The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

FALL 2005 VOLUME 31 NUMBER 4

A Marvellous Party

Tim Achor-Hoch

Trustee Pam Bates and journal editor Kathleen Achor catch up during dinner on Saturday evening.

When we last left our heroes, in the summer issue, they were busily preparing for the museum's grand opening, which, from all accounts, went swimmingly, thank you. No animals were harmed in the staging of this event (unless you count those served, of course), and it would appear that no person was physically hurt either, although how many feathers were ruffled under the stress of preparation I cannot say. I am but a part-time editor looking in from the outside, but I can certainly attest to the fact that the full-time staff spent more than full time pulling this event together. They are to be congratulated, admired, and perhaps given small statues at an awards ceremony.

The thing is, as someone who is not full time, I could both attend the event *and* have a little fun. More than a little fun. Meeting trustees, authors, and friends of the museum can be thrilling business. I feel, as Noel Coward would put it, that "I've been to a marvellous party." Now, perhaps this party was not so wild as the one described in the poem by that title, but imagine, if you will, if you are lucky enough to know any of them, the characters seated at my dinner table: Stan Bogdan, Jim and Pat Hardman, Fred Kretchman, Sam Urtz, Tim Achor-Hoch, and Bill McMaster. You be the judge of how wild it could have gotten. I couldn't have liked it more.

We wish all of you could have been there. Luckily, we had ace photographer Jim Hardman, our beloved trustee and volunteer, on the job. I don't know how we ever got along without him. We've included lots of photos of the big weekend, with our main coverage beginning on page 18. We're also pleased to share a bit of the grand evening's ceremonies with you: the poems read by Trustee Bill Herrick (page 24) and the keynote address by Trustee Ernest Schwiebert (page 22). It was a good night.

And how better to compliment an issue highlighting our grand opening than by including a story about a great figure in the museum's history? Jerry Karaska, himself one of the finest volunteers this museum has ever had, began working on an oral history of Dick Finlay, his life, and his involvement in the museum's beginnings. He interviewed Dick back in October 2001 and offers us a profile of someone who was there when it all began, whose dedication shaped our existence. "Fly Fishing, Skiing, Orvis, and the Museum: Dick Finlay, the First Volunteer" begins on page 14.

As the days grow crisp and the World Series nears, we're pleased to offer you the story of a friendship based on baseball and fishing: that of Red Sox legends Bobby Doerr and Ted Williams. John Feldenzer, the owner of a Paul Young Bobby Doerr model bamboo fly rod, decided to research that rod's history. In the process, he befriended Doerr and began work on an article about Doerr and Williams, starting with their days as San Diego Padres teammates. The two were avid fishermen and fishing buddies, and both subsequently had professional relationships with the bamboo rodmaker Paul H. Young. Young built rods for Doerr and Williams, then briefly marketed models that bore the players' names. Feldenzer follows the history of the famous friendship, of the various business relationships, and of the rods that Young made. "Of Baseball and Bamboo: Bobby Doerr, Ted Williams, and the Paul H. Young Rod Company" begins on page 2.

For news beyond the grand opening, check out our regular Museum News section on page 25. Oh, and there's some really big news: we have a new director. For that important story, please see the letter from President David Walsh on the inside back cover.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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ON THE COVER: *Left to right: Paul H. Young, Martha Marie Young, guide Larry Lucas, and Bobby Doerr on a steelhead fishing trip, Rogue River, late 1951. Photo courtesy of Bob Doerr.*

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Of Baseball and Bamboo: Bobby Doerr, Ted Williams, and the Paul H. Young Rod Company

by John A. Feldenzer

The year 1918 was a memorable one. World War I ended, a global epidemic of influenza killed millions, and the Boston Red Sox won the World Series for the last time in the twentieth century. Two men were born that year in southern California who would later become the best of friends. Bobby Doerr and Ted Williams were great baseball heroes of another era, Hall of Famers from the old Boston Red Sox, and men who loved to fish as much or more than playing the game of professional baseball.

Robert Pershing Doerr was "a child star in baseball" and played so well at the high school and American Legion levels that he was signed, in the fall of 1934, to play second base for the Hollywood Stars of the AAA Pacific Coast League.[1] Needing his father's consent to play, Doerr got it by agreeing to continue studies toward his high school diploma. At sixteen, Doerr *looked* too young to play professional baseball and on occasion was barred from the clubhouse.[2]

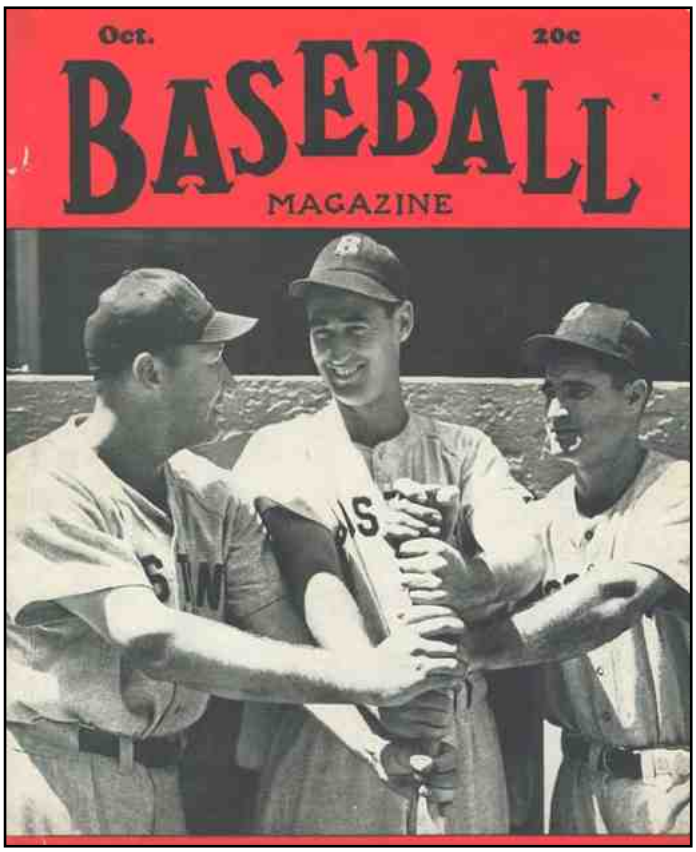


Figure 1. Rudy York, Ted Williams, and Bobby Doerr (left to right), World Series, Sportsman's Park, St. Louis, on the cover of Baseball Magazine *(October 1946, vol. LXXVII, no. 5). Courtesy of the Baseball Magazine Co., New York. From the baseball memorabilia collection of John A. Feldenzer.*

In late 1935, the Stars moved to San Diego as the new Padres. Theodore Samuel Williams, a local kid from San Diego, joined the Padres team midseason 1936.[3] "Williams and Doerr became road-trip friends, pushed together by their age and situation and what they found was a common love for fishing . . . Doerr talked about fishing for steelheads and trout, Williams about fishing for bass and albacore."[4] Author David Halberstam states that at the end of the '36 season, "Doerr, who loved the outdoors, introduced Williams to fishing (which, of course, Williams denies; as he remembers it, he introduced Doerr to fishing). That began a fifty-year friendship."[5]

Doerr had been lured to the outdoors since his early years. While playing in San Diego, he was influenced by trainer Les Cook, who regularly fly fished the Rogue River for steelhead in the off-season. At eighteen, on a trip to the Rogue with Cook, Doerr fell in love with the river, the area, and the local schoolteacher, Monica Terpin. He eventually married the schoolteacher, bought 160 acres on the Rogue, and for the next sixty-plus years never left the area except each spring to engage in the national pasttime.[6]

Over the years, Williams reflected on his beginnings in angling. His father had no interest in the outdoors and was rarely at home, and his mother was totally absorbed in her activities with the Salvation Army. Williams spent a lot of time alone, and his interests were focused on the baseball fields and fishing opportunities in southern California. In both *My Turn at Bat: The Story of My Life* (he referred to it as "the book") and *Ted Williams: Fishing "The Big Three,"* Williams reviewed his early exposure to fishing with John Underwood, his coauthor and friend. Chick Rotert, a game warden and disabled World War I veteran, introduced the eleven-year-old Williams to the bass lakes around San Diego. Williams was hooked by the "six and seven pound bass, nice bass"[7] and "finally got a rod and reel, a three-dollar and ninety-cent Pfleuger Akron reel and Heddon bamboo rod . . ."[8] Williams admonished Underwood, who was having trouble casting on an outing with Williams, "I went out and learned how to cast the damn thing before I went fishing with it. I learned how to use it," implying, of course, that Underwood had not done his homework before their fishing trip.[9] Williams was a perfectionist and simply could not tolerate sharing an activity with those possessing lesser skills than he. Another great influence on young Williams was Les Cassie, a kindly neighbor, high school maintenance man, father of Ted's baseball teammate Les Cassie Jr., and an avid surf fisherman. It seems that Mr. Cassie's own son had no interest in angling. Williams reflects:

> We'd make up two or three Calcutta ("Kal-Kut-A") rods and drive to Coronado Beach and fish the whole night for croakers and cobia. Till four in the

> morning we'd fish. We'd catch the tide and wade in almost to our waists and get soaking wet, but I didn't care. Surf casting was great fun. After a while I could cast as far as anybody on the beach.[10]

At a young age, Ted Williams, the fisherman, displayed two lifelong qualities. First, he loved all kinds of fishing, never restricting himself to fresh or salt water, to a single species pursued, or even to type of tackle (although fly fishing was his first love). Second, his perfectionist personality applied to his fishing as much as it did to his mastery of fighter planes while a wartime Marine aviator and, even more, his obsession over the science of hitting a baseball. Williams simply had to be the best at everything!

Together Again: Doerr and Williams

Friends Bobby Doerr and Ted Williams, along with their futures in professional baseball, would again be united. Doerr was signed to a Red Sox contract in 1937 by general manager Eddie Collins. Boston acquired the rights to Williams in December 1937 and, after the Sox 1938 training camp, manager Joe Cronin sent Williams to the Minneapolis Millers of the Amercian Association "to improve his head."[11] Red Sox management thought Williams was "too young, too immature, too wacky" according to Williams's biographer Leigh Montville.[12] Doerr and Williams were emotional opposites. Doerr was calm and uncommonly mature for his age, whereas Williams was emotionally volatile and difficult to get along with. Halberstam masterfully summarizes their relationship in *The Teammates.*

> In the beginning Ted had been closer to Bobby Doerr. Bobby was five months older, but infinitely more mature, with an uncommon emotional equilibrium that would stay with him throughout life. He never seemed to get angry or get down. This stood in sharp contrast to Williams' almost uncontrollable volatility, and his meteoric mood swings. It was as if Ted somehow understood the difference, that Bobby was balanced as he was not and that Bobby could handle things that he could not. Ted somehow understood that he needed Bobby's calm and he seized on his friend's maturity and took comfort in it from the start.[13]

The minor league year in Minnesota was rewarding for Williams. He met Rogers Hornsby, the "Rajah, greatest right-handed hitter of all time,"[14] who claimed "a great hitter is not born, he is made" and instructed Ted to "get a good ball to hit."[15] Williams led the league in four categories with a .366 batting average, forty-three home runs, 142 RBIs, and 130 runs scored.[16] He enjoyed the hunting and fishing in Minnesota and would eventually marry Doris Soule, his first wife and the daughter of his hunting guide there.[17] In 1939, Williams joined his friend Bobby Doerr on the Boston Red Sox, and baseball history records their accomplishments (Figure 1).

Ted Williams would become a baseball legend: "The Splendid Splinter," "Teddy Ballgame," and his favorite, "The Kid," the last man to hit over .400 in a season. He led American League hitters in more than thirty major categories in nineteen seasons. These included six batting championships, nine slugging titles, four home-run crowns, and an amazing eighteen seasons (seventeen in a row) of .300 hitting with a lifetime average of .344. He hit 521 career home runs and had a lifetime on-base percentage of .483.[18] Baseball fans can only speculate how much greater these statistics would have been had Williams not given five years to military service during two wars at the prime of his career. Bill Nowlin recently calculated what might have been if Williams had played his entire career in San Diego in the Pacific Coast League and without military interruption. Nowlin projected a .419 lifetime average and an almost unbelievable 990 career home runs![19] Williams was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1966.

