



COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA

PENNSYLVANIA GAME COMMISSION

P.O. BOX 1567
HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 17105-1567

December 13, 1985

ADMINISTRATIVE BUREAUS

ADMINISTRATION	787-5670
LICENSE DIVISION	787-2084
PERSONNEL	787-7836
GAME MANAGEMENT	787-5529 787-6711
INFORMATION & EDUCATION	787-6286
LAW ENFORCEMENT	787-5743
LAND MANAGEMENT	787-6818
REAL ESTATE	787-6568

Mr. Datus C. Proper
1914 N. Johnson St.
Arlington, VA 22207

Dear Mr. Proper:

Your letter to Game Commissioner Dana Chalfont was forwarded to me for comment.

The unusually colored pheasant you shot in Franklin County may have come from the Pennsylvania Game Commission's Loyalsock Game Farm. Two years ago, the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission gave the Pennsylvania Game Commission some of their stock to raise. They have dealt with sex linked pheasant propagation in recent years in order to hatch a high percentage of male birds. To do this requires two generations. The yellow color cock pheasant is the one that produces mostly male offspring. After trying a few pheasants, we determined use of sex-linked pheasants did not fit into our program.

In 1984, all the yellow or blond cock pheasants were released, and not one single comment was received by a hunter who shot one. The one you shot was one of very few that hatched in 1985. The one you shot was probably about sixteen weeks old and not fully developed. When they are adults they are handsome birds.

Your assessment of the number of wild birds in 1985 agrees with my observations. I hunt Adams County and there were more birds there than in 1984, where habitat for them exists. I saw no improvement on the intensively farmed lands.

Sincerely,

Dale E. Sheffer, Director
Bureau of Game Management

Datus C. Proper
1914 N. Johnson St.
Arlington, VA 22207

Dec. 1, 1985

Dear Mr. Chalfant:

Thanks for your note on the stocking schedule. As birds were stocked in Franklin County, I'm inclined to think that the strange one I shot may have come from a game farm. It behaved like a farm bird -- hard to flush -- but was on posted land, some distance from any logical stocking area. My first thought ~~that~~ was that the bird was the product of a barnyard cross. Anyhow, I'm enclosing pictures. The bird -- shown with a wild one, for comparison -- looks like $\frac{1}{2}$ pheasant, $\frac{1}{2}$ white or pale chicken. Note the generally pale brown color of the feathers. Tail feathers are about $\frac{1}{2}$ the length of a wild bird, or a bit more. Feet are large, clumsy, and yellowish white -- a big difference from pheasants. The feet were also caked with dirt when the bird was shot. (Wild pheasants seem fussy about keeping clean.) Let's hope that this degenerate creature did not happen in a game farm.

In Franklin county, there were more pheasants in the season just closed than in 1984, but far fewer than we had in the 60s & 70s. Maybe the dry spring helped.

The woodcock flight was good news -- heavier than usual. ~~But~~ But the season, as you know, was extremely short. Over the years, my ~~xx~~ experience in Franklin county has been that there are far more woodcock in November than in October. Hunting is usually good right till the end of the season. I would hope that, next year, Pennsylvania would use the 40 days given to us by the Feds for woodcock. If necessary, let's keep the bag limit low, but ~~let's~~ let's not give up the sport entirely, when no other state is doing so.

In the same connection, I mentioned on the 'phone that -- for some reason -- there are more birds (pheasants) in Maryland than in Franklin county a mile away. This was markedly true in 1984; I'm not sure of 1985 yet. Weather, geology, habitat conditions are the same. Maryland does have a much longer season (two months instead of one). Whatever the conclusion, I think we can say that the length of the season does not have a lot of effect on the next year's pheasant population. Maryland's more restrictive access laws for hunters may be a factor.

Yours,

Datus Proper

- Copy -

Dear Dick --

Attached are suggested dressings for the two flies of mine that have appeared on your covers. A little extra care is needed to make my flies fit into your format, since I was talking about designs rather than patterns. Believe I've explained it all well enough with a short note about color-matching.

Yours,

D. Atm

3/24

NOTE: This is a design, not a pattern. Represents small mayfly duns best.
Vary color of components to match naturals.

Hook	Partridge A or L2A
Thread	Fine (color-matched)
Wing	One cock's hackle wound in the normal way, then pulled into a broad, upright V and secured by figure-eight turns of tying thread.
Tail	Cock's hackle fibers. May be V-shaped for best flotation.
Body	Pheasant-tail herl or dubbing. Thorax about $\frac{1}{2}$ length of abdomen.

NOTE: This is a design, not a pattern. Represents mid-sized mayfly duns.
Vary colors of components to match naturals.

