more than a few inches from one extremity, then a piece of a round stick is inserted through the said hole, and placed on the ice, so that one end (the short end) of the piece of board or shingle may rest directly over the hole cut in the ice. To this (the short end), the line, baited with a small live fish, a large grub, or a piece of fresh pork, is attached, and let down into the water to



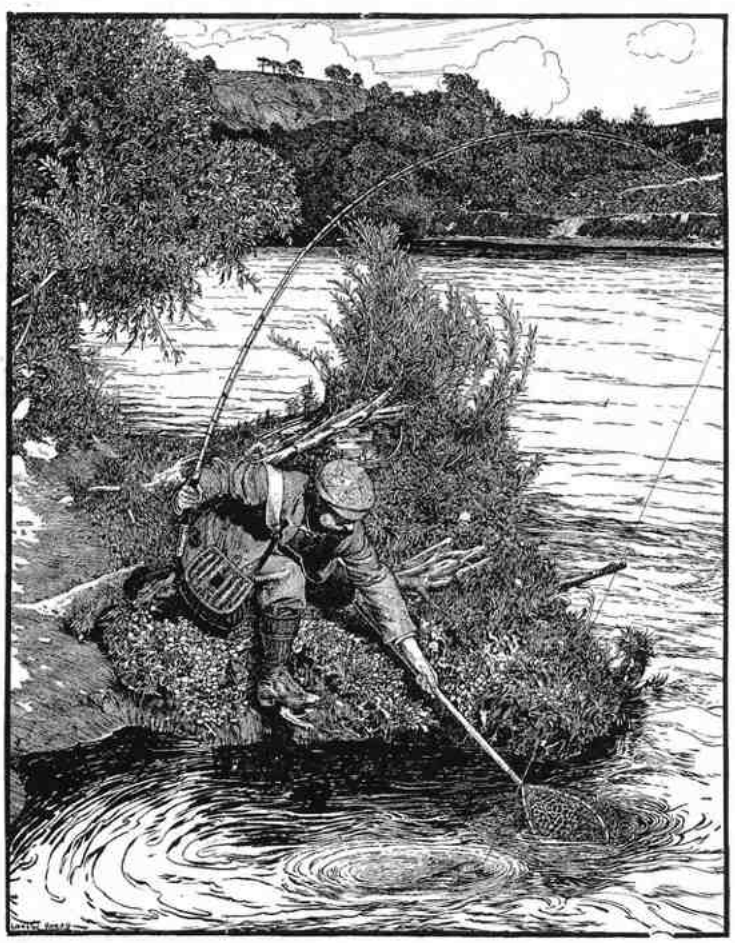
THE WHITEFISH.—*Corregonus alosa or albus.*

From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters. *New York: The American News Company, 1875, 290.*

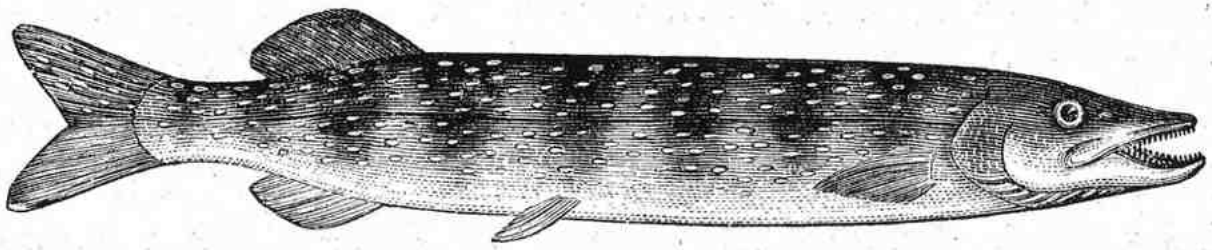
the depth of ten, fifteen, or twenty feet; so that when it is but slightly molested, the piece of board, or shingle, is seen to shake; and if a fish bite freely, and with a tolerable pull, down goes the end to which the line is attached, and up rises the longer extremity to a perpendicular position; and, should the fish make much play, the stick keeps bobbing up and down in a very interesting manner. After the disagreeable operation of cutting holes through the ice, when it is probably a foot thick, and baiting all the hooks with the thermometer at zero—when the angler has got thirty or forty lines prepared in this manner, and the pickerel are in the right humour—there is no lack of either sport or exercise in running from line to line, as you witness the various sticks put in motion by the biting of the fish.

In the far northwest, the parties of fur-traders are obliged to lay up, during the latter part of summer, immense quantities of fish, which they dry in the sun, as well as partially smoke, on which to subsist during the long winter, since there they have neither corn nor bread, and but an exceedingly precarious dependence upon the wild game that their hunters may be able to procure at that inclement season. An old fur-trader, who spent upwards of twenty years at the remote fur-stations, assured me that the quantity of dried fish consumed by his party (consisting of about twenty-six persons), was almost incredible. His opinion was that each of them ate from four to six pounds per day when they had nothing else to subsist on; and although they grew rather stout upon their fish diet, they, at the same time, were capable of sustaining but very little severe exercise.

The grey or salmon trout, as this fish is called through all parts of the country where it is found, frequently grows to a large size in the Great Lakes, weighing as much as thirty or forty pounds, and is decidedly the best fish found in the American lakes. It rarely, however, leaves the deep waters, except in the spawning season, so that but few are taken in the ordinary seine-fishing. I have devoted much time to salmon-trout fishing, but even in the smaller lakes, and, shallower waters, I was never able to kill many of these fish with any fly that I could procure or make myself. There was one plan, however, in which I was eminently successful, and which used to afford me much (though not very refined) amusement. This plan consisted in stretching a long line across some bay or narrow portion of a lake, supported by floats of light pine timber (cork being scarce in the backwoods), thirty or forty feet asunder; each extremity of the line being supported by a larger float, and firmly anchored. To each float on the main line I attached a baited line of the length of twenty, thirty, or forty feet, according to the depth of the water. There were several varieties of small fish, but experience taught me that these trout preferred a small live gudgeon, or dace, to any other.



The end of a stiff fight, from The Speckled Brook Trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) by various experts with rod and reel, *edited and illustrated by Louis Rhead. New York: R. H. Russell, 1902, fp 144.*



American Pickerel, or Pike.

From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters. *New York: The American News Company, 1875, 266.*

EXTRACTS FROM HUNTING JOURNALS.

