

The American
Fly Fisher

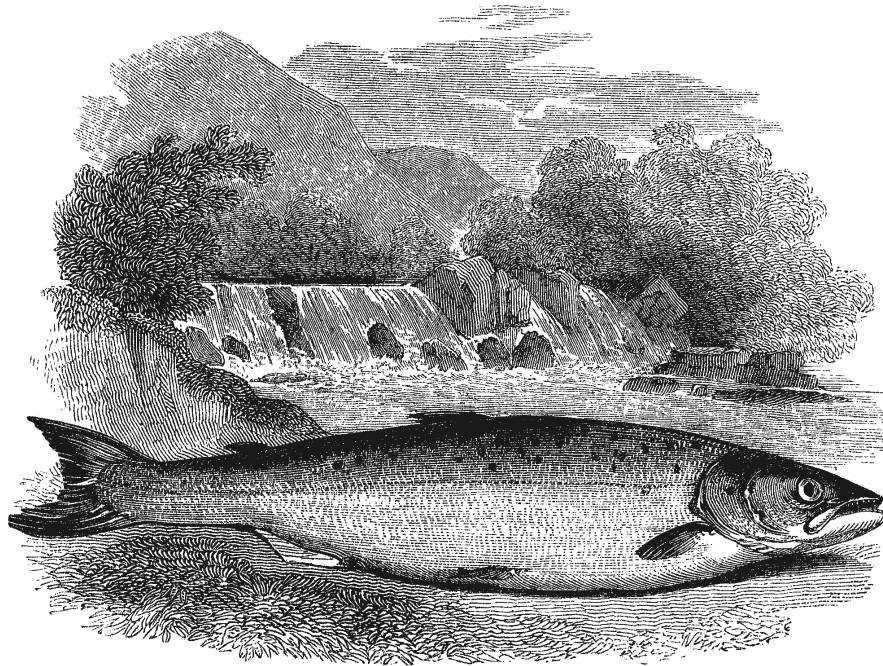
Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



WINTER 2006

VOLUME 32 NUMBER 1

A Storied Sport



The Salmon, painted by T. C. Hofland, in *T. C. Hofland, Esq., The British Angler's Manual* (London: H. B. Bond, 1848, 24).

THE STORY OF FLY FISHING is the story of beautiful places, the story of the nice neighborhoods that trout and salmon call home. It's a materialistic story, both in the sense of the physical tools we use to accomplish the task and the types of access and accommodation money can buy. It's a spiritual story, as men and women search out the river, its challenges, its rewards, and its peace. It's the story of struggle toward some things and struggle against others. It's the story of a sport, with both its obvious outward goals and its more inward, metaphoric ones.

This issue of the *American Fly Fisher* touches a bit on all of these juicy stories.

The Grand Cascapedia River in Québec's Gaspé Peninsula has been a theater for great salmon fishing and the rich and powerful men who dominated both banks and waters. Hoagy B. Carmichael has chronicled the river's history from the mid-nineteenth century in his forthcoming book, *The Grand Cascapedia River: A History, Volume 1*. Among the more fascinating parts of this history is that of the people who owned and leased the river's camps and waters, and the lengths to which they went for what they wanted. In the words of Carmichael, "the story is replete with prominent men and women, often jockeying for position for the best the river had to offer." We are pleased to be offering a two-part excerpt from his book. "Red Camp: Part 1: A Camp of His Own" begins on page 2, and I'm sure it will leave you hankering for Part 2 in the spring issue.

Alvaro Masseini, our occasional Italian correspondent, notes that although Italy does not play a large role in the history of fly-fishing tackle, it is a land of artisans. In "If Pinocchio Were

a Fly Fisherman: The Marvels of Wood," Masseini profiles woodworker Giorgio Dallari, builder of pipes and wooden reels. Dallari's pipes have a tiny salmon icon set in gold to connect pipe smoker with fly fisher. The idea to build wooden reels came to Dallari after he gave up other forms of fishing for fly fishing. He has been building his reels since the mid-1980s. With sumptuous photos, Masseini shares the work of Giorgio Dallari with us. This story begins on page 17.

From the material beauty of wooden reels to the more abstract beauty of the spiritual reach, we present "The Last Religious House: A River Ran Through It" (page 14). Gordon M. Wickstrom takes a look at Norman Maclean's classic tale and discusses how the very functioning of the Maclean family and the role fly fishing played in it recalls a religious house in the medieval sense. It is only our faith, Wickstrom reminds us, that keeps us casting.

Paul Schullery reviews three books for us, conveniently grouped as "Lives of Famous Anglers," beginning on page 21. And the museum staff has been busy as usual: welcoming its new director, inviting the community into our new home, hosting dinner/auctions, and meeting with the trustees. For details, see Museum News on page 23.

Our new website—www.amff.com—is finally up, running, and pretty good-looking. We'll do our best to keep it updated. Be sure to visit us there.

But now, read these stories.

KATHLEEN ACHOR
EDITOR



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING

Preserving the Heritage of Fly Fishing

TRUSTEES

- E. M. Bakwin, Michael Bakwin, Foster Bam, Pamela Bates, Steven Benardete, Paul Bofinger, Duke Buchan III, Mickey Callanen, Peter Corbin, Jerome C. Day, Blake Drexler, William J. Dreyer, Christopher Garcia, Ronald Gard, George R. Gibson III, Gardner L. Grant, Chris Gruseke, James Hardman, James Heckman, Lynn L. Hitschler, Arthur Kaemmer, M.D., Woods King III, Carl R. Kuehner III, Nancy Mackinnon, Walter T. Matia, William C. McMaster, M.D., James Mirenda, John Mundt, David Nichols, Wayne Nordberg, Michael B. Osborne, Raymond C. Pecor, Stephen M. Peet, Leigh H. Perkins, Allan K. Poole, John Rano, Roger Riccardi, Kristoph J. Rollenhagen, William Salladin, Ernest Schwiebert, Robert G. Scott, Richard G. Tisch, David H. Walsh, James C. Woods

TRUSTEES EMERITI

- Charles R. Eichel, G. Dick Finlay, W. Michael Fitzgerald, William Herrick, Robert N. Johnson, David B. Ledlie, Leon L. Martuch, Keith C. Russell, Paul Schullery

OFFICERS

- Chairman of the Board: Robert G. Scott; President: Nancy Mackinnon; Vice Presidents: George R. Gibson III, Lynn L. Hitschler, Michael B. Osborne, Stephen M. Peet, David H. Walsh; Treasurer: James Mirenda; Secretary: James C. Woods; Clerk: Charles R. Eichel

STAFF

- Executive Director: William C. Bullock III; Collections Manager: Yoshi Akiyama; Director of Events: Lori Pinkowski; Administration & Membership: Rebecca Nawrath; Art Director: Sara Wilcox

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER

- Editor: Kathleen Achor; Design & Production: Sara Wilcox; Copy Editor: Sarah May Clarkson



The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

WINTER 2006 VOLUME 32 NUMBER 1

Red Camp: Part 1: A Camp of His Own 2 Hoagy B. Carmichael

The Last Religious House: A River Ran Through It. 14 Gordon M. Wickstrom

If Pinocchio Were a Fly Fisherman: The Marvels of Wood 17 Alvaro Maseini

Book Reviews: Lives of Famous Anglers 21 Paul Schullery

Museum News 23

Contributors 25

ON THE COVER: George Eastman and Mrs. Josephine Haskins Dickman, August 1912, in their horse-drawn river scow on the Grand Cascadepedia. Photo courtesy of the George Eastman Collection; gift of Eastman Kodak Co. Hoagy B. Carmichael's article on Red Camp begins on page 2.

The American Fly Fisher (ISSN 0884-3562) is published

four times a year by the museum at P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

Publication dates are winter, spring, summer, and fall. Membership dues include the cost of the journal (\$15) and are tax deductible as provided for by law. Membership rates are listed in the back of each issue. All letters, manuscripts, photographs, and materials intended for publication in the journal should be sent to the museum. The museum and journal are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographic material, or memorabilia. The museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to The American Fly Fisher are to be considered gratuitous and the property of the museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Articles appearing in this journal are abstracted and indexed in Historical Abstracts and America: History and Life. Copyright © 2006, the American Museum of Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Original material appearing may not be reprinted without prior permission. Periodical postage paid at Manchester, Vermont 05254 and additional offices (USPS 057410). The American Fly Fisher (ISSN 0884-3562) EMAIL: amff@together.net WEBSITE: www.amff.com

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

We welcome contributions to the American Fly Fisher. Before making a submission, please review our Contributor's Guidelines on our website (www.amff.com), or write to request a copy. The museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's.

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation
The American Fly Fisher (publication number 0084-3562) is published four times per year (Winter, Spring, Summer, Fall). Editor is Kathleen Achor. Complete address for both publisher and editor is The American Museum of Fly Fishing, P.O. Box 42, Manchester, VT 05254. The journal is wholly owned by the American Museum of Fly Fishing. Total number of copies: 2,200 (average number of copies of each issue run during the preceding twelve months; 2,000 actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date). Paid/requested circulations (including advertiser's proof and exchange copies): 1,512 (average; 1,512 actual). Free distribution by mail: 50 (average; 50 actual). Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and counter sales: 0 (average; 0 actual). Free distribution outside the mail: 200 (average; 200 actual). Total free distribution: 250 (average; 250 actual). Total distribution: 1,762 (average; 1,762 actual). Copies not distributed: 438 (average; 438 actual). Total: 2,200 (average; 2,200 actual). Percent paid and/or requested circulation: 85% (average; 85% actual).

Red Camp

by Hoagy B. Carmichael



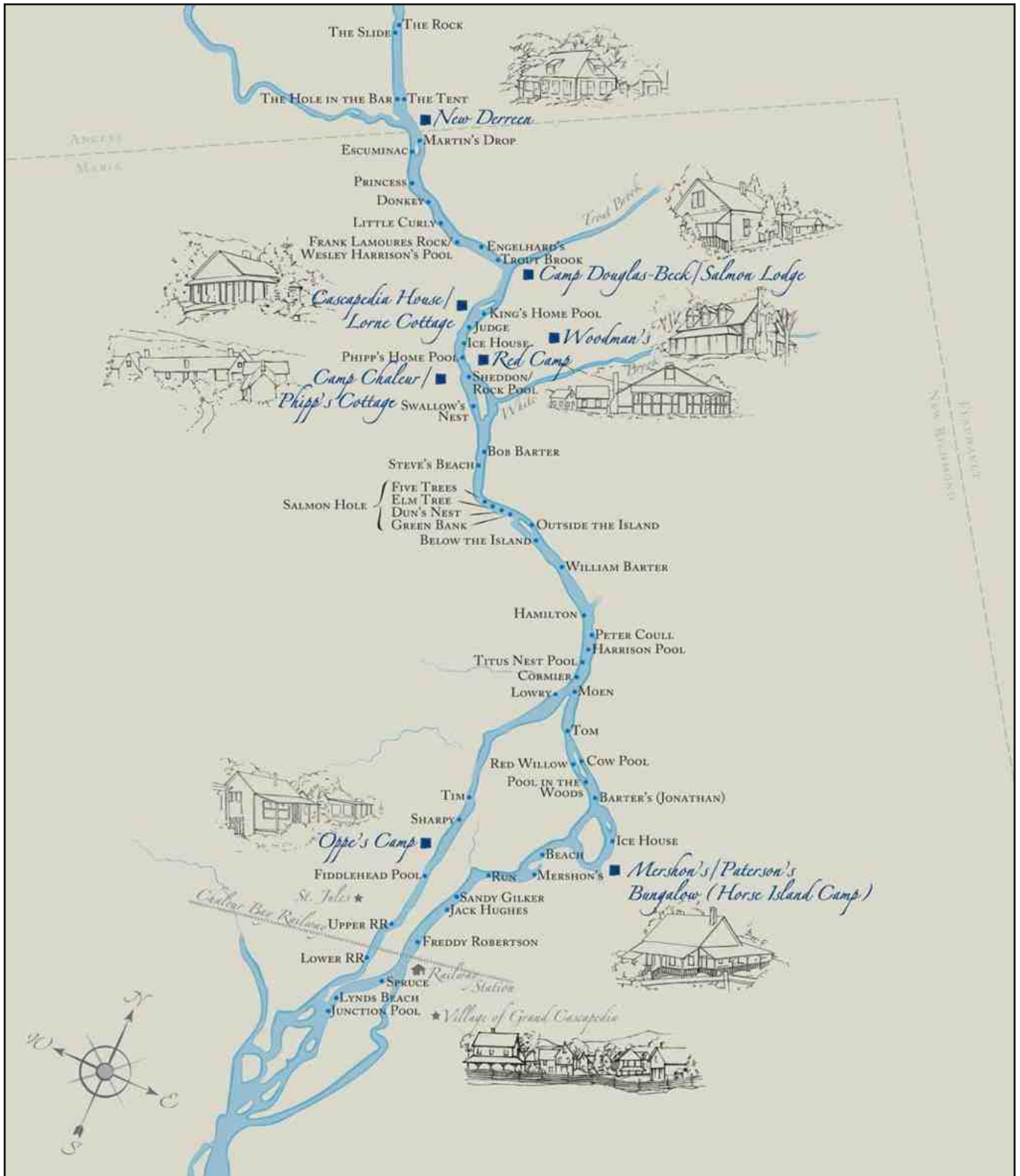
*Red Camp, 1891.
Photo from the collection of Beverly and Bruce Gordon.*

The Grand Cascapedia River is one of many productive salmon rivers that dot Québec's Gaspé Peninsula. The beauty of its unspoiled valley, as well as the size of the salmon, attracted most who fished these remote waters. The river has been fished by hundreds of interesting men and women, the history of which has been documented as early as the 1840s. It was the river of choice for the sitting British governors-general of Canada from 1880 to 1893, and it has recorded more large salmon weighing in excess of 40 pounds than any other river in North America.

Much of its early history can be traced to a small plot of ground within reach of the old Woodman farmhouse, approximately 10 miles upriver from the village of Grand Cascapedia. It is here that rooms were let to an array of famous people, including Governor-General Lord Lorne and his wife, Princess Louise; angling author Henry P. Wells; lumberman William B. Mershon; President Chester Arthur; industrialist John S. Phipps; and one of the early distinguished Americans to visit the river, Robert Graham Dun. By the time Mr. Dun arrived in 1873, some eight years before the first fishing camp was built on the river, Woodman's was the established focal point of most of the river's fishing activities. Dun's choice to build his own lodgings, known as Red Camp, within sight of the old farmhouse, only added to its luster, and the men who later owned the modest camp were responsible for much of the early history of the Grand Cascapedia.

