The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

SPRING 2006 VOLUME 32 NUMBER 2

"Everything about our sport is beautiful."

~ Ernest Schwiebert, 11 June 2005

Keith Fulsher

Museum Trustees Gardner Grant, Ernie Schwiebert, and Mike Osborne study aquatic fly life at the Potatuck Club last May.

Tragopan. Golden pheasant. Blue chatterer. When Ernest Schwiebert spoke of the beauty of our sport, it became clear that even the words we use to point to the objects are beautiful. It's no wonder that in remembering Ernie, several have quoted the speech he gave at the American Museum of Fly Fishing's grand reopening in June 2005.

I was out of town when I got the news that Ernie had died. It caught me completely off guard. I had just met the man, had just worked with him to publish his speech in the journal. With very little personal history, I still felt a loss. In a trendy martini bar in Portland, a glass was raised to Ernest Schwiebert—a ritual likely being repeated all over the world.

We include several tributes to Ernest Schwiebert in this issue, by Gardner Grant (page 22), J. I. Merritt (page 24), and William Herrick (page 26). Gardner Grant gives a touching tribute to his good friend and reminds us of what Ernie said about beauty and the sport. Jim Merritt reminisces about his early days with Ernie and gives us a bit of biography. Bill Herrick offers us two poems, one for Ernie and one for the rest of us, the latter of which strikes a particular chord with those who were in the room that night in June.

Now, given the happy murmurings I've overheard about Part 1, I'm sure many of you are ready to get into Part 2 of Hoagy B. Carmichael's Red Camp history. In the second installment—excerpted from his upcoming book, *The Grand Cascapedia River: A History, Volume 1*—we find the ownership of Red Camp firmly in the hands of the Bonbright brothers. Steel magnate Henry Frick, a member of the Cascapedia Club, finally exercised his right to time on the water in 1915. Two of his guests, the Phipps brothers, became enamored of the river that summer, and within a few years began their own dealings to acquire leases and land. The Great Depression took its toll on many of the players and was the beginning of the end for Red Camp proper. "Red Camp: Part 2: A Recipe for Change" begins on page 2.

It is always a pleasure to share the studies of Fred Buller with you. In this issue, Buller surveys ancient hooks—from bone gorges to hooks made of copper, bronze, shell, stone, bone, and wood—discovered around the world (France, Scotland, Egypt, Palestine, Britain, Pacific Islands, the Americas). "Ancient Hooks" begins on page 13.

Our sport is rich in its literature, and both historians and enthusiastic amateurs love to get their hands on original texts. Books exist, but your access will be limited if you don't have the money to buy them, if accurate reprints have never been reissued, or if you can't get to that rare book library. In "Fishing Books for the Masses: An Achievable Project," Paul Schullery makes a plea for scanning older titles that are in public domain and making them available online. We among the masses look forward to that day. The article begins on page 19.

And speaking of rare books, the museum recently received 1,000 books from the estate of museum Trustee Roy Chapin, including limited editions and rare items. For more on this, see Jerry Karaska's article on page 28.

This season, may you fish because of beauty.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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ON THE COVER: *Red Camp before it was torn down, circa 1940. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum. Hoagy B. Carmichael's article on Red Camp begins on page 2.*

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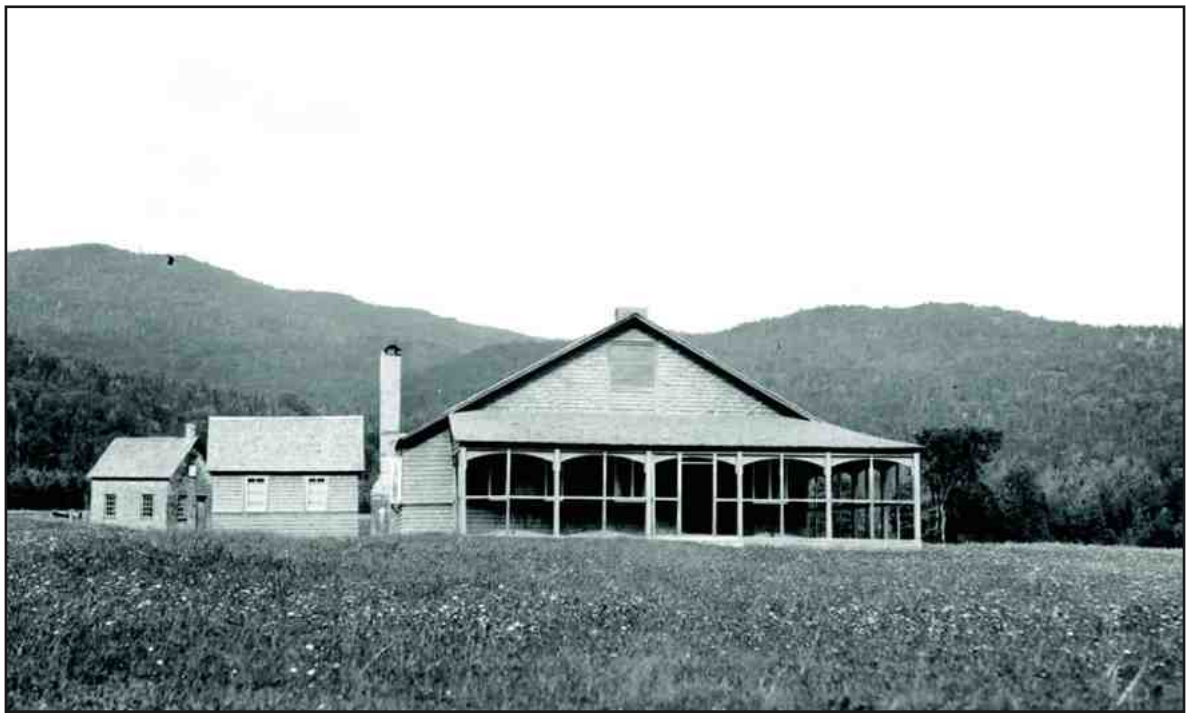
Red Camp

by Hoagy B. Carmichael



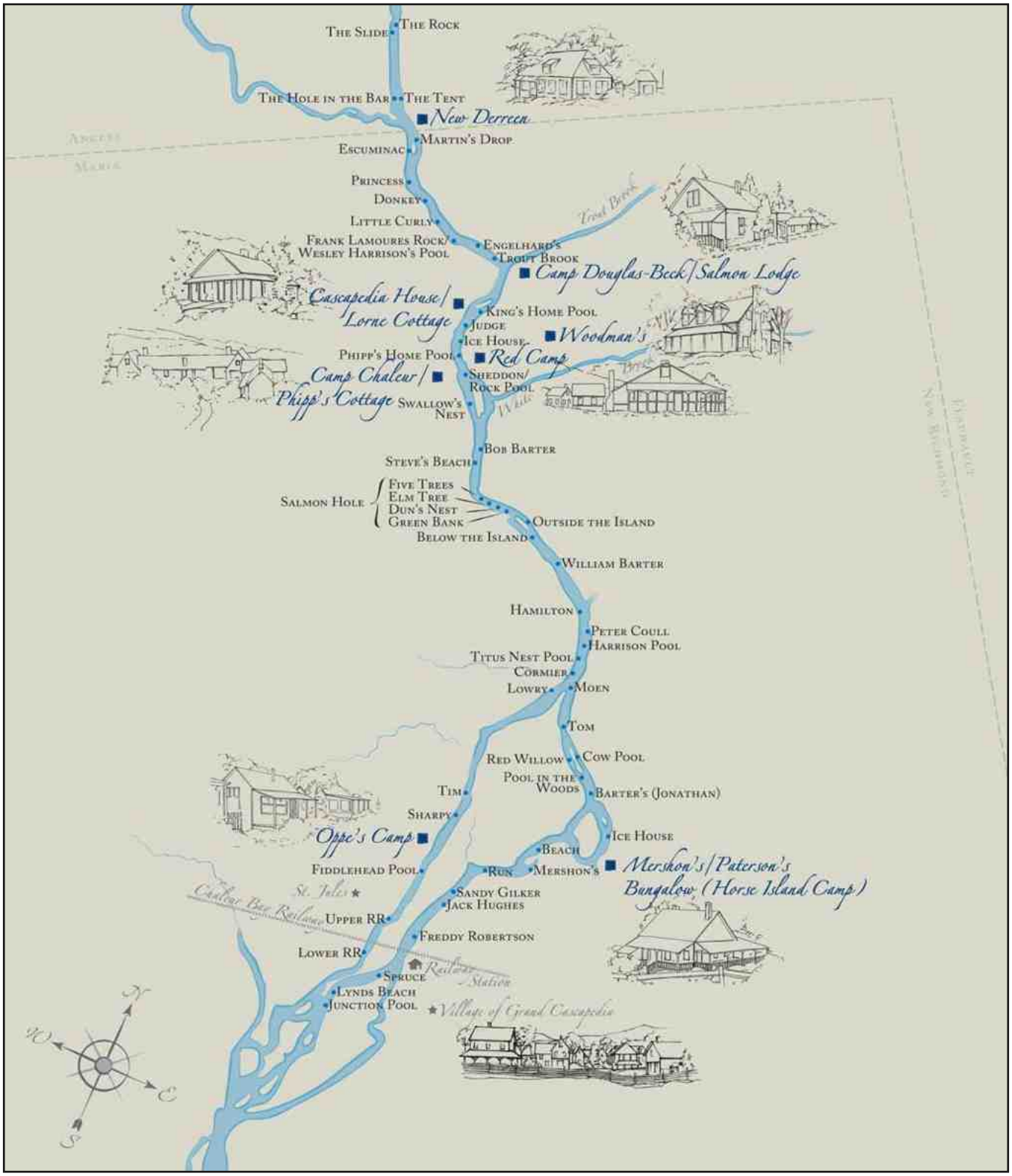
Red Camp, circa 1915. Photo courtesy of the George Eastman Collection; gift of Eastman Kodak Co.

One of the great men who fished the Grand Cascapedia River early in its recorded history was Robert G. Dun of New York. After capturing a 54-pound salmon in 1886, Dun decided to build a small camp on the banks of the river, which was completed the following year. He called it Red Camp. After his death in 1900, the camp was taken over by Edmund W. Davis, who wrote of his time at Red Camp in the first book about the great river, Salmon Fishing on the Grand Cascapedia, *published in 1904, just four years before his mysterious death on the Red Camp porch.*

The small, clapboard camp was then purchased by the brothers Bonbright—George, Irving, and William—all of whom enjoyed the exclusivity of the remote river known for its large salmon. George Bonbright designed both wet and dry flies, several of which have remained recognized patterns, and it appeared to these men of the financial world that their salmon fishing summers would remain unsullied, theirs to enjoy for many years to come. By 1915, the conflict in Europe, World War I, was the news of the day. Steel magnate Henry C. Frick, who was a member of the exclusive Cascapedia Club, did not take his usual European trip that year, but decided rather to travel to the safety of the Canadian woods for several weeks of salmon fishing. That decision, and the resolve of his two summer guests, would in time change the complexion of the river, as well as alter the salmon fishing that the Bonbright brothers enjoyed, forever.

~ Hoagy B. Carmichael

Robert Seaman/Robin Hayes



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

Part 2: A Recipe for Change

Henry Clay Frick. Courtesy of Dr. and Mrs. Clay Frick.

The steel tycoon Henry C. Frick (1849–1919) had been a member of the Cascapedia Club since 1908, although by the summer of 1915, he had never seen his celebrated salmon fishing grounds. Mr. Frick was anxious to have a summer away from the heat and bustle of New York. The Great War made his usual trip to Europe out of the question, so he decided to summer in Canada and join his fellow members of the Cascapedia Club for some fishing. He was acquainted with two of the Bonbright brothers, who arranged for him to rent the rooms at Woodman's, as well as Red Camp, for the month of July so that he could invite several guests without infringing on any member of the Cascapedia Club who might still be on the river. One member of the party was the famed golf architect Charles B. MacDonald (1856–1939), best known for his design of the National Golf Links in Southampton, New York, and the Yale Golf Course. Mr. Frick also invited two of steel magnate Henry C. Phipps Jr.'s sons—John S. (Jay) Phipps (1876–1957) and his brother Howard Phipps (1881–1981)—along for their first taste of salmon fishing.

John Phipps normally took his wife Margarita C. (Dita) Grace Phipps (1876–1957) and their four children to Europe for much of the summer, but because of the dangers of the European conflict, they too decided to take the entire clan to the Grand Cascapedia for the month of July at Frick's behest. The family made the rustic rooms at Woodman's their home, and the children swam, fished for trout, and camped out in tents among the wilds of the Cascapedia valley. The men had the camp and the water to themselves, and the fishing was very good, thanks in part to a 4-foot rise in water that "juiced" the pools not long after they arrived on the July 7. Frick caught a 37-pound salmon in the Red Camp Home Pool; his friend John Phipps also had good sport, landing two fish of more than 20 pounds. The Phippses stayed several weeks longer than expected, and the experience was not lost on brothers John and Howard, who were anxious to return to the Grand Cascapedia.

For the first five years the Bonbright brothers owned Red Camp, it was visited mostly by members of the immediate family. Jim Harrison had stayed on as the headman, and the guides and the kitchen help were kept busy with a house full of sports through the end of July. In 1916, the fishermen at Red Camp landed 123 salmon, followed in 1917 and 1918 with counts of 172 and 167 salmon killed. In fact, the Bonbright brothers were killing salmon at a record pace, and in doing so were raising the eyebrows of other men who had privileges on the river. The mild-mannered Benjamin Douglass Jr. noted with ire in his Camp Douglass-Beck logbook that Irving Bonbright killed eleven salmon the morning of 25 June 1917 and returned in the evening for five more. The sports at Red Camp killed thirty-two salmon that day.[1]

George Bonbright was beginning to experiment with his Dee Iron Amherst flies, some of which were initially tied by Jim Harrison, and by the 1919 season, this fly was a staple at the camp. That year George caught a 44½-pound fish, and he

Woodman's Inn, 1915. From the private collection of Westbury House.

and his brother Irving had several sessions when they each landed eight large salmon in one day, the recognized river limit. George was an experienced saltwater fisherman, whose lessons he often applied to fishing for salmon. In order to better play a salmon once it was hooked, he had a raised "fighting chair" made locally that was adapted to fit between the gunnels of a Gaspé canoe. His silhouette, perched cautiously above the river, was recognizable to everyone in the valley. All three Bonbright brothers enjoyed their weeks at Red Camp, and they now knew that they had invested wisely in some of the best salmon pools money could buy. But the camp itself was resting on land still owned by the Woodman family that the previous owner, E. W. Davis, had not bothered to purchase, which chafed at the business instincts of the Bonbrights.

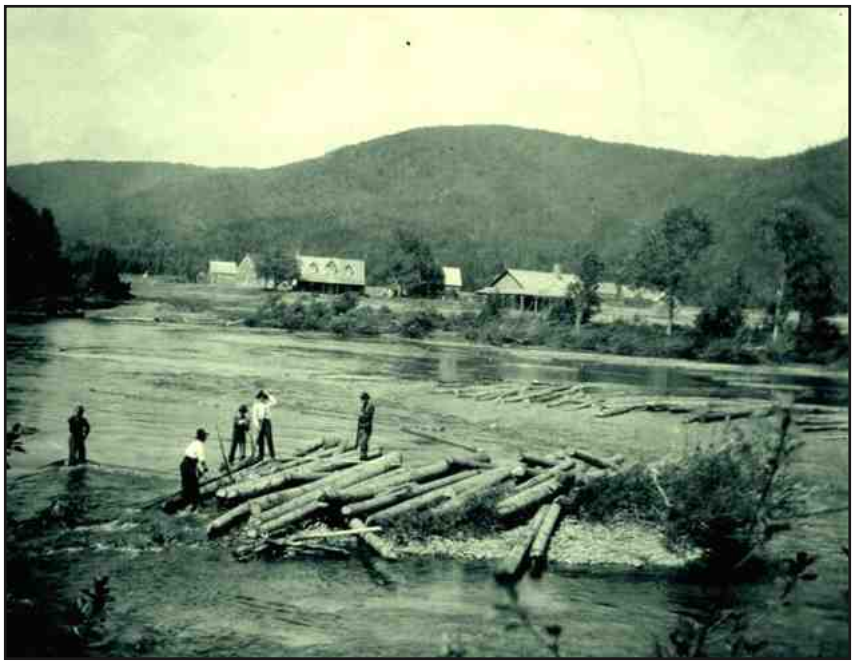
In the fall of 1916, the Bonbright brothers made an unusual deal with the two spinster sisters, Mary and Elizabeth Woodman, who had inherited the Woodman farm, upon which Red Camp and the adjoining outbuildings stood. In one transaction, George and Irving Bonbright purchased a strip of land an acre in depth stretching across the two lots, but which only assured the camp's fishing rights. But, by so doing, they also insured a perpetual, unobstructed view of the river. Bonbright also bought the ground that Red Camp itself and its adjoining guide house and outbuildings stood on, as well as reasonable access from the road to their camp and the boat landing. The deal also included the fishing rights to the upper portion of the prolific Judge's Pool (which was not adjacent to the Woodmans' property), the dividing line of which had earlier been the basis of dispute between Davis and Benjamin Douglass Jr. The two women were compensated with a very creative settlement. Each was to be paid $400 per year for as long as she lived until one of the sisters died, and then that sum was transferred to the other sister, whereupon she received $800 per year until her death.[2] It was further agreed that if the surviving sister died before a total of $8,000 had been paid to the sisters, then a lump sum would be paid to their heirs—the amount that would bring the aggregate up to the $8,000 figure. This was an important transaction for the Bonbrights because Red Camp had been essentially squatting on the Woodman sisters' land, and George Bonbright correctly felt that his camp was not a bona fide asset unless he owned the land that the camp rested on. The deal was a windfall for the sisters, but it was necessary protection and a good business transaction for the Bonbright brothers.

