

1st  
July  
23,  
1951.

## Spinning is Just Beginning.

One evening

Two years ago I initiated Frank Russell of Marquette, Michigan into the mystery of spinning, ~~which~~ <sup>As every fisherman now knows, ~~there is~~ <sup>there is</sup> no mystery at all, but is a simple and <sup>diabolical</sup> method of fishing built around a anti-backlash reel which permits a child ~~of five~~ to cast make beautiful casts & distance casts with small weighted lures his first time out.</sup>

"See," I told Frank, casting a Presba Perch half way across the little duck-shrouded trout pond which we were fishing. ~~I~~ I flipped the reel catch with a bored professional yawn and slowly began my retrieve.

"You've got a strike!" Frank shouted as my <sup>spinning</sup> line suddenly tightened and the tip of my ~~spinning~~ <sup>rod</sup> <sup>up</sup> bent like a diving graduation hoop.

"Yeah," I granted between clenched teeth as I strained at the line, which finally went "spung." -- thus separating me from another dollar <sup>lure</sup> and twenty-odd yards of line.

"I was hung up on a snag." <sup>stood there and foolishly</sup>

"Hum," Frank hummed as I reeled in the balance of my empty line. "Spinning's fine when you got lots of deep water to run your weighted lures through."

"Right," I muttered, as I tied on a <sup>weighted</sup> new lure and heaved it out at ~~another~~ a nice rising trout. This time, by rapid reeling, I retrieved the lure safely but the trout did not make an offer.

"Soo bad you can't throw a light fly or sumpin' at that trout." <sup>Frank said</sup> "Even I can see he wants a surface lure."



I'd show him another spinning trick.

I smiled to myself in the dusk as I quickly tied a number 14 dry fly to the end of my monofilament nylon line. I then fished out a ~~plastic red and white~~ plastic bobber out of my vest and ~~hooked~~ hooked in on the line about six feet back of the fly ~~and~~ ~~disengaged~~ ~~do~~ quickly disengaged my reel, and -- if I say so myself -- made a beautiful cast right on the nose of the ~~running~~ trout. I slowly began my retrieve, <sup>taking up the slack,</sup> and then paused to let Frank see <sup>the dry</sup> my fly floating <sup>riding</sup> just there so <sup>high and dry,</sup> just six feet beyond the <sup>floating</sup> bobber. I twitched <sup>the</sup> a few turns and the bobber and fly twitched toward me on the calm pond.

"Wham!" went the trout, <sup>back</sup> and I reared <sup>back</sup> and <sup>nothing</sup> happened.

"He hit at your bobber and not at the fly!" Frank shouted.

"So I observe," I ~~say~~ dryly remarked, <sup>flushing,</sup> as I reeled in <sup>my</sup> the bobber and fly and prepared to make another cast.

"Should have looks on the bobber," Frank remarked, as I shot her out again and the trout again whammed at the bobber as I dragged it over his feeding spot.

"Wrong fly," I muttered, as I fumbled to tie on a <sup>big</sup> bushy hackled dry fly in place of the <sup>number</sup> 14. Three times I cast her out and three times the big trout whammed at the bobber, <sup>completely</sup> ignoring my primary lure six feet beyond. <sup>It was nearly</sup> dark. I stood there <sup>in the gathering darkness</sup> waiting, <sup>batting</sup> mosquitoes and waiting for him to rise again.

"Looks like you finally put him down," Frank said. "Too bad you can't cast

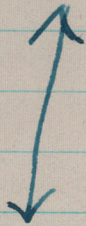


a light lure without all the commotion of that  
bobber.

I turned to Frank as we <sup>stumbled and</sup> sloshed  
back to the through back to the fish car  
through the dark. "Look, chum," I said.

"Spinning has solved plenty of fishing  
problems already," I said. "Do you <sup>also</sup> expect  
it to cast a ~~the~~ small ~~dry~~ fly <sup>too</sup> way out  
three seventy or eighty feet, without any  
commotion or

"Yes," Frank replied, ungratefully,  
as we gawped my model A Ford, then sending  
his first lesson in the into the mysteries  
of spinning.



Frank <sup>Russell</sup> and I didn't fish together  
the balance of the season and I didn't see or  
hear from him until the following March.  
I <sup>had</sup> heard he had gone to Florida. Then ~~was~~  
in the middle of a <sup>howling</sup> ~~stormy~~ March night the  
phone rang. I rolled out of bed and  
staggered to the phone, muttering curses.

"Hello," I spat into the phone.

"This is Frank Russell," a cheerful  
voice answered. "I just arrived home from  
Florida."

