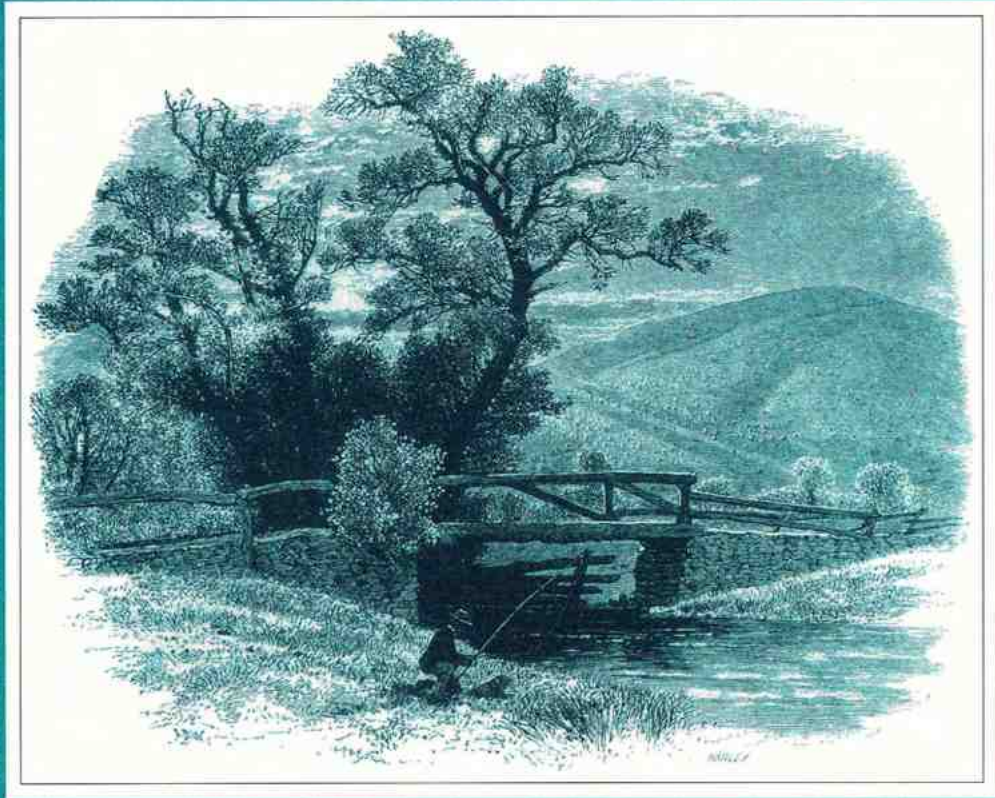
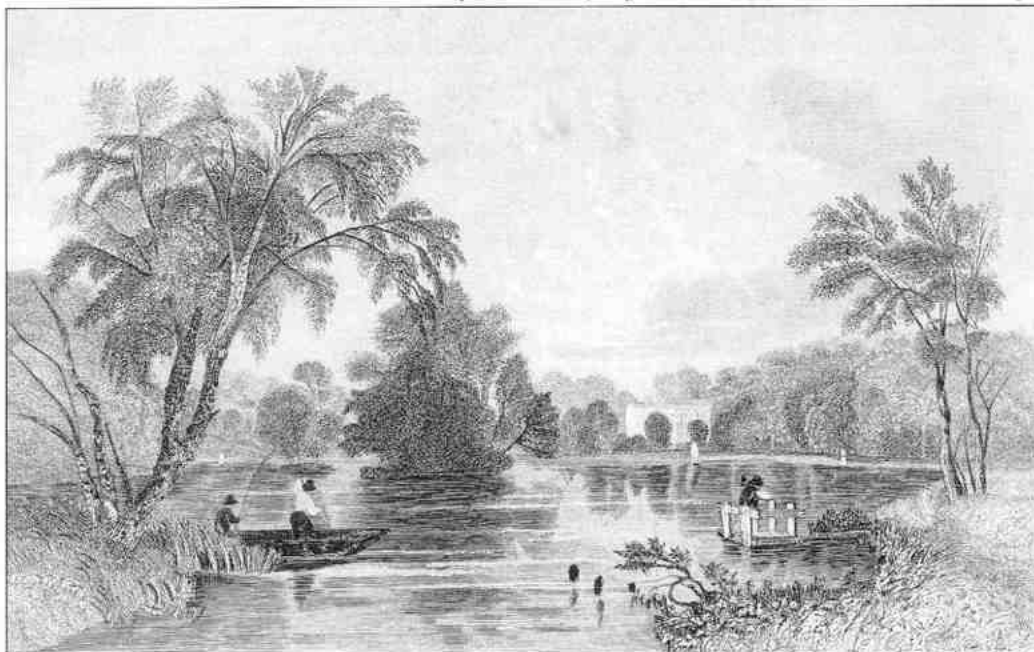


25th Anniversary Year
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING



The American Fly Fisher

WINTER 1993 VOLUME 19 NUMBER 1



Two Thousand Pages

THE PAST SIX MONTHS OR SO have been a time of intense review, reflection, and discovery for the staff of the Museum as we prepare for our twenty-fifth anniversary milestone this year. It has meant that, as usual, we have turned our focus to the past—per our mandate as a museum—but this time we have indulged in a self-congratulatory look at ourselves, a process akin to looking in the mirror and saying, okay, where and who have we been? Where and who are we now?

We've worked hard for five months now to cull the best, the most telling, the poignant from our twenty-five years of history, planning on how to organize and present it to you in the pages of *The American Fly Fisher*—part of the advance work inherent in magazine publishing's schedule. It has been, for me, an at-times wild mental exercise to bounce around through the myriad of events over the years that have defined and shaped our growth, to see familiar faces grow younger—how satisfying!—and to watch us grow from a one-room display to a national institution. And with all the fine moments crowding together on the nearly two thousand pages that comprise the nineteen-year

life of *The American Fly Fisher*, it was no mean feat to make my selections. Impossible, actually, so I usually just pointed my finger and went with my best instincts.

We begin to celebrate our history in this Winter 1993 issue with a retrospective portfolio excerpted from the first years of this magazine; it reintroduces the lead article in the premier issue of *The American Fly Fisher*, which was published in 1974. The early issues of *The American Fly Fisher* contain many fabulous illustrations and historically important articles. The tone of these early volumes ranges delightfully from erudite to raw to passionate to sophisticated to pleading to brilliant and on and on. These magazines are now unknown to many of our members because they are so scarce—indeed there is, alarmingly, only *one* precious copy each of volume 1, number 2 and volume 3, number 2 in our archives.

Here's an idea: won't someone step forward to help us publish the back issues of *The American Fly Fisher* in a limited edition? It would not be costly to produce and as a desirable addition to anyone's book collection it would certainly be snapped up by many of our

membership. As the current steward of this journal, I can think of no better birthday present to the Museum.

With this issue, we are pleased to introduce Spence Conley, a freelance writer who has chronicled for us the birth and long life of an historic Maine sporting camp, Tim Pond Camps. And in Notes & Comment, our academic advisor and staunch friend, Richard Hoffmann, offers a scholarly addendum to our silk issue [see Fall 1991] reviewing the history of silk production and its place in our fly-fishing world. We also reprint for your reading pleasure one of the chapters from Charles Hallock's *The Fishing Tourist*, this one devoted to Long Island in 1873. For all of you who have driven or flown over this part of the country, the description of Long Island's once-bucolic landscapes and sweet villages will be remarkable.

I hope you enjoy the beginning of our celebration. In the next issue you can look forward to a full-fledged retrospective that chronicles some of the main events and profiles the movers and shakers who have defined this Museum. As always, stay in touch. We want to hear from you.

MARGOT PAGE
EDITOR



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM
OF FLY FISHING

*Preserving a Rich Heritage
for Future Generations*

TRUSTEES

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| E. M. Bakwin | Martin D. Kline |
| Michael Bakwin | Mel Kreiger |
| Foster Bam | Richard E. Kress |
| William M. Barrett | Ian D. Mackay |
| Bruce H. Begin | Malcolm MacKenzie |
| Paul Bofinger | Robert E. Mathews II |
| Lewis M. Borden III | Bob Mitchell |
| Robert R. Buckmaster | Wallace J. Murray III |
| Donn H. Byrne, Sr. | Wayne Nordberg |
| Roy D. Chapin, Jr. | Leigh H. Perkins |
| Calvin P. Cole | Romi Perkins |
| Peter Corbin | O. Miles Pollard |
| Thomas N. Davidson | Susan A. Popkin |
| Charles R. Eichel | Dr. Ivan Schloff |
| G. Dick Finlay | Stephen Sloan |
| Audun Fredrikson | Wallace Stenhouse, Jr. |
| Arthur T. Frey | Arthur Stern |
| Larry Gilsdorf | John Swan |
| Gardner L. Grant | James Taylor |
| Terry Heffernan | Richard G. Tisch |
| Curtis Hill | James W. Van Loan |
| James Hunter | San Van Ness |
| Dr. Arthur Kaemmer | Richard J. Warren |
| Robert F. Kahn | Dickson L. Whitney |
| Woods King III | Earl S. Worsham |

TRUSTEES EMERITUS

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| W. Michael Fitzgerald | Leon Martuch |
| Robert N. Johnson | Keith C. Russell |
| Hermann Kessler | Paul Schullery |
| David B. Ledlie | Edward G. Zern |

OFFICERS

- Chairman of the Board*
Foster Bam
- President*
Wallace J. Murray III
- Vice Presidents*
William M. Barrett, Arthur Stern
- Treasurer*
Wayne Nordberg
- Secretary*
Charles R. Eichel
- S T A F F**
- Executive Director*
Donald S. Johnson
- Executive Assistant*
Virginia Hulett
- Curator/Development Assistant*
Alanna D. Fisher
- Research/Publicity*
Joe A. Pisarro
- Registrar*
Jon C. Mathewson

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER

- Editor*
Margot Page
- Art Director*
Randall R. Perkins
- Copy Editor*
Sarah May Clarkson
- Contributing Writer*
Joe A. Pisarro

The American Fly Fisher

Journal of *The American Museum of Fly Fishing*

WINTER 1993

VOLUME 19 NUMBER 1

Retrospective: A Portfolio

A look back at the first years of *The American*

Fly Fisher 2

Back to the Future: The Historic Tim Pond Camps 9

Spence Conley

Gallery: The Austin Hogan Collection 15

Notes & Comment: The Oldest Silk 16

Richard Hoffmann

Off the Shelf:

Long Island: An 1873 Perspective 20

Charles Hallock

Museum News 23

Letters 27

ON THE COVER: *This illustration from the first issue of The American Fly Fisher (Winter 1974) is unattributed, but its beauty is worth reproducing again to herald the American Museum of Fly Fishing's twenty-fifth anniversary year.*

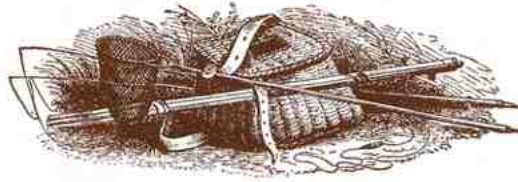
The American Fly Fisher is published

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

Publication dates are winter, spring, summer, and fall. Membership dues include the cost of a one-year subscription (\$20) and are tax deductible as provided for by law. Membership rates are listed in the back of each issue. All letters, manuscripts, photographs, and materials intended for publication in the journal should be sent to the Museum. The Museum and journal are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographic material, or memorabilia. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to *The American Fly Fisher* are to be considered gratuitous and the property of the Museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Articles appearing in this journal are abstracted and indexed in *Historical Abstracts* and *America: History and Life*. Copyright © 1993, the American Museum of Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Original material appearing may not be reprinted without prior permission. Second Class Permit postage paid at Manchester Vermont 05254 and additional offices (USPS 057410). *The American Fly Fisher* (ISSN 0884-3562)

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

Manchester, Vermont 05254.



Retrospective: A Portfolio

AUSTIN HOGAN, THE MUSEUM'S FIRST CURATOR and the founding editor/architect of *The American Fly Fisher*, described the original publication of this journal in 1974 as "casting to a dark and secret stream," a metaphor he chose both to illustrate the ambitious effort he'd undertaken as well as to comment rather baldly on the ignorance of its intended audience! Much has changed since, especially in regards to the collective knowledge of our readership.

These highlights from the nearly two thousand pages and twenty years of *The American Fly Fisher* — representative of the journal's breadth of subject matter, illustration, and voice — will probably be a rare discovery for many readers because the earliest editions quickly became collectors' items due to low print runs, and are now impossible to find. Making selections was an almost hopeless task because of the surplus of excellent material, but these excerpts well illustrate our path. Other similar portfolios will follow in the upcoming anniversary issues. EDITOR



Some Trout Fishing Memories

by Theodore Gordon

LUCKY INDEED IS THE BOY who lives in a country of trout streams for he will unconsciously imbibe the spirit of lasting happiness.

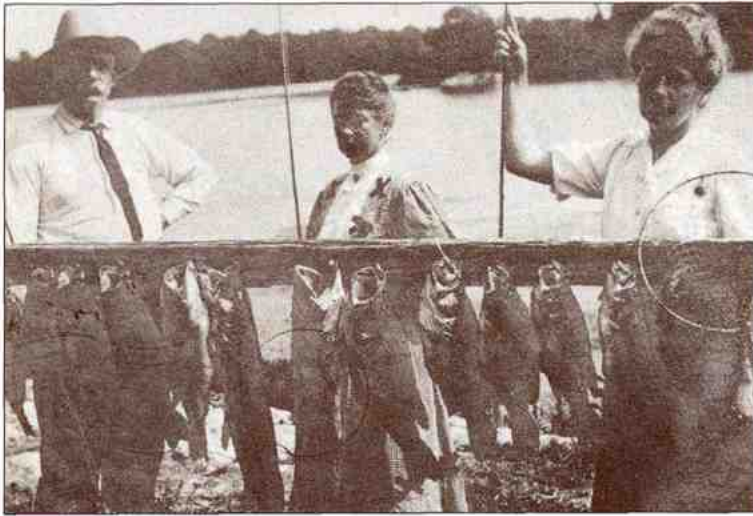
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fishin'! In fact, the enthusiasts begin to think and talk about their anticipated sport in the early days of January, and stimulate their imaginations as to what they will do, by reading all the angling literature they have leisure for.

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

I have always been thankful to the Gods of rivers and brooks for allowing me to live in a trout country. . . .

From the lead article in the first issue of *The American Fly Fisher*, Volume 1, Number 1 [Winter 1974] which reprinted Theodore Gordon's article from *Forest & Stream*, March 1921.)

Theodore Gordon (September 18, 1854-May 1, 1915). This photograph accompanied the obituary notice appearing in Forest & Stream magazine of June 1915. The date is given as 1890, Savannah, Georgia.