George Bonbright was not always successful when dealing with the local landowners. His manner was abrupt and aggressively dogged, and he was very slow to relinquish an idea that had gained currency in his mind. Albert Robertson owned the pool at the head of Jonathan Brook, which George Bonbright wanted. He visited Robertson at his house in town, offering him a handsome amount of money in exchange for a ninety-nine-year lease on the pool. Robertson politely declined the offer, to which Bonbright retorted. "My offer is a lot of money!" The sage Albert Robertson replied, "Mr. Bonbright, 99 years is a long time!"[3]

The Bonbrights were throwing unheard-of amounts of money at the local landowners for their fishing, but the practice of acquiring water and tidying up leases was paying off in terms of the amount of great water they controlled. Their timing also could not have been better, because an old friend was soon to move onto their turf and irrevocably change the landscape.

A Gentleman Caller

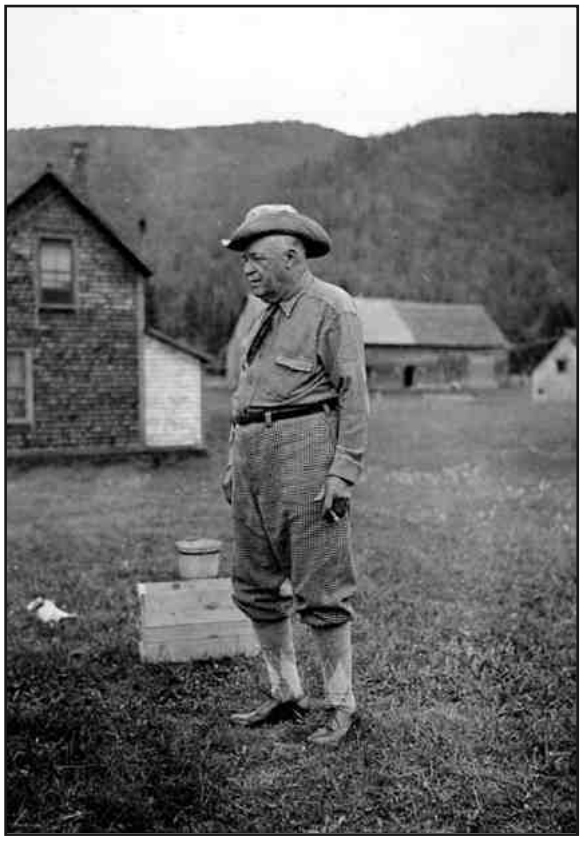
The salmon season of 1919 on the Grand Cascapedia dawned with few governmental or local issues on the horizon, other than the persistent logging on the river that often made the fishing difficult. Arthur Barter, who worked for camp owner William Mershon, wrote that the snow was running off gradually and that he thought the salmon season would come about on time. He had hired Mrs.



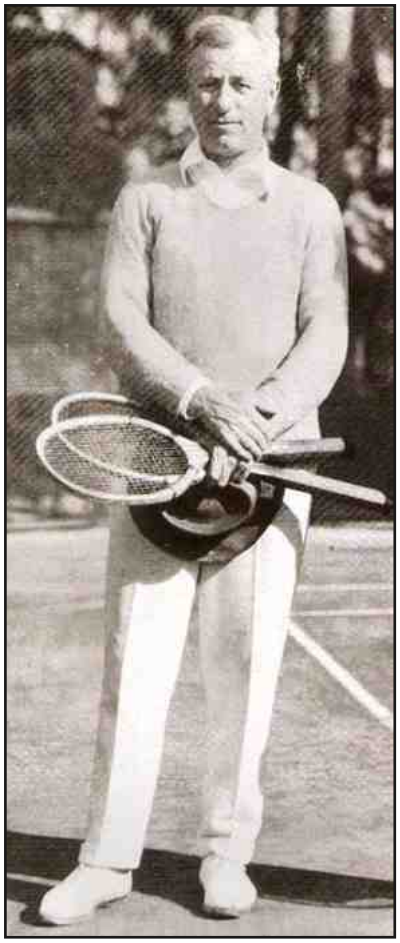
Red Camp with loggers clearing the lower end of the famous Shedden Pool. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

Isabel Gilker as the new cook, and he assured Mershon that the asparagus patch and the radishes had survived the winter. George Bonbright had spent much of the winter in Florida and, despite an ear infection that he couldn't shake, he too was anxious to get back to Red Camp. William Spaulding had decided to remain in California for the summer, but Jack Spaulding, the co-owner of Lorne Cottage, was determined not to miss his fishing for the second year in a row, and he was ticketed to leave Boston on May 29 for Lorne Cottage. The Grand Cascapedia had become the sanctuary of a few good men. No camp had been built in twenty years (Benjamin Douglass Jr.'s Camp Douglass-Beck, built in 1901, was the newcomer), and the fishing, for the most part, rested in the hands of four camp owners and the seven members of the Cascapedia Club, several of whom rarely used their privilege.

The salmon fishing that year was terrific. George Bonbright arrived at Red Camp for the first week of June, and on the 19th he landed a 44½-, a 37-, and a 29-pound fish all in the Rock Pool that was adjacent to the camp. He followed that on June 23 by killing eight fish in one day in the Home Pool with one of his new sunk flies called the House Fly. Life was good on the Grand Cascapedia for the Bonbright brothers. The large English-styled garden that ran beside the Woodman's hay field was a constant pleasure for the owners, and they went to the expense to employ several men during the summer to keep it tended. They had some of the best June water on the river, with a camp they loved coming to. The men had worked to ensure the well-being of their small riverside camp, and all seemed to be in order.



William B. Mershon. Photo courtesy of the Bentley Historical Library, University of Michigan.



John S. (Jay) Phipps, circa 1895. Photo courtesy of Peggie Phipps Boegner and Richard Gachot.

Henry Frick invited his friend John S. Phipps back to the river in 1919, this time as his guest at the Cascapedia Club for some late-season trout fishing. Phipps enjoyed fishing for sea trout, but when he heard about the large salmon scores posted that year and saw that the salmon were as plentiful as ever, he decided to see if he could get some quality salmon fishing for himself. Within weeks of Phipps's departure in August, William Mershon got a letter from local merchant Edmund Nadeau, explaining that a wealthy New Yorker had decided that he wanted to find some good fishing waters on the Gaspé coast. He was inquiring on behalf of the Phippses as to whether Mershon's camp on the Grand Cascapedia might be for sale.[4] Mershon responded candidly that he felt salmon fishing was a good way to spend a month in the summer. "It is my own little fun and enjoyment and it brings health to me, so I am going to hang onto to it for a year or two, and I hope I can hang onto it as long as I live."[5] Although Mr. Phipps was not the first to make such an inquiry, he may have been the most persistent.[6] Less than a month after his return letter to Nadeau, George Osborn, a Phipps employee, greeted Mershon as he stepped off his private duck marsh in Saginaw Bay, Michigan. Osborn made it clear that John Phipps was willing to pay full market price for good water and a suitable site for a camp on the Grand Cascapedia. He admitted that he had already bought the future rights to leases that were still owned by several established camp owners (including Mershon) on behalf of Phipps, but he nevertheless asked whether Mershon would reconsider his position and sell his camp. Mershon unwittingly responded with a verbal proposal that included a hefty $75,000 price tag. After telling Osborn that he felt that the Phippses had no business purloining other peoples' leases, he sent him on his way.

Mershon wrote to George Bonbright—who knew both Howard Phipps and his older brother, John—telling him of the conversation. By then, Bonbright had heard the news from several men in the valley that the Phipps brothers had quietly made deals for some of his own leases, and he was incensed. He sent a copy of the Mershon correspondence to John T. "Jack" Spaulding, who fired off a letter to Mershon begging him to reconsider his hasty, verbal offer to John Phipps. Spaulding was very upset with "the sneaking way in which Mr. Phipps has gone to work."[7] The owners of Lorne Cottage had just renewed their leases for ten years, so they felt cushioned, but the normally mild-mannered Jack Spaulding did not mince words when he further described the intrusion that he felt at the hands of the New York newcomer. "I do not personally believe that the men in the Cascapedia Club would ever countenance for one minute the low, underhanded, sneaking way in which Phipps has gone to work, and as far as I can see frankly admits it."[8]

In fact, Nadeau had canvassed many of the riparian owners on the lower end of the river during the summer and fall of 1919, the result of which was the purchase or lease of some very good pools on the main stem of the river, as well as several on the northwest branch that William Mershon did not already own.[9] The leases were surreptitiously purchased in the name of George M. Osborn so that nobody in the valley could know the real purchaser. Arthur Barter hurriedly warned Mershon that he had better "be on your guard," because "the Phipps fellow" was negotiating, and paying very high prices, including "earnest money" in advance, for leases that did not expire for several years—many of which were currently in the hands of the unsuspecting Bonbright brothers.[10] It was all done rather quickly and without fanfare. Within a few short months, John Phipps had leapfrogged over several men who had been on the river for years. It was business. One man had the money, and other men in the valley, who needed money, agreed to take it.

The most important agreement that John and Howard Phipps made was with Edward and Annie Milligan, who owned a considerable amount of land on the western (Maria) side of the river, much of it overlooking Red Camp.[11] The Phipps's purchase of portions of three of the riverside Milligan lots was recorded in the summer of 1920, and it gave them the desired high-ground land upon which to build a camp. It was the toehold the Phipps brothers needed, and they began construction in the fall of 1920 on the largest—and by far the grandest—camp on the river, euphemistically known simply as the "Phipps Cottage."

None were more surprised than Irving and George Bonbright, who felt especially betrayed by the actions of John Phipps, a man whom they had counted as a friend. They quickly engaged the services of the very competent local lawyer, John H. Kelly, and he was able to intercede on behalf of the Bonbright brothers and save one of their important leases with Edward Milligan for Swallow's Nest Pool, and the old Davis lease of Jim Harrison's Harrison Pool. The latter was particularly vexing to George and Irving Bonbright because they had reemployed Harrison when they took over Red Camp, and they felt entitled to a greater degree of loyalty. George Bonbright went so far as to call John Phipps "a piker—even if he has lots of money."[12] Although the name-calling subsided in time, Irving and William Bonbright were left with very little leverage. Their old and respected investment house, Bonbright & Co., had been in precarious financial health since the postwar economic slump, with an array of unrealized assets, not the least of which was a firm that owned prune farms in Bolshevist Russia. The young upstarts Landon Thorne and Alfred Loomis, later successful legends in the field of finance, acquired the Nassau Street firm in a bloodless coup, and the Bonbright brothers were shown the door. So it was with some trepidation that Irving Bonbright went into negotiations to keep his salmon fishing. He worked cautiously to forge an uneasy alliance with the son of the great steel tycoon, Henry Phipps,asking his attorney, Mr. Kelly, to see what it would take to come to some agreement with the Phipps brothers.

In no time, Mershon rescinded his offer to sell Cascapedia Cottage and his water holdings at any price to Phipps. The scuttlebutt around the river that fall of 1920 was all about the "Phipps affair," and William de Forest Haynes (the secretary of the Cascapedia Club) put a button on it when he said, "Constant vigilance seems to be the price of salmon fishing."[13] In fact, as recently as the winter of 1914, the three existing camp owners—William Mershon, George and Irving Bonbright, and the Spaulding brothers—joined the Cascapedia Club in what was described by William Mershon in a letter to George Bonbright as a "gentleman's understanding in relation to renewing leases on the Cascapedia River, to not attempt to lease or make a bid on any water that is now being fished by my neighbors up the river from me, without first ascertaining their desires in the matter."[14]

John Kelly, Esq., and Irving Bonbright met with Howard Phipps and a phalanx of lawyers in New York over the spring and summer of 1920. George Bonbright knew that the waters that he and his brothers had thought were secure had been irreparably compromised by the sudden actions of Messrs. Phipps, but he was smart enough to swallow his pride and get on with the job of saving as much of their Red Camp waters as he could. The deal that was finally hammered out in March 1921 between the Bonbrights and the Phippses was unique in many ways. Its fundamentals were the following:

a. The Cascapedia Company was to be incorporated under the laws of the Province of Québec and was to take over the lands, leases, options of renewals, and fishing rights held by the two parties. Messrs. Phipps and Bonbright would each hold three shares in the company.
b. Each holder of a fishing share, or his guest, would be entitled to fish with one rod during the June fishing, and if the guest was fishing, then the shareholder would not fish, and vice versa.
c. On any day in June when both sets of fishing shares were on the river, they agreed to alternate each day between the "upper" and "lower" sets of pools they jointly held. If members of only one group of shares were on the river, they could fish both sections.
d. The waters for the months of July and August were to be alternately leased each year to one of the two shareholding parties for a fee of $3,000, of which the Phippses were to have the call on the 1921 season, the Bonbrights the 1922 season, etc. The monies for those months were to be paid to the Cascapedia Company, but if the set of shareholders entitled to that fishing decided not to exercise their option that year, then the Cascapedia Company would endeavor to lease the water. If no one was found to take the water in July and August, it was the responsibility of that group of shareholders to make the kitty good.
e. The Phippses paid $20,000 to George and Irving Bonbright in the form of compensation for the pestilence caused by the recent events.[15]

It was not an agreement based on mutual trust and friendship. George Bonbright did not allow any of the Red Camp buildings to be included in the deal, and he and his brother Irving retained full ownership of the eastern slice of the riverbank that fronted the Woodman farm. The Phipps boys did agree to assume half of the $800 paid to the Woodman girls for the fishing privileges that the Bonbrights had bought only two years earlier. And Messrs. Bonbright retained the exclusive right to the Judge's Pool and their rights to a long stretch of pools on the eastern side of the river, including Outside the Island Pool, Below the Island Pool, and the William Barter Pool, and down to and including Peter Coull Pool and the Harrison Pool. George Bonbright then set up a blind trust under the laws of the Province of Québec called the Florell Corp. Everything on the river that he and Irving Bonbright had retained that was not a part of the corpus of the deal with the Phippses was conveyed to this new corporation. The carefree days of salmon fishing for the Bonbright brothers at Red Camp had slipped into the past.

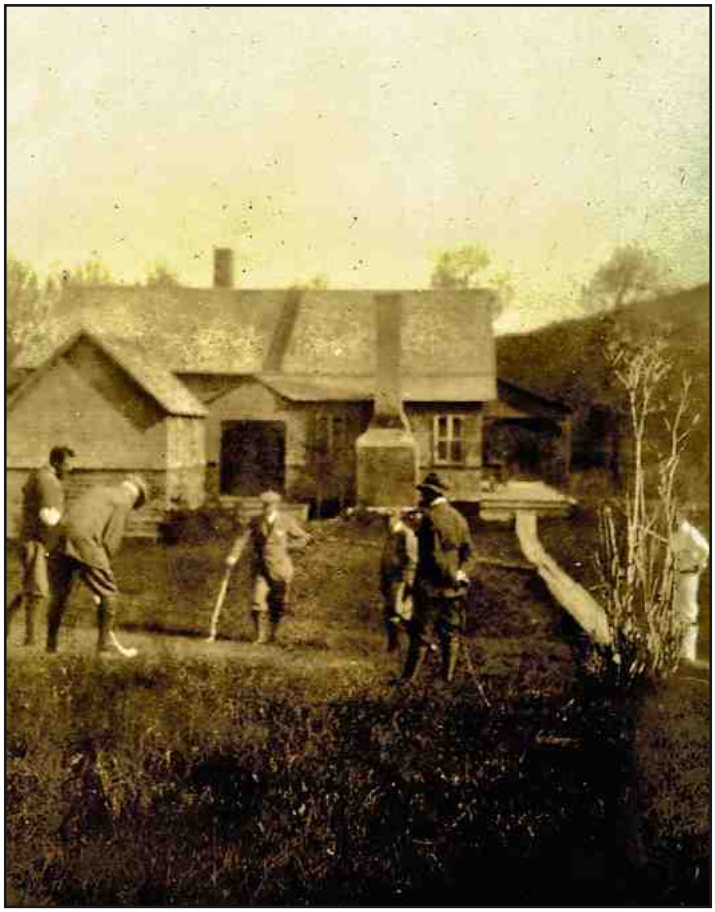
Good Years and Bad

George Bonbright was never very far from his fly-tying vise. In 1921, he first tested bushy flies that floated on the surface of the Home Pool fronting his camp. Although it was not a new idea in salmon fishing, he was the first to begin to experiment with various patterns that seemed to work well on the Grand Cascapedia.[16] It is unclear whether Bonbright first heard about the idea in salmon circles in New York, or whether he simply tried a trout-fishing technique that he may have used on sea-run brook trout or for salmon, but his logbook confirms that he was using dry-fly patterns on the long glassy pool in front of Red Camp several years before George LaBranche published his classic work, *The Salmon and the Dry Fly,* in 1924.[17] Bonbright later developed two dry flies of his own, one of which was a large yellow variation on the English May Fly with three extra-long tail fibers. Colonel Lewis Thompson, who fished the Rogers water on the upper Restigouche, characterized the fly in the *London Field,* saying, "I have tried all the different patterns of dry flies for salmon, by all the different fly tiers, some three hundred in all, and the Bonbright [the Lady Amherst Dry Fly] is the best one of all." [18]

Bonbright was also the first man on the Grand Cascapedia River to try both a cork-bodied fly and a "fore-and-aft" dry-fly pattern, the concept of which was hardly new to trout fishermen, called the Cat's Whiskers. The fly was tied with long, soft, blue dun hackles, somewhat gray in color, and it too proved very effective. Bonbright theorized that soft-hackled dry flies allowed the pattern to rest in the surface tension of the water instead of on it. He was concerned that flies were often pushed to the side and thus missed by rising salmon, and the lower silhouette seemed to him to ensure a higher percentage of fish hooked. George Bonbright was also an engaged trout fisherman, having developed several trout wet flies as well, which he called the Bonbright Red and the Bonbright Green.[19] He successfully used these flies on the waters of his privately owned trout-fishing club, known as the Bungalow, which overlooked the banks of a spring-fed chalk stream called Spring Creek, just 15 miles from Rochester, New York.[20] He was not afraid to use his intellect to improve his angling prospects, and the waters of Red Camp and the Bungalow proved to be his laboratory.[21]

Both Irving and George Bonbright took advantage of their contractual turn by taking up the lease to the jointly held waters in 1922. The fish were so plentiful in the estuary in June that George was told that one of the coastline Maria netters averaged 250 salmon per tide per day for the entire week. The boys stayed in camp almost to the end of the season (then August 15), and their persistence was rewarded with a score of 252 salmon. Irving landed two weighing more than 40 pounds, and George boated one of 40. Fred Kirby, who was a friend of the late Benjamin Douglass Jr., also gave the Bonbrights the use of Douglass's pools for the last several weeks of July, so the boys did not want for good water.

