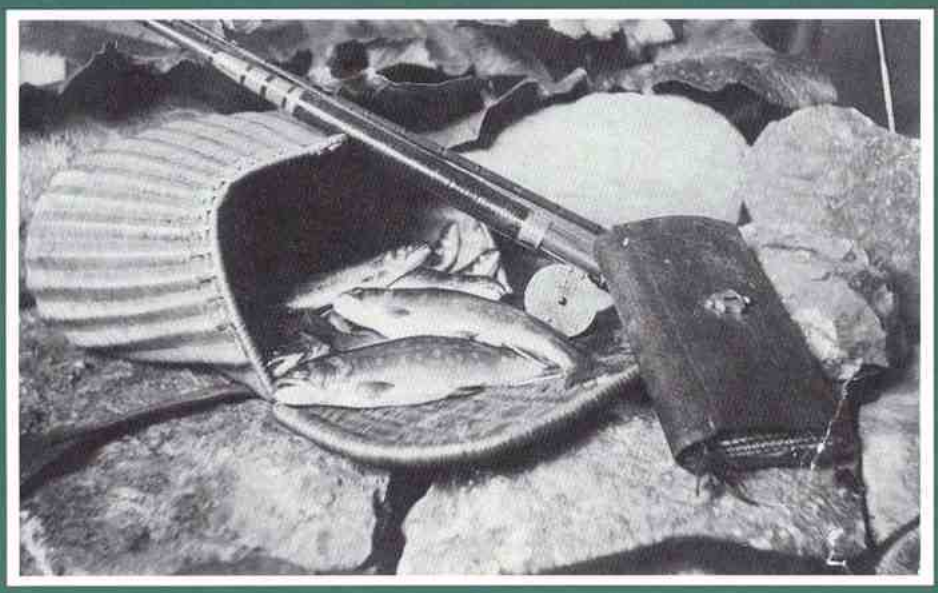
35th Anniversary Issue
THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING

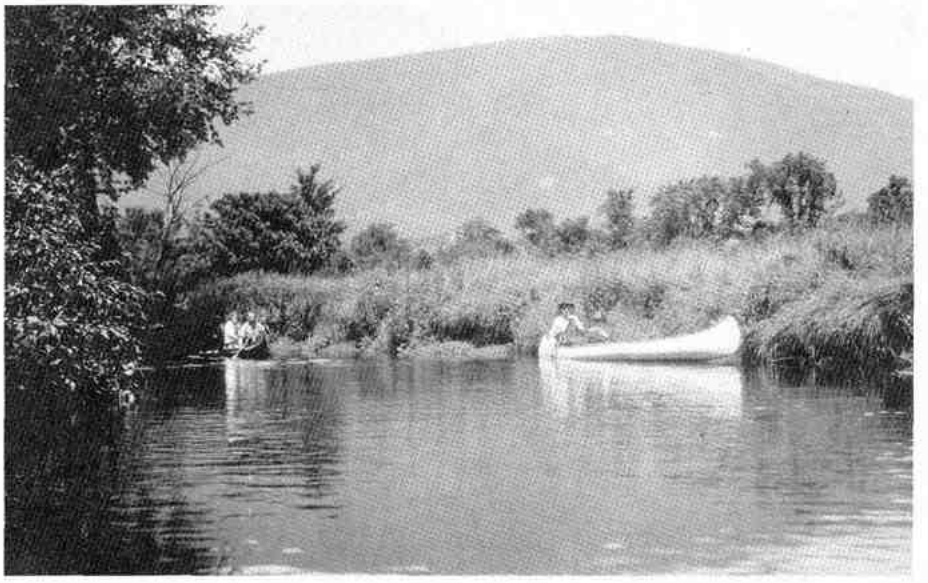


The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

SUMMER 2003 VOLUME 29 NUMBER 3

Sampler



A photo from the Mary Orvis Marbury panels prepared for the World's Columbian Exposition of 1892: "Equinox Pond, 'The Edge of the Shadows.'" Photo by James D. Way, Manchester, Vermont.

Sandwiched between the covers of this summer issue is the stuff of a sport and its place in the world. For the reader new to thinking about fly-fishing history, here is a taste of what anglers have been going on about, with examples that span four centuries.

A seventeenth-century book by Walton and Cotton. The World's Columbian Exposition of 1892. A writer's secrecy surrounding his fabled favorite water and the sense of place that comes from intimacy. Homer's artistic representation of the sport. One twenty-first-century philosopher's musings on today's fly fisher and how sport and angler have evolved in the face of technology and lifestyle.

And there are pretty pictures, too.

In "Mary Orvis Marbury and the Columbian Exposition," Richard G. Bell offers some general background of that historic Chicago event, then plunges directly into the story of Mary Orvis Marbury and the Orvis exhibit. The hinged, wood-framed panels allowed the viewer to flip through examples of Marbury's flies (her *Favorite Flies and Their Histories* was published the same year), as well as to take in photographic scenes of fishing locations from all over the United States. The exhibit is now in the permanent collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. Bell's article begins on page 2.

This spring, Huron River Press published *Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy,* by photographer Ed Wargin with essays by James McCullough. For our journal, McCullough has written "Secret, Storied Landscape: John Voelker's Frenchman's Pond," which begins on page 10. In it, he provides us with a brief background of the Michigan Supreme Court judge who, under the pen name Robert Traver, gave us works from *Anatomy of a Murder* to *Anatomy of a Fisherman.* Frenchman's Pond was another pseudonym—this one for Voelker's favorite Upper Peninsula water. McCullough notes that Voelker's contributions to the sport contradict the current trends: "Rather than directing and instructing anglers, mapping the way to the best water, he shrouded his favorite place with magic and mystery." That magic and mystery come through in Wargin's photos, selected from the book.

When a fishing title hits its 350-year mark in the world, we should probably make a note of it. In "Contemplating *The Compleat Angler:* A Remarkable Anniversary," special projects staffer Sara Wilcox hits a lovely note in her description of "one of the most reprinted works in the English language, trailing only the Bible, the works of Shakespeare, and John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*" She gives a little background on Isaak Walton's book and its editions and printings, noting that it is the fifth edition, when Charles Cotton came on board, that is usually reprinted today. This Gallery piece includes photos of some of the editions we have in our collection. It begins on page 18.

"A Portrait of the New Fly Fisher" is one man's take on a new breed. Gordon M. Wickstrom addresses changes in the sport over the last half century: who's on the water, where they fish, how much (or how little) time they have, and how technology and lifestyle changes have affected what's happening on the stream. His essay can be found on page 21.

Trustee John Mundt returns in the role of book reviewer to give us his take on Robert J. Demarest's *Traveling with Winslow Homer: America's Premier Artist/Angler.* In preparing this book, Demarest traveled to the places Homer painted and fished, and photographed the same scenes. The review begins on page 23.

In April, the Museum presented its 2003 Heritage Award to writer and publisher Nick Lyons. Coverage of the event with photos by Enrico Ferorelli can be found on page 32.

Something in the summer sampler should suit your taste. Fish around a little. It's all good.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

SUMMER 2003 VOLUME 29 NUMBER 3

Mary Orvis Marbury and the Columbian Exposition 2
Richard G. Bell

Secret, Storied Landscape:
John Voelker's Frenchman's Pond 10
James McCullough with photos by Ed Wargin

Gallery: Contemplating *The Compleat Angler:*
A Remarkable Anniversary 18
Sara Wilcox

Notes and Comments: A Portrait of the New Fly Fisher . . 21
Gordon M. Wickstrom

Book Review: A Homeric Odyssey 23
John Mundt

Contributors 24

Museum News 26

Heritage Award 32

ON THE COVER: *From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: "Vermont Trout."*

The American Fly Fisher (ISSN 0884-3562) is published four times a year by the Museum at P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Publication dates are winter, spring, summer, and fall. Membership dues include the cost of the journal ($15) and are tax deductible as provided for by law. Membership rates are listed in the back of each issue. All letters, manuscripts, photographs, and materials intended for publication in the journal should be sent to the Museum. The Museum and journal are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographic material, or memorabilia. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to *The American Fly Fisher* are to be considered gratuitous and the property of the Museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Articles appearing in this journal are abstracted and indexed in *Historical Abstracts* and *America: History and Life*. Periodical postage paid at Manchester, Vermont 05254 and additional offices (USPS 057410). *The American Fly Fisher* (ISSN 0884-3562)
EMAIL: amff@together.net WEBSITE: www.amff.com

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *The American Fly Fisher*, P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254.

We welcome contributions to *The American Fly Fisher*. Before making a submission, please review our Contributor's Guidelines on our website (www.amff.com), or write to request a copy. The Museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's.

Mary Orvis Marbury and the Columbian Exposition

by Richard G. Bell

Mary Orvis Marbury. Her father, Charles Orvis, the founder of the Orvis Company, said this of her: "In time, one of my family viewed with favor the idea of learning to tie flies." Much of what we regard as important about flies today, what we call them and how they are classified, comes directly from Marbury. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

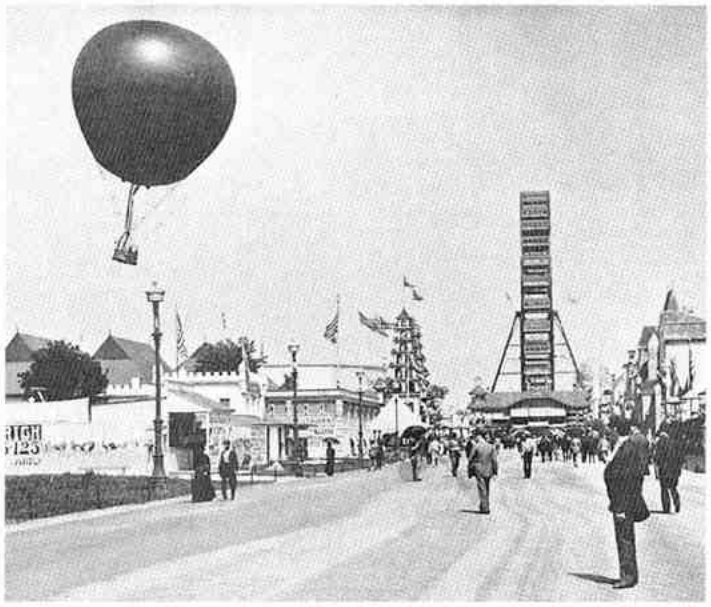
Photo and illustration research by Allison Bell of Northampton, Massachusetts

The World's Columbian Exposition was created by an Act of Congress on 25 April 1890. Section 1 of this enabling act stated as follows:

> Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, that an exhibition of arts, industries, manufactures, and products of the soil, mine and sea shall be inaugurated in the year 1892, in the City of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, as hereinafter provided.[1]

It was short notice for an undertaking of such magnitude. The Exposition was to mark the four hundredth anniversary of Columbus's discovery of America and celebrate the progress of civilization in the new world. The time was propitious. By 1869, the railroads had already stretched their thin, slender bands of steel across the country. The vast open spaces were being traversed, explored, staked out for claim or homestead, and then bypassed by the rolling tide of American expansion. For almost three hundred years, the frontier had been the dominant fact of American history and the dominant theme of its culture. By 1890, the year when the last agonizing spasm of the Plains Indian wars flickered and died at Wounded Knee, the frontier was pronounced closed.[2] We had fulfilled our national destiny. We knew, geographically, what we were and how far we extended in every direction, and had inordinate pride in what we had done to make the country. It was time to collect its wonders and show them off to the world.

Interestingly, it was also a time that marked the growth of an emerging conservation movement. Much of wild America had been transformed, and it was becoming widely understood that what was left was both finite and fragile. Thus, in 1892, the



Looking down the Midway toward George Ferris's enormous wheel, which could carry sixty people to a car. A "captive balloon" is shown on the left, safely tethered to the ground. From James W. Shepp and Daniel B. Shepp, Shepp's World's Fair Photographed—Being a Collection of Original Copyrighted Photographs Authorized and Permitted by the Management of the World's Columbian Exposition—Published by Globe Bible Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill.; Philadelphia, Pa. *(1893).*

William "Buffalo Bill" Cody sought to exploit the Exposition's crowd appeal by setting up his Wild West show adjacent to the access Midway. From Rand, McNally & Co.'s A Week at the Fair *(Chicago, 1893).*

Adirondack Park was created in New York State,[3] and across the country in California, the Sierra Club was founded.

A commission to be appointed by the president of the United States was assigned the task of organizing the Exposition and implementing the Congressional mandate.[4] It did its work diligently. Notwithstanding the need for an additional half year of preparation, a magical new city within a city—more than two hundred buildings of all sizes—quickly blossomed on Chicago's Lake Michigan waterfront. A midway, exceeding half a mile in length, led visitors in from Cottage Grove Avenue to the main exhibition site. In all, the site was an enormous 633 acres. To see everything quickly, it was estimated that it would take about three weeks, and one would have to walk 150 miles. It would be the first city in history that, when President Grover Cleveland pressed a switch, would be bathed in the miracle of Edison's new electric light. This he did on 1 May 1893 to the cheers of 150,000 spectators. It was simply breathtaking, and it dazzled the world.[5]

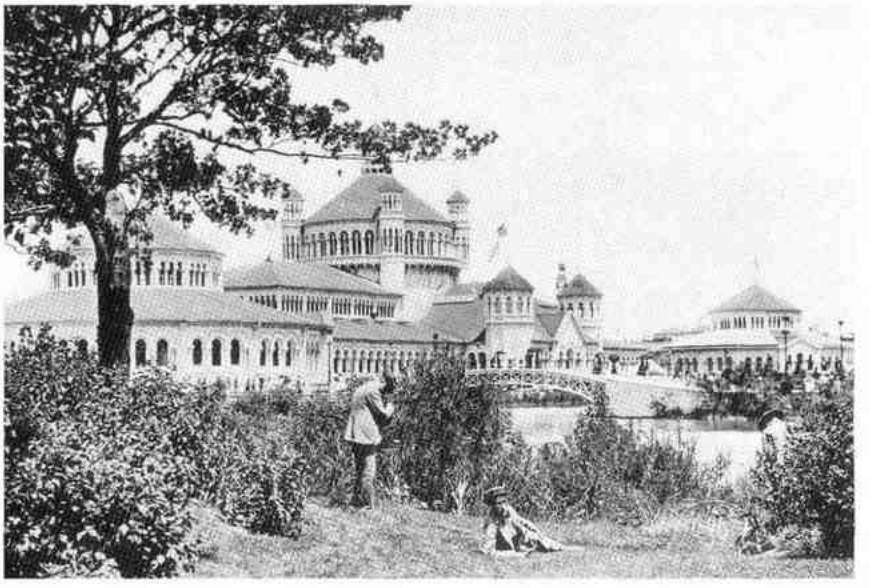
Imagine a five-month Super Bowl, Mardi Gras, Coney Island holiday, and Olympics rolled into one. It included majestic white buildings for generic classes of exhibition, with multiacre floor space, such as the Machinery, Electricity, and Agricultural Buildings. The United States Government Building itself occupied a 4-acre site. The nations of the world were invited, and seventy-seven attended as exhibitors, eighteen of them having their own exclusive building sites. Thirty-six states of the union had their own buildings as well, as did the combined territories of Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Private industry sites and exhibitions were encouraged, and the response was equally enthusiastic.