"Why?" I muttered, leaning against <sup>the wall</sup>.  
Frank ignored this thrust, and  
~~butted on~~. "You remember that time last  
summer you took me spinning?" he bubbled on.  
"It has haunted me ever since,"







"You remember last summer I said we should find a way to cast light surface lure way out with the spinner." <sup>I got with</sup>

"I was walking down a street in Miami," Frank said. "I didn't even own a spinning outfit yet. But for days I had been haunted by the <sup>spinning</sup> problem presented on that trout pond last summer: How to cast a light surface lure half way to Hades -- and have her way out there without bobbers or <sup>any</sup> weights attached."

"Hm," I said uncertainly.

"Well -- I'm walking down this street and all of a sudden it came to me," he said.

"What came to you?" I said.

"The answer," Frank said, glaring at such stupidity.

I stared out <sup>of</sup> the kitchen window at the whirling March winter. "Oh," I said. "What is it?"

Frank reached in his fishing vest <sup>and swear he was wearing one</sup> and pulled out a ~~small~~ piece of nylon leader material about six inches long. "This is the Russell Castaway," he said, thrusting the thing at me.

I gingerly reached for the gadget. At one end was tied a simple snap swivel. At the other was tied a barbless hook, about a number six. I stared at Frank. He then reached in his magic vest and produced a small ~~or~~ rectangular piece of lead with a hole through it and deftly hooked it over the barbless hook.

"You tie <sup>business</sup> your spinning line on to this hook," Frank <sup>the end of</sup> explained like a brush salesman, and snap a bass lure on to the snap swivel, <sup>and cast her out.</sup> he went on. I sat up.

"Suppose you want to fish a small ~~dry~~ fly?" I said.



"Then tie a piece of leader <sup>material</sup> ~~and~~ -- or a piece of your ~~mono-filament~~ monofilament spinning line, if you're using that -- on to your snap swivel, and you're in business."

"What happens to the lead weight when you <sup>make your</sup> cast?" I asked.

"I've designed the Castaway so that it ~~falls~~ drops off upon contact with the water," Frank explained.

"But wouldn't the weight of your snap swivel and weight hook on the castaway sag your line and pull a dry fly under?" I persisted, trying to pick holes.

"Only with the lightest of dry flies," Frank explains. "When you're using small dry flies you attach a small floating popper to your swivel so that the ~~the~~ weight of the Castaway doesn't pull your fly under. ~~Long with~~ Larger dry flies will support this weight."

"Don't the <sup>plop of the lead</sup> weight scare the fish?" I persisted.

"It could," Frank admitted. "But not half of as much as your plastic bobber. And you can always cast beyond the rise to avoid that."

"You mean, you hang a new lead weight on for every cast?" I said.

"Exactly," Frank answered.

"Do you take a small boy on each trip to carry the lead weights?" I said.

"You can get nearly a hundred casts out of a pound of lead weights," Frank answered.

"No fisherman that lived was worried about losing gear." He paused. "What do you expect,



anyway?" he demanded. "Chumie?"



So that, fellow fishermen, is the story of the Russell Castaway. It will permit you to cast any lure in your fly box as far as the heaviest spinning lure. It is revolutionary, sensational and diabolical. What's more, it actually works.



2nd typed

SPINNING IS JUST BEGINNING  
(The story of the Russell Castaway)

One evening two years ago I initiated Frank Russell of Marquette, Michigan into the mysteries of spinning. As every fisherman now knows, spinning is no mystery at all, but is a simple ~~and diabolical~~ method of fishing built around a <sup>free-stripping</sup> anti-backlash reel which permits <sup>me</sup> ~~a child~~ <sup>children and excitable women</sup> to make beautiful distance casts with small weighted lures <sup>their</sup> ~~his~~ first time out.

"See," I told Frank, casting a Pres<sup>K</sup> Perch halfway across the little dusk-shrouded <sup>Upper Peninsula</sup> trout pond which we were fishing. I flipped the reel ~~also~~ catch with a bored professional yawn and slowly began my retrieve.

"You've got a strike!" Frank shouted as my spinning line suddenly tightened and my ~~spinning~~ rod tip bent like a graduation hoop.

"Yeah," I grunted between clenched teeth as I strained at the line, which finally went "sping!"--thus separating me from another dollar lure and twenty-odd yards of line. "I was hung up on a snag." <sup>Pond's too shallow.</sup>

"Hm," Frank hummed as I stood there and foolishly reeled in the balance of my empty line. "Spinning's fine when you got lots of deep water to run your weighted lures through."

"Right," I muttered, as I tied on ~~a new weighted lure~~ and heave it out at a nice rising trout. This time, by rapid reeling, I <sup>managed to keep it away from the bottom.</sup> retrieved the lure safely. <sup>I also managed to keep it away from the trout.</sup> ~~but the trout did not make an offer.~~

"Too bad you can't throw a light fly or sumpin' at that trout," Frank said. <sup>feeding</sup>

"Even I can see he wants a surface lure."

