



The American Fly Fisher

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If You Can't Bring Mohammed to the Mountain



Not too long ago we mentioned the problems attributed to acid rain discovered in many East Coast watersheds. One of the most severely affected areas is the Adirondack region of New York state. Since the 1860s, when "Adirondack" Murry first touted the region as a Valhalla for the city sportsman, until recent decades, the backwoods lakes and streams were an angler's paradise. The decline in the Adirondack fisheries can be directly traced to acid rain. What to do? In an article entitled "Fishful Thinking," which appeared in the April issue of *Appalachia* (the monthly publication of the Appalachian Mountain Club), Dwight Webster discusses a novel approach to the problem. He describes the efforts of the Fishery Science Department at Cornell University to develop an acid-tolerant strain of brook trout suitable for the Adirondack's low-pH waters. Thus far, results of the research have been encouraging. We take the liberty of quoting from Professor Webster's article:

Encouraging results have been obtained from early studies at Cor-

nell to develop a resistant strain of brook trout. A hybrid of a domestic strain and a Canadian wild strain (Temiscamie) had better growth than either of the parents and survived about as well as the wild parent. (Inbred domestic strains generally exhibit poor survival following release in natural environments.) The selective method we used was to expose the young of domestic strain parents to naturally acidified run-off water until half the group was dead or moribund, and then to rear the survivors to maturity for mating with wild Temiscamie stock. The progeny of this and subsequent crosses were released beginning in 1981 in Adirondack test waters of varying degrees of acidification. Trap-net samples were taken one to three years later. From the first 1981 planting significantly larger numbers of the selected hybrids were represented in four of the eight lakes sampled. In two subsequent plantings, both groups were recovered in about the same numbers,

which indicated equal survival rates.

Professor Webster goes on to say:

Mitigation efforts such as liming and the use of acid-tolerant strains of trout should in no way impede or obscure efforts directed toward solving the problem of reducing acid deposition at its source. But in the interval, and until there can be a resolution of all the economic, social, and political considerations involved, it seems reasonable to invoke whatever state-of-the-art means are available to upgrade, preserve, and maintain fish productivity in as many lakes and streams as is feasible.

We are hopeful that someday trout populations of the Adirondack region can be restored to reasonable levels so that one of our most historically important angling heritages can continue to grow and develop.





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SPRING 1985 Volume 12 Number 2

*On the cover:
"An Afternoon's Catch" comes from an album of nearly a
hundred photographs that was recently obtained by the Museum.
The photos document a fishing trip taken by a New York City
physician (Dr. Lyons) and his party to the Gaspé circa 1890.*

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Pope, Thomson, and Gay:



*Frontispiece from the Whole Art of Fishing, 1714.
According to Westwood and Satchell (Bibliotheca Piscatoria, 1883),
that's Windsor Castle depicted in the background.
Photo courtesy of Yale University Library*

Three Minor Waltonians

by Stanley E. Read



Alexander Pope, James Thomson, and John Gay: three famous poets, three good friends, and three minor Waltonians—for each, in his own way, was a descendant of old Father Isaac. The purpose of the account that follows is to trace, in a lighthearted way, the contributions made by these three extraordinary men to the literature of angling. It is my hope that you, good reader, will be at least slightly amused, though you may not be greatly enlightened. First, then, to Pope.

Alexander Pope (1688 to 1744), without question the most famous poet of the eighteenth century, was born in London but brought up as a youngster in Binfield, a small village on the western rim of Windsor Forest. His erratic education was chiefly at the hands of Roman Catholic priests, for his parents were devout Catholics. But the young Pope was a compulsive student. He quickly achieved a fine knowledge of Greek and Latin classics and of the great English writers from the days of Chaucer down to his own time. Above all, he was an inveterate writer. Writing was to be his way of life until the day of his death. While only in his early teens, he wrote verse translations from the classics; he modernized some Chaucer; and he attracted the attention of literary figures in his own area and in London. His *Pastorals* appeared when he was barely twenty, to be followed within a couple of years by his still-famous *Essay on Criticism*. Then in quick succession came such works as his translations of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, his *Essay on Man*, his edition of Shakespeare, and a host of moral satires and essays, including the notable *Dunciad*. No wonder, then, that he quickly became a central figure in the literary circles of London and a close friend of such great writers as Swift, Gay, Arbuthnot (his doctor), Thomson, and—for a time at least—Addison. But *why* did he write? When Arbuthnot asked, Pope's answer was clear and decisive:

As yet a Child, nor yet a Fool to
Fame,

I lisp'd in Numbers, for the
Numbers came.
Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot (ll. 128-29)

Pope's *Windsor Forest* was first published in 1713, when he was twenty-five, but one section had been written by the time he was sixteen. It is in this early section that we find his minute contribution to the literature of angling. First he describes the activities of the hunters—with their nets, their guns, and their hounds. (Some of these passages are very moving, especially those that describe the deaths of doves, woodcocks, pheasants, lapwings, and larks.) Then there is a quick transition, and we come to the gentle art of angling. The passage is so brief, I quote it in full:

In genial Spring, beneath the
quiv'ring Shade,
Where cooling Vapours breathe
along the Meade,
The patient Fisher takes his
silent Stand,
Intent, his Angle trembling in
his Hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes
the scaly Breed,
And eyes the dancing Cork and
bending Reed.
Our plenteous Streams a various
Race supply;
The bright-ey'd Perch with Fins
of Tyrian Dye,
The silver Eel, in shining
Volumes roll'd,
The yellow Carp, in Scales
bedrop'd with Gold,
Swift Trouts, diversify'd with
Crimson Stains,
And Pykes, the Tyrants of the
watry Plains.
(ll. 135-146)

And save for some angling metaphors in his poems, this is Pope's contribution to the literature of angling. Pope was an observer, not an angler, and I doubt very much if he had ever read the *Compleat Angler*. But we can forgive him for his shortcomings, for Walton had been dead but five years when Pope was born and

Pope himself was a very dwarfish lad. After having been afflicted with Pott's disease, which ruined his health and produced a severe spinal curvature, he grew no taller than four feet, six inches, and his legs were extremely thin. I cannot see him with a twelve-foot rod, hand-casting flies into the river Thames. Even so, his few lines on angling had a strange fate—a fate that closely connects Pope with angling books. Here, in brief, is the tale.

Within a few months of the publication of *Windsor Forest*, there appeared on the streets of London a handsome volume titled *The Whole Art of Fishing, Being a Collection and Improvement of all that has been written upon this Subject; with many new Experiments*. It had been printed for E. Curll, at the Dial and Bible against St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, 1714 (an anonymous work, by the way, for Curll kept a stable of hack writers). On the verso of the first leaf is a handsome engraving of anglers with long and heavy rods fishing in the Thames, just across from Windsor Castle, and on the title page itself are Pope's lines, *in toto*, from *Windsor Forest*. It seems likely that Edmund Curll, a noted literary pirate, had used these lines without Pope's permission. But this we know for sure: within a few months of Curll's publication, Pope and Curll were locked in a vicious quarrel over literary thievery that was to last as long as Pope lived. Even in the last revised edition of Pope's *Dunciad*, Curll is pilloried as "the shameless Curll." But the quarrel had peaked much earlier. Pope lured Curll into a tavern, spiked his drink with a powerful purgative, and Curll was thoroughly purged. Pope's friends were amused. Their amusement was heightened in 1716 when an anonymous pamphlet (most likely written by Pope) appeared with this delightful title: *A Full and True Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poison on the Body of Edmund Curll*. Literary life in the eighteenth century was not always a soft bed of sweet roses and fragrant tulips.

But now let me turn to the second of our minor Waltonians, James Thomson (1700 to 1748). This interesting character

THE
Whole ART
OF
FISHING.
BEING

A COLLECTION and IMPROVEMENT
of all that has been written upon
this SUBJECT: with many *New*
Experiments.

SHEWING

The Different Ways of ANGLING, and the
best METHODS of taking Fresh-water
FISH.

To which is added,

The LAWS of ANGLING.

In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring Shade,
Where cooling Vapours breathe along the Mead,
The patient *Fisher* takes his silent Stand
Intent, his *Angle* trembling in his Hand:
With Looks unmov'd, he hopes the *Scaly Breed*,
And eyes the dancing *Cork* and bending *Reed*,
Our plenteous Streams a various Race supply;
The bright-ey'd *Perch* with Fins of *Tyrian Dye*,
The Silver *Eel*, in shining Volumes roll'd,
The yellow *Carp*, in Scales bedropp'd with Gold,
Swift *Trouds*, diversify'd with Crimson Stains,
And *Pikes*, the Tyrants of the warty Plains.

POPE'S *Wind for Forest.*

L O N D O N,
Printed for E. CURLL, at the Dial and Bible against St.
Dunstan's Church in Fleet-street. 1714.
Price 2 s. or 2 s. 6 d.

Title page from the *Whole Art of Fishing*, 1714.
Photo courtesy of Yale University Library

was an excellent scholar well versed in the classics, a fine poet, and eventually a close friend of Pope and of Gay. He was born in Ednam, Roxburghshire, in the southeast corner of Scotland, an area rich in good fishing waters. His father was a minister of the kirk, and young James was told to follow in his father's footsteps. He completed his schooling in Jedburgh, a nearby town, and then went to the University of Edinburgh. He was a good scholar, but was told by one of his professors of divinity that he would not do well in the pulpit, for the style of his writing was so learned that none of his congregation would be able to understand him. So, with some local encouragement, he took off for London in 1725 to seek literary fame and fortune. There, under the stress of poverty, he wrote his first poem, *Winter*, which became an almost immediate success. This was quickly followed by *Summer* (1727), *Spring* (1728), and finally, in 1730, *Autumn*, all of which appeared in a great one-volume, quarto edition titled *The Seasons*. At that point, he was hailed as one of the literary great. He then turned to the writing of dramas (most of them now forgotten, save for *Sophonisba*) and eventually ended his brief career with a long and somewhat successful Spenserian poem, *The Castle of Indolence*. He was not universally admired, however. For example, *Sophonisba*—which included one fatally bad line: "Oh Sophonisba, oh!"—was immediately satirized by the ever-witty Henry Fielding in his *Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life and Times of Tom Thumb the Great*, in which we find the burlesque line, "O Huncamunca O." *The Seasons*, though not widely read today, is still of extraordinary interest. In 1730 it was fresh, different, and exciting. For Thomson broke away from the heroic couplet and turned to brilliant, though at times difficult, blank verse. He showed an extraordinary knowledge—encyclopedic in scope—of the great world of nature. He knew all the flowers of the fields, the trees of the woods, the birds of the air, the fish in streams and rivers, and the stars and planets of the heavens. He was a disciple of Newton, and when that great man died in 1727, he wrote a *Poem Sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, a superb work.

It is true that in the *Seasons* Thomson occasionally turned to life in towns and cities, but it is the countryside on which he focused his attention, for his love of nature was deep and sincere. He was a true pre-romantic poet, and it is in the *Seasons* that we find a true follower of Walton.

Like Walton, he had little use for the hunter, be he fowler or rider to the hounds. In *Autumn* he turned a satirical eye on all killers of the fox, the stag, the

hare, or the various fowls of the air. His satire reached a peak when he described the banquet following the chase—a banquet that turned into a scene of gluttony and drunkenness. But in *Spring* he wrote of the angler; though not often mentioned in the history of angling literature, it is a section worthy of perusal.

Though it is not a long section, some sixty-three lines in all (ll. 379-442), it is richly packed and has embodied in it a feeling of excitement and enthusiasm. The angler, fishing for trout, must wait until “the first foul torrent of the brooks . . . is ebb’d away.” Then, “While yet the dark brown water aids the guile / To tempt the trout,” let him prepare “The well-dissembled fly, / The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring, / Snatch’d from the hoary steed the flowing line.” Under no circumstances, good angler, may you fish with a worm.

But let not on thy hook the
tortured worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing
folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger
swallow’d deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the
bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless,
uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the
tender hand.

The wind should be in the west (my father used to say “When the wind is from the west, the fish bite best”) and the cast should be made “. . . where with the pool / Is mix’d the trembling stream, or where it boils / Around the stone or from the hollow’d bank / Reverted plays in undulating flow.”

There throw, nice judging, the
delusive fly;
And as you lead it round in
artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the
springing game.
Straight as above the surface of
the flood
They wanton rise, or urged by
hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the
barbed hook.

Some fish you toss to the grassy bank, but you don’t keep all your catch:

If yet too young, and easily
deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends
your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and
the short space
He has enjoy’d the vital life of
Heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the

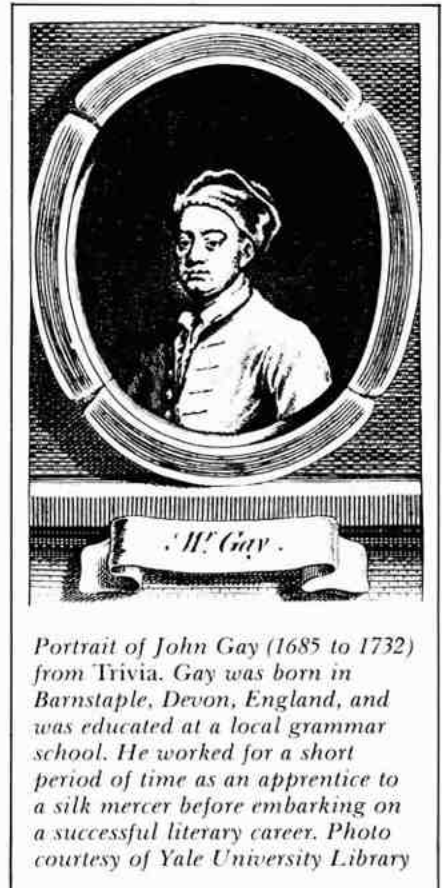
stream
The speckled infant throw.

But, angler, when you see the “monarch of the brook . . . you play your finest art.” At first the monarch is cautious, then,

At last, while haply o’er the
shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes
the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he
darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the
lengthen’d line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the
sheltering weed,
And cavern’d bank, his old secure
abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces
round the pool,
That feels him still, yet to his
furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring,
following now
Across the stream, exhaust his
idle rage;
Till floating broad upon his
breathless side,
And to his fate abandon’d, to the
shore
You gaily drag your unresisting
prize.