The long midway served as an access promenade from downtown Chicago to the exhibition area and to the major buildings that were clustered around a lagoon carved out of Lake Michigan. Spectators were lured into the midway by wonders and adventures ranging from a Lapland Village and an Electric Scenic Theater to a 10-ton Canadian cheese and a life-sized, chocolate Venus de Milo. William "Buffalo Bill" Cody—himself not an exhibitor but no stranger to razz-ma-tazz—shrewdly sought to capitalize on the Exposition's drawing power. He rented lots just south of the midway, where he constructed an eighteen-thousand-seat covered grandstand. Cody offered, in addition to his usual cowboy and Indian show, both "Genuine Russian Cossacks from the Caucasus" and "Genuine Arabs from the Desert."

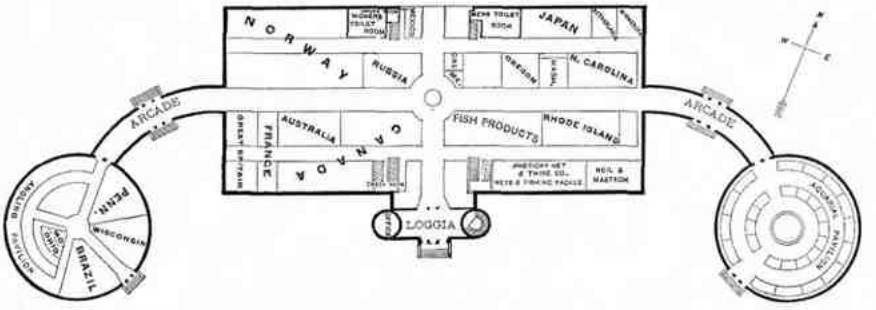
Stationed at the western end of the midway was an international military encampment where soldiers of the visiting nations could strut their stuff. Almost directly opposite, a mile and a half away, was a replica of the battleship *U.S.S. Illinois* riding at anchor in Lake Michigan. Perhaps grimly foreshadowing the future, the Krupp Works from Essen, Germany, paraded the top of its new line: an enormous cannon that could throw a 1-ton projectile well beyond the horizon.

You could do almost anything and indulge almost every appetite. If you tired of the endless and wondrous exhibits, perhaps a dip in the natatorium would revive you, or an enjoyable ride on the electric train, the world's first. Better still was G. W. Ferris's gigantic wheel. Mounted vertically, it was 250 feet in diameter and packed sixty people to a car for the heart-stopping ride of their lives. For a rest, one could listen to live concerts from New York by way of the magic of Mr. Bell's telephone. Or, if the missus stayed at home, one might sneak a peek at "Little Egypt" behind her diaphanous veils, doing a "genuine native muscle dance," soon known to the regulars as the "hootchy-kootchy." Refreshment concessions were everywhere, such as that of J. H. Dilworth & Co., which offered something called "Temperance Drinks" for those so inclined. In short, there was something for everyone. "Sell the house if necessary and come," one awestruck spectator wrote home. "You *must* see this fair."[6]

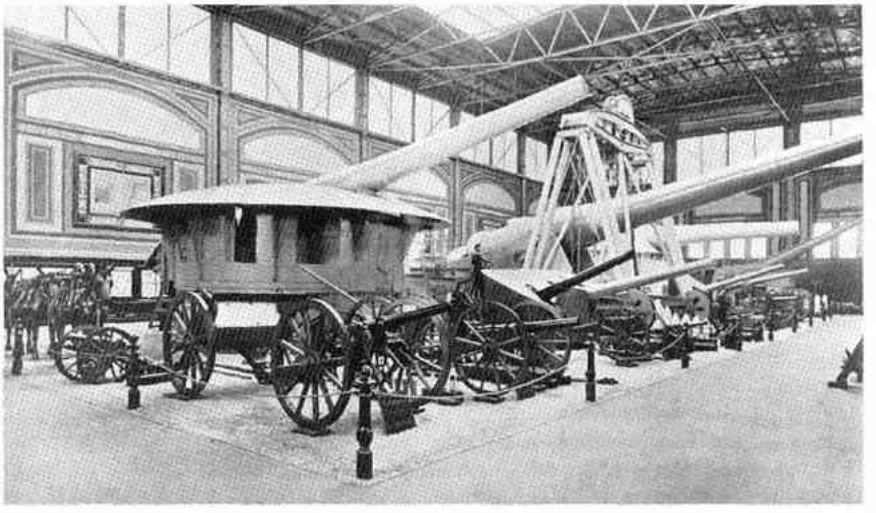
And come they did. In all, twenty-five million spectators were drawn to the White City before it closed in October 1893, with more than two million showing up during each of the last three



The Fisheries Building, described as an "architectural poem," was situated on a lagoon carved out of Lake Michigan. Its western satellite wing was the site of the Orvis Exhibit. From "Official Views of the World's Columbian Exposition," Department of Photography, World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill., 1893.



Floor plan of Fisheries Building designed by Chicago architect Henry Ives Cobb. From Rand, McNally & Co.'s A Week at the Fair *(Chicago, 1893).*

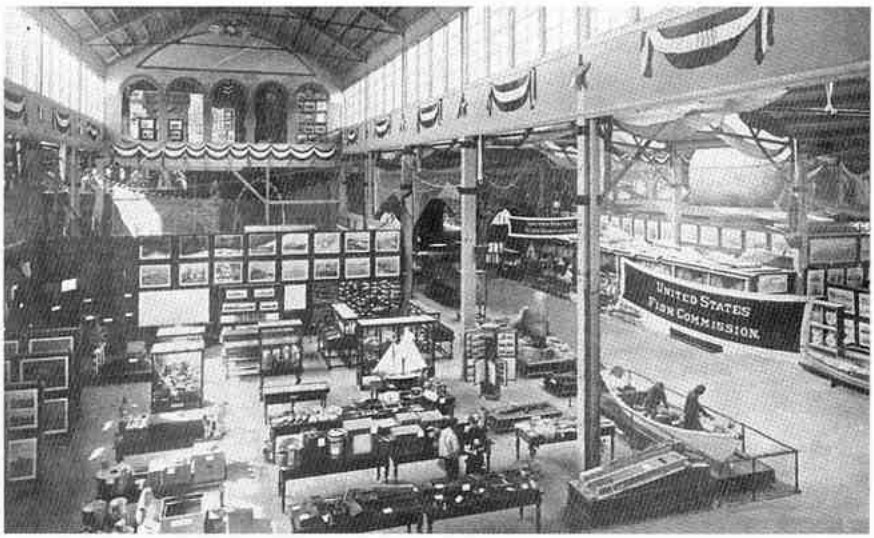


The Krupp Works of Essen, Germany, paraded its new line of cannon, capable of hurling a 1-ton projectile over the horizon. From Shepp's World's Fair Photographed *(1893).*

Charles F. Orvis, founder of the Orvis Company. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Mary Orvis Marbury at her fly-tying vise. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

The six young ladies who went to work for Mary in 1876 and started the Orvis fly-tying operation. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



U.S. Fish Commission Exhibit in the central hall of the Fisheries Building. From Shepp's World's Fair Photographed *(1893).*

weeks. It was a rip-roaring, resounding success, worth it even if, as one tired spectator said, " . . . it did take all of the burial money."[7]

One of the major exhibition sites was the Fisheries Building; after all, the enabling act specifically provided for exhibitions of " . . . products of the . . . sea."[8] It faced upon the lagoon, directly opposite the U.S. Government Building. It was designed by architect Henry Ives Cobb, in what was referred to as the Spanish Romanesque style. Light, airy, and appealing, it was quite properly described as an "architectural poem."[9] It consisted of a central edifice 365 feet in length and 165 feet wide, with two polygon satellites, each 133 feet in diameter, attached by handsome arcades at its east and west ends. In all, it was more than 1,000 feet in combined length, with more than 3 acres of floor area. The Congressional mandate was broadly construed, and the building had both fresh- and saltwater circulating capacity to display the wonders of not only the sea, but of the lakes, rivers, and streams of the world as well. The easterly polygon had both a fresh- and saltwater aquarium. In addition, the commercial business of fishing was featured along with sportfishing, and some space was specifically reserved in the westerly polygon for private sporting tackle makers to display their wares. One of these was the Charles F. Orvis Company of Manchester, Vermont.

Orvis and the Standardization of Fly Patterns

Charles F. Orvis was an archetypical Yankee businessman-craftsman. Born in Manchester, Vermont, in 1831, he was technically adept, thoughtful, and thorough. He tinkered with toys and clocks in his youth. He founded his fishing tackle company in 1856. He obtained his first patent on a perforated fly reel (1874), which became the precursor of modern lightweight American reels. It came in a handsome walnut box and sold for $2.50. The company's early rods were white ash and lancewood, but Orvis was using bamboo by the late 1870s. The early Orvis products were of a standard of quality that would be the hallmark of the company to the present day. By 1884, Orvis was selling rods and reels and other fishing tackle far beyond Manchester by mail-order catalog. In 1893, the company was probably as well known for its trout flies as for any other product and was anxious to expand this

product line to national markets through catalog distribution.[10]

By the third quarter of the nineteenth century, fly fishing had grown in popularity. It was no longer just an eastern sport. The movement of the American population west, the penetration of wild areas by the railroads, and the growing circulation of the sporting magazines and catalogs like Orvis's contributed to the sport's national appeal. Consequently, the demand for effective flies was also rising. That was the good news. The bad news was that there was no rhyme or reason to the standards of American fly patterns, and different regions of the country zestfully pursued their own imaginations. There could be no assurance that the standard patterns effective on the Battenkill would be even recognized on the Beaverkill, much less the Brule. Charles Orvis sought nothing less than to organize and standardize fly patterns across the country. He explained his problem and his proposed solution to a friend in 1885:

> I had for many years made fishing rods and reels, and in filling orders for the same, had frequent requests for other tackle to be sent in the same box.
>
> I then ordered, to supply these demands, small quantities of flies from dealers—first ordering a complete line of samples with the names attached.
>
> These I received, but soon found it utterly impossible to duplicate my orders. I was continually disappointed by the substituting of other flies or sizes than the ones I had ordered, and in turn, I was forced to disappoint and apologize to my customers. I then thought that if there was any way out of this dilemma, caused by a confusion in names and a carelessness in copying exactly the pattern fly, I should seek it out.
>
> In time, one of my family viewed with favor the idea of learning to tie flies. To this end, I employed one of the best fly tiers in the city to come to my house and stay until he had imparted his knowledge and skill, and when I felt that we were competent, I advertised to fill orders exactly in accordance with a customer's wishes.[11]

A Woman's Touch

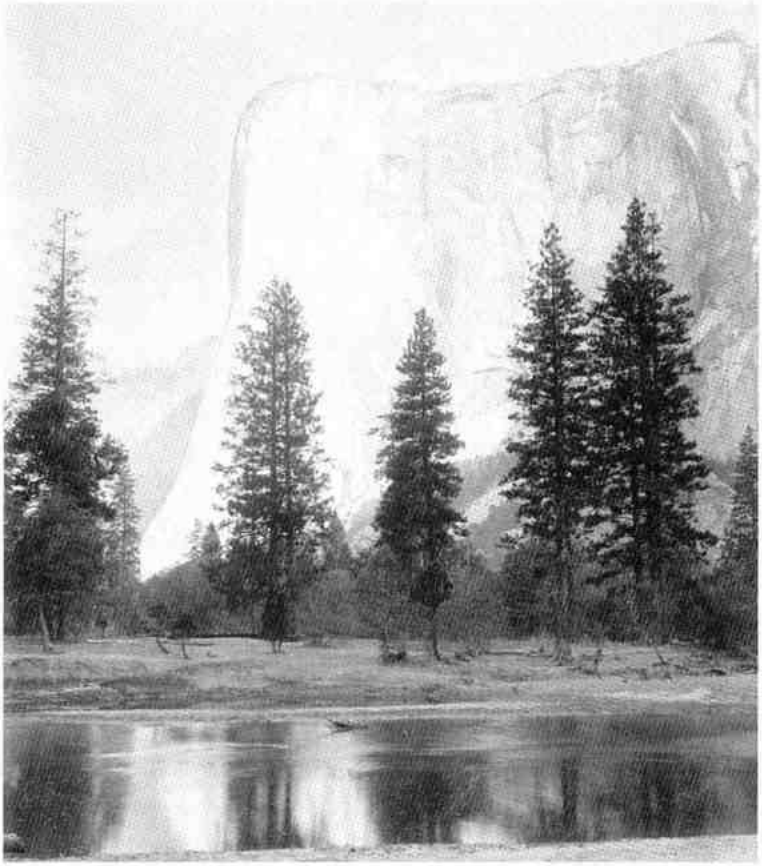
Mary Orvis was born in 1856, the year the company was founded, and was the only daughter among Charles Orvis's four children. She had shown an early interest in flies, and Orvis had brought John Haily, an expert fly tyer, up from New York to teach her the art. Mary married John Marbury in 1874, but the marriage did not last, and they quickly separated. Sadly, their only child died in infancy. When the time came to find someone to take charge of the company's expanded fly opportunities, Orvis had no hesitation in turning to Mary. With six female assistant fly tyers as her staff, she went to work in 1876 in the second story of the white clapboard company building, which still stands on Union Street in Manchester.[12]

To understand his market, and to help his market understand the company, Charles Orvis had the idea of corresponding with fishermen around the country. Hundreds of letters were sent asking the recipients to comment on their favorite flies for their regions of the country. An astounding 201

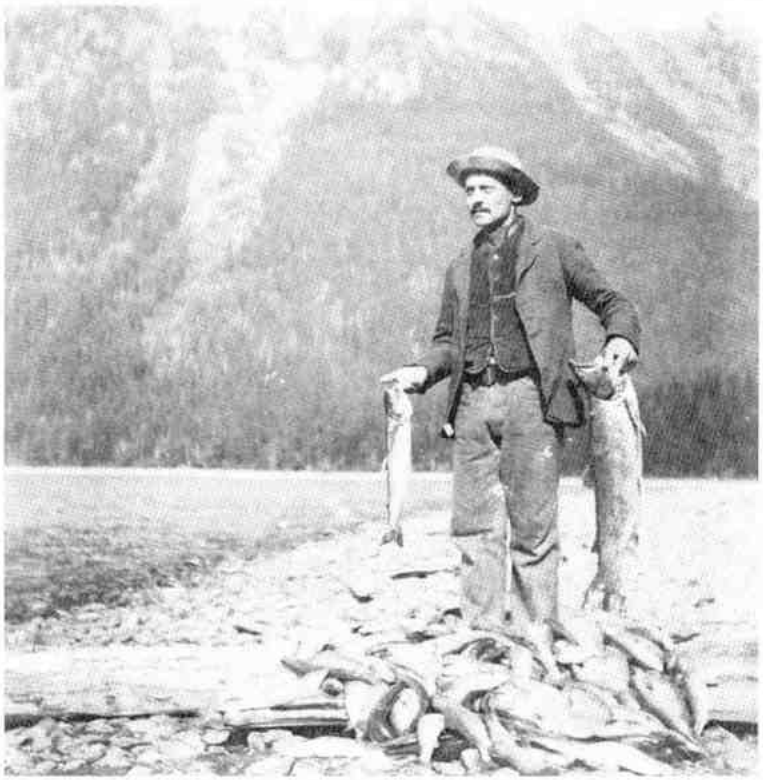
Statue of the Republic in the foreground and the main basin of the lagoon. Designed by Daniel Chester French, the statue was described by Rand McNally & Co. in A Week at the Fair *(Chicago, 1893) as ". . . impressive in its altitude and grandeur." A giant statue of Columbia by Frederick Mac Monnies rose at the opposite end. Machinery Hall is on the right, followed by the Electricity and Mines Building. From* Shepp's World's Fair Photographed *(1893).*

An artist's view of the Exposition from Lake Michigan. The site encompassed 633 acres, with more than 200 buildings constructed especially for the event. Marketing piece for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago (1893).