Hook . . . Partridge A or L2A

Thread Fine (color-matched)

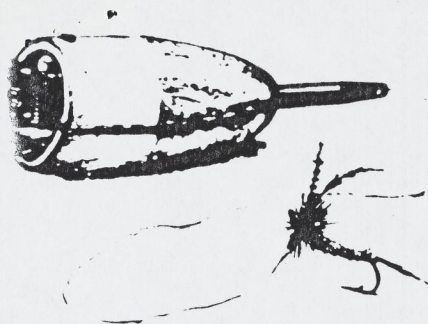
Wings pair of cock hackle-tips, shiny sides inward, angled slightly back.

Tail cock's hackle fibers in a wide V, cocked slightly upward.

Abdomen dubbing with some guard hairs, ribbed counterclockwise with fine wire or thread.

hackle One stiff cock's hackle, wound flat on the bottom only by a figure-8 of dubbed tying thread.

ThoraX Dubbed thread like abdomen, but about half as long and unribbed.



Fly Tyer

DICK SURETTE
EDITOR/PUBLISHER

"The Fly Tyers Quarterly Magazine"

BOX 1231, Rt. 16
North Conway, N.H. 03860
1-603-356-5091

February 12, 1985.

Dear Author,

I hope that the new year finds you in good health and cheer. We are looking forward to a very exciting 1985 season, both in fly fishing and in business.

I want to inform you on the status of Fly Tyer Quarterly. In the past year we have had a few inquiries on the sale or merge of Fly Tyer with other publications. Frankly, the meager offers we had tended to us were not acceptable. Thus we will go it alone for now and for the foreseeable future.

For the past few years, Fly Tyer has stayed at the same level of copies, 15,000 per issue. We are a very small part of a small industry. The advertising revenues are not in great enough numbers to really show a great cash flow to bankers. Our best support is from readers, shop/dealers, and newsstand sales. As you can surmise it has been tough sledding over the past few years.

I know that in some cases we are behind in payments to some of the authors, we have not forgotten you. We sincerely plan to get current with those who have been so patient and kind to our publication. Our usual policy is not to make payments on author fees unless we can pay all authors for each issue. This runs to around \$ 2,500.00 per issue. We know we put more money in author fees per issue than any other magazine of its size. We anticipate to be able to pay all monies due by the end of 1985.

Now for the real crux of this note. We have been planning a new book for some time. We are now at the stage that we have superior separations, fly dressings, and an index of all work ever published in Fly Tyer Quarterly. With you assistance and cooperation we plan to publish ALL of the flies that have ever graced the covers of Fly Tyer. THIS COMES TO 672 FLIES IN FULL COLOR, ALL IN ONE VOLUME.....

The format will be; a full color fly, name of the fly, name of fly tyer, and V.5,I.2 which will tell the reader it came from Volume 5, Issue one. A rough draft of the page layout is enclosed to give an idea on the book. Of course it will be in full color. WE WILL USE ONLY THE FLY AND THE DRESSING FROM THE ARTICLE.

Our plan is as follows: we will give to each author who has ever had flies on the cover of Fly Tyer, a copy of the LIMITED EDITION (HB) which will list for \$ 29.95 as our way of remuneration for your cooperation in this venture. The hard covers will be numbered from # 25 to # 250, the first books in the run. These books will rapidly gain value.. We will also allow any author to purchase copies of the paperback (list \$ 16.95) at a 40 % discount or net \$ 10.17 each. We can deduct this from any author fee that we owe to you if you so desire.

The DEDICATION of the book is going to be YOU the authors of Fly Tyer. Each author will be listed in alphabetical order on the dedication page. After all the GUTS and MEAT of Fly Tyer has been provided by the authors over the history of Fly Tyer. We thank you for your patience and understanding. Your signature below will allow your flies to be in "FLY TYER PATTERN BIBLE". If we do not hear from you, we will assume that this project meets with your approval and blessings...

SIGNATURE [Signature] dated 3/23/85
STREET 1914 N. Johnson St. BOX
TOWN Arlington STATE VA ZIP 22207

Sincerely,
Dick Surette

Ship _____ copies (PB) @ \$ 10.17 plus shipping
Deduct copies from any author fees due...

DATUS C PROPER

JOHN SHANER
2384 EAST LAKE ROAD
SKANEATELES, N.Y.
13152



FIRST CLASS

Mr Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, Montana
59714

Fries inside

Sent him a
fly from
green-glau
feather 2/16/90.



Dear Mr Proper,

My name is John Shoner
and I am an avid angler,
fly tier and book collector.

