



Chapter 6

1899-1908



The Council for 1899

President
Treasurer
Hon Secretary
Fishing Secretary

O.S. Wraith
Stanley Kneale
E.R. Austin
R. Burn



Illustration from the Manuscript Book Loch Rannoch 1899

Pollution of Rivers

At the meeting in February 1898, Percy Glass read a paper on "Pollution in Rivers, the history of its development and the means adopted for its prevention and mitigation." He read a second paper on this subject in **October 1899**.

Percy Glass, born in Cardiff, was the son of an Independent Minister who was himself born in London. Percy was a towelling manufacturer so would have been interested in and understood the problems of industrial pollution.

"Walking along Strangeways in Manchester from Victoria Stationn. to Deansgate and looking down at the foul seething flood of Irwell just as it receives the inky Irk, makes ones heart rebel that man should pollute this great good gift of running water, but when in green fields, among the bushes on the river bank you smell, instead of the sweet scent of hawthorn, the foul stink of an inky stream, polluting the land and the air, through which it flows, then you feel, with feelings that cannot be expressed, the utter wickedness of the whole thing, and you want then and there to let off steam against the abomination of River Pollution.

The question of River Pollution is practically of recent origin, for altho' doubtless, rivers have been polluted by the refuse of human congregations—or what Sir John Simon calls "Social aggregations" ever since such communities came into being, it only reached the dimensions of a serious evil early in the present century and only to an acute stage some ten years after Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837. So far as I have been able to learn, there is no published work in the nature of a succinct record of the gradual increase in the Pollution of Rivers and of the steps taken to prevent, or mitigate the evil.

Many works (most of them within the last few years) have been published dealing with the question of navigable waters, their obstructions etc., sewage and sewage disposal, domestic water supply etc. In many of these books there is to be found useful information, but not strictly pertinent to the consideration upon its merits, or demerits, of river Pollution, its growth, nature, danger and remedy. River pollution in this country is now very nearly at its maximum, or high water mark, the practical, political, and scientific question of remedy is only in its infancy. Much has already been done, but much more remains to be done."

"In Crumpsall, where I reside, near the station is a spring which flows about a ¼ of a mile through the fields before it enters the Irk. Before that stream has flowed a hundred yards from its source, the beneficent Corporation of Manchester converts it into an open sewer. Country districts are equally guilty with urban, it is only a question of degree. At Horton in Ribblesdale 'my righteous soul' has often been vexed at the sight of milky water flowing into the Ribble from the Lime Works, and of broken crocks, old shoes and tin kettles which Villagers always religiously deposition in the river. This is typical of what goes on from source to sea on most of our British rivers, to say nothing of the drainage and sewage from gentlemen's houses, farms, hamlets, villages and towns along their course."

The talk, which was full of facts and information was divided into sections. He dealt with the Public Health Act of 1875, the Rivers Pollution Act of 1876 and discussed the building of the Manchester Ship Canal.

"In view of the opening of the Canal, and the water of the River Irwell being required for it, a good deal of discussion and private conference, resulted in the Sanitary Authorities of Lancashire, Cheshire and part of Derbyshire petitioning the Local Government Board, which in December 1890 held a public enquiry at the assize Court Manchester."

"There is one great practical difficulty in dealing with River Pollution and that is the need of any authority to be effective, to have control over the whole watershed."

"The Pollution of our Rivers is a great and serious evil to be coped with. It requires all the patience and intelligence, which can be bestowed up on it. We must not forget our duty to posterity, nor the stern but scientific warning of the Mosaic Code as to the visiting of the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the "third and fourth generation". Much remains to be done, but I believe the problem can be completely solved, and to use in another sense the now historical words of Mr Gladstone "the resources of civilisation are not yet exhausted".

Robert Walker, the First Keeper

In **September 1899** Robert Walker, the first Keeper died. The event was recorded in the Annual Report in 1900.

“For some years his bodily powers have been failing. For about two years he has not been able to do more than to totter from his cottage door to the bridge, whence he could look down into the stream and see here and there one of his beloved “offspring”, as one might almost call them. He has taken his last look. He was buried in the old churchyard on Sunday and all the countryside came to his funeral as well as a deputation of the county police, and some faithful anglers.”

“Walker had served the M.A.A. well and faithfully for over 20 years. A headstone to his grave in Horton churchyard, erected by the Anglers, expresses the esteem in which he was held.”

Nat Hunt, the subsequent Keeper got married soon afterwards and went to live in the cottage so long occupied by Walker, next to the New Inn Bridge. (the New Inn being the original name of The Crown)



The New Inn (The Crown), the New Inn bridge and the cottages at Horton

The Association's Twenty-first Birthday

Report of the Council for 1899

"Early in the year 1900, the Manchester Anglers' Association completed its twenty first year. The first circular inviting a number of gentlemen to meet together for the purposes of establishing an Association was issued in April 1878, and the meeting was held at the Clarence Hotel, Piccadilly on May 6th 1878. the birthday, therefore, may be put down as May 6th. The Council are glad to congratulate the Association on attaining its majority, and to be able to state that it is in vigorous health and spirits. The life of the Association has not by any means been a dilettante one, it has set itself seriously to work, to be of real use to its members, as well as to help them in their recreation, and no one will more readily acknowledge its success than those members who have been most constant in their attendance at its monthly meetings.

The Council feel that it need not be less successful in the future than in the past. No angler can follow his sport without seeing, or hearing, or thinking something that is worth telling, and thus it is that our angling papers, though there cannot be any novelty in merely recording the taking of a certain (perhaps, uncertain) number of fish, are never stale, and as long as they remain natural, will never become stale. Our conversations and discussions on our art and its surroundings, must too, always be interesting, and even instructive, and it is on these grounds that the Council urge members by no means to discontinue the practice of writing papers, nor of attending the meetings. The best and most desirable member is he who attends the meetings, rather than he who fishes most, and in commencing the second period of our existence as a Society, the Council would wish to impress this fact strongly on the attention of their fellow members."



MENU.	
Soups.	
Crème Milanaise.	Croûte au Pot.
Fish.	
Turbot, Sauce Hollandaise.	
Eperlans frit.	
Entrées.	
Snipe Pudding à la Lucullus.	
Relevés.	
Saddle of Southdown Mutton.	
Boiled Turkey, Celery Sauce.	
French Beans.	Choux Fleur au gratin.
Pommes Duchesse.	
Rôti.	
Pheasants.	Salade.
Sweets.	
Plum Pudding.	
Ice Panachée.	Pastry.
Dessert.	

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1899

Feb	"Discussion on Salmon Feeding in Fresh Water"	Percy Glass
March	"The right Fly for the Tarn"	R. Burn
April	Easter Experiences members' evening	
Sept	"The Blue Merlin, The Night Hawk or the Fisherman's Curse"	J.H. Lea
Oct	"River Pollution", Resumed Discussion	Percy Glass
Nov	"Loch Rannoch"	P.W. Kessler

Fishing Report for 1899

"Members have often been broken by big fish in the tarn, and in order to prevent the ravages committed by monsters among their younger brethren, it was decided to net the water in order to remove them. On Easter Monday an attempt was made, but was not successful, as the net was too shallow. Early in may another attempt was made with a deeper net, and more determined members.

The water was steadily and systematically dragged, but only about a dozen fish were taken--- the largest (a Brown Trout) being one and three quarters pounds in weight. Several Rainbows were enclosed, but all except two were out of condition. Excitement was caused two or three times that monsters of four and five pounds were in the net, but unfortunately they were never brought to land. The bottom of the tarn is very uneven, with deep holes, and the fish escaped there when the net passed over."

I can remember that when I was in my late teens fishing at the Tarn; at the far end, near the "Duck Wall" there were loud cries of anguish where a senior member had been playing a fish for some time and had just been broken in the weeds. "It was a monster" he said as he approached us near the Boat House. "It was at least four or five pounds, I got a glimpse of it" he declared. Later that day I went down to where the fish had been lost in the hope of, at least, picking up a "friend" of this large fish. Soon I was into a fish it fought well and used the weeds to its advantage. Eventually it tired and I brought it to my net. It was not quite twelve inches long and not a pound in weight. As I landed it I noticed another piece of gut and at the end of it was a fly in the mouth of the fish. Later that afternoon I showed the gut and fly to my father, who then showed it to the senior member. He was surprised and asked "Where did you find that fly, it is the same as the one that I lost this morning in the monster." My father being a diplomat (sometimes) told the senior member that I had found it near the Duck Wall; and left it at that. From that time I realised that many "monsters" grew as circumstances demanded!!

D.J.S.Marsden

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1900

Feb	"An Ideal Day"	Rev E.S. Richardson
March	"Anglers' Evenings"	R. Godby
April	Easter Doingsmembers' evening	
Sept	Summer Experiences members' evening	
Oct	"More Norway"	Abel Heywood
Nov	"The Lochs and Rivers of the New Galloway District"	Jno. Thomson
Dec	Annual Dinner	

Fishing Report for 1900

The Easter Holidays of 1900 spent at Horton by some ten members of the Association will long be remembered by them as one of the roughest and wettest in their experience. Many fish were caught, a few with fly--- March Brown, Snipe and Yellow, and Snipe and Purple, --- but the majority with worm. The temperature of the air registered at 44 and the water at 42 degrees F. Though the days were cold and wet, the "Anglers' Evenings" spent were especially cosy and pleasant, and recall many happy thoughts.

Whitsuntide was just the reverse. One solitary angler stayed from Saturday to Tuesday, getting no fish from the river, but eight fish from the tarn. Five of them were Rainbows and three Brown Trout. Another solitary Angler was there on Thursday and Friday. He took no fish from the river, but took three Rainbow Trout from the tarn. The reason was, the river was very low and the weather hot with bright sun. The average air temperature was 66 and the water 54 degrees F.

During the season 35 members have visited Horton and fished 185 days. The total number of fish taken from the river was 1138 and from the Tarn only 38.

The spring fishing was about the best and most enjoyable experience for some years, being a succession of good fly waters. June and July were as usual bad, the water being low and the weather hot. August was the best month of the season, as during it 423 trout were taken, and 227 in September. The best baskets were taken during the first week in August, when catches were made by members of 23, 17, 16, 13, 9, 7, &c.

Golf April 1900

Although the Golfing section of the Association had been wound up, a notice was given that a friendly Golf Match was to be held between members of the Association and some of the members of Wilmslow Golf Club.

The MAA Golf Club at Horton was set up in 1893 to give an alternative to fishing which was very poor that year. A Golf match soon took place between the MAA and Wilmslow Golf Club, which itself had only been founded in 1889.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1901

Feb	"Camping Out on Loch Derg"	R. Godby
March	"The Use and Abuse of Rivers"	Percy Glass
April	Easter Experiences	members' evening
Sept	Summer Doings	members' evening
Oct	"Norway, 1901. Romsdal and the Yotenheim to Valdres"	Abel Heywood
Nov	"Tarpon and other Foshing off the Coast of Florida"	G.H. Ramsbottom
Dec	Annual Dinner	



Loch Derg

One of the illustrations in the Manuscript Book from the article by Robert Godby of the holiday in 1899

Tarpon and other Fishing off the Coast of Florida

By R.G. Ramsbottom

A run in the great steam ferry from Liverpool to New York is taken now-a-days so much as a matter of course that most of the romance that used to surround a journey to the big continent is lost, unless one is bound for big game shooting or trapping when a certain amount of the old time rough camping is still necessary. But if the object of the trip be to try conclusions with the big fish of the Gulf of Mexico, no very great hardships have to be endured and in the twelve or fifteen days from leaving Liverpool and after a more or less (generally less) comfortable journey by sea and rail, the angler may be wetting his line in the haunts of the lordly tarpon and if lucky, breaking his knuckles on the handler of a singing reel, as he endeavours for the first time, may be, to stop the rushes of something that is off like a torpedo boat on the measured mile.