One of the rituals that George and Irving enjoyed at Red Camp was the annual golf challenge that they had with the owners of the Barnes-Spaulding camp, Lorne Cottage. Every year the lads got costumed in their wooly-plus-four suits, and with makeshift golf clubs, they swatted balls down to the white wooden gate at the end of the long field that bordered the riverside entranceway to Red Camp. They fashioned several small greens with broom handles for pins, and the Sunday matches were always followed by a big dinner at Chez Bonbright. It is not known who usually won these matches, but the competitive George Bonbright did note in his fishing log of 1924 that he and Irving bested Jack Spaulding and Charles Barnes on June 8 of that year.

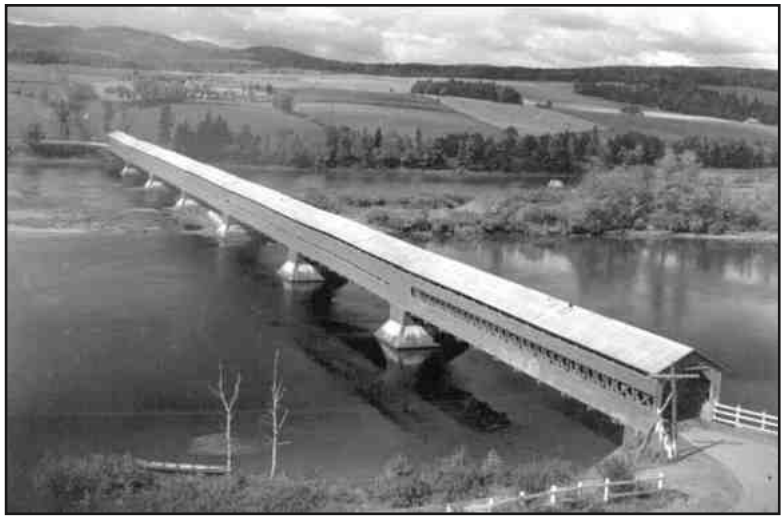


Golfing party at Red Camp, 1923.
Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

Much to the delight of the Bonbright brothers, the new electricity line finally weaved its way up the Cascapedia valley in 1924, at long last reaching the small service road in front of Red Camp. In those days, one had to sign up with the local electric company for the possibility of having Mr. Edison's invention in one's house, and the boys at Red Camp were anxious for the new service. They quickly instituted movie night on the weekends, turning the camp living room into a theater, which was often crowded with farmers and fishermen as they watched the early talkies flickering against the camp wall. All the children in the valley crowded onto the floor at Red Camp when word reached everyone that the Bonbrights had brought in the newest Charlie Chaplin film.

That year, 1924, was the fifth year in a row that anglers were enjoying large salmon runs on the Grand Cascapedia. In cooperation with the Cascapedia Club, the fishermen on the river decided to increase the limit to ten fish per day from the traditional eight. During the week of June 16 through 23, George Bonbright killed his daily limit three times, and he landed seven fish on three of the other days. The average weight of his fish for the six days of fishing (he did not fish on Sunday) was 26 pounds. He also caught a beautiful 43-pound salmon on June 27, one of his largest. True to his innate curiosity, he had one of the fish's scales sampled so that he could learn about the age of the fish, as well as the number of times it returned to the river for the purposes of spawning.

It was customary for fishermen to send a portion of their salmon catch to friends and family, a service that was rendered by Thomas Willett and his wife, Viola May (Gilker) Willett. They had a packinghouse just behind the train station in the village, and in the early spring they packed their icehouse with enough snow for the season. The boxes were made from 10-inch spruce boards, which were fabricated in Grand Cascapedia at a small mill operated by Augustine A. Geraghty, who also made paraffin-lined butter boxes. The salmon were brought from the fishing camp icehouses to the Willetts in time for Willett to pack them securely, stencil the recipient's name in black paint on the side, and have them stacked, ready for the next train going west to Matapedia. In 1925, Mr. Willett got $3 to ice and box the salmon. The railway express company charged two cents per pound and a small handling fee when the box was re-iced in Montreal before being moved to another train for the final destination. One could get a box of three salmon to the Midwest for less than $10. The men of Red Camp kept the Willett family busy during these productive years. Packing and shipping salmon was a business with a never-ending series of deadlines, and Thomas and Viola May worked hard for their seasonal money.



The covered bridge that spanned the Grand Cascapedia River. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

Many on the Grand Cascapedia began to see the slow diminution of salmon in the river. The counts after the great years of the early and mid-1920s were down, and few could find the reason why. The year 1928 was a very poor one for salmon anglers on the river, and George Bonbright had to admit that his new dry flies were not producing. In frustration he wrote in a letter to Mershon: "The temp. of the water was 54 to 59 [degrees], too hot for wet fly, and too cold for dry fly!"[22] In fact, the river salmon counts were beginning a slow, insidious, downward spiral that, with a few exceptions, would last for more than forty years.

George Bonbright had an opinion on everything that he felt adversely affected fishing counts on his favorite salmon river. In this case, he was correct in the knowledge that the number of salmon that the river warden William O'Neil had counted on the spawning beds in 1925 was well more than six thousand fish—an all-time high since anyone had taken the trouble to do so. By 1931, the number of salmon returning to the Grand Cascapedia was down by about one-third, according to Mr. Bonbright's analysis, and that piece of unsettling news he reasoned coincided with the installation in 1926 of the river-spanning covered bridge that had been funded largely by the members of the Cascapedia Club. He wrote to the Hon. J. E. Perreult in 1931, on behalf of the Riparian Association, after several disappointing weeks on the river with the complaint that the vibration from the cars and wagons that passed over the loose boards on the bridge roadway were scaring the incoming salmon. He likened the noise to "a barrage of Gatling Guns," a ten-barrel machine gun–like weapon used by the British as early as 1875.[23] Bonbright further speculated that the fish were probably turning around, falling prey to the few awaiting salmon nets that were placed off the nearby coastal town of Carleton. He foolishly further surmised, "Others, escaping the nets, have doubtless left the vicinity altogether for more congenial fresh water conditions."[24] Bonbright's own robust salmon score for the 1927 season, a year after the bridge was completed, should have been enough to discredit his "loose boards" notion; he left Red Camp before July 1 with a personal best of seventy-nine salmon to his credit, only one shy of the yearly limit allowed those who fished the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Willett and Fred Barter with a salmon box prepared for Winston Churchill. Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

Although George Bonbright did not offer a reliable remedy, he vainly fought the yearly diminution in the salmon populations by blaming the flapping boards, which he came to realize was not

a popular theory with others on the river. He tried to get other camp owners to put up $2,500 for the services of an old woman, known locally as a soothsayer, to disclose to the men why there was a paucity of salmon. He was serious, but the idea was dismissed summarily without a vote at a Riparian Association meeting. George continued to put his frail argument forward for another five years, even offering to replace the offending boards at his own expense with new ones, placed at a 45-degree angle, to soften the impact of the advancing wheels. With the growing concerns of the Great Depression, George's idea died quietly. The red-washed bridge was used for another twenty years, without complaint from the angling community, until the entire length of the bridge burned to its stone piers in early August of 1953. With the bridge down, the 1954 salmon count was a paltry 1,260 fish, of which one-third were harvested. One can only speculate why George held fast to the notion that the vibration of the floorboards were curtailing the number of salmon that reached his Home Pool. It certainly made for lively conversation on the river, but the diminished numbers of salmon that came into the Grand Cascapedia continued, and five years after the burning of the bridge, the salmon count was down to a meager 650 fish.

In the spring of 1931, Elizabeth Woodman, the last of Joshua Woodman's daughters, died. Ned Woodman inherited the farm, and certain doubts arose over who actually owned the old boardinghouse. Woodman's Inn, known to most as the Old Joshua Woodman House, had long been associated with the Red Camp complex. Robert Dun and Edmund Davis ordered remodeling of the rooms within the inn over the years, and George and Irving Bonbright, as owners, further maintained them, perpetuating the confusion as to rightful ownership. During the later stages of Elizabeth and Mary Woodman's lives, Ned Woodman had recently built a new dwelling for his family to live in, and it shared a common wall with that of the old Red Camp boardinghouse that Davis favored. The mild ownership dispute was irrevocably settled with a new deed in the fall of 1931, and George Bonbright paid $500 to Ned Woodman to buy the boardinghouse, which decisively put the question to rest.

By the spring of 1932, Irving and George Bonbright were feeling the pinch of the Great Depression. In 1929, just months before the Wall Street crash, the Bonbright boys were enjoying 1811 brandy with dinner, given to them by John Phipps, with little thought of what was to come. Both Bonbrights' substantial wealth had taken a tumble in the past thirty months. Irving's wife, Elizabeth, to whom he was devoted, was no longer vacationing at the camp, and he decided that the time had come to devote part of the summer months to travel. George, who was always grumbling about the costs at Red Camp, wrote to William Mershon in the spring advising him that Red Camp was going to be available during June and July for $5,000. George also let it slip that they were considering selling the camp and the water to anyone interested. The Bonbright brothers had offered to sell their three shares in the Cascapedia Company, as well as Red Camp and its waters, to the Phipps brothers, but had heard nothing from them. They also offered Red Camp to Joseph Schlotman of Grosse Point, Michigan, who was a good friend of William Mershon's. He loved the camp and the water, but was understandably cautious as the ink was hardly dry on his recent purchase of Mershon's salmon camp on the hill. George admitted that "it was depressing to even talk about these things. If we could only see our way through this Depression, and know where we are coming out!"[25]

Joseph Schlotman (1882–1951) and his brother-in-law, Emory Ford (1876–1942), were eager to share the enjoyment of the Grand Cascapedia with some of their friends from Michigan, and the newcomers from Detroit quickly answered George and Irving Bonbright's call for help. They leased Red Camp for late July and the month of August 1932, and one rod for the month of June, which they agreed to use while staying at Thomas Lamont's Salmon Lodge. With much of the expenses of Red Camp now shared by Mr. Schlotman and Mr. Ford, George Bonbright could afford to fish out of Red Camp for the June month. For the first two weeks he shared the camp with Stanley D. McGraw, a friend from New York, and George's son, James, who came into camp later with his mother, Isabelle, and the young lady that he was soon to marry, Sybil Rhodes.

The fishing party was lucky, hitting an unexpected upswing in the salmon run, which resulted in several weeks of terrific fishing. Although the river was again plagued by a heavy log drive and an abundance of high water, the Bonbrights seldom wavered from the use of their favorite fly, the Lady Amherst. They put eighty-two fish on the bank that month, with Schlotman's rod ringing up another twenty-eight—not including kelts. The average weight of their fish was more than 25 pounds, and Isabelle Bonbright caught one of 41 pounds in Harrison Pool, which was a record fish for her. George Bonbright, in his exuberance, wrote in the logbook, "May the days to come be for all as happy as mine at Red Camp."[26] The months of July and August continued at a blazing pace, producing 109 salmon for the Schlotman and Ford families and their guests while fishing the Red Camp waters, of which three were more than 40 pounds and only fourteen were less than 20 pounds. The year 1932 provided a grand welcome to the river for the new camp owners Messrs. Ford and Schlotman, and it coincidently marked the end of the Bonbrights' almost twenty years of Red Camp ownership.

Howard and John Phipps wasted very little time in responding to the Bonbrights offer to sell Red Camp. The Phippses enjoyed their salmon fishing, and there were enough family members who shared their enthusiasm so that eight weeks on the river could be parceled out rather easily. They didn't need the buildings at Red Camp itself, as their spacious "Cottage"—more than 300 feet long—on the hill overlooking the Woodman farm and Red Camp contained ten bedrooms, but they were keenly interested in controlling the June pools that the Bonbrights owned, many of which were within an easy canoe ride of their new camp. Irving Bonbright spent much of the summer negotiating with David T. Layman, who represented the Phippses. A deal was finally made and signed in November of 1932 in which the Bonbright brothers sold everything: Red Camp, their rights to Woodman's, all the pools they owned and leased, and the waters that had been folded into the Cascapedia Company. It was a devastating blow to George Bonbright, who dearly loved the river, but the decision was based on necessity, and he and his brother Irving signed the agreement. None of the Phippses was present.

The timing of the sale of Red Camp was brutally coincidental. The stock market crash had taken its toll on the pocketbooks of almost all of the existing members of the Cascapedia Club. The complexion of the club itself, the clubhouse (New Derreen), and the overnight camps upriver was about to change. The few remaining members of what was to become known as the Old Club resigned in the fall of 1932, and a new organization, the New Club, was hurriedly organized before the lease on the Grand Cascapedia would have had to been forfeited and returned to the Québec government. A central part of that reorganization plan was that a new member of the New Club, who did not already own a camp on the river, could take ownership of one of the three camps that had been owned by the Old Club, which included New Derreen itself and the two stopover,

upriver camps—namely Middle Camp and Tracadie Camp, which were built in 1881. Each of the three camps was awarded a portion of the waters that once belonged to the members of the Old Club. Although the pools were actually owned by the government and leased to the New Club, a series of pools were apportioned in a sublease arrangement to each of the newly established camps and became their camp waters. The Phippses had the big, modern camp on the hill, and although Red Camp and Woodman's were now theirs to use as they saw fit, the buildings were cramped, far older, and inconveniently located across the river from the Phipps Cottage. For the first time, Red Camp became a camp without pools to fish. With the reorganization of the New Club, there was no call for an extra camp that did not own water. Sadly, Red Camp was closed.

Final Days

George Bonbright couldn't stay away from the river. He returned in 1933 and 1934 in the company of his son and new daughter-in-law, Jim and Sybil Bonbright, who were stationed at the nearby American Embassy in Ottawa. He rented the Lorne Cottage and Salmon Lodge water (then owned by financier Thomas A. Lamont) while staying at Osbert Harrison's farmhouse, and their fishing was good. George's party of four during the 1934 season landed more than fifty salmon in two weeks. They were among the first to use the new smokehouse that had earlier been built at the behest of Lorne Cottage regular John O. Stubbs, which no doubt greatly increased the weight of George's outgoing duffel. In 1935, Bonbright once again used the accommodations at the Harrison homestead, to which he increased his pool count by leasing the Mershon water for the last two weeks of June from Messrs. Ford and Schlotman. Unfortunately, the fishing all over the river was not good that year, partly because the river was unseasonably low and clear. In 1936, he rented the Mershon water for the first three weeks of June, this time staying in the old Mershon and Paterson cottages on the hill.[27] The fishing was very good early in the season, and Bonbright sent his old friend William Mershon two nice salmon, one of 35 pounds and the other just more than 20 pounds. In fact, George's fishing was, for him, record setting. The Bonbright party landed twenty-eight salmon, weighing an average of 30½ pounds, and George caught four fish from 40 to 41 pounds during those weeks. It was a fitting present to the aging curmudgeon from the river that he loved.

Red Camp before it was torn down, circa 1940.
Photo courtesy of the Cascapedia River Museum.

George Bonbright made one more trip to the Grand Cascapedia in 1937 for three weeks of the June fishing at Lorne Cottage, the place where it all began for him. He brought Jim and Sybil Bonbright, and although the party did catch twenty-five salmon, the fishing was the poorest in memory. Twenty-seven years had passed since he had first rented the Lorne Cottage waters in 1910, which was the salmon trip that had started his long and fruitful association with the river. Now he spent most of his time in the warmth of the Florida sun, and his small but robust frame was nearing the end of its journey. It is not difficult to imagine the thoughts that must have gone through George Bonbright's mind as his canoe drifted past the beach that fronted Red Camp, now boarded up and silent.

The old boardinghouse at Woodman's that had served as a home for fishermen of all stripes for more than one hundred years also stood empty. Anglers no longer came to the river looking for a place to stay, and the building was, by deed, owned by the Phipps family. Everyone who fished on the Grand Cascapedia was either a camp owner or guest, and they all happily stayed at one of the seven camps that dotted the river. There were few riparian pools to rent, thus no need for Ned Woodman to keep the attachment to his house that had once been so vibrant—and full of history—standing. He made a deal with the late Wesley Harrison in 1941 to dismantle the venerable building. Harrison offered Ned Woodman $10 per room for the hand-planed boards in the four rooms, to which Woodman quickly agreed. The wood was used by Harrison to build a house for him and his wife, Lois, and it was later bought by Harry Robertson, when the Harrisons moved just a few hundred yards north. Ned Woodman took the occasion to modernize his house. Both it and the farm buildings proudly stand today on the same plot of ground. The footprint of the old farmhouse that Jonathan Woodman built—with the rooms that once served as sleeping quarters for Princess Louise, President Chester Arthur, Edmund W. Davis, Robert G. Dun, and many other interesting and notable men and women—became a grassy knoll. The camp nearer the river, Dun's Red Camp, remained, and as the years went by, it was often used by the owners of Camp Chaleur and Lorne Cottage to store boats and other equipment. Children played in the empty, now-disheveled rooms that had once served as the parlor room for the late Robert G. Dun. The outbuildings that serviced Red Camp over the years were systematically razed as they outlived their usefulness. Teenagers scrawled slogans on the walls, and the floorboards that had supported the weight of almost everyone who had ever been on the river slowly began to buckle.

In 1982, Warren Gilker, the manager of Lorne Cottage, was asked by the

Englehard family, who had bought the Phipps's properties in 1958, to remove the last trace of the compound that George Bonbright had been so proud of: Red Camp itself. Much of the usable hardware had been stripped from the old frame already. Many of the handsome, wide boards that had not warped from exposure to the elements were parceled out to the neighbors, and the bricks were piled in a heap near the river. The rest was buried without ceremony.