Knowing of your association
with Vince Marinaro I
thought you might like
the enclosed photo. It
was taken by my friend
Gene White in November
1974 on the Letort.

Although I never had
the pleasure to meet Mr
Marinaro, his books have
had a profound influence
on my fishing and
fly tying. You were

very fortunate to have
known him so well.

As for your own writing,
would it be enough
to say that I have worn
out two copies of
What the Trout Said?

With several hundred
volumes in my fly fishing
library, I think I am
qualified to say that
your writing is certainly
in the tradition of
Shutes, Harding and Marinaro.

I have sent along a few
of my flies, none of which

are new, design will,
although the Cul de Corand
flies have a slight modification.

The feather tip is tied
down-wing over the body,
before it turned as a hackle.
This utilizes the entire
feather and aids floatation.

They worked very well
in the Catskills in September
and October last year and I
look forward to trying them
on Armstrong's and Nelson's
next year.

Now I have a favor to
ask of you. As someone who

is very interested in flies,
how might I acquire one
or two of yours? I would
be more than happy to offer
whatever payment you feel
sufficient.

I hope enjoy the Photo
and I thank you for the
information, insight, and
many hours of pleasure
your books and articles have
given me.

Sincerely,

John Shoner



Vince

By Gene White

Nov. '74

on the Letort

Dear Mr Proper,

When I sent you the
Photograph of Mr Marinano,
I may have neglected to
include my address. It is:

JOHN P. SHAWER
2384 EAST LAKE RD.
SKANEATELES, N. Y.
13152



Yours Truly,
John Shawer

P.O. Box 770453
Eagle River, AK 99577
May 1, 1990

Dear Datus,

I started to write to you back in the dark days of mid-winter. Now we have daylight from get-up-time to go-to-bed-time, so I will just start over. We have survived another winter in reasonably good shape. It was only a moderately cold winter, but snow depths were record breaking, and the moose suffered terribly. Starved carcasses are showing up all over the place. The two that were regular visitors to our yard looked in pretty good shape when I last saw them a few weeks ago, so I think they made it.

After some rather discouraging days in the late summer and early fall, I got back to full physical activity about October 1st, and was able to make the annual grouse hunting trek to Vermont the last half of the month. The hills seemed to have gotten a little steeper and I had to rest when the leg complained too bitterly, but I covered about the same mileage as usual, moved a satisfying number of birds, and even managed to kill the odd one.

Recently, I received a notice from BLM, through Russ Dunn, that drought conditions are continuing in Beaverhead County and that it may be necessary to further restrict grazing on the BLM leases this summer. Then, a few days ago I learned that we had a near flood on our place at Big Sheep Creek. Apparently, an unusually warm spell brought all of the little snow that was in the hills down at one time. Drought and floods make a wierd combination.

Last summer we finally concluded that, contrary to our wishes, we were going to have to have some cattle grazing at Sheep Creek. So, we bit the bullet, and in the fall had a protective fence installed along the creek. To hurry up the return of bank cover I had the Inter-Fluve people put in about 350 willow cuttings last spring while they were doing similar work on the Hirsch upstream. I have a free airline ticket that must be used by June, so I am planning to come to Montana about the middle of this month to do some more planting. This trip depends on resolution of a problem here at home. If I make it, I hope I can find time to drop by and see you.

Our current plans for the summer are: I will come to Bozeman on July 7th and plan to fish Thompson's July 8 through the 14th. Then the family will join me, and we will go down to Sheep Creek. We will return to Bozeman on the 27th, and I hope to fish Thompson's again on the 28th through the 30th.

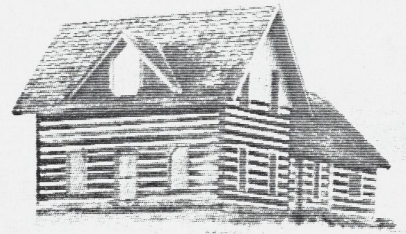
Sincerely,

Bob Sharer

Called
10/28/96
left message

Annick Smith

Star Route, Bonner, Montana 59823 / (406) 244-5549



Oct. 7
September 28, 1996

Dear Darius Proper -

Corby Skinner suggested I write you -

It's no news to you that I'm chin deep in the struggle to stop the 7-Up Pete gold mine at the headwaters of the Blackfoot River. And I've been wondering what I can do, what all of us writers who care can do, outside of sending another damn check or testifying at another hearing. Then it struck me that we could do what what we all do best--put together a wonderful book. So I am asking you, with a good dose of urgency, to join in a project to help gather statewide support to stop the mine and restore the clean water laws that have been corrupted by mining lobbies.