And that’s all: he fishes a dry fly; he puts back the little ones; and he loves to catch the monarch. I have no direct evidence that the extraordinary Thomson ever fished the streams of his Scottish shire, but I feel sure he did and loved to do it. Nor do I know if he ever read the *Compleat Angler*. He certainly is in the tradition of Walton, however, and deserves his own little place in the literature of angling.

Now, on to John Gay (1685 to 1732), the last of our triumvirate. He was reputed to be a quiet, friendly man who offended few of his contemporaries and was a welcome guest both in literary circles and in the homes of the aristocracy. He was born in Barnstaple, in Devonshire, a small but historic town six miles from the mouth of the river Taw. It was then a seaport and a busy industrial center. Gay’s parents were fairly well-to-do. They were both dead by the time that Gay was ten, and he was brought up by his uncles. He had a solid education at the local grammar school, where he learned basic Latin and perhaps had a flavoring of Greek, but he was never a learned man. He did, however, have a flair for writing verse—a flair that was eventually to take him into the foremost literary circles of London. Much to his disgust, on completing his school he was apprenticed to a silk mercer in London. But the apprenticeship did not last long. He was freed



Portrait of John Gay (1685 to 1732) from *Trivia*. Gay was born in Barnstaple, Devon, England, and was educated at a local grammar school. He worked for a short period of time as an apprentice to a silk mercer before embarking on a successful literary career. Photo courtesy of Yale University Library

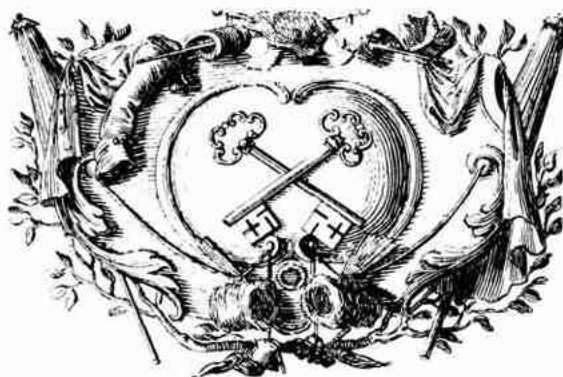
from his indenture and returned briefly to the town of his birth; then it was back to London to launch his career as a writer.

At first he did some hack journalistic work and wrote one poor poem, *Wine*, now forgotten. Then, in 1713, he produced his first important work, *Rural Sports*. It was a relatively short poem, yet it was a great success. He became famous and remained so for the rest of his days, for the greatest of his works were still to come. *Trivia, or the Art of Walking in the Streets of London* came out in 1716 and still provides a fascinating insight into the life of that great city. Then in 1727 came the first volume of his *Fables*, which sold wildly. (There was a second, posthumous volume in 1738.) These were crowned by the *Beggar’s Opera*, his great burlesque of Italian opera that had an almost steady run of more than sixty nights. The success was said to have “made Gay rich, and Rich gay.” (Rich was the owner-manager of Lincoln’s Inn Field Theatre where it was produced.) The opera is still performed, but its sequel, *Polly*, had a somewhat different fate. It was banned from the stage by the Lord Chamberlain, not that it was considered to be immoral but because the mightiest man in English politics at the time, the powerful Walpole, had been offended by some lines in the *Beggar’s Opera*. But Gay was not dismayed. He

TRIVIA:
OR, THE
ART of WALKING
THE
STREETS of LONDON.

By Mr. GAY.

Quo te Mæri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?
Virg.



LONDON:
Printed for Bernard Lintott, at the Cross-Keys
between the Temple Gates in Fleetstreet.

Title page from John Gay's Trivia: or, the Art of Walking the Streets of London. It was published in 1716 and gives much insight into life in London during the early sixteenth century. Photo courtesy of Yale University Library

brought out a printed edition of *Polly*, which was immediately purchased by thousands of readers. And again, Gay was rich. Four years later he died—a well-to-do man, in spite of the heavy losses he had earlier suffered in the scandalous South Sea Bubble.

But to find Gay, the minor Waltonian, we must go back to *Rural Sports*. This poem, dedicated to Pope, was devoted chiefly to hunting and fishing, and the setting was obviously the countryside around Barnstaple—the country of his youth. And he loved it. The first canto is centered on the art of angling. It is wisely informative and delightfully handled. About one hundred and fifty lines are devoted to the fisherman. They are tightly packed with details; so I must treat the work in a fairly general way. But first, a note of warning for scholarly readers: any quotations that follow are from the revised edition of the poem (1720).

At this point, spring is in the air. The fisherman prepares his tackle and reties his rod. With the clearing of the waters after the heavy spring rains, "He sits him down and ties the treacherous hook" (l. 144). Then:

Far up the stream the twisted
hair he throws,
Which down the murm'ring
current gently flows;
When if or chance or hunger's
powerful sway
Directs the roving trout this fatal
way,
He greedily sucks in the twining
bait,
And tugs and nibbles the
fallacious meat:
Now, happy fisherman, now
twitch the line!
How the rod bends! Behold, the
prize is thine.
Cast on the bank, he dies with
gasping pains,
And trickling blood his silver
mail disdains.

(ll. 149-158)

Perhaps the fisherman will use a worm, not a fly. But the worm must not be too small, nor too large, and all worms must be clean:

Cleanse them from filth, to give a
tempting gloss,
Cherish the sully'd reptile race
with moss:
Amid the verdant bed they twine,
they toil,
And from their bodies wipe their
native soil.

(ll. 167-170)

But when the sun is bright and the waters shallow and clear, then the fisherman "... a more delusive art must try, /

And tempt their hunger with the curious fly" (ll. 175-176). Then follow directions on fly-tying—not in detail, but in general and colorful terms:

To frame the little animal
provide,
All the gay hues that wait on
female pride,
Let nature guide thee; sometimes
golden wire
The shining bellies of the fly
require;
The peacock plumes thy tackle
must not fail,
Nor the dear purchase of the
sable's tail.
Each gaudy bird some slender
tribute brings,
And lends the growing insect
proper wings;
Silks of all colours must their aid
impart,
And every fur promote the
fisher's art.

(ll. 177-186)

But then the angler must mark well the changing seasons of the year. The fly that has been good is good no longer. So now he must match the hatch. From a tree branch he knocks off an insect, picks it from the waters below, and then

Examines well his form with
curious eyes,
His gaudy vest, his wings, his
horns and size.
Then round his hook the chosen
fur he winds,
And on the back a speckled
feather binds,
So just the colours shine thro'
every part,
That nature seems to live again
in art.

(ll. 203-208)

Then, perhaps he may catch an "enormous salmon," not just a trout. The great fish is deceived by what appears to be a floating fly:

He lifts his silver gills above the
flood,
And greedily sucks in th'
unfaithful food;
Then downward plunges with
the fraudulent prey,
And bears with joy the little spoil
away.
Soon in smart pain he feels the
dire mistake,

Lashes the wave, and beats the
foamy lake,
With sudden rage he now aloft
appears,
And in his eye convulsive
anguish bears
Now hope exalts the fisher's
beating heart,
Now he turns pale, and fears his
dubious art;
He views the tumbling fish with
longing eyes,
While the line stretches with th'
unwieldly prize;
Each motion humours with his
steady hands,
And one slight hair the mighty
bulk commands.
"Till tired at last, despoiled of all
his strength,
The game athwart the stream
unfolds his length.
He now, with pleasure, views the
gasping prize
Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll
his blood-shot eyes;
Then draw him to the shore,
with artful care,
And lift his nostril in the
sick'ning air;
Upon the burthen'd stream he
floating lies,
Stretches his quivering fins, and
gasping dies.

(ll. 227-252)

And finally, after warning the fisherman that he must destroy the ravenous otter that is devouring his precious trout, Gay suddenly drops into the first person singular, and this person has no use for fishing with the worm (here, he is close to Thomson):

Around the steel no tortur'd
worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain
my line;
Let me, less cruel, cast the
feather'd hook,
With pliant rod athwart the
pebbled brook,
Silent along the mazy margin
stray,
And with the fur wrought fly
delude the prey.

(ll. 265-270)

So it seems evident to me that before he sought literary fame in the great city, while still in his teens, John Gay loved to angle in the waters of the river Taw or in the smaller streams that flow into it.

Though I am sure that he was a good Waltonian, I am not sure that he ever read the *Compleat Angler*. Yet I do hear in Gay's lines echoes of old Father Isaac: the cleaning of the worms in moss, the pliant rod, the matching of the hatch, the delicate one hair from the horse at the end of his leader, and the excitement of a good catch.

With the revised version of *Rural Sports*, Gay said farewell to the literature of angling. I doubt if he ever angled again. He was too involved in his pursuit of literary fame. But as he was also aware of the inevitable fate that overtakes all men—death—he wrote his own epitaph:

Life is a jest, and all things show
it,
I thought so once; but now I
know it.

When he died, in 1732, he was given an exceedingly formal funeral, and his body was placed in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, close to the tomb of the great poetic genius of the fourteenth century—the immortal Geoffrey Chaucer. A more formal epitaph was written by Alexander Pope, who had been his warm friend for more than twenty years. Pope paid sincere tribute to an extraordinary man:

Of Manners gentle, of Affections
mild;
In Wit a Man; Simplicity a Child;
With native Humour temp'ring
virtuous Rage,
Form'd to delight at once and
lash the age;
Above temptation, in a low
Estate,
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the
Great:
A safe Companion, and an easy
Friend,
Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in
thy End.
These are thy Honours! Not that
here thy Bust
Is mix'd with Heroes, or with
Kings thy Dust;
But that the Worthy and the
Good shall say,
Striking their pensive Bosoms—
Here lies GAY.

Which brings me to the end of these tales of three famous poets, three good friends, and three minor Waltonians—each, in his own way, a descendent of old Father Isaac. §

Stanley E. Read has previously contributed to the *American Fly Fisher* (see vol. 8, no. 1). He is a professor emeritus in English at the University of British Columbia, an avid fly fisherman, and an octogenarian. His angling-related publications include *The Contemplative Man's Recreation* (with Susan Starkman), *More Recreation for the Contemplative Man* (with Laurenda Daniells), and Tommy Brayshaw: the Ardent Angler-Artist.

Our Finny Tribes— American Rivers and Sea-Coasts

by Charles Lanman



We hope that you haven't tired of our focus on Charles Lanman (see the American Fly Fisher, vol. 11, no. 3 and vol. 11, no. 4). The following article is reprinted from the American Whig Review, vol. 6 (1847), pp. 490-496. An updated and enlarged version appeared in Lanman's Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces, 1856. The article is important for several reasons. It describes the tackle and techniques employed by the early- to middle-nineteenth-century salmon angler; it offers the reader substantial (albeit sometimes erroneous) insight into the natural history of Salmo salar; and it mentions that even among the Micmac Indians there were some capable fly fishermen. For Lanman, salmon fishing was his favorite pastime. He believed it to be "more exquisite than any other sport in the world."

"If so be that the angler catch no fish, yet hath he wholesome walk and pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams." —BURTON

It is not our purpose, in the following essay, to enter into the poetry of the "gentle art," or to indite a scientific treatise, but merely to give the substance of all the practical information, on fish and fishing, which we have collected in our various journeyings in North America. Our remarks will probably be somewhat desultory, but as we intend them especially for the benefit of our brethren of the rod, we feel confident that they will not censure us for our wayward course. In a few paragraphs we may be compelled to repeat what we have elsewhere published, but we trust we shall be excused for committing the harmless plagiarism.

We now begin our discourse with the salmon.

Of the genuine salmon, we believe there is but one distinct species in the world; we are sure there is not in the United States. From its lithe beauty, its wonderful activity, and its value as an article of food, it unquestionably takes precedence of all the fish which swim in our waters. It is an ocean-born fish, but so constituted that it has to perform an annual pilgrimage into our fresh-water rivers for the purpose of depositing its spawn. Their running time usually occupies about two months, and that is the period when they are in season, and of course the only period when they are taken in great numbers.

The variety of which we speak, is a slender fish, particularly solid in texture, and has a small head and delicate fins. The upper jaw is the larger, while the tip of the under jaw in the female has an upward turn. The back is usually of a bluish color, the sides of a silvery hue, and the belly pure white, while along the centre of its body runs a narrow black stripe. The scales are small, and the mouth is covered with small, but stout and pointed, teeth. A few dark spots are dispersed over that part of the body above the lateral line, and the females usually exhibit a larger number of these spots than the males. The tail of the young salmon is commonly forked, while in the adult fish it is quite square. To speak of the salmon as a bold biter and a handsome fish, or of his wonderful leaping powers, would be but to repeat a thrice-told tale.

And now for a few words on some of the habits of the salmon. He is unquestionably the most active of all the finny tribes, but the wonderful leaps which he

is reported to have made are all moonshine. We have seen them perform some superb somersets, but we never yet saw one which could scale a perpendicular waterfall of ten feet. That they have been taken above waterfalls three or four times as high we do not deny; but the wonder may be dispensed with, when we remember that a waterfall seldom occurs which does not contain a number of resting places for the salmon to take advantage of while on his upward journey.

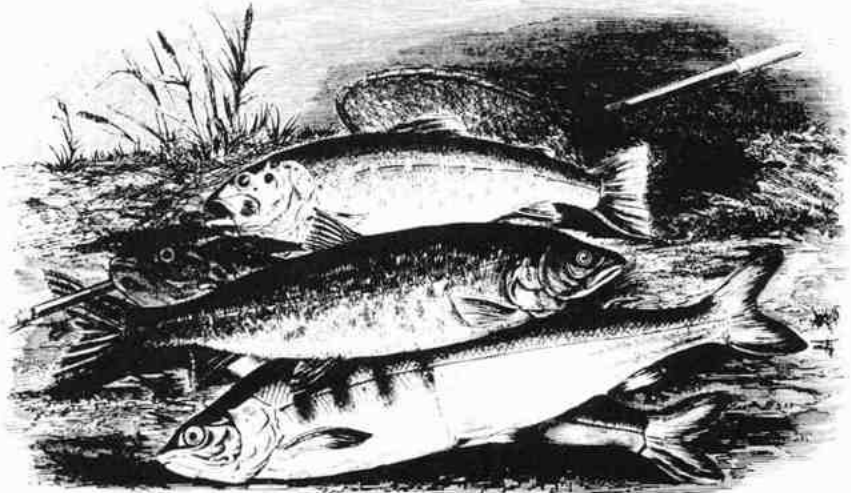
Contrary to the prevailing opinion we contend that the salmon is possessed of a short memory. While fishing in a small river on a certain occasion, owing to the bad position in which we were placed, we lost a favorite fly, and it so happened that in about one hour afterwards a fish was taken by a brother angler, in whose mouth was found the identical fly that we had lost.