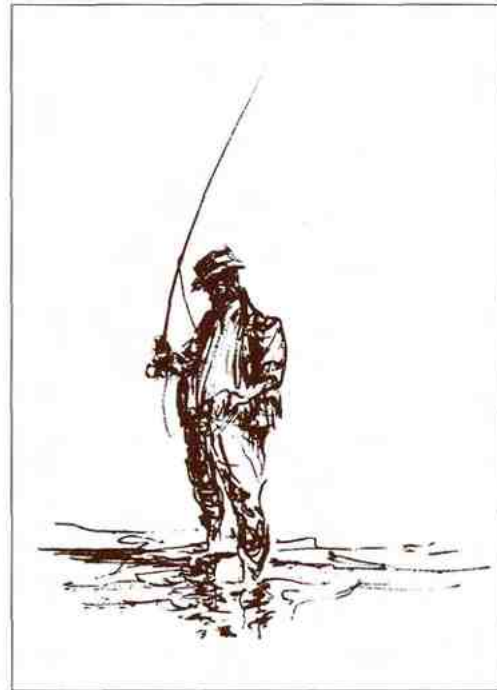


MUSEUM AFFAIRS:
 A Cordial Invitation to the Lady
 Fly Fishers

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

The cultural aspects of fly making were first brought to the attention of the American fly fisher by Mary Orvis Marbury who produced a magnificent history of the artificial, beautifully illustrated with color plates. These two eminent Victorians were first of a line of aristocrats who contributed mightily to the promotion of fly fishing during the early years. And if there is the thought ladies were quiet and peaceable there was that super saleswoman Cornelia Crosby (Fly Rod) who [re]presented the Maine Central Railroad . . . was the first of Maine's licensed guides . . . and supervised the Maine Central's exhibit at the Madison Square Garden Sports Show. Miss Crosby got more publicity at these exhibitions than all the famed sportsmen present combined. . . . The point is simply that the lady fly fisher has made her mark on history and is still doing so.

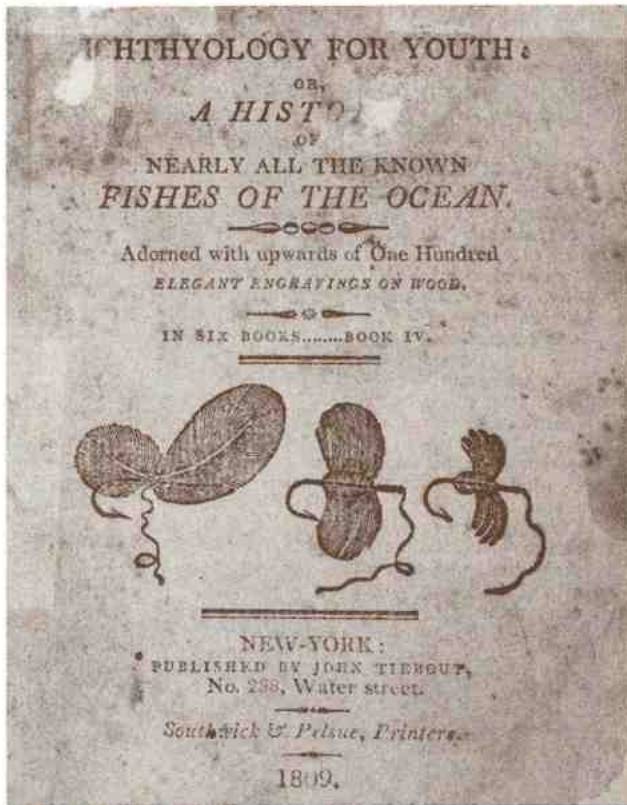
(By editor Austin S. Hogan from Volume 1, Number 1 [Winter 1974].)



The Wading is Sometimes
 Difficult
 by Austin Hogan

FOUR YEARS AGO, the Museum exhibits were limited to a fine collection donated by the Orvis Company. At this writing, the exhibit rooms and showcases, rented from the same company, are crowded with the finest examples of fly fisher's treasures to be found anywhere in the wide, wide world. In addition, a storage room and workshop located in the old Orvis factory is already filled to capacity with additional items. The reality is a little unbelievable when it is considered that the Museum began with so few precious artifacts . . . Our latest forward movement relevant to the educational aim is now being taken with the publication of *The American Fly Fisher*. With its advent, there is no doubt we are again casting to a dark and secret stream for there is no precedent to guide us, no collected body of research material except what is in our library to refer to, and, what is particularly difficult to face, a potential readership almost completely uninformed as to the details of the historic beginnings.

(From Volume 1, Number 2 [Spring 1974] of which there is only one copy left in Museum archives.)



This *Ichthyology for Youth* (1809) with its faded title page illustrates a winged artificial fly of the period in three stages of dressing. The woodcut is the first of its kind published in America. Donor—John Orelle.

(From Volume 1, Number 2 [Spring 1974].)



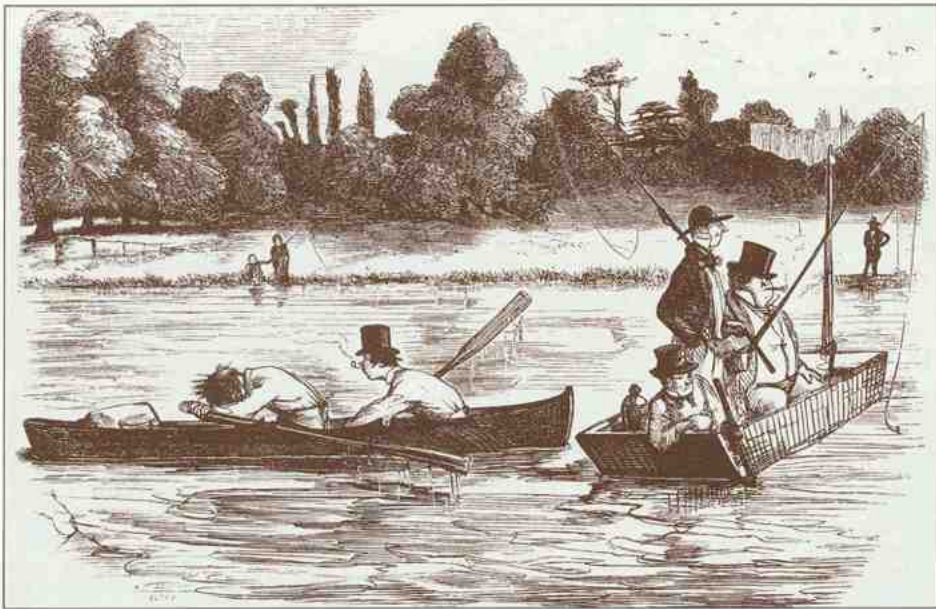
This engraving made from a pencil drawing by Henry Inman of William Trotter Porter (1809-1858), when he was thirty-five years old, is the only known portrait of Porter in existence.

William T. Porter, First of Our Sporting Journalists

by David B. Ledlie

A RATHER UNPRETENTIOUS, four-page, weekly sporting paper emerged from a small, dingy, attic print shop at 64 Fulton Street and appeared in the bookstalls of New York on December 10, 1831. The *Spirit of the Times* (subtitled "A Chronicle of the Turf, Agriculture, Field Sports, Literature, and the State") was published by James Howe and edited by William T. Porter. Porter purchased the *Spirit* in 1835 and remained as its editor for a period of twenty-one years. Geared mainly to the gentle traditions of the wealthy, rural South and the intellectual urbane attitudes of the Eastern upper crust, it is our most important and influential early American sporting periodical. The success of the *Spirit* is due directly to Porter. His unflagging energy, devotion, creativity, brilliance, and vitality as writer and editor made the paper one of the most popular publications of its day . . . We are indeed greatly indebted to William Porter for he indelibly recorded the burgeoning of early American fly fishing.

(From Volume 1, Number 3 [Summer 1974].)



*Contemplative Man (in punt):
"I don't so much care for the sport,
it's the delicious repose I enjoy so."
(Harper's, August 1853)*

(From Volume 1, Number 3 [Summer 1974].)

Dana Lamb's *Four Halves of Trout Fishing*

*From a reading by the author at the Museum's
1973 Annual Meeting*

THE GATES OF FAIRYLAND can open on all the wonders of the insect world. Anyone who passed that without a good long look has missed a lot. The conformation, colors, and the changes of the flies; the dance of spinners in the sunset or the noonday sun; the moths at twilight and the nymphs, the nymphs that burrow, swim, or cling, and leave their outlines on the moist grey rocks; observance of all stages of the underwater life—its beauty, mystery, and miracles is half the joy of fishing with a fly.

The other half is rivers that we deeply love. And the lovely furtive fish themselves. And then, the fine, firm friends with whom we watch and wade the streams. . . .

Some six or seven months from now we'll see the song birds are all back; the leaves again are green, the mayflies hatch; the swallows once more skim the surface of the stream. When that time comes, may all your rods be frequently well bent; may you often use your net but seldom kill; and may the breeze be always at your back.

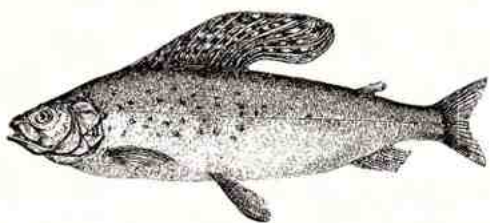
(From Volume 1, Number 3 [Summer 1974].)



Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait

A PAINTER of landscapes and animals, Tait discovered the Adirondacks of upper New York State during a visit. . . . Apparently he fell in love with this almost unbroken wilderness and intermittently . . . until 1882 he spent vacations and lived at . . . Loon Lake, where he built a home. The Adirondacks were America's first sporting grounds and Tait accurately mirrored a sporting life that a few decades later also proved profitable to Winslow Homer.

(From Volume 1, Number 4 [Fall 1974].)

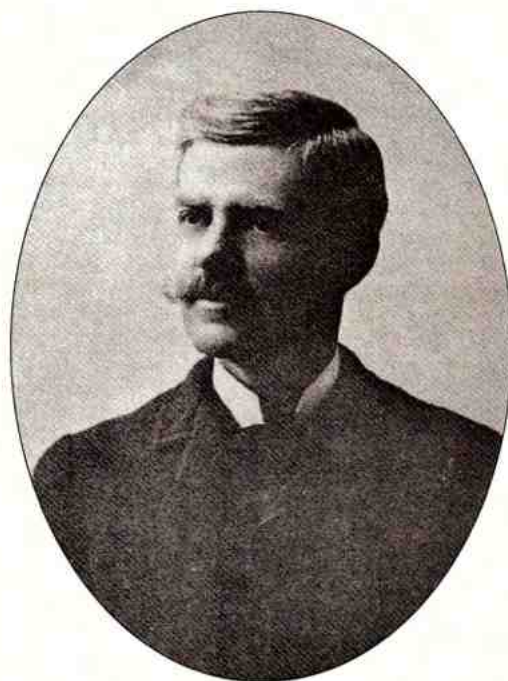


The Historic American Grayling

by Austin S. Hogan

TO MOST AMERICAN SPORTSMEN, the grayling is a fish they will never see. They know of it only in the ancient literature and the nostalgic stories of an earlier time. Famed for its beauty, it's a small fish, still flourishing in the arctic, but still not a game to sportsmen who would rather expend their dollars on a fish more exciting . . . The Michigan grayling is now virtually extinct in its original waters, but the Montana fish breed sufficiently in the wild to maintain an identity and is used for artificial propagation . . . The French value the Umber or grayling so highly they say, "he feeds on gold; and that many have been caught from their famous River Loire, out of whose bellies grains of gold have been taken." The name Umber was thought to have come from its gliding out of sight like a ghost and [because] it fed on water thyme and smelled of it when first taken out of the water. St. Ambrose of Milan named the grayling the "Flower of the Fishes."

(From Volume 2, Number 1 [Winter 1974].)



The Diary of Charles M. Norris

Conclusion of Season Memo [1900]

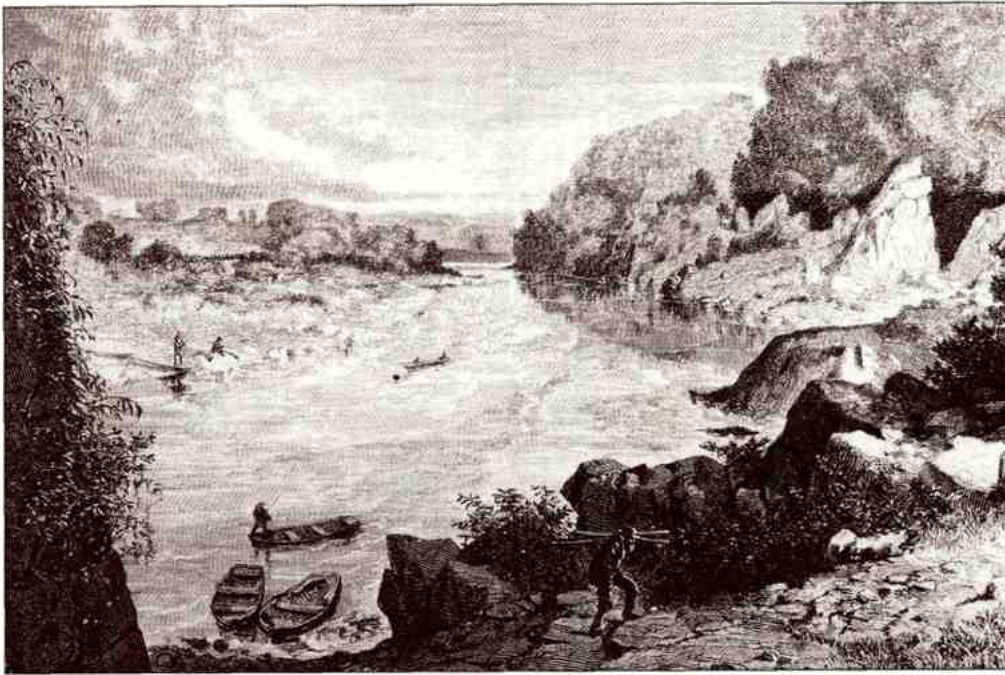
"OH! THIS GOING HOME BUSINESS. The trip will end, for time will not stay its flight; but while we know how pleasant home will be, and really glad to get back to it, there is a time when we contrast the pleasure of fishing and home going, and there comes a look of indecision into our every glance that tells how strong are the attractions of the Au Sable. We sing no songs, tell no funny stories, dance no dances at this packing-up time. Quietly and thoughtfully are put away rods and tackle and there is akin to a feeling of irritation at having our thoughts disturbed. We are under the spell of water and wind, and the song they sing is filling our hearts with thoughts deep and tender . . . We look up the River to where it comes 'round the bend and a leaping trout makes our hearts beat a little faster and our nerves tingle; but it's no use, we are packing up, and stern, unrelenting facts force us to go on with our work."

(From Volume 2, Number 3 [Summer 1975])

Life's Darkest Moments: This original Webster cartoon [was] given to the Museum by Mr. D. C. (Duckie) Corkran.

(From Volume 2, Number 2 [Spring 1975].)





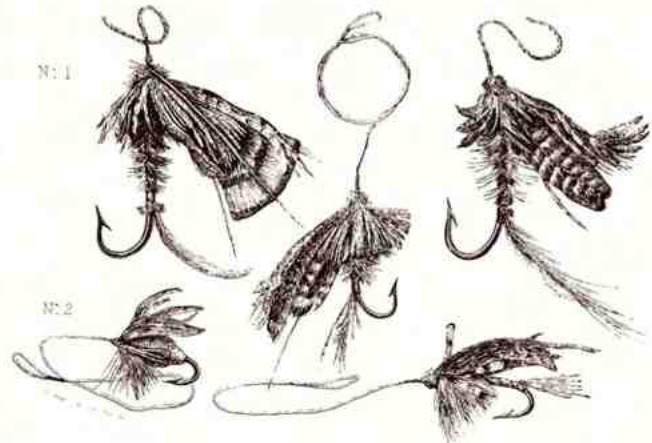
Looking Down the Potomac from the Chain Bridge. A most unusual example of the art of the American engraver. The Potomac was one of the first rivers in America to attract sportsmen. Washington had a fishery a few miles downstream at Mount Vernon. Daniel Webster, Charles Lanman, and Robert B. Roosevelt fished here and it is very possible this area witnessed the first use of the fly for striped bass. (Illustration from *Picturesque America*, 1874).