From the macadam road that passes in front of the freshly painted barn-red frame buildings with their green-metal roofs that is the Woodman Farm, one can see the flat on which the great old camp rested and the large pine tree that still guards the spot. It is unfortunate that the old camp does not still stand in tribute to the years of great Grand Cascapedia history that its walls had known. Old Jim Harrison, who worked for R. G. Dun, E. W. Davis, and George Bonbright at Red Camp, claimed that he saw Mr. Dun's ghost for many years after his death. It is all that is left.

ENDNOTES

1. The year 1917 is considered by everyone to be the best salmon season on record. There was a no catch-limit rule for the private camps, and the Bonbright boys were not shy about killing fish.

2. Mary died in 1929. Elizabeth died in 1931.

3. The offer was reportedly for $5,000.

4. Mr. Phipps came close to buying the fishing rights owned by John Hall Kelly on the Bonaventure River in late 1919. The deal was never consummated.

5. Personal correspondence, William Butts Mershon to Edmund Nadeau, 28 August 1919. Letter book 34. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

6. Personal correspondence, William Butts Mershon, to George D. B. Bonbright, 18 September 1919. Letter book 34. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan. In the September 1919 letter, Mershon writes, "Mr. Osborn [Phipps's agent] said: 'I supposed you know there is a membership open in the Cascapedia Club for sale. Would you consider making some sort of trade whereby Mr. Phipps could get a share [membership] and turn it over to you in turn for some of your water, or privileges on your water.'"

7. Personal correspondence, John T. Spaulding to Willam Butts Mershon, 21 September 1919. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

8. Ibid.

9. Nadeau was a partner in a company that was federally sanctioned in 1913. It was called the Cascapedia Silver Black Fox Company, and its principal business was the breeding and propagating of foxes for the fur-trading industry; it was also licensed to purchase, lease, and sell real estate.

10. Personal correspondence, Arthur Barter to William Butts Mershon, 15 September 1919. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

11. Also at this time, the Milligan family was offered $25,000 for the same water rights by Edwin Campbell, the son-in-law of William C. Durant, the founder and president of General Motors, who had rented the Benjamin Douglass camp the previous summer. His offer came just weeks too late, as the Phipps brothers had already secured the property.

12. Personal correspondence, George Bonbright to William Butts Mershon, 22 September 1919. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

13. Personal correspondence, William de Forest Haynes to William Butts Mershon, 2 March 1920. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

14. Personal correspondence, William Butts Mershon to George D. B. Bonbright, 20 February 1914. Letter book 25. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

15. County of Bonaventure Public Offices, Deed #6834, 3 August 1920, between George D. B. Bonbright and Howard Phipps, paragraph 10. The deal was signed in March 1921.

16. George LaBranche and Colonel Ambrose Monell had been experimenting with surface floating salmon flies as early as 1916 and quite possibly several years before that.

17. George Bonbright wrote a short note from Red Camp to Childs Frick, a member of the Cascapedia Club, on 25 June 1925 that this writer found in one of Mr. Frick's salmon books. He says, "We are glad to send you a few dry flies which I hope you will try up river. The big yellow one and the grey [sic] ("Cats Whiskers") are the result of experimenting a number of years and have proven awfully good, both here and on other rivers."

18. Charles Phair, *Atlantic Salmon Fishing* (New York: Derrydale Press, 1937), 43. Colonel Thompson's suggestions to Edward vom Hofe were the inspiration for the multiplying salmon reel that was made in the early 1920s by vom Hofe, and which was listed as the "Col. Thompson, hand made, multiplying, dry-fly salmon reel" in his yearly fishing tackle catalog.

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

20. One of the first fish hatcheries in New York, known as Caledonia, was built on Spring Creek in 1864 by fish culturist Seth Green. It was here that part of the first shipment of fertilized brown trout eggs from Fred Mather was accepted into North America.

21. In his privately printed book, *Big and Little Fishers,* Frank Gray Griswold describes a bright yellow bucktail fly "as large as a half-dollar" called a June Bug, which floated on the surface and was also quite successful on the Grand Cascapedia as early as 1924.

22. Personal correspondence, George D. B. Bonbright to William Butts Mershon, 3 August 1928. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

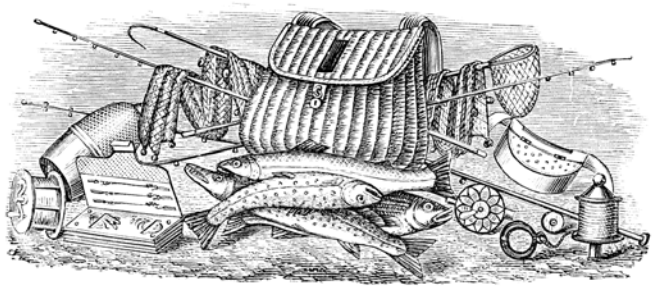
23. Personal correspondence, George D. B. Bonbright to Hon. J. E. Perreult, 9 July 1931. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

24. Ibid.

25. Personal correspondence, George D. B. Bonbright to William Butts Mershon, 19 April 1932. William Butts Mershon Papers, Bentley Historical Library, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

26. Red Camp logbook. Entry by George D. B. Bonbright, Thursday, 16 June 1932. Cascapedia River Museum, Cascapedia-St. Jules, Québec, Canada.

27. Bonbright also put Mr. Rhodes, Jim Bonbright's father-in-law, up at Osbert Harrison's for two weeks. While there, he had a stroke and was driven back to Ottawa by governmental car.



Ancient Hooks

by Frederick Buller

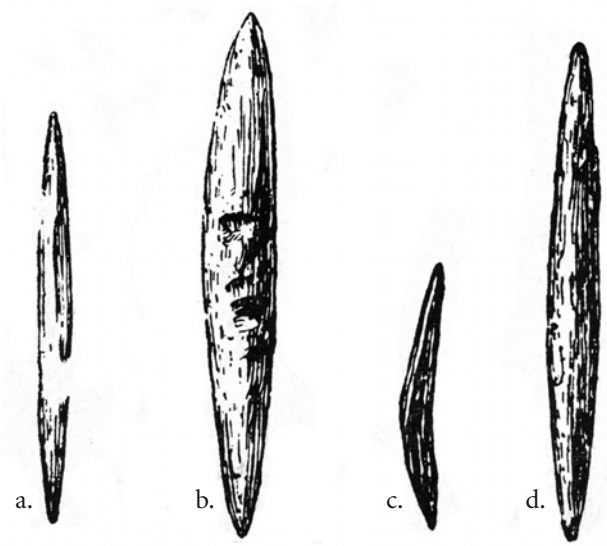


Figure 1. Bone gorges. From William Radcliffe, Fishing from the Earliest Times*, 2nd ed. (London: John Murray, 1926), 32. Previously reproduced in Frederick Buller's* Pike and the Pike Angler *(London: Stanley Paul, 1981).*

It is well known that the hook has evolved over many thousands of years. The earliest devices for catching fish, called *gorges*, were not hooks at all, but straight pieces of stone, bone, or wood attached to some kind of line.

It is axiomatic that gorge hooks depend on the bait being swallowed, and the ancient art of gorge fishing continued to be practiced well into the last century before it was almost universally banned for sportfishing.[1] Bone gorges grooved for line attachment have been recovered from the Perigord district of France and belong to the Upper Paleolithic Age, which lasted from 45,000 to about 10,000 years ago.

Bone Gorges

The bone gorge hooks in Figure 1—one of which is grooved for line attachment—appear on page 32 of William Radcliffe's book, *Fishing from the Earliest Times;* (a) and (b) were found at La Madelaine in France and (c) and (d) at Santa Cruz in California.[2] Wooden gorges with points hardened by burning have probably been used for thousands of years but because they decompose, they leave no trace. Juniper is apparently the best wood and is still used today by Lapp fishermen for gorge fishing.

An image of a pike—the most likely species of fish to be targeted by those who fished with baited gorges—found in a cave painting at Pech Merle in France (Figure 2, top) was executed 20,000 years ago. A 17,000-year-old bone engraving of a pike (Figure 2, middle) was found not far from there in the Grotte de Gourdon. A 14,000-year-old image of a pike engraved on a bear's tooth was found at Duruthy, also in France (Figure 2, bottom).

The simple mechanics of the bone gorge make it so effective: when a double-tapered gorge with a line attached to its middle is poked down the gullet of a bait or tied to it fore and aft and is then swallowed by a pike, it presents no problem to the pike until the fish attempts to move away. As soon as the pike feels the restriction of the angler's line, it struggles until the pointed ends of the gorge penetrate the sides of its gullet or stomach and become jammed. This happens because the line, tied at the fulcrum of the gorge, tends to turn the gorge at right angles to the direction of pull.

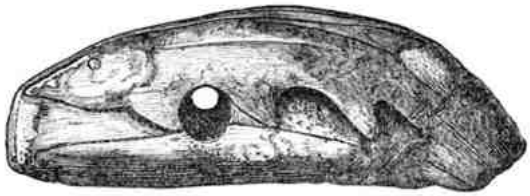


Figure 2. Top*: A drawing of the Pech Merle pike taken from the original painting.* Middle*: The Cougnac engraving (on bone), unmistakably the figure of a pike, was found in the Grotte de Gourdon.* Bottom*: The Duruthy pike, engraved on a bear's tooth. Previously reproduced in Frederick Buller's* Pike and the Pike Angler *(London: Stanley Paul, 1981).*

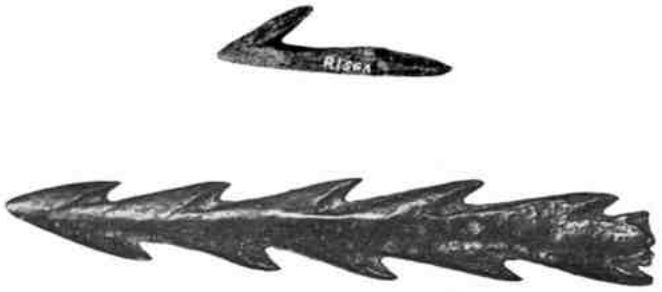


Figure 3. Top*: Bonefish hook.* Bottom*: Bone harpoon. Previously reproduced in Frederick Buller's* Pike and the Pike Angler *(London: Stanley Paul, 1981).*

The bone fishhook (Figure 3, top) found at Risga—which is by Loch Sunart in Argyllshire, Scotland, a place known to have been settled by Mesolithic or Middle Stone Age people—is probably Britain's oldest hook. This fishhook, along with the evidence of other finds, suggests that they hunted seals, gathered seafood, and fished for a living. From the relative crudeness of the hook, it seems likely that it was used as a gorge hook for sea fish or pike.

It is interesting to note that H. Godwin found pike remains with harpoon heads (Figure 3, bottom) on a peat site near North Atwick in Yorkshire,[3] proving that pike were hunted, or fished for, in Britain in Mesolithic times—about 4,000 years ago. The fact that pike were hunted at this time indicates that the species must have survived the last ice age and were not, as one writer suspected, reintroduced by man after a wipeout.

One fascinating aspect of looking at various research papers is that when you have a specialized interest such as angling, it is possible to find exciting data that the original author may not have regarded with quite the same focus. Research in the Rhine delta at Molenaarsgraaf in Holland is a case in point.[4] On a Neolithic to Bronze Age site of the transition period 1800 to 1500 B.C. (about 3,700 years ago), a burial took place. The skeletal remains of a boy of about fifteen years old found in a grave revealed a 2.16-cm–long bone from a pike's anal fin. From its position on the throat side of the cervical vertebrae, it is assumed that the bone was stuck in the boy's throat and caused death. Another grave, next to the boy's, contained the remains of a man judged to be about thirty years old. His grave goods included three bone fishhooks.

The bone hooks found in the second grave of these Copper Age Beaker people were 4.3, 3.1, and 2.7 cm long and were without barbs or eyes, but one of the hooks had notches or grooves to assist line attachment (the other two were presumably unfinished). The drawing in Figure 4 represents the hooks life size, showing that almost certainly they were used for pike fishing because they were too big and clumsy to be used to catch other freshwater species (apart from wels catfish or huchen, and these were unlikely to be present). The interesting inference as far as European hunters are concerned is that pike remained the prime target for the emerging Bronze Age peoples as they had been for the Neolithic peoples and the Stone Age peoples before them. I suggest, however, that although the bone and wooden hooks represent an advance on the primitive gorges already discussed, they were nevertheless still gorge hooks; proper hooks were not practical until metals were available for their manufacture.[5]

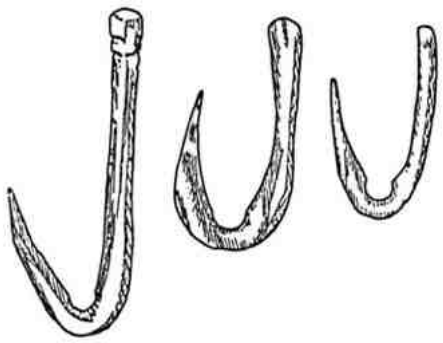


Figure 4. Bone hooks found in a grave of Copper Age Beaker people. From Louwe Kooijmans, "The Rhine-Meuse Delta, 1974," Analecta Praehistorica *7. Courtesy of Louwe Kooijams & Leiden University.*

From Gorge to Hook

Well-read anglers have seen images of primitive fishhooks said to have been used in different parts of the world by peoples of earlier civilizations. In many instances, I used to find it hard to believe that fish could be caught on these strange concoctions (Figure 5), unless the baited hook was swallowed or gorged, or—to use the expression favored by the old angling writers—pouched. However, since reading Hilary Stewart's book, *Indian Fishing: Early Methods on the Northwest Coast,* and seeing her explanatory diagrams, I have no problem believing.[6]

Although the sequence of transitions dating from the Upper Paleolithic Age (which lasted until about 8000 B.C.) brought about advances in the technology of hook making, these advances were not uniform in all areas of habitation. The Upper Paleolithic gave way to the Neolithic or later Stone Age, which last-

Figure 5. Pencil drawing (c. 1918) of a hook exhibited in the British Museum. A penciled note reads: "British Museum wooden fish hook with a long barb of a turquoise shell? Shaped like a claw of some large bird," and there is a reference to Louisade Archip S[outh] E[ast] New Guinea. Having recently discovered how the halibut hook works (see note 6), I now realize that the above hook—and indeed a whole family of hooks (I have drawings of five other examples)—should be described as a mouth gorge. *They are meant to be baited and are primarily for catching flat fish on the bottom. On discovery by a fish, the only way the bait can be fully mouthed is by sucking in the barbed end first. In its attempt to swallow the bait, one side of the fish's mouth slides down the shank and gets jammed in the narrowing bend of the hook. The struggle ensures that the barb penetrates one side of the fish's mouth. Courtesy of the British Museum.*

ed until about 5000 B.C., followed by the Copper Age, which gave way to the Bronze Age about 2600 B.C. Jacquetta Hawkes, in *The Atlas of Early Man,* commented on the spectacular progress made by the Mesopotamians and the Egyptians after 3000 B.C. in working bronze, once they discovered the blend of ten percent tin to ninety percent copper.[7] The Bronze Age gradually overflowed into the Iron Age after the Hittites perfected the smelting process about 1500 B.C. Knowledge of the process had spread to the near east and the eastern Mediterranean by 1000 B.C. and eventually reached western Europe by about 600 B.C.

When Egyptian technology—and possibly that of other river-based societies in the valleys of the Euphrates and Tigris rivers—is investigated, it is plain to see that their technology was clearly ahead of peoples in other countries. During the relatively short Copper Age, which preceded the Bronze Age, the Egyptians designed and made a hook that is breathtakingly modern.

Copper Hooks

In February 2004, I visited the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford and was intrigued by exhibit No. 1932.905 in the Egyptian Gallery: a semi-eyed, copper[8] fishhook just like a modern hook to look at, and yet between 5,200 and 5,500 years old! The hook (Figure 6) came from a circular or oval grave located at Matmar in Middle Egypt, where a river-based society lived.

I wrote to Dr. Helen Whitehouse of the Department of Antiquities for further information about the hook and received the following reply.

> The fish-hook in which you are interested is 1932.905, made of copper rod with a square cross-section (forged?); from grave 5100 in the cemetery at Matmar in Middle Egypt, and dates to the prehistoric Naqada 11 period (roughly 3500 to 3200 B.C. on current chronology). It was published by the excavator Guy Brunton in *Matmar* (London, 1948), p. 16 and pl. xvi.40 but he merely commented (p. 20) that the copper fishooks found in the cemetery were "of the usual type . . . and of the almost unique form with two barbs . . ."[9]

Figure 6. Semi-eyed copper fishhook from a grave in Matmar, Middle Egypt. Exhibit No. 1932.905, Egyptian Gallery, Ashmolean Museum. Photo courtesy of Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

The photograph of this ancient, eyed copper fishhook demonstrates the similarity in design to a modern hook despite a gap of 5,000 years. Because another predynastic hook, an anchor-shaped double hook (No. 1895.984 from grave 855, Ballas) now in the Cairo Museum, has two barbs, it is likely that this hook was originally barbed. Doubtless the eye ring was also complete when the hook was new.

A second important hook in the museum's collection (Figure 7) is a bronze fishhook (No. 1927.897) from Hallstatt in Austria, made during the European Iron Age (730 to 475 B.C.). On display in the John Evans Gallery in the Hallstatt Cemetery section, it was discovered in 1927 during an excavation conducted by George Ramsauer. If you take a close look at this 2,700-year-old hook, you will notice that it is utterly modern—so modern, in fact, that it could be pictured in a tackle catalog and described as a Limerick hook (witness the image of a modern Limerick hook on the right-hand side of Figure 7). Interestingly, although supplies of copper and tin for making bronze were scarce for the Mesopotamians and Egyptians, at a later period, Austrian mines provided a plentiful supply.