I smiled to myself <sup>evilly</sup> in the dusk as I quickly tied a number 14 dry fly to the end of my monofilament nylon line. I'd show <sup>Frank</sup> him another spinning trick. I then fished a <sup>simple</sup> plastic <sup>bait</sup> bobber out of my vest and hooked it on to the line about <sup>spinning</sup> six <sup>seven</sup> feet back of the fly, quickly disengaged my reel, and--if I say so myself--made a



beautiful cast <sup>six beyond</sup> right on the nose of the <sup>feeding</sup> rising trout.

I slowly began my retrieve, taking up the slack, and then paused to let Frank see my fly riding out there so high and dry, just <sup>seven</sup> six feet beyond the floating bobber. <sup>pridefully</sup> "The bobber acts as both your casting weight and your float," I explained. Then I reeled in a few turns and the bobber and fly twitched toward me on the calm pond.

"Wham!" went the trout; back reared the <sup>wily</sup> fisherman--and nothing happened.

"He hit at your bobber and not at the fly!" Frank shouted.

"So I observe," I remarked, flushing, as I reeled in my bobber and fly and prepared to make another cast. <sup>a few</sup> I made short side casts to dry my fly.

"Should have hooks on the bobber," Frank remarked, as I shot her out again, and the trout again whammed at the bobber as I dragged in over his feeding spot.

"Wrong fly," I muttered, as I fumbled to tie on a big bushy-hackled dry fly in place of the number 14. <sup>If my trout wanted big stuff I'd give it to him...</sup> Three times I cast her out and three times the big trout whammed at the bobber, completely ignoring my primary lure <sup>seven</sup> six feet beyond. I stood there <sup>plastic</sup> in the gathering darkness, <sup>solefully</sup> batting mosquitoes and waiting for him to rise again.

"Looks like you finally put him down," Frank said. "Too bad you can't cast a light lure without all the commotion of that bobber." <sup>back</sup> "I give up," I said. "Let's go to town and catch a cold beer." I turned to Frank as we stumbled and sloshed back to the fish car through the dark. <sup>I turned to Frank.</sup> "Look, chum," I said, "spinning has solved plenty of fishing problems already." <sup>weightless</sup> "Do you also expect it to cast a small fly way out there seventy or eighty feet, too?" <sup>What do you expect, chumie?</sup>

"Yes," Frank replied, ungratefully, as we gained my model A Ford, thus ending his first lesson into the mysteries of spinning.

Frank Russell and I didn't fish together the balance of the season and I <sup>That winter I left for</sup> didn't see or hear from him until the following March. I <sup>had</sup> heard he had gone to Florida. Then in the middle of a howling March night the phone rang. I rolled out of bed and staggered to the phone, <sup>fine midnight</sup> muttering curses.



"Hello," I spat into the phone.

"This is Frank Russell," a cheerful voice answered. "I just <sup>got</sup> arrived home from Florida."

"Why?" I <sup>hissed,</sup> muttered, leaning against the wall.

Frank ignored this thrust. "You remember that time last summer you took me spinning?" he bubbled on.

"It has haunted me ever since," I muttered.

"You remember I said we should find a way to spin cast a light fly way out--and then reel 'er in without any bobbers or anyting to scare or distract the fish?"

"Yup," I answered, sinking wearily to a chair and failing to stifle a yawn.

"Well," he chirped on triumphantly. "I've solved it! I've found a way to spin cast a number 20 dry fly <sup>way out</sup> eighty or ninety feet--and have her float out there high and dry with nothing attached but <sup>the spin</sup> your line <sup>the</sup> and leader."

"My, my," I murmured <sup>hatefully,</sup> groping for words. "I'm glad you got me up in the middle of the night to tell me <sup>all this.</sup> I couldn't have slept another wink <sup>if</sup> you hadn't."

"It's a little late to come up <sup>tonight.</sup> now," Frank conceded. "I'll be up the first thing in the morning. Goodnight."

"Glup," I said, and staggered back to bed.

Frank rooted us out of bed at <sup>seven</sup> 7:00 A. M. the following morning--a Sunday-- and for the first time in <sup>over black coffee initiated</sup> ~~my~~ me into the mysteries of the Russell Castaway, (patent applied for), which to my mind <sup>this invention is</sup> ~~is~~ the biggest single step forward in the art of spin fishing since spinning ~~was~~ itself was first conceived. The Russell Castaway is <sup>nothing less than</sup> revolutionary. Now that it is protected by patent proceedings, here it is, publicly explained for the first time. I'll let Frank describe it in his own words:



"Last week I was walking down a street in Miami," Frank said. "I didn't even own a spinning outfit yet. But for days I had been haunted by the spinning problem presented on that trout pond last summer: <sup>from here</sup> how to cast a light surface lure half way to Hades--and have her way out there without <sup>any</sup> bobbbers or ~~any~~ weights attached."