I believe it is a failing of anglers in general to hanker after something large in the way of fish, especially if besides being big they show plenty of fight. I know it is so in my own case, and ever since I read an account some years ago, by Alfred Harmsworth on tarpon fishing, I have had an overwhelming desire to try my hand on the silvery monsters and when last Spring I was fortunate enough to come across a man who had been after tarpon before and was going again in a few weeks time, I had soon fixed it up to go out with his party.

Before going on with a description of the trip it might be of interest to say a few words about the fish itself, and the tackle required to capture him. The Tarpon is a fine sporting fish of the herring tribe in shape not unlike his humbler though more appetizing brother from Loch Fyne. The colour of the back when fresh from the water is a peculiar, almost trans-lucent sea green, this shades off with opalescent tints into sides of burnished silver and again on the belly turns to white; truly he is a handsome fellow. The green scales on the back turn dark blue black very shortly after the fish has been taken from the water; but the great silvery scales retain their metallic lustre any length of time if taken care of.

The Tarpon seems to love the warm waters of the gulf of Mexico and is found all along the coast of Florida, over on the other side of the Gulf, off Texas, down through the West Indies and along the coast of South America. He has been taken in nets even so far north as New York but this was in the summer time. In size he ranges from the baby Tarpon of eighteen inches in length and three or four pounds weight, to the record fish taken this year of 213 pounds and over seven feet in length; no doubt there are heavier fish than this, but none have been caught up to present. The smallest fish I have seen taken on a troll was about twenty pounds. The average weight of fish taken by the angler seems to vary somewhat with the time of year. Early in April it would be about 75 or 80 pounds, whilst later on in May it was nearer 110 pounds.

Talking about weights I heard rather a remarkable case when in Florida. One of the old guides told me, that a few years ago he was working for a lady angler who one day caught a very fine fish. She measured it over with the tape and found it was only a pound or two short of the then record fish (I should say here that there is a formula, length by girth squared, divided by eight hundred which gives a very close approximation to the true weight.) the fish was carefully wrapped up and sent to the Taxidermist to be mounted, but was first weighed in the presence of witnesses when it turned the scales at a few pounds over the record weight. The strange thing about it was that when the Taxidermist came to open the fish he found in its insides several pounds of lead sinkers. Of course one knows that these great sea fish are voracious eaters, but that was about the heaviest meal I have ever heard of one taking.

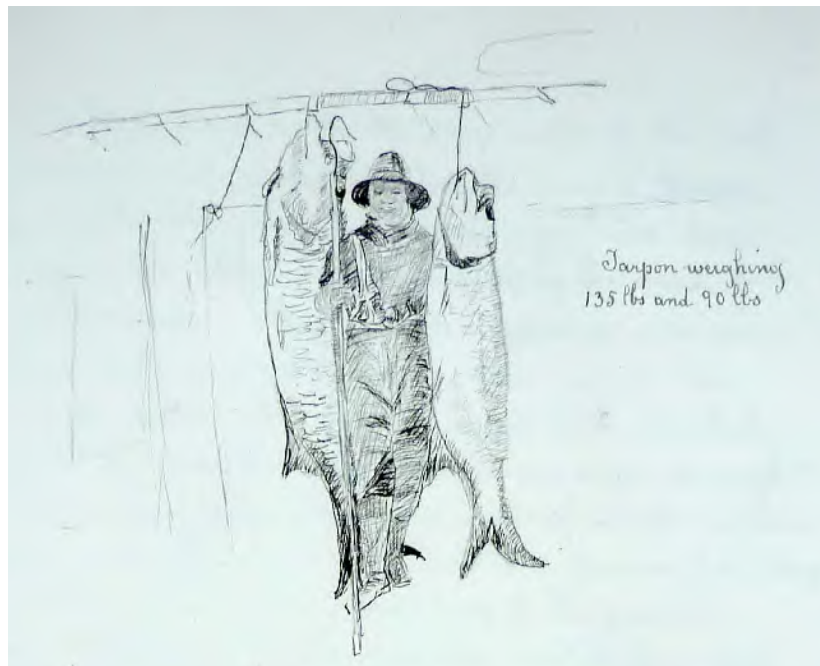
The favourite haunt of the Tarpon angler just now is off the west coast of Florida, round about Charlotte Harbour. This Harbour is a large irregular sheet of comparatively shallow water, roughly speaking 30 miles in length by ten in width, into which run several rivers. It is protected from the heavy storms of the Gulf by a chain of low lying islands covered with palmelto palms and mangrove, which form a natural break water from north to south between these islands are channels connecting the Gulf with this inland sea, and varying in width from a hundred yards or so to the main entrance or Bora Grande pass between the islands of Gasparelle and La Costa, which is more than a mile across. Through these passes come the Tarpon at certain states of the tide, and rove about the shallow waters of the harbour, making their way up into the Estuaries of the rivers, it is believed for spawning purposes, but I could obtain no certain information on this point.

The rods used for Tarpon fishing are from six to eight feet long and very stiff, they are made usually in two pieces a short butt and a tip or top joint, and may be either of split cane, whole cane, green heart or iron wood. The rings are large in diameter, with long bearing surface and in good rods the end ring is bushed with a piece of polished agate. The reel is of the regular American type with multiplying gear and should hold 200 yards of line; they are made with a rather ingenious optional check worked with a side lever, which can be thrown out of action all together, leaving the reel free; or when in use only acting in one direction, i. e. when drawing line off the reel. Hinged to one of the crossbars of the reel is a pad of stout leather which rests against the line on the drum and is forced down with the thumb when fishing, thus forming a most powerful brake. The lines generally are of twisted

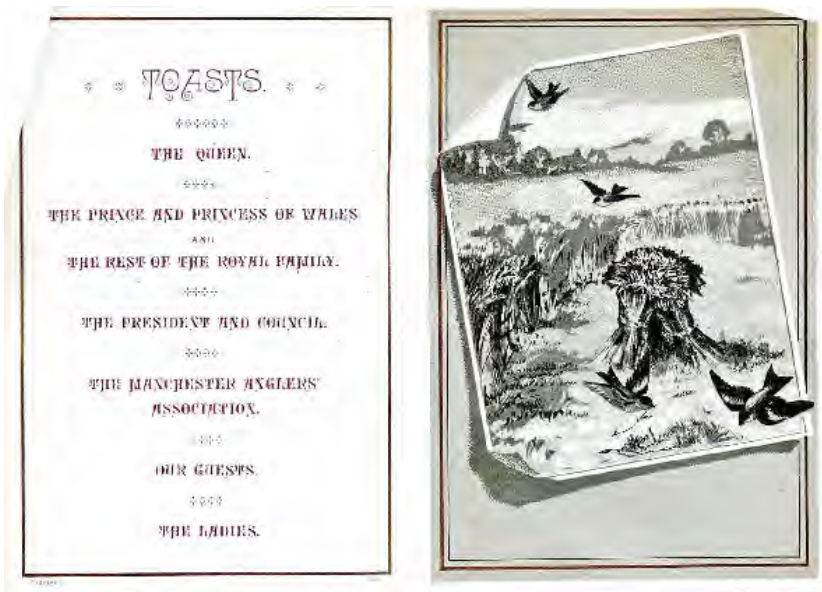
flax though silk and cotton are also used. A thirty thread flax line when new being capable of standing a steady pull of fifty pounds. The hooks have a short shank, with solid forged eye and are about $1\frac{3}{8}$ in the band, they are attached to six feet of single steel wire with three inches of German silver chain. For landing the fish a large gaff with strong ash pole is used.

Not knowing anything about the fishing or the tackle required we got ours in New York, though I think one might do quite as well by having it made to order at home another time, for the prices are pretty stiff over on the other side, as for example, an iron wood rod with two tips and agate top rings cost \$26, the reel \$35, lines 200 yards \$3 each. Hooks and traces \$5 per dozen, and other things in proportion.

I will conclude by answering a question which I have always found is asked, when the subject of Tarpon is mentioned. "How does Tarpon fishing compare with angling for trout or salmon?" My answer is there is no comparison between them any more than big game shooting and pigeon shooting; they are so totally different. But if you were to ask me if fishing for these monsters had not spoiled me for the smaller game of our own waters, I would reply--- Give me a day by some fair flowing stream, through good old English wood and meadow, with soft west wind and cloud flecked sky, and here with finest gut and dainty split cane, let me try my skill on the speckled beauties that haunt its crystal depths, for these things have charms for me, that Tarpon, sharks, or even the very Devil fish! himself can never make me forsake.



Annual Dinner 1887



* MENU. *	
Soups.	
CLEAR, MOCK TURTLE.	
PRINTANIER A LA ROYAL.	
Fish.	
CODFISH AND OYSTER SAUCE.	
MATELOTTE OF EELS.	
SPARLINGS A LA TARTAR.	
Removes.	
BOILED ROUND OF BEEF.	
TURKEYS AND CELERY SAUCE.	
HAUNCH OF SOUTHDOWN MUTTON.	
YORKSHIRE HAM, MADEIRA SAUCE.	
Game.	
PHEASANTS.	WOODCOCKS.
Sweet Dishes.	
DIPLOMATE PUDDING.	
MARASCHINO JELLIES.	
VANILLA CREAMS.	
COMPOTE OF PEACHES.	
DESSERT.	

The Annual Dinners were looked forward to with some enthusiasm although menus over the years became less elaborate than this one of 1887 .

The following song was written by a member who was unable to attend that Dinner.

“On Reading the Menu of the Manchester Anglers’ Dinner”

That Turtle clear, although ‘twas mock,
With glass of choicest Rhenish Hock,
Was well selected to commence
And pander to the diner’s sense
And then La Royal Printanier,
I wish the deuce I had been there.

To taste those oysters in the sauce
And slice of cod fish too of course
And then some Matelotte of Eel’
Those Tartar Sparlings too I feel
Were tempting little morsels rare
But why the deuce was I not there?

The round of beef I almost see,
And turkeys fat with celery.
Oh just one cut from off that haunch
Fit lining e’en for priestly paunch,
Madier sauce with ham, Oh dear
But “d — nit” why was I not there?

A Woodcock’s back and Pheasant’s wing
Would then have been about the thing
Before the Pudding Diplomate
Appeared upon the feaster’s plate’
Or Marashino jelly clear
But hang it, why was I not there?

To finish then with Cream Vanille
Upon my soul you had your fill
Without Compote of Peach besides,
Why sure you must have burst your sides,
Nor room have had to take Desert
Confound it why was I not there?

Then followed Toasts, the Queen the first
A good excuse to quench the thirst.
the golden goblet then is filled to brim
The Prince of Wales, to drink to him,
And children of the Royal Pair,
It was a shame I was not there.

