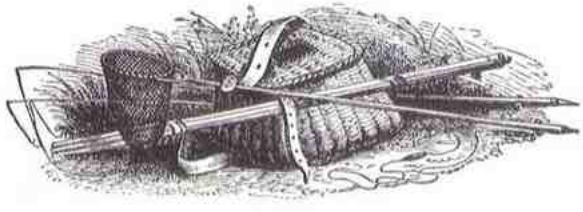
The American Fly Fisher



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The Museum of American Fly Fishing

Manchester, Vermont 05254

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The American Fly Fisher

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Credits: Museum photos by Kenneth Cameron; Martin Keane pgs. 6-9; John T. Orrelle, pgs. 10-13; drawings by Austin S. Hogan.

THEODORE GORDON (Sept. 18, 1854 - May 1, 1915.)
This photo accompanied the obituary notice appearing in FOREST & STREAM magazine of June 1915. The date is given as 1890, Savannah, Ga.

Some Trout Fishing Memories

THEODORE GORDON

LUCKY INDEED IS THE BOY WHO LIVES IN A COUNTRY OF TROUT STREAMS FOR HE WILL UNCONSCIOUSLY IMBIBE THE SPIRIT OF A LASTING HAPPINESS

Some of our older readers will remember the author of this little fishing sketch and recall with pleasure his many contributions to FOREST AND STREAM. His delightful reports on the Beaverkill and Neversink rivers did much to interest anglers in those famous trout streams. This manuscript has been chosen from a number that came into our hands after his death. [EDITORS.]

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fishin'! In fact, the enthusiasts begin to think and talk about their anticipated sport in the early days of January, and stimulate their imaginations as to what they will do, by reading all the angling literature they have leisure for.

They remember past days lovingly: not a big fish landed or lost has been forgotten. I honestly believe that I have a feeling of depression NOW, when I recall the loss of certain great trout in my early youth; and at the time I was inconsolable.

I have always been thankful to the Gods of rivers and brooks for allowing me to live in a trout country, and near a number of fine streams during those early years of development into the sportsman; from about 11 to 19 years of age.

I was introduced to the game by an old fisherman whose standards were none too high. He was really a good hand with the artificial fly, but usually preferred bait, as it was easier fishing and he claimed was responsible for larger trout. With such coaching I naturally began my fishing for trout with worms, and fished the tributaries of the fly-fishing waters, or followed some of the rapid streams in the mountains north and south of our valley. Those to the north were the Blue Mountains of Pennsylvania, the South Mountains were lower, but held one very fine brook, which found a way down a rough, thickly brushed valley; where occasionally deer, ruffed grouse and woodcock were started by the angler. I saw one woodcock deliberately swim across a quiet pool on one occasion, but that is another story and might not be valued as the truth deserves.

One afternoon after I had caught nine trout of barely takable size on bait I met a well-known sportsman named Jim —M—., a handsome man who presented a natty appearance in his well-cut fishing clothes. He was using an exquisite split-bamboo rod that had been presented to him, and all of his equipment was of the very best.

The time of day was near the end of the evening rise and trout of two or three ounces to three-quarters of a pound were rising lazily. The scene of action was a meadow where the stream was broad, and slow; moss and clean green water weeds grew in the pure spring water, and there was always a heavy stock of trout in this meadow, but they were very hard to catch; nothing could be done with bait in about a mile of the stream.

Mr. —M— had not brought a creel, but a clean white canvas sack, which he thrust into the big inside pocket of his coat. When he lugged this out to deposit a fish therein, I was astonished to see that it was filled with trout.

The angler was kind and patient with the boy; answering his questions as they walked homeward together, and presenting him with one of the artificial flies that had killed all those fish. It was a favorite pattern in Southern Pennsylvania as tied by a dresser in Philadelphia, and resembled a March Brown with guinea fowl wings. It failed after the old fly-maker died, as it was never tied true to pattern.

I resolved to become a fly-fisher, and by splicing I made up a light rod that would cast a fly, using all the bits of old rods I had at my disposal. The next Saturday I caught 22 small trout on the fly that had been given to me, and was tremendously elated; imagining myself to be a born fly-fisher. But my ethical standards were weak, and I am afraid that the boy thought more of getting the trout, in any old way, than of reducing them to possession in a scientific manner. I was an excitable little wretch and had a perfect genius for smashing fly rods. Pocket money was saved for months for a new weapon, which was probably broken in a few days. The hardware store at which I traded took advantage of my ignorance and sold me rods built of poor materials at long prices. However, I was learning, and what was more, teaching myself to tie a good fly.

I will never forget the holiday when, after working all morning tieing five flies, I went to the nearest stream and killed 13 beautiful native brook trout, from ¼ to ½ lbs. in weight. The flies had not been securely finished at the head, or they would have endured more hard work, and taken more trout. Always use the whip finish; as half hitches are the lazy man's makeshift.

There was a stretch of about 1½ miles of ancient canal; dug in the days of the early settlers to feed a grist mill, and in the long years it had become more of a natural stream than a canal. There were great deep holes under giant weeping willow trees, and the roots of these created safe cover for big fish.

Proceeding up stream one dark day toward the end of April, I met a lean fish hawk, with his home-made rod and three trout. I had seen no sun fish in those waters, up to that time. The smallest full 1¼ lbs. and the largest over 1¾ lbs. The man was communicative and said that these trout only fed on such dark days; the weather must be dismal with overcast skies, and a light rain was favorable. I said that the eddies and current in the big holes were very uncertain and often threw the worm to the surface. He warned me that I must use a little lead, and gave me the correct weight in tea lead to use. A large worm was to be the bait, and the head hidden, while a long end was allowed to wiggle. He told me that he had killed trout up to 2½ pounds and that few people knew of the heavy stocked trout hidden in a mile of the old canal. Even men who were advised of their presence rarely creeled one of these larger fish.

Of course, the boy developed an incipient case of buck fever and began to dream of monsters in the night. It was evident that the patched up fly rod was no weapon for the contemplated attack, so we visited the hardware store, and pair $3.00 for a four joint bait rod which I presumed to be well made. I felt competent to deal with any fish in the country but had to wait for the weather and the day to join hands. before I could hope for success. But the day came quickly and I walked off immediately after breakfast. At the point where I met the canal there had been a set of gambiens and

an old forebay, and below a set of piles that stood in the water, there was quite a wide deep pool. Above the piles a handsome trout took the worm savagely and was quickly landed as it did not exceed ¾lb. This was big in boyish eyes. A fresh worm was adjusted and allowed to trip along the bottom of the pool. Presently the line stopped and quivered a bit, outside the end of a rotten pile, and on striking I found that I had hooked a heavy fish. Not realizing its weight I tried to swing it out over the low, rounded canal bank; the rod broke in the middle close to a defective ferule, the trout got slack line, and in a moment was free of the hook. I can not describe my disappointment, it was too keen.

In a few minutes I rallied my energies and built a little fire or dry wood, with which to burn out the ferules, refitting them to the best of my ability. I made the next swim in exactly the same line as the last, and strange to say the line stopped and quivered at the same spot. Controlling myself rather better I landed this trout, a lovely 1¼ pounder, a native, in perfect condition.

Walking up stream a short distance I found a deep swirling hole, near a big stump, and shaded by huge willow trees. Here I killed a still finer trout, and, boy-like, I could contain myself no longer. It was one of the good days and there was plenty of water to fish, but I must march home as soon as possible, to show those wonderful trout to my mother and family. After reaching town I used the main street, carrying the trout on a willow forked branch, and they attracted much attention, to the delight of the small boy.

My chief need at that time was to see some really first rate work, but I progressed quite rapidly through reading and practical fishing on all holidays. I learned of the best fly-fishing waters and several times a fine old angler, who had never caught trout with other than artificial flies came for me with his team of trotters, just to have company. He made his own split-bamboo rods and was an accomplished angler.

Saving up my Christmas money I bought another rod. This time one of Conroy's, and made of what was considered the best woods. I think the butt was of ash, middle joint of lancewood and the tip of lancewood, topped with jungle cane. It was rigged with preposterously large rings, on the plea of reducing friction.

I discovered that there was a large well-stocked stream not more than an hour by rail from town, and with a friend opened the season there in April. The near-by hotel was crowded with anglers from New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and other places, and in spite of a rough day, with snow squalls, the trout fed freely. There were many fishermen in the village and they were proud of their stream. no ante-season fishing was allowed.

There were many grist mills and dams, and much slow-flowing water, with deep channels, and in between, short runs, known locally as "riffles", but full of trout. There was much variety and plenty of trout for all hands, although we estimated that one hundred men were concentrated on two miles of water, considered to be the best on the stream. The total catch of the day was reported in a Philadelphia newspaper, but I had no means of checking the number, which was immense, for practically two miles of water.

A village youth who had his wits with him, rose very early; as he knew that some of the "duds" would catch few fish. In all he killed three long strings, enough to fill a good sized creel, in each instance; and he sold those trout at $5.00 per string. He was a poor chap and needed the cash badly.

I was obliged to go West for a few weeks, but returned by the first of June. I knew that the trout in that water quickly acquired an education; only a short time was required, but there was a good hatch of natural flies, and the fish were sure to rise at intervals during the day. The evening rise rarely failed, if the weather was at all decent. I packed my grip, and arrived at the small hotel in time for the afternoon and evening fishing. The weather was cool and conditions seemed promising.

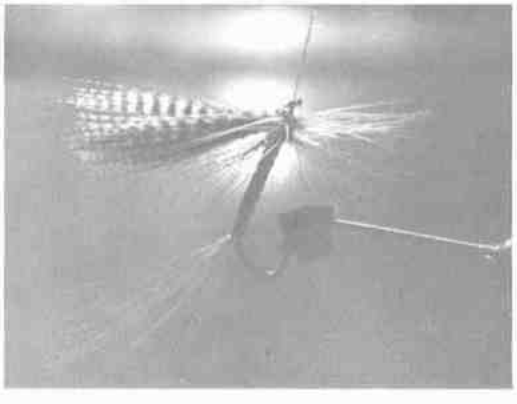
I began fishing at the head of a riffle where many trout had been killed in April, but in those days, it seems to me, that I was always doing something ill-advised, to say the least of it. Because of a light breeze I sought the wrong side of the stream, where a high snake fence was situated at precisely the correct distance to interfere with the back cast. I steepled the back cast well enough, until I began to take fair trout; then forgot, and broke my two tips at the ferules.

I made repairs after a fashion, and began again on the side from which everyone fished, working slowly upward. Presently a native angler joined me, rigged in the old fashioned way. A heavy, home-made hickory fly rod in two joints, painted green, and with rings and reel lashed on. A good waterproof line and gut leader, with but a single fly at the end of the latter. It required a powerful arm to handle these rods, which, I should say, weighed nearly two pounds, but the work done with them was as deft and pretty as any one could desire.

He addressed me, and said: "Why don't you move on to one of the dams where the trout run larger? You rarely catch a large fish here." I went with him willingly enough, and saw him kill one or two half-pounders; then he hurried on and I was left alone.

This dam was peculiar; beginning some distance from the upper end, a deep, wide channel wound down all the way to a point directly above two low bridges, which crossed the dam a long cast from its breast. At this point the channel divided into two, and swept deep and slow through the bridges. The sun was rather hot here but knowing the weakness of big trout for bridges, I lay down on the eastern one and studied the water carefully.

Sure enough a short distance above the lower edge we noted a very large fish, for that country, in about 10 feet of clear spring water. There was absolutely no chance with the fly, but I fancied that a large worm, properly presented, might bring results. I did not forget that fish.



GORDON'S BLUE QUILL. One of the earliest and best of the Gordon dressings. Note the far forward positioning of the wood duck wing, a point of pride with Gordon. From the Museum's Preston Jennings Collection.
Donor, Mrs. Tina Jennings.

Proceeding up stream I discovered much perfect water. The western side of all the upper portion of the dam and a long riffle of good depth was shaded by a line of willow trees. They threw a pleasing soft light on the water; a little breeze was rippling the surface gently and here and there a rising trout was absorbing every fly that floated over it. I must have spent at least three hours on possibly 200 yards of water at this place. It was to me the perfection of fly fishing and required delicate and careful casting.

On my way down to the dam I took several fine trout from the channel. One could just manage to command it by exercising the greatest care, as the water reached within an inch of the tops of one's stockings.

When there was a good rise of natural flies the trout left the channel and spread themselves all over the dam. In the evening every square yard of water would be dimpled by a rising trout.

At a marshy spot some distance up stream I had grubbed out a few worms with a sharp stick, and prepared to tempt the big trout under the bridge. Again proceeding carelessly I used the same old leader, merely attaching a snelled bait hook to the end of it, and baiting with the largest worm I had. A small piece of lead from a tea chest was pinched on above the snell.

Drawing off an abundance of slack line from the reel I threw the bait well above the bridge and allowed it to sink and travel slowly through the bridge which was certainly not more than two feet above the water. I gave much time and lots of slack line; then reeled up and struck as well as I could. The big fish was on. It was hooked, but it was a deuce of a job to bring it up from a depth of ten feet and through a bridge that seemed to rest on the surface of the stream.

