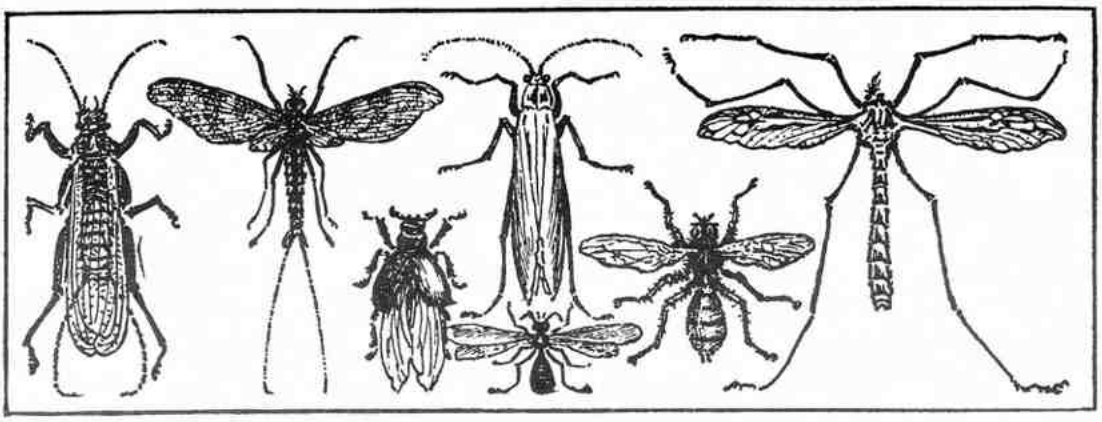
The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

SUMMER 2004 VOLUME 30 NUMBER 3

Hammock Havoc



From Louis Rhead, American Trout-Stream Insects *(New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1916), 5.*

Trout season in Vermont opened April 10. The date on my license reads April 27. An informal poll of Museum staff yesterday, May 17, revealed that not one of us has yet gone fishing. With all the busyness of preparing to open a new building, in addition to the regular day-to-day running of the place, it's tough to find time to wet a line. (May this staff statistic change by the time you read these words.)

What is it to relax? According to Charles Bradford in his 1904 book, *The Angler's Secret,* "to rest both mind and body, one must relieve them of the employment they are mostly and commonly occupied with." One must completely change his or her surroundings. If you are stuck in an office, you have to get outside. If you labor outdoors in the countryside, wandering city streets could be the ticket. Bradford gives some good advice in this Off the Shelf piece, "The Angler and the Bondman," which can be found on page 18.

The flip side of the glories of summer, of course, are those annoyances that keep us from our enjoyment. Also to be found in our library, in the June 1931 issue of the *Anglers' Club Bulletin,* is a piece about the price we pay for our love of the outdoors—namely, being eaten alive by our six-legged friends. "A Critical Inquiry into the Nature of *Tabanus zonalis*" was published without a byline, but research by a trustee and current member of the club found that it was written by the noted C. Otto von Kienbusch. This humorous article was first brought to my attention several years ago by fellow staffer Sara Wilcox, and I've been looking for an excuse to run it ever since. You'll find it on page 20.

Over the last fifteen years, Charles B. Wood III has collected about 140 privately printed books on Atlantic salmon fishing. This article about his collection and the process of collecting easily relates his passion for it. Passages such as these can make a bibliophile drool (at a safe distance, of course): "The binding was executed in a gilt-stamped dark Niger goatskin with paste-paper sides . . ." and "It is an appealing book, small octavo in format, printed in letterpress on a crisp, lightly toned mould-made paper from Swiftbrook Paper Mills of County Dublin, a classical page design with Caslon type and wide margins, a title page in red and black, and a colophon printed in red." Wood gives excellent advice as to how to educate oneself on the existence of some of these titles. He has issued a couple of privately printed books himself, including, most recently, Lady Agnes Macdonald's *On a Canadian Salmon River,* which is reviewed by David Ledlie on page 24. Wood's "Privately Printed Books on Atlantic Salmon Fishing" begins on page 2.

Paul Schullery's "Downstream Dries: Thoughts on Surviving the Historical Process" considers the innovation and open-mindedness that has occurred in fly fishing over the last thirty years, the astonishing rate of transformation of equipment and technique within the sport during that time, and the very revolution of how we think. In particular, he discusses fishing the dry fly downstream and the recent evolution of its reputation. "We've gone from 'it's just not done,'" he notes, "to 'it's just done.'" For far more intriguing detail, look for this article on page 12.

As hinted above, we've been busy at the Museum. Museum News and Yoshi's back cover will fill you in, as will "The Shape of Things to Come," a two-page spread beginning on page 22. Sara Wilcox continues to document progress of the new building in both photos and words. This installment brings us up to the end of March. Stay tuned.

Don't forget to make your mark on the new building. Buy a brick. See the ad on page 29.

May fishing, not deadlines, wreak havoc on your hammock time.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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ON THE COVER: *Lady Macdonald casting the fly. From William Samuels's* With Fly Rod and Camera *(New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 1890, page 57). See the book review starting on page 24.*

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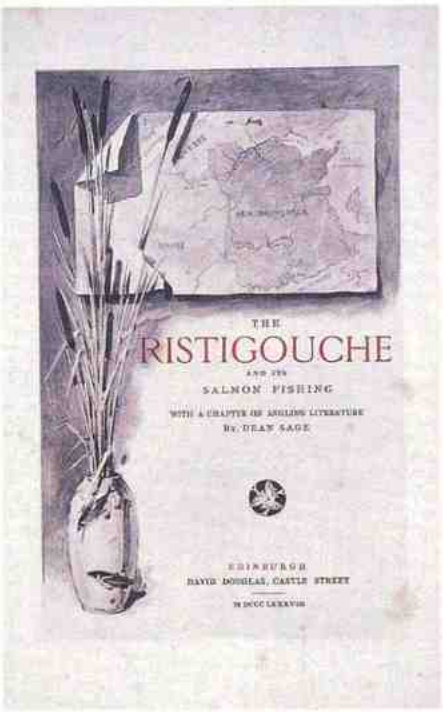
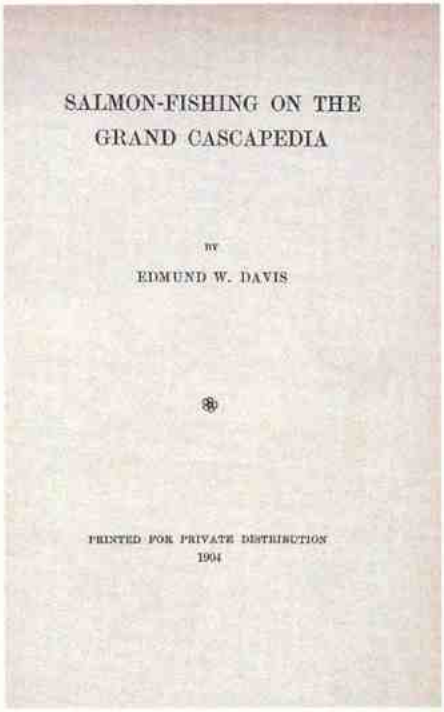
Privately Printed Books on Atlantic Salmon Fishing

by Charles B. Wood III





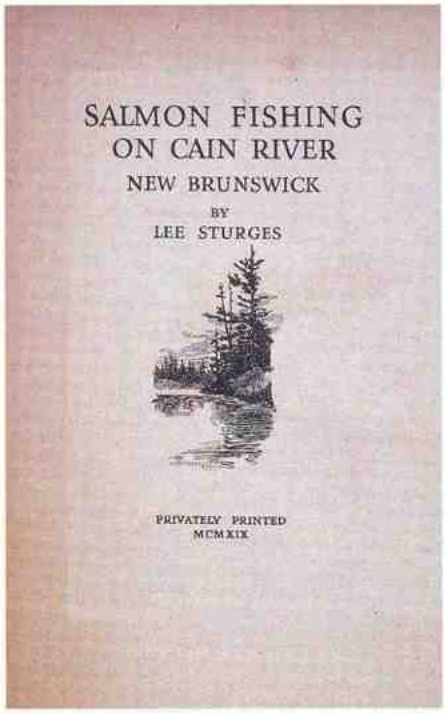


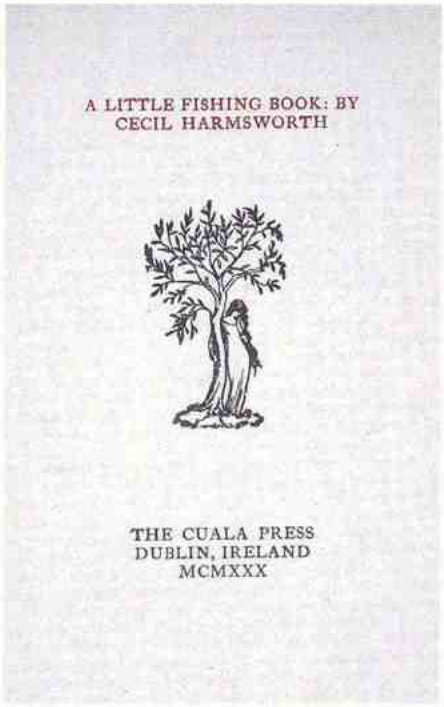
Figure 1 (left). Title page of Dean Sage's The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing.
Figure 2 (center). Title page of Edmund W. Davis's Salmon-Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia.
Figure 3 (right). Title page of Lee Sturges's Salmon Fishing on Cain River New Brunswick.

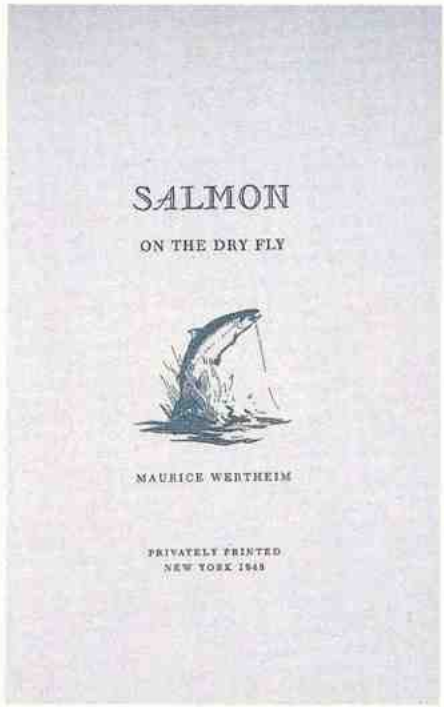
PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS of all sorts have always appealed to collectors. The eminent bibliographical authority John Carter has written: "Indeed, the announcement that something has been *privately printed* or is to be *printed for private circulation only* was found, at least as early as the eighteenth century, to attract collectors, and it still does."[1] And Philippa Barnard states that "the term was long ago found to quicken the pulse of collectors."[2] But another bibliographical authority, Geoffrey Glaister, denigrates the issuer of privately printed books as a "vanity publisher."[3] However, he is speaking here primarily of fiction and poetry, not fishing or sporting books. For sporting book collectors, such "vanity books" have always been deemed desirable.

First of all, what is meant by a privately printed book? Essentially, it is a book printed by or for an author at his or her own expense without the intervention or services of an editor or commercial publisher. In the early days, and to a limited extent even today, such books were given away and not sold, at least not through the usual retail channels. The editions were (and are) small, typically between fifty and three hundred copies, but some were limited to less than ten copies, whereas others reached two thousand or more. In more recent times, as the costs of printing, paper, binding, and everything else have risen, some privately printed books have been offered for sale at the time of their creation. The imprints of these books vary—perhaps the most common are the two words "Privately Printed"—but there are many variations on this.[4] In the broader sense, privately printed books of all sorts can be considered as a footnote, but an important one, in the history of publishing.[5]

The Two Fundamental Things

There are two fundamental things that tie my collection together. The first is content; in whole or in part, the books must be devoted to salmon fishing. The second is the origin of the book—it must be privately printed as opposed to commercially published. This is not an exact science, and there are some books that fall into a gray area, where they are neither strictly privately printed nor commercially published, but somewhere in between. One particular category comes to mind here: salmon fishing books that were published commercially and sold, not for the author or publisher's profit but for charitable purposes, usually for salmon conservation.[6] (Parenthetically, I should state here that this is a collection within a collection; I collect almost everything I can find on fly fishing for





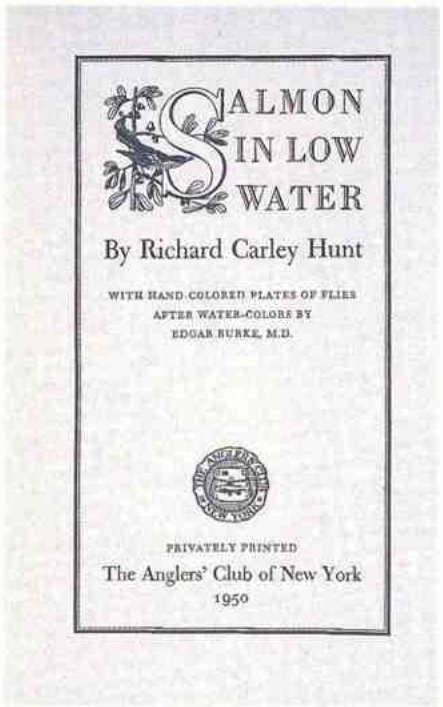


Figure 4 (left). Title page of Cecil Harmsworth's A Little Fishing Book.
Figure 5 (center). Title page of Maurice Wertheim's Salmon on the Dry Fly.
Figure 6 (right). Title page of Richard Carley Hunt's Salmon in Low Water.

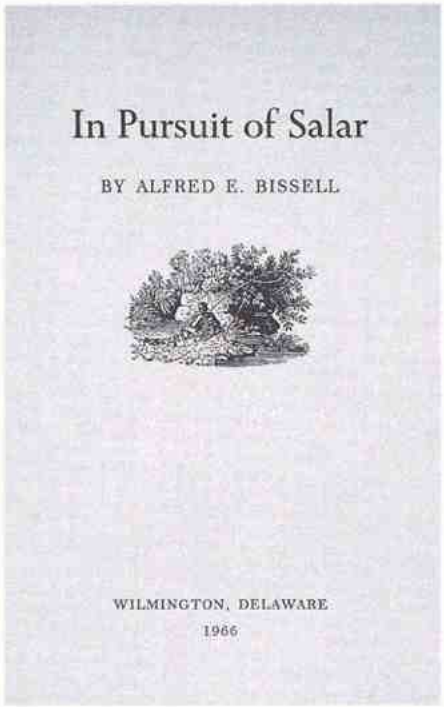
salmon—books, pamphlets, ephemera, photograph albums, etc.—but my favorites are privately printed books. I have collected about 140 of them over a fifteen-year period.)

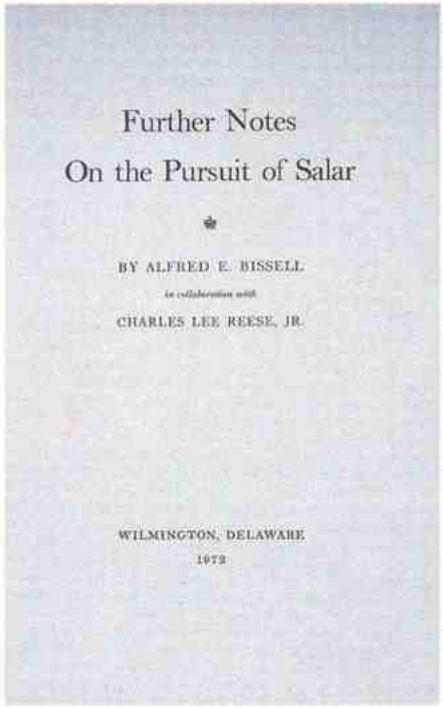
In addition to their subject matter, these books appeal to me for other reasons. One is their inherent quality as objects. A fair number have been printed by distinguished presses, notably the Cuala Press of Dublin, the Southworth Anthoensen Press, the Ascencius Press, the Stinehour Press, the Sun Hill Press of Darrell Hyder, or by distinguished printers, such as William Edwin Rudge and Theodore Low Devinne. Some are printed on rag or other fine quality papers, occasionally illustrated with original etchings, and some in special or deluxe bindings. Small editions of such books almost automatically guarantee their appeal to collectors. On the other hand, some of these books are distinctly underwhelming as objects: they are badly printed or not even printed at all but mimeographed, held together by a couple of staples. A few of them are so bad that they are good, if you take my point.

