

Moscow 2 12/6/98

October 24th.

91 STUART CRESCENT,
WINCHESTER
HAMPSHIRE SO22 4AS.
ENGLAND.

Tel: 01962 853247

Tell. Roy he'd be
welcome here.

Dear David,

Thanks for your letter - it was very nice to
hear from you again. Also thank you so much for
your kindness to Simon Wood and his wife when
he visited you. He was ecstatic about his Martin
experience.

No Simon tells me that you may visit next
summer. Now that would really be something special for
me to look forward to. You must know you are always
more than welcome here. He tells me that you were
thinking of June time. If that's the case, you will
experience something that will be totally new to you
on the Itchen - Mayfly. We've had good hatches of
E. danica for almost ten years now, and while there
has been something of a decline in the smaller ephemerids
these big chaps have really multiplied. They certainly
can provide some exciting fishing, especially evenings
when the trout are on the large spinners. It would
be great fun and particularly pleasant for me to show
you the old river again.

We looked over the fascinating M.S. which you

2

sent me - once Simon. The references to the pictures are fine and I can find no fault with them. It looks like it has the makings of another super work from you - I can't wait!

Purely out of interest and setting the record straight I thought the following might be useful to you.

The water-meadow system was, as you suggest, a means of capitalising on otherwise useless, marshy meadowland. The first water-meadow engineering occurred about the middle of the 17th century. The technology - if you can call it that - was imported from Holland with the 'know-how' of the experienced Dutch water engineers. The first works at Abbot's Barton began about 1670 with the final works being done on the Nore stream and Barton carrier about 20 years later - probably. Impoundment of the main river was done hundreds of years earlier for the provision of a mill race. It seems likely that the initial work began under the Romans whose huge garrisons at Winchester required large amounts of milled corn. The Domesday book - 1085 - recorded 131 mills in Hampshire alone - it seems inconceivable that the Romans, who had a great reputation as water engineers and almost certainly had experience of the Greeks' use of water-powered mills - did not use the method in England. Equally, the 600 years which followed the Roman withdrawal from Britain had the Saxons in power. The Saxons brought great stability and culture to this island, but were not particularly known

for their engineering projects. So essentially, the Mills and associated water works came first and then fish-farming with the erection of stew ponds to serve the large ecclesiastical orders with Camp for their tables. Such large ponds were recorded in Hampshire at about the time of Henry III. But it was the middle of the 1600s that water-meadows were conceived.

Well, so much for the history lesson. I look forward to seeing your new book. I shall make sure that you get a copy of the new edition of Itchen Memories in the Spring. Thank you again old friend and hopefully our paths will cross before too long. My compliments to Anne and love to you all.

Tight Pinner.

Roy.

Rockledge

Route 1, Box 32

Shepherdstown, West Virginia 25443

5 February 1988

Dear Datus:

It was good to hear from you at Christmas time. Your location in Montana sounds great and I know you will miss the Washington area very little. Perhaps some day I will get out to visit you but, right now, the prospect seems dim indeed. Except for a trip to Belize later this month or perhaps in early March, I have no travel plans. The situation here has not improved and the future seems bleak.

Tui, my much-loved Brittany was killed shortly before Christmas and I felt her loss keenly. I was hunting about five miles west of town with Vince Townsend, an old friend and my doctor. Tui put up a pheasant and Vince winged it. It went down in some scrub willows a hundred yards or so from a heavily traveled road. Tui found it and went on point. We walked in and the ringneck came out half flying, half running. I got my gun to my shoulder and pulled the trigger but it misfired...a faulty primer as it turned out. Tui chased the bird across the road and that was it. I had a rough time for a few weeks afterward.

But then I found a litter of well-bred Britts in Fairfax Station and brought home an 8-week-old girl, almost a spittin' image of Tui. Oddly, they share some of the same lineage. I call her Tuitu and she's now about 3½ months old. She's full of life and with the sharpest teeth, aggressive and eager to learn. So far, we've found no birds but she covers a lot of ground for a puppy and has a healthy appetite for deer droppings and smelly, long-dead bunnies.