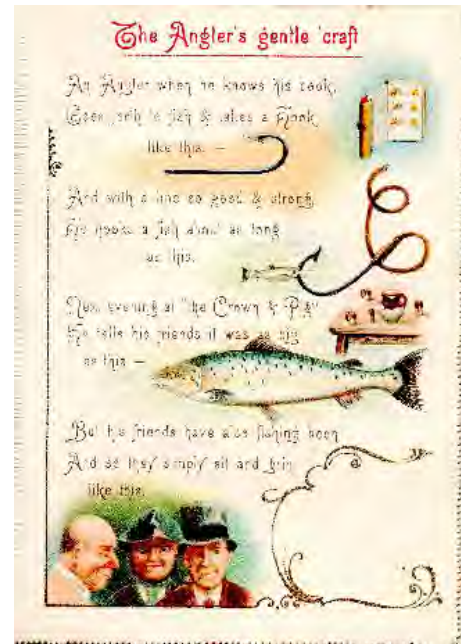
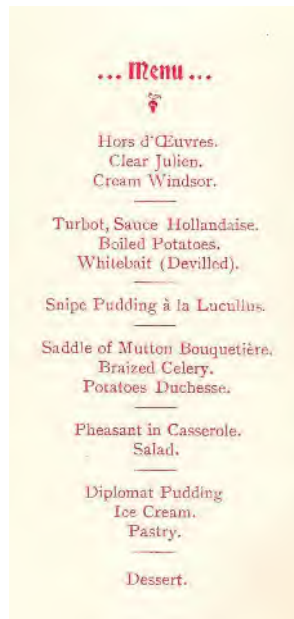
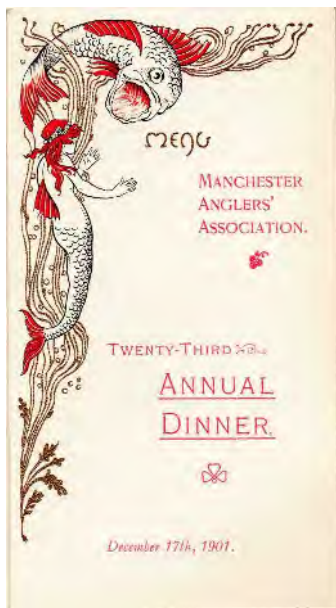
The President and Council’s health,
Long may they live in joy and wealth.
And then jussy one more glass of Chammy,
To drink to whom? you ask, Wht Damme
The Fishemen of Manchester.
By Jove I wish I had been there.

The Reply

Alas my friend, ‘twas hard indeed’
You could not join us at our feed,
Nor share with us the flowing bowl
That cheered the heart and raised the soul,
But never mind, one hope we share,
When next we dine, may you be there.

23rd Annual Dinner 1901

In December 1901 the Annual Dinner was held as usual at The Grand Hotel in Manchester



‘On Dining’ (author unknown) was written near the end of the century at the time of the Boer War as can be gleaned from the patriotic sentiments expressed to the music of “Rule Britannia” by Thomas Arne. Verses 3 seems to have too many lines, however the author’s ideas are clear.

‘On Dining’

When Britain first at heavens command,
Arose from out the sea
Old Neptune said with smile benign,
So long as Britons meet and dine
This island shall be free.
And Britain never shall decline
While Britain’s sons shall meet and dine.

When Kimberly was sore beset
An Englishman was found
Who gave his dinners as before
And dined amid the Cannon’s roar
And shells that burst around.
And History’s page shall yet enshrine
The man who could so calmly dine.

Paul Kruger he was full of fight
But when he heard one day,
Ten thousand puddings had been sent
For Tommey Atkin’s nutriment
His valour oozed away.
“Mein Gott!” he cried “ve n’er can beat
A foe who so much buddings eat
Tell Joubert he must blease retreat
Before dose men dose buddings eat.”

One day I asked the Prince of Wales
His motto to define.
“Egad” – he said and stroked his chin
The printer’s let me nicely in
It should have read “Ich dine”
And long may Albert Edward dine
And crack his jokes across the wine.

And should this little isle of ours,
By earthquake shocks be sent
Some Englishmen you still would find
Who’d in the ruins met and dined
To celebrate th’ event.
And Britain never shall decline
While Britain’s sons shall meet and dine.

Rainbow Trout

There was constant complaint that fishing on the Tarn was not good. In 1897 a present of 5,000 Rainbow Trout Ova was kindly made to the Association by Herr Jaffe' of Osnaburg, Germany, and were successfully hatched. Many of them when yearlings would be released in the Tarn. These fish grow rapidly and, as yearlings, were much larger than the ordinary trout. They were exceptionally free risers, it was hoped that sport on the Tarn in a season or two would be much improved.

The following year In April 1898, about 2,000 of them as yearlings were turned into the Tarn, measuring six to six and a half inches long. On August 1st many were hooked and landed eight to eight and a half inches long, but were returned. On September 17th two were taken measuring eleven inches and weighing over seven ounces, the water and food evidently suiting them.

At the beginning of the 1899 season, an intimation was made to the members, that as Rainbow Trout are said to spawn in the spring, it was desirable that any hooked and landed from the tarn before June 1st should be carefully returned, and the condition noted. During April and May many were taken and found to be full of spawn or milt, and were put back. It was noticed how unpleasant they were in appearance, being a sickly purple in colour, more especially the males. Though out of condition, they rose as freely as usual, and fought with some vigour. In June they recovered rapidly, and for the rest of the season gave much sport. The heaviest Rainbow taken was 1 ¼ lbs; in 1900 the heaviest was recorded as 2 lbs. and several others 1 ¾ lbs each.

In 1901 the Rainbow Trout were four years old, and as noted in other waters, did not rise so freely as in their earlier days. During May and June in each year they were full of milt and spawn, and in order to see their condition in the winter and whether they would take fly and minnow, permission was obtained from the Ribble Board of Conservators to fish for them during the close season.

The 1902 Fishing report said that

"the sport in the tarn has been disappointing for the last two years. About 2,000 yearling Rainbow Trout were turned out in 1898, and since then the fishing has been worse. In 1899 and 1900 many were hooked under size and had to be returned, and few Brown Trout were brought to land. Last season and again this season only a small number of good fish were taken, and no small ones had to be returned. The rising fish were few and far between, and it seems that the occupants of the Tarn had much diminished in numbers. Only one Rainbow Trout was captured and weighed just below two pounds."

"Rainbow trout may do in a pond or lake where there is no other kind, but our experience shows that it is a mistake to have different breeds in the same water. Rainbow Trout spawn in may and are quite out of condition until the end of June, and no doubt easily fall victims to the native fish, which are then in the best possible condition. The general opinion is that Rainbow Trout do not rise or show themselves after three or four years, and our experience is just the same."

R.B. Marston. Editor of '*The Fishing Gazette*' wrote

"It is a quarter of a century since the Rainbow trout was artificially bred and reared in the United States, and since then it has been tried all over the North American Continent. The Rainbow trout is a very uncertain fish on the Atlantic Coast. Thousands have been planted in eastern streams and never seen again after the second year."

"I sincerely hope that the owners of trout streams will think twice before they turn the rainbow into their waters in the hope of improving their sport and their stock of fish. The results of 20 years' trial in the eastern rivers of the United States are most disappointing; and only the other day a German fish breeder, writing in the German fisheries Gazette, gave the fish a very bad character. He says he put them into a trout stream, a tributary of the Tauber in Baden, and after decimating all the trout, and eating all the food of any kind there was in the river, the rainbows took advantage of the first flood and departed. He says he knows other owners of trout streams who have had the same experience, and challenges any one to show where the fish have been established and multiplied in any open river in Germany, and yet he says it has had twenty years' trial there. The only really satisfactory account of stocking rivers with rainbows I have seen came from a fishing tackle shop, in New Zealand, and I was glad to publish it in the Fishing Gazette. Those who are advocating the introduction of the rainbow here say it should not be put into our trout streams; but those are just the streams into which it is being introduced."

YORKSHIRE GEOLOGICAL & POLYTECHNIC SOCIETY

A meeting of the Committee for the investigation of the Underground Waters of
INGLEBOROUGH

Will be held at
THE GOLDEN LION HOTEL HORTON IN RIBBLESDALE
Friday evening August 29th 1902
Under the Presidency of
F. W. BRANSON. Esq., F. C. S., F. I. C.

The Investigation of the Waters Falling into ALUM POT,

And its relation to
LONG CHURN AND TURN DUB

Will be undertaken
Saturday August 30th, 1902

HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS

The Headquarters during the Meeting will be at the GOLDEN LION HOTEL, Horton in Ribblesdale.

As the Hotel Accommodation is limited, Members are requested to write as early as possible direct to the Proprietor of the Hotel to secure rooms."

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS

Return Tickets to Horton in Ribblesdale at Pleasure Party Fares will be issued to Members by the London and North Western, North Eastern, Midland, Great Northern, Great Central, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Hull and Barnsley Railways, from the principal stations on their systems, on the surrender of Certificates signed by the Secretary. In any case in which through booking is not obtainable, an additional certificate will be sent by the Secretary, on application being made, so that the reduction in fare may be obtained on each part of the journey. These tickets will be issued on the day before, or on either of the days of the Meeting, and will be available on any day up to Monday, September 1st.

PROGRAMME

FRIDAY, August 29th.

The party will take the fast train leaving Leeds at 5-33 p.m., Bradford 5-0, and reaching Horton in Ribblesdale at 6-55. Dinner at the GOLDEN LION HOTEL, at 7-30.
A Meeting of the Committee will be held at 8-30 under the Presidency of F. W. BRANSON Esq., F. C. S., F. I. C.

SATURDAY, August 30th.

(1) "Long Churn", one of the chief feeders of Alum Pot will be examined, and the various passages connected therewith traversed. The results of the underground Survey, recently undertaken by a Sub-committee, especially appointed for that purpose, will be marked out on the surface for the information of those members who do not desire to traverse the underground passages. Members intending to go under ground should take old clothes with them. The descent is easy and there is a supply of ladders on the spot.

(2) Boring operations will be undertaken at Turn Dub, the outlet to Long Churn and Alum Pot, and in the adjoining river bed, to ascertain the thickness of the shield of boulder clay, which enables the waters from Alum Pot to pass under the Ribble, and discharge themselves by way of Turn Dub."

A report on the Investigation of the underground waters of Ingleborough was given to the monthly meeting eight years later in **February 1910** by Percy Glass.

In the year 1900 a Committee was formed entitled “A Committee for the Investigation of the Underground Waters of Northwest Yorkshire” and was composed of representatives of the British Association and the Yorkshire Geological and Polytechnic Association. Professor H.W. Halls of the British Association being Chairman.

It was known that the route of water flowing into some of the pot holes in the area did not resurface where expected. The Committee spared neither time nor expense in the endeavour to solve the problem, why and how did this water flow under the bed of the Ribble to come up to the surface on the opposite side?

Percy Glass read from the Report produced by the Investigating Committee. Mr Dwerryhouse in the report first gave a short description of the geology and periods of glaciation of the area. Then he outlined the experiments which were carried out.

“The following substances were employed as tests during the investigations.

1. Common Salt was introduced in quantities of $\frac{1}{2}$ ton and the issuing waters were tested. This proved a satisfactory method except in that it involved much labour in collecting and testing samples, as well as in the transport of the salt to the sinks, many of which are situated on the hillsides distant from any road or even track

2. Ammonium Sulphate was employed in about 5cwt quantities. This method possesses all the disadvantages of the foregoing, with the additional one, that the quantity of ammonia in streams flowing through an agricultural (pastoral) district varies with change of weather. There are one or two instances in which every large shower carried the washings of a farmyard into a neighbouring stream raising its ammonia percentage considerably.

3. Methylene Blue was tried on several occasions but unsuccessfully.

4. Fluorescein dissolved in a solution of Potassium Carbonate has been found by far the most useful and trustworthy. Its appearance in a stream is unmistakeable. During the last 4 years it has been the only test employed by the Committee. In a few cases the course of the underground water was actually followed but in most cases this was found to be impossible owing to the narrowness of the fissures.”

The work was commenced at Gaping Ghyll, working round by Alum Pot, Ribblehead, and Chapel-le-dale to Ingleton.

Experiments made by the Committee showed that the water from Alum Pot passed under the River Ribble, emerging at Turn Dub on the left (opposite) bank. Percy Glass said that “our late friend Mr Robert Burn, with the members of the Association demonstrated this same interesting phenomenon years ago, they using sawdust for the purpose. The Committee made the experiment in Sept 1901 with Fluorescein put into Long Churn. It took 12 days to accomplish the journey of $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.”