Dee Carter

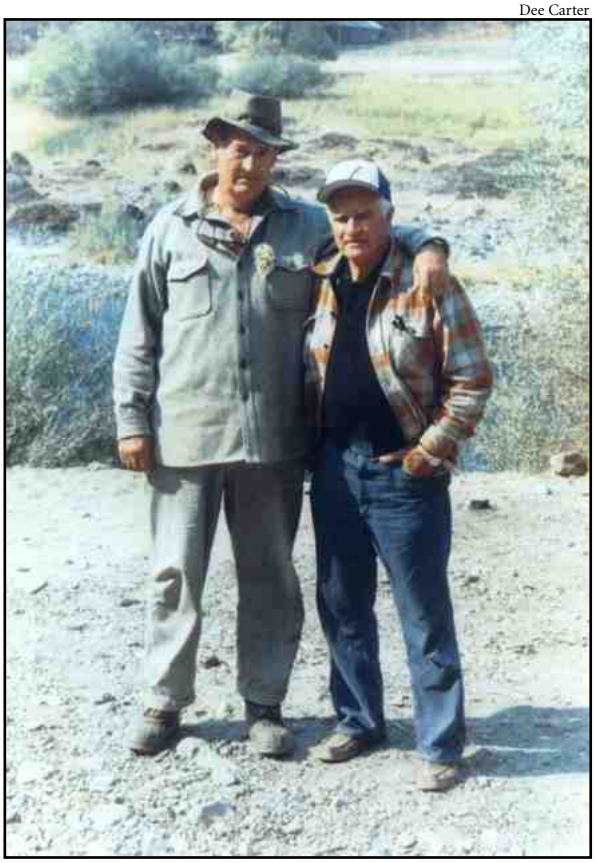


Figure 2. Ted Williams and Bob Doerr on the riverbank, Rogue River, 9 October 1987 after their famous riverbank batting clinic/debate on the "proper swing" of a baseball bat. Zane Grey's cabin is seen in the background. Grey fished the Rogue frequently in the 1920s. Photo courtesy of Bob Doerr.

Williams did not forget the special people from his past. He loved Mr. Cassie. His only high school graduation present, a fountain pen, came from Mr. Cassie. Mr. Cassie used his vacation time to drive Williams to spring training in his second year with the Red Sox. He promised Mr. Cassie that if he ever made it to the World Series, he would send along some tickets. In 1946, Mr. and Mrs. Cassie were at the World Series, compliments of "The Kid."[20] It would be the only good thing that happened for Williams during the 1946 World Series.

Doerr would carve out his own legend in baseball history as one of its great hitting second basemen. Unlike Williams, whose approach to hitting was scientific, Doerr was a natural, intuitive hitter who drove in more than one hundred RBIs in six of his fourteen seasons.[21] The arguments between Williams and Doerr over the correct batting swing (level according to Doerr, slight upswing according to Williams) are well known. Halberstam describes a memorable three-day argument during a steelhead fishing trip on the Rogue River in 1987. Williams: "You always chopped at the ball." Doerr: "No, I didn't chop."[22] This discussion culminated on 9 October 1987 in a video-recorded hitting clinic and debate on the riverbank (Figure 2). The soft-spoken and patient Bobby Doerr made his case for the proper mental approach, correct hand position, and a level or even slight downswing. Then the domineering, irreverent, and sometimes profane Williams preached on the essential pivot of the hips, the ideal slight upswing, and the advantage of "choking up" or switching to a lighter bat to get "quicker" with two strikes. A secret bal-

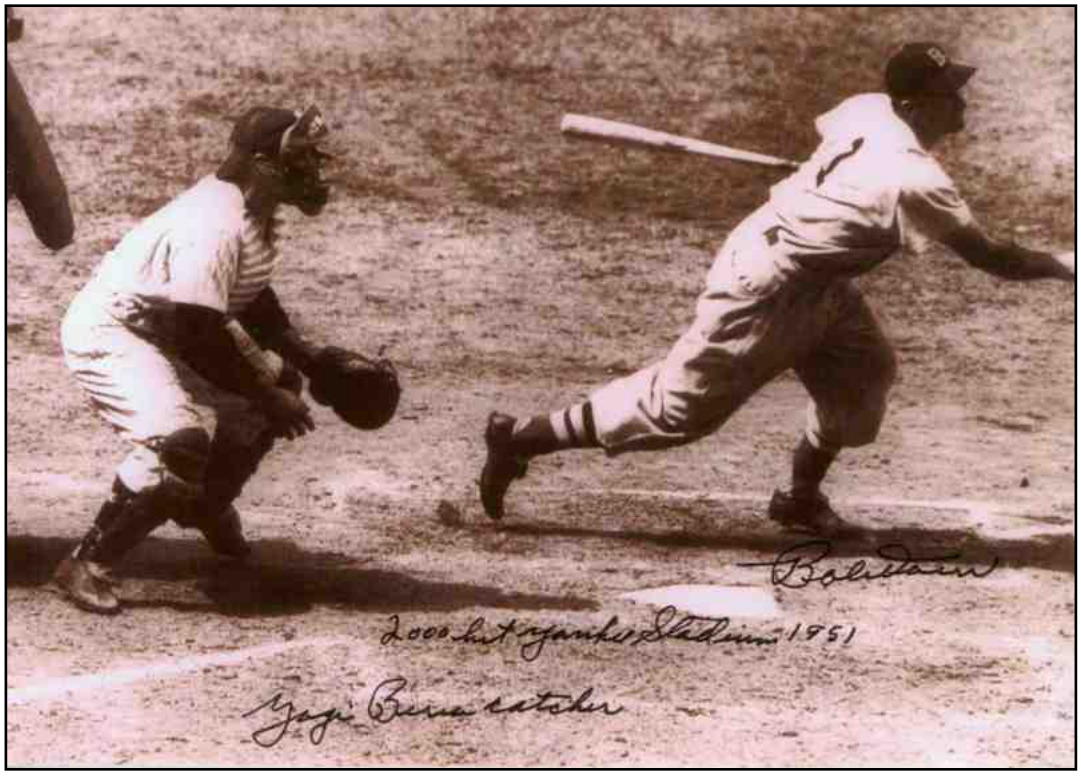


Figure 3. Inscribed photo of Bobby Doerr getting his 2,000th hit at Yankee Stadium, 1951. Yogi Berra is catching. Photo courtesy of Bob Doerr.

lot on who won the debate resulted in a "tie."[23] But everyone knew Williams was the master, and no one, not even Doerr, could argue with his record. He was quite likely the greatest hitter of all time and had already published his theories in *The Science of Hitting*.

Doerr collected 2,042 hits, slammed 223 home runs, and drove in 1,247 runs from 1937 to 1951 with a lifetime batting average of .288 (Figure 3). Unlike Williams, he excelled in the 1946 World Series with nine hits in six games for a .409 average.[24] Also, unlike Williams, Doerr was a defensive standout and among all-time career leaders for putouts and assists for second basemen, including those who played much longer. Bobby Doerr was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in 1986. His great friend, Ted Williams, was present.

The Paul H. Young Rod Company and Ted's Quest for the Best

By 1918, the year that Doerr and Williams were born, Paul H. Young was an outdoorsman and taxidermist who had moved from Arkansas, his birthplace, to Minnesota, where he sold fishing tackle in Duluth. After exploring the waters of Minnesota and Wisconsin, he moved to Detroit. At age twenty, he read a book on rodmaking and began producing hand-planed bamboo fly rods as a self-taught artisan. His shop at 8065 Grand River Avenue in Detroit specialized in taxidermy, fly tying, and tackle and soon became a gathering place for anglers. In 1925, Young began marketing his rods to the public and, in 1927, developed his first compound taper and issued his first catalog.[25] Young's innovation with tapers and his quest for perfection led to a popular line of affordable bamboo fly rods for trout, bass, and salmon. Demand for his rods quickly became overwhelming, and within two years Paul had to contract out to Heddon and Wes Jordan at South Bend for blanks made to Young's designed tapers.[26] Young's business survived the Depression. During that time, he sold his Prosperity rod for about ten dollars. In 1938, Young noted that his sixteen-year-old son, Jack, "has bamboo in the blood," and Young began teaching him the art of making bamboo rods.[27] The Youngs followed the great father-son bamboo rod-making tradition of Ed and Jim Payne, Fred and Leon Thomas, Eustis ("Bill") Edwards and sons Gene and Bill, E. C. and Walton Powell, and, more recently, Charlie and Steve Jenkins.

Following V-J day, the Paul H. Young Rod Co. unveiled a new line of rods, including the delicate 6-foot, 3-inch Midge, the popular 7½-foot Perfectionist, and Young's Modified American Parabolic rods, such as the famous 8-foot Para 15.[28] He also introduced the powerful 7½-foot Martha Marie model, designed for and named after his wife, who was ahead of her time as an avid female fly fisher. Martin J. Keane, a recognized expert on classic bamboo fly rods, states that 1947 to 1957 were Paul Young's "golden years."[29] Young had a vast stock of prime, preembargo Tonkin cane with which to work. Improvements were monumental: animal glues were discarded for synthetic resin adhesives, the famous and unique Young flame finish was developed by tempering bamboo in a "ring of fire," parabolic tapers were perfected, and varnish coating was improved.

Ted Williams was a fanatic about

sporting equipment. He traveled every winter to the Hillerich and Bradsby factory in Kentucky to choose his own Louisville Sluggers, those of the "whitest ash and the tightest grain."[30] He was perceptive about, and sensitive to, his bats.

> I always worked on my bats, boning them down, putting a shine on them, forcing the fibers together. I treated them like babies. Weight tolerance got to be a big thing with me. The weight can change. Early in the season it's cold and damp and the bats lying around on the ground pick up moisture and get heavier. I used to take them down to the post office to have them weighed. Eventually, with the Red Sox, we got a little set of scales put in the locker room. I'll never forget Mr. Hillerich of Hillerich and Bradsby, the Louisville Slugger Company, put six bats on a bed in Boston. One was a half ounce heavier than the others. He had me close my eyes and pick out the heavier bat. I picked it out twice in a row.[31]

His approach to fishing tackle was no less intense. He wanted the best equipment available to optimize his performance, whether swinging a baseball bat or casting to tarpon, bonefish, or Atlantic salmon, his "big three." Williams had to have the best to be the best. "If there is one thing I am an absolute nut about in fishing, it's adequate tackle—the right rod and reel, the correct strength line, the best-tied knots, the sharpest hooks. It is as easy as it is important, because you can be sure of those things no matter how experienced you are."[32]

The Florida Keys

Williams became interested in Florida fishing when reading about Ray Holland catching powerful snook there. He became fascinated with saltwater fly fishing. "I loved to fly cast even then—I had Heddon rods, South Bend rods, *bamboo* rods, and a B-level or C-level line. And I loved to make my own flies. I'd been doing it since the World Series in 1946."[33] In the 1940s, Islamorada, Florida, was a barren place except for serious fishing guides, led by Jimmie Albright and Jack Brothers, who poled their small skiffs in search of bonefish and tarpon. In 1947, Albright, inventor of the Albright Special knot, guided Joe Brooks, who caught three bonefish on flies during his first day.[34] Brooks was a writer, and word got around.

Williams's interest in bonefishing was further stimulated by J. Lee Cuddy, an outstanding saltwater fly fisherman.[35] The Florida Keys was a place for dedicated anglers, so it was the place for Ted Williams. Author R. B. Cramer describes Williams in Florida this way: "Ted could do it all, brilliantly. The guides didn't make much fuss about his fame, but they loved his fishing. His meticulous detail work, always an oddity at Fenway Park, was respected here as the mark of a fine angler. Ted had the best tackle, best reels, best rods, the perfect line, his lures were impeccable."[36]

Williams's intensity, natural ability, and acquired skill made it difficult for others to fish with him. In his short essay "I'm No Ted Williams," Charles Elliot, the forest ranger, prolific writer, and field editor of *Outdoor Life* for many years, described a memorable day of bonefishing with Williams and Joe Brooks off Key Largo in 1951. They were fly fishing and using a large bamboo rod (likely a Paul Young rod). "Sure you can handle that rod?" Williams asked. Initially, Williams was frustrated by Elliot's inability to spot bonefish at a distance or distinguish one from a barracuda or shark. "How in the hell can you catch 'm if you can't see 'm?" Williams asked explosively. Then later, "You're going to catch a bonefish if we have to kick it into the boat and fasten it to your fly," Williams said. After several technical errors, such as catching the fly line around the reel handle, thus losing the bonefish and then inadvertently hooking a barracuda, Elliot gave up the bamboo. Williams effortlessly cast 110 feet into a stiff breeze then proceeded to hook and land a 10-pound bonefish. He quickly casted to, and landed, another. Elliot eventually reeled in a 5-pounder that Brooks had hooked. The strength of the fish and effort required impressed Elliot. "I know one thing," I gasped. "I'm not man enough to catch a ten-pounder, if they grow in strength as they increase in size." "If you don't learn how to throw that line," Williams grunted, "you'll never have a chance at a ten-pounder." When Elliot finally hooked a huge bonefish and then broke it off, Williams was merciful. "Oh well," he said, "no man bats a thousand in the bonefish league."[37] But how about .400? Williams was becoming a master of bonefish and tarpon just as he had mastered major league pitchers.

