

Fly Fishing
HERITAGE

Published by Derbyshire Rodbuilders, Ltd.
SUITE 20, 2025 SOUTH BRENTWOOD BLVD., ST. LOUIS, MO 63144

BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
ST. LOUIS, MO.
PERMIT NO. 3691



WINTER 1987
\$5.00

Fly Fishing **HERITAGE**



Discover 88 New Products In Your Orvis Fishing Catalog

Are you tired of seeing the same old products in every catalog? Does it look like fly fishing gear has lost its excitement? Then you haven't seen an Orvis catalog. With 88 new and improved fly fishing products this spring, Orvis is the most innovative fly fishing company in the world. We have an extensive field testing staff,

and over 85 percent of the fishing products in the Orvis catalog are items we developed ourselves.

We don't design and produce fly fishing gear because it's a fad — fly fishing is our life, and has been for 132 years. Because we plan on being around, anything you buy from us is 100% guaranteed.

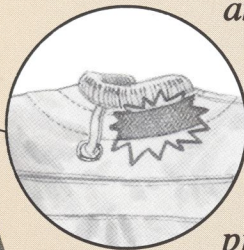
Like these new products:



Super Tac-L-Pak Vests, with a unique yoke strap to shift the weight off your neck, are now available in olive, to match streamside foliage to help you sneak up on skittish trout.



Windproof Green Mountain Fly Boxes organize and store your flies safely, so you can find the pattern you need at a glance.



Battenkill Disc Reels will help you catch bigger fish, because the drag is strong and ultra-smooth at high rpms. They're corrosion-resistant so you can use them in fresh or salt water. A powerhouse of a reel for under \$100.00.



Flashback Nymphs, one of the most deadly patterns to be developed in years, will catch trout even when no fish are rising.



Guide Weight Neoprene Waders keep you warm even in 40 degree water. They're the most comfortable waders ever made — reinforced knees for long life and built-in handwarmer pockets.

Order any of the items on this page with a toll-free phone call 1-800-548-9548 . . . or call to request your free copy of the Orvis Spring Fishing Catalog. You can also see Orvis products at your local Orvis dealer.

ORVIS®

Manchester, Vermont 05254

Orvis supports and endorses Trout Unlimited, The American Museum of Fly Fishing, Federation of Fly Fishers, The Ruffed Grouse Society, The Nature Conservancy, Ducks Unlimited, and The Atlantic Salmon Federation.

Fly Fishing HERITAGE

WINTER 1987 / VOLUME 1 / NUMBER 4

Editor: Tom Widmar
Associate Editor: Joe Humphreys
Editorial Assistant: Karen Gallina
Editorial Assistant: Susan Widmar
Creative Direction: Wilcox Graphic Design
Production: Sheryl Wilcox
Lithography: JRH Graphics
Circulation: Delores Cassani
Business Manager: Trace Laux

Contributing Editors

Spencer E. Turner/**Conservation**
 Robert M. Poole/**Books**
 Bob Krumm/**Nature**
 Sylvester Nemes/**Traditions**
 Jim Casada/**History**
 Richard W. Talleur/**Flies**
 Ron Cordes/**Stillwater**
 Conrad Voss Bark/**England**
 John Gierach/**Humor**

All editorial correspondence, manuscripts, artwork and photographs should be sent to the Editor, *Fly Fishing Heritage*, Suite 20, 2025 South Brentwood Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63144. (314) 968-8424. Editorial contributions must be accompanied by return postage and will be handled with reasonable care; however, the publisher assumes no responsibility for the return or safety of artwork, photographs or manuscripts.

ADVERTISING

Rate inquiries should be made to Bev Garnant, Widmar/Garnant and Associates, Inc., Suite 20, 2025 South Brentwood Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63144. (314) 968-8130.

Fly Fishing Heritage is published four times a year by Derbyshire Publications, a division of Derbyshire Rodbuilders, Ltd., Suite 20, 2025 South Brentwood Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63144. Copyright 1987 by Derbyshire Rodbuilders, Ltd. Months of publication are February, May, August and November. The cost per year is \$12.95 for U.S. subscriptions and \$24.95 for foreign subscriptions, air mail postage included. \$19.00 foreign surface mail or Canada. Third class postage paid at St. Louis, Mo. **POSTMASTER:** Please send address changes to *Fly Fishing Heritage*, Suite 20, 2025 So. Brentwood Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. 63144.

CONTENTS

FEATURES

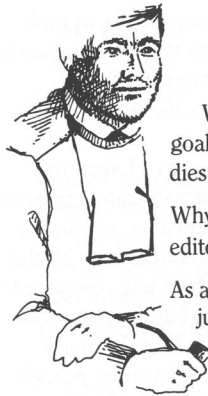
THE REFLECTIVE ANGLER— <i>Jim Casada</i>	11
A RIVER IN EDEN— <i>Kenneth M. Cameron</i>	13
WE MEASURE THEM BETWEEN THE EYES— <i>Bud Lilly and Paul Schullery</i>	19
THE LINEAGE OF THE MAY FLIE— <i>J. Frederic Oswald</i>	22
SELECTED POEMS— <i>Ron Harris</i>	28
THE FLORA AND THE FISH— <i>Dana Griffin</i>	30
THE NOBLE EARL AND THE TROUT— <i>Allen G. Eastby</i>	34
BOOK REVIEWS— <i>Robert M. Poole</i>	38
THE LANGUAGE OF A TROUT STREAM, PART 2— <i>Rick Hafele</i>	40
CHIP STAUFFER AND THE ENGLISH BLUE GAME FOWL— <i>Dick Talleur</i>	43
WHO WE ARE— <i>Spencer E. Turner</i>	46
BASS BY THE NUMBERS— <i>John Gierach</i>	48
AUTHORS	60

STREAMSIDE REPORTS

JOE HUMPHREYS—Strike Indicators	2
THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS: The Heartland of Dixie's Fly Fishing Heritage— <i>Donald W. Kirk</i>	5
LEFTY KREH—Selecting A Fly Fishing Outfit	51
TROUT UNLIMITED: A LOOK BACK— <i>Ralph F. Quinn</i>	56

EDITOR'S NOTES

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS



We are making a promotional mailing to about 150,000 fly fishers. Our goal, of course, is to increase circulation. That's what a magazine lives or dies by. Ours presently exceeds 2500 paid, and we're quite proud of that.

Why are we telling you all this? Is **this** going to be another of those boring editorials seen in so many magazines? Not if you continue reading.

As a subscriber, if you get the promotional mailing, please disregard it. We just don't have any way to separate subscribers from non-subscribers in a list that size. On second thought, don't disregard the mailing. Give it to a friend. Urge him or her to subscribe.

You'll see we are giving all new subscribers a special rate of \$12.95 for five issues and an art print. It is a pastel we commissioned Francis Davis to do entitled "Our Heritage." It will show a youth releasing a trout under the guidance of his older fishing pal. We're excited about that.

As a subscriber who renews, you will get the same offer (five issues for the price of four; only \$12.95). However, even better than that, if you send us the names of two new subscribers and a check for two new one-year subscriptions (\$25.90), we will renew **your** subscription **at no cost**.

ABOUT THE COVER: This month's cover photo was taken by W. H. Privette, outdoor writer and photographer who joins *FFH* as a Contributing Editor. Privette's emphasis will be on woodland skills. Last month's cover, a pastel by Francis Davis, showed Harry Darbee in the Jim Easter Pool on the Margaree River in Nova Scotia.



Joe Humphreys

Strike Indicators

"...there are pros and cons..."

Over the past few years there has been much written about the advantages of the strike indicator. In fact, just about every article that deals with the flyrod and nymphing techniques includes some aspect on the use of the strike indicator.

Strike indicators are not new. Probably even before the bobber on Walton's line alerted old Isaak that he had a taker on his underwater bait, the indicator, in one form or another, has been used.

Twenty years ago, a common practice with some nymph fishermen was to roll styrofoam and place it at the butt of the leader, a couple of feet from the nymph. Today, of course, the indicator is touted as being a new innovation.

But there have always been problems with indicators on flylines and leaders, and students of the game, those with knowledge and experience, have shunned their use. For good reasons.

Now hold on! Don't go for the lynching party. This article will deal with the pros and cons of strike indicators.

I become concerned and more than a bit irritated with the gimmick producers who proclaim their revolutionary creation will solve all problems for the nymph fisher, and who claim they will instantly make a novice an expert. It's false advertising and limits the potential of the angler.

How many times have I seen the neophyte on a trout stream catching trout with the use of an indicator, exuding a heavy dose of over-confidence with the bravado that he has flyfishing conquered? Far too many. And what happens with early success? It's limiting. In many cases the angler stops learning, perceiving and observing, and the real indicators go unnoticed. The strike indicator becomes a crutch.

Okay. Admittedly strike indicators can help the beginner or those with visual difficulties, but the use of other senses (not just sight) is vital to nymphing success. Reliance on sight alone will not let other senses and instincts develop. This is one reason for not recommending strike indicators for the ultimate nymphing experience. Concentration is the key. You develop a keen awareness. It comes

with experience.

You realize how important feel and instincts are when night fishing. When you're working nymphs off the bottom in pitch darkness, that subtle touch, or simply an awareness, announces a take.

Strike indicators, unless you constantly adjust them for the depth and speed of each pocket or type of water you're fishing, can be a hindrance to your nymphing success. And how many anglers ever adjust? Damn few. About the same number that adjust the amount of weight and tippet length for each pocket.

There are reasons anglers don't adjust strike indicators. They don't understand the need to do so. Indicators can be a pain to adjust. The adhesive type won't slide. Sleeves slide all the time. Fluorescent yarn slides and disappears, or you just plain can't keep it on. Most fishermen can't be bothered or are indifferent to making constant adjustments to their tackle, but these changes are vital if you want to be consistent.

If the indicator is set a couple of feet up the leader and you're working on a piece of water five or six feet deep, you need the nymph on the bottom. You add weight to the leader to get it there, but then your strike indicator submarines—unless you adjust. To reach the bottom in a deep pool or to make a more delicate presentation to a sophisticated trout in low, clear water you may have the strike indicator set back too far. In either case, your indicator is too far away from the nymph and by the time your indicator moves, it's too late for the connection. You depended upon the strike indicator and never were in control of your line and leader from rod-tip to nymph.

An angler can become so engrossed in watching the strike indicator that he loses line control; just as a dry-fly fisherman can become so intent on watching the fly that he forgets to pick up the slack line as the fly drifts to him. When the rise occurs, there is too much slack to lift to set the hook.

Adjustment of the indicator in shallow water is just as critical. If it is too close to a free-floating nymph, the nymph, even in relatively shallow water, may never reach a bottom-feeding fish. In

early spring, in cold water, a native trout might refuse to lift. Your nymph was never in the business district.

Visual concentration on the strike indicator can cause you to be unaware of other indicators, such as the flash of the fish as it takes, a dimple as a fish lifts to the nymph, or a slight disturbance in broken water. These natural strike indicators can occur before your artificial indicator ever announces the strike. Here again, line control is part of it and expecting too much action from your indicator is another part.

A friend, George Trimble, and I were fishing the San Juan River in New Mexico. We were waist deep in water, drifting nymphs down stream and catching fish. George's comment was: "I didn't realize how easy those fish could pick up a nymph, and what little motion occurred at the point where the leader and water meet." You almost had to sense it. The leader would drift upstream imperceptibly. You had to look twice, and really concentrate to detect its direction, often striking on impulse and in awe when the rod tip took a nose-dive with a heavy fish.

Over the years, I've witnessed the action of soft takes from trout while winter nymphing with a cold wind for zombie-like fish, where the strike with wind action was not discernible, but instincts prodded me to set the hook. How many fish do we never detect? Far too many. I've watched trout countless times suck in a nymph and eject it without any indication of a take on the leader or line. A segment of my video, *Master Nymphing Techniques*, vividly portrays the trout sucking in a nymph and ejecting it in a split second.

Pocket water tactics I use include striking on a one or two count—never waiting to see if there is movement at the leader.

Areas where there are a series of short, shallow pockets, velocity changes behind boulders or stones, fast dropping riffles and broken water are good for this tactic.

When fishing upstream, and using a short line and a short cast where the rod tip is elevated at the extension of the

cast and the line is tight from rod tip to nymph, striking before the nymph ever finishes the drift can give you many pleasant surprises.

I've been asked at different times: "How did you know you had a hit?! I didn't. But I did know that in a short run of fast-moving water, it takes only the blink of an eye for a trout to pick up a nymph and eject it. You can't wait for a strike indicator to move.

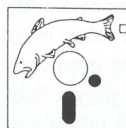
What I'm saying is this: Concentration on a fine leader is a whole lot more demanding than watching a sleeve or a bobber, but I feel it sharpens your game. You hone in on the action and become more perceptive. It's an intuitive game where your instincts, senses and vision all interrelate to make it work.



When working upstream, using either the tuck cast for depth, or a straightened leader in shallow water or for surface feeders, elevate the rod tip to pick up slack line as the nymph drifts back to you. You're stripping line to maintain contact from rod tip to nymph. You want to feel that nymph on the bottom when you're working the bottom. Unless adjusted for a specific depth, strike indicators hang, drag and hinder that finite contact.

As you elevate the rod tip and strip in the line coming back to you, the strike indicator lifts off the water. Now your target changes. Visual contact must be with the leader where it enters the water. But is it? Probably not. You're still watching an indicator hanging on the

COMP-U-TROUT™



**The Fly Fishing Log for the 80's —
Combining Efficiency with Tradition**
*Record and Study Fly Fishing Data on
Your Computer.*

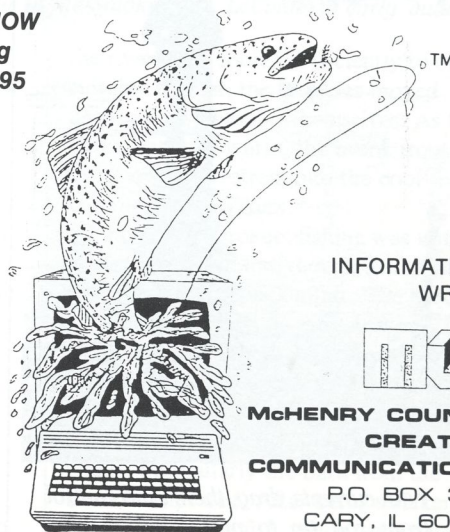
Named one of the most "innovative" fishing products of 1987 because it is "genuinely different" and has "the potential to change the way you go fishing."

— *Field & Stream*, January 1987

**You've Been Reading About It; NOW
It is Available Through Fly Fishing
Shops and Catalogs, Still — \$29.95**
Credit Card Orders
Call 1-800-247-6172
(1-312-250-9292 in Illinois)

For These Computer Systems:
MS-DOS® 2 (IBM-PC® and
Compatibles)
Apple II®
Commodore 64®

MS-DOS, IBM-PC, Apple II, and
Commodore 64 are registered trade-
marks of Microsoft Corp.; International
Business Machines, Inc.; Apple Com-
puter, Inc.; and Commodore Business
Machines, Inc., respectively.

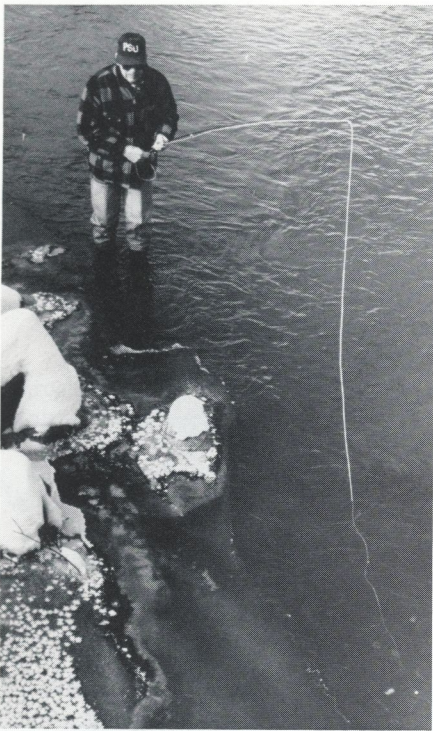


FOR
INFORMATION,
WRITE:



**McHENRY COUNTY
CREATIVE
COMMUNICATIONS**
P.O. BOX 354
CARY, IL 60013

STREAMSIDE REPORTS



Down Stream Nymphing Technique: An indicator can help—with distance and choppy water or when you can't position yourself and downstream is the only answer.



With currents, drag, there is no control from rod tip to nymph. If a trout took there would be too much slack line to make a connection.

leader, out of the water, and you're not in touch with the action.

There are times when you need a drag-free float with a nymph. In fact, most of the time a drag free float with a nymph can be every bit as important as a drag-free float with a dry fly. Strike indicators can restrict the drag-free drift. Currents pulling through the line, leader and indicator can pull the nymph at an unnatural speed.

One prime aspect of a good drag-free float is a cast that will give you those soft coils of leader up to the nymph for an extended drift. Especially when sight fishing and you can see the trout take. Here again, a strike indicator can inhibit the leader's performance. You may get a short drift, but you won't get enough slack in the tippet for an extended one.

On flat water where there is water clarity, such as on a clear spring creek, and the trout have been fished over, you pop a strike indicator over those babies and you can kiss 'em good-bye. You've got to use some judgment. Basically, it's a matter of good common sense.

Indicators can cause other problems if you're not aware of the implications. I watched a young angler play a fish, and he had one hell of a time landing it because the strike indicator prevented him from reeling the line in to where he could reach the fish. With both arms extended over his head, the rod as high as he could elevate it and standing on his toes, he still couldn't reach the fish or the line. It was a comedy of errors. I don't know if he ever did land the fish.

The Pros: One situation when an indicator can make the difference is when you need an extended downstream drift and the leader, at a distance, is not discernible. Distance and choppy water make it nearly impossible to witness a take. Not only does the floating fluorescent indicator help visually, but it can keep the nymph off the bottom at the desired level.

When steelheads or browns are moving up tributaries, small glo-sacs, drifting naturally off the bottom, can take fish. At times, the fish lie out beyond casting distance. Extended drift can be the ticket.

Downstream drifts with nymphs or wet flies might be the only answer when

you can't position yourself for an upstream approach. The floating fluorescent indicator, at dusk, can help—but in total darkness, feel and senses take over.


There are times when a bobber, nymph tip, sleeve, wool yarn or whichever indicator you're using can definitely help. Beginners often have no concept or knowledge of what to look for, but can understand the dip of a bobber or the jerk or hesitation of a fluorescent sleeve. Like training wheels on a bicycle, strike indicators can help you at the start. After you learn, however, you shouldn't depend on them.

As the eye and its sharpness dim with age (any visual handicap for that matter), something larger than a leader or a line tip certainly helps.

A few years ago, Cortland Line Co. came out with a weight forward nymph tip line. The first several inches were fluorescent red.

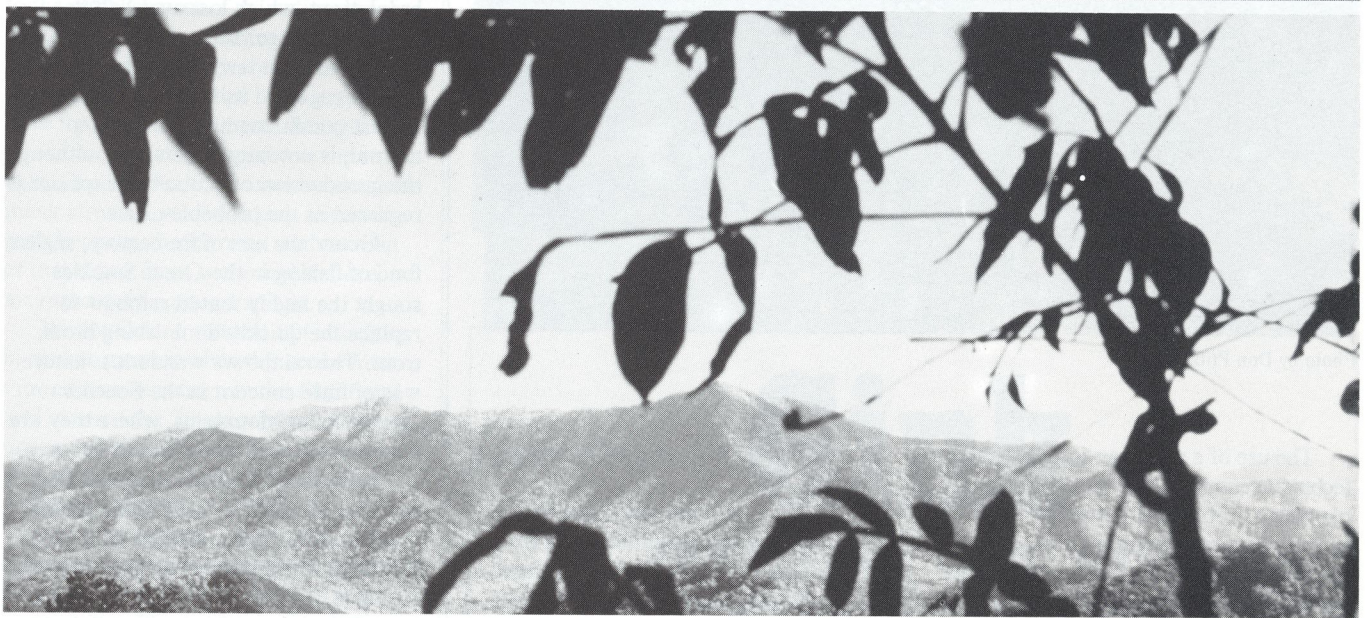
I did have success with this line. The weight forward section enabled me to get a deep tuck with the tuck cast. The fluorescent tip was a direct guide as to the immediate location of the nymph as it tucked and dropped. Though I didn't rely totally on the tip as a strike indicator, I knew where the nymph entered the water. Where visibility was limited, the line gave me direction.

Today, leaders with fluorescent butts are emerging. These are helpful particularly when the lighting is bad or in heavy, choppy water conditions. They give you an edge in visibility, but only when that portion of leader is visible. The point where the leader enters the water may not necessarily be the fluorescent section, but it is the point on which you must concentrate. The fluorescent butt, however, does give you a point of reference.

So, there are pros and cons for strike indicators. I'm saying they can help you, and who knows, if I reach a stage in life where visibility is limited, I may have to use a bright, buoyant bobber. Before that happens, however, I'll depend on my senses, instincts and experience to guide me. Perhaps you should as well. Don't be a slave to a system. Be versatile. Flexible. Think for yourself. Don't let one concept limit the game. If you do, you'll miss one hell of a show! 

THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS:

The Heartland of Dixie's Fly Fishing Heritage



A view of the Smokies (Mt. LeConte) in early autumn.

Hazy clouds engulf the lofty Great Smoky Mountains every morning; a scene which has greeted anglers there since their first arrival at these ancient megaliths. Over six-hundred miles of crystalline trout water drains this half million acre federal park. Since the first days of angling with flies in the United States, this area exerts a strong magnetism, attracting anglers eager to vie with its trout rich waters.

The story of trout fishing in the Great Smoky Mountains and surrounding regions has been largely ignored in print. Whether for sport or sustenance, fishing at the streams of the Smokies has long been a favorite pursuit. Trout fishing in the crystal-clean waters of the Smokies has occupied a special place in the fabric

by Donald W. Kirk

All photos by Joann Kirk unless noted otherwise.

of mountain life since before the arrival of the settlers.

The Cherokee Indians were perhaps the first people to encounter the local brook trout. The Cherokee name for these colorful little fish was "Unahvsahti". Like all eastern waters, the brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*), is the Smokies' only native trout.

The brookies of the Smokies were "marooned" here after the glacial epoch. Originally an ocean-dwelling fish from the Arctic, the brook trout migrated down the Eastern seacoast, fleeing the freezing onslaught of the ensuing Ice Age. When

the rivers had cooled sufficiently to offer suitable habitat, the brookies moved upstream, establishing themselves. As the rivers began to warm, the brook trout were forced to retreat into the cool mountain headwaters.

For the Cherokee, fishing was not a recreational pastime, though it was not altogether an arduous affair. The brook trout served as trail fare for Indian travelers crossing the rugged mountains. A favorite and very effective Indian method of getting trout was to sprinkle a pool or two with poison made from local plants, particularly the bark from the black walnut tree. After being stricken by the poison, the fish, which were usually stunned, floated to the surface and were easily gathered.

STREAMSIDE REPORTS

An old photo showing how rainbow trout were first hauled into back country areas of the Southern Appalachian Mts. by mule and sled.

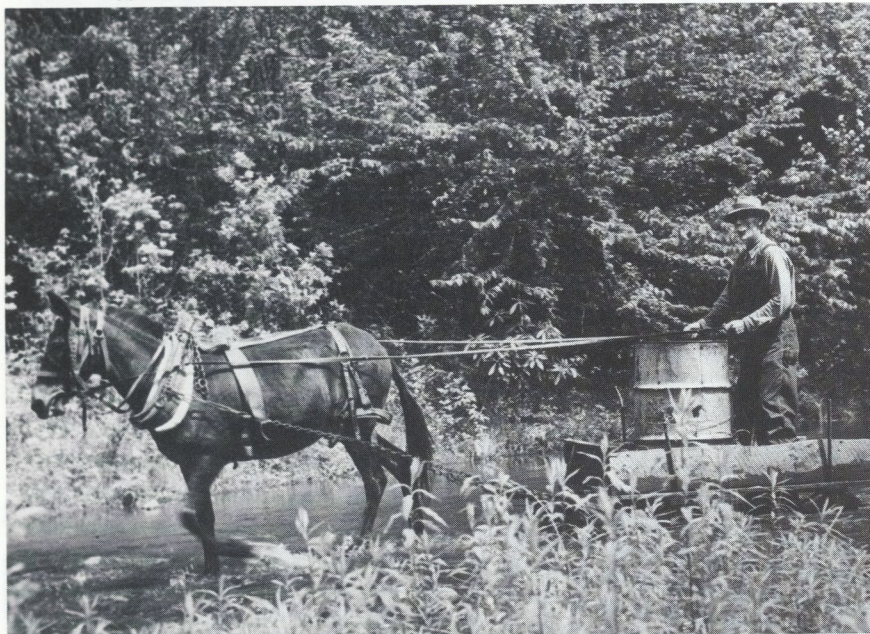


Photo by Don Pfitzer

The use of a weir was another fishing technique employed by the Cherokees for capturing brook trout and other fish. A "v" of rocks was positioned in a stream. At the point of the "v" a weir was fastened down. Fish were driven downstream and caught in the weir. This sort of effort was often a cooperative undertaking by several families or even an entire village. A community fish fry usually followed.

Early settlers arriving in the Tennessee Valley found the cloud-covered peaks mantled in the most diverse hardwood forest in the world. Preferring to carve a living out of the many rich river bottoms, most bypassed the Smokies. Those that chose to live in the isolated mountains picked the rich coves and scattered bottomland. As the population grew, some settlers moved westward, while others moved farther up the slopes of the mountains in search of tillable land. Travel was difficult, and hard cash was scarce. The region became a backwater area in America's great western movement of the nineteenth century. It developed its own distinct culture, independent and self-reliant, whose

colorful life-style flourished for almost a century.

The old mountain folks, like the Cherokee, looked upon the brook trout as a dependable source of food rather than sport. Referred to as "specs" by these mountaineers, brook trout originally prospered above an elevation of 2,000 feet. The hardworking mountain people enjoyed fishing for these game little fighters. Early accounts repeatedly speak of daily catches of hundreds of fish.

Fishing methods such as poisoning and weirs were adopted from the Cherokee. One favorite method used in this region was known as "choking". Fish hooks were out of the reach of the economically depressed mountain people, but their resourcefulness side-stepped this problem neatly. A suitable bait was tied to a length of string and dropped into the water. When a trout would take, the trick was to quickly jerk the fish out onto the bank before it had a chance to expel the bait. According to oldtimers, many a meal of fresh trout came to the table as a result.

Large-scale logging operations came

into the Smokies in the late 1890s. Whole watersheds were logged out, dams were erected on the streams, railroad lines were built alongside many streams, and fires feeding on the slash left behind by the timber-cutting operations were but some of the devastating problems the brook trout of the Smokies faced.

All logging operations ceased in 1935 (approximately two-thirds of the Smokies were logged during this period) and better land management helped heal the wounds of the previous 40 years. The brook trout, which lost over half its original range to the loggers, never regained its lost territory. Why this fish has not regained its lost range where habitat conditions have returned to normal, is not fully understood, although the introduction of exotic trout species is regarded as the probable cause.

Around the turn of the century, anglers fond of fishing in the Great Smokies sought the highly touted rainbow to replace the quickly diminishing brook trout. The rainbow's wanderlust nature was of little concern in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, where they are confined to small streams and rivers.

The exact date and site of the first stocking of rainbow trout in the Smokies is not known. There is some contention that landowners stocked them in Abrams Creek in 1900, though no records were kept. When the park was established in the mid-1930's, five rearing stations were constructed in the Smokies. Rainbow trout were introduced into every major stream in the Smokies as a result of massive stockings of rainbow trout that continued through 1947. Today, the rainbow trout is the dominate gamefish in the Park, having extended its range into every stream system.

The brown trout was brought to this country from Germany in 1883, and was introduced into the Tennessee Valley in 1900. Browns in excess of twenty-five pounds have been caught in this region. These fish were never stocked in the Smokies, although downstream waters were stocked by both Tennessee and North Carolina fish and game agencies in the 1950s. Browns appeared in the waters of the Park in the early 1960s, and by 1977 brown trout occupied over

fifty miles of Park waters, preferring slower stream reaches up to 4,500 feet elevation. The largest brown ever taken in the park weighed sixteen pounds.

A moratorium was placed on the killing of brook trout in the Park in 1975. Scores of headwater streams were closed (and remain so at this writing) to protect the remaining brookies, while regulations have been modified to make non-native rainbow and brown trout more available to anglers.

Anglers who fished the Smokies prior to the establishment of the national park, contend that fishing during the first 30 years of this century were the best ever seen in these mountains. The streams were free of overhead cover. Many forms of aquatic insects prospered in the sunlight. Open glades, then common alongside many streams, were working alive with grasshoppers, the favorite summer bait of that time. Trout were said to have averaged over a pound apiece.