Mr Dwerryhouse said that “the diversion of water from one watershed into another only became possible owing to a glacial block at Helwith Bridge, causing a glacial outlet to be cut at right angles to the Ribble Valley, across Swarth Moor and between Moughton and Feizor. Feizor Nick is doubtless the beheaded watercourse, which before the block at Helwith Bridge, used to flow parallel with the river.”





Fishing Report for 1902



“As usual when the fishing in the river was good the Tarn has been neglected. The boat was only taken out 13 times, and but nine fish were landed.

Last season and again this season only a small number of good fish were taken, and no small ones had to be returned. The rising fish were few and far between, and it seems that the occupants of the Tarn had much diminished in numbers.

In order to test the matter the place was thoroughly and carefully netted on the last two days of September, but only 34 trout, of one and three quarters to two pounds were taken. The mesh of the net was large, and smaller fish would slip through.

The result was very disappointing as it showed we had not the number in the tarn we expected. Only one Rainbow Trout was captured and weighed just below two pound. The majority of the brown trout had heads like Pike, with capacious jaws, and evidently lived upon their smaller brethren. The Council have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake to put in yearling trout, and in order to provide sport as quickly as possible, 300 Loch Leven Trout, two years old, have been ordered and will be turned in shortly.

It is intended to net vigorously at the end of each season, and take out the big trout to give the smaller ones a chance of growing. Rainbow trout may do in a pond or lake where there is no other kind, but our experience shows that it is a mistake to have different breeds in the same water. Rainbow Trout spawn in May and are quite out of condition until the end of June, and no doubt easily fall victims to the native fish, which are then in the best possible condition.

The decision of the Council to make ponds in which to keep the young fish until two or three years old should have a great effect both in the tarn and the river, and may be looked upon as a good investment."

Most of the Anglers who went to Horton preferred fishing in the river. A factor not mentioned in the Association Reports is the inaccessibility of the Tarn without transport, it being before the advent of the motor car. Walking to the tarn from Horton was an undertaking when laden down with food and equipment; after the rise to Newhouses there are the two sharp hills that have to be climbed before reaching the stile by the Tarn. The river had to be a pretty bad prospect before such a trip was made and one wonders how many days were actually fished during a season at the tarn in around 1900; probably not that many. A horse and trap was available in the village but it was a costly proposition.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1902

Feb	"Literature of Sport"	Percy Glass
March	"Fishing at Waterville, Co Kerry"	J.A. Hutton
April	Easter Experiences members' evening	
Sept	Summer Doings members' evening	
Oct	Discussion on "Stocking Tarn with Two-year Olds"	
	Discussion on "New Fish Ponds"	
	Discussion on "Raising the Level of the Water in the Tarn"	
Nov	"Ladies' Night with Lantern Show by Members"	

Ladies Night

November 12th 1902,

"as you are aware, **the next Meeting of the Association, Tuesday November 18th** is Ladies' Night.

Members and friends will assemble in the drawing room of the Grand Hotel at 6 p.m., and tea will be served in the ordinary meeting room at 6-30 p.m.

At 7-30 there will be a display of photographs by the members, with the Lantern, and a miscellaneous musical programme.

Dessert and Sweets at 9 p.m.

Morning dress.

Tickets 3/- each.

Yours truly,

EDWD. R. AUSTIN,

Hon. Sec.

THE PRIORY

HIGHER BROUGHTON.

The institution of the ladies' night having proved such a success in 1902 this was repeated in 1903, and it was a source of much gratification to the Council to this was equally well attended.

Ladies nights in subsequent years were not always well received and were sometimes cancelled due to lack of interest.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1903

Jan	"Through the Numerdal" with Lantern Slides	Abel Heywood
Feb	"The Humours of Fishing at Horton"	J.H. Lea
March	"The Salmonidoe Of North America"	Percy Glass
April	Easter Experiences members' evening	
Sept	Summer Doings members' evening	
Oct	"Discussion on the Value of Flies and their Relative Positions on the Cast"	
Nov	"Ladies' Night with Lantern Show by Members"	

More Complaints about the Fishing in the Tarn

In **October 1902** the question of the fishing on the tarn was again addressed. It was felt that the tarn was not satisfactory as an alternative when the river was low and unfishable. Three suggestions were made,

The Council considered the question of----

- (a) Procuring from some hatchery, in the winter, several hundred nine inch fish, in order to increase the head of fish in the tarn.
- (b) The desirability and the possibility of raising the level of the tarn by some two or three feet.
- (c) Tanks or ponds for keeping the fish hatched at Douk Ghyll until they are two years old, and a fit size to replenish both tarn and river.

The suggestion of raising the level of the tarn was immediately rejected, however it was decided to restock the tarn and to make new fish-ponds in which to keep fish reared in the existing fish house until two years old when they would be of a larger size to go into the Tarn. To do this the subscriptions, which had fallen off owing to deaths, removals, etc., would need to be raised as the funds of the Association would be unable to provide for any extraordinary expenditure. The Council would try to raise the sum of £100 to be devoted entirely to these projects.

Report of the Council for 1903

The Council are glad to be in the position to congratulate the members on the successful outcome of their labours in connection with the creation of rearing ponds for two year old trout.

It will be remembered that the question was first seriously mooted in 1897, but as the lease would shortly run out it was thought advisable to postpone the matter until a new lease had been entered upon.

This was done in 1902, and in November of that year an appeal was made to members for contributions for a Special Fund, for various purposes, the chief one being the formation of two year old rearing ponds. The appeal was handsomely responded to by the members, the sum of £100, then asked for, being quickly subscribed.

The main consideration in providing ponds of this nature is a bountiful supply of pure water, and in December 1902, a survey was made of the available sources, and an excellent site was found alongside Bransgill Beck, on Mr Hammond's land. The beck issues from a cave in the mountain side, the water is exceedingly pure, and has never been known to fail. The water is led through a pipe from a distance of 140 yards, up the beck, to a piece of ground below, alongside it, and the water after passing through the ponds finds its way again into the beck.

Early in 1903 contracts for construction of the feeding pipes and pipes were entered into with a local contractor, and in September last three ponds were finished, and 1,700 of the last hatch of ova were introduced, apparently with excellent results, the fish growing fast.

Some difficulty was met with in the subsoil of the ponds, and the cost was thereby increased.

The cost of the ponds and their covering and railing in has been £124, which with the sum of £18 expended in restocking the tarn last year with two year old trout and £6 for providing fishing stages in the tarn, make the total expenditure on account of the Special Fund to be £149. A further amount of £30 has been subscribed by members up to this date, many of whom doubled their subscriptions, and the sum of £25 is now required to clear off the entire expenditure incurred on account of the Special Fund, and provide a small sum for purchasing a few more two year old fish wherewith to stock the tarn for next season's fishing, our own fish not being available until the end of this year.

The site occupied by the ponds is ample for providing two or three more, should it be thought desirable later on to increase the stock of two year olds. This can be done at comparatively small expense, the water supply being sufficient for double the present quantity of fish.

Accommodation problems at Horton

At the meeting in **September 1903** the members were notified that "the association being dissatisfied with the accommodation at the "Golden Lion", hereby decides to terminate the arrangement with Mr Cook, and empowers the council forthwith to remove the furniture and belongings of the Association from the hotel."

This was carried out and property of the members was stored with and could be collected from Hunt, the Keeper.

"the accommodation at Horton being so doubtful the council have been considering the advisability of providing a Clubhouse, to make the Association independent of the inns and lodgings to be had in the village and provide a suitable meeting place for the members.

At the April meeting the matter was thoroughly discussed, and a resolution was passed instructing the Council to proceed, and the time has now come for a final decision to be taken.

A local contractor is prepared to erect a building suitable for a Clubhouse on the site of the present Mill Dam Farm, on the north side of the Vicarage, fronting the main road and looking down the valley, and is prepared to let the building to the association at a reasonable rental for the remainder of the fishing lease.

A plan has been prepared which will provide for a general meeting or dining room, seven bedrooms, bath room, lavatory and w.c., besides kitchen and accommodation for housekeeper.

It will, however, be necessary to furnish the rooms and fit up the bathroom and lavatory and to this properly about £200 will be required. If the scheme meets with the general approval of the members it is suggested that a small Limited Company be formed with a capital of say £500, in £1 shares, and to issue fully paid up Shares to the extent of say £200 to provide the necessary funds.

Will you kindly let me know if you are prepared to support such a scheme, and how many shares you will take up. A reply is requested by 30th instant on the enclosed form, and if the response is satisfactory a general meeting will be called for Friday evening, July 8th. Time and place is to be announced later. A working scheme would be submitted to the members at this meeting."

The Angling Members were circulated asking them to say whether or not they approved of the scheme for providing a Club House at Horton. It was so indifferently responded to that it was decided not to go ahead.

"The same result may be obtained if the Landlord of the Crown Inn carries out his intention of building a new dining room and better lavatory accommodation, which he is prepared to do if he receives sufficient support. This house is well situated for fishing, both river and tarn."



The Golden Lion



The Crown Inn 2010

In the meantime the Council now gave the following list of apartments to be had at Horton

Jas. Redmayne, one sitting room, two bed rooms, town's water.

Jno. Sanderson, New Houses, one sitting room, three bed rooms, spring water.

W. Bentham, Craig Hill, one sitting room, two bed rooms, spring water.

R. Davies, Station House, one sitting room, three bed rooms, railway reservoir water.

J. Sharpe, one sitting room, one bedroom, soft water.

T. Heselden, one sitting room, one bedroom, town's water.

J. Heseltine, Crown Inn, one sitting room, four single bed rooms, three double bed rooms, town's water.

R. Pritchard, one sitting room, three bedrooms, town's water.

Members intending to visit Horton and requiring apartments were to write to Keeper Hunt, saying what day and by what train they would arrive, how long they proposed to stay, how many beds they required, and if they had any preference, to say where they wished to stay. Keeper Hunt would at the request of any member, make arrangements for their luggage to be conveyed to or from the station.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1904

Jan	"Trouting in Ireland"	J.H. Lea
Feb	"Some Trials of an Angler"	J.H. Richardson
March	"Some Sea Trout Fishing in Norway"	J.A. Hutton
April	Easter Experiences members' evening	
Sept	Summer Doings members' evening	
Oct	"Trout Fishing in the Leardal"	Stanlewy Kneal
Nov	"Ladies' Night with Lantern Show by Members"	

Report of the Fishing Committee for the Season 1904

"It is a great pleasure to report that a record number of members have visited Horton during the past season,

38 members having fished	256 days.
In 1903 29 members fished	261 days
In 1902 23 members fished	172 days
In 1901 25 members fished	141 days

The total number of fish taken was 1,077, this is about 1,100 less than taken in 1903, and occurred in the last four months of the season, owing to the exceptionally dry weather, when the river was low and out of condition, and weeks passed and not a rod on the water.

In all the previous years the latter months have given the best sport as shown by the difference in the last two years. In 1903 1,421 trout were taken in June, July, August, and September, against 346 in the same months in 1904. Only 91 trout were taken from the tarn, against 134 in 1903. The bulk were Loch Levens, though some fine Brown trout were amongst them. Not a single Rainbow Trout was brought to land.

On September 24th the tarn was vigorously netted in order to get rid of some of the larger fish, which prey on the smaller ones, but only seven were secured. Perhaps if the netting were done in the spring before the weeds have grown the result would be greater.