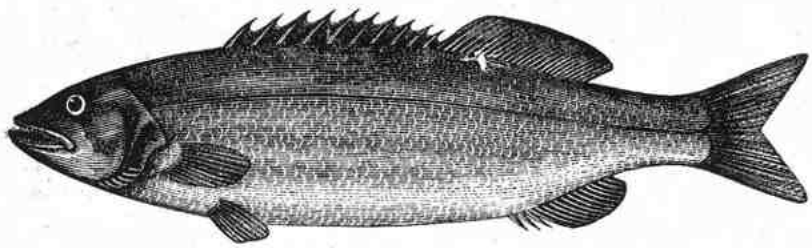
LEICESTERSHIRE.

An ornamental illustration from the Sporting Review, *1839, p. 280. George Tattersall was a feature writer for the British periodical.*

I commonly visited my lines morning and evening, when the weather permitted; and, when I found the fish in an extraordinary humour for biting, in the middle of the day too. Occasionally I have found as many fish upon the hooks as half the number of floats, and when this happened twice or thrice in the day, I considered my luck capital. For several years I had a lad, to whom I had given the name of "Friday," that used to accompany me in my fishing excursions. He was a capital hand with an oar or scull, as well as a most expert swimmer. He would paddle our little shallop with much dexterity along the line even when a brisk breeze was blowing; and in calm weather, when we witnessed several of the floats bobbing up and down as we approached them, he used to get so excited that I could scarcely keep him in the boat. I do not pretend that any peculiar science was required in this sort of fishing, and yet I never knew any one else that attempted it succeed half so well as I did. When a very large fish happened to be on one of the lines, it was no easy matter to get it safely into our boat; for, after allowing itself to be hauled up within ten or twelve feet of the surface, and distinctly into view, it would then begin struggling and plunging with all its power; and, lest the line should break, or the hook tear away its hold, it became necessary to permit it to dive to the full extent of the line, and then, after its struggling had somewhat subsided, to commence hauling in anew. I am not conscious that my nerves are of a peculiarly weak or delicate nature; but I yet perfectly remember the excited state of my feelings when I have hauled up a splendid trout, weighing, probably, from twenty to twenty-five pounds; when the fish, perceiving the nature of its situation, would begin to struggle and flounder about with more than its wonted strength and energy; and, at the very moment when I expected to land it safely in the bottom of our little boat, another plunge—and out flies the hook—and away dives the fish into the deepest part of the water!

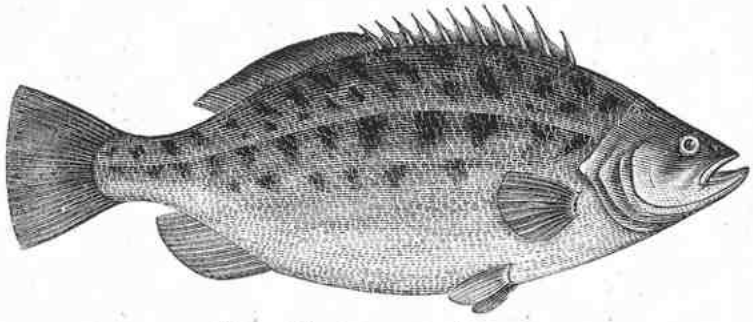
There is one peculiarity connected with this species of salmon-trout, that while some of those found in the Great Lakes grow to the very large size already mentioned, in lakes of the second class, such as are found in the eastern or middle states, these fish rarely attain the weight of ten or twelve pounds; while, in the small class of lakes, a fish of this species, weighing five pounds, is considered of an unusually large size.

The muskanungi (the name the Indians have given to the pike of the Great Lakes) is not very frequently fallen in with, and scarcely ever trolled for. I have occasionally met with them in the Detroit and Niagara rivers, and have known them to weigh from seventy to ninety pounds. These fish, and sturgeon, which are found in great numbers in some parts of the above-named rivers, are sometimes met with when spearing other fish by torch-light; and many a time have I seen my man Friday mounted astride of one of these huge creatures, and going at a brave pace through the water. On striking a spear into a fish of so large a size, from a small boat, or canoe, it is impossible to hold it securely to the bottom of the water, because the boat falls off when the weight of the body is brought to bear, in an oblique direction, upon the speared fish. When the prongs of either mine or Friday's trident had pierced one of the largest of these fish, it would have been in vain to attempt getting it into our little vessel until it became weak through loss of blood, or its struggles in attempting to escape; so that the instant Friday saw how matters stood, he would resign his paddle to me, and bounce into the water. If he could manage to bestride the fish, and get upon its back—the upright handle of the spear acting as a rudder and support at the same time, the probability was that the chase would not be a long one. While he and the fish were flouncing along, my business was to keep as near as possible, and to assist in preventing the creature from getting into the deep water, which it invariably made for; which if it had reached, as a matter of course, it was soon relieved of its troublesome rider. This, however, Friday heeded but little; for, as he could swim like a cork, it was all the same to him; and if, in the heat of pursuit, he occasionally got a little out of his reckoning, the blazing fire in our little craft served as a beacon to guide him back again. On some occasions I have bestrode a sturgeon myself, when the nights and the water were warm; but it was when I had less amphibious companions than my man Friday.



THE BLACK BASS.—*Centrarchus fasciatus.*—De Kay.

From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters. *New York: The American News Company, 1875, 281.*



Rock Bass of the Lakes.

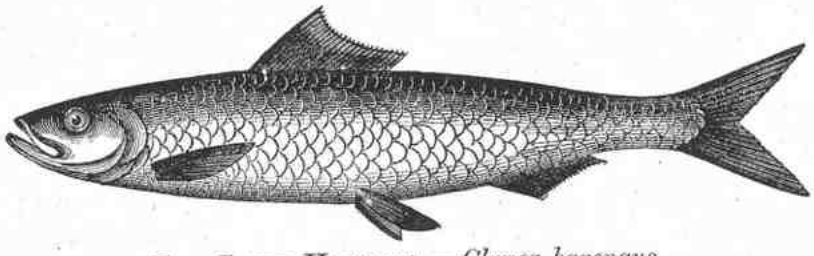
From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters. *New York: The American News Company, 1875, 286.*

There is yet another thing that ought to be mentioned, as connected with angling in the streams and creeks of America. When a section of the country is first peopled, the trout, with which nearly all the streams are abundantly supplied, are literally so tame that neither science nor cunning is requisite to take them in almost any quantities; since MAN, the common destroyer of the brute creation, they know not to be their enemy. I have frequently gone alone, or in the company of a friend, five, ten, or fifteen miles, into the depth of the uninhabited forest, to angle for these tame and simple trout. There you might present yourself on the verge of some small pool, when the noon-day sun was shedding its chequered rays on the perfectly smooth and transparent waters, and count the exact number of which the little shoal consisted, without their appearing more afraid of you than if you had been the stump of one of the forest trees. I have occasionally seated myself on the bank to try the experiment of killing every fish in the place; and no sooner had I dropped my hook upon the water, baited with a worm, grasshopper, grub, or any other insect common to the country, then a general dash at it took place, every one of them attempting to seize it at the same moment. Not even the splashing and the struggling of the hooked fish appeared to intimidate the rest; for in a few seconds after their comrade had been hauled ashore, they were all again in a state of quiescent watchfulness, ready to make another dash at the treacherous bait as soon as it should reach the water. I have, over and over again, killed every fish in a pool containing two or three dozen, without moving from the position I first took up, except when it was necessary for me to do so in taking some of them off the hook.