Williams also had a need to know he was the best, an insecurity that was insatiable. Author R. B. Cramer relates a conversation between Williams and a Boston writer (one of the "knights of the keyboard," as Williams disdainfully called them):

> "Ain't no one in heaven or earth ever knew more about fishing."
> "Sure there is," says the scribe.
> "Oh yeah? Who?"
> "Well God made the fish."
> "Yeah, awright," Ted says. "But you had to go pretty far back."[38]

But even heroes have heroes. One of Williams's heroes was Zane Grey (ZG), the author and sportsman. Williams admired ZG not for his literary status but for his independent spirit and determination to be the best fisherman of his time.[39] Grey also had a baseball connection and was a very talented slugger (and pitcher!) at the collegiate and semiprofessional levels.[40] ZG pioneered saltwater fly fishing for tarpon, bonefish, and permit in Long Key, Florida, in the early twentieth century. He was president of the Long Key Fishing Club for three years after its inception in 1917.[41] (Williams often fished for tarpon alone at a place off Long Key. The fishing guides called it "Ted's Spot."[42]) Grey owned a fishing cabin on the Rogue River and often fished there for steelhead in the 1920s (see Figure 2).[43] Indeed, the last six chapters of Grey's book, *Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing*, and many of its photographic illustrations describe his fly-fishing experiences on the Rogue with his brother, son, and others.[44] "The Rogue River magnifies the favorite places and fish of our boyhood. This river is indeed magnificent. Think. It is icy water, crystal clear. It runs between high mountain slopes of Oregon forests. And it is full of beautiful, savage, unconquerable fish."[45]

Nevertheless, Grey, like Williams, was drawn to the sea for his ultimate fishing challenges. "Although his sons and ZG reserved a special place in their private lives for steelhead trout fishing in Oregon, his enduring angling fame rests on his pioneering efforts in the sea."[46] In his monograph, *Sea Angling*, Grey writes:

> Salmon-fishermen who have mastered the highest art of angling must never forget that salmon run up out of the sea. It is the sea that makes the silver lord of the Restigouche the incomparable fish he is. It is the sea that makes the pearl tinted steelhead of the Rogue so savage and wonderful. It is the salt water that develops the dynamic bonefish. Which is to say that the sea is the mother of all fish, and for that matter, of all life on the earth.[47]

Young and Williams

It is not surprising that Williams's quest for fine fly-fishing tackle, especially saltwater tackle, would lead him to the doorstep of Paul Young. How Williams learned about Paul Young's rods isn't clear, but it was possibly from Jimmie Albright. Albright had moved from Detroit to the Keys in 1942 to fish and may have directed Williams to Young's Detroit shop.[48] Lee Cuddy was also using Young's rods. Young was in those creative

Ron Swanson; computer background modification by Daaave Summers

Figure 4. Ted Williams's personal rod, a Paul H. Young Parabolic 18, one tip, dated May 1950. Photo courtesy of Ron Swanson.

Stephen Brown; computer background modification by Daaave Summers

Figure 5 (A and B). The Ted Williams Parabolic 18, dated May 1949 (with Doerr's name on it also), in Paul Young's handwriting, which was given to Doerr by the Youngs on their trip to Oregon, late 1951. The rod is in the Ted Williams Museum and Hitters Hall of Fame Museum in Hernando, Florida.

Stephen Brown; computer background modification by Daaave Summers

"golden years" and, in 1948 or 1949, Williams began to visit the Young shop in Detroit after finishing games at Tiger Stadium.[49] (Ted loved Tiger Stadium. "I saw the ball better there. I hit fifty-four home runs in Detroit, more than any other park I played in on the road."[50]) Williams studied and discussed rod tapers with Paul Young and ordered custom bamboo rods to fish for tarpon, snook, and bonefish in Florida. Young made several custom rods for Williams with Ted's name on them. The single-tip 9-foot, 3-inch, 6¾-ounce Parabolic 18 rod shown above has Paul Young's usual hand lettering in print as well as TED WILLIAMS MAY 1950 written in script (Figure 4).[51] Young also developed a 9-foot, 6-inch Parabolic 18 bass and light steelhead rod for Williams.

Bob Summers, a protégé of Paul Young who began working in the shop after high school in 1956 and stayed on for eighteen years, remembers the visits of Ted Williams to the shop. Summers and I studied the Young Co. tackle catalogs from the 1950s titled *More Fishing Less Fussing*. The dated 1950 catalog makes no mention of Williams. The next, undated catalog (with Lee Cuddy and a fly-caught tarpon on the cover), which Summers and I believe to be from 1952 or 1953, contains two photographs of Williams: one with his first bonefish caught on a Paul Young Oregon Egg bait-casting rod and one of Williams "with a 9 lb. bonefish taken with our 9-foot–18 modified parabolic rod, December 26, 1950 at Key Largo, Florida."[52] The "9-foot" Para 18 in the second photograph may be the 9-foot, 3-inch rod shown in Figure 4.[53] This rod and the 9-foot, 6-inch rod were once owned by Ron Swanson, who notes that the 9-foot, 6-inch rod had inked markings by Paul Young that tallied the number of bonefish caught by Williams and him.[54] This most likely occurred on Young's 1950–1951 holiday fishing trip to Key Largo. The 1952–1953 catalog also contains this letter from Williams to Young.

> Dear Paul:
>
> Inclosed find check that will cover my bill and Bobby Doerr's rod.* Gee! He just loved the feel of his as soon as he felt it. He said when he told me to go ahead and order it that he wasn't sure he was doing the smart thing, but I assured him he'd never be sorry and he is tickled pink. Now about mine. I tried it the other day and I'm not so sure it could be improved on. I can't wait till we get in action down there and I think when we do we'll have all the boys singing.
>
> I lost the bill you sent me so if I'm not exactly right will square with you in Detroit. You should see the flies I'm tying—really out of this world—no kidding.
>
> All my love to "Mrs. America" and family.
>
> "Ted" Williams, Massachusetts
> (Boston Red Sox)
> *(9-foot–18/17–6 modified parabolic)[55]

It seems that two of Young's Para 18 rods were destined to become "Ted Williams" models (Figure 5). The 1952–1953 catalog has a list of regular and dry-fly rods as well as Modified American Parabolics on the inside front cover. The two Ted Williams models are a 9-foot, two-piece Para 18 (6.25 ounces with 7/64-inch tip-top) labeled "Ted Williams Bonefish" for GAF (WF9) line, and a lighter 9-foot, 6-inch, two-piece Para 18 (6.09 ounces with a 5/64-inch tip-top) labeled "Ted Williams Bass Rod, Light Steelhead" for GBF (WF8) line. A Florida Special Bonefish Para 18 model (9-foot, 6-inch, two-piece, 6.40-ounce rod with 7/64-inch tip-top for GAF line) and Lee Cuddy Powerhouse Para 20 (9-foot, two-piece, 7.00-ounce, 5/64-inch tip-top for 2A line) model were also listed.[56]

Sometime thereafter (Williams was flying a Marine F-9 Panther jet in Korea during 1952–1953), he began experimenting with bamboo rods on his own. Williams finished several himself from

Figure 6. Ted Williams, Johnny Pesky (standing), Bobby Doerr, and Dom DiMaggio celebrating the retirement of Doerr's uniform number (1) at Jimmy's restaurant, Boston Harbor, 12 May 1988. Photo taken by Everett Gothier. Photo courtesy of Tom Ripp.

Figure 7. Martha Marie Young with a fish on, Rogue River, late 1951. Lucas at the oars, Doerr in the front of the boat. Williams referred to Martha as "Mrs. America." Photo was likely taken by Paul Young. Photo courtesy of Bob Doerr.

Young Co. blanks and then developed his own business, the Ted Williams Tackle Manufacturing Company.[57] Williams then personally asked Paul Young to not use his name on any of the Young models or in the catalog. Young agreed. In the undated but likely 1955–1956 catalog (with Ned Jewett Jr. on the cover), there is no mention of Ted Williams or his models. The Ted Williams Bonefish model became the Florida Special Para 18 (9-foot, 6.25 ounces with ¾ [GAF] and ¾ [GBG] tip-tops).[58] Williams subsequently entered into a major business relationship with Sears Roebuck and Company. The exclusive five-year contract, announced on 27 December 1960 in Chicago, was for $100,000 per year.[59]

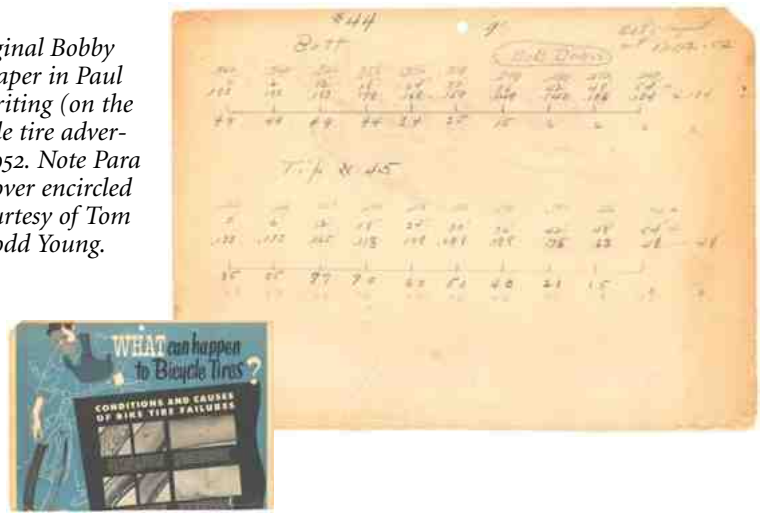
The Doerr Rod

In 1950 or 1951, Williams requested that Young develop a custom taper for his friend, Bobby Doerr, to use for steelhead and salmon on the big water in Oregon. Doerr picked up his rod at the Youngs' shop in the fall of 1951, the year he retired. He paid $75 for the rod.[60] Ted Williams verified this story to Tom Ripp, a longtime fishing friend of Doerr's, in the spring of 1988 during a party in Boston to celebrate the retirement of Doerr's number 1 at Fenway Park (Figure 6).[61]

In late 1951, Paul and Martha Marie Young traveled to Oregon to fish the Rogue River for winter steelhead with Doerr and the famous river guide Larry Lucas (Figure 7). During that fishing trip, Young assessed Doerr's home waters, his fishing capability, and his powerful, muscular arms. Paul Young left a rod with Doerr after the trip. This was a 9-foot, 6.41-ounce, two-piece Parabolic 18 with one tip. It was marked on the butt section with the names of both Williams and Doerr, Parabolic 18, the usual technical information, and the date, May 1949, in the usual Paul H. Young printing (see Figure 5). Doerr fished the heavy rod for steelhead, but he never liked it as much as his Bobby Doerr prototype.[62] He sent the rod back to the Youngs' shop for restoration at some point, and it was returned to him with three tips. He never fished the rod again and subsequently donated it to the Ted Williams Museum and Hitters Hall of Fame in Hernando, Florida, where it can now be viewed (see Figure 5). Doerr and his wife, Monica, continued a lifetime friendship with the Youngs and maintained contact with Martha Marie after Paul's death in 1960. In a 1990 phone conversation, Martha told Bobby and Monica that she "was ninety-one years old and, because of knee surgery, had missed the opening of trout season for the first time in sixty-five years, and would not miss another!"[63]

The taper for what would later become the Bobby Doerr model was established in October and the blanks cut in November 1952. This early taper, written

Figure 8. Original Bobby Doerr model taper in Paul Young's handwriting (on the back of a bicycle tire advertisement), fall 1952. Note Para 17 seen faintly over encircled Bob Doerr. Courtesy of Tom Ripp from Todd Young.



in Young's hand (on the back of a bicycle tire advertisement!) was obtained by Tom Ripp in 1990 from Todd Young, Young's grandson and rodmaker (Figure 8).[64] The 1955–1956 Paul H. Young Co. catalog, with Ned Jewett Jr. on the cover, describes the Bobby Doerr model for the first time and offers it, in deluxe grade only, for $75.[65]

Mark Canfield is a bamboo rodmaker with thirty years experience from Ketchum, Idaho. He is also an expert on rod tapers and a former owner of the Bobby Doerr rod illustrated in this essay. In August 2003, he discussed the history of the rod with Doerr personally. Canfield examined Young's original production taper for the Doerr model of 1952 (see Figure 8) and compared it with the taper (compensated over varnish) of the 1955 rod illustrated here. The butt section tapers are very similar, but the 1952 model has significantly more bamboo from the midbutt section through the ferrule and clear through to the tips. This indicates that the original Doerr model was made for at least a 9WF line and that Paul Young subsequently modified the Doerr rod to suit the needs of his later fishing clients.[66] I asked Canfield to explore any relationship between the popular Para 17 model (8½ feet) and the original Doerr rod because the written taper has Para 17 erased right above the encircled *Bob Doerr* (see Figure 8), and the ferrule size, 17/64 inch, is the same. Canfield's micrometer data show that the Para 17 is nearly identical to the original Doerr model through the butt section, except in the lowest 6 inches above the hand grasp, and nearly identical for 5 inches above and below the ferrule. Aside from those two places, however, there is no similarity. Canfield concluded that the original Doerr model was not a simple modification of a previous Para 17 taper.[67] It is more likely that the original 6-plus-ounce, 9-foot rod made for Doerr was a modification of the 9-foot Para 18 that had already been made for Williams (see Figure 4).

Young was a fanatic about rod weight and action and was frequently modifying his tapers. Ernest Schwiebert is a longstanding aficionado of Young rods. His magnum opus, *Trout*, contains a chapter, "The Iconography of the Split-Cane Rod," in which he postulates that later Young parabolics were based on prototype or experimental models that Young listed as early as 1933 in his book *Making and Using the Fly and Leader*. "Its [the Para 15's] larger cousin, the powerful Parabolic 17 of eight and a half feet and five and a half ounces is clearly anticipated by the experimental nine foot, five and half ounce slow-action rod Young developed right before the Second World War."[68] Young describes such "remodeling" of a 9-foot "slow" rod in *Making and Using the Fly and Leader*. He describes the slow rod's poor dry-fly casting capability and suggests that "such a rod may be cut down: a 9 foot rod may be cut to 8½ or 8 foot 3 inches and becomes a fine dry fly rod."[69] In a chapter titled "The Alchemy of Bamboo," Schwiebert reported his experience with a unique Young Parabolic 17, one of Young's personal rods, sent to him by Martha Marie after Paul's death. The rod "performed beautifully" in Patagonia, Iceland, Labrador, and Yellowstone.[70] The rod had three tips, one bringing the length to 8½ feet and the other two special tips (one for nymphs, one for dry flies) bringing the rod to nearly 9 feet.

