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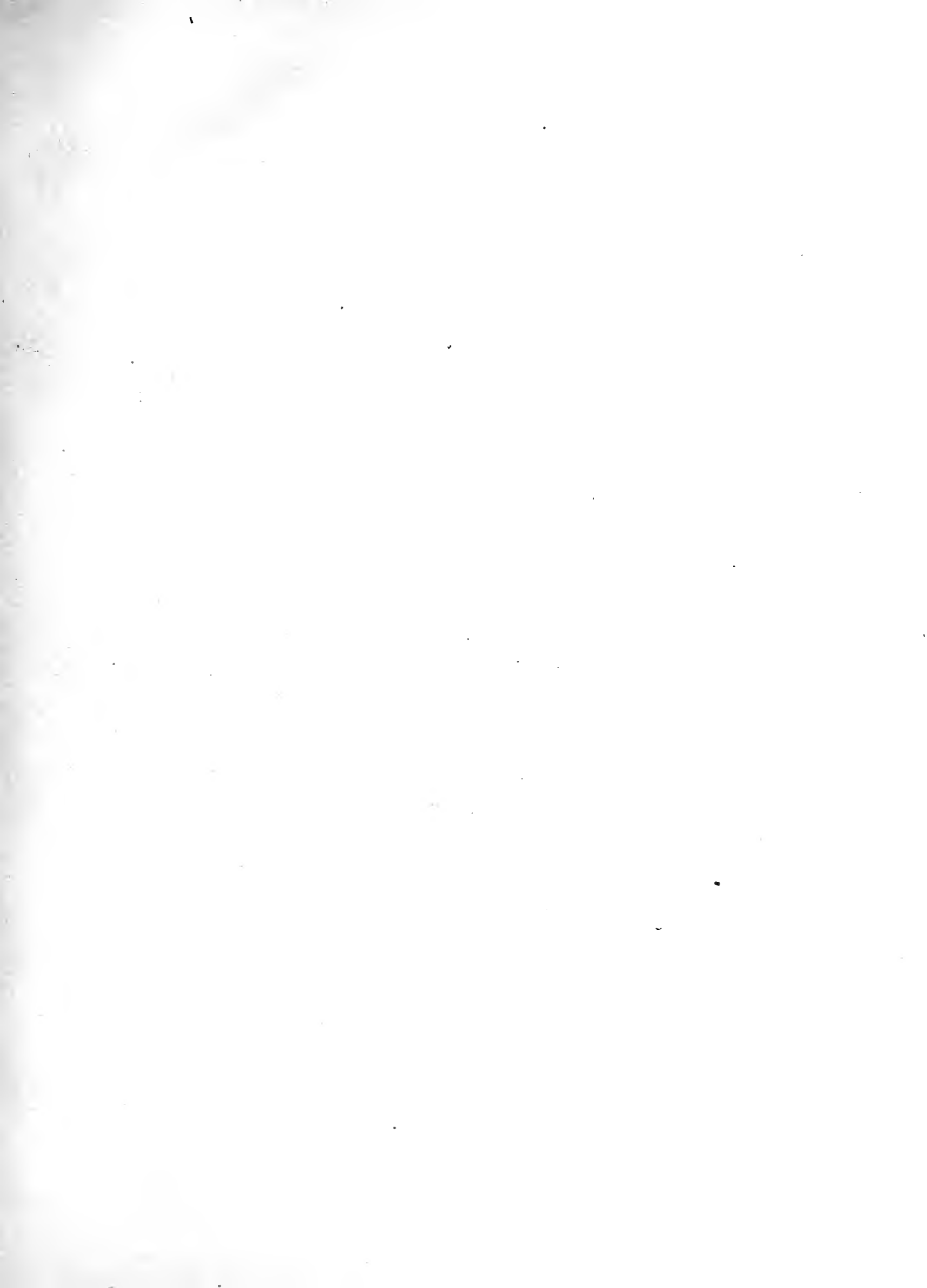


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No. 4





A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE

IS AN EXCERPT FROM THE SECOND BOOK OF

ARTHUR ST. JOHN NEWBERRY
||

Another Catch

It was published after the death of the Author,
and is sent in fulfilment of his wishes
to the members of the

St. Bernard Fish and Game Club

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Gen. Wm. W. Henry
President of the St. Bernard Club

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One Hundred and Fifty Copies of this Booklet have been
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Presented to

Mr. Joseph G. Brown

By the Writer

A Fisherman's Paradise



EVER since beginning to use a fly rod, now about forty years, I have hoped to find some place, not too far away to be available in a reasonably short vacation, where trout were plentiful, large and gamy, where the country was attractive, where natives were absent and fishermen not too frequent, where one could have all necessary comfort and convenience with no attempt at elegance, where guides were good and willing, where camping with its necessary large impedimenta and considerable discomfort was not essential, and where all these desiderata could be had without great expenditure. As years have been added, and health and strength have diminished, such a haven of rest has seemed more and more desirable and less and less attainable, but at last I have reached my haven, all these blessings and more are mine, and this is written to show others the way to such a paradise as has been finally opened to me.

Four years ago, while telling my hopes to a friend, he described a fishing and shooting club in

Quebec, of which he was a member, in very attractive terms, and I carelessly asked him to get me a share when the chance should occur. Six months later a telegram arrived reading, "Can get share for three hundred. Do you want it?" This was answered "Yes. Check mailed today," and the certificate arrived in due course. That August I made my first journey to the promised land, have been there three times since, and what it proved to be is described hereafter.

That part of the Province of Quebec lying east of Montreal is a narrow strip of cultivated country along the St. Lawrence river, averaging perhaps twenty-five miles in width, and bordered on the north by a wild region, heavily forested and full of lakes and streams, the natural home of the *Salmonidae* and the moose. This wilderness is nearly all owned by the Province, which leases the lumbering rights under very strict regulations, and also the exclusive shooting and fishing rights at a reasonable annual rental. This policy provides a considerable revenue from the wild lands, while preserving the forests and the fish and game, as the laws regulating how much may be taken are rigid and strictly enforced. It has encouraged the formation of clubs, who purchase outright sites for their camps, erect buildings, connect the lakes and rivers by portages, lease their other grounds from the government, vary from the very ornate and costly to those of extreme simplicity, and control from a few square miles to several hundreds.