The Mary Orvis Marbury panels as displayed in the Fisheries Building. Photo from the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: Looking out of the Valley to El Capitan, 3,300 feet high. Yosemite National Park, California. Photo by I. W. Tabor, San Francisco.



From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: Mr. Stannard's morning catch on Eaton Creek, Montana. Largest 11 lbs., 6¼ oz. Photo by Major Eaton.

responses were received, from or with respect to thirty-eight states altogether, ranging from Maine to California, as well as Canada. These were carefully cataloged by Mary. They answered the questions asked, and more, for fishermen are a loquacious lot. Some, predictably, could not refrain from elaboration. W. David "Norman" Tomlin of Duluth, Minnesota, for instance, was soon into one of his favorite fish stories: "He ran out thirty yards of line before showing any sign of his size; as I checked him, he came to the surface, salaamed, and started on a new gait . . . "[13]

Mary presided over the process that—as Charles Orvis had hoped—incorporated these correspondents into an extended fly-fishing family. C. S. Wells of Victoria, Texas, shrewdly anticipated the end product when he said, "Your idea of collecting information in regard to the use of flies in different sections is a good one, as, if the material thus received is compiled and published, it will be very interesting reading for anglers."[14]

Compiled and published it was, in book form under Mary's thoughtful and artistic supervision. It was, and remains, a masterpiece. *Favorite Flies and Their Histories* first appeared in 1892, the year the Exposition was supposed to open, and went through eight more printings by 1896 (and two more since then). It cataloged with historical and technical precision 233 trout and salmon fly patterns and an additional 58 bass patterns. It is widely held that the book, more than anything else, both standardized fly patterns and set the standards for future development.[15] What gives the book its special and lasting appeal are the thirty-two color plates of fly illustrations in vivid chromolithography. The flies, tied under Mary's supervision and used as models for these illustrations, are carefully preserved today at the American Museum of Fly Fishing in Manchester, Vermont. They *alone* are worth the trip. Their discovery by Paul Schullery deserves retelling:

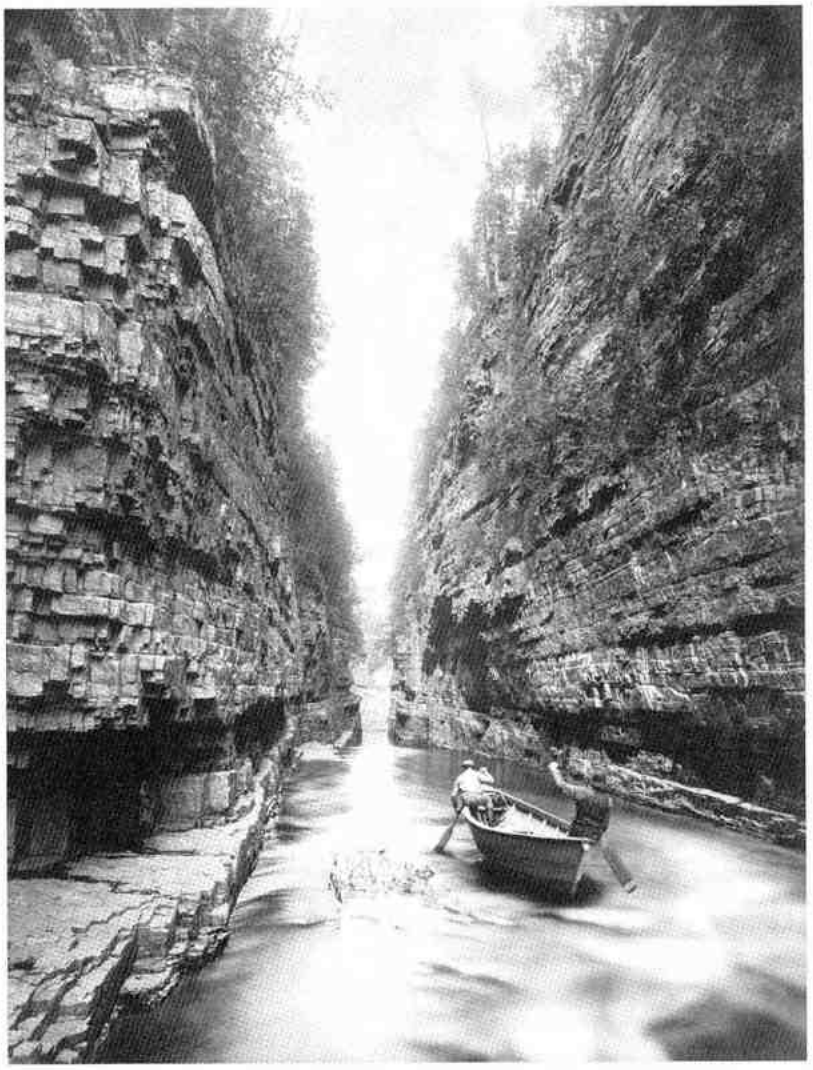
> One day, not long after my arrival at the American Museum of Fly Fishing as its new director, I was exploring some of the shelves of the collection's storage room. I came across a large, handsomely made but obviously aged box—cedar it appeared to be—that didn't seem to be a tackle box or any other type I might have recognized. Carefully lifting the hinged top, I saw what seemed to be the top end of dozens of small mortised picture frames. Each end had written on it, by hand, some phrase, such as BASS DD or TROUT Q. When I slid one from the box, I saw one of the, if not *the*, greatest treasures in the history of American fly fishing: the original flies, mounted in appropriate order, from which the chromolithographs in Mary's book had been made.[16]

It was a natural progression for the Orvis Company to become an exhibitor at the World's Columbian Exposition. Space had been specifically reserved for tackle manufacturers in the west polygon of the Fisheries Building. Besides, publication of *Favorite Flies and Their Histories* had given Orvis a new level of national prominence, and there could be no better

place from which to exploit that than the Exposition in the City of Light. The Orvis exhibit would, of course, include and feature Mary's elegant flies.

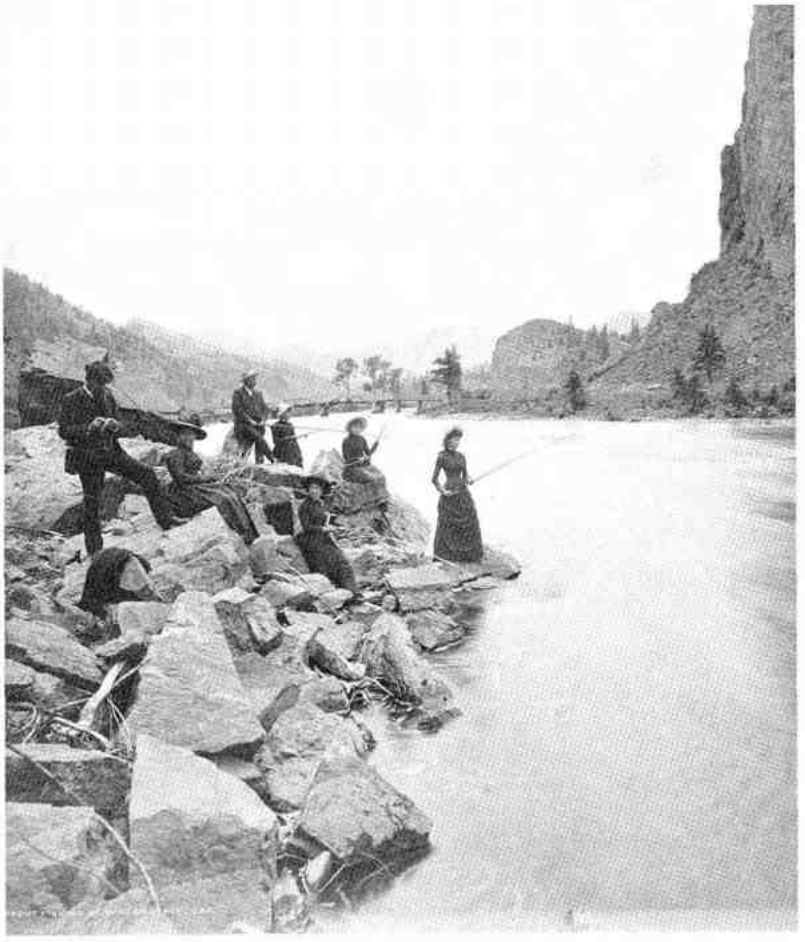
The exhibit consisted of wood-framed panels containing fishing photographs mounted on both sides. Each panel, measuring approximately 29½ inches tall by 24 inches wide, included a selection of meticulously tied Orvis flies. The panels were mounted vertically, in groups, and were hinged around a central post or spine and turned for viewing as one would turn the pages of a book. Forty of these are preserved at the American Museum of Fly Fishing, and they are displayed as twenty two-sided panels, ten over ten. Generally, each panel contains region-specific photographs and flies, but this is not uniform, and some contain photographs and flies from several regions. The photographs, enhanced by handwritten captions, are all more than one hundred years old. They are fading now. Not all were of high quality by modern standards to begin with, but allowances must be made for the state of the art at that time. Notwithstanding, some are striking and represent the high state of naturalist photography in the 1890s. In all, fifteen photographers have been identified, including William Henry Jackson and Seneca Ray Leonard. Their professional addresses range from Bangor, Maine, to San Francisco, California, giving a sense of the range and popularity of fly fishing at that time.

The sites of the photographs range from the familiar (especially to the Orvis family) banks of the Battenkill in Vermont to the Beaverkill, Upper Ausable Lake, and the Saranac River in New York; Parmachenee Lake in Maine; the Nipigon and St. Marguerite in Ontario; the Brule in Wisconsin; the St. Croix in Minnesota; the Frying Pan and the Rio Grande at Wagon Wheel Gap in Colorado; Yellowstone Lake and Gibbon Falls in Wyoming; Eaton Creek on the upper Missouri in Montana; the Clackamas and Willamette in Oregon; Lake Tahoe and the Merced in California; and finally, in a long reach for largemouth bass, to Sebastian Creek and the St. John's River in Florida. The photographs are an impressive contemporary view of wild America at the turn of the twentieth century. But they are much more than that: they are a nostalgic memory of how things used to be in our sport, before the full advent of the automobile and the strip mall. It is a mistake to think these lovely scenes were, even then, totally unspoiled; they are not. Lumbering had long left its scars on many watersheds. Unregulated fishing and pollution had decimated native brook trout populations in the Adirondacks and Catskills. But compared with today, compared with the environmental assaults of the years after 1893,



From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: Through the Ausable Chasm, Ausable River, New York. Photo by Seneca Ray Stoddard, Glens Falls, New York.

From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: Gibbon Falls, Gibbon River, Yellowstone National Park. The fisherman shown here and his two companions reported catching 410 trout in two hours.



From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: Fisherwomen on the Rio Grande River at Wagon Wheel Gap, Colorado. Photographer: William Henry Jackson, Denver, Colorado.

From the Mary Orvis Marbury panels: Bass fishing in Lake George, St. John's River, Florida. Photographer: William Henry Jackson, Denver, Colorado.

these photographs give anglers a sense of how glorious it was when our American sport was young. That these photographs are graced by Mary Orvis Marbury's elegant flies makes them even more endearing, for her flies are, indeed, the jewels in the crown at the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

ENDNOTES

1. 26 Stat. 62 (1890), Fifty-first Congress Sess. I Ch. 156, 25 April 1890; hereinafter called the "enabling act."
2. Frederick J. Turner, *The Significance of the Frontier in American History* (Readex Microprint, 1966), 199.
3. William Chapman White, *Adirondack Country* (Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1985), 218. Constitutional protection of the Forest Preserve came in 1894. Ibid., 218–19.
4. The Commission—described in Section 3 of the enabling act—consisted of two appointees from each of the states and territories, and two from the District of Columbia, as well as eight at-large appointees. Interestingly, Section 6 of the act also "authorized and required" a board of "lady managers in such numbers and to perform such duties as the Commission may prescribe." That section went on to provide that this board could appoint one or more members to all committees authorized to award prizes for exhibits ". . . which may be produced in whole or in part by female labor." That women's issues, suffrage or otherwise, were in the air is further demonstrated by the Women's Building at the Exposition, designed by Sophia G. Hayden of Boston, a graduate of MIT. This displayed such wonders as a model kitchen with a tile floor and a gas stove, which prompted the observation by Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers and noted Chicago society doyenne, that "women as a sex have been liberated." Princess Eulalia of Spain, the king's aunt, tried to prove this claim by smoking cigarettes in public (from National Geographic Society, *We Americans* (Washington, D.C.: National Geographic Society, 1975), 296.
5. Ibid., 294.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Enabling act, Section 1.
9. John J. Flynn, *Official Guide to World's Columbian Exposition* (Chicago: The Columbian Guide Company, 1893), 59. The same source reports that "the details of ornamentation [were] worked out in a realistic manner after various fish and marine forms." See also Rand McNally & Co., *A Week at the Fair* (1893), 162.
10. Paul Schullery, *American Fly Fishing: A History* (New York: Nick Lyons Books, 1987), 67–68; Ernest Schweibert, *Trout* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1978), 930–31, 996.
11. Schwiebert, *Trout*, 996, 998. It is to Mary that we owe the graceful practice of naming all flies, rather than assigning them numbers, a competing method that might have otherwise gained ascendancy.
12. Schullery, *American Fly Fishing*, 75; see also the foreword by Silvio Calabi in Mary Orvis Marbury, *Favorite Flies and Their Histories* (Secaucus, N.J.: The Wellfleet Press, 1988).
13. Marbury, *Favorite Flies and Their Histories*, 369, 371.
14. Ibid., 423.
15. Schullery, *American Fly Fishing: A History*, 75.
16. Ibid.