What follows is the first of a two-part article taken from one chapter of my forthcoming book, The Grand Cascapedia River: A History, Volume 1. The telling of the Grand Cascapedia River's history uncovers familiar shades of human nature that one encounters everywhere. The story is replete with prominent men and women, often jockeying for position for the best the river had to offer. For some, it was more than a summer pastime. Catching large salmon was paramount, and there was no better platform than the great June water that fronted Red Camp.

~ Hoagy B. Carmichael



Map of the lower end of the Grand Cascapedia, including Red Camp.

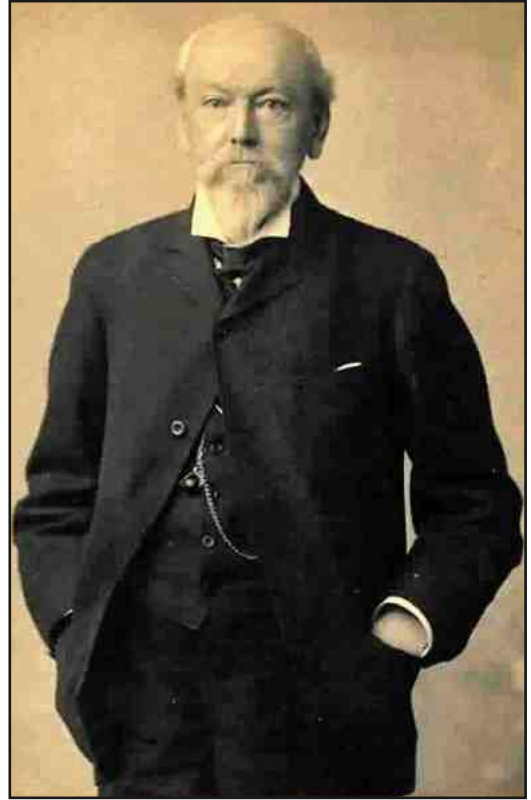
Part 1: A Camp of His Own

ROBERT GRAHAM DUN (1826–1900), the head of the mercantile firm Dun & Co. (later known as Dun and Bradstreet), had been fishing the Grand Cascapedia since 1873. He had fought hard over the years for his place on the river, to which he always brought at least three or four friends with him to sample the pools. While fishing, the anglers stayed at Woodman’s (also known as “Woodman’s Inn”), a two-storied, gabled sleeping quarter built onto the side of the Woodman farmhouse, normally set aside for visiting travelers or fishermen. Built by Jonathan Woodman (1811–1888) in the nineteenth century, the farmhouse sat on almost 400 acres along the eastern bank of the river. While on the river, guests stayed in one of the four upstairs bedrooms, as they had been doing since the government licensed the inn around 1865. Dun often rented those rooms, or he stayed in one of several large tents that he owned, which were normally erected before his arrival on the plateau between the Woodman’s house and the river. The anglers shared the dining area with Woodman and his three daughters, who did much of the cooking and serving.

Small tents were also erected on the rise just behind the farmhouse for personal servants who accompanied men of Mr. Dun’s station. The robust General Chester Arthur (1828–1886), Dun’s close friend, preferred to stay in his personal army tent during his trips to the Grand Cascapedia, in lieu of the inn. The Woodman family kindly stored it for him on their property in wait for his next visit.

R. G. Dun hardly missed a summer on the Grand Cascapedia. He had shared leases to entire sections of the river, bought property and the riparian rights to pools that went with his purchases, and together his years of experience were unique to the river. In 1886, Dun spent much of the summer of his sixtieth year in the company of his new wife, Mary Douglass Bradford (1825–1910), and his good friend, James Blossom, fishing the pools that he had under lease.¹ On June 20 of that year, Dun did have one record-breaking day—

a day that took a week to verify. He was fishing the Salmon Hole Pool, on the last day of what was for him a very poor two-week salmon trip, and he saw what he assumed was a large fish rolling at the tail of the pool. When the salmon finally took Dun’s 1/0 Silver Gray, his 15-foot, 6-inch Leonard split-bamboo rod proved to be the equal of the fish. With his heart in his mouth, Dun played the enormous fish gingerly, whereupon it was gaffed within a half hour and secured in the boat. The party went back to Woodman’s, where they were staying, and the old balance scale on the side of the building pegged at 50 pounds. Dun modestly believed that the fish probably weighed 51 pounds and telegraphed his friends in New York of his triumph. The salmon was packed on ice and sent by train to the Merchant’s Club in New York to be enjoyed by his friends, where it was promptly put on the club scale and found to weigh 54



Robert Graham Dun, circa 1880.

Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.



R. G. Dun with his 54-pound salmon. Photo taken in a Manhattan studio, 1886. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

pounds, some three days after its capture. It was accurately measured, with the following results: a length of 4 feet, 6 inches; a girth of 28 inches; and a tail width of 14 inches.² The question that will never be answered is: What did that fish actually weigh as it lay on the bottom of the boat? Dun’s fish became the record Atlantic salmon caught in North America, and although it has been overshadowed several times by spurious or unsubstantiated claims from other anglers, it remains the second-largest Atlantic salmon caught on a fly and weighed in North America, eclipsed only by his own 56-pound salmon caught on the Grand Cascapedia in 1878.

Dun was anxious to have his own accommodations that afforded privacy during their stays on the river, so that he and Mary, an urban lady with refined tastes, would not have to share the close, familial lodgings at Woodman’s. He made an arrangement with the lanky Joshua Woodman to use the same piece of raised land that he had often pitched his tent on as the site for his new camp. In February 1887, Dun wrote to Robert H. Montgomery, the respected local merchant in New Richmond, telling him

of the plan, and enclosed the preliminary drawings that his architect, John M. Merrick, had done for the new camp.³ Dun explained, "As I expect hereafter to always have my wife accompany me to the Cascapedia, I have decided to build a little cottage at Woodman's."⁴ Dun had always relied on Montgomery for his provisions and with help in setting up his trips. He now asked for guidance in both finding a builder and the materials to fashion a well-constructed, but modest, camp. Montgomery recommended the respected local builder, Richard Brash, to build the three-bedroom, single-story structure. Dun's only stipulation, after the plans were modified and mutually agreed upon, was that he be able to move into the camp by June 1. He also ordered two canoes from Joseph Eden Jr., the renowned boat builder from the town of Gaspé, whose father was the harbormaster there, at a cost of \$30 each.⁵ Dun requested that they be 42 inches wide at the beam and flatter along the bottom than normal, wanting as much safety for his wife's outings as Mr. Eden could provide.

John Merrick traveled to the Cascapedia valley to oversee the construction of the camp, working closely with Mr. Brash and his men. The building was fashioned of board and batten, with a cast-iron wood-burning stove (headman William Willett replaced it with a stone fireplace on the eastern side of the building in 1896 at Dun's request) and a porch that wrapped around the two sides of the three-bedroom camp that faced the Shedden Pool. Dun then made a deal with Joshua Woodman for the exclusive rights to the use of both his new camp building and the "inn" portion of the Woodman farmhouse not 200 yards away. This, together with a new lease of the pools that the Woodman family owned, provided Dun with the use of some of the great early-season pools on the river.⁶ Dun and his wife moved in on schedule, along with their friend, William W. Titus (1857–1932), and stayed until the end of June. Titus, known later as the "Grand Old Man of Field Trials," was a breeder and handler of bird dogs, especially setters. Having settled on the same barn-red color that covered most of the buildings at Woodman's, Dun called

his newly painted, one-storied building "Red Camp." Joshua Woodman's old boardinghouse assumed the same name, and collectively Red Camp soon became the focal point of much of the angling activity on the river.

Robert Dun endeavored to make Red Camp his salmon-fishing home. He and Mary had furniture, linen, and utensils sent from Rhode Island to help make their new camp as comfortable as possible. He employed William Willett as his headman, a cook, and at least six guides, who were kept busy by a constant stream of summer guests. In the summer of 1892, he had Willett build a guide house behind the Red Camp building, complete with bedrooms and cooking facilities. Willett finished that project before



Dun's Nest Pool, 1910. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

the snows came, billing Dun the grand sum of \$188.60 for his work.

The newly formed Cascapedia Club syndicate, a small band of six influential Americans including Mr. Dun, took over the accommodations at the New Derreen camp in 1893, which had been built ten years earlier by Lord Lansdowne, the governor-general of Canada from 1884 to 1888. Robert Dun had worked for years to acquire the rights to fish the great pools above the small camp built in 1880 by Lord Lorne, known as Lorne Cottage, and he was thrilled to be a charter member of the small syndicate that had assumed the leases to all of those great upriver pools. He often stayed at New Derreen for several weeks when his wife left the river for their summer home in Narragansett, Rhode Island, as it provided Dun with the opportunity to enjoy the companionship of his fellow members. In 1893, Dun began to share the quarters at Red Camp with his friend Edmund W. "Ned" Davis (1853–1908), who had been fishing the waters of the Grand Cascapedia since at least 1889, and Mr. Davis made the boarding rooms at

the Woodman's farmhouse his home base. Davis, heir to the Perry Davis Pain-Killer fortune, must have welcomed the opportunity to share the grounds with his salmon-fishing mentor, becoming a fixture there by 1890, despite the fact that Mr. Dun retained ownership of Red Camp until his death in 1900.

Mr. Davis scrawled, with no embellishments, his early salmon-fishing scores in his upland game shooting log, the earliest of which shows that during his first full season on the river, 1890, for the months of June and July, he caught twenty-six salmon, one of which weighed 51 pounds.⁷ The following year, 1891, he brought his wife, Maria Davis, and his ever-present dog, Mixer, for the month of June, and although the fishing was not as good as the previous year, Mrs. Davis did land a nice fish of 33 pounds during her first season on the river. The Davises' son, Stuart, joined the party in 1893 for two months, and the three caught seventy-four salmon in June and July, none of which were more than 38 pounds. Robert Dun had not overestimated the size and quantities of the salmon, and Davis was taking full advantage of his weeks on the

river. As a man of leisure, his sporting interests did not have to take a backseat to business concerns, which made it possible for him to vacation on the Grand Cascapedia for all of the productive weeks of the salmon season. He had the time, and the water, and his salmon scores were piling up at a rapid pace. For years to come, the scores continued. Stuart and his father killed eight-seven salmon in 1894, including two weighing more than 40 pounds. They were joined by Davis's good friend, John Gerard Heckscher (1837–1908), for the first time, who stayed at Red Camp for several weeks, landing his first 40-pound salmon while in camp. Mr. Heckscher, Stuart, and Maria Davis, with few notable exceptions, were at Red Camp almost every season thereafter. Maria Davis caught her largest fish, one of 44 pounds, in 1899, an otherwise very poor year for salmon on the Gaspé.

In May 1893, John "Napoleon" Heckscher presented Davis with a red leather-bound fishing diary, on which SALMON SCORE—RED CAMP—CASCAPE-DIA was embossed in gold leaf. Inside,

inscribed in pen, Mr. Heckscher wrote: "E. W. Davis, with John G. Heckscher's best wishes. May, 1899." Heckscher, a very prominent turf man and yachtsman, was married to Cornelia L. Whitney, a descendant of Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. Heckscher's 3,200 volumes of sporting books were considered to be the second-best privately held collection in the country when it sold at auction in February 1909. Until his death in 1908, Davis faithfully inscribed his salmon scores in that volume, which included two of his huge 50-pound fish, again without ornamentation. The Woodman family still owns that well-used diary and considers it to be one of their prized possessions.

Robert G. Dun did not make the long trip to the Cascapedia in 1899. His health had begun to deteriorate in the fall of 1898 from complications of gout and dropsy, leading to his death in 1900. Putting his record-setting salmon catches aside, Dun's important legacy is that he was the first man from America with resources to recognize the greatness of the Grand Cascapedia River. It was his generosity that fostered an appreciation in many of the early sportsmen who came to the valley for their fishing. He had acquired over the years, through leases and ownership, an enviable succession of pools and several parcels of land on the eastern side of the river. His Red Camp was the first camp on the river that was not commissioned by one of the three governors-general of Canada, but which did later house many of the great anglers who came to the valley.

DAVIS'S RISE AND FALL

When Robert Dun died in November 1900, there was widespread speculation as to who would get his camp and the rights to his premier salmon water. On the one hand, the man who had been sharing the Red Camp grounds with Dun, Ned Davis, was very interested in taking control of the riverside camp and its waters, as was Benjamin Douglass Jr. (1849–1922), Dun's lawyer of many years and the son of his old partner in the Mercantile Agency, the precursor to Dun & Co. Douglass had been coming to the Grand Cascapedia since 1891, at Dun's urging, staying at Red Camp on several occasions. He enjoyed getting away from the summer heat of New York for several weeks of salmon fishing with his old family friend, and although there was no written agreement between he and Mr. Dun, Douglass too felt like a logical successor to Dun's interests on the Grand Cascapedia. It was perhaps Davis's



*E. W. Davis and his River-goddess, 7 July 1900.
Reprinted with permission of the Sporting Gallery, LLC, Greenwood, New Jersey.*

tenure at Woodman's that was a deciding factor in Dun's decision to offer the rights to the camp and his salmon pools to Davis.⁸ Being men of strong will, the decision sparked considerable acrimony between Douglass Jr. and Davis when the latter assumed possession of Dun's Red Camp. New Yorker Robert W. Paterson (1838–1917), who co-owned the leases to many of the lower pools with William Mershon, advised Mershon: "Davis, you know, got the Woodman's pools and the Dun cottage. There was a row, I believe, between him and Douglass and Douglass is coming on to stay at Peter's [Barter] and is going to build a cottage."⁹

Davis had not been installed at Red Camp for more than a couple of weeks when he landed a huge salmon on 7 July 1900, taken in the Home Pool within sight of Red Camp. Davis weighed the fish at the Cascapedia railroad station

scales several hours later, where it balanced at 50½ pounds. Davis was jubilant. His pleasure in realizing his long-held dream of thirteen years on the river was apparent. He photographed the broad-sided salmon from every angle and sanctified it by naming it "the River-goddess." One year later, during the high water of the 1901 season, Mr. Davis landed yet another record-breaking salmon, which was not weighed until fifteen hours after it was landed. The scales settled, again, at 50½ pounds. Davis was honest about the weights of his large fish when he published his book in 1904, *Salmon-Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia*, but both fish benefited from Davis's inclination to round the numbers upward, which appear in his recently discovered logbook (52 pounds and 51 pounds, respectively), a dangerous notion when registering fish that are in the rarified atmosphere of record-setting salmon.¹⁰

The two 50-pound leviathans indelibly put Davis's stamp on his claim to Red Camp. But Douglass Jr. was not going to be denied his place on the river. Within weeks after he lost the rights to Red Camp, he began to plan for his own camp just upriver from the Woodman farm, to be known as Camp Douglass-Beck (later Salmon Lodge). The word *beck* is the Scottish word for a small brook; the camp rested at the mouth of Trout Brook, which flows into the Grand Cascapedia. The camp was completed by 1902.