At last the trout appeared near the upper edge of the bridge, apparently pretty well tired out by the struggles to remain in its haunt. It looked to be well hooked, but there was no place to strand it, and I had lost my small landing net away back up stream, while peering under a mill.

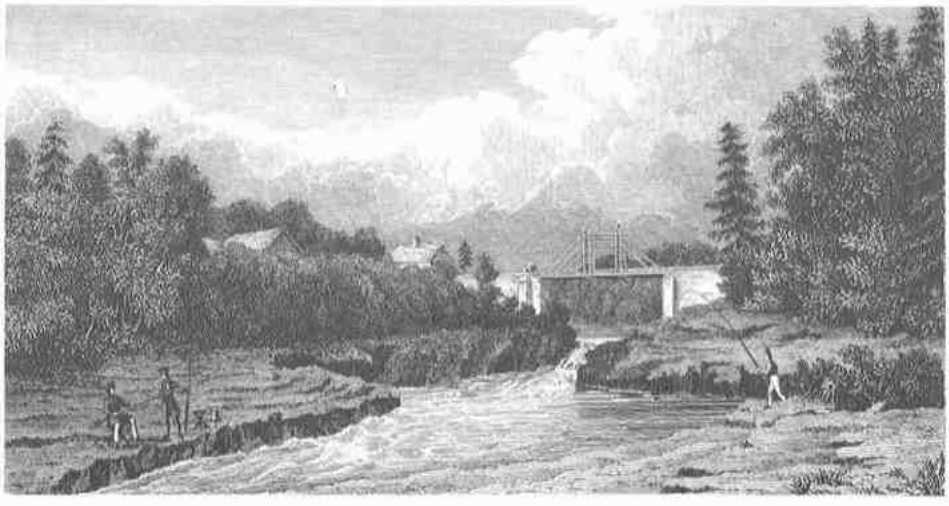
I threw the rod into the hollow of the left arm, took the line in hand and gently worked the trout from under the planking. It seemed in my hands and an easy matter to quietly swing it upon the bridge; but as soon as the weight of the fish was on the leader the trout gave a little flop with its tail, the gut broke two feet from the hook, and the "buster" (that should have been mine with care and good judgment) slowly sank beneath the bridge, too tired to swim away. I was very young and for a time was quite heart broken. The worst of it was that I knew that I had been a fool, not a pleasant realization. I had no stomach for the evening rise so returned to mine inn for my supper. I was a trifle consoled when I saw the porter putting away my fish, as they were some very fine native trout.

The next morning was cool and sunshiny, and as I walked upstream I noticed trout feeding below the mill, in the edge of a slow stream of great depth, the bottom was mostly gravel and coarse sand, and I soon realized that small members of the stocked family were the attraction.

By approaching the stream from below and placing myself in the proper position, I could see every one of those that which were feeding in water only a few inches deep, I don't think I had more interesting fly fishing as I had to cast accurately and delicately to individual trout and there were no small fish. Of course there were not the big Brown trout to fill up the creel, but they were lovely native trout. Well fed, handsome natives, averaging a half pound each - were good enough for sport. I had a fine basket and remembered that friends of mine were giving a little dramatic entertainment that night at which they wished me to be present. I was satisfied that I had enough trout for a special purpose, which was this. The principal of a young ladies boarding school was a good friend of mine and I wished to give all these pretty girls a trout supper. The catch of the day before was on cold storage and was hard and fresh, and when all these fish were turned out on a large tin waiter we counted 47 very beautiful trout, as the spoils of a morning and afternoon's fishing. A good plain dinner was served before our departure at 3 o'clock P.M. and we arrived home without even a trace of fatigue.

- - - from FOREST & STREAM, March 1921.

THE BRITISH SPORTSMAN IN AMERICA



Godfrey T. Vigne was a fly fisher, lawyer, something of an artist and a cosmopolitan. Travelling in America for the sporting life he noted that at Lake Superior Sault Ste. Marie "was some of the best fly fishing in the world." He caught small mouth bass in Lake George, N.Y. and landed a fine Atlantic Salmon on the Jacques Cartier. It was at this latter place he made the drawing from which the above engraving was made on wood. It is one of the earliest art works of its kind relating to salmon fishing in America. From Vigne, Godfrey T., Esq. "Six Months in America." 2 vols. London. 1832.

Dating Guide for Vintage Rods

by
MARTIN J. KEANE

To most fly fishermen, the foundations of American angling history are securely implanted in the legendary scriptures of Gordon, Hewitt, LaBranche, and other honored disciples of the art. There is however, an intimate association which exists between our early classic volumes and the exquisetly fashioned flyrods of the past. Indeed, each seems nostagically interwoven with the other. . . the books poignantly reflect each new level of man's advancement in piscatorial matters, while his elegant rods physically display a certain spirit that breathes life into their words; certainly each takes on deeper meaning and suggests that each antique rod we're able to preserve and understand, tends to benefit the permanancy of our angling history.

As with all collectable articles, determining the age of a specimen is of first importance, for without a proper date a piece has little fascination and exists only as a curiosity, lacking both status and the power to conjure-up romantic affiliation with the past. Since there are no technical books available to guide the angling historian, he must consult the rods themselves to learn their proper age brackets.

When you begin examining an old rod, try to be completely open-minded, don't be swayed by a specimens general condition, the date on its container, or the apparent age of the container. Instead, concentrate on the four major components of the rod which in order of importance are it's handle; rod shaft material; ferrules; and guides.

HANDLES

Handles are marvelous indicators of age. Each holds certain features from which an observant person can learn a great deal. Although little is known about the early rods of pre-1850 America, the historian is not likely to be mistaken when he's confronted with one. These rods are inevitably 12 to 20 feet in length and are built with a lance-like form, with solid wood butt sections. These close-grained, elegantly turned rods have no distinct handle as we know them today, instead the wood of the rodshaft itself-after tapering into the butt area-became the handle. Another characteristic was the unique placement of the reelseat in the center of the huge handle, so the angler could gain some control over his towering outfit by placing one hand below the reel, the other above it.

Rods built after 1850 are noted for their more delicate and diminutive appearance, most specimens sported a totally different handle which changed the reel position to the bottom section of the rod, behind and below the hand. While these rods resembled their earlier ancestors, the handles were considerably reduced in diameter and length, but more importantly they allowed one-hand manipulation. The only concession made to the past was retaining a three to six-inch portion of the rod butt which extended beyond the reelseat. Handles may be seen finished with spiral ribbons of rattan, or the old style bare wood of the rodshaft itself.

Of the many inovative and creative advancements which occurred from 1860 to 1870, the most dateworthy feature was the presence of a metal ring which separated the handle from the rodshaft. Streamlining and delicate execution were by-words of the day among rodmakers, who discovered that silver reelseats added additional glimmer to the rattan-wound handles, while some craftsmen featured solid handles of curly maple, ash, cherry, and other nut and fruitwoods.

The next two decades (1870-1890) witnessed some curious and important inovations in handle construction, including: the debut of rods with hollow butts for storing an extra tip, in the mid 1880's; seamless, one-piece metal reelseats in 1880; and the detatchable handle, in 1883. Finally, in the late 1880's cork handles were introduced on "ladies' rods", offering reduced weight and a softer more comfortable grip. Well, in spite of the feminine implications, cork grips rapidly gained in favor in preference to other choices of the period, which included handles of fluted-wood, solid wood, rubber, rattan, black celluloid ribbing and other finishing techniques. By 1890, cork was king. Even cheap production rods slated for catalog promotion featured cork handles, however these were finished with a wrap of thin sheet-cork over a wooden handle. The high grade rods were fitted with individual solid cork rings that were slid down the rod, glued and carefully finished in a lathe. Cork rings appearing on rods built before 1900 were remarkably thin, usually measuring 1/8 to 1/4 inch wide, becoming progressively wider with each advancing decade. The last important changes relating to handles took place in the early 1920's with the introduction of the much-loved screw-locking reelseat, and the waning disappearance of the fancy full metal silver reelseats, a regrettable loss whose fans still bemoan its passing.

RODSHAFT MATERIAL

The wood which goes into creating the rodshaft itself is, of course, fundamentally important, but with the exception of split-bamboo, there's little here to aid in the dating of rods. More important than the specie of wood used in rod-making, is the physical design of the rodshaft itself. Until 1850, rods were built with shafts that closely resembled our present-day billiard cue stick, being straight tapered from

Early Rod Handles: tip-Circa 1865 rod of hickory with lancewood tips. Bottom rod is typical of early 1870's.

butt to tip, a design providing a substantial handle above the reel station. Favored woods were hickory and ash for butts and midsections, with tips of lancewood (nicknamed lemonwood), and occasionally tips of three or four strip split-bamboo. All rods of this pre-1850 era reflected the need for considerable strength and stamina on the part of the angler, to wield these highly polished behemoths.

The victorian influence finally caught up with rod design in the early 1850's, causing rodshafts to become lighter, shorter, and decidedly thinner. Here the observer will note the funnel-like connection of handle to shaft, caused by the removal of excess materials which allowed the action to flex much lower down on the rod.

The first all-split-bamboo rods began to appear just prior to 1860, starting with four-strip sections throughout the rod, followed by six-strip butts and midsections with four-strip tips, then ultimately evolving into complete six-strip rods by the close of 1862. Specimens of the first two types mentioned, are rare treasures of the highest order.

The idea of building a hexagonal-shaped rod, with its six flat sides, did not develop until approximately 1878, when Hiram Leonard saw the advantages gained by retaining all the outer power fibers of the cane; before, the flats had been planed away to conform to the traditional round shaped rods. Incidentally, Leonard did build round rods on special order, for at least another five years. All through this period rods built with all sorts of exotic woods opposed split-bamboo rods for the angling market; ash, hickory, greenheart, lancewood, bethabara and snakewood, were just a few of the more popular woods offered. These solid wood rods did not loose favor with anglers altogether, on the contrary, they enjoyed such a dedicated following, their availablitly extended well into the 1920's. . . it's for this very reason that dating old solid wood rods is so difficult.

Although Tonkin cane was introduced into this country in the early 1900's, it was not well received. Instead, for years sportsmen remained loyal to their time-tested Calcutta cane rods, so easily distinguished by the ever present dappled appearance of black patches, or in the case of high-grade rods, light brown patches, that fairly covered the rod like raindrops. Tonkin and calcutta rods openly competed from about 1905 to 1915, at which time Calcutta all but disappeared, holding on only as second-class material for inexpensive rods, a fate shared with lancewood and greenheart.

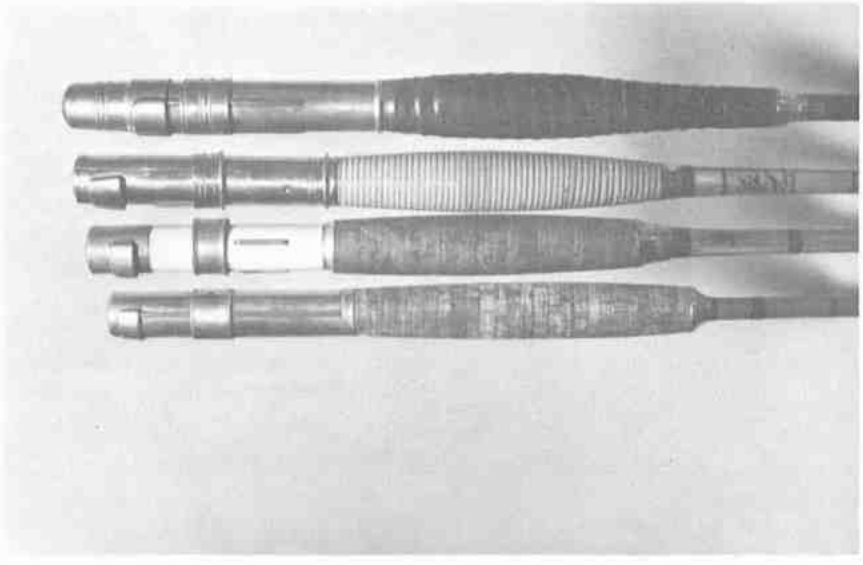
FERRULES

Ferrules are, of course, cylindrical joints which connect the sections of a rod. The two prime questions one must ask before considering specific ferrules as accurate dating guides are: (1) are they original equipment? and (2) is the rod a top quality, first grade rod. A quick measure of rod quality is it's fittings. Nickel silver fittings are the hall-mark of excellence, and even brass and cooper are acceptable when the rest of the rod reflects meticulous finishing; however nickel-plated brass and other "cover-up" treatments are indicative of low or compromised quality. If the rod in question is found to be originally outfitted and quality built, the ferrules will definitely help in dating the piece.

Early ferrules-popular from approximately 1800 to 1890, were built on the dowelled ferrule principle. They are also known as: spike, spiked, and dowel-and-pin ferrules, because of the tapered pin which protrudes from the base of the male ferrule. The pre-1860 dowelled ferrule is identified by it's straight cylindircal tube design, having no shoulder or swelled portions anywhere, and excepting one or two hardly discernable close spaced rings for decoration, they're strikingly plain. Simple ferrules were also used on rods of the same era and are identified as being even more austere appearing than the dowelled design, in that they will lack the tapered dowel-pin, thereby exposing the wood of the rod which is flush with the male ferrule base.