What I propose is an anthology called Headwaters to be published by the end of the year, and also a poster including a list of authors and excerpts, which could be circulated and publicized before the November 4 election. The book will collect essays, stories, poems, memories that illuminate the value of a great river such as the Blackfoot--stories to tell how our lives are nourished by watersheds and clean, running waters. Or, on the darker side, anecdotes that reveal the real costs of gold--of massive mining--in the state. We do not need to decry the proposed mine or proselytize for I-22 (others are doing that). We need to inspire readers to ponder the issues in deeper ways.

If you are willing to contribute a bit of imagination and a few hours (or days) of work, I'd like to see prose pieces of 300 to 1,000 words, maximum, and poems no longer than one page. Word bites. Short, vivid narratives that will bite into a reader's sense of connection to the place where they live and impel them to help preserve the best of that place. None of us will be paid for our work, and the book will be given free to legislators, state officials, newspapers, and other opinion makers, as well to libraries, schools, bookstores and shopping malls.

Because of constraints of money and time (I have to raise the money, find the time), I can't include all my friends who are good writers in this project, so I have arbitrarily selected only those writers who have name recognition in the state. Like it or not, we are well-known in Montana, and our voices speak to a broader audience than any political or environmental group. Many of us have benefitted from (excuse the irony) mining the stories we have found here, and I believe we can return the favor by using our voices NOW, before the election and during the 1997 legislative session, when our words can make a difference.

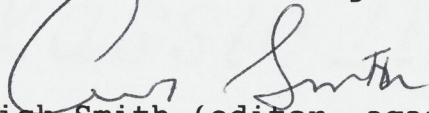
If you agree to be part of this project, please submit your contribution to me within three weeks. We are not expecting perfect, polished work, just a quick response. Terry Tempest Williams and Steve Trimble assembled Testimony, a book of essays by twenty writers promoting the southern Utah wilds, in about six weeks. A private donor financed the project and a trade paperback from Milkweed Editions is currently on the market with profits earmarked for preservation of Utah's canyonlands. Their book made a difference. I think ours can, also.

Here is the list of ^{some} writers I am asking to join me in the Headwaters anthology. Preference will be given to new pieces, although a couple of excerpts from existing work may be used. The list is not writ in stone. Many have already said yes. Some will fall out:

Jim Welch, Dee McNamer, Bryan DiSalvatore, James Lee Burke, Jim Crumley, Martha Elizabeth, Richard Ford, Greg Pape, Marnie Prange, David Duncan, Ian Frazier, Patricia Goedicke, Bill Kittredge, Rick Bass, Jon Jackson, Mary Blew, David Quammen, Mark Levine, Debra Earling, Greg Keeler, Bob Reid, Ellen Meloy, David Long, Ralph Beer, Ripley Schemm Hugo, Wally McRae, Bill Vaughn, Sandra West Prowell, Dick Manning, Cheryl Noethe, Paul Zarzyski, Sandra Alcosser, Tim Cahill, Kevin Canty, Fred Haefle, Carolyn Patterson, Neil McMahon, Russell Chatham, William Hjortsberg. Tom McGuane and Ivan Doig have begged off writing new work, but will allow us to use excerpts from already published writing. And, of course, we plan use as the book's epigraph the famous last paragraph from Norman Maclean's A River Runs Through It.

Please call me right away at (406) 244-5549, or mail me a note saying "Yes" or "Sorry." I need to know who's in before I can go to a private donor for money, and also to a designer and publisher. We must start this new choo-choo train down its death-defying tracks soon to counter the big-money media juggernaut that's going top speed on the other side.

With much love and high hopes,


Annick Smith (editor, again)

answered 8/12/97

16 July 1997

Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Rd.
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Datus:

The enclosed letter addressed to you was sent to our offices recently. I'm simply forwarding it.

I hope that everything is going well with you and that you're anticipating a productive fall. So far the summer's been a long one out here, but we're taking heart in the fact that October is only three flips of the calendar page away.

And just a reminder: If you're ever interested in writing for *Shooting Sportsman*, I'd really like to hear from you. I've always admired your work and think our readers would truly appreciate seeing your byline in the magazine again. In the meantime . . .

All the best,

Ralph

Ralph P. Stuart
Editor

Sept 16, 1993

Dear Datus and Ada,

This is very late: in between teaching and rushing back into our abandoned Florida life, I had trouble getting to the seafood place I like. This is an odd thing to send UPS, no doubt, but it is a real Gulf treat. So, in thanks for your great hospitality and fishing tutelage (and to Ada in particular, a lunch I'll never forget), Thank you. We are, by the way, living on teamonade!