"Hm," I said uncertainly.<sup>2</sup>

"Well--I'm walking down this street and all of a sudden it came to me," he said.

"What came to you?" I said.

"The answer," Frank said, glaring at such stupidity.

I stared out of the kitchen window at the whirling March winter. "Oh,"

I said. "What is it?"

Frank reached in his fishing vest--I swear he was wearing one--and pulled out a piece of <sup>stout</sup> nylon leader material about six inches long. "This is the Russell Castaway," he said, thrusting the thing at me.

I gingerly reached for the gadget. At one end was tied a <sup>small</sup> snap swivel. <sup>with silk thread</sup> At the other <sup>the other end</sup> was tied <sup>up the shank of a plain</sup> a barbless hook, about a number six. I stared at Frank. He then reached in his magic vest and produced a small rectangular piece of lead with a hole through it and deftly hooked it over the barbless hook.

"You <sup>tie</sup> the business end of your spinning line on to <sup>the eye of</sup> this hook," Frank explained glibly, <sup>lead</sup> like a brush salesman, and snap <sup>your</sup> a bass lure on the <sup>any lure--</sup> the snap swivel <sup>hang on a weight</sup> and cast her out." he went on. <sup>growing</sup> I sat up.

<sup>if I sat up, trying to hide my excitement.</sup> "Suppose you want to fish a small fly?" I said.

"Then tie a <sup>you on</sup> ~~fix~~ <sup>regular</sup> piece of leader--or a <sup>length</sup> piece of your monofilament spinning line, if your using that--~~on~~ to your snap swivel, and you're in business."

"What happens to the lead weight when you make your cast?" I asked.



"I've designed the Castaway so that ~~it~~ drops off ~~x~~ upon contact with the water," Frank explained.

"But wouldn't the weight of your <sup>combined metal</sup> snap swivel and weight hook on the Castaway <sup>the</sup> sag your line <sup>and leader</sup> and pull a dry fly under?" I persisted, trying to pick holes <sup>head</sup> in the thing.

"Only with the lightest of dry flies," Frank explained. "When you're using <sup>tiny</sup> small dry flies you attach a small floating ~~to~~ popper to your swivel so that the weight of the castaway doesn't pull you fly under. Larger dry flies will support this weight <sup>the fishing of the leadless Castaway</sup> without a popper. <sup>then you've got two working lures...</sup> <sup>on the water</sup>

"Doesn't the plop of the lead weight scare the fish?" I persisted.

"It could," Frank admitted. "But <sup>no more than a conventional spinning lure and sloshing</sup> not half as much as your plastic-bobber."

And you can always cast beyond the rise to avoid that."

"You mean, you hang a new lead weight on for every cast?" I said.

"Exactly," Frank answered.

"Do you <sup>also provide to take</sup> take a small boy on each trip to carry the lead weights?" I said.

"You can get nearly a hundred casts out of a pound of lead weights," Frank answered. <sup>And ever smelt of fly dope</sup> "No fisherman that ~~lives~~ ever worried about toting gear." He paused.

"<sup>But what</sup> What do you expect, anyway?" he demanded. "Chimes?"

So that, <sup>my</sup> fellow fishermen, is the story of the Russell Castaway. It will permit you to cast any lure in your fly box as far as the heaviest spinning <sup>with the same gadget.</sup> lure. It is revolutionary, sensational and diabolical. What's more, <sup>the thing</sup> it actually works <sup>like a dream.</sup> -- like a dream. <sup>frat. swirling March</sup> We tried it in the snow in <sup>own</sup> my back yard.



2

Written by:  
John D. Voelker  
Ishpeming, Michigan

SPINNING IS JUST BEGINNING  
(The Story of the Russell Castaway)

by  
*John D. Voelker*  
~~Robert Traver~~

<sup>summer</sup>  
One evening two years ago I initiated Frank Russell of Marquette, Michigan into the mysteries of spinning. As every fisherman now knows, spinning is no mystery at all, but is a simple method of fishing built around a free-stripping anti-backlash reel which permits children and <sup>old</sup> ~~excitable~~ <sup>nervous</sup> women to make beautiful distance casts with small weighted lures their first time out.

"See," I told Frank, casting a Preska Perch half way across the little dusk-shrouded Upper Peninsula trout pond which we were fishing. I flipped the reel catch with a bored professional yawn and slowly began my retrieve.