Montana always sounded like a wonderful place to live and enjoy life. I have spent some time there, mostly official trips to Helena, Ennis or someplace else where we had a hatchery but I forget its name now, maybe Carson City. I did spend some time at or rather, near Melrose at a camp we had on Canyon Creek and then later, at Spotted Bear on the So Fk of the Flathead where I setup a spike camp for elk in the Bob Maarshall wilderness and staffed a camp. But I was too busy to fish very much and never managed to hunt. Our son, Tom, lived and worked (for BLM as an archaeologist) in Miles City but that's way east of trout water.

I have nearly given up hunting since Tui was killed though I go out now and then with a friend from Berkely Springs who has two pointers and an aging setter. We usually find very little and, what we do locate, the dog's usually bump. I did shoot a very large buck about a mile from home but I am never very happy shooting a deer. It took three of us to lift the thing into Bill Howard's Blazer.

Keep in touch. And very best to Anna et al. I hope she has taught you to dance.

Regards,
Ben

February 15, 1988

Mr. Tom Rosenbauer
The Orvis Company, Inc.
10 River Road
Manchester, Vermont 05254

Dear Tom,

Enclosed is a copy of a letter and questionnaire that I'm sending to John Harder. Thought you'd want to know. Maybe I should be sending it to you, in case you run out of things to do.

Could I ask you for a couple of favors?

-- Your catalogs are reaching me, but the newspaper isn't. Maybe it's because I never buy anything, or maybe the paper is going to my old address in Virginia. Would you check?

-- Releases from you are also going to the old address.

Thanks.

Yours,

Enclosed: copy of letter

answered

9/25/91

T. Rosenbauer
Old Mill Road
East Arlington, VT
05252
802-375-2310 home
802-362-3622 office

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Datus,

I want to apologize for not having written to you with a thank you note sooner. It's one of those things that the husband always assumes the wife will do, and then we catch hell because we haven't done it and get a lecture on how our wife is not our mommy--at least I do. Anyway, it is inexcusable that I haven't written to you sooner to thank you for your wonderful hospitality and the lively conversation. It was a great pleasure to spend a quiet afternoon talking about topics other than fishing--although I love it dearly it is work for me.

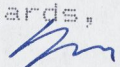
I'm enclosing a slide I thought you might appreciate. That is certainly one of the most impressive bird dogs I have ever seen, and I only wish my old setter was half as good. He used to be pretty hot, but last year he had eight teeth pulled, and after he recovered I took him out in the back, flushed three grouse, took a shot and he turned around and ran home. I'll never have the time or the patience to train another bird dog, and it takes a lot out of the sport to do it without my own dog.

Margot spent three days photographing General Schwartzkopf, who was here for an Orvis-sponsored sporting clays shoot, and then she had an article in the NY Times last Saturday on sporting clays. He is the most impressive human being I have ever met, and a nice guy as well. Loves shotgun shooting and fly fishing, and in the coming years will be a valuable emissary for the sports we love so much.

Please let me know when your book is out. I'm not sure if our local bookstore will stock it, but I hope it becomes a best seller so we'll read about it in the NY Times book review.

Again, I apologize for being so rude. Drop me a line if you get a chance and let me know how you like those Bigeye hooks. And if you come back this way in the fall, I can show you twenty flushes in a couple hours of grouse hunting.