For me another important point that adds to the appeal of my collection is the genuine scarcity of many of these titles. A few privately printed books are of legendary rarity, and even a fewer number seem to be completely unrecorded in the usual sources, such as angling and sporting bibliographies, the NUC (National Union Catalogue, a set of 754 volumes published between 1968 and 1981 that lists all copies of books printed before 1956 and reported by American and Canadian institutional research libraries), and the OCLC (On-line Computer Library Center, Inc). This leads me to a larger point that is fundamental to this or to any other subject collection. You have to know what's out there—you have to know what you're looking for. There is no "Master List," no "Grolier 100"[7] of privately printed books on salmon fishing; I have had to work all of this out for myself (and that's what has been and still is a large part of the fun). The obvious places to consult first are the standard angling bibliographies: Wetzel's *American Fishing Books* (1950)[8] and Bruns's *Angling Books of the Americas* (1975)[9] for this country, and Westwood and Satchell's *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* (1883 and 1901)[10] and Hampton's *Modern Angling Bibliography* of 1947[11] for the United Kingdom. For example, Westwood and Satchell describe a privately printed broadside titled *Grand Cascapedia Fishing Score of 1879*. In one passage they tell of "the wonderful scores of the Hon. Charles Ellis, Mr. L. Iveson and Capt. G. A. Percy made on this river in 1879."[12] By "scores" they simply mean the number of fish killed. Nowadays, it is not only politically incorrect to refer to "killing" salmon, it is against the law in most countries whose rivers still have them. In a recent article I wrote on my collection,[13] I stated that I had never seen a copy of this broadside and that it was possible no copy survives today. I promptly received an e-mail from the curator of the Cascapedia Museum on Canada's Gaspé peninsula informing me that it has a copy. He followed up with a photocopy of the broadside, but I think the chances of my ever finding an original for my collection are one in a million.

One other comment on rarity. There is an entry in Wetzel's *American Fishing Books* listing a pamphlet by Albert M. Bigelow titled *Recollections of Cascapedia and Camp Douglas Beck* [no place, no date] with the comment: "A charming sketch by one who has fished the Cascapedia since about 1880." Other than this entry, I can find no references to this pamphlet anywhere, but I do believe that it existed. Wetzel was a reliable bibliographer, and I suspect that he saw and possibly owned a copy. But if so, it has vanished. It is searching for items like this that keep the thrill in the chase.[14]

There are several other informative bibliographical sources. In 1972, Henry





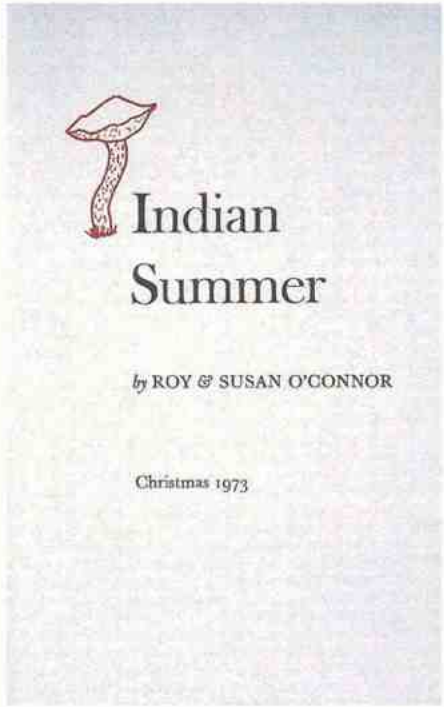


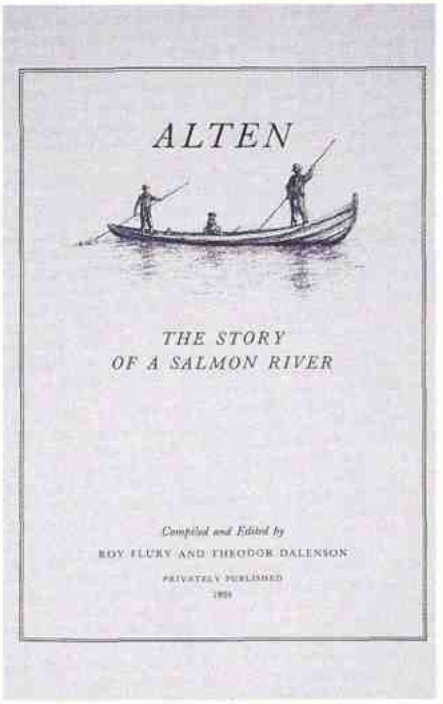
Figure 7 (left). Title page of Alfred E. Bissell's In Pursuit of Salar.
Figure 8 (center). Title page of Alfred E. Bissell's Further Notes on the Pursuit of Salar.
Figure 9 (right). Title page of Roy and Susan Engelhard O'Connor's Indian Summer.

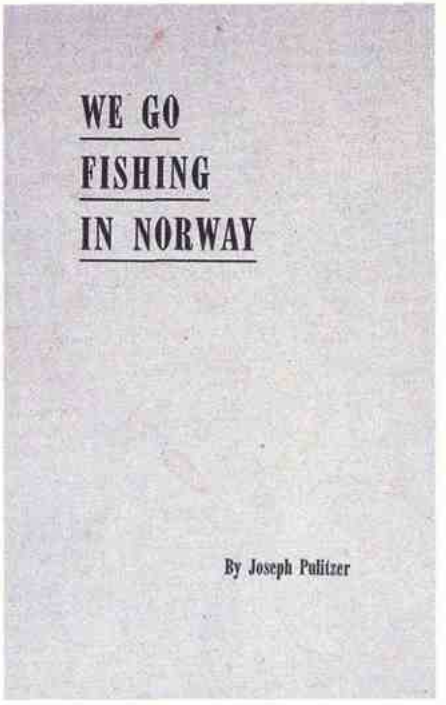
Siegel compiled a specialized bibliography of books on salmon fishing and included it as an appendix to his reprint of Dean Sage's *The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing;* it is especially useful because he indicated which titles were privately printed.[15] There are also auction catalogs of angling collections. Although few in number, some of the best ones include one or more privately printed salmon books. Another way to discover the existence of these elusive titles is by reading other writers on salmon fishing. For example, the very rare *Indian Summer* by Roy and Susan Englehard O'Connor (1973, published in about forty copies)[16] came to my attention from reading Philip Lee's *Home Pool: The Fight to Save the Atlantic Salmon.*[17] I discovered the existence of Frank Roberts's *Pleasant Places*[18] from reading Jean Paul Dubé's *Salmon Talk.*[19] Other relevant titles came to my attention from fellow collectors and a few dealers who have offered me rarities. I have also made occasional chance discoveries in antiquarian bookshops and in reading general antiquarian book catalogs.

One additional source for more recent privately printed books is authors, most of whom are happy to place their book in the hands of an interested reader. I have been fortunate to receive a few such books as gifts and purchase others, with the proceeds often going to the author's favorite charity. In a few instances, multiple copies of such books still exist, but their owners will not part with them. Here the collector must resort to the open market, and, more often than not, meet with frustration.

A certain number of these publications are ephemeral; they were printed and distributed with no thought of their permanence in a repository or even as part of a bibliography. Without an application, they were never granted a copyright, never given an ISBN (International Standard Book Number), and in many cases were never given or sold to libraries. Proof of this is that many of them are not in the NUC or the OCLC. Another reason for their rarity is that some were never fully distributed. For example, if only three hundred copies were printed, and some were given away by the author but not sold or otherwise commercially distributed, only a small percentage were put into circulation. The remaining copies probably sat in a box, perhaps in a closet or cellar, and were eventually thrown out or pulped. Or burned up in a house fire.[20]

Finally, one might ask—beyond the general subject of salmon fishing—what specifically are these privately printed books about? A quick glance at my collection reveals a surprising variety. The overwhelming majority are narratives of individual fishing trips to such rivers as the Restigouche, the Grand Cascapedia, the Miramichi, and the rivers of Anticosti Island. They are always fun to read. But others are on different topics: books devoted to the rivers themselves, salmon clubs, personal reminiscences, and autobiography. There are also printed (or mimeographed) club logbooks, books on salmon flies, guidebooks to salmon rivers, general treatises, booklets of poetry on salmon fishing (mostly pretty bad), instruction books, and works of fiction. In my collection, there is at least one example each in the categories of juveniles, fishing scores, legal disagreements, salmon conservation, and fisheries science.





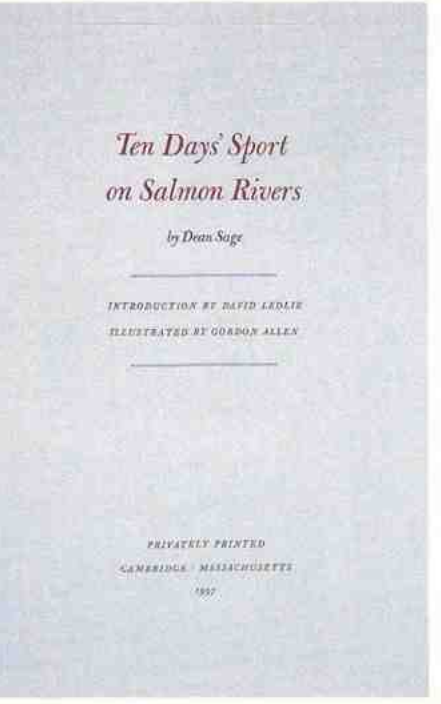


Figure 10 (left). Title page of Roy Fleury and Theodor Dalenson's Alten: The Story of a Salmon River.
Figure 11 (center). Title page of Joseph Pulitzer's We Go Fishing in Norway.
Figure 12 (right). Title page of Dean Sage's Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers.

A Few Books Discussed

Let me now discuss a few books. The earliest privately printed books on salmon fishing date from the late nineteenth century. Some are well known, others are obscure, and still others are extremely rare. I've arranged them more or less in chronological order by date of publication. Certainly, the best known of these works is Dean Sage's *The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing*, published in 1888 in an edition limited to 105 copies (Figure 1).[21] Sage's *Ristigouche* is universally considered to be one of the most famous and elegant American angling books of the nineteenth century (and it is considered an American book, even though it was printed by David Douglas in Edinburgh). The well-known writer and bookseller Charles Eliot Goodspeed, in his *Angling in America* (1939), had this to say about it: "The artistic side of this book calls for a remark. Looking at the melange of etchings, photogravures, and woodcuts, which in full-page, head- and tail-piece, and vignette, are liberally distributed throughout this expensively made volume, one cannot but wish that the illustrations had been chosen with a greater regard for their fitness to each other."[22] That is an astute observation from a highly knowledgeable bookman; today, sixty-five years later, I could not agree with it more.

The provenance of my copy of Sage's book is interesting; its first owner was the architect Stanford White, who designed Sage's fishing lodge, called Camp Harmony, on the Restigouche. It was subsequently owned by the well-known sportsman Samuel Webb of Shelburne, Vermont; Webb also owned the camp called "Three Islands" on the uppermost section of the Grand Cascapedia.

Like the Restigouche, the Grand Cascapedia is the subject of another classic: Edmund W. Davis's *Salmon-Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia* (Figure 2).[23] It was elegantly printed by the De Vinne Press in New York in 1904 in an edition of one hundred copies. There were actually two issues of this book, both printed in 1904, both in editions of one hundred copies, but the first on Fabriano paper, the second, a little taller, on Japanese paper. I have them both. It is a handsome book with fine gravure illustrations made from photographs, but I have always found it rather stiff and pompous. Davis, who was heir to a patent medicine fortune, died of a gunshot wound at the age of fifty-five on the Cascapedia in July 1908. His death has never been satisfactorily explained.

Another of the "famous rarities" in this body of literature is Lee Sturges's *Salmon Fishing on Cain River New Brunswick*, published in Chicago in 1919 in fifty copies (Figure 3).[24] This book is notable for several reasons. Sturges (born 1865) was an important artist, and he illustrated his book with seven original full-page etchings, fetching and evocative scenes from the river trip.[25] It is also notable for having been designed and printed by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, a well-known Chicago figure in the American Arts and Crafts movement.[26] The provenance of my copy is notable; it was presented by the author to Harry Allen, who was his guide down the Cain. Allen later, in the 1930s, built the sporting camps that still stand today just below the junction of the Cain with the Miramichi. Today they are the property of the Black Brook Salmon Club.[27]

Figure 13. Atlantic Salmon. *Original etching by Gordon Allen for my reissue of Dean Sage's essay* Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers.

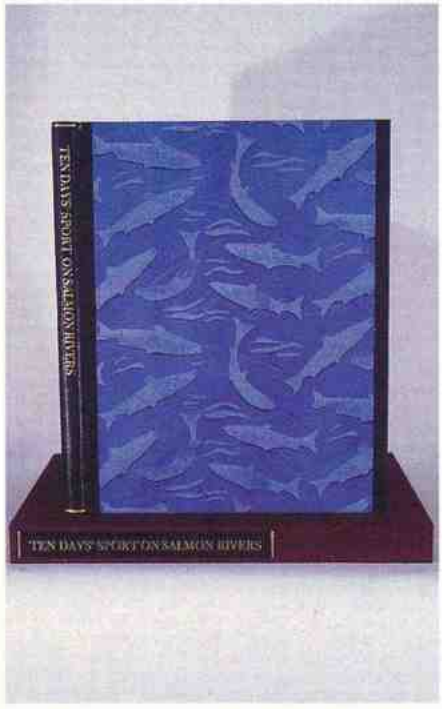


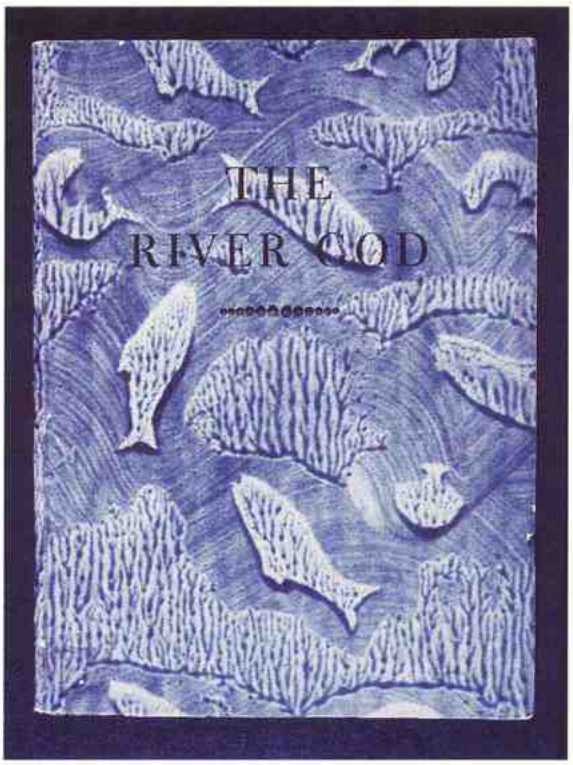
Figure 14. Binding of Dean Sage's Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers. *Gilt-stamped dark Niger goatskin with pastepaper sides made by Elizabeth Hyder.*

Moving forward just a decade brings us to 1930, which year saw the publication of Cecil Harmsworth's charming *A Little Fishing Book,* privately printed in Dublin by the Cuala Press (Figure 4).[28] The colophon of this elusive little book reads as follows: "Eighty copies of this book have been privately printed for the author by Elizabeth Corbet Yeats at the Cuala Press, Dublin." It is an appealing book, small octavo in format, printed in letterpress on a crisp, lightly toned mouldmade paper from Swiftbrook Paper Mills of County Dublin, a classical page design with Caslon type and wide margins, a title page in red and black, and a colophon printed in red. The contents are about equally divided between trout and salmon fishing; there is an especially delightful two-part essay on salmon fishing at the Great Falls of the Humber in Newfoundland. Harmsworth was a graceful writer with a wide knowledge of literature and history; to read him is a pleasure. My copy belonged to the author.

For the 1940s, we move back to America. In 1948, Maurice Wertheim published a short essay in book form called *Salmon on the Dry Fly* (Figure 5).[29] This is still not a terribly uncommon book; the edition was five hundred copies, but it is a very pleasing book, nicely printed in letterpress by the Elm Tree Press of Woodstock, Vermont, on Strathmore laid paper and with printer's flowers on each leaf in a contrasting color. It is illustrated with reproductions of watercolors by Ogden Pleissner, the originals of which were owned by the author. The river is unidentified, but it was probably the Sainte Anne on the Gaspé; Mr. Wertheim leased that river in the forties, fifties, and sixties.

At exactly midcentury, 1950, we have another "classic" of the genre, Richard Carley Hunt's *Salmon in Low Water,* privately published by the Anglers' Club of New York in five hundred copies (Figure 6).[30] It was printed by Peter Bielenson of Mount Vernon, New York, in Waverly types on special paper. It was illustrated, as stated on the title page, "with hand colored plates of flies after watercolors by Edgar Burke, M.D." I have never been particularly taken with Edgar Burke's fly paintings, but the decorative and historiated initials done by the artist and angler John Atherton, an example of which is on the title page, have always pleased me greatly. There are seven of them in this book. Most of the text deals with fishing the Restigouche, the Kedgwick, and the Upsalquitch in the hot summer months when the water is low.