Lake Saccacoma

Leaving Montreal in the morning one disembarks in three hours at a small station, named for a saint, for the Catholic church is the dominating influence in this country, where he is met by a team, and driven fifteen miles nearly due north. The road is really good, one soon passes through a little town, clustered round its big church, with the signs over the shops all in French, and then follows an attractive river, through little French farms. Ten miles along comes another village, then a winding climb for five miles and, from the ridge at last reached, one suddenly beholds a great lake, ringed round with mountains and studded with lofty islands, all heavily wooded, and, rattling down the slope for a mile or so, pulls up at the lower camp close to the water's edge.

This club house is a roomy frame building with a wide porch. Most of the ground floor is a sitting and dining room, with a big table, plain wood chairs, a lot of splint bottom rockers and a great fireplace at one end, the walls decorated with birchbark tracings of big trout. Back of the dining room is a kitchen and quarters for the steward, and the end of the ground floor and the whole of the upper floor are divided into four bedrooms, each containing six or eight single iron beds, with good mattresses and pillows and plenty of soft blankets, the guests bringing their own bed linen. The house is in charge of a French Canadian and his wife, who supply meals at a fixed and moderate price per day, plain but most

excellent, with light frothy omelets, thin crisp bacon, puffy and tender pancakes, fresh eggs, excellent cream and fresh trout in every form, while baked beans, cornbeef hash, tongue and other things from the native tin, hot biscuits, doughnuts and similar solids help to make up an entirely sufficient menu. The floors are exquisitely white and everything is clean and attractive. Back of the main house is a barn for the storage of canoes, which the Club supplies free of charge. Most members keep in the bedrooms a trunk containing their fishing outfit, clothing, rods, tackle boxes, packs and packing bags, etc. I always take up a steamer trunk containing my personal necessities for the trip, consisting chiefly of clothing and tobacco and, on leaving Saccacoma for the upper camps, stow these into what is called a "Nessmuk" pack, consisting of a bag of waterproof canvas, with flap and fastening strap, which swings over the back like a knapsack and is quite sufficient to carry everything needed for two weeks. The Club engages guides, all French Canadians and mostly speaking only Canadian French, which is quite different from Parisian French and hard to understand until you get the hang of it. They seemed to understand my French without serious trouble, but I found great difficulty in understanding them. A number of the guides have picked up considerable English, sometimes through talking with the members and sometimes through having worked in the New England factories, and this is a great convenience to one

who does not speak French; but they all seem anxious to do their very best to give you a good time, can understand signs in the absence of common language, are good men with a paddle and pack and singularly pleasant, willing and kindly. They are very poor, have large families and usually begin to work at seven or eight years old, so that few of them can read and write, but there is plenty of work for willing men and I think these people are as happy, or happier, than many Americans much better off financially.

Saccacoma is a large and deep lake, full of minnows and other food and containing many very big trout. These do not show much inclination to rise to the fly, except when a rather stiff breeze blows and the sky is overcast, and then only in particular places such as the points of the islands and promontories of the rocky shore. Consequently this lake is largely given up to the older and stouter members of the Club, who do not care to take long tramps, are not strictly devoted to fly fishing, and make their captures by trolling, using small spoons, phantom minnows, silver soldiers and similar lures. Still a diligent fisherman, with some knowledge of the lake, can take with the fly quite as many trout as he can possibly use, and the fish being well fed, strong, deep and thick, make a magnificent fight. A two-pounder taken on my last trip showed greater strength for his weight than any trout I ever hooked, refusing to come near the boat, making furious rushes which

obliged me to give him line again and again, and finally being netted only after a combat of at least fifteen minutes. A number of Canadian red trout, *S. aureolus*, have been planted here, but I have taken only one, about twelve inches long, very slender, the back olive brown, sides flushed with pink and the whole lower parts intensely crimson and scarlet, most beautiful to see and very strong and active. In several small lakes nearby the ouananiche has been introduced, and I was fortunate enough to take two of these of about two pounds each, the only time these fish have ever come to me. They were much like the grilse taken in Newfoundland, though more slender, with larger eyes, fins and dark spots, but the way they leap, rush and make sideways dashes, so that the line throws up water like a sword blade, is a revelation. As the trout is to ordinary fish so is the ouananiche to the trout.

North from the first club house extends a tract, approximately eight miles by twenty-five, in which the fishing and shooting is exclusively controlled by the Club. This abounds in lakes, from a hundred yards to fifteen miles long, connected by brooks and rivers of all sizes and speeds, all swarming with trout, the big fish as usual preferring the big water when they can get to it. The country is imperfectly mapped and every now and then new lakes are found, sometimes containing trout and sometimes not. If there are no trout, the finder will catch a few from the nearest supply, carry them over the trail and



dump them in the new water and, within three or four years, this also will give good fishing. It is a rule of the Club that each lake shall bear the name of the member who first takes a trout from it. I have not yet been able to gain this coveted distinction, but hope to do so in the future.

Moose are also common, their tracks being visible on the portages almost everywhere and I have never made a trip to this country without seeing these great deer, although my desire to kill them has passed by. With trout it is my habit to put back into the water about nine-tenths of my catch, after weighing and measuring any large ones, with great care not to injure them, retaining only as many of the smaller ones as my party can use for food, and this is the usual practice of our members, so there are just as many fish in these waters as they can support, they are rapidly increasing in number, and the average size of those taken from the big water is steadily growing. As I fish only with the fly four pounds is as yet my biggest, but other fly fishermen have shown me trout up to four and one-half, one of five and a quarter took a scarlet ibis last August, a two pound fish attaching himself to the second fly at the same time, and one weighing about six and a half pounds has been caught in Saccacoma with trolling tackle.