> Most customers considered this early prototype of the famous Parabolic 17 too radical in its calibrations and casting stroke, but Paul Young loved its demanding character, and grudgingly modified his subsequent Parabolic 17 tapers to satisfy his audience. The original has a unique character, with a willful spirit of its own, and it was some time before I successfully adjusted my casting rhythms to fulfill its obvious potential.[71]

The 1955 Doerr model illustrated below was originally sold by the company on 31 October 1955.[72] It is a powerful 9-foot, two-piece rod with two tips: a WF7 (HCF), bringing the rod weight to 5.60 ounces, and an WF8 (GBF) tip, resulting in a 5.73-ounce rod (Figure 9). The reel seat is cork and black anodized alu-

Dan McDilda and Daaave Summers

Figure 9. A 1955 Bobby Doerr model (serial number 2093) in excellent and original condition with Young's book, Making and Using the Fly and Leader, *3rd edition, 1938.*

Dan McDilda and Daaave Summers

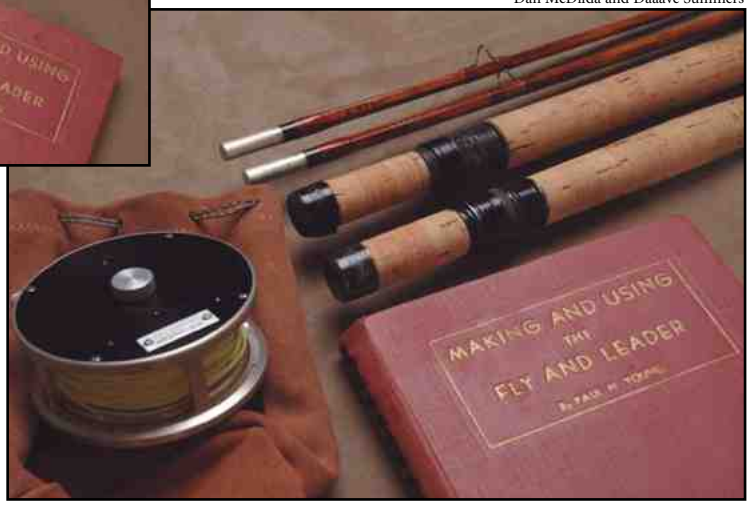


Figure 10. Typical Paul Young–style black anodized aluminum screw-locking cork insert reel seats, functionally designed with light weight being a priority. Doerr model above and pre-1954 (no serial number) professionally restored Para 15 below. Rods built after 1946 have the Young Co. die stamp on the butt cap.

Dan McDilda and Daaave Summers

Figure 11. Paul Young inked more technical information on bamboo rods than any other maker. A 1955 Doerr model above, pre-1954 restored Para 15 below.

minum with down-locking screw and the Young Co. die stamp on the butt cap (Figure 10). The cork grip is Wells type. The beautiful, Young-style, flame-tempered cane with 2-by-2 node placement is wrapped in the typical auburn-colored silks with a red spiral silk wrap to distinguish the WF7 tip at both male ferrule and tip-top. The butt ink markings, in Young's handwriting, include the original owner's name as well as BOB DOERR MODEL, 9′—5.73 OZ. AND 5.60 OZ. PAUL H. YOUNG CO—DETROIT—MAKER and NO. 2093 below the stripping guide. The tips are marked: TIP ¾ G.B.F. #2093 and TIP TOP 5 1/2/64 H.C.F. #2093 (Figure 11). The size 17 Super Z ferrules are oxidized black, and the tungsten guides and tip-tops are from the Perfection Tip Company. The rod was packaged in a brown satin bag with brass-collared aluminum Cal Air tube (Figure 12).

A very limited number of Doerr models were built. Bob Summers contends that "less than two dozen" Doerr rods were made and even fewer of the Florida Special model.[73] My review of Marty Keane's tackle catalogs (*Classic Rods & Tackle*) from 1983 to 2004 shows that only three Doerr models sold on the secondary market.[74] Keane is the caretaker of the Paul H. Young Co. ledger, which records the production of all rods from 26 July 1955 (starting with serial number 1955) to 25 May 1976. Before July 1955, the company did not use serial numbers. Keane recently reviewed the ledger and reported:

> . . . During this period, when serial numbers were recorded for each rod and they were the only ones that appear in the ledger, there were a total of twenty-seven Bobby Doerr rods made; it was apparently much more than the Florida Special or the Powerhouse at 9½ feet, all of which were in single digits for the production totals.[75]

There is no record of how many Doerr models were made from the fall of 1952 until July 1955, when the ledger began. Obviously, Paul Young himself only participated in their production until his death in April 1960. Thereafter, Doerr models were built by Bob Summers and Jack Young. The limited number of Doerr models made reflects the "specialty" nature of the rod and the 1950s advent of fiberglass technology. Fiberglass gave an angler the ability to cast a heavy line with a rod just as large but much lighter than bamboo. Ted Williams was quick to adapt to the new technology.

Interestingly, Paul Young named only a few of his many fly rods after individuals: the 7½-foot Martha Marie after his wife and the 9-foot Bobby Doerr. Young undoubtedly wanted to market a Ted Williams model (the Para 18) until Williams put a stop to it. The early version of the 8-foot Para 15 was named the K. T. Keller[76] model after the former president and board chair of the Chrysler Corporation, who was "a loyal devotee of the rod."[77] The 1952–1953 catalog referred to the Lee Cuddy Powerhouse model, but Cuddy's name was dropped in the 1955–1956 catalog.[78]

Bobby Doerr loved his Paul Young custom rod. Williams attested to this in his letter to Young.[79] However, Doerr did not realize that Paul Young offered the rod to the public as the Bobby Doerr model for more than thirty years! In 1986, Tom Ripp discovered this fact while reading an article describing fly rod and line balance by A. J. McClane in a *Fly Fisherman* magazine from 1976.[80] Unfortunately, Doerr lost his only prototype Doerr model in the 1950s on the Rogue River. When he returned to where he left it on the riverbank one afternoon, the rod was gone! Doerr's longtime fishing buddies from the San Francisco Bay area (organized as the Oregon Sashweight Society or O.S.S.), led by Tom Ripp, commissioned Todd Young to build a duplicate Bobby Doerr model rod from the original Paul Young taper. This was accomplished, and on 2 June 1990, the O.S.S. presented Doerr with his new

Dan McDilda and Daaave Summers

Figure 12. A 1955 Doerr model with original bag and aluminum tube.

Bobby Doerr model bamboo rod at a dinner party thirty-nine years after he received the original.[81] That day Doerr was seen enthusiastically casting it in a local park (Figure 13). He later promised Todd Young that the "the user will own the rod," not the reverse.[82]

Not everyone appreciated the Bobby Doerr model. Arnold Gingrich, longtime editor of *Esquire* magazine, avid fly fisherman, and a "light tackle crank"[83] according to Ernest Schwiebert, was a devotee of Paul Young rods, especially the diminutive Midge model. *The Well-Tempered Angler* contains a chapter titled "Paul Young and the Midge Rod," in which Gingrich describes a salmon fishing trip to Iceland with his fly-fishing wife, Jane. He obtained two Bobby Doerr rods from Young and had great difficulty casting the 9-footer: "A stiffer, more stubbornly clublike and unyielding stick I never tried to wield . . ."[84] Gingrich was a very slight man and simply could not get the large semiparabolic taper to respond to him. He called the rod a "shillelagh" and gave both rods as gifts to his Icelandic guides, "in whose eyes a 6-ounce rod is practically a toy."[85] Gudmundur, the guide who received Jane's Bobby Doerr steelhead rod, "for years thereafter sent us countless pictures of slews of salmon taken 'on the Jane rod and the Arnold reel.'"[86]

Paul Young died on 28 April 1960. Martha Marie and son Jack continued the rod-making tradition along with Bob Summers. Martha retired in 1969, and Jack moved the company from Detroit to Traverse City. Bob Summers left the Youngs in 1972 to make his own fine bamboo rods.[87] Todd Young continued the rod-making business on a limited basis thereafter. Martha Marie Young passed away on 6 April 1995.

If there was a Hall of Fame for bamboo rod-building, Paul Young would be an early inductee. His rods are cherished by those fortunate enough to own and fish them. They are highly collectible and command impressive prices today on the secondary market. The Young Company's production until 1976 was approximately 5,000 rods. In 1976, Keane estimated the total at 5,500,[88] but his later review of the ledger shows the last recorded serial number as 4715.[89] "The record book shows no rods made during the month of April 1960, it goes from March 14th serial number 3888 to May 21st which is serial number 3889."[90] Keane originally reported that the last rod built in Young's lifetime was a Para 15 with serial number 3892.[91] The quality of Young's bamboo and the uniqueness of his tempering have made later reproductions of his rods by other makers less than perfect copies. Paul Young was a true master of his art.

Tom Ripp

Figure 13. Bob Doerr, age seventy-two, casting his new Todd Young Bobby Doerr model rod in a park, San Ramon, California, 2 June 1990.

Williams: A Lifelong Love Affair with Fish

Ted Williams pursued fishing with passion, and it became an escape for him. Eventually, it became his life. After his disappointing performance in the 1946 World Series (he went five for twenty-five with no home runs), he escaped to Florida to fish. The Boston sportswriters were merciless, saying that Ted Williams couldn't win the big ones. He spent more and more time on the water. In 1948, when Doris was in a Boston hospital to deliver their first child, Williams was in Florida fishing. The papers (and mothers in Boston) were brutal. Williams spent two days in Boston, then was back fishing. Fishing the Keys for bonefish with light fly tackle became an obsession. "When Ted tried this new sport, he found a love that would last longer than any of his marriages."[92] In 1955, he fished the Miramichi for Atlantic salmon with guide Roy Curtis. By 1958, he was hooked, bought a pool on the river in 1961, and hired Roy as guide and Roy's wife Edna as housekeeper. On the Miramichi, Williams related his respect for the Atlantic salmon to Red Smith, dean of American sportswriters: "The Atlantic salmon is very, very special in my mind. The greatest experience a fisherman can have is to hook an Atlantic salmon. There is nothing in angling like it."[93]

Williams stalked the salmon relentlessly. He had to be the best. When author John Underwood asked Roy Curtis, "Is he the best?" Roy answered, "The best I've seen. Forty years and I ain't seen none better, no."[94] Williams feared for the future of the Atlantic salmon and worried about the pollution from acid rain, the "ravages of heavy netting," and the "illegal operations" of commercial fishermen. "The Atlantic salmon is a power-packed, leaping silver thing of beauty, and God, I hope it lives forever," he said.[95]

His passion for fly fishing both fresh and salt water continued after his career as a player and manager ended. He retired as a player in 1960 and later managed the Washington Senators and Texas Rangers from 1969 to 1972. Without the tug of professional baseball, his life became his own. Each winter, he'd fish the flats, then head to the Boston Sportmen's Show, where he demonstrated fly casting and pontificated on fishing. His interest in tackle evolved as fiberglass then graphite all but replaced bamboo fly rods. He had signed a six-figure contract with Sears and had his name on a complete line of fishing tackle, hunting gear, and other sporting goods.[96]

Williams joined his hero, Zane Grey, upon induction into the International Game Fishing Association's Hall of Fame in 1999.[97] That year, at nearly eighty-one, Ted Williams threw out the first pitch at the All Star game in Fenway Park. Although he needed the great, nearly .400 hitter Tony Gwynn to stabilize his weak left side, Williams stood and threw a straight strike to Carlton Fisk, who was catching. All of the active All Stars and those retired Hall of Fame legends (Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, Bob Feller, and others) mobbed Williams on the mound.[98] During this tearful tribute and homecoming, he was welcomed by the fans of Boston, with whom he had had such a tumultuous relationship fifty years earlier. The prodigal son was home, and Williams wept with joy.

Williams was also loved in Boston for another reason. For many years, he was a strong advocate of the Jimmy Fund, the public, fund-raising arm of the Dana Farber Cancer Institute. Williams dedicated himself to supporting children with cancer, but would accept no public recognition for this until November 1988. At age seventy, he was honored in Boston at an event called "An Evening with Number 9." Honored guests included teammates Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky, and Dominic DiMaggio, as well as opposing greats Bob Feller and Joe DiMaggio. The great hitter Reggie Jackson was there, as well as close fishing friends Curt Gowdy, the sportscaster, and Bud Leavitt, sports columnist for the *Bangor Daily News*. His fellow marine aviator and astronaut John Glenn gave a testimonial of Williams in Korea, and there were video appearances by President Ronald Reagan and President-elect George H. W. Bush. Bud Leavitt proclaimed Williams to be "a great American, a great human being, and a helluva Republican."[99] Williams was humbled by the event.

In the end, Williams achieved his goals.