The Historic Striped Bass

by Austin S. Hogan

SIR JOHN JOCELYN, sailing the New England coastline, during the first party of the seventeenth century, made a number of remarks about the Atlantic salmon which were included in his report to the English syndicate financing his exploration. He also witnessed the striped bass traveling in great schools, lashing the waters in their hungry chase for small forage fish. He saw them as savage predators who leaned heavily on the abundant marine fishes for survival. Undoubtedly, Jocelyn followed the Indian way of broiling his bass, enjoying the savory flavor whenever the opportunity offered. The striped bass is a succulent dish as the settlers from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Florida soon learned and over the years, dependent on the location of the coastal settlements, it acquired a number of names including the rock, the rockfish, green head, squid-hound, bar fish (along the St. Lawrence), streaked bass, and finally striper. It's a coastal fish, spawning in tidal marshes and in fresh water. The present record weight is given by Francesca La Monte as 125 pounds. The rod and reel record, held by Frank Church from Vineyard Sound, is 73 pounds, established in 1913.

(From Volume 2, Number 3 [Summer 1975].)



The Art of Frank Forester

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT (Frank Forester) seems to have had an unrecognized talent for drawing and the engraving of woodblocks. His work, illustrating his own articles, first appeared in *Graham's Magazine* during the 1840s. There are eight examples in his American editions of *Frank Forester's Fishing and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces of North America*. Whatever the personal reaction to th[is] rendition of the salmon and lake flies . . . and the striped bass also in this issue . . . Herbert had a good eye and an unwavering hand. Most of the materials used in making the flies can be identified with exceptions such as the Bird of Paradise tails and single wings without markings. Attention is invited to the Jungle Cock shoulder of the lake fly, an uncommon practice of the time.

(From Volume 2, Number 3 [Summer 1975].)



Camp Life in the Adirondacks

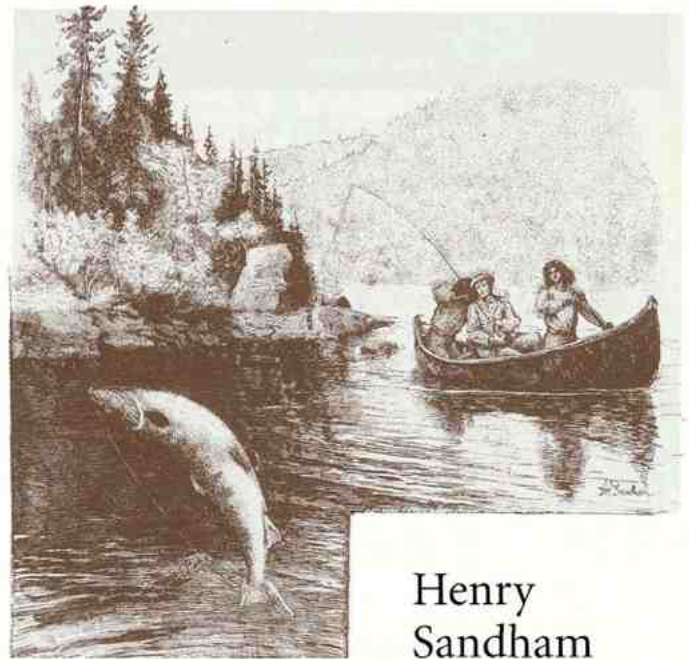
by W. H. H. Murray (1869)

“Adirondack” Murray wrote Adventures in Wilderness, the subtitle of which is used for the heading of this excerpt. The book became a magnet, drawing thousands of visitors to the North Woods.

IT WAS SATURDAY EVENING. The sun had gone down behind the western mountains, and amid the gathering shadows we sought a camp. We found one in the shape of a small bark lodge, which John himself had erected fourteen years previous, when, in the company with an old trapper, he camped one fall upon the shores of this lake. Kindling a fire in the long-neglected fireplace, we sat down to our supper under the clear sky already thickly dotted with stars. From seven in the morning until eight in the evening, we had been without food. I have an indistinct recollection that I put myself outside of eleven trout, and that John managed to surround nine more. But there may be an error of one or two either way, for I am under the impression that my mental faculties were not in the best working condition at the close of the meal. John recollects distinctly that he cooked twenty-one fish, and but three could be found in the pan when we stopped eating, which he carefully laid aside that we might take a bit before going to sleep!

Our meal was served up in three courses. The first course consisted of trout and pancakes; the second course, pancakes and trout; the third, fish and flapjacks.

(From Volume 2, Number 4 [Fall 1975].)



Henry Sandham

HENRY SANDHAM WAS BORN in Canada in 1842 . . . he was a superlative etcher, draughtsman, engraver, and certainly a fly fisher, as the reproductions on these pages attest . . . Sandham had a good eye for detail. The canoes he depicted are in proper proportion and those illustrated are Algonquin. His leaping salmon is poised beautifully at the top of its trajectory and people are set in a fisherman's landscape . . . In so far as the fly fisher is concerned, the angling art of the nineteenth century is in many respects the most interesting in history. Much like the American sportsman of the time, the artist was also an explorer and a discoverer. It was during this period that many of the themes so characteristic of today's fishing attitudes and behaviorisms began to emerge.

(From Volume 3, Number 1 [Winter 1976].)





Back to the Future: The Historic Tim Pond Camps

by Spence Conley

SPORTING CAMPS WERE WHERE fly fishing took hold in this country and prospered. These places of wildness ranged in their offerings from primitive necessities to rather luxurious accommodations, but nearly always included fantastic fishing. Those who loved the sport gathered at such places for respite from city life, to enjoy their fishing, and talk it up with boasts and stories. But, most importantly, camp visitors learned about new techniques, new flies, and new tackle, and they took that information away with them to their individual circle of friends who then spread it further. Spence Conley chronicles the birth and life of an old Maine camp for us, an historic camp that has managed to stay operational and successful for a century and a half.

EDITOR

IF THE MAINE FISHING CAMP is a distinctly eastern phenomenon—as opposed to, say, a Michigan fishing lodge or a Colorado ranch—where the history of American fly fishing has played out over the last 150 years, then Tim Pond Camps in northwestern Maine are the quintessential models of the concept.

There are many outstanding fishing camps in Maine, to be sure: Leen's Lodge on Grand Lake Stream, Pierce Pond Camps, Libby Camps, and Little Lyford Pond Camps are all fine examples. And there are plenty of others. But the camps at Tim Pond have been in the business of serving the public without interruption for more than a century, offering guests a dependable sameness of experience.

The focus of the place is a true wilderness lake, spring fed and forty-eight feet deep. Its three-lobed east-west configuration of 1,000 acres is snug to the base of Tim Mountain, some 2,000 feet above sea level. The pre-Victorian camps, twelve rough-hewn log structures, sit amid a virtual ocean of forest hardwoods, ten miles up a logging road in the heart of the East Kennebec Mountains.

The place has weathered the years

Above: One of these original cabins located next to Tim Ponds is still in use. These pre-Victorian camps, the oldest continuously operating public sporting camps in America, sit amid a virtual ocean of wilderness forest in northeastern Maine. Photograph circa 1905.

with as much elegance as it has resolutely dealt with its economic ups and downs and the vagaries of management personnel who have come and gone. And yet the place persists in spite of itself, driven, it seems, by its own antiquity, by the quality of its considerable history, by its consistent resources, by its mysteries. All these facets taken together, and polished with intermittent care over a span of 116 years, have contributed to the unique character of Tim Pond Camps.

They are the oldest continuously operating public sporting camps in America. So what's the attraction? How has this place, above all the rest that populated the Dead River Region at the turn of the century—and there were 126 at one time—managed to survive?

The answer, in part, is simple: fly fishing for wild brook trout. There are no salmon in Tim Pond. No togue. No other fish at all. Just brilliantly colored wild brookies, arguably the most pleasing, most popular game fish in the northeast. There are very few places like this left anywhere in New England.

MORE THAN FISHING

To be sure, fishing is the primary attraction, but that's only part of it. The place has a charismatic quality that arises from its diversity: its rich, if uneven, history; its antique, but carefully preserved cabins; its appeal to more than 100 species of birds, from ruby-throated hummingbirds to American bitterns, and the flocks of barn swallows that dart and dive across the camp common to make their homes in mud nests under the eaves of the cabins; and the virtual certainty that on any given day, the visitor will see moose, maybe a few white-tailed deer, and hear common loons laughing across the evening pond, all of which reaffirm the presence of wilderness.

There are messages from the past recorded on the logs of cabins that have been a part of the pond's development since day one, believed to have been in the spring of 1877. The attraction is so intensely personal, so meaningful, that one man, upon his death, chose to have his ashes scattered across the pond. A bronze plaque in his memory may be seen on a granite boulder at the pond's edge.

There is a back-to-the-future something about this place, too. But there has always been a curiosity about the history of Tim Pond and the more one digs into the past, the more one sees the future.

Julian K. Viles, known as J. K., ran Tim Pond Camps for nearly fifty years beginning in 1886, ruling with ten-gallon hat, chaps, and a chestnut mare named Chummie.



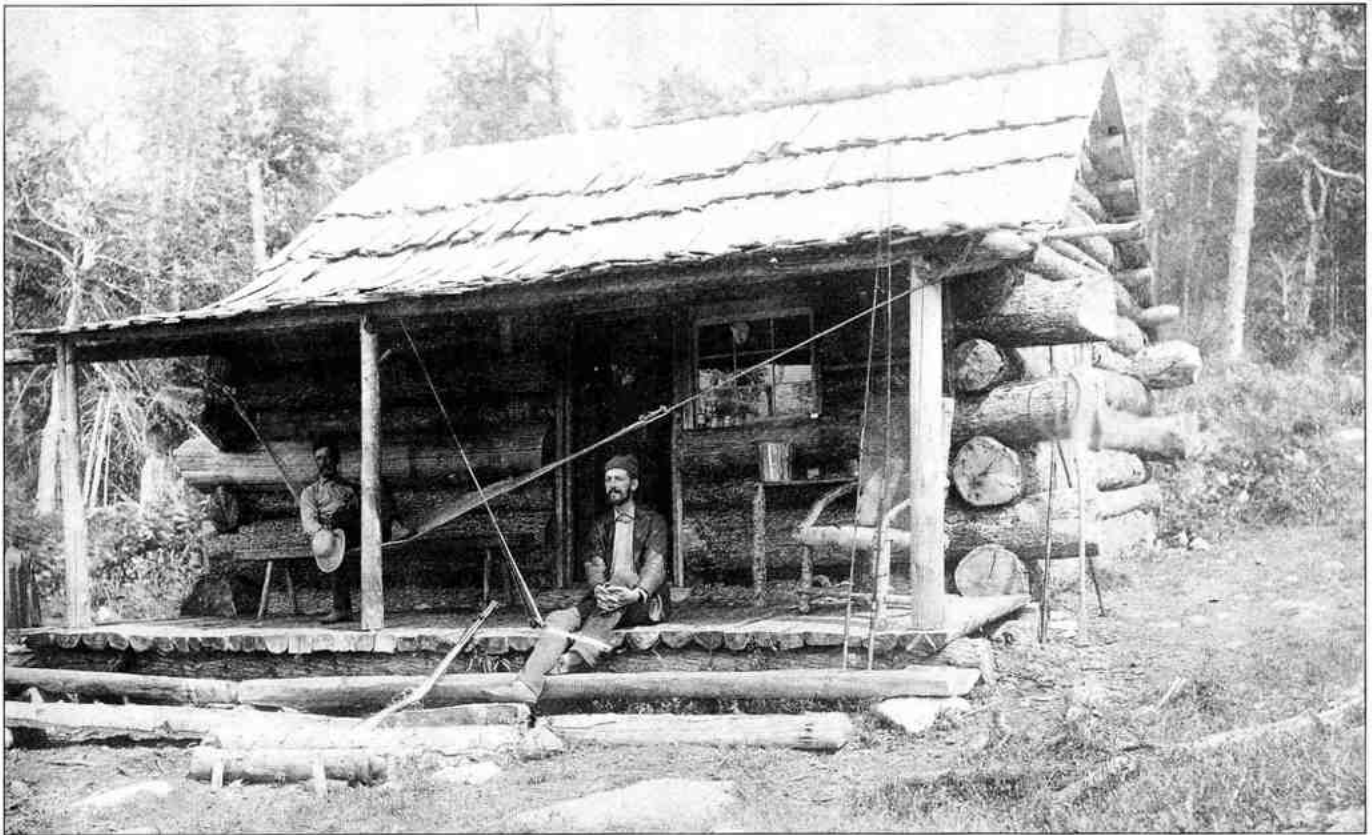
It was that way in the beginning—when it took a train, a stagecoach, a buckboard, and a day or more to get there and guests stayed for a fortnight or more—and it is that way today. Visitors have relished the atmosphere of the place, the juxtaposition of the lake and the camps. The summer days seem brighter there, clearer; the mountain thunderstorms, viewed from rocking chairs on the cabin porches, launch explosive lightning bolts and sheets of rain that seem somehow more intense as they sweep out of the west.

It is said that this particular phenomenon of weather was the model for the Tim Fly—a large, wet, lake fly pattern of mostly yellow and red—first tied in the 1880s. By 1885, it was well-known and considered universally popular in the lakes and ponds of western Maine. A close examination of the pattern suggests it may have been vaguely designed on the generally light coloration of the green drake, a large mayfly whose hatch takes place around the fourth of July. But unlike the Parmacheene Belle, a red

Right: The buckboard was used to bring guests in from the long-gone Smith Farm in Eustis Ridge over a bumpy track carved from thick forest and stony pasture, the final leg of a long journey that included train and stagecoach. Photograph circa 1935.

and white pattern of the same period, the Tim Fly did not survive—except today in a proprietor's retail fly box. Another concession to the camp's history is the fact that Rangeley boats, solid wood and lapstraked, of the type that have been on the lake since the start, are still in use. But now they are propelled by two-horsepower Johnson outboards.

There is much of interest at the camps, but the most intriguing facets of Tim Pond's long history are its mysteries. The questions are myriad. When was the pond first discovered? By whom? Who was the Indian Tim, after whom the pond is said to have been named? Is his body actually buried in a grove of birch not far from camp? Was



Above: In one of the oldest photographs of the camps in the collection (1886), rustic sports pose with fly rod and gun on the porch of a sturdy, rough-hewn cabin. Were these cabins once part of a logging camp? In 1885 women and children were invited to Tim Ponds for the first time.

the camp first known as Camp Ronald and did it exist for a time as a roughed-out logging camp for the men employed by lumber baron Charles Lyman Eustis? How did a rotting bateaux—an eighteenth-century wood boat with a flat bottom, a raked bow and stern, and flaring sides, of the type used by Benedict Arnold in his trek across Maine to launch the Battle of Quebec—find its way into the woods not far from the camps? Time capsules, from the time

when Tim Pond was a village with its own post office, are reportedly buried somewhere on the grounds of the camp. Where are they? What do they contain?

Harvey Calden, a bush pilot and mechanic who with his wife, Betty, have pumped new life into the camps over the past ten years, admits that he is captivated by the history of the camps. "I'd have to admit," he says in the soft Maine accent so typical of his generally reserved personality, "that we've had a lot

of surprises here." He was nearly killed one winter not long after he took over the camps when a fire destroyed the Guide's Camp one night. The small house was one of the nicest at the pond and was built in a classic Victorian style. Its loss was devastating. But thanks to the barking of his Brittany, Chipper, Harvey survived. Another was built in its place this past summer.

Harvey and Betty, who operated the successful Hilltop Auto Body Shop in

Mrs. J. K. Viles, who looks "as if she had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue fashion magazine," poses lightly in 1905.