This fish is a voracious feeder, and an epicure in his tastes, for his food is composed principally of small and delicate fish, and the sea-sand eel; but it is a fact that the *surest* bait to capture him with, is the common red worm.

The salmon is a shy fish, and as he invariably inhabits the clearest of water, it is always important that the angler's movements should be particularly cautious; and in throwing the fly, he should throw it clear across the stream if possible, and after letting it float down for a few yards he should gradually draw it back again, with an upward tendency.

Like all other fish that swim near the surface of the water, the salmon cannot be eaten in too fresh a condition; and judging from our own experience, they may be eaten three times a day, for a whole season, and at the end of their running time they will gratify the palate more

With the exception of Salmon Fishing in Canada, all illustrations for "Our Finny Tribes" are from Lanman's Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces, 1856.



GROUP OF CAME FISH.

effectually than when first brought upon the table.

The process of spawning has been described by various writers, and the general conclusion is as follows. On reaching a suitable spot for that purpose, the loving pair manage to dig a furrow some six feet long, in the sand or gravel, into which the male ejects his milt, and the female her spawn; this they cover with their tails, and leaving this deposit to the tender mercies of the liquid element, betake themselves to the sea whence they came. This spawning operation usually occupies about ten days, and takes place in the autumn; and when the spring-time comes, the salmon are born, and under "their Creator's protection" are swept into the sea, where they come to their natural estate by the following spring, and ascend their native rivers to revisit the haunts of their minnow-hood. And it is a singular fact, that the salmon leaves the sea in an emaciated condition, acquires his fatness while going up a river, and subsequently returns to the sea for the purpose of recruiting its wonted health and beauty.

The salmon is a restless fish, and seldom found a second time in exactly the same spot; but his principal traveling time is in the night, when the stars are shining brightly and all the world is wrapt in silence.

The salmon come up from the sea during a flood or a freshet, and in ascending a river, they invariably tarry for a short time in all the pools of the same. Their object in doing this has not been clearly defined, but is it unreasonable to suppose that they are influenced by the same motives which induce a human traveler to tarry in a pleasant way? The only difference is, that when the man would

resume his journey he waits for a sunny day, while the salmon prefers a rainy day to start upon his pilgrimage. The best places to fish for salmon are the shallows above the deep pools; and it is a settled fact, that after you have killed a fish, you are always sure to find in the course of a few hours another individual in the same place. It would thus seem that they are partial to certain localities. Another thing that should be remembered is, that salmon never take the natural fly while it is in a stationary position, or when floating down stream; hence the great importance of carrying the artificial fly directly across the stream, or in an upward oblique direction. When you have hooked a salmon it is a bad plan to strain upon him in any degree, unless he is swimming towards a dangerous ground, and even then this is an unsafe experiment. The better plan is to throw a pebble in front of him, for the purpose of frightening him back, and you should manage to keep as near his royal person as practicable. Another peculiarity of the salmon is the fact that (excepting the shad) it is the only fish which seems to be perfectly at home in the salt sea, as well as in the fresh springs among the mountains. It is also singular in the color of its flesh, which is a deep pink, and the texture of its flesh is remarkably solid: the latter circumstance is proven by the fact that you cannot carry a salmon by the gills, as you can other fish, without tearing and mutilating him to an uncommon degree.

In olden times there was hardly a river on the eastern coast of the United States, north of Virginia, which was not annually visited by the salmon; but those days are forever departed, and it is but seldom that we now hear of their being taken in any river south of Boston. They fre-

quented, in considerable numbers, the Susquehanna, the Delaware, and North rivers, but were eminently abundant in the Connecticut and the Thames. On the former stream it used to be stipulated by the day-laborer, that he should have salmon placed upon his table only four times in the week; and we have been told by an old man residing on the latter stream, that the value of three salmon, forty years ago, was equal to one shad—the former were so much more abundant than the latter. But steamboats, and the din of cities, have long since frightened the salmon from their ancient haunts, and the beautiful aborigines of our rivers now seek for undisturbed homes in more northern waters. Once in a while, even at the present time, the shad fishermen of the Merrimack and Saco succeed in netting a small salmon; but in the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, they are yet somewhat abundant, and these are the rivers which chiefly supply our city markets with the fresh article.

As the ice melts away in the spring, says Dr. J. V. C. Smith, in his interesting little book on the Fishes of Massachusetts, they rush to the rivers from the ocean; and it is an undeniable fact, confirmed by successful experiments, that they visit, as far as possible, the very streams in which they were born. When undisturbed, they swim slowly in large schools near the surface; yet they are so timid, that if suddenly frightened, the whole column will turn directly back towards the sea. It has also been proven that a salmon can scud at the surprising velocity of thirty miles an hour. The young are about a foot long when they visit the rivers for the first time; and at the end of two years, according to Mr. Smith, they weigh five or six pounds, and attain their full growth in

about six years. When running up the rivers they are in a fat condition; after that period, having deposited their spawn, they return to the sea, lean and emaciated. In extremely warm weather, and while yet in the salt water, they are often greatly annoyed by a black and flat-looking insect, which is apt to endanger their lives. As soon, however, as the salmon reaches the fresh water, this insect drops off, and the fish rapidly improves.

The streams which these fish ascend, are invariably distinguished for their rocky and gravelly bottoms, for the coldness and purity of their water, and for their rapid currents. Those which afford the angler the most sport, are rather small and shallow, and empty into tidewater rivers; while in these they are chiefly taken with the net. The tributaries of the Androscoggin, Kennebec, and Penobscot, having all been blocked up with mill-dams, the salmon is only found in the principal estuaries; and as these are large and deep, they are of no value to the angler, and will not be many years longer even to the fishermen who capture them for the purpose of making money. So far as our own experience goes, we only know of one river, within the limits of the Union, which affords the angler good salmon fishing, and that is the Aroostook, in Maine. We have been informed, however, that the regular salmon is taken in many of those rivers, in the northern part of New-York, which empty into Lake Ontario and the Upper St. Lawrence, but we are compelled to doubt the truth of the statement. Such may have been the case in former times, but we think it is not so now. Salmon are not taken at Montreal, and it is therefore unreasonable to suppose that they ever reach the fountain-head of the St. Lawrence; this portion of the great river is too far from the ocean, and too extensively navigated, and the water is not sufficiently clear. That they once ascended to the Ottawa river and Lake Ontario I have not a doubt, but those were in the times of the days of old. Another prevailing opinion with regard to salmon, we have it in our power decidedly to contradict. Mr. John J. Brown, in his useful little book entitled the "American Angler's Guide," makes the remark, that salmon are found in great abundance in the Mississippi and its magnificent tributaries. Such is not the fact, and we are sure that if "our brother" had ever caught a glimpse of the muddy Mississippi, he would have known by intuition that such *could* not be the case. Nor is the salmon partial to any of the rivers of the far South, as many people suppose; so that the conclusion of the whole matter is just this,—that the salmon fisheries of the United States proper, are of but little consequence when compared with many other countries on the globe. When we come to speak of our

Territories, however, we have a very different story to relate, for a finer river for salmon does not water any country than the mighty Columbia where a certain navigator once purchased a ton of salmon for a jack-knife. But that river is somewhat too far off to expect an introduction in our present essay, and we will therefore take our reader, by his permission, into the neighboring Provinces of Canada, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia.

Before proceeding another step, however, we must insert a paragraph about the various methods employed to capture the salmon. The Indians, and many white barbarians, spear them by torch-light; and the thousands sent to market in a smoked condition, are taken in nets and seines of various kinds. But the only instruments used by the scientific angler, are a rod and reel, three hundred feet of hair or silk line, and an assortment of artificial flies. Our books tell us, that a gaudy fly is commonly the best killer, but our own experience inclines us to the belief, that a large brown or black hackle, or any neatly-made gray fly, is much preferable to the finest fancy specimens. As to bait-fishing for salmon, we have never tried it—we care less about it than we know, and we know but precious little. Next to a delicately made fly, the most important thing to consider is the leader of the line, which should be made of the best material, (a twisted gut,) and at least five feet in length. But if the angler is afraid of wading in a cold and even a deep stream, the very best of tackle will avail him nothing. It is but seldom that a large salmon can be taken, without costing the captor a good deal of hard labor, and a number of duckings. And when the character of the fish is remembered, this assertion will not appear strange. Not only is the salmon a large fish, but he is remarkable for his strength and lightning quickness. Owing to his extreme carefulness in meddling with matters that may injure him, it is necessary to use the most delicate tackle, in the most cautious and expert manner. To pull a salmon on shore, immediately after he has been hooked, will never do; the expert way is to give him all the line he wants, never forgetting in the meantime that it must be kept perfectly taut. And this must be done continually, in spite of every obstacle, not only when the fish performs his splendid leaps out of the water, but also when he is stemming the current of the stream, trying to break the naughty hook against a rock, or when he has made a sudden wheel, and is gliding down the stream with the swiftness of a falling star. The last effort to get away, which I have mentioned, is usually the last that the salmon makes, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the angler should manage him correctly when going down.

Narrow rifts, and even waterfalls, do not stop the salmon; and bushes, deep holes, slippery bottoms, and rocky shores must not impede the course of the angler who would secure a prize. And though the salmon is a powerful fish, he is not long-winded, and by his great impatience is apt to drown himself, much sooner than one would suppose. The times most favorable for taking this fish, are early in the morning and late in the afternoon; and when the angler reaches his fishing ground, and discovers the salmon leaping out of the water, as if too happy to remain quiet, he may then calculate upon rare sport. As to the pleasure of capturing a fine salmon, we conceive it to be more exquisite than any other sport in the world. We have killed a buffalo on the head waters of the St. Peter's river, but we had every advantage over the pursued, for we rode a well-trained horse, and carried a double-barreled gun. We have seen John Cheney bring to the earth a mighty bull moose, among the Adirondac mountains, but he was assisted by a pair of terrible dogs, and carried a heavy rifle. But neither of these exploits is to be compared with that of capturing a twenty-pound salmon, with a line almost as fine as the flowing hair of a beautiful woman. When we offer a fly to a salmon, we take no undue advantage of him, but allow him to follow his own free will; and when he has hooked himself, we give him permission to match his strength against our skill. Does not this fact prove that salmon fishing is distinguished for its humanity, if not for its *fishanity*? We have sat in a cariole and driven a Canadian pacer, at the rate of a mile in two minutes and a half, on the icy plains of Lake Erie, and as we held the reins, have thought we could not enjoy a more exquisite pleasure. That experience, however, was ours long before we had ever seen a genuine salmon; we are somewhat wiser now, for we have acquired the art of driving through the pure white foam even a superb salmon, and that, too, with only a silken line some hundred yards in length.

One of the most fruitful salmon regions for the angler to visit lies on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between the Saguenay and the Northwest river in Labrador. A few years ago, however, there was good fishing to be had in Mal Bay river, above the Saguenay, and also in the Jacques Cartier, above Quebec, but good sport is seldom found in either of these streams at the present time. But the principal tributaries of the Saguenay itself (particularly the River St. Margaret) afford the rarest of sport, even now. The streams of this coast are rather small, but very numerous, and without a single exception, we believe, are rapid, cold and clear. They abound in waterfalls, and though exceedingly wild, are usually quite convenient to angle in, for



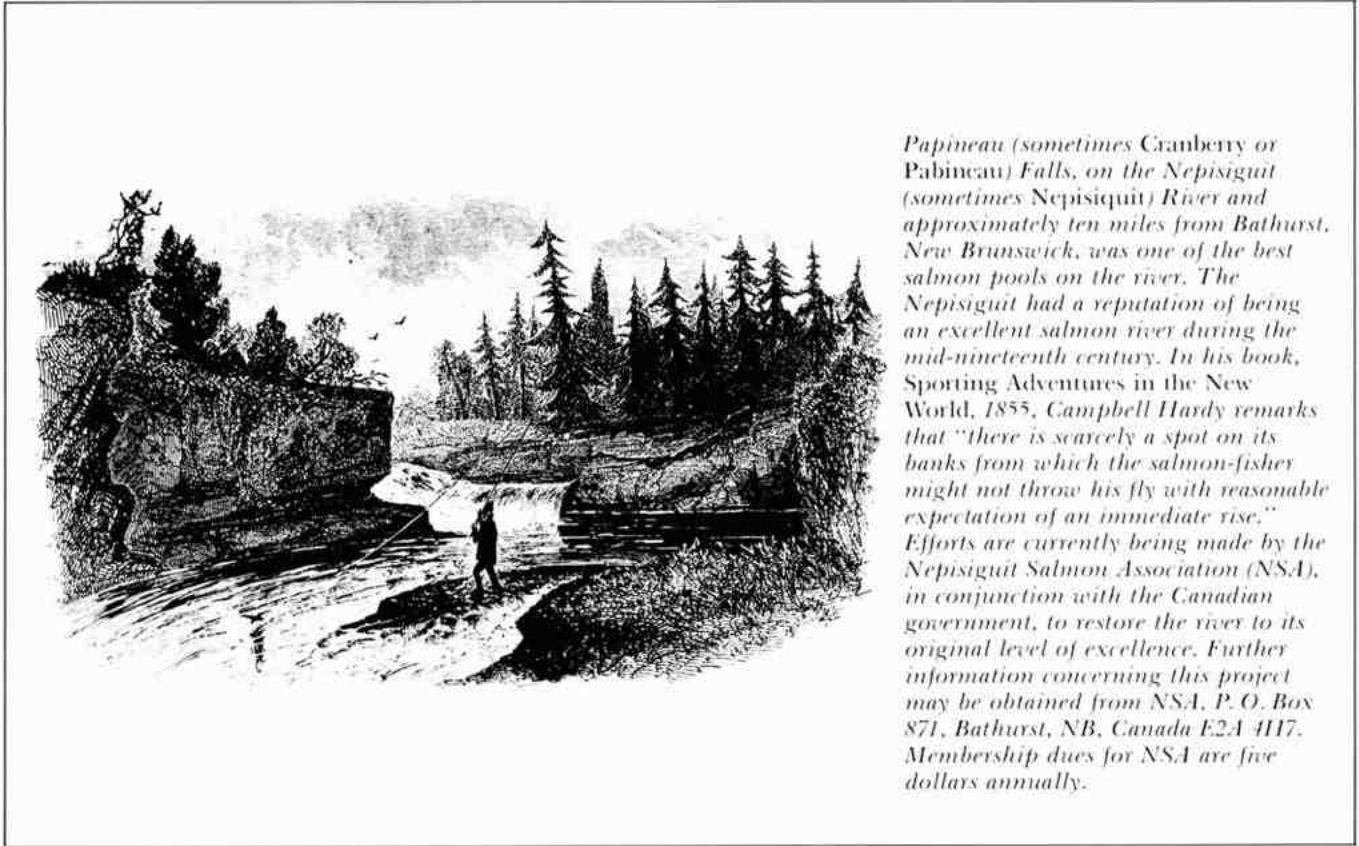
Salmon Fishing in Canada by Charles Lanman. Oil on canvas, 13½" x 19½", circa 1850

