

The American
Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



FALL 2021

VOLUME 47 NUMBER 4

Wading Upstream

FLY FISHERS—and fly-fishing historians—like their stuff. Physicality means something. Objects hold meaning and stories and proof.

Sometimes a rarity—maybe even a one-off—appears, giving you a chance at it. Enticed, you set the hook, reel it in, ask questions later. Turns out there's mystery here, beyond your impulse to have the thing. Where has it been? To whom has it belonged? You wade upstream, looking for answers.

"If you look closely," says Stephen E. Wright, "you will find that everything is connected to everything else, even through time."

Nearly a decade ago, Wright wandered into a needle works shop in Ohio in search of a company's last remnants of wool. A chance conversation with the salesperson led to his acquiring a hand-built portable fly-tying workstation filled with antique fly-tying tools and materials. Found among the contents was the name of the original owner. Wright shares the story of his remarkable find—and his own unexpected connections to it—in "The Fly Box, Martha Jean, and My Link to the Fly-Tying Past" (page 20).

As a seller of out-of-print books, Ken Callahan is no stranger to rarities or mysteries. It's likely you haven't had opportunity to read *A Week on the Jupiter River, Anticosti Island, 1934*. I certainly hadn't, until Callahan let me take a look at his copy. The story of a nine-day salmon fishing trip was privately printed in an edition of just one hundred. The nom de plume **BALDEMEC** represents the initials of the five men on that trip, and Callahan became determined to identify each one. Turn to page 2 to check out his detective work in "Who Was **BALDEMEC**? The Unraveling of a Pen Name."

From what I know of Ken Cameron, he, too, could be classified as a rarity. An exacting fly-fishing historian and writer, he was among the first to sort and catalog the museum's collection. He served both on the advisory board and as registrar. The American Museum of Fly Fishing owes him a debt of gratitude.

Cameron passed away in March. I am grateful to his good friend Paul Schullery for offering to write about Ken: who he was, the multiple worlds through which he traveled, and his importance to the museum and fly-fishing history and culture. Schullery calls him "modern fly fishing's original *social* historian." In reading "There's More to It: Ken Cameron and an Authentic History of Fly Fishing"



(page 5), I learned a lot about the man, and I'm sorry we didn't get to know each other. Readers may feel the same by article's end.

We recently lost another important player from our founding days. Ted Rogowski, a member of the museum's original board of trustees and a 2017 Catskill Fly Fishing Center & Museum Hall of Fame inductee, passed away in July. An environmental attorney, Rogowski helped to form the Environmental Protection Agency and implement the Clean Water Act. Just a month before Rogowski's death, Director of Outreach Matt Smythe had a chance to talk with him. He shares some of that interview with us here, beginning on page 24.

Finally, in this issue of rarities, we include something common and the story of how it came to be so. R. W. Hafer's three-part series, "How Rainbow Trout Came to Missouri (and Your State Too)," began in our Spring 2021 issue. "Part I: The Beginnings" offered an overview of the mid-nineteenth-century conservation movement and the early fish culturist movement. Summer's "Part II: The Great Experiment" brought us into the 1870s and 1880s, when the problem of a declining Atlantic salmon population was addressed by sending fertilized Pacific salmon eggs to the East Coast. That experiment failed, but it set the stage for a different success: the transplantation of California rainbow trout to other parts of the country. At last, we've reached Part III, in which Hafer explains how the propagation of rainbows on a mass scale at hatcheries throughout the country was so successful that collecting eggs in California was made redundant less than a decade after it began. He then uses the experience of his own state—Missouri—to illustrate how the program was conducted at a more local level. Hafer's final installment, "Rainbow Trout from the McCloud," begins on page 11.

So pull on those waders, and step in.

KATHLEEN ACHOR
EDITOR



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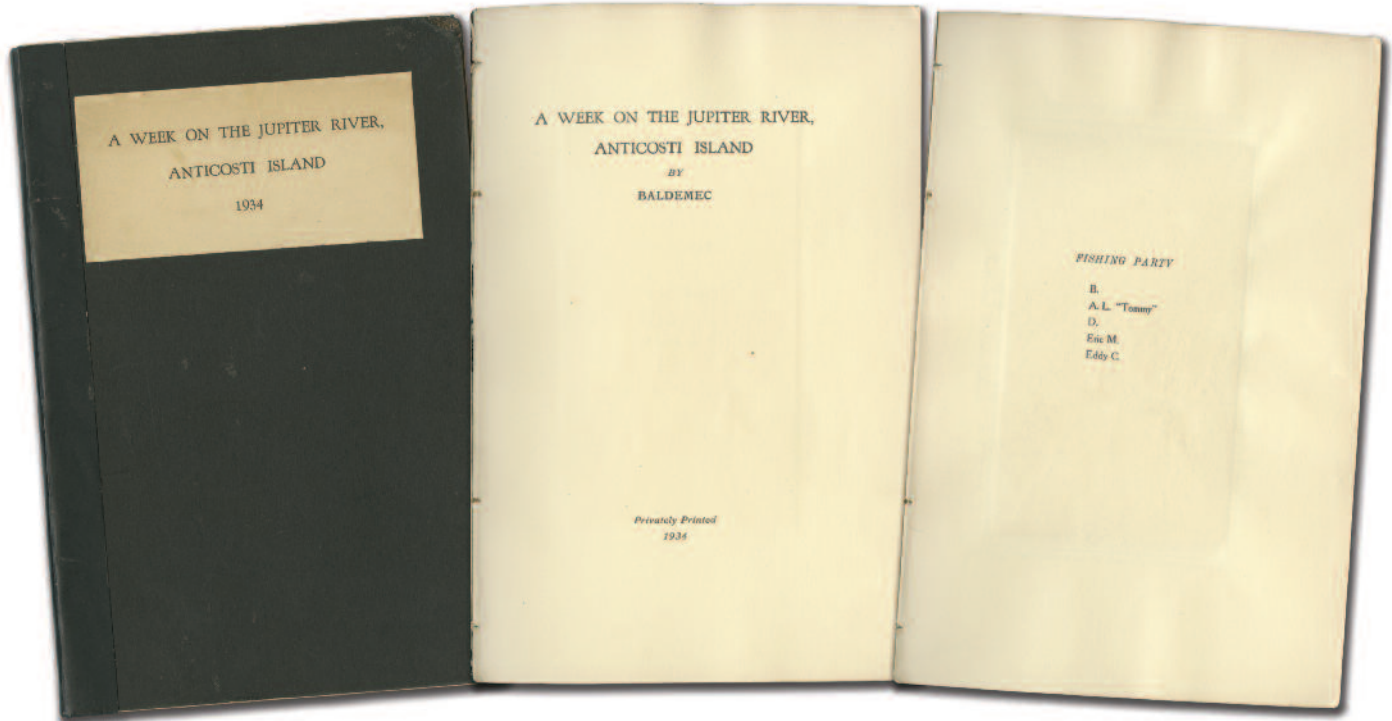
ON THE COVER: *Depositing fish out of milk cans into a stream. Courtesy of Lovells Museum of Trout Fishing History, Grayling, Michigan.*

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Who Was BALDEMEC? The Unraveling of a Pen Name

by Ken Callahan



The cover, title page, and list of the five-member fishing party in BALDEMEC's *A Week on the Jupiter River, Anticosti Island*, 1934.

A *WEEK ON THE JUPITER RIVER, Anticosti Island, 1934*, by BALDEMEC, is a scarce little book on Atlantic salmon fishing that few people have had a chance to read. It was privately printed in an edition of only one hundred copies, and it is likely that all of the copies were distributed as gifts. This slim forty-five-page book is an account of a nine-day salmon-fishing trip by a group of Canadian government officials in July 1934. No author is given other than the pen name BALDEMEC. Charles Wood, who wrote the fine bibliography *Bibliotheca Salmo Salar* (2017), describes it as “a salmon fishing book of charm and rarity . . . The book is most interesting because it contains accounts of the same trip by all five members of the party; they vary widely in style and content from straight facts and figures to lyrical and poetic evocations.”¹

My interest in the book is the pen name that disguises the authorship. BALDEMEC is a composite name, made up of the initials of the five members of the fishing party, each of whom contributed to the book. Having owned several copies, I have always been curious to know who those men were, so I spent some time trying to work out their identities.

Discovering the full names of the members of the fishing party proved to be a challenge. One or two were partially identified from inscriptions in copies of the book or in various reference books. I had a stroke of luck recently when I came across a very helpful catalog listing by the British bookseller Hereward Books, which mentioned that their copy included a letter on Government House, Ottawa, stationery from Lord Bessborough, presenting it to a friend. This

letter was transcribed in part: “noting the party consists of Lomany Lascelles (?), Eric Mackenzie esce (?), Eddie Coloville and myself . . .”² The cataloguer at Hereward Books explained that the handwriting was difficult to read and that they had done their best to transcribe it. These partial identifications gave me a place to begin looking to identify three of the contributors.

The senior member of the party, who also wrote the largest part of the text, is identified only as B. The page following the title page states that the members of the fishing party were:

B.
A.L. “Tommy”
D.
Eric M.
Eddy C.³

B

There is no mystery as to the identity of B: he was Lord Bessborough. Copies of the book have been sold with presentation inscriptions by Bessborough. All of his contributions in this book are signed with the letter B. His full name was Sir Vere Brabazon Ponsonby (1880–1956), and he was the 9th Earl of Bessborough in Ireland (later the 1st Lord Bessborough in the United Kingdom), Baron of Bessborough, Viscount Duncannon, Baron Ponsonby, Baron Duncannon, JP, DL, MP, captain of the Territorial Force Reserve, Knight of Justice of St. John of Jerusalem, holder of many honors, and a successful businessman.⁴ He was also the fourteenth governor general and commander-in-chief of Canada from 1931 to 1935. One of the pools on the Jupiter River was named Bessborough Pool. Others were named after Earl Grey, the 9th governor general, and Viscount Willingdon, the 13th governor general.⁵

Bessborough organized and hosted a salmon-fishing holiday on Anticosti Island for a group of friends after the closing of Parliament in the summer of 1934. The book is a record of that trip, and it is quite likely that Bessborough arranged for the book to be printed.

An excellent profile of His Excellency Vere Brabazon Ponsonby by M. Grattan O’Leary can be found in the 1 April 1931 issue of *Maclean’s* magazine. O’Leary says that Ponsonby (Lord Bessborough) was “of the Irish peerage, and one of the ‘haughty Ponsonbys’ . . . a family of eminently good standing.”⁶ Bessborough had a career as a successful businessman and, according to the *Canadian Encyclopedia*, “In the 1920s he headed the Sao Paulo Railway and the Margarine Union and was deputy chairman of De Beers [Consolidated Mines].”⁷ He was the author of *Scientific Union within the Empire*, an address delivered before the Royal Canadian Institute on 19 November 1932 and published by them in 1933. He edited the books *Lady Bessborough and Her Family Circle* (in collaboration with A. Aspinall, 1940); *Lady Charlotte Guest: Extracts from Her Journal, 1833–1852* (1950); *Lady Charlotte Schreiber: Extracts from Her Journal, 1853–1891* (1952); and *Georgiana: Extracts from the Correspondence of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire* (1955).

AL

This was Alan Frederick Lascelles (1887–1981), known to friends as Tommy. A lifelong civil servant, Lascelles was aide-de-camp to the governor of Bombay (1919–20) and later private secretary to

July	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th		Total
B.	0	1	7	4	2	7 1	1	0	Salmon Grilse	22 1
A. L.	0	4	3	9 2	9 3	7 1	10 2	3	Salmon Grilse	45 8
D.	2	3	13	7	3	7 1	1	1	Salmon Grilse	37 1
E. M.	0	5	5	14	9	25 1	0	3	Salmon Grilse	61 1
E. C.	0	1	5	3 1	3	0	3	0	Salmon Grilse	15 1
TOTAL	2	14	33	40	29	50	17	7	TOTAL	192

This chart lists the daily catch of salmon and grilse for each angler and gives a weekly total for each (facing page 31).

King George V; Prince Edward, Duke of Windsor (formerly King Edward VIII); King George VI; and Queen Elizabeth II. He was also private secretary to Lord Bessborough in Canada from 1931 to 1935. “As private secretary to four successive British monarchs from King George V to the present Queen, Sir Alan ‘Tommy’ Lascelles (1887–1981) witnessed life behind palace doors at the closest of quarters. . . . Sir Alan Lascelles was born into the courtier class.”⁸

Charles Wood was especially impressed with the contribution by Lascelles. “The last piece, contributed by ‘A.L.’, is particularly fine and reveals its author as a man of culture and sensitivity; it is such unexpected surprises as this that make the collecting of these books such a delight.”⁹ Lascelles’s diaries, edited by Duff Hart-Davis, were published posthumously, and include *End of an Era: Letters and Journals of Sir Alan Lascelles from 1887 to 1920* (Hamish Hamilton, 1986); *In Royal Service: Letters and Journals of Sir Alan Lascelles from 1920 to 1936*, Volume II (Hamish Hamilton, 1989); and *King’s Counsellor: Abdication and War: The Diaries of Sir Alan Lascelles* (Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 2006). Lascelles wrote at least one letter to the *Times* about political matters under the nom de plume Senex.¹⁰

D

I had the most trouble sorting out the identity of D. In his contribution to the book, he says, “The five fishermen were my father, Tommy, Eric M., Eddy and myself.”¹¹ I had assumed that D was Bessborough’s youngest son, Desmond Neuflyze Ponsonby, but I discovered that Desmond died in 1925 at the age of nine, a decade before the trip to the Jupiter River.¹² Bessborough’s second son,

Frederick Edward Neuflyze Ponsonby (1913–1993), was old enough, at twenty-three or twenty-four, to have been a member of the fishing party, but his name gives no clue to the initial D.¹³ Then I learned that one of his titles was the 7th Baron Duncannon of Bessborough, later becoming the 7th Baron Duncannon of Bessborough and the 10th Earl of Bessborough. He was known to friends as Eric, and he used the name Eric Duncannon. His obituary in the *Independent* stated: “Lord Duncannon, as he was styled until inheriting his father’s earldom in 1956, was born into the purple and was reputedly known as ‘Le Dauphin’ when his Francophil father served a four-year spell as Governor-General of Canada between 1931 and 1935.”¹⁴

The younger Lord Duncannon was as accomplished a businessman and politician as his father. He was a member of the House of Lords, a supporter of the theater, and a playwright who authored *Like Stars Appearing* (1953) and *Triptych: A Trilogy of the Thirteenth Century* (1957).¹⁵

EM

Col. Eric Dighton Mackenzie, CMG, CVO, DSO (1891–1972), was comptroller for the governor general of Canada between 1931 and 1939.¹⁶ Mackenzie caught by far the most fish on this trip: sixty-one salmon, including twenty-five fish in one day.

EC

Maj.-Gen. Edward Charles Colville, CB, DSO (1905–1982), was aide-de-camp to the governor general of Canada between 1932 and 1934.¹⁷ He is referred to in the book as Eddy or Eddy C.

These five men enjoyed fabulous fishing in very hot weather, killing 180 salmon and 12 grilse during eight days of fishing. The fish were numerous, but not large, averaging 9 pounds, with the largest weighing 19 pounds. Small flies worked best, and the patterns used were Silver Grey, Black Dose, Dusty Miller, Jock Scott, Blue Charm, and Black and Teal. A description by Eric M. of Pool 37 on the Jupiter River is incredible: "A very attractive pool, which, as far as is known, has only been fished once before, and that for a very short time. One could see it was teeming with salmon, and I imagine 800 would be a very conservative number of fish in the pool."¹⁸

This short and successful trip must have been a welcome break from the world of Canadian politics, and it is clear from the book that the men enjoyed their time together. The fact that it resulted in an interesting, well-written little book—the contributors modestly hiding behind initials—was an added bonus. None of the five men appears to have written anything else on fishing, although there are a few mentions in Lascelles's diaries to indicate that he continued to fish for salmon after he returned to Britain. The men whose names composed the nom de plume BALDEMEC, all of whom were wealthy and privileged enough to fish anywhere they chose, left behind a pleasant record of enviable fishing and companionship.