Moving ahead to the 1960s, we come to the two salmon books of Alfred E. Bissell. In 1966 he produced *In Pursuit of Salar* (Figure 7)[31] and in 1972 the sequel, *Further Notes in Pursuit of Salar* (Figure 8).[32] Although there is no stated limitation in the books themselves, the edition in each case was one hundred copies.[33] Both books were impeccably designed and printed by the Southworth-Anthoensen Press of Portland, Maine. The earlier book is illustrated with four mounted color photographs of Ogden Pleissner watercolors of scenes on the Restigouche, presumably from originals in Mr. Bissell's collection. The text is essentially a transcription of the author's fishing diaries from the 1930s to the 1960s; he fished a variety of Gaspé rivers as well as the Restigouche. The sequel, *Further Notes,* is filled primarily with four long and interesting accounts of four trips to the River Vosso in Norway. The fishing was good there in those years, and they got some very big



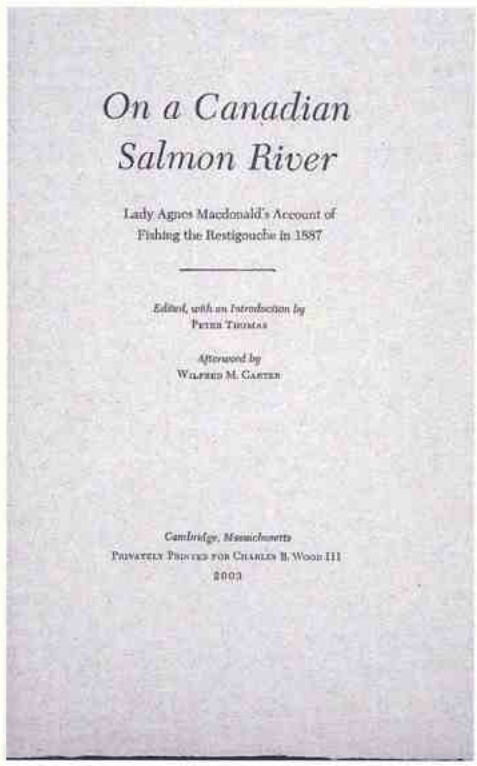


Figure 15 (left). Wrapper for Roland Pertwee's The River God, *a fishing pamphlet published by George Goodspeed.*
Figure 16 (right). Title page of Susan Agnes Macdonald's On a Canadian Salmon River, *my own reprint.*

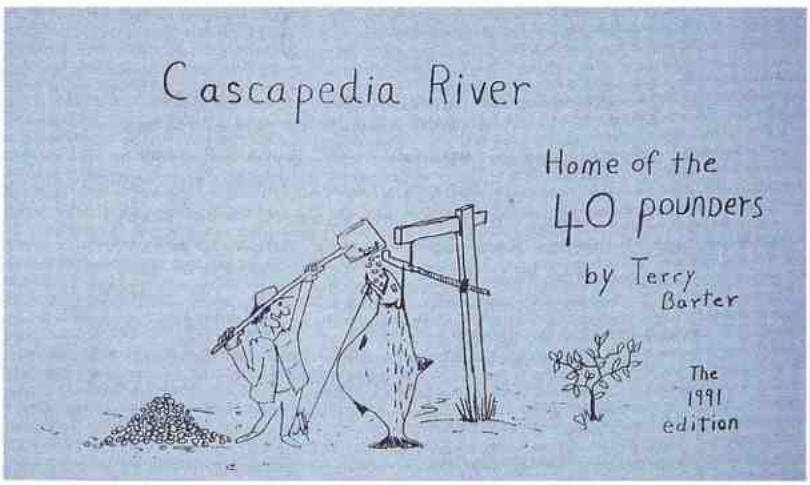


Figure 17. Cover of Terry Barter's Cascapedia River: Home of the 40 Pounders.

salmon, enticingly shown in the fine series of halftones from photos. In the mid-sixties, I was a young staff member at Winterthur Museum in Delaware; at the same time, Mr. Bissell was a trustee. Once a year, there was a trustee-staff dinner, and I always enjoyed it, as Mr. Bissell and I would talk fishing.

In 1973, there was published a rare little book called *Indian Summer* (Figure 9) by Roy and Susan O'Connor, beautifully printed by the Stinehour Press.[34] Susan Engelhard O'Connor is one of the several daughters of the late Charles Engelhard, the industrialist who became immensely rich from the precious metals business. He owned (and the family still owns) Lorne Cottage on the Grand Cascapedia, a famous camp built in 1878 by Lord Lorne, who was then governor-general of Canada. The camp was prefabricated in Ottawa and shipped to the river by steamer; it was then hauled up the river on horse-drawn scows. The O'Connor book was done, as the title page states, as a "Christmas book." The edition was about forty copies, and all were given away. After several tries and about a decade of waiting, I was able to acquire a copy from one of the original recipients.

For the decade of the 1990s, I show a British book about a world-famous Norwegian river, the Alta, titled *Alten: The Story of a Salmon River,* published in 1991 (Figure 10).[35] The book was produced by two author-editors, Dr. Roy Fleury of the United Kingdom and Theodor Dalenson of Norway. The edition was 150 copies, nicely printed, leatherbound, and slipcased. As the title states, it is a history of this fabled river, based on a rich array of source materials. For several generations, starting in the late 1850s, the Dukes of Roxburghe fished the river, and the authors were given access to their family fishing records and photos. More recent history was gathered from a variety of sources, all listed in the bibliography. Fleury and Dalenson followed their first book with a sequel, titled *Alten: Reflections,* pub-

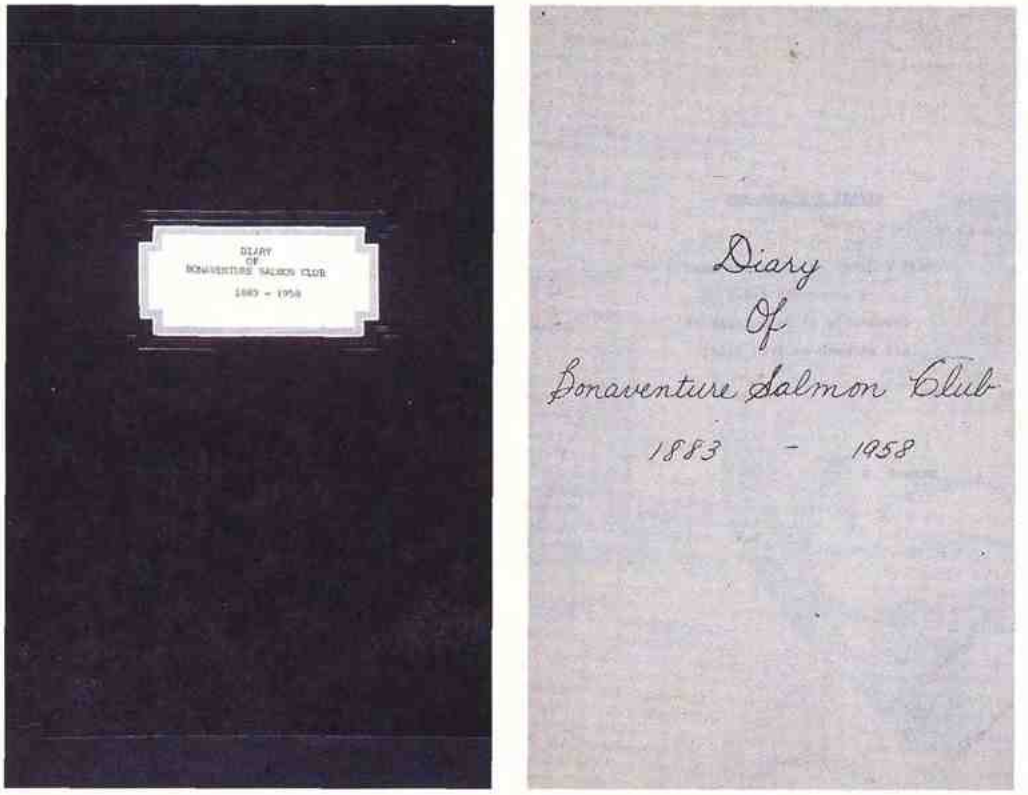


Figure 18 (left). Cover of the Diary of the Bonaventure Salmon Club *1883–1958.*
Figure 19 (right). Title page of the Diary of the Bonaventure Salmon Club *1883–1958.*

lished in 1993, also in 150 copies.[36] Their own words describe it better than I can: "Our book is written with an enthusiasm, a love and a respect for this great river. The story is told by the people who over the years have composed the history; we have merely drawn together the threads" (p. 11).

One of their sources was another privately printed piece, a pamphlet titled *We Go Fishing in Norway* by the St. Louis newspaper baron Joseph Pulitzer, published in 1954 (Figure 11).[37] It is out of chronological sequence, but I cannot resist mentioning it here. It is an account of a five-week trip to the Alta, in which the party of about thirteen had amazing fishing; they had eleven fish more than forty pounds (and the illustrations, from photos, prove they were not exaggerating). The final section of this work proves that some of these privately printed books can provide delightful and unexpected surprises. This section is a travelogue of their leisurely trip home, "of no interest to anyone except perhaps our children and ourselves in the future." It is, in fact, quite interesting, but was obviously not for public readership. For example, at a party of diplomats in Stockholm, Pulitzer states: "The men are originally from all points of the United States—Boston, Cleveland, Omaha, etc.—and have served in all parts of the world. I can discover neither fairies nor Pinks among them."[38]

To finish this chronology by bringing it to the present, I mention two books that I issued myself. The first was a reprint of an essay titled "Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers," which originally appeared in 1875 in the *Atlantic Monthly* by Dean Sage (Figure 12).[39] Commissioned by the *Atlantic*'s editor, W. D. Howells, it was Sage's first published writing on salmon fishing. The book came out in 1997 in a deluxe edition of fifty-five copies. I commissioned Darrel Hyder (proprietor of the Sun Hill Press, North Brookfield, Massachusetts) to design and print the book in letterpress, the artist Gordon Allen to create seven original etchings for it (Figure 13), and Gray Parrot to bind it. The binding was executed in a gilt-stamped dark Niger goatskin with paste-paper sides made by Elizabeth Hyder (Figure 14). These papers, which incorporate a salmon motif, were inspired by an earlier paper made by Rosamond Loring for George Goodspeed, as wrappers for a fishing pamphlet he published (Figure 15). The fish motif is clearly apparent in both of them. The Goodspeed pamphlet was a private printing of his father's favorite fishing story, Roland Pertwee's *The River God,* an enchanting tale about an old man, a young boy, and a big salmon.[40] This was issued by Goodspeed as a keepsake for his father's friends in 1950, the year he died. Charles Eliot Goodspeed was the author of the first definitive history of the subject, *Angling in America.*[41] The pamphlet was beautifully printed by the Anthonesen Press in an edition of one hundred copies.

Finally, a brief look at my latest project (Figure 16), another reprint of a Victorian angling narrative, an engaging story called *On a Canadian Salmon River* by Susan Agnes Macdonald, originally published in *Murray's Magazine* in 1887.[42] Lady Macdonald (she was the wife of Sir John Macdonald, the first

Canadian prime minister) had the good fortune to fish Patapedia Pool on the Restigouche—which later came to be known as "Million Dollar Pool"—for two weeks in June of 1887. Her tale of that trip is a great read. I commissioned Peter Thomas, an angler, an historian, and author of a recent history of salmon fishing in New Brunswick,[43] to write a scholarly introduction. The book has been beautifully printed by Scott Vile at the Ascencius Press in an edition of 150 copies, fifty of which are a larger trim size, on a beautiful rag paper handmade by Katie MacGregor. These fifty deluxe copies have been bound by Gray Parrot.

Homemade Booklets

I would like now to discuss a few titles that can perhaps be called homemade books. A good guide and a talented draftsman, Terry Barter, produced his own book of fishing cartoons in 1991, which he called *Cascapedia River: Home of the 40 Pounders* (Figure 17).[44] He told me he had one hundred copies run off by xerography; he had a local job printer trim them to size, and he stapled them himself on his kitchen table. This appeals to me, especially as it was made by a fishing guide; there are not many such books.

I mentioned earlier that a few club logbooks have been produced in limited multiple copies. One of the rarest and most delightful is the *Diary of the Bonaventure Salmon Club 1883–1958* (Figure 18). This is a mimeographed production of 276 pages held together in stiff binder covers (the sort of thing one used to use for college term papers). The Bonaventure Club was quite exclusive; for at least forty years, members of the prominent Molson family of Montreal were members. For the present work, the title page was done in carefully handwritten script (Figure 19); all the rest of the text was carefully typed and edited by Miss A. Taylor, secretary to Senator Hartland Molson in 1958. Although there is no limitation page, I doubt if more than a dozen or so copies were produced. Despite the repetitive nature of its contents, it is a fascinating read. For example, the entry for 25 June 1951 gives a blow-by-blow account of the capture of the all-time record fish for the river, a forty-eight pounder caught by Walter Molson.

Another group of my homemade books (actually booklets) are especially interesting as they are illustrated with pasted-in snapshots (Figures 20 and 21). These are a group of thirteen typewrit-

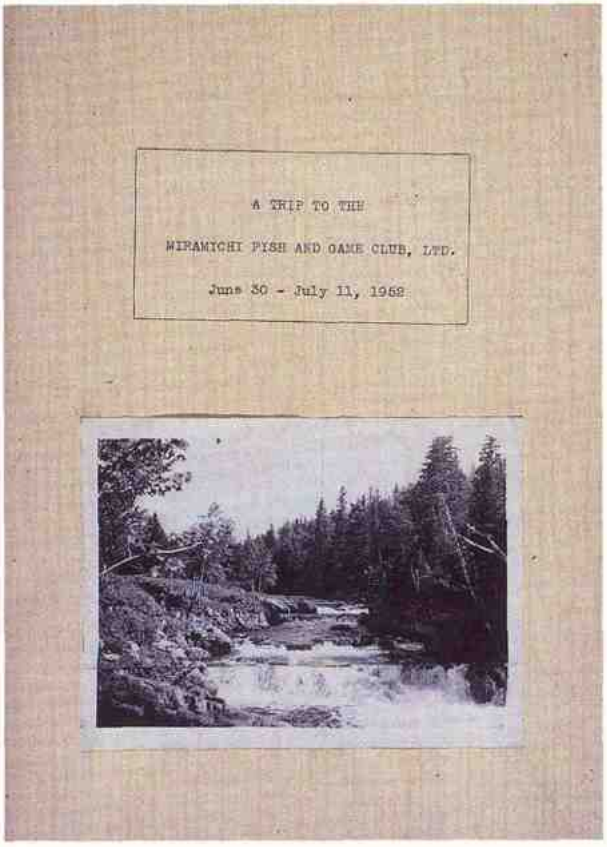


Figure 20. Cover of A Trip to the Miramichi Fish and Game Club, Ltd., June 30–July 11, 1952.