"You've got a strike!" Frank shouted as my spinning line suddenly tightened and my rod tip bent like a graduation hoop.

"Yeah," I grunted between clenched teeth as I strained at the line, which finally went "spung!"--thus separating me from another dollar lure and twenty-odd yards of <sup>spinning</sup> line. "I was hung up on a snag. Pond's too shallow."

"Hm," Frank hummed as I stood there and foolishly reeled in the balance of my empty line. "Spinning's fine when you got lots of deep water to run your weighted lures through."

"Right," I muttered, as I tied on another dollar's worth of snag bait and heaved it out at a nice rising trout. This time, by rapid reeling, I managed to keep <sup>my lure</sup> ~~it~~ away from the bottom. I also managed to keep it away from the trout.



"Too bad you can't throw a light fly or sumpin' at that feeding trout," Frank said. "Even I can see he wants a surface lure."

I smiled to myself evilly in the dusk as I quickly tied a number 14 dry fly to the end of my monofilament nylon line. I'd show Frank another <sup>of my sly</sup> spinning tricks. I then fished a simple plastic bait bobber out of my vest and hooked it on to the spinning line about seven feet back of the fly, quickly disengaged my reel, and— if I say so myself—made a beautiful cast just beyond the nose of the feeding trout.

I slowly began my retrieve, taking up the slack, and then ~~my~~ paused to let Frank see my fly riding out there so purty and high and dry, just seven feet beyond the floating bobber. "The bobber acts both as your casting weight and your float," I proudly explained. Then I reeled in a few turns and the bobber and dry fly twitched toward me on the calm pond.

"Wham!" went the trout; back reared the wily fisherman--and nothing happened.

"He hit at your bobber and not at the fly!" Frank shouted.

"So I observe," I remarked, flushing, as I reeled in my bobber and fly and prepared to make another cast. I made a few short side casts to dry my fly.

"Should have hooks on the bobber," Frank remarked, <sup>dryly</sup> ~~as~~ I shot her out again. The trout again whammed at the plastic bobber as I dragged in over his feeding spot.

"Wrong fly," I muttered, as I fumbled to tie on a big bushy-hackled dry fly in place of the number 14. If my trout wanted big stuff I'd <sup>gladly</sup> give it to him... Three times I cast her out and three times the big trout whammed at the plastic bobber, completely ignoring my primary lure seven feet beyond. I stood there dolefully in the gathering darkness, batting mosquitoes and waiting for him to rise again.



"Looks like you finally put him down," Frank said. "Too bad you can't cast a light lure without all the commotion of that bobber."

"I give up," I said. "Let's go back to town and catch a cold beer."

As we stumbled and sloshed back to the fish car through the dark, I ~~turned~~ <sup>Frank said,</sup> to Frank. "Look, chum," I said, "spinning has solved plenty of fishing problems already. Do you also ~~expect~~ <sup>want</sup> it to cast a small weightless fly way out there seventy or eighty feet, too? What do you expect, chimes?"

"Yes," Frank replied, ungratefully, as we gained my model A Ford, thus ending his first lesson into the mysteries of spinning.

Frank Russell and I didn't fish together the balance of the season. That winter I heard he'd left for Florida. Then in the middle of a howling March <sup>late one night,</sup> ~~night~~ <sup>blizzard,</sup> the phone rang. I rolled out of bed and staggered to the phone, muttering <sup>fine</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> fine midnight curses.

"Hello," I spat into the phone.

"This is Frank Russell," a cheerful voice answered. "I just got home from Florida."

"Why?" I hissed, leaning against the wall.

Frank ignored this thrust. "You remember that time last summer you took me out spinning?" he bubbled on.

"It has haunted me ever since," I muttered.

"You remember I said we should find a way to spin cast a light fly <sup>or bug</sup> ~~way~~ way out--and then reel 'er in without any bobbers or anything to scare or distract the fish?"

"Yup," I answered, sinking wearily to a chair and failing to stifle a yawn.

"Well," he chirped on triumphantly, "I've solved it! I've found a way to spin cast a number 20 dry fly way out ~~eighty or ninety~~ <sup>seventy or eight</sup> feet--and have her float out there high and dry with nothing attached but the spin line and the leader."



"My, my," I murmured hatefully, groping for words. "I'm glad you got me up in the middle of the night to tell me all this. I couldn't have slept another wink if you hadn't."

"It's a little late to come up tonight." Frank conceded. "I'll be up the first thing in the morning. Goodnight."

"Glup," I said, and staggered back to bed.