Once Davis was assured by Dun's lawyers that Red Camp would be his base of operations, he began to add to the growing list of good salmon pools that he had purchased since occupying Woodman's. In lieu of leasing, and buoyed by a pocketbook that supported his aggressive style, Davis bought entire farms from the local townspeople when possible. His buying spree began in June, July, and August of 1890, by consummating eleven purchase-and-lease agreements, all of them located downriver from Red Camp. He bought in chunks: three transactions of 200 acres each, with the remaining eight deals, all purchases save for one lease, involving smaller, but important, parcels of riverfront land. Davis "gifted" back to the sellers of the 200-acre parcels, in three of the transactions, every acre except the $\frac{3}{4}$ -acre riverfront strip that he needed to own the riparian rights to the water. He followed those contracts with five more in 1891 and four in 1892. Then, in 1901, after taking over Dun's lease of the Woodman's water in front of Red Camp, he bought one parcel in 1902, three in 1906, one in 1907, and the last on 25 March 1908. His twenty-nine purchase-and-lease deals made him one of the largest landowners in the valley and certainly the man who controlled more good water than any of his compatriots, other than the Cascapedia Club itself. He had skillfully assembled an impressive cadre of high- and low-water salmon pools on one of the world's great rivers. His summers seemed assured.

On 22 May 1908, Robert Paterson, still co-owner with William Mershon of a two-cabin camp near the village (known today as Horse Island), returned from a three-month trip to Egypt on a New York-bound steamship. Coincidentally, his old friend and oft-times protagonist, Edmund Davis, was on the same return voyage, and Paterson told Mershon in a letter mailed from the St. Regis Hotel in New York that Davis "is a very sick man, looks like Bright's disease to me."¹¹ Something was obviously wrong. Uncharacteristically, Davis had resigned from the Cascapedia Club over the win-

ter, and Dr. Charles McBurney (1845–1913) of New York, who had been a guest at Red Camp in 1903, had quickly taken up his membership. What is known is that Davis did go to the Grand Cascapedia River for the opening of the 1908 salmon season with Maria and Steuart. The water was very high, but the fishing was good, and both Steuart and Maria caught salmon that scaled more than 30 pounds. Davis did fish some of his choice pools, landing a fresh 30-pound salmon from his Home Pool. His last fish was one of 16 pounds, caught at Smith's Pool on a Silver Grey on June 16. Though it may be speculation, it is probable that Edmund Davis went up to his favorite river with one thing in mind: that of putting an end to the prospects of living through the final stages of a debilitating disease.

Whether Davis shot himself on the Friday morning of June 19, or whether his son Steuart pulled the trigger, is not known, but the timing of his death, happening no more than thirty days after landing in New York, argue for the strong possibility that Davis was determined to put an end to his life and that his son may have helped him.

Within hours of the incident, ripples of speculation spread over the valley. One story had Davis found dead in the woods while hunting for birds, the victim of a hunting accident.¹² Most people who lived in the valley remember the event happening on the Red Camp porch that overlooked the river, while Davis was seated in the large oak rocking chair that he had custom made in Tennessee.¹³ The members of the Cascapedia Club heard later that day—the first day in five that it had not rained—that Davis had accidentally shot himself in the head while preparing to hunt for crows.¹⁴ We may never know exactly what happened, but Davis himself wrote of killing game birds in his self-published book of 1908, *Woodcock Shooting*, just months before his death: "Is not the instant killing a more merciful end than that of starvation or through the misery of old age?" And later he writes, "Shooting, in my opinion, is the least cruel and the quickest way of ending a life."¹⁵ In a letter to Mershon, July 1911, Robert Lowry, an old fishing friend, said, "I met an old guide named Freeman who knew Davis well and had been with him for some six years moose hunting at the Kedgemakooge Club House in Nova Scotia. Freeman asserted that his belief was that Davis committed suicide. He said, 'Davis was constantly talking about it and he caught him with a sheath knife pointed at his heart several times. Davis remarked that some day he would end himself.'"¹⁶

Davis's body was removed the next day, and his remains taken to Newport, Rhode Island. This incident, and the stories that surrounded it, were not combed for evidence, and few who could remember what actually happened cared to. Steuart Davis hastily rented Red Camp and the adjoining pools for \$500 to two old friends of William Mershon's, Tom Harvey and George Morley, who happened to be staying at Mershon's. He left for Europe soon after the funeral.

The untimely death of E. W. Davis closed another chapter of Red Camp history, yet it opened the only possible avenue to some very good pools on the river, and a wonderful riverside camp, for anyone seeking to acquire good June and July water.

Davis had willed all of the fishing rights, and Red Camp, to his widow, Maria Hunter Steuart Davis. Not wanting to return to the Grand Cascapedia after the death of her husband, Mrs. Davis gave over all of her fishing pools, both owned and leased, including Red Camp and the rights to Woodman's, to her son Steuart Davis. It amounted to several miles of prime Grand Cascapedia water, and the young man was eager to lease the camp until the estate had been properly probated.¹⁷ Through George Hitchcock, a friend and a well-known artist from Providence, young Davis retained the very influential firm of Strong and Cadwalader in New York to handle the leasing and possible sale of the asset. John Cadwalader, Esq., was a founding member of the Cascapedia Club syndicate, and as such he was familiar with both the people and the politics of the river. Cadwalader knew that Davis's holdings were significant, saying to William Mershon in a confidential letter, "I do not see that the Club would desire or could take any of Davis's fishing, but if I had no interests on the river I should like nothing better than to take Davis's house [Red Camp] and enjoy the fishing."¹⁸ He also knew that the Davis family's financial situation was not as secure as it once was, and he was reasonably sure that the water would soon be up for sale. All of this he conveyed in the same letter to William Mershon because he felt that Mershon, who had recently purchased the famed Moen Pool, would like nothing better than to own a block of Davis's adjoining "lower water" pools.¹⁹ Benjamin Douglass Jr., still in good health, was also itching for a slice of the Davis water, and he tried the idea out on William Mershon, who had a few nice pools of his own, in a letter written from the RMS *Lusitania*, saying, "As you have so much water on the river now I thought possibly you might

like to have a partner in the waters above my camp, and if you do I should be glad to join with you.²⁰

Strong and Cadwalader were authorized by the young Davis to lease his pools in the lower section of Red Camp's water, extending from just below Mr. Douglass's modest string of pools all the way down to the head of the Moen Pool, for the considerable sum of \$5,000. The firm was obligated to work on behalf of Stuart Davis's best interests, but John Cadwalader openly admitted to Mershon that if he were to purchase Davis's water, there would be fewer rods, or people, on the river—a benefit to everyone. In December, William Mershon received a letter from Stuart Davis, postmarked Paris, France, advising him that a young couple, who were acquaintances of his, would like to lease the lower pools that he controlled for \$2,000 per year for five years. He offered Mershon a rod on his lower waters for the same period, gratis, if he would allow the couple to stay at Paterson's Bungalow, which adjoined Mershon's camp building, in lieu of the rooms at Red Camp, and share a rod on the waters that Mershon controlled. It was a very unusual proposal, and one that the cagey man from Saginaw did not accept.²¹

In preparation for the 1909 fishing season, Stuart Davis authorized an open advertisement for his fishing, without a listing of the price, to be placed in the outdoor magazine *Forest and Stream*.²² It ran in the 26 December 1908 issue and was answered by Mr. Clarence H. Mackay (1874–1938), a New Yorker, and a well-known entrepreneur, builder, philanthropist, and the president of American Forcite Powder Mfg. Co.²³ Mackay's father, John W. Mackay, was the Irish-born immigrant who discovered the huge silver deposit known as the Comstock Lode (with revenues of up to \$8,000,000 a month) in the Sierra Nevada range in 1859, which made C. H. Mackay possibly the richest man in America.²⁴ He took Red Camp, with the three great upper-water pools, House Pool (the old Shedden Pool), Ice House Pool, and Davis's portion of the Judge's Pool for the 1909 season for \$5,000. Mackay shared the lease with Mr. and Mrs. William Fields, also from New York, who often came to the Petite Cascapedia for their salmon fishing. They had good sport that summer, and Mackay agreed to renew his lease for the 1910 season.²⁵ Francis Burton Harrison, a member of the U.S. House of Representatives, leased Stuart Davis's lower water pools for the 1909 season for \$1,500. Representative Harrison stayed at James Harrison's (no relation) house on

the banks of the river, and though he enjoyed the sport of fishing, he was more of a gunner, and he did not renew the lease for the 1910 season.

THE BONBRIGHT BROTHERS

George D. B. Bonbright, a resident of Rochester, New York, had also seen Stuart Davis's advertisement in *Forest and Stream*. Having regularly bought his fishing supplies from the famed tackle merchant William Mills & Son in New York City, Bonbright asked Mills's son, Arthur Mills, to find out more about the fishing on the Grand Cascapedia, and Stuart Davis's water in particular. Bonbright had done very little salmon fishing in his life, although he was a member of the Ste. Marguerite Salmon Club, located on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River. He was nevertheless aware of the size of the fish on the Grand Cascapedia and wanted to become acquainted with the river. Through his connection with the Mills family, Bonbright located Charles B. Barnes, the owner of Lorne Cottage, and made arrangements to rent Barnes's water for July of the 1910 season. He also rented the waters associated with Camp Douglass-Beck, then owned by Benjamin Douglass Jr. William Mills, who knew little personally of the Grand Cascapedia, asked Mr. Mershon in a letter, "Would you consider the Barnes fishing to be as good and as much of it as the water that was owned by Mr. E. W. Davis?"²⁶ Although Bonbright had never been to the Grand Cascapedia, his appetite had been whetted, but by the time he had vetted Red Camp's pools with several friends, Clarence Mackay had, much to Bonbright's displeasure, renewed his Red Camp lease for the 1910 season. George Bonbright agreed instead to take Davis's pools on the northwest branch of the river, below the famed Moen Pool, together with the Douglass and Lorne Cottage waters that he had already leased for the month of June with his brother Irving. As it turned out, Mackay was unable to make the trip to the Grand Cascapedia during the 1910 season because of family matters, so the Bonbrights agreed to take Red Camp and the pools above Barnes's water for the month of July. In short order, George and Irving Bonbright had the fishing rights to several months of some of the best water on the Grand Cascapedia, belonging to all of the existing three private camps, on a river that they had never seen.

George Bonbright was not a reticent man. He quickly fired off a series of letters to William Mershon, again through an introduction by Arthur Mills, asking

about the fishing, the flies (he had heard about the abilities of James Harrison, Mr. Davis's headman, who was a fine fly tyer), and accommodations on the river for the month of June. Although Mershon had never met either of the Bonbright brothers, he responded by graciously offering to host George and Irving at Paterson's Bungalow for the duration of their June stay on the river, which they accepted. George Bonbright knew that the opening weeks of the June season were unpredictable, but he somehow enlisted the likes of James Harrison, and even William Mershon, to keep him abreast as to when the fish had reached the mouth of the river so he would not be late for the first push of salmon.

After that first season on the river, George Bonbright—and his brothers Irving and William—wanted permanent access to the Grand Cascapedia River, something more than simply renting the Davis water for a week or two, a desire due in part to their rapid introduction to many of the great pools on the river. Irving Bonbright had landed a 44-pound fish on June 18, within ten days of his arrival at Mershon's. George killed one of 24 pounds while staying at Lorne Cottage several weeks later, and one of his guests, Frank Nash, landed a 46-pound hen salmon just days later. Messrs. Bonbright had seen enough, and they were now willing, and certainly quite able, to pay handsomely for the privilege of gaining annual access to the river. The situation was tailor-made for young Stuart Davis, and George Bonbright obliged by wasting no time in making their desires known to the young man from Providence.

At this time in the history of the Grand Cascapedia, there was the mounting fear that timber interests in the valley had the political might to erect a dam across the Jack the Sailor Pool, which would have transformed many of the great pools above that point into a long lake and therefore seriously compromised the fishing on the river. Men had been seen boring test holes in the rocky, high-pitched bank across from the famous pool, information George Bonbright, being the cagey businessman that he was, saw as an opportunity to use to his advantage in his negotiations with the absentee Stuart Davis. After some judicious surveying, George Bonbright advised anyone who would listen that he had it from good sources "that I have the best of reasons to know that the dam will be erected certainly within two years..."²⁷ Bonbright worried that the well-considered opposite opinions on the matter that were shared by John Cadwalader and the Cascapedia Club's legal counsel

in Montreal—Campbell, Meredith, MacPherson & Hague—would influence Cadwalader’s good friend and client, Clarence Mackay, to exercise his right-of-first-refusal option for Red Camp with Steuart Davis. Bonbright knew that only Mackay stood in the way of their getting their hands on Red Camp, and they did not want him to be swayed into making an offer to purchase, or re-lease, the property before they could step to the head of the line.

The brothers Bonbright found negotiating with Steuart Davis troublesome. The young man was living halfway around the world, which slowed communications, and Benjamin B. Moore, acting on behalf of Cadwalader’s law firm, steadfastly assured his client that the proposed dam project was not a serious issue. That alone gave young Davis the confidence to hold to his price of \$50,000, all cash on signing. As early as September 1910, just weeks after their return from Lorne Cottage, George and Irving Bonbright offered Steuart Davis \$50,000 for the property that he owned, and the rights to Red Camp, \$15,000 in cash upon signing, and the rest in yearly \$3,500 increments over a period of ten years. Their sources told them that the dam project was a sure thing, but if their intelligence was somehow incorrect, they certainly did not want to get locked into an all-cash deal. The Bonbrights therefore proposed that they be released from any further payments after six years from signing an agreement if there was a probability that the dam project was going ahead. They considered \$21,000 over a six-year period to be a stiff rental for the camp (\$3,500 x six years), but the Bonbright boys were used to playing in the big leagues, and they hoped that the prospect of \$50,000 would smoke young Davis out, who was unquestionably spending money at a fast clip.