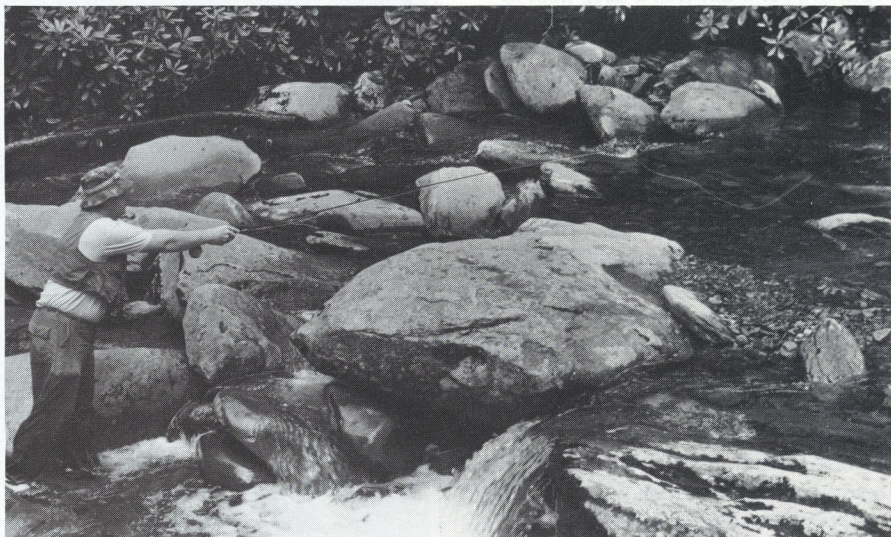
Walter Cole, a resident of Gatlinburg in his late nineties when this scribe interviewed him, was born in the Sugarland and roamed the Smokies before the arrival of the logging companies. He shared these memories with me one morning in 1980:

"As I remember, I was seven years old when my father and older brother allowed me to come along when they crossed over Blanket Mountain, by the Huskey Gap Trail, to fish for trout in Little River. We packed in our cornmeal, skillet, lard, coffee, blankets, axe and gun. We had our crop laid in, with harvesting time still a ways off. In those days anybody could just go up in the mountains, build a shelter and stay as long as they wanted, huntin' and fishin'.

"The logging people hadn't come yet and the creeks were swarming with speckled trout, thick as gnats. It was always dark as sundown, fishin' for them, with the big hemlocks and poplars shadin' out the light. It was easy to catch all the ten to fourteen inch fish you wanted then. I've even caught a few that were a tad longer than 16 inches.

"We set up a camp and gathered enough stickbait to last all day, then cut us a good birch sapling for a fishin' pole. We started up the creek stringing our catch

Angler fishing the cascading upper reaches of Little River.



Gink KEEPS IT UP



*Welcome Aboard
Fly Fishing Heritage*

GEHRKE - U.S.A.
DRAWER 705
HAMILTON, MT 59840
1-800-356-4465

STREAMSIDE REPORTS

on a stick till it wouldn't hold another fish. We set it down in a deep pool to keep it cool, moving on upstream doing the same till we had caught all we wanted. On the way back to camp we collected the hidden fish, fried them whole in hot grease and ate them with nothin' except cornbread. That was the best eatin' I ever had. We would do that every summer, sometimes staying for weeks living on fish and game we'd sometimes shoot. Come frost we'd be sure to be home to get in the corn and cut wood."

Cole later went to work for the Little River Logging Company, the largest logging company to ever operate within what is now the national park, and reported to have removed over a billion board feet of giant virgin walnut, cherry, oak, poplar and other hardwood species. While working there Cole says he did a bit of everything. He recalled the riotous living in the Elkmont camp where moonshine, gambling, fast women, and fishing were as much a part of living as sawdust and splinters.

"I was there when the first rainbow trout came into camp from Michigan. They raised them up in a run next to Little River. When they were ready to release them in the creeks, they turned half of them loose in Little River and



Walter Cole, who is noted in the text.

Angler fly fishing Abrams Creek.



hailed the others over Huskey Gap, by a mule-pulled wagon, in rain barrels, to the West Prong of the Little Pigeon, I believe the year was 1911. The fishery people have been trying to figure out what has driven the "specs" off. I can tell you in one word, rainbow. The brook trout's time has passed. Someday, I figure the rainbow may have to give way to the brown trout, just the same way."

During these years the Smokies began to attract the attention of serious anglers. Some were sport fishermen whose lines were tipped with a feathery fly; others preferred to cast dynamite into a pool. The American angling scene, which during the late 1860s had seen the introduction of bright colored flies for trout, was undergoing a change of its own during these times. An angler from New York, Theodore Gordon, was experimenting with a new technique for taking trout.

Correspondence between Gordon and F. M. Halford, an Englishman, dubbed the "father of dry fly fishing", led to Halford's sending Gordon a sample of English dry flies. From this beginning the sport of dry fly fishing spread from Gordon's home waters in the Catskills down the Appalachian range. In the Southern Appalachians, however, it was not nearly as quickly embraced as in many other regions.

Most early anglers of the South used the old "buggy whip" style rods or a

simple cane pole. The buggy whip rods were sometimes homemade from such materials as ash, hickory, or cherry. Hair from the tail of a stallion or gelding was used to make fishing line. (Many experienced fishermen shunned the use of hair from a mare filly because it was believed that contact with urine weakened the strength of the fibers).

Most Southern Appalachian trout fishermen lacked the funds to purchase the five dollar Charles F. Orvis fly rods, or even the one dollar bamboo rods pictured in the large mail order catalogs. There was at least one local rod builder, located in Pigeon Forge. The Ramsey Rods, built completely from scratch, lacked the exquisite craftsmanship of the shops of the East; yet they exhibited a fine feel and were affordable. Those that remain today are treasured by their owners.

Each little community around the Smokies had its own group of devoted hunters and fishermen. These fellows spent an enormous amount of time hunting bear or raccoon and fishing. Having a reputation for being in the mountains at all hours was also useful to those making moonshine. The phrase "going fishing" often implied one was going to brew "corn squeezins". I sometimes wonder if trout, which are fond of sweet corn, did not develop this taste during the days of moonshine making,

when mash was commonly dumped in the streams!

Trout fishing gradually shifted from a matter of catching trout for supper to catching trout for recreation. The use of bait slowly gave way to the use of artificials. Each streamshed of the Smokies had a least a couple of men in those days who could be hired out as guides for fishing, hiking or hunting, as the era of the traveling hunter/fisherman was becoming popular nationwide.

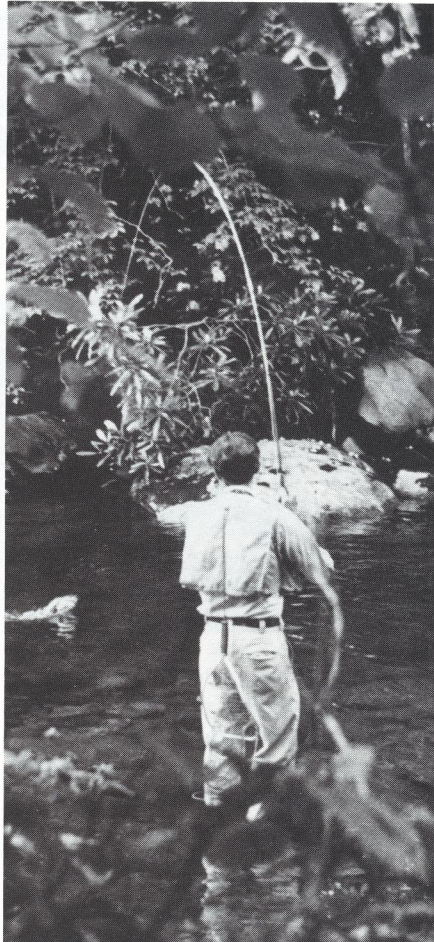
Robert S. Masonin in his now out of print book, *The Lure of the Smokies*, published in 1927, devoted several pages to fishing in the Smoky Mountains. He listed the names of guides who were available for hire, flies most effective, and comments from a number of long-time anglers of this region. This book attracted considerable attention from anglers in the northeastern United States.

Matt Whittle, a Gatlinburg horticulturalist by trade, fished the streams of the Smokies all his life and was perhaps the best known angler on the Tennessee side of the mountains. Christened the "Izaak Walton" of the Smokies, Whittle understood the habits of this southern highland quarry as few have.

Going against the common belief of his day that indicated matching the hatch when fishing with flies, Whittle felt it was of no real importance what kind of fly you used, but how you fished with what you were using and how the fish were feeding. Whittle often left his shrubby business to guide "Yankee" fishermen up the streams of the Smokies. Well-known angler George LeBranche was said to have been among those who accompanied Whittle into the Smokies.

The Hazel Creek area was one of the most developed regions of the Smokies prior to the formation of the National Park. It was also the stomping ground of Col. Calhoun and the well known Hazel Creek Club. From their lodge, which was located on Hazel Creek near the present day Calhoun backcountry campsite, members hunted boar, bears, and deer during the winter, and fished for trout during the summer. Tales of the exploits of these rough and ready men and their favorite hounds are still the subject of

Angler hooking a nice rainbow trout in the Cataloochee River.



lively discussions among locals.

One of the most famous duos of the mountains were two North Carolina mountain men named Samuel Hunnicutt and Mark Cathey. Natives of the Bryson City/Deep Creek area, they were said to have been inseparable companions, from the turn of the century through the 1920s. Deep Creek, which they considered the best fishin' in the country, was a favorite haunt of both.

Cathey occasionally undertook the chore of guiding fishermen into the Smokies. He accompanied Horace Kephart, up Deep Creek on a number of his many trips. Kephart, aside from being one of the earliest outdoor scribes to give accounts of the Smokies and an outspoken advocate for the formation of the National Park, was fond of trout fishing in these mountains. Cathey took consider-

able satisfaction in allowing his guest to watch him bewitch trout using his "dance of the fly". Using a long cane pole he would dabble the fly over the water in a figure eight, enticing even the most wary and sullen trout into a vicious strike.

Hunnicutt and Cathey would spend weeks at a time on the upper reaches of Deep Creek. An amusing tale concerning one of their trips tells of the two leaving camp at the forks of the Left Prong and the mainstream of Deep Creek early one morning. Cathey was to fish the Left Prong until supper and Hunnicutt the Right. Hunnicutt found the fish less than cooperative and returned early to camp empty handed.

Cathey had not yet made it back, so after waiting for a while, Hunnicutt decided to try his hand up the Left Prong and meet Cathey on his return trip. He'd fished approximately 300 yards of the creek, creeling 11 nice trout along the way, when he rounded a bend and saw Cathey, who had 90 trout strung over his shoulder.

Hunnicutt asked Cathey if he was mad about his coming to meet him. Cathey's reply was short and rather stern as he eyed the 11 fish at Hunnicutt's side; "No, but had you not come to meet me, I would have had a hundred trout when I reached camp."

Cathey also guided in the park. My favorite yarn is about him taking a "Yankee", who arrived that morning with a long saltwater outfit, up Deer Creek. Undaunted, Cathey rigged it with a wet fly and pointed the angler in the direction of the stream. Cathey then proceeded to also fish. Throughout the day the fisherman hung flies in the streamside trees, as well as encountering other problems, always yelling for the assistance of "Mr. Cathey".

When the dude did finally catch a trout he reeled it in flush with the tip of his long fishing rod. He then asked Cathey what to do. Cathey who spoke with a low, almost whining mountain drawl said, "Well," eyeing the fish flipping high above his head, "I reckon you better climb up there and get 'em down."

Carl Standing Deer, of the Qualla Reservation, was perhaps the best known

STREAMSIDE
REPORTS

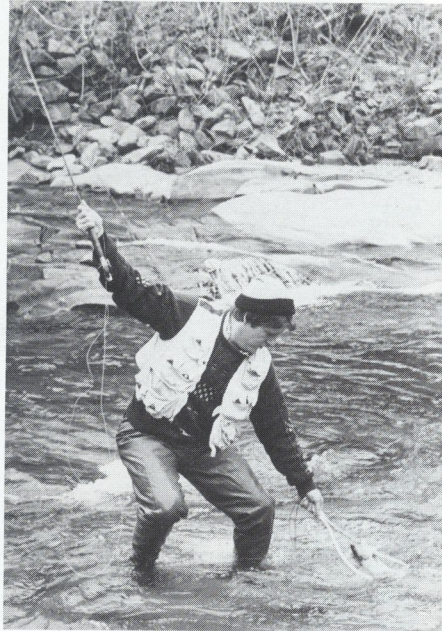
sport angler among the Cherokees during the early years of the National Park. Standing Deer, whose greatest call to fame rested on his deadly aim with his hand built bow, proudly referred to himself as the grandson of Suyetta, the revered Cherokee storyteller. Standing Deer was a dyed-in-the-wool traditionalist, used horse hair lines after gut and even nylon lines were available, and scorned flies, preferring stickbait and wasp larvae. He considered Deep Creek to have the finest fishing in the Smokies and was occasionally available as a guide.

After the National Park was formed the fishing changed. Gradually bait fishing became illegal in all Park waters. Creel and size limits were imposed. Auto access to many streams became a thing of the past. The building of Fontana Dam and the impoundment of the Little Tennessee River isolated several major streamsheds.

Even before the park's bait prohibition, this region's fly fishing heritage was well established. Numerous fly patterns were developed, although most of these are unknown outside of the southern highlands. The best known pattern, the Tellico Nymph is well known everywhere, but the most traditional pattern, the Yallarhammar has a reputation which borders notoriety. Today there are numerous variations, and its origins are untraceable, although it probably dates back at least to the eighteen-eighties.

The Yallarhammar is basically a

Winter fishing in the park has been permitted since the mid 1980's.



peacock herl bodied wet fly, hackled with a split section of wing feather from a Yellow-shafted Woodpecker, known locally as a Yallarhammar. It is now illegal to kill this bird or sell flies using its plumage. However, the use of this fly is incredibly widespread, though its effectiveness is, in my opinion, no better than several other flies I could name.

A fly that closely resembles a Wulff-style, hair wing Adams, the Thunderhead, is the creation of Joe Hall, of Bryson City, perhaps the dean of Smoky Mountains fly tyers, whose clients have included such well known anglers as Joe Brooks. The

name Thunderhead was derived from Thunderhead Mountain in the park.

Frank Young, another Carolina trout fly tyer, added one of the most interesting modifications to this fly. He substituted the soft belly fur from a 'possum in place of the kip tail usually used in making the Thunderhead. The fluffy 'possum fibers give the fly an added touch of drift as they fall gently on the surface of the water. The addition of the 'possum hair makes this an all-hillbilly candidate.

Other favorites which originated in and around the Great Smoky Mountains include the Ramsey (it closely resembles a standard brown hackle); the My Pet, which is a very rudimentary stonefly imitator; the Forky Tail, which incorporates crow wing feathers; the Cotton Top and Streaker nymphs which are best described as localized variations of the better known caddis fly imitator; and the Tellico Nymph the Quill Tail, Ugly Devil, and Near Nuff, patterns of western North Carolina. A delicate dry mayfly imitator, the Grey Hackle Yellow, is an old time favorite of many of the angling members of the Cherokee Indian Reservation which borders a portion of the park's eastern edge.

Modern era flytyers such as Jim Ellison of Morristown, Tennessee, who created the highly touted "Greenbriar Series" of dry flies for the waters of the Smokies, as well as 'state-of-the-art' stonefly imitations of the park's diverse stonefly culture, produce fly patterns on par with those found anywhere in the fly fishing world. However, this is still a tradition steeped region, where other tyers such as Kirk Jenkins of Newport, Tennessee, tie exquisite versions of traditional Yallarhammar and Forkie Tail patterns.

The streams of the Smokies rate as one of the largest wild trout fisheries in the eastern United States. Stocking has long since ceased, and today the Smokies offer fine sport fishing for stream reared rainbow, brook and brown trout.

This area is rich in tradition and fishing tales. When tramping down the banks of these streams, this scribe often wonders what happened along these trails and creeks during past years.

JUDITH
BOWMAN

FINE, RARE & UNUSUAL

BOOKS — CATALOGS — EPHEMERA

ON

ANGLING & HUNTING

LIBRARIES PURCHASED
AND APPRAISED

CATALOGUES ISSUED
\$5.00

JUDITH BOWMAN BOOKS - POUND RIDGE RD - BEDFORD, NY 10506

THE REFLECTIVE ANGLER

BY JIM CASADA

SEASONS END

as September's winsome song gives way to October's spicy hints of coming harvest time, most trout fishermen harbor bittersweet memories of another season which has sped by. To be sure, autumn offers perhaps the best angling of the year for fly fishermen in many parts of the country, but the fact remains that winter, relegating us to the tying vise, vicarious angling with a good book in a comfortable armchair, or perhaps just dreams of bygone days astream, is close at hand. This is as it should be, for fly fishing, like the passing years, is a recreation of reflection and contemplation as well as one of active participation. This was brought firmly home to me in the summer we now have lost, and it occurred to me that some of the myriad thoughts it evoked might be worth sharing.

For me, this was a special summer. Every moment astream is one to be treasured, but thanks to a mingling of various happy circumstances, I spent more of May, June, July and August astream in my cherished home of yesterday, the Great Smoky Mountains, than I had since adolescence. Some might be inclined to condemn these magical hours and days passed in quest of trout as being at once idle and devoid of the measurable productivity which our fast-paced world seems to demand. Perhaps they were, but any misguided soul with a mind set of this nature is deserving of little sympathy. Sadly theirs is a world which finds them entangled in the toils of materialism as well as being ignorant of the manifold blessings one may enjoy while wielding a fly rod along an especially beloved stretch of water. With such thoughts in

mind, what follows is a brief attempt to convey something of what fly fishing means to me and what I think its appeal is to legions of similarly bewitched devotees.

First and foremost, I would insist that the taking of trout is almost incidental. To anyone who has never been bedazzled by the necromancy which is our sport, such a statement must seem at least inane if not an outright prevarication. Yet assuredly it is true. Indeed, with the passage of years and as one becomes a more accomplished angler, the verity of this conviction gleams ever brighter through the windows of a fly fisherman's mind. He comes to realize, as have his worthy predecessors from "The Dame" and Izaak Walton onwards, that the actual landing of a trout is but one small part of a lastingly glorious experience.

There is the rhythmic visual poetry inherent in the interaction of rod and line, leader and fly. It is a joy to behold when watching a master wield his wand and a delight to perform when the mastery is one's own. Furthermore, there is something about slowly working clear, pure waters in close communion with nature's ever changing yet changeless beauty which brings peace and contentment to the unquiet soul. A troubled mind and a day astream are, quite simply, mutually exclusive.

In fact, every fly fisherman sooner or later discovers a truism which I think lies at the very heart of our sport's appeal—one cannot be perpetually worried and burdened by the world's cares if he truly immerses himself in the angler's art. At some point, after a sufficient number of tiring yet contentful hours (or for some, it may take days) of working flies through

rifle, run, and eddy, you discover that physical fatigue's welcome partner is mental well being.

Then too, there are those precious moments which fly fishing permanently etches in the storehouse of the mind, awaiting resurrection in delightful dreams of the worlds we have lost. Here, for once, I disagree with that venerable sage of our pastime, Izaak Walton. One of his oft-quoted statements is; "No man can lose what he never had." Yet I have a special claim on not one, but several, trout, along with a lordly silver salmon and several smallmouth bass, which I never landed. They are firmly implanted in my memory, and I can still see a beautiful rainbow's final, freedom-winning surge, and the deep runs of a mammoth brown who eventually frayed my leader on a jagged rock, at least as clearly as their lesser mates which eventually were netted. Nor is it essential that big fish be involved. I will never forget a ten-inch trout leaping a good foot out of the water to inhale my fly as it dangled from an overhanging limb to which my wayward cast had carried it. In fact, such moments need not, though they normally are, be associated with the actual act of fishing.

For example, I will always treasure a drama I saw unfold during a midday lunch break on a remote stretch of one of my favorite streams. The raucous cry of a kingfisher lifted my eyes skywards just in time to see him make a dive. A small trout rewarded his keen vision and aerial acrobatics. Similarly, the spawning movements of big brown trout, singularly oblivious to my futile efforts to attract their attention with all sorts of flies, have a lasting appeal. Of course, I must admit

that there is a special aura attached to the truly big fish one has hung and lost.

In the season just past, I had the good fortune to have an even half dozen struggles with heavy fish. That I was the loser in all of these uneven skirmishes doesn't really matter. Regardless of how many times one experiences it, there is always a sudden rush of adrenalin at the strike of a big fish, followed almost immediately by acute anxiety regarding the strength of that gossamer thread of leader which is the angler's sole tangible link with the trout. Doubts assail one's mind in a devastatingly rapid fashion. Do I have a wind knot? Will the hook hold? Did I fray the leader when it tangled around a rock a few casts back? What will I do if the fish gets into that rough, unwadable water downstream? Can I keep him away from that submerged log? Yet these are delicious doubts—a sort of delightful misery.

For a time, whether it be seconds or endless minutes, fisherman and trout are as one. Your pulse beats in harmony with the pulsating tip of the rod while the mind races in its attempt to anticipate the fish's every valiant maneuver. The linkage is likely to be a transitory one, but each slashing run, each sulk under a protecting rock, is a vignette to be stored up for future recall. There is, in short, almost as much long-term pleasure in trout lost as in those landed.

A friend in the summer's fishing, a quiet man of vast experience who is perhaps as close to the finny world of the trout as any human can hope to be, put it well when he described an epic battle with a big rainbow. He had hooked the fish on a tiny size 20 hook, and from the very moment of the strike he had scant hopes of landing the fish. Yet he fought it as only one of his experience could, and minute by minute he gained ground. He was able to outwit the fish at every turn, yet as he did so his admiration for the beauty and strength of the fish grew. He confessed to me that he had determined to release the trout even if he did manage to land it, notwithstanding the fact that he had promised some friends a fish fry. A fish of such stamina simply deserved to swim free. As the

struggle came to an end, he eased the exhausted fish towards his landing net. At the last moment the tiny hook straightened and the big trout slowly swam away. Far from being disappointed, my friend was cognizant of the poignancy and poetic justice of which he had been a part. That is as it should be. In short, fly fishing's appeal is in no sense directly proportional to the number or size of one's catch.

On the other hand, any angler who claims to be such a purist that the taking of trout is strictly incidental either has a pronounced penchant for dealing in untruth or else he has become hopelessly confused in his ultimate goal. We fly fish to catch trout, and we enjoy (or at least have the opportunity to enjoy) a special satisfaction denied the hunter. The kill, sad though it may be amidst the sweetness of triumph, is a vital part of the shooter's experience. The angler, by contrast, can emerge victorious and release his prey, the wiser for experience, to live and perhaps fight another day.

Arnold Gingrich, who to my mind rates as one of America's finest angling writers, may have gone a bit overboard with what he styled "20-20 fishing" (catching 20-inch or larger trout on size 20 or smaller flies), but undoubtedly there is a special appeal in being able to stack all the odds in favor of the fish, then, in rare moments of prevailing against those odds, to display the magnanimity of victory by easing an exhausted fish back into his watery haunts.

Skeptics sometimes suggest that this special kind of affinity with the trout—the fish is your foe yet also the focus of a loving, sporting relationship—smacks of elitism. I vehemently disagree, and would further contend that fly fishing for trout has too long suffered from being depicted as the sole preserve of affluent gentlemen. While it is true that in the finest of fly fishermen are gentlemen (in the strictest sense of the word, they are *gentle* men), their material circumstances are of little or no consequence. Nor should a man who sufficiently transcends primordial instincts so as to be uninterested in killing a fish be condemned.

Eloquent testimony supporting these truths comes from my personal experiences with fly fishermen I have known in my native Smokies. Some have waded that last hole to piscatorial paradise, but none could be, even in the wildest flights of fancy, described as an elitist. Economically speaking, most ranked somewhere between being impoverished and of very modest circumstances, several had little formal education, and none was exceptionally articulate. Yet all were rich, thanks to having managed, through many years encompassing countless hours astream to arrive at something approaching oneness with trout.

For such fortunate individuals (and they are scattered throughout the fly fishing world), filled creels or limits, trophy fish, or days which see fifty trout netted mean nothing in and of themselves. What is important to them, and what is so devilishly difficult to convey in print, is the nature of the trout-fishing experience. These men recognize, each in his own peculiar way, that they have achieved mastery in a pursuit which combines art and science. Theirs is a lonely pursuit—fly fishing is almost always best done alone—but in the inner recesses of their minds they enjoy the same sense of accomplishment and creativity felt by a master musician working his wizardry in sound or by a gifted painter bringing life to a canvas.

I can never aspire to become as capable an angler as some of these men. Yet I feel privileged to be their equal in the sense that the lure of the trout, the appeal of the sport that they have come to love, is mine to share. These quiet, contemplative men have known, in their innermost being, a self-satisfaction and quietude which are integral parts of the fly-fishing experience. In the end, it is rewards of this type, rather than mercenary concerns with a bulging creel, which give the search for trout true and lasting meaning. Pleasure, in short, comes from participation, and all of us are lucky in that there are waters, still in surprising abundance, where a man, whatever his means, may fish for trout. Those are comforting thoughts to carry in the creel of the mind at season's end. ■



A RIVER IN EDEN

by Kenneth M. Cameron

All illustrations by the author

The water flowed between the banks of lush grass as high as a man's chest. Beyond the far bank was open swale fifty yards wide, then a steep bank and a forested hillside. We had come to the place expecting nothing, only a campsite at the very end of the road, and now we stood by a little river so clear that its water seemed nothing more than a surface film stretched tight above brown pebbles, in a clearing in a cool rain forest, and David said in his British accents, "Make you think you're the first bloody being on earth, wouldn't it?"

Then I looked down the stream and saw a fish rise. The ring spread and I felt as if time had stopped, as if I had seen the first fish rise ever; and then time flowed, and I shook myself. And another fish rose.

We had come up that morning from *Wamba*, the last town of any size before you plunge off into what used to be

Kenya's Northern Frontier District. It had that name when there were border troubles in the north, and a string of crenelated white forts marked an invisible line in the desert. Now it is the Northern District, and the British have been gone for twenty-five years, but the country north of *Isiolo* is still unknown to most tourists—vast, beautiful beyond belief, risky. Dusty towns like *Wamba* lie many miles apart, connected only by unpaved roads that urban Americans would never put a car on.

David was a white Kenyan, driver of a four-wheel drive Japanese pickup whose body had been extended by local craftsmen. With him and Michael, a *Kikuyu* cook, and Samuel, his *Luyha* helper, we were spending a month in the bush—our third trip to Kenya. Never before had we got so far off the beaten track.

Wamba town was one long street with

single-story buildings on each side, most of them stores or teashops. The tea was milky and sweet, served in unwashed glasses. In the teashop's gloom, we were only white smudges on a black ground, and we were thought only moderately interesting to look at.

Beyond *Wamba*, the road headed toward *Maralal* and across the *Seiya* to *Barsoloi*, then on up toward Lake Turkana, where we would eventually go. But a barely visible track curled toward the *Mathews Range*, mountains so unexplored by Europeans that their flora are still unexamined.

"Well?" David said.

I looked at Kate. "You bet," she said.

David explained in Swahili that we were going to take the unknown track into the mountains. Michael, middle-aged and tough, looked uneasy, but Samuel, who was twenty and big and inexperienced, laughed.

"The bush it is," David said, and turned the truck back toward the east.

The road climbed for most of the day, curving east and north through acacia scrub with gray-green grass in patches underneath. Some of the acacias had garnet-colored flowers, and one yucca-like plant had a tall stem that held four white cones, like symmetrically-placed bells. Circular *Samburu* enclosures were scattered on the high hills; they had sent out herds of goats that scampered over the dry stones in the care of little boys. There were no signs, no shops, no other vehicles.

The road got better by getting worse, dwindling to a promise of wildness. In the afternoon, we came to a village—one store, a school like an open shed, and a

grassy place where three men in faded green uniforms stood talking. These were the local chief (a political title from colonial days, not like "Indian chief") and two of his Home Guard, who carried old *Enfield* .303s. David talked to them in Swahili, of which I could follow only a few words: road, camp, elephants, river.

"The road ends." David nodded downhill. "There's the remains of an old lodge someplace. We can camp here if you want, or—." His voice became unsure, because he knew what he wanted to do but he didn't know us well enough to hope that we'd want the same. "Or we can go on."

"We said we wanted to go where other people didn't," Kate said quickly.

"There may be poachers, they say. *Shifta*. Although it seems pretty far from the *shifta* country."