Lascelles ends the book nicely by saying "the small fish of the Jupiter, apart from being infinitely better than no fish at all, are of a gallantry that is often wanting in their bigger brothers. Moreover—and what a world of comfort there is in such a postscript—they are always ready to meet a fisherman considerably more than half way."¹⁹

ENDNOTES

1. Charles B. Wood III, *Bibliotheca Salmo Salar: A Selection of Rare Books, Manuscripts, Journals, Diaries, Photograph Albums, & Ephemera on the Subject of Atlantic Salmon Fishing from the Collection of Charles B. Wood III* (Boston: David R. Godine, 2017), 65.

2. Presentation letter from Lord Bessborough, in a copy of BALDEMEC, *A Week on the Jupiter River, Anticosti Island, 1934* (pri-

vately printed, 1934). Hereward Books (17 High Street, Haddenham, Nr Ely, Cambs CB6 3XA, England; herewardbooks.co.uk) specializes in fine and rare books on all aspects of guns, big-game hunting, shooting, angling, and related subjects.



"One day's catch on the Jupiter River," the book's only illustration. It is a photographic print mounted on the unnumbered fourth page, opposite the first page of text (5). Charles B. Wood III, in *Bibliotheca Salmo Salar*, notes that "the frontispiece is an original mounted photograph of an endless string of dead salmon hanging from a long spruce pole (a sight today that would be unimaginable, nor to mention quite illegal)" (65).

3. Although the nom de plume is BALDEMEC, contributions to *A Week on the Jupiter River* were not presented in BALDEMEC sequence. The order of the diary is B/covering history of Anticosti, departure from Ottawa, travel to the island, and fishing on July 6 and 7 (5–14); EM/fishing on July 6 and 7 (14–16); B/fishing on July 8, 9, and 10 (16–20); EM/fishing on July 10 (21–22); B/fishing on July 11 (22–23); EM/fishing on July 11 (23–24); B/fishing on July 12 (24–25); B/fishing on July 13 (25–29); EM/discussing the smaller size of the Jupiter's salmon and the size of flies that caught them (29); D/departure from Ottawa, travel and history, fishing on July 6–13 (31–39); EC/departure from Ottawa, fishing on July 6–13 (39–41), who reported "The week's fishing was a great success, 192 fish being killed" (41); and AL/reflecting on the Jupiter River (42–45).

4. All this according to his entry in *Who Was Who: 1951–1960*, Vol. 5 (London: Adam and Charles Black, 1961), a companion to *Who's Who*, containing the biographies of those who died during the decade 1951–1960.

5. "Former Governors General," The Governor General of Canada, www.gg.ca/en/governor-general/former-governors-general. Accessed 18 January 2021.

6. M. Grattan O'Leary, "His Excellency: A Portrait Sketch of Vere Brabazon Ponsonby, Ninth Earl of Bessborough, Who Comes to Ottawa as Canada's Fourteenth Governor-General" *Maclean's* (1 April 1931), 73. The article begins on page 7 and is continued on page 73.

7. Norman Hillmer, "Vere Brabazon Ponsonby, 9th Earl of Bessborough," *The Canadian*

Encyclopedia, www.thecanadianencyclopedia.ca/en/article/vere-brabazon-ponsonby-9th-earl-of-bessborough. Accessed 18 January 2021.

8. James Sherwood, "Hall of Fame: Sir Alan Lascelles," Henry Poole & Co., https://henrypoole.com/individual/sir-alan-lascelles/. This profile is part of a catalog of Poole's customers, compiled by James Sherwood from the archive, specifically from "a set of customer order ledgers dating from 1846 to the 1950s recorded in over 120 monolithic books each containing over 1000 pages" (https://henrypoole.com/heritage-savile-row/archive/). Accessed 2 February 2021.

9. Charles B. Wood III, *Bibliotheca Salmo Salar*, 65.

10. Iain McLean, *What's Wrong with the British Constitution?* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2010), 17–18.

11. D [Eric Duncannon], of BALDEMEC, *A Week on the Jupiter River*, 31. The five anglers whose initials made up the nom de plume BALDEMEC signed their contributions with an initial or initials. In this quote, although the initials are out of order, "my father" refers to B (Bessborough), "Tommy"

is AL (Alan "Tommy" Lascelles), "Eric M." is EM (Eric Mackenzie), "Eddy" is EC (E. C. Colville), and "myself" is D (Eric Duncannon).

12. "Hon. Desmond Neuflyze Ponsonby," The Peerage, www.thepeerage.com/p14037.htm#i140364. Accessed 18 January 2021. This genealogical survey of the peerage of Britain as well as the royal families of Europe is compiled by Darryl Lundy, Wellington, New Zealand.

13. "Frederick Edward Neuflyze Ponsonby, 10th Earl of Bessborough," The Peerage, www.thepeerage.com/p8462.htm#i84619. Accessed 18 January 2021.

14. "Death of the Earl of Bessborough: A Notable Figure in Sussex for 30 Years," *The West Sussex Gazette and South of England Advertiser* (15 March 1956), 6.

15. *The National Union Catalog: Pre-1956 Imprints* (Chicago: Mansell Information/Publishing and The American Library Association, 1968–1981), 754 volumes. A cumulative author list representing Library of Congress printed cards and titles reported by other American libraries. Compiled and edited with the cooperation of the Library of Congress and the National Union Catalog Subcommittee of the Resources Committee of the Resources and Technical Services Division, American Library Association.

16. "Colonel Eric Dighton Mackenzie," The Peerage, www.thepeerage.com/p50481.htm#i504807. Accessed 3 February 2021.

17. "Maj.-Gen. Edward Charles Colville," The Peerage, www.thepeerage.com/p10428.htm#i104277. Accessed 3 February 2021.

18. EM [Eric Mackenzie], of BALDEMEC, *A Week on the Jupiter River*, 21.

19. *Ibid.*, 44–45.

“There’s More to It”: Ken Cameron and an Authentic History of Fly Fishing

by Paul Schullery

Janice Lang



Ken Cameron (foreground) and his son Christian fishing together at their cabin in upstate New York in 2000. Courtesy of Janice Lang.

LATE IN 1977, when I began work as first executive director of what was then called the Museum of American Fly Fishing, my office was in the museum’s collection-storage rooms on the ground floor of the old Orvis factory on Union Street. The exhibit rooms, a mile or so up Route 7, were handsomely housed in three rented rooms off the main Orvis store, but as exciting as I found the exhibits to be, they were nothing compared with the treasures in the collection-storage rooms. Like most museums, ours—right from the start—owned, stored, and curated much more than it could exhibit at any one time. Properly considered a “study collection” because of its value to researchers, the unexhibited wealth of rods, reels, and other historic gear was a small wonderland surrounding my desk.

But being by nature a bookish boy, all those tackle marvels were themselves nothing to me compared with the museum’s library. Having moved to Manchester from Wyoming, where the only fly-fishing books I ever saw were the brand-new ones I ordered from mail-order catalogs or leafed covetously through in the local fly shops, I was thrilled to walk into the small library and see a thousand or so books, some of which I’d heard of but never seen, and many, many more of which I was completely unaware. By the standards of the world’s great angling libraries, it was a modest collection—it has grown hugely since then—but for me it was the beginning of a lifelong reading adventure. It sent me rambling back through several centuries’ of great, not-so-great, so-so, genuinely lousy, and largely forgotten

fishing literature. It was hog heaven for a book-hungry young fly fisher.

Today when I look back on all that fascinating reading, the book that comes to mind as the most helpful—the most engaging and provocative—was none of these long out-of-print classics, also-rans, and downright duds. In fact, it wasn’t even a published book. It was instead a photocopy of a sizeable unpublished typescript, *Angling in the Past*, by someone named Kenneth Cameron. In chapter after chapter—some of which I was soon to realize *had* already been published—I discovered some of the most thoughtful, penetrating, and even controversial writing about fly fishing and its history I’d yet encountered.

By the following year, when I succeeded Austin Hogan as editor of the *American Fly Fisher*, I was in touch with Ken and

began publishing his manuscripts, starting with his pathbreaking study of pioneering American fly tier and angling entomologist Sarah McBride, the originality of whose writings in the 1870s was highly praised at the time but whose contributions were soon forgotten in the dry-fly excitement of the 1890s and after.

Thus began a forty-some-year friendship with Ken, conducted through our occasional phone calls, many letters, and countless e-mails—a long, winding, stimulating, and often hilarious conversation about all things fly fishing and whatever else came to mind. So now I'm inexpressibly saddened to report that this conversation has ended, with Ken's death on 15 March 2021. Although of course fly fishing's loss will seem small compared with the loss felt by his family, closest friends, and colleagues, Ken's enduring role in both the museum and in the study of fly-fishing history and culture should be honored.

TRYING TO BE A NOVELIST

On Ken's website, www.kennethcameron.com, Ken's son, the novelist Christian Cameron, has provided a summary of his father's remarkably productive life:

Kenneth M. Cameron passed away in New Bern, NC, at the age of 89 years. He is survived by his life partner of more than forty years, Patti P. Gillespie; son Christian G. Cameron, daughter-in-law Sarah J. Watt, and granddaughter Beatrice Elizabeth Cameron. His wife, Marilyn Hurley Cameron, predeceased him.

Kenneth was [born on June 26, 1931, and] raised in Rochester NY by his parents, Gordon K. Cameron and Hazel Horton Cameron. He attended West High School, the University of Rochester (graduating with honors), and Carnegie

Mellon University (Master of Fine Arts degree). He was an intelligence officer in the United States Navy, serving with distinction overseas, including two years in Naples, Italy. He worked briefly for Standard Oil in Pittsburgh, PA, before returning to university, where he soon won a prestigious prize for poetry. His plays were produced off-Broadway and in various regional theatres, and he directed plays both on and off campus. He wrote more than forty books, including scholarly books (notably *Africa on Film*, which in 1994 was awarded the MLA prize for independent scholars); historical novels (*Our Jo*); mystery novels, most recently the Denton series (*The Oxford Fellow*, Hachette, 2013); eight spy novels with his son; and several textbooks on theatre. He taught English and theatre at the University of Rochester, the University of Iowa, Dartmouth College, and elsewhere throughout the sixties and seventies, but left academia to write full time in the 1980s.

Kenneth enjoyed fly fishing and camping and was passionate about writing and photographing the wilderness and the world of fishing, especially antique rods and early tackle. On these subjects he published articles in most major sporting magazines and in *Antiques* magazine. He helped create the collections and displays at both the American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester, VT, and the Adirondack Museum (now known as the Museum on Blue Mountain Lake). He enjoyed the Adirondack Mountains of upstate NY and lived there three seasons a year since 1989 in an off-grid cabin with his life partner. From there he roamed the whole of the park from Saranac to Speculator, fishing forgotten streams and ponds and camping in remote wilderness, before returning to the cabin and the peace and isolation deep in the woods that he loved.

Paul Schullery



The author's collection of about half of the books written by Ken Cameron, both under his own name and using the pen names George Bartram and Gordon Kent.

By the time I encountered Ken's work, he was already author or co-author of several books, including two theatre textbooks and four or five novels. Some of the novels were published under his own name, others under the pen name George Bartram. Shortly after my arrival at the museum, when I asked Austin Hogan about Ken's work, he said that Ken was "trying to be a novelist"—a surprisingly nonsensical comment about an author whose popular novels were already regularly and, from the viewpoint of any wannabe author, enviably published by the major New York houses, and then positively reviewed in equally enviable periodicals.

Ever since, as I've read thirty or so of his books and he's read some unspecified number of mine, Ken and I frequently exchanged updates on our adventures, large and small. We read and commented on each other's manuscripts; cordially agreed or disagreed about this and that; and commiserated on the complications and perils of the writing life. I can only hope that my letters were as engaging as his. On 26 July 1995, in response to the good reviews one of our books received—I don't remember whose book, his or mine—he wrote, "Nice reviews, but as you know, reviews just aren't filling, even with gravy." In an arcane discussion of fly tying: "Pre-waxed monocord is as slippery as a presidential moral statement" (letter to author, 13 May 1998).

Ken wrote many vastly entertaining historical novels, spy thrillers, and mysteries, and I was always a little disappointed to hear his low opinion of them. One example, in a letter to me dated 11 February 1983: "Finished yet another piece of excrement for the popular fiction market. And am at work on a new one, naturally. Crank, crank." And on 24 August 1987: "Am grinding out suspense novels. Ptui."

But that was Ken. The only time I recall him admitting to anything like serious pride in his work was when *Africa on Film* (1994), his milestone study of the history of cinematic portrayals of that continent which, as Christian noted, won the Modern Language Association's Award for Independent Scholars. Even Ken couldn't deny that it was a superb book.

Otherwise, he tended to take a dim view of much of what went on in the world, including his own books. Without a hint of false modesty, he seemed sincerely determined not to give himself too much credit. As he put it in a 3 February 1985 letter, "I'm sorry that I've sounded so grim in my recent letters. Perhaps I'm basically just a grim person. Not to



From left: Arthur Walker, Ben Upson, Martin Keane, Dick Finlay, and Ken Cameron gather at the museum in 1972 to sort and catalog the museum's collection, as seen in the Fall 1978 (vol. 5, no. 4, 5) issue of the *American Fly Fisher*.

myself, of course—here inside my head we just have a swell time, and there's lots of singing and dancing and telling of jokes. It's outside with you other people that I get all tongue-tied and give the wrong impression. It has something daffy to do with trying to give a truthful, rounded impression of all things." During a lunch conversation in Manchester on the one occasion when we actually met, in about 1979, he told me he worried that he'd write so many mass-market novels that he'd lose the time and ability to write anything important. I, on the other hand, loved reading all his books and always kind of feared that he'd switch to writing critically acclaimed but utterly unreadable "serious" fiction.

Despite his protests to the contrary, I have always confidently assumed that there in his head, where there was so much dancing and singing going on, he enjoyed writing all those books much more than he let on to us "other people." Indeed, later in his career, I was pleased to see that he obviously got a kick out of his Denton novels (2008–2013), about a western American lawman working as a detective in London in the early 1900s. I wouldn't dream of second-guessing him, but I've wondered if perhaps by then, as the condescension of the "literary fiction" snoots toward the often equally gifted genre authors was more widely recognized as silly and irrelevant, Ken felt a bit more at ease with his chosen direction as a writer. He was certainly entitled to. In any case, I'm pleased more than I could say that he dedicated one of the Denton novels to me, just as I had at about the same time dedicated one of my books of fishing essays to him.

FLY FISHING AND THE SOCIAL OBSERVER'S MILL

I haven't been able to determine precisely when Ken's involvement with the museum began, but he was clearly one of the earliest of the small group of knowledgeable people who gathered to do the original sorting and cataloging of the collection. There's a 1972 photo (shown above) in which Ken, reel maker/author Martin Keane, and Orvis staff members Ben Upson and Dick Finlay (both experts on modern tackle history) have gathered around a table examining an assortment of historic rods, so he was certainly active by then. The masthead of the first issue of the *American Fly Fisher*, published early in 1974, listed Ken as a member of the museum's advisory board, and the following issue included his article on the history of fly-rod splices, those being the common way rod sections were joined together in the long-ago pre-ferule days. At times also holding the title of museum registrar, he was without question one of the key worker bees who established the collection's physical and administrative organization. As I familiarized myself with the collection, I was deeply impressed with how much had been accomplished with entirely heroic volunteer work, and I eventually realized that much of that paperwork was in Ken's hand. And, judging from his great output of knowledgeable essays through the 1970s, he was deeply engaged in researching the sport's history.