Secret, Storied Landscape: John Voelker's Frenchman's Pond

by James McCullough
photos by Ed Wargin

If ever a man loved a landscape, if ever a man was transfixed—we might even say bewitched—by fishing his favorite water, then the late John Donaldson Voelker, pen name Robert Traver, was that man, and his fabled "Frenchman's Pond" (a private brook trout backwater somewhere in Michigan's rugged Upper Peninsula) was the place.

To readers of 1950s best-sellers and fly-fishing literature, and to classic film buffs, the author Robert Traver may need no introduction, but others may not know his real name. Charles Kuralt befriended John Voelker after profiling him at Frenchman's for his "On the Road" series, and in the end Kuralt said he was "about the nearest thing to a great man [he'd] ever known."[1]

Unlike most of fly fishing's luminaries, Voelker did not invent new fly patterns. ("Far from being able to tie a fly, I am barely able to unzip one."[2]) He did not host casting clinics, design innovative equipment, write where-to/how-to/when-to exposés about exotic rivers, or conduct empirical studies of entomology designed to help the uninitiated catch fish. His contributions, in fact, contradict the current trends in our sport. Rather than directing and instructing anglers, mapping the way to the best water, he shrouded his favorite place with magic and mystery. He emphasized fishing's joyous unpredictability, its difficulty, and the pleasure of the pursuit—not of ever larger species in the far reaches of the globe, but of small, wild brook trout in his local waters. He spun stories he called "yarns" that retain the mythological status of the secretive creatures inhabiting his fisherman's Shangri-la. And unlike the authoritative bravado of some outdoor

writers, he reminded us by his example to be humble, to move slowly, to appreciate the wonders of the landscape, and without saying so directly, instructed us to find peace with the world through the patient act of casting. On his pond, he'd erected a short bridge on which he placed two church pews: invitations for weary fishermen to take solace. He was what Nick Lyons called, "a poet of the near at hand,"[3] a man in love with his native land, the rough-hewn waterways of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. In his introduction to the posthumous collection of Voelker favorites, *Traver on Fishing* (The Lyons Press, 2001), Lyons explains that Voelker's writing "reminds us of his enduring values . . . makes us laugh a bit more at ourselves and our fellow fly fishers, and invites us not to turn this happy pastime into a jargon-ridden cult."[4]

Voelker's grandparents emigrated from Germany in 1843 to establish breweries in the tough and remote Upper Peninsula copper mining towns of Ontonagon and Negaunee, where Voelker's father would eventually operate a tavern when he was not hunting or fishing. Born in 1903 in nearby Ishpeming,

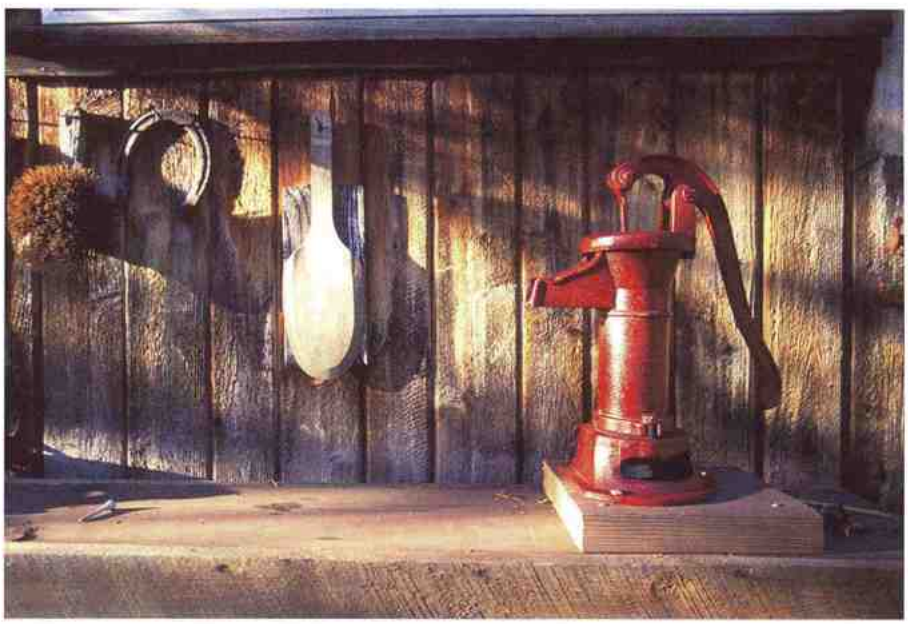
Voelker learned early what he later called the fishing "sins" of his father, which included a lack of restraint, a bamboo pole, and live bait. As a boy, he'd assail local streams, returning home with twenty or thirty trout at a time. "When I was a young man there were trout everywhere," Voelker said, "You could hardly drop a bucket in a well without coming up with a trout."[5] Though he never gave up eating his big fish, something the age of catch and release does not condone, the sins he learned from his father would find special dispensation once he took up the fly rod and the pen.

After high school and two years at Marquette's Northern Normal College, Voelker made his way from this distant region of the state, 500 or so miles south to Ann Arbor where he nearly failed out, then in 1928 earned a University of Michigan law degree. There he met and later married Grace Taylor from Oak Park, Illinois, and soon after took a position in a large firm in Chicago. But he could not stand the oppressive, entry-level job or urban life, so returned with his family to the Upper Peninsula, where he was elected district attorney, the first Democrat elected there since the age of dirt, and where he began writing under the name Robert Traver, a combination of his mother's maiden name and the name of an older brother lost in World War I.

He was reelected six times as prosecutor, finally losing a race and returning to private practice in 1951. Then in 1952, he defended an Army lieutenant accused of murdering the owner of a bar in Big Bay, just north of Marquette, a case that would change his life forever, becoming the basis of his novel, *Anatomy of a Murder*. In December 1956, *Anatomy* was

accepted for publication, and in the same weekend Voelker was named to the Michigan Supreme Court, becoming officially appointed in January 1957 by Governor G. Mennen Williams. He wrote more than 100 decisions during his three-year term, but all the while his novel was climbing the best-seller list, where it remained for two years and was soon turned into an Academy Award–winning film directed by Otto Preminger and starring Jimmy Stewart, Lee Remick, and George C. Scott.

Impressive as they are, his political, legal, and literary successes did not immortalize Voelker in the world of fly fishing; rather, it was his willingness to abandon them. At the height of his power—of fame as an author and influence in the highest court in Michigan—he chose to flee "the baying hounds of success"[6] by stepping down, returning



instead to his simple home in the rugged Upper Peninsula and to Frenchman's Pond, devoting the rest of his life to his passions: fishing from spring to fall and writing about fishing all winter, a routine that produced the fly-fishing classics *Trout Madness*, *Anatomy of a Fisherman*, and *Trout Magic*. His writing was recognized over the years with the Arnold Gingrich Award, the Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers Award, and the Cranbrook Writers Guild Medal of Honor, and he was named "Angler of the Year" in 1986 by *Rod and Reel* magazine.

Power and fame did not appeal to Voelker, who loved the pursuit of reclusive brook trout precisely because, as he observes in his famous passage, "Testament of a Fisherman," trout "cannot be bought or bribed or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience."[7]

To this day, Voelker's Pond has retained what writer Jerry Dennis calls a "semi-mythical" status,[8] seen firsthand only by Voelker, his family, a few friends, and a few invitees, many of whom have, like the judge himself, passed on. Until now, Voelker fans have only had glimpses of the legendary pond: a few frames in *Anatomy of a Fisherman*, the brief Kuralt profile from his CBS "On the Road" series, and two short and rare films, one about the man as writer, the other as fisherman. For most, Frenchman's has been conjured up in the mind from the deft descriptions Voelker handed down in his prose.

But with the centennial of the author's birthday in June—festivals and ceremonies planned in Marquette near his hometown of Ishpeming—Traver fans from around the world will have their first full gaze into the enchanted world that led Voelker to step down from his post as justice on Michigan's Supreme Court, take up his fly rod, and flee the "baying hounds of success."

No. There will be no tours. Nor should there be.

There is, however, a new book that was published in May, which honors the man's life by illuminating the place that entranced him. *Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy* (Huron River Press, 2003) is a collection of fourteen essays and 130 evocative images that guide readers on a firsthand tour through a rugged landscape to Voelker's humble cabin and the tannin-rich waters that were the subject of his fly-fishing classics.

Many of Voelker's fans have searched for his pond, fruitlessly. But like all great fishermen, Voelker would not "kiss and tell" on his favorite waters. He wrote often and at length about the pond, but

through the years he only divulged its proximity to the Escanaba River, a sprawling watershed whose tributaries amble from a crow's flight below Lake Superior through thousands of acres of dense forest and impenetrable swamp before ending in Lake Michigan. Still, to be sure, Voelker named his hallowed water "Frenchman's . . . —for that is not its name."[9]

In case anyone wonders, *Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy* in no way reveals location—in fact, it beseeches readers to seek their own sacred places. Nor does it detract from the mythical qualities of the pond; Ed Wargin's richly hued photography is pure art. Readers will find themselves captivated by the images, peering into Voelker's world,

Traver Country, welcomed for a time onto the legendary waters that to this day remain a private refuge for his family and friends.

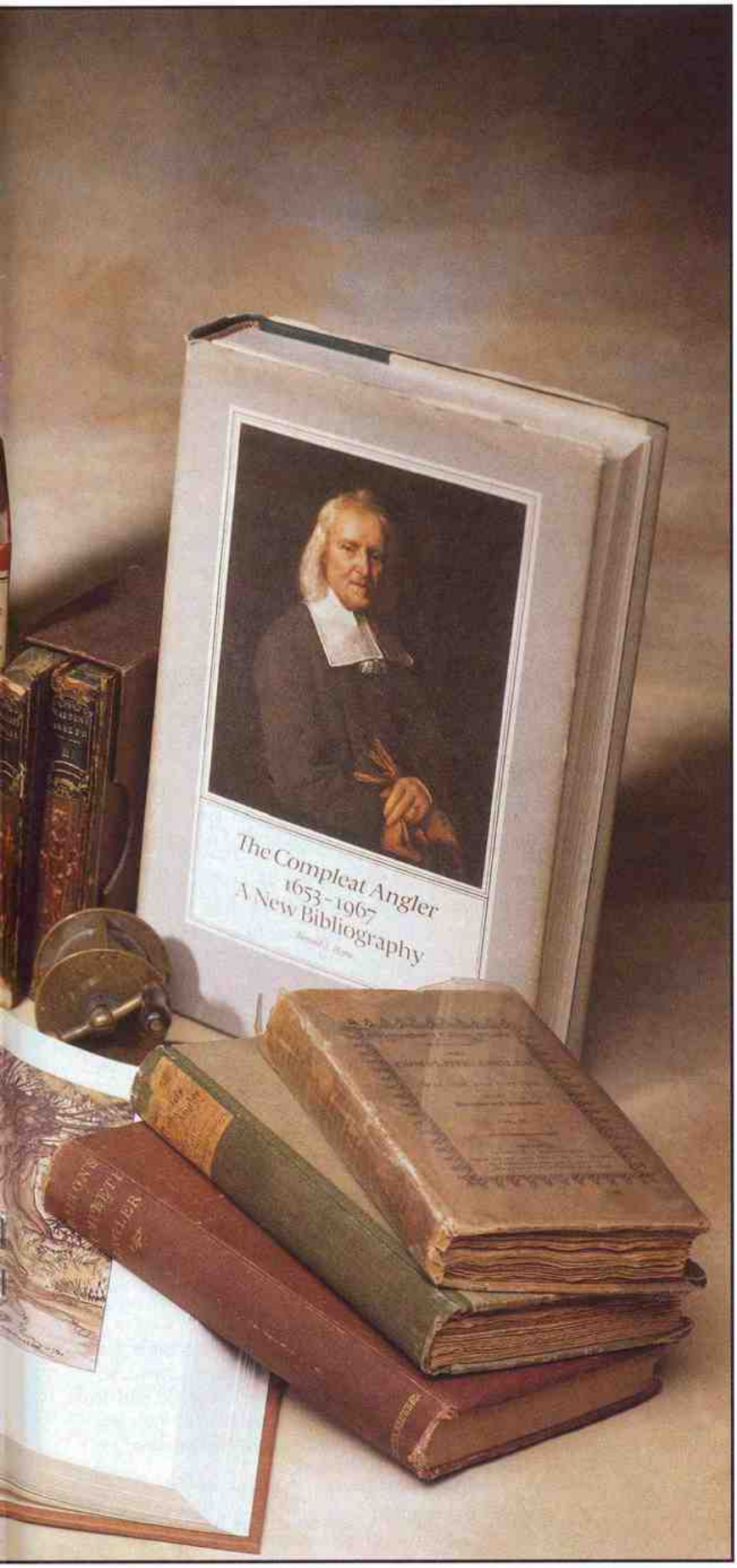
ENDNOTES

1. Quoted in Robert Traver, *Traver on Fishing* (Guilford, Conn.: The Lyons Press, 2001), xviii, and Jerry Dennis, "A Legacy of Fish Stories and Brook Trout," *New York Times*, Outdoors, Sunday, 2 September 2001.
2. Quoted in Tom Carney, "Peninsula Profiles: John Voelker, With Fly Rod, Pen and Legal Pad," *Upper Michigan Outdoor Journal*, vol. 4, issue 1, July/August 2002, 11.
3. Quoted in Dennis, "A Legacy of Fish Stories and Brook Trout."
4. Traver, *Traver on Fishing*, xx.
5. Quoted in Jerry Dennis, *A Place On the Water: An Angler's Reflections on Home* (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1993), 105.
6. Quoted in Dixie Franklin, "Ever the Fisherman," *Michigan Natural Resources Magazine*, March/April 1988, 11.
7. Robert Traver, *Anatomy of a Fisherman* (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1964), 10.
8. Dennis, "A Legacy of Fish Stories and Brook Trout."
9. Traver, *Anatomy of a Fisherman*, 96.

Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy, by photographer Ed Wargin, with essays by James McCullough, was published by Huron River Press (Chelsea, Michigan, 2003, $45). Its 144 pages include 130 color photographs.