Trout, especially big trout, rarely rise with any freedom until the natural flies become numerous, so that one cannot expect much success with the fly early in the year until the fly, black and mosquito, is

on hand ready to have success with him. A little care in arranging a net over one's head at night, and the use of gloves and a fly dope by day, protects one from any serious annoyance. I carry a little bottle of oil of citronella, apply it freely on going out and am protected for about an hour, then a bite or two reminds me to make another application, and all this is not too much trouble. The most unpleasant feature is that, if a smoker, one finds the flavor of his tobacco replaced by that of citronella, unless he uses the very greatest care to avoid contamination.

A number six fly seems to be the correct size for these waters and a dozen of each of about six standard patterns are all one really needs, though a few number fours can do no harm. In June I have found the Scarlet Ibis is generally the most attractive, with the Parmacheene Belle second, but very decidedly behind. On certain lakes the fish have marked preferences for particular flies, the Silver Doctor being a favorite with the large trout of Otter Lake and the White Miller generally doing best on Trout Lake. A dull black, Grizzly King Montreal and Professor are also often very successful, and the Yellow May should always be kept in one's book. Fishing on St. Bernard one day in spring nothing whatever would move so, having heard somewhere that trout would sometimes take a yellow fly when nothing else would attract, I looped on a Yellow May and trout after trout, and good ones, came to that particular fly, refusing every-

thing else. A small black and red "Quack Doctor" produced a similar effect on the beautiful little trout of Vermont Lake during one bright and rather still afternoon. Finding that nothing else was touched I looped on three of these and hooked, played and boated three half-pound fish at one cast, which was a new experience to me. Of course getting three fish so hooked into the boat is a clumsy process at best, for one or two must be hauled in by the leader, and will certainly be lost unless firmly fastened.

For this fishing, according to my custom of many years past, I use a small rubber and metal multiplying reel, finding it much preferable to the single action pattern, not only because of its rapid handling of line but also because the reversed action of the spool brings in the line away from the rod, so that it can be readily grasped by the fingers of the left hand. This is a great convenience in fishing from a boat, when I rarely use the reel, but draw in line through the rings with the hands only. The stock objection to a multiplier is that the line is likely to catch on the handle, but I have never had this happen when a trout was on and think that, if ordinary care and skill are used, such a danger is purely imaginary.

The usual landing net for boat use has a bamboo handle about forty inches long and this makes a very handy place to keep spare tips, if hollowed out smooth and fitted with a screw cap. Such a long handle is not essential for lake fishing, nor perhaps

for any fishing, if one has patience to thoroughly exhaust each fish before trying to land him. All that is really necessary is something to lift the weight from the water and a short handled wading net, or even a willow fishing creel, are entirely suitable if the trout is completely tired out. I have tried both with success, finding the net much the better but the basket do at a pinch. Of course little trout can be lifted by a hook hold which the weight of a big one would tear through instantly, so the net is necessary to save that very big fellow that gets away so often, but a really large trout is certainly not so strong, pound for pound, as one of moderate dimensions. His weight makes it impossible to hurry him, but his movements are comparatively slow and stately. In lake fishing all that is essential is to keep your line taut, make him fight for every inch he gets and take plenty of time. In swift water the problem is more difficult; one must follow his fish down, look out for rocks, brush, trees and footing, and wait until a favorable pool or eddy gives a chance to fight to a finish on fair terms; but the rules of combat are just the same and victory is gained by the same methods in both cases.

After a day or so at the lower house one fills his pack, ties a spare rod, net and rubber coat in the canoe, and is paddled, between the islands and past great frowning cliffs on the west shore, to the foot of the first portage, a narrow and winding path into the depths of the forest. A mile of walking and



some hundred feet of climb bring one to Willy, a typical mountain lake, abounding in trout up to a pound or so. Crossing this a short ascent reaches the crest of a divide, and one scrambles down a steeply falling track to Culbute, almost Willy's twin, and after another short carry, looks out on St. Bernard, paddles across a bay and round a rocky point, and hauls out in front of camp number two, built of logs and arranged much like the lower house, though considerably smaller. From here one fishes in St. Bernard itself, and in half a dozen other lakes, all lovely and abounding with active and beautiful fish. One of these trout, in the spring, is as brightly colored as most male trout in the fall, and their strength and courage seems as great as their beauty; but the breed is small, one of a pound and a half being decidedly uncommon.

Little Vermont is half a mile southeast of the larger lake, and is a perfect gem, set in dense forest, overhung by a promontory of lofty crags, where an osprey family breeds year after year, and with its level raised two or three feet by a flourishing colony of beaver, who have built a very fine dam across the outlet. A reef crosses the lake some hundred yards south of the landing, and here one can take as many quarter and half-pounders as he can use, and more if he is cruel enough. The larger fish do not seem to care to stay in these small waters.

Evidently other trout than *Fontinalis* have been brought in for we took from St. Bernard a twelve

inch fish, profusely dotted with small black spots above the median line and on the cheeks, coming nearer to *S. Lewisi* than to any other description in Jordan and Everman's book. I very carelessly omitted to photograph him at once, he was dressed and cooked when the idea of doing so came, and most diligent efforts failed to produce another like him. We did, however, take a number of apparently typical *Fontinalis*, each bearing a few small black spots sparsely scattered over the sides; but whether these indicate mixed blood or have any real significance at all is unknown to me.

From this middle camp one paddles and portages, through a series of lakes joined by good trails, crosses a divide between Minette and Blue, passing another beaver dam, and in some three hours, reaches Camp Parmelee, at the head of Lake Vialon, from which a splendid series of lakes and streams is available, of all sizes and filled with trout varying from small to big in approximate correspondence with the size of their residence. As their outlets are so small and so blocked by rocks and timber, that fish of any size cannot pass, Otter and Sherman abound in big trout, the latter especially containing fish quite out of proportion to its small size, most brilliant in color, fat and lazy, and much the best on the table that I have met. Doubtless the fact that the lake is full of fish food, and no particular exertion or exercise is necessary to fare abundantly, explains this peculiarity.