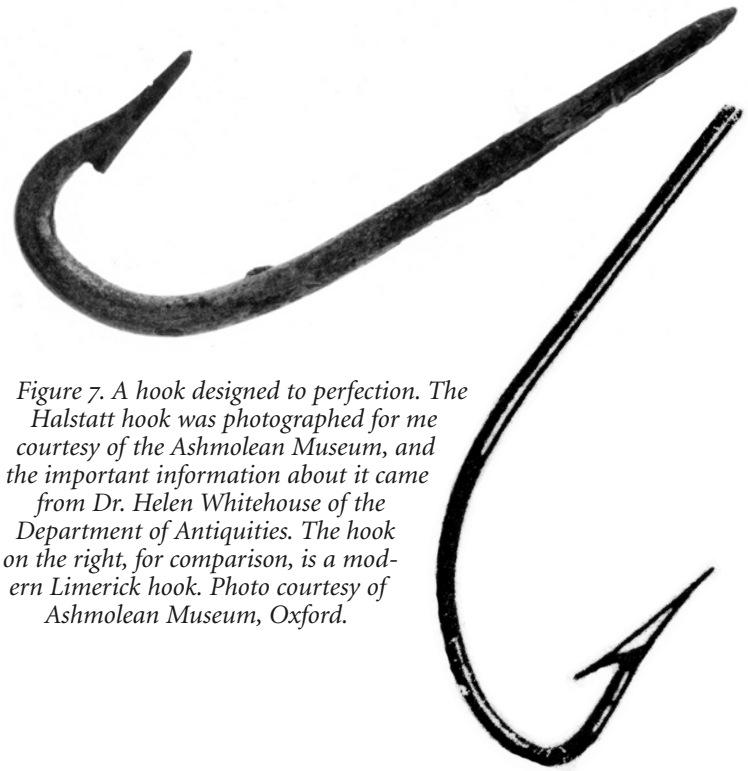


Figure 7. A hook designed to perfection. The Halstatt hook was photographed for me courtesy of the Ashmolean Museum, and the important information about it came from Dr. Helen Whitehouse of the Department of Antiquities. The hook on the right, for comparison, is a modern Limerick hook. Photo courtesy of Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Bronze Hooks

In 1995, Professor Peter O'Behan of Glasgow University, knowing of my interest in ancient hooks, contacted me with the news that an antique dealer in London, with the trade name of Ancient Art,[10] possessed a collection of circa first-century, bronze, spade-end fishhooks. I met the proprietor, Christopher Martin, and purchased a quantity of the hooks, which had been found in locations close to lakeshore sites in Palestine and trans-Jordan and were among other objects associated with Roman occupation.

Frederick Buller

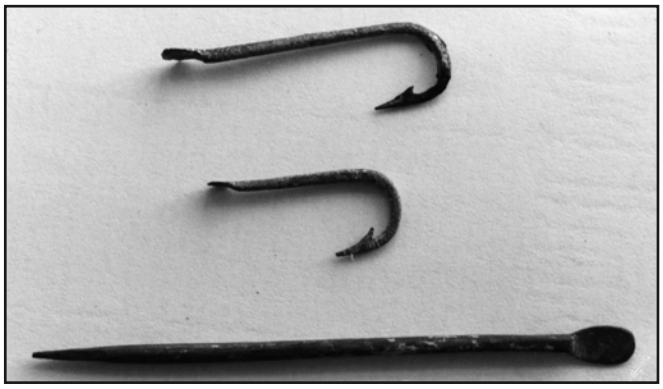


Figure 8. Two of my bronze spade-end hooks together with a blank for making a larger hook (twice actual size). Two thousand years ago, hooks such as these and the technology for making them (probably originating in Egypt) would have been spread throughout the eastern Mediterranean by merchants using well-established trade routes.

Nowadays, the hooks would be described as round-bend spade-end hooks (Figure 8). The finding of bronze blanks (with the spade-ends already forged flat) ready for the next process of pointing and cutting the barb suggests that the sites were hook factories. The smallest hook (size 8 Redditch scale) that I was able to purchase from Martin was the most delicate of the range and would have been fine enough to catch trout. Sad to say, I stupidly tried to clean off some of the verdigris, which resulted in a breakage.

Although the cache of bronze fishhooks was dated circa first century A.D., that does not mean that these hooks had only just become available. The finding

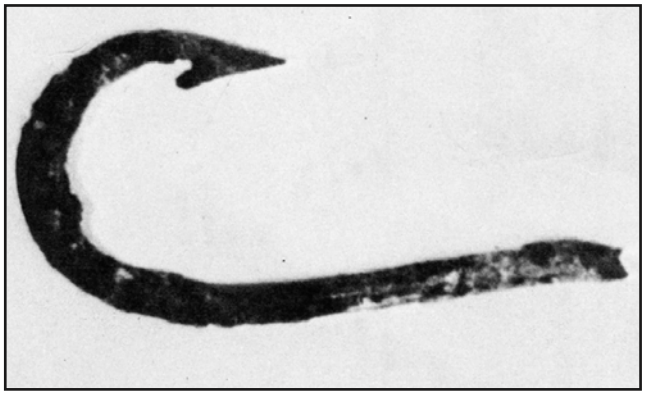


Figure 9. The oldest British metal hook, a spade-end found in the River Thames at Grays, Essex, now on view at Colchester Museum. Estimated age: 2,500 years. Photo courtesy of the Verulamium Museum.

of a bronze spade-end hook (Figure 9) in the River Thames at Grays, Essex, with an estimated age of 2,500 years, may indicate that trade in hooks was widespread at a much earlier date, possibly even as early as 2000 B.C.

In Roman Britain, with much higher water tables than modern times and near zero pollution, fish were plentiful and would have formed an important part of the diet. Figure 10 illustrates the type of barbed hook used by the Romans during the latter part of their occupation of Britain. It was found near Verulamium, close to the modern city of St. Albans in Hertfordshire. The Rivers Verr and Colne would have supported, via the River Thames, considerable runs of salmon in the early fifth century A.D., when this bronze hook was made. An image of a fourth-century angler fishing for salmon, engraved on a Romano-British fragmented bronze plate, was found at Lydney Park in Worcestershire.[11]

Hooked Lures from the Pacific Islands

It is difficult to study the development of the hook in different parts of the world in a precise chronological sequence, and it must not be assumed that hooks were always used in conjunction with bait. For example, the oceanic peoples of the Pacific Islands are expert fishermen and catch fish on mother-of-pearl lures, which they make from shells, with hooks attached to them. These sink-and-draw lures, or *pirks* as we would call them today, may have been used by the islanders for many hundreds of years (Figure 11).

In 1994, I purchased item 23 from a rummage sale at the Flyfishers' Club in London, a box that contained, among other things, two fishhooks, once part of the collection of Tom Kenny, a popular member of the club. The baits in the box came from the Solomon Islands and were probably made during the late nineteenth century. A label on the lid tells us that the lures are "large for Bonito," and one hook appears to have been made from turtle shell. In his comprehensive study, *A History of the Fish Hook*,[12] Hans Jorgen Hurum tells us that the shanks of Pacific Island bonito lures were traditionally made of whale bone, with mother-of-pearl edges, and the hooks were made from tortoise shells.

According to H. J. Alfred in *The Modern Angler,* the Polynesians of Tahiti, New Zealand, and the Fijian Islands made hooks and lures out of pearl-bearing shells, *Auricula margarita.*[13] Alfred illus-

Figure 10. This spade-end Romano-British bronze hook was illustrated in a monograph (I), Verulamium Excavations III *(Oxford: Oxford University, 1984).*

Figure 11. This particular lure made from shell with a fire-hardened wooden hook is similar in design to the Solomon Island lure made from shell with a bone hook (see Figure 12). From H. J. Alfred, The Modern Angler *(London: Upcott Gill, 1898), 8.*

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Figure 12. Notice that the Solomon Island lure (actual size) has seven colored beads forming an articulated attractor or "rattle" on the back of the lure. The sink-and-draw motion induced by the angler ensures that the rattle flips and dips attractively. The hook is attached to the base of the lure with tight binding twine, and the main line is attached to the purposefully grooved knob at the top of the lure. D. C. Starzcka of the British Museum's Department of Ethnology, having studied a photograph of these hooks, wrote, "The hooks are indeed from the Solomon Islands [Melanesia], the small pearl-shell one probably from Malaita or Ulawa, the bonito one from the Central Solomons or New Guinea . . ." (D. C. Starzcka, letter, 26 October 2004). The pearl shell was often jigged from purpose-built platforms.

trates an example found in use after the first landing on the Fijian Islands about 1800. This particular lure (Figure 11) made from shell with a fire-hardened wooden hook is similar in design to the Solomon Island lure made from shell with a bone hook (Figure 12). The settlement of the Polynesias over the Pacific area started more than 3,000 years ago, so we can only guess when the islanders made their earliest practical fishhooks.

The very existence of a fishhook implies the existence of a line, but only in rare instances have we knowledge about the nature and the manufacture of these lines. One splendid exception is the line that was described by Johann Reinhold Forster, naturalist on Captain Cook's second voyage of the Pacific in his ship, HMS *Resolution*. In his book, *Observations Made during a Voyage Around the World,* he notes that in Tahiti "their fishing lines were made from the bark of the Erowa—a kind of nettle, which grows in the mountains—and were described as 'the best fishing lines in the world,' better even than our own strongest silk lines."[14] They also used the fibers of the coconut for making threads with which they fastened together parts of the canoes, and presumably for attaching component parts of their hooks.

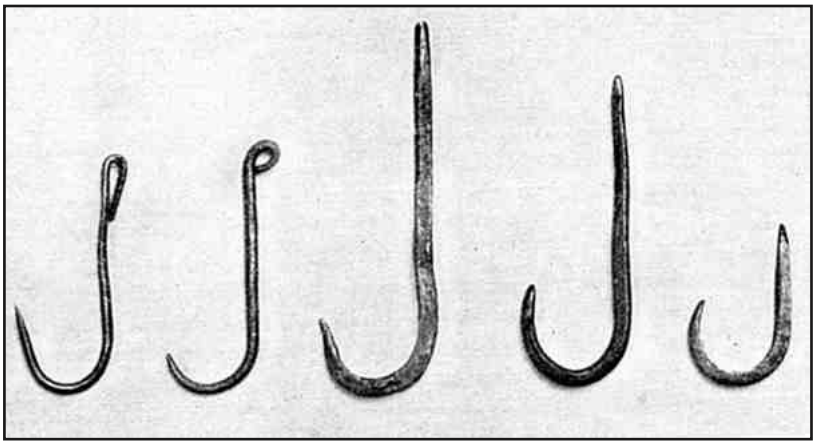


Figure 13. Gold and gold/copper barbless hooks brought to England by Alexander Gair Davidson of Buenoaventura in the Republic of Colombia. These American Indian barbless hooks (2,500 years old) were probably used to catch barbudo, majar, and savalo. From L. C. R. Cameron, Rod, Pole & Perch *(London: Martin Hopkinson, 1928), 154.*

American Hooks

According to L. C. R. Cameron in *Rod, Pole & Perch,* some of the barbless hooks that were recovered from mining operations on the gravels of the Saija River in Colombia were brought to England in 1925 (Figure 13).[15] A number of these were submitted to Professor Murphy of the Smithsonian Institution in New York, who fixed their probable date at 500 B.C. The hooks were found in an area that had been occupied by Chibcha Indians when the Spaniards invaded what is now Colombia in 1536. This tribe skillfully worked gold and silver in jewelry and ornaments, so it is no surprise that ten of the hooks with tapered shanks, sizes ⅜ inch to 1½ inch, and four-eyed hooks, ranging from ¾ inch to 1⅛ inch, were made of gold. Two-eyed hooks, sizes ¾ inch and 1 inch, were made of an alloy of gold and copper, determined by assay. These had points of such needlelike sharpness that they were much superior. It is likely that the hooks made from an alloy superseded the soft, pure gold hooks.

North America comes into the picture, as I discovered when I received a scientific paper from John Betts, with whom I frequently correspond. Written by Dale Croes and published in *Antiquity,* the paper describes fishhooks recovered from archaeological wet-site digs.[16] Those in the northwestern coastal regions of British Columbia and Washington have revealed large quantities[17] of otherwise perishable wooden fishhooks, some of which are thousands of years old. There are three basic types: a composite three-piece V-shaped hook consisting of two wooden shanks and a bone barb, a steam-bent V-shaped wooden hook with a knobbed end for leader attachment, and various versions of the classic halibut hook designed to have a leader attachment midway round the bend of the hook and a reversed bone point lashed to the end furthest from that attachment.

The first and last are essentially gorges, but the second type could be used as a modern hook is used. Confirmation comes from a successful experiment to catch Pacific cod on a replicated hook. Some

of these bent wooden hooks come from wet sites that are from 1,000 to 3,000 years old (Figure 14).

I am conscious that my research has not included any notes on Chinese hooks, and I am aware that this may be a big mistake. Finally, I bring to your notice what William Radcliffe had to say about hooks: "Prehistoric man, often with a limited local supply, was driven to adopt and adapt any material which could be forced into his purpose of a hook."[18] He continued, "The most interesting natural fish hook known to me (found In Goodenough Island, New Guinea) is the thick upper Joint of the hind leg of an insect"[19] (Figure 15). From my inquiries to date, I have concluded that chronologies revealing progress in hook making in different civilizations are for all intents and purposes not comparable; indeed, the evolution of the hook on a worldwide basis is a very complex and difficult study that has yet to be fully addressed.

Figure 14. A Hoko, self-barbed, bent, wooden fishhook from the Pacific Northwest. (During extended burial, the wood had probably sprung back so as to open up the gape.)

ENDNOTES

1. Richard Walker's grandfather was a practitioner of the art, as is evidenced by the advice he gave his ten-year-old grandson when the latter had just had his bait taken by a pike: "Now my lad, before you strike, give it ten minutes by your watch." (Americans may not be aware that Richard Walker, who died in 1985, is Britain's second-most-famous angling author.)

2. William Radcliffe, *Fishing from the Earliest Times,* 2nd ed. (London: John Murray, 1926), 32.

3. H. Godwin, "British Maglemose Harpoon Sites," *Antiquary* (1933, vol. 7), 36–38.

4. Louwe Kooijmans, "The Rhine-Meuse Delta, 1974," *Analecta Praehistorica Leidensia* 7, published by Leiden University. Four studies on the Prehistoric occupation and Holocene geology of the Rhine-Meuse delta.

5. Soon after the discovery of the bone hooks, an attempt was made to catch perch and pike on one of them, but it ended in failure. This was due to using modern methods; the hook should have been hidden inside a deadbait and used as a gorge hook.

6. I draw the reader's attention to Hilary Stewart's magnificent tome, *Indian Fishing: Early Methods on the Northwest Coast* (Vancouver, B.C.: Douglas McIntyre; and Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1982). This book illustrates how a halibut takes a baited halibut hook without gorging it and in so doing justifies its curious but practical design.

7. Jacquetta Hawkes, *The Atlas of Early Man* (London: Dorling Kindersley, 1976), 98.

8. In the entry for copper, the *Oxford English Dictionary* notes: "L. Cyprium æs or 'Metal of Cyprus,' so named from its most noted ancient source." Doubtless, it would have been exported via equally ancient trade routes in the eastern Mediterranean.

9. Dr. Helen Whitehouse, Department of Antiquities, Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, personal correspondence to author, 5 April 2004.

10. Ancient Art (antique dealer), 85 The Vale, Southgate, London N14 6AT.

11. See Frederick Buller, "A Fourth-Century European Illustration of a Salmon Angler," *The American Fly Fisher* (spring 1998, vol. 24, no. 2), 6–12.

12. Hans Jorgen Hurum, *A History of the Fish Hook* (London: A & C Black, 1977).

13. H. J. Alfred, *The Modern Angler* (London: Upcott Gill, 1898), 8.

14. Johann Reinhold Forster, *Observations Made During a Voyage Around the World* (London: G. Robinson, 1778), 463.

15. L. C. R. Cameron, *Rod, Pole & Perch* (London: Martin Hopkinson, 1928), 154.

16. Dale Croes, "Northwest Coast of North America Wet-Site Basketry and Wooden Fishhooks," *Antiquity* (1997, vol. 71, no. 273), 594–615.

17. More than 1,300 have been found.

18. Radcliffe, *Fishing from the Earliest Times,* 34.

19. Ibid.

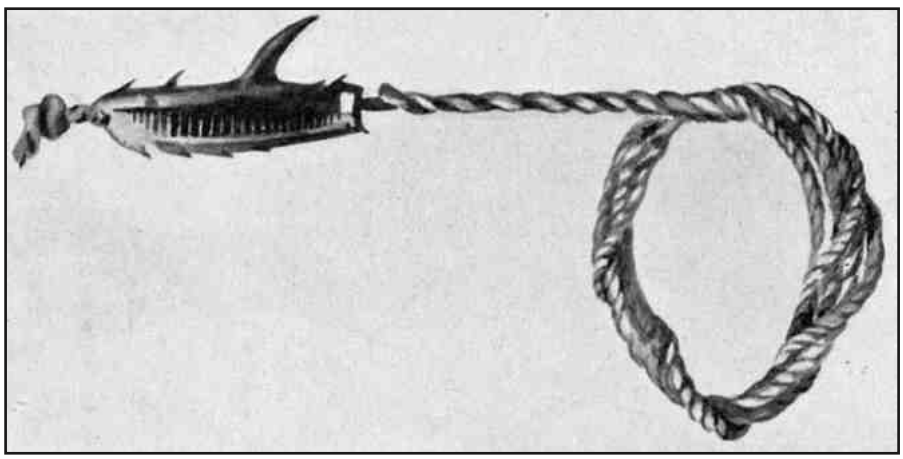


Figure 15. This hook is made from the spur of the leg joint of a male insect of the species Eurycantha latro *and is about 1⅝ inch long. From William Radcliffe,* Fishing from the Earliest Times, *2nd ed. (London: John Murray, 1926), 34.*

Fishing Books for the Masses: An Achievable Project

by Paul Schullery

Much of the history of fly fishing, at least as we know that history, has survived in the books. For much of what we want to know about the sport before, say, 1800, we are unfortunately dependent on those few voices that survive between the covers of this or that "classic" volume. I say "unfortunately" not because those books are poor evidence in themselves (they are often wonderful sources of information), but because there is so much more we should know but have little way of finding out. Fly fishing's other artifacts, such as rods, reels, and flies, are notoriously fragile and short-lived, and rarely survive even a century after they are produced. We thus place an unfair burden on the books to tell us the full story of the sport.