the reason that the spring freshets are apt to leave a gravelly margin on either side. The conveniences for getting to this out-of-the-way region are somewhat rude, but quite comfortable and very romantic. The angler has to go in a Quebec fishing smack, or if he is in the habit of trusting to fortune when he gets into a scrape, he can always obtain a passage down the St. Lawrence in a brig or ship, which will land him at any stated point. If he goes in a smack, he can always make use of her tiny cabin for his temporary home; but if he takes a ship, after she has spread her sails for Europe, he will have to depend upon the hospitality of the Esquimaux Indians. At the mouths of a few of the streams alluded to, he may chance to find the newly-built cabin of a lumberman, who will treat him with marked politeness; but he must not lay the "flattering unction" to his soul, that he will receive any civilities from the agents of the Hud-

son's Bay Company, whom he may happen to meet in that northern wilderness.

A large proportion of these streams run through an unknown mountain land, and are yet nameless; so that we cannot designate the precise localities where we have been particularly successful; and we might add, that the few which have been named by the Jesuit Missionaries can never be remembered without a feeling of disgust. Not to attempt a pun, it can safely be remarked that those names are decidedly *bestly*; for they celebrate such creatures as the hog, the sheep and the cow. The salmon taken on this coast vary from ten to forty pounds, though the average weight is perhaps fifteen pounds. They constitute an important article of commerce, and it is sometimes the case that a single fisherman will secure at least four hundred at one tide, in a single net. The cities of Montreal and Quebec are

supplied with fresh salmon from this portion of the St. Lawrence, and the entire valley of that river, as well as portions of the Union, are supplied with smoked salmon from the same region. The rivers on the southern coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are generally well supplied with salmon, but those streams are few and far between, and difficult of access. But a visit to any portion of this great northern valley, during the pleasant summer time, is attended with many interesting circumstances. Generally speaking, the scenery is mountainous, and though the people are not very numerous, they are somewhat unique in their manners and customs, and always take pleasure in lavishing their attentions upon the stranger. The weeks that we spent voyaging upon the St. Lawrence we always remember with unalloyed pleasure; and if we thought that fortune would never again permit us to revisit



Papineau (sometimes Cranberry or Pabineau) Falls, on the Nepisiguit (sometimes Nepisiquit) River and approximately ten miles from Bathurst, New Brunswick, was one of the best salmon pools on the river. The Nepisiguit had a reputation of being an excellent salmon river during the mid-nineteenth century. In his book, Sporting Adventures in the New World, 1855, Campbell Hardy remarks that "there is scarcely a spot on its banks from which the salmon-fisher might not throw his fly with reasonable expectation of an immediate rise." Efforts are currently being made by the Nepisiguit Salmon Association (NSA), in conjunction with the Canadian government, to restore the river to its original level of excellence. Further information concerning this project may be obtained from NSA, P. O. Box 871, Bathurst, NB, Canada E2A 4H7. Membership dues for NSA are five dollars annually.

those delightful scenes, we should indeed be quite unhappy.

The most agreeable of our pilgrimages were performed in a small sail-boat, commanded by an experienced and very intelligent pilot of Tadousac, named Ovington, and our companions were Charles Pentland, Esq. of Launce au Leau on the Saguenay, and George Price, jr., Esq., of Quebec. We had everything we wanted in the way of "creature comforts;" and we went everywhere, saw everybody, caught lots of salmon, killed an occasional seal, and tried to harpoon an occasional white porpoise; now enjoying a glorious sunset, and then watching the stars and the strange aurora, as we lay becalmed at midnight far out upon the deep; at one time gazing with wonder upon a terrible storm, and then again happy, fearless, and free, dashing over the billows before a stiff gale.

Some of the peculiar charms of fly-fishing in this region, are owing to the fact that you are not always sure of the genus of your fish even after you have hooked him, for it may be a forty or twenty-pound salmon, and then again it may be a salmon-trout or a four-pound specimen of the common trout. The consequence is, that the expectations of the angler are always particularly excited. Another pleasure which might be mentioned, is derived from queer antics and laughable yells of the Indians, who are

always hanging about your skirts, for the express purpose of making themselves merry over any mishap which may befall you. The only drawback which we have found in fishing in these waters, is caused by the immense number of mosquitoes and sand-flies. Every new guest is received by them with particular and constant attention; their only desire, by night or day, seems to be, to gorge themselves to death with the life-blood of those who "happen among them." It actually makes our blood run cold, to think of the misery we endured from these winged tormentors.

Even with the Gulf of St. Lawrence before our mind, we are disposed to consider the Bay of Chaleur the most interesting salmon region in the British Possessions. This estuary divides Lower Canada from New-Brunswick, and as the streams emptying into it are numerous and always clear, they are resorted to by the salmon in great numbers. The scenery of the bay is remarkably beautiful: the northern shore, being rugged and mountainous, presents an agreeable contrast to the southern shore, which is an extensive lowland, fertile and somewhat cultivated. The principal inhabitants of this region are Scotch farmers, and the simplicity of their lives is only equaled by their hospitality; and upon this bay, also, reside the few survivors of a once powerful aboriginal nation, the Micmac Indi-

ans. But of all the rivers which empty into the Bay of Chaleur, there is not one that can be compared to the Restigouche, which is its principal tributary. It is a winding stream, unequal in width, and after running through a hilly country, it forces its way through a superb mountain gorge, and then begins to expand in width until it falls into its parent bay. The scenery is beautiful beyond compare, and the eye is occasionally refreshed by the appearance of a neat farm, or a little Indian hamlet. The river is particularly famous for its salmon, which are very abundant and of a good size. But this is a region which the anglers of our country or the Provinces, with two or three exceptions, have not yet taken the trouble to visit, and many of the resident inhabitants are not even aware of the fact, that the salmon may be taken with the fly. The regular fishermen catch them altogether with the net, and the Indians with the spear; and it is a singular fact that the Indians are already complaining of the whites for destroying their fisheries, when it is known that a single individual will frequently capture, in a single day, a hundred splendid fellows, and that, too, with a spear of only one time. It is reported of a Scotch clergyman who once angled in "these parts," that he killed three hundred salmon in one season, and with a single rod and reel. A pilgrimage to the Restigouche would afford the salm-

Athol House, near the mouth of the Restigouche River, was the home of Robert Ferguson, one of the earliest settlers of the region (circa 1796). Ferguson was a commercial fisherman who, according to Lanman, exported nearly two thousand barrels of salmon annually in the early 1800s. As each barrel contained about two hundred pounds of salmon, this is equivalent to almost four hundred thousand pounds of salmon.



on fisher sufficient material to keep his thinkers busy for at least one year. The angler and lover of scenery who could spare a couple of months, would find it a glorious trip to go to the Bay of Chaleur in a vessel around Nova Scotia, returning in a canoe by the Restigouche, and the Spring river, which empties into the St. John. His most tedious portage would be only about three miles long, (a mere nothing to the genuine angler,) and soon after touching the latter river, he could ship himself on board of a steamboat, and come home in less than a week, even if that home happened to be west of the Alleghany mountains.

Of all the large rivers of New-Brunswick, we know not a single one which will not afford the fly fisherman an abundance of sport. Foremost among our favorites, we would mention the St. John, with the numerous beautiful tributaries which come into it, below the Great Falls, not forgetting the magnificent pool below those falls, nor Salmon river and the Aroostook. The scenery of this valley is charming beyond compare, but the man who would spend a summer therein, must have a remarkably long purse, for the half-civilized Indians, and the less than half-civilized white people, of the region, have a particular passion for imposing upon travelers, and charging them the most exorbitant prices for the simple necessaries they may need.

The salmon of the St. John are numerous, but rather small, seldom weighing more than fifteen pounds. The fisheries of the Bay of Fundy, near the mouth of the St. John, constitute an important interest, in a commercial point of view. The fishermen here take the salmon with drag nets, just before high water: the nets are about sixty fathoms long, and require three or four boats to manage them. The fish are all purchased, at this particular point, by one man, at the rate of eighty cents apiece, large and small, during the entire season. The other New-Brunswick rivers to which we have alluded, are the Mirimichi and the St. Croix; but as we have never angled in either, we will leave them to their several reputations.

We now come to say a few words of Nova Scotia, which is not only famous for its salmon, but also for its scientific anglers. In this province the old English feeling for the "gentle art" is kept up, and we know of fly fishermen there, a record of whose piscatorial exploits would have overwhelmed even the renowned Walton and Davy with astonishment. The rivers of Nova Scotia are quite numerous, and usually well supplied with salmon. The great favorite among the Halifax anglers is Gold river, a cold and beautiful stream, which is about sixty miles distant from that city, in a westerly direction. The valley of the stream is somewhat settled, and by a frugal and hard-working Swiss and

German population, who pitched their tents there in 1760. It is fifteen years since it was discovered by a strolling angler, and at the present time there is hardly a man residing on its banks who does not consider himself a faithful disciple of Walton. Even among the Micmac Indians, who pay the river an annual visit, may be occasionally found an expert fly fisher. But after all, Nova Scotia is not exactly the province to which a Yankee angler would enjoy a visit, for cockney fishermen are a little too abundant, and the ways of the people in some ridiculous particulars smack too much of the mother country.

Having finished our geographical history of the salmon and his American haunts, we will take our leave of him by simply remarking, (for the benefit of those who like to preserve what they capture,) that there are three modes for preserving the salmon:—first, by putting them in salt for three days, and then smoking, which takes about twelve days; secondly, by regularly salting them down, as you would mackerel; and thirdly, by boiling and then pickling them in vinegar. The latter method is unquestionably the most troublesome, but at the same time the most expeditious; and what can tickle the palate more exquisitely than a choice bit of pickled salmon, with a bottle of Burgundy to float it to its legitimate home? §

ANGLERS ALL

MAN AND HIS ENVIRONMENT THROUGH 500 YEARS OF FLY-FISHING



AT THE CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES GOLDEN GATE PARK SAN FRANCISCO
JUNE 1 - OCTOBER 27, 1985

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING

ANGLERS ALL: *Man and His Environment Through 500 Years of Fly-Fishing*

The following is a press release issued by the Museum to publicize our exhibit at the California Academy of Sciences from June 1 to October 27, 1985.

Bing Crosby, California's late and great entertainer, was one. So was Winslow Homer, one of America's greatest nineteenth-century artists. Ernest Hemingway was, too. Not to mention Herbert Hoover and Dwight Eisenhower. There was Zane Grey, of course. And Daniel Webster, the great statesman. And, with millions of others... anglers all.

"Anglers All: Man and His Environment through 500 Years of Fly-Fishing" opens at the California Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, on June 1. Assembled by the American Museum of Fly Fishing of Manchester, Vermont, and already acclaimed as the finest collection of fly-fishing artifacts and memorabilia ever gathered for public view, this exhibition examines the multifaceted interaction between man and his environment as seen through five centuries of this gentle sport.

More than 2,000 years ago, Macedonian anglers noticed fish eating insects near the water's surface. They fashioned rough imitations of those insects on primitive hooks and began thereby catching fish. This was just one beginning of a sport that has since produced an incredible array of artifacts, literature, and related art—all enhancing in some way man's interaction with his natural world.

The imitation of natural insects—through a craft known as fly-tying—has occupied anglers with increasing intensity for centuries. The evolution of this craft is shown dramatically from the primitive work of sixteenth-century practitioners in western Europe through the work of America's modern masters. The common insects of northern California's trout streams can indeed be duplicated

with simple thread, feathers, and fur—a complex task and only one step in the process of fooling a fish—a fish that will often be released unharmed by many anglers who understand the limitations of our harried rivers.

Fly-fishing involves much more than insect imitation. It has, for example, produced a greater body of literature than any other sport. Anglers All includes a rare first edition of the most famous angling work of all—Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler*, first published in 1653. The Victorian era produced an explosion in the fly-fishing press, and Anglers All incorporates some of its finest examples—a limited edition by the late F. M. Halford, who insisted that floating flies be fished only in an upstream direction. To do otherwise was to invite social ostracism, and he included flies bound within his volume to help prove his point. And George Kelson's late-nineteenth-century classic, *Salmon Flies*, based in part on his (erroneous) theory that Atlantic salmon ate butterflies, which produced the colorful Victorian salmon flies also on display.

For centuries, fly-fishing tackle has been the tool through which man and his river became connected. Often ingenious, occasionally bizarre, man through his tackle has displayed a superb combination of science and art in catching his fish. Transparent leaders made from the gut of Asiatic silkworms—since replaced by modern nylon—were a late-nineteenth-century hit. You'll find them near William Billingham's 1859 fishing reel (the first patent issued for an American fly-fishing reel), which is part of a brief display devoted to the development of fly-fishing reels in both this country and western Europe.