Just prior to 1860, ferrules of both simple and dowelled design began to appear showing signs of sophistication. Reinforcing rings-called welts-were applied to the open ends of female ferrules, benefitting both their strength and appearance. By 1860, the two-piece male ferrule made it's entry, which was constructed from two cylinders of different diameters, with the smaller being soldered just inside the other, to create a step, or shoulder.

The 1870's witnessed the coming of Hiram Leonard's first patent in 1875, which introduced the first waterproof ferrule, followed in 1878 by his patented split ferrule which consisted of a series of cuts in the ferrule, and allowed for the smooth transfer of energy through the flexing rod into the ferrule with no sharp edges to wear, or cause a fulcrum. From 1878 to the early 1920's, these two patent markings were stamped on each large female Leonard ferrule. It quickly became the envy of rodmakers throughout the nation, who cleverly devised different approaches to arrive at a



Handle Variations: tip, circa 1870 experimental rod built with 4 strips greenheart & 4 strips of white cedar, Second: Chubb with rattan handle, seamless metseat-circa 1885; Third is the ultra rare Kosmic rod, circa 1895; Fourth, Circa 1898 Von Lengerke & Detmold; (note the thin cork rings on last two handles)

similar solution without infringing on Leonards patents. One imaginative design patented by W.H. Reed in 1885, introduced the theory of gradual thinning of the metal ferrule where it met the wood-a sound design made even more unique, in that this same ferrule was swaged or die-formed to create a shoulder from a single piece of tubing.

By 1890, two more interesting ferrules were granted patents, one awarded to Eustis W. Edwards became known as the "Kosmic" ferrule, the other-also awarded to a student of Leonard, George Varney, introduced another very sound and strongly endorsed design; here long pie-shaped wedges were cut into the ferrule where it joined with the wood of the rod, thereby allowing gradual diminishing of force upon the metal by the rod when flexing. In slightly modified form, this technique formed the ferrule design used by many of the most famous classic rodbuilders in America, and is still in use today.

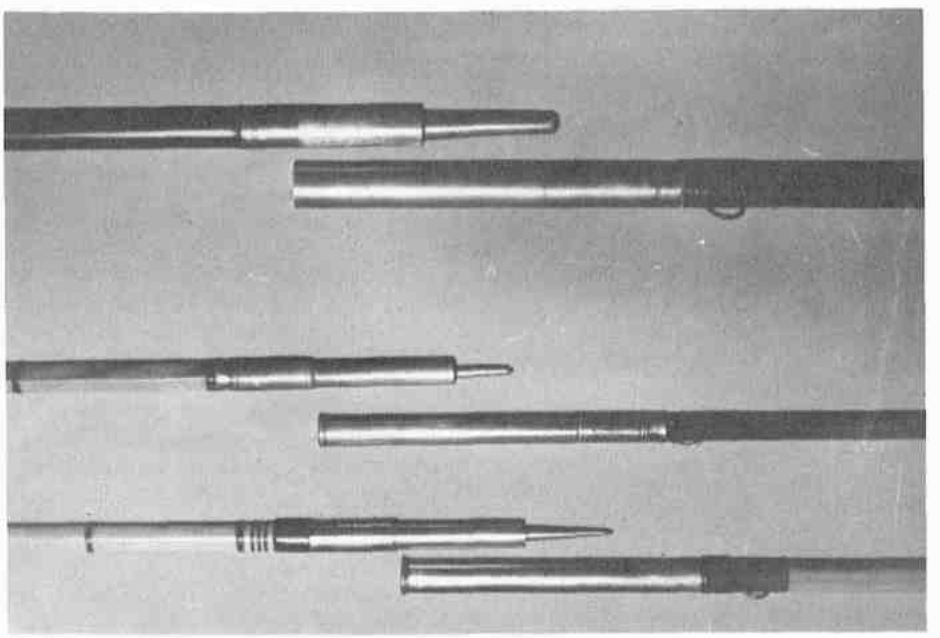
The original Varney ferrules bear the patent date "Pat'd Mar 4, 1890" on the first female ferrule. Though many other ferrule designs were patented, they are of primary interest to advanced angling historians. The only other unique ferrule one may encounter is the four-sided ferrule developed in 1939 by William E. Edwards, for his four-strip "quad rod"; he is Eustis W. Edwards' son.

GUIDES

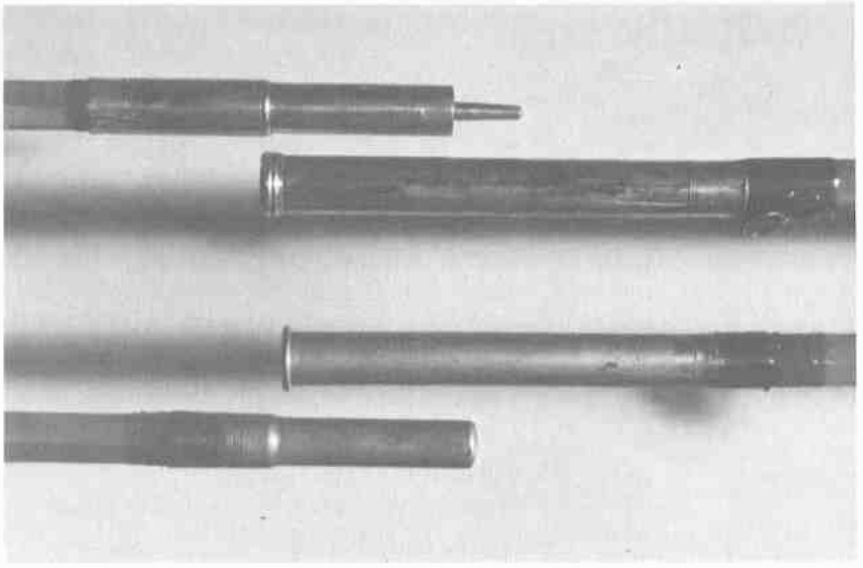
Guides are rather simple to distinguish from each other, and each fits a particular period of time. Ring guides, so called due to their circular design, were common fittings on rods until early 1900, when English snake guides, gained favor with anglers and rodbuilders alike. One interesting dating guide, is that rods built between 1900 and 1915 were furnished with English snake guides, while those built thereafter were equipped with guides that are exactly reversed. These later style guides, in use today, are identified by having their openings toward the left side of the rod, when its being held normally in front of you with the reel down; English guides are open to the right side of the rod, and the only major American rodmaker who retained the use of English guides beyond 1915, was F.E. Thomas, of Bangor, Maine.

Another guide the historian may encounter, is the antifriction guide which was primarily used on trolling, or boat rods of the 1890, to 1920 era; they're sometimes called tunnel guides-for obvious reasons. The uniquely valuable bridge guide qppeared in use on American rods sometime between 1890 and 1895. Just after the turn-of-the-century, less expensive rods were occasionally outfitted with the offbeat double-snake, or double-twist guides and their unimpressive cousins, the double ring guides. It's not unusual to find both on the same rod. The same rules that applied to determining the quality of rods when considering ferrules, should also be used when evaluating guides, for again, we'll find the lower grade rods tending to lag behind new inovations which were expensive to manufacture or buy and were therefor allocated only to the top grade instruments.

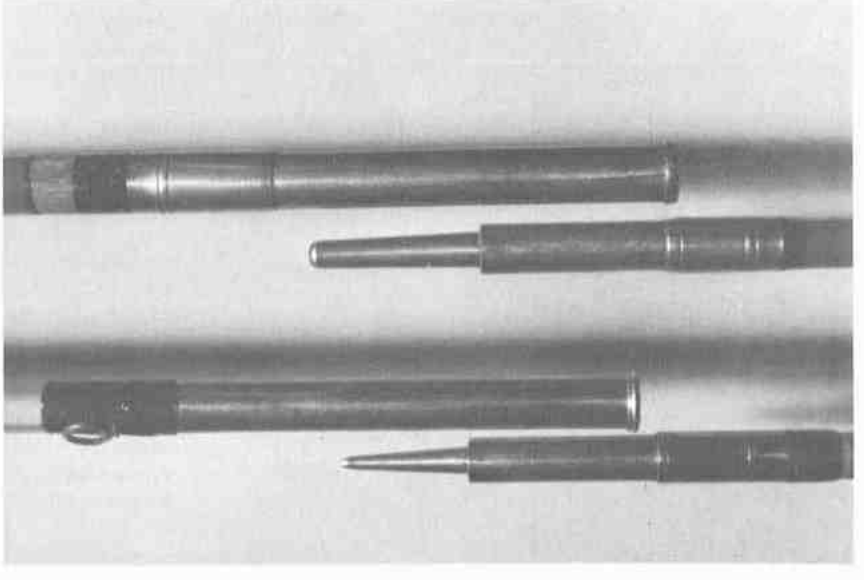
No one should expect to become an expert at dating overnight, it takes practice and experience, but once you've learned the keys, examining old rods will take on the drama of a treasure hunt. Learning the dates of various improvements not only helps one to fix a proper date category to a rod exhibiting that inovation, it also dates the piece by its absence, indicating, of course, that it's an earlier rod.



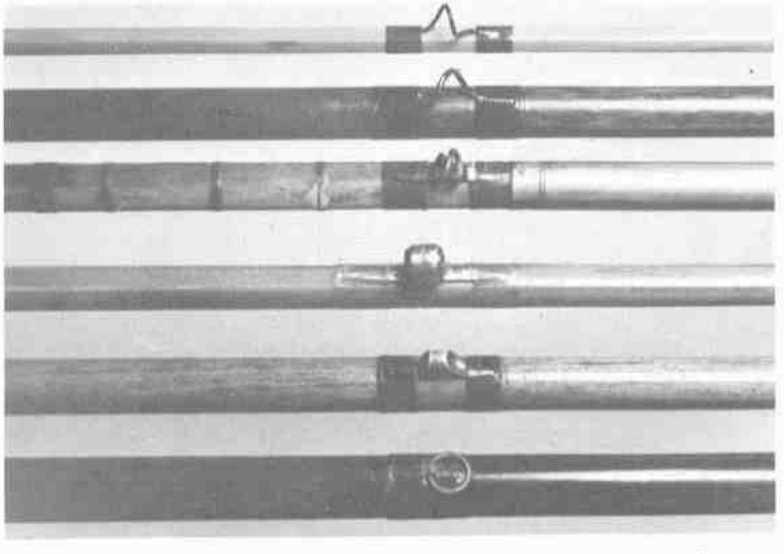
Ferrule types: Top, pre-1860 doweled ferrule; Middle, Circa 1865 shouldered ferrule; Bottom, Leonard waterproof ferrule of early 1890's.



Ferrules: top, circa 1890 design with mini-dowel design; was used while the Varney type was just appearing on the market.



Leonard ferrules: Top, Early Bangor model, circa 1870, below is improved model, waterproofed and serrated.



Guide Variations: tip, 1973 snake guide; Circa 1910 English snake guide; (3) double twist guide; (4) Agate butt guide of circa 1905; (5) Tunnel Guide; (6) ring guide, typical of type used from 1800 to 1900.

Five of the Best

by
JOHN T. ORRELLE

For American tackle-makers the late 19th century was a particularly productive period, an era in which the proliferation of tackle was exceeded only by the astronomical number of patented medicines and new whiskey labels. Regarding fly reels specifically, it was during this time that names such as Orvis, Leonard, Chubb, Meisselbach, and a handful of other quality reel-makers came into prominence. Yet within this small group of craftsmen, the name Vom Hofe dominated. Through the combined genius of Julius and Edward Vom Hofe (whose personalities constituted a unique blend of Yankee inventiveness and European conservatism), the art of reel-making reached a level of perfection that has yet to be surpassed.

The Vom Hofe company produced an astounding number of reels, and if one allows for size variations of the different models, the amount is staggering. At the turn of the century, for example, close to forty different fly reels could be ordered from them; if the option was exercised of having them made from aluminum instead of the usual German Silver, the total comes closer to fifty.

Out of this impressive offering there were five fly reels that are especially notable--that stand out as the best ever made by Vom Hofe: (1) the Celebrated Trout and Bass Fly Reel, (2) the Celebrated Trout and Bass Fly Reel with an "adjustable silent tension drag", (3) the Salmon and Grilse Click Reel, (4) the Salmon and Grilse Click Reel with the adjustable drag, and (5) the Multiplying Salmon Fly Reel (the Tobique). While all of these reels are similar in overall construction, they are different enough to warrant separate comment.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS

Both functionally and esthetically, these five reels are without peer, all possessing a certain timeless quality rarely seen in other reels. A glance at Plate 1 (where the Vom Hofe is shown with the modern Walker reel) illustrates the point well. This same picture shows the attention to detail that makes the Vom Hofe reels the unique instruments they are. Screws that were cut by hand to insure a perfect fit (nearly flat-headed and countersunk to make them flush with the side-plates), handles of adequate size, the use of phosphor bronze for the springs and spool axle, the quality of the steel used for the gears, the close fit of the parts, the oiling port on the back-plate (which slides open like a clever trapdoor and reveals a superb sense of design), and the contrasting colors of the white metal frame with the black rubber side-plates--all features contributing to the pronounced beauty and reliability of these reels. More importantly, these features reflect the intense personal pride of two master craftsmen who were satisfied with nothing less than perfection.