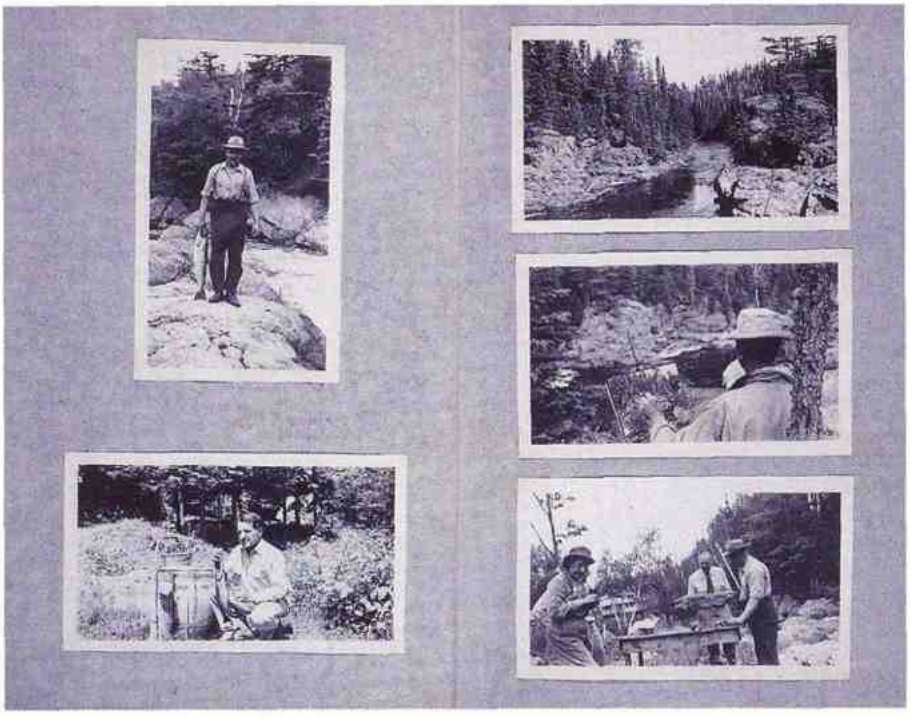
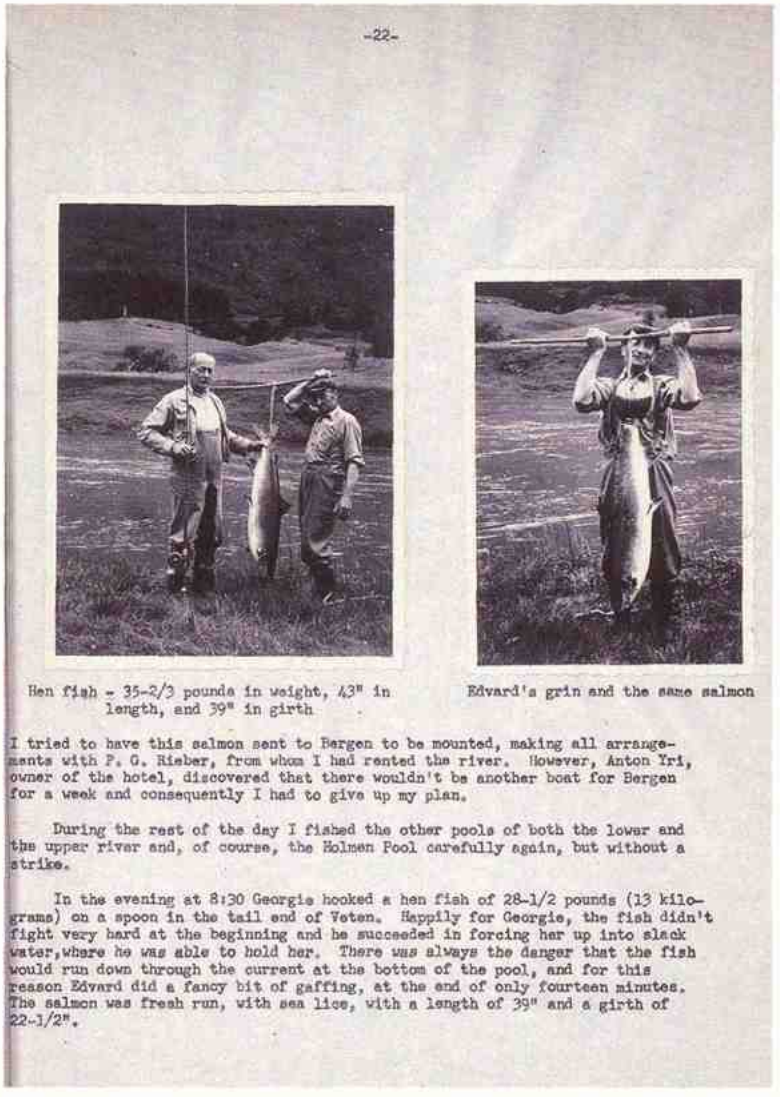


Figure 21. A page from A Trip to the Miramichi Fish and Game Club, Ltd., June 30–July 11, 1952, *showing artist Aiden Ripley at his watercolor easel in the middle picture on the right.*



-22-

Hen fish - 35-2/3 pounds in weight, 43" in length, and 39" in girth

Edvard's grin and the same salmon

I tried to have this salmon sent to Bergen to be mounted, making all arrangements with P. G. Rieber, from whom I had rented the river. However, Anton Yri, owner of the hotel, discovered that there wouldn't be another boat for Bergen for a week and consequently I had to give up my plan.

During the rest of the day I fished the other pools of both the lower and the upper river and, of course, the Holmen Pool carefully again, but without a strike.

In the evening at 8:30 Georgie hooked a hen fish of 28-1/2 pounds (13 kilograms) on a spoon in the tail end of Veten. Happily for Georgie, the fish didn't fight very hard at the beginning and he succeeded in forcing her up into slack water, where he was able to hold her. There was always the danger that the fish would run down through the current at the bottom of the pool, and for this reason Edvard did a fancy bit of gaffing, at the end of only fourteen minutes. The salmon was fresh run, with sea lice, with a length of 39" and a girth of 22-1/2".

Figure 22. George Andrews and his fish of 35⅔ pounds, from his A Second Salmon Fishing Trip to Norway.

ten narratives of salmon fishing trips to the Miramichi Fish and Game Club between 1951 and 1969. The anglers, all of whom came from the Boston area, were always the same: three couples, the Aiden Lassell Ripleys, the Pereras, the du Monts, and a single gentleman, H. deForest Lockwood Jr., who was the author of the accounts. Aiden Ripley (Figure 21), who was a well-known artist, is visible at his watercolor easel in the middle picture on the right. As they were typewritten, and the maximum number of legible carbons is about three, I feel certain that the "edition" (if I can use that word) was four copies, one for each couple or member of the party. My set came from Aiden Ripley's widow through a friend.

My last example is one of my most favorite items in the collection (Figure 22). It is a mimeographed account of a salmon fishing trip to Norway, June 10 to July 29, 1953, by George Andrews, who was a member of the U.S. Foreign Service stationed in Strasbourg.[45] It is illustrated throughout with good snapshots. Andrews was a cultivated man and a good writer; it is a pleasure to read. He is very candid; for example: "As everyone knows who has tried to do it, it is damn hard to find out about and to rent good salmon water in Norwegian rivers at the right time for each river." This was the best fishing trip Andrews ever had; his largest salmon was a hen fish of 35⅔ pounds (shown above). My copy is warmly inscribed by Andrews to a woman called Ruby Maes, his secretary and the editor-typist of this slim volume. It turned up at a yard sale in Virginia and by great good fortune found its way to me.

These books appeal to me because salmon fishing is my favorite subject. Their rarity also appeals to me. But beyond that, the best of them are refreshingly free, spontaneous, and full of candor. Some are awkward, badly written, and badly printed, but rather than detracting, these qualities—for me, at least—add to their charm. There is a wonderful sense of privacy about the best of these little books that one never gets in highly edited commercially published works.

The collecting of sporting books has often been compared with the activity of

sport itself. In the great catalog of his collection titled *Hunting, Hawking and Shooting*, C. F. G. R. Schwerdt has written:

> Collecting one definite subject, especially on the lines indicated above, requires great patience and a considerable amount of energy. I am not joking when I suggest that it is in itself a kind of chase, comparable to hunting and stalking [and he might have said fishing], and partakes of its pleasures. In some cases rare books were followed through two or three hands. The book was the quarry. What joy when it was obtained in the end! One felt like blowing the horn.[46]

I couldn't have said it better myself.

ENDNOTES

1. John Carter, *ABC for Book Collectors* (New York: Knopf, 1980), 158.

2. Philippa Barnard, ed. *Antiquarian Books: A Companion for Booksellers, Librarians and Collectors* (London: Scolar Press, 1994), 342.

3. Geoffrey A. Glaister, *Encyclopedia of the Book* (Newcastle, Del.: Oak Knoll, 1996), 497.

4. All of the following imprints are found in books or pamphlets in my collection: A Private Edition; Privately Published; Published by the Author; For Private Circulation Only; Printed for Private Distribution; Privately Printed for the Author; Reprinted for Private Circulation Only; A Limited Edition for Private Circulation; Privately Printed for Members of the Club; Privately Published and Printed in Great Britain; Privately Printed for Members of the Author's Family.

5. See John Martin, *Bibliographical Catalogue of Privately Printed Books* (London: 1854; reprinted New York: Burt Franklin, 1970). See also Bertram Dobell, *Catalogue of Books Printed for Private Circulation* (London: Bertram Dobell, 1906). As interesting as they are, neither of these works mention any titles on salmon fishing.

6. Examples include Orri Vigfusson, *Hitch Craft* (Reykjavik: North Atlantic Salmon Fund, 1994); Mike Savage, *Fishing in Iceland in the Steps of Erikur the Red* (Abertillery, Wales: Old Bakehouse Publications, 2003). All profits from both of these books go to the North Atlantic Salmon Fund. Also Charles Gaines and Monte Burke, eds., *Leaper: The Greatest Writing on Atlantic Salmon* (St. Andrews, New Brunswick: Atlantic Salmon Federation, 2001). All profits from this work go to the Atlantic Salmon Federation.

7. The Grolier Club, founded in New York City in 1884, is the preeminent American organization of book collectors. They have over the years published several lists of the one hundred most influential books in fields such as English literature (1902), Americana (1947), and science (1964).

8. Charles Wetzel, *American Fishing Books* (Newark, Del.: Privately Printed, 1950; reprinted Stone Harbor, N.J.: Meadow Run Press, 1990).

9. Henry P. Bruns, *Angling Books of the Americas* (Atlanta: Anglers Press, 1975).

10. T. Westwood and T. Satchell, *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* (London: T. Satchell, 1883; reprinted London: Dawson's of Pall Mall, 1966).

11. J. Fitzgerald Hampton, *Modern Angling Bibliography: Books Published on Angling, Fisheries and Fish Culture from 1881 to 1945* (London: Herbert Jenkins, 1947).

12. Westwood and Satchell, *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, 51.

13. Charles B. Wood III, "*Salmo salar:* Notes from a Collector," *The American Fly Fisher*, vol. 27, no. 3 (summer 2001), 2–11.

14. The Bigelow pamphlet has been the object of an intensive search in the last year by a friend of mine who is writing a history of the Grand Cascapedia. So far, no copy has been found, but I still believe one will turn up.

15. Dean Sage, *The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing* (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1888; reprinted by Henry Siegel, Goshen, Conn.: Anglers and Shooters Press, 1973). The bibliography occupies pages 283–304 in the Siegel reprint.

16. Roy and Susan Engelhard O'Connor, *Indian Summer* (Lunenburg, Vt.: Stinehour Press, 1973).

17. Philip Lee, *Home Pool: The Fight to Save the Atlantic Salmon* (Fredericton, N.B.: Goose Lane Editions, 1996), 228.

18. Frank C. Roberts Jr., *Pleasant Places* (Philadelphia: A Limited Edition for Private Circulation, 1966).

19. Jean-Paul Dubé, *Salmon Talk* (Clinton, N.J.: Amwell Press, 1983), 26.

20. This was said to be the case with the Lee Sturges book, *Salmon Fishing on Cain River New Brunswick* (Chicago: Privately Printed, 1919). The stated edition was fifty copies. Hank Bruns, in his *Angling Books of the Americas,* relates a story (page 446) that all but five copies burned up with the author's house, but this is simply not true. In the past decade or so I have seen four or five copies on the market, and I know of others in private or institutional collections—perhaps about half the edition might have burned up.

21. Dean Sage, *The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing* (Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1888). This famous book has been dealt with by many modern writers; perhaps the most useful and extensive discussion is David B. Ledlie, "The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing," Parts III and IV, *The American Fly Fisher,* vol. 3, no. 4 (fall 1976) and vol. 4, no. 1 (winter 1977).

22. Charles Eliot Goodspeed, *Angling in America: Its Early History and Literature* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1939), 279.

23. Edmund W. Davis, *Salmon-Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia* (New York: Printed for Private Distribution, 1904). An extensive, accurate, and thorough introduction to this work was written by David Zincavage for the Flyfishers Classic Library reprint of 1994 (750 copies). Zincavage further gives a detailed explanation of the two issues in his "Bibliographical Note." I commend it to the interested reader.

24. Lee Sturges, *Salmon Fishing on Cain River New Brunswick* (Chicago: Privately Printed, 1919).

25. Biographical details of Lee Sturges can be found in Peter H. Falk, ed., *Who Was Who in American Art* (Madison, Conn.: Sound View Press, 1985), 604.

26. For more about Seymour, see Susan Otis Thompson, *American Book Design and William Morris* (New York: R. R. Bowker Co., 1977), 107–08.

27. Donald Hight, A. Theodore Lyman Jr., John L. Newell, and Joseph Sherer, "Acquisition of the Allen Camp," *History of the Black Brook Salmon Club* (Worcester, Mass.: Privately Printed, ca. 1989), 29.

28. Cecil [Lord] Harmsworth, *A Little Fishing Book* (Dublin: Privately Printed by the Cuala Press, 1930). See Ilam Miller, *The Dum Emer Press, Later the Cuala Press. With a Prefatory Note by Michael B. Yeats* (Dublin: The Dolomen Press, 1973), 130.

29. Maurice Wertheim, *Salmon on the Dry Fly* (New York: Privately Printed, 1948). This was originally published as an article in the March 1948 issue of *Field & Stream.*

30. Richard Carley Hunt, *Salmon in Low Water* (New York: Privately Printed, the Anglers' Club of New York, 1950).

31. Alfred E. Bissell, *In Pursuit of Salar* (Wilmington, Del.: Privately Printed, 1966).

32. Alfred E. Bissell, *Further Notes on the Pursuit of Salar* (Wilmington, Del.: Privately Printed, 1972).

33. Proof of this limitation is found in a letter from Henry A. Milliken of the Anthoensen Press to Henry A. Siegel. *The Angling Library of Col. Henry A. Siegel,* Oinonen Book Auctions, Sale no. 151 (24 April 1990), lot no. 161, which quotes the letter.

34. Roy and Susan Engelhard O'Connor, *Indian Summer* (Lunenburg, Vt.: Stinehour Press, 1973). This is listed as no. 595 in David Farrell, *The Stinehour Press: A Bibliographical Checklist of the First Thirty Years* (Lunenburg, Vt.: Meriden-Stinehour Press, 1988), 135.

35. Roy Fleury and Theodor Dalenson, *Alten: The Story of a Salmon River* (Berkhamsted, England: Privately Published, 1991).

36. Roy Fleury and Theodor Dalenson, *Alten: Reflections* (Berkhamsted, England: Privately Published, 1993).

37. Joseph Pulitzer, *We Go Fishing in Norway* (St. Louis: Privately Printed, September 1954).

38. Pulitzer, *We Go Fishing*, 63.

39. Dean Sage, *Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers* (Cambridge, Mass.: Privately Printed, 1997).

40. Roland Pertwee, *The River God* (Boston: Privately Printed for George Goodspeed by the Anthoensen Press, 1951). This was first published in the *Saturday Evening Post* for 7 July 1928. It has since been anthologized by Nick Lyons in his *Fisherman's Bounty* (New York: Crown, 1970), 21–32.

41. See endnote 22.

42. Susan Agnes Macdonald, "On a Canadian Salmon River," *Murray's Magazine: A Home and Colonial Periodical for the General Reader* (London), vol. II, July 1887, 447–61; December 1887, 621–36.

43. Peter Thomas, *Lost Land of Moses: The Age of Discovery on New Brunswick's Salmon Rivers* (Fredericton, N.B.: Goose Lane Editions, 2001).