I have frequently made excursions into the wilderness for a couple of days, accompanied by some friend, with a boy to take charge of the horses, and to dress and manage the fish we caught; when, if amusement could be calculated by the number of fish we killed, ours certainly must have been of a very high order; for two of us have bagged upwards of thirty scores in a single twenty-four hours, out of which about nine hours were taken up in smoking and sleeping, without reckoning those consumed at meals. The trout found in the solitary streams of the forest might be taken with almost any kind of artificial flies, provided they could be fished with; but, owing to the nature of the woods, it is impossible to make use of a line more than a few feet in length; and it is equally necessary that it should be well loaded with sinkers, in order to keep it from entangling where you have to drop it through small openings in the branches, and among numerous leaves and small fibres.

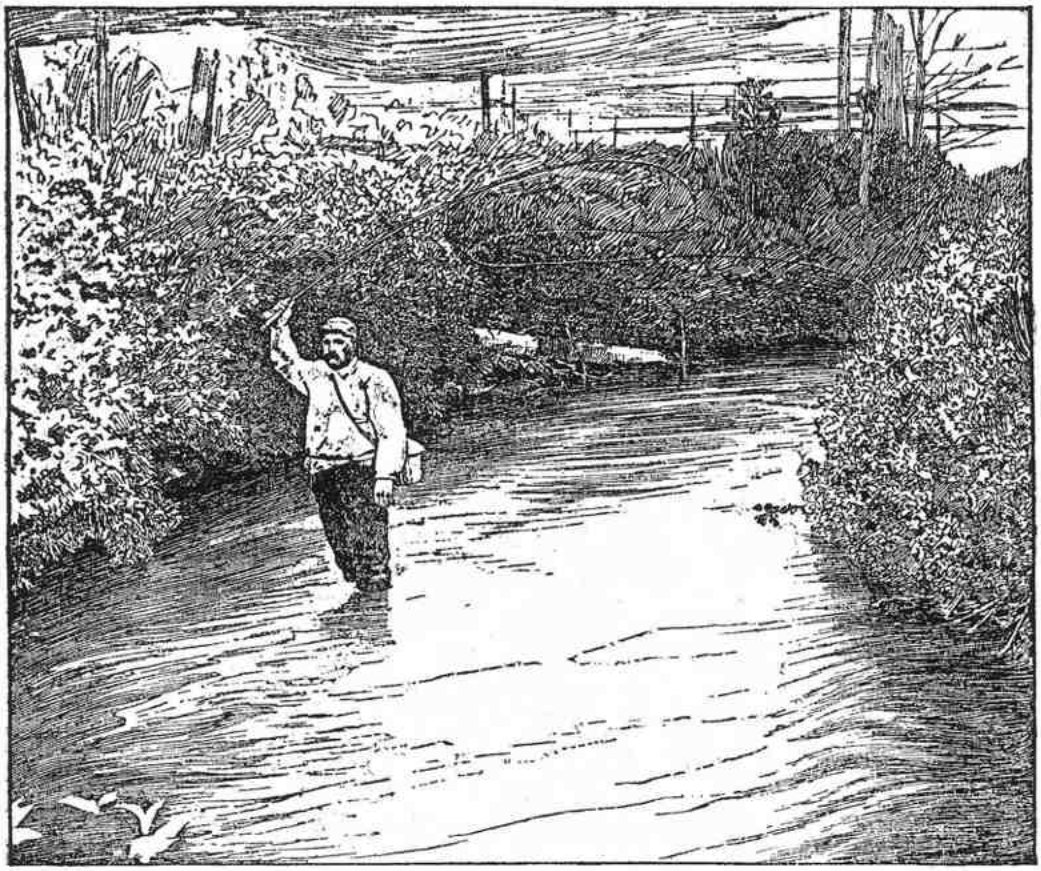
Where no skill or science is necessary to ensure success, angling, like any other diversion where the feelings are interested and excited, loses its chief, its most delightful charm. *Quantity* is very frequently but an indifferent substitute for quality; and I would infinitely prefer spending the greater part of a fine spring day by the side of one of our own delightful valley streams in killing four or five dozen good-sized trout, to passing a long, lonely, and toilsome day in the rude wilderness of the west, though ten times the number should be the reward of my labour.

I will here add a curious discovery I made when setting long float-lines in the American lakes for the grey trout. The water where this occurred was about one hundred feet deep; while the baited lines were not over fifteen or