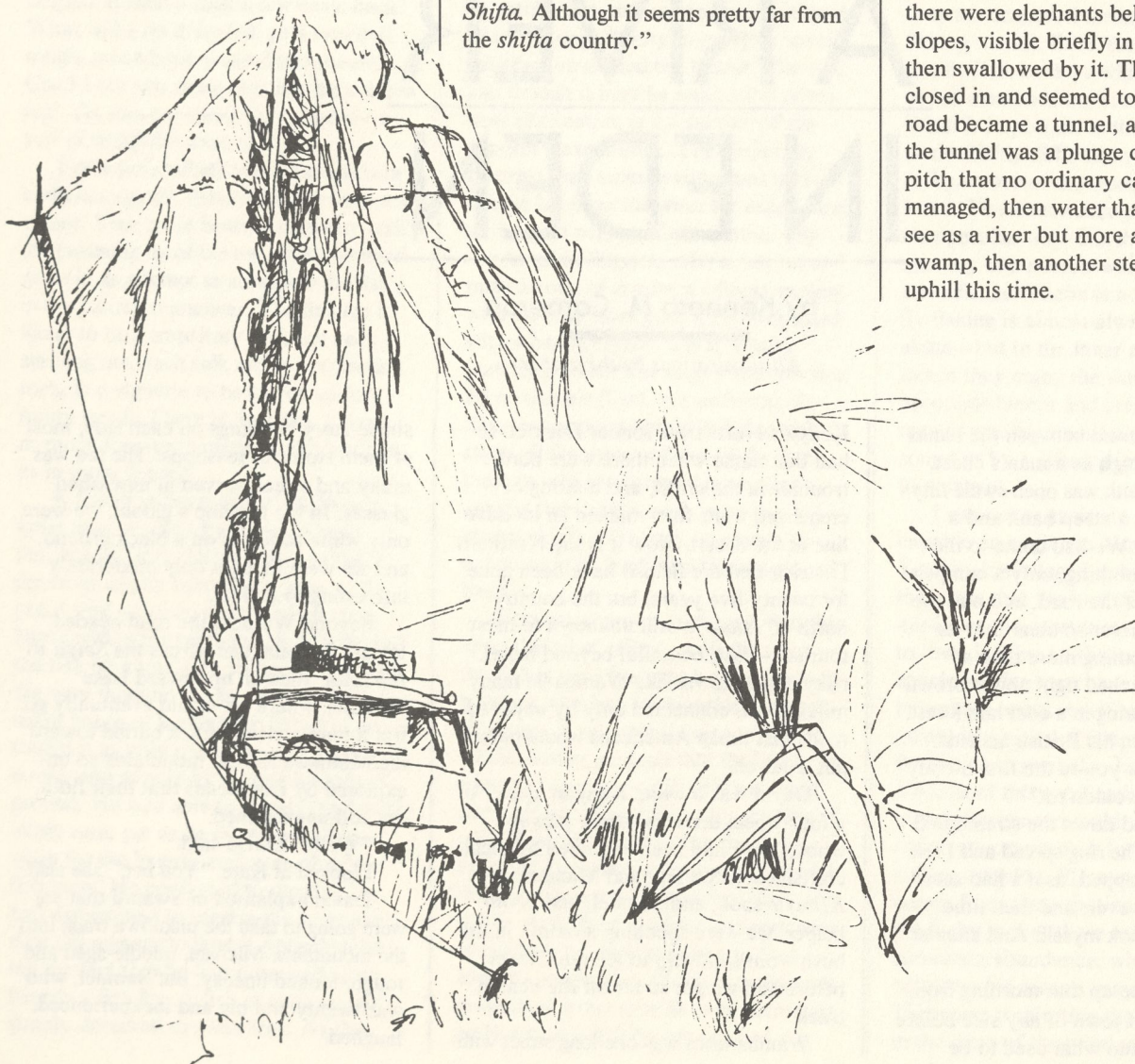


Shifta are bandits, now armed with Soviet *Kalashnikovs*, who used to cut off the testicles of their male victims and wear them as decorations.

"Let's go on," I said. An abandoned lodge sounded wonderful. It suggested that exploitation might have failed, for once.

David's pleasure showed. "Good for you, Squire."

It was seven more miles before we reached the end. The hills got steeper; the bush turned into forest. Suddenly there were elephants below us on the slopes, visible briefly in the green and then swallowed by it. Then the trees closed in and seemed to grow bigger; the road became a tunnel, and at the end of the tunnel was a plunge down a bouldered pitch that no ordinary car could have managed, then water that I did not yet see as a river but more as some sort of swamp, then another steep bit of scree, uphill this time.



And then we came into a green, shadowy clearing where the remains of two little buildings marked the real end of the road. One had been daub-and-wattle and had greatly decayed; the other had been made of varnished hardwood splits, and it had survived pretty well.

Twenty yards down a grass slope from the better building was the river. And the rising fish. And a place like the beginning of time.

"There are fish here," I said.

"Where?" David's idea of fishing was Nile perch on Lake Turkana.

I tried to point out the rises. David spoke to Samuel in Swahili, and Samuel laughed and shook his head.

"Samuel says no fish here. Not enough water." Samuel came from a fishing people in the west, on Lake Victoria; he could be expected to know. But I knew he was wrong.

"They could even be trout," I said. I felt the old excitement. My knees would soon start to tremble, I knew. They might be six-inch fish; it wouldn't matter.

"If I'd brought tackle—," I said.

Another rise. Nobody saw it but me. The group broke up, David wading across into the swale, Michael and Samuel going back to unload the truck.

"Are there really trout?" Kate murmured.



"I don't know. The English stocked trout down around Mount Kenya, but I don't think they ever brought them up this far. But fishermen do funny things." They had found beautiful trout waters on Mount Kenya and in the *Aberdares*. We had come across the *Aberdares*, a couple of days before—a vast and lovely moorland at ten thousand feet—and I had seen trout rising. Oddly, I had not hungered to cast a fly then as I did now.

"Well," she said, "the only way to find out is to catch one."

"But I haven't got any—." She grinned. She was thinking what I was: I had four flies I'd bought a week before. I always buy local flies when I find them.

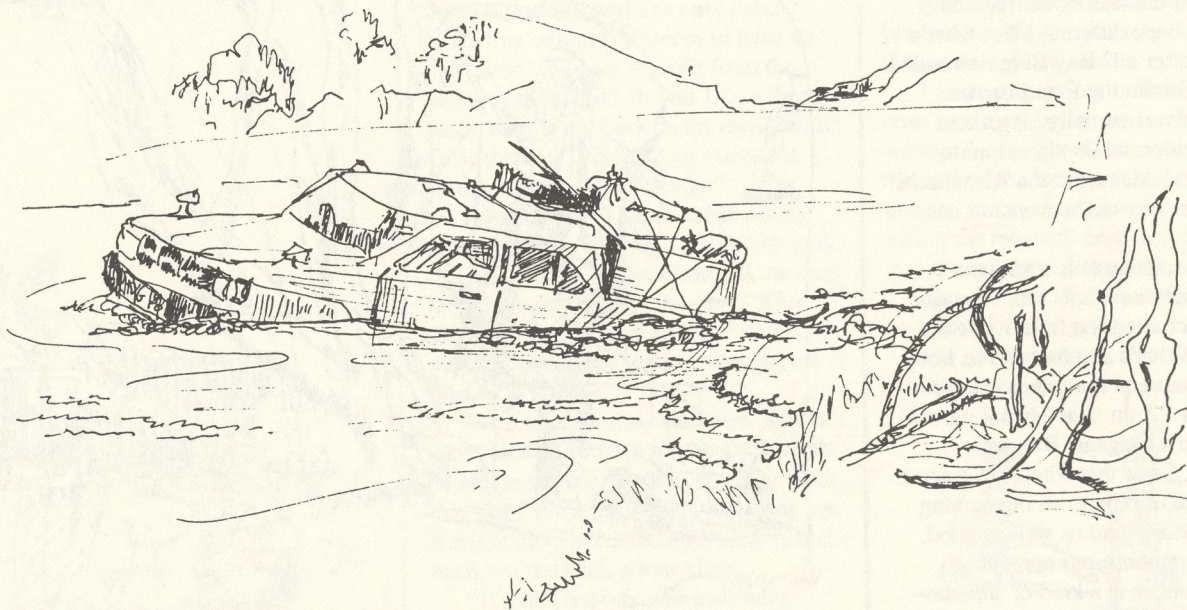
They go into an old box; sometimes the box comes out and I think of where I've been.

Just then David came back. Kate started to step into the stream as if to wade across as he had, and he gently took her arm and turned her back. "Not to worry. But I saw some buffalo sign over there," he said. "Let's leave that side for the buffalo, okay?" Cape buffalo are conceded to be more dangerous than anything else in the bush because they are so unpredictable. They have accounted for several tourists recently, the story always the same—surprise encounters.

"Catch any trout yet, Squire?" he grinned.

"No, but I'm going to."

The slab-sided building had been a small dining room and bar, open on all four sides above waist height. It had a flagstone floor, now half-covered with dirt; beyond it toward the river had been a flagstone terrace. Michael set up his kitchen within this structure; Samuel put





up the tents nearby and set out a table and camp chairs for us on the terrace, which I had shoveled and swept free of dirt. Then I went off to make a fly rod. And line. And reel.

I cut some limber green branches and dug out dental floss. A seven-foot rod was no real problem, although I believe it had a rather soft action and took about a number 12 line. It certainly didn't cast dental floss well. On the other hand, the floss made good, strong line and had horsehair's advantage of serving as its own leader.

Like many fisherman of Cotton's day, I decided to forego the reel altogether. Improvisation has its limits.

My flies were about 10s. They had been tied in Kenya to English patterns—they are part of the legacy of colonialism, like the forts—but some of the names written on the envelope had suffered a sea change in passing through the Indian hardware shop in *Naivasha*: the Teal and Silver and the Zulu were all right, but the Connemara Black had become the Cornmara Block, and the Mrs. Simpson had shed her husband and become Miss. (If she'd been Miss Simpson, her lover wouldn't have had to abdicate and the history of England would have been different.) But what's in a name, after all? Ray Bergman called the Foetid Brown the Feted Brown, changing it from a smelly insect to a celebrated color, while a great many people call the Alexandra the Alexandria, preferring the city to the princess, apparently.

I tied on a Zulu. It is a straightforward fly, and its scarlet tail, I thought, might distract attention from its dental-floss head. (What's in a name? The irony of the fly's name in that place escaped me just then. "Zulu War" is not part of an American's baggage. But, when I remembered, I saw that what is in a name is the essence of things: in the naming of a fly is history, bad as well as good. Perhaps the unconscious pressure to change the names is a kind of *uhuru*—independence. Those of us who love the

old names, the tradition, flyfishing itself, admit only with difficulty that what we love is partly an expression of something terrible. In Africa, flyfishing is a white smudge on a black ground.)

I walked down to the little river. Kate followed. David followed Kate. Samuel watched me from the ruined terrace.

"This may not work," I said loudly.

I tried to cast. The fly, of course, landed at my feet. A number 10 fly becomes remarkably heavy at the end of an unweighted line. I could have bow-and-arrowed it, but I had memories of planting a hook in my thumb that way.

I went with history: the downstream wet fly it had to be.

By standing on a small rock and leaning past the overhanging grasses, I could get the Zulu into the water at rod's length from me. It then sank slowly, moving through the invisible water like something of infinite lightness falling in a pool of sunlight. A fish—a very little fish—came from nowhere, flashed at it and was gone.

What is it about the seen fly that makes the back muscles tighten like rods?

I was in a terrible posture; my knees were shaking; my eyes were fixed on that fly as if my life would be determined by its next movement. And for what?

For a fish?

And the fly moved patiently down beyond the grass and out of my sight, and I had to fish blind, which is really much to be preferred. The imagined fly is better than the seen one; the hand begins to play the rod without consciousness. Instinct and experience take charge, and at its end of the dental floss the fly rises and twitches; the hackles contract and spread; and the golden fish comes from the protection of the bank and takes and turns, and the green wood of the improvised rod bends, and the heart vaults to the top of the chest, and everything is forgotten.

Yes, for a fish.

They were not trout. They were a golden fish with big, diamond scales and forked tails that shaded into black; they



looked like antiqued brass. Yet the mouths were not sucker-like. Perhaps they were a kind of chub, a fish that Walton commended and that I have, I must confess, occasionally fished for on purpose in a slack hour (the American fallfish, actually, not the true chub.)

Samuel came running down the slope. "Samaki!" he cried. *Fish*. He laughed; he laughed at everything. He looked to me for permission, then held the fish up. "Samaki!" he shouted. I looked up; there was Michael, who had been watching, too. "Catch more," Samuel said to me in Swahili.

I would have, but first I had to make another rod and tie on another fly for David. I had to explain what flies were and why fish took them. I had to say a few words about the downstream wet. I had to tell him what a Cornmara Block was supposed to be.

Samuel followed me downstream. He would not fish himself; there was a



complex protocol. Colonialism lived.

Then, about as far downstream as the fear of buffalo let me go—no more than thirty feet—I took two more fish in a tiny rapid, drawing them out from under the bank with a dead float, accomplished by dropping the fly at my feet and waving the rod tip to let out line—a tactic every fly fisherman has had to reinvent—and then giving it action as it passed the deepest shadow.

They were hard, fast fish, none bigger than twelve inches but "game", as they used to say. They wanted to run, and they made me run. They wanted to take out line, and I had none to give.

I had set flyfishing back a thousand years. If the fish had been substantially bigger, I'd have had to throw the rod in, like the old salmon fishermen, and let the fish tow it around until exhausted.

David took a fish and was delighted with himself. Until then, I think he really believed that I was getting them out of the water with a hidden net, that the fly was an example of American humor.

Samuel insisted on cleaning the fish. We kept four. Had they been trout, they might have gone back. This may be deeply illogical, perhaps only habit. Does true wildness deserve to have its fish taken? Or does it profit from the taking of those few? Or was I, in a foreign place, turning my back on my own beliefs? Or is the idea of no-kill an irony in a continent ravaged by hunger?

I don't know. I think about eating those fish still. But not, oddly, with guilt.

And the fish were delicious. I ate one; David ate one; Samuel ate two. Kate dislikes fish; Michael simply frowned; many inland Kenyans say that fish are related to snakes.

We sat in the near-darkness. The tall green *Tusker* beer bottles caught the light of Michael's fire. We talked about what this place must have been, how long ago it might have been actually used. It had been, we decided, a long time.

"It's like nobody was ever here," David said. Perhaps the darkness freed

him of an embarrassment he might have felt in the light. "This is the sort of place I'm always looking for, you know. Over there—" His arm, ghostly, gestured across the swale. "Those trees have never been cut. No lumbering up here. There's places right across there, I'll bet you anything, never had a human foot on them. Probably that stream has never been fished before, Squire."

In the night, I woke to hear an elephant roaring a few feet away and crashing down to the water. The sound was close, seemed closer in the blackness. Then silence. I found myself thinking of David, his search for a primeval Kenya. But he did not really mean a primeval Kenya, I realized: he meant a Kenya before the whites had found it. Paradise before it became a colony.

In the morning, we sat again on the remains of the terrace, prolonging the moment with one more bit of coffee from Michael's kettle. I wrote in my log, "The hills are steep and round-topped, and the trees climb them as if they grow from each other's tops. They are a fantastic mixture, palm-like fans and vase shapes and enormous heaves of leaf like old oaks. Vines hang from them like swags. At the bottom of the hill opposite camp, eroded red earth makes a firm bottom line for this vision of Eden—David's image when he said this place was what Kenya must have been before the whites came."

Now David put his hand on my notebook. "You don't want to go fly fishing this morning," he said.

I looked up. A big buffalo bull was coming slowly up the water. He moved without hurry, like a king. He heaved himself up the low bank and slowly crossed the swale and went up a faint trail in the red-earth bank and disappeared into the fantastic green across from us.

David stood. "Visit from the landlord," he said. "Time to go."

We got in the truck and headed down into the desert.



A RIVER IN EDEN

Sketch Book

All illustrations by the author



WE MEASURE THEM BETWEEN THE — EYES AND OTHER WESTERN MYTHS



by Bud Lilly and Paul Schullery

A few years ago my son Greg was guiding an experienced fly fisherman from another part of the country. They were fishing the Madison from shore, when Greg saw the rise of a good fish. He immediately pointed it out to the fisherman, who put his fly over it. The fly was taken, the man set the hook, and the largest brown trout that Greg had ever seen came out of the water in a jump that so surprised the fisherman that he wet his pants right there. He also lost the fish.

Some years earlier, a group of saltwater fishermen came out from Florida for their first taste of trout fishing. We took them to the Box Canyon on the Henry's Fork, and in the morning one of them caught a 7-pound trout. In the afternoon, another of them caught a 13-pounder. That evening, as we sat around

Adapted from *Bud Lilly's Guide to Western Fly Fishing* (New York: Nick Lyons Books, 1987), by Bud Lilly and Paul Schullery

talking about the day's fishing, one of the men calmly asked me "Do they all run about that size?"

Western trout have a larger-than-life reputation. It is based partly on the experiences of people who really do hook huge fish, partly on the exaggerations writers and other visitors make, and partly on the general mystique of the American west as a place of legends and wonders. Greg's client that day on the Madison certainly knew there were big fish in the river, but just knowing that is no guarantee you'll react calmly when you hook one. On the other extreme, the saltwater fishermen were used to catching much larger fish in Florida, routinely, so a 13-pound fish didn't seem all that unusual. I don't suppose they ever will know what an amazing first day they had at trout fishing. Many knowledgeable western fly fishermen would have considered even the 7-pounder to be the fish of a lifetime.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Fishermen arrive here from other

parts of the country with certain expectations. If they saw a stream the size of the upper Madison back home, they would never expect it to have the size of fish they assume are in it out here. A trout stream is a trout stream wherever it is. We have some outstanding ones here in the west. But we don't have magic water that makes fish grow bigger than in other places. In fact, when I think of how short the trout's growing season is at this elevation, it surprises me how many really large trout we do have. We're lucky.

Even after all that has been written, a lot of people new to western fishing still picture it as something you do in a certain place. You fly into West Yellowstone, or some other trout town, and from the plane you step immediately into any of your favorite trout streams. The streams are all big, brawling ones, and the fish are huge and fairly easy to catch. They have a lot to learn, but they may have even more to **unlearn**.

The scale of western fishing is grand. So often people have called me up and

said something like this: We have a week to spend, and we'd like to fish the Yellowstone and the Bighorn the first day, then move to the Madison and the Big Hole the second day, and so on. These are big rivers, and they are draining a big, dry country. Eastern fishermen especially are surprised by the distances between them, even after they've studied a map. There are rivers out here that drain millions of acres, and are separated from the next big valley by major mountain ranges. The hardest expectation for many people to reduce is that they can somehow fish everywhere. They may be able to make a few casts at five different rivers, but they'll spend most of their time in the car.

Western fishing is as diverse as any other fishing. On a recent trip to Montana, John Randolph, editor of *Fly Fisherman*, was shown the spring creeks



I have a fairly simple approach to streamers. I use as large a streamer as the law will allow, practically all of the time. In the winter I often use flies that were really developed for saltwater, like Joe Brooks' blondes, as well as freshwater streamer patterns, in 3/0 and 2/0. In the fall, when I'm fishing for spawning brown trout, I will use flies almost as large. Most streamers that are available commercially for trout fishing are not very large, really, and there seems to be an unspoken assumption that trout won't take streamers that are larger. They will. A study a few years ago in Yellowstone Park showed that large cutthroat trout tended to prey most heavily on fish that were 25-30 percent of their size. Twenty-inch trout commonly ate chubs of five or six inches.

of the Gallatin Valley where I live. John has fished all over the world, and is no stranger to the west, but he expressed surprise and pleasure at the sight of one of the wonderful little spring creeks just a few miles from my home here in



This is a surprisingly good season for spring creeks. The fish are sometimes not as tough to catch, particularly in April and May when spawning rainbows and cutthroats come into the creeks on spawning runs from the bigger rivers. You can fish with big streamers and nymphs, flies uncharacteristic of most spring creek fishing but very effective.

I know it's almost irreverent to talk about using big ugly fly patterns on these delicate little creeks, but early spring seems to be a time of relatively limited food choices on some of the creeks and the fish are either feeding more indiscriminately or are recognizing the big flies as similar to something they are eating, and the flies work very well.

Bozeman. "This is just like the Letort! Those weed beds with the deep channels between them there—that's exactly how it is in the Letort." He also discovered that the fishing was just as challenging, and the fish just as large, as on the Letort. That's just one example of many. The Rockies have slow-moving rivers in the valleys, rivers with a huge volume of flow—the upper Missouri, the Snake, the Yellowstone—that have very few counterparts in the east. We also have tiny glacier-fed ponds at 10,000 feet where summer doesn't come until July. If anything, western fishing is more diverse than eastern fishing, partly because there is such a variety of trout: the native cutthroat, the rainbow, the brown, the brook, lake trout, Dolly Varden, golden trout, and an assortment of hybrids and subspecies.

The diversity carries beyond the fishing, and that to me has always been an important part of western sport. In a matter of hours from my home I can travel through several climate zones, through a variety of major wildlife habitat types, and through some of the most glorious mountain scenery in the

world. My way of fly fishing requires these things as much as it requires eager trout and a good fly rod.

It's almost inevitable that many people who have just moved here or have just taken up fishing, are likely to have a skewed image of western trout. If you've only read about western fishing, or seen videos of it, you have probably seen only the biggest fish that the writer or video commentator caught. What magazine is going to show you pictures of ten small fish if they're lucky enough to have a picture of one big one? That's just fine; the writer is welcome to celebrate his good fishing, but the unfortunate result is that many people assume that all the fish are that size. There are also writers who shamelessly add a couple pounds or a few inches to the fish they write about, but even if they did not, this problem of the western fish's reputation for monstrosity would exist.

In many parts of the west you do have the opportunity to catch a really large fish, but they are not the typical fish. It's also true that the **typical** fish on many western streams is larger than in some other parts of the country. But don't let anybody kid you. If you catch a three-pound trout during your week in



You can play tricks on the usual rules of time of day by watching for shade. If you're fishing a river on a bright hot day, and it's early afternoon and nothing is moving, look for shade. The fish will almost certainly be more active in shady water, but shade seems to increase the fish's sense of security, and it may have an effect on insect activity as well. If the shaded area is 100 yards of bank sheltered by a cottonwood grove, then the water may actually be a lot cooler. But even a small spot, under a single snag or along a low bank should get special attention. There often will be a "mini-hatch" occurring just in that little stretch of shaded water.



Late fall is a time of some unexpected opportunities. In my area, the Firehole cools off in the fall and provides unusually good late-season dry fly fishing because of its geothermal sources. There is a period in late September on the Firehole when it appears that the damselfly nymphs seem to concentrate against the banks. One fall I fished a spot on the Fountain Flats, casting a weighted Zug Bug right against those grassy banks. The fishing was very fast, but I didn't realize how good it was until a guy pulled up and got out of his car. He had been watching me from a distance, and he said "You didn't do too bad there. I fished that pool for two hours before you got here and I've seen you take twelve fish from it."

the west, you've caught an outstanding trout.

Not all western streams, even the famous ones, produce fish of over four pounds. Every stream can harbor a very few such fish, of course, but even a stream as famous as the Firehole River in Yellowstone Park rarely yields a trout over three pounds. When it does that one fish will get more publicity and attention than the thousand other smaller fish that everybody else caught, and people naturally hope they will catch the biggest fish. That's fine too, but don't let it ruin your trip if you have to settle for a few 18-inchers or smaller fish.

Another myth is that western fish will not be selective. Any species of western trout, including the cutthroat, can be very hard to take. There are even times during the famous salmon fly hatches, which everybody thinks of as hog heaven for trout, when the fish get terribly difficult to fool. I have encountered large browns on the Madison that were feeding steadily on salmon flies, fish that eventually I had to walk away from. I tried everything, and in one case I got so close that the spray from a four-pounder's rises was

hitting me in the face. I was right on top of that fish, so that I could drift the fly right to his nose, and he kept feeding, kept ignoring me, and never took any fly I offered him, on any tippet I tried. An experience like that will probably stick in my mind a lot longer, and give me a lot more to think about, than any of the four-pounders I have caught, and I hope some day you run into one of that fish's descendants, and that you think of something to try that I didn't. But it's okay even if you don't catch him. That's the kind of defeat that will make your trip, and will bring you back again.



Grasshopper fishing can go well into fall, even after the hoppers aren't common along the river. I've often seen hoppers work well into late September and even early October. I don't know if that's because the fish are still looking for them, or because hoppers are just good attractor flies at any time. It may be a combination of factors, but don't neglect hoppers. They may be one of the last chances you have in the fall to take fish on a dry fly. I've seen times on the Madison River in the park in late September and early October when larger brown trout would move into shallow water along the banks, where most fishermen would not even be looking for trout. Those fish are especially vulnerable to a hopper cast from a fisherman standing well back from their bank or standing well below and out from them in the river.

Another misconception is that the best fishing must be the most remote fishing. With modern regulations, that is usually not true. It was once true in many parts of the country that only the remote waters were unfished enough to be good, but we learned that even roadside fishing can be kept good. The most famous streams here in Montana—the Yellowstone, the Madison, the Gallatin, and so on—are all bordered almost continuously by roads. Fishermen have come to me

with all their backpacking gear, excited about getting to those "really good spots" that they imagine must exist up over the mountain. There are such places, especially in terms of high country lake fishing, but my answer is usually "Well, do you want to hike or do you want to fish?" Good fishing no longer has to hide




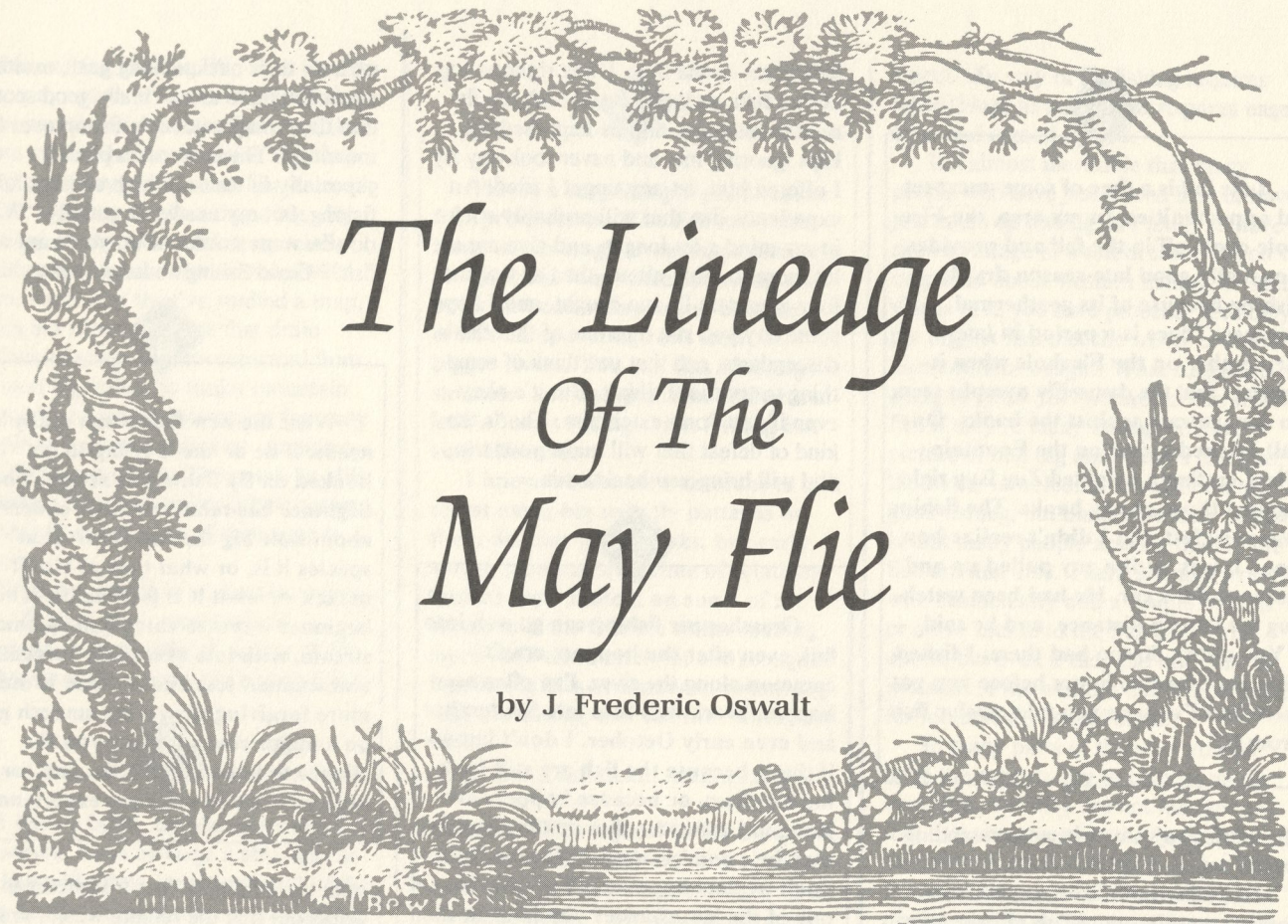
What the new fisherman really needs, if he or she is going to get hooked on fly fishing, is action. The beginner has relatively little concern about how big the fish is, or what species it is, or what type of rise it makes, or what it is feeding on. The beginner wants to catch fish. A small stream, with lots of broken currents and smaller, less choosy fish, is much more forgiving than a big smooth glide on a major river. It gives you the chance to hone your skills, and for a beginner that is priceless experience.

from the public. In fact it sometimes works out that the remote waters aren't as good, because they are underfished and the fish are stunted.

Of course part of the definition of good fishing is the occasional opportunity for solitude, and that alone may make you seek remoter waters.

THE GOOD NEWS

The good news is that even if the fishing isn't supernatural—even if most people don't catch the five-pounders that rise so regularly in the pages of the magazines—western fishing is still very good. At times it is sensational. Even after all the myths are dispelled, western rivers are still places of magic, worthy of all the dreams we lavish on them. And even without the myths, and without the exaggerations of enthusiastic writers, the big ones are there. I've seen them, and I've caught them. They didn't get that big by getting caught, but every now and then, just often enough to keep the dream alive, one is. And that friends, is not a myth. 



The Lineage Of The May Flie

by J. Frederic Oswalt

We shall vnderstande that the moost subtyll & hardyste crafte in makynge of your barnays is for to make your hokis. for whoos makynge ye must haue fete syles. thyn and sharpe & smalle beten: A semy clam of yren: a bender: a payr of longe & smalle tongys: an harde knyfe somdeale thicke: an anuelde: & a lytyll hamour. ¶ And for smalle fysshe ye shall make your hokes of the smalest quarell nedlys that ye can fyn de of stele & in this wyse. ¶ We shall put the quarell in a redde charcole fyre tyll that it be of the same colour that the fyre is. Chenne take hym out and lete hym kele: and ye shal fynde hym well alayd for to fyle. Chenne reyse the berde wyth your knyfe & make the poynt sharpe. Chenne alaye hym agayn: for elles he woll breke in the bendyng. Chenne bende hym lyke to the bende fygyrd herafter in example. And greeter hokes ye shall mabe in the same wyse of gretter nedles: as broderers nedlis: or taylers: or shomakers nedlis spere poyntes &

Figure 4a

It's the magazine
of the future

Fly Fishing
HERITAGE

and it will make your
future fly fishing
more enjoyable
and productive!