But in retrospect I think it's safe to say that for all the helpful and well-written

scholarship he contributed to our understanding of the sport and its history, his most important contribution lies elsewhere. He might be best described as modern fly fishing's original *social* historian. The academic background he brought to the sport empowered him to recognize a version of history that desperately needed reconsideration, not only of its self-image but of its place in the rest of the world. As he put it in a 10 October 1997 letter, ". . . fly fishing, like movies and clothing, is grist for the social observer's mill, and social history can be written by examining it" (letter to Judith Schnell, Stackpole Books, Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, cc'd to the author).

When I arrived at the museum, just shortly after his involvement had ended, my own training as a historian gave me a similar view. Fly fishing's history, it seemed to me, was lovely and enormously cordial without being particularly accurate. Ken devoted much fishing writing to that problem. Writing in the *American Fly Fisher* early in 2002, he said that, "History has a beloved cousin who has the family eyes and nose but is a rather different creature—myth" ("Rigor Without Mortis" [Winter 2002, vol. 28, no. 1], 19).

Ken knew that not everyone wanted the sport and its literature to be disturbed by a reduction of its sweet myths, much less by any social or (horrors!) political commentary. The results of such inquiries are not always pretty, especially in a sport that for so many generations has welcomed its typically white male practitioners into a cozy and—let's face it—imaginary world that was much like the idealized backcountry

sportsman's cabin, where life is much simpler, troubled only by smoky woodstoves, ravenous mosquitoes, and a shortage of gin. I have a great fondness for the comfort and sanctuary of that smaller world myself, and have enjoyed the authentic peace of many such cabins (though I must confess I never could get the hang of booze). But having grown up—well, more or less—in the turbulent sixties, I instantly recognized in Ken's writings an urgent and vital expression of the need for fly fishing to find at least a little time for a more penetrating self-appraisal.

Ken's articles did that repeatedly, no doubt startling some readers, though what he said was mild and balanced by comparison with the rhetorical explosions of opinion in today's media cross-fire. When, in January 1975, terrorists successfully planted a bomb in the Fraunces Tavern, also home of the Anglers' Club of New York, killing and injuring many people, Ken responded by examining the tragedy in an essay in the *Flyfisher* ("The Bomb in the Anglers' Club," *Flyfisher* [vol. X, no. 1, 1977]). In it he presented a sympathetic dialogue between an angler who wanted his fishing life to stay clear of "real life" and a "disembodied voice" who, while unequivocally deploring the bombing, wanted anglers to awaken to the social revolutions then crowding in on their often exclusive refuges. And despite Ken's desire to connect fly fishing more directly to the world, he perfectly expressed the exasperation of the beleaguered angler (31):

I've got real life all around me! I got a cost-of-living increase that was about half the rise in the cost of living. My periodontist wants to start cutting up my gums. My wife cries all the time and my daughter talks like a Marine. I'm up to *here* with real life!

Indeed, many of us were and still are up to here with it, but it refuses to go away; which was, perhaps, Ken's real message.

Ken's extended essay "The Victorian Angler," which I published the *American Fly Fisher* in Winter 1980, explored aspects of nineteenth-century fly fishing's exclusivity and troubling societal obliviousness, and there again he dug more deeply into where fly fishing fits, or perhaps *should* fit, in the real world (this had to be the first fishing article to invoke the work of such a diverse list of historic commentators as Frank Forester, Susan B. Anthony, Marshall McLuhan, and Leigh Hunt). First, he pointed out the socioeconomic reality that anglers often found their best sport in the most depressed regions of the country (6):

But it is the unusual fishing writer who mentions such matters. We are much more likely to find, especially among the Victorians, detailed histories of "our crowd," and occasional mentions of the Unacceptable Others—guides, rubes, Cockneys, hideous poachers, and bare-foot farm boys with alder poles and earthworms.

Then he concluded by backpedaling a bit, and ultimately accepting or at least

tolerating some greater version of "real life" (7):

If I had the choice, I would make my next fishing trip either to the Catskill streams in the eighteen-fifties or to the Tweed in the eighteen-twenties. I would choose, in other words, to be an early Victorian angler. Not because the fishing was that much better (although it often was) but because, despite what I have said above about snobbery and narrow-mindedness, I firmly believe that the fishermen were better—better people, I mean. Perhaps they were better only because their consciousness was more open to nature—but is that not enough?

For what they seemed to be able to find in nature was not mere inspiration, not pathetic fallacy, but symbolic proof of an ideal of the spirit. Their painters left records of it—The Hudson River painters in the east, in Kaaterskill Clove and Lake George; Catlin in the Indian West; Audubon in the nation's birds and animals; Bierstadt in the Rockies. The best of their angling writers left their own reflections of it—Norris on "The Solitary Angler"; Wilson and Stoddart on the wild Highlands; Cutcliffe (although he is a little later) on something as simple as the best furs for fly-tying.

Take it all in all, then, to be a Victorian angler was a good thing.

Enough with the examples. There are many more just as penetrating and compelling. With very little effort, interested readers can track them down. No one



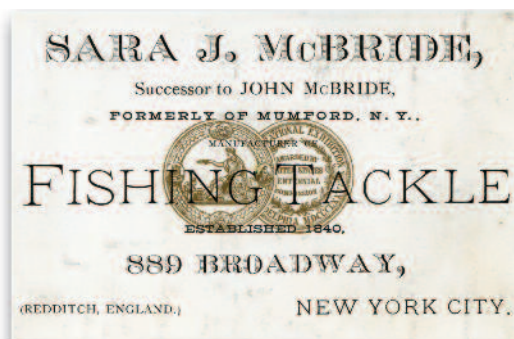
A few of Ken's articles for the *American Fly Fisher*.



Ken's author photo. Courtesy of Hachette Australia Books.



Among Ken Cameron's many accomplishments was his celebrating a pioneering but sadly forgotten nineteenth-century American fly tier, Sara McBride. The fly is a Silver Fox, one of McBride's original patterns, from Cameron's personal collection. Based on evidence he found that was associated with the fly, he thought it very likely that the fly shown was actually tied by McBride, but he was not certain.



before or since has written about American fly fishing—its culture, its history, and its practice—with quite the combination of research depth and social conscience that Ken brought to the enterprise. I'm sure that not nearly enough of us were paying attention back then, and I doubt that he had the effect on the sport's values and attitudes that he should have. Today, when expressions of concern about race, gender, and class are becoming common in the more enlightened fishing magazines—who hasn't seen articles about taking inner-city kids fishing or noticed the long-overdue surge in female bylines?—it may seem that fly fishing has finally tumbled to its social responsibilities.

Judging from what Ken said in our last years of correspondence, he didn't think so; he thought we had a long way to go, and he was probably right. But for those needing a better grasp of why we need to keep working on it, it's hard to beat his writings, starting with those written almost half a century ago. It is unfortunate that he never got around to publishing *Angling in the Past*. It needed reading then, and still does.

FOREIGN ENTANGLEMENTS

Some time in the late 1990s, Andrew Herd, of Durham, England, and I struck up a correspondence. Andrew was just then working on his epic history of fly fishing, and we have never stopped talking about that and many other subjects (unlike my friendship with Ken, this one actually did involve occasionally getting together in person, during four long, enjoyable visits in England and one here in Montana). We swapped manuscripts-in-progress and generally cheerleaded and checked over each other's work on the twenty or so fishing books that we have produced since then, though we have not yet managed to write one together.

It was probably inevitable that our conversations about fishing history would soon have to include Ken, and for more than twenty years the three of us whiled away many happy hours ruminating upon the most obscure and yet important—to us, at least—issues involved in the study of the sport's origins, developments, and complicated traditions. Ken and Andrew were both way ahead of me

in their knowledge of European angling history; they seemed to spend an inordinate amount of time puzzling out the apparently uniquely significant role of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Irish fly fishers and fly tiers in the later work of most British and American experts. But I knew a lot about other areas and topics, so I could keep up most of the time. I can hardly imagine a more rewarding, entertaining, and purely fun angling conversation than the one we enjoyed all those years. Additional mutual exchanges of book dedications followed in due course.

Andrew and I both eventually coauthored one or more pieces for the *American Fly Fisher* with Ken, though I'm sorry to say that Ken dropped out of our biggest project, the study of the earliest known flies, before we finally put together the long two-part article about the museum's unique Harris Collection of early flies, also published in the *American Fly Fisher*, in 2019 ("The Oldest Flies," Parts I and II [Winter and Spring 2019, vol. 45, nos. 1 and 2]). It might therefore seem that we had relatively little to show for all those interminable e-mails, but

fishermen understand that days, weeks, or even years spent talking about fishing are no more a waste of time than is the fishing done during those same years. And if fishing itself is a waste of time, it's by far the most satisfying one I've come up with.

A much more visible product of our amiable collaboration came about when Andrew invited Ken to contribute to *Waterlog*, the literate, beautifully produced, and generally wonderful British angling periodical of which Andrew was executive editor. Between 2000 and 2007, Ken contributed no less than forty-one short and varied pieces on fishing, all featuring not only his great knowledge of the sport's history and culture but his invariably lively storytelling. Andrew and I agreed that these would make a splendid book, but like *Angling in the Past*, it never came about.

Andrew and I also agree that our favorite of the *Waterlog* pieces is titled "Hangup" (2003, no. 40). In an essay about the complications of economics and race among anglers, Ken, with his sharp eye for the message behind the mundane, described a favorite local fishing spot that featured one of modern fishing's greatest testaments to dashed hopes, the interfering electric line (14):

In the small Southern city where I spend the winter, a pool opens in a stream where it meanders down through a park to a river. The pool is a couple of hundred feet long and perhaps half that wide. It is usually surrounded by anglers, many of them sitting in lawn

chairs. A road bridge also makes it possible to stand right above part of the water. An electric line extends across the pool, a dozen feet above this bridge. On it hang fishing failures—sinkers, lures, floats, spinners, baited hooks. You look at it and think how easy it is to fail: you'd mean to cast into the pool, and you'd aim for height, and the weight would go too high and then drop and snap down and back, linear force made centripetal. Round and round until everything is hung up there.

From this seemingly innocent sight, Ken cruises into deeper waters, describing two distinct fishing cultures (to which that equalizing electric line is immune) as "different without being opposites" and "related but pretty much mutually exclusive." He observes (15):

I have never seen white skin on somebody fishing from the shore or under the electric line. I have only once seen black skin on somebody in a bass boat. So the two cultures are at least skin deep. To be sure, their differences are also at least partly economic—the ten-thousand-dollar boat v. the lawn chair. The marina v. Wal-Mart. Yet, economics alone won't explain the cultures, because we have whites who can't afford bass boats and African Americans who can. There's more to it.

And that may be a fitting epitaph to all of Ken's writing about fishing. There's always more to it, and no one ever tried harder than he did to identify it and puzzle out why it mattered.

Paul Schullery



Author photo of a Dabbling Duck tied by Ken Cameron, who harbored a long fascination with U.K. fly-tying traditions.

MARLEY'S CASHBOXES

Many, and for all I know most, authors accumulate material that never quite makes it into book form. The material varies greatly from person to person, but it might include partly finished books awaiting fresh inspiration, false starts that have been wholly abandoned but don't seem quite bad enough to throw away, and of course books that were underway in the heat of creation when the author finally stopped work for good. There may also be a wealth of shorter works that had not yet found their way into a book or weren't even intended for a book.

In angling literature, the first writer who comes to mind who left such an ungathered legacy is the great Canadian naturalist, conservationist, novelist, and fishing writer Roderick Haig-Brown. We are forever in debt to his daughter, the writer Valerie Haig-Brown, who prepared and published at least four more books of his posthumously, thus extending his exemplary literary career, and our enjoyment of "new" work by him, by several years.

Similarly, Ken had a number of books either completed or in the works; I'm aware of at least four novels, because he shared their manuscripts with me, though I suppose there were more than that. As far as his fishing writing, he seemed to have largely given up on publishing *Angling in the Past* or a book of the *Waterlog* stories; either that, or he regarded both projects as such a low priority, with such limited prospects, as to amount to the same thing.

Still, I hope we'll eventually see more of his books in print. I fully appreciate that it is a staggering burden of time-consuming work to revive, polish up, agent, and publish such manuscripts, especially if the market is small or specialized (Ken had no interest in the amazingly convenient but typically unprofitable option provided by modern print-on-demand self-publishing). In our correspondence Ken occasionally and accurately lamented the way the market for books could change out from under even the most industrious and attentive author.

But I can hope. After all, even in this, Ken had the right thing to say: "I hate dragging old, unpublished books about like Marley's cashboxes" (letter to author, 22 February 1998). And few such manuscripts are as deserving of a life after their author's as are his. Upon hearing of Ken's death, Andrew Herd said, "Ken always made me think" (e-mail to author, 8 April 2021). You can't ask an author for more than that.



How Rainbow Trout Came to Missouri (and Your State Too)

Part III: Rainbow Trout from the McCloud

by R. W. Hafer



A 1916 illustration of *Salmo irideus*. From the University of Washington Libraries Freshwater and Marine Image Bank, <https://digitalcollections.lib.washington.edu/digital/collection/fishimages/id/35666/rec/1>. Accessed 28 January 2021.

This article is the final installment of a three-part series that explores how rainbow trout found their way from Northern California to nearly every one of the contiguous forty-eight states. Part I, “The Beginnings,” appeared in the Spring 2021 issue; Part II, “The Great Experiment,” ran in Summer 2021.

THE YEAR WAS 1879. The Great Experiment—shipping Pacific salmon from the McCloud River in Northern California to locales across the country—was ongoing, but the incoming data increasingly indicated that it was an exercise in futility. In Missouri, the program all but ended in the early 1880s, as was likely true in other states. So why mention 1879? In July of that year, U.S. Fish Commissioner Spencer Baird sent a message to Livingston Stone, the director of salmon operations on the McCloud River that was clear in its intent: find a suitable location on the McCloud River for the sole purpose of collecting

the eggs from what Stone called black-spotted trout, or *Salmo iridea*, and what some called California brook trout. Baird’s 1879 directive and Stone’s subsequent efforts mark the effective beginning of the government’s newest experiment: transplanting rainbow trout from Northern California to the rest of the United States and the world.

Let me be clear. This will not be a debate over exactly which kind of trout Stone was shipping to others; I’ll leave that to the experts.¹ Henceforth I will refer to the fish Stone caught and whose eggs he shipped simply as rainbow trout. And I will only dip a toe into the debate over *when* the first rainbow trout were first shipped from California to others back East.

It is not a stretch to believe that this pivot to rainbows occurred because the salmon experiment failed. Baird was a shrewd political operative, always looking to expand the activities of his commission and increase funding from

Congress. Because “their personal reputations and the reputation of the agency were on the line . . . neither Stone nor Baird was about to admit failure and give up.”² The rainbow experiment also aligned with the ideas laid out in the resolution that created the U.S. Fish Commission—namely, the push to increase the fish population as a food source.³ Could rainbows be farmed like other livestock in a multitude of locations across the country? As it turned out, the ability to propagate rainbows on a mass scale at hatcheries throughout the country was so successful that collecting rainbow eggs in California was made redundant less than a decade after it began.

My purpose here is to focus on how rainbows got from California to other parts of the country. In the end, I’ll use Missouri’s experience to illustrate how the program was conducted at a more local level. My guess is that Missouri’s experience is similar to that of many other states. And my story ends in 1900;



POSITION OF HANDS IN STRIPPING A SMALL TROUT.

From Third Annual Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests of the State of New York (New York and Albany: Wynkoop Hallenbeck Crawford Co., Printers, 1898), 196.