Regards,


Tom Rosenbauer



RAGGED MOUNTAIN PRESS

July 20, 1993

*Books that
take you off
the beaten
path.*

■

Datus C. Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714

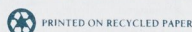
Dear Datus:

Thanks for yours of July 10. I hope you can make it to next year's OWAA soiree. There are a few good brook trout places left in Maine, but our Game & Fish department manages things for "their clients," meaning sporting camp owners who cater to dumb out-a-staters and the I-got-me-a-nuther'n set of scoff-law indigenes. Meaning, of course, that Maine has a mostly put & take fishery that concentrates on landlocked salmon (big & easy to catch) in rivers and lakes, and brook trout in ponds. The landlocked fishing is mostly better than the brook trout fishing, simply because landlocks are better able to adapt to the increasingly acidic water we receive from midwestern powerplants and thus transplants often live more than a year. All brook trout in brooks are wild (brooks aren't stocked, just ponds), but the Maine spring custom of worming out 30 to 40 fish per day of any size from four inches up keeps the fishing pretty spotty, as does the almost total reliance on winter runoff to fill the streams (springs in Maine are few and far between). That being said, there are some dandy little brooks that retain a few trout after the subsistence fishermen have their way with them, and which, for the most part, never see another fisherman all year. There's one that forms the back boundary of my property, about 12 feet wide by, mostly, a few inches deep, with just enough deep water spotted here and there to keep a small population of brookies alive; there's a beaver pond at the bottom end, just before it crosses Route 1, heads over an old mill dam, and enters Penobscot Bay, to provide a wintering place for the larger fish. I've taken brookies to 18 inches from this little brook, but a stereotypically freckle-faced, gap-toothed kid with a Prince Albert can full of night crawlers caught a 24-incher out of there a few years back. To me, these little brooks offer the best of Maine fishing, but then I judge the fishing experience more by whether I see another fisherman than by how many fish I catch or how big they are. Besides, I like making 20-foot casts with 6-foot rods a lot better than I like double-hauling a weighted nymph or streamer with a 9-foot wrist cracker.

The biggest brook trout in the state come from Moosehead Lake, which is roughly the size of Rhode Island and smack-dab in the middle of The Big Woods. The best brook trout fishing that doesn't involve fighting ocean-size waves and is fairly easy to get to is in the network of catch-and-release ponds in Baxter State Park, particularly the hike-in ponds (you'll need a belly boat or sufficient fortitude to pack in a canoe; fishing from the bank is well-nigh impossible in boggy Maine). I'd expect all of these places to be heavily peopled by the OWAA nites here for the convention, although, since you need to make camping reservations in Baxter a year in advance to have any hope of getting in overnight, there

A DIVISION OF MCGRAW-HILL, INC.

Ragged Mountain Press ■ P.O. Box 220, Camden, ME 04843 ■ Tel: 207.236.4837 ■ Fax: 207.236.6314 ■ UPS: #633, Rt.1. Rockport, ME 04856



may be fewer of them there than around Moosehead and its tributaries--the Roach and Moose rivers, and its outlet, the Kennebec.

The West Branch of the Penobscot River is justly famous for its landlocks, but it's elbow-to-elbow fishing most of the season, at least in the name-brand pools (Big Eddy, Steep Bank, Nesowadenunk Deadwater, etc.). I'm kinda partial to nearby Nahmakhanta Stream, which runs into Pemadumcook Lake near Millinocket (have you a map to pore over?); it has a good population of both landlocks and brookies (it's about the size and temperament of the upper Gallatin), and is accessible at only two points along its 16-mile length: by four-wheel-drive just below Nahmakhanta Lake, and by boat at its mouth from Pemadumcook. The Appalachian Trail runs along it for part of the way, so it sees a lot of passersby, but most of 'em ain't fishin'. Another good spot--one Tom McNally and Al McClane fished with a great deal of delight and success some years back--is Sandy Stream, which runs out of Millinocket Lake and heads up toward Baxter State Park. There's only one road into it, and it was washed out this spring (I had to back up my camper-toting Toyota for two miles of twisting rutted moose trail before I found a place to turn around); since the trees in the area won't be ready to cut (most of Maine north of Old Town, meaning half the state, belongs to four or five paper companies, who allow us to fish and hunt "their" land) for a while, it's unlikely it will be repaired. You can get to the bottom end of the stream by boat (about a 2-hour paddle, then poling upstream for another hour before the fishing gets interesting), or you can walk down (maybe 8 miles) from Baxter State Park for the upper end of the river.