Human knowledge is the result of the sharing of ideas from the past that results in their continuation or alteration, thereby influencing the future. In the past, the sharing of those ideas usually took place through the passage of word of mouth or the written word.

In the case of the art of fly tying, the first written word was through the pen of Claudius Aelianus in the third century. He made reference to a natural fly he called Hippurus. It was too delicate to be used as bait, so it was imitated using "scarlet wool wrapped around the hook with two wings of the feathers that grow under the cock's wattles brought up to the proper color with wax." He fished for the spotted fish that rose to the fly and sucked it in as the "wolf snatches a sheep from the fold, and having done so disappeared under the ripple."

From that date to the year 1496, the knowledge of the state of the art was by word of mouth or, if in print, it has been lost. The state of the art in fifteenth century England indicates that there had been a considerable advance in the techniques of fly tying, as well as fly fishing in general, compared to the reference made by Aelianus.

The author of the baseline of our art is said to be Dame Juliana Berners, the Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, near St. Albans; however, volumes have been written as to who she or "he" really was. For the sake of argument I will refer to the author as Dame Juliana. Her *Treatise On Fysshynge Wyth An Angle* was published by Wynken de Worde in the second edition *The Booke of St. Albans* in the year 1496. The book also contained sections on Hawking, Hunting and Hearldry. While the Dame's *Treatise* was first published in 1496, it was actually written some fifty years prior to that date.

I doubt very much if the patterns and

techniques described were of the Dame's origin. In fact, the names she used would indicate an Irish origin to some of the patterns. Books from the continent of a slightly later date would indicate they were as advanced as the English, and, if the books truly indicated the state of the art, possibly slightly more advanced. After all, the Channel is not all that wide. I prefer to think of her as a biographer in the act of playing catch up. You see, the printing press and movable type had just been invented. For the first time in history ideas could be mass perpetuated without resulting in a roomfull of backaches and writer's cramp. Her *Treatise* represented the state of the art in the printed word for that period. I wonder if she had any idea what was to result from her revelation.

Fifteenth century angling was reserved for the well-heeled gentry of the clergy of the era. The average man was busy trying to stay alive and out of the workhouse. Angling was definitely a class privilege. This philosophy was perpetuated for quite some time. This may not have been all that bad. You see, with the exception of the clergy and a very few of the titled, few could read or write. If the art had been in the hands of the illiterate, we would have once again had to depend on word of mouth.

The reviewers of the books of the past have seemed to discredit the books that they have called manuals. They have seemed to like the well written esoteric works. Personally, I feel that the "fireside" books have their place, but if you want to study the history of the art of fly tying you must study the manuals. The first article in this series will concentrate on the manual portion of the Dame's *Treatise Of Fysshynge With An Angle*.

The patterns listed in the Dame's Booke number twelve and have often been referred to as "The Jury of Twelve". It has been said that as a jury they probably acquitted more than they

condemned. The discussion of her flies will be rather complete in that it will set the baseline for the accomplishments of the authors later discussed.

I have chosen the may flie as the central theme for a specific reason. In the early years of fly fishing, it was done in one of two forms, the fly was either a natural or artificial. The natural as the Green or Grey Drake. The hook was very carefully passed through the thorax and the fly was danced upon the water with a very short line, hence the term dapping, dipping or dopping. In the case of the artificial it was cast with a much longer line. The point is that in the case of the may flie, or green drake, since it was used live, the artificial has to be pretty darn good too. In the pattern listings of the older books it is rather difficult to identify the natural intended; however, the green drake is always mentioned. Almost never does Dame Juliana mention it by name but the month and color of the flie gives a clue. In short, the may flie, being the drakes, have been chosen as the central focus because in studying them and their development we will also be studying the development of the attempt to duplicate nature in form, color, size and positional attitude upon the water. Right! We're studying the development of the dry fly.

The discussions will be limited to materials, body and wing construction, tying sequences, use of color, and the imitation of nature. Where applicable, the angling techniques will be discussed. Occasionally I'll drift off course when a new tying material or sequence is mentioned for the first time by one of the authors.

In the case of the Dame, in order to understand the flies, we will start with the shapes and sizes of her hooks. At this point, I would like to add a very important fact to the study of the old books. The persons responsible for the woodcuts or plates used in the illustrations had

absolutely no knowledge or, at best, limited knowledge, of the shapes of hooks. It is also possible that there were no standards as to shape other than the author's own. At any rate, the Dame's hooks, by modern standards, were short shanked and deep gaped. The end of the shank was flattened as a wedge to resist the force of the horsehair line against the shank of the hook. I doubt if the hooks were as primitive as the woodcuts. The sizes seemed to range from 12 to 5/0 by modern standards. John McDonald's book, *The Origin of Angling*, offers excellent reading on the Dame as well as containing excellent color plates of his interpretation of her patterns.

We are indeed fortunate in that we have many material house to supply our needs as to feathers, furs and hooks. The Dame had to start from scratch with everything except her thread. All of the anglers made their own hooks. Her description of the hook-making process was fairly accurate as an overview, but may have resulted in a rather brittle hook if the directions were followed to the letter. It took 150 years for the first mention of a commercial hookmaker, namely Charles Kirby, in Thomas Barker's book, *The Art Of Angling*.

If the reproduction of the ancient flies is to be complete, the hooks must be duplicated. This may be accomplished in one of two ways. The easiest way is to bend and modify existing hooks. The most accurate and exciting way is to actually duplicate the process. In so doing you will never again complain about the price of hooks.

I will explain the process I use in the manufacture of my hooks, which is a modification of the old techniques with the use of modern tools and methods. An example of the modern methods is the substitution of gas or electric heat for the open bed of glowing coals and the use of the vise for holding the materials.

The Dame used needles as the hook material. The hook size dictated the size of the needle used. I prefer the music wire sold in most hobby shops. It has a high carbon content, giving it the proper spring.

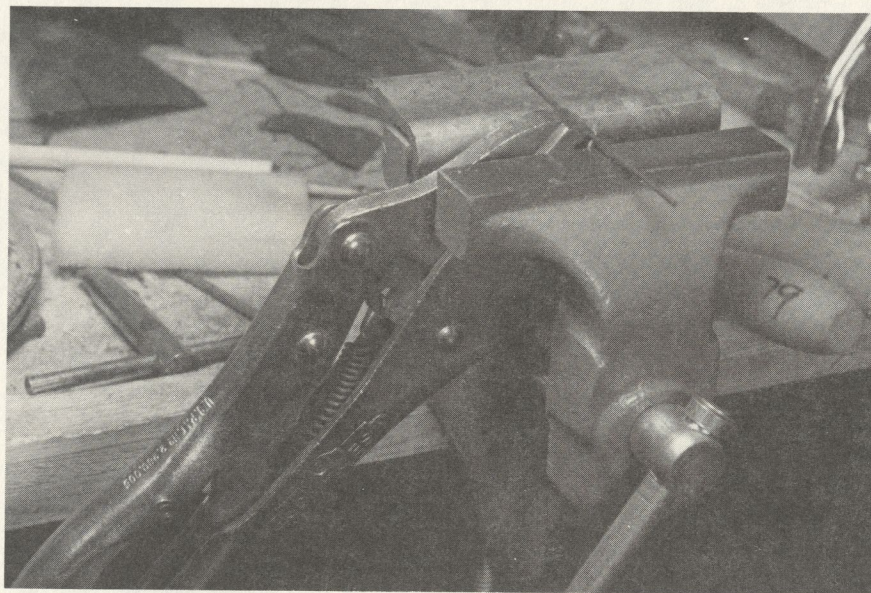


Figure 1

The device for holding the wire during the "bearding" or barbing process is best made from a vise, a piece of angle iron, and a pair of vise grips. The vise grips hold the wire, the angle iron provides the flat working surface, and the vise secures the entire assembly (See Fig. 1). I am fortunate in that I found an old engravers block that holds the vise grips and provides the working surface at the same time (See Fig. 2). The greatest advantage is that of portability and the positional adaptability of the entire assembly. The chisel is a standard 1/4 inch cold chisel reshaped to a knife edge with the grinding on one side only. The files are assorted jeweler's needle files and a 9" mill file. I use a dental oven to anneal and temper the wire; however, an easy substitute is available.

The main problem is in the annealing of the wire in that the bulk of the metal is so small that the air will quench the steel rather than let it cool slowly. The quenching will cause it to be too brittle to beard and shape. The material **MUST** cool slowly. If an oven is used, it is turned off after the temperature of 1400°F is reached, and the door is left closed until the room temperature is reached. The wire must be heated in the absence of oxygen in order to prevent a scale build-up on the surface of the wire. This will cause a pitting of the surface. I use a diatomaceous earth as the barrier. It is available as the filtering material for the Diatom filter of tropical fish display

aquariums. The material is available at tropical fish stores.

The alternate to the oven is the top of the gas stove. First, a heavy mesh wire screen is placed over the burner. On the mesh, place the thin metal tray containing the cut wire lengths covered with the diatomaceous earth. Over all place an inverted clay flower pot. The pot's diameter is to be slightly larger than the diameter of the expected flame. The purpose of the pot is twofold. It helps to retain some of the heat while it also prevents crossdrafts that would cause too rapid and uneven cooling.

The flame is lit, and the tray is observed through the hole in the bottom of the inverted pot. When the tray reaches a cherry red color and begins to shimmer, the proper temperature has been reached. It must be maintained for a short while, about five minutes, in order to be assured that the core temperature is as high as the surface temperature. The flame is slowly reduced over the next five minutes until the flame is totally out. Wait until the pot may be touched and remove it (about fifteen minutes). Allow the tray to cool another 15 minutes. Never water quench the tray. Brittle wire will result. It is best to run the sequence several times and, after bending the wire to test the "deadness", modify the time and temperature as needed to result in desired "dead" wire. Generally, the larger the diameter of the wire, the longer will be the heating and cooling times.

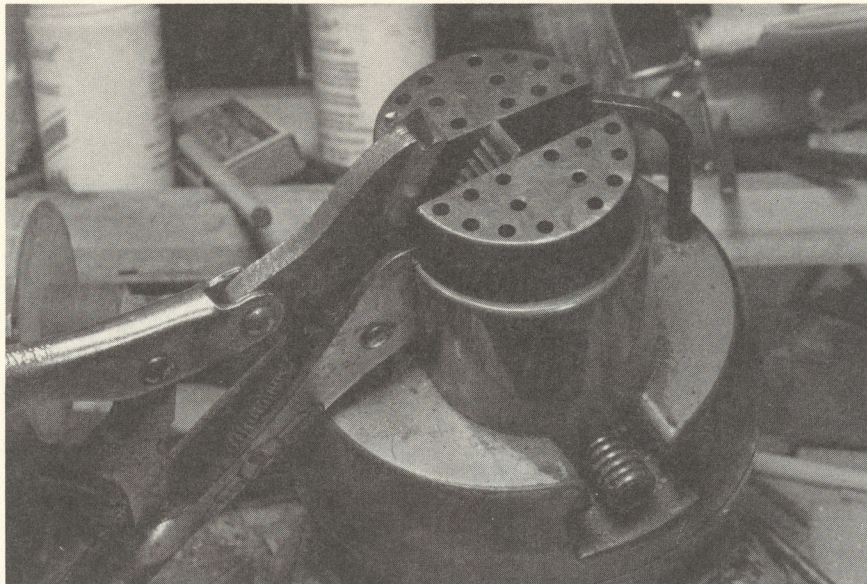


Figure 2

In my earlier experiments, I used pure carbon powder as the air barrier. This resulted in a beautiful finish; however, it also added to the carbon content of the surface of the wire. The diatomaceous earth serves the same purpose and doesn't alter the composition of the wire. It is very important to include this step. The omission will result in an unsightly scale and pitted finish. It is entirely possible that the authentic finish of the early hooks was equally flawed; however, it would seem that the smooth surface of the existing needles would indicate the technology was available to prevent scaling. I prefer to think that the Dame's instructions were the observations of a nun rather than a blacksmith.

The next step, that of raising the beard, will require the holding apparatus mentioned earlier. It would be best to further describe the arrangement at this point.

The vise grip should be of the 8" size with the width of the jaws being the widest dimension from the hinge forward. The serrations should be filed from the inside surface of the jaws while maintaining good alignment. The serrations, if not removed, will cause a similar deformation of the surface of the hook. The angle iron is to be a 2" length of 2" stock and the table vise should have 2" jaws at least.

In practice, the wire is clamped in the tip of the vise grips and at right angles to its long axis. The end of the wire to be barbed should extend one inch from the

side of the jaws. The table vise is opened sufficiently to accept the jaws of the vise grips and the thickness of one leg of the angle iron. The angle iron is placed on the far jaw of the table vise and the vice grips positioned so that the one inch length of wire is flat on the exposed surface of the angle iron. At this point, the table vise is tightened.

The secret of bearding is to raise enough material for a good barb without reducing too much of the diameter of the wire. To accomplish this goal, the cut must be shallow and long. This is the reason that the chisel must be reshaped to the knife edge and ground on the single surface. Also, if the angle of the blade is too great the resulting angle of the beard will be too acute; i.e., vertical. The Dame's tool was a knife. In some of the smaller sizes it is still better to use a knife. It's best to purchase one especially for this project. Woe be unto him who ruins one steak knife of a set of six.

The beard is raised in a series of steps rather than at one time. The angle of the chisel decreases with each blow of the hammer. This keeps the metal removal to a minimum. The forces required to lift the beard are very light and easily acquired. The hammer should be very small and light. Mine is a jeweler's hammer for the finer wire and a surgical mallet for the heavier wire, but a six inch length of 3/4" pipe will suffice. Far better results will be achieved with ten light taps of the small hammer or pipe

than one mighty blow of a two-pound sledge. If the act of bearding results in the breaking of the wire, the wire was not properly annealed and the annealing procedure should be repeated at a higher temperature and again allowed to cool very slowly.

Once the barb is raised, the shape of the point is created with the jeweler's files. The best shaped file is the half round. By the time most tyers are interested in this aspect of the art, their eyesight leaves a bit to be desired. It's best to beard under some degree of magnification. The best method is magnification loupes that attach to your glasses or a headband.

The barbed wire is removed from the vise and placed in a small pin vise. This adds a much needed handle to the material. The bearding apparatus is removed from the table vise and replaced with a 3/4 x 2 x 1 inch piece of pine (See Fig. 3). A small notch is cut on the near edge of the pine to accept the wire and secure it from being moved by the force of the file. The wire is placed in the notch at a 30-45 degree angle, and the exposed wire is pointed with light strokes of the file. The half-round surface of the file shapes the slope of the point while the flat side tapers the side. No material is removed from the base, or outside, of the point. It will quickly be realized that the pine block not only stabilizes your work but also protects the cutting surface of your files. As you become more sophisticated, you will want fancier files. Most local jewelers can place you in contact with their material supply houses where the files are available at a cost of \$8 - \$12 each. You will find that the specialized files will allow more delicate shaping. As you progress through the history of the hook, the anatomy of the beard/point relationship will become very important and characteristic and the special file shapes will be greatly appreciated.

After the beard and point are formed, the wire is removed from the pin vise and the shape of the bend is created. In some cases the wire should be re-annealed before proceeding to the bending step. Generally the smaller diameter wire will

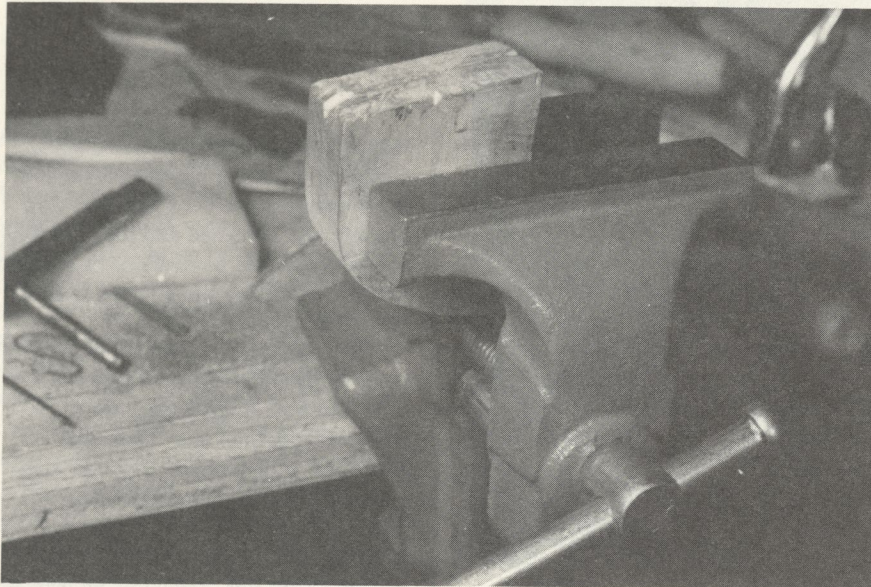


Figure 3

be work-hardened in the bearding and pointing process.

In the early hooks the shapes must depend upon word descriptions such as "encompassing a round bend" or "not straight in the shank". This leaves a lot to the imagination; however, the Dame's woodcuts do give a starting point. The tools required for the shaping are two in number and both a form of pliers. The first is simply a pair of very delicate jeweler's needle-nosed pliers having one flat and one round jaw. The wire is gripped immediately behind the beard and the wire rolled with the fingers. For the stouter wire the use of a three-jaw set of pliers is recommended. They are used by jewelers and also Orthodontists to create circular shapes in wire. The three-fingered jaws are actually miniature bending brakes. It must be kept in mind that the use of pliers may cause marring of the surface of the wire. In all but the deepest defects, a little judicious filing will restore the surface. As the art progressed, the need for exact and quick duplication of the shapes became important. The hand-bending tool was developed. This tool is still in use today by those in the handmade hook industry. The directions for making this tool will be given in a future article. After the formation of the bend, the final step is the shank length and contour.

Once the gape is established in the bending process, the shank is cut to the appropriate length. In the case of the

Dame's hooks, the extreme end of the shank was flattened laterally. This swell ensured that the wrapping of the silk securing the horsehair "link" wouldn't pull off under tension. In later hooks the shank was tapered to the tip from about the midpoint. The tapering was limited to the sides and inside of the shank with no metal being removed from the top or outside surface. The purpose of the taper was to create a space for the attaching of the "link" and thereby reducing unsightly bulk.

At this point, the hook is carefully cleaned with emery cloth to remove the file marks, and the surface is given a smooth polish. This must be done by hand rather than with rotary power tools. When the desired finish is achieved, the hook is ready to be hardened and tempered.

The hardening process is the easiest step but also the most potentially destructive. The hook is held by the extreme tip of the shank in the jaws of a pair of heavy tweezers or an old pair of pliers. The hook is then placed in the open gas flame in such a way as to heat the entire shank and 3/4 of the bend. The point and beard must not be placed in the direct flame because the high heat will burn the sharp line and point angles of that area. When the point has reached a cherry red color by indirect heating, the hook is immediately quenched in water of room temperature or colder. The hook is now in a very brittle state

and must be handled very carefully.

Next, the hook is polished by the following method. Place the hook on a wooden surface and redress the metal with the tip of a typewriter eraser. The eraser is a composite of pumice and rubber and is ideal to restore the lustre present prior to the hardening quench. Select the type of eraser that is pencil shaped so the point will reach all the hidden nooks and crannies of the hook. All that is left is to temper the wire, and the hook is finished.

In order to temper the hook, it must be heated to 480°F. That is not as difficult as it sounds. I have made a special tool just for that purpose. It is basically a mason's trowel that is rectangular in shape and measures about two by four inches. After the hook is thoroughly cleaned with soap and water and carefully dried, it is placed in the center of the trowel near the tip. It is important that no portion of the hook should extend over the edge and be exposed to the flame. The trowel is placed in the flame and moved in a circular manner to ensure even heating. Carefully observe the initial color of the hook, and you will notice a color change. It will begin to turn a straw color. At this point, raise the trowel away from the heat to slow the process. The next colors are purple, light blue and darker blue. Upon reaching dark blue, quench immediately in an oil bath. The hook is now finished. You have saved eight cents, big spender! Oh yes! What happened to the 480°F? The dark blue color occurs at 480°F. If by accident, and it will happen until you are comfortable with the procedure, the color slips through the blue phase and enters the grey phase, or worse yet, begins to glow a dull red, the hardening step must be repeated, the wire again repolished, and the tempering attempted again. This is the explanation why the Dame's hooks were probably somewhat brittle. She states that the hooks should be heated to a dull red, which is beyond the critical 480°F.

For the hooks of the fifteenth through the eighteenth century, the blue to blue-black finish is probably accurate. In the

early nineteenth century, Davy, in his book *Salmonia*, gives the directions for blackening hooks. He states that in the tempering process the hook is quenched in candle tallow, resulting in the black finish. Actually, the finish is nothing more than carbon and grease burnt to the surface of the hook.

In the quest for candle tallow, I arrived at the following procedure. Place several pounds of finely ground sheep fat in a pot and cover with water. Cover the pot with a lid and bring the "soup" to a simmer for forty five minutes to an hour, adding water if necessary. The pure fat is then skimmed off and placed in a wide-mouth container such as a peanut butter jar. When not in use, keep the fat under refrigeration.

In actual use, the fat is first warmed just enough to return it to the liquid state and kept near the work area in readiness as the final quench. A wide mouth container is desirable because the hook should be dropped parallel to the surface of the fat so that the hook is cooled evenly and instantly. I have found that the final quench alone will not result in a deep black finish. Since the finish is nothing more than a carbon layer, I decided to build multiple layers to the desired color. After the quench, the hook is again held by the tip of the shank high over the heat until the fat begins to smoke. Again it is returned to the fat and the process repeated until the desired shade is achieved.

The black finish of the late nineteenth century and that used today is a process called Japanning. That simply means lacquering. Prior to lacquering, the surface must be absolutely clean and the procedure done in a dust free area. The hook is dipped into black lacquer that has been slightly thinned with lacquer thinner and then allowed to dry in the shank-tip down position. This is easily done if the tip of the shank is secured, at right angles to and in the tip of the jaws of a hemostat. When the hemostat is laid on the drying surface, the hook then assumes the proper position for drying.

Now that the modern technique has been explained, let's take a look at the

of shomakers nalles in especyall the beste for grete fyssh. and that they bende atte the poynt whan they ben assayed for elles they ben not good. ¶ Whan the hoke is bended bete the hynder ende abrode: & fyle it smothe for frefynge of thy lyne. ¶ Chenne put it in the fyre agayn: and yeue it an easy redde hetc. ¶ Chenne sodaynly quenche it in water: and it woll be harde & stronge. And for to haue knowlege of your Instrumentes: lo theym hcre in fygure portrayd.

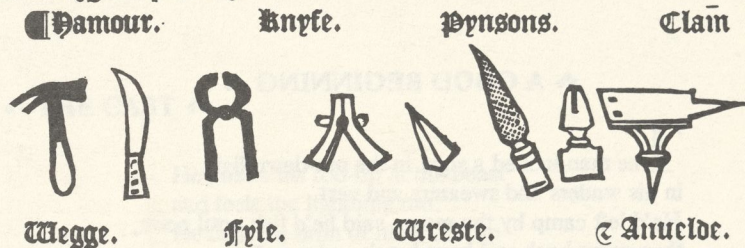


Figure 4b

procedure as explained by Dame Juliana. The Old English original is reproduced in facsimile. The following is the modern translation of that text:

"Now you must understand that the hardest and most difficult thing in producing your tackle is the making of your hooks. In order to make these, it is necessary for you to have a set of sharp, thin, and lightly beaten files, a seamy iron clamp, and a pair of long and small pincers, a somewhat thick and sharp knife, an anvil, and a small hammer.

And for small fish, you must make your hooks of the smallest square-headed needles that you can find, and they must be made of steel in this way.

You must place the square-headed needle in a red-hot charcoal fire until it becomes the same color as the fire. Then take it out and let it cool and you will find it well tempered for filing. Then raise the barb with your knife and sharpen its point. Then temper it again, or else it will break in the bending. Then bend it until it is similar to the barbed figure that follows to show you how it is done.


The greater the hook, the larger must be the needles that you employ, such as embroiderer's needles, tailor's needles, shoemaker's needles, spear points of shoemaker's nails are particularly

good for the biggest fish, and see to it that they bend at the point when tried or otherwise they are not good.

When then the hook is bent, beat the hind end flat and file it smooth for the purpose of binding the line to it. Place it in the fire again until it barely glows. Then quench it in water and it will become hard and strong. And in order that you may familiarize yourself with your instruments, they are portrayed in the following figure." (See Fig. 4a and Fig. 4b)

Now, all that is left is to purchase the wire and get started. The wire is available in 36 inch lengths and diameters of .032, .039, and .047 inch. Obviously it is best to begin with rather large hooks, and as you gain confidence, move to the smaller sizes. As a matter of fact, the best exercise is to first copy a size 5/0 salmon hook with a tapered shank. When you feel comfortable with that size, move to the smaller sizes. If you want to lose interest quickly, begin with a size 12 or worse yet a 14.

We all began the art of fly tying with the original goal of saving money. That soon proved foolhearty. When you have finished your first hook, you will realise that \$6.00/100 isn't all that bad.

In the next installment, I'll explore the flies of Dame Juliana, Juan DeBergara, Leonard Mascall and Gervase Markham covering the period from 1496 to 1624. 

SELECTED Poems

by Ron Harris

❖ A GOOD BEGINNING ❖

The man looked a sight in the pre-dawn light
in his waders and sweaters and vest.
He'd left camp by the moon, said he'd fish until noon,
then come back and have lunch and a rest.

He hiked to the stream like a man in a dream
as he wondered what fly to tie on,
so he rigged up his tackle to a nymph with no hackle
as a rise-ring appeared, and was gone.

His eyes opened wide as he stared at the glide
and started to work some line out.
It made a sound like a whip as it shot out the tip
and sank, just upstream of the trout.

Now there's no time to think when your nymph starts to sink
and then stops — as you strip it back in;
you just sense the take, and don't let your hands shake
you just feel it, like some kind of Zen.

Oh, it made his heart sing to feel life in the thing
that throbbed all the way down his rod
and when the fish jumped and shook and could not throw the hook,
he yelled out "I've got him, by God!"

But the fish had a plan that did not involve man
he was hooked, but he was no fool.
So he took one more bound, then he started to sound
to the bottom of his favorite pool.

Now down there in the dark was a stump without bark
just the roots and what's left of a tree.
So the fish wrapped the line, and his tippet so fine
'round a root, swished his tail, and was free.

So there's something to learn as you stand there and burn
in the chill that comes just after dawn —
you've lost only a fly, and the fish didn't die —
the day is young, and you've had a fish on!

❖ HOW WE FISH ❖

Some only fish in the morning
some will not fish but at night
some only fish for their limit
and others just fish for a fight.

Some people just started fishing
others have fished all their lives
some always go with their buddies
and some even go with their wives.

Some drag catfish off the bottom
some play their Salmon in streams
some plug for bass in a bassboat
and some only fish in their dreams.

Some perch on the rocks of the shoreline
some sit in the back of a boat
some wade the creeks and the rivers
and some bob in an innertube float.

Some guys go fishing with sonar
some even go fishing with bait
some people cast constantly upstream
while others just sit there and wait.

Some people depend upon spinners
some tediously tie their own flies
some trust in their jigs and Rapalas
and some just drink beer and tell lies.

You know, some throw to Bonefish in oceans
and some troll Ford fenders in lakes
some only will fish with dry flies
and some fish whatever it takes.

Some people fish rarely, if ever
some build their own rods and read books
some folks catch Crappy and Bluegill
and some catch themselves with their hooks.

I guess some folks have reasons for fishing
that are personal and private, at best
some people fish for excitement
and some say they just want to rest.

Now some men go fishing for trophies
and some fish for some sort of release
others escape to their waters —
I suppose I just fish for some peace.

❖ THE CAST ❖

In the rolling Colorado's
chilly early morning mist,
before the towering ramparts
by the golden sun are kissed,
stands a solitary figure
against the current's force,
casting up the river to
his pleasure's only source.

His wand conducts a symphony —
his fly sails to it's place —
and his satisfaction with the pitch
is smiling on his face.
He watches where his streamer sinks —
(no time for an idle dream)
Then he swims and strips his hook's deceit
'till it hangs in the slackwater seam.

Now here is what a moment is
(and you all know what I mean)
it's the distance from a fly rod tip
to the water's swirling green,
and it's the time it takes to mend your line
'till everything looks right —
he feels the take and lifts his rod,
and now his line goes tight!

Now the river takes but passing note
as our hero gets his wish
and starts the ritual, liquid dance
by bowing to his fish.
With the flexing of his favorite rod
and the singing of his reel,
he knows what he has always known —
he knows how this will feel.

He points his rod-tip at the beast
and feels the lightning run.
He tugs the brim of his Irish cap
against the rising sun,
and wading near the water's edge
to a level bar of sand,
he turns upstream to face his foe —
It's time to make his stand.

Yes, it's time to put the pressure on —
(never let a big fish rest) —
this is what he came here for
and his tackle is put to the test.
A quarter-hour spent gaining line,
one last run from the net,
one last leap in the morning sun —
and he's got what he came to get.

Well, it takes both hands to haul the trout
to the shallows by the shore,
and using those trembling hands as a scale,
he reckons ten pounds or more!
He imagines the silvery, shimmering form
hung stiff from a fireplace beam
and untangles the fish from the mesh of the net
and slips it back into the stream.

Now in the rolling Colorado's
chilly early morning mist,
before the towering ramparts
by the golden sun are kissed,
wades a solitary figure
against the current's force,
casting on up the river
to his pleasure's only source.