By November 1910, George Bonbright had increased his offer to \$25,000 cash, and the remaining \$25,000 at the end of five years, with interest. A frustrated George Bonbright admitted in a letter to William Mershon: “I regret that I have not made much headway with Mr. [Steuart] Davis. From recent letters I strongly believe that parties other than Mr. Mackay and myself have entered negotiations for this water, and it makes him more independent and dealing difficult.”²⁸ The kicker in Bonbright’s offer was that if the dam did not go in within the five-year period, Davis had the right to withdraw from the deal, and he would be free to open up new negotiations and resume full title of his property. The Bonbright brothers felt that E. W. Davis had paid no more than \$10,000 for all of

his Cascapedia valley land and fishing rights (they were correct), not including the leases, but they wanted his water, and Red Camp, badly, and the boys knew that they were not holding all the best cards.

Fortunately for the Bonbrights, Mr. Mackay decided not to re-lease Red Camp and the adjoining water from Steuart Davis for the 1911 season. He enjoyed the fishing and the vacationing at Red Camp, but several members of his family faced serious health issues, and he reluctantly informed Moore at the Cadwalader law firm that he was going to have to bow out. The door was opened wide for George and Irving Bonbright. It was now time for them to put their money on the table.

Within weeks of the new year, the parties had finally made a deal, but it was only for a five-year lease. Davis was cautious about selling his holdings so soon after acquiring them from his mother, and so on 9 May 1911, the brothers Bonbright leased all of his land, water, and fishing rights on the upper waters—including the exclusive use of Red Camp and the rooms at Woodman’s—for \$4,500 per year, all \$22,500 of which was payable at signing. The agreement had two unusual provisions, both of which favored the leaseholders. It provided that for a payment of an additional \$25,000 Mr. Bonbright had the right to purchase all of Davis’s land, fishing rights leases, and the use of Red Camp and Woodman’s at any time before the expiration of the five-year lease period, but if the proposed dam project had begun by May 1916, the brothers were free from any further obligation if they so chose. The deal further stipulated that if the proposed dam that had been rumored was begun during the five-year period, and they had not already exercised the option to purchase Red Camp, that any dispute arising from the deleterious influence of the river-spanning dam, whether Bonbright had exercised his option or not, would be turned over to arbitration. That was the first time that a provision of this kind appeared in any Grand Cascapedia lease or sale agreement, and the team of New York lawyers representing the interests of the Bonbrights (with Irving Bonbright at the helm) successfully wedged the clause into the lengthy agreement. It was also agreed that they would pay additional money for the “lower” pools that Davis still had under lease and the wages and expenses of the guardian, Jim

Harrison. The Bonbright brothers were very keen sportsmen, and fly fishing for big fish was their passion. The relatively high cost of Red Camp and the waters leased did not seem excessive to these men, who were all very successful in their fields.²⁹ Davis’s water represented an unrivaled array of high- and low-water pools, many of which fished well into mid- and late July, to which the Bonbright brothers were about to stake their claim.³⁰

THE BONBRIGHT YEARS

Irving Wayland Bonbright (1871–1941) was born in the suburbs of Philadelphia to James and Georgina Bonbright, a prosperous Main Line family engaged in the stock brokerage business. After graduating from Phillips Andover Academy, he joined the niche international investment banking firm in New York City, William P. Bonbright



Irving Bonbright and his 44-pound salmon, 18 June 1910. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

& Co., owned by his older brother, where he remained for his entire business career. Irving was a largely self-educated, genteel man with a subtle sense of humor that wavered only when it came in contact with a good pun. Though rather shy, behind those round spectacles was a very sharp, even puckish mind that could weave together the early strands of a sound business idea. Irving Bonbright had a large waterside summer home on Fishers Island, New York, where he fished from his boat, *The Little Gull*, for bluefish and stripers, in addition to a place in Port Sewell, Florida, called the Sun Rise Inn, where he kept his tarpon and sailfish boat. He fished every winter for more than twenty years with his great pal, Louis Church, the son of the great Hudson River School painter, Frederick Church. It was there, after his days at Red Camp, that he retired.

Equally an entrepreneur, Irving convinced his brother George to join with him in pitching the idea of buying the patents to the talking picture industry, still in its infancy, and offering the idea to George Eastman (brother George's neighbor) of the Kodak Co. The meeting did not go well, as Eastman, convinced that moviegoers did not want to hear voices, reportedly said, "People go to the movies to relax, not be annoyed."³¹ In a return engagement, Irving later suggested to Eastman that he invest a small sum of money to gain control of a new company called Technicolor, then in financial difficulties. Again Mr. Eastman underestimated the industry that he helped to spawn, responding, "Color is distracting and bad for the eyes!"³² Bonbright was very active in the directorship of several New York public utilities in which he invested, and a trustee of, among others, the local hospital in his hometown of Englewood, New Jersey.

Irving's older brother, William Prescott Bonbright (1859–1927), was also born in Philadelphia. Upon graduating from the Wharton School of Business, he joined the family firm of Hood, Bonbright & Co. in Philadelphia. After some years, he opened up a small niche stock brokerage business in Colorado Springs, Colorado, and then moved to New York, where he started up his own company, William P. Bonbright & Co. His firm had a decided international focus to it, gaining the reputation as one of the most powerful brokers on Wall Street. William Bonbright used his powerful banking-house connections during the first world war to raise large sums on behalf of the Allies, for which the French government made him a chevalier of the prestigious Legion of Honor in 1919, not long before he retired. He owned a large townhouse in



George Dana Boardman Bonbright, circa 1920. Photo courtesy of the George Eastman Collection; gift of Eastman Kodak Co.

London, from which he headed his British office. While there, he satisfied his need for sport, often frequenting the grouse moors in Scotland, as well as some of the better trout rivers in southern England.³³ William Bonbright had a taste for the arts, acquiring an impressive collection of American art, ornamental vases, and oriental rugs, which he displayed in one his three residences. He had a winter vacation house in Port Sewell, Florida, from which he fished out of his two boats, *The Tropic* and *The Tarpon*, for permit and tarpon.

The last of the three brothers, George Dana Boardman Bonbright (1875–1939), attended the Haverford School near Philadelphia and later joined his brother William in his brokerage firm in Colorado Springs. He moved to Rochester, New York, in 1896 and started his own bond firm, George D. B. Bonbright & Co., soon to be Bonbright & Hibbard, reportedly from the proceeds of a stamp collection that he had amassed over the years. An austere man with considerable nervous energy, of no more than 5 feet, 4 inches in height, George Bonbright was

as comfortable gunning for partridge and quail (he had his own large hunting preserve in Pimlico, Florida) as he was fly fishing for tarpon or salmon, or trolling for large deep-sea fish off the coast of California. He developed numerous fly patterns for both fresh- and saltwater fishing that often carried his name. In 1933, he caught a 136-pound tarpon, then the world's record, on the Bonbright Streamer, a fly of his design.³⁴ George was a competitive person, and he was known to keep track of who shot or caught what—and how many. The family often summered at his house on Nantucket Island, where he kept a boat so he could catch saltwater fish after the summer salmon-fishing was over. Bonbright & Hibbard was eventually sold to E. F. Hutton & Co. in 1973, which is known today as Solomon Smith Barney.

Red Camp faced one of the great pools on the river, the old Shedden Pool, better known to the Bonbrights as Home Pool. It had a grouping of large rocks, a complex current system, and then a long relatively flat section that made up the bottom portion of the pool. It was a perfect

laboratory for the Bonbright brothers to test their new, experimental, large high-water flies, as well as the smaller dry flies they used later in the season, without having to venture far. When they first came to the river, the Bonbrights used many of the standard English flies, but as new innovative ideas turned into patterns that seemed to work better for them, they had William Mills & Sons tie their creations on large hooks known as D (or Dee) irons.³⁵ George Bonbright's two most important salmon fly patterns were originally called the Bonbright No. 1 and the Bonbright No. 2.³⁶ The Bonbright No. 2 was a fly dressed with a silver body, winged with white Amherst feathers, and, in those days, tied on the very large Dee irons. The Bonbright brothers experimented with light-colored patterns, often as large as 9/0, as early as 1915 on the Grand Cascapedia.³⁷ The theory was that they needed something heavy, and showy, and therefore visible to the salmon in the often turbid, brown-colored early-season water. The development of the fly continued, and by 1928 notations in the Red Camp log-book show smaller versions of the now well-known fly with the new name, Lady Amherst.³⁸ The wet-fly pattern has persisted, and it is unquestionably responsible for the demise of more early-season salmon on the Grand Cascapedia than any other fly in the twentieth century. It is now the signature fly of the river, a symbol to many anglers, and one of the most recognizable fly patterns in use today.³⁹

Although it was not their nature, the Bonbright brothers were thrilled to be in control of Red Camp. They did not need further encouragement, but on 13 June 1912, the tyro Irving Bonbright hooked a 50-pound salmon in the Red Camp Home Pool. After a long battle with the



George Eastman and Mrs. Josephine Haskins Dickman, August 1912, in their horse-drawn river scow. Photo courtesy of the George Eastman Collection; gift of Eastman Kodak Co.

giant, the guide gaffed the fish in the tail, and the long wooden handle of the gaff broke in his hand. After much scuffling with the tired and wounded fish, it was dark when the salmon was finally landed. Within days Bonbright sent it to a taxidermist and had it stuffed.⁴⁰ Heavy fish were coming to the Bonbright brothers' flies with regularity, and Red Camp afforded a happy combination of cooler summer weather, beautiful surroundings, and sportfishing at its highest level.

During the 1912 season, George Eastman (1854–1932), the founder of Eastman Kodak, was invited by George Bonbright to fish the Red Camp waters from June 28 through August 14.⁴¹ Eastman was joined by his good friends, Albert and Eleanor Eastwood, Almon and Delia Newhall, and Mrs. Josephine

Haskins Dickman, Eastman's longtime companion. He brought along several of his new camera models to document the vacation, the high point of which was an extended camping expedition that took the party well into the upper branches of the river. Eastman obviously loved camping and roughing it in general. There are many images in the George Eastman House archive of people cooking out on shore, fishing, and boating as the campers traveled up to Lazy Bogan. Eastman admitted that he often did not have the patience for salmon fishing. "I cannot say that I care for the [salmon] fishing as I do trout fishing," Eastman once said in a letter, "To fish all day for an average of say one or two fish a day is not very exciting."⁴² Salmon fishing thus took a backseat to trout fishing, which accounts for Eastman's party recording almost 700 pounds of trout for the six weeks they were on the river.



*Lady Amherst Fly.
Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.*

At the 1912 Riparian Association meeting at New Derreen, George Bonbright, yet to complete his third year on the river, made the case for implementing a netting program to begin to decrease the number of trout in the Grand Cascapedia. He reasoned that mature trout consumed large numbers of salmon parr, which depleted the potential salmon stocks. Other anglers on the river, especially Charles Barnes, along with many of the local people in the valley, enjoyed catching trout, some of which weighed more than 5 pounds. John Hall Kelly, Esq., the Cascapedia Club's counsel, agreed to take the matter up with the authorities in Québec during

the coming session, but he felt it would be hard to convince the local farmers of the wisdom of Mr. Bonbright's unpopular and somewhat self-serving suggestion. One remedy seemed credible, if a river system could be found that needed quality trout eggs. The fish could be taken from the Grand Cascapedia and shipped by rail, where they could then be stripped of their eggs and milt, and then put into their new river. William Mershon, who was always looking for ways to improve the fishing in his home state, embraced the idea like it was his own, and he contacted his friends at the Michigan Fish Commission, who were very interested in the plan.⁴³ That seemed to be enough for the Canadian minister of marine and fisheries, and after some important lobbying by Kelly and little input from those living in the valley, an official permit was issued in the summer of 1913. The effort was derailed in 1913 and 1914 by bad weather

and high water, but in 1915, 13,000 good eggs were collected, and almost 6,000 "eyed" salmon eggs were collected in the fall of 1916 for Michigan restocking—3,000 of which were also sent as brooding stock to the South Side Sportsmen's Club on Long Island.

Several of the men who owned camps on the river were also of the opinion that it might be in the best interests of those who fished below the waters leased by the Cascapedia Club to discontinue fishing for salmon in July and August. They reasoned that the fish that had formerly spawned in the pools owned by Lorne Cottage, Red Camp, and Mershon's had been sufficiently harvested over the years as to have essentially wiped out the strain of early-arriving salmon that tended to spawn in the lower reaches of the river. The Bonbright brothers felt that all of the fish that now entered the river went through their waters to spawn upriver and that holding fish in the lower reaches of the river were few. The proposal, founded by little else than conjecture, to limit July and August fishing may have had some merit, but the money for water leases and taxes were often paid by parties who rented the camps after the owners had left in June, and the idea was never discussed again.

With the fishing having exceeded their expectations, the Bonbright brothers decided to seal the purchase of Red Camp and the fishing that Steuart Davis controlled a full year before the right-of-first-refusal agreement with him ran its course. Representing his two brothers,



Master James C. H. Bonbright, twelve years old, 1915, with his 47-pound salmon. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

George Bonbright consummated the purchase of Red Camp. He bought all of the land and leases owned and controlled by Steuart Davis and his wife, Agnes, on 25 March 1915 for the additional step-up fee of \$25,000. The sale represented by far the largest amount of money that had changed hands for any camp or run of pools on the Grand Cascapedia River. The Bonbright brothers were riding the wave of American prosperity, and they could afford to spend money on their sporting activities. Their arrival on the river was well suited to Steuart Davis's need to find an aggressive buyer of an asset for which he cared little. Both Irving and George Bonbright were at the camp for the opening of that first season as owners, but the first entry in the new Red Camp logbook, with SALMON RECORD, RED CAMP 1915 embossed in gold on the soft leather cover, is by none other than the film camera tycoon, George Eastman, who joined the Bonbrights in 1915 for another trip to the Gaspé. Eastman's home in Rochester was two doors from George Bonbright, they being separated by the comptroller of Kodak, Rufus A. Sibley. Eastman did a lot of hiking and boating while in camp, but one of the three salmon he caught that week was a

kelt on June 7 on a Silver Grey Dee Iron.⁴⁴ His modest fish is respectfully given the honor of the first entry in the new logbook: caught by "Mr. E."⁴⁵ Eastman's accomplishment was trumped, however, by George Bonbright's twelve-year-old son, Jimmy, who landed the fish of the season, a 47-pound hen taken in the Red Camp Home Pool on June 23.