THE TROUT AND BASS FLY REEL

Advertised as the Edward Vom Hofe Celebrated Trout and Bass Fly Reel, this model came in seven sizes (2, 2 1/8, 2 3/8, 2 1/2, 2 3/4, 3, and 3 1/8 inches) and featured a sliding click along with a silent tension drag (non-adjustable)--a rather advanced feature for a reel of this period. Like the other four reels of this group, it bears a patent date of January 23, 1883, although this must not be interpreted too literally (an explanation of the problem is given in the Notes section below). Early Vom Hofe catalogs list this reel as Model No. 355, with sizes further designated by the numbers 1/0 through 5 (the 1/0 applying to the largest reel).

Together with the striking colors of the frame and side-plates, the flowing S-shaped handle presents a pleasing illusion of motion, making it a very handsome reel indeed (some earlier writers criticized the balanced cranking arm as being superfluous, a criticism which in my opinion simply does not hold up). Made of German Silver with rubber side-plates (until around 1915 when thereafter the frames were made of white metal), it was a very strong reel and well-known for its durability. "They Never Wear Out" was a slogan found in all of the Vom Hofe literature.

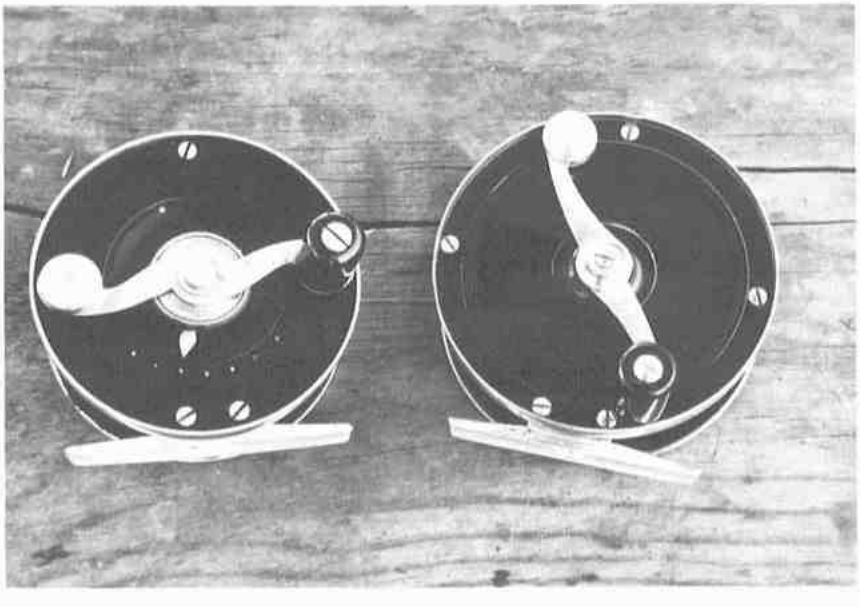


Plate No. 1. An original Vom Hofe "Perfection (left) and a modern Arthur Walker reel illustrating the seemingly ageless influence of the Vom Hofe engineering.

Sometime after 1910 this reel was listed as the "Peerless", a name it was to keep throughout its subsequent history. By 1920 the two smallest sizes had been discontinued, and by the mid-1930's the 2 3/8 inch size as well. From a collecting standpoint, these are the scarcest sizes, and are particularly desirable.

The second fly reel in this category--The Celebrated Trout and Bass Fly Reel with an "adjustable automatic silent tension drag"--is identical to the above reel except for this drag (patented July 14, 1896; see Notes). Plate 1 shows the 2 3/4 inch version of this model, with the drag indicator and regulating knob positioned beneath the cranking arm. The dots indicating the drag setting are painted a bright orange, adding a nice touch to its appearance. Like its brother, it was given a new name, and after 1910 was known as the "Perfection."

Around the turn of the century these fly reels could be ordered with frames made of aluminum instead of German Silver (this applied to the larger salmon reels as well). This option was quickly discontinued however, and does not appear to have been offered by Vom Hofe after 1920. Apparently they had discovered the vagaries of this metal which a great many early reel-makers found so frustrating (Henry Wells had a wretched time with it and along with his contemporaries spoke of it as "the metal of disappointment").

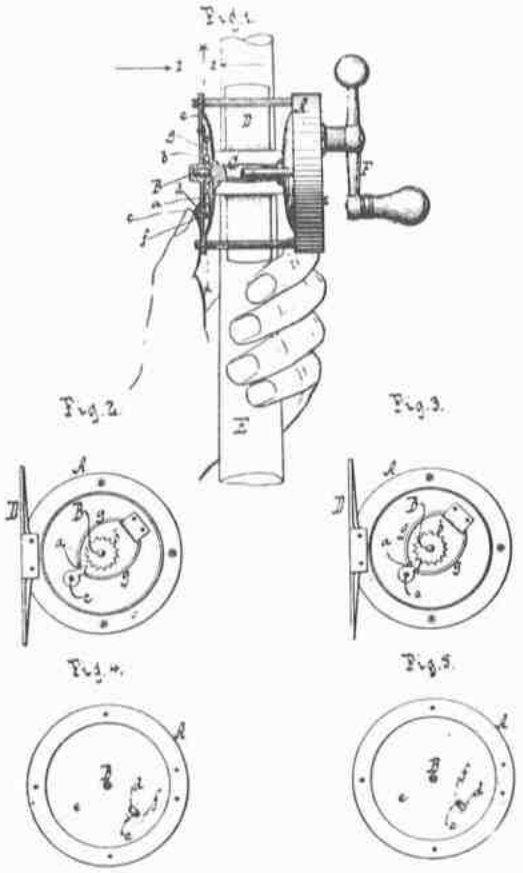


Plate No. 2. The Vom Hofe 1883 Patent drawing which was to be modified frequently in later years of the company.

Prices for the Peerless and the Perfection climbed steadily over the years. In 1900 the Peerless sold for $14.50 for the large 3 1/8 inch size while the Perfection was slightly higher at $18.00. By 1940 prices had doubled with the same size Perfection selling for $41.50 (as advertised by both Vom Hofe and William Mills).

THE SALMON AND GRILSE REELS

The Edward Vom Hofe Salmon and Grilse Click Reel was simply an enlarged version of the Peerless, although in its larger sizes it took on a character all its own. Like the above reels, it was fitted with the silent tension drag and click, and is distinguished by the curving crank arm and perforated seat-plate (made from white metal). Bearing the Model No. 413, it was originally offered in three sizes (3 5/8, 3 7/8, and 4 1/4 inches), any one of which was further designated as the 4/0 size.

The Celebrated Salmon and Grilse Click Reel (Plate 3) was identical except for the addition of the adjustable silent tension drag and roller bars to prevent line chaffing. On the earlier models of this reel the regulator known is found beneath the cranking arm;

By 1920 these two reels were advertised as the "Cascapedia" (Plate 4) and the "Restigouche" respectively (the Vom Hofe Cascapedia should not be confused with the very expensive fly reel made by Hardy Brothers bearing the same name and made during this period). A smaller size had been added to the line, so that four sizes were now available and designated as the 2/0, 3/0, 4/0, and 6/0 reels (corresponding to the 3 3/8, 3 5/8, 3 7/8, and 4 1/4 inch sizes). This applied to both the Cascapedia and the Restigouche. In the early 1930's Vom Hofe dropped the Cascapedia, but continued to make the Restigouche, offering still another smaller size of this reel (a 3 1/8 inch version). One notable modification that had taken place was the repositioning of the adjustable drag to the back-plate of the reel. Thus for dating purposes, any Restigouche with the drag indicator on the back-plate was made after 1920, and any having the indicator beneath the cranking arm was made prior to that time

THE TOBIQUE

The last of the great Vom Hofe salmon reels to be introduced was the Multiplying Tobique (Plate 5). Figures from catalogs of the 1930's give exactly the same measurements for this reel as the older Restigouche. The chief difference, of course, was that the Tobique was geared on a ratio of approximately 2 to 1 (2 1/8 turns of the spool for one turn of the crank). Like the Restigouche, it was equipped with the adjustable drag situated on the back-plate, had double roller bars front and back, and was available in the same sizes. A 1941 William Mills catalog lists the largest (6/0) at $75.00 and a comparable Restigouche at $60.00

As an aside, collectors should note the Cascapedia fly reel introduced by Hardy Brothers in 1937, a fly reel whose general configuration seems to have been inspired by the Vom Hofe salmon reels (in fact, Hardy's made this reel at the request of American anglers). There is a very striking resemblence of this reel to the Tobique, including the shape and location of the drag indicator and regulating knob, as well as the roller bar, the curved cranking arm, and the oiling port -- all features conspicuously absent from all other Hardy reels (one significant difference was the spool of the Hardy reel, which revolved in a direction opposite to that of the handle).

ZWARG REELS

Shortly after World War II, reels bearing the Vom Hofe name were no longer available (except through occasional

surplus inventories of some companies), although Otto Zwarg (a one-time foreman in the Vom Hofe plant) continued to make the reels using Vom Hofe parts byt renaming the reels--the Saguenay, and Laurentian replacing the Restigouche and The Tobique. Aside from minor changes the overall dimensions and construction of the Zwarg reels were identical to the Vom Hofe models.

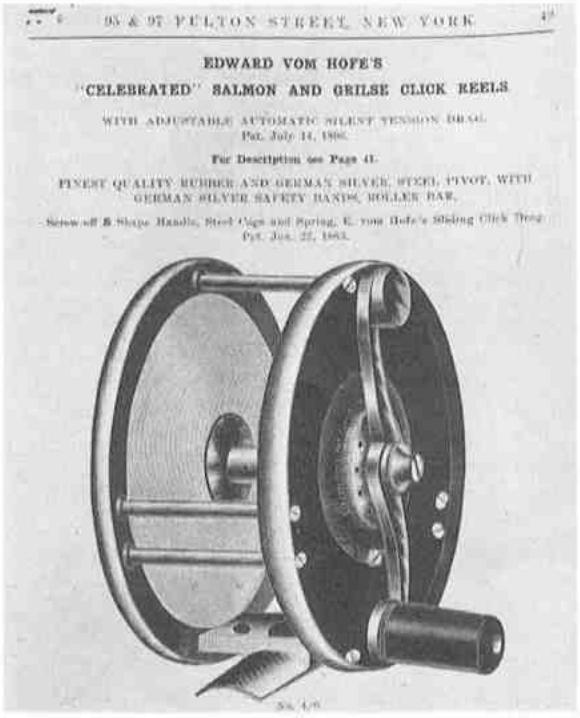
COLLECTING NOTES

All of the Vom Hofe fly reels described above show a patent date of January 23, 1882 (Patent No. 271, 166). It would be a serious mistake, however, to presume that reels bearing this date must look like the original reel with which this patent is associated. In fact, there is only the remotest similarity. A reading of the full patent text along with an examination of the patent drawings clearly indicates this reel to have been a casting reel, and a multiplier at that! It should further be emphasized that this particular patent related solely to the sliding click, which was designed so that fishermen could adjust it ". . . with the thumb of the hand which holds the fishing-rod". With this in mind, patent dates should be viewed as broadly prototypical for a variety of reels and the seemingly endless number of modifications made on them (regarding Vom Hofe reels, this includes casting ar d ocean reels as well as fly reels). This rather loose applicatic of patent dates applies not only to Vom Hofe, but to all other reel manufacturers as well (one further example are the dates found on Meisselbach reels). Out of hundreds upon hundreds of reels made, most are supported by comparatively few patents.

The patent date given for the "adjustable automatic silent tension drag" also warrants an explanation. Most early Vom Hofe catalogs give a patent date of July 14, 1896 for this device, even though engravings from the same catalogs show some of the reels with a date of September 2, 1879 inscribed aroung the regulator adjusting know (e.g. the Restigouche; see Plate 3). An inspection of this patent (No. 219, 328) indicates that Vom Hofe did perfect a tension drag at this time (a truly remarkable feature for reels of this period), and so far as I can determine, was the drag used subsequently on all of the fly reels described above. The 1896 patent refers to that type more commonly found on the casting and ocean reels, where the regulating lever is situated near the edge of the frame (blàck-plate– and overlaps it slightly on the top.

Inconsistencies between the text and illustrations in any given catalog (some are worse than others) call attention to the fact that dating early reels can at best be an approximate thing. In most instances, engravings were used over and over again, appearing in catalogs that span decades, even though the reel in question may have undergone subtle but important modifications in the interim. As an example, the more recent Vom Hofe catalogs fail to show cranking arms on the Peerless and the Perfection which screw directly onto the hub of the spool instead of being locked on with a retaining nut (as on the older models); or handles of the more recent reels which are screwed to the cranking arm rather than being riveted on. Adding to the problem are the frequent inaccuracies in text or the engravings, where parts are omitted, names misspelled, or wrong figures given for reel sizes (one post-war catalog shows a good clear photograph of the Restigouche, but goes on to list the maker as Edward Vom Hofe).