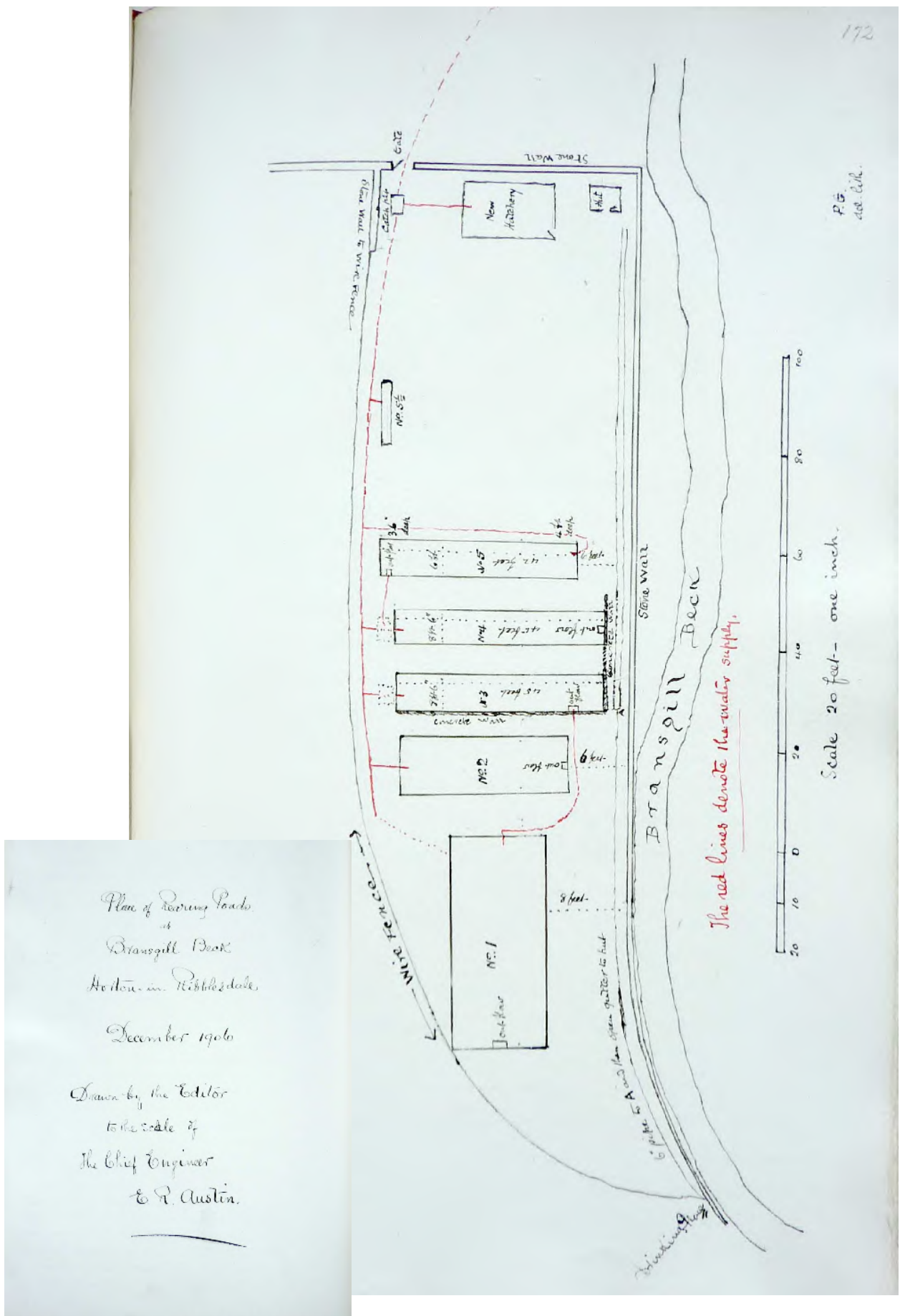
The fish breeding house, as usual, has done well. With the dry summer and autumn the water supply dwindled away, and the fry in the tank had to be removed to the rearing ponds in Bransgill. As in former years, about 5,000 eyed ova were exchanged with the Burnsall Angling Club for Ova taken from Wharfe Trout. The difference between Trout from the two rivers is most marked. Those from the Wharfe are blacker on the back and have more pointed noses, and are longer in proportion for their weight. The new ponds have been in active work all year, and a fine stock of two year old fish will be ready to turn out in April. At present we have in them about 9000 two year olds and about 8,000 yearlings.

Owing to the dry weather and low water, the spawning season was almost a year later than usual. Then a welcome flood came with genial weather, a fine rush of good fish took place up the small becks. In two days the whole of our trays were filled.

It is a great source of regret to me personally that so few members have taken part in the spawning operations. This year I have tried to get a large party, and some ten members promised to assist. Beds were secured and due provision made. First one and then another began to make excuse, and on the 4th December I had to go to Horton and spend a week end alone."

Following the last complaint, a request for help at the tarn was made in November 1905 and this time six members joined Robert Burn at Horton and spent a very pleasant weekend.

Plan of the Hatchery at Bransgill



The Parson on his Hobby

by
Canon Elvy of Manchester Cathedral

“There are three sports, which seem at first sight to stand much upon the same footing—hunting, shooting and fishing. It used to puzzle me why, while the hunting parson is a thing of the past and the shooting parson is apt to be frowned upon by the old ladies of his flock, by common consent it is allowed to a parson to fish. Why this distinction? All these sports equally take him away from his higher duties; all involve the sacrifice of life.

After much reflection I think I have found out the reason, and I am anxious to impart the discovery to my brother anglers. It is because by means of angling the three great Christian virtues of Faith Hope and Charity are best tried and brought to perfection Let me show him how this is so :---

Faith – Why every time I cast my line upon the water it is an act of faith on my part, for if I did not believe that there were fish there and that I might catch some I should not do it. When I let my fly fall lightly above a rising trout, and let it float down naturally with its wings cocked up like the real insect, what am I doing but trying to promote faith on the part of the fish? And when I return home and boast of the monsters, which I have hooked and lost, I am simply putting the faith of my friends to the test.

Hope -- I go out for a day's fishing. Everything is against me--- the water is wrong, the wind is wrong, the fish won't rise, and I return home with a light if not empty creel. Am I discouraged? Not a bit. Hope springs eternal in the angler's breast, and I start out the next day with renewed expectation, feeling certain that now I am "to be blest."

Charity – I arrive at the water's brink. The fish are rising like mad. I put my rod hastily together, and I hurry off (I am always in a hurry on such occasions) to my favourite run. And when I get there what do I find? It is occupied by another who is evidently catching. Now under such circumstances what are the feelings which would naturally arise in the breast? A layman might even make use of unparliamentary language. Do I give way thus? No; I remember that I am an angler, and I give that fortunate one my blessing and pass on resignedly, if not contentedly, to less favourable water. I put it to my brother anglers whether charity could achieve a more signal triumph.”

Transport for the Keeper

“Hunt is very anxious to have a bicycle, to enable him to get quickly to or from Helwith Bridge or Ribblehead. If any member has a second hand one of good make to sell cheap, the Council will be glad to hear from him.”



Walter Pollard who succeeded Nat Hunt, ran the local Taxi service which enabled him to keep an eye on the river while he was transporting his clients.

In the 1970s the Keeper, Mark Thompson, was often seen doing the rounds of his domain on his Moped.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1905

Feb	“Sport and Sportsmen”	R. Godby
March	“A Few Words about Two Swiss Rivers and Their Trout”	P.W. Kessler
April	Easter Experiences members’ evening	
Sept	Summer Doings members’ evening	
Oct	“Recent Theories About Salmo Salar, reviewed with ILntern Illustrations”	Percy Glass
Nov	“Mainlt About Horton”	Percy Burn

‘Do Sports Brutalise?’

In **February 1905**, Robert Godby read a paper entitled ‘Sports and Sportsmen’. These are some excerpts from his rather rambling talk in which he discussed all sports but especially fox hunting and shooting.

“Man in the first instance was developed into a Sportsman from necessity. As to the wild carnivorous animals it was a question of he or they. It was Hobson’s choice. If he didn’t kill them they would kill him, so having no breach loader, or smokeless powder he had to call to his aid all the guile and subtlety that he possessed that he might ensnare his prey.

It is beyond the scope of this paper to trace the evolution of Sport though it would be a fascinating subject particularly that branch of it dealing with training by man of the animals and birds to assist him in his sport, from the terrier to the hunting cheetah, not forgetting the hawk and the cormorant. Of all forms of sport at present enjoyed that of big game hunting must I suppose be entitled to take the first place. The element of personal danger must necessarily enhance the keenness of the hunter. A slight inaccuracy of aim arising from nervousness or want of skill may in a twinkling alter the relative positions of the two parties.

Our officers who have been in India will tell you that there is no sport in the world that can compare with pig sticking and from the enthusiastic description of the sport that some of my old school fellows, I am quite prepared to believe it. An additional element of interest comes in namely the cleverness of your horse who is as keen in the pursuit as his rider.

It is only within comparatively recent years that the system of driving birds up to the sportsman’s gun has come into fashion. The old days in the stubble fields such as Dickens so humorously describes are passing away. Under the mowing and reaping machines the stubbles are not what they used to be in the days of the sickle and reaping hook, and after a few days the birds grow wild. With breech loaders and smokeless powder the pace is quicker than the days of the muzzle loader when the line halted for the man who had fired to re-load and the birds are more hustled in consequence. In order therefore to make a bag, driving has to be resorted to. It is like everything else—There is less leisure about it than formerly—I suppose it has to move with the times. But probably most sportsmen will say that there is no shooting they enjoy more than shooting at driven game. But when all is said one has a pleasant recollection of the former days when we took things more quietly, and the girls drove out in the phaeton with the luncheon to some shady spot, and after luncheon we sat and smoked our pipes and chatted—more regardless of the time than we now are. I dare say many of us could tell plenty of anecdotes of shooting days.

Does the fact that I still go on shooting show that my nature is getting brutalised? I am not conscious of any thirst for blood but I don’t think I could find the same pleasure in shooting at clay pigeons, or glass balls, or hats, or half pennies tossed in the air, nor do I suppose that any of you could desire a mechanical fish weighing five or six pounds that would rush out and seize your hook, and plunge about in the maddest fashion for a couple of hours, you would derive a thousandth part of the enjoyment that five minutes with a half pound live trout would afford you. The question of skill does not enter into it. A movable target made in shape and feathered in exact imitation of a bird might be worked by means of strings in so ingenious and eccentric a manner as to require far greater skill to hit it than to hit any living bird that flies, but it would not satisfy us like the real article. There is something quite beyond the question of skill involved. Neither can you explain it by saying that it is the enjoyment of the exercise, of the scenery and the comradeship of pleasant friends that you get when your quarry is the living thing”.

As a result of the paper being published in the newspapers a lively conversation which rumbled on for several weeks was set up in the ‘City News’

“I notice a total absence of any remarks in your article on the cruelty of “fishing.” Why because many can fish who cannot afford to shoot or hunt, so it is wisely left alone. But I say fishing is equally cruel if not more so. Why are foxes and hares to be hunted, and why are grouse, pheasants and partridge to be shot? Simply because men are blood thirsty, we are told. It is stated because they do not harm they should be left alone. Now ask why is not the fisherman in this category of blood thirsty, inhuman ruffians, rammed full of callousness and savagery. Does he mean to state fishing is not equally cruel? Is there no pain for trout, or salmon, fighting for his life, with the cruel barbed hook in his throat, fighting on and on against fearful odds, until at last breathless and exhausted he is landed either in a boat or on the river bank, there to jump and gasp until he dies, as I have often seen? Then again, the little minnow, caught and used of bait, with the hook through its body, and hurled out into the water to allure some larger fish; is there no cruelty in this? I say this a thousand times more cruel than hunting. Fish do nobody any harm, they cannot do, and yet they are tortured. But a fox is vermin and must be killed either by hounds, the gun or trap.”