From Izaak Walton, The Complete Angler *(Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1889), 361.*

What makes this situation even more difficult, indeed exasperating, is that those historical texts are out of reach. So, though it is fairly easy for someone with access to either a good university library or the Internet to search and read the scientific literature on trout and other fly-caught fish, it remains difficult to get a look at many if not most of the older fishing books.

Obstacles to an Angling Education

I believe that there is reason to hope that this will cease to be a problem before many more years pass because the rare fishing books have for far too long been the exclusive province of those people who happened to live near one of the few good public fishing libraries or who happened to have spectacular quantities of money to buy their own. Most of the time, I have not been in the former category, and I am sure I will never be in the latter.

For those of us who have to find our way to the older fishing books in any cheap way we can, the interlibrary loan service at our neighborhood library is often a big help. But in the case of the truly rare old books, libraries are understandably reluctant or unwilling to ship such treasures off to other libraries.

It is the good fortune of anglers that over the years a good many pre-1900 fishing books have been reprinted by this or that publisher. As well, some of the best-known of these older books were frequently republished in revised or at least later (and therefore usually cheaper) editions. By these means, and perhaps by sacrificing a few luxuries, it is possible for the determined reader to cobble together a fairly respectable library, if you have patience and time, and vigilantly keep a lookout in the used bookstores and antiquarian angling book catalogs.

It is especially possible if you, like me, are willing to settle for a decent photocopy of a book. I always prefer the heft, textures, and other wonderful physical characteristics of a real book, but I'm primarily interested in the words rather than in the actual object of the book, so I'll settle for almost anything.

It's still surprisingly hard to get hold of a great many titles, however, and too often the publishers of those ever-welcome reprints of otherwise unobtainable books confuse matters even as they try to help.

The Reprinting Dilemma

Not that publishing new editions of historic books is an easy thing, even if you can make it work financially. For one example, consider the problem of some important book that in the course of an author's life was revised and republished several times. This happened quite often in earlier generations of fishing writers. A writer would create his book, and then, rather than crank out a sequel, he would devote his life to enlarging and otherwise perfecting that original work through later editions.

This presents the publisher who is considering a reprint of an old book with an interesting dilemma. It is admittedly not simple to decide which edition of some rare old classic to reprint: should it be the initial edition or a later edition? On the side of the initial edition is the historian's desire to see the author's primary contributions as first introduced to the angling readership. On the side of some later edition is the equally compelling need to know how the author's opinions were altered and enriched by additional experience over

the course of many years, or, in some cases, over several decades.

For example, by far the most often-reprinted edition of Walton's *The Compleat Angler* is not the first, but the one usually referred to as the fifth, that being the final one published during Walton's long, eventful life. If we want to know how Walton viewed the state of the sport in the year he first published, we naturally should prefer the original edition (1653). By being the first offering of his great work, it also has a special spark of originality as the freshest exercise of its author's brilliant vision.

But if it's the author's expertise and his text's literary "completeness" we're after, we should arguably prefer the fifth edition (1676), that being the final edition published during Walton's life. Indeed, we might prefer it not only because it is the edition that contains the fullest, most considered rendition of Walton's own insights and instructions, but also because it is the first to contain Charles Cotton's wonderful essay on fly fishing (itself a great milestone in fly-fishing writing).

If it's a more complete accounting of the author's life, the continued development of the sport after his time, and a host of related matters and details that interest us most, then we probably would be happiest with one of the superb editions published in later centuries. An edition that I lately enjoy for reading and general browsing was published in 1897 (I have a recent paperback reprint of that edition). I am not happy that its editor has modernized Walton's language, but this edition has other important attractions for me. Besides containing hundreds of beautiful drawings of the fishing country it describes, it includes appendices with much additional information on everything to do with Walton. I only have a couple Waltons, so I'm glad this is one of them.

Choosing which edition of a given book, especially an historically significant book, to read or acquire is not a simple matter. In the best of all worlds, we would have all the important editions at hand, and when some topic vexed us, we would have the luxury to pursue it through the convolutions of the author's life and experience. In this one small realm—the finding and reading of fishing books—I believe that the best of all worlds is not very far in the future.

From Izaak Walton, The Complete Angler *(New York: Ward, Lock & Co., 1891), xi.*

A Defiant Aside

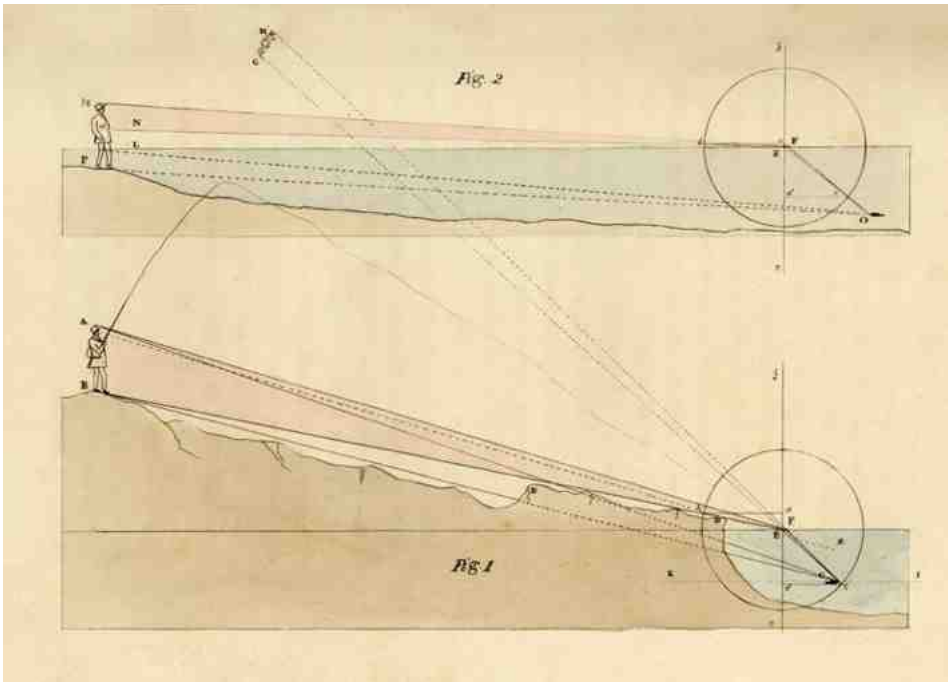
Allow me to pause here and acknowledge the raised eyebrows in the crowd. Just so you don't think I've lost it completely, I will admit that the average angler has no interest in this sort of study. The modern commerce of fly fishing trains its enthusiasts to spend their time and especially their money in other ways. Tracing the sport's heritage, theoretical underpinnings, and deeper meanings is of no interest to those people. Some of them would actually be opposed to it. I mention this so you know that I realize that I'm speaking on behalf of a tiny minority of angling readers, and that the rest of the sport's readers—and all the nonreaders, I suppose—may regard us as hopeless geeks for following what they see as obscure intellectual trails into such meaningless little corners of history. But that is, frankly, their problem. I can't help them if they don't get it. Those of us who want to understand how fishing got to where it is today consider these questions worth the trouble of answering, and we enjoy the trail for its own sake. And if the trail was a little easier, I think more of those others would come along with us.

The Reprint Lament

But the trail is not easy. Even at the best libraries, it is often not possible to trace the development of an important author's thinking through the several editions of his book that may have appeared over the course of his lifetime. A good university or public library collection may have a representative sample of an author's work, but only one of the editions. We can only hope that whatever edition we do luck into is good enough for our purposes.

As I say, some of the reprint publishers seem not to care about any of this. I am shocked at the number of reprint publishers who don't even feel a need to provide the briefest of forewords, placing the book in its proper historical or theoretical context. But I would be grateful if that was the biggest problem. The publishers of a few recent reprints I have bought erase even the basic facts of the original publication from their reprints. Clearly, such publishers don't want the buyer to know the real age or intellectual provenance of the book.

I'm sure many of us have mixed feelings about whether we prefer our reprints to be, on the one hand, typeset anew, with new illustrations and other new supporting text, or, on the other hand, facsimiles of the original book. It's always fun to read a splendidly designed and illustrated book, but there is also a lot to be said for seeing an author's words in the same type and design as the author saw them. Naturally, the quickest, cheapest way to reproduce an old book is by facsimile reprint; it involves no new type except perhaps for the title page and some new front matter. Since the 1700s, all of the greatest editions of Walton have been retypeset. They are distinguished by their richness of illustration and commentary, and I am grateful for them. But I've always wanted to own a facsimile of Walton's first edition, just for the closer sense it would give me of what it would have been like to sit in a tavern or along a stream 350 years ago and read the real thing when it first came out. Unfortunately, the facsimile option, at least as it is exercised by some reprinters, has led to some serious discourtesies to unwary book buyers.



An illustration depicting a fish's line of sight.
From Alfred Ronalds, The Fly Fisher's Entomology *(London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman, 1836), facing page 8.*

A recent reprint edition of Alfred Ronalds's *The Flyfisher's Entomology*, originally published in 1836, is among the worst of these. It actually seems that the publisher hoped to so thoroughly eliminate any evidence of the book's true age and meaning in fishing literature that naive readers, perhaps new to fly fishing, would assume that this was a newly published book. Not only is this unkind to those readers, it is annoying to those of us who know what the book really is because it makes it all the more difficult for us to determine just which edition they reprinted.

The Answer

I mentioned earlier that I have hopes that we may soon leave this confusion behind and solve the problem. My dream is that one of the institutions with a special interest in this subject (I think first of the Salmonid Library at Montana State University and the library of the American Museum of Fly Fishing) will launch a project to digitally scan every older book in their considerable collections and to seek out others in private or public collections to scan as well. All books published before the early 1900s are in the public domain and are thus legally free for such treatment and electronic redistribution. A consortium of the foremost public angling book collections in this country—the ones mentioned already, plus Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, to add a few more—could get this job done in splendid fashion.

To read some of fly fishing's most boosterish writers, one would have the impression that there are countless older fishing books, and that such a scanning project is dauntingly huge. In fact, they are not countless; thanks to some dedicated bibliographers, we actually have a fairly good count, especially of the older books. There are many, and if one includes all the editions of all the books published before, say, 1900, there are certainly thousands. But of the books before 1800—those being the hardest to come by—there are far fewer. And it would seem sensible to start at the known beginning and get those oldest, rarest books into public view first.

In any case, this is a tiny project compared with many other web-book projects of far broader scope already under way. And it has the added advantage of being focused on such a narrow field of interest that a concerted effort over a period of several years could actually finish it, at least to the point to which only routine upkeep and occasional additions would be necessary.

Once the bulk of the work is done and the scans are available on the web, a new literary age will dawn in the world of angling, and the democratization of angling literature will be complete.

There have been a number of very impressive and comprehensive such projects under way in the greater field of world literature. By going to several websites, it is now possible to find and read many thousands of older books, on a remarkable array of subjects, on the web. As well, e-publishing has itself become big business in the world of newly written books. There are countless examples to learn from, and no end of readily available technology.

Fly fishing's commentators are always puffing up and bragging about how wonderful the sport's literature is, but it has always been the sad truth that most fly fishers can't get a look at most of that literature. We are now in a position to bypass the traditional publishing industry, which—in fairness, it must be said—is only able to help us to a point. The institution that takes the lead in creating an exhaustive web library of fishing literature (at least that portion of it that is now in the public domain, which certainly includes everything published before 1900) will earn the lasting gratitude of many of us and will occupy an important leadership role in the sport's intellectual community.

And that's only a start. Once the books are thus "republished," the many important periodicals should immediately follow, along with a variety of other materials, including early tackle catalogs, brochures, and other fascinating ephemera that have been generated by fly fishing's commerce and conversation.

It's a very exciting prospect. It may put those of us who write about the literature, and invoke it so frequently, out of a job, but just think how fine it will be for readers, whether they have a fortune or not, to be able to get their fishing advice directly from so many of their ancestors.

Last, let me inject a note of realism from my own experience. When I was executive director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, I well remember all the times a bright, well-meaning person would call me up and bestow upon me some grand brainstorm he or she'd had for what I should be working on instead of all the urgent things I already didn't have enough time to get done. So please understand that I am not suggesting that the caretakers of our great angling libraries stop doing all the important things they're doing and do this. I am only suggesting that all of us interested in the future of angling literature raise our sights a bit and add a global public angling library to our wish lists. Once enough of us believe in it and realize what a gift it would be to ourselves and to anglers everywhere, we'll find a way to make it happen.

Ernest G. Schwiebert

1931–2005

by Gardner Grant

Keith Fulsher

Gardner Grant and Ernie Schwiebert studying aquatic fly life at the Potatuck Club on 11 May 2005.

Ernie Schwiebert was a remarkable human being.

I met him shortly after moving to New York in 1962, fished with him on the Paradise Branch of the Brodheads, and joined him in forming the Henryville Conservation Club shortly thereafter. In the ensuing years, he introduced me to the trout of Argentina and the Atlantic salmon of Iceland. In a friendship spanning more than forty years, I learned a great deal about angling for trout and salmon, mostly by observing a master of the sport. I learned even more about the man.

Ernie excelled at anything he set his mind to. He is perhaps best known for his writings over more than half a century, starting with *Matching the Hatch* in 1955. I think the work that provides the best insight into the author is *Remembrances of Rivers Past.* In this, one recognizes the sensitivity, compassion, poetry, and romance that were all part of him. I often marveled how one who possessed a mind grounded in the disciplines of science could embrace these qualities. But there were more surprises.

Ernie was recognized for his knowledge of salmonids, the tactics and tackle required in their pursuit. Seldom was he extolled for his casting ability, but after more than seventy years on the water, a bit of this time with acknowledged casting masters, I have never seen his peer on a salmon river or trout stream. His clean, elegant stroke delivered the fly on target time after time. His mastery of the slack-line cast allowed the smallest fly to dance as if free floating in the most confusing currents. He was a fine athlete and a magnificent caster.

Ernie was an artist, as evidenced by his paintings in *Salmon of the World* and by his sketches accompanying his books and articles.

He amazed all who knew him with his photographic memory. He could fish a stretch of water once and days later produce a scale drawing showing every holding lie, every rock and riffle, every feature important to the angler. He could take a careful look at an insect and later produce a detailed drawing of it. He was a prodigious reader, whose memory allowed him to store and recall a surprising volume of information. Without this capability, I wonder if he could have produced his magnum opus, the two-volume *Trout.*

With a degree in architecture from Ohio State and a PhD from Princeton, Ernie was a member of a large New York firm. Two of the projects he worked on were the Dallas–Fort Worth airport and the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. A more personal testimony to his architectural skill is his charming home in Princeton, New Jersey. Fortunately for the fly-fishing community, he left his firm in 1977 to pursue his interest in angling-related research, travel, and writing.

Ernest was eloquent with both the written and spoken word. He was a fine speaker, widely sought after by angling groups. Often, these presentations were augmented by his color slides of fishing subjects and faraway places. Yes, he was a talented photographer as well.

Some years ago, he visited at my home on the upper Beaverkill. One evening we fished a long pool together, Ernie at the head while I worked the tail shallows. As the light faded, trout started the rhythmic sipping that I knew was triggered by a spinner fall. Every spinner pattern I threw was ignored. In desperation, I took out my insect net and captured a couple of the naturals which looked unlike anything I had in my fly box.

I walked up the bank and told Ernie of my frustration. He asked: "What does it look like?" Before I could reply, he continued, "Don't bother! The last time you told me you were fishing a green-bodied fly, it was brown. I'd better go down with you and have a look." (He never failed to chide me on my color-blindness and enjoyed critiquing my efforts at the tying vise.) At the tail, he netted a couple of the bugs and placed them in a specimen bottle he always carried in his vest. Later, at the fly-tying bench, he took out a reference book while examining what he had collected and announced, "It's *Epeorus vitrea!* I never knew you had them here." Needless to say, neither did I. It seems the *vitrea* is a first cousin to the *pleuralis*, generally imitated by the Quill Gordon. He then tied two spinners, two for each of us. (Ernie was a marvelous fly tier—innovative, meticulous, and artistic—his flies really too beautiful to be mangled by fish.) The following evening found us at the tail of the same pool, and now the fall was heavier with more fish working on the insects. Ernie and I alternated casting, and I believe we never had a refusal and hooked just about every trout we saw rise. Then Ernie spoke the words I often heard him utter. "You see? Science does work!"

He owned and used graphite rods, but he most enjoyed trout fishing with his 8-foot cane Thomas & Thomas. He loved elegant, classic tackle.

Ernie knew and appreciated good food and wine and was great fun to be with on or off the water. He was warm, generous, eminently fair-minded, widely knowledgeable, and intelligent. Fly fishing was a great part of his life, and in one of his final talks—in June 2005, celebrating the opening of the new facilities of the American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont—he explained why:

> People often ask why I fish, and after seventy-odd years, I am starting to understand.
>
> I fish because of Beauty.
>
> Everything about our sport is beautiful. Its more than five centuries of manuscripts and books and folios are beautiful. Its artifacts of rods and beautifully machined reels are beautiful. Its old wading staffs and split-willow creels, and the delicate artifice of its flies, are beautiful. Dressing such confections of fur, feathers, and steel is beautiful, and our worktables are littered with gorgeous scraps of tragopan and golden pheasant and blue chatterer and Coq de Leon. The best of sporting art is beautiful. The riverscapes that sustain the fish are beautiful. Our methods of seeking them are beautiful, and we find ourselves enthralled with the quicksilver poetry of the fish.
>
> And in our contentious time of partisan hubris, selfishness, and outright mendacity, Beauty itself may prove the most endangered thing of all.

I have lost a dear friend.

Fly fishing has lost a towering intellect and its finest spokesman.