Camp St. Bernard



These upper lakes all drain into Sans Bout, long, irregular and full of big fish, from which a river of the same name, a great and glorious stream carries the combined waters to Sorcier, the biggest of our lakes, whose outlet flows over the Chamberlain falls, a cataract impassable for any fish. When the club was first formed, some thirty years ago, it is said that none of the lakes or streams above this fall contained trout, and that their present profuse population is entirely descended from some put in at that time. These have increased, spread and assorted themselves according to size, until they now throng the waters with as great a multitude as they can support, on which such fishing as is now done, almost always sportsman-like and reasonable, can make no impression. The desire to make a record catch in number, the willingness to kill what cannot be used, seem to have about disappeared, and most or all of the club fish humanely and moderately, put back unhurt what they cannot use, and make a moderate and reasonable catch on their last day to take out and distribute to their friends; all of which is just as it should be.

It is half past four of a day in June, the sky full of big white and gray clouds, with patches of blue here and there, and a gentle breeze out of the north-west ripples the surface of Lake Vialon, which is broken here and there by the rings of rising fish. One has had a good cigar and a little nap, after his excellent luncheon, while the bright hours passed, and now it is time to try the rod again. A hail from the

end of the porch brings out your guide, who shoulders the birch and takes the trail that in a hundred yards or so opens on the shore of Sherman, the west side of which, densely forested, one coasts, dropping his flies into the shadows under the bank. In half an hour one has taken a couple of wide, deep crimson bellied fellows of a pound or two each and probably put back several others. The two trout are hung on a tree, out of reach of the mink, to be picked up and taken back for supper, and another short trail brings you to the edge of a steep bank from which you look out on beautiful Sans Bout, with its lofty shores, wooded and rocky islands and winding channels. You stand at the easterly point of a deep bay, whose whole northern side is already in shadow, and, paddling slowly along it, drop the flies on still and deep water close to the shore. Here lie big brown-sided, deep bodied trout, and as the sun sinks lower they begin to rise, coming up with a furious splash of the still water and fighting fiercely and long before the net can be slid under them. You have already trout for supper, and these big and strong fellows are rather too hard in the flesh to be really good eating, so each is carefully landed, measured and weighed if really large, dropped back unhurt and goes off to live his life out. Of course, you are always hoping for one big enough to be worthy of having a tracing made on birch bark, inscribed with his length and weight and your own name, and tacked on the wall as a memento. The possibility of a record



Camp Parmelee

fish, five, six or possibly seven pounds, keeps your expectations aroused and your interest lively; but if anything much over three pounds takes your fly it may be considered unusual. These big fellows are there, sure enough, but they do not care to come to the surface, or perhaps the smaller and more active fish get ahead of them. This lake, like all the others, swarms with minnows, and with big black leeches, evidently much favored by the trout, as those I took here have often been so full of leeches as to spill two or three from their mouths into the canoe.

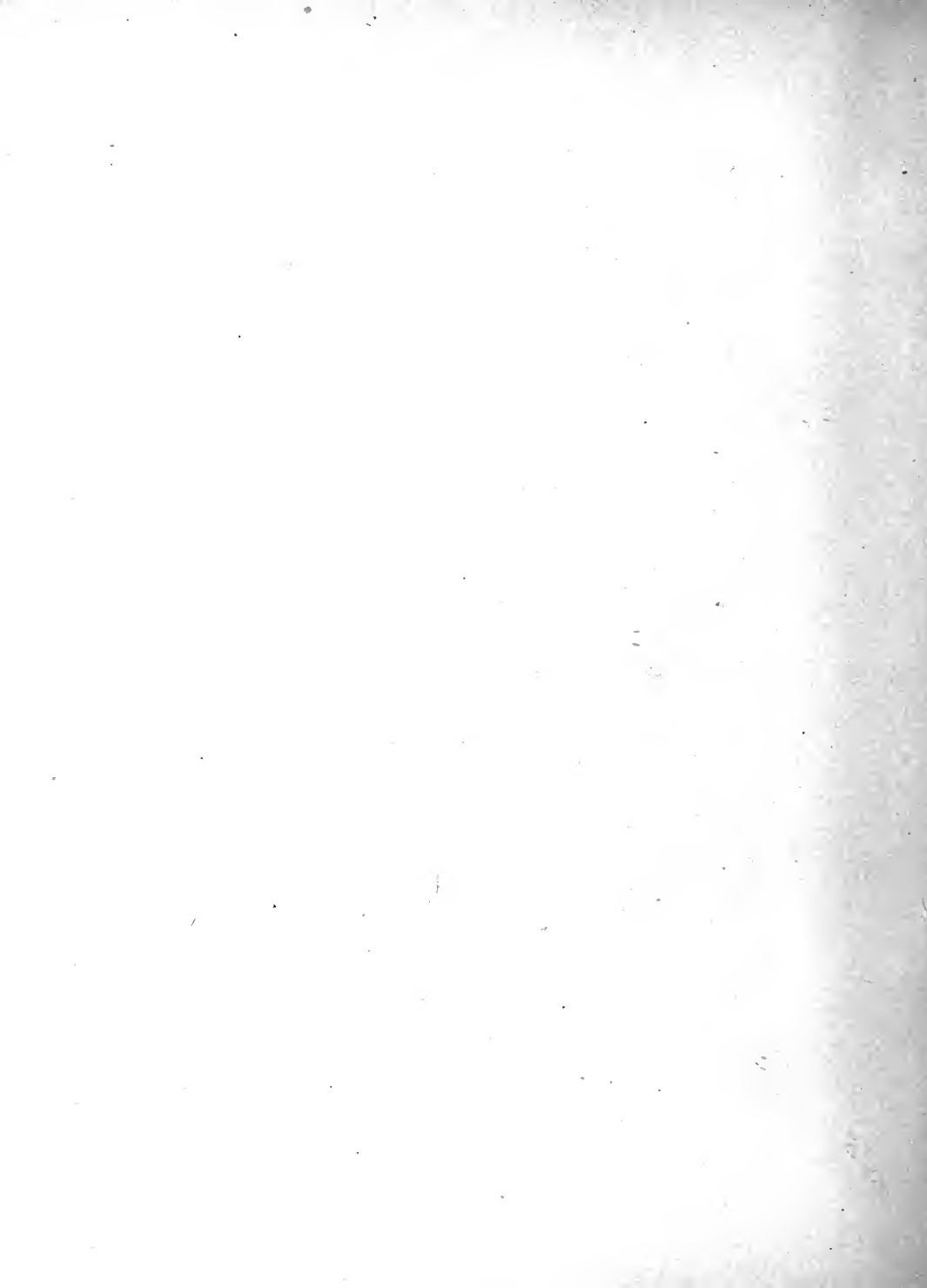
The Sans Bout river, outlet of this lake, is a big stream, alternating rapids that one must portage around with stretches that are navigable, with a twenty foot fall about half way to Sorcier. Fish abound through its whole course, but the big pools a little before reaching the great lake are the choice spots. Drop the fly on their eddies along toward evening and you are certain to experience a shock, pleasurable but startling, and this is true on through the season. Trout in the lakes, as the hot weather comes on, go down into the depths, seek out spring-holes, and rise only sparingly and that very early or very late in the day. As September brings greater coolness to air and water they become more active, and sometimes seem almost as hungry and eager as in the halcyon days of June. But in the river, whether it is that the moving and highly oxygenated water produces greater activity, or for some other unknown cause, appetites do not fail nor nerves and