These five Vom Hofe fly reels are top collectibles, and I do not know of another group of reels whose value would be any higher (and this includes a very large number of fly reels). They are valuable because they are scarce, but more-


95 & 97 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK

EDWARD VOM HOFE'S

"CELEBRATED" SALMON AND GRILSE CLICK REELS

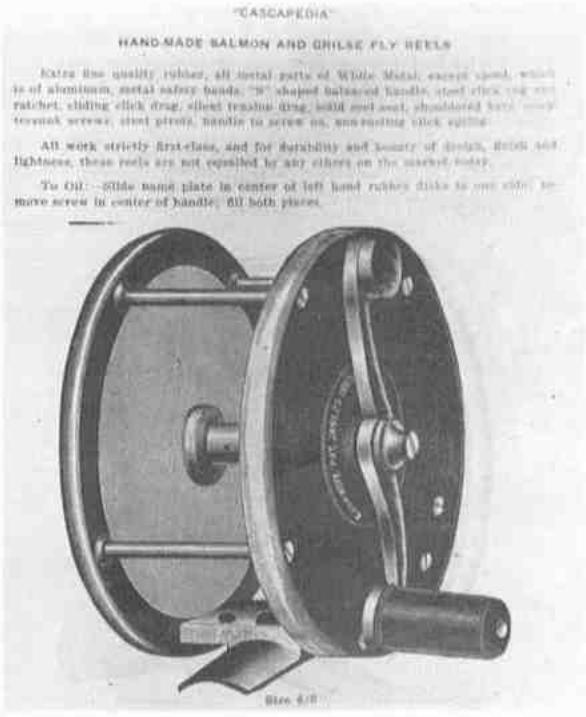
WITH ADJUSTABLE AUTOMATIC SILENT TENSION DRAG.
Pat. July 14, 1896.

For Description see Page 41.

FINEST QUALITY RUBBER AND GERMAN SILVER, STEEL PIVOT, WITH GERMAN SILVER SAFETY BANDS, ROLLER BAR.

Screw-off S Shape Handle, Steel Cogs and Spring, E. vom Hofe's Sliding Click Drag. Pat. Jan. 22, 1883.

Plate No. 3. The "Celebrated" from a 1907 Vom Hofe catalog, a single action with a drag regulator beneath the cranking arm. The Patent date of Sept. 2, 1879 is referenced at end of article. Later became the "Restigouche".


"CASCAPEDIA"

HAND-MADE SALMON AND GRILSE FLY REELS

Size 4/0

Plate No. 4. Engraving of "Cascapedia" from 1920 Vom Hofe catalog; prior to this date, listed as the "Edward Vom Hofe Salmon & Grilse Click Reel".

over, because they are perhaps the finest assembled frame fly reels ever made (this claim is not made casually, and to those who have seen or used them, the point need not be labored). Granted the availability of quality fly reels made today (mostly semi-custom built reels in the $100.00 Bracket), the demand for these older Vom Hofe reels is greater than ever, and they should continue to command high prices.

The following price guide relates primarily to those reels made from around 1900 to the last reels made by Vom Hofe. Earlier reels--those made in what might be referred to as the developmental period--may command prices equal to those of the Peerless and Perfection, even though their condition may not be as good. Some of these (from around 1880 to the mid-1890's) were solid brass-either nickel plated or bronzes--and while not as finished in appearance as the later reels, are prized because of their uniqueness and extreme scarcity. Similarly, some of the smaller sizes of the above-mentioned reels were discontinued very early and are equally difficult to find.

While somewhat tentative and scaled with a broad latitude between extremes, I believe the following prices to be fair ones and hopefully of some help to both buyers and sellers. Prices are based on reels in very good to very fine condition (on a six-point scale reading: Poor, Fair, Good, Very Good, Fine, Very Fine, and Mint).

Peerless:	$40.00--60.00
Perfection:	$50.00--75.00
Cascapedia:	$50.00--75.00
Restigouche:	$75.00--125.00
Tobique:	$100.00--140.00

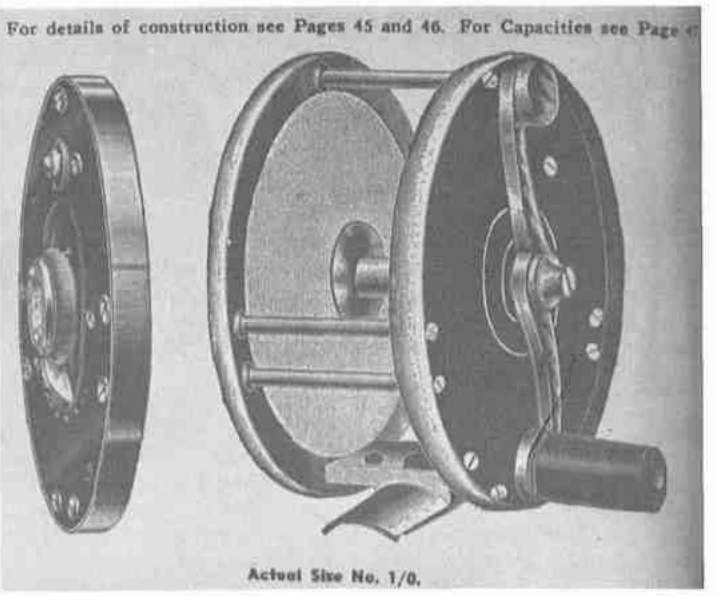


Plate No. 5. "The Tobique" from a 1938 Vom Hofe catalog.

"Angling in this country is not necessarily so scientific as in many parts of Europe. Our streams being larger, more numerous and less fished, except in a few instances near our large cities, heavier tackle may be used, and less skill required. In angling for trout in the country streams, where immense quantities are found, the less skillful angler, with coarse tackle, will often succeed in filling his basket in a very short time. But as railroads increase, and access becomes more easy to the different fishing grounds, the fish will become more shy, greater skill be required and finer tackle indispensable, to complete success. Hence where a worm for trout, a piece of bread for perch, or a strip of pork for pickerel have been used, natural or artificial flies, and small fish, attached to the finest possible kind of materials, will be needed. Therefore the true angler should make himself acquainted with the most approved modes of Angling, and the best materials for his proper equipment."

John J. Brown. "The American Angler's Guide." 1845.

READINGS IN AMERICAN HISTORY

THE MONTREAL FLY

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have recently received a copy of the work "Fishing With the Fly." Most of the colored plates in the book are correct; but there is, however, one important exception, that is the one of the Montreal fly, which is wrong in several particulars.

The Montreal fly has a strong hold on my affections and has for many, many years occupied the most prominent place in my fly-book, being especially adapted for out Northern waters. It had its origin with my old and lamented friend, the late Peter Cowan, Esq., of Sweetsburgh, Quebec, who first made and used it at least half a century ago. The original and genuine Montreal fly is made with a "red body, ribbed with yellow tinsel, the hackle assorted scarlet and ginger, and a light gray mallard wing." Soon after its first appearance it became a standard fly with the English fly-fishers who were in Canada, and through them samples of the fly were sent to England, where they were made for the trade.

Mr. Cowan was one of the most enthusiastic of fly-fishers; genial, jolly, a true and warm-hearted friend, a good reader of human character, and a thorough hater of shams and affectation. He helf for many years an important office of trust in the eastern townships of this Province, and often had for companions on his fishing excursions one or more of the English army officers who were formerly stationed in Montreal; but woe was sure to befall them if they brought their cockney airs out to the trouting grounds. Many a practical joke did Uncle Peter, as he was familiarly called, play at their expense.

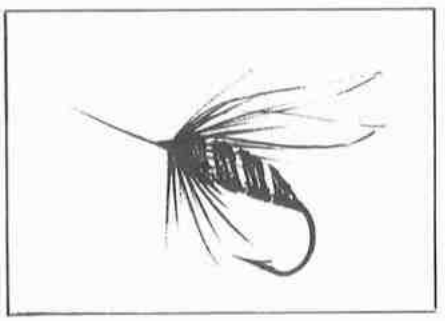
When this fly was introduced to the trade it was called the Montreal or Canada fly, but usually the Montreal fly. I have I believe killed far more and larger trout with this fly than with all others put together. I invariable use three flies, with the Montreal as a stretcher, and use various other kinds for droppers as the water and season require. Bro. E. B. Hodge of the N.H. Fish Commission, who is an old companion of mine, I presume remembers well the big trout (my largest) that I killed on this fly in Hopp's Pond, a small body of water situated near Mount Oxford. This pond was once celebrated for its large trout; but alas, its glories have departed forever, for some contemptible vagabond has stocked it with pickerel. As I now write my thoughts go back to years long past when Bro. Hodge and the Montreal fly were intimately associated in many a trouting expedition. The catch that we made one afternoon was thirty that weighed forty pounds, at Lake Nick, where H. had a severe headache which spoiled his appetite for the fish which the writer so nicely broiled, but which did not prevent him from casting a fly while thr trout were on the feed. It was there that the "big one" came out of the weeds and tried to eat up the two and a half pound fish that H. had hooked and was playing.

I afterward struck that big fellow and he turned tail to and dove into the weeds in spite of any strain that I could bring to bear on him with my Norris rod, and in those weeks he remained until he broke or rubbed off the casting line. Then, again, my thoughts delightfully live over again the pleasures of that morning at that beautiful stretch of water below the old mill near Megantic, where we waded down stream for a short distance and filled our baskets to overflowing with half-pound trout. It was there that we saw the trout jumping and trying to follow up a stream of water that came pouring out from an auger-hole in the side of the flume of the old mill. Some did succeed in going through the hole into the flume, but where one succeeded, many shot out of the slender thread of water and struck against the planking and fell back again into the pool below. Then came the red-letter day--that day in June in the Chaudiere rapids at the mouth of Lake Megantic, where we caught one hundred and eighty trout, not one weighing less than half a pound, and from that up to three pounds each. Our individaul scores stood at an even ninety each.

I also remember with a smile how Bro. H., the next morning as we were breaking camp, stole out to the river's side with rod in hand, to catch another fish, so as to go out of the wilderness one ahead, and when given his choice either to unjoint and repack his rod, or take a ducking then and there, he took apart his rod but at the same time emphatically denied our ability to duck one side of him. Ah, H.! you then forgot the little bout in the camp by the stillwater of the salmon river where we were deer hunting, when a "hip-lock" stood not the writer's but another's head in the cook's pan of baked beans, while the heels belonging to the individual who owned that head were kicking out a jug up near the roof of the camp. That was how many years ago? Well, well, how time flies. Though its flight destroys the elasticity and comeliness of the body and brings whitened threads among the brown, may it never change the youthfulness of our spirits, and our love and appreciation for our old and tried friends, and for the gentle art; and neither may it change the colors of my old love, the Montreal fly, body red-ribbed with gold tinsel, hackle assorted scarlet and ginger with light gray mallard wings.

Stanstead.

Montreal, Canada



During the period of origin of the Montreal wings were tied in forward then pulled back. Bodies were often heavy unless in imitation of the natural.

THUNDER ON THE RIGHT

Charles Lanman seems to have been the first identifiable Atlantic salmon fisherman of record who cast his flies on the Kennebec. (1850's). The Rev. Charles Barrows of South Braintree and Reading, Mass. makes mention he fished the Falls of the Aroostook a decade later as a reminiscence in a book he wrote concerning hunting around Swan Lake, Illinois. Although Maine could boast of good salmon fishing during the mid 19th century, the names of fly fishers are conspicuous by their absence in our angling literature.

"It is thus enjoying Nature in her undisturbed simplicity, before any blemish of man has marred the naturalness in all her varied phases, and moods, and times, that makes the wilderness pastime so fascinating. Let me illustrate by showing you a picture I took, in memory, about the middle of July, 1861. With salmon-rod, reels and lines, choice flies and gaff, and some smaller "harnays," as the prioress calls it, for the smaller members of the Salmon family, I ran through Bangor to Old Town by rail. Thence the ancient stage took me by the Matawamkeag and Holton to Presque Isle. A one-horse power worked me along to Fort Fairfax, of bloodless memory, and the Falls of the Aroostook, four miles above its entrance into the St. John's. No steamer runs to those falls, or railroad, or stage–a blissful region. Nothing runs there but game and the river. The few scattered inhabitants walk about, just a little. No hotel, no boarding-house, and what is better still, nobody inquiring for one. I found a tent on the beach, just under the falls, occupied by one man--a Scotch Presbyterian, from Tobique--who was netting salmon. I at once rented one half the establishment, and paid him in news from The States, and all about the war just opened. I found my Tent On the Beach quite equal to Whittier's, the only difference being that I cannot give mine as good a poetic setting for the public eye.