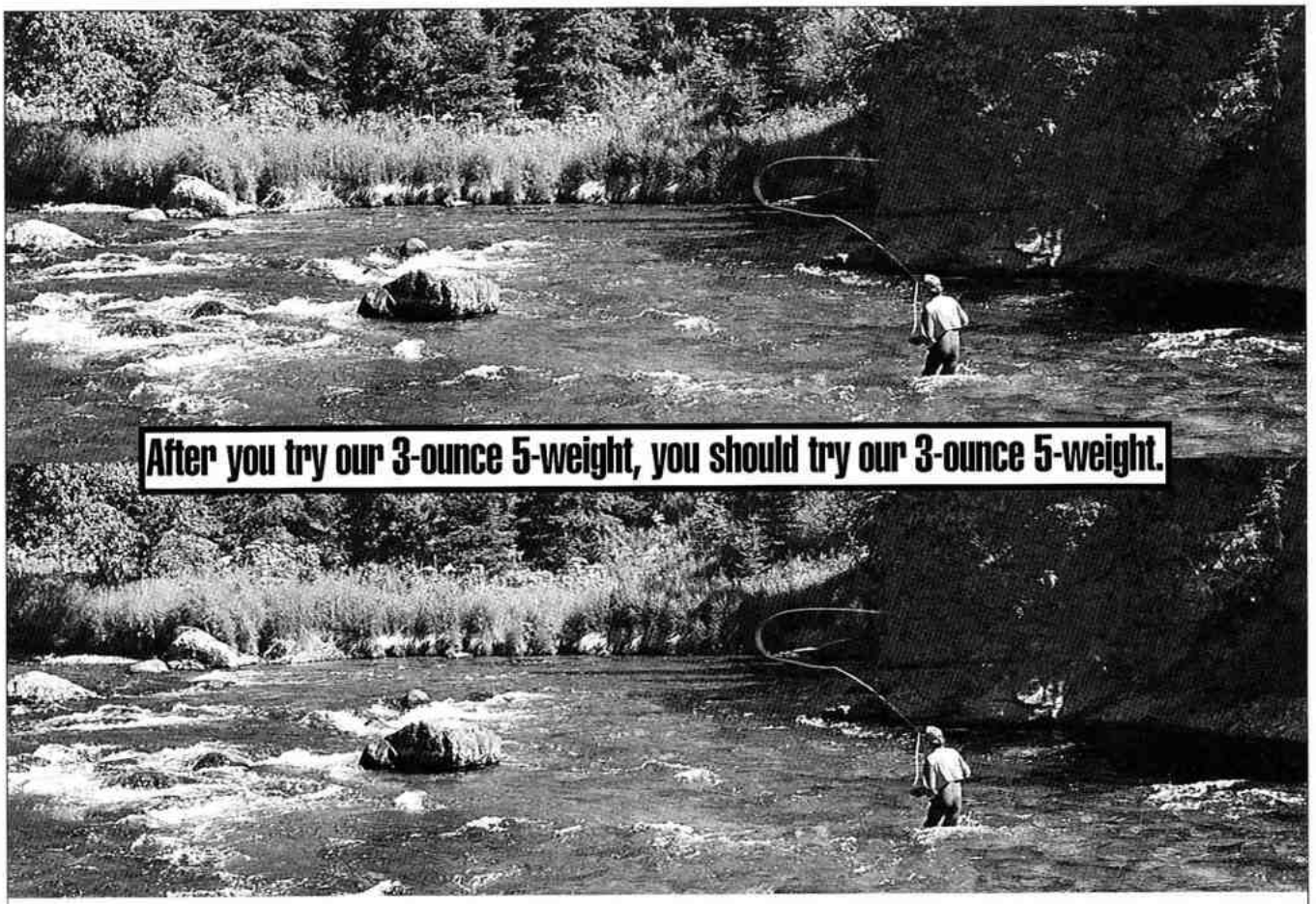
The Lake Herring.—*Clupea harengus.*

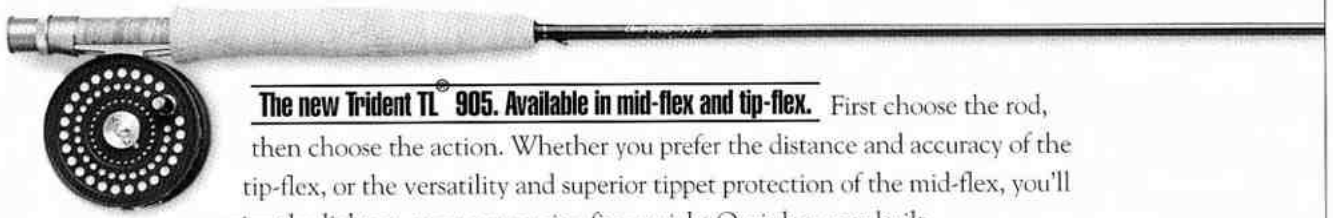
From Genio C. Scott, Fishing in American Waters. *New York: The American News Company, 1875, 292.*



From The Speckled Brook Trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) by various experts with rod and reel, *edited and illustrated by Louis Rhead. New York: R. H. Russell, 1902, p. 167.*

twenty feet long, and, consequently, eighty feet at the least from the bottom. One morning, in the latter part of summer, I visited my lines as usual, and found a fine eel, weighing upwards of three pounds, on one of the hooks; and, although this was the first instance of the kind I had heard of, during several succeeding weeks, I daily took nearly as many eels as trout, some of them weighing upwards of four pounds; in short, they were the richest and most delightful fish of the kind I had ever caught. Had either extremity of my main, or floating line, extended into the shallow water near the shore, I might have conjectured that these eels had discovered the bait near the extremity of the line, and thus have been induced to pass on from bait to bait until they reached the deep water, but this was not the case; both ends of the line being anchored in the deep. On other occasions, I have been exceedingly annoyed at finding nearly all my floats in motion; when, on drawing up the bait-lines, instead of a number of fine salmon-trout, I found their places supplied by as many filthy catfish, shaped like a parcel of tadpoles. Then came the difficulty of unattaching them, for the hooks were invariably buried in the thick and tough folds of the stomach, the prickly fins rendering it exceedingly difficult to handle them without having the hands severely wounded. The easiest way of disposing of these "ugly customers," when they happened to leave their haunts along the sedgy shores, and wander out into the deep water to annoy me, was that of hauling them up to the surface, and cutting off the lines close to the fish's mouth—letting them escape with my hooks sticking fast in their stomachs, to be digested at their leisure, and to serve as a warning to them for the future. The shad is a delicious sea-fish, and ascends many of the American rivers, some hundreds of miles, during the spring, when it is caught in great numbers. The shad and mackerel caught at that season, are salted down in vast quantities, and become, during the rest of the year, staple articles of provision in the back settlements.