> He'd done, he believed, the hardest thing in sport: by God, he hit the ball. And there was pride in his new life: he had his name on more rods and reels, hunting guns, tackle boxes, jackets, boots and bats than any man in the world. He studied fishing like no other man, and lent to it his fame and grace, his discerning eye. He had his tournament wins and trophies, a fishing book and fishing movies, and he got his thousand of the Big Three.[100]

Williams was a complex man whose career reached lofty public heights, but whose difficult personality complicated his relationships with wives, children, friends, baseball fans, and sportswriters. There is no better evidence of this than Halberstam's painful description of Doerr's tarpon fishing trip with Williams in Islamorada in 1961 or 1962. Doerr recalled the experience at "An Evening with Number 9." Williams verbally abused Doerr when Doerr failed on several occasions to land a tarpon. Doerr forgave Williams, as he always did. According to Halberstam, "Had Bobby Doerr been anyone else, someone not as balanced, someone not as comfortable with himself, someone who didn't understand Ted so well, it might have ended the friendship."[101] Bobby Doerr loved Ted Williams, and Ted loved Bobby. They were friends, and Ted was Ted. Ted Williams died on 5 July 2002 at age eighty-three in Inverness, Florida. He never saw the Boston Red Sox win a World Series.

Doerr: Still on the Rogue

At the time of this writing, Bobby Doerr is nearly eighty-seven and the fourth-oldest living member of the Baseball Hall of Fame. "Doerr was easily the most popular member of the Red Sox and possibly the most popular baseball player of his era."[102] He retired in 1951 because of a lumbar spinal problem. He sought advice from Dr. James L. Poppen, a famous neurosurgeon at the Lahey Clinic in Boston.[103] Poppen told Doerr that he might avoid a fusion operation if he stopped playing baseball, and Doerr did. He later coached the Red Sox and Toronto Blue Jays. Bobby Doerr lost his beloved wife, Monica, in December 2003 after sixty-five years of marriage. They have one son, Donald.

In 1928, Zane Grey stated that "The happiest lot of any angler would be to live somewhere along the banks of the Rogue River, most beautiful stream of Oregon. Then, if he kept close watch on conditions, he could be ready on the spot when the run of steelhead began."[104]

Field & Stream memorialized Zane Grey in 1995 and honored Bobby Doerr in their *Field & Stream* "Legends" section, which commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of the magazine. In his article titled "On the Rogue Again," Pat Smith wrote, "Bobby Doerr and Zane Grey both fell in love with the Rogue at first sight . . . and both made it their home."[105] Bobby Doerr continues to live on and to fish his favorite Rogue River for steelhead and salmon. He lived to see the Red Sox become World Champions as "the curse of the Bambino" was lifted in October 2004.[106]

Ted Williams and Bobby Doerr are baseball heroes of another time, a time when players often remained on the same team for their entire careers. These heroes developed lasting bonds with their fans and communities. They became like family, which is not to say, as in the case of Williams, that the situation was always pleasant. They were human but, unlike us, their mistakes and bad days became tomorrow's headlines. They were patriotic and in wartime did not shirk their duty to country. They pursued athletic excellence and achievement in professional baseball the old-fashioned way, without illegal performance-enhancing drugs. They were paid to play a game that most of us only dream of playing. Like us, they loved to fish. Williams was driven in his pursuit of fish and becoming the best. Doerr was quiet, confident, and content in achieving life's goals and recreational pleasure. Williams and Doerr were the heroes of our childhood and remain the objects of our fascination today.

acknowledgments

I would like to thank Bobby Doerr, Tom Ripp, Bob Summers, Mark Canfield, and Stephen Brown for their help with my research and for their advice and comments. Thanks to Ron Swanson for providing the photo of the Ted Williams's personal Para 18 rod, which he once owned.

endnotes

1. David Halberstam, *Summer of '49* (New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc., 1989), 110.
2. Ibid.
3. Interview with Bob Doerr and Ted Williams by Jim Kaat, "Bob Costas Coast to Coast" (radio program), 12 July 1992, during the All-Star break in San Diego and the occasion of the naming of the Ted Williams Expressway.
4. Leigh Montville, *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero* (New York: Doubleday, 2004), 33.
5. Halberstam, *Summer of '49*, 111.
6. David Halberstam, *The Teammates* (New York: Hyperion, 2003), 70–71.
7. Ted Williams with John Underwood, *My Turn at Bat: The Story of My Life* (New York: Fireside/Simon & Schuster, 1988), 26–27.
8. Ted Williams and John Underwood, *Ted Williams: Fishing "The Big Three": Tarpon, Bonefish, Atlantic Salmon* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1982), 70–71.
9. Ibid., 71.
10. Ibid.
11. Montville, *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero*, 41.
12. Ibid.
13. Halberstam, *The Teammates*, 16–17.
14. Ted Williams with John Underwood, *The Science of Hitting* (New York: Simon &

Schuster, 1970), 88.

15. Ibid., 24.

16. Bill Nowlin, *The Kid: Ted Williams in San Diego* (Cambridge, Mass.: Rounder Books, 2005), 162.

17. Ibid., 164.

18. Paul Adomites et al., *Cooperstown Hall of Fame Players* (Lincolnwood, Ill.: Publications International, Ltd., 2002), 210–11.

19. Nowlin, *The Kid: Ted Williams in San Diego,* 344.

20. Williams with Underwood, *My Turn at Bat: The Story of My Life*, 28.

21. Adomites et al., *Cooperstown Hall of Fame Players,* 194.

22. Halberstam, *The Teammates,* 68–69.

23. Private video recording by Lee Thornally, Rogue River, 9 October 1987.

24. Adomites et al., *Cooperstown Hall of Fame Players*, 194.

25. Dick Spurr, *Classic Bamboo Rodmakers Past and Present* (Grand Junction, Colo.: Centennial Publications, 1992), 91.

26. A. J. Campbell, *Classic & Antique Fly-Fishing Tackle* (New York: Lyons & Burford, 1997), 197–98.

27. Arnold Gingrich, *The Well-Tempered Angler* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1965), 106.

28. Campbell, *Classic & Antique Fly-Fishing Tackle*, 199. The number after a Young parabolic model indicates the ferrule size in ¼ths of an inch; e.g., the Para 15 had a ¹Ⅾₑ-inch ferrule.

29. Martin J. Keane, *Classic Rods and Rodmakers* (New York: Winchester Press, 1976), 156.

30. Richard Ben Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now? A Remembrance* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2002), 101.

31. Williams with Underwood, *My Turn at Bat: The Story of My Life*, 56.

32. Williams and Underwood, *Ted Williams: Fishing* "*The Big Three,*" 38.

33. Ibid., 58.

34. Ibid.

35. Ibid.; Paul H. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (Paul H. Young Co. catalog, privately printed, 1952 or 1953), 16. This Young Co. tackle catalog has a photograph of Lee Cuddy on the cover with the 63-pound tarpon he caught on a fly with a Paul Young bamboo rod. Cuddy's testimonial letter to Paul Young is printed on page 16 of the catalog. Catalog material courtesy of Bob Summers.

36. Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?*, 52.

37. Charles Elliot, "I'm No Ted Williams," in Danielle J. Ibister, ed., *The Fly-Fishing Anthology* (Stillwater, Minn.: Voyageur Press, Inc., 2004), 39–49. This essay first appeared in the June 1951 issue of *Outdoor Life.*

38. Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?*, 11.

39. Williams and Underwood, *Ted Williams: Fishing* "*The Big Three,*" 9, 11.

40. George Reiger, ed., *The Undiscovered Zane Grey Fishing Stories* (Piscataway, N.J.: Winchester Press, 1983), xvi.

41. George X. Sand, *Salt-Water Fly Fishing* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1969), 6.

42. Montville, *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero,* 312.

43. Bob Doerr, letter to author, 29 September 2004, and phone conversations.

44. Zane Grey, *Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, 1928), 108–227.

45. Ibid., 172.

46. Reiger, *The Undiscovered Zane Grey Fishing Stories*, 88.

47. Quoted in Reiger, *The Undiscovered Zane Grey Fishing Stories*, 90–91.

48. Montville, *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero,* 308.

49. Bob Doerr, letter to author, 29 September 2004, and phone conversations.

50. Williams with Underwood, *My Turn at Bat: The Story of My Life*, 38.

51. Ron Swanson, e-mail to author, 22 December 2004. For many years, Swanson owned this Paul H. Young Parabolic 18 made for Ted Williams in 1950. He provided a history on the rod.

Postwar Paul Young rods were hand marked in ink with technical information and, if custom made, with the owner's name in Young's usual printing. The penmanship used to write Ted Williams and the date on Williams's 1950 Para 18 is unusual for a Young Co. rod. Ron Swanson, the former owner, and Hoagy Carmichael, an expert on classic bamboo fly rods, contend that the script is an original autograph based on comparisons with Williams's baseball card autographs. Stephen Brown was a close friend of Ted Williams for thirty years. Although Brown is not a handwriting expert, he has seen Williams's genuine autograph on hundreds of baseball and fishing articles. Brown examined the Williams signature in photographs of the 1950 rod, and it is his opinion that the *Ted Williams* does not represent a genuine autograph by Williams. Doerr does not believe that Williams ever personally signed a Young rod. There is, however, no question about the authenticity of this 1950 Para 18 as a Paul H. Young rod or that it was owned and used by Ted Williams.

52. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (1952 or 1953), 10, 19. Both photographs of Ted Williams were taken by Paul H. Young. These photographs and one of Young himself, dated 1 January 1951 (p. 16), indicate that the Youngs joined Williams in the Keys during the Christmas/New Year holidays (1950–1951) for bonefishing.

53. The second photograph can also be seen on the current Young Co. website above the description of the Para 17 model; www.paulyoungrodco.com/therods1.htm.

54. Ron Swanson, e-mail to author, 22 December 2004.

55. Quoted in Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (1952 or 1953), 10.

56. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (1952 or 1953), 2.

57. Edwin Pope, *Ted Williams: The Golden Year 1957* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1979), 11, and Stephen Brown, phone conversation with author, 22 December 2004. Brown confirmed Williams's fascination with tackle and his desire to have and develop the best fishing equipment, which led to the formation of his own company. Williams subsequently signed the lucrative contract with Sears Roebuck and Co. and became head of the Ted Williams Sears Advisory Staff.

58. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (Paul H. Young Co. catalog, privately printed, 1955 or 1956), 27. Catalog material courtesy of Bob Summers.

59. Montville, *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero,* 239.

60. Bob Doerr, letter to author, 22 December 2004.

61. Letter from Tom Ripp to John Randolph, editor, *Fly Fisherman,* 2 July 1990.

62. Bob Doerr, phone conversation with author, December 2004.

63. Letter from Tom Ripp to John Randolph, editor, *Fly Fisherman*, 2 July 1990.

64. Letter from Todd Young to Tom Ripp, 12 June 1990. That year, Ripp organized and forwarded material on the Paul Young Bobby Doerr model rod for a proposed piece in *Fly Fisherman* magazine. The article never materialized. I was able to retrieve this unused, original material from editor/publisher John Randolph's old files in October 2004.

65. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (1955 or 1956), 27.

66. Mark Canfield, letter to author, 20 November 2004. Canfield himself was drafted in 1972 by the Pittsburgh Pirates as a pitcher and first baseman but elected to pursue a successful career in crew at the University of Washington. He once had the rare opportunity to discuss hitting with Ted Williams by phone.

67. Ibid.

68. Ernest Schwiebert, *Trout*, vol. 2 (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1984), 1060.

69. Paul H. Young, *Making and Using the Fly and Leader* (Paul H. Young, privately printed, 1938), 78.

70. Ernest Schwiebert, *The Compleat Schwiebert* (New York: Dutton, 1990), 372.

71. Ibid.

72. Letter from Martin J. Keane to John A. Feldenzer, 12 August 2004.

73. Bob Summers, phone conversation with author, December 2004.

74. A Doerr rod sold in 1987 for $720 (*Classic Rods & Tackle,* no. 48, 1987, p. 12), another in 1993 for $1,200 (*Classic Rods & Tackle,* no. 63, 1993, p. 12), and the last in 2004 for $2,000 (*Classic Rods & Tackle,* no. 88, 2004, p. 9).

75. Letter from Martin J. Keane to John A. Feldenzer, 2 December 2004.

76. Schwiebert, *Trout*, vol. 2, 1064.

77. www.paulyoungrodco.com/therods1.htm, at the description of the Parabolic 15.

78. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (1952 or 1953), 29.