The Great War must have seemed a long way off to the Bonbright brothers. They had, by dint of a set of unique circumstances and luck, landed feet first in the middle of one of the greatest sporting opportunities in North America, and they were intent on taking advantage of their good fortune. The fishing on the Grand Cascapedia was, on average, as good as anywhere in North America, and the Bonbrights' appetite was further whetted by the prospects of boatloads of large salmon. Red Camp, and the impressive string of great June pools that went with it, was the refuge

from the rigors of Wall Street that the brothers had been looking for. But change was in the wind, and its effects, coming from an unexpected source, would transform the history of the river forever.

ENDNOTES

1. Mr. Dun's first wife, Elizabeth Douglass, died on 5 May 1882. Dun married her widowed sister, Mary, on 1 October 1884.
2. The story of Dun's large salmon was written by one of his partners at Dun & Co. Erastus Wiman, "A Modest Fisherman," *Forest and Stream*, 28 October 1896.
3. Mr. Merrick, with offices at 351 Broadway in New York, was the architect for Mr. Dun's large mansion at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, christened "Dunmere."
4. Personal correspondence, Robert Graham Dun to R. H. Montgomery, 25 February 1887. Harvard University, Baker Library, Letterbook, vol. VII.
5. The first reliable Gaspé fishing canoes were made by George Coffin and his family from the village of Gaspé. Later, when Eden's boat-building concern went out of business, the Annette brothers carried on the tradition. A Mr. Normandeau made some canoes working out of Nadeau's sawmill, but they were considered too heavy and hard to pole.

6. Dun had first leased the Woodman lots—numbers 38, 39, and 40—in 1882 as the leader of the Dun, Blossom, Warner, and Arthur syndicate. He re-leased the water again in 1890 and for a third time in 1898. He loved the property so dearly that he asked for, and got, a right of first refusal on the three lots in the event the Woodmans decided to sell the homestead.

7. For reasons that are not understood, Davis did not record this fish in his book, *Salmon Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia*, published in 1904. Whether he actually hooked and landed this salmon himself is not known, but its existence is recorded in this recently discovered fishing and hunting diary that begins in 1890, now owned by William Leary.

8. And yet there was no mention of the disposal of Red Camp in the corpus of Robert Graham Dun's will, nor is there any document that details any dollar transaction between Davis and Dun for the Red Camp rights.

9. Personal correspondence, Robert W. Paterson to William Butts Mershon, 30 March 1901. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

10. Edmund W. Davis, *Salmon-Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia* (New York: De Vinne Press, 1904), limited to 100 copies. The book was reprinted in 1994 by the Flyfisher's Classic Library, Devon, England, limited to 750 copies.

11. Bright's disease was a name then usually given for inflammatory or degenerative kidney diseases. The disease, prevalent in men, in the days before modern dialysis machines was usually fatal.

12. John Mundt, "Tragedy at Red Camp," *Anglers' Club Bulletin*, vol. 77, no. 2 (Spring/Summer 2001), 7–23. Republished in *Art of Angling Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1 (Winter 2001), 34–46.

13. That rocking chair is now owned by the Cascapedia River Museum and is on display.

14. Silas Weir Mitchell, *Diary*: Friday, 19 June 1908. Historical Collections of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

15. Edmund W. Davis, *Woodcock Shooting* (New York: De Vinne Press, 1908, limited to 100 copies), 72.

16. Personal correspondence, Robert Lowry to William Butts Mershon, 10 July 1911. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

17. In fact, he wasted no time in authorizing his headman, Jimmy Harrison, to rent the camp and his father's waters for \$500 to Tom Harvey and George Morley.

18. Personal correspondence, John Cadwalader to William Butts Mershon, 20 November 1908. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

19. Those numerous "lower pools" were the Island Pool, Outside the Island, Pool in the Woods, Red Willow Pool, William Barter Pool, Harrison Pool, Tom Pool, Peter Coull, Cow Pool, Salmon Hole (Elm Tree, Five Trees Pool, Green Banks, Dun's Nest), Fiddlehead

Pool, Lowry Pool, Tim Pool, Sandy Gilker, Cormier Pool, and the Milligan waters.

20. Personal correspondence, Benjamin Douglass Jr. to William Butts Mershon, 7 October 1908. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

21. Young Davis did lease his lower water in 1909 to Mr. Francis B. Harrison (1873–1957), a U.S. Representative from New York, for ten days and to the Cascapedia Club member James van Alen, who also took the water for a ten-day period. Representative Harrison did not return to the Grand Cascapedia after that one season.

22. The initials at the bottom of the ad belonged to Benjamin B. Moore of New York, who worked for Strong and Cadwalader.

23. Mackay was also a director of Commercial Pacific Cable Company, and President Theodore Roosevelt awarded his firm the job of laying the first undersea telegraph cable to Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, China, and then on to Japan. The Hawaiian link opened for business in January 1903, and the Japanese connection was ready in 1905.

24. It is estimated that the mine yielded more than \$800,000,000 worth of silver.

25. Clarence Mackay's daughter Ellin married Irving Berlin, the great twentieth-century composer, and she was the driving business force behind his genius.

26. Personal correspondence, William B. Mills to William Butts Mershon, 10 December 1909. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

27. Personal correspondence, George D. B. Bonbright to William Butts Mershon, 17 October 1910. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

28. George D. B. Bonbright to William Butts Mershon, 14 November 1910. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

29. The \$22,500 paid for the lease of Red Camp was a new high-water mark for river rights in the valley. The Bonbrights had the money, but they raised the bar for many of the riparian leases that were soon to expire.

30. The pools Steuart Davis held in lease and had agreed to sublease in the agreement were his portion of the Judge's Pool, Ice House Pool, Home Pool, Dun's Nest, Milligan's Pool, Jack Campbell's Pool, Robert Barter's Pool, William Barter's Pool, Smith Harrison's Pool, Peter Coull's Pool, Donald McKay's Pool, James Harrison's Pool, Hamilton's Beach Pool, and Cormier's Pool. The agreement also gave the Bonbright clan the right to fish water that Steuart's father, E. W. Davis, had previously bought outright. Those pools were Trout Brook, Head of Island, Judge's, Spruce, Ice House, Home, Landing, Swallows Nest, Charles Rock, Jenkins Rock, Crib, Wm. Barter, Curly, La Moures, Hamilton Beach, Harrison and Cormier, and Lowry pools.

31. Curt Gerling, *Smugtown USA* (Interlaken, N.Y.: Heart of the Lakes Publishing, 1957), 11.

32. *Ibid.*

33. He owned a house on 51 Mount Street, W1, London, in the fashionable Mayfair section.

34. George Bonbright, "Taking Tarpon with a Fly," *The Sportsman*, September 1929, 50, 51, 95. He offers details about many aspects of the sport, including the fact that he used his E. vom Hofe no. 2 "Tobique" salmon reels, and that the Lady Amherst and a fly he called Tarpon White (tied on 8/0 or 9/0 hooks) worked well as tarpon patterns.

35. The hooks that George Bonbright called D irons were originally known as Dee Irons, so named after the heavy, long-shank hooks that were often used on the River Dee in Scotland.

36. Both flies were so named by Charles Phair, the great fly dresser and author of *Atlantic Salmon Fishing*, published by the famed Derrydale Press in 1937. Phair clearly states that George Bonbright originated the fly, but that he, Phair, commercialized it under the name Bonbright No. 2.

37. On the first day that Irving Bonbright fished the Grand Cascapedia as the co-owner of Red Camp, 7 June 1915, he caught a 28½-pound salmon on an Amherst D.I. (Dee Iron).

38. George Bonbright was using and passing the Lady Amherst fly around to his friends on the river as early as 1925. William Mershon notes the use of the pattern in his 1925 salmon logbook.

39. The story, as given to this writer from two family members, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Kitchen Jr. (John H. Kitchen Sr. was married to one of George Bonbright's daughters), is that George Bonbright named the Lady Amherst fly in honor of his wife, Isabelle Bonbright.

40. The prodigious salmon was restored in 2004 by David and Polly Footer, and was gifted to the Cascapedia River Museum by Jean and Terry Bujold the same year.

41. Eastman had also arranged to have the Lorne Cottage waters and those controlled by William Mershon while on this vacation.

42. Personal correspondence, George Eastman to Frank L. Babbott, 11 June 1915. George Eastman Letters, Eastman House, Rochester, New York.

43. In fact, some of the Cascapedia Club members, who were also members of the South Side Sportsmen's Club, looked into the idea of transporting trout to their Long Island club.

44. The term *kelt* is the life-cycle term given to any salmon or grise after it has spawned in the river in the fall. Some kelts, also known as black salmon, return to salt water not long after they have spawned, whereas many others overwinter in the river before returning to their saltwater food source in the spring.

45. The fishing was good that first week. Four rods landed twenty-three salmon that weighed a total of 509 pounds.

The Last Religious House: A River Ran Through It

by Gordon M. Wickstrom

AWORD BEFORE . . .
What follows here is the text of a guest lecture for the students of Professor Adrian Bantjes in the history department of the University of Wyoming at Laramie. Professor Bantjes invited the lecture when the department's course in the history of angling is again offered, primarily to students of fish and game management.

I am gratified, as is Dr. Bantjes, that my lecture can be previewed here by a wider audience in the pages of the *American Fly Fisher*.

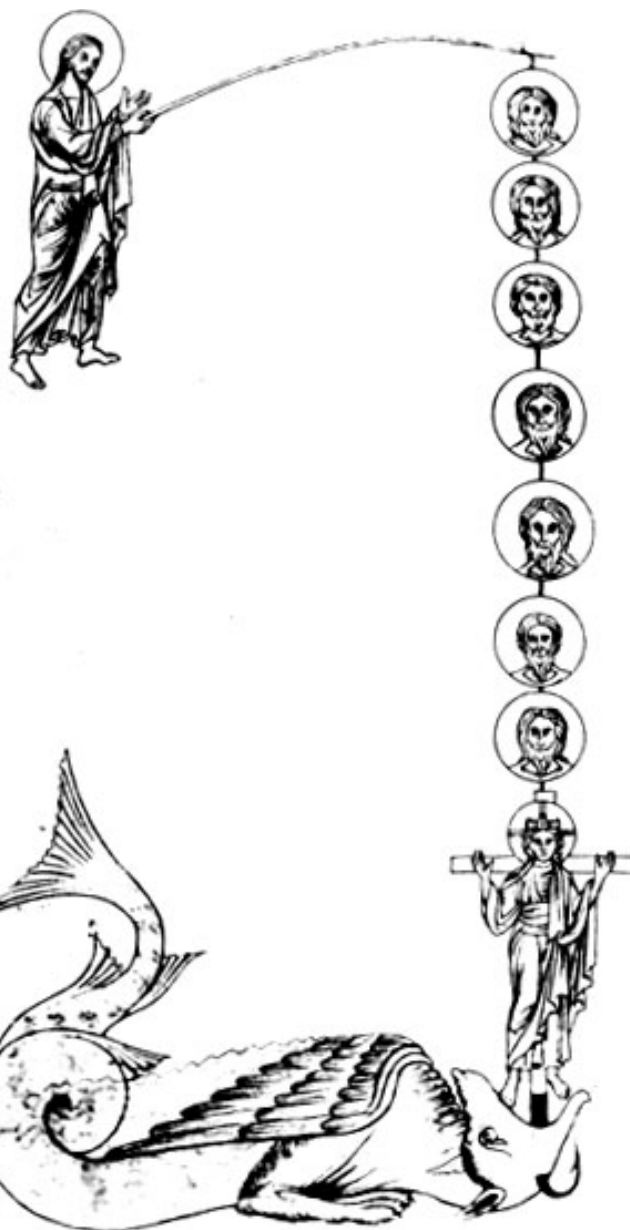
~G.M.W.

Good morning. Can you imagine what an immense pleasure it is for me to be your guest today, here in Laramie, where my grandfather pioneered, and where my father was born, as well as my own children—up in Powell—so long ago? I have deep rights of memory in Wyoming.

And how grateful I am to Professor Bantjes for his invitation to speak to this seminar on a moment in our intellectual and cultural history and on the significance of the sport we love so well: throwing flies to trout and salmon.

It's remarkable, I think, how fly fishing wants to tie itself and us into the development of seminal ideas and their times. It's been my experience that talking about angling gives one a subversive opportunity to speak about politics, religion, history, sex, art, life, and death—the whole shooting match. And so I claim that special opportunity today.

I'd been thinking about the Middle Ages, especially the high, late Middle Ages of the fifteenth century in England, when suddenly the literature



From Emile Malle, *The Gothic Image: Religious Art in France in the Thirteenth Century* (New York: Harpers, 1958), 380. In the *Hortus Deliciarum of the Abbess Herrade*, ms. NFOFB, page 124, God fishes up Leviathan/Satan from the depths. His line consists of medallions of the Kings of Judah with a lure of the crucified Christ. It is worth noting the fine, modern action of the rod, the technique of God's left hand, and the positioning of his feet for good casting. The well-drawn bend and barbing of the hook on the "hardware" of the Christus lure is also exceptional in medieval iconography. Is it too much to suggest that Leviathan resembles a grotesque sculpin and the entire rig an old "Davis Pop Gear" for trolling "cowbells"?

of fly fishing bursts forth, and we could know our sport for what it is. I thought of medieval life, secular and religious, of the great religious houses of international monastic life, of their powerful intellectual history and cultural accomplishment.

And all that reminded me of the lives of a Montana father and his sons in their home of religious work and devotion—and fly fishing—in Norman Maclean's 1976 novella and Robert Redford's film, *A River Runs Through It*. The medieval connection seemed striking to me. So with that notion in mind, I begin at the beginning.

We know that the epochal *A Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, the very first known and still essential essay on angling, though probably written in the first half of the fifteenth century, appeared suddenly in 1496, from a *moveable-type press*. We know that it has been reputed to have had its origin in one of those religious houses—in this case, a house of religious women—and attributed to the abbess of Sopwell Abbey just north of London.