Jay, took over Tim Pond in 1980. The previous owner hadn't done a great deal to maintain either the camp structures or the guest list, and one day, in a fit of pique, bulldozed down the largest of the camps. In a masterpiece of understatement, Harvey observed: "We had a little bit of work to do before we could get started."

But in the ensuing years, the Caldens have built a new main lodge and dining room fitted with the traditional trappings of any wilderness camp—paintings and pictures and mounted fish and a fishing library. The camps have come back to life, enjoying a health probably unprecedented in their history.

For Betty Calden, the vague, poorly documented history of the camps is a personal challenge. She has patched bits and pieces of the history together in the past ten years and admits that she still has a long way to go.

THE HISTORY OF A PLACE

The traditional history of the region suggests that three Indian trappers—Tim, Jim, and Lutton—started coming into the region as early as 1835. This was, after all, territory of the St. Francis (Abenaki) Indians in the first place. The three met at what was known as Carrying Place, near East Carry Pond, and traveled together around Flagstaff Lake to what is now Eustis. There they split—Tim went up what is now Tim Brook and then on to Tim Pond; Jim followed the Dead River up to what is now Jim Pond; and Lutton went south-

west, locating near what is now Lutton Brook, a bit west of Stratton, off the South Branch of the Dead River. It is a brook that, interestingly enough, rises from wetland swamps not a mile from Tim Pond. Nothing is known about these men, where they came from or where they died, although it is believed that the Indian Tim died at the pond and is now buried in a birch grove about fifty yards from the western edge of the camps. There is another history that claims that Tim, Jim, and Lutton were the first names of field foremen for Charles Lyman Eustis, the lumber baron, who in 1823 owned the northern half of what is now known as Eustis Township. And the camps were said to have really started as lumber camps before their commercial development as sporting camps began in 1877. The naming of the locations was a magnanimous gesture to his faithful employees by a grateful Mr. Eustis.

So which is correct?

The development of Tim Pond coincided with a general development of the Dead River region as a hunting and fishing center, and the enormous and growing popularity of "wilderness adventures" for sports from Portland, Maine; Lawrence, Lowell, and Boston, Massachusetts; New York; and Philadelphia.

After the Civil War, there was considerable development of the Dead River area. Eustis Township grew and prospered as railroads extended gradually northward into northern Maine. Handsome stagecoaches and horse teams

brought commerce and visitors. Old photos of the town in 1865 show a village not unlike any other village in New England. Because of its growing reputation as a hunting and fishing paradise, the Dead River region, with Eustis as its focus, was becoming a very popular place, indeed.

Kennedy Smith, an entrepreneur farmer who lived on handsome acreage at the top of Eustis Ridge, about seven miles west of Eustis, and six miles east of Tim, was enjoying some success with Smith Farm as a tourist destination, mostly because of the spectacular mountain views from the ridge. But he saw the benefits of expansion early on, especially because of the fishing potential that Tim Pond offered. So he started to develop the north shore of Tim in 1877. He bushwhacked a corduroy buckboard road straight west to Tim out of the back pasture of his farm so that one- or two-horse buckboards could transport guests into the wilderness. About a quarter of a mile into the forest the road passed the house of a hermit—a religious and agricultural fanatic—who sermonized passersby and promised the discovery of a revolutionary new food crop.

Today the Smith Farm is long gone. Some of its foundations remain, but by and large it has simply vanished into the forest. The buckboard road, on the other hand, is now more or less an unimproved road that goes only part way to Tim on the old track. Although it now skirts the pond to the south the final



A typical cabin interior. Some of the cabins still boast the original fireplaces, and the table, iron beds, and wicker rocker pictured here are still in use. Close examination of this photograph reveals a 1905 calendar hanging on the wall.

couple of miles into the pond are virtually impassable, except on foot. Although the buckboard offered a (bumpy) ride for guests in those early days, most walked and used the opportunity to hunt for partridge and deer. They were, almost always, successful in one way or another.

Once at the camps—known then as the “Village of the Six Cabins”—the guests were assigned to a cabin. The cabins had been built in the trees “a few rods” from the edge of the lake which was barely visible then. Today, the whole area has been cleared of trees to create a camp common and offer fabulous views. Inside those primitive first cabins was a “bed of fragrant boughs, plenty of blankets, and a small stove,” mostly to satisfy the need for hot tea and bathing water. The individual camps had such curious names as Castle Tim, Camp Ronald (which also served as the main dining room), Roaring Ranche, Hub Ranch and Poker Flat, Camp Caribou,

Camp Arden, the Thompson Camp, and Windy. As rough as they were, they were comfortable, well-cared for, and quite attractive. General camp meals were served at 7:00 A.M., noon, and 5:00 P.M., with the guests summoned by a horn blown from the front steps of the dining hall. The rates were \$1.50 a day or \$7.50 per week.

During the 1885 season accommodations were expanded and improved, and women and children were invited into the camps. The capacity was twenty-five and the place was always full. There were lavish claims about the healing benefits of the high mountain air and the absence of hay fever pollen. Activities of the day included “reading, writing, hikes to the cascades (three on Tim Brook averaging fifty feet in height), target shooting, and hunting.”

There were visits to the natural spring that provided drinking water for the camp. The spring is still there, of course, but it is no longer used. There is a ram-

shackle building still around it—a combination concrete basin and shed to catch the water and protect it. But the trail has disappeared, the building has collapsed, and like so much else, it has all been simply taken back by the forest.

THE REAL ATTRACTION

But the fishing was (and still is) the real attraction. The fly fishing for brookies was so fantastic in those early days there were frequent reports that each angler caught 20 pounds of fish per day. The deadliest fly was the Red Ibis and the prime fishing areas were—as they are today—Greenbush, directly across from the camps, and Hack and Alder Inlets, at the west end of the pond. And many anglers would take the long trip by boat into Mud Pond, an arm of Tim that was formed by beavers, now long gone, who dammed the lake at its east end.

The expansion by Smith didn’t stop at Tim Pond. He knocked another road

west around the edge of Tim Mountain and on over to the 7 Ponds, another eleven and a half miles away. He put his son, Edgar, in charge of the expansion and management of the new camp operation. The focus of the 7 Pond Camps was Big Island Pond. Here Smith put up seven log cabins and the place was generally regarded (according to *Glimpses of New England*, 1895) as "better than Tim Pond Camps" for its fishing because the fish were bigger. In the same source, one angler reported that during fishing at L Pond (one of the 7 Ponds) one afternoon in 1886, "six rods took 31 fish that weighed a total of 16 pounds."

Kennedy Smith was a clever man who understood the need to promote his product. He advertised in appropriate publications and in 1885 he hired a professional photographer, E. R. Starbird, of Farmington, Maine, who created a first class "magic lantern" (stereopticon) show of some fifty-four 5-by-8-inch slides for use at the new outdoor shows being staged in places such as Boston and New York.

In 1886, Julian K. Viles bought out Kennedy Smith and initiated another expansion and improvement at the pond. Viles, an entrepreneur with deep family roots in Stratton (his seventy-six-year-old grandson, Julian C. Viles, still lives there today), put more emphasis on the 7 Ponds operation. He improved the road, cutting its length by nearly three miles, and retained Edgar Smith to keep the 7 Ponds operation intact. The fishing continued to be outstanding, so good, in fact, that guests often were unable to control themselves and their success was apparently encouraged by the management.

Six years later, Smith's son, Edgar, was listed among the state's "poaching criminals" (although he appeared to be doing nothing precisely illegal) and the Tim Pond/7 Ponds operation was described as a "poaching den" in the 1892 Maine Fisheries and Wildlife Commissioner's Report. The alleged poaching problem grew so severe by 1895 that a year later—directly due to the activity at Tim and 7 Ponds—the state finally put a twenty-five-trout daily bag limit on anglers at the camps. Today, of course, it is fly fishing only and five fish is the limit. Period!

By 1900, Tim Pond was enhanced by the presence of Tim Pond Village, which had daily mail service and guests who stayed the entire summer. There were camp activities virtually year-round: ice was cut in great blocks from the pond and horse teams sledged them up to a

storage barn with refrigeration units where they could last for two years at a time. Sleigh rides were popular adventures, too, just as snowmobiling is popular today. But for the most part, visitors to Tim Pond were simply intent on having a good time.

And one day, reportedly to celebrate the turn of the century, the villagers buried not one but many time capsules. But where? And what do they contain?

According to Ernest Smith, seventy-five, of West Hartford, Connecticut, who has been coming up to Tim since the late 1920s, the time capsule ceremony was an annual summer tradition for a long time. But it was hardly a formal ceremony of great historical significance. It was more prosaic: the primary activity of a camp organization known as the "Bloody Band of the Buried Bottle" or the four Bs!

"Every summer," recalls Smith, a retired manufacturing executive who is no relation to the founding Smiths, "we'd dig up the bottles—our time capsules—and read what was in them. There were news reports of the day. Letters. Poems. All kinds of personal messages. Then we'd add our own and bury the bottles again. But in fifty years, I only have a vague idea where those bottles are. But they are still there, buried in the camp common, you can be sure, the legacy of the four Bs!" It was a happy time, indeed. But things change.

CHANGING HANDS

In time, the 7 Ponds operation was sold off and became private. The Smith-Viles buckboard road to Big Island Pond still exists, but only in parts—washed out, flooded, trees grown in—so it is virtually impassable. Access to the ponds now is by a dirt road from Little Kennebago Lake up 7 Ponds Brook.

Julian K. Viles, helped at nearly every step by his wife, ran the camps at Tim for almost fifty years. He affected a kind of cowboy persona: he wore a ten-gallon hat, chaps, and rode a chestnut mare named "Chummie." His wife, dressed in a dark dress and low-heeled shoes, and looking for all the world as if she had just stepped out of a Fifth Avenue fashion magazine, posed for the photographs taken by Starbird for the Viles slide show.

Julian's son, Harold K. Viles, assumed the general management role about 1910, even though Julian K. was still to be found about the camps. After several personal setbacks, however, most of them reportedly involving the domestic problems of Harold and his wife, Carrie,

he sold out in 1936 to A. B. Sargent, a widely known and well-to-do real-estate developer from Rangeley.

Sargent continued to improve the place, especially the roads in, which were now passable by vehicle. Business improved. Sargent kept the property until after World War II, when he sold out to Wayne Hussey. Hussey in time sold to Keith Hodgeson. By early in the 1970s, Hodgeson had moved to a new place near Greenville, and his son, Joel, took over. So there was a sequence of owners—one after the other, some good, some bad, six in all over 100 years, leading to 1980 when the Caldens took over.

A couple of years ago, while checking out a minor problem on Tim Brook, Harvey Calden stumbled across the remains of a bateau deep in the woods. It is a boat whose design dates to 1711 and French Canada. How did it get there? Is it a relic of the ill-fated Arnold expedition to Quebec? What is its secret? The mystery of the bateaux has nagged at Harvey and recently he discovered a telling fact—the nails in the boat are of a round or modern design. That fact may dispel its association with the Arnold Expedition, but does little to explain how it got into the middle of the woods in the first place.

Despite the fishing pressure by visitors to Tim Pond, the quality and quantity of the trout have changed very little in the past 100 years or so of the camp, which is to say, they probably haven't changed in maybe a thousand years or more. The fish are wild and healthy and plentiful, but generally only about 9 to 10 inches in size. Fish of 14 inches are occasionally caught, but those of 16 inches are rare. And in the last twenty years, the biggest single fish taken in the pond is one only slightly larger than 2½ pounds. So the emphasis is less on size than on action—the steady availability of really handsome but smallish fish.

IT HAS BEEN EVER THUS

The future of Tim Pond Camps is seen in its past, to be sure. The Caldens like the idea of a full camp, a village of sports, enjoying not just the fishing, but everything else about the North Woods. It will never be truly as it was, of course. But the fishing remains and that—and the larger atmosphere of Tim Pond today as it has been upgraded to the standards of a modern sporting camp and spiced by the fascinating stories of its century-old past—is enough to sustain the tradition.

GALLERY



AN IMPORTANT LINK between fly fishing's past and present became part of the Museum's collection when Vern Gallup donated the vast collection of Austin Hogan (acquired from Hogan's wife) in 1988, including collective writings, art and illustrations, correspondence, and an unpublished manuscript by Hogan entitled *An Angler's American History*. A leading national expert in the field, Hogan led a quiet, almost reclusive, life researching the history of fly fishing. He joined the Museum as its first curator in 1969 and was the original editor of *The American Fly Fisher* during its earliest years, from 1974 to 1978. He compiled *American Sporting Periodicals of Angling Interest* in 1973, a comprehensive bibliography of sporting titles from the turn of the century to the present (a sourcebook of great importance to researchers), and with Paul Schullery coauthored *The Orvis Story* in 1980.

In his later years, after retiring from the Watertown (Massachusetts) Arsenal in 1955, he spent most of his time researching the history of fly fishing in America. He worked daily at the libraries of Harvard, the Boston Public Library, or the American Antiquarian Society in Worces-

ter. *An Angler's American History* occupied all of his time. The only day-to-day contact with others was through the mail: he refused to install a telephone.

Because Austin was critical of himself and his own work, as well as that of others, he gained a reputation as a perfectionist. He was extremely innovative, and devised a number of fly patterns and theories on color and fish perception, in addition to theories on other diverse and esoteric subjects.

An Angler's American History is an extraordinary compilation of facts, thoughts and theories, and miscellaneous trivia. Besides a detailed and illustrated fishing diary there are various correspondence with many fishing luminaries, and numerous watercolors of flies and fishing scenes, including a self-portrait. Hogan is a scholar's dream: he saved everything! His collection is comprised of seventy-three large notebooks, all carefully indexed by Vern Gallup.

The large, detailed collection of Austin Hogan—scholar, artist, author, and original editor of *The American Fly Fisher*—could be considered the most personal, and valuable, backbone of our archives. CRAIG THOMAS

The Oldest Silk in Fly Fishing

by Richard C. Hoffmann

AFTER READING our special issue devoted to silk and its importance to our fly-fishing history (Fall 1991), noted scholar/Museum supporter Richard Hoffmann was spurred to expand on silk's role. An historian who specializes in the social and economic history of medieval and early modern Europe, Professor Hoffmann broadens our understanding of the long history of silk as a fly-tying material.

EDITOR

ANY FLY FISHER of more than ten years seniority has, knowingly or not, likely used silk in its last widespread role in the sport, which was also its first. Fly fishers relied on silk long before and after they fished with drawn gut and braided silk lines. Where was it used? In the fly itself. For centuries the complex protein fiber naturally extruded by the silkworm caterpillar was the normal and almost exclusive means to bind feathers to a hook and a common material for the bodies of pseudo-insects or other weightless artificial baits.

Indeed, silk in the fly accounts for the first connection between angling and the growing western commercial economy at the end of the Middle Ages. With the exception of this exotic material, and until its spread, all the tools of the early angler's craft—wooden rod, horsehair line, wool, feathers, even the needle or other metal for a hook—could come from the resources and skills available in a late medieval European village or local market town. I confess to making no systematically comprehensive examination of the sources to test this assertion, but offer it as a working hypothesis sustained by a sampling from the early historical record of fly-fishing methods in several European regions, and by what standard scholarly references tell about late medieval and early modern textile and commercial history.

SOME ILLUSTRATIVE EVIDENCE

The story of silk as fly-tying material begins with texts created long before Izaak Walton, Charles Cotton, and their contemporaries.