The Compleat Angler
or, Contemplative Man's Recreation
By Izaak Walton
The Peter Pauper Press · Mount Vernon
THE COMPLETE ANGLER
WALTON
WALTON AND COTTON'S COMPLETE ANGLER
ILLUSTRATED
THE COMPLETE ANGLER.
WALTON & COTTON

Cooke Nielsen



GALLERY

Contemplating *The Compleat Angler:* A Remarkable Anniversary

by Sara Wilcox

Mark Twain once said that a classic is "something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read."[1] I suspect many anglers would suggest placing a picture of Isaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler* next to that definition if it appeared in a dictionary. The methods it describes are outdated, the science is at times questionable, and the prose can be difficult for the modern reader to wrap his or her brain around. Yet not only is *The Compleat Angler* celebrating the 350th anniversary of its first printing in 2003, but it is also one of the most reprinted works in the English language, trailing only the Bible, the works of Shakespeare, and John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Crafted in the form of a dialogue and full of bucolic imagery, *The Compleat Angler* chronicles Piscator's attempt to teach Venator not only how to fish, but how to be a fisherman: " . . . but he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only be an inquiring, searching, observing wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself; but having once got and practiced it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant, that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself."[2] Indeed, fly-fishing historian Gordon Wickstrom noted that *The Compleat Angler* is a landmark in fishing history precisely because "[Walton] established a benchmark and ideal of angling as a lyric, pastoral and philosophical idyll that has inspired and largely determined angler consciousness to this day."[3]

The first edition of the *Angler,* published in 1653, was conceived of and written after Walton (1593–1683) moved to the countryside of England, an escape for the Anglican Walton from the social and religious upheaval of the increasingly Puritan-dominated London. James Prosek went to England to explore Walton's world, and in his chronicle of that experience, *The Complete Angler* (1999), argued (as have others) that Walton's *Angler* may be read, at least in part, as an Anglican allegory and argument against Puritanism.

Whether he intended his work to carry an underlying message or if the strife of his day simply seeped into his attempt to escape that turmoil by creating an ideal world, there's no denying Walton's book was popular from the start. Walton saw five editions published in the thirty years between the first printing and his passing, and continued updating the material for each new edition—he added seven chapters between the first and second printings alone.

It was the fifth edition, first published in 1676, which included a second work titled "Being Instructions How to Angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream," written by Charles Cotton (1630–1687), a good friend of Walton's. Emulating Walton's writing style, Cotton examined fly-fishing techniques in depth and is actually the one who first encouraged anglers "to fish fine, and far off."[4] It is this edition that is usually reprinted today, and not just because of Cotton's contribution; in *The Compleat Angler 1653–1967: A New Bibliography,* author Bernard S. Horne suggested the fifth version's popularity "may in part be due to Walton's addition of Piscator's observations on happiness, thankfulness, and contentment."[5]

After Walton's death, *The Compleat Angler* went out of print, only to resurface in 1750. In his preface to that publication, editor Moses Browne wrote, "but it [*The Compleat Angler*] having, by an unaccountable Neglect, become of late Years difficult to obtain . . . it was thought the recovering it in such a Way, would be reckoned a very acceptable Service."[6] It would appear he was right, because the book has been in print continuously ever since. When Horne compiled his bibliography, he remarked at the time that the *Angler* had been reprinted "some three hundred and eighty-five times."[7] Horne's book was published in 1970, and the number of reprints has undoubtedly increased in the thirty years since.

Which brings us back to the question of why this book had enjoyed such lasting popularity. After all, the mystique of fly fishing is pretty firmly entrenched in the collective psyche these days; more people attempt the sport because of Norman Maclean's *A River Runs through It* than because they've stumbled upon Walton, and the sense of fly fishing as a rarified and contemplative activity is now used to sell everything from cars to investment companies. And yet the *Angler* is still around.

In his introduction to Random House's Modern Library edition of *Angler* (1998), Howell Raines suggested, "The book has lasted so long because fishing has a mystery at its heart. The quest for fish mirrors a more ambitious quest, that search for dreaming contentment that kept Walton on the stream well into the last decade of his ninety years."[8] Author Thomas McGuane took the idea one step further, feeling that " . . . learned, equitable Izaak Walton, by demonstrating how watchfulness and awe may be taken within from the natural world, has much to tell us; that is, less about how to catch fish than about how to be thankful that we may catch fish. He tells us how to live."[9] And Arnold Gingrich frequently thumbed through the pages of his 1653 replica editions simply to "be transported on a trip to never-never land, east of now and west of nowhere."[10]

Whatever the reason, I suppose in the end it's no less surprising that *The Compleat Angler* has endured than it is that fly fishing itself, rarely the most efficient way to actually catch a fish, is still such a vital part of the angling landscape. Or that a museum dedicated to that pursuit not only exists but has grown and prospered for thirty-five years now. Here's to hoping that all three, improbable survivors as they may be, are still around in another 350 years.

≈

ENDNOTES

1. Mark Twain, from "The Disappearance of Literature," an address given at the dinner of the Nineteenth Century Club, 20 November 1900, www.boondocksnet.com/twaintexts/speeches/mts_dislit.html.
2. Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, *The Compleat Angler* (New York: Random House, 1998), 25.
3. Gordon Wickstrom, time line, *The History of Fishing for Trout with Artificial Flies in Britain and America: A Chronology of Five Hundred Years* (Boulder, Colo.: D&K Printing, 1999), millennial edition.
4. Walton and Cotton, 300.
5. Bernard S. Horne, *The Compleat Angler 1653–1967: A New Bibliography* (Pittsburgh: University of Pittsburgh Press, 1970), 20.
6. Moses Browne, preface, in Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, *The Compleat Angler* (London: Henry Kent, 1754), vii–viii.
7. Horne, *Compleat Angler,* 20.
8. Howell Raines, introduction, in Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton, *The Compleat Angler* (New York: Random House, 1998), xv.
9. Thomas McGuane, *The Longest Silence* (New York: Random House, 1999), 234.
10. Arnold Gingrich, *The Fishing in Print* (New York: Winchester Press, 1974), 29.

A Portrait of the New Fly Fisher

by Gordon M. Wickstrom

THERE'S A NEW BREED of fly fisher out there on the water, casting to a new beat of that same old yearning for the trout to come to the fly. It helps to understand this new breed if one can remember or, better still, has been one of that old gang of anglers who threw his or her flies down the decades before, let's say, 1960, after which the big changes began. It's worth pausing now to draw a portrait of that new angler as she wades into the third millennium. Let me try to depict her.

Male and female created He them, and to each He assigned his and her proper tasks. And so, until our own time, up until about 1960, men did the fishing and women stayed home and did the cooking. And that was that.

But now, *gender* has entered as a factor in fly fishing. Men and women are inextricably mixed on the stream and are confounding my very effort at a portrait by the difficulty that gender makes for our language. Old-timers will want to cling to the comforts of the familiar title "fisherman," even as it fails to acknowledge the great number of women who have taken to long rods with enthusiasm and skill. Women are leaving their mark on the sport in no uncertain terms, but many writers don't know by what term to call them. What shall I write: he or she? "Fisherman" or just "fisher?" Does the equivocal term "fly fisher" cover all bets satisfactorily? For that matter, is this to be a portrait of a man or a woman?

Where the fisherman of old tended to stay close to home waters, mastering them and in more than a few cases making those waters famous, the new fly fisher in our portrait ranges the world over in search of wild and infinitely various fish and adventure. Theodore Gordon stayed close to his Neversink in the Catskills and Vincent Marinaro to his Letort Spring Run, but our new angler has comparatively little confidence or interest in local waters: Mongolia, Tierra del Fuego, and Africa are too powerful a lure, to say nothing of the closer fish-factory tailwaters created by the post–World War II reservoirs. The new angler, spending more of his income on his fishing than ever before, is commonly seen on airport concourses lugging rod tubes and duffels toward a plane to the remotest corners of the world.

I suspect that this venturing forth all over the place is underlain by a deep anxiety about what our angler feels is happening close to home, that his home waters are fast being urbanized out from under him. The irony that what supports his urban life and times is exactly that which is destroying his fishing may further contribute to his anxiety.

Shadow falls across the portrait.

Many today try to keep in shape by working out on fantastic machines in the gym. Few, like the old-timers, stay tough by hard physical work on the job. We might, therefore, expect the new fly fisher to be a model of health and endurance. In any case, it's certain that this portrait ought to be suffused with energy and athletic drive.

The new fly fisher commonly has a different relationship to her job than did anglers of the past whose eight-hour day usually ended at 5:30, with time left over to hit the evening rise on the local stream. No longer. Boomers are now working god knows how many hours with no time for anything but the job and guilt about their neglect of everything else. And most families are driven by not one but two of these all-consuming, demanding jobs.

Their interest in fishing is intense, but with less time to do it. Too often the year's fishing is crammed into one or two frantic vacation trips—nothing casual about it anymore. The image is one of haste and stress.

In self-defense our fly fisher spends bits and pieces of salvaged time in *virtual* fishing. With the computer a part of his tackle, he works the Internet, watches videos, goes to fly-fishing shows, reads books and magazines, collects trout art—every imaginable substitute. Yes, he fishes deep into his imagination where he has learned to find satisfaction. He has discovered that fishing is probably the most rewarding of all sports just to *think about* and talk about. It is as intellectually challenging as he cares to make it. It's also inexhaustible.

Being at home in the *virtual* is but one of the uses of the new technology that permeates modern life and angling. In a technological culture, angling finds its place. Some might regret angling's submission to the satisfactions of technology, but there appears to be no retreat. Note that it leaves not a single line of regret on the face of the angler in our portrait.

But on closer examination, there may be a few lines of regret after all. The new fly fisher may be uneasy about the future of his sport and look backward into the annals of fishing to find assurance and inspiration for the present. He tends to be more historically minded than his predecessors, as though *looking forward into the past* might reveal secrets of value . . . c.f., the spey rod and cast.

This interest in the past extends to tackle making and innovation. There's more respect today for, and interest in, what the forebears did and how they did it. If they made rods of hickory and cast lines of horsehair and silk, why should we not explore what they did in the spirit of both honor to them and profit to us?

The result is that the new fly fisher knows more about tackle, ancient and modern, than anglers of the past. The new fly fisher is smart. (How does one draw *smart* into a portrait?)

Then, too, schooled by excellent modern research and publication, she has become a capable student of aquatic insect life (the entomology of most old-timers was painfully inadequate).

One thing leads to another and the new fly fisher is now one of a legion of fly tyers, most of them superbly skilled. In this golden age of fly tying, she knows her flies, alive and as imitation. Her complex and detailed fly boxes, entomologically correct, would confound with amazement the older angler.

But amid all this latter-day sophistication, there lies a serious lacuna, a crucial flaw, in the new fly fisher's intellectual equipment. He appears to know little and feel less for that barefoot boy of legend, with his willow pole and bobber, making his way down the country lane to the old fishing hole. Few grandfathers, indeed, go back far enough anymore to recall that elemental country fishing. The rural, country experience is no longer ours and is foreign, if not forgotten, to our new natures. For the new fisher, graphite has become as natural as willow, and nylon as natural as gut. His tackle and its uses have become the expression of industry, not of personal hand craftsmanship. His new tackle has lost all innocence and is almost brutally efficient.

This new angler believes in experts and their instruction. There is little time for trial and error, lonely intuition, or the school of hard knocks in which to become a polished angler. He's in a hurry. Time is short, and he's willing to pay for shortcuts to competence and success. Most noticeably he turns to another new breed of angler, to professional *guides* to help him fish.

This portrait of the new fly fisher is interchangeable among anglers. One angler will look pretty much like another. His clothes—from waders to vest to hat, inside and out—have become more costume than clothing; they have been severely regularized and standardized by "the industry." Sameness is everywhere, with little or no room for the memorable eccentricities that we used to see and admire in many old-timers.

No creel is seen hanging on the fly fisher in this portrait. He has no interest in dead fish, having by now been thoroughly inculcated into releasing his catch. If getting food was once the raison d'être of all fishing, our new man or woman tends to assume that all food now comes, not from the field, but properly from the market. A trout belongs in the stream.

Still, he wants to catch as many and as big fish as he can. Where T. S. Eliot's nominal man of the twentieth century J. Alfred Prufrock "measured out his life in coffee spoons," our new angler measures out his in "twenty-inchers." The portrait reveals a certain smallness about him, this competitive need for more and ever bigger fish, though it's fair to say that increasingly anglers here and there are rejecting that compulsion and seeking out more intimate angling pleasures.

But there's something else in the expression on the new angler's face. I think I see a new *tolerance* in his view of things. No longer does he spurn all fish but trout or salmon. He's discovered warm-water fishing and its undoubted rewards. He's eager to go after exotic fish of all kinds that may not have seen a fly before. He's more genuinely interested in fish for their own sake than were his predecessors. At the same time, he's showing a more tolerant attitude toward a wider variety of fishing techniques. His mind plays more freely and actively over the entire *idea of fishing*. He is less and less dogmatic and more pragmatic, more "scientific."

Still, in his willingness to acknowledge and make the most of change, he hopes deep down that fishing will hang on as it has through the ages and resist changing at its core. If fishing must change, let it be at the edges.

A deepening gloom in the background of this portrait is the new fly fisher's *political* context. In a world where, like it or not, everything is deeply political, our fly fisher resists thinking of her angling as in any way politically determined. Politics too often feel nasty. Anglers nod to politics by a token membership in Trout Unlimited, itself prevented from effective political action by its contract with the devil IRS for its nonprofit status.

I want to suggest that another and deepening shadow on the portrait is our subject's scarcely conscious understanding that angling in its deepest nature is a *conservative* endeavor and impulse. Fishing is *elemental* in its meaning as food for the preservation of life. Fishing tends to be solitary, private, competitive, territorial, and traditional—all the ancient values of the true conservative.

On the other hand, this same conservative angler finds herself drawn to and feeling responsible to issues of the environment, toward the health and welfare of fish and their waters everywhere. It's do or die to preserve them.

This work for preservation and nurture crosses lines of property, is accomplished only by social and political action, and is public in its values—and at the expense of the conservative values of property and privacy.

Our new fly fisher is being tossed on the horns of a terrible dilemma, between the competing social-political issues of conservative and liberal ideologies. He, too often, simply collapses in face of the complexity and contradictions of the dilemma, gives up on politics, and becomes passively complicit in the demise of his beloved fishing.

So there it is. Is this portrait complete? Is it finished? Not likely. Change is always on the way. We dare not, I think, be optimistic about changes on our horizon. At the same time, we hope for the best. Perhaps a new portrait will soon need to be drawn. We hope that we will be able to recognize the subject as the real thing, an even more accomplished and versatile fly fisher, male or female, with whom we'd like to go fishing.