Mainly About Horton

By Percy Burn 1905

I had not been to Horton for 13 years, I was 11 years old when I was last there. I decided would go to Horton, there I would wander about with old Walker, induce him to tell me how he ruled a thousand navies with a rod of iron (to say nothing of the strength of his own right arm) and relate the adventure of the missing fingers. We would put up at the "Lion" have roast duck for dinner of course and spend the evening smoking the pipe of peace in the Anglers Room, listening to the noise made by the Saturday nighters in the tap room below. We would hear all about "The Ship that never returned", and finally go to bed, having obtained information vociferated by a score of voices that there would be "Eggs for our breakfast in the morning." Alas! for my castle building, poor old Walker had joined the majority a few years ago. Many were the times he had helped me and carried me when my little legs would not. How we boys used to tease him. How he laughed when we shouted at him the answer to the old riddle "what makes more noise than a pig under a gate?" "By Gum" said he, it ston's to reason as two pigs'll mak' more noise nor one." And he would chuckle over it all the way from the Lion to the New Inn Bridge. The "Lion" also was no more as of yore, Mrs Nicholson away to live at Studfold and a new host in her stead. At Hellifield en route all was changed, where was the little island on which we played tick 13 years ago?

We went up to Ribbleshead and walked down what was left of the Ribble. They told me it was the Ribble but the water was conspicuous by its absence. But if the water had disappeared the walls had not. There are 40 walls to the mile in Ribblesdale I am told—if double the quantity was named I should believe it. These walls are constructed from somewhat peculiar principles, if their purpose is to primarily to prevent people from climbing over them, they must be considered perfect. They do not possess the solidity of the brick walls of a more recent civilisation. Moreover they either lean away from you or lean towards you and the top stones are always loose. If these top stones do not fall on your toes as you laboriously climb up (having first cast your loose impediments before you) they provide material for the avalanche which inevitably slides with you into the bed of nettles on the other side.

The Tarn at any rate had not altered in the least. As we approached I had some misgivings it is true, for I saw at intervals projecting from the land little platforms 15 or 16 feet long. I wondered whether some enterprising Penny Steamship Company had invaded the place and made these their places of call. Enquiry elicited information concerning the purpose for which they were erected, and I was relieved. The boat was actually the same. A new plank or two inside and a liberal application of tar outside appears to be all that is necessary.

The Tarn in an August evening is a charming resting place. One seems to be so far from the world—from a Manchester point of view. The only sounds came from across the valley as the trains thundered through Selside, and the occasional buzz of a motor car thrown across to us by the echoing hillsides. All was peace upon that land. But on or near the water there was discontent. The sun dipped behind Ingleboro', and the famous evening rise came on. Plop! Plop! Plop! The place seemed alive with fish. We could see the widening rings everywhere. Six energetic anglers were stationed upon the stages round the tarn, like men engaged in a competition along a canal bank. They covered rise after rise with accurate and skilful casts. The man from Oldham who occupied the stage on which I sat watching the scene with an interested complacency, wielded a double handed 16 foot telegraph pole with a dexterity that deserved a creel full of three pounders. If this evening rise was famous and interesting as an exhibition of piscatory gymnastics it did not appeal in this direction to the energetic six, who wanted fish to take home with them. Not a fish did they get that evening, not even a nibble or a bite, or a run, or a rise, or whatever the proper word is.

Sunday, from time immemorial, has been sent in the same way at Horton. Old Walker would have been greatly grieved had his darlings at the fish house not been visited. Since his time, however, the fish ponds have been made, so we went there first. The assiduous attention, which a bull always pays to strangers as they pass through his domain makes the visit particularly interesting. The ponds were well worth a visit, not only on account of the two year olds therein, but to hear two members engaged in a most learned discourse upon engineering topics, and speak with an easy familiarity of strains of all sorts, levels, buttresses, wind pressures and the properties of cement. Personally, having seen the fish fed, I admired the fine lights on the hills, and commented on the presence in such a secluded dale of rampant commercialism. Poor old Moughton! The lust of wealth has pocked and scarred your ancient heights, smoke rises from your very heart, and covers the countryside. It is sad indeed.

If you go the shortest way, the distance to the Fish house is not great. It was unchanged. On my last visit the occasion being a Grand Bazaar at Douk Ghyll—the fish house was made into a side show and proved a great attraction. That it drew the crowd, was due, I pride myself in no small degree, to the services of the writer of this paper and in a lesser degree to Walker. This also was in the month of August. We filled the trays with peas, and charged a penny or two pence a head for the privilege of seeing a piscatorial establishment in full working order. Walker had charge of the Fish Tank, for he was much afraid of the visitors feeding his family with forbidden delicacies. The trays and their contents were in my charge and I discoursed (I was eleven at the time) upon the hatchery with all the confidence of superior knowledge, and countenance made cheerful by a desire to please. It is possible that the innocent visitors may have heard things about fish culture, with which my friend the Fishing Secretary would not agree. If the wondering multitude mistook the peas for ova, on a blazing day in August, it was not **my** fault but **their** ignorance. After all what could they expect for tuppence? Personally I think they got an excellent return for their investment!

In the beck below the Hatchery there were some fine big trout which were quite friendly with Hunt. There is a rumour that they will even eat out of his hand, this may be true, but I did not see it done. In the near future Hunt may be resigning his post, taking on an engagement at the Hippodrome with his performing trout. They will disport themselves in the flooded arena, stand on their heads, turn somersaults, jump through hoops, and perform marvellous feats. One never knows. Is there not in "Anglers Evenings" an article on "The Mind of Fishes"? The Churchyard at Horton has always been a place well known to me. As children we used to climb into the Lychgate, walk along the round topped wall and otherwise amuse ourselves.

Church yards for some reason or other are always playgrounds for children. I went round the East end of the Church to call upon my old friend who used to live at the "Post Office". The old lady, however, who used to make oat cakes for us in the old way, had now alas! also joined the majority. I felt like Conrad, when I found that the friends of my childhood, were no more, Walker, Tom Iron, Downham the Joiner, all great pals years ago, now all gone. Truly there are no friends like the friends of childhood. Happy days! Passed without knowledge of a sordid and commercial world, unaware of the struggle for wealth, in which most of us, do the best we can. Even in those days, however, I seem to remember that my weekly pence seemed few and insufficient to supply all my wants.

Horton has changed. My first visit was made when I was three years old. Since that time many things have altered—increased postal facilities, the telegraph, additional trains per day—not forgetting the "Anglers Train" on Friday evenings—have brought Horton nearer to what we are pleased to call civilisation. The Institute with its electric light, and Billiard table by Riley who makes the championship tables. The joiners shop with its electrically driven machinery generated by the swift flowing waters of Bransgill. The Lime Works lighted by acetylene and last but by no means least your modern Hortonian macaroni goes to Leeds to the Pantomime. Time was when one was grateful for a paper two days old, sent by a friend in town. On August Bank holiday last I read the latest score in the Lancashire and Yorkshire Cricket Match in an evening paper. George Hirst (*cricketer*) is not unknown to Ribblesdale people.

Even Politicians have been known to worry them with talk of Reciprocity, Retaliation, Preferential Tariffs, Bi-metallism, and other kindred matters. Horton today is of the world, worldly.

Horton has changed. But still—Horton is Horton. One has only to visit Douk Ghyll, with its wonderful luxuriance of flora and fauna, or to smoke a pipe upon the rocks listening to the roar of the turbulent waters on their headlong rush towards Stainforth Force to love the district and appreciate its charms and beauties.

The many pot holes are interesting and their mysterious streams not only to the geologist, but the casual visitor who takes little heed of the scientific treatises which appear in various periodicals concerning such matters. As we paused on New Inn Bridge gazing up the river towards Whernside and the Cam Fells a gorgeous King-fisher shot out from beneath us and flashed upstream, a splash of glorious blue against the brown water. The air is still fresh and pure and good to breathe. The land has not yet been given over to the Jerry builder and the smoke nuisance monger.

The river is still the Ribble, a river possessing a thousand historical memories and a river which will ever remain charming in the mind of every one who has walked along its banks or fished in its waters."

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1906

Feb	"Two Days Salmon Fishing on the Ribble"	O.S. Wraith
March	"Discussion on the Twpo-year-old Rearing Ponds at Horton	
April	Easter Experiences members' evening	
Sept	Summer Doings members' evening	
Oct	"Discussion on Fishing Rods	
Nov	"Dry Fly Fishing"	Harold Behrens

Percy Burn wrote a paper discussing the Horton fishing records compiled by the River Keepers for the past 24 years.

The Keeper's Records

"When the Manchester Anglers' Association first took over the fishing in the Ribble, from Ribble Head to the north side of Helwith Bridge, the river was suffering greatly from the making of the railway from Settle to Carlisle. Pollution and poaching had almost ruined one of the fairest trout streams in Yorkshire; but careful preservation and the excellent results which have been obtained from the trout hatchery, which was established in Horton in Ribblesdale in 1884, have restored it to its former condition. Indeed, at no time has the fishing been so good as during the last few years.

Since 1882 careful records have been kept of the results of the fishing; and these are naturally very valuable. A casual glance at the ten years' statistics shows that August is by far the best month on the Ribble. In 1905 no less than 648 trout were taken in August, the greatest number taken in any one month since the water was first secured in 1880. During the past season the merry month of May ran these figures very close and 635 trout were secured. These are the two months when the sport is best.

Turning to the River Keeper's diary which is compiled with the attention of a man who takes an interest in his work, are found records of the temperature of air and water, direction of wind, conditions of water and weather, names of members fishing and the results of their labours, flies seen on the water, and the artificial ones used. On Saturday May 26th we find that six members caught sixty fish, three fishing down from Ribble Head (a fine stretch of water) and three fishing near Horton. That particular day was showery, but the wind was from the south, i.e. blowing upstream, and the best wind for the river temperature of air 52 degrees and water 42 degrees. Among the natural flies on the water were the Iron Blue Dun, Olive Dun, March Brown and Yellow Sally. The best artificial flies used were Brodericks Fancy, Iron Blue Dun, Orange Partridge, and March Brown. The sport is described as good. Such interesting memoranda are naturally of much service to the observant angler when so well preserved. During this record month of May it is interesting to note how steadily the wind came from the south or south east thus providing the fisherman with the wind he likes best.

The Ribble has had its bad times during the season, as every river must have, days and weeks of low water, and it is good for neither man nor river to be in low water. During the periods of drought it is to be feared that many fish are lost through lack of water, when they become an easy prey to their feathered and four footed enemies. April with its biting winds from the east was followed by May with its refreshing rain, while June and July only gave moderate sport. August, while not a very wet month, but rather a period of warm, genial weather with rain at night, was excellent. On Bank Holiday is noted the interesting fact that the temperature in the water at Newhouses Tarn was 72 degrees while the air was only 68 degrees. Two days later it was 73 degrees in the Tarn and the air temperature was 69 degrees. The fish were indeed in hot water on those two days! As is so often the case a good month was followed by a bad one, September being a month of low water, and a child could cross the river dry shod. But the last month of the season is seldom a good one, the fish are not in very good condition, and the heavy rain which fell during the night of the last day of the legal fishing was only one of the many thing that vex the angler."

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1907

Feb	"Anglers I have known"	E.S. Richardson
March	"A second Trip after Tarpon"	Mr G.H. Ramsbottom
April	Easter Doings	members' evening
Sept	Summer Doings	members' evening
Oct	"Fishing in the Upland lakes of Norway"	Mr E.R. Austin
Nov	A Paper on "Oppian's halieutics"	Mr J.H. Lea
Dec	19th Annual Dinner	

In **February** the Rev. E.S. Richardson gave his humorous observations on Anglers he had met.