Gardner Grant is a trustee of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. His tribute to Ernest Schwiebert originally appeared in the Anglers' Club Bulletin, *the publication of the Anglers' Club of New York.*

James Hardman

Ernest Schwiebert and Gardner Grant during the American Museum of Fly Fishing's reopening celebration, 11 June 2005.

Reflections on an Angling Legend

Ernest George Schwiebert Jr.
5 June 1931–10 December 2005

by J. I. Merritt

Late on a sultry June morning in 1977, I sat on a bank of the Paradise Branch of Brodhead Creek in eastern Pennsylvania watching Ernie Schwiebert try, against the odds, to catch a fish. The day was bright and the water low and warm. We were at Ernie's club, the Henryville Flyfishers. Other anglers lounged on the grass. They had mostly gone fishless and had hung up their waders to await the evening hatch. Schwiebert was the only one fishing.

His target was a stream-bred brown trout rising in a desultory way under some rhododendrons on the far bank. In latex waders and cradling a split-cane rod, Schwiebert stood thigh-deep in the current, focused on the fish. Bedecked in his trademark Tyrolean hat and with a red bandanna knotted around his neck, he looked his usual stylish self. At age forty-six, he was in his prime, with a broad, muscular physique and graying temples and sideburns. With the imminent publication of his monumental two-volume, 1,750-page *Trout*, he was also at the top of his game as America's (indeed the world's) foremost authority on fly fishing.

There was another rise. Ernie pumped his rod and laid a cast above the fish. The drift was perfect. The brown trout rose and gave the fly a leisurely inspection, but refused to take. Schwiebert laughed. "That's not your average brook trout that acts like he's had a frontal lobotomy," he said. Warming to the challenge, he tied on a longer, finer tippet and a smaller fly. He cast again. This time the brown took and was quickly brought to the net and released. Ernie flashed a grin at his fellow anglers on the shore. "These fish are so darned picky. Every time you get one on, you feel like you've earned another PhD."

Schwiebert in fact had a PhD—not in anything remotely related to fishing, but in architecture and urban planning, from Princeton University. At that point in his life, he had worked on large-scale planning projects in Europe, South America, Australia, the Caribbean, and the United States, including the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport and the Jamaica Bay Extension of JFK Airport. As his fame as a fly fisherman had grown in recent years, however, he found his avocation supplanting his vocation, and his time was increasingly spent writing about fishing, leading angling tour groups, and traveling the lecture circuit talking about fishing.

The Henryville brown he'd caught was no bigger than 14 inches, about average for the water, but it was a wild fish, which by Ernie's standards was all that really mattered. He lamented that for the benefit of the membership's "geriatric set," the club occasionally stocked hatchery-reared "slob trout"—big, tame, stupid fish he disdained: "A pound-and-a-half wild trout will run one right out of here."

I had first met Schwiebert three years before, while working on an article for Princeton's alumni magazine about notable angler graduates, who besides Schwiebert included such venerable personalities as Edward Ringwood Hewitt and Eugene V. Connett, the founder of the Derrydale Press. The inspiration for the article was a sentence about Princeton in "Homage to Henryville," one of Schwiebert's richly evocative pieces found in *Remembrances of Rivers Past,* a collection of essays that chronicled his worldwide fishing exploits from Norway to Tierra del Fuego and seemingly everywhere in between. Like his other books, it was illustrated with his own exquisite artwork—in this case, elegant black-and-white washes of people, birds, flies, and fish.

My research included a visit with Ernie at his home in Princeton, a vaulting cedar house of his own design in the woods north of town where he lived with his wife, Sara, a private-school teacher and administrator, and their young son, Erik, a budding angler and fly tier. At the time he was deep into the writing of *Trout,* and the floor of his den was piled with source books. More books were stacked on a coffee table, next to a manuscript he'd been working on steadily for the last fourteen months. It was 9 inches high and growing, each page filled with his neat block printing, which after countless hours over a drafting board he found easier than longhand.

~

Schwiebert's magnum opus appeared in 1977. *Trout* was an encyclopedic tome of formidable erudition and range, covering every aspect of fly fishing for trout and salmon, from biology and behavior to the history of the sport and the evolution of equipment and techniques, leavened with anecdotal vignettes culled from the author's four decades of fishing. A few months before its publication, I convinced the editors of *People* magazine to profile the author. The assignment led to the Henryville outing, whose main purpose was to rendezvous with a *People* photographer. We made the two-and-a-half hour drive from Princeton together, up through the Jersey Highlands and across the Delaware Water Gap. Not knowing if meals were on the agenda, I brought along a peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwich, but I needn't have bothered: in a wicker picnic basket covered with red-checked cloth, Ernie had packed a gourmet lunch of imported wine and beer, French bread, brie,

and gravlax made from a salmon he'd caught in Iceland and cured the traditional way, in river gravel.

On the drive he talked about the genesis of his passion for fly fishing. His father, a professor of history and political science at Northwestern University and several other Midwestern schools, spent vacations angling in the lower Michigan lakes where the family summered. The elder Schwiebert fished mainly for bass, and it remained for the son to succumb to what he called his "trout fixation." Ernie was six years old when, from a bridge, he saw his first fly fisherman, wading a stream and sweeping his line in graceful loops over the water. The vision changed his life. He had seen fishing before, but it had always been lake fishing, in a boat, "where people sat around and watched corks on the water, or trolled up and down, or heaved immense plugs at bass," he recalled. "This was a different kind of thing altogether, and the difference was beauty."

Not long after this youthful epiphany, his father presented him with a fly rod on his seventh birthday. He quickly went out and caught a trout with it, on a wet Cahill. By the time he turned ten, he was tying his own flies and casting to rising trout on the streams of Michigan and on the headwaters of the Arkansas River, in Colorado, where his mother's sister owned a ranch. While still in his early teens, he sought out one of the country's top fly tiers, Bill Blades, and a champion fly caster, Frank Steel, for advanced lessons in their esoteric skills. By age sixteen he had begun the collecting and cataloguing of stream insects that would lead to the publication, in 1955, when he was twenty-four years old and still a senior in college, of *Matching the Hatch,* the first angler's guide to both eastern and western mayflies.

Ernie was an only child, and his parents indulged his obsession. "They never insisted that I take a summer job. From the time I was old enough to drive, they allowed me to take the family car and wander around Michigan and the Rockies fishing alone or with friends." He was a senior at New Trier High School, near Chicago, following World War II when his father was appointed an adviser in political and cultural affairs to U.S. forces in occupied Germany. At his parents' suggestion, Ernie took two years off to accompany him. Much of his time overseas was spent fishing the Traun and other legendary streams of Bavaria and Austria. "The whole plateau north of Nuremberg—the Franconian Upland—is a limestone plateau," he said. "It was a golden era in European fly fishing because those rivers hadn't been fished during the war."

For "immense amounts of charm, picturesque landscapes, a sense of history and beauty, plus better fishing than you'd think in terms of the fish," Schwiebert still regarded the fishing in Europe (including the British Isles) as the world's best. In the continental United States, he favored the Henry's Fork of the Snake and a stretch of Silver Creek near Sun Valley, Idaho, that he and his friend Jack Hemingway had recently helped preserve by raising $650,000 for the Nature Conservancy. (When I called Hemingway seeking anecdotes about Ernie, he was less than forthcoming—"I'm saving that for my book," he said. He did allow that I shouldn't believe "anything Schwiebert tells you about fishing morning rises because he's never made one yet.")

Following what he called his two-year "bath" in continental fly fishing and culture, Schwiebert matriculated at Ohio State University. He majored in architecture, and after college was commissioned in the Air Force. He spent most of his active duty helping oversee construction of the Air Force Academy in Colorado—yet another fortuitous opportunity for fishing.

He and Sara met at Ohio State and married while Ernie was in the service (their honeymoon was a Colorado fly-fishing trip). The woman whom Arnold Gingrich, in *The Joys of Trout,* called "the Patient Griselda of all the fishing widows of both history and legend," took her husband's single-mindedness in stride. She recalled an early gathering with his family. "This was supposed to be my initiation into trout fishing. Ernie gave me all the right equipment, and we went fishing. Then it started to rain, and then it poured, and I was still out there when everyone else had quit. I went along with this for a while, until I realized it was not an absolute necessity in terms of my marriage."

~

Although we lived just a few miles apart, I saw Ernie infrequently in later years. "One of the things I like about living in Princeton," he said, "is that people here leave you alone." There was little chance to intrude on him anyway. His consulting and fishing-related "work"—which in the last decade of his life included leading innumerable Atlantic-salmon trips to Russia's Kola Peninsula, a sport fishery he helped pioneer—kept him away most of the time, and when home he was usually in seclusion writing or working on other projects.

His father lived into his nineties, and given Ernie's robustness and vigorous embrace of life, I had assumed he would, too. It was a shock to see his obituary in the *New York Times* just a day after I'd been talking about him with a mutual friend. He was seventy-four and had died of renal cancer.

I will remember him for his charismatic personality and how he could fill a room with his presence. He was articulate, sharp-witted, and gracious in his praise of others. I marveled at his skills as an angler, writer, artist, raconteur, polymath, and linguist (he was fluent in at least two foreign languages, German and Spanish, and conversant in several more). Genius is an overused word, but in Ernie's case I believe it fits. He had something close to a photographic memory; as his angling pal Chuck Fothergill once told me, tapping his head, "Ernie likes to say that when it goes in here, it stays." His eidetic powers were on full display in my last encounter with him, in the spring of 2003, at a Princeton fund-raiser for the Greater Yellowstone Coalition. When I approached the knot of admirers surrounding him, he was holding forth on a book I had written twenty years before on British sportsmen in the American West. I was flattered, of course, but also astonished at his ability to recall details I had long forgotten about one of my subjects, Sir St. George Gore, who had fished some of the same Colorado streams where the teenaged Ernie had honed his angling skills.

He also had a healthy ego and could be prickly toward critics who complained of his idiosyncratic and ultimately formulaic style. At least some of the criticism was justified. Although his best writing is peerless, he didn't work hard at his prose—the first draft was invariably his last—and he resisted editing.

Still, no one I've known personally has better expressed what draws us to fly fishing. Along with the beauty of places where trout and salmon live, there is the challenge of catching them. As he observed in one of our interviews, "Fishing a dry fly over selective trout takes more skill and delicate art than putting, and distance casting in a high wind can be as athletic as javelin throwing. Fly fishing is the only field sport I know which has the ritual of hunting and stalking and doesn't actually kill. It ritualizes the kill because you have the opportunity to release the fish. It's the only sport I know which combines the old blood rhythms with the new sensibilities."

~

J. I. (Jim) Merritt lives in Pennington, New Jersey. He is the editor of We Proceeded On, *the quarterly journal of the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, and the author of* Trout Dreams: A Gallery of Fly-Fishing Profiles *(Derrydale Press, 2000), which was reviewed by Paul Schullery in the Winter 2003 issue of this journal.*

Remembering Ernie

by William F. Herrick

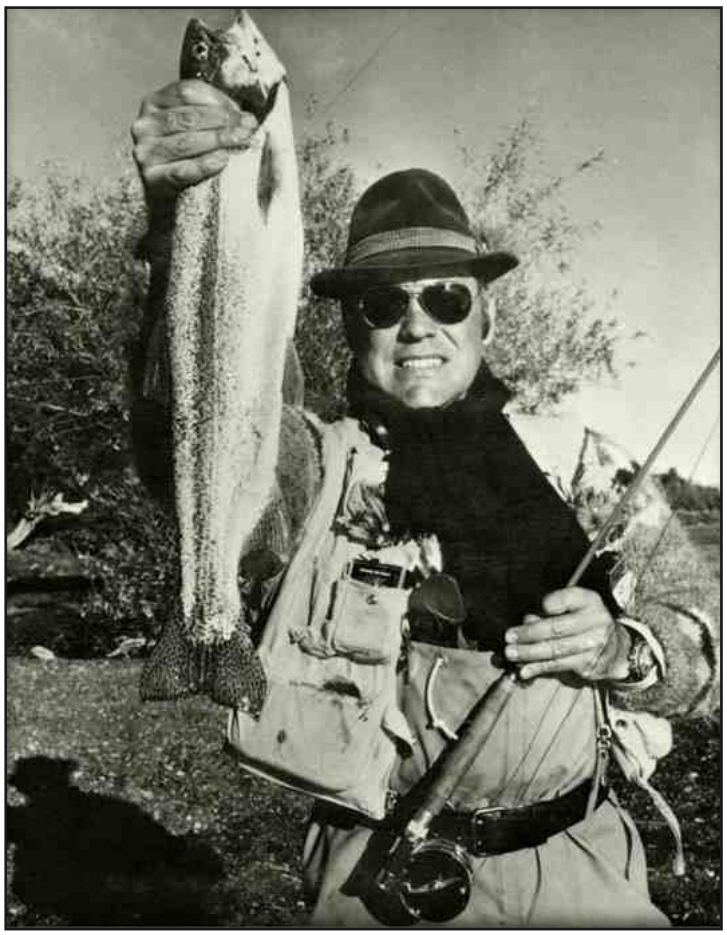
James Hardman

Ernest Schwiebert, Bill Herrick, and Gardner Grant enjoyed reminiscing during the American Museum of Fly Fishing's re-opening celebration, 11 June 2005.

When I think of Ernie, I think of his hat: the pins and the big grin under a brim that could have been shaped by Charlie Ritz. I remember the intensity of his eyes when he took issue with an opposing view or described what it is like to catch a mammoth salmon in Iceland. I have fond recollections of fishing the Beaverkill and Willowemoc on countless weekends during the '50s and '60s and meeting up with Ernie at the Antrim Lodge on the glorious weekend nights when grown men scrapped for a chair at his table. And why not? The author of *Matching the Hatch* was an authentic star in angling's firmament.

But of all my memories, the ones I treasure the most are the meetings of the Midtown Turf Yachting and Polo Association and the Williams Club and the Manny Wolf lunches described by Ernie in the 2005 Fall issue of the *American Fly Fisher*. It was sitting at the feet of those exceptional writers and artists where I fell into such bad habits as fishing too much, drinking martinis, and learning how to make 12-inch fish grow several inches overnight. Ernie could tell a story like none other. If you haven't read his books, do yourself a favor. I'm happy to know that there's more unpublished work to come from this truly remarkable man.

Gardner Grant



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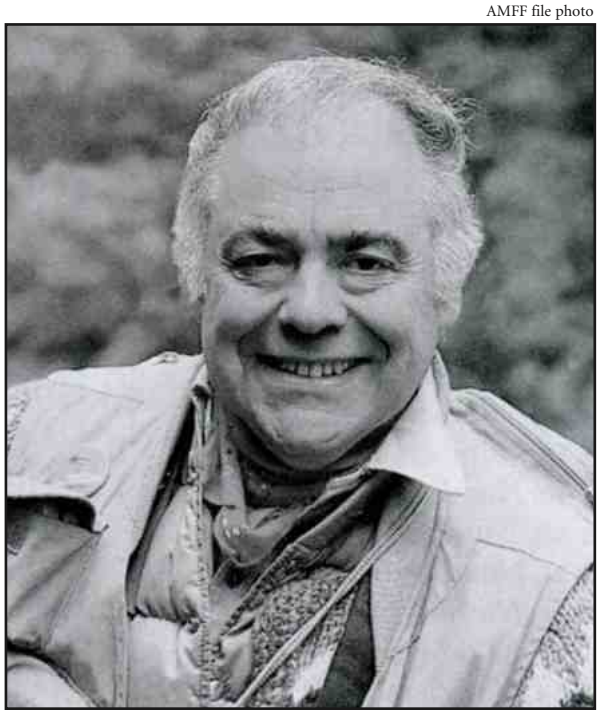


Here's a poem for you, Ernie.

Catch and Release

A trout caught a little boy
And carried him to the deepest part
Of the river and held him there
Long enough to teach him
What a trout's world is like,
Then released him.

The little boy had written down only
A portion of all he had learned
When the trout summoned him
To return to the river,

Where he is now
Making notes.

Pale Sulphur Dun (*Ephemerella dorothea*). Illustration by Ernest Schwiebert.

And one for us.

The Word

We never saw it coming.
He was clear. Every word
He spoke at the banquet was sharp.
When he said it was all about beauty
The room was silent
Like a deep pool.

The end wasn't far off,
Though no one knew it
But the family. All we knew
Was the legend, standing up there,
Telling us about trout and beauty
And hours spent on rivers.

Now he's gone. Just weeks later.
Too suddenly for those of us
Who knew him. No longer there.
No longer there. The words hurt.

What his genius gave us
Was greater than trout rising,
Salmon wearing coats of mail,
A hatch of flies soaring
Through the evening air.

He gave us that word beauty
To carry it with us long past
The days when we can no longer
Make the long cast.

William F. Herrick is a trustee emeritus of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Our Library Grows

Photo courtesy of Lois Chapin

Roy Chapin fishing at the Fontinalis Club in Michigan.

Four years ago, Roy D. Chapin Jr. donated nearly 1,000 books to the Museum's library. A year later, Nick Lyons donated his magnificent collection of more than 1,500 books.

And now, we recently received another 1,000 books from Roy Chapin's estate. This group of books is significant and includes a large number of limited editions and rare items (many of which have been on our wish list). For example, the collection includes most of the books of Frank Forester, F. Gray Griswold, Frederic Halford, some unusual books by Roderick Haig-Brown, as well as some rare books from the Derrydale Press. Further, and of considerable interest, there are many books inscribed with notes and letters from the authors who were friends and companions of Roy. We sincerely feel privileged to be the recipient of his complete library.

It is a pleasure to report that the museum's library would now rank as one of the largest public collections of fly-fishing books in America.

Gerald J. Karaska
AMFF Library Volunteer

Museum News

Angler of the Year

Longtime museum friend John Betts was recently honored by *Fly Rod & Reel* magazine as a 2006 Angler of the Year and was featured in an article by Darrel Martin in the January/February 2006 issue. An introduction to the piece states: "Of . . . early innovators, none was more influential than a fly-fishing renaissance man named John Betts. Not only did Betts introduce a number of still-popular synthetic tying materials in the 1970s, but his 1980 book, *Synthetic Flies,* served to open the eyes of fly tiers around the globe." The article gives a good background on all things Betts and even quotes his museum pals Kathleen Achor and Gordon Wickstrom. We encourage you to get your hands on a copy.