THE FLORA & THE FISH

by Dana Griffin

Once, on a plant collecting excursion to Colombia, South America, I found myself chatting with a fellow botanist, a jovial fellow I had known for several years. He reached behind him (we were seated in his university office) and pulled from the bookshelf a recently published issue of a local journal, saying that he believed a North American would be interested in the first page. Who could resist such a mysterious build-up! I turned back the cover and discovered a poem gracing the initial page of this special commemorative volume. It was an ode dedicated to the Jeep! Silly, you say? Perhaps. But the poet's intentions were simply to give belated recognition to the role this 4-wheel drive vehicle has played in opening up vast areas of that mountainous country to botanical exploration. As he climbed higher in his rhapsodic waxing, this Latin Robert Frost heaped praise on the jeep for having done more for Colombian botany than anything else since the advent of the mule. Having spent many an hour on the boney backs of Andean mules, often lurching along equally sharp-backed ridges, I will refrain from any guffaws or impugning of motives—in fact, I intend to take inspiration from the author of that bit of verse and dish up another batch of long overdue credit—this time to organisms whose disappearance would spell disaster for every trout and salmon on earth (except hatchery-based facsimiles) but which continue to languish in relative obscurity. These often over-looked and almost always underpraised supporters of trout and salmon are plants! From the lowliest rock-hugging algae to the stately cedar, these components of the natural

world carry out a multiplicity of functions that are critical to the well-being of the very fish on which we fly-rodders expend so much time and treasure.

However, before identifying and discussing some of the plant groups trouters should be aware of, I feel the need to wander up a feeder creek in order to develop some relevant background. Bear with me and we'll soon be back on the main river. It needs to be recognized and reemphasized from time to time that the relationships which define the day-in, day-out existence of salmonids have had a long, long history. These relationships embrace both physical (water chemistry, temperature) and biological parameters (food supply, predators, pathogens, reproduction). If the fossil record is to be believed, we're talking about a line of fish evolution that was already part of the scene in Eocene times (40-60 million years ago). Mark Wilson, a paleontologist at the University of Alberta, has described what likely is the oldest fresh-water trout relative, a fossil form known from lake deposits in British Columbia. This Eocene ancestor of modern trout, *Eosalmo driftwoodensis* by name, combined features found today in both trout and grayling. But it is in the vegetation and climate of that time that we come across a devilishly interesting riddle. The lakes in which *Eosalmo* swam were set amid tropical deciduous forest in a climate similar to that of present-day Central America. Furthermore, bowfins, a primitive fish well-adapted to poorly oxygenated swamps, co-existed with these trout in the same lakes. Could these lakes have been located at sufficiently high elevations

such that trout would have encountered water temperatures to their liking? Unfortunately, this easy out to the riddle is foreclosed on when two facts are brought forward. In the Eocene, the Rockies had not yet begun their major upward thrust. The entire cordillera was little more than a set of foothills. Furthermore, leaves and pollen grains fossilized in the same *Eosalmo*-bearing strata confirm the presence close-by of a tropical type vegetation. So with that door slammed shut, what other explanations remain viable? There is a possibility that the ancient ancestor of modern trout was a warm-water species, perfectly at home in a lowland tropical setting, but no professional ichthyologist has supported in print such a theory, and so this one dies for want of a defender. The last possible resolution to the riddle would seem to require visualizing a lake environment with a depth adequate to allow the survival of a cold-water form like *Eosalmo*. This bit of conjecture is not all that difficult to imagine. In east Tennessee today there are impoundments which support planted browns and rainbows in the depths of the now inundated river channels while largemouth bass and brim occupy the shallows.

But to accept this picture of the Eocene world of *Eosalmo* forces additional restrictions on these fascinating fish. Because for this line of evolution the upper waters of the lakes would have been lethally warm, it is most unlikely that one of these trout ancestors ever rose to the surface, much less ascended any of the inflowing streams. This was very much a deep-water organism that fed on equally deep-water prey—various baitfish,

crustaceans, etc. A fly-rodder, contemporary of *Eosalmo*, would have been basically out of luck unless he had heavily weighted streamers or lead-headed jigs and the means of getting these lures down deep. Millions of years had to pass before the tropical zone retreated south and the Rockies had acquired enough height to develop timberlines. In fact, some 35 million years had come and gone before the first evidence of *Salmo* appears in Miocene rocks. From then on to the present, it was onward and upward as far as mountain building went, opening more and more habitat to the fish we love to catch. From the Pliocene (13 million years ago) forward, fly-fishermen would have had a field day. All the major groups of aquatic insects—caddis, mayflies, stoneflies, alderflies, chironomids—were populating the same kinds of environments we find them in today. Of course, a fly-tyer would have had to find substitutes for some of his favorite materials. The domestic chicken was unheard of. Its wild ancestors were still scratching their way along the floors of Old World tropical forests. In other words, you could not have dressed an Adams with a grizzly hackle. But fly-tyers are innovative, if nothing else, and it is reasonably safe to presume that the lack of hen capes and saddles would have been no impediment to their craft. By the same token, most modern genera of aquatic plants were present during these ancient times, even associating in communities remarkably similar to those we come across in streams and lakes today.

The significance, it seems to me, of these random observations lies in the immensity of time over which trout-habitat relationships have matured. Nature isn't perfect or inexorable in her molding of creatures to the niches they fill. Mistakes, if that is the word for it, are made as evidenced by the fact that the great majority of all species that have inhabited this planet are gone. We missed most of them since their tenure on earth preceded our own, and those that have disappeared during our existence we shall never see again. Can the devotee of fly fishing squeeze any particularly useful conclusions from all of this? I think so. One conclusion, I submit for your reflection, is that man, a fairly recent element in the equation, is not likely to

improve on the genetics of trout and salmon, evolutionary branches that predate our own by several orders of magnitude. The wild trout or salmon, surviving in his own unpolluted environment, is infinitely superior to anything concocted in a hatchery. We all recognize the need for hatchery stock, but wild salmonid habitat cannot be legislated, bought or imported. What we have come with the world as man found it, and preserving it, or repairing it when damage is done, strikes me as the best strategy for guaranteeing us a cold-water fishery into the future. The bottomline? For me it comes down to this—preserve and care for habitat. Stock non-wild fish as carefully and as little as is needed to meet demand. Given a fishery preservation budget of two bucks, I'd spend a buck and a half on habitat and drop the remaining four bits into the hatchery coffers.

I believe I can spot the river right ahead, so let's get back to the main theme of this survey which is to consider some of the ways that plants aid and abet the survival of trout and salmon. And we can start with the role played by plants in the navigational guidance of these fish. Thanks in large part to the years of research by Arthur Hasler and his coworkers at the University of Wisconsin, we now know that migrating trout and salmon home on the organic solutes in stream water to find their way back to their natal spawning beds. In his absorbing book, *Underwater Guideposts*, Dr. Hasler carefully documents how his team of researchers went about eliminating, step by step, each possible stream component that could direct a migrating fish back to where it began life, concluding that materials leached from streamside vegetation have to be the factor that best satisfies the requirements for a navigational guidance cue. Each tributary is marked by a special bouquet which, if not identifiable by man, nonetheless is instantly recognized by the fish. It doesn't surprise us to learn that fish can detect odors. Even in the absence of proof, it makes sense that any organism living in and completely dependent on water must have the ability to detect materials dissolved in water. But what may cause some surprise is to discover the extraordinary acuity of a fish's detection system. Salmon can maintain their orientation toward the correct tributary

at dilutions of 1 part per billion. And what about odors given off by the fish themselves? Apparently, the possible messages here are many. For instance, such interesting chatter as "there's possible danger nearby," or "he's no longer boss so we can attack him" are odor-transmitted communications. Water that previously held a wounded fish, when passed over healthy fish, will cause a retreat (flight) response. Similarly, in bullhead catfish when a previously dominant male is supplanted by a new "top cat", the old male's loss of status is detected by a change in his odor, and subordinate fish will attack him where, previous to his dethroning, even the water in which he reigned caused cowering by those lower down in the pecking order.

And man, blunted though his senses are, is by no means free of this aromatic *déjà vu*. How many of you still remember the perfume worn by your first girl friend, even though quite a lot of water may have slipped downstream since your spooning days? But let a bit of that fragrance waft by the old beak, and, boy, do the memories come flooding back!

Yours truly is thrown into a nostalgic froth by *Melilotus*, the tall sweet clover. This I'd better explain. A few years ago, long after moving from Rocky Mountain trout country, I was walking along a local roadside where the county mowers had been at work. *Melilotus* was one of the weeds that grew there, and the aroma of it caught me literally in mid-stride. The memories of our Colorado cabin and trekking, rod in hand, across the highway and down to the San Juan River came rushing at me like a tidal wave. It was a riveting experience that cried out for explanation. The explanation took awhile in coming, but I am satisfied now that the odor of tall sweet clover, a plant that populated the shoulders of that mountain road, opens up a trove of memories for me, memories of trout teased from pools and riffles, of a collie who would follow me as far as the cattle guard but knew he wasn't allowed to go any further, of the utterly gorgeous red velvet ant I found one morning in that clover. What a lesson in life that was! I was sure such a dazzling insect would make a fine trout bait, and I quickly covered the prize with my hand, only to receive a wallop of a sting. Throbbing with pain, I let the bait continue on his



A SAMPLER OF TROUT STREAM PLANTS

- A-E. Algae (greatly magnified).
- F. Stonewort (*Chara* sp.)
- G. Sago pondweed (*Potamogeton pectinatus*)
- H. Bushy pondweed (*Najas flexilis*)
- I. Hornwort (*Ceratophyllum demersum*)
- J. Elodea (*Elodea canadensis*)
- K. Foxtail milfoil (*Myriophyllum exalbescens*)
- L. Watercress (*Nasturtium officinale*)
- M. White waterlily (*Nymphaea tuberosa*)...reduced.

way, learning sometime later that velvet ants are really wingless wasps and that their bright color is understood by most, but evidently not by all, of nature's critters as a warning.

So *Melilotus* and I go quite a way back, and somehow, when the county mowers are out, I feel a renewed kinship with fellow creatures like the salmon. Both of us are tugged at by aromas and in ways we cannot control or completely understand.

While we're pondering some of the less obvious roles played by stream and river plants, surely we will want to mention temperature control. Trout, salmon, grayling and the like do not do well when water temperatures climb into the 70s. Some species or races begin showing signs of heat stress at even lower temperatures. The reasons are various and need not concern us here, but what should be of interest is the capacity of vegetation to maintain flowing water within the temperature tolerances of the fish we seek to nurture. The plants do this in two ways: first, by direct shading of the water from the sun, and secondly by interdicting or slowing the delivery of silt and other suspended solids to the water system. Every particle in suspension acts as a mini solar collector. Turbid water warms faster and to higher temperatures than clear water. Commercial salt producers have been aware of this for at least two centuries. This is why they fertilize the sea water of their evaporation ponds to encourage the growth of algae. Each algal cell collects a tiny increment of solar heat, the overall result being that evaporation rates increase and more salt is produced per unit of time.

Lumbering and road-building are among the primary human activities that reduce or eliminate shading and increase silt loads to streams. In short, clear the forest from around a stream and you warm the water. This very factor contributed to the extinction in Michigan of the American grayling. So one take-home message to turn up here is that even upland vegetation plays an important part in the stability of high quality fisheries. Of course, the nearer a plant grows to the water, the more obvious is its niche in the aquatic world. Submersed, and even some emergent, plants contribute important quantities of oxygen to the water through photosynthesis, a function that becomes especially critical in waters

with temperatures approaching the upper tolerance limits for trout and their relatives.

Finally, what of the place filled by aquatic vegetation in the underwater food web? And what kinds of plants are involved? Here we have one of the more obvious interfaces between green plants and salmonids.

When you construct a model of a food web or pyramid, put all green plants at the base. They form the essential foundation, that life sustaining bridge between the energy of sunlight and animals which, in one way or another, depend on that bridge to bring them the food they need. External appearances aside, a majestic giant sequoia and a slimy mat of blue-green algae play the same basic role in their respective worlds.

What of the plants that co-exist in the world of trout and allied predators? Here we confront a highly diverse bag of forms and taxonomic groups. Let's start with the simplest—the algae.

It's probably a given that most trout, who have had any outdoor contact with algae, are hard pressed to recall anything pleasant about the experience. Strands of algae (often called "moss" incorrectly) foul our nymph imitations and wet flies. When colonizing the surface of bottom rocks, they frequently create a slippery underfooting even for experienced waders. Charles Brooks used to refer to boulders that line the bed of certain sections of the Madison River as little more than greased cannonballs. But before we get too steamed, consider the benefits to fish derived from this low form of life. Those greased cannonballs of the Madison are supporting any number of algal-browsing nymphs that, in turn, fatten the famous Madison browns and rainbows. Diatoms, desmids and various filamentous forms of algae cling to rock surfaces using a natural analog to superglue. Not only do the cells of these organisms represent a source of energy for herbivorous nymphs, but even the slimy coat that envelops the algal growth (and gives waders such a challenge) is digestible. The slime (euphemistically called mucilage by algologists) is made up of muco-polysaccharides and proteins. It's a rich food supply for those that can handle it, and many nymphs mature on just such a diet. Let's not forget as well that in many fast current sections of rivers and in high alpine lakes survival condi-

tions are sufficiently arduous that algae are the main, if not the only, plant life available. In these situations, if you took away the algae, and the nymphs supported by the algae, trout would be basically out of groceries.


The remaining aquatic flora includes those forms having more complicated structure than seen in most algae. These species have evident stems, branches and leaves. Many grow in dense beds, offering room and board to nymphs, scuds, snails and baitfish. Stoneworts (*Chara*) often populate alkaline waters, precipitating outer crusts of calcium carbonate. While technically belonging to the algae, stoneworts have a growth form that might remind one of that familiar fern relative, the horsetail. A few true mosses (bryophytes) have adapted to stream conditions such as the family to which *Fontinalis* belongs, and there are a number of others. Moist streambanks often support deep cushions of peat moss (*Sphagnum*). Further along the evolutionary scale are the aquatics that a botanist would call flowering plants. All have the potential of producing flowers, fruits and seeds; however, some individual plants may go several years without doing so. Few, if any, of these forms are strictly stream plants. All will do just as well or better in ponds, marshes or around the margins of lakes that do not have strong wave action. In streams and rivers they typically occupy the slower current sections or quieter backwaters.

The density of plant growth turns on a number of factors, but, everything else being equal, alkaline (hard) waters support more plant biomass per unit area than acid (soft) waters. This is due in large part to the greater abundance of the bicarbonate ion in waters flowing over limestone. More bicarbonate, more photosynthesis, more photosynthesis, more plant tissue. Few nymphs browse directly on living vascular plants. The material must first die and be partially digested by the action of fungi and bacteria. It is this natural gruel or detritus that a nymph's mouth parts and digestive system can process. Any plant parts can contribute fodder to the menu, and along many sections of streams leaves fallen from bankside vegetation make up the most important ingredient, but through other stretches, especially those sunny, slower runs, true aquatic plants are apt

to be the chief component.

If we carry out a quick check of the array of water plants that populate our local streams, it is clear that a recognizable set of different architectures is involved. A number grow completely submerged or, at best, have only their flowering stalks emergent. In this group are found sago pondweed, bushy pondweed, elodea, foxtail milfoil and hornwort. Others, like the various species of water lilies, produce floating leaves on long petioles which have come from fleshy stems buried in the bottom silt. And then there are a few members of the aquatic plant community, such as watercress and mare's tail, which show great seasonal fluxes in growth, being submersed early in the year but eventually producing abundant emergent growth during late spring and summer.

All of these taxa, and many not mentioned, have evolved over millions of years in the same habitats frequented by carnivores like trout. The relationships between these diverse elements have been molded and fine-tuned over this entire span of time. We should scarcely be surprised, then, at the complexity and, at times, subtleness of the interlocking roles which give definition and uniqueness to this special community of organisms. Salmonids, while not making direct use of plants as food items, are utterly dependent upon plants to supply the energy source for the nymphs, crustaceans and snails on which they and other carnivores do depend for growth and survival.

It looks like our pull-out is right ahead. Before leaving the river behind though, are there any general conclusions we might take with us as we head back to the land? Likely, yes (as you know too well, writers rarely ask rhetorical questions without an answer in mind). I would offer this as something worth remembering. Whenever we're on our favorite stream, let's reflect on just how old this whole watery world is that we are intruding upon. It developed to its present state without our intervention and can survive perfectly well without our presence. It is a physical-biological system of many parts and considerable complexity. Treat it, all of it, with the respect reserved for an oldster who has made it through quite a few tumults. It has treated you and me to some of our fondest memories. 

THE Noble Earl AND THE TROUT

by Allen G. Eastby

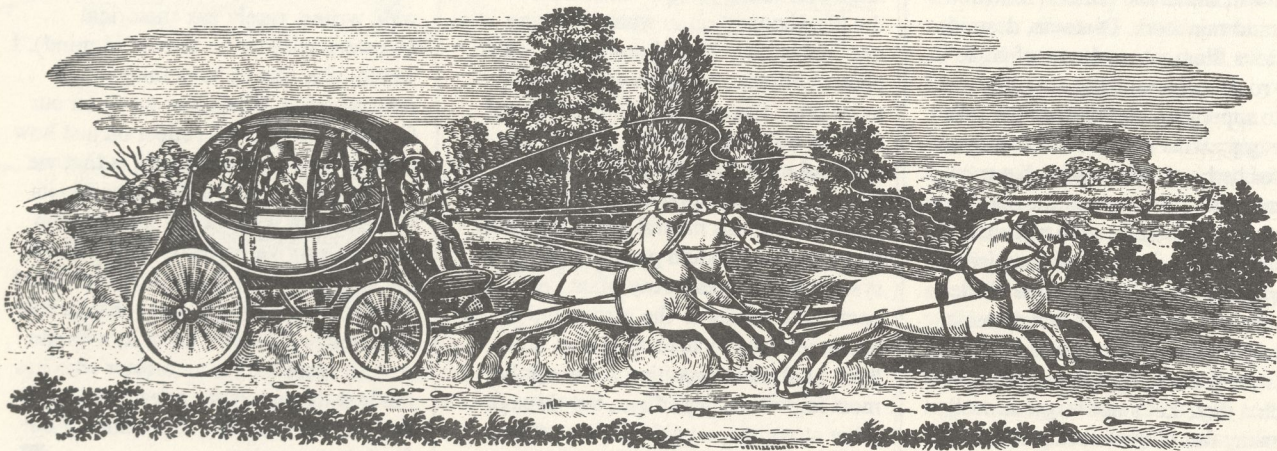
Late in April of 1776, the British philosopher and historian David Hume and a party of friends left London for a trip to the resort town of Bath. Their journey was slow and tedious—the roads were knee deep in mud, the inns were dirty and crowded, and the coach was in need of axle grease. Although the last thing the little party wanted was to spend yet another night in a miserable inn, when they reached Spine Hill near Newbury, they found the road impassable and they had to halt. As bad as the nearby inn was, it promised something better than a wretched, sleepless night in their cramped and uncomfortable coach.

After a surprisingly decent supper, and a sharp skirmish with bedbugs, Hume and his companions met one of the inn's other guests, Basil Feilding, the

sixth Earl of Denbigh. In utter astonishment, Hume listened as Lord Denbigh recounted how he and two friends, John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich, and Constantine Phipps, the second Baron Mulgrave, had been at the inn for five or six days with a trio of "ladies of pleasure" for company. They intended, Denbigh said, to stay on at the inn so they could "enjoy the trouting season." Lord Sandwich had already made a fine start. He had caught several twenty inch trout, "which gave him incredible satisfaction." Although Lord Denbigh found trout fishing a fine sport, and the ladies amusing, to make his happiness complete, he asked one of Hume's fellow travellers to send him a "cargo" of Dover soles from the fish market in Bath.

Finding three "noble lords" fishing for trout came as no surprise. Nor did the presence of the "ladies of pleasure"

cause David Hume to raise one eyebrow a fraction of an inch. What astonished the Scottish-born intellectual was that Lord Sandwich was in the country, fishing and "frolicking." The Earl of Sandwich, after all, was the First Lord of the Admiralty, the master of the Royal Navy, and in the spring of 1776, Britain was launching the greatest amphibious offensive of the eighteenth century. One hundred warships and nearly five hundred transports were carrying over twenty-seven thousand troops across the Atlantic Ocean to crush those "damn'd rebels" in the American colonies. It was a monumental undertaking that dwarfed even the world-wide offensives mounted during the Seven Years War and the fate of the British Empire hung in the balance. Yet, Hume wrote to one of his friends, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, somehow found the "leisure



[sic], tranquillity, presence of mind and magnanimity as to have amusement in trout fishing during three weeks near sixty miles from the scene of business, and during the most critical season of the year." How could the First Lord of the Admiralty desert his post at this time? Never in history had there been such a blatant example of putting private pleasure ahead of public duty. "What an ornament would it be in a future history," Hume wrote, "to open the glorious events of the ensuing year with the narrative of so singular an incident."

But had David Hume known Lord Sandwich better, he would have been neither surprised nor angered by the noble earl's trout fishing foray.

John Montagu was born in 1718. When he was three years old, he inherited his father's title (Viscount Hinchingbroke). Then, during his eleventh summer, his grandfather died and he became the fourth Earl of Sandwich. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, the young nobleman pursued several careers. He rose steadily in the army: colonel in 1745, major general in 1755, lieutenant general in 1759, and general in 1772. He served as a diplomat in the late 1740's. In 1744 he became one of the junior members of the Admiralty Board and began a life-long love affair with the Royal Navy. From 1748 to 1751 and again briefly in 1763, the earl was First Lord of the Admiralty. Then, on January 12, 1771, he again kissed the king's hand, becoming once more First Lord of the Admiralty, a post he would hold for ten tumultuous years, a decade that saw the outbreak of the American Revolution, a world spanning war with France, and the loss of thirteen colonies.

Such a career, though, was neither out-of-the-ordinary nor unexpected. Lord Sandwich had been born into England's titled aristocracy, a group of less than two hundred families.¹ This small elite, whose wealth was based on the ownership of large estates, ruled England and her empire. From birth, eighteenth century aristocrats were destined to leave their marks on the world, as politicians, soldiers, and diplomats, as patrons of the arts, as builders of

canals, industrial entrepreneurs, and agricultural innovators. Every door was open to them. They could do as they wished, even stay at home.

But whatever path an English aristocrat chose, his roots were always in the countryside. And it was to the country that the noble lords and their ladies always returned. Land—estates that stretched for miles—was the basis of their wealth, and of their status. Although some fashion conscious "fops" made fun of the simple, "rusticated" pursuits of the countryside, for a man like Lord Sandwich, long days hunting and fishing (usually followed by longer nights of drinking and "frolicking"), were as much a part of life as cards and wine at Almack's or White's—the famous London "gaming" clubs, "routs" at Bath, the latest play with Garrick in the lead, a Handel oratorio, or one of Mr. Hogarth's delightfully satirical engravings.

Field sports—hunting (usually pursuing deer with hounds), shooting (especially game birds), and fishing—were important not only as recreation, but as social events. Hunting and fishing outings were opulent functions, arranged weeks and sometimes months in advance and involving droves of servants, sumptuous meals, and, usually, a contingent of "ladies of pleasure" to help pass the evening hours or rainy afternoons. Old friendships were renewed and new ones formed. Political matters could be settled and marriages arranged on the banks of trout streams. Indeed, hunting and fishing were part of the fabric of everyday life and very little was allowed to come between an English "milord" and his sport. Even in the middle of war and revolution, Lord Sandwich found time to catch pike and send them to his friend Lord Denbigh, whose wife delighted in broiled, boiled, fried, and baked pike.

However, hunting and fishing were expensive. During the course of the eighteenth century, game laws were made steadily harsher and the great landlords were forced to employ large numbers of "keepers" to hold the poachers—mostly unemployed farm laborers—in check. It was also necessary

to pay for the damage done to neighbors' property and, sometimes, the destruction wrought on tenants' fields and livestock. The Duke of Kingston, for example, once had to pay the widow of one of his tenants five shillings after his hunting dogs bit the woman's cow. Finely crafted fowling pieces and fishing rods were prized, and costly, as were horses and hounds. But of course, the aristocrats could afford it. During the eighteenth century, their wealth grew steadily as rents paid by tenant farmers rose and the great estates were "developed" (mining and metalworking in particular were popular "enterprizes" among the aristocracy). Then too, if by some mischance—say a spendthrift son, like Lord Sandwich's heir—a nobleman should fall into debt, there were always the profits and proceeds of government service and politics or a marriage to a rich merchant's or businessman's daughter to help rebuild the family fortune.

For the aristocracy, life was indeed full and rich. And if a nobleman should grow tired of hunting and fishing, of drinking and gambling, of managing his estates and pursuing his neighbor's wife, there was always politics. Governing England's empire was not only a duty, it was pure, unalloyed fun. Deploying fleets and armies to soundly thrash the French and Spaniards was almost as enjoyable as a "frolick" on the banks of the Test. A fine speech delivered in the House of Lords, one with all the proper allusions to ancient Greece and Rome, was quite as satisfying as bringing down a fine buck or landing a twenty inch trout. Politics also allowed a nobleman to display to the world the reasons why he had a title and why he stood so far above the "commoners".

John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich, was born into this world of wealth and power, of pleasure, sport, and politics and he lived the life he had been "bred" to, lived it to the hilt.

Although he was personally well liked, and everyone admired his skill at the card table, his capacity to drink steadily for days at a stretch, and his charming mistress, while he served as First Lord of the Admiralty during the American

Revolution Lord Sandwich became one of the central figures in a bitter political struggle.

For Lord Sandwich there was no doubt that the rebelling colonists in North America had to be crushed. It would not be a hard task, he told the House of Lords in February, 1775. The colonists were a set of "raw, undisciplined, cowardly men." He assured his fellow noblemen that "the very sound of a cannon would carry them off as fast as their feet could carry them." Sandwich was not alone in his views. But there were men, even in the House of Lords, who saw the justice in the rebel's cause and strove to change Britain's policy of suppressing the rebellion by force. The Earl of Shelburne,² for example, after listening to one of Sandwich's bitterly vituperative and salaciously scatological harangues about American cowardice (in this case, lambasting the rebels for refusing to leave their entrenchments on Bunker and Breed's Hills), asked the other members of the House of Lords "if this was language becoming so great an officer of state?" and going on to attack the entire policy of using force against the Americans. Other politicians—such as Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox—saw in the American rebellion their best hope to reverse the steady growth of what they believed was royal despotism and tyranny. But such opposition, while troublesome, was hardly a threat to Lord Sandwich and his political allies.

Far more dangerous to the existing government, and to the aristocracy, was the growing dissatisfaction with England's political and social structure that was expressed during the late 1770's in petitions calling for the reform of Parliament, widespread public demonstrations, and occasional riots. But such "commotions of the lower orders" were of little concern to the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Lord Sandwich's time of trial came when it was discovered that the American rebels didn't run away at the sight of a British warship. As the rebellion became a war, and especially after the French allied themselves with the Americans,

increasing numbers of admirals and senior captains began to criticize Sandwich's administration of the Navy. The officials he appointed were invariably corrupt, it was said, the noble earl was lazy and incompetent, and the strategy he pursued was criminally insane. Inefficiency and venality combined with poor strategy were bringing England to her knees. The naval officers, of course, were able to support their charges. They were experts, while Sandwich was only a trout fishing general and a frolicking politician, not a sailor.

On one point all of Sandwich's critics—in Parliament, in the Navy, and among the "people"—agreed: the noble earl spent too much time "frolicking" and trout fishing.

Late in 1781, Sandwich's critics were proven correct. Four armies (two American and two French) and two French naval squadrons trapped a British army at a place in Virginia known as Yorktown. The Royal Navy's attempt to rescue Lord Cornwallis and his regiments failed and a British army surrendered to a pack of ragamuffin rebels and a collection of frog-eating "monseers".

The defeat at Yorktown brought Lord Sandwich's public career to a close. He retired to "private life", and spent his last ten years fishing and "frolicking" and worrying about his wastrel son.

Some of Sandwich's critics may have been a little too harsh. He did oversee the introduction of a major technological innovation—copper plating for the hulls of warships—and before the treaties ending the War of Independence were signed, the Royal Navy did win several notable victories. But the fact remains, Sandwich did play a key role in losing a war, and an empire.

Perhaps David Hume should not have been surprised and angered when he found Lord Sandwich "frolicking" and trout fishing. But he had every right to note the event for posterity. It is rare indeed to find so important a figure blithely going fishing during a time of crisis. Yet how can we, who share Lord Sandwich's fascination with trout and trout fishing, find fault with him? Who among us does not feel "incredible

satisfaction" when a twenty inch trout is brought to net? But when next a trout is caught and released, a moment can be spared to reflect and ask what might have happened had a noble earl **not** been so fond of fishing? Might we now be singing "God Save the Queen" instead of the "Star Spangled Banner"? Then, as shadows lengthen and the hour of the evening rise approaches, it is time to ask if our gallery of Founding Fathers should not include a portrait of *Salmo trutta*? That fascinating and beguiling creature did divert an English "milord" from the demanding path of duty and may well have helped a new nation be born.

¹ It was not until the last fifteen years of the eighteenth century, when George III used the creation of new "peers" as a cheap and convenient way to pay off political debts, that the ranks of England's titled aristocracy nearly doubled.

² Born William Petty in 1737, he was styled Viscount Fitzmaurice from 1753. In 1761 he became the second Earl of Shelburne in the Irish peerage and second Baron Wycombe in the English peerage. In 1784, he was made Marquess of Landsdowne (English peerage). So during his life he was known as Billy Petty, Lord Fitzmaurice, Lord Shelburne, and Lord Landsdowne.

LORD SANDWICH'S OTHER PLEASURES

Aside from fishing and "politicking", John Montagu, the fourth Earl of Sandwich, pursued other pleasures. He was a gambler of repute, a shrewd card player who somehow managed to break even. Indeed, the curious concoction of sliced beef dressed with horseradish and served between two slices of bread (which was called a "gastronomic atrocity") was devised so the noble earl could eat while at the card table. One wonders what the eighteenth century would think of today's "sandwiches".

Lord Sandwich also had an "eye for a well turned ankle". But he had some justification for his fondness for "ladies of pleasure". His wife was insane. For sixteen years, except during his trout fishing jaunts, he remained loyal to his mistress, a certain Martha Ray. In 1779, she was murdered in front of Drury Lane Theatre. Her death opened a deep wound that even a charming note of condolence from George III could not heal. But it did cause Parliament to postpone the vote on a motion censuring Sandwich's

conduct at the Admiralty, a delay that allowed his political allies to muster their strength and eventually defeat the motion.