Here is a river of good volume for one hundred and twenty miles, hunting for an outlet to the sea. Near the St. John's, that it has scented from afar, it meets a mountain range and barrier a mile and more in depth. Through this it has sapped and mined, worried and worn and forced its way for ages no doubt, making its channel. As if still vexed for long delay, it rushed madly down this gorge. The chasm is not more than two bow-shots wide, and at points not one. Vast masses of rock lie along in the channel confusedly, as if an earthquake should topple and tumble all the blocks on both sides of Broadway into that New York thoroughfare. The walls are ragged cliffs, forty, sixty, a hundred and fifty feet high in places, and often perpendicular. With the greatest care one can, here and there, get down to the water's edge. But it is an angry torrent, boiling, thundering, and foaming. Now it lets itself roughly over a precipice of five or ten feet, and now a clean shoot and unbroken plunge of twenty. It gouges into the sides of the mountain, grinding with the loose stone it keeps whirling there, vast smooth caldrons forty feet in diameter. In these great eddies the salmon rest as they try to work their way up. The noise drowns all other sounds, and conversation at many points along the channel is impossible. Fortunately for me, I had it all to myself.

I lay about on the edges of the cliffs, and on projecting rocks, and wherever I could reach a bracket on the bald walls, for hours each day. I was never weary or satisfied in looking. Beauty, strength, terror, security, combined in the picture. Each new position gave a new view, and the old one was never twice alike. It was a great addition to my solitary enjoyment of the scene, that at the time I was there a rise in the river of twenty inches took place, and made it possible to work off a jam of logs, that had lodged at the upper entrance of the falls. A gang of red shirts were working these loose, and so one by one they were running the gantlet of the rocky pass. Some of these sticks of timber squared three feet and more on a side, and were forty and fifty long. They were all squared. The mad river tilted them against projecting rocks, and into curved banks, with a concussion that could be felt far from the shore, and be heard for a mile. Sometimes they would be pitched over the rapid shoots end for end, and rise and fall on the water or rocks, or each other, in a terrific manner.

At the foot of these rapids, and where the stream is most tumultous, it dashed itself furiously against a high rock as huge as a large church, standing midway in the channel. The waters leap far up the front of this barrier, as if in a last effort of strength, and then fall off madly right and left, and about equally, into a basin of fifty acres or more--a kind of Titan's washbowl. Here they seethe, and boil, and foam in a frolic of good-natured riot. In this basin, up to the very plunge around that huge dividing rock, I lay long hours dancing, as in an egg shell, in my fragile birch, tempting the salmon with my fly. The lusty fellows would occasionally throw themselves out of water with a lazy majesty, but were very shy of my attention. I took only smaller ones--the grilse. The freshet, that gave me the grand river views, almost spoiled my fly-fishing for salmon, by filling the water with drift and refuse.

- - - - - - - - - - will you not concede that we sportsmen get the very best views of Nature--author's proofs, so to speak?"

from William Barrows,
"The General or Twelve nights in the Hunters' Camp". 1869

TROUT BY THE TON

F.D. Barker, the author, is something of a mystery. Born south of Boston, probably in Dedham, and educated in Andover, Mass. his book "An Angler's Paradise" gives nothing more than that he learned to fish in America. Apparently for the rest of his life (as a doctor) he lived in Great Britain, fishing in Scotland and Ireland. After reading of his fishing adventures it would be difficult to tell that he was a New Englander if it weren't for the mention of his birthplace and schooling. It's strange that the American collector has never appreciated his fine writing.

I was just a trifle shy of performing before so experienced a fisher under conditions utterly new to me. Hitherto I had fished the small and swiftly-flowing streams of the North, wading for modest half-pounders with no onlookers. Here I found myself on big water, casting from a boat under the eyes of an expert who spoke familiarly of fish in pounds while I had been used to reckoning in ounces. And all the time I was suspecting that a monster, such as he spoke of, might chance along and prove me lacking in skill and experience. I was not at all comfortable and, truth to tell, I felt that the boatman shared my uneasiness.

When we were clear of the little bay but still in shallow water, I asked where I was to begin fishing. Patsey's answer is among our classics. It came as a matter of course--'Where you are, sir; fish away, there's tons of them below you.' I laughed and repeated the phrase in mocking disbelief. 'There's tons of them below you!' My scepticism hurt Patsey, but he bided his time. Two years later he took his kindly revenge. Again it was May, but later in the month. It was a warm and balmy evening with scarcely a breath of wind. Patsey had gone home, as I thought, and we were just finishing dinner when the maid came to me and whispered that Patsey was in the hall and wished to speak with me. When I joined him he was a trifle excited. 'Put on your coat, sir and come in the boat; I have something to show you.' I protested that a dinner-jacket was hardly the costume for a fishing excursion, but as there was to be no fishing I put on the coat and went with him. It was a perfect spring night; the lake was a polished mirror reflecting the light of the moon, almost at the full. He pulled swiftly to the southern shore and paused. 'Listen, sir!' All about us were feeding fish -- one circle flowing into the next; their 'chopping' could be heard distinctly and among them were some very heavy fish. They were feeding along the shore up to the very edge of the grass. Then away he pulled to one of the islands, halting in the shadow of the overhanging trees; chop, chop, chop; everywhere it was the same -- under the overhanging bushes, at the ends of the oars, out in the deep as far as we could see. Then he carried me off to a shallow, rocky bay, and there it seemed as if all the trout in the lake were congregated -- it was unbelievable! As we crossed the lake on the way home he paused again, in the deepest part, and as far as one could see there were feeding trout. Then he spoke and his voice was very serious. 'Do you remember, sir, the first day you were here? You were after asking me where you should fish, and I told you -- "Where you are, there's tons of them below you" -- you laughed at me, sir and thought I was telling what wasn't true. Well, sir, ' --and here he spoke with a new firmness -- 'was I right?' Then I made the best apology I was able. He had been right, perfectly right. He had not overstated the facts by so much as a pound. When I had made my apology he merely said, 'Very good, sir' -- and the boat sped back where the lights shone out from unshaded windows and the sound of the piano came sweetly across the stillness. I have believed all Patsey's stories from that moment.

Well, we had started and I had been told where to fish. I knew that Patsey was watching, but I was too keen on my quest to allow that, for long, to interfere with my casting. When, at length, I did look at him I saw to my relief that he was devoting himself solely to finding fish, his eyes being in no immediate danger from my flies.

Skirting the shore, along which we had walked the evening before, and keeping well outside the fringe of rushes, newly come to the surface, I was able to cover the whole shallow. A very respectable sea was running and inside the rushes the water was slightly soiled. Nothing happened until we reached a broad, clear shallow well within the rushes. Here Patsey allowed the boat to fall in, and as I lengthened my line I heard him say quietly, 'Right, sir; up to the very stones, 'tis not without him.' Up came a trout in the hollow of the waves. He seemed suspended in the air, motionless, for an appreciable time. I could see the spots and the lovely shadings on his glistening side -- even his eye fixed upon the fly. Would he never go back to his own element? All three of us were watching him, two of us breathlessly, and Mary gasped aloud. Then he fell back into the water, and the moment his tail disappeared I struck. Out went the boat through the rushes into the deep water, and so did the trout, through his own channel some fifteen yards lower down. There we had it out. He was a brave fighter and an honest one. A strong run, and then a dive to the bottom -- but not under the boat, Patsey saw to that. Up again he came, giving a grand leap, a flash of gold in the sun, before taking more of my line on his way toward the island. Then I checked him and turned him with the run of the waves. That was more than he could sustain, and before we were quite alongside he was ready for the net. My first Irish trout lay in the boat. It was a good beginning -- the first rise a kill -- and when I ventured to say so Patsey agreed. 'Devil a better, sir, and devil a better played fish did ever I see'. This to Mary, but I absorbed the compliment and was happy. I needed just that amount of encouragement. If I seemed confident, I was very uncertain inside. 'Sure it's himself is well able to handle a rod, ma'm; come on, sir, get into another. That fellow's not by himself!'

Confidence had come into the boat. I felt it, and that Patsey felt it was manifested by his expression. After all, these unfamiliar conditions were not so difficult as I had feared they would be. A larger trout than I had ever taken before had been captured by taking the same care as with a half-pounder; indeed, I'm by no means sure that a half-pounder, in swiftly-flowing water, is not less likely to stay with one. I had only kept the same old rules -- patience, an even steady pressure, and no hurry.

Patsey still declares that my first fish from Inchicrag was a three-pounder, but my book tells me that I lacked four ounces of that happiness.

-- from Barker, F.D., "An Angler's Paradise", 1927.

A SIXTEENTH CENTURY SALT WATER STREAMER

The English Sir John Hawkins was a slave trader, among other pursuits, who plied his trade in the Caribbean. During one expedition off the coast of Florida in 1562, ship's stores began running low. With an abundance of fish all around them the sailors set to with both bait and fly.

"These bonitos be of bignesse like a carpe, and in color like a mackarell, but it is the swiftest fish in swimming that is, and followeth her prey very fiercely, not onely in the water but also out of the water, for as the flying fish taketh them sometime above the water. There were some of those bonitos which being galled by a fisgig, did follow our shippe comming out of Guinea 500 leagues. There is a sea fowle also that chaseth this flying fish as well as the bonito: for as the flying fish taketh her flight so does this fowle, which to beholde is a greater pleasure than hawking, for bothe the flights are as pleasant, and also more often than a hundred times: for the fowle can fly but no way but one or more lighteth in her pawes, the number of them are so abundant. There is an innumerable yoonge frye of these flying fishes, which commonly keep about the ship, and are not so big as butter-flys, and yet by flying do avoid the insatiablenesse of the bonito. Of the bigger sort of these fishes wee tooke many, which both night and day flew into the sailes of our ship, and there was not one of them net woorth a bonito: for being put upon a hooke drabling in the water would leap thereat, and so was taken. Also we took many with a white cloth made fast to a hooke, which being tied so short in the water, that it might leape out and in, the greedie bonito thinking it to be a flying fish leapeth thereat, and so is deceived. We also tooke dolphins which are of a very goodly color and proportion to behold, and no lesse delicate in taste.

---Richard Hakluyt, The English Voyages.

CONCERNING FRANK FORESTER

Henry W. Herbert (Frank Forester) whose many sporting books were the first of their kind in America has not been noted by his many biographers for either his congeniality or his good temper. Surliness once brought him a bad beating by another sportsman. This letter, the original donated to the Museum by Joseph Spear Beck, shows another facet of his character. Isaac McLellan, the author and poet, was a cousin by marriage to Herbert and this letter originally appeared in an 1886 sporting magazine, presumably written at the request of an editor.

Greenport, L.I. June 14, 1893

To Charles Davis. My dear Sir: In reply to your request that I would give you some information as to the married life of our friend Frank Forester I think I cannot do better than furnish a few extracts from letters to me from my friend and relative Mrs. Col. W.H. Howard, who was a first cousin of Miss Sarah Barker, late of Bangor, Maine, Herbert's first wife. You may rely upon the correctness of the extract as they come from a lady of excellence & refinement, and who was most intimately associated with the Herberts both at Bangor and later in New York City. The two cousins of Sarah Barker Mrs. H. and my brother-in-law, the late W. H. Page, were present in Bangor at the marriage of Herbert and Sarah, and were in constant intercourse with them after all of them removed to New York. Mr. H. writes thus to me in one of his letters.

"My acquaintance with Herbert began when he first met with Sarah Barker in Portland, summer of 1839. He then followed her to Bangor, the marriage took place and the parties went to Canada, and returned in next autumn to New York, where we were constantly meeting. Herbert was very proud of Sarah's beauty, and they had the entree of aristocratic houses. The British Consul and his wife were very kind to Sarah and Herbert seemed to be devotedly fond of her.

There is no question in our mind of the sincerity of Herbert's intention previous to his marraige of preparing for the church, but he soon resumed the regular routine of his previous life, finding such literary occupation more congenial to his tastes. He doubtless preferred to return to former friends and pursuits, loving better the life of a sportsman, and the pleasure to describe in his own graphic manner the pastimes of rod and gun, than the less exciting pursuits of clerical life, in which case there would have been lost to the world of Sporting literature one of the best moments.

"I think it was the year 1841 that they spent at the Clinton house, while my husband and myself lived at the Astor house. This was after the birth of their boy. Sarah was then a little lame, and when they came to dine or sup with us, which was very often, Herbert would bring her up from his carriage in his arms.

The family of Herbert in England sent to Sarah many superb presents, that winter, and some family jewels and ornaments for the boy, and the mother of Herbert wrote to Sarah urging her to visit them in England. The last time I saw them was at that period. We left New York and when we returned they were settled in Philadelphia, where the second child, a girl, was, born, and Sarah did not survive the loss.

Herbert appeared to lament her death intensely and treasured most lovingly various mementoes of her life. After his removal to the "cedars" he often urged us to visit him, but we seldom saw him again. Then next was the suicide. When Mr. L. came to tell us of it, and to beg my husband to help him to arrange for the funeral, which he did, and it was only after several unsuccessful attempts that they found a clergyman to officiate at the mournful scene; so they(Mr. L. & H.) were almost the only persons who conducted the matter.