I leave the development of U.S. fish culture as it relates to the rainbow—the good, the bad, and the ugly—to others.⁴

FINDING THE RIGHT SPOT

Stone and two others set out on horseback from downstream at the Baird Station (where the salmon operation was located) on 25 July 1879. Unlike his earlier attempt to establish the salmon hatchery, finding trout was not the problem—they were abundant throughout the McCloud. After traveling upstream to scout possible sites, none were chosen (for various reasons) until, on the return leg, they came to Crook's Creek (now Green's Creek), about 4 miles upstream from the Baird Station. Stone immediately knew that this was *the spot*.⁵ A feeder creek into the McCloud was running cold and clear in July, indicating a spring-fed source. The site was open and flat enough to construct holding ponds, and there was an ample supply of raw materials

with which to build a hatching house and quarters. Other necessities could be brought up from the Baird Station.

Stone supervised the construction of a hatching house and the digging of rearing ponds. Launching the trout station was not without some drama. At one point, a member of the crew was held at knifepoint by a few local Native Americans. Although released unharmed, the message was clear: Stone and other settlers were trespassers, a viewpoint that Stone was not unsympathetic to. Settlers moving into the McCloud River valley disrupted the compact that Stone had reached with the local Native Americans when establishing the salmon-taking operation. Stone observed that far too many settlers "take up a claim, burn the Indian rancheries, shoot their horses, plow up their graveyards, and drive the Indians back into the hills, the ultimate result of which must be approximate starvation."⁶ Not a complimentary assessment of how the West was won. In a

moment of melodrama, Stone reported to his fellow fish culturists, especially those back East, that "these incidents merely show that with tarantulas, scorpions, rattlesnakes, Indians, panthers, and threats of murder our course here is not wholly over a path of roses."⁷

TAKING TROUT BEGINS

Collecting rainbow trout eggs used a different approach than that to obtain salmon eggs downstream at the Baird Station. The process used on salmon was to net or trap them, club them into submission, strip their eggs or milt, and dispose of the carcasses. In contrast, rainbows were caught using setlines, essentially cords about 150 to 175 feet in length, with finer vertical drop lines spaced every 5 feet. The drop lines, about 2 feet in length, had a hook at the bottom that was baited. The most successful bait, perhaps ironically, was salmon eggs. The setlines were spread across the river, and the baited hook sat on or hovered just above the bottom of the stream until taken by a passing rainbow.

"Breeders" were caught using setlines and transferred to holding ponds. Once the females were "ripe," the eggs were "pressed" from them into a pan. After fertilizing the eggs with milt similarly extracted from the male trout, they were placed in the hatching house and aged. When ready, the egg trays were packed into crates and shipped to their assignees. Unlike salmon, the trout were not sacrificed in this process, but put back into the holding ponds or the river. As for the shipping part, they employed similar contrivances used to transport salmon eggs, which were described in Part II of this series.

SHIPPING TROUT

The trout-taking station on the McCloud became fully operational in late 1879. Fish caught during the summer populated the rearing ponds. Stone estimated that he had some 3,000 mature trout estimated to weigh an average of about 3 pounds each. He boasted that by year's end they had "the finest collection of live trout in America, and probably the world."⁸

The first rainbow trout eggs were harvested on 12 January 1880. At intervals between then and the end of May, about 388,000 rainbow trout eggs were collected. Of these, 261,000 were shipped to hatcheries back east, and 68,000 were hatched and the fry returned to the McCloud.⁹ Missouri was an early recipient of McCloud eggs, with Missouri Fish Commissioner I. G. W. Steedman taking delivery of 39,000 eggs in May 1880.

AN ASIDE: WHO'S ON FIRST?

Maryland was the first state to receive rainbow eggs and plant fry from the McCloud operation.¹⁰ Stone's records show that his very first shipment of trout eggs was sent on 30 January 1880, destined for the Druid Hills hatchery in Baltimore. Maryland Fish Commissioner T. B. Ferguson, in his report, tells us that on 15 April 1880, fry hatched from these eggs were set loose in a tributary of Gwynn's Falls and a pond near Buckeystown.¹¹ Although Maryland may have been the first state commission to release rainbows from California, there were precedents.

Before the creation of the California Fish Commission, the Ornithological and Piscatorial Acclimatization Society of California was formed in 1870. Headquartered in San Francisco, it was part of a worldwide movement of so-called acclimatization societies, the first of which appeared in France in 1854, with similar societies soon popping up in England, Germany, and other places. The California group soon established a hatchery program to experiment with fish propagation.¹² We know, for example, that in 1871 they took delivery of 10,000 fertilized brook trout eggs from none other than Seth Green's hatchery in New York.¹³ They also experimented with propagating rainbow trout eggs from fish taken from local waters in the San Francisco Bay area.

The group's activities were not unknown outside of California. Many members of the society were transplants from the East, and many of them were well acquainted with the work of fish culturists such as Seth Green. Indeed, in the spring of 1875 the society shipped 500 rainbow eggs taken from the San Francisco Bay area to Seth Green at his Caledonia hatchery, fish that Green referred to as "California mountain trout."¹⁴ Because the state of New York had purchased Green's hatchery by then, technically this 1875 shipment of rainbow eggs from California to New York makes it—not Maryland—

the first state to receive rainbow trout eggs from California.¹⁵

Or was it? J. B. Campbell, who owned a ranch on the McCloud, shipped trout eggs from his personal hatchery to others outside of California before Stone set up his operation. In a letter from Campbell to Commissioner Baird published in the 1881 U.S. Fish Commission's *Bulletin*, Campbell tells the commissioner that he arrived in the area in 1855 and had "watched the salmon and the trout dur-

took shipment of rainbow trout eggs from Campbell in 1878 to be reared in his Caledonia, New York, hatchery.¹⁸ Technically, then, it is likely that one of the first rainbow trout brood stock established (and the progeny planted in local rivers) outside of its native range was at Green's Caledonia hatchery.¹⁹ This is Robert Behnke's position.²⁰ But what kind of rainbows? That his brood stock was not from McCloud rainbows but Bay Area rainbows is suggested by a letter from Seth Green to Baird, also published in the *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1881*. Green says that he has "220 six-year-old California mountain trout . . . that we are now taking the spawn from."²¹ Behnke points out that Green made the distinction between mountain trout and fine-scaled trout, so Green's letter suggests that he probably was propagating steelhead trout. Importantly, Green goes on to tell Baird that "seven years ago" he received a shipment of 300 trout eggs and from these eggs they had 10,000 fish in their brood stock by 1881.²² Doesn't this mean that Green received the shipment in 1874? Whether mountain trout, steelheads, or fine-scaled trout and in what year it all began are issues I leave to others more diligent than I to sort out.

RAINBOW TROUT: THE WONDER FISH

Stone not only procured and supplied rainbow trout eggs, but he and his assistants (most notably Myron Green) added much to our knowledge about the rainbow's characteristics through numerous experiments conducted at the station. For example, data were collected on how hatching times of rainbow eggs varied with changes in water tempera-

ture and the amount of sediment in the water. The evidence indicated that not only were rainbows hardy to water variations—temperature and clarity—but they grew much faster than brook trout and were not, unlike their eastern cousins, cannibalistic. This information added to the growing body of evidence that rainbow trout were much more

BULLETIN OF THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION. 23

ares or rods which are not disposed radially, but concentrically to the base of the fin. These folds appear so far back on the embryo that their genetic relation to the gill arches appears improbable. The fin is displaced forwards with the growth of the young fish, and its base rotates through an angle of ninety degrees in acquiring the upright position.

PHILADELPHIA, April 20, 1881.

REARING OF CALIFORNIA MOUNTAIN TROUT (*SALMO IRIDEUS*).

By SETH GREEN.

(Extract from a letter to Prof. S. F. Baird, May 3, 1881.)

I have 220 six-year old California mountain trout, some of them weighing 3 pounds, and 10,000 three-year old that we are taking the spawn from now. One day last week we took 88,000 spawn. We shall have next year 30,000 more three years old. We have orders for all we shall take this year. But next year we shall have many millions. They are a hardy game fish. They spawn in the spring, and hatch in streams a much larger percentage than our trout. They will live in any streams that our trout will, and in many warmer streams that our trout will not live in. This is the fourth season that we have taken the spawn, and every year a good many have hatched in our spawning-races. We never saw one of our trout or salmon-trout hatched in the races. Seven years ago I got 300 of their eggs; we hatched and raised 275; when they were three years old we took 64,000 eggs and raised 10,000 for breeders. The next year we had 260 of the old stock, and took 90,000, and raised 30,000 for breeders and distributed the rest. Last year we had 220 of the old stock; we took 80,000 eggs and are raising 12,000.

SALMON CAUGHT IN GENESEE RIVER, NEW YORK.

By SETH GREEN.

NEW YORK STATE FISHERY COMMISSION,
OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT,
Rochester, N. Y., May 3, 1881.

* * * Last week five salmon were caught in the Genesee River, weighing from 3 to 10 pounds. They were caught in small scoop-nets. The falls are seven miles from Lake Ontario. They are 87 feet in perpendicular height. Eighty rods above is another fall of 90 feet. Then the river, 90 miles to its head in the Allegheny Mountains, is a clear stream for 40 miles. Then it comes on large flats with clay banks, and becomes very roily during floods. The young salmon were put in the tributaries above the falls. They have gone over the falls and

An excerpt of Seth Green's letter to Commissioner Baird. From Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1881 (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1882), 23.

ing their spawning more closely than any other man in this part of the country."¹⁶ Apparently, Campbell shipped trout eggs—probably quite a small quantity—to individuals back East, perhaps as early as 1874, although that is disputed.¹⁷

Exactly when rainbows were first exported from California remains murky. What we do know is that Seth Green

adaptable to varied conditions, both in a hatchery setting and in the wild, than brook trout.

Evidence was pouring in showing just how robust the rainbow was. In a memorandum published in the *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1881*, we find that in late November 1881 the commission in Washington, D.C., received an 8-inch specimen rainbow (in alcohol). It came from S. G. Worth, commissioner of agriculture for the state of South Carolina. The trout apparently was a survivor of a planting from early 1880 and was caught in August in Mill Creek, a tributary of the Catawba River. If rainbows could survive in South Carolina, successful introductions elsewhere seemed assured.

Collecting rainbow eggs and shipping them faced a few hurdles. Stone's records for 1881 show a dip in production, to "only" 261,000 eggs. The decline occurred because flooding washed mud into the trout ponds, killing much of the brood stock. A year later, however, production bounced back to 337,500. Stone's accounting of the operations in 1882 stated that "fishing for parent trout in the river is now being continued, in order to add to the stock already in the ponds, which probably contain at present about three tons weight of healthy and fine-looking fish."²³

From this point on, the annual records of the trout operation become repetitive—the number of eggs collected, shipped, etc.—so little additional insight is gained by reciting the numbers year by year. However, events that were equally important in the development of rainbow trout propagation and distribution were occurring.

ADVERTISING SUCCESS

With the Great Experiment waning, by the mid-1880s the commission was eagerly publicizing success stories about its activities to transplant rainbows. Fry hatched from McCloud trout eggs were finding their way into streams, rivers, and ponds across wide swaths of the country. As rainbow trout became more commonly recognized, an increasing number of individuals with hatcheries experimented with propagating them and, no doubt, introducing them privately into local waters. To publicize the adaptability of the rainbow—and thus their wisdom in undertaking the exercise in the first place—the U.S. Fish Commission published testimonials from private individuals and state hatchery managers in its *Bulletin*. This was done to elicit more involvement, but also to show the public and especially Congress that the failed salmon program should not cast

too long a shadow on the commission's abilities.²⁴ Let's consider just a few of the stories—all letters addressed to the commissioner—touting the rainbow trout.

Wakeman Holberton from Ohio relates in a letter dated 9 March 1883 that "California trout that we put in [a stream near Cleveland] in 1881 were doing finely last year, and had already grown to the size of four inches."²⁵ Roland Redmond of New York wrote to request an additional shipment of rainbow eggs to the South Side Club, an association of fishing enthusiasts located in New York City. The club's initial shipment of eggs in 1880 were hatched and planted, some reaching 22 inches and weighing 3 pounds. Needless to say, the club was once again "anxious to stock one of its ponds with this [rainbow trout] fish."²⁶

Other letters presaged the future of the rainbow trout in America. S. B. Smith from Zanesfield, Ohio, described in a letter dated 23 January 1885 the history of his personal trout hatchery, only one of two in the state (to his knowledge). In 1882 he ordered 1,000 rainbow trout fry from a hatchery in Cassopolis, Michigan, and soon ordered more fry, 115 yearlings, and 30 two-year-old fish. He also procured nine three-year-old trout from a Mr. Annin of Caledonia, New York, probably from Seth Green's hatchery. Smith recounts that most of the yearlings escaped in 1883 into the Mad River and that in only two years some of these now sizable escapees were being caught by locals. To bolster the notion of the rainbow's robustness, Smith told the commissioner that "they had done better in Mad River than in my ponds, although I had fed those in the ponds daily."²⁷

There are more similarly effusive testimonials (and only positive ones seemed to find their way into the *Bulletin*), but I think you get the idea. What makes these endorsements of interest is the fact that they validate the perception that rainbows are easy to hatch and raise. This evidence corroborated Baird's promotion of rainbows not only as a sport fish but also a food fish. In addition, the letters encouraged the idea that individuals, not just the government, could be counted on to expand the distribution of rainbows in particular and fish in general.²⁸

Some of the letters were prescient. A good example is the letter from B. E. B. Kennedy, a member of the Nebraska Fish Commission, to Baird, requesting *another* shipment of rainbow eggs from the McCloud operation. The first lot was received in 1883 and had grown to some size in their rearing ponds. It seems, however, that the whole lot was stolen one night, so replacements were needed. But

here is why this letter is so predictive: "With one other lot of 10,000," Kennedy writes, "we hope to establish ourselves securely in the production of all we need for future operations"²⁹ (emphasis added). You see, the Nebraska commission—like Seth Green in New York and doubtless many others across the country—were finding that with a starter set of eggs from the McCloud, they could establish their own brood stock from which they could extract eggs, fertilize them, and stock the resulting fry into streams and ponds in Nebraska, or Missouri, or whatever state the hatchery was in. It was like a switch had been thrown on the country's rainbow trout-producing machine. But this achievement came with a cost: there was no longer any need for Stone's trout station on the McCloud.

SUCCESS DOOMS THE MC CLOUD STATION

Marshall McDonald was the chief assistant commissioner to Baird in the mid-1880s. In his 1886 "Report on Distribution of Fish and Eggs," the commission's distribution of trout and various species of fish during 1885 and 1886 is detailed.³⁰ The report describes how the introduction of rainbow trout throughout the country quickly evolved from depending on McCloud as the sole source of eggs to acquiring them from the federal hatcheries at Northville, Michigan, and Wytheville, Virginia.³¹ At both hatcheries, the majority of eggs hatched in the mid-1880s were used to rear brood stock, although some eggs were sent to "applicants," one of which was the Missouri state hatchery in St. Joseph. Even though the McCloud operation produced more eggs than the other two hatcheries, it would not for long.

McDonald's report foretells the end of Stone's trout-taking operation in another way. By this time (1886), even though rainbows seemingly could be propagated almost anywhere, the general inability to establish self-sustaining populations of rainbows from stocking proved to be "disappointing and wholly incommensurate to the expenditure incurred."³² It's not that there weren't some success stories out there—Missouri's success was advertised as one example—but too often the fry were easy pickings for the abundant "predacious fish of small size" who "prey upon the [fry] so assiduously that few if any escape capture."³³ The trout-stocking program, in other words, was better at feeding the native fish than establishing a self-sustaining population of rainbows.