muscles become languid, and a good fisherman, with due regard for conditions, can get sport that will satisfy him at any time of year. On an evening of late August I sat in my canoe at the head of one of the great pools above Camp Sorcier and, near the edge of the water weeds by the further bank, it seemed as if a herd of elephants were wallowing. The scarlet ibis was seized as it touched the water and a strenuous combat followed, line being whirled off of my reel over and over again, but finally there was tired out, brought alongside and lifted in, as fine specimen of a male trout, in his wedding garments, as one is likely to see. Twenty-one inches he measured and four pounds full he weighed, and, having been duly admired, was carefully slid into the river, lay on his back for a minute or two while his gills worked more and more, gave a wobbling half turn, then a stronger one, and then suddenly righted and vanished. He is there yet, as well as the much larger ones that his impetuosity preceded, and whom my flies failed to attract, and all are ready to welcome future visitors. To photograph this fish would have involved taking his life, so the temptation was manfully resisted; and the portrait of a string of big fellows, taken from these same pools by somebody else, is substituted.

To obtain satisfactory illustrations for an article of this kind is far from easy, for really interesting scenes are few, and the psychological moments come and pass while the camera is empty, the light



Sans Bout Landing



is weak, the subject is in shadow or the artist facing the sun, or at one of the thousand other impossible times. Too often, in one's haste and eagerness, the focus is mis-set, or the stop or exposure dial left at a wrong figure, and the hideously stupid error discovered long after the chance to repair it has passed forever by. Of course all the human beings will look pained and unnatural, get into awkward positions, turn their backs or grin idiotically at the lens, start at the crucial instant, so as to blur the picture no matter how swift the shutter, get in front of each other, pull down hat brims so as to make faces a nice rich black, and generally do their best to hinder, defeat and destroy. When the sun shines backgrounds will be over-exposed, when it wreathes itself in clouds and you plan a time exposure the wind will furiously sway everything movable and, instead of clear and dainty definition, give you broad and blank blurs. How trying these troubles are, and how difficult they make it to get even a few decently interesting views, only one who has tried can really know, but perhaps this brief recapitulation of a few of the obstacles one meets may induce the reader to make some allowance for the pictures I offer.

The membership of this particular club is filled, but there must be many others in the same region, who would be glad to welcome gentlemen and sportsmen to their privileges. There is also plenty of splendid fishing ground not taken up at all, and a moderate amount of effort, expense and time will