Frank rooted us out of bed at seven the following morning--a Sunday--and over black coffee for the first time initiated me into the mysteries of the Russell Castaway. This invention is to my mind the biggest single step forward in the art of spin fishing since spinning itself was first conceived. The Russell Castaway is nothing less than revolutionary. Now that it is protected by patent proceedings, here it is, publicly explained for the first time. I'll let Frank describe it in his own words:

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"Hm," I said uncertainly.

"Well--I'm walking down this street and all of a sudden it came to me," he said.

"What came to you?" I said.

"The answer," Frank said, glaring at such stupidity.

I stared out of the kitchen window at the whirling March winter. Fishing and its problems seemed a million light years away. "Oh," I said. "What is it?"



Frank reached in his fishing vest--I swear he was wearing one--and pulled out a piece of stout nylon leader material about six inches long. "This is the Russell Castaway," he said, thrusting the thing at me.

I gingerly reached for the gadget. At one end was tied a small snap swivel. The other end was tied with silk thread up the shank of a plain barbless bait hook, about a number six. I stared at Frank. He then reached in his magic vest and produced a small rectangular piece of lead with a hole through it and deftly hooked it over the barbless hook.

"You tie the business end of your spinning line on to the eye of this hook," Frank explained glibly, like a brush salesman, "and snap your lure--any lure--<sup>to</sup> on the snap swivel, <sup>then</sup> hang on <sup>one of these lead casting</sup> ~~a lead weight~~, and cast her out," he went on.

I sat up, trying to hide my growing excitement. "Suppose you want to fish a small fly?" I said.

"Then you tie on a piece of regular leader--or a length of your monofilament spinning line, if your using that--to your snap swivel, and you're in business."

"What happens to the lead weight when you make your cast?" I asked.

"I've designed the Castaway so that the lead weight drops off upon contact with the water," Frank explained.

"But wouldn't the combined weight of your metal snap swivel and the weight hook on the Castaway itself sag your line and leader and pull a dry fly under?" I persisted, trying hard to pick holes in the thing.

"Only with the lightest of dry flies," Frank explained. "When you're using tiny dry flies you attach a small floating popper to your swivel--just enough to support the weight of the Castaway so that it doesn't pull your fly under. Then you've got two working lures... Larger dry flies will support the trifling weight of the Castaway without a popper. Basically the idea of my invention is to cast out an expendable casting weight."



"Doesn't the plop of the lead weight on the water scare the fish?" I persisted.

"It could," Frank admitted. "But no more than a conventional spinning lure and not half as much as your sloshing plastic-bobber. And you can always cast beyond the rise to avoid that."

"You mean, you hang a new lead weight on for every cast?" I said.

"Exactly," Frank answered. "You simply load each cast."

"Do you also provide a small boy to take on each trip to carry the lead weights?" I inquired.

"You can get nearly a hundred casts out of a pound of lead weights," Frank answered. "And no fisherman that ever smelt of fly dope ever worried about toting gear." He paused. "But what do you expect, anyway?" he demanded. "Chimes?"

So that, my fellow fishermen, is the story of the Russell Castaway. It will permit you to cast any lure in your fly box as far as the heaviest spinning lure. And you can cast your conventional spinning lures with the same gadget. It is revolutionary, sensational and diabolical. What's more, the thing actually works--like a <sup>charm.</sup> dream. We first tried it in the swirling March snow in my own back yard.



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"Right," I muttered, as I tied on a new weighted lure and heave it out at a nice rising trout. This time, by rapid reeling, I retrieved the lure safely but the trout did not make an offer.

"Tood bad you can't throw a light fly or sumpin' at that trout." Frank said. "Even I can see he wants a surface lure."

I smiled to myself in the dusk as I quickly tied a number 14 dry fly to the end of my monofilament nylon line. I'd show him another spinning trick. I then fished a plastic bobber out of my vest and hooked it on to the line about six feet back of the fly, quickly disengaged my reel, and--if I say so myself--made a



beautiful cast right on the nose of the rising trout.

I slowly began my retrieve, taking up the slack, and then paused to let Frank see my fly riding out there so high and dry, just six feet beyond the floating bobber. Then I reeled in a few turns and the bobber and fly twitched toward ~~me~~ me on the calm pond.

"Wham!" went the trout; back reared the fisherman--and nothing happened.

"He hit at your bobber and not at the fly!" Frank shouted.

"So I observe," I remarked flushing, as I reeled in my bobber and fly and prepared to make another cast.

"Should have hooks on the bobber," Frank remarked, as I shot her out again and the trout again whammed at the bobber as I dragged in over his feeding spot.

"Wrong fly," I muttered, as I fumbled to tie on a big bushy hackled dry fly in place of the number 14. Three times I cast her out and three times they big trout whammed at the bobber, completely ignoring my primary lure six feet beyond. I stood there in the gathering darkness batting mosquitoes and waiting for him to rise again.