The commission's rainbow program thus took a significant and lasting detour

in 1886, which I believe reflects McDonald's influence on commission policy. Because rainbows could be easily propagated and quickly raised to some size in hatcheries, the U.S. Fish Commission shifted from stocking fry to planting larger fish. Eggs from brood stock would be hatched out in the federal hatcheries, raised to a size of 4 to 6 inches, and then shipped out for stocking. This, of course, necessitated an alternative mode of shipping, which the dedicated fish car, like the one shown below, made possible.³⁴

Even though the loss in hatchery rearing was not negligible, "it is probable," MacDonald argued, "that one pair of yearling trout will contribute as much towards the stocking of the waters as would a plant of several thousand fry."³⁵ Thus, in 1886, more than 4,600 rainbow trout ranging from 4 to 7 inches were distributed from the Northville hatchery to rivers in Indiana, Ohio, and Michigan. From Wytheville, similarly sized rainbow were sent to the headwaters of the Shenandoah River in Virginia, to tributaries of the Potomac River in Maryland, and to numerous spring-fed ponds in Virginia, Maryland, and Tennessee. From this point on, generation after generation of rainbow trout would be propagated in hatcheries far from Northern California and used to stock streams, rivers, and ponds—public and private—around the country. The genetic connec-

tion of trout swimming in the nation's waterways to their McCloud ancestors would become more and more tenuous.

The commission's decision thus made the McCloud station dispensable. Aside from a few shipments to the federal hatchery in Washington, D.C., and the Northville hatchery, only five states received eggs from Stone in 1887. The last shipment of rainbow eggs from the McCloud went out on 6 April 1887, bound for Washington, D.C. Later that month, some 37,000 fry were hatched and released back into the McCloud. Although the salmon station downstream continued to operate for many more years, Stone's trout-taking operation on the McCloud River was now history.³⁶

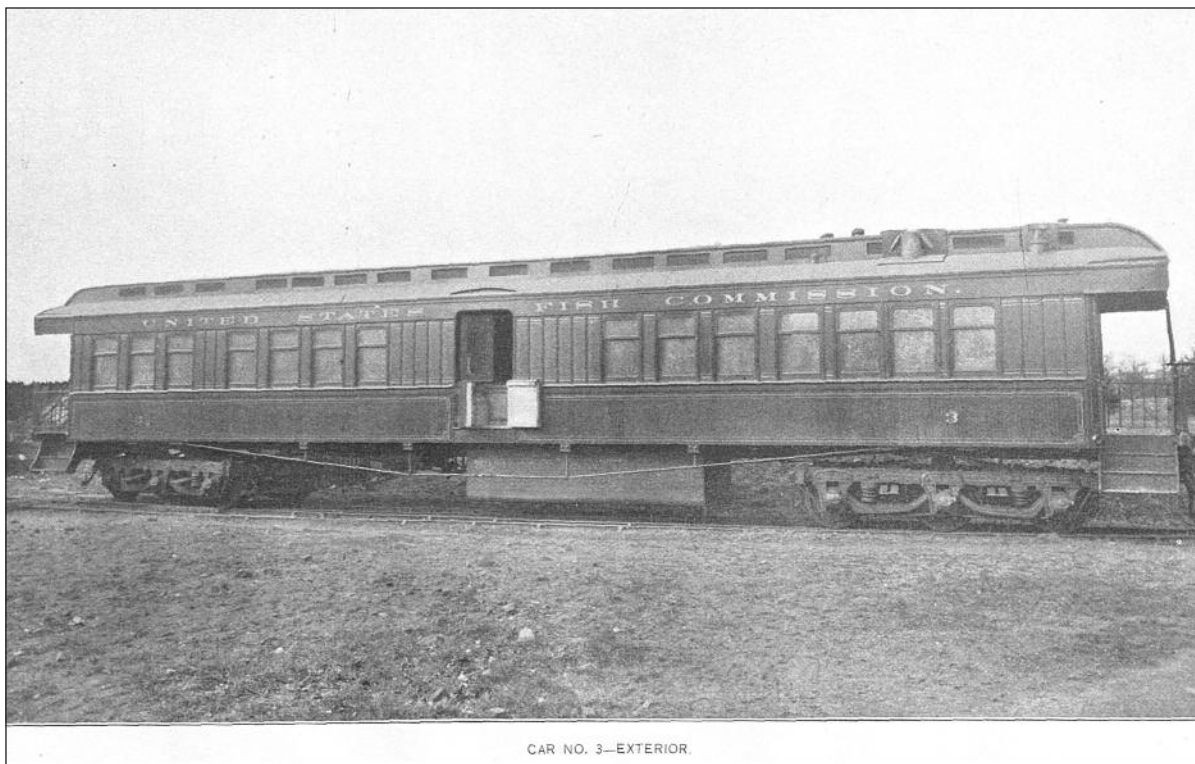
TROUT IN MISSOURI

The federal government's trout operation on the McCloud, how it began, functioned, and even ended, set the stage for getting rainbows distributed across the country. In this section I offer a brief look at how rainbow trout (and other trout as well) came to Missouri. Aside from different names of participants and rivers, Missouri's early history with rainbow trout is probably quite similar to that of your state.

Missouri's first fish commissioner was named in 1877, and one of his first priorities was to get Missouri into the salmon sweepstakes. This was accomplished the

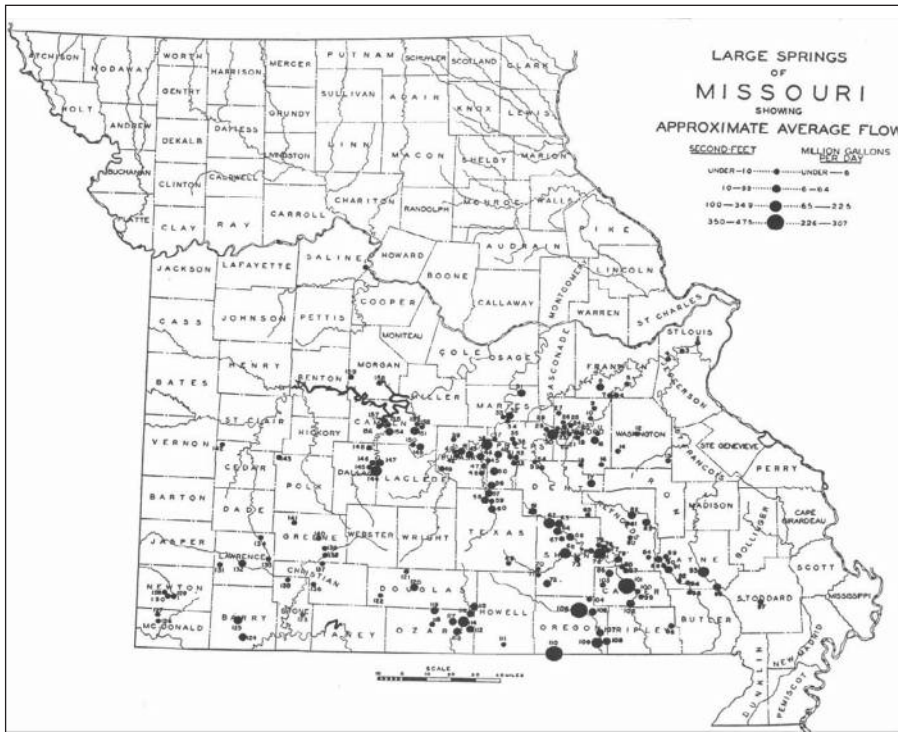
following year when, as part of the Great Experiment, Pacific salmon were first planted in Missouri.³⁷ The fish commissioner acted alone, and it soon became apparent that a fully formed commission was necessary. In April 1879 the state legislature, after the usual political squabbling, passed legislation creating a three-man commission. An immediate task for Missouri's fish commission was to coordinate state activities with federal authorities in the salmon stocking program. A pressing issue was the fact that the state did not have a cold-water hatchery. After a statewide search was conducted—although the eventual location was probably known from the start—a site in St. Joseph was announced.³⁸ Constructed in 1880, the hatchery allowed the state to acquire fertilized eggs (first salmon, then trout), hatch them, and deposit the fry into local rivers.

During the summer of 1879, the three commissioners toured the state to scout out the most suitable locations in which to deposit trout. The tour achieved two purposes. The first was to find the best locales, although several spring-fed rivers were already well known and were probable candidates. The second was to advertise the undertakings of the new commission. How better to drum up public support than to dangle the opportunity for local streams to be stocked with what to many was an "exotic" import?³⁹



CAR NO. 3—EXTERIOR.

U.S. Fish Car No. 3. From Report of the United States Commissioner of Fisheries (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1899), plate IV, facing page 31.



Large Springs of Missouri, 1944. Courtesy of Missouri Geological Survey.

Because the commission initially focused on where to stock brook trout—the craze over rainbows had yet to strike—they specifically chose summer for their tour. Why? So they could identify those streams in which cold water was abundant even in the hot and dry months. As such, they focused their energies on the south-central and southwestern parts of the state: the Ozark region. The geology of the region created hundreds of cold-water springs. As the map above illustrates, there are quite a few large springs (the larger dots) and many more smaller springs (smaller dots).⁴⁰

Equally important, the “Frisco” rail line ran from St. Louis in the east to the southwest corner of the state. This put two key ingredients to transplanting fish together: spring-fed streams and easy access. Because state and federal fish commissions relied heavily on the railroads to distribute fish, the coincidence of cold-water springs and rail lines heightened the probability that trout releases would be made and succeed in this region of the state.⁴¹

After identifying suitable rivers—and surely after being lobbied by local sportsmen and civic leaders—the Missouri commission purchased 5,000 one-year-old brook trout, ranging in size from 3 to 4 inches. They were released into several Missouri rivers in late November 1879.⁴² I wish I could report exactly where the first release was made, but the official records only reveal that brook trout were stocked into about eight different loca-

tions. I say “about eight” because the record oftentimes does not identify a specific river, only listing “tributaries of” some river or just naming the county in which the deposit was made. What is certain is that the commission released the majority of the lot—some 2,000 trout—into Bennett’s Great Niangua Spring and stream. Why did Bennett Spring, as it is called today, deserve this honor? Bennett Spring is one of the largest cold-water springs in Missouri, and the commission proclaimed it “the best trout stream found by us in the state.”⁴³

Missouri’s love affair with the rainbow didn’t begin until the summer of 1880. It was an inauspicious beginning, garnering a single sentence in the Missouri Fish Commission’s first report. After it extolled its stocking and prospects for brook trout, the *Report* noted that “the Commission also distributed in the waters of the State, and mostly in those of the southwest, in July, 1880, 10,000 California [rainbow] trout.”⁴⁴ This level of enthusiasm was equaled only by commission’s announcement that it had German carp in state-owned ponds available for individuals to stock their ponds.

Missouri’s trout-stocking program quickly expanded to include rainbows and even other cold-water fish. Over time the state and federal authorities often acted independently. The stocking of rainbows in Missouri was so successful that the U.S. Fish Commission offered it up as an example of what could

be accomplished. Marshall McDonald highlighted the success of rainbow deposits in the Missouri Ozarks in the U.S. Fish Commission’s 1886 *Bulletin*.⁴⁵ His article gives one Missouri river special attention: the Spring River, where 3,000 rainbow fry, all hatched from McCloud eggs, were released in 1880 into its headwaters near the town of Verona.

McDonald’s article used a report he received from Dr. H. J. Maynard, who, along with a member of the Missouri Fish Commission, visited the Spring River in October 1885 to classify a trout “said to be found there.”⁴⁶ Maynard tells of finding a stream teeming with rainbows. “I saw over 100 trout, ranging from 12 to 18 inches in length,” writes Maynard. He goes on to report that “about 30 of the larger size were taken. At the head of the river . . . I saw many thousands . . . which were 4 or 5 inches long.”⁴⁷ For Maynard—and other fish culturists—this discovery meant that “with a little care and expense all streams [in the area] can be made alive with a remarkably fine game fish, which is also an excellent and delicate table fish.”⁴⁸ Early signs from this new experiment showed that rainbows were going to be a much more successful transplant than brook trout and California salmon.

The early and continued success in the Spring River and other streams quickly made the rainbow the cold-water species of choice in Missouri. The state commission looked “to propagate this game-fish in sufficient numbers to supply such streams as suited to them, and more especially to encourage private enterprise to engage in fish culture”⁴⁹ [emphasis added]. Planting trout in public waters served the sportsman and the average Joe who fished to put food on the table. According to shipping records, it sent trout to many private individuals outside of the Ozark region, often to see if rainbows could be propagated and cultivated as a food source—farmed, as it were. “The encouragement of this form of fish culture [the private raising and stocking of trout] among our agricultural population is the earnest desire of the [Missouri] Fish Commission.”⁵⁰ And try they did. Given the size of the shipments (often fewer than 100 fish) and their destinations, recipients were not trying to establish wild trout populations, but trying their hand at trout farming.

Stocking trout in Missouri continued in the 1880s, but it became more sporadic. Some years no releases are reported, and in others, like 1886, many streams and rivers were stocked. By the mid-1880s, the focus was on rainbows. (The experiment with salmon in Missouri all but ended in 1883.) This would be the

norm until 1890, at which time the state experimented with releasing brown trout into many of the same streams. There also is a marked change in approaches to stocking in 1886, evident by the fact that the U.S. Fish Commission released about 4,600 rainbows compared with more than 21,000 by the state. Why the difference? Recall that by this time the federal policy was to release larger trout, which meant fewer trout per deposit. The state, however, was still releasing fry.

The years 1886 and 1887 also mark an important shift in fish culture. The fry distributed out of the state's St. Joseph hatchery in 1886 were hatched from eggs originating from the McCloud station in California.⁵¹ The U.S. Commission's stockings, however, originated from its Northville (Michigan) or Wytheville (Virginia) hatcheries, probably from the hatcheries' own brood stock. Remember that by 1887 the trout operation on the McCloud River was closing down, with one of the last shipments of McCloud eggs to Missouri in February going to the St. Joseph hatchery. This means that all future stockings of rainbow trout were propagated from hatchery stock. Rainbows planted in Missouri (and elsewhere) after this date were *descendants* of the McCloud rainbow, but they were no longer true McCloud rainbows.⁵²

In the remaining years of the nineteenth century, the Missouri Fish Commission basically ceded the role of planting trout to the federal authorities. This occurred for two reasons. First, propa-

gating trout at the state's only cold-water hatchery in St. Joseph was becoming overly expensive. And carp were crowding out trout in the state hatchery's budget and importance.⁵³

The other factor was the construction of a new federal hatchery at Neosho, Missouri.⁵⁴ With the U.S. Fish Commission closing down its rainbow facility on the McCloud River and the push toward propagating rainbows in its hatcheries, increasing the number of production facilities was warranted. In October 1888, Neosho beat out competing cities, and after a year of construction the hatchery was up and running.⁵⁵ Not only did opening the Neosho hatchery expand the U.S. Fish Commission's ability to supply trout, but it also expanded the kinds of fish it could experiment with. This meant that, as in Missouri for example, over the next decade the local streams were stocked with a buffet of cold-water fish, including rainbows, brook trout, brown trout, grayling, and lake trout. In 1896 there even was an inexplicable release of Pacific salmon, all from the Neosho hatchery.

At the turn of the twentieth century, stocking the state's streams and ponds continued. Starting in the early 1900s, the state commission expanded its cold-water hatchery system. It also developed state-run trout parks around these facilities, giving everyone, for a nominal fee, a chance to put some trout on the table. The state also ran a program of stocking other streams, although on a less-than-

daily basis. Some streams, in which stockings ceased many years ago, boast self-sustaining wild trout populations even today. Like other states' experiences, these efforts in Missouri helped to satisfy the public's desire to catch rainbows, "that most noble fish."