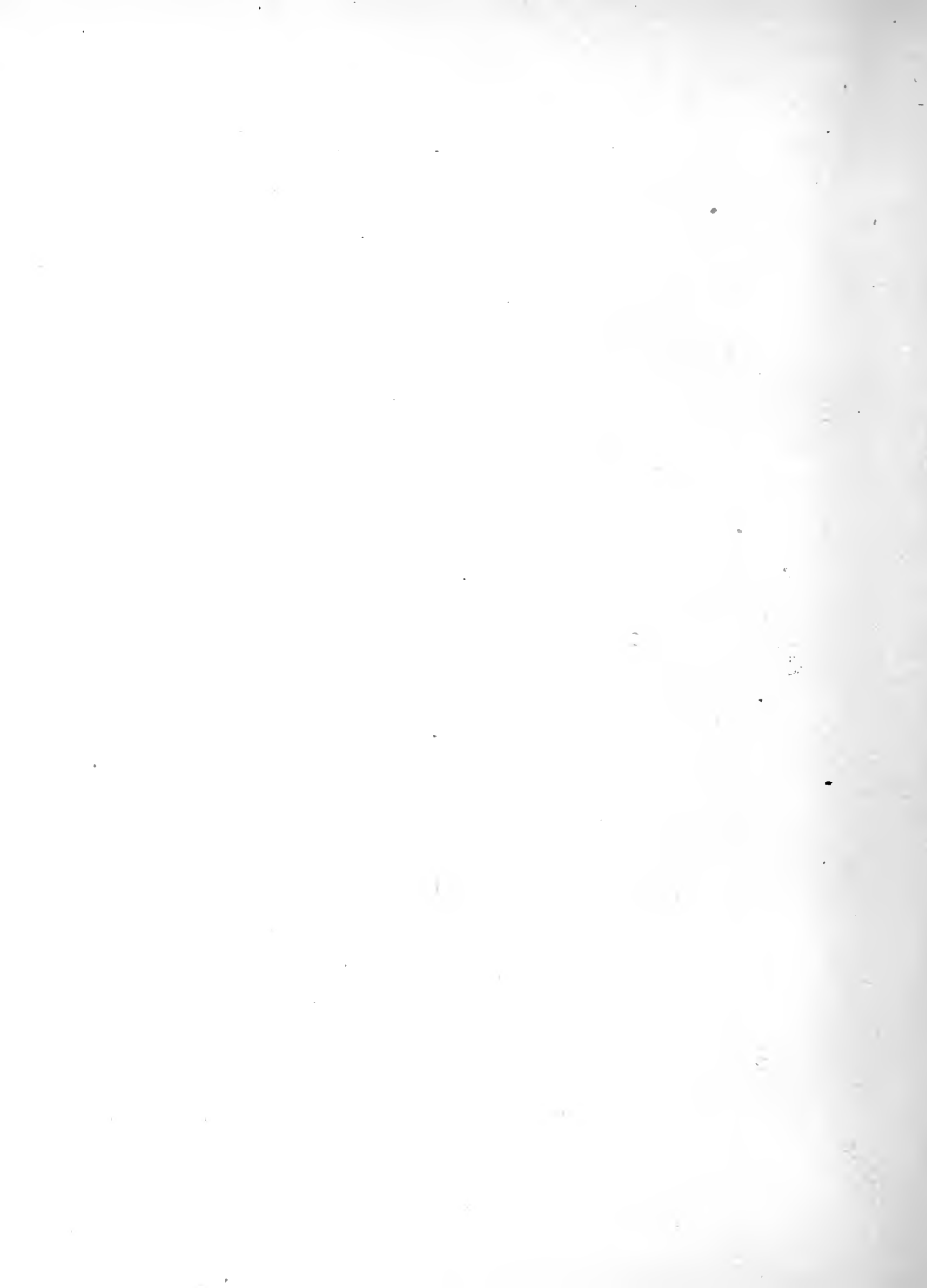
give a party of friends a club of their own, just such as they want, which the years will continue to improve and endear. On this side of the border it is now practically impossible to obtain really good trout fishing, within reasonable limits of distance and without exorbitant expenditure, hence the real fisherman should hasten to ensure his happiness, as I have, while the chance still remains open. His share of stock will not only give him joy while he lives, but will be treasured, more and more highly, by his sons, grandsons, and generations still further in the future.

June, 1912.

During 1912 I was unable to get north in June, but with my wife and two friends reached Camp Henry on September 12th, stayed there a couple of days, taking quite enough trout and a couple of ouauaniche from a small lake near-by, put in one day at San Bernard, with excellent success, and then went up to Camp Parmelee. In all the waters accessible from this latter camp the fishing was simply superb, in fact ridiculously easy, trout of all sizes being so numerous, and taking the fly so readily, that it was impossible to keep more than one-tenth of our catch. In little Lake Paine I took seventeen fish in an hour, ranging from half a pound to one and three-quarters, and once hooked and landed a triple catch, one of one pound, one of a pound and a quarter, and one of a pound and three-quarters. All these fish were returned to the water



Camp Henry



without injury, and are there yet for the next fisherman. In the pool called the "Pork Barrel," in Vialon and almost in front of the Camp, late in the afternoon one could take fish from a pound up to his full satisfaction, and Sans Bout, with all its tributaries, fairly swarmed with large trout. I did not go to Sorcier this time, but made one trip down Sans Bout, up the Noel River about three miles, and then carried over to Moose Lake, a large, irregular, and beautiful sheet of water fairly swarming with fish, so numerous that they seemed to be insufficiently fed, so that one trout eighteen inches long weighed only a pound and a half. After a late luncheon and fishing in the lake a while, I started down ahead of the others, and struck the Noel River about four o'clock, when nearly the whole course of the stream was in deep shadow. Perhaps half a mile below the landing was a sharp curve, deep water and with brush on both sides, and brush and logs on shore and on the bottom. Here big trout rose to every cast and, after taking and putting back half a dozen, I had a tremendous strike and soon discovered that three fish were hooked. The one on the upper fly was a tremendous fellow, close on four pounds, and to keep the others out of the brush I had to hold him close to the surface. I had to give the bunch the butt all the time, as they dashed from one side to the other, constantly rushing toward brush from which they had to be held by main strength, with the tip of the rod curved down well

past the hand, and after some ten minutes of such exercise the big fellow, always flopping over the surface, shook himself loose, and the other two, when landed, weighed just two pounds each. I took eighteen fish out of that stretch, none less than a pound and a half, and did not kill one of them, but had as good sport as any one can ask for.

While we were at Camp Henry two of the members came down with a moose head each, one of which was a remarkably fine one, with twenty-five points, very broad and heavy palms, very regular and beautiful front palms, and a spread of fifty-four inches or a little more.

One morning I was smoking the after-breakfast cigar at Parmelee when some one shouted "Moose." I rushed out and there was a big bull calmly swimming across the lake about three hundred yards away, his great antlers making a splendid show. He landed on an open point, shook himself like a dog, so that a white shower flew from his thick coat, and then marched off into the forest. Fortunately nobody had a gun available so he was not molested, and is there waiting for some member who wants a moose. Great fresh tracks were visible along all the portages and evidently moose are numerous in the country, and a member who wants one and will take a reasonable amount of trouble and time is practically certain to get his prize.