"Looks like you finally put him down," Frank~~s~~ said. "Too bad you can't cast a light lure without all the commotion of that bobber."

I turned to Frank as we stumbled and sloshed back to the fish car through the dark. "Look, chum," I said. "Spinning has solved plenty of fishing problems already." I said. "Do you also expect it to cast a small fly way out there seventy or eighty feet, too?"

"Yes," Frank replied, ungratefully, as we gained my model A Ford, thus ending his first lesson into the mysteries of spinning.

Frank Russell and I didn't fish together the balance of the season and I didn't see or hear from him until the following March. I had heard he had gone to Florida. Then in the middle of a howling March night the phone rang. I rolled out of bed and staggered to the phone, muttering curses.



"Hello," I spat into the phone.

"This is Frank Russell," a cheerful voice answered. "I just arrived home from Florida."

"Why?" I muttered, leaning against the wall.

Frank ignored this thrust. "You remember that time last summer you took me spinning?" he bubbled on.

"It has haunted me ever since," I muttered.

"You remember I said we should find a way to spin cast a light fly way out--and then reel 'er in without any bobbers or anyting to scare br distract the fish?"

"Yup," I answered, sinking wearily to a chair and failing to stifle a yawn.

"Well," he shirped on triumphantly. "I've solved it! I've found a way to spin cast a number 20 dry fly eighty or ninety feet--and have her float out there high and dry with nothing attached but your line."

"My, my," I murmured, groping for words. "I'm glad you got me up in the middle of the night to tell me. I couldn't have slept another wink of you hadn't."

"It's a little late to come up now," Frank conceded. "I'll be up the first thing in the morning. Goodnight."

"Glup," I said, and staggered back to bed.

Frank rooted us out of bed at 7:00 A. M. the following morning--a Sunday--and for the first time in \_\_\_\_\_ me into the mysteries of the Russell Castaway (patent applied for), which to my mind is the biggest single step forward in the art of spin fishing since spinning ~~xx~~ itself was first conceived. The Russell Castaway is revolutionary. Now that it is protected by patent proceedings, here it is, publicly explained for the first time. I'll let Frank describe it in his own words:



"I've designed the Castaway so that it drops off  $x$  upon contact with the water," Frank explained.

"But wouldn't the weight of your snap swivel and weight hook on the castaway sag your line and pull a dry fly under?" I persisted, trying to pick holes.

"Only with the lightest of dry flies," Frank explained. "When you're using small dry flies you attach a small floating ~~h~~ popper to your swivel so that the weight of the castaway doesn't pull you fly under. Larger dry flies will support this weight."

"Doesn't the plop of the lead weight scare the fish?" I persisted.

"It could," Frank admitted. "But not half as much as your plastic-bobber. And you can always cast beyond the rise to avoid that."

"You mean, you hang a new lead weight on for every cast?" I said.

"Exactly," Frank answered.

"Do you take a small boy on each trop to carry the lead weights?" I said.

"You can get nearly a hundred casts out of a pound of lead weights," Frank answered. "No fisherman that lived ever worried about toting gear." He paused. "What do you expect, anyway?" he demanded. "Chimes?"

So that, fellow fishermen, is the story of the Russell Castaway. It will permit you to cast any lure in your fly box as far as the heaviest spinning lure. It is revolutionary, sensational and diabolical. What's more, it actually works.



"Last week I was walking down a street in Miami," Frank said. "I didn't even own a spinning outfit yet. But for days I had been haunted by the spinning problem presented on that trout pond last summer: How to cast a light surface lure half way to Hades--and have her way out there without bobbers or any weights attached."

"Hm," I said uncertainly.<sup>2</sup>

"Well--I'm walking down this street and all of a sudden it came to me," he said.

"What came to you?" I said.

"The answer," Frank said, glaring at such stupidity.

I stared out of the kitchen window at the whirling March winter. "Oh," I said. "What is it?"

Frank reached in his fishing vest--I swear he was wearing one--and pulled out a piece of nylon leader material about six inches long. "This is the Russell Castaway," he said, thrusting the thing at me.

I gingerly reached for the gadget. At one end was tied a simple snap swivel. At the other was tied a barbless hook, about a number six. I stared at Frank. He then reached in his magic vest and produced a small rectangular piece of lead with a hole through it and deftly hooked it over the barbless hook.

"You tie the business end of your spinning line on to this hook," Frank explained glibly, like a brush salesman, and snap a bass lure on the ~~h~~ the snap swivel and cast her out." he went on. I sat up.

"Suppose you want to fish a small fly?" I said.