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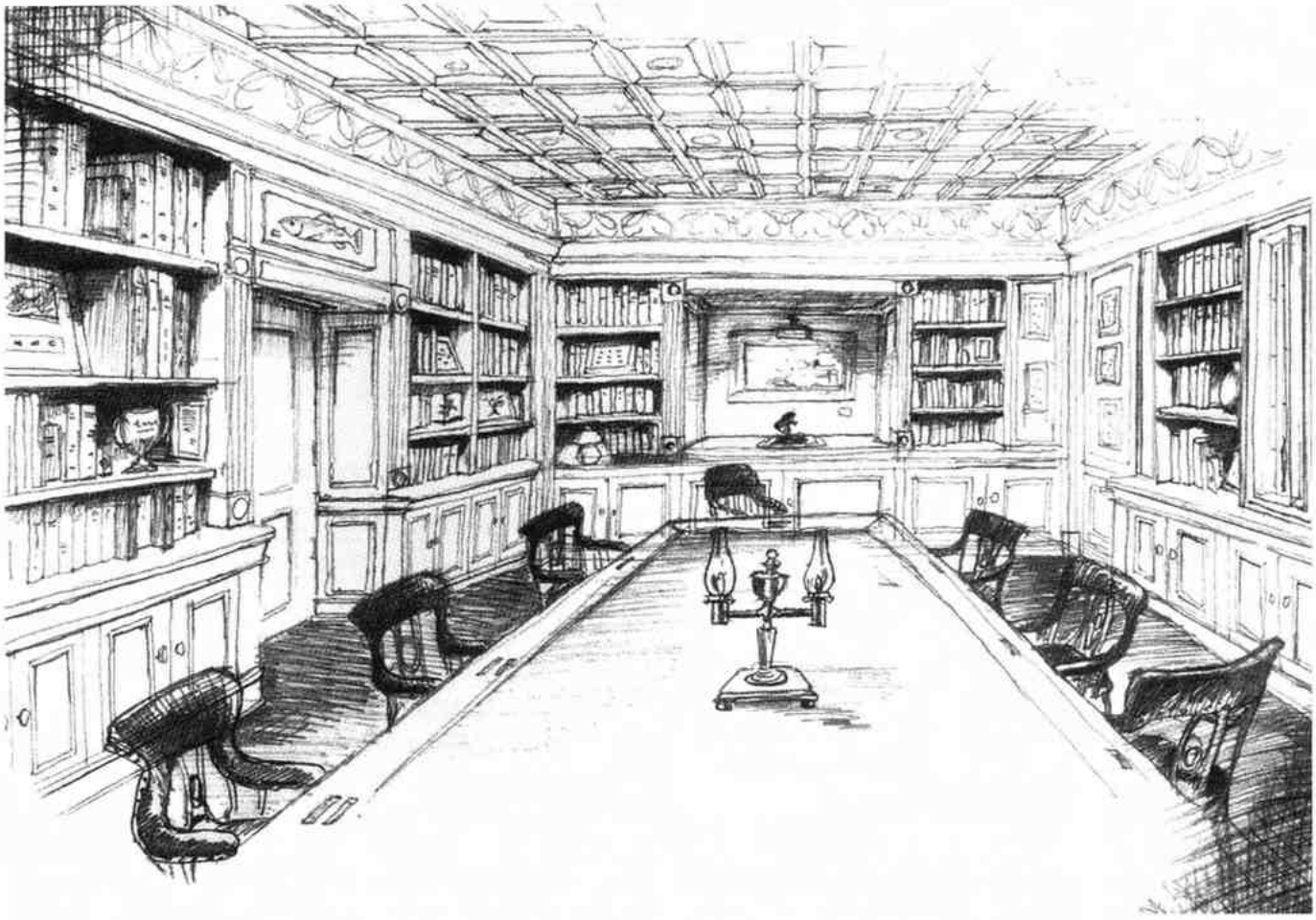
Preserving Our Heritage for Future Generations

Conceptual drawing of the Brookside campus.

In 2003, the American Museum of Fly Fishing, a nonprofit educational institution dedicated to preserving the rich heritage of fly fishing, celebrates its thirty-fifth anniversary. Today, the Museum serves as the repository and conservator of the world's largest collection of fly-angling artifacts. The Museum's collections and exhibits provide the public with documentation of the evolution of fly fishing as a sport, art form, craft, and industry throughout the world from 200 A.D. to today. Rods, reels, and flies—as well as art, books, manuscripts, and photographs—form the Museum's major collection components. Other significant holdings include a presidential and personalities collection featuring the tackle of such world-famous luminaries as Ernest Hemingway, Winslow Homer, and Presidents Eisenhower, Hoover, and Cleveland, among others.

The Museum has gained recognition as a unique educational institution. It supports a publications program through which its international quarterly, *The American Fly Fisher*—as well as books, art prints, catalogs, and newsletters—are regularly offered to the public. The Museum's traveling exhibits program has made it possible for quality educational exhibits to be viewed across the United States, Canada, and abroad. "Anglers All," the Museum's largest traveling exhibit, has been seen by more than three million people at venues such as the



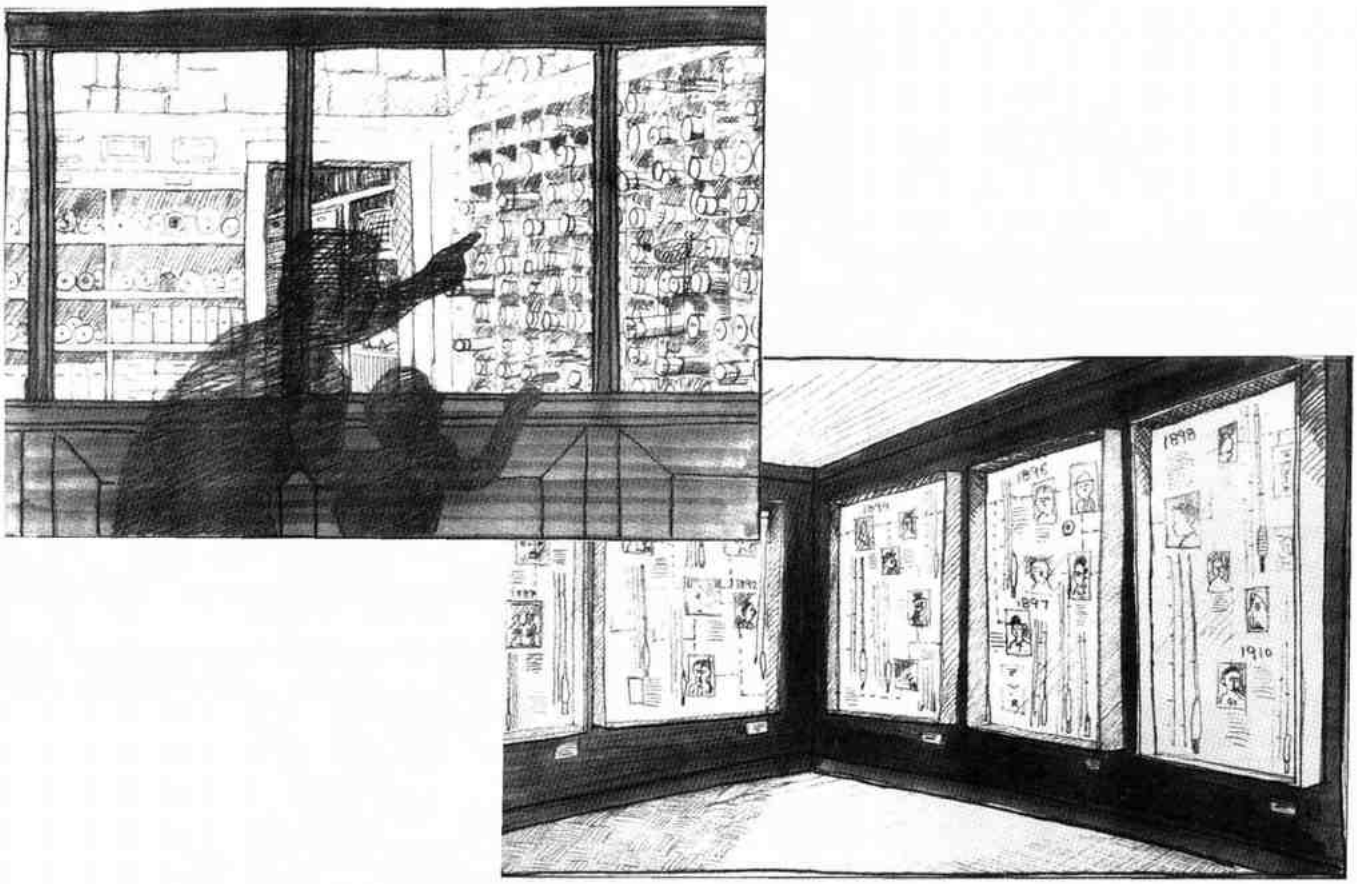
Conceptual drawing of the rare book and meeting room.