SUMMING UP

Rainbows were distributed wide and far across the country (and world). Those in federal and state commissions were widely praised for their efforts, although success produced mixed blessings. These actions were not without criticism. "Once a race of trout has been thoroughly domesticated by rigorous selection to perform well under hatchery conditions," writes Behnke, "the conclusion is that the genetic changes that have taken place favoring growth and survival under artificial conditions are negative changes in regard to survival under harsh natural conditions."⁵⁶ But the Faustian deal had been struck: rainbows would be propagated and stocked, often indiscriminately and by the millions in state after state, including Missouri. If they died shortly thereafter or were fished out—it is not an uncommon sight to see anglers line up as a fish commission's truck empties its hold of trout into the water—the remedy was simple: replace them with a seemingly endless supply of hatchery fish. Cynics would claim that this is not why the science of fish propagation was developed.

Changes have occurred. To satisfy the angling public, demand was met by states like Missouri building their own hatcheries and creating put-and-take trout parks. Departments of conservation and federal fish hatcheries also produce fish for less-trafficked catch-and-release streams managed by state agencies. In the end, whether you prefer the trout park or the experience of catching a wild trout, it is, at least to me, amazing that it all began with the idea to send salmon from Northern California to places like central Missouri. And when that didn't work, the switch to trying rainbow trout proved successful beyond, I am sure, the wildest dreams of anyone 140 years ago.



Depositing fish out of milk cans into a stream. Courtesy of Lovells Museum of Trout Fishing History, Grayling, Michigan.

ENDNOTES

1. It turns out that there is a large variety of "rainbow" trout. For a good introduction to the topic, and to get an appreciation for the difficulties in classifying trout, see Robert Behnke's monograph *The Native Trout of the Genus Salmo of Western North America* (Lakewood, Colo.: Regional Forester, 1979). It

may well be that the trout Stone and his colleagues caught and stripped eggs from were not resident or fine-scaled McCloud rainbows (what Stone called red-sided trout) but sea-run steelhead. That is the argument put forth by P. R. Needham and R. J. Behnke in their article “The Origin of Hatchery Rainbow Trout,” *Progressive Fish Culturist* (1962, vol. 24, no. 4), 156–58. Behnke argues in “Livingston Stone, J. B. Campbell, and the Origins of Hatchery Rainbow Trout,” *The American Fly Fisher* (Fall 1990, vol. 16, no. 3, 20–22) that most of the rainbows used as brood stock in hatcheries back East (or in Argentina or anywhere else) were a mixture of steelhead and fine-scaled rainbows. As he puts it, “there never was a ‘pure Shasta rainbow’ in fish hatcheries; it was a hybrid from the start” (20). An alternative interpretation is given in Anders Halverson, *An Entirely Synthetic Fish: How Rainbow Trout Beguiled America and Overran the World* (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 2010).

2. Halverson, *An Entirely Synthetic Fish*, 39.

3. It should be noted that the ongoing experiment to transplant shad from the East to other parts of the country was successful to varying degrees.

4. Among others, see Behnke, *The Native Trout of the Genus Salmo of Western North America*; Behnke, “Livingston Stone, J. B. Campbell, and the Origins of Hatchery Rainbow Trout”; Halverson, *An Entirely Synthetic Fish*; and the sources cited therein.

5. The location is described in Livingston Stone, “Report on the Operations at the United States Trout Ponds, McCloud River, California, during the Season of 1879,” *Report of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1880), 717.

6. *Ibid.*, 695.

7. *Ibid.*, 718.

8. Livingston Stone, “Account of Operations at the McCloud River Fish-Breeding Station of the United States Fish Commission, from 1872 to 1882, Inclusive,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1882* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1883), 232. This account, based on past annual reports, was written at Baird’s request for the 1883 International Fisheries Exhibition in London. It was meant to highlight the advances in American fish culture, which had for the past decade caught up to their European counterparts. The advances made in American pisciculture are exemplified by the numerous accolades given to Seth Green, such as the gold medal he received from the Société Impériale Zoologique d’Acclimatation of France in 1875 and the gold medal from the German Fisherman’s Club in Berlin awarded in 1880. See Sylvia Black, “Seth Green: Father of Fish Culture,” *Rochester History* (July 1944, vol. VI, no. 3), 1–24 for more details.

9. The remainder, some 59,000 eggs, either failed to become fertilized or simply were unusable.

10. There were several shipments of eggs from McCloud to hatcheries in other states in mid-March. Given transportation time and time to hatch the eggs, I am assuming that no

other state or individual could have distributed rainbow fry before Maryland’s April 15 date.

11. T. B. Ferguson, *Report of T. B. Ferguson, Commissioner of Fisheries of Maryland* (Hagerstown, Md.: Bell & Co., Printers, January 1881), lxiii–lxiv.

12. The location of the society’s hatchery seems to be in dispute. Behnke (“Livingston Stone, J. B. Campbell, and the Origins of Hatchery Rainbow Trout”) puts it in the basement of a building on the campus of the University of California in Berkeley. Halverson (*An Entirely Synthetic Fish*) locates their first hatchery in San Francisco at the corner of Fulton and Gough, moving the operation to the San Pedro Ranch, about 15 miles outside of San Francisco, in 1871.

13. For more on Green’s connection, see R. W. Hafer, “How Rainbow Trout Came to Missouri (and Your State Too), Part I: The Beginnings,” *The American Fly Fisher* (Spring 2021, vol. 47, no. 2), 8–15.

14. My source is Behnke, “Livingston Stone, J. B. Campbell, and the Origins of Hatchery Rainbow Trout.” Behnke notes that Green made the distinction between these California mountain trout and the trout that came from the McCloud River, the latter which he believed was the first “true” rainbow used in fish culture. The original source for Behnke’s claim is based on comments made by Green at the 1880 annual meeting of the American Fish Culturists Association.

15. It also appears that the rainbow did so well that Green’s son Chester was sent to California to collect trout fry from the McCloud River, undoubtedly a river already known to Green given his relationship with Stone. Chester Green returned to New York with 113 rainbow trout fry in May 1878. Cited in Halverson, *An Entirely Synthetic Fish*, 35.

16. J. B. Campbell, “Notes on McCloud River, California, and Some of Its Fishes, Based on a Letter of J. B. Campbell, of the United States Fish Commission,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1881* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1882), 44–46.

17. J. H. Wales, “General Report of Investigations on the McCloud River Drainage in 1938,” *California Fish and Game* (1939, vol. 25, no. 4), 272–309. Behnke (“Livingston Stone, J. B. Campbell, and the Origins of Hatchery Rainbow Trout”) suggests that the 1874 date is too early, 1875 being when the Bay Area trout were shipped east and thus the first time rainbows were introduced outside of their native range.

18. How Campbell came to know Seth Green back in New York State is unknown to me. In his letter, Campbell informs Baird that he had been corresponding with Green “for over two years,” suggesting that “if you want to know more how the McCloud trout thrive in New York you can apply to him [Green], as I have supplied him with all that he has got from that river.” J. B. Campbell, “Notes on McCloud River, California, and Some of Its Fishes,” 45.

19. The distinction is “outside” of its native range. There are numerous reports of fish culturists in California experimenting with propagating rainbow trout. In the “Fish Culture” section of the 21 September 1876

edition of *Forest and Stream*, there is a reprint of an article originally appearing in the San Francisco publication *Pacific Life* reporting the success of several individuals who were propagating rainbow trout and stocking them in nearby lakes.

20. See Behnke, “Livingston Stone, J. B. Campbell, and the Origins of Hatchery Rainbow Trout.”

21. Seth Green, “Rearing of California Mountain Trout (*Salmo Irideus*),” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1881* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1882), 23.

22. *Ibid.*

23. Livingston Stone, “An Account of Operations at the McCloud River Fish-Breeding Station of the United States Fish Commission, from 1872 to 1882, Inclusive,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1882* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1883), 233.

24. Baird was always seeking to increase his budget, and he did so quite successfully. By 1879, the appropriation for the U.S. Fish Commission increased fivefold, from an initial \$15,000 to \$70,000 (in current dollars, from about \$345,000 to a bit more than \$1,772,000; this approximate price equivalency uses data from Robert J. Gordon and Stanley G. Harris, “The Annual Consumer Price Index for the United States, 1774 to Present,” MeasuringWorth.com, www.measuringworth.com/datasets/uscpil/, accessed 28 October 2020). Most of the annual budget—between 75 and 85 percent—was spent on fish propagation and stocking programs. See Halverson, *An Entirely Synthetic Fish*, 39.

25. Wakeman Holberton, “The Successful Stocking of Streams with Trout,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1882* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1883), 192.

26. Roland Redmond, “On Rainbow Trout Reared from Eggs Brought from California,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1882* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1883), 230.

27. S. B. Smith, “Efforts to Raise Trout,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1885* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1885), 435–36.

28. The wild success of the commission’s carp program also gave credence to that idea, much to the commission’s and others’ later chagrin.

29. Cited in Chas. W. Smiley, “Notes Upon Fish and Fisheries,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1885* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1885), 104.

30. Marshall McDonald, “Report on Distribution of Fish and Eggs by the U.S. Fish Commission for the Season of 1885–86,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1886* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1886), 385–94.

31. McDonald played an important role in the evolution of the Fish Commission’s approach to stocking rainbow. His belief that federal hatcheries like the ones at Northville (Michigan) and Wytheville (Virginia) should be the suppliers of trout was based on his

“engineering” approach to fish culture: rainbows could be propagated and stocked just like any other domesticated animal. It should also be noted that he was responsible, as a member of the Virginia Fish Commission, for choosing the site of Wytheville as one of the few federal hatcheries in the country. For more on McDonald’s background and life, see Marshall McDonald, www.seafareproject.eu/marshall-mcdonald/. Accessed 17 April 2019.

32. McDonald, “Report on Distribution of Fish and Eggs by the U.S. Fish Commission for the Season of 1885–86,” 387–88.

33. *Ibid.*, 388.

34. Fish cars or aquarium cars were either retrofitted train cars or cars designed specifically to haul fish. The primary mode was to place fry or larger fish into containers—originally dairy milk cans—and move them about the country, letting those receiving the shipment take them to their final location. Sometimes fish were deposited in rivers near railroad bridges. This led to deposit sites listed in, for example, Missouri’s records simply as “along Frisco railroad.” Both the federal and state commissions used such methods to transport fish. For a detailed treatment of the fish car and the so-called fish era, see, among others, William D. Middleton, George Smerk, and Roberta L. Diehl, eds., *Encyclopedia of North American Railroads* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 2007).

35. McDonald, “Report on Distribution of Fish and Eggs by the U.S. Fish Commission for the Season of 1885–86,” 388.

36. McDonald was playing a much larger role in commission decisions by this time. Given his background (see note 31), it is not far-fetched to argue that the change in the commission’s approach to stocking trout emanated from the top. Spencer Baird died in August 1887 and McDonald took his place, officially becoming the U.S. fish commissioner with President Grover Cleveland’s appointment in January 1888. The date of McDonald’s appointment and the shuttering of the McCloud trout station probably are not mere coincidence. Nor, as I discussed in Part II, was McDonald’s treatment of Stone. For more, see Halverson, *An Entirely Synthetic Fish*, 46–47.

37. I provide more detail about this in Part II of this series. See R. W. Hafer, “How Rainbow Trout Came to Missouri (and Your State Too), Part II: The Great Experiment,” *The American Fly Fisher* (Summer 2021, vol. 47, no. 3), 2–11.

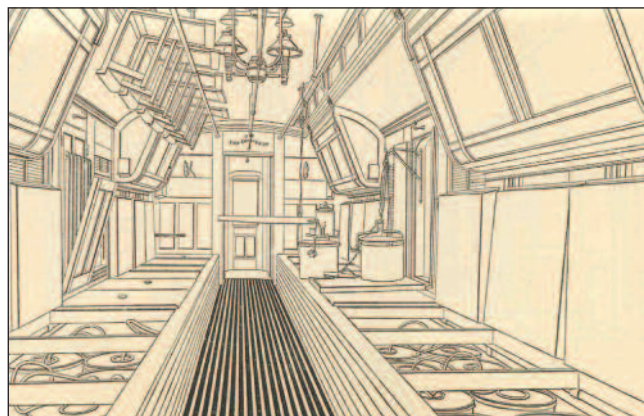
38. To say that politics played an important role is an understatement. For more, see Chapter 4, “Salmon in Missouri,” in Rik W. Hafer, *From Northern California to the Ozarks of Missouri: How Rainbow Trout Came to the Show-Me State* (2020), 69–86.

39. Trout fishing was not unknown to Missourians. One can find many newspaper accounts of trout-fishing trips back east and

out west in the years before the stocking program. Consequently, when the chance arose to have such angling closer to home, the public was very receptive to the idea. As I have mentioned, trout were often touted as an additional source of protein to be cultivated like any other livestock.

40. The abundance of cold-water springs in the southern half of the state, noted in Part II of this series, also explains why most salmon releases were made in those counties. For a detailed discussion of Missouri’s springs, see Jerry D. Vineyard and Gerald L. Feder, *Springs of Missouri* (Columbia: Missouri Department of Natural Resources, 1982).

41. The symbiotic relationship between railroads and fish commissions is easy to see. In Missouri’s stocking records, it is common to find entries that list the location of a trout deposit with nothing more than “along Frisco tracks.” Railroads also were thanked profusely in biennial reports of the Missouri Fish Commission for their (often free) assistance. By this time, fry and later larger trout were



Interior view of car showing arrangement of cans of fish. From Report of the Commissioner [of Fish and Fisheries] for 1882 (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1884), plate IV.

being transported in standard 10-gallon milk cans, carried either in luggage cars on private railroads or in fish cars (see note 34). For a discussion of the early history of Missouri’s fish car, see Chapter 3, “Egg Crates, Milk Cans, and Fish Cars,” in Hafer, *From Northern California to the Ozarks of Missouri*, 45–68.

42. The records are not clear from whom they were bought.

43. *Report of the Fish Commission of the State of Missouri to the Thirty-Second General Assembly for the Years 1879–80* (Jefferson City, Mo.: Tribune Printing Company, State Printers and Binders, 1881), 15. Bennett Spring was already a popular fishing destination. The state purchased the property in the 1920s and built a trout hatchery. Today it is the home of one of the state’s most popular trout parks.

44. *Ibid.*

45. Marshall McDonald, “California Trout for the Ozark Mountain Region,” *Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission for 1886* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1887), 447–48.

46. Dr. H. J. Maynard, “Rainbow Trout in Southwestern Missouri,” *Bulletin of the United*

States Fish Commission for 1887 (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1889), 55–56.

47. *Ibid.*, 56.

48. *Ibid.*

49. *Report for 1879–80*, 35.

50. *Ibid.* This objective would be a persistent theme of the commission. Chair of the Missouri Fish Commission John T. Crisp stated in 1893 to a reporter for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, “We desire for every farmer who has springs on his farm to save his water and make artificial lakes. . . . Why not save up our spring water and raise fish just the same as we do hogs, cattle, sheep or any other animal? . . . I expect to live to see the day when fish markets will be done away with.” Quoted in “Fish Commission: One of the Members Talks about Its Work Meeting Tomorrow,” *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (28 July 1893), 3.

51. The McCloud shipping records show that in February and again in April of 1886, a shipment of 45,000 eggs went to St. Joseph.

52. The wild rainbows in Crane Creek, located in southwest Missouri, often are declared to be the last vestiges of true McCloud rainbow. It was one of the original streams to be stocked, and the trout there today are genetically distinct from other wild trout in the state. But the “McCloudness” of these fish has long since been diluted with years of stocking hatchery-raised rainbows. It makes a good story, but the resident wild trout are only distant relatives of the original McCloud rainbows.