Have a fine fall hunting the blue grouse, and if your son ever gets interested in ^{the} subject of college possibilities, I'd be happy to talk to him. Meanwhile, let me

Know if you're ever down our way.
In the next few years, we'll try to
get you down for a reading in our
now-dormant "Writing Wild" series.

Bob is sorting through some
nice slides now - a print
of Datus + Huck is forthcoming.

Best,

Maïjore Sands

621 NE 5th St
Gainesville, FL 32601
(904) 372 1264

ILLUSTRATION BY MARJORIE SANDOR

A River of One's Own

NOT LONG AGO I TOOK up fishing. I had a baby daughter, the summer off from teaching and a faint childhood memory of dangling a hook baited with Velveeta over a small creek. I had no ambition; I just wanted a cure for cabin fever. But I am also the younger sister of three men, and in the foolhardy way of my tribe, I telephoned one of them after my first triumphant landing of a trout.

"Caught a brown tonight, 13 inches."

"Nice," he said. "What'd you take it on?"

"A worm."

"Gross!" he cried. "You're kidding."

This particular brother is 45, a doctor, a Yale graduate, and in his house a whole bookshelf is devoted to the sacred texts of fly fishing. His lapse in diction revealed the depth of my transgression. I might have broken one of the Ten Commandments: Thou shalt not fish with worms.

I should have known better. When I was young, all three brothers were versed in the sacred rites of fly fishing. The length of time it took them to prepare for trips testified to its high mystery. Out of closets came hip-waders, nets, the special vests with a fuzzy strip for the flies. The names of the flies themselves — Humpy, Irresistible, Bitch Creek Special — called up the veiled hostility of the clubhouse password, the secret handshake, the posted sign: **GIRLS KEEP OUT.**

I kept my distance: their preparations carried a taboo as searing as my father's garage workbench, the school shop class — and math, which I was failing. Yet as they departed, I trailed my brothers to our Pontiac and grasped the hot chrome of the door handle till my mother had to pry my fingers loose.

Eventually this dark era of exclusion passed. It was replaced by something far more formidable: nostalgia. My brothers settled in cities, and the great trout streams became places perpetually dappled and windless, brightened by the curving back of The Really Big One; places that now seemed suspiciously inaccessible. Whenever I suggested such a trip, my brothers simply sighed for their lost Paradise.

Then, last summer, my husband and I rented a cabin near some of the greatest trout fishing in the world.

Was it out of revenge or the old desire to get inside the clubhouse that I tempted my middle brother back over the Garden wall? On the telephone, I recited the names of the blue-ribbon streams in our vicinity, and listened patiently as



he chanted, in his turn, the names of his favorite flies: Elk Hair Caddis, Leadwing Royal Coachman and that worrisome Bitch Creek Special.

In the afternoons, before venturing up to a nearby creek with my carton of worms, I put maps in the mail, marking the Taylor, the Frying Pan and, just 12 miles away, the mighty Gunnison. I trembled as if I were scaling the walls of a forbidden tower.

I avoided thinking about my worms versus his flies. I took up my spinning rod and drove to my creek, secretly relishing the primitive indelicacies of worm fishing: the grit, the ooze, the real blood on my fingers as the little guys tried to squirm away from me and failed.

My brother arrived one day in July, armed with his own maps, pale, a little nervous. The next morning he stood fully outfitted in khaki, waiting in our kitchen while I nursed the baby. I saw with no small misgiving that he had brought an extra fly rod for me and an ancient pair of waders, size 11, men's. Our gear and lunches were already packed into a Boy Scout knapsack that bore two of my brothers' names and our childhood address.

An hour later, I was stumbling in the great boots and looking dizzily into the wide, fast waters of the Gunnison, a river that in no way resembled my little creek with its mysterious pools and its message that trout, like Paradise, exist only in the shadows where you can't see them.

My brother looked a little like a priest in his splendid regalia, right down to the new hat and a graphite rod whose cost he would not reveal. Midstream, he fastened a wet fly (I was too stunned to ask its name) to my leader, showed me "a simple cast" and moved away to cast a dry fly toward the bank. His arm eased back,

once, twice, and the line arced and uncurled. Where the fly touched down there was a flash, a sudden swirl.

"Yes," said my brother.

After playing a 20-inch brown and slipping it gracefully into the net, he explained that dry fly fishing was a great deal more complicated than wet fly fishing. The abyss opened before me: fly fishing now turned out to be divided into lower and higher arts. As I whipped my line over my head three times and watched it spiral into a small, failed coil on the water, he said consolingly: "It's an esthetic thing, really. You're a part of the river; much more intimate than fishing with worms."