Never mind that we now know that the true authorship of the *Treatyse* is lost to us. The best contemporary scholarship has revealed that it most likely was not our most adored lady of fly fishing, Dame Juliana Berners, who wrote the *Treatyse*, defined the quality of angling, and gave us our first dozen flies, the flies that became the basis of all future flies. Never mind. In 1496, there would have been nothing surprising about the attribution of this great essay to an aristocratic woman, a nun, an abbess; nor was it in any way strange that there the great idea of fly fishing was

codified, defined, and set down in a religious house, where it would have been thought entirely germane to Christian spirituality. Angling was a privileged idea in the religious life.

We ought not to think that the literature of fishing suddenly appeared out of nowhere, like Athena, fully armed, from the head of her father Zeus, or, like Sin out of the Head of Milton's Satan at that great banquet in heaven. The *Treatyse* is a sign that thinking and writing about angling had surely gone on before but is lost to us now, a sign of the evolution of fishing in the European mind.

I thought of those latest years of the high Middle Ages in England, of the superb accomplishment of the Perpendicular style in English Gothic architecture, of a vital time of burgeoning royal power amid the waxing and waning wars between the houses of Lancaster and York. I thought of the accumulation of new wealth and high culture only forty years before the Tudor Henry VIII shut down the monasteries, and only sixty-eight years before the birth of Shakespeare—all on the cusp of rebellious Protestantism, of the *modern* and its increasing emphasis upon the secular, the profane, the vernacular, the national, and the new habit of the skeptical mind—the New Philosophy, *science* itself.

And there was William Caxton, who only just before the *Treatyse* had printed and published the first *printed* books in English—and in prose! Thus was let loose a force that would make the English people a nation of book readers, readers of secular books in their own native tongue, and so becoming ever more English in spirit and in truth, more and more citizens of a unified modern nation. Caxton's cheap printed books helped to break the stranglehold that monastic scholasticism had held over intellectual life for centuries.

While the monasteries were profoundly literary, their books were rare codices of manuscripts in the ancient languages and always laboriously and exquisitely copied by hand. They were treasures.

Cheap printed books on sale in public allowed English angling literature to develop into the most extensive in any language. Angling in England could become *sport* and held in common.

In any case, whether cheaply printed or monastically treasured, in the words of the Gospeler John, *in the beginning was the word*.

FATHER-ABBOT, MONKISH SONS

With this groundwork laid, I'd like now to try to show you what I think is

one of the secrets of Norman Maclean's *A River Runs Through It*. I want to propose to you that the Maclean family home in Montana, its rise and its decline, recalls a *religious house* in the medieval sense, a community of religious people, living according to a rule, a discipline, not altogether unlike the Rule that governed the lives of monks in monastic institutions.

Think with me of the house of the Macleans as controlled by a father-abbot, the strict, old-line, Scotch Presbyterian minister-father of Norman and Paul Maclean, brother monkish lads living out their father's rule in this house where fly fishing was a way of seeing, feeling, experiencing, being faithful to the spiritual dimension of their lives—their Christian lives. Fly fishing for them was never *sport* as we think of it, never a diversion, never a hobby, never a relaxation or escape, never, heaven forbid, that sissy notion that fishing is a substitute for religion, that one can find God out on the stream as readily, or even more so, than in church. Never that late-adolescent pantheism that some anglers never grow out of. Maclean precisely lays out this trope of angling as something quite different and *ancient* in the opening three pages of his book. Do have a look at them.

No, fly fishing was an essential element in the expression of the religious life of this family. This family was a true community, separated off and different from the larger secular community that it served and, at the same time, rejected—a house tightly bound together by a great idea, the idea of a great God in an orderly universe, supported, in part, by a daily ritual in which casting to trout was an act of faith in *a world unseen*. It was a way of thinking about the greater act of Faith in the great God himself. This house was *in* the world but not *of* it.

Fly fishing is mysterious, in both the ordinary sense of the word and the religious. Unlike hunting, in which hunter and stag, pursuer and pursued, live in the same reality, both more or less understanding each other, fly fishing is a pursuit into a different reality, that of a creature of the waters that we little understand and that may well not be there at all. It is only our faith (or imagination) that keeps us casting.

Fly fishing is a worldly staff (I almost said "wading staff") on which the Christian devotional life can lean. It is the way up to the Creator—and sometimes back down.

You must understand that my enthusiasm for Maclean's book is somewhat restrained. And I'm heretical enough to think Robert Redford's film more satisfying, at least to me, than the book. And lest I be thought to wax overly enthusiastic about spiritual themes in this talk, I

think you should know that I'm a systematic nonbeliever. But I admonish you that *belief*—or unbelief, for that matter—can be a very poor thing, having little or nothing to do with truth. However, I know a *beautiful* idea when I see one and can be moved by it. One does not have to believe in an idea to be nourished by it.

ANGLING AS METAPHOR

Monastic houses, great churches, and the cathedrals had their treasuries. They could be astonishingly wealthy in jewels, precious metals, artworks, manuscripts, codices, ritual objects, even in lands and serfs indentured to them. Ideas can be treasures too. And I want to suggest that angling was perhaps the basic treasure trope or idea, the shared vision, of the Maclean house. It sustained the strict father-abbot and his monkish sons within the Rule of the house.

In the intellectual and spiritual life of the Middle Ages, nothing was ever only what it appeared to be on its surface. Everything was a symbolic expression of God's creative will and in one way or another reminded a Christian man or woman of that connection to the divine. The world was emblematic. And cultivated people could and must "read" those emblems as a text of the soul's journey. It's a commonplace of Christianity that the fish-as-emblem is so highly charged a metaphor or anagoge. Christ himself may be known as fish (only notice, as you drive around town, the bumper stickers that make this identification). Jesus conscripted fishermen to make them fishers of men, and Saint Peter was the greatest fisher of them all.

All of which points to *theology* as the common currency of thought, a system of thought, a way of thinking, that insisted on a unified, mysteriously intelligible, dependable universe, the end of which was to return all human life to the presence of God.

As the author of the 1496 *Treatyse* insists, a central purpose is to guard against the secrets of angling falling into the hands of the unworthy who will abuse it. Angling is not for those ruffians who will want only to kill fish, but rather for those who will see and understand the linkage upward of angling as metaphor to the experience of the great God himself, who is to be approached only through the unbending discipline of prayer, study, and hard work—or, as in the case of a select few, in ecstatic mystical experience. (Think of Saint Joan and her visions earlier in the fifteenth century.)

The medieval monk-scholar believed that discipline, the Scriptures, right reason, hard work, and the authority of the

Fathers could bring and keep him close to God. That these processes dealt in difficult abstractions, taxing syllogisms of logic, in tropes, allegories, and anagoges in no way deterred him. It was something like angling, which itself is made up mostly of *idea* and *faith*, leading to strict discipline and technique. The entire animal kingdom was no arbitrary phenomenon. Animals were a system of identification of values that pointed the soul of man to higher realms of being. The sumptuously illuminated bestiaries of the time are indicative of the spiritual guidance that the full range of God's creatures, real and imagined, could have for us.

If the Maclean household of men is a reflection of all these qualities and functions, I can hear you asking, "Where does the minister's wife, the sons' mother, come in? What's she doing there?" Well, it's just that. She's the mother, often a drudge for her children, the helpmeet, the domestic server. She is not integral, alas, to the spiritual, intellectual, discipline: that is the matter between the father and his sons, between the abbot and the monks. (Don't confuse her with Mary, the Virgin Mother of God.)

The monasteries, too, were not without the work of women, however few, to keep things going. They were there in the background doing the daily hard, oppressive work. It may amuse you to know that many years ago, when I visited Merton College, the oldest, I think, at Oxford, I was told that the twelfth-century foundation Rule of the house (remember that in the thirteenth century, the students would have been aspiring clerics) provided for the presence of one, single female person to care for the things that young men require, like laundry and housecleaning. But this single female was required to be of a "certain age" and strikingly ugly in order that the young men not be tempted to lust after her. Poor housewifery servant of a domineering house of ambitious men! Fraternities of young men have always required a housemother.

But if all this is more or less true, if the Maclean house is like unto a medieval house of religious men, observing their discipline, guarding their treasure, and working at their manuscripts, what happened to it all?

THE UPSHOT

When in 1496, *A Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle* was published, secularism was poised on the horizon of the culture of Europe. The bishops in the cities were

resisting the traditional power of the abbots in the monasteries who had ruled like kings for centuries; outside the monasteries, real kings began to rule like real kings. The cities were growing fast under the influence of merchants and corporations, of trade and industry, under the protection of the king. The cathedral schools became the center of education. Secularism in all its glamour was on the march. Which is only to say that the modern world was just around the corner—with its every temptation and delight. It was the promise of freedom and prosperity—of sexual liberty, even. In Italy, the Renaissance was already

worst and closed down this last religious house forever.

And fishing, angling, fly fishing? What had or was to become of that?

The treasure, the mystery, the anagoge to worship and the love of God (not its substitute, I hasten to remind you) became a commercial enterprise that transformed angling into a thoroughly secular sport, for gentlemen first and eventually the whole troupe of the great unwashed—even women. It was no longer a local affair on local waters, but a search over distances for more and bigger fish. Where travel beyond the medieval demesnes or parish had been pretty much limited to routes of commerce and religious pilgrimage, the new travel spread all over the place. The new spiritually "ruffian" class of leisure and wealth demanded the sport of aristocrats. Religious discipline waned as the kings took over and forced bishops and priests to kowtow to them. The Rules of Saints Benedict, Francis, Dominic, and Bernard lost their influence over temporal life outside the monasteries. Cities, the new cities—and a centralized king's administration—were the promise of the future. The intellectual construct of the City of God of the Middle Ages turned quaint, if not irrelevant.

The expanding literature of angling held on as best it could to the idea that fishing is somehow about more than catching fish. Izaak Walton might well be that idea's last hope—a call to resistance to the brutalities of a money-grubbing, dirty, violent, profane, secular city like seventeenth-century London. And little of that would change for Blake,

Dickens, or Shaw in their successive centuries.

In our own unhappy time, the strictly observing house of the Macleans in Montana had to be shut down, disestablished, forever. A disconsolate, disillusioned brother Paul was left to risk coming home to view the ruined dwellings of his father's once-grand scheme of things. Even their river had been poisoned.

All that was left for Maclean was to try to tell the tale of a once noble system of thought, feeling, worship, and its integral pursuit of trout—ending in his own modern success in the modern world. He would, in his famous novella, demonstrate how it had all died away. He had lived out his innocence in the last religious house, that special house, for which he was now no longer suited, nor any longer wanted to be.

Thank you very much indeed.

From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



Norman Maclean

whispering its delicious secrets and luring rich men's sons away from the religious life. For many, the transformation, the new freedom, was a disaster—too heady to control—exactly as it was for Paul Maclean, who, as a brilliant, wild young newspaper man, took to drinking too much, gambling too much, womanizing too much, staying away from home and father too much, fishing too little, and getting dead for his pains! Beaten to death! The prodigal son who did not return home. But, let us remember, at the end he had fought the good fight, with all the bones in his right hand broken.

Older brother Norman went off to the east to school and a professorship in a secular university where ideas were free and discipline inner-directed—a fine career, but not exactly the one his father wanted for him. God now had but one old man left in Montana, and he was hardly able to walk any longer, let alone fish. The modern world had done its

If Pinocchio Were a Fly Fisherman: The Marvels of Wood

by Alvaro Masseini



Extraordinarily grained amboyna reel with the author's initials engraved and a figure of a small golden salmon.

IBELIEVE THAT AMONG human activities, the skills of a good artisan are the ones embodying the highest qualities of craft: inventiveness, curiosity, creativity, and manual capacity. It is well known that the Renaissance, which spread throughout Europe in the sixteenth century, was propelled by the workshops of Florentine artisans and not by the university dominated, at that time, by the old scholasticism and Aristotelean culture. Quite the opposite: universities then were opposed to any forms of cultural renewal.

Both manual and intellectual forms of work find, in the artisan's craft, a perfect synthesis. Beautiful and with a "soul," the artisan's product stirs a sensual emotion and a refined pleasure by mere visual or tactile contact. In the history of fly-fishing tackle, Italy does not play a relevant role. However, with its late industrial development, it is, as ever, the land of ingenious artisans.

THE ARTISAN

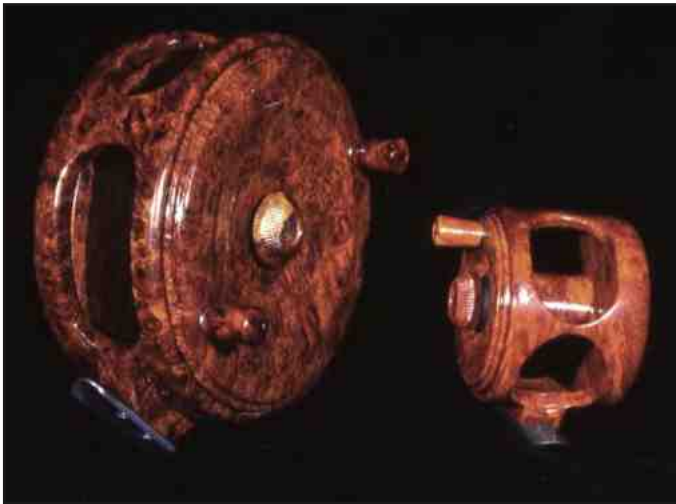
Giorgio Dallari, at seventy-plus years old, is one of these artisans. As a young fellow, he pursued his strong passion for radio-controlled airplane models, despite the fact that he worked in the garment trade (for many years Dallari ran a classic men's garment store he inherited from his father, located in the center of Modena). As a leisure-time activity, Dallari built many models of remote-controlled aircraft. After having been

Photographs by Giorgio Dallari and Alvaro Masseini



Two models of radica pipes.

passionately involved in restoring antique motorcycles, he discovered that lumber was his favorite material. In 1976, after giving up cigarettes and switching to a pipe, he found a true passion for constructing a series of pipes with shapes that were successively more imaginative than the last. Since then, Dallari has made the most beautiful pipes of all sorts: straight, bent, smooth, inlaid, and even with exquisite bas-reliefs. To connect



Two models of reels: the small one, in radica, is for trout fishing; the other one, in amboyna, antireverse, is for saltwater fishing.