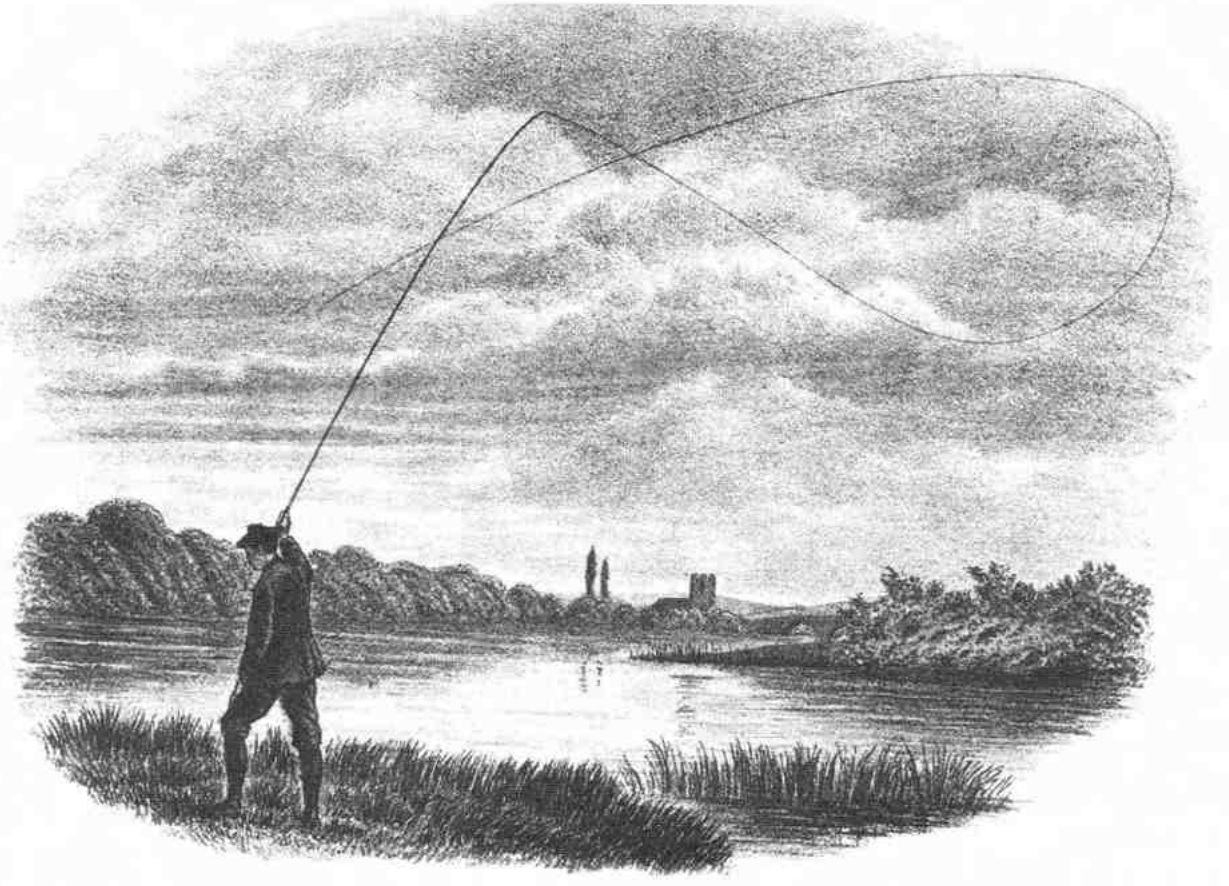
44. Terry Barter Sr., *Cascapedia River: Home of the 40 Pounders* (Grand Cascapedia, P.Q.: Privately Printed, 1991).

45. George Andrews, *A Second Salmon Fishing Trip to Norway, June 10 to July 29, Inclusive, with Thirty-Four Actual Days of Fishing in the Flam and Olden Rivers* (Strasbourg, 1953).

46. C. F. G. R. Schwerdt, *Hunting, Hawking and Shooting Illustrated in a Catalogue of Books, Manuscripts, Prints and Drawings* (London: Privately printed for the author by Waterlow & Sons., Ltd., 1928), vol. I, xii–xiv.

Downstream Dries: Thoughts on Surviving the Historical Process

by Paul Schullery



Steeple cast—backward position. Leighton Brothers, Lith. From F. M. Halford, Dry-Fly Fishing *(Reading, England: Barry Shurlock & Co., reprint of the 1889 edition), plate X.*

HAVE YOU BEEN FLY FISHING long enough to remember the formal times, when it was all a much more standardized game than it is today? There were certain correct ways to cast (one, two, three . . . one, two, three . . . ten o'clock, one o'clock . . .), certain correct ways to tie flies (remember proportion gauges?), and certain correct ways to do pretty much everything else, including think. If you did things differently, you could almost count on someone wandering by and telling you about it.

The formal times ended, as near as I can remember, about the time of the resignation of Richard Nixon in 1974 (not that I blame him; I assume it was a coincidence). One day right about then, on the Madison, I had just landed a passable but not braggable rainbow when another fisherman, an older fellow whose entire costume said "Old School Fly," came by. When he asked what I'd caught the fish on, I proudly showed him my immense, home-tied green chenille stonefly nymph. He gasped loudly at this brutish assault on the river (and on his refined sensitivities) and harumphed off downstream into the comfortingly self-righteous oblivion reserved for all those left behind in changing times.

Since then, fly fishing has experienced an amazing growth of open-mindedness. Traditional correctness has been replaced as the sport's watchword with a near-obsession for innovation

and unorthodoxy. Fewer and fewer of us are old enough to remember what it was like before. Even fewer are inclined (like aging subversives on a park bench) to look back and wonder if the revolution was such a good idea after all. But it's here, and we continue to learn from it.

It's easy enough to point to some of the forces that symbolize these big changes. Consider, for example, a few books. Doug Swisher and Carl Richard's book, *Selective Trout* (1971), is recognized as the great revolutionary hatch-matching text that had so much to do with the modern renaissance of fly fishing, but I think it operated on several levels for us. It elevated our thinking not only of fly-tying theory, but also (through its wonderful photographs of insects) our basic understanding of what our artificial flies were actually trying to imitate. Lefty Kreh's book, *Fly Casting with Lefty Kreh* (1974), opened our eyes to a whole new "right" way to cast (some of us, never too hot on the more rigid old casting style anyway, felt relieved to suddenly discover that our undisciplined low backcasts were now okay—maybe even cool).

Charlie Brooks's books (my favorite remains *The Trout and the Stream*, 1974) about huge, heavily weighted nymphs (probably my inspiration that day on the Madison) offered a successful challenge to a centuries-old aesthetic that flies were necessarily weightless. The list goes on, well into social, nontechnical topics. In a wonderful series of books of stories and reflections, John Geirach legitimized and even lionized whole large scruffy segments of the fly-fishing population (like me) who were before then ignored or looked down on as a kind of party-pooping lunatic fringe who were rudely immune to the sport's traditional, self-congratulatory sense of elegance.

We were even taught how to fish differently than earlier generations had been. After several centuries when most anglers were taught to fish by relatives or friends, the post-Nixon flood of new books, magazines, and videos (and now websites), the proliferation of fly-fishing clubs and conventions, and the establishment of several good fishing schools homogenized and professionalized that process. And now, all this has been wildly accelerated by the World Wide Web (another mixed blessing, we might pause and notice). Within a very short period of time, we went from learning primarily local knowledge slowly over the course of a fishing life to having immediate access to everything that everybody knew everywhere.

All this happened with enormous fanfare and more than a little self-congratulation, in which leading anglers constantly reminded us of how innovative we had become, and how proud we should be of ourselves and our new open-mindedness.

Well, maybe. As I say, there are still some doubts out there about whether we're better off for all the new toys and tactics. But the rate of transformation was undeniably amazing. It was one of those rare periods when an institution experienced a genuine revolution. And yet for all the well-publicized changes, some of the most important parts of the revolution were much more quiet. They seemed to just ease into our world. That's how it's been with the downstream dry fly.

If you've been at this three decades or more, you may remember being taught these simple rules, or commandments: Wet flies are fished downstream. Dry flies are fished upstream. Some strange geniuses will fish wet flies upstream, but you mere mortals shouldn't expect to get much good at that. Nobody fishes dry flies downstream.

These guidelines were pronounced with an almost moral force. If you foolishly fished a dry fly downstream, not only would you fail to catch fish, but lightning would strike you or you'd go blind.

The man most often credited, or blamed, for the well-known "dry fly dogma" was the British writer Frederic Halford, who, in a series of handsome and confidently pronounced books, established the code of dry-fly fishing that prevailed among his associates and that would come to rule angling's elevated social circles for much of the next century. Curious as it seems now, in Halford, whatever sacrilege his acolytes made of the downstream dry fly, we also find some open-mindedness. In *Dry-Fly Fishing, Theory and Practice* (1891), Halford revealed some sympathy for fishing downstream.

> Sometimes an extra strong down-stream wind will be blowing with almost hurricane force, rendering it well-nigh impossible, or at best very difficult, to cast up against the wind, even with the underhanded cast or downward cut. Occasionally, too, there are places where, owing to natural obstructions such as trees, bushes, or a jutting promontory just in the range of the line behind the angler, there is no alternative but to drift or throw directly downstream to a fish rising under the fisherman's own bank, or to pass him by altogether. Under such conditions, and such conditions only, it is advisable to drift to a feeding trout or grayling, although in gin-clear water such as the Hampshire chalk streams a very small modicum of success must at the best be anticipated, and no dry-fly fisherman, even the most experienced, need be astonished at finding himself setting down fish after fish, and perhaps not even succeeding in rising a single one during the whole day.[1]

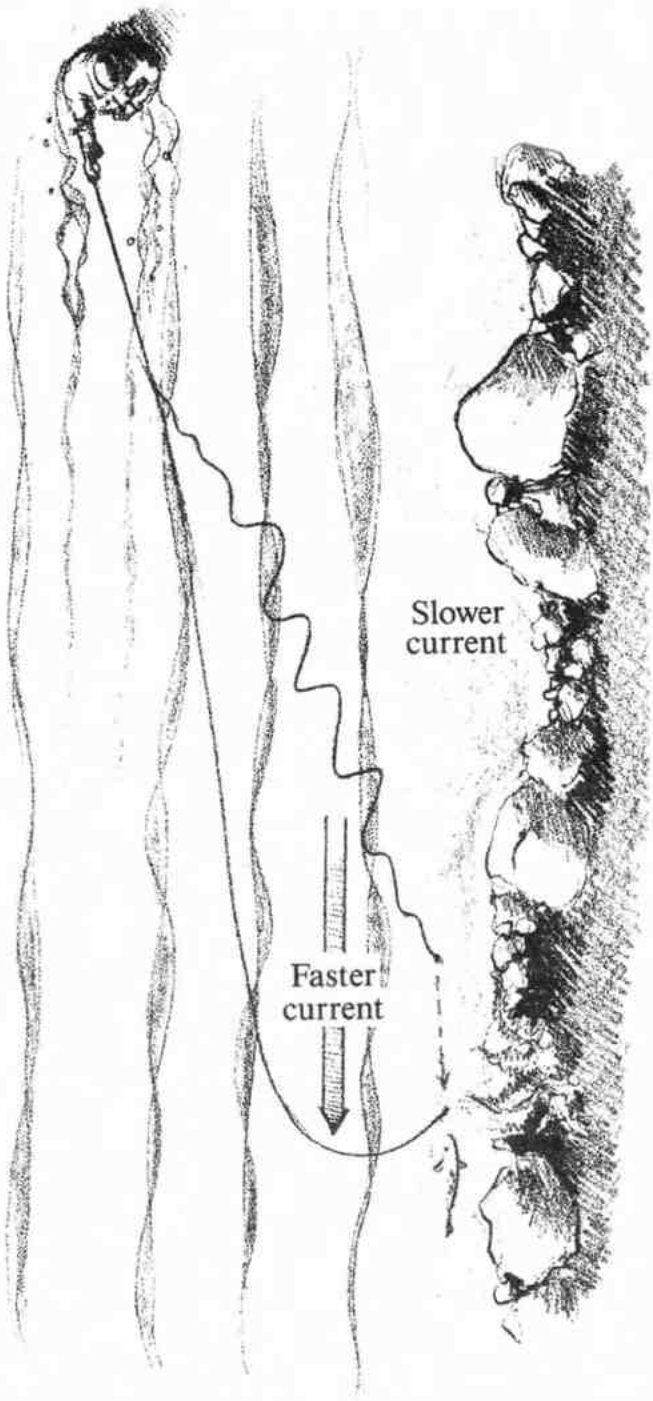
But it was a pretty left-handed concession to the approach, wasn't it? In essence, according to Halford, you might like to experiment with downstream dries, and it's okay to do so, but these exceptional circumstances will just prove the rule that the technique doesn't work. So, instead of fishing downstream, you would be better off to go home and come back when the wind lets up.

Of course, the formal times had their own rebels. Just as they were doing by developing their own dry-fly patterns in Halford's day, at least a few Americans would declare their independence from this element of the dry-fly code. Ray Bergman, in his famed *Trout* (1938), insisted that there were, in fact, good ways to fish downstream, and that "one doesn't hear so much about fishing downstream with a dry fly, but this doesn't alter the fact that the method is important."[2] Joe Brooks's *Trout Fishing* (1972), the first great successor to Bergman's *Trout*, expanded on the concept, even giving us a few very helpful pages of advice on getting the most out of downstream drifts and the best way to handle the line.

But despite these smart fishermen encouraging us to fish dries downstream, it is true that until the Nixon resignation, there was still a widespread conviction, at least in the books I read and the slide presentations I attended, that the dry fly was pretty much an upstream tool. Today we have books such as John Judy's *Slack Line Strategies for Fly Fishing* (1994), large portions of which advise us on making extremely long, effective downstream casts, but such good sensible advice was a long time coming.

From the beginning of my own fly-fishing experience, I had never understood the reported "problem" with fishing dry flies downstream. Having received almost all of my early fishing instruction from a highly opinionated freestone stream that insisted I learn to catch fish by catching fish, I began violating the upstream code almost immediately. I did this because I had to, and because it worked. It wasn't until I began to read the right books that I discovered how barbaric and unsuccessful my approach was doomed to be.

This was a revelation for me. How, I wondered, could I have gotten it so wrong and still been so successful? Could it possibly be that some of these distinguished experts didn't know what they were talking about? Or was it the fault of the trout in my



Modern fly-fishing authorities, such as John Judy, have demonstrated the wide application of downstream dry-fly fishing, although for many years such techniques were regarded as both inappropriate and ineffective. Illustration by Richard Bunse. From John Judy, Slack Line Strategies for Fly Fishing *(Mechanicsburg, Pa.: Stackpole Books, 1994), 55, with permission.*

home stream—were my local fish too dependent on evolutionary imperatives and not nearly respectful enough of the great fishing writers? Was it possible that my local Rocky Mountain trout were just hicks, lacking the polish of their eastern betters? I didn't know.

I stuck with it, though. In the thirty or so years since I started resisting the advice of the experts on downstream dry-fly fishing, my own fishing has changed quietly and completely. It was just this past summer that it suddenly dawned on me that not only had I gradually become more and more comfortable with downstream dries, but also that I now fish them more than upstream dries. It seemed to me that every time I bothered to notice, I was fishing downstream. Whether from a drift boat or from a gravel bar, over a deep run or a bright riffle, casting downstream seemed the right thing to do.

It happened, I guess, the way fly fishing has always changed, through many centuries. It happened because it was simple common sense, applied day after day on the stream. I'd find a rising fish or a likely spot. I'd read the water to see where the best drift would come from. I'd go there. I'd cast. More often than not, I'd be casting downstream.

I'd see other anglers doing this too, people far better at catching fish than I. We've gone from "it's just not done" to "it's just done."

There has to be a lesson in this rapid conversion the sport has undergone. Why did it take us so long to recognize the obvious value of the downstream cast? Looking back, Halford's dismissal of the technique is bewildering. The obvious advantage of a cast in which the fly comes into the trout's view even before the line does was apparently lost on him.

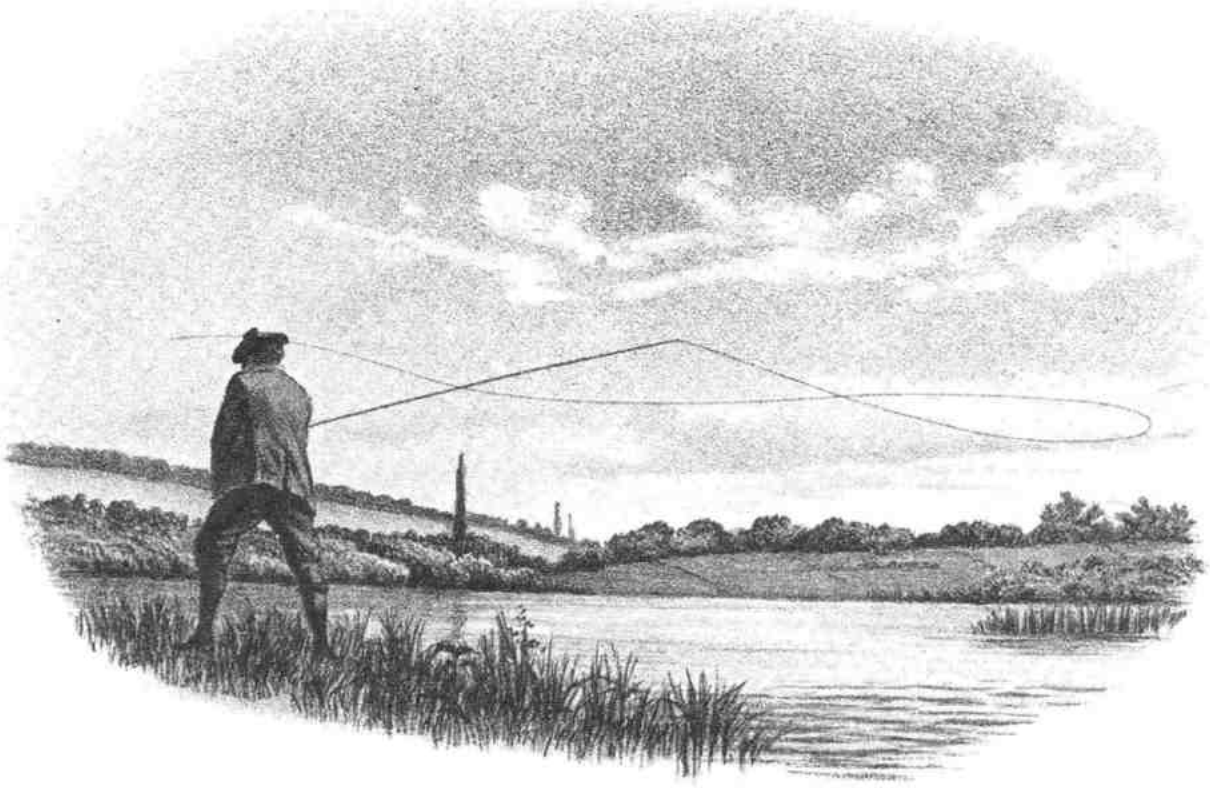
The frequent occasions (at least fifty percent of the time, I assume) on which line mending is easier on a downstream drift must have eluded him too—just as it eluded all the later experts whose view of how to cast was so narrow that they convinced themselves there was no way to cast downstream without instant drag. The greater ease of handling the line as it drifts away from me, rather than toward me, may just be my own opinion, but it's an opinion of which I'm confident.