He handed me the net and creel. "Watch this," he said.

While I pondered my new status as initiate, my brother got down to business. He caught his two- and three-pound rainbows, admired them, and released them into the stream. I seethed with the dark and ancient rage of younger sisters as I felt neatly into the role of acolyte. I held the net as he brought in an

enormous curving rainbow, my legs far apart and the net gripped in both hands as if I were preparing to capture the river itself.

"Let's keep this one," I said.

He looked slightly aggrieved. I had violated yet another Commandment: Thou shalt not kill Trout. But after a decent interval, he acquiesced.

My brother's last fish was another rainbow, bigger than the last, and before he released it, he held it above the river as if posing for a souvenir photograph. This ceremonial display finished me off: I'd been duped from the beginning, destined only to witness this lonely male triumph.

I handed him the creel. "You carry it back," I said. I might have been handing over my whole childhood worship and terror of missing out.

After my brother was safely out of the state, I went back to my creek. Crouched on the river stones, I chose a fat night crawler and slipped its shoulder onto the hook and up the shank. A few minutes later, I landed a rainbow, 15 inches long and beautifully, barely hooked.

I held it sideways and admired it on both sides, waiting for esthetic bliss and the feeling of oneness with the fish. I knew what should follow: the careful unhooking, the letting go. But I didn't. I couldn't. Worm fishers, like the unconverted, are a stubborn lot. I crouched on the bank to thwack the fish and gut it. The earthy smell of worm was on my hands and in my hair: this was private, messy, sinful. Intimate, I said to myself, not yearning after some dream of the ultimate this or that. But why was I theorizing if fishing with worms was such a humble act? Don't apologize, I commanded myself. Bring home the beautiful fish, fry it up and place it before your family. "Eat," I would tell my daughter, my firstborn. "Eat, and learn to fish." ■

The multiplication of fish

Datus C. Proper
1914 N. Johnson St.
Arlington, VA 22207

Dec. 8, 1985

Dear Silvio,

Enclosed is the hook article -- in time, I hope, to give you time for a good look before rushing into print. Hook testing does give me spots before the eyes. If anything sounds like a mistake, typo, or garble, please let me know. If time allows, I'd welcome a chance to proofread the story and tables before final printing. Don't know if your system allows this. Field & Stream does send proofs, which is what gave me the idea. One or two minor inaccuracies did creep into the leader article.

As we agreed, I've enclosed samples of the actual hooks tested for your artist. Watch out for the Code A Partridge: it has an offset, and the third dimension should not be reproduced in your drawings. The offset can make the hook look as if it had an in-turned point, whereas there is in fact a slight out-turn, if anything. The Orvis hook, however, does have a slight in-turn.

Have also enclosed my notes on John Betts' interesting ideas. I don't think John and I differ much, if you keep in mind that I am commenting mainly on small hooks, while his emphasis appears to be mainly on streamer hooks. This may explain why John ~~thinks~~ prefers ~~xxxx~~ ring-eye hooks. With long streamer hooks, ring-eyes may swim better, and there is little need for the extra leverage provided by a TDE. In small hooks with a fairly wide ~~xxxx~~ gape, however, a down-eye makes a big difference.

Yours,

Datus

Saco River Publishing Corporation

Route 16, Box 686, North Conway, New Hampshire, 03860 U.S.A.
Phone 603-356-3010 Dick Surette

America's Most Popular 60 Flies

Company (None - Writer)
Street 1914 N. Johnson St.
Town Arlington,
State VA ZIP 22207

Compiled by Datus C. PROPER
Date May 7/87 Phone 202-267-1788
Total number of dozens of flies ~~sold or~~
tied in 1986 10. Information to be
used for statistical data in general terms

Trout-Bucktail (Fly Type 1.)

1. Red Squirrel tail (Fox Squirrel wing)
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Trout-Streamer (Fly Type 2.)

1. Soft hackle (Garthside Design)
2. Mataka
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Trout-Wet (Fly Type 3.)

1. Soft hackle
2. Traditional wet hackle fly
3. Olive Woolly Worm
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Trout-Nymph (Fly Type 4.)

1. Hare's Ear (Conventional)
2. Pheasant Tail (Sawyer)
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Trout-Dry (Fly Type 5.)

1. Hackle fly - any pattern
2. Heirwing Royal Coachman
3. Barb-Wing Dan
4. Revenge-tied Dan
5. Spent Spinner - Conventional
6. Palmer fly

COMMENTS- I seldom use standard patterns. Tend to use designs, as per my book, with color sometimes matched to the naturals.

Steelhead (Fly Type 6.)