Kathleen Achor

2006 Angler of the Year John Betts brought his art, flies, and other works to the museum for an exhibit in 1997.

Napa Winery Dinner

The Napa Winery Dinner and Sporting Auction was held on Saturday, November 12, at the Louis M. Martini Winery in St. Helena, California. Executive Director Bill Bullock and Membership Director Rebecca Nawrath made the journey from Vermont.

This dinner, once again chaired by museum Trustee Roger Riccardi, was a glorious gastronomic affair that was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone in attendance.

The evening commenced with a beautiful reception in the garden, featuring one of Martini's many cabernets. The group then was given a tour of the winery's facilities. An auction preview and reception was held in the barrel room, which featured a candelabra and a wonderful assortment of hors d'oeuvres and companion wines. The museum also arranged for a traveling exhibit to accompany the dinner, so our guests were able to enjoy some highlighted reels from our permanent collection, along with a beautiful display case featuring the flies, artwork, and books of Mary Orvis Marbury.

Bill Bullock

Martini Wine Ambassador Jerlyn Nicholson guided the Napa dinner attendees through a fun and informative blind wine tasting.

One of the highlights of the evening was an hour-long wine education course with Martini Wine Ambassador Jerlyn Nicholson. Jerlyn did a magnificent job of introducing the group to a wonderful assortment of Martini wines. Each of the dinner attendees was seated at a place setting with ten different tasting glasses and an electronic keypad (imagine the *Jeopardy!* game show). Then an engaging wine-tasting course began, featuring a PowerPoint presentation with real-time quiz questions. At the end of the seminar, prizes were awarded to the future sommeliers in attendance.

The group returned to the barrel room to enjoy a sumptuous feast provided by the hospitality staff of the Gallo Family of Wines. The dinner featured the wonderful cuisine of chef Bruce Riezenman of Park Avenue Catering.

The live and silent auctions featured a wide array of artwork, fishing tackle, and fishing trips and drew great interest from the crowd. Our auctioneer for the event was Damon Casatico, who did a great job of engaging our guests.

Outgoing Museum Board of Trustees President David Walsh journeyed from Wyoming for the event. Fellow Trustee and Collections Committee Chair David Nichols and his wife

James Hardman

Executive Director Bill Bullock and Membership Director Rebecca Nawrath chatting with one of the many visitors to the Fly Fishing Show in Somerset, New Jersey.

Margaret made the journey from Maine, as did Trustee Peter Corbin and his wife Lillian from New York. We offer a big thank you to all our guests.

We owe much gratitude to Roger Riccardi and his team at Martini for the wonderful job they did in putting together this fantastic event. We also wish to thank dinner committee members Ed Beddow and Jon Rosell.

In addition, we'd like to recognize the following sponsors, without whom we could not have had such a successful event: Gallo of Sonoma, Martini Winery, Dr. Jane Griffith, Tony Lavely and Ruth's Chris Steak House, Lone Mountain Ranch, Boardwalk Lodge, North Fork Crossing, the Orvis Company, Roger Riccardi and Ruby the Wonder Dog, Kristoph Rollenhagen, and Dave Van Winkle.

Upcoming Events

May 20
Annual Trustee Meeting and Dinner
Hildene
Manchester, Vermont

October 7
Annual Winery Dinner
Paraduxx Winery, a Duckhorn subsidiary
Napa Valley, California

Currently in the works:
Sporting Collectibles and Antique Show Festival
Manchester, Vermont
Stay tuned for more details!

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

Marlborough Fly Fishing Show

The museum once again presented its booth at the Fly Fishing Show in Marlborough, Massachusetts, on January 21 and 22. Executive Director Bill Bullock and Collections Manager Yoshi Akiyama were on hand to renew old friendships and present the museum to a new group of anglers.

We introduced many to our new building through photos and graphics at our booth. In addition to selling items from our gift shop, we signed up many new members and gave out copies of our journal and our new brochures.

We were pleased to see many friends, including Stan Bogdan, Fred Kretchman, David Ledlie, Pamela Bates, Bob Hilyard, Bob Warren, Peter Castagnetti, Barry and Cathy Beck, Roger Plourde, Paul Rossman, and Brandt and Bill Newcomb.

Special thanks go out to our hosts at the Fly Fishing Show for providing us with complimentary booth space.

Somerset Fly Fishing Show

Membership Director Rebecca Nawrath and Executive Director Bill Bullock journeyed to Somerset, New Jersey, for the January 27–29 Somerset show. This was Becky's first trip to a fly-fishing show, and she thoroughly enjoyed meeting the wonderful people in the industry.

Trustee Jim Hardman joined us at the booth and was a great ambassador for Becky and Bill, introducing us to his countless friends. Jim Becker, an accomplished rodmaker and great museum friend, also journeyed down to help us with the booth and display his gorgeous AMFF commemorative bamboo fly rod.

Museum friends Per Brandon, Carmine Lisella, and Galen Mercer stopped by to help out and spread the good word about the museum. We were also pleased to see museum Trustee Blake Drexler, former Trustee Curt Hill, and others. Many of our visitors are planning a spring trip to the museum to see our new home and sample the fine fly-fishing waters of the Batten Kill and other area rivers.

Marketing and Program News

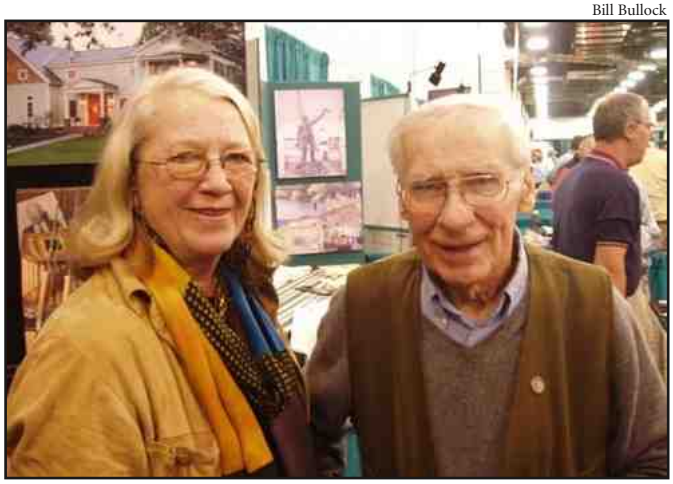
The museum continues to focus its marketing efforts locally, and we have forged a relationship with two Manchester-based organizations: Hildene (home to Abe Lincoln's descendants) and Southern Vermont Arts Center. We are creating a three-way admission ticket that will allow a guest to visit all locations for a reduced ticket price. Each organization will sell the tickets, and we have plans to expand the program in 2007.

We have also created a relationship with the Arlington School in Arlington, Vermont (about fifteen minutes south of Manchester). Executive Director Bill Bullock will be hosting several fly-tying classes with students at the school, and then they will visit the museum. Bill has ties with the school, making it a natural fit to institute this program. Our goal is to work with other local schools as well.

We are excited about these new programs, and we will continue to develop more of these in the coming year.

The museum recently hosted a cocktail party for Manchester-based Orvis employees. Our goals were to show our appreciation for the support Orvis gives us and to show off the muse-

Bill Bullock



Museum Trustee Pam Bates and reelmaker Stan Bogdan took in the sights at the Marlborough Fly Fishing Show.

um to those who may have not yet had the opportunity to visit. Seventy-five people turned out for the event. Our guests had the opportunity to view our incredible *Anglers All* exhibit, as well as admire the private library and (of course) the gift shop. Everyone enjoyed the light hors d'oeuvres, drinks, and good conversation. There was a lot of interest expressed about membership, and we even recruited a few volunteers. The evening was a great success. We thank all those who attended and express our gratitude for their continued support.

On the Road with the American Museum of Fly Fishing

In conjunction with the Orvis Company's 150th anniversary, the American Museum of Fly Fishing has put together an exhibit that will be appearing at an Orvis store near you. This exhibit features three separate displays. The first features the historic fly rods and photographs of Babe Ruth and Ted Williams. These National Baseball Hall of Famers were also avid fly fishermen. The second details the history of the Jock Scott Atlantic salmon fly, chronicling eleven unique fly-tying materials from all over the world. The third highlights the rich history of the sport, with examples of fly reels from the mid-nineteenth century to the present day. For more information about this traveling exhibit, call the museum at (802) 362-3300, or e-mail us at amff3@amff.com.

Orvis Traveling Exhibit Schedule

May 26–29	Buffalo, New York
June 1–4	Richmond, Virginia
June 8–11	Arlington, Virginia
June 15–18	Downingtown, Pennsylvania
June 22–25	Darien, Connecticut
June 29–July 2	Avon, Connecticut
July 6–9	Boston, Massachusetts
July 13–16	Greenvale, New York
July 19–23	New York, New York
July 27–30	Indianapolis, Indiana
August 3–6	Deerfield, Illinois
August 10–13	Denver, Colorado
August 17–20	Pasadena, California
August 24–27	Palo Alto, California
October 26–29	Jackson, Wyoming
November 2–5	Seattle, Washington
November 9–12	Chicago, Illinois

Bill Bullock

Collections Manager Yoshi Akiyama always enjoys attending fly-fishing shows.

Back Issues!

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Volume 32:	Number 1

Back issues are $4 a copy.
To order, please contact Rebecca Nawrath at (802) 362-3300 or via e-mail at amff3@amff.com.

Recent Donations

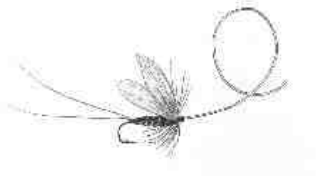
Ann Crudge of New York City donated a Hardy Marquis no. 5 fly reel; a Hardy St. George 3 fly reel; a Fenwick HMG no. 4, two-piece, 7-foot graphite fly rod; a Hardy three-piece, 8-foot, 6-inch bamboo fly rod; an Anglers Roost two-piece, 10-foot fiberglass fly rod; and a three-piece, 8-foot bamboo fly rod, maker unknown.

Bruce Dix of Exeter, New Hampshire, donated a collection of eighty flies tied by Henry Myotte of Amesbury, Massachusetts. Myotte was an innovative fly tier who was known to supply Ted Williams with certain patterns.

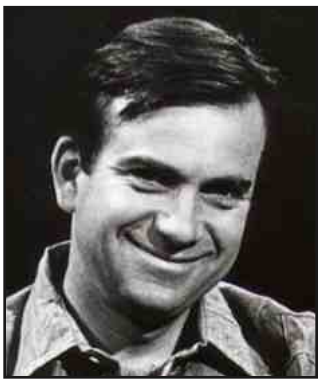
Dr. Alan Scriggins of South Burlington, Vermont, donated a three-piece, 8-foot H. L. Leonard bamboo fly rod with one extra tip that belonged to the late James Angleton, who served as chief of the CIA's counterintelligence from 1954 to 1973.

In the Library

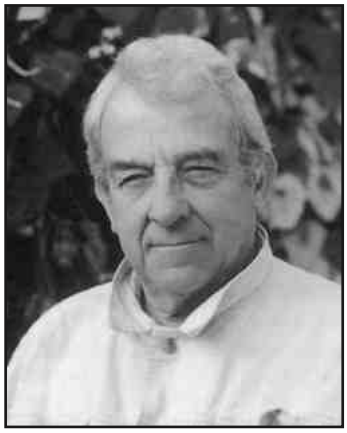
We are happy to have received the following donations of books that have become part of our permanent collection: The University of New Mexico Press sent us Gordon M. Wickstrom's *Late in an Angler's Life* (2004). Peter Corbin sent us a copy of his new book, *An Artist's Creel* (Hudson Hills Press, 2005). And Victor R. Johnson Jr. sent us a copy of his book *Fenwick: Fenwick's History and Rods, Including the Development of the First Graphite Rod* (EP Press, 2005).



CONTRIBUTORS



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



Frederick Buller, a retired London gunmaker, has spent most of his spare time during the last forty years researching angling history. In 2002 he was awarded Country Landowners Association Lifetime Achievement Award for Services to Angling He is the author of nine books, the most recent of which—*Dame Juliana: The Angling Treatyse and Its Mysteries,* coauthored by the late Hugh Falkus—was published in 2001 by the Flyfishers Classic Library. His most recent contribution to this journal was "A Hoard of Mysterious Salmon Flies," which appeared in the Fall 2004 issue.

Paul Schullery was executive director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing from 1977 to 1982. He is the author, coauthor, or editor of about thirty-five books, including several relating to fly fishing and fly-fishing history: *American Fly Fishing: A History* (1987), *Shupton's Fancy: A Tale of the Fly-Fishing Obsession* (1996), and *Royal Coachman: The Lore and Legends of Fly Fishing* (1999). He is coauthor, with Bud Lilly, of three books on western fly fishing, the most recent being *Bud Lilly's Guide to Fly Fishing the New West* (2000). He was scriptwriter and narrator of the award-winning PBS film *Living Edens: Yellowstone* (2000). For his work as an historian and nature writer, he is recipient of an honorary doctorate of letters from Montana State University and the Wallace Stegner Award from the University of Colorado Center of the American West. His book *Cowboy Trout: Western Fly Fishing as if It Matters*, is to be published in 2006 by the Montana Historical Society.

Museum Donors

Our sincere thanks to those who contributed to fund the Museum's important work in 2005.

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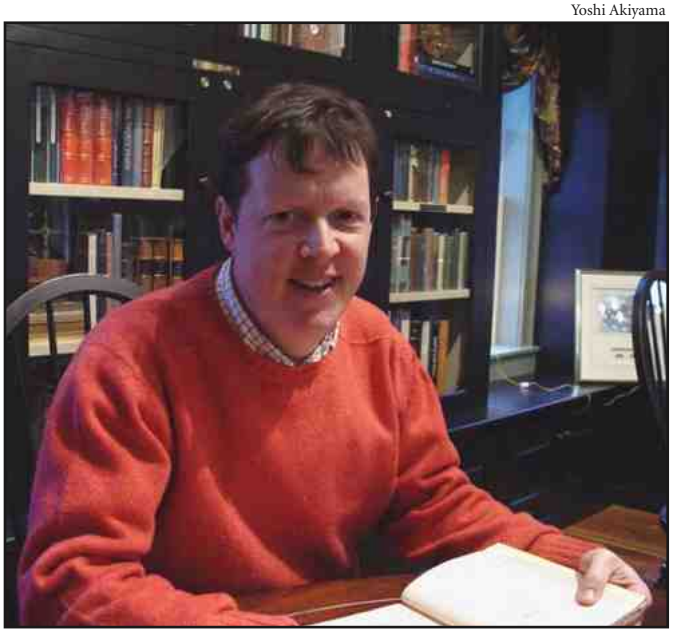

Bill Bullock peruses a copy of Ernest Schwiebert's Matching the Hatch *in the museum's library.*

The term *fortunate son* is usually associated with Creedence Clearwater Revival's Vietnam War protest song of the same name. For me, the term sums up my luck of growing up in a fanatical fishing household. There are few pictures of me as a young boy without a rod and/or fish in my hands. Summers were all about saving money for tackle, lures, and worms.

The whole paradigm shifted when my father decided to take me along on a fly-fishing weekend with my grandfather. Suddenly, my eyes lifted from the red and white bobber and began to focus on those creatures flying above the water.

It was in this context, at the age of eleven in 1978, that I purchased my first fly-fishing book. I bought *Matching the Hatch,* by Ernest Schwiebert, without even opening the cover because the title told me all that I needed to know. I heard that phrase every time I went fishing and was frustrated at my inability to do so myself. Surely this was a smart way to spend my hard-earned $10.

I recall being initially disappointed with the book, but I attribute that sentiment to the lopsided ratio of words to pictures. It was clear to an eleven-year-old boy that Mr. Schwiebert had *his* ratio backward.

But press on I did, and I grew to love that book because every time I returned to it, there was something new to learn. Each day on the water became a fun homework assignment in which I would match my usually fruitless experiences against the voice of reason and knowledge. Hatched insects were relocated to my bedroom, where I would carefully place them on one of the four color plates or the many black-and-white images to decipher what pattern Mr. Schwiebert would use.

The final phase of these studies, much to the chagrin of my father, was to visit his tackle bag and fly books and "shop" for the appropriate patterns. I recall how impressed he was with my growing fly collection, but I never remember him accusing me of my etymological crimes.

As I grew older, I read other fishing books and expanded my knowledge, but I always returned to my old friend. Part of me attributes passing my ninth- and tenth-grade Latin classes to Mr. Schwiebert, given the healthy doses of scientific names found in his book.

A memorial service for Dr. Ernest G. Schwiebert will be held at the Princeton University Chapel on Friday, 5 May 2006, at 3:00 p.m.

I regret that I never officially met Mr. Schwiebert, although I saw him at the many shows and events I attended when I worked at Orvis. My first fishing adventure to Argentina was in his shadow as he was departing the lodge when we were arriving.

When I joined the museum this past fall, I was so excited to have Mr. Schwiebert sign my dog-eared copy of *Matching the Hatch.* I had the occasion to speak with him by phone this past October before my first trustee meeting. He was gracious and patient with me as I fumbled with words in the beginning of our conversation. At the time, he was poring over our rod inventory, highlighting the holes and planning our acquisition strategy for the coming years.

Clearly, the museum and the fly-fishing community have lost a great friend. Although his contributions to the sport are too numerous to list here, there can be no doubt that his place in the history of the sport is reserved, given his tremendous body of work. Thankfully, his letters and publications have been preserved for future generations of thoughtful and caring fly anglers

Bill Bullock

The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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WEBSITE: www.amff.com

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

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

Join!

Membership Dues (per annum)

Associate	$40
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The museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. Membership dues include four issues of the *American Fly Fisher.* Please send your payment to the membership director and include your mailing address. The museum is a member of the American Association of Museums, the American Association of State and Local History, the New England Association of Museums, the Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance, and the International Association of Sports Museums and Halls of Fame.

Support!

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