California Academy of Sciences, the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, and the Cleveland Museum of Natural History. The Museum also provides in-house exhibits, related interpretive programming, and research services for members and visiting scholars, authors, and students.

For museums as well as for people, businesses, and nations, there are "defining moments" that rise from a confluence of unusual events and special opportunities. Possibilities beckon. The moment calls upon us for a bold response, and how we respond defines who we are and all that we will be thereafter.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing has such a rare moment before it today. We have the chance to take an Olympian leap forward toward realizing our long-stated goal: the acquisition of a uniquely situated property that will triple available gallery and archival storage space in the heart of Manchester's activity center. An added benefit to the Museum will be the property's location, immediately adjacent to the new Orvis Company flagship store, with its anticipated 250,000 visitors per year.

From its most modest beginnings nearly thirty-five years ago in a spare alcove at the Orvis Company, to—after a successful capital campaign—a small building of its own on a quiet village street corner, dozens of volunteers, full- and part-time staff, and determined trustees and supporters have



Conceptual drawings of the rod storage room and rod exhibit.

pressed the Museum toward this moment. To meet its goals, to take full advantage of its potential, the Museum must have more and better space in a more advantageous location. Recognizing that the Museum's current housing had outlived its effectiveness, its board of trustees voted on 4 November 2001 to commit to the acquisition and renovation of the Brookside property, backing that commitment with 100 percent participation in funding—in full—the $1.5 million Brookside acquisition costs. This was known as the Phase I fund. Their contributions, as well as those from a small circle of Museum friends, enabled the Museum to move forward, taking the first step toward capturing its "defining moment."

The virtues of the Brookside acquisition are immense: excellent custom space for a major library, special exhibitions, demonstration areas, a fine gift shop, and proper archival storage. In fact, the board's commitment to the Phase I funding needs prompted noted fly-fishing publisher and author Nick Lyons to donate his 1,500-volume library to the Museum. Added to the Museum's already substantial library holdings, the Lyons library gift took the Museum to the top of the world's angling libraries. Other significant gifts are sure to follow, their donors comfortably impressed with the Museum's refreshed ability to house and care for their donations of art and artifacts.

The successful completion of Phase I funding for the Brookside project enabled the Museum to move forward, acquire the property, and begin renovations. The Phase II campaign has two goals: (1) to create exciting exhibits and programming at the Brookside campus to address the needs and expectations of a growing and sophisticated audience; and (2) to create an endowment fund, the very foundation for all future programming and services.

"In perpetuity" is a promise appropriate to a sport with the history and tradition of fly fishing. It is a promise that carries with it an obligation and a challenge, reflected in the goals of this campaign: goals that can, and will, be attainable through the determination and dedication of the Museum's trustees, staff, and volunteers.

The end purpose of this campaign is not merely to increase the size of the Museum and its collections, but to expand its role in the life of the world's angling community as it moves into the twenty-first century.

The future Brookside campus.

Now is the time for our members to join our trustees and friends who made the move to the Brookside campus possible, with a gift dedicated to either the new Phase II Brookside endowment fund or the construction fund. We need your help to make our new home everything it can be, both now and, through the endowment fund, in the future.

Brookside itself and the Batten Kill (our "home" river) system provide our giving levels:

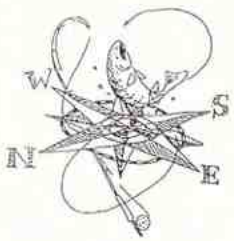
The Brookside Group: gifts of $200,000 or more
The Batten Kill Club: $100,000–$199,999
The West Branch Club: $50,000–$99,999
The Green River Club: $25,000–$49,999
The Lye Brook Club: $10,000–$24,999
The Bourne Brook Club: $5,000–$9,999
The Roaring Branch Club: $1,000–$4,999

Gifts at these levels will be recognized in the entry of the new Museum. Gifts of $100 to $999 will be recognized by bricks, etched with the donor's name, in our new walkway.

Importantly, the Museum has been given a challenge grant of $100,000 by one of our members, Mr. Peter Kellogg, which must be met by ten gifts of at least $10,000 each to receive the grant. Please help us receive this important gift by giving at the Lye Brook level or above! Our members will receive a Brookside campaign package soon.

Nick Lyons wrote, "In thirty-five years the Museum has established a strong foundation, true professionalism, independence, and strength. The Brookside Property offers an opportunity that is not to be missed. We must all seize this moment and bring to it our deepest pockets and most generous hearts."

We hope you feel the same.



Museum Donors

Our sincere thanks to those who contributed to fund the Museum's important work.

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The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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WEBSITE: www.amff.com

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum)

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

Membership dues include four issues of *The American Fly Fisher*. Please send your payment to the Membership Director and include your mailing address. The Museum is a member of the American Association of Museums, the American Association of State and Local History, the New England Association of Museums, the Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance, and the International Association of Sports Museums and Halls of Fame. We are a nationally accredited, nonprofit, educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

SUPPORT!

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

BACK ISSUES!

Available at $4 per copy:

Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
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Volume 18, Numbers 1, 2, 4
Volume 19, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 20, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 21, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
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Volume 24, Numbers 1, 4
Volume 25, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 26, Numbers 1, 2, 4
Volume 27, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 28, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 29, Number 1

Museum News

Diana Siebold

Terry Talcott, John Allsopp, James Baker, Judith Bowman, Jim Bowman, Virginia Williams, Jeff Williams, and Dean Burling at the New York Anglers' Club Dinner/Auction.

New York Anglers' Club Dinner/Auction

To say that this year's dinner/auction at the New York Anglers' Club was a spirited one would not do it justice. What an amazing group assembled for this event. Seventy-two attendees, including six Museum trustees, packed into the club for our annual fund-raiser on February 6.