As a member of the so-called "Hell-fire Club", Sandwich has acquired a reputation that is undeserved. The stories of devil worship and sexual perversion supposedly practiced by this group are based entirely on *nineteenth* century gossip. There is no evidence the "club's" orgies were anything but drinking and "frolicking" in the unusual, but very fashionable, setting of the make-believe ruins of a medieval abbey. Certainly, none of the women involved ever complained, and there were enough political opponents looking for fresh ammunition to use against the "club's" members that any complaints would surely have been aired.

Lord Sandwich also loved music. So great was his interest in music that he allowed one of the junior lords of the Admiralty to bring singers into the office during the afternoon to entertain the staff. This happy practice took place while Britain was fighting for its life against France, Spain, and the rebel colonies in North America. What might have happened in the office had Lord Sandwich presided over the Admiralty during peacetime is anyone's guess.

OF PEERS AND COMMONERS

In the eighteenth century, Great Britain was made up of three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Legally, society in the three kingdoms was divided into two great "orders", lords and commons. The "lords", distinguished by hereditary titles referred to as "peerages" reflecting their "nobility", were a relatively small group of immense wealth and power. In Parliament, England's titled noblemen sat, "by right", in the House of Lords, where they were joined by a delegation elected by the Scottish peers. The Irish noblemen sat in the House of Lords of the Dublin Parliament until 1801 when the Dublin and London Parliaments were merged.

In one of those delightfully English twists, Scottish and Irish peers could be elected to the English (that is, the

London) House of Commons from an English constituency since they were, after all, only commoners in England.

The political history of Britain is further complicated by the practice of giving the sons of the nobility what are called "courtesy titles". The eldest son of an Earl of Sandwich, for instance, was known as Viscount Hinchingbroke, but legally he was plain Mr. Montagu and could sit in the House of Commons. It's all very confusing, and very English.

The wealth, status, prestige, and power of the great noble families could be, and often was, rivaled by that of the "gentry". Large to moderate landowners without titles (except for the occasional "knight" or "baronet", that is, a "sir"), the gentry—also known as the "squires" and the "squirearchy"—came from

families that were often as old and distinguished as the great noble clans. Indeed, they often scorned newly "minted" nobles like the upstart Dukes of Marlborough (the Churchills and Spencer-Churchills).

In education, interests, and lifestyle, the gentry and the nobility were indistinguishable. Together, they formed the ruling class of eighteenth century Britain. But it was a fluid class and it was possible for dynamic individuals—forceful politicians and administrators, successful military and naval leaders, and wealthy merchants and businessmen—to join its ranks.

Nobility and gentry, English, Scottish, and Irish, were also the men who built and lost empires in between trout fishing expeditions and delightful "frolicks".

NOTES

David Hume's account of the meeting at the inn near Newbury is taken from his letter to William Strahan dated May 10, 1776 in G. Birkenhead Hill (editor), *The Letters of David Hume to William Strahan* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1888), pps. 324-325.

For Lord Sandwich and the pike he sent to Lord Denbigh, see Sandwich to Denbigh, August 10, 1775 and Denbigh to Sandwich, August 12, 1775 in Marion Balderston and David Syrett (editors), *The Lost War: Letters from British Officers During the American Revolution* (New York: Horizon Press: 1975), pps. 37-38.

For the Duke of Kingston's hounds and the widow's cow, see G. E. Mingay, *English Landed Society in the Eighteenth Century* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1963), p. 153.

For the musical interludes at the Admiralty, see Brian Connel (editor), *Portrait of a Whig Peer: Compiled from the Papers of the Second Viscount Palmerston, 1739-1802* (London: Andre Deutsch: 1957), pps. 107-108 and 121.

Sandwich's activities at the Admiralty can be followed in G. R. Barnes and J. H. Owen (editors), *The Private Papers of John, Lord Sandwich, First Lord of*

the Admiralty, 1771-1782 (London: Navy Records Society, 1932).

For Sandwich's speech in the House of Lords on February 10, 1775, see Peter Force (editor), *American Archives: Fourth Series, Containing a Documentary History of The English in North America to the Declaration of Independence* (Washington, D.C.: M. St. Clair Clarke and Peter Force, 1837-1846), vol. I, pps. 1682-1683.

For Lord Shelburne's speech, see William Cobbett (editor), *The Parliamentary History of England from the Earliest Times to the Year 1803* (London: Hansard, 1806-1820), vol. XVIII, p. 726.

SUGGESTED READING

Dorothy Marshall, *English People in the Eighteenth Century* (London: Longmans, 1956)

G. E. Mingay, *English Landed Society in the Eighteenth Century* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1963)

A. S. Turberville, *English Men and Manners in the Eighteenth Century* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1926)

BOOK REVIEWS

BY ROBERT M. POOLE

A Fly on the Water by Conrad Voss Bark. 190 pages. Available from Allen & Unwin Inc., 8 Winchester Place, Winchester, Mass. 01890

The Encyclopaedia of Fly Fishing by Conrad Voss Bark. 237 pages. Available from B. T. Batsford Ltd., 4 Fitzhardinge Street, London, W1H OAH, England.

Fly-Tying Methods by Darrel Martin. 276 pages. Available from Nick Lyons Books, 31 West 21 Street, New York, N.Y. 10010.



Poor Conrad Voss Bark. He writes a fishing column for *The Times* of London and has a devil of a time getting into the paper. On a slow news day he can sneak in a few lines, sometimes above the fold, but then the Olympics start or the British Open comes to town and his column disappears for several weeks, only to resurface, as he puts it, "when all the Gold Medallists have left, the flags are down, and the stadium is bare."

There is no news in fishing, a fact that Voss Bark cheerfully acknowledges. "The last news of any importance occurred some forty or fifty years ago with the discovery of the weighted nymph." But he can afford to be magnanimous, because there is nothing in this world as ephemeral as news, and the chances are that his splendid essays on fishing, collected from *The Times* and expanded in *A Fly on the Water*, will be remembered long after yesterday's football scores or the accounts of who wore

what to Wimbledon.

This is because Voss Bark writes about the things that have always concerned fishermen and always will, such as how to get a hook out of your hand and how to rearrange your fly boxes in bed without disturbing your wife. He remembers days when the fishing was unspectacular; but days remembered, nonetheless, for the chance sighting of a fox or heron or eagle, or the companionship of a friend. Such small things make few headlines, but they do eventually make the sum of every fisherman's life.

Voss Bark's life has been a rich one. He started fishing at age 12, and continued with the sport ever since, even during the London years he served as a distinguished parliamentary correspondent for the BBC. He was the first reporter to read the news on British television. He retired some years back and moved to the banks of the River Lyd in Devon, where his wife Anne runs one of England's premier fishing hotels. There he spends his days writing and fishing. Sometimes he zips up to Scotland to pursue salmon, and he has been known to sing, without warning, while wading hip-deep in the Spey River.

This singing, he explains, "is not the stuff of which good salmon fisherman are made; it would upset one's rhythm of casting and quite possibly upset the fish. The textbooks, or those I have read, never imagine one is so foolish as to bellow out Siegfried's song, or something that approximates it, during the serious business of catching fish, but to the aesthete or the dilettante or whatever grouping I come under it is of considerable importance to be able to do so."

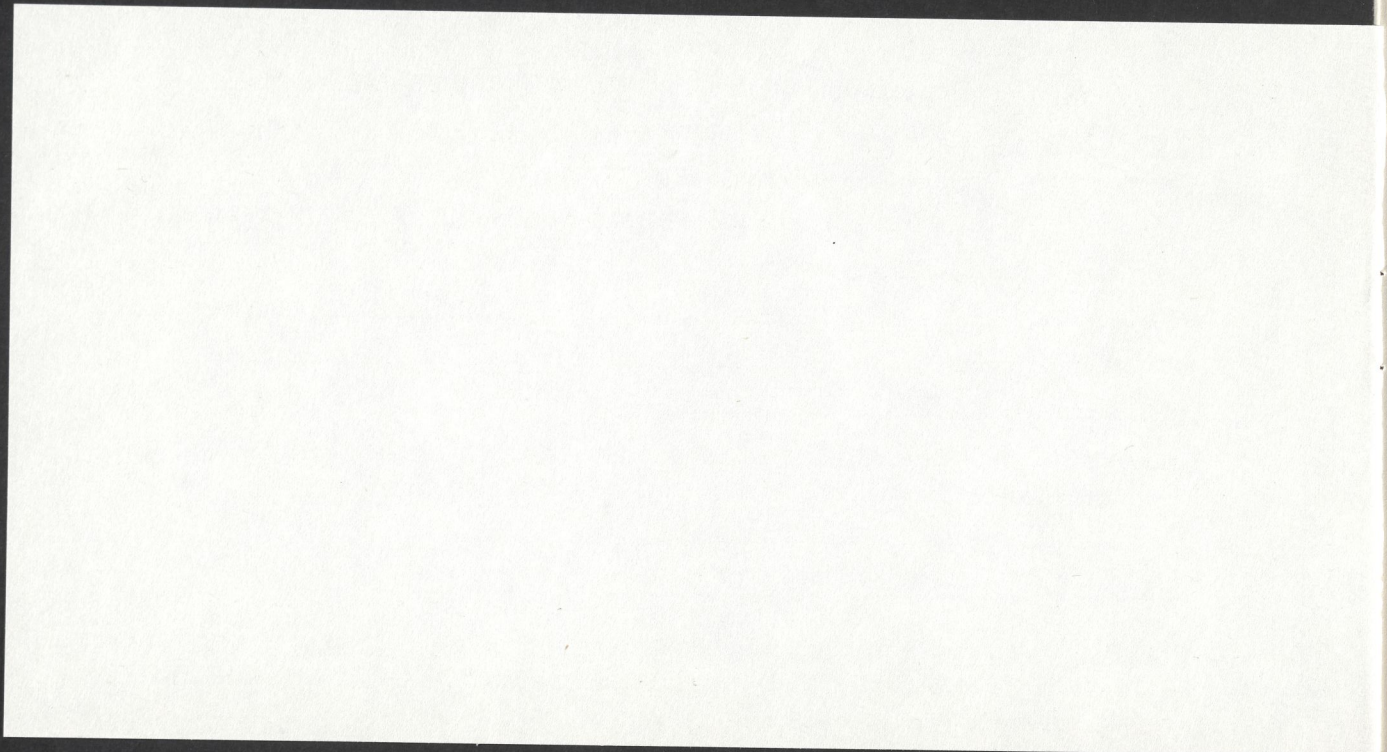
This book is something of a memoir, but without that gloomy "this-sums-it-up-probably-the-last-you'll-hear-from-me"

quality that burdens so many remembrances from well-seasoned anglers. Voss Bark recalls the odd weather in Scotland, a legendary Irish ghillie named James O'Hara, and a host of fishing writers who are worth knowing: Arthur Ransome, T. C. Kingsmill Moore, J. Waller Hills, Viscount Grey of Fallodon, and Negley Farson, "an American reporter who lived hard, drank hard and wrote like an angel," according to Voss Bark.

Here and there he records a curiosity, such as the day two fishermen encountered an alligator on the Itchen, and the year in which the last man was bitten by Dr. Samuel Johnson's parrot. The biting incident occurred in or about 1939 in the public bar at the Cheshire Cheese, just down the street from Dr. Johnson's. There was a point to the story, which involved an old friend of Voss Bark's, and believe me, it had something to do with fishing.

It doesn't matter whether you have fished the other side of the Atlantic. If you haven't, *A Fly on the Water*, will take you to the best of Britain's waters by armchair, with charming companions; if you have fished the U.K., the book will rekindle good memories.

It is a delightful assemblage of incident and opinion gathered over one fisherman's life. Voss Bark has learned a thing or two—how to prepare for buying a new rod, for instance: "It needs thought," he warns. "Although emotionally one may long for a new and beautiful rod that does everything the catalogues may say about it, and they say a great deal, it also needs a fairly sober assessment on how the fisherman and the rod are going to get on together. On this point, although the analogy may be a little stretched, the choice of a rod has some affinity with a



marriage. One hopes it will last for some

Flies are another matter. The beginner should be "encouraged to take a light-hearted view of his choice of fly, not considering it in a serious way as if he was buying an equity, but more like taking a ticket in a lottery . . . There are certain times," he writes, "when one guesses right and other times, which are more frequent, when one guesses wrong. He must also be warned that if one pattern of fly happens to be successful on one day it will almost invariably be unsuccessful on the next. In this way he will be able to prepare himself for the fly fisherman's proper state of mind: an exhilarating and deliciously bemused uncertainty."

That section is fairly typical, although these snippets hardly do justice to Voss Bark's wonderfully-wrought essays, which should be read whole to be appreciated. It won't take long. His pieces seldom run more than 700 or 1,000 words, just the right length for reading by the fire or in bed. You must resist the natural tendency to speed through the book in a day or so, and try to make it last.



We Americans owe much of our fly-fishing tradition to the British. They gave us our rods, our flies, and, of course, a great literary tradition that reaches back through the centuries to Izaak Walton, and beyond.

Anyone who wants to learn more about that tradition need look no further than Conrad Voss Bark's other new book, *The Encyclopaedia of Fly Fishing*. Calling it an encyclopaedia, which suggests a dry catalogue of knowledge, is not quite fair, because what we have here is an eminently readable book, one in preparation for more than 50 years. All that time, Voss Bark has been jotting down on index cards the good quotes, anecdotes, legal precedents, fly dressings, geographical and hydrological data, and other bits of odd fishing information that caught his attention. The result, sifted

and refined, is this quirky little volume.

Here you will find the prescription for the Partridge-and-Orange, a favorite wet fly from Yorkshire and the Borders; you will meet Frank Sawyer, G.E.M. Skues, Frederick M. Halford, and the other great anglers who have influenced our fishing; you will read about the Test, the Itchen, the Dee of Aberdeenshire, and other famous rivers. Who, looking at the Thames today, could believe that a 21-pound brown trout, such as the one caught by a Mr. Lowndes in 1888, ever survived in those roiling waters? Voss Bark records it here, and describes recent efforts to bring that noble river back to life.

Voss Bark packs the book with good quotes from other fishermen. The most intriguing of all comes from Lord Melbourne, the British Prime Minister who asked in 1835: "How can we be expected to take an interest in a country like Canada where the salmon do not rise to the fly?"

The author includes excellent sections on the origins of the dry fly and the nymph. He gives wading tips and a section on pollution of Britain's waters, and he traces the history of fly rods, from the age of willow and hazel to the age of bamboo and graphite. And there are clear, easy-to-follow diagrams for standard fishing knots and casting techniques. If you ever wondered how the Zulu fly got its name, Voss Bark reveals it here: The palmered fly was named "after the head-dresses worn by warriors of the Chief Cetawayo, the Zulu king who defeated the British during one of the South African wars of the 1870s."

The book, rich in such detail, is one that every fisherman will enjoy.




If you had to get by on just two fly-tying books, these would suffice: You could learn the basic techniques from *How to Tie Freshwater Flies* by Kenneth E. Bay and Matthew M. Vinciguerra; then you could follow with Darrel Martin's *Fly-Tying Methods*, aimed at

the more advanced fly-tyer. Bay and Vinciguerra's book, first published by Winchester Press in 1974, is, sad to say, out of print, but it can be found occasionally in used book stores and catalogues. Martin's book has just been published, and it is a beauty, filled with more than 500 illustrations, including the author's own line drawings and photographs.

With *Fly-Tying Methods*, Martin, who teaches English in Tacoma, Washington, has produced an innovative and intelligent book that will serve as a standard for years to come.

His section on naturals describes the major plants and insects of interest to *Salmo trutta*, and gives illustrated tips that will help bewildered *homo sapiens* differentiate the *heptageniidae* from the *caenidae*. His section on equipment helps sort out the baffling array of vises, feathers, and synthetics that confront the modern angler; this section, illustrated in part with new electron microscope photographs, shows, as no written description ever can, how caribou hair easily compresses for spinning and why seal hair is difficult to dub. He includes a 30-page chapter on hooks. That may sound excessive, but you will someday say a prayer of thanks to Darrel Martin when you find yourself fumbling with three of four catalogues and trying to remember whether it was the #94842 Viking or the Partridge D5B you wanted to order. Martin makes it easy; each major pattern is illustrated by his exquisite line drawings.

His "Methods" section features innovative tying techniques, clearly explained and, again, superbly illustrated. Martin also advises on the essentials of a streamside tying kit, and describes how Lee Wulff tied flies without a vise; it's the sort of thing you'll probably never use, but you feel better knowing how it's done, just in case.

My only complaint about Martin's book is one of omission: I wish he had more information about suppliers of fur, feathers, thread, and other materials. But having said that, I would encourage all serious fly-tyers to go out and buy this, Martin's first major book. It is a promising start indeed. 

PART 2

THE LANGUAGE OF A TROUT STREAM

by Rick Hafele



Part I of *Language Of A Trout Stream* pointed out the importance of listening to nature and streams. Streams talk? Well, yes, for those with an understanding of the language much can be learned. Part I discussed how the physical environment around a stream, its climate and geology etc., affects the character of a stream. It also pointed out how an understanding of the physical environment can tell you a lot about where, how and with what to fish. In this installment of *Language Of A Trout Stream* I want to discuss the biology of streams and the language used by stream life. There are many tales to be heard, if you know how to listen!

Henry David Thoreau wrote, "Time is but the stream I go fishing in." One of the more interesting stories stream life can tell you is about time, for it speaks not only of the present but of the past. Next to the oceans, streams are one of the oldest habitats on earth. It's odd, because anyone who spends time on rivers knows how much they change from year to year. Gravel bars come and go. New pools form or riffles deepen. Each spring you must relearn parts of the stream. Yet rivers are one of the most permanent features on the planet. This is particularly true when compared to lakes. Lakes follow a definite progression from birth to their death. Small lakes may live only a few hundred years while large lakes may live tens of thousands, but inevitably they fill and become part of the land. While not immortal, rivers live by a different time scale. Great rivers like the Nile, Amazon and Mississippi, and most other rivers as well, equal the age

of the land they flow through. Even droughts cannot permanently kill a river, for when the rains return so will the stream and much of its former life.

The age of a stream can actually be seen. Lay on the bank of a stream and daydream about what life was like a thousand years ago, a million years ago, three hundred million years ago. Then open your eyes, walk to the river and pick up a rock. The plants and animals living on that rock look and behave in much the same way as their descendents, which first evolved over 300 million years ago.

Algae are the oldest. Simple blue-green algae first appeared in the oceans over 3 billion years ago. They have been living in freshwater streams for at least 500 to 600 million years. The same is true of one of the most abundant plants in streams, diatoms. Diatoms are simple one celled plants with a hard outer covering of silica. They are microscopic, but are well known to anyone who has waded a rocky stream for they coat the rocks forming a slippery layer called periphyton that can make wading treacherous. Diatoms also evolved in the oceans. When they die their silica shells sink to the bottom of the sea. Ancient diatom fossil beds produce a type of soil called diatomite. Today more than 10,000 species of diatoms are known from fresh and saltwater.

The first animal forms to live in streams are thought to have invaded freshwater from the sea by moving up the mouths of rivers over 400 million years ago. These first animals were simple forms like protozoans and sponges. Later

flatworms (planarians), roundworms (nematodes) and Annelids (worms and leeches) entered streams. Crustaceans also invaded freshwater from the sea. These include copepods, cladocerans, ostracods, and eventually isopods, amphipods and decapods (crayfish).

The list of such freshwater invertebrates is now quite long and diverse. But not as long or diverse as those found in the sea. It seems the transition from the sea to freshwater is not an easy one. Freshwater offers a completely different environment than seawater. Seawater is rich in dissolved salts. Thus, life began in a brine-like environment, and body fluids took on a similar chemical composition. In contrast freshwater is low in dissolved salts, but the body tissues of freshwater organisms retained the salt-water-like chemical composition. The result is for tissues of freshwater organisms to be constantly flooded by water. Specialized organs to excrete large quantities of water had to evolve before animals could successfully live in freshwater. Freshwater also undergoes tremendous fluctuations in temperature and other conditions compared to seawater. Thus freshwater animals had to adapt to a much different and harsher environment than the near constant conditions their ancestors developed in. Fortunately they succeeded.

About 300 million years ago a revolution in freshwater biology occurred. At the time it probably seemed insignificant, but it has resulted in vast amounts of literature and art works, and altered the way of life for thousands of people. This revolution began when the

first insects entered streams and rivers. Surprisingly this revolution began on land instead of the sea, for it is now believed that the earliest insects were terrestrial instead of aquatic.

Eopterum devonicum is the name given to the earliest known insect. Its fossil was found in Russia, and is nearly 400 million years old. Evidence suggests these first insects evolved from primitive myriapods, arthropods similar to today's centipedes or millipedes. These primitive myriapods are descendants of worms. In fact there still lives today a group of animals that form an evolutionary link between worms and arthropods. They have been placed in a separate phylum called Onychophora. The first described species was called *Peripatus juliformis* by the Rev. Lansdown Guilding in 1826. Since then 30 species have been described.

If you thought the sand worms of Dune were a strange breed, just take a look at *Peripatus*. Its body is soft and segmented like an earthworm. Along the underside, however, there is a row of paired short unjointed legs each bearing several hooks. There is a pair of stout antennae on a rather undefined head, and a simple eye spot at the base of each antenna. Large species may reach a length of six inches.

Peripatus are predators. They eat crickets, grasshoppers and most other small invertebrates. Their food is caught by firing sticky threads of glue from openings on each side of the mouth around its prey. Once immobilized by the gluey threads, an injection of saliva kills and dissolves the tissue of the prey.

Peripatus reproduce by laying eggs, or, strangely enough, by bearing live young. In these species a tiny egg attaches to the uterine wall and forms a true placenta, very similar to that of higher mammals. Gestation may last 12 to 15 months. Onychophorans live today in most tropical areas of the world including America, Africa, South America,

New Zealand and Australia. From such strange beginnings insects evolved!

Early in the evolution of insects, while most were finding ways to better cope in a terrestrial environment, a few took a different approach: Why not live underwater? This question was asked about 300 million years ago. It was answered successfully by the ancestors of today's mayflies and dragon flies. Forerunners of today's dragonflies have been named Meganisoptera. These were huge specimens with wingspans reaching 30 inches. Mayflies are thought to have evolved from a now extinct group called Palaeodictyoptera. By 200 million years ago most of the present day orders of aquatic insects had developed (see chart below).

The fossil records of the early species of aquatic insects are unfortunately sparse. As a result it is not well known just what these early forms looked like. No doubt there were many differences from today's species. The fossil records for dragonflies, however, is fairly good, largely due to the preservation of wings. From the fossils available it is clear that dragonflies have remained relatively unchanged for at least 200 million years. Think about it. The insects you see on a stream today have been living relatively unchanged for 50 to 100 million years before the first dinosaurs, 200 million years before the first salmonids and almost 250 million years before the first trout ever tipped its nose up to a mayfly dun. They are truly living fossils. One hundred million years ago they may have rested on the horns of a *Triceratops*. Today they are described and discussed and imitated by a few recently evolved humans dedicated to fooling trout.

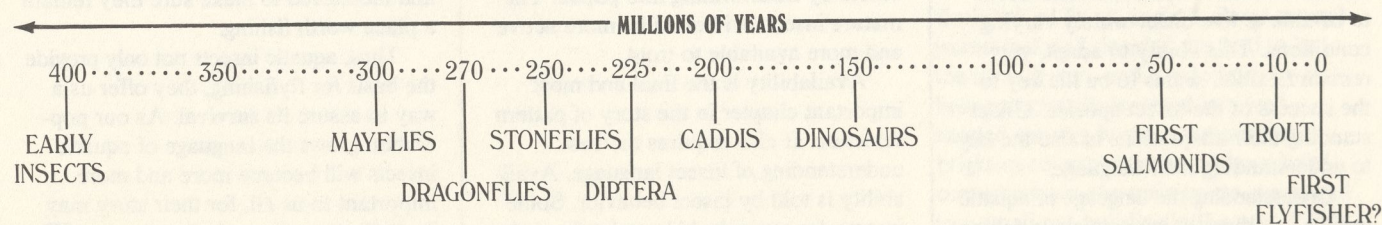
While we humans are a recent development, our affects on animal evolution are often considered. I, however, wonder how mayflies or dragonflies or stoneflies, etc., may be affecting human evolution. Take, for example, the amount of time people have spent over

the last few centuries studying and writing about aquatic insects. Many of these people have been considered scholars of their time. What if these people had put their energy into other endeavors? If Louis Pasteur had been a flyfisherman he might not have discovered penicillin, and thousands could have died before someone else discovered it. On the other hand, if Hitler had learned to fish World War II might never have happened.

Aquatic insects also may be affecting the population growth of humans. Think of the hours thousands of flyfishers spend away from home. time that can't be used for reproduction. Or what effect does seeing the extremely short life of adult mayflies have on flyfishers? If nothing else, you realize your time is limited and you better not waste it when you get home! Flyfishing is a growing sport, so no doubt aquatic insects will be having an even greater influence on human evolution in the future.

The success of insect evolution is unquestioned. Roughly 70% (over 700,000 species) of all animal species on earth are insects. Aquatic insects have been equally successful. In North America alone there are more than 10,000 species of aquatic insects. Insects, more than any other group, have been able to adapt to a wide variety of conditions and habitats. Of course they have had over 300 million years to evolve and adapt, compared to only one or two million years of human evolution.

The adaptations of aquatic insects to their habitat are fascinating. For attaching themselves to the substrate they have evolved suckers, hooks, friction pads made of hair, flattened bodies to hide under rocks and silk for tying themselves to the bottom. For breathing they have come up with plate-like gills, slender fibrous gills, internal gills, air bubbles that are taken underwater, long breathing tubes that suck down surface air or nothing at all, the oxygen simply diffuses



RIFFLES/RUNS	FLATS	POOLS
STONEFLIES: Golden Stones Giant Stones Little Yellows MAYFLIES: Little Olives March Browns Pale Morning Duns Hendricksons Green Drakes CADDISFLIES: Green Rock Worms Net-spinning Caddis American Grannom	MAYFLIES: Little Olives Blue Duns Tricos CADDISFLIES: American Grannom DIPTERA: Midges MISC: Scuds Sow Bugs Ants	MAYFLIES: Burrowers CADDISFLIES: Rush Sedge Summer Sedge Long Horn Sedge DIPTERA: Midges MISC: Leeches Minnows Crayfish

through their exoskeleton.

Feeding has produced a tremendous array of adaptations. Some have chewing mouthparts and feed on plants or other animals. Predators catch their prey by stalking them, ambushing them or entangling them in nets. Others have special mouthparts designed to scrape algae off rocks. Many others use nets or fine hairs on the head or legs for filtering fine particles of food from the water. Still others have sucking mouthparts that are used to suck sap from plants or the blood of other insects.

Perhaps most fascinating are the types of communication that have evolved. By rubbing their forelegs on their head some caddisflies make underwater chirping sounds to mark their territory. Many adult stoneflies "drum" their abdomens on the ground or tree branches to attract mates. Dragonflies patrol mating territories and perform aerial stunts before mating. And pheromones are used both underwater and above to detect and repel predators, attract mates or mark territories.

Some adaptations have made certain species highly specialized to a specific habitat or food. Other specimens seem to be able to live under widely varying conditions. This ability to adapt, yet remain flexible, seems to be the key to the success of the insect species. Understanding their adaptations is also the key to understanding their language.

Understanding the language of aquatic insects can directly improve your fishing

success. For example, certain species are adapted to riffles, others to runs and others to pools or slack water. Knowing which insects live where can help you decide which pattern to use and where to fish it. Above is a chart showing major insect groups by water type.

Knowing where certain insects live is only part of the story. By looking and listening very carefully the insects will tell you about their abundance, maturity and availability. These are the key factors to selecting the right pattern.


Abundance is the simple story of who is present in the greatest numbers. This story can be heard by simply taking the time to lift up rocks, turn over logs and shake streamside trees. Look in a variety of habitats; riffles, flats, slack water, etc. Each area will add a chapter to the story.

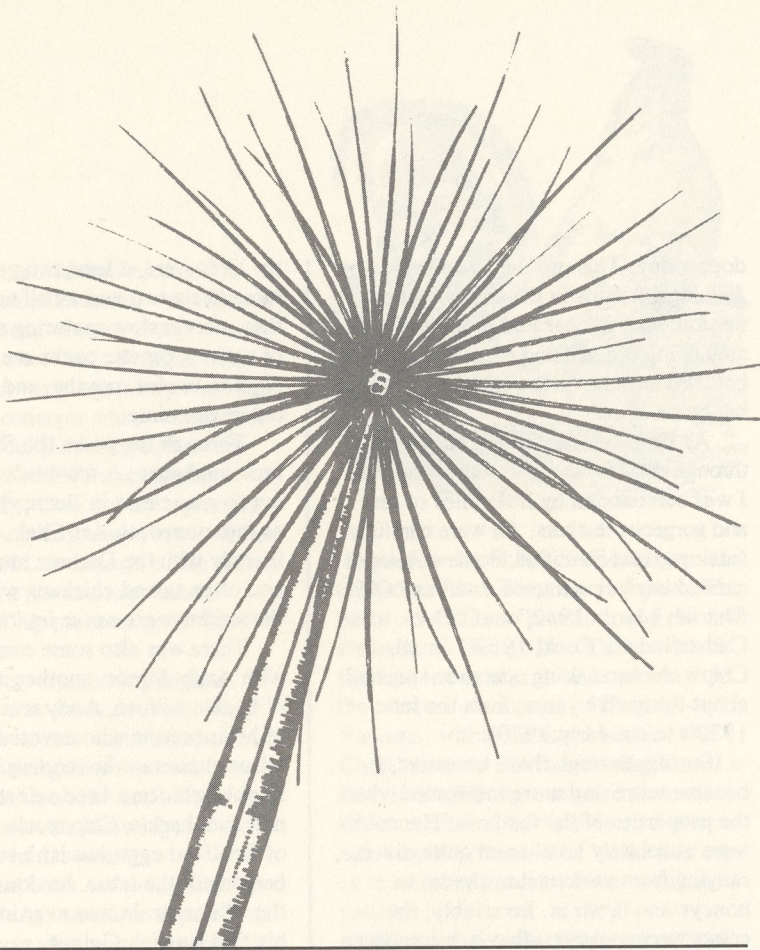
The next chapter is called, maturity. Now that sounds like something most flyfishers try to avoid! For insects, however, it can determine who gets eaten and who doesn't. While turning over rocks and logs, look for those insects that are almost ready to emerge. Some insects tell you this by showing dark wingpads, others by transforming into pupae. The mature insects will often be more active and more available to trout.