BOOK REVIEW

A Homeric Odyssey

by John Mundt

He painted when things were just right, but he fished always, and a more successful fisherman, I have yet to meet.
—Boyer Gonzales, friend of Winslow Homer, quoted in Demarest

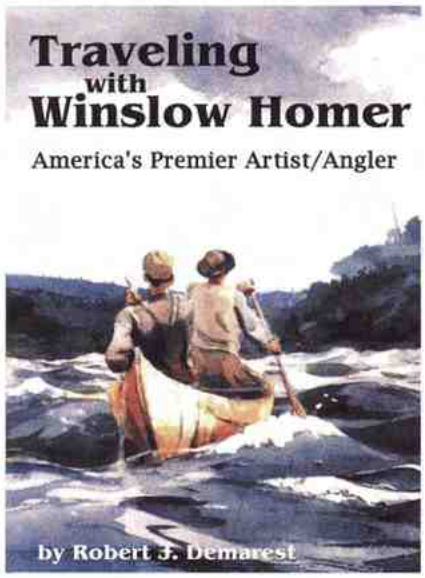
ODYSSEY
1. A long adventurous voyage or trip;
2. An intellectual or spiritual quest.
—*American Heritage College Dictionary*, 4th edition, 2002

THE ANCIENT WORD *ODYSSEY* aptly describes the international wanderings of modern-day artist, angler, and Museum member Robert J. Demarest. The Homer of antiquity chronicled Ulysses's (Odysseus's) ten-year journey home after the Trojan War, but several millennia later Bob Demarest was inspired to devote four years of his life retracing the far-reaching footsteps of American icon, artist, and angler Winslow Homer (1836–1910).

In *Traveling with Winslow Homer: America's Premier Artist/Angler,* readers are taken on a fascinating journey with Demarest as he personally explores the actual places Winslow Homer himself sought out to provide both inspiration for his brush and suitable prey to which to cast a fly (not necessarily in that order). It was this interesting juxtaposition of angler and artist that struck me as I began reading a work that could not be classified in the simple terms of a sporting book or an art book. The themes of timeless art, distant travel, thrilling discoveries, and the allure of angling are all equally represented in this full-color coffee-table volume.

In the preface, Demarest describes his wide-ranging research effort as an odyssey and recounts his personal epiphany. "A hike to the small waterfall that occurs along the course of the outlet from Mink Pond was the single experience that convinced me that I would attempt to track down the painting sites that inspired Homer. After finding and sitting on the same rock that he sat upon a century ago, and painting the same scene (*Waterfall, Adirondacks*), I determined that I would search out interesting and contributive Homerania everywhere he went."[1]

It is Demarest's experiences as both a professional artist and impassioned angler that breathe life into the pages and move the book beyond the confining boundaries of art text or angling title. He saw—as many before him had not—that Homer's travel itinerary appeared to have been influenced as much, if not more, by fishing opportunities than for their value as painting venues. To further demonstrate the influence angling had on Homer's travels, Demarest refers to a letter Homer wrote from Florida to his brother Arthur: "Delightful climate here about as cool as our September—Fishing the best in America as far as I can find . . . I shall fish until the 20th then my guide has another engagement and I shall take my own boat & work half the time & fish on my own hook. I have not done any business this fall so far & I shall only paint to see if I am up to it & with a chance of paying my expenses—."[2] To put this in perspective, of the eight known trips Homer made to Florida, he appears to have painted on only three of them.



The book follows Homer's life from childhood through his travels to his primary angling and painting destinations: the Adirondacks; Gloucester, Massachusetts; Quebec; Cuba; Florida; Bermuda; and Prout's Neck, Maine. Demarest provides a clear and concise overview of each destination and the effect each had on Homer as a person and professional artist.

Readers of *The American Fly Fisher* will recall that the Spring 2002 issue contained a brief essay by Demarest with the same title as his book. That essay was originally intended to be a chapter titled "Homer as Angler," but after reading it several times Demarest realized that the information had already been presented throughout the manuscript and would therefore be redundant. He also mentioned that "the more I considered the man and his love of fishing, the more I realized that the fishing aspect of his life was essential to understanding him."[3]

Traveling with Winslow Homer is well illustrated with full-color reproductions of Homer's works contrasted with Demarest's photographs of the same vistas. These visual comparisons let you see what Homer saw and how the imagery was construed via paint. I found it intriguing to be provided with the opportunity to deduce what Homer might have been thinking when he painted. When reading this book, one could derive further benefit from having companion volumes—such as Gordon Hendrick's *The Life and Work of Winslow Homer* (Abrams, 1979) or Patricia Junker and Sara Burns's *Winslow Homer: Artist and Angler* (Thames & Hudson, 2002)—within reach, for the simple reason that Demarest could not include reproductions of every Homer painting he had seen or mentioned in his text, and the curious reader may wish to view the referenced images after reading about them. Sadly, for posterity's sake, many of Homer's works remain elusive. A complete catalog of his works has never been

published, though rumors persist of isolated efforts to do so.

As a result of immersing himself in the world of Winslow Homer for more than four solid years, Bob Demarest provides us with valuable—almost personal—insight into Homer's life. He often defies conventional wisdom with reflections such as this.

> The Homer that I came to know by traveling to "his places"—fishing in his lakes and rivers, and walking in his paths, is not the misanthrope that has all too often been written about. His gentleness comes through in his countless anecdotes; his humor and self-reliance obviously stood him well. His adventurousness and wanderlust is evidenced by his travels. His love of his family has been recounted many times in the more lengthy biographies.[4]

Winslow Homer achieved immortality through the genius of his brushstrokes. Today it would require millions of dollars to acquire a Homer on that rare occasion when a piece reaches the auction block. However, it is my belief that those who fly fish can make an inimitable connection with this great man and his art by drawing upon the sights, sounds, scents, and textures of one's own experiences afield.

John Mundt serves on the Museum's board of trustees and is co-chair of the library committee of the Anglers' Club of New York.

Traveling with Winslow Homer: America's Premier Artist/Angler is available in hard- or softcover through Apple Trees Productions, LLC; P.O. Box 280, New York, NY 10032. Tel: (212) 781-6670, or on-line at www.winslowhomer.org.

ENDNOTES

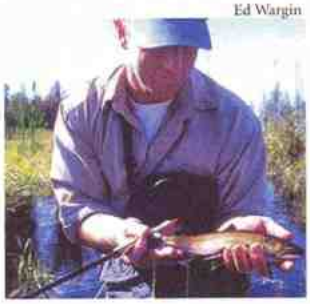
1. Robert J. Demarest, *Traveling with Winslow Homer: America's Premier Artist/Angler* (New York: Apples Trees Productions, LLC, 2002), 13.
2. Demarest, 143.
3. Personal correspondence with author, 9 March 2003.
4. Demarest, 183.

CONTRIBUTORS

Allison Bell

Dick Bell, a retired Connecticut lawyer, is vice chair of Yale–New Haven Hospital, a member of the South Central Connecticut Regional Water Authority, vice president of the Connecticut River Salmon Association, and a trustee of the Atlantic Salmon Federation. He has authored law review articles on such disparate topics as "Acid Rain" (1983), poisoned air in the northeast United States and maritime Canada from Ohio Valley power plants ("The Cross of Gold," 1997), an unsuccessful will contest in Connecticut by William Jennings Bryan, and "The Court Martial of Roger Enos" (1999, 2000), a serious defection from Benedict Arnold's 1775 march to Quebec. His book, *Whoops for the Wind and Other Tales of the Walton Fishing Club,* appeared in 1999 through Tantivy Press. He is currently working on another fishing club history for the Potatuck Club in Newtown, Connecticut.

Ed Wargin



James McCullough is a lifelong resident of northern Michigan, an avid outdoorsman, and a former high school teacher and soccer and ski coach. Currently, he teaches English and education courses at North Central Michigan College in Petoskey, Michigan. He is the founder of the Bear River Writers' Conference, an annual spring event on the shores of Walloon Lake (www.lsa.umich.edu/bearriver). McCullough lives in Petoskey with his wife and two daughters, Meghan and Madison, horses Cash and Teddy, and their English setter, Ripley.

Kathy-jo Wargin

Ed Wargin launched his career by photographing major campaigns and images for advertising clients such as GMC, Anheuser-Busch, Caterpillar Tractor, Arctic Cat, and Monsanto. He has been published in numerous magazines and publications, and has published several books, including *Michigan: The Spirit of the Land, The Great Lakes Cottage Book,* and, most recently, *Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy.* Ed's stock photography library holds an in-depth collection of images from the Great Lakes and abroad, serving design, advertising, and editorial clients worldwide. His fine art images are held in both private and corporate collections, where they inspire viewers to become more aware of the natural beauty that surrounds us all. Ed lives in northern Michigan with his wife, Kathy-jo Wargin, an award-winning author of several children's books, along with their two favorite outdoor buddies: their son Jake and the family dog, Salmon.

Sam Sandoe

Gordon M. Wickstrom is native to Boulder, Colorado, a World War II navy veteran, and a graduate of the University of Colorado. He holds a Ph.D. from Stanford University and is professor of drama emeritus at Franklin and Marshall College. He retired to his native Boulder in 1991. He has written for *Gray's Sporting Journal, Fly Tyer, Angler's Journal, The Art of Angling Journal, Wild on the Fly, Streamside,* and is a not infrequent contributor to *The American Fly Fisher.* He has published a popular linear display of the history of fly fishing and currently publishes *The Bouldercreek Angler,* "a gazette for those who fish," and *The Bouldercreek Actor,* "a gazette for those who make theatre." His *Notes from an Old Fly Book* was published by the University Press of Colorado in 2001. His *Up Stream into Bright Water* will be published by the University of New Mexico Press in January 2004.

STRENGTH • POWER • LIGHTNESS
VERSATILITY • PORTABILITY

Light swing weight and ultra-sure trajectories are the hallmark of T&T's new Helix™ Series of fly rods. Due to advances in graphite fiber technology and advanced taper development, Helix rods have the crossover muscle to meet salt and freshwater challenges. Our light, powerful, meticulously-crafted double-handed rods meet the needs of all contemporary overhead and Spey casting styles. Multi-piece rods in both rod series offer the traveling angler the ultimate in portability.

The rod you will eventually own.

"Two-handed rods aren't just for double taper lines any more. Anglers now choose from a great variety of sink tip and shooting taper lines. This is especially so among salmon and steelhead fly fishers, some of whom even custom build their lines. Thomas & Thomas two-handed rods have the action and power necessary to launch these specialized lines for maximum distance and line control."

– Trey Combs

Visit your nearest T&T retailer or write for a copy of our full-color catalogue

Thomas & Thomas • 627 Barton Road • Greenfield, MA 01301

(413) 774-5436 • Fax: (413) 774-5437 • www.thomasandthomas.com

Museum News

Diana Siebold

Jeff Wagner having a great time displaying auction items.

Cleveland Dinner/Auction

We had a terrific outing in Cleveland this year! The April 3 dinner was a first-time sellout, with 104 attendees and a record 34 new members. Dinner Chair Woods King III rallied the troops once more—along with committee members George McCabe, Jim Sanfilippo, and Jeff Wagner—to bring a special evening to attendees. The event was again held at the extraordinary Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, and our sponsors included Baker & Hostetler LLP, William Garapick and Dr. Karen Barnes, and Dick and Ann Whitney. Grant Thornton graciously sponsored the table wine for the evening.

The evening was a great success for the Museum, and our guests were very lively under the baton of auctioneer Scott Mihalic, who routinely joked with the crowd and coaxed them out of a few of their hard-earned dollars. Donors to the auction included Stan Bazan, James Carey, Deep Springs Trout Club, the Lyons Press, Marion Graven, Mad River Outfitters and Brian Fleshig, North Coast Salmon and Steelhead Guide, Sunnybrook Trout Club, and WeGotGear. We thank committee members George McCabe and Jeff Wagner for assisting in the auction (see photos!).

We would also like to thank the Chagrin Valley Hunt Club; our host at the club, Frank I. Harding; and General Manager James A. Misencik and his very capable staff for a spectacular job. We look forward to next year's event with much anticipation.

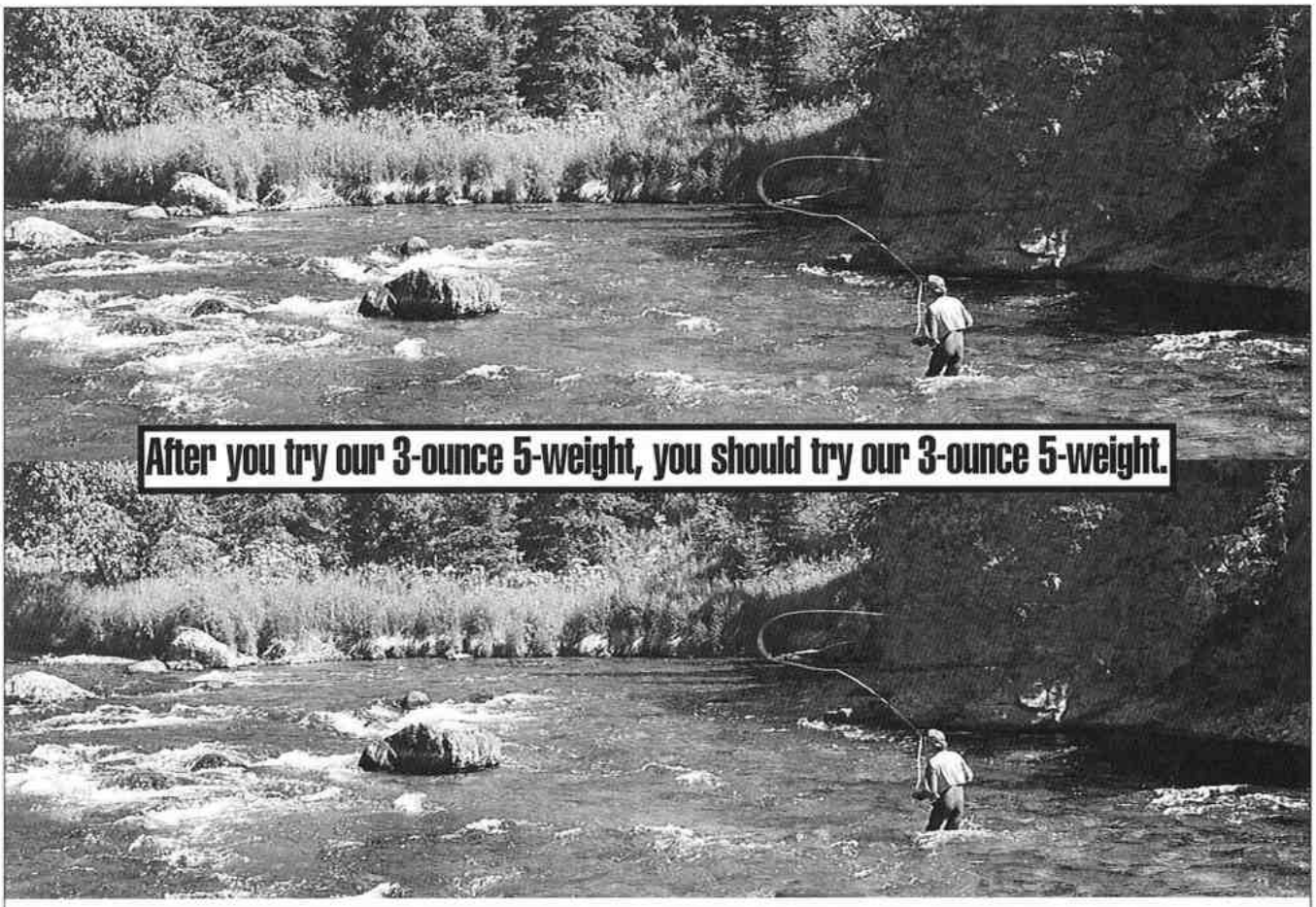
—Diana Siebold

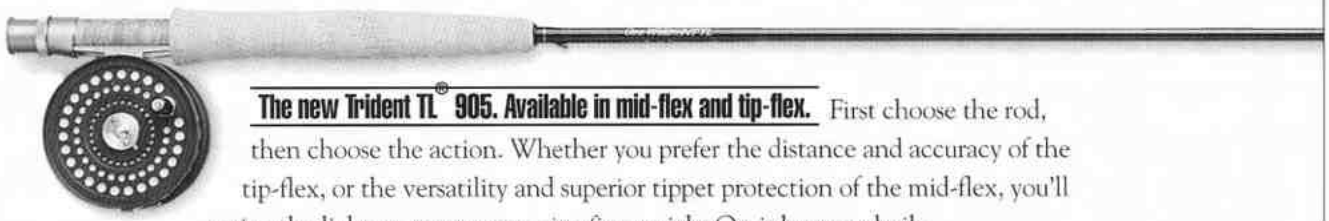
Marin County Fly-Fishing Show

Besides our usual three fly-fishing trade shows this past winter—Denver, Marlborough, and Somerset—we decided to make the trip to San Rafael, California, to test the waters on the West Coast. The Fly Fishing Show, which was held February 28 through March 2, proved interesting for us.