79. Young, *More Fishing Less Fussing* (1952 or 1953), 10.

80. A. J. McClane, "Fishing Better—with the Best," *Fly Fisherman* (Spring 1976, vol. 7, no. 3), 67–82.

81. The Oregon Sashweight Society (founded in 1971) includes the following members (some deceased): Dee Carter (cofounder), Charlie Blake (cofounder), Al Schneller (who named the group), Bob Doerr, Ed McGah Jr. (who was a catcher for the Boston Red Sox in 1946–1947), Tom Ripp, Lee Thornally, Ed Rotticci, Jim Wieking, Bud Sage, George

Bruce Beckman

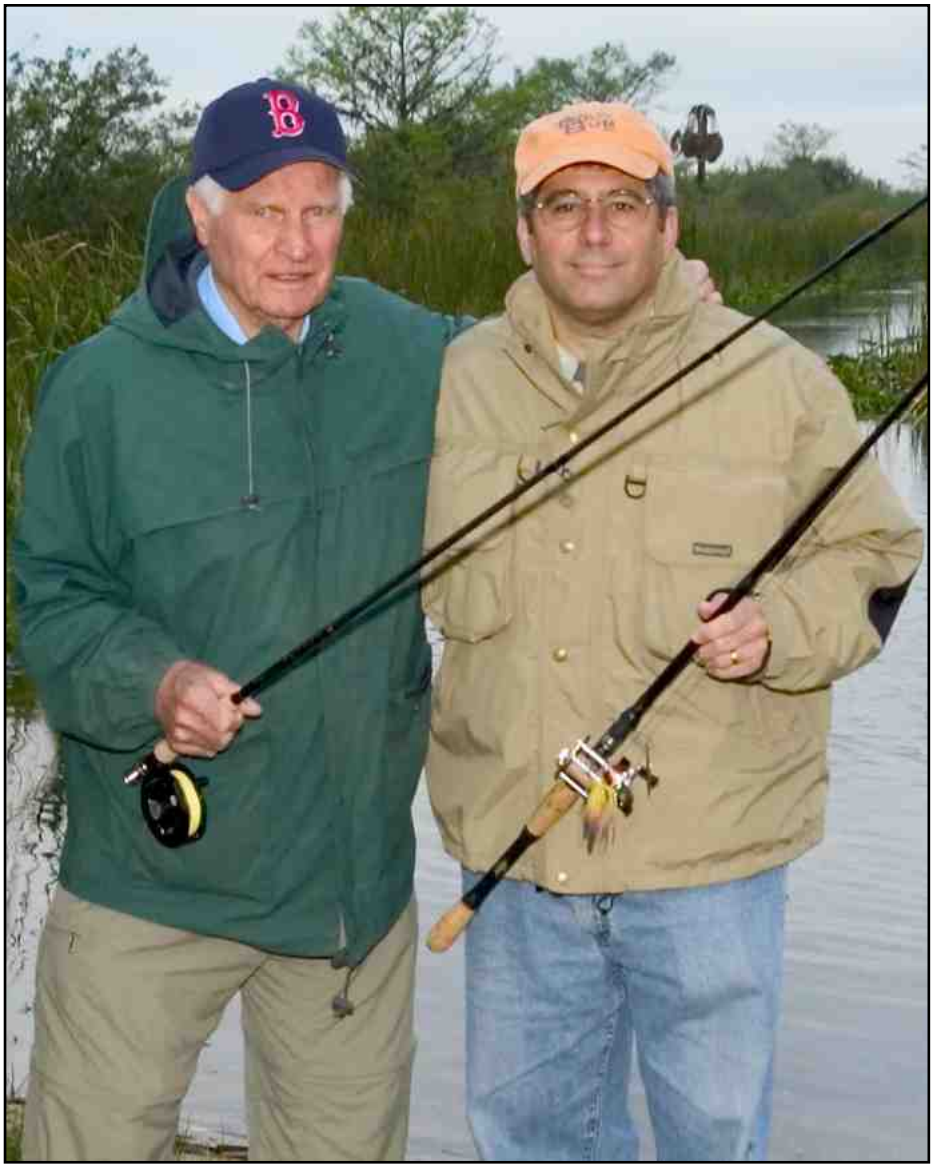


Figure 14. Bobby Doerr and John Feldenzer fishing for largemouth bass on Lake Garcia, Florida, 17 March 2005. They are holding prototype fly- and bait-casting rods, developed by Ted Williams, that are being brought into production. Photo courtesy of Steve Brown.

Villa, Al Otter, Frank Mees, Mert Downing, Paul Doyle, and Blaine Hockeridge. Letter from Dee Carter to Tom Ripp, 5 May 1990.

82. Quoted in a letter from Tom Ripp to John Randolph, editor, *Fly Fisherman,* 2 July 1990.

83. Schwiebert, *Trout,* vol. 2, 1061.

84. Gingrich, *The Well-Tempered Angler,* 109.

85. Ibid., 110.

86. Ibid., 210.

87. Spurr, *Classic Bamboo Rodmakers Past and Present,* 70–71. The R. W. Summers Co., 90 River Road E., Traverse City, MI 49686, www.rwsummers.com.

88. Keane, *Classic Rods and Rodmakers,* 157.

89. Letter from Martin J. Keane to John A. Feldenzer, 2 December 2004.

90. Ibid.

91. Keane, *Classic Rods and Rodmakers,* 157.

92. Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?,* 51–52.

93. Quoted in Montville, *Ted Williams: The Biography of an American Hero,* 366–67.

94. Williams and Underwood, *Ted Williams: Fishing "The Big Three,"* 95.

95. Richard Buck, *Silver Swimmer* (New York, Lyons & Burford, 1993), ix.

96. Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?,* 72.

97. www.igfa.org/hall.asp#williams.

98. Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?,* 106–10.

99. "An Evening with Number 9 and Friends: A Jimmy Fund Tribute to Ted Williams." The Jimmy Fund video recording, 10 November 1988.

100. Cramer, *What Do You Think of Ted Williams Now?,* 75, 77.

101. Halberstam, *The Teammates,* 79.

102. Halberstam, *Summer of '49,* 110.

103. John M. Thompson, ed., *History of the Congress of Neurological Surgeons,* 1951–1991 (Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins, 1992), 50–52. Poppen, in addition to being an excellent surgeon, had been a fine athlete and played professional baseball as a pitcher during summer vacations while in college and early medical school.

104. Grey, *Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing,* 108.

105. Pat Smith, "On the Rogue Again," *Field & Stream Collector's Edition* (October 1995), 69–73.

106. David Green, *101 Reasons to Love the Red Sox* (New York: Stewart, Tabori & Chang, 2005), 42.

Fly Fishing, Skiing, Orvis, and the Museum: Dick Finlay, the First Volunteer

by Gerald Karaska

Oral histories can be useful in capturing the essential spirit of a museum by preserving the remembrances of significant members of its family. G. Richard Finlay was an important participant in the early history of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. Indeed, Margot Page, a former editor of the *American Fly Fisher,* referred to Dick as an "inimitable saint" because of his numerous roles in the early history of the Museum as well as his considerable volunteer efforts. In October 2001, I interviewed Dick, encouraging him to reminisce about his life so that we can better know him and understand his many roles. He also helps to answer some significant questions about the events in the founding of the museum. This information, along with his insights into the museum's character, will be valuable in planning the paths of future growth for the Museum, which relies on volunteers.

One point to emerge from Dick's story is that the founding of the museum and its early success was intertwined with the Orvis Company and especially with the foresight and business acumen of Leigh Perkins. The Orvis business family not only created the Museum, but the company provided considerable resources—space, staff, services, collection materials, and more. There was a synergy in that Orvis viewed the Museum as a means to enhance its image and to promote sales while creating an institution that would preserve a rich legacy of fly fishing in America. There exists a commonly heard criticism that the Museum is too closely tied to Orvis, indeed viewed as an Orvis museum. There can be no question that Orvis and the Museum are closely tied in a historical sense. Dick says, "There are contrary characters around who'll say 'Museum? Hell, that's a part of Orvis.' They've got it backwards—Orvis is a part of fly-fishing history."

Another point emerging from Dick's life history is the importance of *place* within the context of a specific period of time. Manchester and the Battenkill Valley possessed an ambience that was attractive to a number of people, especially after World War II. Small-town country living was a way of life desired by many who chose not to be a part of the suburban sprawl of northeastern America. Dick, the Orvis Company, and the Museum benefited immensely from these immigrants, and so did fly fishing and the bamboo fly rod.

Hermann Kessler

One of the Museum's first boards of trustees, 1970. First row from left: Dick Finlay, Dudley C. "Ducky" Corkran, Alvin Grove, Ted Rogowski, Wes Jordan. Second row: Milford K. Smith, Hermann Kessler, Clayton Shappy, Leigh Perkins, Donald Dubois, Raymond Kotrla. Third row: Austin Hogan, Ben Schley, Jane Gingrich, Arnold Gingrich, and Harry Darbee.

Biography

Dick Finlay was born in 1922 at 127 Gates Avenue in Montclair, New Jersey. The family lived there until 1936, when his father retired from his import/export business in New York City and they moved to Essex Junction, Vermont. Mallets Bay, on Lake Champlain north of Burlington, had always been a haven for the Finlays because Grandfather Finlay bought a farm there in 1903, and they spent summer vacations and winter holidays there. Dick's father and aunts first lived in tents, then built family cottages. This experience created a lifelong love affair with water for Dick.

Dick's early education was at the private, progressive Brookside School in New Jersey. When the family moved to Vermont, he went to the Berkshire School in Sheffield, Massachusetts, graduating in 1939. He then entered Williams College in Williamstown, Massachusetts, majoring in chemistry. During that time, Dick's parents moved to Great Barrington to be close to Sheffield and Williamstown.

The Williams education was a somewhat intensified program because of the war, allowing him to graduate in February 1943. When Dick was in the service, he met his wife, Adele, at a party at the Williams Club in New York, where she was a hostess. He said her great gift of gab and social graces won his heart: "It was a most romantic time." They were married in November 1946 after he returned from the service in June.

Dick Finlay, Waterman

After Adele and his family, skiing and fly fishing were the two passions in Dick's life. Regardless of his occupation or the jobs he held, he always managed to find time to ski or fish (it's fortunate that

both did not occur during the same season).

Dick says he likes to remember his life as a love affair with water. He recalls his first experience as a toddler with a small stream he played in that ran as a gutter, above and below ground, in front of his house in suburbia. Next were the memorable summers on Mallets Bay with his extended family—swimming, fishing, sailing, rowing—and he notes that he has "played in rivers and ponds ever since." As an adult and professional, he was very active in the politics of river conservation on the Battenkill for years. Further, his many and varied occupations have included work at the Orvis Company, numerous fishing magazines, Battenkill Canoe Ltd. (guiding canoe trips), and teaching fly fishing and skiing.

Grandfather Finlay and Dick's father fished Mallets Bay from a white launch named *Ouinaniche* to hit the hot spots for smallmouth bass, using fly rods with live bait. Dick remembers his grandfather having purchased a Mills Standard, 9-foot bamboo fly rod made by the H. L. Leonard Rod Company, which was passed down to Dick's father and eventually to Dick (Dick has recently refinished the treasure). The Finlays were upper-middle-class suburbanites whose hobbies included fishing and duck hunting (on Barnegat Bay), so the outdoor tradition was strong. Dick's first fly-fishing trip was with his brother in 1940 on the Green River in Massachusetts. He started to fly fish in earnest when he joined Orvis, especially on the Mettawee River, which ran through his property in Dorset, and later on the Battenkill.

He began skiing in 1932 at age ten in New Jersey, but took up the sport seriously during Christmas vacations with his mother and siblings in the woods around Mallets Bay. Later, they frequently skied at Stowe, when skiing was just growing. "It got into my blood."

Military Service: More Skiing

Between graduation in February 1943 and entering active duty in April, Dick was in Manchester, Vermont, working at Snow Valley. The attraction was skiing, but he worked as a "go-for" in the restaurant, carting groceries and hauling skiers up and down the mountain. This was a wonderful experience because Snow Valley and Bromley had hired members of the famous Sun Valley, Idaho, resort, and Dick had a chance to ski with phenomenal European skiers. He got to know the renowned ski movie producer, John Jay, who was on the headquarters staff of the ski troops. At his father's direction, Dick had enrolled in Officer Candidate School to become an aviation cadet. But Dick made a request to John Jay that he be transferred to the ski troops; the reply was "yes," and it was done.

Active duty began in April 1943 at Camp Edison in Sea Girt, New Jersey, with cryptographic training in the Signal Corps. Dick wound up in Camp Hale, Colorado, which was the base for the ski troops and their mountain and winter warfare training. Thus, he spent the winter camping and skiing in the Rockies and teaching "southern boys" how to ski. "It was a wonderful year," he said. One of his fellow instructors, Wendy Cram, was also from Vermont, and they have been good friends ever since.

Instead of going abroad with the ski troops, he signed up for the Signal Corps, Officer Candidate School. When he graduated, policy mandated that he could not return to his old outfit, so he ended up in the South Pacific with 6th Army Headquarters north of Manila, helping to plan the invasion of Japan. With the end of the war, he went to Japan with the Army of Occupation, and there he did manage to make one ski trip to the island of Sapporo.

He was discharged in June 1946.

The Start of a Career

Immediately after returning to the states, he went back to Snow Valley, picking up where he left off (his passion for skiing), working on the ski trails. The owner of Snow Valley also owned the Worthy Inn in Manchester Village. Just before the Labor Day weekend, the second cook quit, so Dick was given that job: making salads, washing dishes, "you name it, and I did it." This wasn't onerous because Dick wanted to be in the ski business, and such a career required that he learn to be an innkeeper.

He married Adele in November, and they moved into a small, second-floor apartment a few doors from the Worthy Inn with all of their worldly goods: radio/phonograph, five silver place settings, and a bottle of Jim Beam. Within a week of arriving in Manchester Village, Adele got a job as secretary at the Orvis Company, up the street.