Despite modern elitist pretensions, the techniques of fly fishing surely began in ordinary rural (that is, illiterate) peasant society. What now seems the oldest surviving written reference to an artificial fly is the Roman author Aelianus's early third-century report on the way Macedonians caught spotted river fish that ate certain flying insects. Aelianus mentions no silk, but a hook wrapped in scarlet wool with two cock's feathers attached. In two later passages on an angler's equipment, Aelianus further lists a wooden rod, horsehair lines, feathers of various hues, and "red and purple wool," all products entirely native to the ancient Balkan countryside.¹ Since silk production was unknown to the Roman world, and the fabric then a

fabulous luxury imported from mysterious Asia, its absence is no surprise.

Fly fishing certainly survived the demise of Roman literary culture and political authority, but early medieval Europeans with limited use for written records had no occasion to write about it. Literate learning and written literature were revived in the twelfth century and references to fly-fishing technique appeared as early as about 1200. These notices multiplied in ensuing centuries, especially in writings from southern Germany, where anglers used what they called the "feathered hook" (*vederangel*) to catch trout and grayling.² To my knowledge, however, all these passing literary and legal mentions neglect the materials from which the objects were made.

During the fifteenth century the state of evidence changes everywhere in western Europe, mainly because of shared increases in vernacular literacy and in the use of written records for an ever wider range of human activities. In consequence, we then finally have a fair number of manuscript treatments of fishing, some of which include that use of a weightless bait of feathers and thread we understand as an artificial fly.³ Most of these manuscripts and the texts they contain defy precise dating. One early group, perhaps the oldest to survive, is in English. Some years ago I noted in *The American Fly Fisher* two fifteenth-century paper manuscripts with instructions on fly fishing.⁴ A now fragmentary tract copied into a British Library manuscript (MS Harley 2389) recommends fishing for trout in the summer months "with an artificial flye, made uppon your hooke with sylke of dyverse coloures . . . and fethers. . . ."⁵

Medicina piscium, a different midcentury tract bound with medical and household advice in an Oxford Bodleian Library manuscript (MS Rawlinson



C506), similarly calls for a hook dressed after the natural fly with appropriate feathers and “the same colour must the sylke be of for to bynde the federysse to your hoke.”⁶ But the roughly contemporary manuscript form of the famous *Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle* (Yale University Beinecke Library MS 171, also known as Wagstaff 18), makes only vague references to fishing for leaping trout with a *dubbe*. The later version of the *Treatyse* printed by Wynkyn de Worde in the 1496 second *Boke of St. Albans* follows with prescriptions for twelve artificial flies for trout and grayling. All have woollen bodies, but two, the so-called Ruddy Fly of May and the Drake Fly of August, add a rib of black silk. About tying thread the 1496 *Treatyse* gives no instructions.⁷

Continental sources from this period more often refer to making artificial flies with silk. It is the body and binding material named in an overwhelming majority of the fifty-odd fly patterns given in a German manuscript on fishing written from Tegernsee abbey, a rich and influential Benedictine house on a stream-fed lake at the edge of the Alps in Bavaria. What I prefer to call “Tegernsee Fishing Advice”—for the anonymous text lacks a title—forms part of a managerial handbook put together in the office of the cellarer who was responsible for the internal economy of the abbey, including its supply of fish. As there written down, the “Fishing Advice” is a composite assembled not long after 1493 and, in my view, before 1506. Like its contemporary, the printed English *Treatyse*, its instructions have both

earlier origins and later echoes.⁸

The Tegernsee manuscript treats artificial flies or “feathers” in one long and two shorter passages, each with a distinct and sometimes ambiguous technical vocabulary. Translated samples from two of these passages will illustrate silk’s importance. This cast of six flies was recommended for large waters in September.

The hook at the front on the line should be [with a] red *stingel*, which is rough white and tile color.⁹ The second hook should be black [and] the *stingel* not rough, with light blue and dark blue silk, around the “heart” mostly red silk, around the *stingel* light blue silk.¹⁰

The third hook should be tied with the feathers of an ash-colored skin, and with white and yellow silk [that is] not rough, or instead of red silk a green one, and around the “heart” green, and around the *stingel* tile-colored silk.

The fourth hook should be tied with a rough ash feather, white and tile-red color silk, and around the “heart” red and black silk, and around the *stingel* red silk.

The fifth hook should be tied with feathers which are pale colored, [and] under that speckled light brown feathers, with white and dark blue silk, and around the “heart” brown silk and around the *stingel* light blue.

The sixth hook should be tied with off-white feathers which are speckled, with light brownish green and white silk, and around the “heart” entirely light brown silk, and around the *stingel* should be medium silk.¹¹

Later passages use different words for patterns with feathers from certain local birds.

ographer, humanist, and natural historian. Gessner devoted the fourth volume of his huge *Historia Animalium* to aquatic life and thus set with its 1558 publication a benchmark in the emergence of ichthyology as a science.¹⁶ In an article now being completed for *The American Fly Fisher* I shall detail how Gessner’s methods of humanistic scholarship caused him to preserve in Latin paraphrase an otherwise unknown vernacular manuscript record of self-consciously imitative fly fishing in mid-sixteenth century Germany. For now, however, two quick translations will make the requisite point. In the month of May, the scholar reported, skilled fishers of grayling “represent the fly with a body partly of white and partly of black silk twined together in alternate layers, the head blue, the wings indeed from the back of the varied crow which our people name after the fog.”¹⁷ For trout in April, however, “you will fashion a fly in such a way that its body of silk be red, its head be green, with wings of red cocks [feathers] added.”¹⁸ In all, eight of Gessner’s dozen fly patterns call explicitly for silk bodies, heads, or both, and only three demand other body materials.

The oldest extant record of Spanish fly fishing, the *Dialogue between a Hunter and a Fisher*, written in 1538 by Fernando Basurto and published at Zaragoza in 1539, describes bodies and heads of silk as normal procedure in making artificial flies. To fish trout in summer streams the Aragonese author advises feathers from ducks, capons, or other birds, “but note that the feather

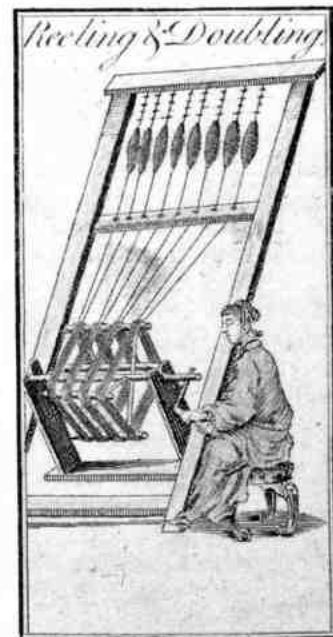


Take the best feathers from the woodpecker’s tail, also take green and yellow silks and a gold [one] for the little body.¹² Tie these all at the middle of the line. Or on a mountain stream take them for the front hook. . . .

For the wryneck feather take black and yellow silk.¹³ For the mouse-colored feathers take tile red and a yellow silk. For the hooded crow feather take light blue and yellow silk.¹⁴ And let the silks go over all the little bumps on the hook so the feather should be even with the head.¹⁵

Some of the last sentence is conjectural, but it suggests that the silk also held the fly together.

Remarkably clear descriptions of silk-bodied artificials from German-speaking Europe were later penned by the very man who prepared the first authoritative edition of Aelianus’s Greek. This was Conrad Gessner (1516-1565), a universally learned Zürich physician, bibli-



by itself is worth nothing if it is not tied to the body of some flies made of the same color of silk, at times yellow, at times brown, and at other times black, because these are the colors of the same flies that the trout eat. . . ." And after instruction on attaching the feathers to the hook, Basurto recommends making the head of a fly from black silk wrapped over both the feather and the spade of the hook and the body of black silk with yellow silk ribbed over it.¹⁹

On this point the curious memorandum of fly patterns compiled by Juan de Bergara at Astorga in northwestern Castile in 1624 corroborates Basurto's generalities with a whole series of particulars. Virtually every one of its thirty-three seasonally arranged imitations calls for one or another color of silk to serve as body, as a rib, or as "binding thread."²⁰

Independent English treatments of fly fishing and fly tying are not known to occur between 1496 and the end of the sixteenth century. Leonard Mascall in the 1590 *A Booke of Fishing with Hooke and Line*, and Gervase Markham in his 1614 *The Pleasures of Princes*, took over the flies of the *Treatyse*, though now, in the case of Markham, suggesting silk thread in five of the twelve. And the new pattern contributed by William Lawson in his 1620 edition of John Deny's *Secrets of Angling* also called for a silk head.²¹ But silk became the demonstrable norm in England only with the mid-seventeenth century proliferation of fly-fishing instruction in the writings of Robert Venables (1662) and Charles Cotton (1676).²² They are now recognized as laying the foundation for modern technique and its literature, but visibly built on a millennium of traditional European practice.

Although the earliest extant records of artificial flies set wool before or beside silk, the latter material was familiar to European fly fishers before 1500 and soon thereafter became, at least on the continent, the standard for bodies and probably also for the means to tie them. But pending historical recovery of sixteenth-century English fly-tying instruction, our evidence can affirm silk's importance in that country only since the seventeenth century.

THE SILK TRADE IN MEDIEVAL AND EARLY MODERN EUROPE

A glance at the history of silk production and the silk trade in Europe clarifies how this fly-tying material spread northwards from the Mediterranean at the end of the Middle Ages.²³

Silk textiles reached the Roman empire through trade routes from the east, but actual production of silkworms and their fibrous cocoons remained an Asian secret until the fifth century A.D., when it was learned by Greek-speaking eastern Romans (Byzantines). Eastern Byzantine provinces came under Arab control in the seventh century and techniques of silk culture and manufacture spread westwards across the commercial zone created by early medieval Islam. By the ninth century they were known in (Muslim) Spain, by the early twelfth century in (Muslim) Sicily, and before the mid-thirteenth century in mainland (Christian) Italy (at that time the acknowledged leader in Mediterranean commerce and industry for more than 100 years). Silk textiles became a specialty of Lucca and Bologna.

Whether Muslim or Christian, European and other Mediterranean silk producers relied entirely on techniques of eastern and central Asian origin until the late thirteenth century. They hand-reared the caterpillars on mulberry leaves and let them spin their cocoons, then killed the pupae in steam or boiling water and manually wound the raw silk from the cocoon three filaments at a time. Silk could take most of the organic dyes known in the Middle Ages. By the mid-1200s the last Asian innovation in silk technology, a Persian loom capable of weaving highly intricate patterns, had been adopted in Italy. In 1272 a Bolognese exile in Lucca achieved one of me-

dieval Europe's major technical breakthroughs. He developed a water-powered silk-throwing machine, which replaced the hand labor of twisting the freed filaments into strong and workable thread and winding the thread on to spools for weaving, sewing, or embroidering. It made possible large increases in productive capacity.

Italian silk dominated the entire European output and trade from the late thirteenth century to the late sixteenth. Merchants supplied weavers in central and northern Italian cities with raw silk from Sicily, southern Spain, and the Levant. Although political unrest had caused many silk workers to leave Lucca between 1337 and 1340, that city alone then imported 137,000 pounds weight of silk from the eastern Mediterranean each year.²⁴ Italian merchants marketed silk thread and finished fabrics—brocades, velvets, etc.—throughout the Mediterranean basin and north over the Alps. In the late 1400s silk suddenly replaced cloth of gold and scarlet as the highest fashion and then consumption spread as a public display of material success. The Italian industry thus gained another hundred years of prosperity. Italian silks were notable imports to Germany in the early 1500s and, with new producers established at Genoa, Florence, Venice, and Milan, boomed in popularity in the 1530s.²⁵

The second traditional European silk producer was southern Spain, both Muslim and Christian. In the 1470s Valencia shipped significant volumes of cloth to Germany, and Granada supplied much raw silk to Italy. After 1492 the new Castilian rulers of what had been the last Muslim state in Spain tried to revive the silk industry, but it came to focus on the older Christian centers of Toledo and Cordoba.²⁶ Still the Spanish industry never challenged Italian supremacy as did the younger French one, which was established in Tours about 1470 and took off especially after silk weaving was begun at Lyon in 1536. French silk textiles would break their Italian rivals for market share in the seventeenth century despite their common reliance on Sicilian raw materials.

Through the whole period European demand for the still higher quality Persian and Chinese product remained insatiable. Italian and Portuguese overseas traders gave way by the seventeenth century to Dutch, then English, efforts to profitably supply the market. Whatever the source, until the twentieth century silk had no competitor for lightness, strength, color, and sheen.



*Taking the Coils from of
Muds after smothered in
the Earthen Pots*

RISE AND FALL

The proliferation of silk as a material in known early European instructions on fly fishing synchronized with the expansion of European silk production and silk trade. That the chief centers of production were located in central Italy and southern Spain helps explain a greater early emphasis on silk in south German and northern Spanish sources than in those from England, a country which entered the global economy as more than a staple exporter only in the sixteenth century.

Silk reigned long and wide as the exclusively predominant thread for binding artificial flies. It alone was considered for this role in the standard early twentieth century epitomes of Eric Taverner, of Stolze and Salomon, and of Ray Bergman.²⁷ And works of another American author can document silk's eventual downfall. Ernest Schwiebert's 1955 classic *Matching the Hatch* lists no "thread" in its thirty-three pages of fly patterns, just "silk—" in each appropriate color; in the same context his 1973 *Nymphs* reads throughout "nylon—." I leave to modern researchers the more precise investigation of that process of change in the defining element of our sport. Catalogs and records of materials suppliers might be a good place to start.

ENDNOTES

1. Claudius Aelianus, *De animalium natura libri XVII*, 15:1, 12:43, and 15:10; from A. F. Schofield, ed. and tr., *On the Characteristics of Animals*, 3 vols. (Cambridge, Mass.: Loeb Classical Library, 1958-1959).

2. Hermann Heimpel, "Die Federschnur. Wasserrecht und Fischrecht in der 'Reformation Kaiser Sigismunds,'" *Deutsches Archiv für Erforschung des Mittelalters*, 19 (1963), pp. 451-88.

3. My forthcoming book called *Fishers' Craft and Lettered Art at the End of the Middle Ages* will treat in detail the entire subject and several of the continental texts mentioned below. Research on medieval European fisheries has been supported in part by the Social Science and Humanities Research Council of Canada, the American Philosophical Society, and York University.

4. Richard C. Hoffmann, "A New Treatise on the Treatise," *The American Fly Fisher*, 9:3 (Summer 1982), pp. 2-6.

5. Harley 2389, fol. 73v, reprinted in Willy L. Braekman, *The Treatise on Angling in the Boke of St. Albans (1496): Background, Context and Text of "The treatise of fysshynge wyth an An-*

gle," (Brussels: Scripta—Mediaeval and Renaissance Texts and Studies, 1, 1980), p. 41.

6. Rawlinson C506, fol. 300v, is published in Braekman 1980, p. 31, who, however, errs in separating the recipes on fols. 299r-300v from the remainder of the *Medicina piscium*.

7. John D. McDonald, *The Origins of Angling* (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1963), pp. 168-73, 222-25, and 108-11, offers the two textual redactions and a technical discussion.

8. Bayerische Staatsbibliothek Cgm 8137, fols. 97r-109v, is edited, translated, and studied in my forthcoming *Fishers' Craft*. The only modern edition from the manuscript, Anton Birlinger, "Tegernseer Angel- und Fischbüchlein," *Zeitschrift für deutsches Altertum*, 14 (1869), 162-79, is full of errors, but Gerhard Eis, "Nachträge zum Verfasserlexikon, Tegernseer Angel- und Fischbüchlein," *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Sprache und Literatur*, 83 (1961), 217-18, usefully reviews previous scholarship. Passages resembling some in Cgm 8137 also occur in at least four later manuscripts from Munich, upper Saxony, St. Florian abbey near Linz, and the southern part of Salzburg province.