Given the show was three thousand miles away, it was amazing how many folks came by our booth to say they had visited the Museum—more than I can recall from any East Coast show. This made me realize that our reach and exposure are truly national. Most folks are stunned to find out that the American Museum of Fly Fishing is in Vermont. We were also visited by more than a few of our guests who faithfully attend our annual, late-fall winery dinner. It was a real pleasure to both see them again and find them chomping at the bit for information about this year's dinner!

This show was a bit smaller than some of the others, so I was able to wander inside and pop into a demonstration or two. Mel and Fanny Krieger were in the booth opposite ours, and Mel graciously offered to have Gary or me join one of his classes (but we were there to work, not play). We met Lori Ann Murphy and Joe Humphreys, who were there teaching seminars, and got to enjoy a beverage with them at the end of the day. Val Atkinson, our photographer for the Heritage Award Dinner honoring Yvon





The Trident TL 905 is available in either mid- or tip-flex. $470.

The new Trident TL® 905. Available in mid-flex and tip-flex. First choose the rod, then choose the action. Whether you prefer the distance and accuracy of the tip-flex, or the versatility and superior tippet protection of the mid-flex, you'll enjoy the lightest, most responsive five-weight Orvis has ever built.

You've got to cast these rods. That's the only way you'll fully appreciate just how light these rods really are. High-modulus graphite combined with an exclusive compound taper means less material in a stronger rod — lighter than any five-weight we've ever made.

You'll also benefit from the vibration reduction of the exclusive Trident grip-damping technology that increases your distance and accuracy on every cast.

Visit your Orvis dealer. With its distinct green blank, handsome gold anodized and maple burl reel seat, and sleek titanium carbonitride guides, the Trident TL 905 is as stunning as it is light.

Come see for yourself. Visit your local Orvis dealer for a test cast. Or two.

ORVIS®

A SPORTING TRADITION SINCE 1856

www.orvis.com

Orvis is proud to support The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Historic Route 7A, Manchester, Vermont 05254 Call toll free **1-800-333-1550 ext. 802** for further information on our dealers world-wide or for a free Fishing Catalog.

Chouinard last November, was in attendance and stopped to say hello, as did A. K. Best, who was there showing Californians how to tie flies.

The event was held at the Marin County Convention Center, a Frank Lloyd Wright design, and the grounds were ideal for the show. A beautiful lagoon behind the building was laden with a diverse bird population, the flowers were peaking, trees were in bloom, and we absolutely (according to the locals) had the three best days they had had in a while—70 degrees and sunny! This was an especially nice treat for us, because when we departed the Albany Airport on Wednesday, it was 20 degrees. (When we returned, I had a half-inch of ice encasing my Toyota, and it took two men half an hour just to get into the car.)

We wish to thank Barry Serviente and Chuck Furimsky of the Fly Fishing Show for our complimentary booth space, which was especially nice, right next to the door overlooking the lagoon.

—Diana Siebold

Diana Siebold

Committee members George McCabe and J. D. Wagner playing Vanna White during the live auction.

Diana Siebold

Trustee Woods King III consulting with another guest on exactly how big that fish was.

Upcoming Events

September 25
Philadelphia Dinner and Sporting Auction
Radnor Hunt Club
Willistown Township
Malvern, Pennsylvania

October 15 and 16
The Friends of Corbin Shoot
Shoot: Tamarack Preserve
Lodging: Troutbeck Inn
Millbrook, New York
Limited to twenty-five guests; call number below for more information.

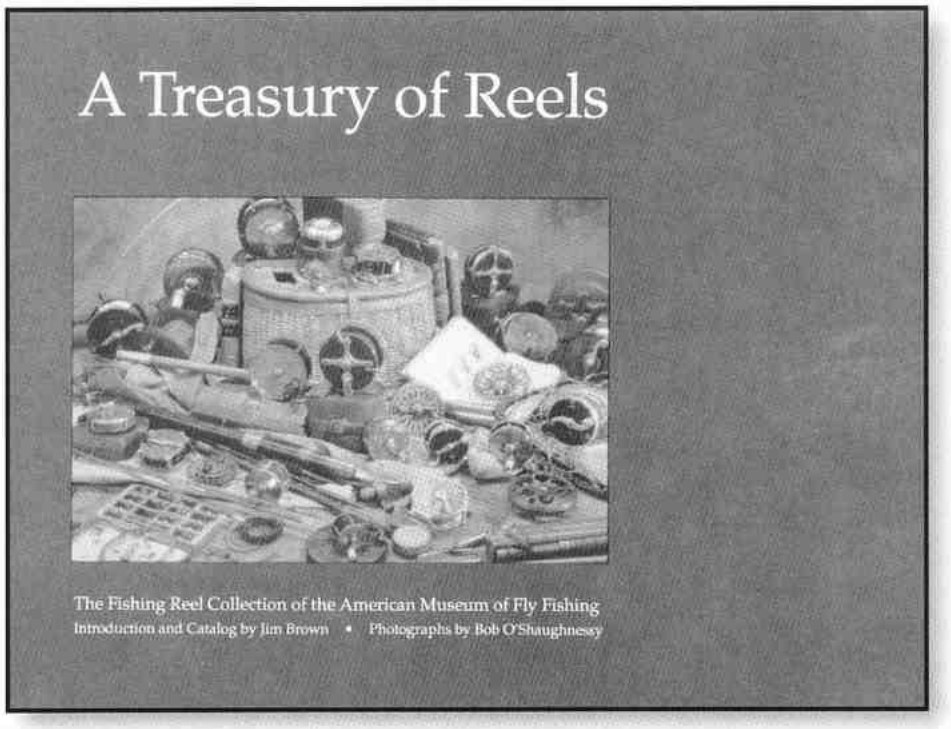
October 31–November 1
Annual Trustee Meeting and Dinner
Annual Members Meeting: November 1
Fall Trustees Meeting: November 1
Manchester, Vermont

November 6
Hartford Dinner and Sporting Auction
Avon Old Farms Inn
Avon, Connecticut

November 15
Annual Winery Dinner
MacMurray Ranch Vineyard
(A Gallo Family Vineyard)
Healdsburg, California

For information, contact Diana Siebold at (802) 362-3300 or via e-mail at amff2@together.net.

Back in Print by Popular Demand!



$29.^{95}$ plus shipping
Call (802) 362-3300

A Treasury of Reels

Available once again from the American Museum of Fly Fishing, *A Treasury of Reels* chronicles one of the largest and finest public collections of fly reels in the world. Brought together in this richly diverse and popular book, which includes more than 750 reels spanning nearly two centuries of British and American reel-making, are antique, classic, and modern reels; those owned by presidents, entertainers, novelists, and angling luminaries; and reels owned and used by everyday anglers.

Accompanied by Bob O'Shaughnessy's expert photography, author Jim Brown details the origins of this fascinating piece of technology, from a 13th-century Chinese painting depicting a fisherman using a rod and reel to later craftsmen like Vom Hofe, Billinghurst, and Leonard.

Out of print for almost ten years, *A Treasury of Reels* is a must-have for collectors and enthusiasts alike. It can be ordered for $29.95, plus postage and handling, either through our website at www.amff.com or by contacting the Museum at (802) 362-3300. Proceeds from the sale of this book directly benefit the Museum.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing

Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254
Tel: 802-362-3300. Fax: 802-362-3308
EMAIL: amff@together.net
WEBSITE: www.amff.com

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum)

INDIVIDUAL	
Associate	$35
Sustaining	$60
Benefactor	$125
Patron	$250
GROUP	
Club	$50
Trade	$50

Membership dues include four issues of *The American Fly Fisher*. Please send your payment to the Membership Director and include your mailing address. The Museum is a member of the American Association of Museums, the American Association of State and Local History, the New England Association of Museums, the Vermont Museum and Gallery Alliance, and the International Association of Sports Museums and Halls of Fame. We are a nationally accredited, nonprofit, educational institution chartered under the laws of the state of Vermont.

SUPPORT!

As an independent, nonprofit institution, the American Museum of Fly Fishing relies on the generosity of public-spirited individuals for substantial support. We ask that you give our museum serious consideration when planning for gifts and bequests.

BACK ISSUES!

Available at $4 per copy:

Volume 6, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 7, Number 3
Volume 8, Number 3
Volume 9, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 10, Number 2
Volume 11, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 13, Number 3
Volume 15, Number 2
Volume 16, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 17, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 18, Numbers 1, 2, 4
Volume 19, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 20, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 21, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 22, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 23, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 24, Numbers 1, 2, 4
Volume 25, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 26, Numbers 1, 2, 4
Volume 27, Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4
Volume 28, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 29, Numbers 1, 2

Recent Donations

Tom Collins of Missoula, Montana, donated "Trout Flies"—twenty color plates/prints of fishing flies and materials enclosed in presentation package created by G. Don Ray. **E. Hunter Stone II** of Denver, Colorado, sent us two rods: a "De Bell" Deluxe (a three-piece, 8-foot impregnated bamboo fly rod with one extra tip) and a Spenser rod (a two-piece, 7-foot, 4-ounce, quintuple-sided bamboo fly rod with one extra tip).

Chris Sandford of West Sussex, United Kingdom, donated two privately published books: *The Best of British Baits* (1997) and *The Best of British Baits, Supplement One* (2001). **Daniel J. Cherrington** of Gloucestershire, England, sent us Ned Terry's *The Great Trout of Lake Pedder* (Artemis Publishing, year unknown).

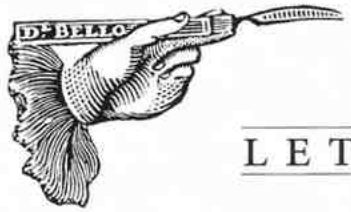
Paul Schullery of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, donated a copy of *Montana: The Magazine of Western History* (summer 2002, special fly-fishing issue). And Trustee **Allan Poole** of Orange, Connecticut, donated a Hardy Brothers catalog, *Hardy's Anglers' Guide*, 53rd edition, c. 1930.

In the Library

Thanks to the following publishers for their donations of recent titles that have become part of our collection (titles were published in 2003 unless otherwise noted):

Frank Amato Publications, Inc., sent us Thomas J. Sholseth's *How Fish Work: Fish Biology & Angling*; Jim Bedford and Tony Pagliei's *Grand River* (2002); Bruce Staples's *Trout Country Flies from Greater Yellowstone Area Masters* (2002); Jim Schollmeyer's *Patent Patterns: 1,500 Unique and Innovative Fly Patterns*; and Harry Murray's *Trout Stream Fly-Fishing*.

Stackpole Books sent us Leon Links's *Tying Flies with CDC: The Fisherman's Miracle Feather* (2002); John Bailey's *Trout at Ten Thousand Feet: Reflections of a Passionate Fisherman* (2001/2002); and Jim McLennan's *Fly-Fishing Western Trout Streams*. And TranZac Publishing Company sent us Thomas Neil Zacoi's *Flies, Ties & Lies, Including Chauncy Lively's Favorite Patterns*.



LETTER

I'm really enjoying each issue of *The American Fly Fisher*. Since moving to Lenox, I've missed being near the Museum, and getting the journal is especially nice. You're doing a great job, and I like the balance of technical and narrative, and the diversity of art and layout.

I had some fun with page 10 of the Winter 2003 issue. The "Great Fishing" photo shows a catch of about sixty-five trout, and Paul Schullery's text gives Hewitt's account that " . . . we laid out both catches on the ground . . . he had 165 and I had 162 . . . " That's a total of 327 fish, more than five times the catch shown in the photo. Hewitt and the professional fisherman must have had a good-sized 1914 pickup truck to carry *that* load the 6 miles from where they fished back to Old Faithful Inn. And we hope the inn guests were hungry.

—Ted Ferree
Lenox, Massachusetts

The annual membership meeting of the American Museum of Fly Fishing will be held at 9:00 A.M. on Saturday, November 1, 2003, at the Wilburton Inn, Manchester, Vermont.

The trustees' annual meeting will follow immediately thereafter at the same location.

Lyons Honored as 2003 Heritage Award Recipient

Photos by Enrico Ferorelli

Honoree Nick Lyons captivates the audience with his flair for telling fish stories.

Well-known author and publisher Nick Lyons was selected as the Museum's 2003 Heritage Award recipient for his long and unwavering support of the Museum and for the indelible mark he has made on the way we read, think, and write about the sport of fly fishing. The Heritage Award was established in 1997 to honor individuals whose commitment to the Museum, the sport of fly fishing, and natural resources conservation sets standards to which we all should aspire. Past winners include Leigh H. Perkins, Gardner L. Grant, Bud Lilly, Nathaniel Pryor Reed, George W. Harvey, Lewis W. Coleman, Foster Bam, and Yvon Chouinard.

The Award dinner was held on April 23 at the Yale Club in New York City. With one hundred in attendance, our guests were treated to an evening of animated remarks by Nick Lyons and keynote speaker and Pulitzer Prize–winner Howell Raines. Mr. Raines offered thoughts and reminiscences of his good friend and gave a superb introduction to our honoree.