That winter was without early snow, and Snow Valley laid off all its employees; Dick was out of a job. He then went to work for Jack Ortlieb, who owned the Orvis Inn (which also had the food concession at Bromley). This became his daily routine: first thing in the morning, he shoveled coal into the furnace, then took the truck down to the baker for rolls, went next door to pick up hamburger meat, hauled these items up to Bromley, and then worked for the chef in the Bromley kitchen.

After a big nor'easter, the upper slope was so snowed in that the J-bar lift wouldn't work. The mountain's manager went to the basement and ordered the ski patrol to go up the mountain and shovel out the lift. They said no; they were fired on the spot. The manager then went into the kitchen and, knowing that Dick was a skier, said, "Finlay, you're now head of the ski patrol. Go out and shovel out the upper J-bar," which he did. He worked the final half of the winter, and when the snow was gone he worked on the trails, especially the upper part of the mountain. He was paid $48 for a 60-hour week.

Adele told Dick that Wes Jordan was looking for help in the Orvis factory, and he took the job in the spring of 1947, making $35 a week plus GI Bill benefits of $15, totaling $50. "Enough of this innkeeping nonsense." He told Wes that he knew nothing about rodmaking but ended up making bamboo rod joints in the basement.

Two years later, in 1949, Dick Ketcham, who had been number two in the office, left Orvis. Dick took the job: order clerk, sales manager, credit manager, cost accountant, and assorted other tasks. He also did outdoor shows around the United States, as well as wrote copy and did the layout for the catalog. Dick attributes the reason he moved up into the office was that he "was good office help."

After ten years, Dick felt that he had gone as far as he could go and was not making enough money. He left Orvis and went on the road for a chemical company for four years, selling industrial chemicals in western New England. (He sold chemicals to museum Art Director Sara Wilcox's grandfather for their dairy farm.) This new job gave him ample opportunity in spring, summer, and fall to fish most of the rivers in Vermont and western New Hampshire.

In 1961, owner Ducky Corkran asked him to come back to Orvis—at an increase in pay. Dick became vice president and general manager. Dick proceeded to hire other people for the office, most notably Bill Cairns, Mary Sprague, Clayton Shappy, and Anne Secor.

In 1964, Leigh Perkins phoned and asked to speak with Dick (Dick had sold him an 8½-foot, three-piece Battenkill rod when Leigh was still at Williams College, and he had been a hunting and fishing buddy of Dick's brother). Dick said, "Hi Leigh, how are you? Do you want another rod?" Leigh said, "No, I want to buy your company." Dick replied, "It's not for sale, but we'd like to talk about it."

AMFF file photo

Dick Finlay (center) rubs elbows with Leigh and Romi Perkins at a reception celebrating the reopening of the museum's galleries in 1984.

As negotiations proceeded, there was a difference of $100,000 in the price. Dick suggested to Leigh that he make Ducky chairman of the board for five years at $12,000 per year. Leigh Perkins purchased Orvis in 1965, and Ducky accepted the position of chairman, spending time "sitting at the raggedy desk that Dick once used" (it is now in use at the Museum).

Dick knew Leigh and fondly remembers one of Leigh's visits to Dick's house to hunt deer, up in Kirby Hollow, with Dick's brother Pete. "Leigh was the only guy I knew who sat on a deer stand with a French book."

Finlay, Orvis, and the Museum

Dick Finlay was a principal actor in the founding of the museum for three reasons: one, he was a senior administrator at Orvis during the period from 1961 to 1971; two, he had a personality and style that allowed him to exert influence on the direction and growth of the Museum; and three, he was deeply committed to the mission of the museum.

The important factors to consider are not only how the museum came into existence and grew significantly in that early, critical period, but also the intriguing relationships between Leigh Perkins, the Orvis Company, and the museum. What follows are Dick's recollections of the events.

Dick cannot point to specific orders or directions from Leigh Perkins to him or other Orvis staff that they should perform certain tasks for the museum. The contributions of Orvis were considerable: gallery space, office space, collection space, most of the expenses, and secretarial, managerial, accounting, and many other services. What happened can only be surmised as the spirit, élan, or collegiality of a small business under the leadership of a dynamic and imaginative owner in a rural setting. Each employee had his/her job, but each also contributed to other tasks. In Leigh Perkins's recent book, *A Sportsman's Life* (New York: Atlantic Monthly Press, 1999), it is very clear that he "empowered" his employees. He ensured that each employee could solve any customer's problem. Further, if the employee found a way to improve a product, Perkins's policy was to reward him or her, often by promoting from within.

There is a now-famous story of Dick meeting with Hermann Kessler in the summer of 1963. Hermann was doing research for an article for *Field & Stream*, which resulted in a two-page, four-color photographic spread of the new Orvis store. Dick explains the reason for the article was that earlier the magazine did a piece on bamboo rodmakers and came up to Orvis, taking pictures of rodmaking down in the basement. But when the article came out, there was not one mention of Orvis; all the copy and photos referred to the H. L. Leonard Rod Company. "Well, I can hear him now. Ducky got Hugh Grey, the editor of *Field & Stream*, on the telephone and chewed him up and down and around and around." Hermann Kessler was making amends for the gaffe by coming to Orvis and researching a new article. Hermann and Dick were thus digging in the attic of Orvis, finding all kinds of "old stuff up there."

Before that attic adventure, Dick claims that he never heard of any reference to the historic value of the Orvis material—never from Ducky or anyone else. In fact, Dick has some sad tales of things that were thrown away or sold for peanuts. The Kessler meeting did resurrect the multipanel display of Orvis flies and photos that were exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893; they became the centerpiece of the museum's opening in the new Orvis store. Dick remembers buying some special solution at the hardware store and cleaning every wooden frame of all the "gunk of a hundred years." ("A curator must weep at this action.") The original flies tied for the color plates in Mary Orvis Marbury's book, *Famous Flies and Their Histories*, were also put on display.

Dick suggests that the failure to recognize the value of the Orvis material or the idea for a museum is that Ducky Corkran and his employees (Dick included) were rather naive; they were caught up with the issue of survival and growth of the company.

From 1963 (the Kessler-Finlay meeting) to the historic meeting of Kessler and Perkins in 1966, when Kessler approached Perkins with the idea that a museum be established, Dick still had not heard any mention of the historic

AMFF file photo

Ted Ferree (left) and Dick Finlay work in the basement of the museum's Seminary Avenue home.

value of the materials, nor any inkling of a museum. However, Dick provides some explanation of why the birth of the museum may have taken place. When Perkins worked in Cleveland, he was on the board of the Cleveland Museum of Natural History and thus was well versed in the mission and workings of a museum.

The museum was founded in 1967, and neither Dick nor any other principal Orvis employees—Baird Hall, Anne Secor, Ann Sheridan, and Laura Towsley—that he is aware of were involved in the decision. But once it got started, Dick "had his hands full." Dick said that Leigh never gave instructions to anyone that they should work on Museum activities. "Leigh never pointed a finger and said, this is your responsibility." The hours devoted to the museum by Dick and other employees were considerable and the costs substantial. No one, least of all Leigh, ever commented or criticized the activities. Dick's comments: "We just did it"; "Leigh was hands off"; "The museum seemed to just amble along"; "It was like a foster child with a lot of adopted parents."

The first museum dinner at the Williams Club in New York in 1979 was arranged by Dick, who also acquired the auction items. He did the same in 1985 for the next dinner and auction at the Yale Club. Both auctions were very successful.

AMFF file photo

Dick Finlay, the perennial promoter, at the Museum during its Seminary Avenue days.

Life after Orvis

Dick left Orvis in 1972 (after one year as registrar at the museum). He went to work at a ski shop on the road up the mountain during the week and taught skiing on weekends.

In 1972, he got hooked up with a bunch of skiers and promoters, and they built a nightclub on the mountain road. Called the Roundhouse, it was an octagonal building, 80 feet in diameter with two stories. He wound up working there doing all sorts of jobs, but it was "a wild dream, a financial disaster." He relates that the principal partner, who owned the Avalanche Hotel across the highway, "had his hand in our pockets." They sued and settled for a modest sum. Dick wound up buying the place, because he had the largest share of the investment, and he was straddled with a huge mortgage. Later, he said, when he sold it, "I lost my ass and my hearing in the seventies nightclub business." He recalls one winter month when the electric bill was $1,200.

In the late 1970s, Don Zahner, who started *Fly Fisherman* magazine as publisher and editor, invited Dick to join the staff as executive publisher and sales representative. The office was located in the back of Zahner's house in Dorset. John Merwin, who had a farm in central Vermont and was a writer, joined the staff as editor. Subsequently, Dick lost his job to Zahner's cousin Jim. He then worked as sales representative for the advertising agency who represented *Fly Fisherman.* Ziff Davis bought the magazine, and Dick and Merwin were out of work. John then started another magazine, *Rod and Reel*, for which Dick sold advertising, as well as for a trade publication, *Fly Tackle Dealer*. These positions resulted in Dick traveling a lot, all over the United States, making sales calls and visiting trade shows (also doing some fishing). But this got to be too much, and he retired in 1985, at age sixty-three.

Dick continued working for Orvis in the fly-fishing school teaching knot tying and casting. And, significantly, he also did considerable volunteer work for the museum; fondly, or not so fondly, he remembers acquiring the shelving for the large book collection and moving it all to the new fuseum building in 1984.

Dick's attachment to Manchester and the valley has been very strong throughout his adult life. He was active in the civic life of the area, beginning in 1972 as zoning administrator on the zoning board of adjustment for the Village of Manchester. Later he was president of the board of trustees for the village.

Dick Finlay never lost his love for water, and although he still fished the Battenkill, he also devoted considerable time to the river's conservation programs on habitat enhancement and river stabilization. One accomplishment was the continuation of the Battenkill Conservancy. That organization had been successful in halting large-scale development on a beautiful, quiet stretch of the river. Dick then took the name of the conservancy in a major effort to solve some of the multiple uses of the river, devoting a lot of effort to community relations in conflict resolution.

After Adele died in October 1996, Dick moved to Hyde Park in the Northeast Kingdom in 1998 to be closer to his son Bob. Today, he still fishes in nearby rivers, skis with the 55+ Club at Smuggler's Notch, and participates in conservation efforts on local rivers.

The First Volunteer

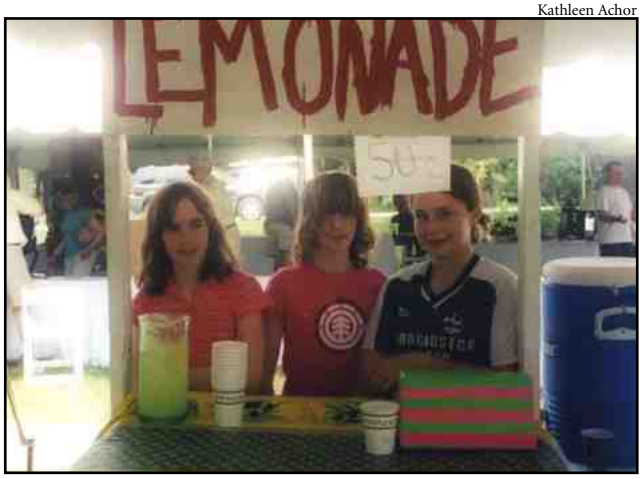
There have been numerous volunteers in the brief history of the museum. Some have had leadership roles as officers and trustees. Many others have offered their energies at dinner/auctions. A few have devoted considerable time to the museum's day-to-day functions. And a very few were important catalysts in the early years of the establishment of the institution. Dick Finlay was all of the above.

It is difficult to explain the motives of these dedicated volunteers—what inspires them to work so hard for a small museum that does not have widespread recognition and wherein the rewards are essentially personal and introspective. The common denominator of fly fishing is certainly one of the reasons, but there must be more to it.

Dick Finlay was the museum's first volunteer. He still returns to Manchester for museum functions. For almost sixty years, he has unselfishly given his spirit as conservator and keeper of a heritage.

A Grand Day Out

Kathleen Achor



Katie Kristensen, Taylor Kristensen, and Molly Perkins not only had the best lemonade in town, but also donated ten percent of their earnings for the day to the museum.

James Hardman

Trustees John Rano, Gardner Grant, and Peter Corbin did a little casting on the small pond adjacent to the museum's new archival building.

Kathleen Achor

On a muggy Saturday in June, it became official: the American Museum of Fly Fishing was back in business. Of course, in reality the museum's galleries and gift shop opened in early October 2004, but it was on 11 June 2005 that we celebrated the museum's new home with a day of outdoor festivities as well as a bona fide ribbon-cutting ceremony.

It was a day long anticipated by the museum's staff and membership. Regular readers of this journal who followed the museum's progress from the initial move to the construction and renovation of its new quarters know what a lengthy, challenging, and at times daunting process it was. Yet none of us ever doubted that we would somehow reach this day, this moment, and celebrate the culmination of a nearly three-year journey. Indeed, way back when this all began, I wrote about the move from our old building, saying: "Above all, it was as exciting a time for the Museum as it was a difficult one, the promise of the end result keeping us (most of the time) from feeling completely overwhelmed by the challenges of getting there" (Fall 2002).