9. To oversimplify a complex critical problem, *stingel* is probably the late medieval Bavarian dialect term for a certain feather bound at some distinctive place on a fishhook—but what feather and where?

10. A literal translation of the Bavarian *herz*, here plainly a part or location of the artificial fly.

11. BSB Cgm 8137, fols. 97v-98r.

12. A half-dozen varieties of woodpeckers are native to the Alpine region. Nearly all have blackish tails with some black and white banded feathers, too. In any case, the tail feathers would be very stiff because the tail serves to prop the bird against the tree trunk.

13. *Jynx torquilla*, a small gray-brown ground-feeding member of the woodpecker family found in open woodlands throughout continental Europe.

14. The European hooded crow (*Corvus corone cornix*) is called in German *Nebelkrähe*, literally "fog crow." Its back feathers are distinctively gray.

15. BSB Cgm 8137, fol. 103v.

16. E. W. Gudger, "The five great naturalists of the sixteenth century: Belon, Rondelet, Salviani, Gessner, and Aldrovandi. For a chapter in the his-

tory of ichthyology," see *Isis*, 22 (1934/1935), pp. 21-40.

17. Regarding reference to "varied crow," see note 14 above.

18. Conrad Gessner, *Historia animalium de piscium . . . lib. iii*, (Zürich: Froschauer, 1558), pp. 1175 and 1208.

19. Fernando Basurto, *Dialogo que agora se hazia: dirigido al muy illustre señor don Pedro Martinez de Luna conde de Morata* (Zaragoza: George Coci, 1539), fol. c viii r-v. A translation of the entire passage appeared in Thomas V. Cohen and Richard C. Hoffmann, ed. and tr., Fernando Basurto, "El Tratadico de la Pesca. The Little Treatise on Fishing," *The American Fly Fisher*, 11:3 (Summer 1984), pp. 12-13, and a discussion in Richard C. Hoffmann, "The Evidence for Early European Angling. I: Basurto's *Dialogo* of 1539," *The American Fly Fisher*, 11:4 (Fall 1984), pp. 8-9. Basurto's whole book is reproduced and treated in the forthcoming *Fishers' Craft*.

20. Enough translated examples are in Richard C. Hoffmann, "The Evidence for Early European Angling. II: The Mysterious Manuscript of Astorga, 1624," *The American Fly Fisher*, 16:3 (Fall 1990), pp. 8-16.

21. McDonald, 1963, pp. 103-10; Gervase Markham, *The Pleasures of Princes* (London, 1614); facsimile edition, J. Milton French, *Three Books on Fishing, 1599-1659* (Gainesville, Fla., 1962), pp. 24-25.

22. McDonald, 1963, pp. 105-06, summarizes the standard interpretation of the seventeenth-century writers. For their clear expectation and recommendation of a silk tying thread, and occasional use of pure silk bodies, see Robert Venables, *The Experienced Angler* (London, 1662; facsimile edition, London, 1969), pp. 12-21, and Charles Cotton, "Being Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," in Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, *The Compleat Angler*, ed. A. B. Gough (Oxford, 1915 edition), pp. 285-90 (Part II, chapter 5), and pp. 297-318 (chapters 7-8).

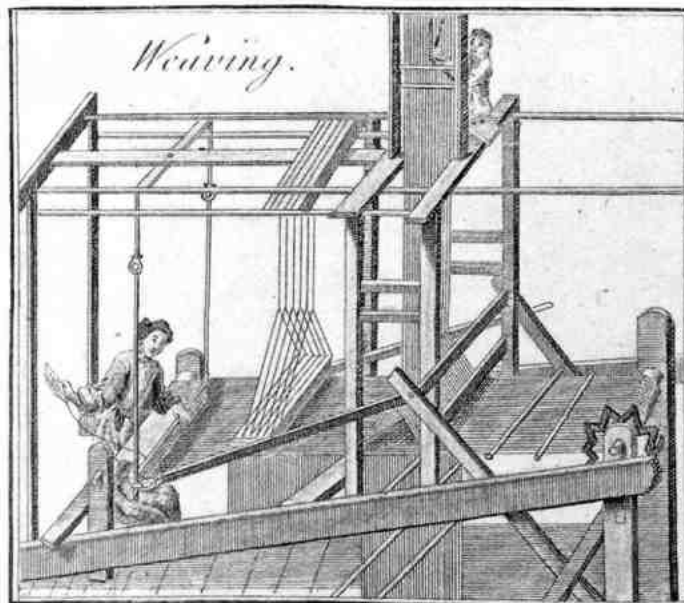
23. Most of what follows is summarized from John H. Munro, "Silk," in J. R. Strayer, ed., *Dictionary of the Middle Ages*, vol. 11 (New York, 1988), pp. 293-96. Munro provides further references.

24. Robert S. Lopez, "The Trade of Medieval Europe: the South," in M. M. Postan and Edward Miller, eds., *The Cambridge Economic History of Europe*, vol. 2: *Trade and Industry in the Middle Ages*, second ed. rev. (Cambridge, 1987), pp. 369-70.

25. Fernand Braudel, *The Mediterranean and the Mediterranean World at the Time of Philip II*, tr. Siân Reynolds (New York, 1972-1973), pp. 319-22 and 431-44. See also his *Civilization and Capitalism, 15th to 18th Century*, vol. 2: *The Wheels of Commerce*, tr. Siân Reynolds, (London, 1982), pp. 178-80 and 417-21.

26. Jocelyn Hillgarth, *The Spanish Kingdoms, 1250-1519*, vol. 2 (Oxford, 1978), pp. 22, 26, 32, and 391.

27. Eric Taverner, *Trout Fishing from All Angles* (London, 1929), p. 288; Adolf Stölze and Karl Salomon, *Die Kunst und die Grundlagen des Fliegenfischens* (Wien, 1931; facsimile reprint Nürnberg, 1990) p. 182; and Ray Bergman, *Trout*, second ed. rev. (New York, 1952), p. 404.



Long Island: An 1873 Perspective

by Charles Hallock

TO THOSE OF US FAMILIAR with the highway-laced, exhaust-wreathed Long Island of 1993, this excerpt from *The Fishing Tourist* by Charles Hallock (*Harper and Brothers, New York, 1873*), is indeed a surprising and welcome journey into the past. A writer whose "sketches of travel and adventure" appeared periodically in *Harper's Magazine* from 1856 to 1873, Charles Hallock affords us a bucolic glimpse into a world long gone, 120 years ago.

He describes an island where the only means of access were "occasional cart-paths," where communities lived in "primitive simplicity," and where it was evidently not uncommon (particularly if you possessed a romantic sensibility) to find "upright God-serving well-to-do farmers who go bare-foot and eat with silver spoons."

Long Island, the thick arm off New York and Connecticut was once rich with succulent shellfish; wild, raw salt marshes; great forests; pure, mossy, secret trout streams; and only lightly dotted by human habitation. You'll see why Hallock asserted there was "no more pleasant or profitable way of spending a two weeks' vacation than to take a horse and wagon, fill it with provender and equipments, and make a round trip of the entire island, stopping at the various fishing-grounds by the way." As is our editorial policy with historical material, the word usage and spelling of such a document has been preserved for reasons of flavor as well as historical integrity. EDITOR

THE WATERS OF Long Island are familiar to few beside the anglers of New York and vicinity, and although extolled by them, would hardly be appreciated, I fear, by the brotherhood at large. The most expert disciple

of Izaak Walton may have wet his line in many a mountain lake and stream, or purling meadow-brook, and still have much to learn if he has never thrown a fly where the saline breezes blow over the salt marshes of the famed "South Side," or attended the roisterous opening of the season on the 15th of March. For thus early, while interior streams are bound by Winter's fetters, and snow-drifts mount the fences, the waters of Long Island have been released by a more southern sun and the tempering breezes of ocean. The ebb and flow of

waters where a tyro could not, perchance, provoke a single rise? For, be it known, Long Island trout are *educated*. They are not only connoisseurs in taste and epicures in diet, but quick to detect a fraud; they have been taught in the metropolitan school which cuts eye-teeth. The marshy brinks of their brackish realm are as bare of cover as a floor, affording no screen for stealthy approach. The most delicate tackle, a long line deftly cast, with flies that drop as snowflakes on the unbroken surface—these are the sole conditions of success.

The application of my remarks is to creek-fishing only—to the outlets of streams which head in limpid ponds, whence, tumbling over artificial dams, and purling under spreading willows, they wind through sinuous channels to the Sound or Ocean. Of course the tide ebbs and flows in them, and the water is salt; but the trout are nevertheless the genuine speckled beauties of the mountains, in full livery of blue and crimson,

and much improved in flavor by their access to the sea. They run in and out with the tide, and it is said that specimens have been taken in nets in the bays, three or four miles from shore. In these creeks one may angle without let or hindrance, though full baskets cannot be expected. To no others have I the right to invite the indiscriminate public. But there are magnificent preserves and private ponds, where full-fed monster trout can be caught by the score from boat or bank by inexperts, provided they have access thereto by proprietary indulgence, or the "open sesame" of personal acquaintance.

Notwithstanding the insular position of Long Island, and the sandy character of its soil, which extends in areas of bar-



tide have purged them of snow-water, and the eager trout, after his long Lenten season, is glorious game for the sportsman.

Long Island is said to resemble a fish in shape—a remarkable delineation of its physical character. Gotham experts deem it the finest trouting region in the world for scientific anglers, because none but skillful rods can take the fish of its creeks and streams. Worthy members of the brotherhood who are wont to steal a march upon the *Culex* family in their annual trips to the north, may have taken at times their fifty pounds of trout per diem in Adirondack or Canadian waters; but how can such cheaply earned success compare for *sport* with the capture of a good half-dozen fish in

ren plain over thousands of acres, its entire surface is diversified by ponds and extensive swamps, which send forth copious streams, clear, cold, and sparkling. There are no less than seventy of these streams. Most of them afford abundant mill privileges, and some have been used as mill-sites for two hundred years. The Peconic River is the longest, measuring fifteen miles. These take their rise not only in the central dividing ridge, but all along both shores above and below the line of high water-mark, though they are most numerous upon the south side. Nearly all abound in trout. The most celebrated are Success Pond, Ronkonkoma, Coram, Great Pond, Fort Pond, Killis Pond, and the considerable bodies of water at Smithtown, Carman's, Islip, Patchogue, and Oyster Bay. Great Pond is two miles long, and Ronkonkoma a mile and a half.

The unusual facilities and attractions which these waters afford to sportsmen were recognized a century ago. The best localities were quickly appropriated by private individuals, who improved and stocked them at considerable expense, and leased fishing privileges to city sportsmen at a fixed rate per diem, or \$1 per pound for all fish taken. Several were subsequently secured by clubs, who laid out ornamental grounds, built spacious club-houses, and added largely to the original stock of fish. The princi-



pal of these is the South Side Club, near Islip, which comprises a hundred or more members. But there is a coterie of fifteen gentlemen, who enjoy at Smithtown the use of angling privileges equal to those of a majority of the private preserves. They have four ponds, of which the chief are Phillips' Pond and Stump Pond. The former is noted for its big fish. Their domain is an old-fashioned farm, which literally flows with milk and honey. There are orchards that bend with fruit in its season, and with

congregated turkeys always in the still watches of the night. Great willow trees environ the house, and through their loosely swaying branches the silvery moon may be seen glistening on the ponds. Through a wicket-gate and under overarching grape-vines a path leads to the "Lodge," within whose smoke-grimed precincts none but the elect may come. Its walls are hung with coats and old felt hats, and suits of water-proof, with creels and rods, and all the paraphernalia and complex gear of a sportsman's repertoire. Cosy lounges invite the weary; there are pipes and glasses for those who wish them; and in the centre of the room a huge square stove emits a radiant glow. In the cool of April evenings, when the negro boy has crammed it full of wood, and the smoke from reeking pipes ascends in clouds, this room resounds with song and story, and many a stirring experience of camp and field. No striplings gather here. Some who stretch their legs around that stove are battle-scarred. Others have grown gray since they learned the rudiments of the "gentle art." Might I with propriety mention names I could introduce a royal party. To-morrow they will whip the ponds, and wade the connecting streams; and when their brief campaign is ended, you will see them wending cityward with hampers filled with trout nicely packed in ice and moss.

Of private ponds the most famous and richly stocked are Maitland's Pond, near Islip, and the Massapiqua Pond at Oyster Bay. Nearly all the ponds throughout the island lie along the main highways, in many cases separated from the road only by a fragile fence, but jealously guarded by trespass notices, dogs, and keepers; and it has not infrequently happened that some neophyte uninitiated into the mysteries and prerogatives of Long Island fishing, has innocently climbed the fence, and tossed his fly into the forbidden waters—whereby and in consequence hang tales of "withered hopes," not to be repeated except on chilly evenings in the ruddy glow of a blazing wood-fire, and then *sotto voce*.

In those earlier days of undeveloped locomotion, when the Long Island Railroad was the grand highway between New York and Boston, the only means

of access to either side was by occasional cart-paths that traversed the intervening plains. Over these barren wastes hearse-like vehicles made quotidian trips from the railroad stations. From Farmingdale to Riverhead, throughout an area forty miles by six in extent, scarcely a house or cultivated patch was seen. The only growth was scrub oak and stunted pine,



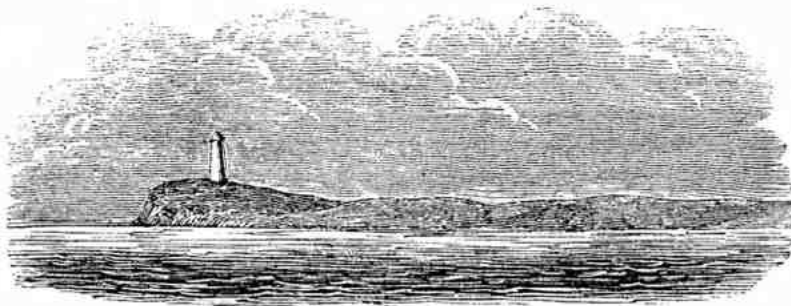
through which devastating fires ran periodically. Into the yielding sand the wheels cut deeply, and the journey, short as the distance was, seemed slow and tedious. Those who now gain easy access to either side by the railroad facilities provided, have small conception of the discomforts of the olden time. It is difficult to realize the magnitude of the improvements made. Once across the line that circumscribes these wastes, and the scene changes, as if by magic, to one of thrift and plenty. Bursting barns, capacious farm-houses, and smiling fields attest the exuberance of the soil. City merchants and gentlemen retired from business have seized upon the choicest spots within a distance of fifty miles from town, and made them attractive with every modern innovation and appliance. Even portions of the barren wastes, which were regarded of trifling value, have been reclaimed, and now "bloom and blossom as the rose." On every hand are stately mansions, back from whose well-kept lawns and embowering shrubbery stretch acres of farm, garden and nursery, all under highest cultivation. There are conservatories filled with rarest plants. Graperies blushing in their fulness of purple and crimson, expose their crystal façades to the southern sun. There are trout ponds, whose cost to form was by no means insignificant, with arbors and kiosks dotting their grassy banks, wild-fowl disporting along their margins, and pleasure-boats floating listlessly at their moorings. There are princely barns and carriage-houses, and stables

filled with imported stock. Suburban mansions of the city have been set down quietly among the antiquated houses, quaint mills, shops, and country stores of the primitive inhabitants. New ideas and modes of dress and living have been sown among the simple-minded, yet there seems no jealousy or clash of interests. The thrifty housewife in cap and gown and guileless of hoops, looks out from beneath the yellow ears of corn and strings of dried apples hung on her tenter-hooks, to the modern improvements of her neighbor, and sighs not for his flesh-pots or his finery. Her "old man," in rustic garb and cowhides, "talks horse" with the fast young men who drive down in sulkies, and listens with some show of respectful attention to the "chaff" of sportsmen in the tavern bar-rooms. He hears the respective merits of rival rods and guns tenaciously extolled, and politely nods assent when appealed to by the earnest disputants; but he seldom puts his "oar" in. These little technicalities do not concern him much.