Above: Two models in radica with a large stuffed rainbow trout.

Right: Internal parts of a reel: central pinion and ball bearing.



smoker with fly fisher, all Dallari's pipes have a tiny salmon icon set in gold.

In 1978, Dallari became fully dedicated to fly fishing, giving up other fishing methods. Then he turned a vague idea of building a wooden reel into a real project. At that time excellent split-bamboo rods still circulated, but wooden reels did not exist. In February 1980, while glancing at a fly-fishing magazine, he was taken by a section showing historical pieces and antiquities, including some reels. It was a revelation, indeed. Building wooden reels was feasible, he thought—it had been done in the past. Without wasting any time, Dallari immediately bought the tools he needed: lathes, drills, rasp files, and resins, with which he made the first prototypes.

From the mid-1980s to today, Dallari has built some two hundred reels of different sizes: from those suitable for fishing for trout and grayling to those strong enough for catching salmon and tarpon. Initially he built a few reels for himself and his close friends. Then he continued to build extraordinary wooden reels for a sophisticated clientele of not only fishermen but also refined collectors. Yet, as the figures tell (two hundred reels in twenty years), Dallari's production has remained rather small. More than a commercial activity, it is safe to say that his work is characterized more as the creative production of highly personalized, unique masterpieces.

Dallari's handicraft timber-work skills go well beyond mere cleverness. We fly fishers should be grateful for his ability, which belongs to the realm of art, and his inventiveness as it is applied to the world of fly fishing. We all



Different colors and veins of amboyna (large reel) and radica (small reel).

know that our “art” often combines functionalism with a refined aesthetic taste. Without taking any merit away from skilled European and North American steel-reel builders, I feel that most of these reels are cold, inanimate steel and aluminum things, made in series for anonymous buyers. Dallari’s reels, on the other hand, are products of thoroughly selected timber, patiently treated and seasoned, and then patterned with competence and love. These jewels can satisfy the most refined fly fisher’s desire for functionality and exquisite taste. The leather case alone—a finely hand-sewn object, engraved on the side with a small icon of Pinocchio, whose notoriously long nose turns into a fly rod—reveals that what is inside is unique.

The strength of these timber reels has nothing to envy in commercialized aluminum alloy. Furthermore, these beautiful objects do not fear any damage from abrasions or salt water. Among a number of models, one can find antireverse patterns for those big fish that are a major challenge for common clutches and therefore require a high level of contrast. The reel’s weight is another plus: where is the metal with a specific weight lower than wood?

The reasons metallic materials became more fashionable than wood by the end of the nineteenth century are apparent: more strength, less maintenance, serial production, and lower cost. Today, however, the discovery of extra-strong timber and the availability of natural and synthetic glues and resins able to further strengthen and make the wood waterproof give wood fibers many of the qualities found in metals. Furthermore, in the making of a wooden reel, the exclusive manual part is predominant. There are also many operations requiring the use of files, bradawls, emery papers, polishers, and so on. The turning lathe employed to shape the cylinder is an ancient tool whose efficient use relies more on the artisan’s skilled hand and eye than the machine’s capacity in itself.



Above: An example of a complete Dallari’s reel: hand-sewn leather reel case and a finely worked reel box.

Below: Small icon of Pinocchio, whose nose turns into a fly rod and line, engraved on the side of a reel case.





Old turning lathe from Dallari's workshop.



A completely finished reel and the raw material (wood) from which it is made.



Giorgio Dallari (right) in a moment of conviviality, with his friend Luciano Maragni, a renowned fly-fishing guide.

THE MATERIALS

Dallari uses two types of timber to build his reels. The first is *Radica arborea*, an evergreen bush typical of Mediterranean flora. It is a very hard wood that has always been used in the production of pipes. Easily found on the Italian coast, it is exported to many countries, including England, where Dunhill, the famous factory, uses it to produce its pipes. Yet many people are not aware that this bush has a small and thin trunk. Consequently, only the roots, not the aerial part of this plant, can be used in manufacturing. We still do not know the reasons why only some plants of *Radica arborea* develop a big and extremely hard wooden block in their roots. Some botanists argue that the blocks are the result of a disease. Yet experienced seekers of this valuable plant are able to detect, just by looking at it, whether those blocks can be found in its roots. Thus, without killing the bush, collectors cut the wooden block from the roots. The second timber used to build wooden reels is amboyna burl (*Pterocarpus indicus*). A Southeast Asian plant, it is slightly less hard than the *Radica arborea* but has more beautiful venations.

Once the wood has been turned on a lathe, it is soaked in natural resins without synthetic solvents. Norwegians use these resins to protect their boats from humidity and salt water.

The metal Dallari uses for a reel's central pinion is stainless steel; he uses the same material for the ball bearing and clutch. Both the reel's blocking foot and the ring to strengthen the cylinder are made of ergal, an extremely hard, light, and antigraze material, which is largely used in aeronautical engineering. Dallari's reels are equipped with an efficient and reliable clutch system, as salmon and sea-water reels require. He usually buys Finnor's ball bearings and skillfully uses mandrels when machining the other parts of the clutch system.



Giorgio Dallari is a man who cultivates his friendships, looks after his poultry, spends time in his workshop, and smokes his pipe while gazing at the Appennine's peaks, which are often covered with snow. In the evening, he sits with his computer notebook, chatting online with friends (both fly fishermen and "regular people") all over the world. He still loves fishing, so he leaves his home twice a year to go to places that are really worth reaching. Some of his dearest friends call him "Geppetto," for like Pinocchio's father, Dallari can turn a piece of wood into a masterpiece.



Lives of Famous Anglers

by Paul Schullery



Some of It Was Fun by Hugh Falkus. With illustrations by Scott Adkins. The Grange, Ellesmere, England, The Medlar Press Limited, 2003, £19.95. ISBN 1-899-600-280. 198 pages. www.medlarpress.com

IN THE HANDS OF the right writer, memoir is a delightful form of history, and, failing that, a terrific way to relive the mood of an earlier time, or even just glimpse a moment that we won't likely have a chance of enjoying ourselves. *Some of It Was Fun* is a charming mix of history, memoir, opinion, and observation from an outdoorsman who we could wish had left us more memoirs than he did.

Hugh Falkus (1917–1996) was for many years among the most prominent of angling writers and general all-around well-known anglers in the U.K. He was perhaps even better known as a maker of nature films. Among his important fishing books are *Sea-Trout Fishing* (1962), *Salmon Fishing* (1984), and *Freshwater Fishing* (1975), which he wrote with Fred Buller. Falkus and Buller also collaborated on *Dame Juliana: The Angling Treatyse and Its Mysteries*, another handsome production of the Medlar Press and reviewed with great enthusiasm by John Betts in the Winter 2002 *American Fly Fisher*.

According to the publisher's information, *Some of It Was Fun* is a continuation of the author's memoirs, which were popularly launched many years ago in his first book, *The Stolen Years* (most recently republished in 1979). According to Fred Buller's introduction, the material in

this new book was discovered among Falkus's papers following his death and has not previously been published, which makes it a special treat for longtime

followers of Falkus's colorful career.

If you enjoy outdoors adventures of any kind, or of most kinds, it should appeal to you. The book it most reminds me of in subject matter is T. H. White's *England Have My Bones* (1936), though there is little similarity in style or authority. Both books do wander among several subjects (birds, flying, fishing, dogs, weather, and the country life generally), though typically White's did so from the perspective of the perpetual amateur, whereas Falkus speaks almost always from a deeper reservoir of familiarity, even expertise, as he goes from flying combat missions in World War II, to nature filmmaking, to some authentic life-and-death adventures in coastal waters, to all manner of bird observations, and to many other subjects.

There wasn't quite enough fishing for me in the book, but wherever he takes you in his narrative, you have the feeling that the fishing isn't far off. And the illustrations by Scott Adkins, which introduce every chapter, are a treat and a complement to an entertaining text.

There is also a limited edition of 195 copies bound in salmon skin.

Upon a River Bank by Derek Mills. Machynlleth, Wales, U.K., Coch-y-Bonddu Books, 2004, £9.95. ISBN 1-904784-01-1. 123 pages, photographs, most in color. www.anglebooks.com

Derek Mills, a lifelong fisheries management professional who seems to have spent most of his career involved in salmonid work in Scotland, is the author or editor of many popular and technical books on angling, fisheries management, and aquatic ecology. Besides his numerous professional activities as an employee of management agencies, his conservation career has involved an extended stint

of service with the Atlantic Salmon Trust, giving him a broad and, it appears, distinguished background and familiarity with the various species of fish he pursues so cheerfully and successfully in this book.

Upon a River Bank is Mills's episodic reminiscences of some sixty years' fishing in the U.K. and Europe. The book's twenty-three chapters amount to a tour of enviable fishing destinations, often on enviably productive days, including stops in Iceland, Austria, Ireland, and Scotland. Interspersed are ruminations on various historical and modern figures in the world of angling, including a tribute to Roderick Haig-Brown, a summary of the fishing writing in Sir Walter Scott's books, and a couple of intriguing chapters on a neglected but wonderful angling writer whom Americans should know much better, John Buchan. The chapter on the development of Scottish angling clubs will be of special interest to historians who have tried to analyze the similar rise of such clubs and associations in the United States and Canada.

But the book is mostly fishing stories, accompanied by a generous supply of color photographs of the various fish caught. American readers may find all the "carcass shots" of dead fish a bit jarring, but it is probably important to read the book keeping in mind the context of U.K. management, where releasing fish isn't quite the religion it has become in many circles here. Frankly, it's kind of a relief to read of smart, conservation-minded anglers and professional managers who live in a world where it still feels okay to take trout home regularly. I can't even guess if the feeling is justified on their part, but it's pleasant to assume it is.

There is also a deluxe leather-bound limited edition of fifty at £110 each.

Waltzing with the Captain: Remembering Richard Brautigan by Greg Keeler. Boise, Idaho, Limberlost Press, 2004, \$15.00. ISBN 0-931659-930. 167 pages, black and white photographs. www.Limberlostpress.com

Biography is a much rarer category of fishing book than memoir; few anglers achieve the social or economic stature required to attract a biographer, and if they do, the odds are good that, like



From Edward Hamilton, *Recollections of Fly Fishing for Salmon, Trout and Grayling* (New York: Orange Judd Company, 1885), facing page 86.

Richard Brautigan, the biography will largely be about things other than fishing.

If you don't remember the *Trout Fishing in America* phenomenon, I probably can't explain it to you. But the 1967 publication of Richard Brautigan's book by that title remains one of the oddest and most appealing episodes in the checkered history of angling writing. Unlike every work of fishing fiction and nonfiction since, millions of people read his idiosyncratic, disjointed, hilarious little book, and were, for the most part, instantly divided into two groups: those who got it, and those who didn't.

I'm not sure that I've heard representatives of either viewpoint make it fully clear why they felt the way they did about this strange little book, but speaking as one of the ones who got it (to the extent that any of us had the right to claim we got it), I have often marveled at how short a time it took a book that seemed somehow so far-reaching to disappear so utterly from view, while dozens if not hundreds of fishing books of far less enduring merit have lurched on, perhaps just too dull to die.

The professional literary decoders have tried for a long time to tell us that *Trout Fishing in America* wasn't really about fishing at all, but of course it is. It's just about fishing in a way that most of us hadn't admitted existed, or mattered.

A few scholars, friends, and even family members of Brautigan's have struggled valiantly with telling his story and legend, but not so many that it isn't still intriguing when someone comes along with some new stories and insights. As with the baffling attraction of the novel itself (and his numerous other equally curious books), I wonder why I find his life story so interesting, but I readily accept that I do.

Greg Keeler, the author of *Waltzing with the Captain*, is a popular and versatile poet, singer, and playwright from Bozeman, Montana, where he has taught English for the past thirty years or so at Montana State University (I live in Bozeman, too, and have also taught briefly at MSU, but I don't think we've ever met, so this review isn't one of those ingrown, collegial things that pals do for each other). Keeler knew Brautigan from 1978 to 1984, when Brautigan committed suicide, and in this book, Keeler documents that friendship and its end in a friendly, conversational tale.

Unlike *Trout Fishing in America*, though, this really isn't a fishing book. It involves relatively little fishing, but great amounts of time sitting around talking, or driving here and there in Montana at odd hours and in bad weather. There is also what seems to me to be a stupendous amount of drinking, which often

precedes the driving, and thus increases reader alarm for pages at a time. For reasons I can't fully explain, yet again, all this somehow does matter to those interested in *Trout Fishing in America*.

That may not sound like much of a testimonial, but Keeler has earned his reputation as a good writer, and I found this book to be absorbing, thoughtful, and helpful.

It's also very sad. These were apparently the darkest years in Brautigan's life (though it doesn't sound like the earlier ones were all that happy). Keeler portrays himself as both foil and sometime keeper of the famous and famously troubled author in those hard times.

If you were among those who got *Trout Fishing in America*, I think that the odds are good that you will get this book, too, and will appreciate Keeler for writing it. If you didn't get *Trout Fishing in America*, this book will almost certainly not help.

There is also a signed edition.



Paul Schullery was executive director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing from 1977 to 1982. He is the author, coauthor, or editor of about thirty-five books, including several relating to fly fishing and fly-fishing history.



Museum News



Sara Wilcox

Trustees Carl Kuehner and Walt Matia enjoy a spirited discussion before dinner at the annual trustee meeting.

Annual Membership Meeting and Trustee Meeting

The Annual Membership and Trustee meeting took place on Saturday, October 29, in Manchester, Vermont. Outgoing Board President David Walsh, who had been in that role since 2001, was honored for his dedication and service to the museum.

Vice President George Gibson was also honored as the first recipient of the Trustees Award for his outstanding service and commitment to overseeing the construction and completion of the museum's new gallery and archives.

The museum is also pleased to announce the election of fellow board member Nancy Mackinnon to the post of board president. Nancy lives here in Manchester and brings a wealth of professional experience from her successful career at the Nature Conservancy.

After the board meeting, the trustees and museum staff enjoyed a wonderful dinner at historic Hildene. Special thanks go to Seth Bongartz and his staff for offering their wonderful facility for our meeting and dinner.

Friends of Peter Corbin Shoot

Museum trustee and artist Peter Corbin hosted our fourth annual Friends of Peter Corbin Shoot on October 26 and 27 at Hudson Farms in Andover, New Jersey. The museum gratefully acknowledges the support of our friend Peter Kellogg, who made this exceptional facility available to the museum for this event.