Availability is the final and most important chapter in the story of pattern selection. It also requires the best understanding of insect language. Availability is told by insect behavior. Some insects, for example, hide under the rocks

or gravel of the streambed. Even if these insects are abundant they are not likely to be seen by trout unless they are mature and emerging. Other insects like to swim or drift in the current where trout find them easy to catch. Close observation along the stream can help you read some of this chapter, but it also helps to study some of the books now available to flyfishers on aquatic entomology. Information in these books on insect behavior will help you read this important chapter correctly.

There is another story told by aquatic insects. It isn't important to pattern selection or fishing techniques, but it can affect your success. It is the story about the health of the stream. Like a doctor performing a physical, aquatic entomologists study the insect life of a stream to assess its health, diagnose diseases and prescribe treatment. This is possible because of the great variety of conditions aquatic insects have evolved to live in. Some are able to live in only clean water with plenty of oxygen. Others are tolerant of pollutants and thrive where trout could not. By understanding these differences the health of streams can be evaluated and monitored to make sure they remain a place worth fishing.

Thus, aquatic insects not only provide the basis for flyfishing, they offer us a way to assure its survival. As our population grows the language of aquatic insects will become more and more important to us all, for their story may foretell our own survival. 



CHIP STAUFFER AND THE ENGLISH BLUE GAME FOWL

by Dick Talleur

In Buck's County, Pennsylvania, there lives a gentleman who is unusual in several respects. He is spry and healthy at eighty-three, and while well-travelled, has lived close to his birthplace all of his life, certainly an oddity in today's peripatetic culture. But even more remarkable is the fact that although he is a major figure in certain areas of fly fishing history and perhaps the last direct link to such immortals as Jennings, Hewitt, Leisenring and Atherton, he remains virtually unheard-of. This, in a sport which is arguably the most meticulously documented of any.

His name is Willis K. Stauffer, but everyone calls him Chip. I recall having seen the name here and there in various articles and passages in angling books, so I didn't draw a complete blank when Don Leyden said to me at the F.F.F. Eastern Conclave in Lake Placid, "Dick, would you like a terrific subject for an article? Interview my friend, Chip Stauffer. He was instrumental in bringing the English Blue Gamecock to this country."

We discussed this, and in short order I became most intrigued. I remembered having seen references to the "Old English Game" in British angling literature, and had always been curious about the strain. When Don further mentioned that Chip had fished with Preston Jennings, et al, I could clearly see a trip to Pennsylvania in my immediate future. Don provided an address, and my letter drew a cordial response—"Sure. Come on down and let's talk." I called for directions, and we chose July 14, 1987 as the date.

Foliage had hidden the sign for Sackettsford Road, and it took me several passes before I decided this had to be the turn. It was, and a mile later I was being graciously received in a well-shaded country home by an energetic, bright-eyed octogenarian. After a brief conversation in the main house, we retired to a small out-building in the rear. "This

used to be the chicken house," Chip said, "Now it's my den." It is that, and more. It is one man's personal fishing and hunting museum. Artifacts of a long and active life in the woods and streams were everywhere, and the walls were papered with pictures of great salmon and famous rivers and Brittany Spaniels obediently—if distastefully—retrieving woodcock.

Chip remarked, not irreverently, "Jesus, what a life I've led. Wonderful." The sincerity of the statement was more than obvious, it was pervasive. One could feel it.

I turned on my tape recorder and introduced the subject of dun chickens. From that point on, little prompting was needed, as Chip narrated the absorbing and heretofore unreported history of his involvement with majestic birds and angling luminaries of the past.

Chip met Preston Jennings on the Neversink in the early 1930's. Their friendship was virtually preordained—both were engineers, Chip a Lehigh graduate in mechanical engineering, Jennings a civil engineer from the University of Virginia, then living in Brooklyn. They became acquainted with another famous angling engineer of that era, Edward R. Hewitt, scion of the Neversink, whom Chip describes as having been most helpful and hospitable. One can imagine the exchanges between the ever-inquisitive Hewitt and the meticulous Jennings, whom Chip describes as, "A perfectionist—always searching for fundamental truth." Many of these truths were revealed in "*A Book of Trout Flies*", a classic and pioneering treatise on the identification and imitation of trout-stream insects, first published in 1935 by Derrydale Press and reissued in 1970 by Crown Publishers, under the aegis of Nick Lyons.

One of Jennings's more passionate convictions was the superiority of natural dun hackle, as opposed to dyed. This was extremely difficult to come by in that pre-Hebert-and-Metz era. Acquaintances overseas had familiarized him with the Old English Game Fowl, as it was called. The question then became one of how to import the strain, as red tape ensnared such importation then, as it

does today. This problem was solved by Jennings's friends in the seafaring profession, who cooperated in a bit of polite smuggling of fertilized eggs. These were hatched and the birds reared by Chip at his home.

As Chip talked, he was busy sorting through drawers and envelopes, and soon I was surrounded by little piles of rare and gorgeous feathers. All were carefully cataloged and identified. Some envelopes carried intriguing names, such as "Old Charlie, March 1942" and "Doc Cadwallader's Cock, 1959". In all, Chip's chicken-raising operation spanned about thirty-five years, from the late 1930's to the early 1970's.

Sorting through these treasures, I became more and more impressed with the properties of the feathers. The colors were absolutely lovely and quite diverse, ranging from various dun shades to honeys and bronzes. Invariably, the colors were complex—that is, a composite of pigmentations, rather than a single flat shade. Those that were truly prime were virtually web-free and had a generous barb count, comparable to the better genetic hackles of today. They ran to medium and large sizes—a number twelve would be about the smallest—but the stiffness of the barbs was amazing. Right away I could envision the construction of Hewitt's skaters and Art Flick's timeless variants. And of, the tailing material!

Ah yes, Art is also part of the story. An intimate of Jennings, Art was given some birds and fertilized eggs which gave birth to small but select flock of Old English Game Fowl in Westkill, New York. How long Art raised birds, I do not know. My acquaintance with him began in the mid-1960's, and I don't recall him mentioning it.

Chip's facilities were limited, and his flock small. He kept only two mature roosters at any given time, these in separate pens, so as to prevent them from killing each other. Each cockbird had a small harem, which produced eggs for the table and poults for the pot, as well as progeny. The roosters were not killed and caped out, as is the practice today, but were carefully plucked, once a year. The first prime feathering did not occur until

the birds were at least two years old, and more likely two-and-a-half to three. Thus, they were a slow-maturing strain. Most of today's genetic cocks are prime at eight to twelve months, and are caped out at that time.

Through the years the Stauffer flock remained pure. A few birds were farmed out to associates in Pennsylvania and, as mentioned, to Art Flick. Chip was friendly with the Darbees and the Dettes, and often talked chickens with them, but the strains were never interbred.

There was also some correspondence with Andy Minor, another unsung hero of hackle culture. Andy was an attorney in Minneapolis who devoted most of his leisure hours to the tending of a sizeable flock of chickens bred selectively for premium hackle. Chip recalls an exchange of fertilized eggs, but isn't sure what became of the issue. He does not believe the Minor strain was ever interbred with his Old English Games.

This writer would have to agree with Chip's characterization of his life as "wonderful". The pictures on the den walls bear silent yet eloquent witness to many joyful seasons in a purer, healthier, less-cluttered world. To have fished the great streams of the Catskills and Adirondacks during Bergman's era with the likes of Jennings, Hewitt and Flick—and to have fished the Atlantic salmon rivers of Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia before "high-technology" commercial fishing decimated Salar's ranks! I'm sure most contemporary anglers would gladly trade the questionable conveniences of late-twentieth-century life for such experiences.

There were other memorable associations. In the summer, between semesters at Lehigh, Chip worked as a helper in a steel mill, apprenticed to one James Leisenring. A Pennsylvania Dutchman himself, he was fluent in that unique German-Swiss-English admixture resorted to by persons of German/Swiss extraction for more meaningful and intimate communications. The difference was that Chip could turn it on and off at will, while Jim was, in Chip's words, "A real German". This, and a mutual love of trout enabled he and Big Jim to hit it off.

What an opportunity! A masterful wet fly fisherman, Leisenring was intrigued by the phenomena of color and prismatic effects, as his short but revealing book testifies. At an early age, Chip was thus introduced to concepts which would later become more fully developed through his association with Jennings, et al.

Incidentally, Chip got me squared away on the proper pronunciation of the first syllable of Leisenring's name. I had always thought it was pronounced "Lease", but Chip pronounces it "Lize". He would know.

Another very interesting angling acquaintance was the memorable Jack Atherton, who met an untimely death in 1951, while fishing for salmon in New Brunswick. Artist, author and enthusiastic fly fisher, Atherton's main legacy consists of a vivid, somewhat-unconventional book entitled, "*The Fly and the Fish*". As one might expect from an artist, he was vitally concerned with the spectrumization of color, as affected by light and water. In this respect, there is a commonality with Jennings, who perceived a similar phenomenon in natural dun.

Something Chip and Jack Atherton had in common was that their wives—Marjorie and Maxine respectively—both fly fished, and with considerable expertise. Today it is not unusual to see women astream, but it was most extraordinary at that time. Chip likes to recall the stunned looks on the faces of male anglers as they watched Marge lay out a neat line. It was one of the great joys of his long and distinguished angling career.

At the conclusion of our interview, Chip handed me a stack of envelopes. They were full of Old English Game Fowl feathers.

"Are you sure you want to part with these?" I asked.

"Yes. I don't want some dumb Bastard to get them who doesn't know what to do with them. They should have a good home."

"They will have that, I promise you. I'll put them in a beautiful case with lots of moth balls."

"No, I want you to use them. Tie some flies. That's why I grew them."



And so I took the feathers home and tied some flies. They worked great. The barbs are stiff and plentiful, and the fine stems wrap neatly. Doc Cadwallader's Cock, a honey dun, lent its plumage to the creation of a couple of Jennings-style Variants, with gold tinsel bodies. Old Charlie's rusty dun hackles facilitated a Red Quill. Tailing was pure pleasure—"Just use five or six", Chip had said, "And spread them well." Which brings us to a timely juncture for a few observations.

First, I have often been asked how long feathers last. As mentioned earlier, the Old Charlie envelope is dated March 1942, and the hackles are in absolutely perfect condition. 'Nuff said.

Second, there is the question of how old a rooster must be before its hackle is prime, and the related issue of how long it stays prime. As stated, today's growers of genetic hackle are capping out their birds when the first mature feathering occurs, which is generally from eight to twelve months, or perhaps a bit longer for certain strains. Chip's birds were first plucked at around twenty-four months and lived to be eight and nine years old, still yielding usable hackle well into their later years.

I would suggest this indicates a significant difference between current strains and the Old English Game. I have several contemporary capes and saddles which were taken from roosters of about three years which had been kept for breeding stock. They show evidence of being on the decline, at least from a fly tying standpoint. The quills are thicker and stiffer than those of younger birds and some web has crept into the centers of the hackles. The barbs, while strong, are somewhat coarse and tend towards hooking. I find much less of this in the

feathers from Chip's birds, and some of those were taken from very old roosters. Interesting.

This is by no means a negative statement as regards to current genetic hackle, merely a comparison. For one thing, growers who market capes could not afford to keep their birds alive until the second full feathering. Also, experience indicates that few would improve, and many would do just the opposite. It would be interesting to see the Stauffer strain bred selectively into a current strain, as this might result in some larger feathers of high quality for variants, tailing and such. Unfortunately, the strain no longer exists in this country, to Chip's knowledge.

A third consideration is that of natural vs. dyed hackle. Macrophotography clearly reveals the complex shading of the naturals—however, this varies greatly between birds. Modern dyeing techniques using cold-process hair dyes are producing very attractive duns, and it is becoming difficult to tell them from a natural. I wish I knew exactly how the fish feel about all of this. That's not easy to assess.

As I drove home from my visit with Chip, my mind kept reflecting on the differences between the world he knew in the thirties and the one we endure today. Things moved at such a more reasonable pace, and there was a completely different time orientation. People then thought in terms of minutes, hours, days, seasons. Now we sit at computer terminals and try to relate to the nanosecond—a billionth of a second. It's impossible for me to identify with that.

And there was also consistency and longevity. Chip told me that he had worked for the Mercoid Corporation of Philadelphia from 1925 until 1979—that's over half a century. Today's so-called yuppies change jobs as casually as a fashion model changes lingerie. A fly rod was thought of as a life-time purchase, and was not rendered obsolete every few months by the introduction of some new synthetic.

Yes, Chip Stauffer, what a life you've had. Wonderful!

WHO WE ARE

by Spencer E. Turner

SURVEY RESULTS

Fly fishermen are some of the nicest people in the world. Our survey proves this.

Age

We are older than most. In fact 10% were older than 70 and 30% were older than 60. Several subscribers wrote that although unable to participate actively, they still enjoyed reading about the sport they've loved through the years. The largest group of respondents were 40 to 50 years of age (28%), followed by those age 60 to 70 (19%). To put it another way, 46% of our subscribers are older than 50 and 75% older than 40.

When you think about this, it makes sense. Maturity balances out a person's life. The struggle to develop a career is generally over; kids are older, less dependent and we have more time and money for ourselves and leisure activities. We had no subscribers younger than 20 and only 5% between 20 and 30.

Sex

We are predominantly male (97%). This was no surprise, but disappointing to me personally. I'd hoped *Fly Fishing*

Heritage would appeal to more women. We need more female fly fishers. They add a dimension to our sport that is otherwise lacking. If you know any female fly fishers that would be interested, please send us their name and address and we'll send them a complimentary copy of *Fly Fishing Heritage*.

Those women who answered our survey were interested in the same types of articles as the men, and asked that we feature articles on women who have contributed to our sport. We'll try.

Commitment TO FLY FISHING

We are actively involved in the sport of fly fishing. Thirty-three percent of our respondents fished 40 or more times last year, and 68% fished more than 30 times. I believe this is another indication of the maturity of the group, and the increased amount of leisure time and money available.

Income

Let's face it, we are an elite and affluent group. Thirty-five percent had an annual income greater than \$60,000 and 59% made more than \$40,000. This

wasn't a surprise. Fly fishing is expensive and the more involved you are, the greater the expense.

Regulations

We asked two questions about catch and release regulations to find out how committed our readers were to length limits that allowed only a few large fish to be harvested and no-kill regulations. Several readers pointed out that our questions were ambiguous or unclear. Our intent was to see how strongly our readers believed in catch and release as a management tool. Eighty percent of our respondents agreed or strongly agreed with using high length limits to provide high quality trout fishing. Ten percent disagreed with the concept and another 4% strongly disagreed. Five percent didn't have an opinion.

When asked about no-take regulations the response was even higher. Ninety-two percent of our respondents favored this approach to trout management. Another 8% disagreed.

When we run the survey again, the questions about regulations and management approaches will be combined to compare differences in views. All we can say from this questionnaire is that most readers believed restrictive regulations improve trout fishing.

Where WE FISH

When I think about fly fishing, I think about trout and streams. Even though most of you fished trout in streams, I learned we also fish anywhere there is water and for a wide variety of fish species. Fifty-seven percent fished in streams, 24% in natural lakes, 14% in reservoirs and another 5% in saltwater. A few even reported fishing in ponds.

What WE FISH FOR

The odds on favorite fish species pursued by our readers were trout (55%), followed by smallmouth and largemouth bass (22% collectively). Bluegills (9%) and salmon and steelhead (7%) came in a distant third and fourth. A group of species including Atlantic salmon, cutthroat trout, northern pike, stripers, walleyes and saltwater species made up the remainder. I'm not sure what all this means. It was very apparent that trout and stream fishing were important, but not overwhelmingly so. Our fishing interests cut across a wide variety of habitats and fish species. This is healthy. It displays the broad base of our sport.

Suggestions BY SUBSCRIBERS

The most enjoyable part of the survey was reading suggestions you provided for future articles and issues. We received 214 different suggestions that fell in eight categories. The largest group (44%) were requests for articles on the history and tradition of our sport, historic fly patterns and how to tie and fish them, articles about antique fishing equipment and the craftsmen that built the equipment, reviews of classic fishing literature and bibliographic articles about the authors, and articles about regional fishing traditions.

The second most popular group of suggestions (22%) were what I call how to articles: How to fish for trout, bass, steelhead, salmon; the latest fly fishing and fly tying techniques, hot new flies and baits; and how to read and fish a river.

Travel articles came in third. Seventeen percent of our respondents requested articles about fishing famous streams in countries like New Zealand, Chili, Argentina, England, Costa Rica and France; regional articles about fly fishing

in the Catskills, steelhead in the Northwest, Atlantic salmon in the northeast, and western trout fishing; and articles about fishing for native trout. As one respondent said "Places that are beautiful to look at as well as beautiful to fish."


Conservation and education articles fell a distant fourth (7%) followed closely by requests for "quality" fishing articles by Travers, Lyons, and other famous authors (6%). Several subscribers requested profile articles of men and women important to our sport.

The response we received made me realize, once again, that many fishermen go through an evolutionary process if they are serious about their sport. When we started fishing, our goal was to catch a fish, and the more fish we caught, the higher we rated our abilities. Large stringers often were needed to prove our abilities. Very little thought was given to conservation, quality of experience, or our role in the natural cycle of life. We rationalized killing our quarry by calling it food.

As skills improved, instead of limits of fish, we challenged our emerging skills by pursuing large fish: trophies. We displayed our trophies to show our skills, as we once did with stingers or limits of fish. Many fishermen never evolve beyond this level.

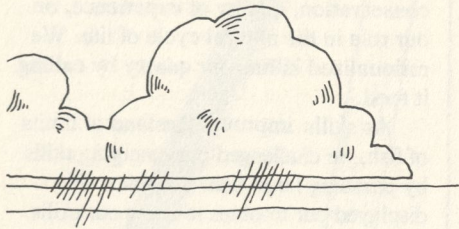
The next level is a look inward. It's a difficult step for many, one that takes insight and personal growth, and it is a realization that true enjoyment of our sport comes from within, not measured in limits or sizes, or at-a-boy's from fellow anglers. It's a realization that we can enjoy fly fishing without rationalizing to ourselves or others why we fish, or having to prove our skills by killing limits of fish or the biggest.

As I read the surveys, I realized that subscribers to *Fly Fishing Heritage* were a cut above the average fishermen. Most have already looked within themselves and found it beautiful. Your comments were thoughtful and insightful, and I hope we can live up to your expectations.

We will try to provide a broad variety of articles in future issues and it goes without saying, the quality of these articles will remain high. 

BASS BY THE NUMBERS

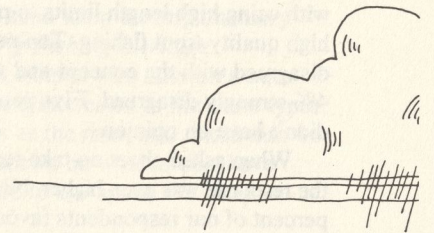
— by John Gierach —



I'm driving very slowly and carefully down a road that is uniformly pocked with hard-as-concrete, dried clay pot-holes. I'm taking it easy in the speed department because the pickup has been on way too many roads like this already and is the worse for it, and also because of my recent lunch: a Jumbo Chile Dog (micro wave setting D) that I grabbed at the last minute on the way out here. It's appropriate that these things are sold at gas stations.

How is it that a back to nature-type, conservationist, catch and release fly fisherman who admires all things plain and rustic feels free to live for six or eight months out of every year on cellophane-wrapped junk food? It's one of the great mysteries of nature.

I jounce down to the wide spot in the road on the shores of Pond #1 and park. There are 16 ponds here, scattered around in a large, rambling patch of Western high plains wild grass and cottonwood country. These are bass and panfish ponds, although if you were a completely different kind of fisherman you might think of them as good bullhead and carp water. It doesn't seem to seriously bother anyone that the ponds themselves are numbered, but some of us puzzle over why they're not numbered 1 through 16, as would seem logical, but rather 1 and 1-A through 15. No doubt there's a person seated behind a desk somewhere who knows why that is.



A.K. Best is already here (typically early) and Jim Pruett (typically a little late) will come bouncing down the same road shortly—a little faster, in a newer truck with fresher shocks. A.K. immediately flips open a plastic box and shows me a handful of panfish poppers he tied up last night after a normal day—for him—of producing between 10 and 14 dozen flies for sale. The poppers are, of course, beautiful.

I've known many a guide who, on his first day off in weeks, does not drive to the nearest town to drink or chase women, but eagerly goes fishing alone. It's different, and usually better, than babysitting a boat load of sports. The same is true of fly tying. After whipping out many dozens of flies for other people, you mix a stiff bourbon and water and slowly, lovingly, tie a few for yourself.

Once I've complimented A.K.'s bugs, we begin to rig up. A.K. is just over a decade older than I am, but in recent years we have come to illustrate two distinct fly fishing styles. He is in baggy, military-looking olive drab canvas chest waders, while I'm struggling into rust-colored, fashionable tight-fitting neoprene. His hat is circled by a sheepskin band that holds at least 100 flies; my hat is an unadorned updowner. He'll be wading the shoreline while I'm paddling around in the belly boat, or "personal flotation device".

True to form, A.K. is stringing up a bamboo fly rod, but then so am I. For that matter, I also share some attitudes with A.K. that could firmly place me in the last generation of fly fishers, but that sort of thing isn't as obvious to the casual observer as how you dress. It just goes to show that stereotypes are seldom completely accurate. Still, someday we should have the series of pancake breakfasts it would take to raise the money for a bronze statue of A.K. It would be a public service for the upcoming pastel fly vest and boron rod crowd. The brass plaque would read:

*FLY FISHERMAN –
circa 1950
Lest We Forget*

Also true to form, A.K. will happily fish for bass today, but he will not go for more than a few days of it without reminding you that he considers them a cut or two below the mythical Trout. Given the choice, the fly fisher with any breeding whatsoever always chooses the more streamlined fish in the colder water. Bass and the attendant panfish are amusing, but, like triple X-rated movies and cheap wine, they are not something a gentleman spends a lot of time on.

I, on the other hand, consider largemouths right up there with trout on the scale of respectability and have even been known to quote Russell Chatham to the effect that, if a bass and a trout of equal size were tied tail to tail, the bass would, "Tow that trout clear up to Healdsburg".

Panfish are just little bass and I like 'em a lot.

Furthermore, warm water fly fishing tends to be a long way from the poetic/ethical chess game of one-upmanship that trout fishing can become if you're not careful. Granted, bass fishing in general is badly marred with its blood and guts tournaments and high-speed boats with jump-suited drivers, but I'm talking about *fly fishing* for bass on small ponds where your typical bass boat couldn't even turn around. Out here, even the most laconic, Latin-speaking fly fishers seem to relax a little. Although fly fishing for trout is now almost a science with these guys, the same method as applied to bass and panfish has remained, for reasons that are unclear, more of a folk art.

It's a sign of our friendship that A.K. and I have, for many years now, taken this difference of opinion from the water, to the bar and back home again without ever getting hot about it. It has something to do with respect. In other words, I love the guy even though he's wrong about bass.

And, just to set the record straight, I dearly love trout of all kinds, too, and actually spend most of my fishing time trying to locate and catch them. So much so, in fact, that one x-wife was moved to say that I'd ruined my life over it, but

wasn't going to ruin hers.

And I didn't, either.

Jim arrives, peels on his neoprene, strings up his graphite rod, shoulders his belly boat, and we're off to look at Pond #5. To the eternal credit of the agency that administers these waters, the ponds are not numbered on site, but the numbers are on a map that has been photocopied and circulated among some local fly fishers. Only a few of the numbers have been replaced by names, which, naturally, vary from one circle of anglers to another, and since descriptions are often cumbersome and confusing, the numbers have remained in wide use. I see this as a glitch in the overall aesthetics of the place, but a small and unavoidable one.

Collectively, these old abandoned gravel quarries have been a popular warm water fishing area for years. Once you could hunt waterfowl here, but no more. Now it's a bird sanctuary, and also something of a bass sanctuary as well. The size limit on largemouth bass is 15 inches—a good bass in the Western plains—and bait fishing is prohibited in all but the front two ponds; the ones you can drive right to and fish from lawn furniture within earshot of the car radio.

The regulations, less than two seasons old at the moment, are designed to improve the fishing and they'll probably do that if they're obeyed. Laurie Kuelthau, the local ranger (actually, they're called "wildlife managers" now) says the rules are being followed, and not just because of the regular patrols, either. It seems that most area fishermen, both fly and non-fly types, agree with the logic of special regulations: you can kill and eat little bass or you can catch and release them until they get big, and it's a real choice. With the kind of fishing pressure a place like this gets, you can't have both.

The few remaining meat hunters who sneak into the back ponds can avoid the rangers, but not their fellow fishermen, from whom they're getting considerable grief these days. As Laurie said, "Peer pressure is the best enforcement tool."

In addition to the 15 inch limit, most of the ponds have also been stocked with

grass carp. "CARP!?" we all screamed. Well, they're sterile grass carp who will supposedly not reproduce, but will mow down some of the thick aquatic vegetation, allowing the bass to feed more easily on the abundant panfish. This should make the bass grow faster as well as thin out the bluegill, pumpkinseed, rock bass and crappie population which should, in turn, allow those fish to grow bigger, too.

It sounds perfect, and it could just be. Time will tell.

To a man, the fishermen I know will happily release bass under 15 inches and most will do the same for those that push into the legal size; the ones that tape out at 16 inches, 17, or 20 or . . . Well, who knows? Some will do it thoughtlessly, exercising nothing more than a deeply ingrained ethic, while others will do it out of simple curiosity. I mean, you can't help but wonder how big they *will* get.

Pond 5 is dimpled with the crisp, popping rises of panfish, but nothing that looks bass-like. Then again, it's early in the day, a few hours yet from the time you picture in your mind when the late afternoon sun slants into early evening, the pond goes dark and glassy and *the bass come out*. All the technical stuff notwithstanding, fly fishing for largemouth bass is one part skill, one part fly selection, and eight parts timing; the bare fact of being there when it happens.

It's here that we split up. Jim will launch his float tube just around the bend in the Cattail Pond (#12), and A.K. will mosey over to the Cottonwood Pond (#13), which he's always had a thing for. I'll go in right here. The unspoken agreement is, if you're going to wait it out catching panfish, you might as well have a whole pond to yourself.

Paddling the belly boat away from shore, I can hear and see yellow-headed blackbirds honking in the cattails where they've nested. Some of the big Canada geese are still sitting on clutches on the bare ground (every year we find where coyotes or foxes have eaten both birds and eggs) but most are now towing broods of gosling around on the water.

Bluegill and pumpkinseeds come eagerly to the little cork popper and I settle into the wonderful confidence of

this kind of fishing. Whether or not you will catch panfish is seldom at issue, the only questions are, "how many?" and "how big?"

The sun is bright, sky blue, air warm, water cool and the belly boat—a clumsy load to haul in—is now like an easy chair. I am overcome by a feeling of supreme luxury and can't, for the moment, bring myself to worry about whether the bass will bite later or not, although this is a feeling I will get over soon enough. One of the most interesting elements of fishing is how the same things can matter so differently from moment to moment.

For instance, it begins to matter very deeply a few hours later when, also by unspoken agreement, we convene at the body of water known to us as The Bass Pond. This one is a long-time favorite of ours and we tend to bristle some when we find other fishermen there, even though it's public and they have every right. This has always been a part of fishing and it's an even larger part now that there are so many of us. In a solitary sport, there's a very real sense in which your colleagues are also your worst enemies. In many places a kind of uneasy truce now exists and, although hostilities are seldom open, certain guerilla tactics are sometimes employed. This is something you must live with and even try to see the other side of.

No more than a week ago, Jim and I, belly boats strapped to our backs, were heading for this same place when we met a kid with a spinning rod coming the other way. He asked if we were going to the Back Pond (another name for Bass Pond) and we said yes.

"I just came from there," he said. "It's dead. Nothing happening at all. I think it's been fished out. Better try somewhere else."

We thanked him for the tip.

Of course, the pond was boiling with fish, including some good-looking bass out along the weed beds that the kid couldn't have reached from shore, but that we could easily work from the tubes.

I remember thinking, "Nice try, Kid. A little clumsy and obvious, but still a nice try. If we'd been new around here it might even have worked." What I should

have said to him is, "Look, there's an art to this. Next time, don't volunteer so much so soon. It makes people suspicious."

We older bull-shitters should really help the young ones who are just coming along.

The pond is not exactly boiling this evening, but it's definitely beginning to simmer. Against a backdrop of sporadic sunfish rises, the odd bass swirls ominously. Is it a single fish cruising or several, each one wallowing in his own spot? It doesn't matter. By the time you figure it out, if you figure it out at all, it will have changed.

A.K. walks down to a weedy cove and begins to cast one of his bright yellow Spruce Fly streamers. Jim and I tie on cork-bodied poppers and launch the float tubes.

There is drama in the air, but the air itself is deeply quiet. A car passing on the paved County Road a half mile away whooshes at about the same volume as the fly lines in the air. It's past supper time, so the rumbling machines and backup beepers of the ongoing sand and gravel operation are mercifully silent.

The mildly industrial feel of this pond turns some people off, but I sort of like it. I like being reminded that as the gravel company wandered across this piece of land it left behind it holes in the ground that naturally filled with groundwater and, in time, turned wild. Just as naturally, some people put fish here and then, later, other people came to catch them out. This is the kind of long-term industrial pollution I can live with.