Even such a simple thing as a fly rod—the casting tool with which fly is presented to fish—is, we find, not so simple. Victorian anglers, including such Californians as Deaf George Miner, made

their rods of both exotic woods such as greenheart and American woods such as ash and hickory. By the mid-nineteenth century, rods were being made of bamboo, carefully split, tapered, and glued in what many regard as fly-fishing's most exacting craft. Fiberglass followed the Second World War, and space-age fibers such as graphite and boron are now widely used. Significant examples of all these types of fly rods are on display, including those by the famous R. L. Winston Rod Company, which started in San Francisco, and rods by the late and great Marysville rodmaker, E. C. Powell.

Fly-fishing is a pastoral sport and, as such, has stimulated for centuries the imagination of artists and illustrators. Anglers All includes significant works from two centuries of angling art: whimsical nineteenth-century engravings, an original fly-fishing watercolor by Winslow Homer (displayed together with the artist's fly rod and signed rod case), original oils by Arthur Fitzwilliam Tait, Walter Brackett, and others. Twentieth-century artists have been touched by this sport also. An original work by Norman Rockwell—"Opening Day"—celebrates the start of an angler's season, while the late Ogden Pleissner, widely known as America's finest sporting artist, offers the softness of an angler's landscape.

The easy interaction of man and trout has attracted people from all walks of life, some of them notable, such as Bing Crosby, whose tackle is displayed along with a painting of the northern California stream he often fished. Zane Grey, Daniel Webster, Ernest Hemingway, Herbert Hoover, Dwight Eisenhower, and other famous American anglers are also represented.

San Francisco is home of one of America's oldest angling clubs, now called the Golden Gate Casting and Angling Club, and one display reviews the fascinating history of this group.

The still-life poster of fly-fishing artifacts (opposite page) produced in color to commemorate this exhibit is available from the Museum (see information at right). Shown in the poster (clockwise from pipe in foreground): Bing Crosby's pipe, Atlantic-salmon flies circa 1835, early nineteenth-century leather fly book, fly rod that belonged to Zane Grey, rubber-bodied mayfly imitation circa 1935, seventh edition (1759) of Walton's *Compleat Angler*, engraving of noted statesman and angler Daniel Webster, brass fly reel as commonly used circa 1820, small Hardy fly reel belonging to Herbert Hoover, original 1874 patent-model Orvis reel, early twentieth-century text on angling entomology with modern imitative dry fly, and a handwritten poem discovered in the contents of an early nineteenth-century tackle container. All items are from the collection of The American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont. Museum photo by William Cheney

POSTER ORDERING INFORMATION

Anglers All (23" x 32") is available in color from the Museum unframed or in a museum-quality, polished aluminum, welded-corner frame.

Please send the following: name _____
_____ posters framed at \$100 each address _____
_____ posters unframed at \$30 each city/state/zip _____
plus \$2.50 shipping and handling gift name _____
(per each shipping address) address _____
Gift card to read _____ address _____
My check for \$_____ is enclosed city/state/zip _____

Part I

Lyle Linden Dickerson, Rodmaker (1892-1981)

by Tim Bedford



A love of fly-fishing and an appreciation of fine craftsmanship led to the development of a deep and lasting friendship between Tim Bedford and Lyle Dickerson. It was from Dickerson that Tim learned the painstaking techniques involved in the manufacture of high-quality bamboo rods. In 1972 he purchased Dickerson's rodmaking equipment, and shortly thereafter (under Dickerson's tutorage) produced his first cane fly rod. Since then, Bedford Anglers has carried on the Dickerson tradition in fine fashion. As a tribute to his mentor, Tim has written a two-part article on Dickerson and his fly rods for the American Fly Fisher. The first part, dealing primarily with Dickerson's life, is included herein. The second part concentrates on the Dickerson rodmaking process and will appear in our next issue.

"Wait," he said. "Listen!" We stood silently in the darkness; the only sound was that of the river rippling against our feet. And then it came—*nzzzzz, nzzzzz*—a high-pitched buzzing hum like that of an electric high-tension line, except that the intensity rose and fell.

"They are up tonight; we're in luck," Dick said. "The big browns will soon be working on the spinners."

Lyle ("Dick") Dickerson and I were wading the shallows on one of the oxbows of the Au Sable River near Mio, Michigan, in pitch darkness—listening for the sound generated by the rapid movement of mayfly wings. When the big mayfly spinners (*Hexagenia limbata*) mated, it was usually after dark, and the air was literally abuzz with them. The spinner fall usually produced a good rise of big trout, which seldom surface-fed during the rest of the year.

It was an exciting event. Fishing in the dark always accentuated everything, and when one of those big browns took your

size-four deerhair imitation, it seemed as if all hell had broken loose.

This particular fishing excursion was taken in 1951. It was the year before (while fishing the Saint Mary Rapids at Sault Sainte Marie, Michigan, with Earl Leitz) that I first heard about Lyle Dickerson and his bamboo fly rods. On the big flowage coming out of Lake Superior, Leitz could outcast me by thirty feet and reach lies of fish I couldn't touch. His rod was a 9-foot Dickerson—a very powerful rod, with an action unlike any I had ever cast. Earl didn't have any more Dickersons in stock in his Sault Sainte Marie sport shop, but suggested I go see Dickerson at a certain shop on Bewick Street in Detroit. "Be careful how you approach him," admonished Leitz. "He won't make a rod for just anybody. But if he likes you and is convinced you are a dedicated fly fisherman and a right guy, he might make a rod for you."

I thought Earl might be laying it on a bit thick, but since I very much wanted one of those rods, I went to see Dickerson. After a long talk about fly-fishing, he agreed to make me an 8015 Guide Special Dickerson for sixty-five dollars. He later invited me to go fishing with him, and he taught me a lot of tricks about Au Sable fishing.

During the next ten years, I bought three more rods from Dick. Subsequently, I have collected essentially every configuration of rod that he made during his career, including the last one he made in his own shop and one he made while on a visit to my shop in 1973. I have also located a number of rods he sold through Ray Bergman and Art Flick. Fortunately, all of Dickerson's rods have his name on them in handwritten script. Most were dated, and a good number of them give the purchasers' names. He did not put serial numbers on his rods, but instead indicated rod length and diameter of the male ferrule. For example: 861711 means

the rod length is 8 feet, 6 inches, and the ferrules are 17/64-inch diameter (midsection male ferrule) and 11/64-inch diameter (tip-section male ferrule). Since two ferrule sizes are given, the rod, obviously, is a three-piece model.

In 1968, having returned from an extended stay in another country, I tried to locate Dickerson. He had moved from Detroit, and I was unable to find him. Shortly thereafter, I saw an ad in the *Atlantic Salmon Journal* for Dickerson rods, contacted the advertiser, and bought them. The party selling the rods apprised me that Dickerson had moved to Bellaire, Michigan, and was spending his winters in Florida.

In 1971, I visited Dickerson in Bellaire. He was seventy-nine years of age and had not made a rod for several years. I was planning to retire shortly, myself, and in my newly found spare time I wanted to make some bamboo fly rods. So I went to Dickerson for advice. Convinced that I was very serious about my intended commitment to rod manufacture, he persuaded me that I should purchase his shop—lock, stock, and barrel. And in a weak moment, I did!

In late 1972, Dick crated and shipped most of his rodmaking machinery to me in Oakland, California. In the spring of 1973, he filled up the back of his old Chevy with the remaining tools and parts and drove out to California. He stayed with us for about a month, and we set up the rodmaking machinery in my basement shop.

We enjoyed each other's company so much that for five years afterward he came out for a visit every March. We had great times together making tools and rods; yarning about rodmaking, rodmakers, and fishing; and going out to see the wonders of the San Francisco Bay Area. Several times a year I sent him long-winded letters asking for enlightenment on some aspect of rodmaking. Instead of



Lyle Dickerson fly-fishing on the Au Sable circa 1939

ignoring me or telling me to go jump in a lake, he patiently explained to me what any intelligent person should have known without asking.

Of course, the time came when he could no longer fly. "Pump trouble" was all he gave in the way of explanation. So when we could, we visited him during the summers in Bellaire, until his death in June 1981. He was eighty-nine years old. I look back with great pleasure and satisfaction over my years of association with Dick, and I hope that readers will enjoy his story, which I would now like to share.

Lyle L. Dickerson was born on April 10, 1892, in Bellaire, a small town near Traverse City in the northwestern part of Michigan's lower peninsula. At the age of ten, he caught his first trout on a fly. The fly employed was a homemade chicken-feather concoction. He caught this two-pound prize on a whittled rod, ash with a white-cedar tip—the first Dickerson rod. Thirty years later he made his first cane rod. Dick once told me that a local lumber baron, Henry Richardi (owner of the Bellaire Woodenware factory), sparked his interest in fly-fishing. Dickerson often observed Richardi successfully practicing the gentle art, and this evidently spurred him to manufacture his own rod and flies. At the time, store-bought flies cost ten cents each, an unmanageable sum for the son of the village harnessmaker. So Dickerson bought hooks and relied on neighborhood chickens as a source of feathers. He characterized his early flies as being crude, but effective.

Dickerson graduated from Bellaire High School in 1909. He then took a job as an elementary schoolteacher in a one-room school in Mount Bliss, Michigan. He matriculated at Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan, as a scholarship student in the fall of 1910. While at Hillsdale, he was a member of the glee club,

the track team, and Delta Tau Delta fraternity. Due to a lack of funds, he had to leave college after two years. According to letters written to his family, he was working in Chicago from 1913 to 1915. Unfortunately, the correspondence does not reveal the type of work he did or the firm(s) he worked for. He moved back to Michigan sometime in 1915 to take a job with the Grand Rapids Power and Gas Company and remained in their employ until shortly before he enlisted in the U.S. Army on March 29, 1918. He was sent to France as a sergeant in aviation ordnance. He was discharged on February 1, 1919 (at the end of the war) and returned to Michigan. He married Helga "Peg" Klagstad in Detroit on March 3 that same year.¹ Dickerson had met Helga in Bellaire before the war. She was employed as a schoolteacher in Detroit at the time of their marriage. The couple remained in Detroit, where he sold trucks for the Packard Motor Car Company until they went out of the truck business in 1925. He next worked as a truck salesman for the White Motor Company, but that, too, soon went out of business.² He then made his living selling bonds and real estate until the "crash" in 1929 forced him out of work again. Dick suddenly had plenty of time on his hands. He had saved some money and was thus able to support his family temporarily. He fished a lot and became interested in making bamboo fly rods. He made a few rods for himself and his friends on a homemade wooden planing block. The tapers he employed were copied from some high-quality fly rods owned by some of his friends. This was well before Henter's started selling the steel planing blocks made by Robert Crompton, designer of the Crompton rod wrapper. As anyone who has done it will agree, hand planing is not an easy method for making a fly rod. His planing device worked, but it must have required blood, sweat, and tears. Dick read every-

thing he could about making cane rods, but most rodmakers were very secretive about their methods. In addition, no one sold rodmaking equipment, so it was very difficult for him to obtain information on the methods and equipment that were being used in the manufacture of bamboo fly rods. Not one to give up when faced with adversity, he designed and built his own equipment, and he developed his own techniques. He read George Parker Holden's *Idyll of the Split Bamboo* (1920), but these books described crude methods and were of little assistance. From Heddon, he was able to obtain a few culms of bamboo but no information about rodmaking.

Dick's formal entry into a career of rodmaking started with making and repairing rods and assorted tackle for himself and his friends. A perusal of Dickerson's records reveals that his first rod sales were in January and February of 1931: two 8-foot fly rods for two doctors whose offices were in the David Whitney Building in Detroit. The price for each was thirty-eight dollars. In addition to rodmaking, Dick also tied and sold flies, mostly deer-hair creations, and made many landing nets. The rod-repair work, the net-making business, and the occasional sale of a rod kept Dick working part time from 1931 to 1933.

By 1933 he was making and repairing rods on a full-time basis, and he was still using a homemade wooden planing block. As every woodworker knows, wood is dimensionally unstable when subjected to variable humidity and temperature, it was thus very difficult to accurately reproduce the tapers of a strip being made for a particular rod section when using the wooden planing device.

In order to obviate this difficulty, in 1935 Dick made a steel planing block. With this device, the plane blade was set at a certain point on the tapered vee, and the bamboo strip was pulled through,



Lyle Dickerson working at his lathe in his Bellaire, Michigan, rod shop. Dickerson was eighty-three years old at the time.

shaping the strip beyond that point.

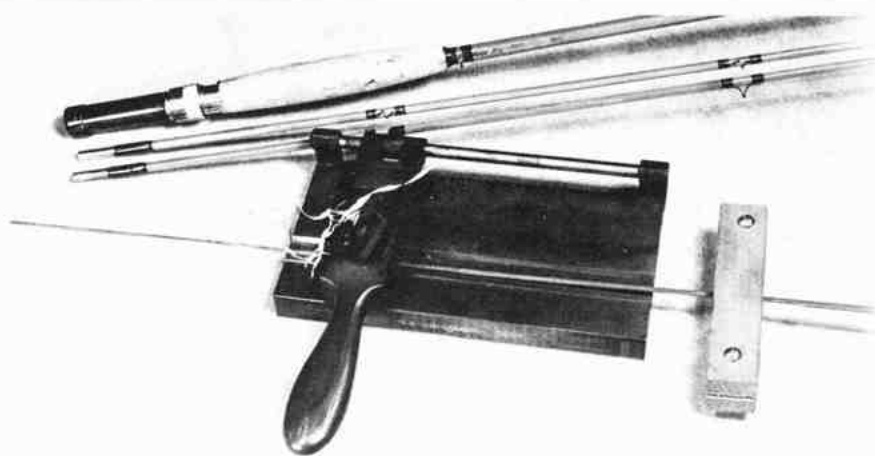
Dick's early rods were quite good; thus, it was not long before he established a reputation as a skilled rodmaker. He went to the offices of bankers, lawyers, dentists, and doctors in the David Whitney Building, and other large office buildings in downtown Detroit, where he not only showed his wares but also demonstrated them. He made rods in payment for medical and dental work, as well. But his volume was still relatively small.