1. None
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Atlantic Salmon (Fly Type 7.)

1. Seldom use
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Bass (Fly Type 8.)

1. Seldom use
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Saltwater- (Fly Type 9.)

1. None
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Non-Typical Flies (Fly Type 10.)

All other flies that would not easily fit into Fly Types 1-9 as above Muddlers Hornberg, Leeches and all others.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____

Your prompt return of this list will ensure your free copy of the revised and updated "Fly Tyer Pattern Bible". I plan to publish the results of the above as a separate booklet of 16 pages in full color with the flies, dressings, and the list of respondents who took part in the project.

Note invitation to Maine.

2-23-95

Hi DATUS,

I WAS VERY SURPRISED TO RECEIVE YOUR LETTER AND THE ADDENDUM TO YOUR LIMITED EDITION. THANK YOU! I WAS EVEN MORE SURPRISED WHEN I OPENED MY FEBRUARY-MARCH COPY OF "GUN DOG" AND THERE YOU WERE WITH HUCK AND YOUR ADDENDUM.

I SENT A CHECK TO WILDERNESS ADVENTURES TO ORDER THE LIMITED EDITION. THE ONLY PRICE LISTED WAS, APPARENTLY, FOR YOUR "UNLIMITED" EDITION, SO I HAD NOT SENT ENOUGH. A VERY NICE GENTLEMAN FROM W.A. CALLED TO GIVE ME THE SPECIFICS, WHEN AND HOW MUCH. DURING THE COURSE OF OUR CONVERSATION HE MADE A COUPLE OF SUGGESTIONS. THE CONTENTS OF THIS ENVELOPE BEING ONE OF THEM. HE SUGGESTED THAT SINCE I HAD ONE OF THE FIRST PRINTINGS OF PHEASANTS OF THE MIND, I SHOULD SEND IT TO YOU AND ASK IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND AS TO SIGN IT. BETWEEN THEN AND NOW, I FOUND WHAT THE TROUT SAID SO I HAVE SENT THAT TOO, WITH THE SAME REQUEST.

VERN, MY HUSBAND AND RECIPIENT OF BOTH BOOKS, REQUESTED I EXTEND AN OPEN INVITATION TO YOU, YOUR WIFE, HUCKLEBERRY, AND WHOEVER ELSE FOR HUNTING AND/OR FISHING IN NORTHWESTERN MAINE. NOT AS EXOTIC AS PORTUGAL BUT BEAUTIFUL AND FUN. PLEASE, CONSIDER YOURSELF INVITED, IT ONLY TAKES A PHONE CALL TO SET UP A TRIP, 508-433-9507.

THE W.A. MAN'S OTHER SUGGESTION WAS FOR US TO COME TO MONTANA FOR A HUNTING/FISHING TRIP. THAT IS SOMETHING WE HAVE TALKED ABOUT DOING FOR SOME TIME. IT JUST ISN'T AS EASY AS DROPPING A COUPLE OF BOOKS IN THE MAIL. MAYBE, SOMEDAY.

THANKS AGAIN — FOR EVERYTHING.

Sincerely Yours,

SUZANNE

105 Jewett St.
Pepperell, MA 01463

Received 12/16/92

POB 709
87825

5 Dec.

Dabs - my friend Wendy left this in a book she borrowed this fall, (3 months past) and neglected to tell me it was there - but wanted me to send it on. Here it is.

She is a hell of a hunter - shoots a 16 ga. Parker (inherited) at everything. Only 29 and more gun-ho than any of her generation I know, male or female.

She's a biologist (ornithologist) and slightly mysterious. Her name (& address if you wish to write back*) is Wendy Parker Shweizer, 2325 King St, Bellingham WA 98225.

All I'm doing is freezing & working on the novel....

Steve

* She's well-involved with a male biologist & duck hunter, so "safe" - and Libby enjoys her...

BODIO TIGER COUNTRY

He squatted on one of the rectangular blocks that formed
battlements at the edge of the ridge and took stock. Twenty
miles south, the Magdalena range rose

Dear Datus,

Steve Bodio made a gift of your work Pheasants of the Mind recently. Though I am currently not at home and not carrying the copy with me, its spirit lingers on in the meditations of my days and produces an involuntary rush of saliva at the mere thought of fresh pheasant.

I wish to briefly communicate 3 general messages you look ~~but me~~ ^{contributed to} my hunting/writing persona:

1. As one who has hunted birds for a mere 5-6 years, I learned tremendously from your words, both anecdotal story form and pure how to. You both educated and entertained me, an unusual outcome in this genre of literature.