"Anglers I Have Met and Known" (an excerpt)

"The men I knew in those days fished down stream to a man, they threw, unless distance lends distance to the opposite bank, a very long line and they simply let it swing round. Were there so many more trout, 30 years ago than now as to account for the fact that in spite of unscientific methods my father and his contemporaries killed heavier baskets in the Eden than I have ever done? Or has the education of trout gone on so fast in the overstaffed school in which they learn, that a pounder then would rise at a fly thrown by a man who stood over against him and stared him in the face, while today we outflank him and drop the more dainty morsel lightly, and even dryly, over him in vain? I have seen the methods in which I had my first lessons little practised of late; I have renounced them myself; I can almost moralize on the advantage of a short rod, when a clumsy friend steps on my rod top and breaks a few inches off it, but bags and baskets remain constant, I feel that either men, or fishes must have changed for the worse, when I look into the one which I carry and compare its emptiness with what I have many times seen in my father's basket long ago. Thinking back to the same times I knew then a man who had as a boy been thrashed for wading without waders, and for staying out at night, not that he might smoke tabs, or that he might keep company, but that he might fish. "Of course he went and died, which is just what the best men do". He was the greatest enthusiast I ever knew, and a successful one. Times I suppose were even more spacious then and he tied every fly he cast; and, naturalist as he was, his patterns were what he found on the water or on the grasses by the river side. I am glad to have known one such man, his like I have read of, but have never met.

I have been out with two professional fishermen. One was on the Coquet. I used to miss him almost at once on reaching the water. Now there are, I know, men, who love you dearly, but who dissemble their love on a fishing day by leaving you in the morning and giving you no sight of them the day through. They are keen sportsmen; they go out to fish; and will talk in the evening when the business of the day is over, as Sarah Battle would read, as a recreation after her whist. But this man was a poacher. For long I wondered not only why he left me, but why he caught so many trout, and I relatively so few. My modesty of course was ready to explain that he was the better man, but my reasoning faculty clamoured for further explanation and this was at last forthcoming to the effect that he was in the habit of scenting the beck and baiting his hook with salmon roe.

The other was at Hawes. He made flies for me and together we went fishing on the same length of water. His was the only rod that I ever have seen whose butt was positively worn by the grasp of a hand. A well marked hollow showed clearly the wearing effect of a thumb upon wood. Now of all men whom I have known he was THE one who could catch trout. There was something uncanny about his success. His own simple account of the matter was probably the correct one, that long years had made him so familiar with the river that, standing at any spot, if a trout were in a cast of him, he could be sure of the place where he would be lying. He is a curious type of angler, the man who has a standing agreement with the people at the Hall that they will pay him a shilling a pound for trout all the season through. As in the first case he may become a poacher; or as in the second, a good naturalist, an excellent fly tier and an expert angler with rod and line. It is obvious that in such men sport is likely soon to become merged in business, as that which is first a means of enjoyment becomes a means of livelihood."

In **October** Mr E.R. Austin gave a talk on another of his fishing trips to Norway.



“Those who know Norway are aware of a great number of lakes, some of them very large, on the higher plateau of the country some two or three thousand feet above the sea.

My last trip with Mr Heywood was through the Numedal so well described and illustrated by him in his paper read in 1903, a route little frequented by travellers, particularly of our nationality, the last Englishman appearing in the visitors Book at Buvas Brenna having been there thirteen years previously, of the ubiquitous name of "Smith".

On arriving at the end of that valley where it debouched on the mountains we found and fished a huge river called the "Lagen" and some of the lakes from which it emerged. Our curiosity was excited to see more of the river above these lakes and we determined the next time to make a short cut from the Hallingdal to the high ground where our travels through the Numedal ended.

To my mind one of the great charms of Norway lies in the travelling overland, so when it is my good fortune to go with our old campaigner Mr Heywood, which has happened every three years since 1894 in which year memorable year of my fishing life we landed at Stavanger and travelled through the delightful route of the Bratlandsdaal, past Odde and over the high pass to Stalheim and the Noerodal to our goal Hegg.

“At this point we had arrived at a plateau some two or three hundred feet above one of the large lakes we had previously seen and then a farm road through the wood on a steep descent gave us one of the most delightful experiences of Norwegian travelling. Mr Heywood was in front with one "stalkjaerre" and I brought up the rear in the other with our baggage. The road was up and down and the way the little ponies took the downward slopes was a revelation. There were plenty of boulders at the sides of the road with only just enough room for the wheels to pass and now and then I could see Mr Heywood shot up in the air as his wheel hit one, which was a hint to me to look out. One particularly hard bump I well remember shot me off both seat and feet, another landed me on the little rail at the side and broke my pipe in my pocket. Talk about switchbacks they were not in it as we had to steer clear of boulders and anything more exhilarating in the way of a ride I never enjoyed. One final spurt brought us to the edge of a lake, our lake, apparently the road ended here, and there was only a boathouse to be seen. Here we had to wait an hour or more for our host with his slow going "saeter" cart and then with a great deal of packing in a big boat we got afloat. It seemed incredible this quiet warm evening that we could be 3,000 feet above the sea, but there (were) no mountains around us of any height and we were in fact on the top of one the numerous plateaux abounding in Norway. It seemed incredible also to hear from our host that the ice the previous winter, which only cleared off in April, had been a metre (3ft. 3inches) thick.”

“It was near sunset when we landed and on walking through the trees we noticed a curious humming sound amongst them the reason of which we found later. That humming sound was mosquitoes and a lovely night we had of it. We were astonished to find next morning that in this out of the way spot we had landed on a veritable Fish Farm. With infinite patience our host had blasted a promenade round the steep side of the island towards the main lake looking westward, for netting purposes and he showed us a cave blasted out of a solid rock fitted with double doors in which he stored a supply of ice sufficient for his summer needs and we were never without a supply of cooling drinks. In this cave he stored the freshly caught trout until he could pass them for market. Further on amongst the trees he had fitted up a "Smoke House" in which he could cure two hundred fish at a time. For these smoked fish he could get double the price of salted fish.”

“Oppian’s Halieutics”

“1600 years ago there lived in Anazarbus, a city of Cilicia, an aging philosopher who was one day so much engrossed in his studies that he failed to put in an appearance when the Emperor Septimus Severus chanced to visit the city. The noble Emperor resented the philosopher's absence and when the latter excused himself on the grounds of study the Emperor was not satisfied with the explanation. Emperors were emperors in those days and the philosopher was banished to Malta (then called Melita) and his son Oppian, a cultured youth of great promise devoted to his father, went with him to share his exile. Agesilaus was evidently a learned man and taught his son something of books and the wonders of nature. Oppian turned his knowledge to good account, and instead of a petition to the Emperor for his father's release he made no complaint but took up on himself the task of writing the natural history of the fishes of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The work he hoped would be found worthy of acceptance and he dedicated it to the Emperor and his son Caracalla. Thus we have to thank the anger of an Emperor for the wonderful work which we are dealing with tonight, and in doing so there is a fear of rushing in where angels fear to tread. The old language in its beautiful completeness is so unlike the modern system which prevails—the telling of the most material facts in the fewest possible words—that it is difficult to do any thing like justice to the subject. My friend Mr Percy Burn has also been through the books and has helped me in finding many a “gem of purest ray serene” for which I am profoundly grateful.”

“Oppian wrote several poems in his short life and the work which is before us is one of the best and most interesting and most artistic. So far as fishing is concerned the whole of this history called Oppian's Halieuticks has been preserved. The term Halieuticks means books treating of fishes or the art of fishing. It was written by Oppian in Greek about A. D. 200 and was translated into beautiful English verse by two Oxford students Mr Diaper and Mr J. Jones in 1722 at Oxford.”

“The first book deals principally with the haunts of the various fishes of the deep—he mentions about 150 altogether and tells us where they may be found. He describes their wandering propensities and touches on the story of the survival of the fittest and the manner in which one kind preys upon another. It is interesting to note that he is aware of the autumnal migration of eels but unfortunately does not go fully in to detail and gives a minute description of the manner in which eels, who he says know no sex, produce eels, but remarks that the reproduction of the Whiting remains a mystery.”

“Then there is the Toad which must be the Angler Fish

“Within her jaws a fleshy Fibre lies,
Whose whiteness, grateful scent, and worm like size
Attracts the Shoals and charms the longing eyes
She to allure oft shakes the tempting bait;
They eager press and hurry on their Fate.
But as they near approach, with subtle Art;
The wily Toad contracts th' inviting Part
Till giddy numbers thus decoyed she draws
Within the circle of her widened jaws.”

Could any description be better?”

“Another interesting portion of the second book is that in which the Crab's attack upon the Oyster is described. The Crab notes the Oyster agape on rocky beds and gently props open the shells with a pebble and soon makes an end of the unfortunate mollusc.”

“He has a great admiration for the Dolphin of whom he says:

“Kind generous Dolphins love the rocky Shore
Where broken Waves with fruitless anger roar.”

He tells us in all seriousness that Neptune has fallen in love with the Neriad who indiscreetly coy fled from his embrace but that the Dolphins discovered her secret haunts where “she bashful hid her charms and that Neptune found and clasped her struggling in his arms.” Hence the Dolphins with just ambition claim uncommon gifts and more than vulgar fame. And that they were men transformed by Bacchus and by Neptune loved. “

“The work was dedicated to the Emperor and he was so pleased with it that he asked Oppian to name his own reward. The modest youth asked only for his father's release from banishment. This was granted at once and Oppian received for each verse or line one gold sater, worth in our money 16/4. As there are 3506 lines in the work he would receive about £3,000 a very considerable sum of money in those days.”

A New Fish Breeding House

In the report of the fishing committee for 1906 the members were told that the wooden Fish house in Douk Ghyll was in a sorry state.

"The question of erecting a new fish breeding house adjoining the rearing ponds on Bransgill must soon be considered. The present building is almost worn out. The sides and the floors, as well as the breeding boxes, are rotten, and want continual patching. The water supply, also, is failing. It would much reduce Hunt's work if both ponds and breeding house were together and he could give more time to the river."

January 25th 1907 "That the Coucil be and is hereby authorised to proceed with the building of a new Fish-house at Bransgill, and that the members present agree to subscribe one guinea each towards 'the Special Fund', and that the Hon. Secretary be requested to send out a circular to all the "fishing members, giving a list of members who pass this resolution, and requesting them to "fall in with the proposal and contribute one guinea."



A 1906 Photograph of the old Fish House at Douk Ghyll with Nat Hunt, the Keeper, looking at the rearing ponds.

September 9th 1907

"The new Fish Breeding House at Horton, adjoining the ponds at Bransgill Beck, is now completed and ready for work.

It is proposed to celebrate the event by a formal opening Saturday, September 28th at 4 o'clock when the water will be turned on. At 7 o'clock the members and friends present will dine together at the Golden Lion and spend an "Anglers' Evening".

On Sunday there will be a ramble on the hills.

By kind permission of the L. & Y. Railway Company the train due to leave Hellifield on Monday morning the 30th at 7-23 a. m. will await the arrival of the 7-02 a. m. train from Horton, and members will be able to arrive at Manchester at 9-35 a. m.

It is hoped that as many members as possible will be present to support the President and the Fishing Committee on this important occasion.

This work has to be paid for out of the "Special Fund," and the Council will be glad to have the contributions of those members who have not already remitted."

Yours truly,

E. R. AUSTIN, Hon. Sec.

At the November meeting that year the members were informed that the total cost of the rearing ponds and the new fish hut had been £65.



The new Hatchery was opened by Mr. John Baddeley J. P. September 1907

The fishing committee reported at the end of 1907 that “the old fish hatchery and slate cistern at Douk Ghyll had been removed and the ground restored to its original condition. The place where so much good work was done and so many pleasant hours were spent was now only a memory.”