Ray Bergman came to Detroit and met Dickerson at a luncheon meeting of the Paul Bunyan Club (a group that described themselves as "a loosely knit, if not completely unraveled group of outdoorsmen"). According to a Trout Unlimited newsletter of Detroit's Paul Young chap-

ter, this was after 1933, probably 1935. At this time, Ray Bergman was angling editor of *OutdoorLife* and had recently published *Just Fishing*, the first of his trilogy of classic angling books. Ray and Dick went fishing together and Ray asked if Dickerson could duplicate a favorite 7½-foot Leonard fly rod. Dick told me much later he didn't know just how he was going to go about it, but he agreed to do it. Bergman was very pleased with the rod, so pleased in fact that he offered to sell rods for Dickerson. The arrangement with Bergman proved successful.³ This new source of income enabled Dick, finally, to build better, more precise rodbuilding equipment. He was never satisfied with the quality of his own rods and always looked for ways to improve his product. As a consequence, as soon as he

had finished building a piece of equipment, he began to figure out ways of building a better one.

Prior to and during the Second World War, Dickerson developed considerable skill as a machinist and as a tool- and gaugemaker. When war was imminent, rodmaking had to stop, and he worked full time as a machinist for the war effort. Dickerson did contract work for Gus Pernack both during and after the war. Pernack, an early acquaintance of Dickerson, was a machinist and at one time owned a large Detroit machine shop that turned out precision machine work for the auto industry. Pernack designed and built a milling machine that was later used by Dickerson's rodmaking contemporary, Paul Young of Detroit, Michigan. Young, prior to meeting Pernack



Dickerson's steel planing block. The device, first put to use in 1935, allowed Dickerson to accurately reproduce tapered strips of bamboo cane.

(and his milling machine), was buying glued-up blanks from the various high-volume rod manufacturers. Pernack and Young made an agreement whereby Pernack set up his milling machine and made blanks in the Grand River, Detroit, shop. However, the two partners did not get along well, and Pernack sold out to Young after eight months. Subsequently, Pernack designed and built another bamboo mill, but then decided there was not enough money in the rod business. He sold the mill to Nat Uslan, who made five-sided rods with it for many years.

By 1946, Dick's work had come to the attention of Sparse Grey Hackle (Alfred W. Miller), the well-known angling writer. In 1947 Sparse started writing and circulating a bulletin called "The Rodmakers Guild Newsletter." Unfortunately, the newsletter had a short life of only three issues. Its circulation included Everett Garrison, "Pinky" Gillum, Dan Brennan, Robert Crompton, L. L. Dickerson, "Wes" Jordan, Lew Stoner, and several others. Some years ago, Louise Miller, Sparse's wife, sent me copies of the newsletters as well as much of the correspondence between Sparse and this bunch of talented, temperamental rodmakers. This material is indeed fascinating. At that time, Halstead was the sole supplier of ferrules to the eastern, non-mass-production trade (this was before Lou Feierabend developed his Super-Z ferrule). Halstead, a rodmaker and a highly skilled machinist who contributed greatly to the Payne-rod success story (he made the ferrules and reel-seat parts for Payne's rods), made the bamboo milling machine that Pinky Gillum used. Halstead was supposed to supply the ferrules as well, but was always late with his deliveries. By this time, Dickerson had his ferrule tube-drawing machine in operation and was grinding his hand-drawn ferrules to a very accurate fit. The independent rodmakers, such as Gil-

lum and Garrison, were interested in Dickerson as a possible source of supply, but were nervous about offending Halstead and possibly losing their only existing source.

In the first volume of the guild newsletter, Brenan expressed his opinion of Dickerson's metal work:

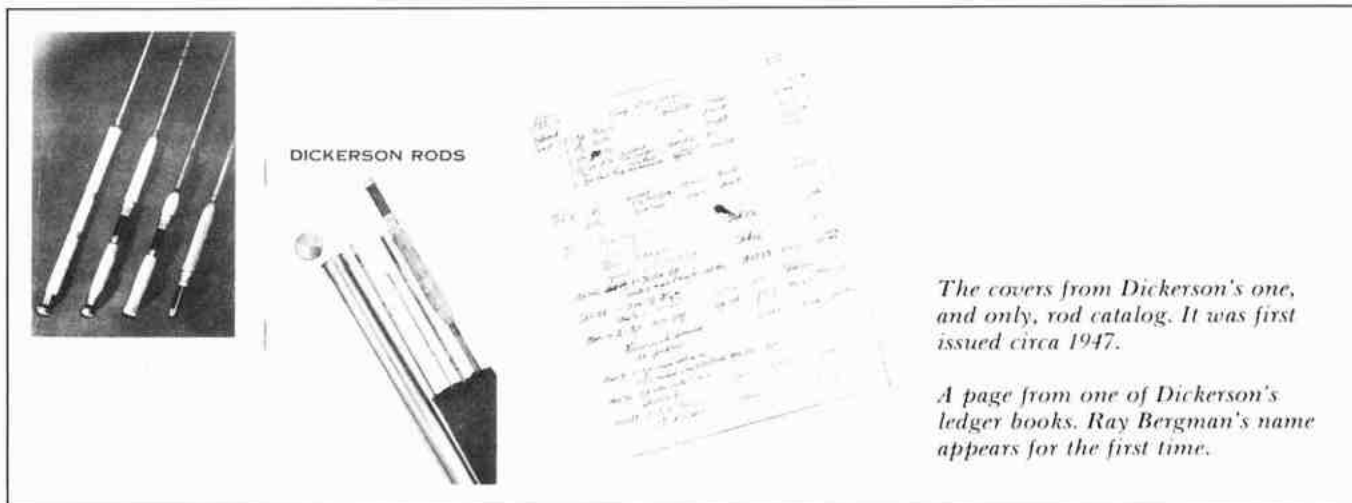
If Dickerson helps some competent man in Detroit to set up for ferrules and other metal parts and shows this fellow how *he* makes ferrules, that fellow will dominate the market. As you say, Dick is a top-flight metal man, and was before he went into bamboo. With the possible exception of the old Payne-Halstead ferrules and reel-seat parts, Dick's ferrules were the best in America. I don't see how better ferrules could be made than he put on his own rods. I saw them first at the N. Y. show in '38; Ray Bergman was selling Dick's rods and he (Ray) criticised my ferrules. I told Ray they were the best I could buy. They were the South Bend first-grade. Ray then showed me a Dickerson rod he was showing (I believe) in Taylor's booth. The moment I looked at those ferrules I told Bergman that Dickerson must have made them himself, since such ferrules simply were not to be had commercially. Bergman said that that was the fact. Later I saw several other Dickerson rods that Phil Armstrong owned. They all had those out-of-this-world ferrules. I referred above to the old Payne-Halstead ferrules. But I didn't mean to say that they were superior to Dick's, I'd say that both had achieved just about the ultimate in design, fit and appearance. I am told that now that Halstead has quit Payne the old-time quality

has slipped a bit. Maybe that's just rumor, and unfounded. I haven't seen a recent Payne rod.

The newsletter makes it abundantly clear that the tight secrecy observed by the high-volume rod manufacturers was not followed by this small group of skilled rodmakers. For example, Dickerson improved his rod-varnishing technique after learning of Garrison's tank-dipping method, which was described in the bulletin. None of the recipients of the newsletter, however, appears to have changed his basic operation of making the tapered bamboo strips as a result of contact with the other guild members.

Dickerson took great pride in his work and therefore enjoyed a fine reputation as a rodbuilder. But as Dick's records show, making a living as a rodmaker, fly tier, tackle repairman, etc., must have been a struggle. The first page of his record book has entries beginning with January 25, 1931, and ending March 15, 1931. In those three months only two hundred twenty-three dollars was taken in. He tied flies, made nets, repaired rods—his own and other makes—and made new rods (both finished and unfinished blanks, for trout and bass). His total business for 1932 added up to the princely sum of \$842.60. Much of his repair work was for the J. L. Hudson department store in Detroit, but this brought in only a dollar or two at a time.

Most bamboo rodmakers have left very little in the way of records that survived or became available after their careers ended.³ We are fortunate that Dickerson kept very good records and that they survived. Mrs. Jane Rudolph, Dickerson's daughter, very kindly made a thorough search of Lyle's old white clapboard house in Bellaire, Michigan. To my surprise and delight, she found five old ledger-style record books and other memorabilia that belonged to Dickerson.



The covers from Dickerson's one, and only, rod catalog. It was first issued circa 1947.

A page from one of Dickerson's ledger books. Ray Bergman's name appears for the first time.

Two of the record books list the customers' names, the dates when jobs were performed, and the prices charged for repair work and rodbuilding. The records commence in January 1931 and end at the close of 1959. The other three record books contain lists of clients and suppliers, receipts, and expenditures for labor, materials, etc. There was a hiatus during and after the Second World War from June 1942 until April 1946, when Dickerson worked as a machinist and tool- and gaugemaker for the war effort. The first three books are in Dick's handwriting, and I believe the other records were kept by his first wife, Peg, who died in 1959. Perusal of the ledgers reveals the names of many well-known professional people as well as a myriad of sporting luminaries.

On May 17, 1934, Dickerson sold a net to George Mason. Mason was president of the Kelvinator Corporation and later president of American Motors. He owned most of the South Branch of the famed Au Sable River; he later willed this property to the State of Michigan.

Dickerson recorded an order for six rods for Ray Bergman on January 21, 1935. This was the first time Bergman's name appeared. Three more were sold to Bergman in March 1935, all at twenty dollars each. Five of the rods were to be delivered on March 1, one by March 15, and the rest at a later date.

After that, many interesting names show up in the order ledger: Vom Hofe, the reelmaker; La Branche, author of the *Dry Fly and Fast Water* and the *Salmon and the Dry Fly* (an 801611). Art Flick's name shows up first on an entry dated December 13, 1935 (an 891611, thirty-five dollars minus a five-dollar commission to Ray Bergman). In January 1936, J. L. Hudson started buying rods on a consignment basis. Their first order was for three rods at twenty dollars each. Also in January, Charles K. Fox purchased a 901812. I'm sure this was not for fishing

his beloved Letort; he probably used it for smallmouth bass fishing. Jack VanCoevinger (the well-known Michigan outdoor writer of the *Detroit Free Press*) bought a rod in March 1936. Dick's rods were used by Pete Schwab to win the dry-fly accuracy event of the national tournament two years in a row, but the records do not indicate the specific rods he used. Schwab bought an 801510 from Dickerson on January 7, 1937, and liked it so much, he bought two 861711s for his friends on January 24 and an 861812 on April 24 of that year.

Dick made his first bonefish rod (an 80510) in December 1937.

In January 1938, Dick raised his rod prices: twenty-five dollars wholesale and thirty-five retail. Sixteen fly rods were sent on consignment to a Columbus, Ohio, company at wholesale prices. On July 18, 1939, Dick sold twenty sets of ferrules to his contemporary Paul H. Young at ninety cents each. Young bought Dick's ferrules on several occasions. With the onset of the Second World War, Dick's rod output decreased considerably, but did not cease. He ceased production in June 1942 and did not commence production again until 1946. He made only six rods in 1942. Including these six, he produced a total of 587 rods. Of these, 285 were distributed through wholesalers, and 302 were sold retail. Of the total, only ninety-five were under eight feet in length. Most of these shorter rods were his 7612s and 7613s, two-piece rods for the equivalent of today's 4-weight and 5-weight lines. He also made some 7½-foot, three-piece rods. The 761510 was a popular design, too.

The majority of the prewar rods were made via a planing block; the three-piece rods were the predominant product, for obvious reasons. It was very difficult to pull a bamboo strip through Dickerson's early planing blocks, and the longer strips, required for the two-piece rods,

were the most difficult to make on this type of tool. With the advent of his milling machines, this problem was obviated, allowing him to produce the two-piece rods with greater ease.⁵ Thus, the 8013s and 8014s began to regularly appear in his records just prior to the war. Postwar, the two-piece rods became the fashion, and Dick made salmon rods (up to 9½ feet) in the two-piece configuration. We should bear in mind that the bamboo culms Dick was able to obtain from Demarest—the New York cane supplier—were only eight feet long (as opposed to today's standard twelve-foot lengths). This made it very difficult to find sections of the culm that had both length and suitable quality for the two-piece rods longer than eight and a half feet.

After the Second World War, Dick produced 863 rods during the fifteen-year span from 1946 through 1960. Of these, 401 were sold through agents. Only eighty-four were under eight feet in length. The prices for the rods gradually increased; in 1956 rods eight and a half feet and under sold for seventy-five dollars, while the longer rods were eighty-five dollars each. Thus, his total career production of rods under eight feet in length was 179. It is no wonder that the short Dickerson rods are scarce and expensive. These totals include all bamboo rods manufactured. They include spinning rods, casting rods, and unfinished blanks, but these non-fly-rod items were a small percentage of the total output. Repair and restoration of bamboo rods, however, formed a considerable part of his activities from the beginning. He made new tips and new butts and repaired essentially every make of rod available at that time.

From an analysis of Dickerson's records, it is clear that Dick's total recorded rod production through 1960 was 1450 bamboo rods. His best year before the war was 1937: a total of 103 rods were pro-

Lyle Dickerson (right) and his friend, Harold "Holly" Blossom, with a typical catch of Au Sable brown trout. The photo was taken in June 1939.



duced, of which fifty-one were wholesaled to Bergman and others. Only sixteen of these were less than eight feet in length. His best year after the war was 1946, with a total of 174 rods, fifty-six of which were sold by various agents. Of the 174, only thirteen were under eight feet in length.

It is apparent that for a 174-rod year Dick must have a) been a very efficient worker, b) worked long hours, c) put aside some blanks during the war, d) hired some help, or e) some combination of the above. His records of expenditures indicate that he did hire his brother Fred during 1946, but for only 107 hours. This was the only outside help he employed.

Production of a hundred rods per year by a one-man rod shop equipped with milling machines is considered very good. Working forty hours per week for fifty weeks would thus allow only twenty hours per rod. The fastest one-man shop (with a milling machine) that I know about makes an entire rod from scratch in twenty-five hours. It takes me more than ninety hours per rod!

After 1946, Dickerson's production decreased slowly until 1960, when according to his records, he made only two rods. There is no rod production recorded in his books after 1960. At that time he was sixty-eight years old and wished to retire. The only rods he made thereafter were for a few people willing to convince him to do "just one more."

After Gertrude, his second wife, died in 1972, he lived alone in his Bellaire house. According to his daughter, Jane, many well-intentioned suggestions were made by members of the family. He listened politely, thanked the person for the thought, and then went ahead with what he had already decided to do, which was to live alone.