Twenty shooters participated, and everyone had a great time. This year's event featured fly fishing on property, a challenging sporting clays course and flurry shoot, and a driven duck and pheasant shoot. All participants were treated to an exceptional gourmet dinner on the evening before the shoot and a wonderful pig roast after the shoot. The meals featured the culinary skills of Perona Farms, a close neighbor.

The highlight of the event was a spirited drawing for the original Peter Corbin painting titled *Autumn Woodcock*. Each participant's name was included in the drawing, and the last name drawn took this fantastic painting home. The drawing saw some spirited bartering with offers to purchase undrawn names to benefit the museum. The lucky shooter this year was Jon Gibson. All other participants received a signed limited-edition giclée of the painting.

The museum and this year's participants are already looking forward to next year's event!

Hartford Dinner/Auction

The museum was pleased to return to the Farmington Country Club for our annual Hartford dinner and sporting auction. More than sixty-five members and friends joined us on November 3 for a delightful evening of camaraderie.

Attendees were treated to two new traveling displays fixtures, which include highlights from our reel and fly collections. We also unveiled our trade-show booth, which features wonderful interior and exterior photographs of the new museum. Museum trustee and famed sporting artist Peter Corbin was also on hand to sign his new book, *An Artist's Creel*.

The silent and live auction featured a great assortment of art, fishing equipment, and fishing trips. Our auctioneer, Mike Tomasiewicz, did an excellent job unleashing the checkbooks to benefit the museum.

Special thanks go to our host, Dr. Jack Cavo, for arranging the dinner to return to the country club. The museum expresses our deep appreciation to John Mundt, Ed Ruestow, and the Hartford Dinner Committee—E. Arroll Borden, Phil Castleman, David Egan, David Foley, Larry Johnson, Richard Kane, Steve Massell, R. Tracy Page, Roger Plourde, and Vincent Ringrose—for the great work they did in organizing this event. We would also like to thank our contributing sponsors: David Foley, Farmington River Guide, Bob Kneeland, Captain Paul



Sara Wilcox

David Walsh reminisces about his tenure as president of the museum's board of trustees at its latest gathering.

Upcoming Events

March 9

New York Anglers' Club Dinner and Sporting Auction
The Anglers' Club, New York City

TBA

Cleveland Dinner and Sporting Auction

2006 Fly-Fishing Show Schedule

January 20–22

Marlboro, Massachusetts

January 27–29

Somerset, New Jersey

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

Koopman, John Mundt Jr., the Orvis Company, R. Tracy Page, George Pardee, artist Alberto Rey, Kristoph Rollenhagen, and Captain Dan Wood.

Innkeepers Reception

On September 26 the museum hosted area innkeepers and motel and hotel owners at an afternoon reception. The purpose of this gathering was to familiarize lodging businesses with the museum, or, in many cases, to reintroduce them to our organization now that we're in our new building. The event was a great success. To make the day even more festive, a group of Orvis dealers from around the East Coast visited the museum at the same time. So, refreshments were prepared and the fire was lit to welcome folks in from the driving rain.

More than forty innkeepers and at least as many Orvis dealers attended. Everyone was impressed with the museum and thoroughly enjoyed the exhibits and the gift shop. The museum staff handed out information packets to everyone; innkeepers received guest passes and admission discount coupons as well. We have already had guests use the passes to visit the museum. We hope that these passes will continue to encourage visitors to our region to stop by and see what the museum has to offer.

www.amff.com

The museum's new website—www.amff.com—is finally "live." We are very proud of this new site and are sure you will be too. We plan to update the information and rotate photos regularly, so there will always be something new and exciting to read about. It is a work in progress, and we welcome any comments (good or bad) or suggestions you may have.

Future plans for the site include an online store and an update to the magazine database.

Our other marketing efforts now include a new brochure, a copy of which is enclosed with this journal. Its design elements are similar to the website in an effort to create one cohesive marketing package. We encourage you to pass this brochure along to someone else. In doing so, you help us promote the museum.

We've also been aggressively promoting the museum and our new gift shop locally, with ads in various publications in Vermont as well as bordering states.

Of course, our members are our best marketing medium. We appreciate your support!

Fly-Fishing Retailer Show

The American Museum of Fly Fishing proudly unveiled its new home to the fly-fishing industry at its annual September trade show in Denver. Director of Events Lori Pinkowski joined new Executive Director Bill Bullock to take the museum's story to the fly-fishing trade.

Special thanks go to Gordon Wickstrom and John Betts for volunteering their time and efforts in manning the booth and for spreading the word out west. The museum would also like to thank the good folks at the show for donating our booth space.

Our booth included the display of several pieces from our permanent collection, which were greatly enjoyed by our visitors. The museum signed up many new members and reconnected with our friends in the industry.

Recent Donations

Robert Moots of Springfield, Ohio, donated an 8-foot, 3-piece bamboo fly rod by an unknown maker. Bill Lord of Manchester, Vermont, donated a set of thirty-three dry flies and nine wet flies believed to be tied either by Winnie and Walt Dette or by Elsie and Harry Darbee.

In the Library

Thanks to the Stackpole Books for their donations of recent titles that have become part of our collection (all titles were published in 2005): A. K. Best's *Fly Fishing with A. K.*; Art Scheck's *Fly-Fish Better: Practical Advice on Tackle, Methods and Flies*; Ralph Cutter's *Fish Food: A Fly Fisher's Guide to Bugs and Bait*; Lloyd Gonzales's *Fly-Fishing Pressured Water: Tying Tactics for Today's Trout*; and Barry and Cathy Beck's *Fly Waters Near and Far*.



BACK ISSUES!

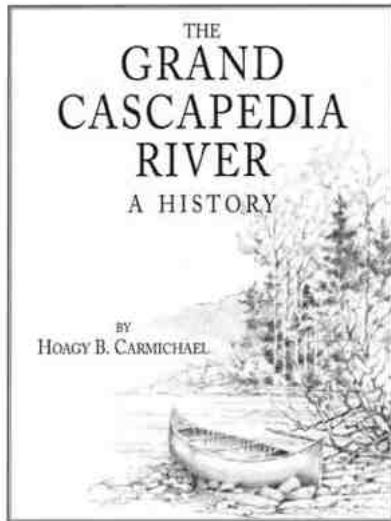
| | |
|------------|--------------------|
| Volume 6: | Numbers 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 7: | Number 3 |
| Volume 8: | Number 3 |
| Volume 9: | Numbers 1, 2, 3 |
| Volume 10: | Number 2 |
| Volume 11: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 13: | Number 3 |
| Volume 15: | Number 2 |
| Volume 16: | Numbers 1, 2, 3 |
| Volume 17: | Numbers 1, 2, 3 |
| Volume 18: | Numbers 1, 2, 4 |
| Volume 19: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 20: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 21: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 22: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 23: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 24: | Numbers 1, 2 |
| Volume 25: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 26: | Numbers 1, 2, 4 |
| Volume 27: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 28: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 29: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |
| Volume 30: | Numbers 1, 2, 3 |
| Volume 31: | Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4 |

Back issues are \$4 a copy.

To order, please contact Rebecca Nawrath at
(802) 362-3300 or via e-mail at amff3@together.net

Available May 1st!

A unique history, told in great detail, of one of the premier salmon rivers in the world. Hundreds of never before seen photos and stories about big fish, and the men and women that caught them.



Special Offer: \$100
Regular Price: \$125

Orders placed before May 1st receive the discounted rate.

3/4 leather binding with slipcase
340 pages
350 photos
First 500 copies signed by the author

“The definitive work on the subject... A major contribution to the sporting life, as well as the economic and social history of Quebec.” – Charles Wood III

ORDER NOW!
www.cascapediabook.com

CONTRIBUTORS



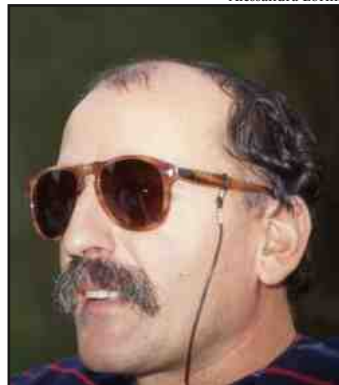
After a career in television and films, Hoagy B. Carmichael turned his attention to bamboo rod-making. He wrote *A Master's Guide to Building a Bamboo Fly Rod* (1977) with Everett Garrison and produced a film chronicling Garrison's work. He is a leading expert in the field of antique fishing tackle, and has fished for trout and salmon for forty years. In later years, he has concentrated on trying to catch a few fish on the Grand Cascapedia River while helping to develop their fine museum, the Cascapedia River Museum. Working to understand that river's great history has been a life-giving force.

Gordon M. Wickstrom is native to Boulder, Colorado, a World War II navy veteran, and graduate of the University of Colorado. He holds a Ph.D. from Stanford University and is professor of drama emeritus at Franklin and Marshall College. He retired to his native Boulder in 1991. He has written for *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Fly Tyer*, *Angler's Journal*, *the Art of Angling Journal*, *Wild on the Fly*, *Streamside*, and is a not infrequent contributor to the *American Fly Fisher*. He has published a popular linear display of the history of fly fishing and currently publishes the *Boulder creek Angler*, “a gazette for those who fish” and the *Boulder creek Actor*, “a gazette for those who make theatre.” He is the author of *Notes from an Old Fly Book* (University Press of Colorado, 2001) and *Late in an Angler's Life* (University of New Mexico Press, 2004). Wickstrom's most recent full-length article to this journal, “Where Are the Flies of Yesteryear? An Essay with Interlinear Commentary,” appeared in Winter 2004.

Sam Sandoe



Alessandra Lorini



Alvaro Masseini teaches high-school history and philosophy in Florence, Italy, where he has worked with several Italian environmental organizations. A passionate fly fisherman, he is the author of numerous articles on fly fishing in Europe and the Americas. His most recent publications include two volumes: *Della Patagonia e altri sogni: Viaggiatore con l'arte della pesca a mosca* (Torino: Angolo Manzoni, 1998) and *Inseguendo il sole: Appunti di viaggio dalle terre dei salmoni* (Torino: Angolo Manzoni, 2003). He has contributed several articles to the *American Fly Fisher*, the most recent of which was “Fly Fishing in Early Renaissance Italy? A Few Revealing Documents” (Fall 1999). Masseini welcomes correspondence at alvaromasseini@yahoo.it.

DONOR BRICKS

An opportunity to make a difference and become part of the new home of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



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

New York Dinner



The New York Anglers' Club in New York City is once again hosting our Annual Dinner & Sporting Auction on Thursday, March 9, 2006. The proceeds from this event support our ongoing programs and operations.

The festivities begin at 5:30 PM with cocktails and hors d'oeuvres and a preview of our excellent live auction and raffle items. Renowned chef Mary O'Malley and her staff have already planned the delicious dinner, which will be followed by our spirited live auction and raffle drawing.

Our live auction will feature fantastic fishing and hunting trips, a matched pair of Bogdan Reels (model 50 and 100), premium fly rods, fine art, sporting gifts, and many other wonderful items sure to please the discriminating angler.

The ticket price is \$100 per person/\$175 per couple and includes hors d'oeuvres, open bar, dinner, and a chance to visit with old friends and make new ones.

If you would like to attend this event and help raise important funds for the museum, please contact Lori Pinkowski at 802-362-3300 or email amff2@together.net by March 2, 2006.

We would welcome any donations toward our auction and/or raffle. Please contact Lori Pinkowski if you would like to contribute.

pick up hexagraph ad from
previous issue

Unique Gifts for Anglers

The Brookside Angler
at the American Museum of Fly Fishing



The Brookside Angler offers an extensive collection of fly fishing gifts and collectibles.

Shoppers may browse a unique assortment of fine art, antique home décor, quality books and stationery, as well as exclusive AMFF logo merchandise and many other wonderful items sure to please the discriminating angler. We even carry toys and books for young anglers-in-training.

Coming in 2006: An online store for your shopping convenience

Open daily 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.
Route 7a South, Manchester, VT
802-362-3300 www.amff.com

Fish aren't the only things online...



Please stop by and visit our
new and improved website at
www.amff.com.

pick up Hildene ad from
previous issue

Cool. Never Heard of It.

Edgar Bechard



Bill Bullock and the bright, 16-pound Atlantic salmon he caught in June on the Kedgwick River, New Brunswick, Canada.

A CLOSE FRIEND AND ANGLING COMPANION was recently recounting a fantastic fishing trip on the North Platte River in Wyoming this past September. As I eagerly listened to all the great details of his trip, I was struck by a particular anecdote that crystallized the task before us here at the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Mike and his group had experienced fantastic streamer and nymph fishing on the first day but had seen no dry-fly activity. In the course of their second day's float, they encountered a section of river with plenty of rising fish. Mike was in the last of the three drift boats and could see that the bugs were big and the fish were slurping them with reckless abandon. The same could not be said for the offerings that his companions were presenting.

Mike, who grew up in the Northeast, switched to the biggest dry fly he had: a Hendrickson Dark. He was immediately into a big fish, well over 20 inches. While the rest of the group was still flailing away at rising fish, Mike released his and was swiftly into another beautiful rainbow. Mike's guide, an accom-

plished fisherman and outfitter of many years, asked which fly he was using. When told, he said, "Cool. Never heard of it."

My first emotion was incredulity. How could this guide—or any fly-fishing guide—not know what a Hendrickson was? How could he not know the history of the fly and its connection to the father of American dry-fly fishing Theodore Gordon, famed fly tyer Roy Steenrod, and their mutual friend, Albert Everett Hendrickson, for whom the fly was named?

But then I remembered that the Hendrickson is but one of the many fly patterns gracing our sport. Each fly is important to some anglers, and each fly has a story. I realized that it is the American Museum of Fly Fishing's role to ensure that the stories and histories of this sport are not only preserved, but shared with our fellow fly anglers.

BILL BULLOCK
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254
Tel: (802) 362-3300 • Fax: (802) 362-3308
E-MAIL: amff@together.net
WEBSITE: www.amff.com

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.

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum)

| | |
|---------------|---------|
| Associate | \$40 |
| International | \$50 |
| Family | \$60 |
| Benefactor | \$100 |
| Business | \$200 |
| Patron | \$250 |
| Sponsor | \$500 |
| Platinum | \$1,000 |

The museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. 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.

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.