53. The chair of the Missouri Fish Commission, I. G. W. Steedman, explained it thus: “The apparatus and ponds at the St. Joseph hatchery were originally constructed and intended only for the propagation of cold water fish, such as trout and salmon; but for

the last two years, through scarcity of money, we have been compelled to abandon entirely the propagation of these fish, as the process of hatching and distribution is far more expensive than in the case of carp.” I. G. W. Steedman, *Carp and Carp Culture in Missouri*, 2nd ed. (St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Printing Company, 1884), 98.

54. The hatchery remains in operation to this day.

55. The Neosho National Fish Hatchery is the oldest federal fish hatchery in operation. Among other species, it currently propagates rainbow trout, pallid sturgeon, endangered Topeka shiners, and endangered Ozark cavefish. More about the history of the hatchery can be found in Elizabeth Ann Wilson, “The Oldest United States Fish Hatchery,” in *Neosho: A City of Springs* (Neosho, Mo.: Newton County Historical Society, 1984) 56–58, or visit the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service website at <https://fws.gov/midwest/neosho/>.

56. Behnke, *The Native Trout of the Genus Salmo of Western North America*, 114. Halverson levels a more damning assessment in *An Entirely Synthetic Fish* (46).

The Fly Box, Martha Jean, and My Link to the Fly-Tying Past

by Stephen E. Wright



The “fly box” (a portable fly-tying workstation; 15 inches long x 10.1875 inches wide x 4.9375 inches high). Entry into the box is possible via a slide-out top lid and three interlocking front drawers.

Photographs by Stephen E. Wright, except where noted



SOMETIMES IT IS NICE to write about someone in the fly-fishing world who was not famous but made significant contributions to keeping this sport alive. Martha Jean Hunt (1915–2009) tied trout flies in the 1940s and 1950s for members of the Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club in Zanesfield, Ohio. The late Mrs. Hunt is known, lovingly, by her family and friends as Martha Jean. This is *my* Martha Jean story.

On a bright sunny day in 2012, I traveled to a Powell, Ohio, needle works shop in search of the last remnants of wool produced by Appleton Brothers of England, then a recently defunct yarn company that was sold and renamed. While negotiating a large purchase of the remaining supplies, the salesperson asked, “What are you making?” I enthusiastically replied, “I am using this wool to tie wet flies of the 1800s. I am a fly fisher and fly tier.” With a quick smile, she replied, “Would you be interested in

purchasing antique fly-tying equipment? I happen to have some that was given to me by a family friend.”

After I purchased the wool, the salesperson said that if I was interested, she would bring the fly-tying antiques to the needle works the next day for my assessment and possible purchase. I was indeed interested, and I agreed to meet her at noon.

The next day, curious and excited, I arrived an hour early. I waited until 11:45 before walking through the shop doors. Soon after, the seller arrived with the antiques. When I saw the portable fly-tying workstation, I was instantly prepared to purchase it, no matter what was in it, based on the superior craftsmanship of the wooden box alone. From the box the seller removed a perfectly maintained Thomas vise. That was it—I didn’t need to see the rest. After briefly haggling, a price was struck and the purchase made. Once home, I peeled the potential trea-

sure chest open like an orange. What I discovered was more surprising than I could have imagined.

There were multiple antiques, such as threads (some in never-opened containers), Royal Scot hooks of Redditch, hackle pliers, a whip finisher, flies, flies tied as brooches, tying-supply catalogs, a commercial fly-tying kit, tying notes, material purchase receipts, lecture notes, a spool of silk floss, the stainless-steel Thomas vise, correspondence from fly-purchasing clients, a copy of the *Professional Fly Tying and Tackle Making Manual and Manufacturers’ Guide* (Herter’s, 1941), and, most importantly, the name of the person who originally owned these materials: Martha Jean Hunt. The box contained compelling documentation of her life, interests, and talents during the 1940s.

Having a name, I began searching the web to discover more about Mrs. Hunt’s fly-tying life. With great fortune, I found a telephone number, and within hours



Martha Jean Hunt in a photo taken for a local newspaper, 1942. With permission of Nancy R. Bullard.

was able to call her daughter, Nancy Bullard. After introducing myself and stating the purpose of my call, we talked for more than an hour about her mother and what Nancy called the fly box. (In fact, the “fly box” was a wooden portable fly-tying workstation, but for the purposes of this story, I will refer to it as the fly box.) Nancy revealed many interesting facets about her mother’s interest in fly tying. I offered to send her my newly found treasure, but Nancy said, “It’s found a good home—please keep it.”¹

Martha Jean was passionate about fly tying.² She tied flies for members of one of the oldest fly-tying clubs in Ohio: the Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club, established in 1938.³ Mrs. Hunt was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a past president of the Woman’s Tourist Club, and a past noble grand of Lotus Rebekah Lodge #501 of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, from which she received their highest award for meritorious service, the Decoration of Chivalry.⁴

Martha Jean sometimes lectured on fly tying and women in fly tying within some of her organizations of membership. Her daughter told me that one of the local newspapers did an article on her mother’s fly brooches or pin flies, and she promised to send me a photograph taken for that article. Three weeks later, I received a photograph of Mrs. Hunt actively tying flies and one of a completed fly brooch or pin. One could see the precision of her tying technique and the system she used in lacquering the black thread heads of each fly.

When examining the completed flies left in the box, it was easy to determine that Martha Jean was a very good tier. She tied well-known patterns, such as the Lady Doctor, and improvised patterns based on the feathers at hand and possibly her clients’ wishes. The majority of the flies I discovered were wet flies, except for a few Palmered dry flies. Correspondence found in the fly box indicated



Martha Jean’s pin or brooch fly designed as a streamer or baitfish imitation.



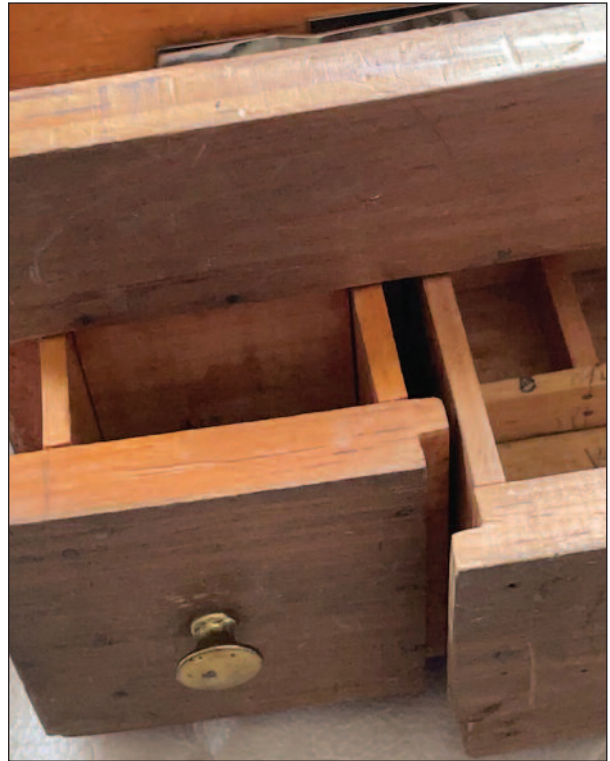
Hairwing wet fly.



Palmered dry flies.



Built-in hook storage units.



This drawer-locking system uses half-lap joinery techniques to keep all drawers closed when in transport.

that Martha Jean tied flies during the 1940s, when the war made it difficult to find basic tying materials. One such 1942 correspondence from the Thomas Tilley Company (U.S. agent for Hardy Brothers Ltd., Alnwick, England) stated, “Because of the fact that the British government has absolutely prohibited the exportation of sporting fish hooks from England, the British factories we represent have been unable to keep us supplied with stock. . . . Stock on the popular patterns, lengths and sizes of Eyed or Loop-Eyed hooks is exhausted and for the duration of the war we shall have nothing in the way of such hooks to offer. There is now a very great shortage of hooks in this country . . .”⁵ But even the war could not deter Martha Jean from tying flies for her clients. She was able to cobble together enough tying materials from U.S. companies to con-

tinue her efforts. I found both a Paul H. Young Fine Fishing Tackle Company receipt and a Herter’s receipt for fly-dressing supplies and hooks.⁶

One of her patrons, Mr. Forest H. Thorpe of the Columbus Sucker Rod Company, a manufacturer of pump rods, wrote in a 26 March 1942 letter, “Dear Madam: I am herewith enclosing my check for five dollars to cover the flies ordered thru Prof. Hopkins. Many thanks.”⁷

According to Nancy Bullard, Professor Hopkins was Martha Jean’s tying teacher, neighbor, and a friend of the family. She speculates that this custom portable fly-tying workstation was in fact built by Professor Hopkins. She wrote, “You might be interested to know that Professor Hopkins raised pheasants at his farm in Mechanicsburg [Ohio]. He had several varieties kept in large pheasant pens. Feathers from the pheasants were used in

tying flies. I remember the pheasants in the ’40s and ’50s.”⁸

Serendipitously, Mrs. Hunt’s fly-tying teacher and mentor was a famous artist known for his innovative way of painting Appalachian Kentuckians between 1915 and 1919. James R. Hopkins (1877–1969) was an Ohio State University professor of art and an administrator who “chaired the Department of Fine Arts for nearly a quarter of a century.”⁹ No wonder Martha Jean’s flies were so well tied—she was very well taught!

Professor Hopkins officially joined the Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club (ZRG) in 1945 and became a life member in 1960. He was a member of the club for twenty-four years.¹⁰ Although the word *gun* is part of its name, ZRG is a fly-fishing club that raises its own trout. Hunting was allowed at ZRG from 1938 to 1947, but hunting passes are no longer given to

members.^{11,12} I can only speculate that Professor Hopkins used Martha Jean's flies at the club. I have no written record to confirm this, and none of Hopkins's ZRGC fly-fishing buddies are still alive. However, 90 percent of the flies Martha Jean left in the fly box used fly dressings that included pheasant feathers, and we know from Nancy that Professor Hopkins supplied Martha Jean with pheasant feathers in the 1940s and 1950s.

Philosophically, if you look closely, you will find that everything is connected to everything else, even through time. Before purchasing the fly box, I had no knowledge of Mrs. Martha Jean Hunt or Professor James R. Hopkins, even though I was an associate professor at the Ohio State University and have been a member of the Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club since 2008. In discovering my connection with fellow fly tier Martha Jean and my own links to Ohio fly-tying history, the fly box has brought me full circle.



Pheasant Matuka fly.



Pheasant fly.



Fore and Aft fly.

ENDNOTES

1. Author interview with Nancy R. Bullard, 5 October 2012.

2. *Ibid.*

3. *Ibid.*

4. "Martha Hunt, Obituary," Vernon Family Funeral Homes (5 June 2009), <https://www.vernonfh.com/obituary/martha-hunt/>. Accessed 5 October 2012.

5. Letter to Mrs. Edward [Martha Jean] Hunt, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, from Thomas Tully, Thomas Tully Co., U.S. Agents for Hardy Brothers Ltd., Alnwick, England, 24 March 1942.

6. Sales receipt, Paul H. Young Co.: Fine Fishing Tackle, Detroit, Michigan, sold to Martha Jean Hunt, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, 30 April 1942, and sales receipt, Herter's, Waseca, Minnesota, sold to Martha Jean Hunt, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, 17 June 1942.

7. Letter to Martha Jean Hunt, Mechanicsburg, Ohio, from Forest H. Thorpe, 26 March 1942.

8. Letter to the author from Nancy R. Bullard, 26 October 2012.

9. "Hopkins Hall," The Ohio State University, College of Arts and Sciences, <https://artsandsciences.osu.edu/facilities/hopkins-hall>. Accessed 27 January 2021. See also "James R. Hopkins: Faces of the Heartland," Columbus Museum of Art, <https://www.columbusmuseum.org/james-r-hopkins-faces-of-the-heartland/>. Accessed 25 January 2021.

10. John W. Klages, *Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club: A History* (Columbus, Ohio: Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club, 1990), 152.

11. *Ibid.*, 19.

12. Author interview with Jonathan Superchi, club manager, Zanesfield Rod & Gun Club, 29 January 2021.

The \$100,000 Green Grasshopper: In Memory of Ted Rogowski

20 December 1927–5 July 2021

by Matt Smythe

Jack McCoy

Ted Rogowski was a conservationist, lawyer, angler, photographer, and fly tier. He was a member of AMFF's founding board in 1968 and went on to be a spirited volunteer of many conservation and fishing organizations throughout his storied life. He photographed and filmed with outdoorsman Lee Wulff, helped form the Environmental Protection Agency, and influenced future generations to become stewards of our land and water.

Ted, who lived in Lew Beach, New York, was born on 20 December 1927 in Chicopee, Massachusetts, and passed away on 5 July 2021 at the age ninety-three. Four weeks before, on June 8, AMFF's Director of Outreach Matt Smythe had an opportunity to interview Ted in connection with his article in the Summer 2021 issue of Fly Tye magazine, "A Better Way to Tie Mayfly Wings." Here we share a glimpse of this conversation and a look at Ted's incredible life. For the full interview and accompanying tying video, please visit amff.org/our-blog/.

—Sarah Foster, Executive Director



At the museum's 50th anniversary celebration in New York City in May 2018, founding board member Ted Rogowski (shown here with his wife, Joan Wulff) took a well-deserved bow.

WITH THE PASSING of Ted Rogowski, the fly-fishing community lost a dear friend, lifelong fly angler and tier, and pioneering conservationist.

During an interview I conducted with Ted earlier this summer, he recounted the story of how, as a young attorney in the Department of Justice, he was handpicked to be part of the federal government's earliest efforts to curb pollution and make clean water a priority.

After learning that Ted fly fished and tied flies, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall, an avid outdoorsman, poached Ted to join him as his watchdog for pollution control enforcement.

Ted remembers Udall introducing him to President Lyndon Johnson in the White House the next morning, as Johnson came downstairs from having coffee in the residence. "Stewart said, 'Mr. President, I want you to meet Ted Rogowski. He's my

chief enforcer of pollution control regarding water quality, loves fishing, and with me, we're going to clean up the lakes and streams of America.' And Johnson put his arm around my shoulder and said, 'Thank you for joining the team.' Just like that. Then Stewart said, 'Can I have your permission to proceed to build an environmental program in our agency?' And he said, 'Yes, sir, you go ahead and do the job. And if you need more money, let me know.' So that was the beginning of the first Environmental Protection Agency."

Ted always understood and appreciated the importance and relevance of fly fishing and tying to the path that he blazed personally and professionally—from college to military service to law school and beyond. To others, fly fishing showed in him a deep commitment to the understanding and preservation of the natural world and the creatures within it.



A screenshot of Ted demonstrating his new technique for tying mayfly wings during a visit with AMFF's Sarah Foster, Sam Pitcher, and Yoshi Akiyama on 7 May 2021.

Ted, Captain Joe Mustari (holding Ted's catch), Joan Wulff, and Gary Sherman fishing for stripers off Staten Island in April 2010. Describing that day, Gary Sherman noted, "The tide had just begun to turn when Ted said, 'I've got one.' He was excited to bring the first fish to the boat. Joan of course got the big fish, but size did not matter, as you can tell from the smile on Ted's face. A dear friend, a 'giver' in every sense of the word. He will be missed by all." Photograph courtesy of Joan Wulff.



It was a commitment that charted his course from a very early age, and Ted humorously credited a simple, but valuable, grasshopper fly as the start of it all.

One of the important, defining times of my fly-tying career was in the ninth grade at Chicopee High School. An English teacher on Friday asked for a thesis or theme on what we do over the weekend for our pleasure, whether it's hiking or golf or tennis or whatever. I was making model airplanes, balsa and tissue paper, and painting them.