I always found Herbert to be extremely kind and polite, and Sarah ever treated him with the greatest respect and was ever a dignified and true woman and wife."

The present writer used to meet Herbert at his office of the "Spirit of the Times" in Appleton's building, where were often present Herbert, W. T. Porter George Wilkes, Mr. Anthon, Mr. G. C. Scott, Jerome Thompson, (_____) Forester, and others. Our talk was greatly on field sports, the pleasures of Rod & Gun. Herbert then did not seem to care so much for wild fowl or bay snipe shooting or for descriptions of sport, such as quail, woodcock, partridge and the grouse of the western prairies. At his advice we followed for several years the wild fowl and snipe whooting on Barnegat Bay - at old John Maxon's and Charley Chadwicks Sportsmen's resorts.

Greenport L.I.
Isaac McLellan

THE MARKET PLACE

THE DERRYDALE PRESS

by Joseph Spear Beck

[This column is offered as a service to the membership for information purposes. Book prices quoted are drawn from recent quotations, auctions and sales. They are to be considered a guide and not a quotation from any particular reference source but represent the range of the fair market value in the judgment and experience of the author. The Museum does not appraise items unless owned by the Museum.

The range of prices in general follows the U.S. Iana format. Value brackets are shown by the symbols "aa" ($25-$100), "b" ($100-$300), "c" ($300-$600), "d" ($600-$100), "dd" ($1000 and upwards). Where the writer feels there is an overlap in the value brackets it is so indicated, as for example "aa/b".]

When Eugene Connett III established the Derrydale Press in 1927 he had three objectives in mind: "(1) to reprint the very scarce Early American books on sport which had become so rare that some of them would never be seen outside of a few private collections; (2) to publish a series of hard-coloured prints on rag paper which would give a true and permanent picture of contemporary sport in this country, and (3) to produce a group of books on contemporary American sport which, because of their beauty, would be preserved instead of discarded in time."

He achieved all these objectives. W.C. Thompson in his bibliography of The Derrydale Press 1927-1941 summed it up when he stated "The rich beauty of the books themselves, the unusual quality of the paper upon which they are printed, the superb reproduction of the artists' paintings and etchings, the attractive bindings and last but not least, the sporting text itself - - all contribute to make Derrydale collecting one of the most fascinating specialties in the whole field of sports."

The Derrydale Press failed in 1947 due to escalating costs. The twenty year period of its existence has left a landmark for the sporting world that will doubtless never be forgotten.

Among the angling titles are:

Bandini, Ralph. VEILED HORIZONS. Derrydale Press. 1939. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. aa

Connett, E.V. A DECADE OF AMERICAN SPORTING BOOKS AND PRINTS 1927-1937. Derrydale Press. 1937. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. aa

Connett, E.V. FISHING A TROUT STREAM. Derrydale Press. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. aa

Connett, E.V. MAGIC HOURS. Derrydale Press. Ltd. ed. 100 numbered copies. d/dd

Connett, E.V. RANDOM CASTS. Derrydale Press. Ltd. ed. 1075 copies. aa

DeGouy, L.P. THE DERRYDALE COOK BOOK OF FISH AND GAME. Derrydale Press. 1937. Two volumes. Ltd. ed. 1250 numbered copies. b

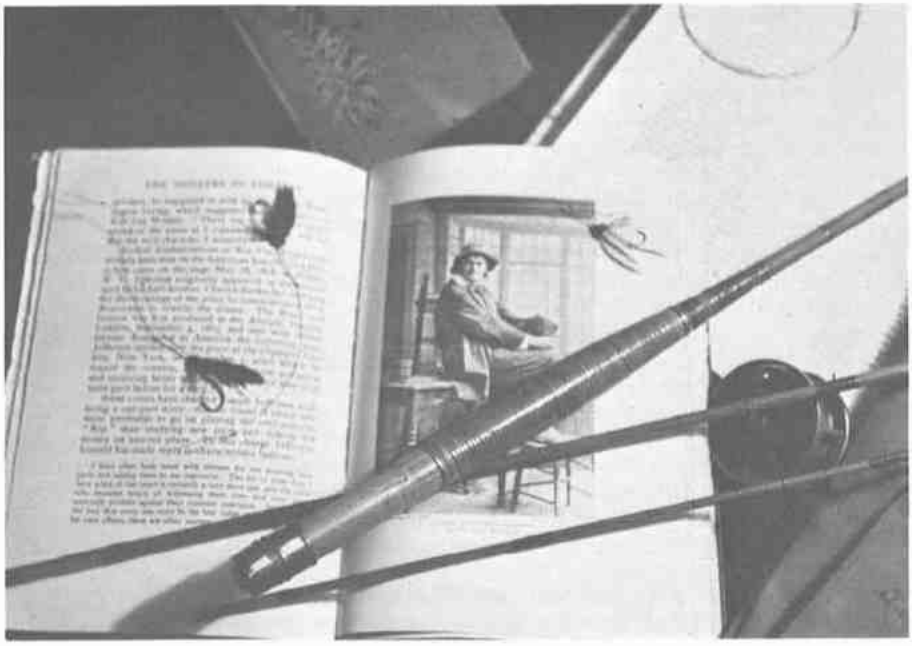
Forester, Frank (Henry Wm Herbert). TROUTING ALONG THE CATASAUGUA. Derrydale Press. 1927. Ltd. ed. 423 numbered copies. Printed for The Anglers Club of New York. aa/b

Grinnell, Mrs. Oliver G. (E.V. Connett, ed.). AMERICAN BIG GAME FISHING. Derrydale Press.
Regular Ltd. ed. 950 copies. b
De luxe Ltd. ed. 56 numbered copies. d

Haig-Brown, R.L. THE WESTERN ANGLER. Derrydale Press. 1939. Two volumes. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. b

Harkness, W. L. HO HUM, THE FISHERMAN. Derrydale Press. 1939. Privately Printed, Ltd. ed. 100 numbered copies. b

Ingraham, Henry A. AMERICAN TROUT STREAMS. Anglers' Club of New York. 1926. This book was privately printed by Eugene V. Connett just prior to the adoption of the name The Derry dale Press.
Regualr Ltd. ed. 350 numbered copies. b
De luxe Ltd. ed. 150 numbered copies, signed. c



Joe Jefferson's Fly Rod. The Victorian actor fly fished the Rangeley's, Pennsylvania and the Adirondacks. He was noted for his humorous fishing stories.

Heywood, Gerald G.P. CHARLES COTTON AND HIS RIVER. Manchester. Sherratt & Hughes. The Derrydale Press imprint. 1928. Ltd. Ed. 50 copies only for America. c/d

Jennings, Preston A. A BOOK OF TROUT FLIES. Derrydale Press. 1935. c/d
Regular Ltd. ed. 850 numbered copies. b
De luxe Ltd. ed. (2 vols.) 25 numbered copies, signed. dd

Phair, Charles. ATLANTIC SALMON FISHING. Derrydale Press. 1937.
Regular Ltd. ed. 950 copies. b
De luxe Ltd. ed (2 vols.) 40 numbered copies, signed. dd

Smith, E.W. THE ONE-EYED POACHER OF PRIVILEGE. Derrydale Press. 1941. Ltd. ed. 750 numbered copies. aa

TALL TALES AND SHORT. Derrydale Press. 1938. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. aa

A TOMATO CAN CHRONICLE. Derrydale Press. 1937. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. aa

Smith, Jerome V.C. TROUT AND ANGLING. Derrydale Press. 1929
Regular Ltd. ed. 325 copies. aa
De luxe Ltd. ed. 50 copies. b

Sturgis, W.B. NEW LINES FOR FLYFISHERS. Derrydale Press. 1936. Ltd. ed. 950 copies. aa

Taverner, John. CERTAINE EXPERIMENTS CONCERNING FISH AND FRUITE. Derrydale Press. 1929. Ltd. ed. 100 copies for America b

Van Dyke, Henry. THE TRAVEL DIARY OF AN ANGLER. Derrydale Press. 1929. Ltd. ed. 750 copies. aa

Walden, H.T. BIG STONY. Derrydale Press. 1940. Ltd. ed. 550 numbered copies. aa

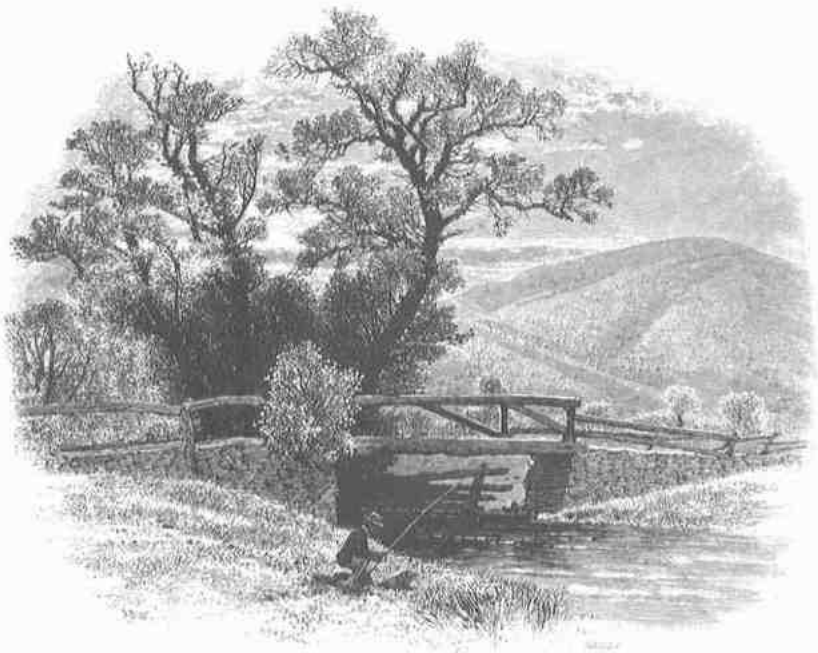
UPSTREAM AND DOWN Derrydale Press. 1938. Ltd. ed. 950 copies. aa

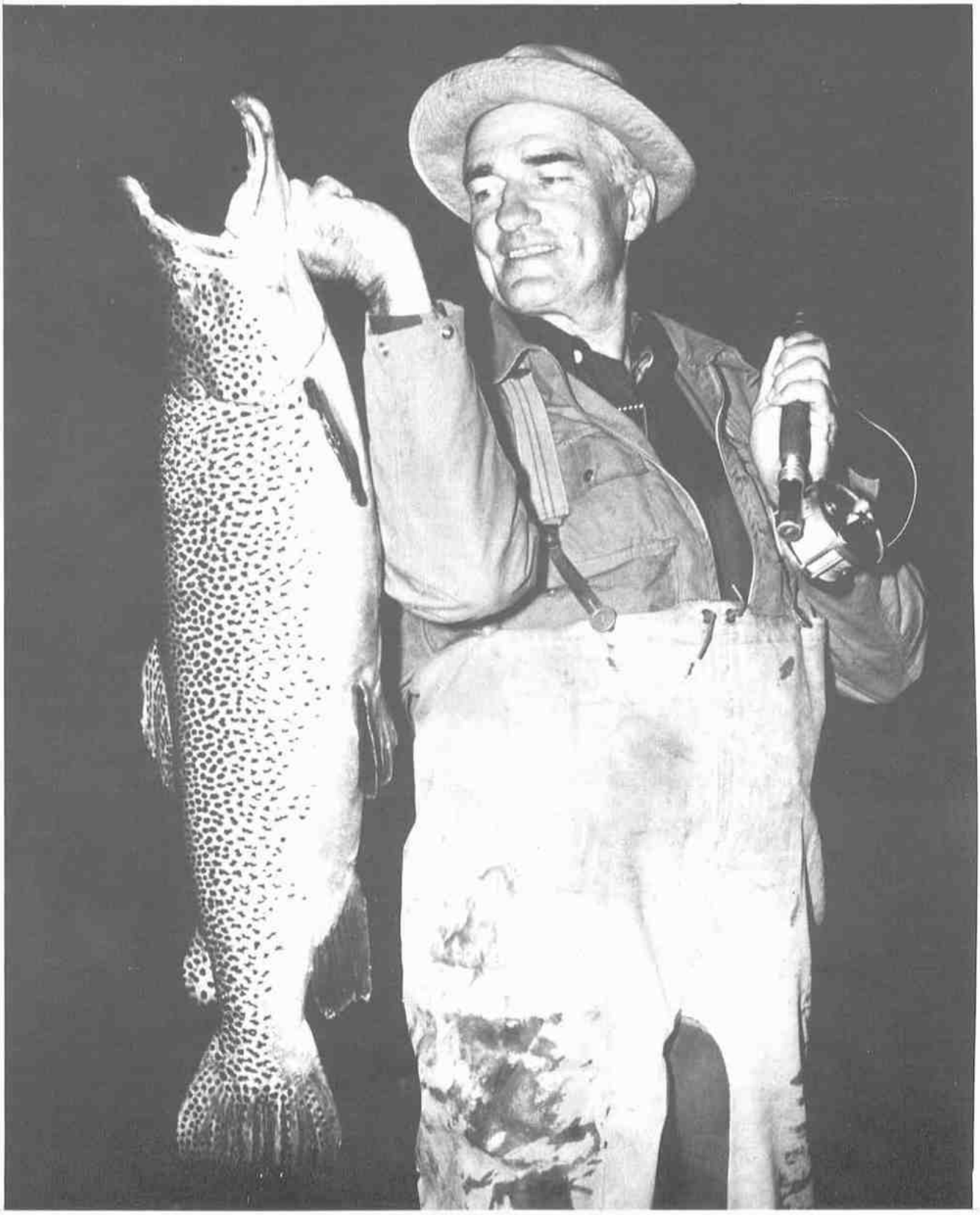
Williams, Ben A. THE HAPPY END. Derrydale Press. 1939. Ltd. ed. 1250 numbered copies. aa

Wise, Col. Hugh D. TIGERS OF THE SEA. Derrydale Press. 1937. Ltd. ed. 950 numbered copies. aa

White, F. Frederick. THE SPICKLEFISHERMAN AND OTHERS. The Derrydale Press. 1928.
Regular edition. 775 copies. aa
De luxe edition. 35 copies. c

Joseph Spear Beck has provided additional information pertaining to the preceding book list. This contains a brief introduction entitled "THE COLLECTING GAME" which discusses the terminology of the old book dealer's catalogues, condition and pricing. In addition each book listed has a more definitive description as this applies to bindings and special features with a commentary. A Xerox copy may be obtained by writing the CURATOR. $1.25 is charged for mailing and handling.