Having been admitted to the privileges of this club but a few years ago, it is possible for me only



Hooking a Double in Otter Lake

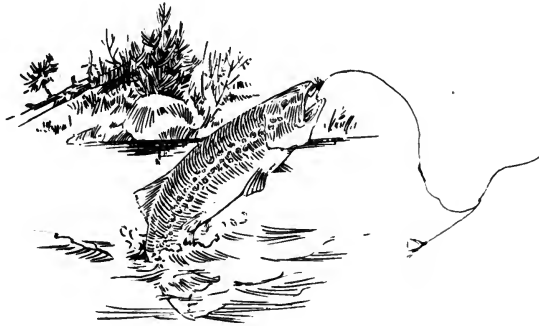
to describe what it is now, and to give my personal experience. I earnestly hope that other members, especially those who took part in its organization and early history, may be moved to write out and place in the hands of the Secretary, an account of the origin, early history and growth of this delightful place. I feel also that the value of such privileges as we have is rapidly increasing, and that it is therefore of vital importance that prompt action be taken toward ensuring their continuous future. It is not improbable that the province would convey title to the entire tract, reserving the lumber and mineral right if necessary, for a sum well within the value of the property and within our means. I hope that the Directors will consider this or any other method of perpetuating our privileges, both for us and our children and grandchildren, and feel assured that the stockholders will heartily co-operate in raising any reasonable amount that may prove necessary, either by purchasing more stock, if an increased issue is made, by subscribing for an issue of bonds, or by both, as the management may deem wise.

Since the foregoing was written, our honored president, Gen. Wm. W. Henry, has most kindly given me permission to use his short account of the original founding of the club (originally printed in our Club Book in 1901), and it is therefore reprinted at the end of this little book. One hundred

and fifty copies will be printed and a copy sent to each of the worthy sportsmen who make up our membership at present, and who shall join our ranks in the future, so long as they last.

A. St. J. Newberry.

Cleveland, 1912.



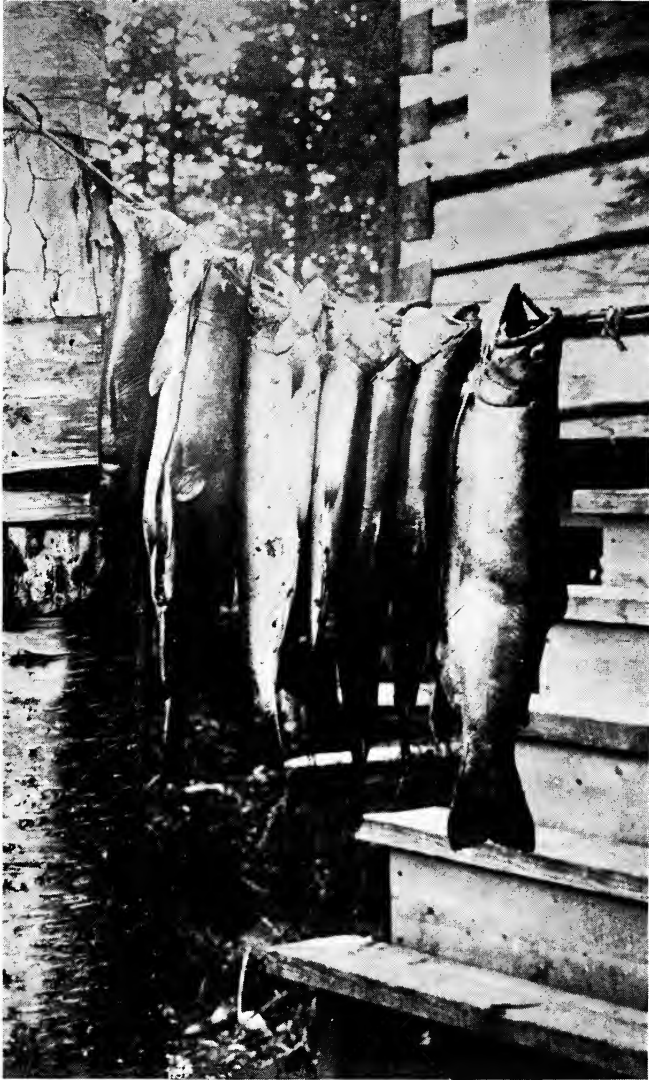
How the St. Bernard Fish and Game
Club Came to be Formed



How the St. Bernard Fish and Game Club Came to be Formed

In the year 1872, General George P. Foster, of Burlington, Vt., was stopping at the St. Leon Springs, drinking that best of all spring water for rheumatism, when one evening the proprietor of the house, Mr. Gilman, said to him, "General, come out here, I want to show you something you never saw before." The General followed him to his ice house and there spread out on the cold saw dust was about one hundred pounds of the finest "brook trout" he ever saw, from a half pound to four pounds in weight. The General was astonished and said: "Where did they come from?" "These two men caught them about twenty miles from here in Lake Saccacoma and other lakes in that vicinity." Foster then noticed the two fishermen, one a fine specimen of the native "habitant," John Modiste by name, and our faithful guardian of today, and the other, a powerful, well built Abenikis Indian, "Magwando" in the Indian language, "Bon homme," pronounced "Bonom," in French. "Did you catch these trout?" "Yes," said Modiste, who spoke English very well. "Are there more where they came from?" "Plenty." "Can I catch some like them if

I go there?" "Sure," said John. "When are you going back?" "To-morrow morning." "Mr. Gilman, order me a buckboard and driver to be here in the morning." Foster followed the two fishermen the next day to Lake Saccacoma, stopping at the Indians' house, which stands just east of our club house on that lake. The next day with John and "Bonom" for guides, he visited and fished in Lake Saccacoma and Willey, and satisfied himself the trout were there without any mistake. He returned to St. Leon Springs, his rheumatism very much better, paid his bill and started for Burlington, taking with him the fine catch of the day before. He did not wish to make all the sports in the city crazy, so calling a few choice friends in, he exhibited the trout and told his fish story. As we knew him to be a first class fisherman, we did not doubt his word in the least, and the next day, saw the General, General Wells, General Jim Peck, Jonas Reed, and myself, on our way to Canada. Procuring the necessary supplies at Montreal, and taking the steamer, "Trois Riviere," we were met in Lake St. Peter by a small tug boat, which landed us just below the bridge in "Riviere du Loup" as it was called then. After the C. P. Railroad was built, the name was changed to "Louisville," as there was another "Riviere du Loup" below Quebec. In due time we reached Bonom's house at Saccacoma Lake, and he and his good wife (she was a bright woman, and spoke good English), allowed us to camp in their