2. Thank-you for approaching the subject matter without degrading women who do not hunt or who do not know what it means to hunt or who do not know the secrets of preparing wild game in an edible manner. I so tire of that nonsense. It is akin to pronouncing Aldo Leopold a sexist because he never wrote about women. Your work emphasized the beauty of what hunting is, not all that it ~~isn't~~ ^{isn't} ~~should be~~. Thank you.

3. As one who invested in her first pointer, a ♀ Bague, 2 years ago I gained a renewed respect for the instincts of both my dog and my own ~~capabilities as one who hunts with her~~. Anytime I am with ^{Cisco} ~~her~~ in the field now I find myself watching your narratives in action. Though she isn't as apt to ~~put~~ hold a point on chukar, both Cisco and I prefer this game and spend a hefty portion of each fall walking from sunup to sundown in this pursuit. Your words made me relax about owning + training my first pointer. This lesson was invaluable.

^{this year}
We spent opening week¹ shooting doves in the vicinity of the Columbia and Okanogan ^{of EWA} rivers. Fresh dove in a dutch oven nestled in bacon + onion, sometimes pear / fresh ginger / and apple for each of 5 nights was a glorious beginning to yet another ~~busy~~ Fall. Festive Fall. Deer/chukar in early Oct. in SE Oregon, opening duck season in the Klamath Marsh of Oregon, chukar + quail inbetween duck closures, late season salt ducks in the Skagit + Nisqually deltas of western WA. Though I have no local Pheasant haunts, Cisco presented me with her first firmly held point on one of many roosters while hunting through N. Dakota last Fall. The memory is enough to sustain me. I hope to read more of your work in the future Mr. Proper. Please let me know if you are ever in ~~the area~~ ^{duck} ~~hunting area~~.

24 W 571 Mallard Court
Naperville, IL 60540

19 February 1997

Mr. and Mrs. Datus Proper
1085 Hamilton Road
Belgrade, MT 59714

Dear Datus and Anna:

Having finally returned home after a few days of modest hiking in Wyoming and Nebraska, I want to express my appreciation for your kindness in getting together on such short notice. It was a most enjoyable experience.

I have looked up my fish literature as Anna requested. In general, I find that the canned smoked albacore tuna and sturgeon are superior to canned salmon, that any canned pate is bad, and that blueback salmon is probably the best of the canned salmon, while the cheapest salmon (chum, or "keno") is actually quite good. Northwesterners pay for salmon by redness, not taste.

The smoked shad from NELSON CRAB, Inc., P.O. Box 520, Tokeland, WA 98590-0520 (1-800-262-0069) is good, but not as good as I had remembered. It is cheap, and Nelson's is the only supplier of canned smoked shad (and smoked dungeness crab). They also have salmon and tuna varieties, as do all producers.

I like best the smoked sturgeon and tuna from SPORTSMEN'S CANNERY, P.O. Box 7, Seaview, WA 98644 (206-642-2335 or 3340). It is small, family, low rent, but tasty.

The widest variety may be available from Josephson's (1-800-772-3474) in Astoria. They have the nicest labels, are just a bit pricey, and I've not found the product to be superior (although on this trip they had greatly improved their hot-smoked products).

Although 4 years ago insiders knew of quality control and hygiene problems, I've not let that worry me when buying "Quineault Pride" products from Quineault Tribal Enterprises, P.O. Box 217, Taholah, WA 98587 (206-276-4431). Besides being politically correct, their blueback salmon was quite good. They may be the only source for the cheap "chum" or "keno" salmon, and are almost certainly the only source for canned razor clams. The latter tend to be a bit gritty, but, being chewy, make a good cream pasta sauce without losing all texture.

The above are places I stopped this last trip, although I've mostly not yet peaten what I've bought. There were, two years ago, a number of other suppliers. However, I suspect I've already told you more than you really wanted to know!

Review
1-5-84

Again, I greatly enjoyed the visit, and I look forward to reading ~~Datus'~~ new book when it is published. I will even try to get my copy autographed!

Sincerely yours,

Jim Stebbings

Jim Stebbings

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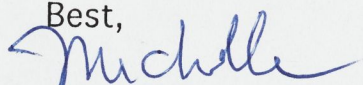
11/08/01

Dear Mr. Proper,

Thank you so much for sending in the short dog piece for our Fall '01 issue of *Big Sky Journal*. Although it did not fit with this issue, I was thinking about it for our "Back Forty" column for next year's Fall Issue. Has it been published elsewhere? If so when and where? I have enclosed a copy of the article for your reference since a bit of time has passed since you sent the original to me.

Hope all is well. I look forward to hearing from you.

Best,



Michelle Stevens-Orton
Editor