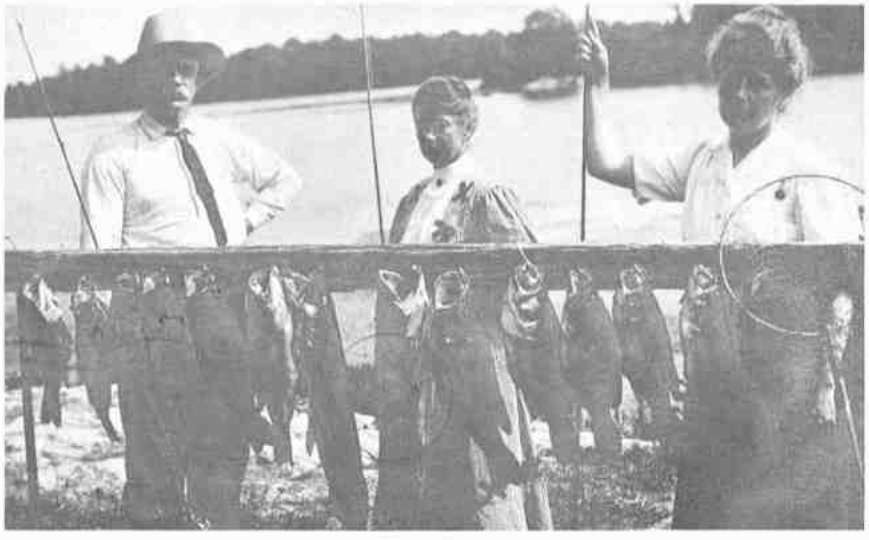




THE JOSEPH W. BROOKS MEMORIAL. A supberb photo from the Museum collection. The Memorial was established in 1972 and includes on permanent exhibit Joe's famous fishing hat, vest, fly rod and favorite flies and bucktails donated by Mrs. Mary Brooks.

MUSEUM AFFAIRS

A Cordial Invitation to the Lady Fly Fishers



Now and then the lady fly fishers of America take center stage and usually without any great amount of fanfare say to the gentlemen, this is the way it's done. Sarah McBride, daughter of John McBride who was one of our first famous fly tiers, took a look at prevailing theory, didn't think it made much sense and began spreading a gospel that if the men were going to talk about the imitation of the natural insect, they at least should take a look at the natural. Her dressings patterned after the may flies she found hovering over the trout streams were the first professional dressings to be noted as truly imitative in this country, thereby pushing the whole male fraternity with their fancy fancies into a shamefaced admission they didn't really know what they were doing.

The cultural aspects of fly making were first brought to the attention of the American fly fisher by Mary Orvis Marbury who produced a magnificent history of the artificial, beautifully illustrated with color plates. These two eminent Victorians were first of a line of aristocrats who contributed mightily to the promotion of fly fishing during the early years. And if there is the thought ladies were quiet and peaceable there was that super saleswoman Cornelia Crosby (Fly Rod) who presented the Maine Central Railroad. Fly gathering news for her column which appeared in the MAINE SPORTSMAN. She was the first of Maine's licensed guides, was presented with a gold plated fishing reel by one of her admirers, and supervised the Maine Central's exhibit at the Madison Square Garden Sports Show. Miss Crosby got more publicity at these exhibitions than all the famed sportsmen present combined. And there are many others too numerous to mention

The point simply that the lady fly fisher has made her mark on history and is still doing so. There is also the thought that ladies have a special talent toward promoting good will. So a very cordial invitation is extended to join the Museum. We now have four eminent fly casters who are Trustees contributing in advisory capacities or lending professional skill to various projects. It should be noted that a goodly share of the treasures now on exhibit have been donated by ladies and in that direction there seems no end in sight.

Mrs. Poul Jorgenson, (Nancy) is the Committeewoman in charge of promoting and organizing the ladies who are interested in collecting the old books, rod and reels, who can solicit funds, are interested in history and like to write about it, who have artistic talent and will take pleasure in assisting the Museum in any capacity that will extend the membership and Museum services. Write Nancy Jorgenson, 604 Providence Road, Towson, Maryland, 21204. You will find her a very pleasant person to know.

RECENT ACQUISITIONS

RECENT ACQUISITIONS showcase in the exhibit rooms at Manchester. The rod in the foreground belonged to Hemingway. Far left a part of the Frank Forester Collection and center, part of the Preston Jennings selection of flies.

The large number of donations received by the Museum during 1973 makes it impossible to list each item and the name of the donor in this issue of the JOURNAL. Each contribution has been gratefully acknowledged with a personal letter of thanks. To further express our appreciation and to allow the general public to enjoy the many gifts, one exhibit show case has been set aside for the temporary display of each item received. A minimum of three months is given before replacement. In this way we make up for our lack of exhibit space.

Highlights of 1973 centered around a second fine collection of rare angling books, a collection of "Frank Forester" prints, photographs and original MSS letters donated by Joseph Spear Beck; a hitherto unlisted "Icthyology for Youth", 1809, containing what is possibly the first wood cut illustration of trout flies printed in America, given by John Orrelle; flies tied by Gordon, Skues, Hewitt, Steenrod and Preston Jennings, presented by Mrs. Preston Jennings and Arnold Gingrich; a first impregnated Orvis rod designed by Wes Jordan, donated by Leigh Perkins; books and prints from the famous old South Side Club of Long Island, given by Gil Bergen; antique and unusual reels by Archie Walker and Ernest Hemingway's trout rod donated by Prescott Tolman. Of special interest is one of the first Leonard rods, the gift of Mrs. Elsie Hawes.

A complete listing of antique items (again we ask the indulgence) will be made through the publishing of a second catalogue. The catalogue is being held in abeyance until funds become available.

The Ernest Hemingway rod, a Hardy "Fairy", c. 1920.

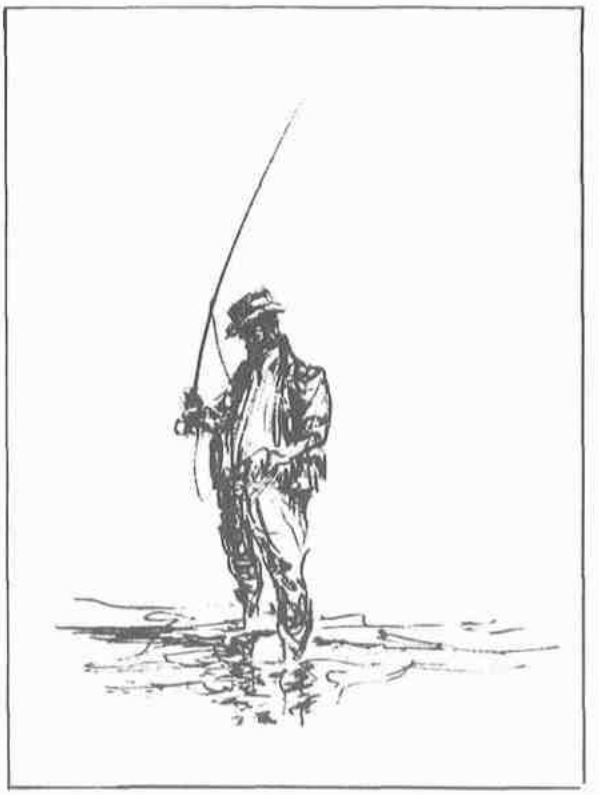
CURATOR'S NOTES

TEN YEARS IN THE MAKING

A limited number of the Museum's "A Check List of American Sporting Periodicals" by Austin S. Hogan, who researched the subject for over a decade, are available. Two hundred and more miscellanies were published before 1900. The most useful, to those interested in the history of angling in America have been selected. In addition the work book contains an historical introduction, the public libraries where the periodicals are on the shelves and excerpts which example the period literature. Soft cover, complete references and easily readable, the listing is the only guide of its kind in the field of angling references. $5.00 post paid, from the Museum only.

THE MUSEUM CATALOG

Museum Catalogue No. 1 is given free with all memberships. Fully illustrated it offers a brief history of fly fishing in America to 1870 by the Curator and a listing of Museum rods, reels, fly patterns and memorabilia, by G. Dick Finlay. The explanatory notes are particularly valuable when viewing the displays at Manchester. Extra copies of the catalogue are available from the Museum at $2.00 each, post paid.



"Fish always lose by being" got in and dressed. "It is best to weigh them while they are in the water. The only large one I ever caught got away with my leader when I first struck him. He weighed ten pounds."

Charles Dudley Warner.

One of the first Atlantic Salmon dry flies, C. 1915. In the tackle box of George La Branche.

donor Ted Rogowski.

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

The American Fly Fisher is but one of the many benifits received by participating in Museum affairs. Also included with your membership are the informative catalogues, free research services, a direct line of communication to experts in history, literature and technology, free appraisals for donors of materials and an opportunity to individually promote a new movement in the field of fly fishing that is completely unique. Your dollar support becomes far more than financial help. It is the keeping of an unspoken promise to future generations that a heritage will not be lost. A brochure will be forwarded on request.

Tie tack presented with each membership of $25.00 or more.

Associate	$ 10.00
Sustaining	$ 25.00
Patron	$100.00 and over
Life Membership	$250.00

All membership dues, contributions and donations are tax deductible.

Please forward checks to THE TREASURER, Museum of American Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vt. 05254 with NAME, ADDRESS and ZIP CODE; type of Membership desired and a statement of the amount enclosed. Upon receipt a catalogue, magazine and membership card will be mailed immediately.

MUSEUM NEEDS

Research Library

Sporting Magazines before 1930.
Tackle Dealer Catalogues before 1925.
Tackle photos, vintage.
Technical books.

Rare Book Library.

Limited Editions.
Autographed letters.
Manuscript diaries.
Early Americana.
Book Mss.
Early Icthyology.
Early sporting travel.

Prints and Paintings.

Exhibits & Study

Older Fly Books and flies.
Fly rods of solid wood; 4 section bamboo.
Early fly lines; silk, horse hair, grass.
Reels, all types especially before 1870.
Early hand nets.
Old vintage boots and waders.
Eyeless hooks
Old creels before 1930.
Fly tying tools.
Silk worm gut.

Biographical Information

Tackle makers.

STAFF AND CONSULTANTS

LIBRARY

Mrs. Leigh Perkins, Librarian
Joseph Spear Beck
Stanley Bitchell
Miss Kay F. Brodney
Henry Bruns
James Gribble
Mark Kerridge
David Ledlie

HISTORY & LITERATURE

W. H. Lawrie
Sid Neff
Gordon Wickstrom

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Dan Reid
Ben Upson

TECHNOLOGY

G. Dick Finlay

APPRAISALS

All Staff and Consultants in Specialties.

FLY RODS

Kenneth M. Cameron
Wesley Jordan
Martin Keane

REELS

Archie Walker
Arthur Walker
John Orrelle

FLY PATTERNS

Robert Cavanaugh
George F. Grant
Poul Jorgensen

ARCHAEOLOGY

Alan Olson

PHOTOGRAPHY

Tony Skilton
Donald Owens

Our Museum to function truly, must be a place for cultural enrichment. If we follow this thought to its essence we must build for ourselves a place of seclusion, a sanctuary where we may contemplate, may have freedom of thought and each in his own way take pride in the accomplishments of the past. Through the diffusion of knowledge there is a pursuit of happiness beyond the casting of a fly or the catching of a fish. But the creativeness that sponsors the Museum of American Fly Fishing of necessity must be supported by a good will contribution of many dollars. By becoming a member, your donation will help insure for present and future generations the security of a cultural heritage. The money given will enrich your life and the lives of your companion fly fishers. Is there a better way for sharing?