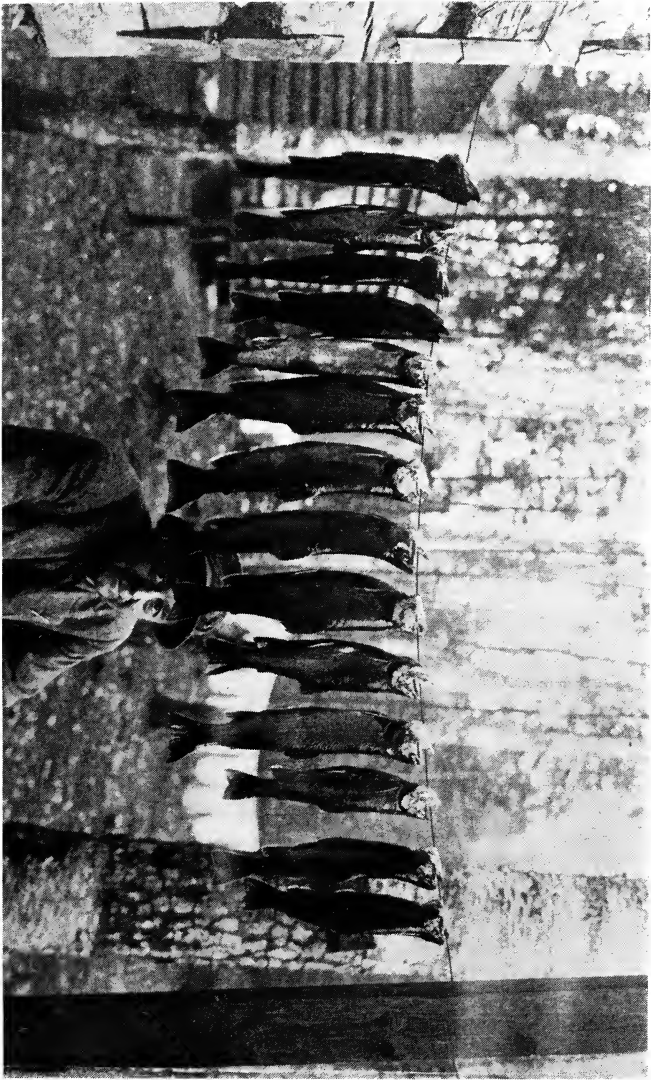
Ten Trout Caught by Mr. Hard, 3 to 4¼ Pounds

chamber, on the floor, and I am not telling a fish story when I say in the morning I saw a line of bed bugs four inches wide, leading from our bed to the wall of the house, and for size, well some of them were a half inch across the back. Bonom's wife engaged us guides and canoes and we commenced the finest trout fishing it was ever my luck to enjoy. We fished in Lakes Saccacoma, Willey and Caniche and caught plenty of trout, from half a pound to five pounds, and in four days had all we wanted, and left for home.

I visited the lakes every year with different parties, for several years; the first two we camped at Bonom's, then we camped in a bark camp two years on the west end of Lake Saccacoma, near the Willey portage; then one year in a bark camp on Lake Culbute, near the first portage. We had been fishing several years, and did not learn that there were any other lakes near, when one day the fishing was not very good in Lake Willey, and John Modiste said: "Let us go down to St. Bernard Lake," only two miles west, and Jim Brock, Riley Stearns, and myself, wandered over the divide, down across Lake Culbute to the beautiful Lake St. Bernard, then called Bark Lake. Then I learned for the first time there were several more good trout lakes within five miles of this lake, and Brock and I said this is the place to build our permanent camp. We caught about two hundred splendid trout and returned to camp, told the others of our find, and all

visited the lovely lake next day, lunched on the rock in front of our present house, and voted it was the place to build. On our return home, a company was formed, Senator George F. Edmunds being the one who wrote our Constitution and By-Laws, and I was instructed to buy the land and put up a fisherman's house, which I did, at a cost of a little more than one thousand dollars, and leased from the Crown Land Office in Quebec, eight lakes, at a rental of forty dollars per year. I engaged Modiste as a guardian and put up a cabin for him, built a barn and ice house, and he moved his family there and commenced making the farm. I purchased lot No. 1, and later, as John wanted more good farming land, I purchased lot No. 2, at thirty-five cents per acre, under the "Homestead Law."

A few years later, it was decided that we wanted a house on Lake Saccacoma and I purchased there three acres at the end of the road, and it was named "Camp Henry." I wrote the members for a donation and about five hundred was freely given, and a board and frame house was erected, with a house for John, and an ice house. In the meantime we had purchased a few birch bark canoes. In 1890 our lease was renewed at a rental of sixty-five dollars per year, for ten years, and in 1899, I made a new lease for nine years for one-hundred and twenty-five dollars per year, increasing the number of lakes to twenty. I was also instructed to take out a hunting lease for one hundred square miles for



A Modest Catch

one hundred dollars per year, for nine years. The Crown Land officers informed me that we must form a corporation under the Provincial Laws, and at our annual meeting at Camp Henry in June, 1899, I was instructed to take out the necessary papers, which I did, and at the next meeting it will be necessary to accept of the new corporation papers, and adopt By-Laws, and the old "St. Bernard Fishing Club" will cease to exist, and the new "St. Bernard Fish and Game Club" will take its place. There should be built this summer a good substantial "Hunters' Home" on Lake Sorcier, and leanto camps on Lakes Simpson and Sanbute, for which I shall ask all the members to contribute and will build according to the funds contributed. So far all the old members have provided their own beds, and the new members should get such bedding as they want.

Comrades—There are many other things I could say, but your patience must be about exhausted, so will close, saying, I believe we have one of the best fishing and hunting preserves in Canada, and if the new members enjoy it as well as we old fellows have and expect to for a good many years yet, and we have the same good comradeship and harmony in the future as in the past, this will become the ideal "Sportsman's Camp."

1901.

WM. W. HENRY.