Probably the best brook trout fishing in the State, exclusive of the thickly populated name-brand rivers and lakes, will be found in the unsettled area north of Baxter State Park, east of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway, and west of the St. Croix. Practically every stream, puddle, and pond in the area is full of brook trout, but access ain't easy; most of it belongs to a group of paper company less inviting than Great Northern, which controls the Penobscot River area to the south and makes access part of their management scheme.

I don't know how you feel about smallmouth bass, but the Penobscot River between Old Town and Millinocket offers some of the best bass fishing in the country. Most Mainers think of them as trash fish, but increasing numbers of folks are finding 40- and 50-fish days of 2 to 3 pounders a welcome change from scrabbling around the hordes for a stocked brookie. Because this is only a half-hour from Bangor (convention center), it's likely to be fairly thick with sports writers.

Anyway, real old-time brook trout fishing can be had in Maine, but the best of it is reserved for those who'll venture farther afield than the herd--sometimes fishing the little brooks the herd drives over on its way to the name-brand waters. I can probably put you onto some of those, if you'll swear yourself to secrecy. Hell, you can fish in my backyard if you sign a nondisclosure agreement that involves holding in escrow the title to your favorite spring creek.

Have fun,
Jim

loved the article on the
old Lady of skyline Drive.
My own people were dispossessed
by the Smoky Mt Nat Park &
by the recently impounded Tellico
Lake. It's a pain to see Uncle Fess's
silos peeking from the lake &
surrounded by water skiers

RICHARD C. RENSTROM

Author and Photographer

September 9, 2000

2121 ARLINGTON AVE.
CALDWELL, IDAHO 83605
PHONE - AREA CODE 208
459-8786

RUFFED GROUSE RESEARCH
MOTORCYCLE HISTORY
SOCIO-ECONOMICS

Dear Datus:

Thankyou for your letter and the oder for my grouse book. I recognized your name immediately from something in my library. I think it was in a magazine feature. The name is very unique!

I hope you enjoy my book. It was a labor of love. I am quite rare here---there are very few ruffed grouse hunters in my study area, since there are probably 10 times as many blues as ruffs here. About 85% of the ruffs harvested in Idaho are taken north of the Salmon River, and about 85% of the blues are taken south of the river. Dryer south and wetter north is the reason.

You mentioned in your letter that you saw lots of grouse in the Bechler River country. Were they ruffs? My wife is from Ashton, where I met her 45 years ago when a college student and working on a survey crew. I have hunted ruffs a few times there, and am planning on a week there the first of October to take in the Ashton Hill-Island Park, Fish Cr road to the Park boundry, and the Flagg Ranch road. Ruffs live there at over 6000 feet, which is higher than I have recorded ruffs in my study area.

One question. Way back in the 1950s I shot a male Spruce on Tyler Creek just above Island Park Reservoir. My wife saw a Spruce east of Ashton on Rock Creek. Had one in her hands. Then we saw a man from Texas pick up a Spruce and put it in his car north of Yellowstone Falls. I had him arrested!

The Park naturalist says he has been there 15 years and has never heard of a Spruce in the Park, and the Idaho F&G biologist in Idaho Falls says in 15 years he has never heard of a Spruce in the Island Park area. Did you ever see any Spruces in the Park?

I had a good first week. In 4 days I flushed 21 ruffs and 8 blues. Could have had 13 of them, but took just one a day. Walked nearly 40 miles and feel like it today.

Hope to hear from you. I sent a copy of my book to the F&S editor many months ago and asked if they could mention it in the magazine. Hope they do, since my printing bill was staggering.

Sincerely,