Halford's conviction that fishing downstream meant that the fish would always see you and thus not rise was even more baffling. It went against the several preceding centuries' experience of countless downstream wet-fly fishermen, people whose flies were almost always just barely below the surface on their downstream casts. If fish couldn't be caught by fishing downstream, how had all those thousands of wet-fly fishermen done it so well?

Notice that I'm not criticizing Halford and his cronies because they liked to make rules to govern their own behavior. Within the generous limits established by the law, we're all entitled to decide what style of fishing suits us personally. If upstream dry flies are your preference, more power to you; it's a fine game. After all, fly fishing is almost entirely composed of the limitations in tackle and approach we choose to give it.

But Halford said more. He said the reason not to fish downstream was because it didn't work. There he got my attention and, eventually, my disregard.

No doubt Halford's local circumstances, on his manicured private chalk streams, may have contributed to his convictions; perhaps my freestone trout, hovering under a broken surface several boulders across the water from me,



Underhanded cast—backward position. Leighton Brothers, Lith. From F. M. Halford, Dry-Fly Fishing *(Reading, England: Barry Shurlock & Co., reprint of the 1889 edition), plate VI.*

are more susceptible to a downstream dry. But I've fished enough glassy spring creeks to doubt that it was as simple as Halford thought it was.

The popularization of the downstream dry fly, especially in this modern era, when innovation has become nearly a religion among the angling overachievers who drive the fly-fishing market, shouldn't be that big a surprise. Each generation of anglers tends to shed some of its predecessors' dogma, either to stake their own claim to the sport, or to take up the challenge in a fresh way, or just to prove they're smarter than their parents.

On the other hand, each generation also has its dropouts—anglers who settle in with a certain set of rules and stick to them. That guy on the Madison—so long ago now—who was shocked by my bright green chenille nymph seemed to be one of the dropouts. Ironically, at the time I'm sure that he would have thought *I* was the dropout—the barber-deprived, flannel-shirted radical who couldn't handle the rules—but in the long haul, it turned out that the sport was abandoning him, not me.

Now, I think, it's my turn. Even though I fish dry flies downstream, and do all manner of other things on the water that were unfashionable fifty years ago, I'm gradually being left behind. I ignore significant portions of today's fly-fishing practice, things that for all their allure and energy just don't suit me. Let me set aside the flood of new, ever-more-refined tackle that I've not bought over the past twenty years and give a couple of practical examples.

Strike detectors, now universal on fashionable trout streams, never seemed quite okay to me. They were too much like the bobbers I used long ago for catching bluegills with cane poles; they crossed some threshold, and not just an aesthetic one, that put me off. True, I didn't like that blobby little interruption of the fly line's continuous and very meaningful taper. But I didn't really like the extra edge it seemed to give me, either. These things, these little subjective decisions, are what make the whole business matter to us, each in our own way.

The same goes for bead-heads. I have a lot of them in my wet-fly box, and once in a while I'll give one a try, but mostly they look like new. I just don't like them. And I'm pleased to discover the company I keep in that opinion. In *Good Flies* (2000), John Gierach expresses the same view.

> I know they're popular, I know they catch fish, and I've even used them a few times, usually to keep from insulting a guide or a friendly fisherman who insisted that a bead-head something-or-

For centuries, fly fishers approached trout from upstream, casting to them with wet flies on short lines. This approach was quite successful, but such an approach later became regarded as nearly impossible among dry-fly experts, who believed that it would spook the fish. "Fly Fishing," a print originally published about 1830, was reprinted in Eric Taverner's Trout Fishing from All Angles *(London: Seeley, Service & Co. Ltd., 1930), fp 32.*

other was the only fly that would work. I just think they're ugly, so I can't bring myself to tie them, but it's nothing personal.[3]

Well, it's nothing personal against the other fisherman, at least; it's everything personal for those of us who decide that this particular type of fly just doesn't fit our needs as fly fishers.

Those of us who decide not to add some new thing to our fly fishing are part of the tension between tradition and change that seems to be such an interesting and energizing part of the sport. We don't deny that we could catch more fish if we embraced every single "innovation" that came down the pike. It's just that some of those things cross some faint but hard line—some threshold of tolerance—for us. Halford's threshold of tolerance for downstream dry flies isn't really that different from mine for bead-heads, except that he thought downstream dries wouldn't work. I don't even care if bead-heads work. I think they look stupid and miss some subtle ideal in the whole point of using flies in the first place. Who's to say which is the more problematic bias?

Maybe we all get our turn at being an old coot. Any day now, somewhere along the Madison, I'll probably run into some young guy with an unimaginable new fly or a weird cast. But I hope that, rather than huff at his unorthodoxy, I'll recognize the circle I'm closing and wish him well. And if I'm smart, I'll watch him for a while, to see what other dogma he may have wisely abandoned.

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ENDNOTES

1. F. M. Halford, *Dry-Fly Fishing: Theory and Practice* (Reading, England: Barry Shurlock & Co., 1973; reprint of 1889 edition), 65–66.
2. Ray Bergman, *Trout* (New York: Alfred Knopf, 1976), 209.
3. John Gierach, *Good Flies* (New York: The Lyons Press, 2000), 140.

OFF THE SHELF

The Angler and the Bondman

by Charles Bradford

Illustration from The Angler's Secret *(New York: The Knickerbocker Press, 1904), 30.*

If you do not find time for exercise, you will have to find time for illness.
—Lord Derby.

He that takes no holiday hastens a long rest.
—Anonymous.

HAT IS REST TO ONE may be work to another, and vice versa; "one man's medicine is another man's poison." The professional fisherman, dragging his nets and dropping his lines all the week would find rest if he meandered about city streets, and the letter carrier, walking from house to house in town thoroughfares as a business, would delight in a half-day's play at the fisherman's trade. So the deskman, pent up six days in a stuffy office, and the backwoodsman, to whom trees are a common sight, might exchange their habits and habitat with mutual benefit, if the duties of each could be amicably arranged.

Thus, to rest both mind and body, one must relieve them of the employment they are mostly and commonly occupied with. Abstaining from business, merely, is not rest. To relieve the body and neglect the mind is to tire the mind all the more, and to relieve the mind and not the body is equally disadvantageous.

No man, half wrecked mentally and bodily from his daily toil at the desk, over the counter, on the work bench, or

Illustration from The Angler's Secret *(New York: The Knickerbocker Press, 1904), vi.*

in the noisy street, can find rest by merely remaining "quite still," as the doctor tells him. He should seclude himself from familiar scenes in a mild wilderness where everything pertaining in the least way to his regular occupation is excluded; where he may not sit "quite still," and worry himself more weak and wan; where everything in his surroundings and in his pursuits is in marked contrast to his ordinary daily life; where the mind may not only have a change if the owner will permit it, but where it will be forced to take the change and thereby the rest.

The mind must be occupied in a pursuit entirely different from its common course; it must not be allowed to remain "quite still," for in this state it will surely wander back to the cares and trials of its everyday environment. There must be exhilaration invoked from new excitement—pleasant, natural excitement, not startling annoyances the brain is so commonly afflicted with in business details—and, at the same time, good bodily exercise must be in order in every instance.

The tired worker, plodding all the week, early to reach his office and late to leave it, finds it an apparent relief to loiter indoors at home on the seventh day—the day of rest—but, without some gentle pastime in which exercise and natural excitement prevail, his mind is not at ease, though his body be at rest, and, when the business day overtakes him again, he is but freshened for a little spurt or two, and is quite as fatigued as ever before the week is quarter passed.

There are exceptions to all rules; there are men whose business pursuits do not injure their health. There are many of this nature, and there are thousands of workers who are killing themselves in their persistent efforts to work without play, to grind on without relaxation—"making hay while the sun shines," as many of them tell you, just as though there was never a day when the sun's shining cannot be seen.

It is an amusing fact that the man who advocates no vacation is invariably in business for himself. His employees—from the negligent cash boy up to the industrious head clerk—foster a different view, unless they are asked to express themselves on the subject just at a time when they are about to be taken into the firm. Then they begin to make hay while the sun shines, and keep on making a greedy desire to dig a little gold for rainy days, they dig a premature grave for themselves, and thus obtain a permanent rest for both mind and body.

There are many forms of gentle recreation, mild pursuits that may be indulged in even on the Sabbath without offending one's neighbors. A quiet stroll over field and meadow with your dog or favorite child, a trip through the woods or parks, alone or in company, and many other mild outdoor pursuits will serve to recreate. But Sunday should not be the only day upon which to seek rest. The world has changed since the first rule was made. There were no unventilated offices when the Lord labored six days—in the open, mind you—and rested upon the seventh. His labor and the labor of His people in that day were such that to rest quietly at home was proper rest. And Sunday was quite sufficient in those times. But now, when half the world labors six days without a single day in the whole week being spent in the open it is different, and with the great changes in the world of work there should come changes in the ways to rest.

God never put the iron shoe upon the horse, because He created soft meadows for its feet, but when man transferred this beast of the plains to the cobbled highways he changed its hoof—he nailed on a substance to cope with the cobble. So, when man was created to labor in the open, the Lord provided a certain day and form of rest for him, and that day and form at that period were practical; but when man transferred his field of labor from the open to the indoor world he should have changed his forms and times of rest as well.

Let the natural man—the laborer in the open—go indoors on his day of rest, and let the unnatural man—the indoor worker—come out, and if he cannot exercise on the Sabbath, give him a day of his own for recreation—give him his iron shoe.

The Saturday half-holiday is the first move in this great need, and it is pleasant to see it becoming more popular each summer season. Many of our leading merchants are even desirous of making a full play-day of Saturday, and there are some business places that recognize the Saturday half-holiday throughout the year.

A quiet Sunday indoors is a nice form of rest to the field laborer and all men who labor in the open, but there can be no true rest indoors for the plodding officeman whose eyes are dimmed all the week by artificial light, and whose head is dulled by impure air and calamitous figure work. Sitting quietly beside a fireplace may be rest to the ploughman, but it will not satisfy the penman.

Illustration from The Angler's Secret *(New York: The Knickerbocker Press, 1904), 2.*

From *The Angler's Secret* (New York: The Knickerbocker Press, 1904), 31–37. Initial cap illustration, page 31.

OFF THE SHELF

A Critical Inquiry into the Nature of *Tabanus zonalis*

by C. Otto von Kienbusch

"To him who in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language." She does indeed, at times much too much. My personal communion has been in the broad field of hexapodous tracheate arthropods. Man and boy, these fascinating creatures have led me far. Worldwide research, pursued with, I must admit, a singularly inquiring and sympathetic mind, has brought astonishing results. My field-notes are crammed with invaluable data on *Pulex irritans* of the Italian hill towns, *Cimex lectularius of* those quaint old English inns, *Pediculus vestimenti* of Hoboken (the dingiest rest-room on the Erie) and *Blatta orientalis* of our kitchen sink.

My maturer entomological studies have centered on *Tabanus zonalis.* Of her I was, until last summer, passionately fond. Now, as is the case with the more devastating home-brews, I can take her or leave her alone.

Our expedition had explored the north-east Newfoundland coast in a cod-boat of one sail and two horsepower. We could not sleep aboard for the scent of the first cod she had taken (the year Grant was in front of Vicksburg) still lingered. So we camped each night ashore. Our skipper, as salty a spirit as ever an entomologist dragged into the woods, found the nicest places—caribou swamps so soft that no bedding was needed (just a pair of gum boots and some rubber sheeting), alder tangles where the danger of somnambulism was practically nil and breezeless birch thickets where you might smother but would never catch cold. The man had a genius for camp sites. And what a wealth of insect life there was! The air teemed. Blackflies rose with the sun. Mosquitoes never went to bed. Midges, house-flies, bar-flies (Newfoundland is wet), blue-bottle-flies (including a rare Yale-blue variant that settles only on collapsed omelet soufflés) darkened the sky. They were all so ridiculously easy to collect. We arranged a flutter-valve in the wall of our bug-proof tent. A finger, stuck out through this and almost instantly withdrawn, would be covered with a dozen varieties sucking, biting or digging, each as God had taught the little imp.

There are those who are annoyed by the attention of insects, who waste time that might be devoted to scientific observation in slapping, scratching or rubbing themselves against trees. It makes them unhappy to have their wrists thickened, their features disfigured and their eyes closed. They complain of a fillet of permanent goose-pimples below the hat-brim, consider it futile to comb the hair on a head so nubbly that any phrenologist, probing for character, would go mad, bite himself and die of hydrophobia. Such people are not rough and tough. They lack the fiber.

Our best collecting camp was on a spit of shore at the head of First Indian Bay River Lake just where the waters of Second Indian Bay River Lake, pouring through the gorge of Upper Indian Bay River, go flat. These waters eventually flow out of First Indian Bay River Lake into Lower Indian Bay River and so into Bonavista Bay and the Atlantic (but who cares). You cannot miss the exact spot. I whittled two hearts-that-beat-as-one on an oak sapling. If you remember what I write I am confident that when you visit the place the tree will have grown so you can see my handiwork from across the lake.

Here we found *Tabanus zonalis* in great numbers. The ignorant confuse them with "the common horse-fly." There is nothing common about them; they are, I assure you, quite distinguished. The natives call them "stouts" which describes them perfectly. A stout is to an ordinary horse-fly as the salmon I do not catch are to those I do; her stoutness is perhaps due to early feeding on cod-liver oil which, as every mother knows, is rich in the tissue-building vitamins. Raw Newfoundland oil is produced by removing a couple or three hundred thousand livers from a like number of cod and tossing the mess into an open hogshead. By the normal process of decomposition the oil separates itself from the by-products and may be drained off. The poet probably did not have it in mind when he sang of "the true, the blushful Hippocrene, with beaded bubbles bursting on the brim, and purple stainéd mouth," but stouts love it. The surface is usually covered with a layer of them, who have drunk not wisely but too well. Some humans prefer it refined. Most of us hardy souls, however, who have tossed off a foaming beaker of the real, unemasculated, vintage stuff find any other drink characterless and without bouquet.

The stout is brownish grey with stripes across the tonneau. She wears the

From the *Anglers' Club Bulletin*, vol. X, no. 2, June 1931, with permission of the Anglers' Club of New York Library Committee.

usual number of legs and wings. Her eyes bulge (thyroid condition?). Her head is round and ends in a combination tool that she uses with equal skill as a niblick, a hypodermic, or a bilge-pump. She never permits herself the luxury of a visible emotion. To an even higher degree than Buster Keaton she has developed the technique of the "dead pan." The love life of the stout is uninhibited and without benefit of Mrs. Sanger. Any pair will produce fifty thousand stoutlets at a mating. Really congenial couples have been known to turn out several gross more.

The young horse-flies are weaned early and, when sufficiently built up by cod-liver oil, set out in search of a horse. Around Bonavista Bay this ends in failure. There are no horses. The native cattle and their owners make a poor substitute (quite dessicated) so an occasional corn-fed American angler is a perfect godsend. In times of real famine certain *Tabanidae* have been known to attack automobiles. Alfred E. Cameron (*Bionomics of the Tabanidae,* 1926) cites an experience in western Canada. His car (it is surprising that an otherwise careful investigator should omit recording the make and model) had been left near a promising slough. Presently the hood was covered with *Tabanus septentrionalis* nibbling the new paint job. Cameron was the first publicly to attribute this phenomenon to thermotropic stimulus, but I knew it all the time. My noble colleague, Count Aloysius Ginsberg, had brought it to my notice one day while our Model T was parked in front of Sandro Botticelli's place in West Forty-sixth street. Aloysius, by the way, owing to his knowledge of insects, was able to determine the cause of the Communist irritation that led to the Union Square riot.