But I also was fishing. And I was making green grasshoppers. About 1 inch in length, with balsa wood stuck to the hook. We raised chickens, so I had feathers for the wings, and I stuck them on and then painted the little critter green with yellow eyes.

So that was my green grasshopper, and it had to be my theme, because it was Sunday night and I had to have my paper written up for the next morning. I wrote a short description of how you tie and make a green grasshopper. And that was like a two-pager with illustrations and [instructions] 1, 2, 3, 4, etc.

Well, I handed that in thinking, *Oh my god, I'm going to get a C or a D for sure. I should have written about making model airplanes, I know that better.* But when my teacher, Mr. Faye, got to my paper, he looked at me quizzically, looked down at the paper, looked up again at me, and I thought, *Oh my god he's eyeballing me. I'm really in trouble.*

When he finished reading the class papers, he said "Teddy, will you come up, please, to the desk? Class dismissed."

Well, I sat down for a minute, and then I walked up, and I said "Yes, sir." And he looked at me, and he said, "Do you tie dry flies?" I'm thinking, *Oh my god, he's a fisherman.* Well, Mr. Faye was absolutely astonished having received the paper he received, and he was so pleased. He became my mentor, and he coached me.

He went up in class from ninth grade to high school, all the way up to the senior teacher and became the principal of the school. Meanwhile, I was writing additional articles for him: the dry fly, the streamer fly, the nymph. He kept me going at this work, and it really helped me tremendously.

Chicopee High School has a scholarship to Amherst College for one person each year. I was class president and editor of the newspaper, and I won that scholarship. I often think back to the time these many years later. If it weren't for that green grasshopper, I never would have been enthusiastic to be mentored by Mr. Faye.

That 100-percent scholarship to Amherst College is a \$100,000 scholarship. And so my green grasshopper is in a globe on my desk, and I call it the \$100,000 Green Grasshopper.

Here's to passions as simple as tying a fly that leave such an indelible, positive mark on the world.

Rest in peace, good sir.





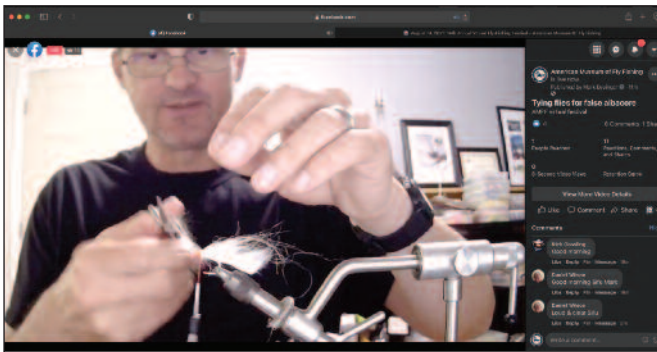
Museum News

Fly-Fishing Festival

The museum's fourteenth annual Fly-Fishing Festival was held virtually again this year, on August 14. Live fly tying on Facebook gathered more than 1,600 views and featured expert tiers Scott Biron, Mark Dysinger, and Tom Rosenbauer. Todd Alving and Fred Kretchman offered live appraisals. We offered two tours on the website: *Reflections: The Angler and Nature in Art* in the Leigh H. Perkins Gallery (featuring guide AMFF President Fred Polhemus) and Yoshi's Trail, our new outdoor exhibit walk, which explores the deep connection between fly fishing and nature. Kids could check out their own age-appropriate fly-tying videos with Paul Sinicki, videos demonstrating how to draw a rod and a fly, and an AMFF word search and coloring pages. The National Sporting Library & Museum joined in by providing us with a reading of "The Angler's Song" from *The Compleat Angler*.

We also promoted *Mighty Waters*, our entry into the 2021 Fly Fishing Film Tour, and asked for donations to help bring Ansil Saunders's boat and other memorabilia to the museum. It was a jam-packed day full of fun activities for everyone.

We hope to see everyone on the museum grounds for our fifteenth Annual Fly-Fishing Festival in August 2022!



AMFF Ambassador Mark Dysinger demonstrates how to tie flies for false albacore during the Fly-Fishing Festival.

Kids Clinic

For the month of July, AMFF hosted our annual kids clinic virtually. We offered fly-tying videos with Paul Sinicki; how-to videos with Clay and Lain, demonstrating how to draw a rod and a fly; and an AMFF word search and coloring pages for kids to download. Kids could also stop by the museum and pick up a MayFly Project curriculum book, which teaches fly fishing, safety, conservation, and outdoor appreciation.

Recent Donations to the Collection

Nick Lyons of Woodstock, New York, sent us a copy of his autobiographical *Fire in the Straw: Notes on Inventing a Life* (Arcade, 2020). **Marshall Field** of Chicago, Illinois, donated Lumley and Dowell's *Norwegian Anglings: Scotch and Other Sporting Estates* (Lumley House, 1908). And **Victor Johnson Jr.** of Vallejo, California, gifted a copy of his most recent book, *What's Happening Behind the Fish Hatchery Door Today?* (EP Press, 2021), and a CD that accompanies his earlier *Eight Points of Light* (EP Press, 2013), a copy of which was donated in 2016.

Robert Miller of Tucson, Arizona, sent us two nets made by Clint Byrnes of Wisconsin: a canoe net and a large trout net. **Frank H. Skidmore** of Durham, North Carolina, gifted a beautifully mounted Montague rod and Pflueger reel from the 1930s. **Joan Wulff** of Lew Beach, New York, donated a large collection of rods, reels, film, books, awards, ephemera, and photographs pertaining to her and Lee Wulff's life in the sport of fly fishing.

Peter Castagnetti of Ashland, Massachusetts, sent us a 23 February 1988 letter from John D. Voelker to James Stern, with its accompanying envelope, and a copy of Voelker's obituary. **John Melnicsak** of Old Saybrook, Connecticut, donated the official records of the E. F. Payne Rod Company Inc. from 1930 to 1968.

John Stetson of Portland, Maine, gave us a beautiful framed watercolor painting of John Stetson and John Swan fishing in the Bahamas, painted by John Swan in 2009. And **Paul Shulte** of Manchester, Vermont, donated a framed papier-mâché fly made by Leo Monahan in 2005.

Sara Wilcox



A crowd gathered on September 2 to experience the cutting-edge, motivating, heartfelt, and often amazing productions that the 2021 Fly Fishing Film Tour (F3T) brought to the table (or, should we say, brought to the lawn of AMFF). Without a doubt, each person left the event with the feeling of having traveled the globe with a fly rod and a dose of inspiration to get through the winter.

*AMFF Announces Johnny Morris to Receive 2021 Heritage Award**

The Wonders of Wildlife National Museum & Aquarium in Springfield, Missouri Thursday, April 7, 2022

**Celebrate the opening of the new AMFF gallery
with a reception, dinner, and auction.
Invitation to follow.**

For the past 50 years, Johnny Morris and the company he founded have been committed to conservation and providing value to customers. Bass Pro Shops and the White River Marine Group have transformed how sportsmen relate to the outdoor product and boating markets. Through time and across brands, Morris and his business network have empowered efforts to conserve nature, promote sportsmen's rights, and introduce new audiences to the great outdoors.

The success of Morris's conservation efforts has been recognized in the form of awards and honors from organizations far and wide. Morris was presented with the Theodore Roosevelt Conservation Award by President George H. W. Bush during a special ceremony at the White House in 1990. He has also been awarded highest honors from such distinguished organizations as the Audubon Society, the National Wild Turkey Federation, the National Wildlife Federation, and others. Morris has been honored with appointments by three sitting U.S. presidents.

Johnny Morris's conservation legacy, however, exists not in these honors and recognition. This legacy is best observed in the million-plus annual visitors to the Johnny Morris Wonders of Wildlife National Museum & Aquarium—each of which who leave with a reaffirmed love for nature and conservation. His legacy is most evident in cascading levels of benefit his efforts have created for current and future generations of sportsmen and -women.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing established the Heritage Award to honor and celebrate individuals and organizations whose commitment to the museum, the sport of fly fishing, and the conservation of our natural resources set standards to which we all should aspire. Johnny Morris is honored to be a part of this distinguished community.



*Award presentation delayed due to COVID-19 pandemic.

CONTRIBUTORS

Diane Callahan



Ken Callahan, who lives near Peterborough, New Hampshire, has been a bookseller since 1975, dealing in out-of-print books on angling, hunting, and other field sports, sold through monthly catalogs. He is the author of *A Dictionary of Sporting Pen Names* (Callahan & Company, Booksellers, 1995), *American Angling Bibliographies* (Coch-y-Bonddu Books, 2016), *British Angling Bibliographies* (Coch-y-Bonddu Books, 2017), and, with Paul Morgan, co-author of *Hampton's Angling Bibliography 1881–1949* (The Three Beards' Press, 2008). When time permits, he works on a revised and expanded edition of the pen name dictionary, along with far too many other bibliographical projects.

Gail Heyne Hafer



R. W. Hafer is an award-winning economist, author, and trout-fishing enthusiast. During his career, he has worked at the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, was a distinguished research professor at Southern Illinois University Edwardsville, and was most recently the director of the Center for Economics and the Environment at Lindenwood University. He has taught at several universities, including Washington University in St. Louis and St. Louis University; served as a consultant to the Central Bank of the Philippines and a visiting scholar with the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta; and written more than one hundred academic articles, numerous books on monetary policy and financial markets, and many opinion pieces in national and regional newspapers. More importantly, Rik's work also has appeared in the *American Fly Fisher*. He resides in St. Louis, Missouri.

Marsha Karle



Paul Schullery was the first executive director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, from 1977 to 1982. He is the recipient of numerous awards for his work as a writer and conservationist, including honorary doctorates from Ohio University (2013) and Montana State University (1997); the Wallace Stegner Award from the University of Colorado Center of the American West (1999); a Panda award for scriptwriting from Wildscreen International for the PBS film *The Living Edens: Yellowstone* (2002), which he wrote and narrated; and induction into the Fly Fishing Hall of Fame (2014). The author, co-author, or editor of more than fifty books, Schullery's recent titles include a fly-fishing memoir, *The Fishing Life*; the Yellowstone historical monograph *Nature and Culture at Fishing Bridge*; the novels *The Time Traveler's Tale* and *Diamond Jubilee*; the short-story collection *A Fish Come True*; and *The Bear Doesn't Know: Life and Wonder in Bear Country*, published this year. He is married to the artist Marsha Karle, with whom he has collaborated as author and artist on seven books.

Stephen E. Wright, PhD, now retired, holds a B.A. degree in geography, an M.A. in urban studies, and a Ph.D. in agricultural and extension education, all from the University of Maryland. Dr. Wright was most recently the associate dean and associate director of University of Maryland Extension. Before that, he served as the regional director and associate department chair for Ohio State University Extension at the College of Food, Agricultural, and Environmental Sciences.

Wright was a professor in the Integrated Science and Technology Department and member of the geographic science program at James Madison University, where he received the department's Distinguished Teacher Award. He has worked for the World Bank, Earth Satellite Corporation, and the U.S. Department of Defense. He is a member of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, Trout Unlimited, and the Zanesfield Rod and Gun Club of Ohio.

Dr. Wright loves to fish the Henry's Fork of the Snake River, the West Branch of the Delaware River, the Beaverkill, and Mossy Creek each trout season. Wright lives in Maryland with his wife, Dr. Mellasenah Morris, a gifted pianist and retired dean of the Peabody Conservatory of Music. When not fly fishing, he enjoys the arts and traveling with his wife.

Author photo



Breaking the Mold

John Price



Yoshi hard at work on the first exhibit he designed for AMFF, Anglers All: Humanity in Midstream, in 2001.

Sara Wilcox



Yoshi shares a laugh with longtime volunteer Rose Napolitano in 2010.

Sara Wilcox



Yoshi (seen here in 2014) came up with the idea of using oversized fishing flies, featuring hooks fashioned from metal clothes hangers, as way to teach both kids and adults the basics of fly tying; he referred to them as clown flies in part because of the colorful materials he used.

Sara Wilcox



Yoshi goes over the basics of entomology with attendees at our Kids Clinic in 2019.

IN EARLY SUMMER 2007, I was a recent college graduate interning at the New York State Museum in Albany. At the same time, the American Museum of Fly Fishing was in the early stages of curating the exhibition *Odgen M. Pleissner: The Sporting Grand Tour*. Bill Bullock had recently resigned from the executive director position, and Yoshi Akiyama—not for the first time—had stepped in as the interim director. The museum needed additional help, and I needed something more colorful than the archaeology lab. So just after Labor Day, I started my journey with AMFF.

Yoshi familiarized me with the exhibit concept, and within the first few days I was on my way, already enthralled with the visual representation of fly-fishing history. With his direction, I started with a storyboard. (Anyone who has visited the back office space will surely know that there was always a storyboard in progress; it was an essential piece of every single Yoshi project.) As is his style, Yoshi mindfully stepped back to see where and how I would lead the project. He encouraged me to think, to visualize, and to rise to the occasion. It was a lesson that changed my life, and I am forever grateful.

In 2020, when celebrating Yoshi's twentieth anniversary with AMFF, I wrote here, "He has helped build our permanent

collection into an exceptional accumulation of all things fly fishing, has designed for and branded AMFF, and, most importantly, he has given AMFF a face. As we wish Yoshi a happy twentieth anniversary with AMFF and look back on all of his accomplishments, we find ourselves in a state of awe." Here we are one year later, and I'm still in awe, but also in a state of slight apprehension following his retirement from the museum earlier this summer. He is our living, breathing database of all things, people, and places. How will we operate without him? And then I'm reminded of the lesson I learned my first day, back in 2007. We have the collection, the team players, and the drive to fulfill the museum's mission.

AMFF was extremely fortunate to have Yoshi shape this museum into what it is today. Since 2000, he has been breaking the mold with new and innovative ways to store the collection, display artifacts, teach children, and tell stories. On behalf of the entire AMFF community, I would like to wish Yoshi a happy retirement, although knowing him as I do, I'm sure he'll continue to make extraordinary contributions to the world of fly fishing and beyond.

SARAH FOSTER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



Catch and Release the Spirit of Fly Fishing!

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MISSION

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING is the steward of the history, traditions, and practices of the sport of fly fishing and promotes the conservation of its waters. The museum collects, preserves, exhibits, studies, and interprets the artifacts, art, and literature of the sport and, through a variety of outreach platforms, uses these resources to engage, educate, and benefit all.

The museum provides public programs to fulfill its educational mission, including exhibitions, publications, gallery programs, and special events. Research services are available for members, visiting scholars, students, educational organizations, and writers. Contact amff@amff.org to schedule a visit.

VOLUNTEER

Throughout the year, the museum needs volunteers to help with programs, special projects, events, and administrative tasks. You do not have to be an angler to enjoy working with us! Contact Samantha Pitcher at spitcher@amff.org to tell us how we would benefit from your skills and talents.

SUPPORT

The American Museum of Fly Fishing relies on the generosity of public-spirited individuals for substantial support. If you wish to contribute funding to a specific program, donate an item for fundraising purposes, or place an advertisement in this journal, contact Sarah Foster at sfoster@amff.org. We encourage you to give the museum consideration when planning for gifts, bequests, and memorials.

JOIN

Membership Dues (per annum)

Patron	\$1,000
Sustainer	\$500
Contributor	\$250
Benefactor	\$100
Associate	\$50
Supporter	\$35

The museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. Membership dues include four issues of the *American Fly Fisher*; unlimited visits for your entire family to museum exhibitions, gallery programs, and special events; access by appointment to our 7,000-volume angling reference library; and a discount on all items sold by the museum on its website and inside the museum store, the Brookside Angler. To join, please contact Samantha Pitcher at spitcher@amff.org.

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