Has not the city-bred reader, while aestivating in some inland farm-house, often longed for the little delicacies and conveniences of the city which were lacking there, desiring that delectable combination of *urbs in rure* which would make perfection—a dash of champagne and oysters with his fresh eggs and milk, for instance? Well, if it be possible to find that rare union anywhere, it is on the famed "South Side." There are fresh veal cutlets, hog and hominy, beef, biscuits, butter, eggs, milk, all raised or made upon the place and unpolluted by huckster or market-man; luscious trout fresh from their element, with fried eggs, shad and flounders; broad-bill ducks, snipes and plover; sponge-cake, doughnuts and sparkling cider of the best selected apples. And the rarest luxuries of the New York market are within easy reach! The table cutlery is unexceptionable, and the china innocent of the omnipresent country blue. An attentive black boy serves you. The guests are of the class, in fact often the same persons, one meets at the Clarendon or Fifth Avenue, and there is no smell of the barnyard or musty boots beneath the mahogany. And yet the room, the furniture, the

house and its appointments are all of the primitive country style. It is the same quaint old structure of seventy years ago with its huge fire-place where the great back-log flames and smolders. There are the same diminutive window panes, the low ceiling, and elaborate wainscoting; the labyrinth of passages, staircases, and pantries; the tall Dutch clock in the corner, the stiff-backed chairs and the mantel ornaments of stuffed birds and marine curiosities. Over the bar-room door, beneath the porch, is the head and antlers of a Long Island deer—one of the tribe of which a few are still left to roam the scrubby waste lands of the Plains. This is a simple pen-picture of the sportsman's rendezvous on this "sea-girt isle."

Taken all in all, I much doubt if there is any locality where the angler may enjoy his favorite pastime with the same luxurious ease as on Long Island. Very different is the roughing it in the bush, with all its hard vicissitudes. If any stranger desires to test or taste the quality of the fishing here, let him first try the Cedar Swamp and New Bridge creeks at Oyster Bay; then, if time and inclination serve, go on to Patchogue and put up at Austin Roe's hotel, where he will receive the attentions of a landlord of a thousand acres, who owns



rights in nearly all the trout ponds and creeks in the neighborhood. There he can fish *ad libitum*, and free of charge, and take home with him all the fish his luck or skill may bring to his creel. There is no more pleasant or profitable way of spending a two weeks' vacation than to take a horse and wagon, fill it with provender and equipments, and make a round trip of the entire Island, stopping at the various fishing-grounds by the way. The roads are for the most part good; and when the tourist has passed through Babylon, Jerusalem, and Jericho, and left the western half of the island behind him, he will find himself among a community living in primitive

simplicity, who have possessed the land for nearly two centuries and a half—upright, God-serving, well-to-do farmers, who go barefoot and eat with silver spoons—men who have seldom traveled beyond the limits of the townships in which they were born, whom cares of state do not perplex, and whose ancestors were the original purchasers of the land from the aboriginal owners, with whom they always lived in peace. There he will find a remnant of the Indian tribes themselves, and discover traces of their ancient burial grounds and fortifications. He will discover a nomenclature new and strange, and curious geological freaks; ponds with no visible outlets that rise and fall with the tides; sand-hills one hundred feet high that shift with every gale that blows; fantastic cliffs and singular tongues of land; groups of islands, between which the ocean currents set like a mile-race; skeletons of wrecks imbedded in the beach; graveyards with one hundred headstones sacred to entire ships' crews who perished on the strand.

A peculiar and fortune-favored people are the Long Islanders, who know how to enjoy life in a quiet way, and do have an unusual variety of its good gifts convenient to their hands. The railroads now bring them the daily papers from city, and whatever luxuries the great emporium affords. The intervening plains furnish an occasional saddle of venison and a great variety of feathered game. The fertile belt of land which girts island yields of its abundance—its grain-fields, its gardens, its orchards, and its live-stock. Water-fowl and fresh-water fish throng its ponds and streams, and the broad salt marshes afford an excellent shooting-ground for sportsmen. Beyond them the ocean rolls up its surf on the outer beach, while within the sheltered bays the most delicious fish shell-fish are found in profusion. The long, level roads offer the rarest opportunities for driving and trotting, the bays for bathing, boating, and yachting.

The James Slip Ferry connects with Long Island Railroad at Hunter's Point, and the Grand and Roosevelt Ferries with the South Side Railroad. The entire journey to Greenport is made in about four hours.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Post Office Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254. 802-362-3300

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum*)

Associate*	\$25
Sustaining*	\$50
Patron*	\$250
Sponsor*	\$500
Corporate*	\$1000
Life	\$1500

Membership dues include the cost of a subscription (\$20) to *The American Fly Fisher*. Please send your application to the membership secretary and include your mailing address. The Museum is a member of the American Association of Museums, the American Association of State and Local History, the New England Association of Museums, the Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance, and the International Association of Sports Museums and Halls of Fame. We are a nonprofit, educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

SUPPORT!

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

VISIT!

Summer hours (May 1 through October 31) are 10 to 4. Winter hours (November 1 through April 30) are weekdays 10 to 4. We are closed on major holidays.

BACK ISSUES!

The following back issues of *The American Fly Fisher* are available at \$4 per copy:

- Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
- Volume 7, Numbers 2, 3
- Volume 8, Number 3
- Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2, 3
- Volume 10, Number 2
- Volume 11, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
- Volume 12, Number 3
- Volume 13, Number 3
- Volume 14, Numbers 1, 2
- Volume 15, Numbers 1, 2
- Volume 16, Numbers 1, 2, 3
- Volume 17, Numbers 1, 2, 3
- Volume 18, Numbers 1, 2, 4



Museum News

by Donald S. Johnson
Executive Director

1992 Annual Meeting Notes

The setting of the American Museum of Fly Fishing's annual meeting shifted in 1992 from Manchester, Vermont, to the mile-high city of Denver, Colorado. A special cocktail party held at the home of trustee Lewis Borden III preceded the day-long annual trustee and membership meetings at the University Club in downtown Denver, on October 3. The meetings were followed by a now-traditional dinner and auction that was attended by trustees and museum supporters.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S REPORT

Don Johnson, completing his fifth year as executive director, reported that the Museum experienced an exceptional year of activity and continued growth. In summarizing the Museum's activities for 1992, Don noted that the Museum's full- and part-time staff of six has been increased by the addition of a part-time registrar. Further, a search for a full-time development/membership coordinator would begin by year's end.

For the fifth consecutive year, the Museum's all-important dinner/auction program showed improvement in gross and net proceeds. The addition of two new and very successful venues—Chicago and the Peabody Museum of Natural History, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut—were an integral part of that improvement.

Other areas of Museum operations including membership, development, publications, and exhibitions, had a very successful year. Don reported significant growth in the Museum's in-house and traveling exhibitions programs, and gifts to the Museum's collections and publication programs. Trustee, member, and volunteer participation, support, and interest continued to improve.

25TH ANNIVERSARY PLANS

In 1993 the Museum will officially celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary,

marking a quarter century of museological activity that includes conservation, research, publishing, national traveling exhibitions, and public education about the art, craft, industry, and sport of fly fishing. The Museum's twenty-fifth anniversary committee met numerous times throughout 1992 planning a full schedule of events and activities to take place in Manchester, Vermont, and around the country.

1993 ANNUAL BUDGET

A fiscal 1993 budget totalling \$370,000 (up from \$320,000 in fiscal 1992) was reviewed and accepted by the Board. The increase in the 1993 budget will help fund increased collection management responsibilities, continued growth of the publications program, and, most importantly, the salary of the development/membership coordinator and the twenty-fifth anniversary programming.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF MUSEUMS ACCREDITATION

After being accepted as a candidate for the American Association of Museums (AAM) accreditation program in July of 1991, the Museum completed an intense year-long AAM self-study program in July 1992. This self-study was submitted to, and accepted by, the AAM accreditation staff. A thorough review of the self-study, support documents, museum operations, and programming will follow in 1993.

EXHIBITIONS

Nineteen ninety-two was a stellar year for the Museum's in-house and traveling exhibitions. "Anglers All," the Museum's largest national traveling exhibition appeared at no less than three educational institutions across the United States: Catawba Science Center, Hickory, North Carolina; Wildlife of the American West Art Museum, Jackson Hole, Wyoming; and the Peabody Museum of Natural History, Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut. In all, the Museum developed or assisted in the preparation of ten traveling exhibits in the United States and Canada. Similarly,

the Museum staff all installed several popular in-house exhibitions including "Fish Models—An Exhibition," the first-ever showing of an exhibit of this fine art, and "Water, Sky & Time" an exhibition of the sporting art of Adriano Manocchia.

PUBLICATIONS

Following the very successful publication of the Museum's first book, *A Treasury of Reels*, in 1991, the Museum published two additional editions of the same title in 1992. The first, a paperback edition of 500 copies and the second, a deluxe, hand-bound, boxed edition of 100 copies. Work continues on the Museum's next book, *A Treasury of Rods* by David Klausmeyer.

RESEARCH/SPECIAL PROJECTS

Nineteen ninety-two proved to be a year in which the museum staff participated in numerous research inquiries, publications, exhibits, and special projects, the most notable of which was Robert Redford's film, *A River Runs Through It*. The Museum was one of the project's technical advisors in addition to providing period tackle for use in the film and as prototypes. The American Museum of Fly Fishing was officially listed in the movie credits! In all, the Museum answered over 200 requests for information in 1992.

AWARDS

The AMFF trustees unanimously thanked outgoing trustee Allan R. Phipps for his outstanding service to the Museum. At the dinner following the meeting Allan was presented with a

deluxe edition of *A Treasury of Reels*, a signed photo of the staff, and a museum hat. Other outgoing trustees David B. Ledlie and Edward G. Zern, were also recognized for their extraordinary service to the Museum spanning many years.

1993 ANNUAL MEETING

It was resolved that the 1993 annual meeting of the American Museum of Fly Fishing will be held in Manchester, Vermont, in conjunction with the special trustees August gala dinner.

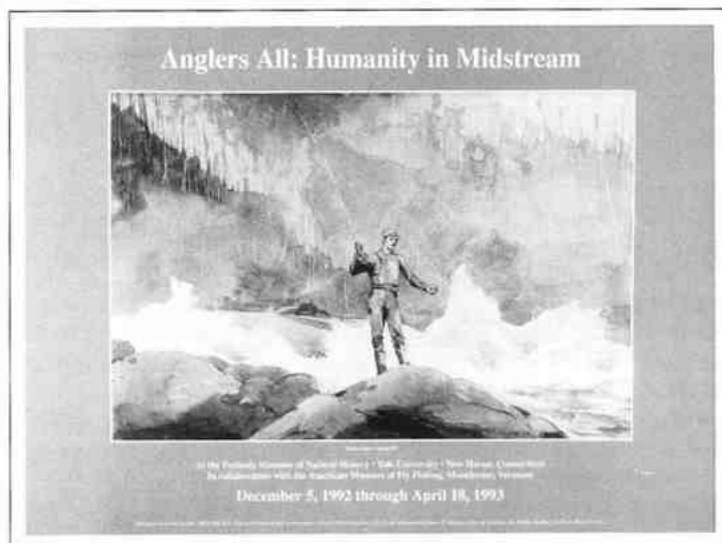
Exhibition Opening and Gala Dinner/Auction at Yale

It simply could not have gone better! The opening reception of "Anglers All,"

the Museum's largest traveling exhibition, at the Peabody Museum of Natural History (Yale University, New Haven, Connecticut) on December 4, 1992, attracted a large group of interested members and friends from both the American Museum of Fly Fishing and the Peabody. Guests were able to view a unique presentation of the 2,000-plus square-foot exhibition, take part in informal talks on fish and stream ecology, view fly-fishing videos, and watch fly-tying and rod-building demonstrations while sampling a delicious assortment of refreshments.

One of the highlights of the opening was an exceptional performance by actor/storyteller Joshua Kane entitled "The Angler." Mr. Kane, who is a touring artist for the Connecticut Commission of the Arts, delighted his audience with the tale of an unhappy ten-year-old city boy who is sent by his parents to spend the summer with a grandfather in Maine. The grandfather, a seasoned angler, teaches the boy to fish, and, in the process, the youngster achieves the wisdom and self-confidence to rise above the chaos of the world.

On December 10, the American Museum of Fly Fishing and the Peabody Museum of Natural History combined resources to present an entertaining and highly successful dinner/auction in the Peabody's Great Hall. Special guest speaker Nick Lyons, president of Lyons & Burford Publishers, and a former trustee of AMFF, presented a marvelously entertaining talk, "The Perils and Pleasures of Fish-Book Publishing," after which L. F. Boker Doyle, guest auctioneer, delighted guests with an amazing display of the auctioneer's craft.



Courtesy Peabody Museum of Natural History



AMFF Chairman of the Board Foster Bam, Alison Richard (director of the Peabody Museum of Natural History), and AMFF Trustee Gardner Grant at the opening of "Anglers All: Humanity in Midstream."

The opening of "Anglers All" at the Peabody represents something of a record for the American Museum of Fly Fishing. In 1992 alone, this well-traveled exhibition was exhibited in no less than three museums. The Peabody's presentation, appropriately subtitled "Humanity in Midstream," has been divided into five distinct subject areas: the history of, and major historical figures associated with, fly fishing; the development and evolution of the equipment used in angling; angling techniques; types of game fish, and the insects and other organisms they eat; and flies themselves. Also included are rare books from Yale's Beinecke Rare Book Collection, an original Winslow Homer watercolor from the Addison Gallery of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts, and facsimile material from the Ernest Hemingway Collection, Boston. The exhibition is open to the public and will run through April 18, 1993. For further information contact the office of the Peabody Museum of Natural History, Yale University (203-432-5050).

New Poster Commemorates "Anglers All"

The American Museum of Fly Fishing and the Peabody Museum of Natural History, in cooperation with the Amscot Group of Bloomfield, Connecticut, have created a four-color poster honoring their joint showing of "Anglers All: Humanity in Midstream," which opened at the Peabody on December 4, 1992.

Designed by staff members from both museums, the poster features a four-color reproduction of "Casting," a stunning watercolor by American master Winslow Homer. The original painting appears in the exhibition itself. The poster is suitable for framing, measures 24 by 18 inches, and features the image of "Casting" highlighted by a cool gray border.

The poster can be purchased at the gift shops of both museums, or can be ordered by telephone (802-362-3300) or mail directly from AMFF for the cost of \$10.00 each, plus \$2.50 for postage and handling. A special collector's poster, signed by AMFF staff members, is also available at \$20.00 each, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.

The officers and staff members of both the American Museum of Fly Fishing and the Peabody Museum of History wish to thank Malcolm MacKenzie, an AMFF trustee and president of the Amscot Group of Bloomfield, Connecticut,

who generously donated the printing of this handsome poster.

Last Chance to Enter the 25th Anniversary Fly Contest



With the thousands of fly patterns that have been created, it seems especially fitting that the Museum, soon to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary as the "keeper" of fly fishing's rich heritage, adopt a pattern of its own as part of the celebration. Since we already know that there are literally hundreds of Museum members—young and old, expert and novice—who regularly tie flies, we thought we would offer all of you a chance to create an "Official Museum Fly" as part of our twenty-fifth anniversary celebrations.