While Dickerson was a down-to-earth, practical type who disliked superlatives, he did occasionally display a romantic

streak. On the back of his only sales brochure is the following:

A fly rod is made from wood that was ALIVE in the forest. The art of the rodmaker is achieved when he is able to transform this wood into an instrument having the grace, spirit, and vitality of the life from which the wood was taken.

It was written by his longtime friend and customer, Bill Rennie.

One of the best comments I have seen on Dickerson is in Gary Merek's story in *Rod & Reel*, and it is worth repeating here:

Perhaps Charlotte Dickerson, who makes no attempt to hide her deep affection for her father-in-law, best described Dickerson's life and work when she said: 'Lyle is the only man I know with a completely clear conscience. He has nothing at all to be ashamed of—how many people do you know who can say that?'

Lyle Dickerson died on June 16, 1981; he was eighty-nine years old. §

Thomas A. (Tim) Bedford is a museum trustee and rodmaker. Tim received an engineering degree from Stamford University in 1931. After serving for a year in the U.S. Navy, he embarked on a career with the Kaiser Corporation that lasted forty-two years. During those years he worked as engineer, manager, and corporate executive. Since his retirement in 1974, he has been making cane fly rods in his shop in Oakland, California. He is the author of a forthcoming book: Custom Bamboo Flyrod Making with Precision Machine Tools.

NOTES:

1. Peg Dickerson died in 1959. The couple had four children: John, Jane, Glenn, and Burton. Dickerson was remarried in February 1962 to Gertrude Greenwood, a widow and a friend of Dickerson's first wife. Gertrude passed away in 1972.

2. The Packard Motor Car Company and the White Motor Company resumed vehicle manufacture after the depression.

3. Art Flick (author of the *Streamside Guide* and editor of the *Master Fly Tying Guide*) sold a good many of the rods Dickerson sent to Bergman. Art wrote to me that he did this for Bergman without commission for quite a while and finally decided to work directly with Dick. He continued to sell Dickerson rods until 1960, after Ray Bergman's retirement. Dickerson also sold rods after the Second World War through C. Jim Pray, the great "steelheader" and flytier (developer of the Optic series of flies), who lived in Eureka, California, where he fished the Klamath, the Eel, and many other northern California rivers.

4. Martin J. Keane's book, *Classic Rods and Rodmakers* (Winchester Press, 1976), includes a chapter on Lyle Dickerson. Allan J. Liu's *American Sporting Collector's Handbook* (Winchester Press, 1976) also has two pages on Dickerson rods, written by Len Codella of Thomas & Thomas. Ernest Schwiebert, in *Trout* (E. P. Dutton, 1978), has an illustration of a Dickerson rod owned by Art Flick and three pages of discussion about Dickerson rods. An interesting article by Gary Merek about Dickerson appeared in *Rod & Reel* magazine in the May/June 1981 issue. There are some differences in these various accounts, which I hope this article will clear up. In general, however, there has been much less written about Dickerson than about some of the other so-called classic rodmakers.

5. According to Dickerson's son Glenn, a prototype milling machine was built in 1935 or 1936. Construction of the final, improved version was probably begun just before the war.

Fly-Fishing in the Black Hills



The scene above, taken on April 10, 1913, was perhaps the first outing of the season.

Most likely a staged postcard scene, Elmore Falls (at left) is located in Spearfish Canyon. The photo is dated 1913.

Perhaps a staged "action shot" (above right). Quite a splash for such a small fish.

Spearfish Creek (below right) flows through lush stands of spruce and over ancient beds of limestone that contribute to the stream's remarkable fertility.

circa 1910

by Scott Zieske



In the last issue of the American Fly Fisher, we made a plea to our readers to assist us in augmenting our collection of historically significant angling photographs. The photographs by W. B. Perkins that accompany this article exemplify the type of material we are seeking. The people, their fishing tackle, and their attire, as well as the environment of a small, isolated area in western South Dakota shortly after the turn of the century, have been captured for our perusal. These photographs furnish germane information in a condensed, accurate, and enduring format, not only for those interested in the history of recreational sport, but for historians in general, sociologists, geographers, and others whose disciplines relate to the developing American scene.

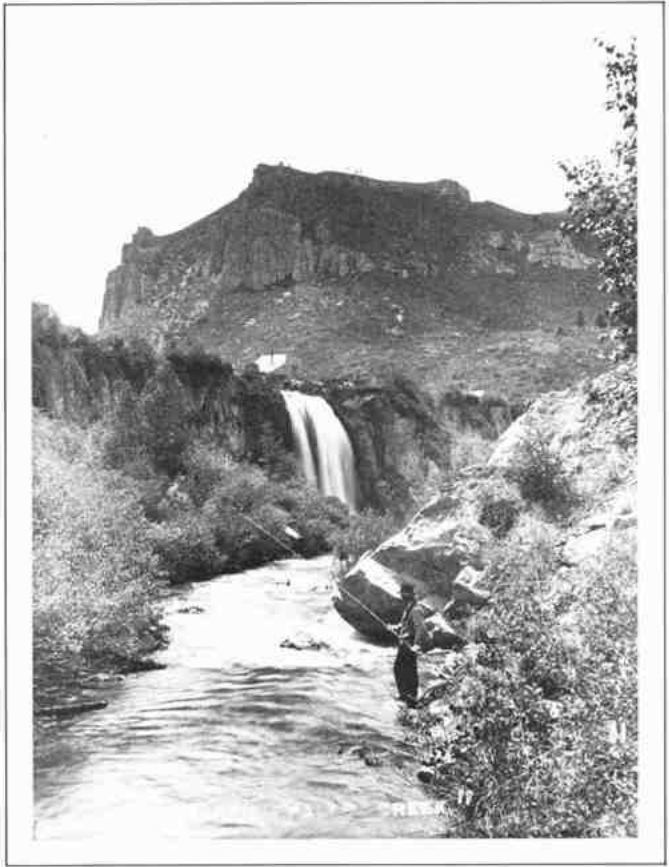
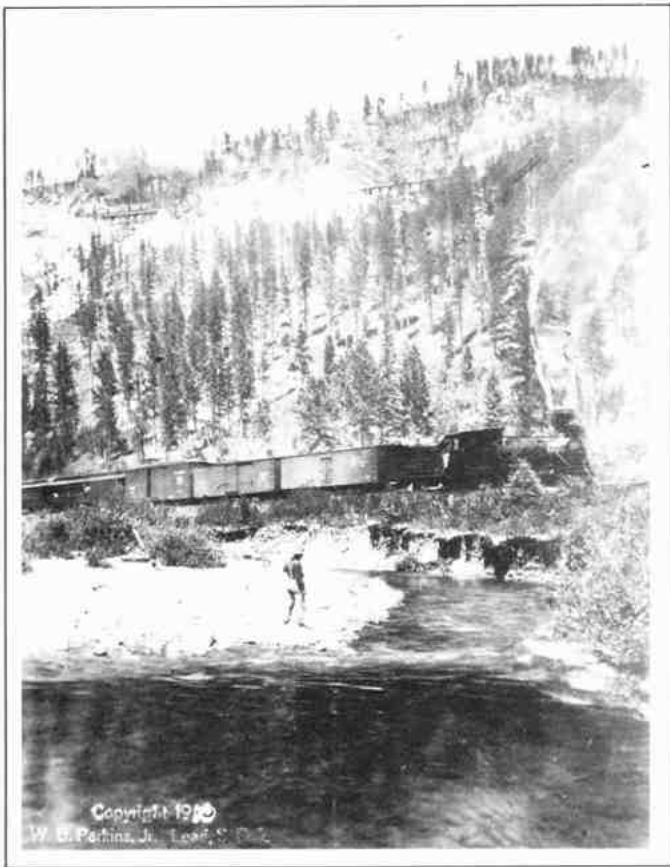
In 1874, General George Armstrong Custer led an expedition into a small, mountainous region of Dakota Territory known to the Sioux Indians as Paha Sapa—the Black Hills. This, one of the oldest American mountain ranges, was so named because the dense stands of spruce and ponderosa pine made the foothills appear black when viewed from the surrounding prairies. The Black Hills contain an isolated “island” of weathered granite and limestone; the region occupies an area roughly forty-five miles wide and seventy-five miles long. The uplift is located on the South Dakota-Wyoming border, with the larger portion lying in South Dakota.

Custer’s 1874 expedition “officially” discovered gold near the present townsite of Custer, South Dakota. Placer or streambed deposits were discovered in the northern Black Hills soon afterward, and the gold rush of 1876 was on. The streams of the Black Hills held some gold, but little else of note. Though given eons to do so and less than two hundred miles east of Wyoming’s towering Big Horns, the native regional salmonid species, cutthroat trout (*Salmo clarki*), did not migrate as far as the Black Hills. Thus, early miners and settlers found only mountain suckers and dace indigenous to the sparkling spring-fed streams of the tiny mountain range.

It didn’t take long, however, for Black Hills immigrants to observe that the ecosystem and riparian habitat were strikingly similar to other areas of the country where trout populations easily thrived. So a fine regional trout fishery was soon developed. To this day, however, fishing has been virtually limited to locals only. Few serious nonresident fishermen made South Dakota’s Black Hills one of their favorite destinations. One of the trout fisher’s best-kept secrets, the region is enjoyed by local fly fishermen with little or no fanfare.

In 1889, residents of the area formally petitioned for the establishment of a federal trout hatchery. Subsequently, a shipment of trout fry from Colorado was made for a trial release. The fish thrived, and a hatchery was established in the town of Spearfish, on the northern edge of the Black Hills. Construction on the hatchery began in 1898. The Spearfish National Fish Hatchery became the cornerstone of trout propagation and recreational fishing in the hills. A little-known fact among trout-fishing aficionados is that for many years the Spearfish hatchery was headquarters for federal hatchery operations in much of the western United States. They were charged with the supervision of the Yellowstone





National Park fisheries some four hundred miles to the west. Expeditions of horse-drawn wagons were made annually from Spearfish to Yellowstone for collection of trout eggs. In later years, young fish were transported by the famous United States Fish and Wildlife Service railroad. By the turn of the century, four trout species had been introduced in Black Hills streams with varying degrees of success: the cutthroat, the brown trout (von Behr and Loch Leven strains), the eastern brook trout, and the rainbow trout. The brook trout and the brown trout were especially successful; reproducing populations of these two genera were quickly established. For various reasons, populations of the rainbow and cutthroat trouts were not as stable and have endured only in a few locations.

By the turn of the century, when the mining camps of the Black Hills were still booming, a number of commercial photographers had set up shops in some of the larger communities and were busy recording the events and the personages of the day. Fortunately, one of these pioneer masters of the glass-plate negative was himself an ardent fly fisherman. William Bradford Perkins Jr. of Lead, South Dakota, a photographer specializing in postcard scenes of the Black Hills, chronicled early fly-fishing on the area's best trout stream, the beautiful Spearfish Creek, in a series of photographs taken between 1905 and 1915. Although some of the photos are obviously staged for purposes of postcard subject matter, several in the series appear to have been taken on legitimate sport-fishing expeditions. In any case, Perkins's photographs provide valuable insight into sport fishing in an area of the country whose contribution to America's fly-fishing heritage has heretofore been unrecognized and, indeed, largely unknown.

The Perkins photographic collection was acquired in 1982 by this writer for the Homestake Mining Company archives. Homestake, operator of the world-famous Homestake Gold Mine at Lead, owns most of the property and water rights in Spearfish Canyon. The company manages the area for public recreation and as a sport fishery. Spearfish Creek, in the canyon area, remains one of the top trout waters in the Black Hills. It holds reproducing populations of brown, brook, and rainbow trout.

That W. B. Perkins took his trout fishing quite seriously is evidenced not only by his fine photographs—including the very nice still life that depicts a "Morning's Catch" of four different trout species taken in Spearfish Canyon in 1911—but also by a book recently acquired by this author: *Tricks and Knacks of Fishing* (1911). The book contains Perkins's stamp and is inscribed to "P. B. Deen, Lead, So. Dak. from W. B. Perkins." Perkins's stamp is on the frontispiece, and he checked several chapters for Mr. Deen to read. They include: "Casting the Fly," "Points on Fly-fishing," and "How to Know What Flies to Use." In addition, other chapters, including those on the use of a landing net and on the repair of waders, as well as one on "Brotherhood Among Fishermen," were recommended. The rather innocuous little book is primarily an advertising piece put out by its publisher, the Horton Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Connecticut. Horton produced an extensive, albeit inexpensive, line of steel bait, surf, and fly-casting rods in the early 1900s. Evidently, W. B. Perkins either liked and used the company's products or the book itself enough to give the small volume to his fishing friends. §

This is Scott Zieske's first contribution to the American Fly Fisher. Scott is the assistant director of Public Affairs for the Homestake Mining Company in Lead, South Dakota. He is currently working on an article on Goodwin Granger fly rods, which we hope to publish in a future issue of the American Fly Fisher.



The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad (above far left and above) traversed Spearfish Canyon in the days before highway travel. It was a popular and spectacular trip for the Black Hills tourist. Fishermen rode the railroad to their favorite fishing spots in the canyon. It also made stops in the canyon along the creek to accommodate the traveling fisherman, first leaving him off at a likely spot and then picking him up on the return run, 1910.

Spearfish Falls (above left) was located at Savoy in mid-Spearfish Canyon. Unfortunately, due to road construction and water diversion, this picturesque waterfall no longer exists.

A scene circa 1911 on upper Spearfish Creek (below left) at the cabin at Hell's Gate. This was and still is brook-trout water.

The W. B. Perkins still life (below) entitled "A Morning's Catch," 1911. Four species of trout are included in the catch: cutthroat, rainbow, brook, and brown. (We remind our readers that the brook trout is a char and not of the genus Salmo).



Notes and Comment

Reissue

It has come to our attention that Charles Lanman's *A Summer in the Wilderness*, 1847, has recently been reprinted. As original editions of Lanman's work are scarce and usually very expensive, we applaud the Black Letter Press for making a new edition of this rare volume readily available once again. It describes a trip Lanman took during the summer of 1846 from St. Louis to the headwaters of the Mississippi and then across Lake Superior. He caught black bass, northern pike, and trout—all on flies! Lanman's books are among the first to formally document sport fishing with flies in the United States and are thus important to angling historians. The reprint is replete with an informative introduction by Richard T. Maloof. Copies may be obtained by writing to Donald D. Teets, Black Letter Press, 601 Bridge Street, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49504. The cost, including postage, is \$14.95 for the clothbound and \$7.00 for the paperback version. Before leaving the subject, we

remind our readers that the Museum does not have a single Lanman item in its collection, and that munificence is next to godliness—or something like that.