We were especially pleased with our first event of the year. Not only did Gary, my friend/assistant Annette, and I have a thoroughly enjoyable evening, but each table seemed to have a life of its own (see photos). One photo (above) includes Judith Bowman—committee member, auction donor, and sponsor of the event—expressing her delight; the other (page 24) includes the waving Dr. Mark Sherman who, with his brother Gary, not only donated a day of fishing in New York Harbor (these two are famous for being on ESPN's *The Reel Guys* and showing the rest of the world how much fun fly fishing can be), but spontaneously threw in another offering to fish with them on the Henryville.

I've done about twenty-five fund-raisers in the past two-and-a-half years, and I don't believe I have heard as much laughing and talking among friends as we witnessed in New York. We also received numerous compliments on the dinner; our thanks to those who expressed their appreciation.

This group deserves kudos for all their efforts on our behalf. Thanks to our dinner chair, Ian Mackay, and his committee members: James H. Baker, Jim and Judith Bowman, Bob Johnson, John I. Larkin, Carmine Lisella, John Mundt Jr., Pamela Murray, Michael Osborne, Stephen Peet, and David E. Sgorbati. Our event sponsors were Jim and Judith Bowman, William C. Morris, John Mundt Jr., Thomas O'Brien, Mike and Debby Osborne, Stephen Peet, Bob and Karen Scott, and Richard Strain.

And without the following group of auction donors, our event would not have been so successful: Jerry and Linda

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Diana Siebold

Present at the Sherman brothers table were Steve Harris, Josh Rudolph, Bob Lanano, Carmine Lisella, Gary Sherman, Mark Sherman, Todd Sherman, and Steve Sherman.

Bottcher and the Hungry Trout Motor Inn, Judith Bowman Books, Rachel Finn, Carmine Lisella and the Jordan Mills Rod Company, Ian Mackay and Parkside Club, Pocono Manor and Ralph Megliola, the Manchester View Motel, John Mundt Jr., Stephen and Roberta Peet, the Perfect Wife, Mark and Gary Sherman, and I. Tatnall Starr II. We would also like to recognize those who could not attend but supported our event as well: John A. McKinney Jr., Mr. and Mrs. James M. Osborne Jr., and Kristoph Rollenhagen.

And finally, our sincere thanks to our host, the Anglers' Club of New York, and to Mary O'Malley and her very capable staff. The meal was delicious as always, and they took very good care of our group. Cheers!

—Diana Siebold

Fly-Fishing Shows

The Museum participated in three fly-fishing shows this winter. Executive Director Gary Tanner traveled to Denver, Colorado, in December and was joined once again by John Betts and Gordon Wickstrom to delight the Denver audience with their quick wit and sense of humor. They have been quite a trio for the past few years and have quite a time of it!

Diana Siebold and Yoshi Akiyama went to Marlborough, Massachusetts, in January and had a very good show, as attendance was up this year (at least at our booth!). Much interest has been generated by our new Museum, and many folks stopped by to chat about it. Bob Warren faithfully showed up on Thursday to help set up our booth as he does every year, and we thank him! We were also visited by Trustees Pam Bates and John Mundt Jr. Friends Peter Castagnetti and Stanley Bogden delighted us with some great fly-fishing stories. Yoshi and I thoroughly enjoyed their company and look forward to their visit next year!

The Somerset Show in mid-January was a good outing for us. Gary Tanner and Diana Siebold attended this show during a deep winter freeze. The climate was about 50 degrees cooler than last year, and being the first booth by the main entrance gave new meaning to "earning your paycheck"! The time-line panels we usually bring to New Jersey are hanging now in the new Orvis flagship store, so our actual booth space decreased from three spaces to one. Our new booth neighbor this year was Casting for Recovery, a group that provides fly-fishing retreats for women who have or have had breast cancer. Their booth was staffed by Museum member, *Vermont* magazine publisher, and CFR volunteer Kate Fox. It was delightful to have her near us, and Kate met with quite a few other folks who were glad to see her there as well.

—Diana Siebold

Recent Donations

A rare three-piece, 12-foot Thaddeus Norris rod with two midsections and three tips was donated by **Mrs. Frances Borie** of Philadelphia.

John M. Kauffmann of Yarmouth, Maine, donated an Orvis three-piece lancewood fly rod with two extra tips (c. 1890) and a Kosmi three-piece bamboo fly rod with one extra tip.

Trustee **David Walsh** of Truro, Massachusetts, donated a book by Patricia Junker with Sarah Burns, *Winslow Homer, Artist and Angler* (San Francisco: Amon Carter Museum and Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, 2002).

Upcoming Events

Annual Dinner and Sporting Auctions

June 21
Manchester Dinner/Auction and Annual Trustee Meeting
Bromley Mountain Wild Boar Restaurant
Peru, Vermont

Fly-Fishing Shows

The American Museum of Fly Fishing Sporting Collectibles and Antique Show

June 20
Opening preview 5 P.M.–7:30 P.M.

June 21
General public 9 A.M.–4 P.M. on
Admission $6

Riley Rink at Hunter Park
Route 7A, 3 miles north of Manchester, Vermont

For information, contact Diana Siebold at (802) 362-3300 or via e-mail at amff2@together.net.

CONTRIBUTORS

Jack Kuchinsky

Jerry Girard started fly fishing thirty years ago and rapidly developed his interest in fly-fishing history after meeting Chip Stauffer, an angling companion of James Leisenring, Preston Jennings, and Art Flick. Through his pursuit of angling history, focused mainly on rods and rodmakers, Girard has acquired an extensive library and collection of historically significant rods, catalogs, and angling ephemera. He is a dealer in angling collectibles, attends most East Coast fishing collectible shows, and owns Historical Angling Artifacts, a business specializing in historical tackle and angling papers. He is also a research chemist in the pharmaceutical industry, a regular contributor to *The Art of Angling* journal, and has been a Museum member since 1979. This is Girard's first contribution to *The American Fly Fisher.* He resides in Bensalem, Pennsylvania.

Charles T. Lee Jr. is a retired physician who started fly fishing in the mid-1930s. He has been interested in a small way in fly-fishing literature and fly-fishing history. An enthusiastic supporter of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, he was delighted to to see that the Norris rod was donated to us. Dr. Lee lives in Philadelphia and fishes anywhere he can.

David B. Ledlie, former registrar of the Museum, former editor of *The American Fly Fisher,* and a recipient of the Museum's Austin Hogan Award, is now trustee emeritus of this fine institution. He is a graduate of Middlebury College and received his Ph.D. in organic chemistry from MIT. He taught at Middlebury College, the University of Vermont, and Bates College, from which he retired in 2000. He has also been a visiting scholar at Dartmouth, Princeton, and MIT. Ledlie has a long-standing interest in the history of American fly fishing, especially nineteenth-century material. He is the originator of the world-famous, banned-in-Boston salmon pattern, the Traffic Ticket (see *Flies for Atlantic Salmon* by Dick Stewart and Farrow Allen), which has accounted for numerous, especially large salmon caught throughout Canada. When not fishing, he finds time for some woodworking; hybridizing daylilies, rhododendrons, and tree peonies; and growing orchids. Ledlie lives in Buckfield, Maine. He is a member of the Anglers' Club of New York.