My own most noteworthy contribution to our knowledge of the stout is the discovery of her passion for soap. We had been in camp a week on First Indian Bay River Lake. Somebody found an almanac which said that July 19th was a Saturday. So I prepared to bathe. I stripped and threw my underwear out of the tent. Stouts rallied from nowhere. Sticking the muzzle of my shotgun through the tent-flap I fired both barrels and dashed for the lake through the stoutless lane thus momentarily cleared. The remaining stouts joined me on the shore but made no effort to attack. They just buzzed around in a confused sort of way. The water was cold. I soaped myself hurriedly. At once every mother's son and daughter of them lit on the lathered areas! They wolfed the soap, bubbles and all. I dove under. The stouts stayed with me, holding their breaths as long as possible. Some were drowned. When my brand of soap has been analyzed I shall make this experience the basis of an important monograph. Meanwhile, to my chagrin, it has been pirated by Frederick White who jumps to an utterly erroneous conclusion. In his Ballad of the Stout (published 1930) he suggests that no self-respecting *Tabanus zonalis* would think of approaching me before a bath. I have borne this in silence. Controversies with laymen are beneath me.

The one unpleasant trait of *Tabanus zonalis* which at the last set me definitely against her, is an infinite capacity for friendship. When I had full data of her life and habits I was quite willing to call it a job but she was not. Hints failing, I took drastic measures. I tried British Navy Rum (200 percent proof). It maims an American at ten feet. A race whose mariners can down at a gulp four fingers of the stuff deserves to rule the wave. Its only effect on *zonalis* was a slight shudder. I experimented with a new fly dope. Mosquitoes faint at sight of it; black-flies turn wrong side up at a taste. Not so our stouts. They dive at a layer of it, skid a couple of inches and then splash around looking for an artery. To a degree I was successful, however, with Flit. At least I became convinced that my pets disliked it. You use Flit in an atomizer. It is a thin, stainless, yellowish liquid that tastes and smells like Flit. For laboratory purposes I would undress and, by my nudity, entice one stout into the tent. As she flew at me a shot of Flit would take her between the eyes. Then the tent would be full of that stout. Anyone who watches a Flitted stout loses all respect for Baron Richthofen. She does a lightening stall, goes into a dozen outside loops, jerks the stick for a ninety degree bank, flops into a tail spin, snaps out of it backwards, sideswipes the tent gaining altitude and usually ends the show by doing a nose dive off the ridge-pole. The final crash ought to crack her up and set her tank afire. Nothing of the sort. Give her thirty seconds for a pat of powder and a touch of lipstick and she walks off with perhaps only a slight limp. Amazing creatures, these *Tabanidae!* To one who has been infested with them other insects are negligible. Whenever Rebecca McCann meets a stout she will be ashamed of having written:

> My dog presented me today
> With just one little flea.
> He missed it not at all but, Oh—
> The difference to me.

Interested in submitting an article to the *American Fly Fisher?*

The *American Fly Fisher,* the quarterly publication of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, in Manchester, Vermont, is always looking for good writers to make fly-fishing history, traditions, and people come alive in the pages of our journal.

Our focus is fly-fishing history. Our articles lean toward the scholarly, but we sometimes publish the more anecdotal or reflective piece. Please review one or two copies of the journal to get a feel for the balance we are trying to strike.

Before submitting an article, be sure to take a look at our Contributor Guidelines on our website, www.amff.com (click on "The Journal"). Or write to us for a copy.

We want to expand the *American Fly Fisher* and the community of writers and artists who contribute to it. We look forward to hearing from you.

The Shape of Things to Come

by Sara Wilcox

OVER THE WINTER, Museum staff had the pleasure of watching our new building sprout up before our eyes while spring was still months away. Framework, walls, roof—all began to take shape as the days grew longer, as sure a sign of the new beginning awaiting us as budding leaves on a tree branch in April. We looked on in awe as a magnificent timber-frame roof, practically an exhibit unto itself, went up over the future gallery, and we all made frequent trips over to check out the building's progress firsthand. The Manchester community also started taking notice of our developing project, with locals frequently stopping staff members in and around town to inquire about the changes afoot. All in all, it's already been an exciting 2004 for the American Museum of Fly Fishing—and, as they say, the best is still to come.

Sara Wilcox

The gallery walls started going up in late January.

Yoshi Akiyama

In early February, the Vermont Timber Frame Company began work on the gallery roof, using a massive crane to lift pieces of the framework into position.

Sara Wilcox

Undeterred by February's cold temperatures, workers pieced the framework together.

Sara Wilcox

The VTFC crew was halfway through laying down the new roof by President's Day.

Sara Wilcox

A close-up view of the gallery ceiling from inside.

Sara Wilcox

A look at the future gallery as seen from the second floor.

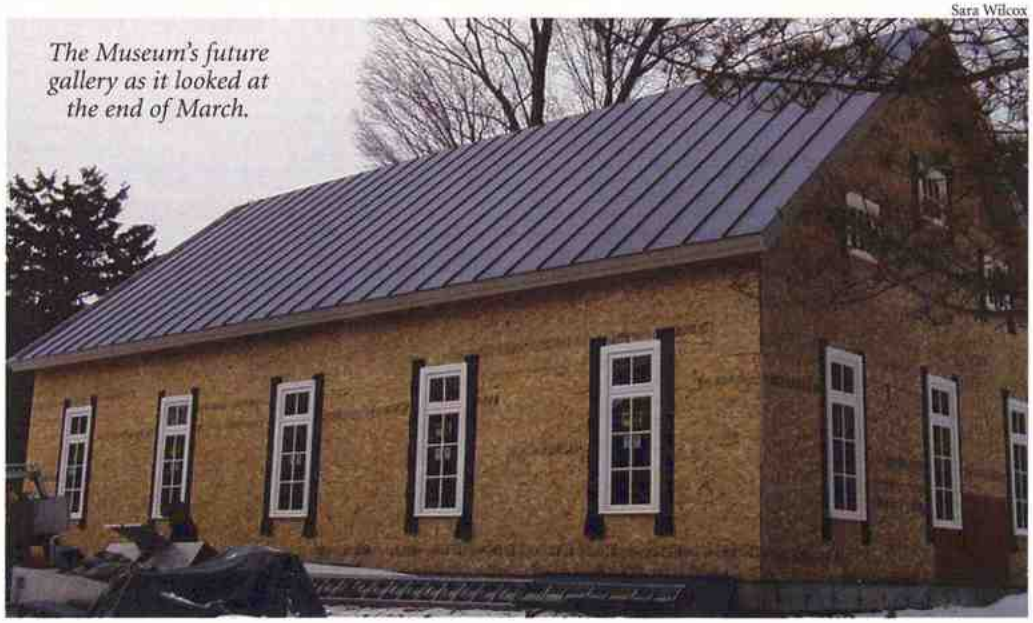
Sara Wilcox

In early March, the new interior only hinted at the shape of offices to come.

Sara Wilcox

By late March, the construction crew installed windows and began work on both the new and historic portions of the roof.

Sara Wilcox

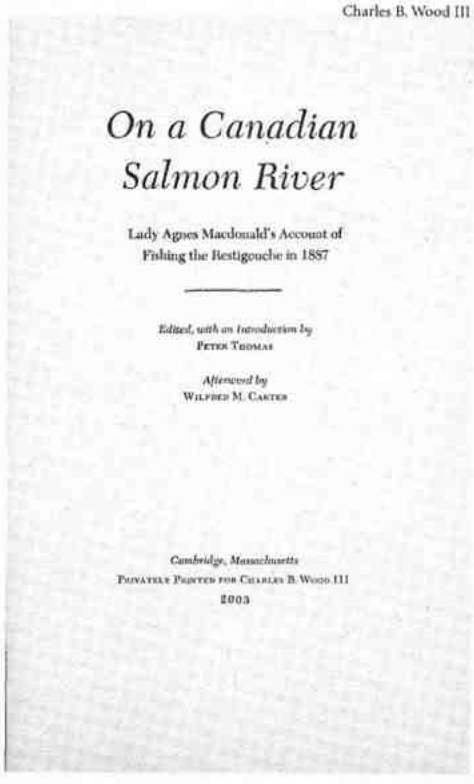


The Museum's future gallery as it looked at the end of March.

BOOK REVIEW

Lady Agnes Macdonald's *On a Canadian Salmon River*

by David B. Ledlie


Charles B. Wood III

On a Canadian Salmon River

Lady Agnes Macdonald's Account of Fishing the Restigouche in 1887

Edited, with an Introduction by
Peter Thomas

Afterword by
Wilfred M. Carter

Cambridge, Massachusetts
Privately Printed for Charles B. Wood III
2003

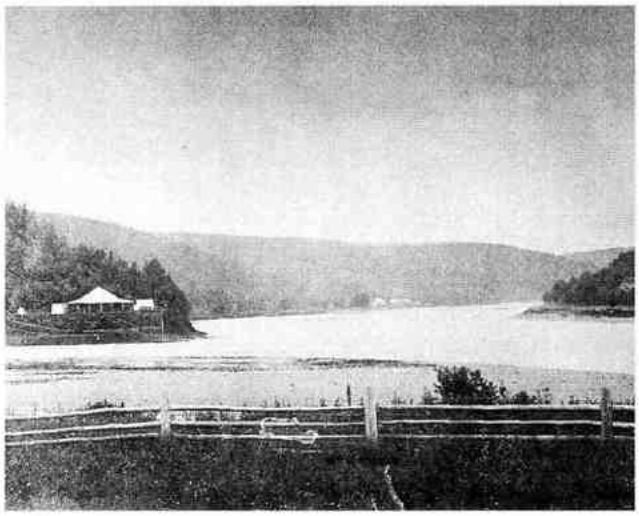
Title page of Charles B. Wood III's reprint of Susan Agnes Macdonald's On a Canadian Salmon River.

On a Canadian Salmon River, by Lady Agnes Macdonald, wife of nineteenth-century Canadian prime minister John Macdonald, is a recently printed, fine-press book published by antiquarian bookseller and devoted salmon angler Charles B. Wood III. It is actually a reprint of an essay that originally appeared in two parts in *Murray's Magazine* in 1887. With an introduction and endnotes by Peter Thomas and an afterword by Wilford Carter, it is the account of Agnes's 1887 fishing/camping trip to the storied Ristigouche River (the current spelling is Restigouche) in pursuit of *Salmo salar*.

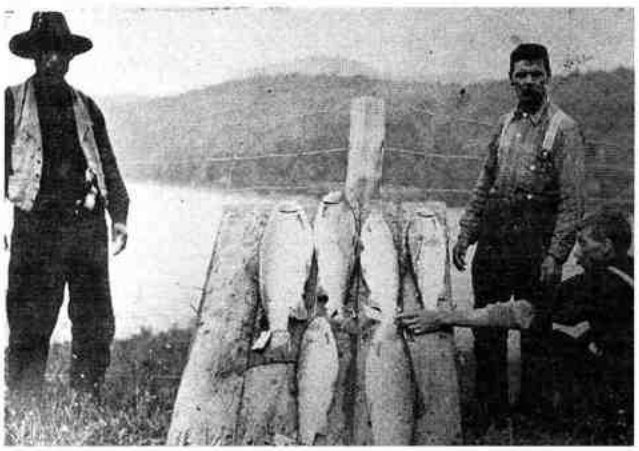
Two editions have recently been published. The deluxe edition is large paper, printed on Katie MacGregor's hand-made rag paper and bound in half-morocco gilt with paste-paper sides by Gray Parrot. The size, including slipcase, is 11 by 7^5 inches, and the edition is limited to fifty numbered copies. It is priced at $1,200. The regular edition is printed on Mohawk Superfine paper and bound in linen with a gilt-titled spine by Acme Bookbinders. The size, including slipcase, is 9^5 by $6\,^3/_8$ inches, and the edition is limited to one hundred numbered copies. It is priced at $300. Both editions are sixty pages long and are illustrated with eleven images and two maps from period sources. The frontispiece is graced by a rather imposing, formal, full-length photograph of Susan Agnes Macdonald at age fifty (1886), standing in what appears to be her home library. The other illustrations, two from Charles Wood's personal collection, are found midway through the volume.

This is the second in a series of fine-press books that Wood has published, the first being *Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers* by Dean Sage. Both efforts are characterized by close attention to scholarship and detail. The choice of Peter Thomas to write the introduction for *On a Canadian Salmon River* was particularly perspicacious. Thomas, an angler and a retired professor of English from the University of New Brunswick, recently authored an extraordinarily insightful

Lady Macdonald casting the fly. From William Samuels's With Fly Rod and Camera *(New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Co., 1890, page 57).*



Dean Sage's Camp Harmony, located at the confluence of the Upsalquitch and the Restigouche, ca. 1880. From the collection of David B. Ledlie.



A typical catch of salmon. Camp Harmony, ca. 1890. From the collection of David B. Ledlie.

history on the salmon fishing and the salmon rivers of New Brunswick titled *The Lost Land of Moses* (2001). His ability to relate the piscatorial happenings of the time to a broader historical context makes his work stand out in relation to most other angling histories. His talents have been similarly and effectively applied to his discussion of Lady Agnes and all the happenings relating to her adventures on the Restigouche. Furthermore, he has carefully annotated both his introduction and the text of the work with endnotes, which, in addition to being particularly useful to the reader, exemplify a thorough and carefully researched knowledge of the subject matter at hand. Thomas speculates that the major enticing influence for Lady Agnes's excursion to the wilds of eastern Canada was probably that, at the time, "salmon angling was largely confined to the 'gentlemanly' classes, [and] had acquired a distinct *chic*." A nineteenth-century Everest syndrome, you might say.

But now to the essay. Full of anticipation and enthusiasm, Lady Agnes arrived with her entourage in Metapedia, Quebec (Matapedia, as it is currently spelled, is located at the confluence of the Restigouche and Matapedia rivers), in her exquisitely appointed private railway car, the *Jamaica,* replete with all the impedimenta necessary for an extended sojourn into the wilderness along the banks of the mighty Restigouche. It is early June of 1887, and after being delayed for a day because of a violent rainstorm, she and her party board a horse-drawn scow (sometimes called a horse yacht) and commence their trip upriver. The river was high, and thus progress was slow. They stopped to visit with Dean Sage (author of the soon-to-be-published "sumptuous" volume, *The Ristigouche and Its Salmon Fishing*) at his Camp Harmony, which graced a high bank overlooking the confluence of the Upsalquitch and Restigouche rivers. They encountered heavy rains and rising water after leaving Sage and managed to reach a point on the river probably 10 or 15 miles from their planned destination at the Patapedia. They overnighted in a wooden shanty with a local "poor couple," where Agnes had the occasion to sleep on the wooden floor of the cabin—a first for her.

Upriver progress the next day was terminated near Indian Point Lodge, approximately 3 miles below the Patapedia. Here they met Samuel Wilmot, an old friend of Lady Agnes and the "master" of Indian Point Lodge. Wilmot invited the party to stay where they were

A horse yacht at Camp Harmony. From the collection of David B. Ledlie.

A more elaborate horse yacht at Camp Harmony. From the collection of David B. Ledlie.

camped and graciously offered to let them partake of the piscatorial opportunities of his 7 miles of prime water. In addition, he volunteered to "instruct and assist the novices of the party" in the particulars of the gentle art. As Lady Agnes had never even cast a fly in her life, she became the center of Wilmot's attention for much of their wilderness sojourn. He apparently was quite successful with his new pupil. She was a quick study who learned to cast adequately and how to play and land salmon of considerable size. All in all, after losing her first fish, Agnes managed to land nine salmon—the largest was 26 pounds—during their stay. And, of course, the largest of all the fish she hooked managed to elude the gaff.

Lady Agnes and her party fished fly patterns that are still familiar to us today: the Durham Ranger, the Dark Fairy, the Silver Doctor, and the Jock Scott. And although their tackle was obviously not as sophisticated as that used today, their angling methods were really no different than those currently employed by the modern-day salmon angler.

I mention, too, that there was considerable discussion among the party regarding the dwindling salmon stocks on the river, primarily a result of commercial netting—déjà vu? Also, before and during the party's trip upriver, considerable rain had fallen. From what is said, indications are that the water rose considerably, but was not unduly colored. Today on the Restigouche, a summer thunderstorm is sometimes sufficient to muddy the waters of this noble river to the extent that fishing is curtailed sometimes for several days—a result, no doubt, of population growth and unwise land-management practices.