The rules, given below, are fairly straightforward. We are, however, especially interested in entries that will visually represent the Museum and its mission: to preserve the valuable legacy of fishing. For further information contact Alanna Fisher, the Museum's curator, at 802-362-3300.

Fly Contest Rules

1. The contest is open to all members and friends of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.
2. Flies must be tied by the person submitting the entry.
3. Participants are limited to two entries.
4. Each entry must be accompanied by an entry form, pattern name, photo of the fly, and the recipe, along with a short description of what the fly represents in relation to the American Museum of Fly Fishing and its mission to preserve fly fishing's history.
5. Flies must be easily reproducible; the Museum plans to use reproduction as part of its fund-raising activities.
6. Flies must be tied with readily available, nonexotic materials.
7. The final date for submission of entries is March 15, 1993 (received at the Museum by that date).
8. The panel of judges' decision is final. The winner will be announced at the Museum's Festival Weekend Dinner, June 5, 1993 and in the Museum's quarterly journal, *The American Fly Fisher*.
9. All flies entered become the exclusive property of the American Museum of Fly Fishing and will be added to the Museum's permanent collection.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing's 25th Anniversary "OFFICIAL FLY" CONTEST ENTRY FORM

Name _____

Address: _____

City: _____ Zip Code: _____

Phone: _____

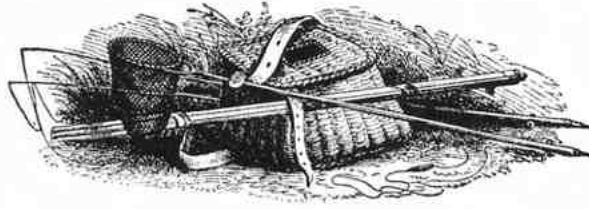
Pattern name: _____ Type of fly: _____

In addition to the fly itself, please include:

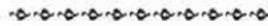
___ photo ___ recipe ___ short description

Signature: _____

MAIL YOUR ENTRY TO: The American Museum of Fly Fishing, P.O. Box 42,
Route 7A & Seminary Avenue, Manchester, Vermont 05254.



*25th Anniversary Celebration
and
Annual Museum Festival Weekend
June 4, 5, and 6, 1993*



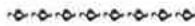
Chet Reneson Art Exhibition Opening
(Friday evening)

International Symposium: Fly-Fishing History
(Saturday)

Annual Dinner/Auction
(Saturday evening)

Open House
(Sunday)

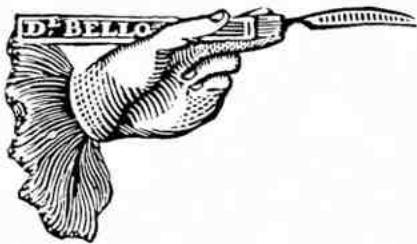
Canoe Building Decoy Carving Fly Tying
Rod Building Flag Pole Dedication Flag Raising



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING
MANCHESTER, VERMONT

For more information, please call the Museum at 802-362-3300

LETTERS



Fishing as Balm

A word of appreciation for Kenneth Shewmaker's well-researched article on Daniel Webster. Among other things, it confirms something we all know: that fishing is an excellent antidote for the trials and tensions of the everyday world. It also suggests more of today's holders of public office should use old Daniel's habits as an example. We might all be better off.

Roland Ginzel
Stockbridge, Massachusetts

Kudos for Max and Us

The American Fly Fisher is now in its sixth juncture of life and a most welcome one at that. The magazine is reaching greater heights with every issue. The quality of the writing, artwork, and composition is of the highest caliber. You and your staff must be applauded. Keep up the fine work.

Having met Maxine Atherton back in the early seventies, and having spoken with her on many occasions over the years, I was surprised to see her article, "Old Friends from the Golden Age" (vol. 18, no. 4, Fall 1992). I must say if this is a prelude to her upcoming book, *From the Age of Fishes*, I can't wait to read it—the book has to be a success. I remember that Max learned how to drive only a few years ago. When will we hear from her again?

Dick Kress
Rahway, New Jersey

Tapers, Bending, and Garrison

I very much enjoyed the article on Lou Feierabend in the last issue of your magazine. It was full of interesting information on a man whom I had often read about in passing, mostly as the developer of the Super Z ferrule, but I also

read his knowledgeable description of bamboo rod building in the old *Wise Fisherman's Encyclopedia*.

I do have to take issue with one thing, however, which I have seen stated in other writing as well, and which appears again in Mr. Feierabend's discussion of the various cross-sectional shapes that have been employed in the construction of bamboo fishing rods. He states that the square section, or quadrate, rod will bend more readily across the flats than across the corners and says that this is also true for the hexagonal rod. As a maker of four-strip, square-section rods, I can tell you that this is simply not true! I have taken my four-strip rods and deflected them on a deflection board across all four flats and then across all four corners and have found that the rod is equally stiff in all directions. In fact, this is one area where Everett Garrison was absolutely right.

I also believe, however, that Garrison was wrong in making a big deal about the greater stress placed on the corners in a five-strip rod and was glad to hear Mr. Wickstrom state from his own experience that the five-strip rods did not deteriorate, even after many years of use. Also, I was glad to hear of the finer tipped (than Uslan) tapers which Mr. Feierabend had developed for the five-strip design. The only good (in terms of action and casting) five-strip rods I have ever seen were made by Claude Kreider; I have never seen a rod by Mr. Feierabend. In actuality, it is the taper of the rod which is by far the most important factor in terms of action and feel, far more important than cross-sectional shape.

Keep up the excellent articles!

Per Brandin
Berkeley, California

East/West Thoughts

The utter banality of so much in the other angling journals makes your work especially fresh and important. But you got me to ruminating once again on you "Eastern" anglers. . . . (I nearly got converted myself during my twenty-three years in Pennsylvania.)

I remember back here in Boulder in 1943, just before I went off to war in the Pacific, a friend had already turned me on to Jim Leisenring's great book *The Art of Tying the Wet Fly*. I'm here to tell you that his wets bore no resemblance whatever to those that we could buy in sporting goods stores, filling stations, and drugstores. Anyone with half an eye for the natural could see that our wet flies were "clunkers" and that Big Jim's

were life itself. But that didn't say much about dry flies.

So, one day, a guy showed up in town, out of nowhere, with some boxes of flies he'd tied. I seem to remember that he was in his late thirties or early forties, a tallish, slender, cool customer who for a couple of weeks chose to hang out in the local sporting goods store where my old fishing buddy Al Olson and I met him. (It had been Al whose New York petit point-working uncle had sent him a copy of Leisenring. Al was well-prepared to be a bit snooty in favor of things Eastern.)

So, when the visitor opened those boxes of flies to Al and me, we were nearly knocked off our Christmas trees. There were those exquisite dries, looking like nothing we'd ever seen before. But they had all the beauty and reality of nature about them. They were sparsely tied, with ultrastiff hackles, perfect flight quill duck wings on some, and mandarin side wings on others. But the most wonderful of all: those dubbed bodies, slender, tapered to perfection, breathing life! The very tints of nature! I don't think that I'd ever seen dubbed bodies "before Leisenring" and never on dries. A whole new world for us. We began to imitate—as best we could—at our own vises, turning out flies altogether unlike those in the drugstores.



Of course, I later came to understand that what that guy was showing us of his work was the classical Catskill style. But whatever the style, Al and I began to tout that classical, "Eastern" ideal as opposed to our native Western "crudities." Some thought us snobs, and of course they were correct.

Hank Roberts, of Western flies and tackle fame, was just getting off the ground with his company here in Boulder in those days, and I'm sure that he found Al and I pretty tedious in our "derivative," rather raucous attitudes at the expense of what he was beginning to market so successfully out here in the Wild West.

We even wanted to "look" like Eastern anglers, for God's sake! Al's mother had made him an angler's jacket that would have been perfectly correct on La-Branche himself. We became *expert* snobs and rejoiced in it. I never got over the impact of those Catskill ties. I even gave up my automatic reel!

Then, in 1952, married and teaching in Wyoming, my wife gave me Atherton's *The Fly and the Fish*. That was as pivotal in my tossing flies as Leisenring had been a decade before. I like to wore out the book. Then along came Marinaro's "book of revelation," *A Modern Dry Fly Code*, and my Easternisms were pretty much in place. And what's more, they stood me in very good stead with

my Western trout. I think that I had more productive flies on better terminal tackle than might otherwise have been the case but for my provincial and insistent imitation of my betters.

Over the years I have managed to get rid of most of the snobberies that limited my life, I'm glad to say, except that I remain an unreconstructed angling snob. One has to be faithful to some-

thing in one's late years when the follies of his lost youth become otherwise all too apparent. I shall be faithful to Leisenring, Atherton, Marinaro, to that strange traveling guy and his boxes of Catskill dries . . . and to my friend Al. I'd give anything if he were still here to fish with me today. End of rumination.

Gordon M. Wickstrom
Boulder, Colorado

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER welcomes letters and commentary from its readers. Please write to Editor, TAFF, P. O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254. All letters are subject to publication unless otherwise specified.

NOTE: About the Feierabend article [Gordon Wickstrom profiled Lou Feierabend in vol. 18, no. 4, Fall 1992], unhappily, I made a careless mistake with a date. The "1942" on page 15, col. 3, second complete paragraph, should read "1945." Sorry all to hell.



Museum Gift Shop

Special limited edition print, "Lost Pool," by John Swan. Printed on acid-free paper (15 7/8" x 26 3/4"), ample borders. Each signed and numbered print, \$95. Postage and handling included.

Four-color exhibition posters printed on high-quality glossy stock, ample borders. Each poster is \$15, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.



Our t-shirts are 100% preshrunk cotton. Specify color (navy, cream, hunter green, or heather gray) and size (S, M, L, XL), \$15 each, plus \$2 postage and handling. Museum hats featuring brilliant Durham Ranger salmon fly; specify corduroy (beige or teal, \$12.50) or supplex (bright blue or teal, \$13.50). Updowners (with ear/neck flaps) available in bright blue or gray (\$19.50). Hats: one size fits all; add \$2 postage and handling. Pewter pin features our logo in silver on forest green background. Vest patch is silver and black on Dartmouth green background; \$5 each, plus \$1 postage and handling.



THE WORLD OF SALMON

"World of the Salmon"
(Ogden Pleissner image, 26" x 22")



TIME ON THE WATER June 1-October 31, 1990

John Swan

"Time On the Water"
by John Swan (26" x 20")



AN ARTIST'S CREEL June 2-August 7, 1989

Peter Corbin

"An Artist's Creel"
by Peter Corbin (26" x 23")



WATER, SKY & TIME June 5-November 26, 1992

Adriano Manocchia

"Water, Sky, and Time"
by Adriano Manocchia (25" x 22")

Please make checks payable to AMFF and send to P. O. Box 42, Manchester, VT, 05254. MasterCard, Visa, and American Express accepted. Call 802-362-3300.

Unsung Heroes

IN 1992 the American Museum of Fly Fishing scheduled dinner/auctions in eleven cities around the country, from New York to San Francisco. During 1993 this number will increase by at least two. Of all our Museum programs, none is more important than our dinner/auctions: proceeds from these events account for roughly 55 percent of our operating income. It is largely through the growth and successful implementation of this program that the Museum has been able to increase its staff and professionalize its entire operation over the course of the last four years.

Dinner/auctions also serve another purpose. Whether it's Denver, Chicago, Boston, or Philadelphia, each and every

event gives the Museum staff the chance to meet with members and prospective members, listen to their ideas, and gauge their perceptions of our continuing progress. In short, each dinner/auction venue is a learning tool for us, and, of course, a celebration of the Museum and its family of supporters.

Events of this scope and complexity don't just happen. It takes effort and a considerable amount of time to make the program work, especially while much of the country has been in a recession. But work it has, and for five consecutive years proceeds from the program have increased markedly.

The program has been successful because of a number of factors. Our dinner/auctions are well-attended and our

guests are invariably generous and supportive. Perhaps most important of all, it is the many volunteers who believe in what we're doing here at the Museum, and who give hundreds of hours of their valuable time to serve as members of our eleven dinner/auction committees, who deserve much of the credit.

As we begin our twenty-fifth anniversary year, the officers and staff of the American Museum of Fly Fishing wish to pay tribute to all our members who serve on our dinner/auction committees. Valued supporters and cherished friends all.

DON JOHNSON
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

New York City

Richard Kress
John & Maureen Liberati
Ian Mackay
William Pozsonyi

Burlington, Vermont

George Butts
Bill Chandler
Russ DeFonce
John Dore
Tom Drumheller
Cathy Farnsworth
Dave Ferris
Deborah Linda
Kevin McEnerney
Bob Orth
Roger Ranz
Mark Waslick

Boston

Robert Blain
Peter Castagnetti
Bill Costello
Dave Klausmeyer
Bob & Krista McLellan
Mike Martinek
Bob O'Shaughnessy
Bill Richards &
Pamela Bates Richards
Jim Ring & Merita Hopkins
Arthur & Ellen Stern
Frank & Marie Tardo
David Thompson

Manchester, Vermont

William & Ellen Barrett
Charles Eichel
Dick & Adele Finlay
Lyman Foss
James Hunter
Richard Kress
Leigh & Romi Perkins
William & Cheryl Pozsonyi
Tom Rosenbauer &
Margot Page
Dave & Judy Shirley
Rob & Paula Wyman

Chicago

E. M. Bakwin
Walter Daum
T. O. Dawson
David Evans
Jack Fisher
Joseph Fornelli
Ralph & Rita Frese
Jill Jeska
Kerry Johnson
Norris & Marcie Love
Dr. Harrison Mehn
Hugo Melvoin
Roger Moyer
James Otis
Kurt Ruud
Scott Schwar
Wallace Stenhouse, Jr.
Richard Stephanie
Andrew Sztukowski

Cleveland

Peter Bergsten
Hamilton F. Biggar, III
George Brookes
Jim Heighway
Woods King, III
Bill Koebnitz
John R. Kramer
Warren Morris
Thomas Roulston, III
Keith Russell
Mark Samsonas
Jerry Tone
Dick Whitney
Dick Whitney, Jr.
Peter Wellman
(posthumously)

Denver

Lewis M. Borden, III
Allan R. Phipps

Hartford

David Egan
Larry Johnson
Dick Lowrey
Malcolm MacKenzie
John Mundt
Lyndon Ratcliffe
Dr. Vincent Ringrose
Edward Ruestow
Dr. Felix Trommer
Doug Turbert

Philadelphia

George Angstadt
Gene Arnold
John Behrend
Ed DeSeve
Bill Earle
Robert Friedman
Elliot Gerson
Curt Hill
Kathy Penn
Ivan Popkin

San Francisco

Arthur T. Frey
Larry Gilsdorf
Golden West Women
Flyfishers
Terry Heffernan
Conrad Jorgensen
Mel Kreiger
Forrest Straight
Stephen Shugars
Sam Van Hess

New Haven (Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale University)

Foster Bam
Gardner Grant
Edward Migdalski
William Bagley
Marge Kuhlmann



THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING, a 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 collection.

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, catalogs, and newsletters are regularly offered to the public. The Museum's traveling exhibits program has made it possible for educational exhibits to be viewed across the United States and abroad. The Museum also provides in-house exhibits, related interpretive programming, and research services for members, visiting scholars, authors, and students.

The Museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. For information, please contact: The American Museum of Fly Fishing, P. O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254, 802-362-3300.