Wayne Moody

The American Museum of Fly Fishing Sporting Collectibles & Antiques Show

This unique concept in combining sporting collectibles, rustic and camp antiques and Americana will showcase the finest material in all categories. The new, spacious Hunter Park Pavilion in Manchester Center is a wonderful site for a specialized antiques show. Situated in a beautiful park with a spectacular backdrop of the Green Mountains, Hunter Park Pavilion will feature 100 exhibitors in a variety of settings. The American Museum of Fly Fishing, a nationally accredited, nonprofit, education institution dedicated to preserving the rich heritage of fly fishing, was founded in Manchester, Vermont, in 1968. The Museum will be celebrating its 35th Anniversary in 2003.

Friday, June 20
Opening Preview, 5pm-7:30pm
Preview Information:
(802) 362-3300

Saturday, June 21
General Public, 9am-4pm
Admission $6.00

Hunter Park Pavilion
Route 7-A, Manchester Center

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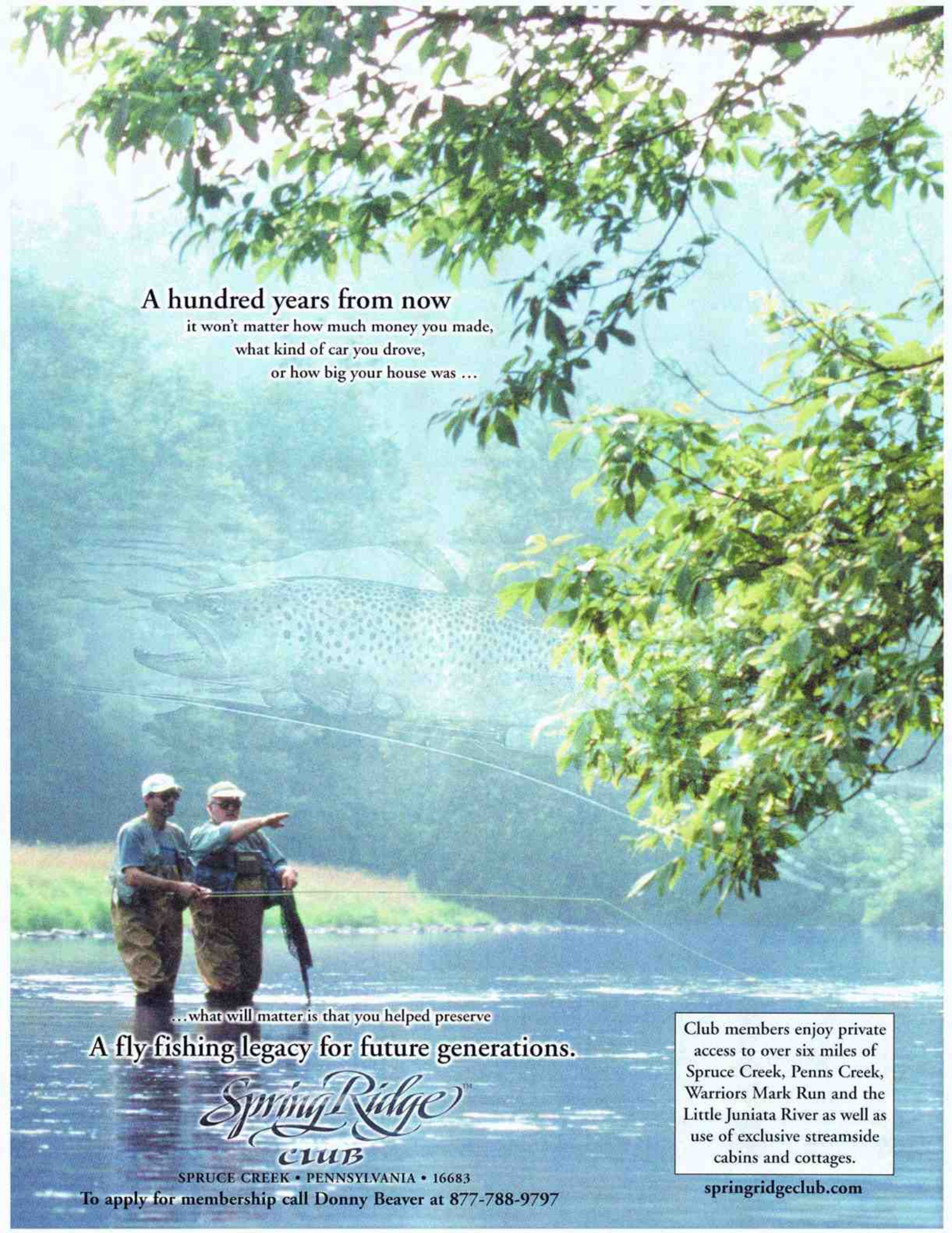
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In the Direction of Our Dreams

Margot Page

. . . [I]f one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.

—Henry David Thoreau

I've been waiting to use this quote from *Walden* for a long time. I first read it as an undergraduate, probably in 1969 or '70; I just knew it would mean something to me someday. And now it does, particularly when I think about our board of trustees and other dedicated volunteers and what they have done for the Museum over the years. (Just change the quote to third person plural—and pardon Thoreau his sexist posture—it was the nineteenth century, after all.)

I think these words are especially appropriate in light of the board's foresight in ensuring that we acquire the first building we could call our own, the little cottage near the Equinox Hotel, and now our new home, Brookside, next to the Orvis Company's flagship store. Largely because our trustees and volunteers "advance[d] confidently in the direction of [their] dreams," we outgrew first our rented space in Orvis, then the cottage, and now have the beginnings our wonderful new home at Brookside.

Beginning with Herman Kessler's idea and Leigh Perkins's action, and continuing through the years with a long list of movers and shakers, we have indeed met, I'll bet, with "a success unexpected [by our founders and earliest trustees] in common hours."

Now, more *Walden* words for you: "If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them." As we launch Phase II of our Brookside Capital Campaign (see page 17), I hope you, our members and friends, will help us put a foundation under our dream with your financial support. Let's expect our success and achieve it.

Gary Tanner
Executive Director

Quotes from Henry David Thoreau, "Conclusion," *Walden*, ed. J. Lyndon Shanley (Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press, 1971), 323–24.

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

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

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

Accredited by the American Association of Museums