When it came time to make the journey home, Agnes found it quite difficult to leave her wilderness surroundings. On the morning of departure, she remarks on page 53:

> It was a sorrowful morning, indeed, when our pretty camp lay in ruins, when the white tents had vanished, leaving only squares of dead grass to mark their places, and the rough flag-poles stood gaunt and bare. The camp-fire's embers were grey and dead, our rude tables were broken, our rustic seats abandoned, for tents, baggage, blankets, tackle and all had been stowed away for transportation, and we stood awaiting the canoes, now lifted for the last time from their couch in the long dewy grass and launched for once reluctantly by the guides, who seem to have grown fond of the merry party they are soon to see no more.
>
> Peter's railway whistle rang out like a cry of pain as we sadly shook hands all round, stepped into our respective canoes, and glided off smoothly, swiftly, scarce parting the sunbeams on that golden brown water, close to the feathered island, round its shining sands, under the towering wooded height of "Eagle's Cliff," below the tossing rapid, and so on "down stream," as we journey always to whatever shore we are bound for, and the years roll on.

In summary, *On a Canadian Salmon River* is a delightful, well-written, finely presented volume that deserves to be in the library of any angler who has an interest in the history of fly fishing for salmon in North America. Charles Wood is to be congratulated for bringing Lady Agnes's adventure to our attention. My single criticism, a minor one, is that it would have been useful to have a map of the Restigouche that was a bit larger and thus easier to read.

David Ledlie is a recently retired professor of organic chemistry from Bates College. He was registrar at the American Museum of Fly Fishing from 1971 to 1977, editor of the American Fly Fisher *from 1983 to 1988, and recipient of this journal's Austin Hogan Award in 1986. When not fly fishing, Ledlie finds time for woodworking and hybridizing daylilies, tree peonies, and rhododendrons.*

On a Canadian Salmon River
by Susan Agnes MacDonald
Reprinted by Charles B. Wood III
P.O. Box 2369
Cambridge, MA 02238

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3rd Annual Friends of Corbin Shoot

October 19 and 20, 2004

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Tuesday, October 19
A golf outing at either Baltusrol or Somerset Hills
Fishing and clay shooting
Dinner and wine tasting

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Diana Siebold (802) 362-3300
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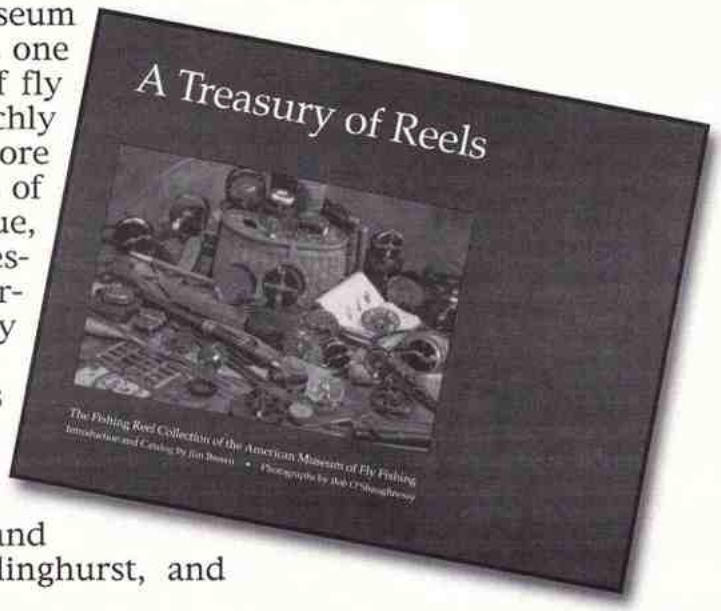
A Treasury of Reels

Available once again from the American Museum of Fly Fishing, *A Treasury of Reels* chronicles one of the largest and finest public collections of fly reels in the world. Brought together in this richly diverse and popular book, which includes more than 750 reels spanning nearly two centuries of British and American reelmaking, are antique, classic, and modern reels; those owned by presidents, entertainers, novelists, angling luminaries, and reels owned and used by everyday anglers.



Accompanied by Bob O'Shaughnessy's expert photography, author Jim Brown details the origins of this fascinating piece of technology, from a 13th century Chinese painting depicting a fisherman using a rod and reel to later craftsmen like Vom Hofe, Billinghurst, and Leonard.

Out of print for almost ten years, *A Treasury of Reels* is a must-have for collectors and enthusiasts alike. It can be ordered for $29.95, plus postage and handling, either through our website at www.amff.com or by contacting the Museum at (802) 362-3300. Proceeds from the sale of this book directly benefit the Museum.

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The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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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!

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Volume 28, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 29, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 30, Numbers 1, 2

Museum News

Diana Siebold

Cleveland Dinner Chair and Trustee Woods King shares a moment with colleagues before dinner.

Museum Merits *SI* Mention

A recent issue of *Sports Illustrated* contained a pleasant surprise for the Museum. To celebrate its fiftieth anniversary, *SI* has been highlighting a different state every week as it examines sports in America. In the 29 March 2004 issue, it was Vermont's turn in the spotlight, and we discovered that the American Museum of Fly Fishing was included among the "Who & Where" listings of noteworthy places and events throughout the state. Needless to say, everyone associated with the Museum was pleased and gratified to see the Museum and its work recognized by *Sports Illustrated* and to have such recognition shared with their estimated 23 million weekly readers.

Cleveland Dinner/Auction

What a great outing we had at the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club on April 8. Just when I thought we couldn't top last year's record attendance, we did: we had

Upcoming Events

October 7
Philadelphia Dinner and Sporting Auction
The Merion Cricket Club
Haverford, Pennsylvania

October 19–20
The American Museum of Fly Fishing Third Annual Friends of Corbin Shoot
Hudson Farm
Andover, New Jersey

November 4
Hartford Dinner and Sporting Auction
Avon Old Farms Inn
Avon, Connecticut

November 13
Annual Winery Dinner and Auction
MacMurray Ranch Vineyard
Healdsburg, California

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

Diana Siebold

A packed house gathered at the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club: a record 112 attendees this year!

Diana Siebold

Guests preview the live auction before enjoying the lovely dinner provided by the Hunt Club.

110 guests and 24 new members. Trustee Walter Matia hosted ten at his table and brought in quite a few himself. Thank you, Walt!

The event was once again held at the historic Chagrin Valley Hunt Club in Gates Mills, Ohio. Our event sponsors included Baker & Hostetler LLP, William Garapick and Dr. Karen Barnes, and Dick and Ann Whitney. A big cheers to Grant Thornton, who graciously sponsored the table wine for our guests.

The live auction had many day trips to local waters and was well received by our guests. Brent Buckley, Trustee Woods King's business partner, could not attend this year, but graciously donated a trip to the Ritz Carlton in Miami, Florida; we wish Stan and Patty Bazan, the winning bidders, a great time. A bronze woodcock from world-renowned sculptor Walter Matia also found itself a new home. Our sincere thanks to our auction donors: Brent Buckley, Roy Chapin, the Lyons Press, Brian Fleshig and Mad River Outfitters, Marion Graven and North Coast Salmon and Steelhead Guide, Mark Kasubick and River Gillies, Walter Matia, Bruce Mavec, and Doug Lamb and Sunnybrook Trout Club.

We would also like to thank the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, our club host Frank I. Harding, and General Manager James A. Misencik and his very capable staff for a spectacular job. We look forward to returning next year.

Last, but certainly not least, we would like to thank our dinner committee members—Woods King III, George McCabe, and Jim Sanfilippo—for a job well done. See you all next spring!

—Diana Siebold

DONOR BRICKS

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Bricks are $100 each.

Bricks may be purchased singly or in a series that can be placed together to create a larger message.

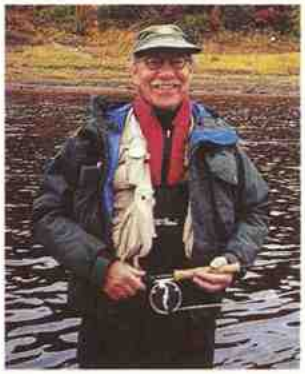
Purchasers are free to put anything they like on their bricks (no profanity).

Each brick is 4" x 8" and has room for three lines of text of up to 20 characters per line. That does include spaces and punctuation—for example, putting "fly fishing rules!" on a brick would be 18 characters.

Call (802) 362-3300

CONTRIBUTORS

Paul Schullery was executive director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing from 1977 to 1982. He is an adjunct professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming and an affiliate professor of history at Montana State University. His many books include *American Fly Fishing: A History* (1987), *Mountain Time* (1984), *Searching for Yellowstone: Ecology and Wonder in the Last Wilderness* (1997), and *Royal Coachman: The Lore and Legends of Fly Fishing* (1998). His work as an ecological historian has most recently resulted in *Real Alaska: Finding Our Way in the Wild Country* (2001), and *Lewis and Clark among the Grizzlies: Legend and Legacy in the American West* (2002). For this journal, his most recent contribution was *Edward in Wonderland: Yellowstone Recollections of an Angling Great* (Winter 2003).



Charles B. Wood III has been an antiquarian bookseller since 1967. He specializes in architecture and related subjects and is always quick to point out that he does not deal in fishing books. He has, however, published two (Dean Sage, *Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers* and Lady Agnes Macdonald, *On a Canadian Salmon River*), and he has plans for others. He has written articles on collecting angling books for the *Atlantic Salmon Journal, Ephemera News,* the *ABAA newsletter,* and the *Anglers' Club Bulletin.* He published "*Salmo salar:* Notes from a Collector" in the Summer 2001 issue of this journal. He spends two or three weeks every summer salmon fishing. He lives with his wife in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Announcement of Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the members of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, Inc., will take place in Manchester, Vermont, at Hildene on Saturday, November 6, 2004, at 9:30 a.m.

Members will vote on the adoption of a significant revision to the by-laws, election of officers, and any other matters that may be presented. Members should contact the Museum for a copy of the agenda at (802) 362-3300.

The annual trustees' meeting will follow the members' meeting at the same location.

PRIVATELY PRINTED
FINE LETTERPRESS BOOKS ON SALMON FISHING

Dean Sage, Ten Days' Sport on Salmon Rivers (1997). Intro by David Ledlie. Illus with 7 original etchings by Gordon Allen. Bound and boxed by Gray Parrot.
Edition: 55 copies (only 9 still available) $2750

Susan Agnes Macdonald, On a Canadian Salmon River (2003). Intro by Peter Thomas. Available in two editions: Regular, 100 numbered copies on Mohawk Superfine, slipcased, $300. Deluxe large paper, limited to 50 numbered copies on finest quality paper handmade by Katie MacGregor, bound in half morocco, gilt, slipcased, by Gray Parrot. $1200

Stanford White, A letter from Stanford White to Robert Goelet concerning Salmon Fishing on the Ristigouche, 19 August, 1897. Printed as a keepsake on the occasion of an evening at the Anglers' Club of New York, 6 May 2004. 7 page pamphlet in wrappers, limited to 25 special large paper numbered and signed copies on a gorgeous paper handmade by Katie MacGregor. $150

Booksellers please inquire about trade discounts on the Sage and Macdonald; the Stanford White pamphlet is net to all.

CHARLES B. WOOD III
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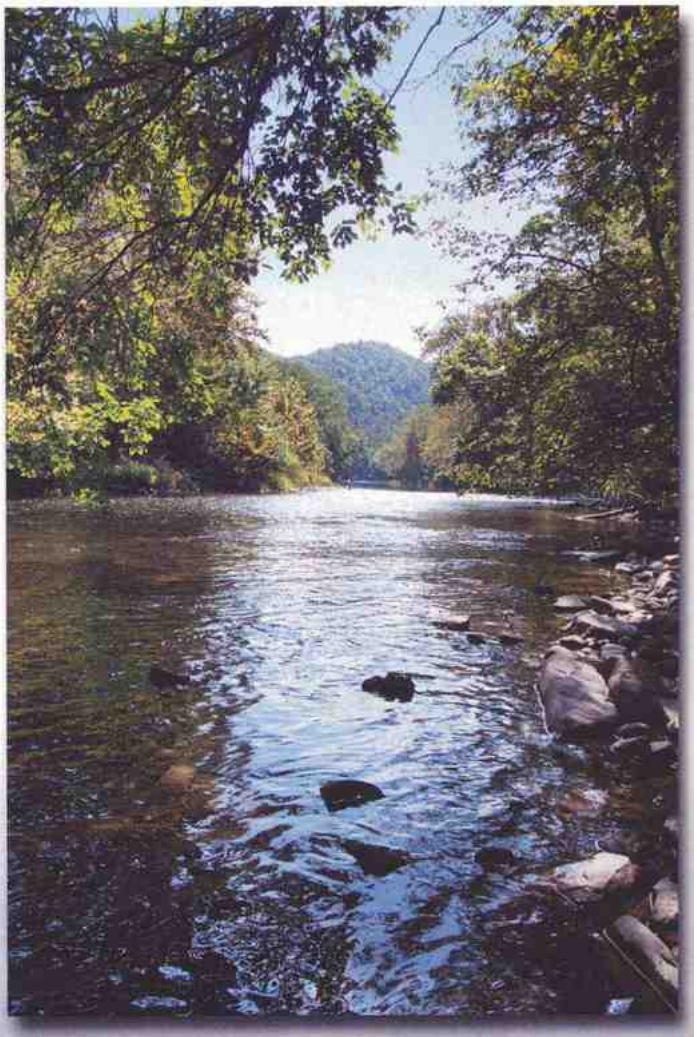
The Spring Ridge Club Experience



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Many Thanks

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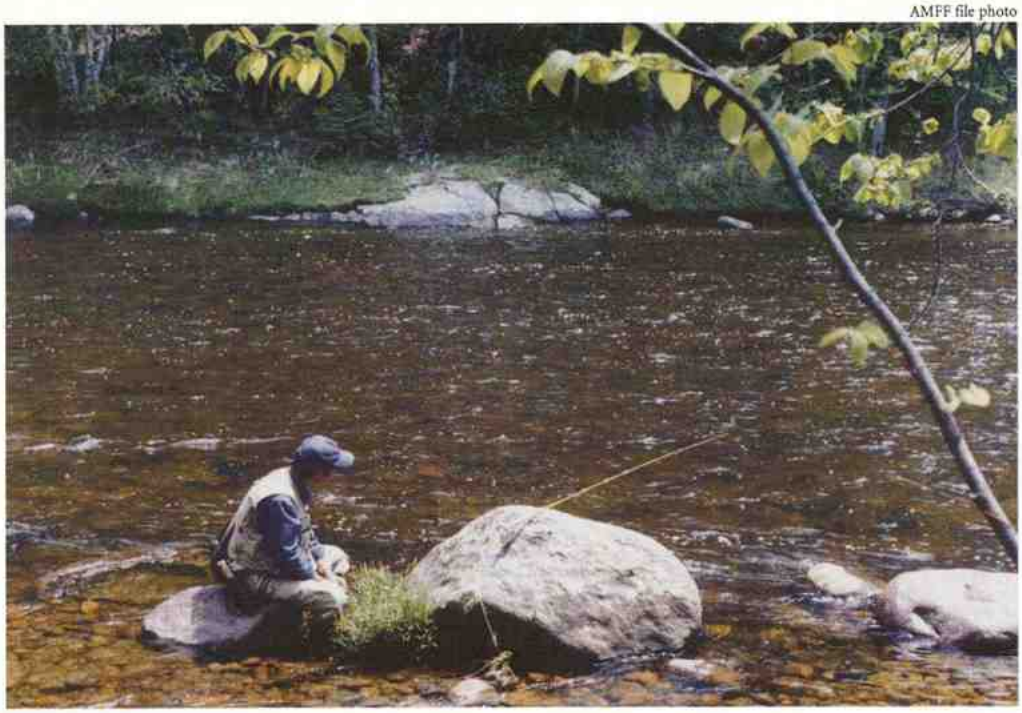

Spring is finally here in Vermont. As the warm sun shines upon our new museum building, one can't help but think about the bright future of this unique institution. Everyone is looking forward to opening in the near future. We are almost there. The electrical wiring is done. The heating and air conditioning are installed, as is the sprinkler system. We are ready for dry wall. In a very short time, we will be setting up exhibits and opening our doors to the world once again.

While all this was going on in Manchester, we attended our first Fly Fishing Expo in Minneapolis, Minnesota. This was the first fly-fishing show held in that part of country (a new frontier, perhaps?), and it was a big success for us, bringing lots of new exposure to the Museum. We heard nothing but good comments from attendees, many of whom were interested in knowing more and thanking us for being part of the event. Then we were off to Cleveland, Ohio, for our annual dinner/auction there, and once again it was a big success.

There are so many things happening all at once. Not one of these events—dinner auctions, shows, the building of the new museum itself—could happen without the huge amount of support we've received from members, trustees, friends, the fly-fishing industry, and our dedicated staff. *Thank you all for your support.* We are sure that the new Museum will be one that all of you can be proud of. Thank you again.

Yoshi Akiyama

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