"Then tie a ~~piece~~ piece of leader--or a piece of your monofilament spinning line, if your using that--on to your snap swivel, and you're in business."

"What happens to the lead weight when you make your cast?" I asked.



Written by:  
John D. Voelker  
Ishpeming, Michigan

SPINNING IS JUST BEGINNING  
(The Story of the Russell Castaway)  
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One summer evening two years ago I initiated Frank Russell of Marquette, Michigan into the mysteries of spinning. As every fisherman now knows, spinning is no mystery at all, but is a simple method of fishing built around a free-running anti-backlash reel which permits children and nervous women to make beautiful distance casts with small weighted lures their first time out.

"See," I told Frank, casting a Preska Perch half way across the little dusk-shrouded Upper Peninsula trout pond which we were fishing. I flipped the reel catch with a bored professional yawn and slowly began my retrieve.

"You've got a strike!" Frank shouted as my spinning line suddenly tightened and my rod tip bent like a graduation hoop.

"Yeah," I grunted between clenched teeth as I strained at the line, which finally went "spung!"--thus separating me from another dollar lure and twenty-odd yards of spinning line. "I was hung up on a snag. Pond's too shallow."

"Hm," Frank hummed as I stood there and foolishly reeled in the balance of my empty line. "Spinning's fine when you got lots of deep water to run your weighted lures through."

"Right," I muttered, as I tied on another dollar's worth of snag bait and heaved it out at a nice rising trout. This time, by rapid reeling, I managed to keep my lure away from the bottom. I also managed to keep it away from the trout.

"Too bad you can't throw a light fly or sumpin' at that feeding trout," Frank said. "Even I can see he wants a surface lure."

I smiled to myself evilly in the dusk as I quickly tied a number 14 dry fly to the end of my monofilament nylon line. I'd show Frank another of my sly spinning tricks. I then fished a simple plastic bait bobber out of my vest and



hooked it on to the spinning line about seven feet back of the fly, quickly disengaged my reel, and--if I say so myself--made a beautiful cast just beyond the nose of the feeding trout.

I slowly began my retrieve, taking up the slack, and then paused to let Frank see my fly riding out there so purty and high and dry, just seven feet beyond the floating bobber. "The bobber acts both as your casting weight and your float," I proudly explained. Then I reeled in a few turns and the bobber and dry fly twitched toward me on the calm pond.

"Wham!" went the trout; back reared the wily fisherman--and nothing happened.

"He hit at your bobber and not at the fly!" Frank shouted.

"So I observe," I remarked, flushing, as I reeled in my bobber and fly and prepared to make another cast. I made a few short side casts to dry my fly.

I shot her out again. The trout again whammed at the plastic bobber as I dragged in over his feeding spot. "Should have hooks on the bobber," Frank remarked, dryly.

"Wrong fly," I muttered, as I fumbled to tie on a big bushy-hackled dry fly in place of the number 14. If my trout wanted big stuff I'd gladly give it to him... Three times I cast her out and three times the big trout whammed at the plastic bobber, completely ignoring my primary lure seven feet beyond. I stood there dolefully in the gathering darkness, batting mosquitoes and waiting for him to rise again.

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I paused and tured<sup>N</sup> to Frank. "Look, chum," I said, "spinning has solved plenty of fishing problems already. Do you also want it to cast a small weightless fly way out there seventy or eighty feet, too? What do you expect, chimes?"

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Frank ignored this thrust. "You remember that time last summer you took me out spinning?" he bubbled on.

"It has haunted me ever since," I muttered.

"You remember I said we should find a way to spin cast a light fly or bug way out--and then reel 'er in without any bobbers or anything to scare or distract the fish?"

"Yup," I answered, sinking wearily to a chair and failing to stifle a yawn.

"Well," he chirped on triumphantly, "I've solved it! I've found a way to spin cast a number 20 dry fly way out seventy or eighty feet--and have her float out there high and dry with nothing attached but the spin line and the leader."

"My, my," I murmured hatefully, groping for words. "I'm glad you got me up in the middle of the night to tell me all this. I couldn't have slept another wink if you hadn't."

"It's a little late to come up tonight," Frank conceded. "I'll be up the first thing in the morning. Goodnight."

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I sat up, trying to hide my growing excitement. "Suppose you want to fish a small fly?" I said.

"Then you tie on a piece of regular leader--or a length of your monofilament spinning line, if you're using that--to your snap swivel, and you're in business."

"What happens to the lead weight when you make your cast?" I asked.



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"But wouldn't the combined weight of your metal snap swivel and the weight hook on the Castaway itself sag your line and leader and pull a dry fly under?" I persisted, trying hard to pick holes in the thing.

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E N D



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