The ponds have to be managed now because eventually too many of us came, and I've seen the place change from one where people could take a few fish to eat into one where different people with better tackle come to perform Sport. It's a change for the better, given the realities, but I now and then miss talking to the businesslike, straw-hatted fish killers who reminded me of my childhood. They're illegal out here now and all but extinct. Meanwhile, the gravel company digs the holes that could one day become ponds 17, 18 and 19 or, more likely, 16-A, B and C.





Lefty Kreh

Selecting a Fly Fishing Outfit

“...consider the fish...”

Small brook trout streams require a rod that throws a 3 to 5 weight line and is about 7½ to 8 feet in length.

Almost all anglers selecting a fly fishing outfit actually do so in what has to be considered a reverse order. They will usually buy a rod, a line to match it, and then a reel to handle the line. The fish is the last thing they consider. No wonder many anglers stumble around for years before they really get a fine-tuned outfit that suits their needs. It is certainly obvious that if you bought a 12-weight tarpon rod, a line to match it, and then the reel, that the outfit would be useless on a spring creek for trout. Equally ridiculous would be to get a nicely balanced 4-weight rod, reel and line and then try for striped bass, salmon or other large species. Buying a rod and then matching the line to the rod is like buying a boat before you know what waters you'll use it on.

Your first consideration when selecting any fly fishing outfit should be the fish you seek and the conditions under which you will have to try for them. For example, suppose you were going to fish mainly small

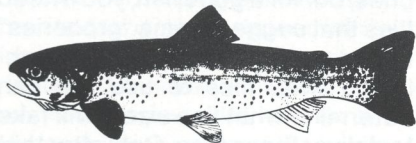
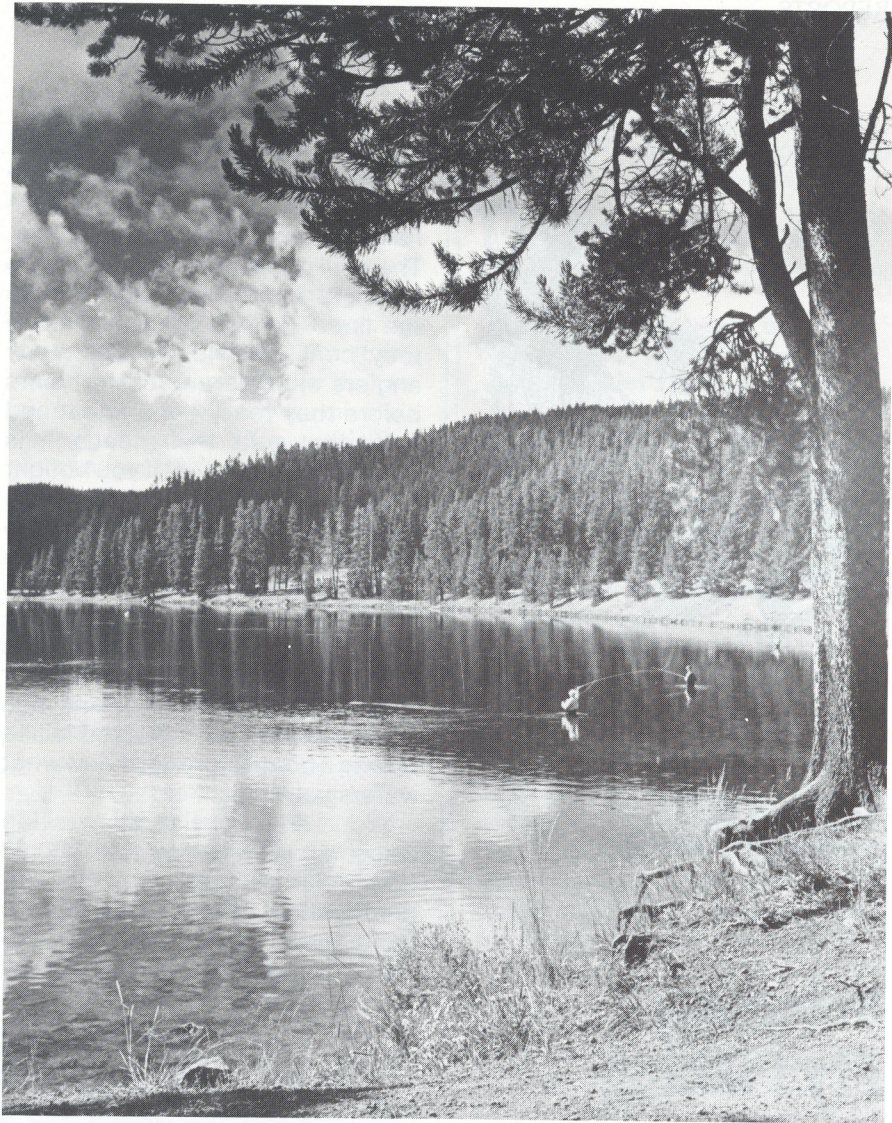
eastern trout streams, where the pools were shallow, calm and the riffles were little more than runs. A rod that handled a heavy 6 or 7-weight line would not be the best for such fishing. The flies these fish seek are tiny; the pools small and the casts are usually very short. So, a heavy 6 or 7-weight line crashing to the surface would frighten most trout. Since the dry flies are small, almost weightless and easy to cast, a size 3, 4, or at the most, a 5-weight line that has very light impact on the surface, would be called for.

Let's use the reverse example where you are seeking largemouth bass. It takes a fair-sized popping bug or streamer to interest a big bass. Small flies will catch the little ones, but for a good fish, you'll need flies that suggest some "groceries" to that trophy. Once we have established what flies to use, we can determine what line size it will take to deliver those flies. Only after that is determined do we even consider matching the rod to the line.



STREAMSIDE
REPORTS

Big trout rivers demand that often you make a long cast. And, heavy flies are frequently used. It is these requirements that determine which outfit to get.



EVERYTHING FOR TROUT

Quality equipment by ORVIS,
SAGE, WINSTON, HARDY,
SCIENTIFIC ANGLERS,
MARRYATT, METZ,
CORTLAND, etc.

- Fly tying materials
- Waders and clothing
- Custom flies and rods
- Fly fishing instruction
- Fly fishing trips
- Books

AN ORVIS[®] DEALER

OUTDOORS INC.

ST. LOUIS OUTFITTER FOR OUTDOOR PEOPLE

9755 Clayton Road
997-5866



There are other considerations in selecting your fly outfit. If you are trout fishing, working mainly small streams, you may want a reel much different from what many people select. For a light outfit and where there isn't going to be a huge trophy running off a lot of line, many people select a reel with a diameter of about 3 inches or less. These miniature reels are darling to look at, but often not satisfactory for the job at hand. If you fish brooks, where you pull off the leader and line, make a few casts, then wind in the line and move on to the next pool only to pull off line and repeat the operation—

you are doing a lot of winding with the reel. My favorite design of reel for such fishing is not a tiny jewel, but one that is light, and has a thin spool with a LARGE diameter. This allows me to quickly retrieve line on the spool. Another asset to this design is that it reduces the kinks in a floating line so bothersome with tiny reels where the fly line is coiled tightly during storage.

If you try for fish that once hooked make long runs, you will need a reel that has enough backing to restrain the fish and eventually land it. And, it must have a drag that is light enough to keep the reel from over-



running and strong enough to prevent the fish from stripping all the line from the reel. In some cases, the type of drag you select will be important. For example: when seeking bonefish you need a reel with a smooth drag pressure of no more than 1 pound of tension—more than that and the fish will probably break the tippet during the escape attempt. Some reels with drags are direct drive types—which means that every time you turn the handle you positively retrieve line. Other reels have a slip clutch or anti-reverse drag. This allows the angler to hang on to the reel handle while

the fish may be pulling off line. For bonefishing, anti-reverse type reels are not very practical. Once a bonefish has run off 100 or more yards of backing and fly line, a one-pound setting on a slip-clutch or anti-reverse reel means that you won't have enough tension on the drag to recover line—and despite all your winding, you can't retrieve the line. For situations, where a lightly established drag is vital, and the fish makes long runs, a direct drive reel is best. The major advantage of a slip clutch model is that should the fish suddenly surge away, you can hold the handle and the drag will

Calm, slick water like this demands that you use a very light line- 2 to 4 is best.

allow line to be released. Direct drive types mean that the surging fish will pull off line, causing the handle to spin rapidly. And, those whirling handles could knock the skin (sometimes more) from your fingers. It is my opinion that properly handled either slip clutch or direct drive can be used equally well to land most fish in other than situations like bonefishing. But, for anglers



For tarpon a rod that will lift heavy fish is called for.

who do not have wide experience fighting fish which can suddenly surge away, causing handles to spin violently, a slip clutch type is definitely the best choice because it saves the fingers.

Let's take one more example of factors that influence how you select your fly fishing outfit. If you are seeking giant tarpon on the flats or amberjack on the reef, you must first consider the fishing conditions. These are big fish, and during the

final stages of the battle you will have to "LIFT" these fish from the depths to the boat, where they can either be gaffed or released. What is needed here is a heavy-duty rod with power to raise the fish. Distance casting isn't too important, and while flies may range from three to ten inches in length - it is the rod's ability to lift the fish that is the criteria that controls the selection of the outfit.

But there are other factors that enter into outfit selection, too. If you are doing a lot of bass bugging early or late in the day, you may enjoy using a brightly colored line, such as one of the fluorescent tinted models. The bright line makes it a

lot easier to see where your fly is. You can also better see a light line when fishing Atlantic salmon and steelhead. And since line mending is often called for, that extra visibility offered by such lines, helps you fish better.

The Scientific Angler's "Slime Line" has a clear monofilament head and in tarpon fishing, as well as in some other fishing situations, that clear head can be vital to success. The mono lines cast beautifully, rarely tangle and sink well. But, their most endearing attribute to an experienced tarpon and bonefisherman is that the clear monofilament doesn't spook the fish as easily when it is manipulated underwater



Nymphing for big trout in New Zealand, Tom Earnhardt selected a 7-weight line and rod to handle the heavy flies.

in a school of fish.

Obviously, the sink rate of the fly line should be considered too when selecting an outfit. Do you need a lead core head, a slow sinker, or a floater? All of these factors are vital. Along with that, the angler needs to know if he will have to mend line. A beautifully balanced weight-forward outfit may cast like a dream, but if the line has to be mended frequently, then a double-taper may be much more valuable (and a longer rod mends line better than a short one). The thin running or shooting line behind the head of a weight-forward line can't easily pick up that heavy head. If a lot of roll casting is desired—a double taper is also recommended—

for the same reasons.

Another consideration is: Do you travel much? If so, you may want to have a travel-type rod. Today, manufacturers are beginning to build three, four and even six-piece rods that cast remarkably well. The obvious advantage here is that you carry on board an airplane your rod, reel and flies - and know at the trip's end you will have your tackle with you.

So, in summary, never buy a rod and then match the outfit to it. First consider the fish you will be catching, and any special conditions you will be fishing under. Once these are established, you then select the tackle based on those requirements.

GUIDED FLY FISHING FOR TROUT

in Pennsylvania's Cumberland Valley. Free Catalog. Cortland, Ross Reels, G. Loomis, Ari T. Hart, Metz, Tiemco, Ranger, more.

Dept. FFH
13 N. Letort Dr.
Carlisle, PA 17013-1624
(717) 245-2646

Herb & Kathy Weig's

Cold Spring Anglers



TROUT UNLIMITED: A LOOK BACK

by Ralph F. Quinn

The year was 1959, July 18th to be exact. The locale - the Main Branch of the fabled Au Sable River near Grayling, Michigan, home of George A. Griffith, then Chairman of Michigan's Conservation Commission's Fish Committee. The purpose - to assemble a dedicated group of trout fishermen, sportsmen and conservationists to determine... "ways and means to preserve wild trout and wild trout fishing". It was from this informal gathering of minds some 28 years ago that TROUT UNLIMITED, the national sports fishing-conservation organization idea was spawned to... "protect and enhance the cold water fishery" on both local and national levels. Presently, T.U.'s roster numbers over 54,000 in more than 400 Chapters, 25 State Councils coast to coast, plus world-wide affiliates in Canada, Argentina, Japan, New Zealand and Russia. And like the founding fathers, today's members act as "watchdogs" of policies and

practices which would destroy the opportunity to fish for wild trout wherever they're found.

"What we needed in the early days was an organization which would unify the voice of trout fishermen in Lansing, Michigan," comments Art Neumann, a founding father, 1st Vice President and second Executive Secretary of T.U., 1962-65. "In the early 50's we knew we had a problem with our wild trout fishery," Neumann continued. "The Institute of Fisheries Research based at the University of Michigan, headed by the late Dr. Albert Hazzard (Father of Catch/Release angling) had indicated Michigan's Blue Ribbon streams did not require supplemental stocking to produce maximum recreation and put-and-take management actually damaged the resource instead of helping it. Yet the Fish Division, propelled by the antiquated notion that more is better (put-and-take) continued to pump thousands of fish into Michigan streams." Amid all this controversy, George Griffith issued the CALL to gather and be recognized and... "work within the system to en-

courage constituted authorities and other conservation organizations (the establishment) to get behind T.U.'s program and push to have it implemented"... thus, on September 5th, 1959, at the Grayling American Legion Hall, TROUT UNLIMITED was incorporated.

To fully understand the formidable task those early founding fathers had taken on, one must go back to the early 40's, during and shortly after W.W.II. The Great Lakes trout fishery as anglers knew it in the late thirties had come unraveled. Completion of the Welland Canal brought with it the dreaded sea lamprey and nuisance alewife. During the war years, demand for fish products increased many fold and it wasn't long before commercial overharvesting plus lamprey devastation reduced fish stocks dramatically. Literally overnight the ecology of the Big Lakes had been irrevocably altered, becoming a barren, almost fishless wasteland.

It wasn't until 1957 that an effective lampricide was found. A selective compound called TFM killed larval lampricides in headwater

gravel. Shortly thereafter the lake fishery staged a strong comeback.

To augment the re-building program the Michigan DNR Fish Division implemented plans for new hatchery construction to rear and plant legal size trout, both anadromous and inland. When the Department rejected use of the Great Lakes as an industrial fishery and opted to aggressively launch a program of restoration, they in effect welcomed the "hatchery" policy with open arms. Scientific inland wild trout management, unfortunately, took a back seat to supply a constant, uninterrupted supply of pen-reared trout to feed the appetite of an ever growing army of fishermen. Add to this the problems of pollution, habitat degradation and an ingrained harvest philosophy and it's easy to see why put-and-take became so firmly entrenched. Even if the fisheries division wanted to return to the good ol days, it was impossible. They were so committed to the new direction, both biologically and politically, there was no turning back.

Now, enter one George W. Mason, dedicated sportsman, trout angler, conservationist, then president of the Nash-Kelvinator Corp., later to become American Motors, and close friend of Griffith. Mason, through a chance meeting at the Shoppenagon Hotel in Grayling, invited George Griffith to his home on the South Branch of the Au Sable to discuss an idea which he'd been mulling around for some time. Griffith had just been appointed to the Michigan Conservation Commission in February, 1949, so the timing was right. The conversation began with a discussion about the property Mason owned on the South Branch, now known as "The Mason Tract", some 14 miles of prime trout water from Chase to Smith Bridge, which Griffith ultimately talked Mason into deeding to the state at Mason's death. The meeting ended with Mason



An angler on the Au Sable River.

proposing the creation of an organization dedicated to the preservation and improvement of trout fishing called "Trout Unlimited" patterned after Duck Unlimited. George Mason had been Treasurer of D.U. ever since it was organized and a trout angling group fashioned after the highly successful waterfowl group made sense.

Mason envisioned T.U. as a political action organization made up of dedicated and influential trout fishing conservationists who would gather once a year at the Detroit Athletic Club with representatives of the DNR and its Fish Division as their guests. While Griffith was amenable to Mason's approach, he suggested that funds raised from such a gathering might better be used to study trout spawning habitat on the South Branch... "something that would produce a lot more long-term wild trout angling than the planting of a thousand tame hatchery fish each year." George Mason agreed and he asked Griffith to come up with a viable proposal he could sell the gathering.

That was Labor Day, 1957. Several weeks later, George Mason

died of a ruptured pancreas. But the "SEED" had been planted. In 1953 George Griffith was re-appointed to the Commission and when he became chairman of its influential Fish Committee in 1954, he began to fight the Hatchery Division, demanding scientific proof that their program of "put-and-take" was better than a sound wild trout program. Prior efforts in this regard had been partially rewarded. Two years before, in 1952, the planting of hatchery trout was discontinued throughout the Au Sable system. Size limits were increased from 7 to 10 inches. Veteran anglers and guides predicted it would take two years before the river staged a strong comeback. It only took a single season, but now the angling was based on sound wild trout management, not on expensive "put-and-take".

From this grass-roots beginning Griffith and Neumann became the standard bearers of wild trout management spurred on by the teaching and encouragement of Dr. Al Hazzard of Michigan's Fisheries Research Institute and of H.C.D. Clark, acting Director of Ontario's Department of Fish and Game. Both

scientists were concerned about the biological implications of put-and-take fish management and vigorously opposed continued wasteful expenditures for hatchery trout. In each case it took a lot of political courage to challenge entrenched bureaucrats, yet it had to be done. Doug Clark succeeded with his bold new direction, a scientific program of fish management, yet in Michigan, Al Hazzard was forced to resign his post at the Institute, later moving to Pennsylvania.

From that point on, George Griffith saw the handwriting on the wall... "work within the political system or suffer the consequences." When the call went out on July 18th, 1959, Griffith was still on the commission, so he enlisted the help of the late Vic Bresford. Vic was a gifted veteran newspaperman of 25 years. Ultimately, Bresford became T.U.'s first Executive Secretary and editor of the Trout Unlimited Quarterly. He wrote the agenda for the organizational meeting, formulated the Articles of Incorporation and composed the original By-Laws of Trout Unlimited.

Once the organization was officially incorporated on September 5th, its statement of philosophy, policy and objectives were formulated and adopted, thanks to the efforts of Art Neumann, Saginaw, Michigan. Shortly after returning home Neumann gathered some 40 odd flyrodders into T.U.'s fold, essentially forming T.U.'s first Chapter, in memory of Wm B. Mershon. Later, Art became T.U.'s second Executive Secretary, serving 1962-65, and under his capable and dedicated leadership TROUT UNLIMITED gained considerable momentum and stature as a National Conservation Organization.

Initially, T.U.'s efforts were aimed at the Fish Division, prodding, questioning and using the press whenever and wherever possible to foster their philosophy and objectives, but with little success. The

bureaucratic system of put-and-take trout management was so well entrenched, stronger measures were called for. Political infighting was not the founding fathers' forte, but they were determined.

It was George Griffith who picked up the gauntlet and took charge. At the time George Romney was running for the Governorship of Michigan and it was at a whistle stop in Grayling that Griffith cornered the candidate. He eloquently explained the state's trout management problems and asked him to seriously consider forming a citizens committee to investigate the program and practices of the DNR, when and IF he was elected to the state house in Lansing.

Fortunately, Romney was elected and true to his word he appointed Griffith and Dr. Casey Westell, T.U.'s First President and an ecologist for the American Box Board Division of Packaging Corp. of America to the blue ribbon committee. After considerable jawboning the group talked Governor Romney into calling Ira Gabrielson and his staff from the Wildlife Management Institute in Washington, D.C., an eminently qualified group of scientists, each a recognized expert in his field, to investigate the DNR and recommend changes and new direction. When the dust and clamor had settled it was clear something was, indeed, rotten in Denmark (pardon the pun), and the major problem stemmed from the Fish Division.

Shortly after the announcements were made public, A.B. Cook, Fisheries Chief, retired and a complete reorganization of the Division took place. Dr. Jim McFadden, a talented biomatrician from the University of Michigan, became the new Chief of Fisheries. Shortly thereafter, he wrote a new Fish Division management policy, which for all intended purposes is a carbon copy of T.U.'s National Cold Water Program. Put-and-take trout management was stopped completely, research was

increased substantially and an accelerated habitat improvement program was launched. Finally, an inventory and classification of all trout waters was ordered.

TROUT UNLIMITED was finally a force to be reckoned with. As word spread other anglers and conservation minded groups wanted help. Bandwagon jumping and stumping became a way of life for the founding father and by 1961 TU was one of the most powerful conservation organizations in the U.S. But, by 1962, as often happens with newly formed organizations, T.U.'s enthusiasm was beginning to wane. Optimism was still there, yet finances were all but gone. The home office was operating part time or when the secretary could be paid. Money or the lack of it caused Vic Beresford to resign. Without the services and financial assistance given by bankers Don Valley and Al McCauley, Jr. plus directors Bob Evenson, Dr. John Spencer and Corney Schrems, the fledgling group might have become a bankrupt dream. But, somehow things were done. The directors knew there was no turning back. That's when Art Neumann took the bull by the horns and kept the organization flying. He pushed hard the first two years of his three year reign, following his own policies and goals to the letter. He was a man possessed.

Long trips, countless speeches, chapter organizations and writing a newsletter and editing T.U.'s magazine TROUT were just part of the job. The remainder of the time was spent tending his family of five, with his wife Louise standing by him through thick and thin. "We all sacrificed in those early days, but when I think of how T.U. went from a small state organization to a recognized power nationally, it was all worth it." Indeed, without Art Neumann, it's a safe bet TROUT UNLIMITED would have ended outright or worse, suffered a slow, agonizing death.




Postscript.....

Once again T.U.'s policy of wild trout management is in serious jeopardy. Shortly after Dr. McFadden completed and implemented the new Fish Division policy he resigned and returned to the University of Michigan. Dr. Howard Tanner was hired as Fisheries Chief, with Wayne Tody retained as assistant. Within weeks an entirely new fisheries program was launched. Eradication of the sea lamprey and re-introduction of steelhead were first on the agenda. Next came the introduction of pacific salmon (coho) in the Great Lakes to control exploding alewife populations. Every available financial resource was directed toward the new program. Research and habitat improvement were so drastically reduced they were all but eliminated. Pleas from Trout Unlimited to go slowly were simply ignored.

As word of the Great Lakes program spread, tourist dollars began to flood the state and literally overnight the Fish Division once again became the darling of the DNR. But with success also came problems, i.e. snagging, egg pedaling, trespass, stream bank erosion, etc. But worst of all, with the upstream migration of salmon came competition with native trout populations for spawning gravel and ultimate destruction of headwaters on blue ribbon waters like the Pere Marquette and Rifle Rivers. Initially limited weiring kept the salmon out, but the fish were successful reproducing naturally, so the effort was abandoned. Instead, dams were removed from several rivers resulting in additional damage to wild trout headwaters. Thus, the total program today centers on rearing and planting of hatchery trout or other warm water species. The bottom line is Michigan's wild trout

program is essentially dead. Today, it's only given lip service.

In 1987 each and every angler, trout or fisherman interested in saving wild trout should rededicate him or herself to the heritage set down by the founding fathers of TROUT UNLIMITED some 28 years ago... "namely that Trout Unlimited believes that trout fishing isn't just for trout. It's fishing for sport, rather than for food, where the true enjoyment of the sport lies in the challenge, the lore and the battle of wits, not necessarily a full creel. It's the feeling of satisfaction that comes

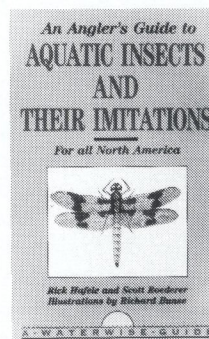
from limiting your kill instead of killing your limit. It's communing with nature where the chief reward is a refreshed body and contented soul, where a license is a permit to use not abuse, to enjoy-not destroy our trout waters. It's subscribing to the proposition that what's good for trout is good for trout fishermen, and that managing trout for the trout rather than for the trout fishermen is fundamental to the solution of our trout problems. It's appreciating our trout, respecting fellow anglers and giving serious thought to tomorrow." 

Newly Published from Spring Creek Press

An Angler's Guide to Aquatic Insects and their Imitations

by

Rick Hafele & Scott Roederer



The only keyed guide for anglers that identifies insects and gives patterns and tactics. Applicable for all of North America. 180 pp., 4½" x 7" (vest-pocket size for field use), \$9.95 paper. Add \$1.50 for postage and handling.

Contact:

Johnson Books - Dept FH
1880 S. 57th Court
Boulder, CO 80301
(303) 443-1576

Our catalog of books sent free on request.

AUTHORS

Kenneth M. Cameron is a former Registrar of the American Museum of Fly Fishing and a writer who has published in most of the fly-fishing journals. He started fishing 25 years ago with an ancient Bristol steel rod and now fishes, he says, with a production bamboo rod of uncertain make. In the name of history, he has made his own rods, hooks, and horsehair lines, and he is an accomplished tier of historically accurate reproductions. A free-lance writer, he has published a dozen novels. An enthusiasm for East Africa has taken him there three times, and he is working on a social history of the safari.

Jim Casada is a history professor by vocation and fly fisherman by inclination. He is Editor At Large for *Sporting Classics* and writes regularly on fly fishing and other outdoor subjects for a number of regional and national magazines. Presently, he is also in the final stages of writing a book on *Africa's Great Hunters*.

Allen G. Eastby's articles on trout and trout fishing appear regularly in national outdoor publications. Following his studies at New York University and the University of London, Mr. Eastby earned his Ph.D. in history at N.Y.U. He taught at the University of Alabama and New York State University then served in the Federal Government before turning to writing and photography. A novel, *The Tenth Men*, has been called "historical fiction at its finest."

John Gierach the author of the highly acclaimed books, *Flyfishing The High Country* and *Trout Bum*.

Dana Griffin, III is a professor of botany at The Florida State Museum, University of Florida as well as an accomplished fly fisher and writer.

Rick Hafele is an aquatic biologist. In addition to being published in numerous magazines, Rick is co-author of *The Complete Book of Western Hatches* and *An Angler's Guide to Aquatic Insects and Their Imitations*.

Ron Harris is a "fully-hooked" fly fisherman who writes and directs radio and television productions. Phoenix, Arizona, is his home. His poetry shows another side to this founder of the Zane Grey Chapter of TU—a true love for nature.

In addition to lecturing across the United States and writing articles for all the major fly fishing publications, **Joe Humphreys** teaches fly fishing at Pennsylvania State University. Joe is a master of fly fishing technique.

Don Kirk lives in Morristown, Tennessee, and is an outdoor writer with many national credits to his name as well as being author of the Smoky Mountains Trout Fishing Guide, published by Menasha Ridge Press, Rte. 3, Box 450, Hillsborough, NC 27278. Don has fished Smoky Mountain streams since boyhood.

Lefty Kreh is one of America's finest casters. He holds a number of world records and is a member of the Fishing Hall of Fame. He lectures frequently on angling and photography, is a professional casting coach and is the author of *Fly Casting with Lefty Kreh* and *Fly Fishing in Salt Water*.

Frederic Oswalt was a dentist and assistant clinical professor of fixed prosthodontics at Loyola University until 1986 when he was hit by multiple sclerosis (MS). Since then he has pursued his interest in fly fishing, writing and doing photography for a number of outdoor publications, including *Sports Afield*. He says, "I may not be able to fish anymore, but I am able to share my experiences, my dreams, and a few lies. A debilitating disease doesn't necessarily mean the end of the world. The secret is faith, friends and interests." As fly fishers, we also know Fred as "The Pin Man." His primary business today is Pins Unlimited, 35 Minges Road West, Battle Creek, MI 49017 where he makes those wonderful pins we all collect at conclaves.

Robert M. Poole is a senior editor for the National Geographic Society and a fly fisherman of 20 years. He is **Contributing Editor/Books for Fly Fishing Heritage**.

Ralph Quinn is an outdoor writer from Parma, Michigan. His articles have appeared in many of the leading outdoor publications. Coming up in a future issue will be Mr. Quinn's in-depth look at fly fishing Michigan.

Paul Schullery was Executive Director of The American Museum of Fly Fishing, and editor of its journal *The American Fly Fisher*, for five years. He is author, co-author, or editor of fourteen books, including *Mountain Time*, *The Bears of Yellowstone*, and *American Fly Fishing: A History*. He is currently an editor of *Country Journal* magazine in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. **Bud Lilly** is to Western fly fishing what Charles Cotton was to English fly fishing; a legend!

Richard W. (Dick) Talleur is the author of three important books on fly fishing and fly tying: *Mastering the Art of Fly Tying*, *Fly Fishing: A Guide for Adult Beginners* and *The Fly Tyer's Primer*.

Spencer E. Turner is a Fisheries Research Biologist for the Missouri Department of Conservation. Spence custom builds flyrods, is a photographer and member of the Outdoor Writers Association of America. He is **Contributing Editor/Conservation for Fly Fishing Heritage**.

LETTERS

The Fall edition was great. I particularly enjoyed Jim Casada's piece and Conrad Voss Bark's story. How delightful it is to find more than just the usual how-to features. There is a vital literacy tradition underlying fly fishing which has been neglected in recent years. Fly Fishing Heritage has made a clear commitment to restore it. Keep up the good work. Enclosed is a cheque and a subscription order for my friend.

Christopher Marshall
Ontario, Canada



*Sylvester Nemes, author of
The Soft-Hackled Fly
and
The Soft-Hackled Fly Addict,
said it best: "when you come right down to it,
fly fishing heritage is friendship."*



*We hope to bring you face to face with many
fly fishing friends over the coming years. Friends who
can spin a yarn and tell a fishing tale. Friends who can
help you understand a little better how to tie a fly or
why to use a certain technique. Friends who can share
with you their knowledge of our pastime. Or help you
celebrate the great outdoors and its natural beauty.
Friends from the past. Friends of the present.*

*If you have a friend who you feel
would enjoy Fly Fishing Heritage, show him or her
your copy. Suggest subscribing.
Let's spread some fly fishing friendships.*

Fly Fishing
HERITAGE



BULK RATE
U. S. POSTAGE
PAID
ST. LOUIS, MO.
PERMIT NO. 3691

Coming up in Fly Fishing Heritage

John Goddard

Ed Koch

Ed Shenk

Dick Salmon

George Harvey