Bureaucratic Snafu

We had hoped to publish the accompanying photograph of the seventeenth-century painting "View of Zaragoza" with Richard Hoffmann's article on Basurto's *Dialogo* (see the *American Fly Fisher*, vol. 11, no. 4). Unfortunately, transatlantic mail service was slower than we had anticipated. The painting was executed in 1647 for Philip IV by Juan Bautista Martínez del Mago. Basurto resided in Zaragoza after his retirement.

Corrigenda

We regret to report that we have missed the mark again. The following corrections are noted for Richard Hoffmann's

essay, "The Evidence for Early European Angling, I: Basurto's *Dialogo of 1539*," which appeared in volume 11, number 4, of the *American Fly Fisher*.

Page 4, column 3: The quotation beginning "a fisherman..." should be inclusive through "... the whole year."

In the last line of the same column, a closing parenthesis should be inserted after "c x verso."

Page 4, note 3: The date of the Beall article is 1981, not 1982.

Page 6, note 21: The original Spanish (fol. c vi recto) follows: "...que algunos años por mar y por tierra lo usado por apartarme de algunos vicios que son sepultura de los hombres y perpetua prisión de sus ánimas...."

Page 9, note 47: Samuel was Vicar of Godmanchester from circa 1550 to 1580.

In volume 12, number 1, we note the following corrections.

Page 2: The author's name is John Stuart Skinner.

Page 7: Caption to illustration should read "...Richard Franck's *Northern Memoirs, 1694*."

Page 15: Two reel photographs were inadvertently switched. The Sellers Basket reel is below left and the Meisselbach Amateur is to the right. §



Photo courtesy of Museum del Prado, Madrid, Spain



Julia Freeman Fairchild

In volume 8, number 4, of the American Fly Fisher, we published an article by Susie Isaksen entitled "The Woman Fly-fisher's Club." The club was founded in 1932 by Julia Fairchild and Frank (Mrs. Karl) Connell. We recently learned of the death of Mrs. Fairchild and asked Susie Isaksen to write a memoir of fly-fishing's grande dame. It appears below.

Every May since its founding more than fifty years ago, the Woman Flyfisher's Club (WFF) dedicated an entire weekend of fishing to celebrate Julia Freeman Fairchild's birthday. But not this year. The grande dame of American angling died last November.

I first met this happy and charismatic super-angler when she was ninety-five. That was in New York City, at a special meeting arranged so that I could compile a history of the WFF for the *American Fly Fisher*. Her powerful and decisive personality had a profound impact on me at the time. Subsequent letters and phone calls reaffirmed her influence. She was for me, and through memory will continue to be, a role model—a person I greatly respect and wish to emulate.

I am not the only one. Four generations of women fly fishers looked up to her; she always set the example. When it came to fly-fishing, she insisted that all members be proficient casters, have good equipment, be totally familiar with all

aspects of equipment care, know all knots, and otherwise be thoroughly capable of taking care of themselves while on the stream. There were to be no squeamish attitudes concerning the handling and cleaning of fish. This plucky woman, who caught her last large trout on her ninety-fifth birthday, celebrated her ninety-seventh birthday by going trout fishing.

Aside from fishing and a thirty-nine-year career as founding president of the WFF (and thereafter its perpetual guiding spirit), Mrs. Fairchild was also a well-known conservationist. A former Trout Unlimited national board member, she saw to it that greenways and parks were included in plans for several highways, civic buildings, and even entire redevelopment projects. Once a director of the Long Island Chapter of the Nature Conservancy, she helped to raise money to purchase lands for natural areas and a public beach. The 125-acre Fairchild Connecticut Garden bird sanctuary, just north of Greenwich, was a gift from her and her late husband, Tappen Fairchild, to the National Audubon Society. She was a founder of the Whaling Museum in Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, and she saw to it that Sagamore Hill (Theodore Roosevelt's country home) was declared a national monument. She was chairman of the New York Junior League building committee and president of the

Northeast Harbor Library in Maine. She belonged to numerous garden clubs; she served as a trustee of the Suffolk County Parks Commission; she was active in the American Red Cross; and, somehow, she still found time to go trout fishing.

While in her early nineties, she launched a vigorous campaign to save the Cold Spring Harbor Hatchery, not too far from her Long Island home. It is a fisheries education center where every year youngsters by the thousands delight in seeing trout eggs and fry, as well as adult fish. The hatchery grounds include the Julia F. Fairchild Exhibit Building, which was dedicated two years ago.

Looking back over her busy career Mrs. Fairchild said, "In the happy, busy years of my life, I have tried to add a spoke to the wheel; to be concerned; to be a guardian for the future." Of the many honors and awards that she received, she liked best of all the Steuben crystal trout with a gold fan-wing trout fly in its upper lip, which the WFF gave her when she stepped down as president.

Mrs. Fairchild was ninety-eight years old when she died on November 4, 1984. She is survived by two sons living on Long Island, Freeman Fairchild of East Hampton and Benjamin T. Fairchild of Huntington Station, her daughter Talia R. Manser of Southbury, Connecticut, four grandchildren, and eight great-grandchildren.

—SUSIE ISAKSEN

Join the Museum

Membership Dues:

Associate	\$ 20
Sustaining	\$ 30
Patron	\$ 100
Sponsor	\$ 250
Life	\$1000

Membership includes a subscription 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 and the American Association for State and Local History. We are a nonprofit, educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

Support the Museum

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.

Back Issues of the *American Fly Fisher*

The following back issues are available at \$4.00 per copy:

- Volume 5, Numbers 3 and 4
- Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4
- Volume 7, Numbers 2, 3 and 4
- Volume 8, Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4
- Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2 and 3
- Volume 10, Numbers 1, 2 and 3
- Volume 11, Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4
- Volume 12, Number 1



The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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Manchester
Vermont 05254

Museum News



Joseph D. Bates Jr. photographed recently at The American Museum of Fly Fishing with two panels of fully dressed classic Atlantic-salmon flies tied by Scotland's Megan Boyd. Photo by John Merwin

Classic Salmon-Fly Collection Acquired

What has been called by many authorities the world's foremost collection of classic Atlantic-salmon flies—both antique and modern—has been recently acquired by The American Museum of Fly Fishing. The collection represents decades of work by Joseph D. Bates Jr. of Longmeadow, Massachusetts, the well-known author and angler, whose many books include the popular *Atlantic Salmon Flies and Fishing*. Highlights from the collection are the topic of a new exhibition opening at the museum's Manchester, Vermont, galleries on May 19, 1985.

The thousands of flies of this collection range from primitive and drab, early nineteenth-century patterns through the gaudy patterns of the Victorian era and into the simpler hair- and/or feather-wing patterns that became popular in the 1920s and 1930s and remain so today. Noting that the collection has an independently appraised value well in excess of \$100,000, Museum Director John Merwin explained that a phased donation plan had been developed with assistance from the museum's accounting firm that will allow Mr. Bates, as donor, to realize the maximum benefit from his donation over time. At the same time, the collection is now available for viewing and research.

"After almost two years of intermittent discussion and friendly negotiation, we were able to assure Mr. Bates that the Museum could appropriately care for and house this collection, and we were able to assist in developing a plan that made his donation attractive for all concerned. It certainly is a major step in the growth of our collection as a whole," Merwin said.

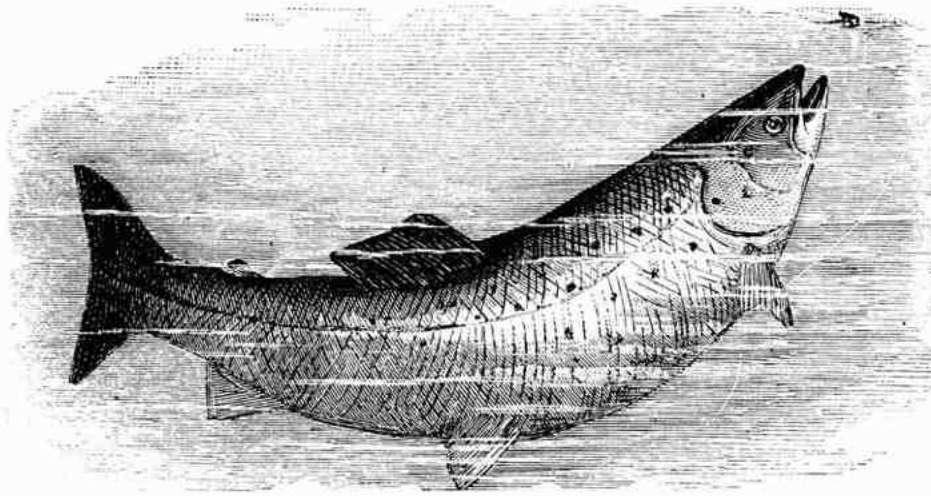
Although both the collection and the current exhibition cover the full history

of salmon flies, the most colorful and popular among viewers are those developed during the late nineteenth century, with some flies, such as a Jock Scott, being made of almost forty components, many of them exotic feathers from many parts of the world. As the British millinery trade expanded under Victoria, it became possible for fly dressers to obtain such feathers as South American cotinga (chatterer), Indian jungle fowl, and African bustard. Part of the museum's current exhibit features a large wall map of the globe with samples of these and other exotic feathers displayed on their countries of origin.

The development of these colorful Victorian classics was encouraged by such period authors as Francis, Kelson, Hale, and Pryce-Tannatt, all of whom now are regarded as giants in the classic-fly field. This collection and exhibition features the now-antique brass and iron fly-tying vise used by Kelson, Pryce-Tannatt, and others during their turn-of-the-century trips to the River Usk in Wales. Also included are some other items from the Three Salmons Hotel in Usk where, starting in the early 1800s, a fly-tying area was kept for such important angler-guests.

The tying of these complex classics is once again becoming popular, occasionally for actual fishing, but more often because they're regarded as the ultimate test of skill among fly tiers and are widely sought by collectors. The Bates collection and exhibition also features numerous examples of classic patterns tied by modern practitioners, both in this country and in western Europe.

For further information please write to John Merwin, Director of The American Museum of Fly Fishing, Post Office Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254, or call him at 802-362-3300.



Lindley E. Eberstadt



Just before putting the finishing touches on this issue of the *American Fly Fisher*, we learned of the death of Lindley Eberstadt, a longtime friend of the Museum, world-renowned antiquarian bookman, bibliophile extraordinaire, and inveterate angler. He died last October. Lindley was born in New York City in 1909; he attended the Horace Mann School and graduated from Columbia University in 1932. He was active in intercollegiate athletics at Columbia, and he became one of the founders of the Morningside Players. After graduation, he was employed by his father as a member of the antiquarian book firm, Edward Eberstadt and Sons. He remained with the firm until 1975, when he retired as president. Specializing in Americana (especially Western Americana), Lindley, together with his father and his brother Charles, was instrumental in building some of the finest institutional collec-

tions of Americana in this country—namely, the libraries at Harvard, Yale, University of Texas, University of California, and University of Virginia, as well as the Library of Congress. The Eberstadts were also intimately associated with the development of the well-known private collections of Beinecke, Streeter, Groff, and Coe. A book collector himself, Lindley's private collection of rare American material included original sixteenth- and seventeenth-century manuscripts and diaries relating to Spanish explorations in the American Southwest, one of the largest and finest collections of nineteenth-century angling books and periodicals, and a remarkable collection of nineteenth-century American art. He was a founding member of the Windbeam Angling Club, and a member of the Yale Anglers, the Anglers' Club of New York, the New York Athletic Club, the Grolier Club, the American Museum of Fly Fishing, the Montclair Golf Club,

and the Bay Head Yacht Club.

We can personally attest to Lindley's prowess as an angler. On several occasions, we had the privilege of observing him haul a few sockdolagers from the depths of a pool or two at the Windbeam Club. The instrument of capture was a rather gaudy hairwing bucktail that he claimed imitated a rare genus of mayfly indigenous only to certain streams in northern New Jersey. We also mention in passing that Lindley once won the U. S. Atlantic Tuna Tournament with a 734-pound fish.

We certainly mourn the passing of a dear friend, but take solace in the fact that he is now probably catching more fish, bigger fish, and he doesn't have to worry about those damn black flies any more. We plan an article on Yale's Eberstadt angling collection in a future issue of the *American Fly Fisher*.



the firm's reputation, and the firm's financial performance.

Second, the firm's reputation is a valuable asset that can be used to attract and retain customers, employees, and investors. A firm with a strong reputation is more likely to be successful in the long run.

Third, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its values and culture. A firm that is committed to ethical values and a strong culture is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Fourth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its financial performance. A firm that is financially successful is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Fifth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its social responsibility. A firm that is committed to social responsibility is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Sixth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its environmental performance. A firm that is committed to environmental performance is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Seventh, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its human resources. A firm that is committed to human resources is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Eighth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its customer service. A firm that is committed to customer service is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Ninth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its product quality. A firm that is committed to product quality is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Tenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its innovation. A firm that is committed to innovation is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Eleventh, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its leadership. A firm that is committed to leadership is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Twelfth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its community involvement. A firm that is committed to community involvement is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Thirteenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its transparency. A firm that is committed to transparency is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Fourteenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its diversity. A firm that is committed to diversity is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Fifteenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its sustainability. A firm that is committed to sustainability is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Sixteenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its social impact. A firm that is committed to social impact is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Seventeenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its environmental impact. A firm that is committed to environmental impact is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Eighteenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its human capital. A firm that is committed to human capital is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Nineteenth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its customer loyalty. A firm that is committed to customer loyalty is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Twentieth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its product innovation. A firm that is committed to product innovation is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Twenty-first, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its leadership development. A firm that is committed to leadership development is more likely to have a strong reputation.

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Twenty-fifth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its sustainability development. A firm that is committed to sustainability development is more likely to have a strong reputation.

Twenty-sixth, the firm's reputation is a reflection of its social impact development. A firm that is committed to social impact development is more likely to have a strong reputation.