Thirty five years later

Less than 35 years later I used to play in the Beck where the old hatchery had been. Neither I nor my family were aware of the activities that had taken place not so long ago in the Archery by the Beck. Visits were made to the hatchery by Bransgill Beck (1941 and later) to see the fish being fed. A big slate tank could be seen on the left as the hatchery was entered through the gate from Tommy Pasture. Beside the tank was the green hut which by then was only used for storing food for the fish; the hatching of ova, having some time before ceased in favour of buying in fry.

In 1952 I took up part time residence in a cottage in Douk Ghyll. It was not until some years later that a hint from a forgotten source suggested that the Manchester Anglers had had a hatchery in the valley of Douk Ghyll. By then the farm and the land on which the hatchery was presumed to have been sited was owned by Robert Jackson. He, quite coincidentally was the grandson of Walker, the first river keeper, who every day had traipsed past the farm to go to tend to his fish. When I mentioned the subject to Mr Jackson he had the vaguest of recollections that there may have been some truth in what I had heard about a hatchery near to his house. The baffling thing was that there did not seem to be any source of water. There was no sign of any leats or water channels from the Beck itself. The Ordinance Survey map, revised in 1893, shows a footbridge across the Beck half way down the Archery (the plantation adjacent to the farm where the building was sited) and also a Spring near Phillips Wood which is just across the road from the far corner of the Archery. More excitingly on a later undated map, given to the writer by a Manchester angler Harry Kershaw, a tank was shown to be sited on this same corner of the Archery. An examination of the ground showed a firm rock base where the tank could have been positioned; as for the spring, that was still flowing but only intermittently and it made one wonder how it ever provided enough water to keep a hatchery going. The true answer is that it didn't. Research in the 1980s revealed newspaper articles that gave confirmation of the previous presence of a hatchery and that the hatchery hut was sited some way down stream from the tank. A survey of the overgrown site produced no evidence of the foundations of a bridge or where the hut must have been on the only flat place in a rocky area. There were only a few stunted blackcurrant and gooseberry bushes growing beneath the trees nearby to show that someone had cared for the area.

D.J. Marsden

Except from the Annual Report February 1907

The Council have made arrangements with Mr William Cooke of the Golden Lion at Horton, for the Anglers' old sitting room to be retained as club room for the use of members, whether staying at the Hotel or not.

The house now contains a good bathroom and W.C. The sitting room and bedrooms are being beautified in time for the opening of the season on March 15th.

At about this time a rather sad song was circulated amongst the anglers written by ARJEE. who was one of the main writers of songs (and poems) for the Manchester Anglers during the 1880s and this, some twenty years on, reflects on the coming of old age and baldness. It was to be sung to the air "The Garden of Sleep"

I am Waiting

In the years that are gone, where I'm bald on the top
There once used to grow a luxurious crop
Of rich auburn hair that was curly and bright,
'Twas the pride of my nurse and my mother's delight;
But now it has vanished beyond my recall,
Like leaves of the autumn that wither and fall.
Oh! clustering curl! Oh ! capillary robe
I have waited for thee with the patience of Job,
Oh! hair of my head! Precious pile of my pate!
Am I ever to wait?

Lotions, washes and tonics I've tried by the score,
I have rubbed in restorers that never restore,
Mrs Allen, Macassar, and Mexican too,
All have promised renewal—but never renew.
Lov'd locks of my youth, will ye never return?
Will elixirs do nothing but blister and burn?
Oh! screen of my scalp! is it right, is it meet,
I should be a parade for the bluebottles' feet?
Oh! hair of my head! wilt thou never arise?
I am waiting, am waiting for thee
Mid the hum of the flies.

Oh! if fate would restore, but *one* tuft of my hair,
I would brush, I would comb it with filial care,
I would wash and shampoo it and keep it so bright,
I would pay a detective to guard it at night.
A joy that would fill me with rapture anew
Would be mine, should that tuft ever come into view.
Oh! nap of my nut! Treasured thatch of my brain!
Shall I never be seen at the barber's again?
Oh! hair of my head! perish'd pride of my pate!
I am waiting, am waiting for thee,
And am likely to wait.

'ARGEY 'was Robert Godby, born in 1849, a solicitor from Rochdale who wrote many of the lyrics in the Association's Song Book.

On **August 4th 1908** the Manchester Courier published a paper by Percy Burn.

“About Grayling”

Among the many questions discussed by fly fishermen, there are few that have aroused more interest than the advisability or otherwise of having grayling and trout in the same stream. The mere fact that so many well known anglers declare that the grayling does little or no harm to the trout and other equally famous fishermen have stated their great hostility to the presence of grayling in trout rivers, certainly lends a piquancy to the discussion. Last autumn a well known angling club, whose members fish a length of the Wharfe, issued a decree of dismissal against the grayling. Netting operations were promptly carried out, and several hundreds of grayling were got rid of. The results of these proceedings are being watched during the present trout season with considerable interest as it has been said that the trout have been crowded out by the grayling. If by means of the elimination of the latter the trout will in future have more food, it seems probable that some increase in size and number of Wharfe trout may be looked for during the next year or two.

But after all, many fly fishermen will be sorry to lose such an excellent fish. The trout fishing season ends on the 1st of October and during the last week or two of September is not in very good condition. But from September to the end of January the grayling are in fine condition, and many an angler rejoices in the fact that during the winter months he can spend many exhilarating days by the riverside. He is also proud of the fact that winter grayling fishing is a fine art and that the finest tackle must be used if good results are to be obtained. Moreover there is a certain mystery about the grayling which attracts one. His very name *Salmo Thymallus*, will repay one for an investigation. Both Ælian and Ausonius called the fish *Thymallus*, the latter because of the similarity of the odour of a freshly killed grayling to that of water thyme of which it was thought that the fish consumed fair quantities. But the mystery is not cleared up by the fact that the water thyme is only found in a few British rivers and that it has no scent, and that it is also doubtful that grayling do consume water thyme at all. The late Mr T.E. Pritt, who wrote that is acknowledged to be the best work on this particular fish, “The Book of the Grayling” published in 1888, dealt fully with this mystery of names. We do not know who was responsible for the introduction of the fish into this country. In certain parts it is called ‘Umber’, the original English name and the popular impression is that the monks of old introduced it as it would provide, when at its best, an excellent dish for the table at a time when salmon and trout would be out of season. When we remember the number of Abbeys which stand on the banks of the Yorkshire grayling rivers, there appears to be something in the argument.

It is always interesting to turn up old volumes on angling when dealing with any special subject. ‘Angling Improved, or Profit and Pleasure’ tells us that “grayling and umber are the same fish, differing in name only according to age and bigness, as the pike and the luce and is called umber (shadow) for the swiftness of his motion.”

In 1661 there was published a most extraordinary volume called the ‘Pauzoologicomineralogia’ or a complete history of animals and minerals. The ‘grayling, according to the author, are found in cold, frigid and gravelly waters and live on aquatic insects and is a ‘kind of troute’. It is to be preferred before trouts. As regards the ‘umber’, we read that they are found in sandy places, in salt and fresh water and are carnivorous. The grayling has much therefore to be said in its favour. And if any further mystery is to be desired it may easily be discovered in the fishmonger’s shop where grayling are exposed for sale in the autumn. They are really freshwater Herrings or pollan from Loch Neagh in Ireland and are only known as grayling in the shops.



Possibly Robert Burn and his son Percy at the Opening of the new Hatchery in 1907

Percy Burn, who wrote the article “About Grayling” for the paper, was a Golfer. He was mentioned in The Manchester Evening News in February in 1910.

The article said that Mr Burn was one of the best amateur golfers in the Manchester district and had been scratch at Trafford Park, Didsbury and Romily. His activities were many. He was an authority on trout fishing and an entertaining lecturer upon the delights of the angler. As a director of the Manchester Athanæum he was well known to a large circle of the business men of the city.

Percy Burn was an Honorary (non fishing) member and Vice President of the M.A.A. from 1914 to 1917 during the First World War.

His father, Robert Burn, a paper manufacturer, was fishing secretary of the M.A.A. from 1895 until 1909. He was the driving force in the setting up of the fish hatchery at Horton.

Robert died in 1909, and was buried in Wilmslow, in Cheshire. His funeral Ceremony at Manchester Crematorium was attended by many of the Manchester Anglers.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1908

Feb	Discussion on working of Fish Ponds at Horton	
March	“Queer Fish” At the Victoria University on the invitation of	Dr Hoyle
April	“Rhayader Revisited”	Dr H.R. Hutton
Sept	Summer Doings members’ evening	
Oct	Experiences on Blagdon Lake	Mr R.H. Littlehales
Nov	“Natural Flies” (An analysis of Hunt’s observations for the last three years)	Mr R Burn
Dec	20th Annual Dinner	

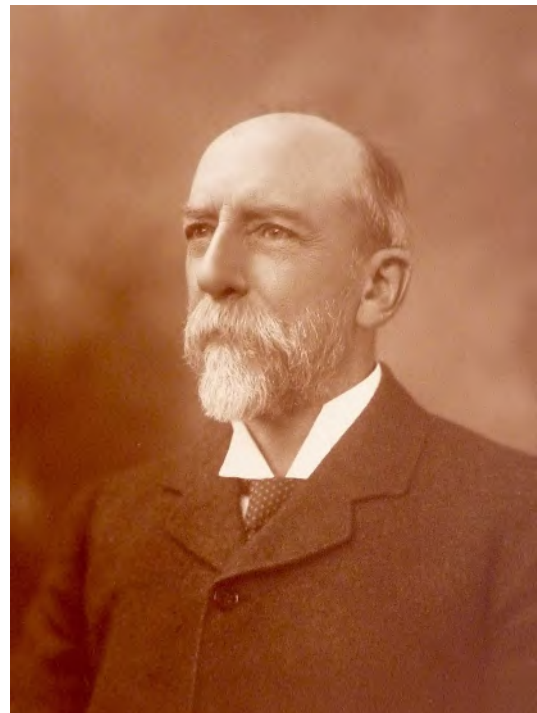
The 30th Anniversary of the Manchester Angler's Association

The President (Mr Lindley) on the occasion of the Annual Dinner at the Grand Hotel in Manchester on 14th December 1908, drew attention to the fact that it was the 30th Annual Dinner of the Association, and that among those present was one who 30 years ago had much towards the formation of the Association.. Mr Abel Heywood later on in the evening, reverting to the remarks of the President, observed that he was the only original member present, that he had for the first ten years of the life of the Association acted as Honorary Secretary, and that for the whole 30 years never missed being present at the Annual Dinner.

He resigned from the Committee in 1910.

Abel Heywood had written and given many papers to the monthly meetings, particularly in the early years when he was Club Secretary. He also wrote poems and songs for the anglers.

1878	Stray Hints to Young Anglers, An Angler's Song, A Trip to Speddal, County Galway.
1879	A Night at the Lochinvar Hotel, Kirkudbright My Last Day in Dumfriesshire
1881	Fishing in Japan Fishing on the Tweed
1884	Parr A Winter Day among the Grayling An Angler's Christmas Card Song The Farmer's Boy
1885	An Easter Holiday
1886	Song, Easter Idyll
1889	Easter in Wicklow
1891	Norway Past and Present
1893	A Mountain Stream Fishing in Norway
1894	Through the Suldal and Bratlandsdal
1907	Camping on Roe Island in Ireland Song, Melvich by the Sea



At the same meeting Mr Austin retired from the position of Treasurer which he had held for 16 years and became President. Mr Austin often went fishing in Norway with Abel Heywood and wrote about their activities.

Papers Read at the Meetings in 1909

Feb	"Salmon Scales"	Mr J.A. Hutton
March	"A Holiday in the Far West"	Mr John Dendy
April	Easter Doings	members' evening
Sept	Summer Doings	members' evening
Oct	"Fishing etc"	Mr H.L. Behrens
Nov	"Upstream v Downstream Fishing"	Mr Stanley Kneal
Dec	31st Annual Dinner	