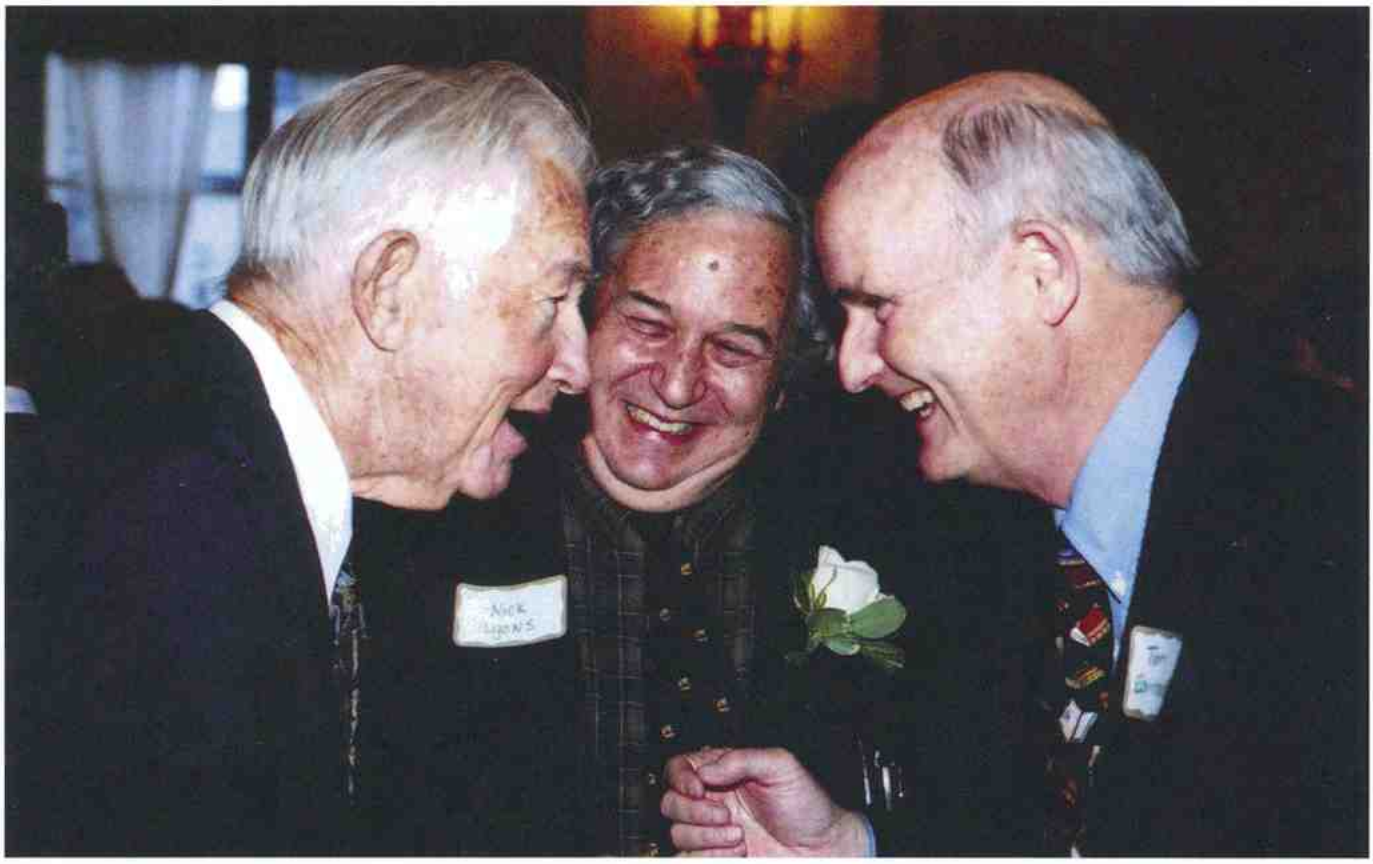
Honoree Nick Lyons was last to the podium with his own remarks for the crowd, excerpted here:

> Last year I caught precisely one trout—on a no. 18 Daichi dry fly hook embedded in a chunk of Boar's Head premium-grade smoked ham. The natural, not the imitation. So I am embarrassed to my boots by this honor from the American Museum of Fly Fishing, though America has always been a generous country. In England, I'd have been shot, unless it was dry ham, fished upstream.
>
> It's not the first time I've fallen so low, but what can you expect from someone who caught his first trout, sixty-five years ago, by gigging it with a bare Carlisle hook and then lying in his teeth that he'd caught it on a worm. I've always longed for a little more prestige and another foot of drag-free float.
>
> ❧
>
> It has always been tempting to accept the old judge Robert Traver's comment that it's not that fishing is so terribly important, but that most of the other things men do are equally unimportant. The other things of course are sometimes of momentous importance, and I'm afraid it is sentimental to think they aren't. Which doesn't detract from the gift fly fishing offers.
>
> For it is a happy, separate world, cunningly contrived, built of enough keen knowledge to know that *Paraleptophlebia* isn't a foot fungus, knowledge about cul de canard and pheasant tails and Comparaduns and 6X tippets, and memories of a first trout and a last, and the sight of the first plumes of skunk cabbage out of the brown earth, the spectral light and delicate green of the willows in April, Hendricksons beginning to pop out and then float down river like little dun sailboats, circles on a flat river at dusk, my old friend Sandy's quiet hum when he's got a good fish on.
>
> Perhaps we just like to play Huck Finn, shuffle upstream through our midlife crises, and walk for awhile not on pavement but on mud.
>
> Tonight, it's me who should be honoring the Museum, custodian of all our happy fly-fishing dreams and our memory, and the sport itself, which for so long and so well has indelibly brushed my heart with freshness and wit and wonder, and brightened my often darkened spirits.

The Museum is proud to include Nick Lyons among our Heritage Award honorees.

Barton T. Jones swears to Chairman of the Board Bob Scott that the fish really was that big.

Keynote speaker Howell Raines, author of Fly Fishing through the Midlife Crisis, *speaks highly of his good friend and honoree Nick Lyons.*



Old friends Ben Sherman and Tom Earnhardt share a private laugh with Nick.

Trustee Lynn Hitschler and her husband Anthony took the train from Philadelphia to honor Nick.

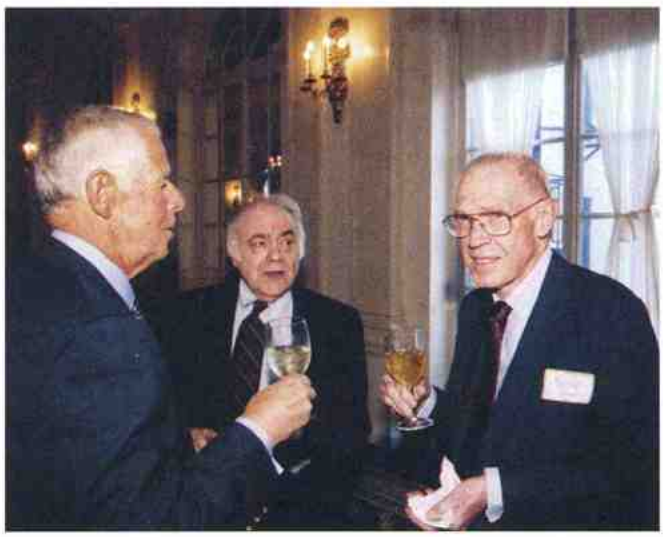
Is there a doctor in the house? Drs. Mark, Gary, and Ben Sherman enjoying Nick's speech with Mark's son, doctor-to-be Seth.

Author/artist James Prosek raises his glass and enjoys the moment with Anthony May.

President David Walsh, Chairman of the Board Bob Scott, and Executive Director Gary Tanner present Nick with the custom-made Heritage Award.

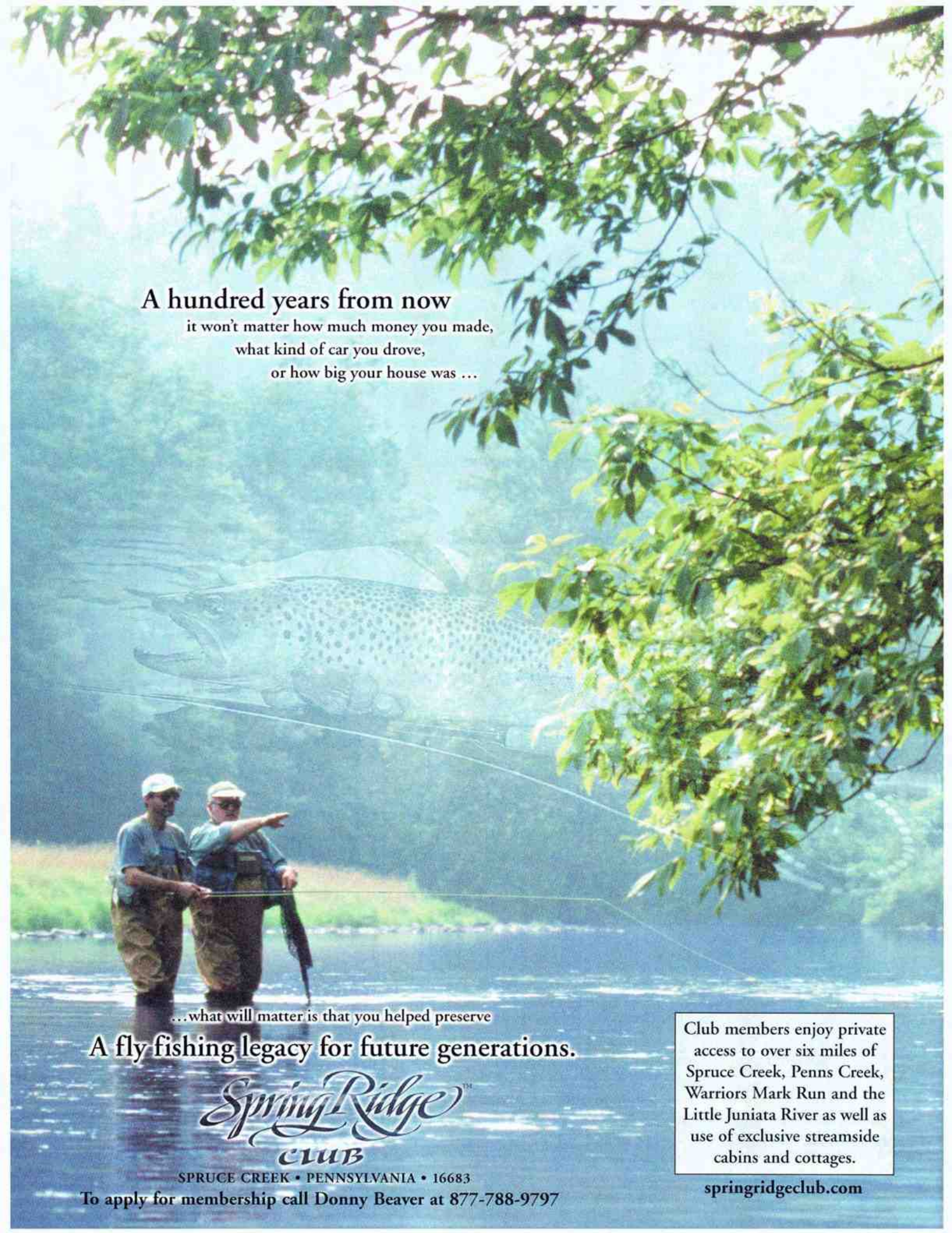
Keynote speaker Howell Raines with his wife Krystyna. The husband-and-wife team bid against each other for a J. D. Wagner bamboo rod. She won.

Ben Sherman and Mark Sherman keep Jane Cooke in very good company!



Three of the Museum's oldest friends—Gardner Grant, Ernie Schwiebert, and Foster Bam—share a toast.

Jeanie Kashgarian and Ellen Grant enjoying libations before dinner.


A hundred years from now
it won't matter how much money you made,
what kind of car you drove,
or how big your house was …
…what will matter is that you helped preserve
A fly fishing legacy for future generations.
Spring Ridge™
CLUB
SPRUCE CREEK • PENNSYLVANIA • 16683
To apply for membership call Donny Beaver at 877-788-9797
Club members enjoy private access to over six miles of Spruce Creek, Penns Creek, Warriors Mark Run and the Little Juniata River as well as use of exclusive streamside cabins and cottages.
springridgeclub.com

A Credit to Our Sport

Margot Page

Ten years ago, the American Museum of Fly Fishing was granted accreditation by the American Association of Museums (AAM)—a tribute to the hard work of the staff, volunteers, and trustees in place at that time. As stated by AAM, "The achievement of AAM accreditation signifies and recognizes excellence within the museum community, to governments and outside agencies, and among the American public. Developed and operated by museum professionals, the program reflects, reinforces, and promotes the best practices in museums and the strictest accountability to the public museums serve." Of the thousands of museums across the country, only about 750 are accredited.

In their concluding remarks, the visiting committee of AAM that did the final, on-site evaluation of the Museum back in 1993 noted: "The institution has identified its mission and is meeting it in an exemplary fashion. The transition from an operation created by sportsmen at the Orvis Company to a professional operation with growing collections and programs is obvious, especially over the past several years."

And about the journal you are reading right now: "In spite of the fact that the institution does not have a large operating budget, its publications would be the envy of many larger institutions and definitely enhance its mission."

Further, they stated, "There are a number of challenges the museum now faces. These include creation of a more substantial funding base and the need to expand the physical facilities. . . . As pointed out in the report, the Museum has the potential to become the world's major research center for fly fishing. If the cooperation between staff and board continues, development programs gel, and the quality of the exhibits and programs continue to improve, the future of the institution looks very bright."

Well, here we are, ten years later, readying ourselves for a required reaccreditation review, and I must say the future looks very bright indeed. We are the world's major research center for fly fishing, we are meeting the challenges of funding and space, and the quality of our exhibits and programs just keeps getting better. I do hope you, our members, are as proud to be a part of this place as I am.

Gary Tanner
Executive Director

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING, a nationally accredited, nonprofit, educational institution dedicated to preserving the rich heritage of fly fishing, was founded in Manchester, Vermont, in 1968. The Museum serves as a repository for, and conservator to, the world's largest collection of angling and angling-related objects. The Museum's collections and exhibits provide the public with thorough documentation of the evolution of fly fishing as a sport, art form, craft, and industry in the United States and abroad from the sixteenth century to the present. Rods, reels, and flies, as well as tackle, art, books, manuscripts, and photographs form the major components of the Museum's collections.

The Museum has gained recognition as a unique educational institution. It supports a publications program through which its national quarterly journal, *The American Fly Fisher,* and books, art prints, and catalogs are regularly offered to the public. The Museum's traveling exhibits program has made it possible for educational exhibits to be viewed across the United States and abroad. The Museum also provides in-house exhibits, related interpretive programming, and research services for members, visiting scholars, authors, and students.

The Museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. For information please contact: The American Museum of Fly Fishing, P. O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254, 802-362-3300.

Accredited by the American Association of Museums