Now, at long last, that promise has been fulfilled. The end result not only met but exceeded all of our hopes and expectations. And so there was finally just one more thing left for all of us to do: have fun.

Sara Wilcox

Kathleen Achor

Above: Kid'n Around gave our younger visitors opportunities to try their hands at some fun activities.

Left: Museum staffers Lori Pinkowski, Sara Wilcox, and Becky Nawrath.

James Hardman

Kathleen Achor

Kathleen Achor

Counterclockwise from top left:

British School of Falconry instructor Dawn Kelly introduced festival attendees to Elsie, an African tawny eagle.

Artist Luther Hall (left) chatted with one of the many visitors who stopped by on Saturday.

Walt Hoetzer of Battenkill Outfitters and some of the unique rods he brought for display.

Jim Clune, along with some fellow members of the Green Mountain Fly Tiers, volunteered time to help demonstrate various tying methods.

Standing just outside of the main tent, Interim Director Yoshi Akiyama tested out one of rodmaker Jim Becker's creations.

James Hardman

Kathleen Achor

James Hardman

Fred Kretchman explains the nuances of bamboo rodmaking to a fascinated festival attendee.

Kathleen Achor

A crowd gathers to watch Saturday's ribbon-cutting ceremony.

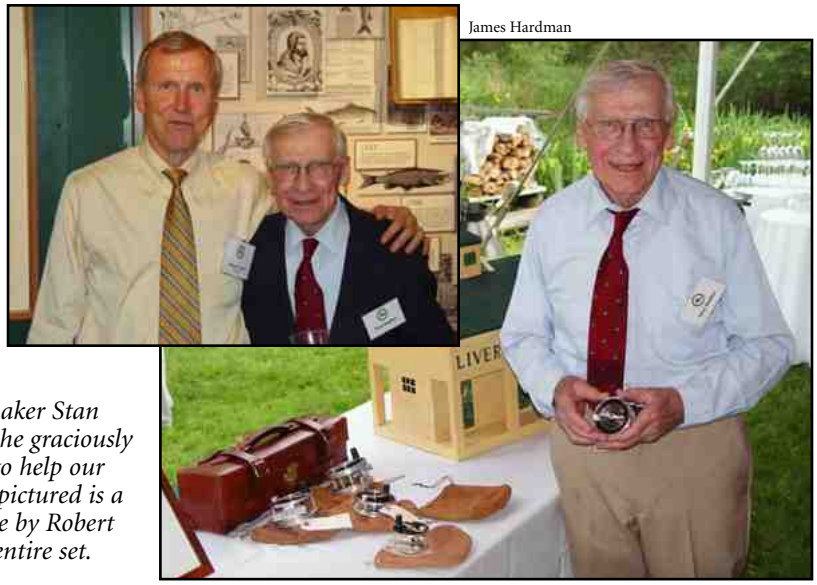
Above and right: David Walsh, Bob Scott, and Yoshi Akiyama cut the ribbon to officially reopen the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

James Hardman

James Hardman

Trustees Allan Poole, Jamie Woods, Ernest Schwiebert, and George Gibson grab some lunch after a long morning of committee meetings.

James Hardman



Right: Legendary reelmaker Stan Bogdan with the five reels he graciously offered to the museum to help our fund-raising efforts. Also pictured is a leather case custom made by Robert Cochran to house the entire set.

Inset: Stan Bogdan and Trustee Richard Tisch during a trustee gathering at the museum on Friday, June 10. The next evening Richard Tisch was the lucky raffle winner of the five Bogdan reels.

James Hardman

Stan Bogdan (left) chats with museum staff member Becky Nawrath and her husband Mike before the Saturday evening dinner begins.

Kathleen Achor

Rodmaker Fred Kretchman and Sam Urtz.

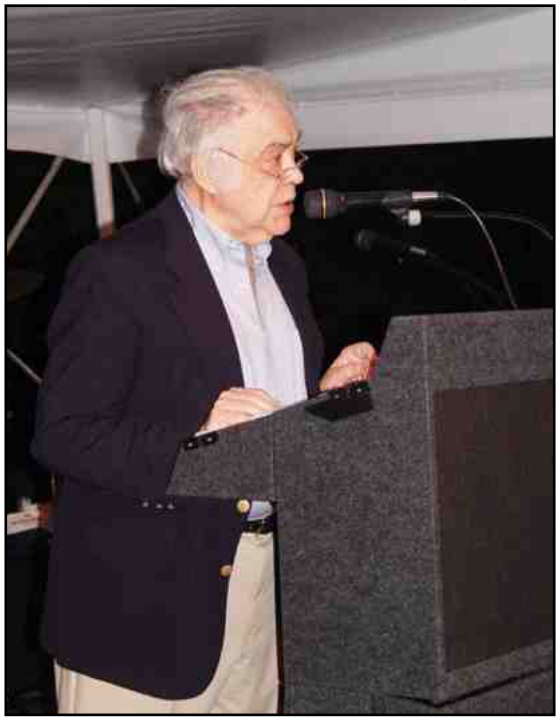
Kathleen Achor

Museum friends Peter Castagnetti and Docille Chouinard.

Remarks on the Opening of the American Museum of Fly Fishing 11 June 2005

by Ernest Schwiebert

Jim Hardman



Ernest Schwiebert (above) is a trustee of the museum and author of such esteemed titles as Matching the Hatch *(1955),* Remembrances of Rivers Past *(1972),* Nymphs: A Complete Guide to Naturals and Imitations *(1973), and* Trout, *volumes I and II (1978, 1984). He was the featured speaker at the celebratory dinner held on the occasion of the grand opening of the American Museum of Fly Fishing's new headquarters.*

Good evening. It is a privilege to speak tonight.

Our little museum has reached a milestone of which everyone may be proud. The unbuilding and rebuilding of its new quarters are complete. We gather in celebration of this accomplishment, and we have reached a turning point in an odyssey that has plagued curators since our Pleistocene ancestors first began to collect their spear points and arrowheads and flensing scrapers as artifacts—we have space to showcase the quiet riches of our collection.

Many people have been involved.

We must pay tribute to Yoshi Akiyama and the museum staff for their obvious skills and for the exemplary quality of our publications—both are critical for the certification of our museum in scholarly circles—and for providing the keel under our sailboat in troubled waters. We must acknowledge Leigh Perkins and Gardner Grant for their remarkable generosity and stewardship across thirty-five years. They sustained us in times when our sailboat was close to foundering. And we must cite the husbandry of Robert Scott and Michael Osborne, who were at the helm throughout reconstruction, and the third pillar of their triumvirate, Nancy Mackinnon.

Our celebration tonight is intended to savor what we have achieved. But it is also a time for retrospection, for looking back toward our roots. This has been my third tour as a trustee, in a gestation that reaches back almost forty-five years. Leigh Perkins was again our benefactor, offering space in his store for displays, and graciously overlooking lost revenue such space might have generated.

But we did not begin here.

We began in New York during the informal Wednesday lunches of the Midtown Turf, Yachting and Polo Association, a nefarious assemblage of editors and writers who believed there was great need, in these contentious times, for an organization utterly without officers, trustees, or official membership, and having no visible civic purpose.

We were not as stuffy as our title.

Turf referred not to horse racing, but to the peaty iodine-saturated Scottish soils involved in making the strongest pot-still whiskies. None of us could

afford a yacht, perhaps with the exception of Arnold Gingrich, but *Yachting* was included because it sounded good. Our *Polo* had nothing to do with the game played on horseback, chasing a ball with mallets, across Smith's Lawn at Windsor Great Park. It was included to celebrate Marco Polo, who still holds the all-time record for years spent away from his wife while purportedly off shooting and fishing.

I was invited to join in 1959.

We were too busy talking and laughing to understand that in the universe of shooting and fishing, we were evolving into something like the literary Round Table at the Algonquin.

You remember our membership, perhaps as the shooting and fishing heroes of our youth: Red Smith, when he was still the principal sportswriter for the old *New York Herald Tribune*; Raymond Camp and Jack Randolph of the *New York Times*; Arnold Gingrich and the art director John Groth of *Esquire*; the storied shooting editors Jack O'Connor of *Outdoor Life* and Warren Page at *Field & Stream*; *Field & Stream*'s later editors-in-chief, Clare Conley and Jack Samson; and the jester king who held court on its back pages, Edward Geary Zern. Lee Wulff was a fledgling filmmaker newly working in television and not often in town. James Cornwall Rikhoff was chief of public relations for the Winchester Repeating Arms Company and became founder of its Winchester Press. Others included an art director at *Sports Illustrated* who became the Labrador retriever historian, Richard Wolters, and my longtime Princeton neighbor, Gene Adkins Hill.

Our museum began during their midweek lunches, and I remember the week that Herman Kessler, who was art director at *Field & Stream* for thirty-odd years, arrived to propose something important to our boisterous circle, in a cramped little room at the top of the scullery stairs over Manny Wolf's, which has since become Smith & Wollensky.

Kessler was a tiny man with huge eyeglasses, and his wife was the great professional fly dresser, Helen Shaw. Our banter and backslapping and joke telling finally ebbed, as lunch began to arrive from the steamy depths of the kitchen. Gingrich rapped a water glass, once we had all been served, and quietly announced that Kessler had an important topic. It was perilously close to betraying a philosophy of no civic purpose whatsoever, but we grudgingly settled into unaccustomed silence.

He proposed a museum of fly fishing.

Many of these Midtowners became involved in the fledgling years of the museum, and both Gingrich and Zern became founding trustees. Other early trustees included the Dorset-based founding publisher of *Fly Fisherman*, Donald Zahner; the Vermont painter Churchill Ettinger; and the quiet New York banker and poetic fly-fishing writer Dana Storrs Lamb.

We are not alone tonight.

Our banquet tent is filled with a felicity of ghosts.

Two other faithful trustees who served through our entire evolution must be singled out: our longtime colleague Richard Finley, and a former New York advertising man who escaped to Vermont and became a poet and woodcarver, William Herrick.

We have traveled some distance since those conceptual beginnings and our cubbyhole roots off the first barn-red Perkins store. Our little museum has become an important institution, not merely as a repository of dead artifacts from the past. Nostalgia and sentimentality are perhaps inevitable human traits, but they are the antithesis of scholarship, and perhaps of honest emotion itself.

Our purpose cannot be warm-in-the-tummy feelings about the past, because such feelings are largely passive. The museum at its apogee can provide the scholarship to separate the great artisans and conceptual thinkers of our sport from those who are merely colorful and popular. And its artifacts are not entombed when they become unforgiving yardsticks of excellence for those future artisans and writers who entertain lofty aspirations of their own.

Our milestone tonight is perhaps a turning point. We shall always need fund-raising to sustain the interminable needs of staffing and everyday museum operations, and the acquisition of future artifacts worthy of our collections. But our paradigm is changing. We still have important voids in our collections, and exhibits to design, and with our museum up and running now, it is time for the quiet alchemy of curatorial skills and scholarship and elegant glass vitrines, each informed with the solemn probity of history.

I will conclude with a story.

My obsession with fishing began in childhood, watching bluegills and pumpkinseeds and perch under a rickety dock, below a simple cedar-shingled cottage in southern Michigan. My obsession with trout began there too, when my mother drove north into town for groceries, and took me along with a promise of chocolate ice cream. We crossed a stream that was utterly unlike those near Chicago, fetid and foul-smelling, or choked with the silts of farm-country tillage. It flowed swift and crystalline over a bottom of ochre cobblestones and pebbles, and like Hemingway's *Big Two-Hearted River*, it mysteriously disappeared into thickets of cedar sweepers downstream.

And a man was fishing.

The current was smooth, but it tumbled swiftly around his legs. It was a different kind of fishing, utterly unlike watching a red-and-white bobber on a tepid childhood pond, with its lily pad and cattail margins, and its callings of red-winged blackbirds. His amber line worked back and forth in the sunlight, and he dropped his fly on the water briefly, only to tease it free of the current and strip the moisture from its barbules with more casting. It was more like the grace of ballet than fishing.

And then the man hooked a fish.

My mother called to the angler, and gave me permission to run and see his prize. I remember getting my feet muddy and wet, with a Biblical plague of cockleburs at my ankles, but it did not matter. The fish was still in the man's landing net, and he raised it dripping and shining in his hand. It was a brook trout of six inches, its dorsal surfaces dark with blue and olive vermiculations, and its flanks clouded with dusky parr markings. Its belly and lower fins were a bright tangerine, with edgings of alabaster and ebony, and it gleamed like a jeweler's tray of opals and moonstones and rubies. I had witnessed something beautiful, and I wanted to be part of it.

People often ask why I fish, and after seventy-odd years of sport, I am starting to understand.

I fish because of Beauty.

Everything about our sport is beautiful. Its more than five centuries of manuscripts and books and folios are beautiful. Its artifacts of rods and beautifully machined reels are beautiful. Its old wading staffs and split-willow creels, and the delicate artifice of its flies, are beautiful. Dressing such confections of fur, feathers, and steel is beautiful, and our worktables are littered with gorgeous scraps of tragopan and golden pheasant and blue chatterer and Coq de Leon. The best of sporting art is beautiful. The riverscapes that sustain the fish are beautiful. Our methods of seeking them are beautiful, and we find ourselves enthralled with the quicksilver poetry of the fish themselves.

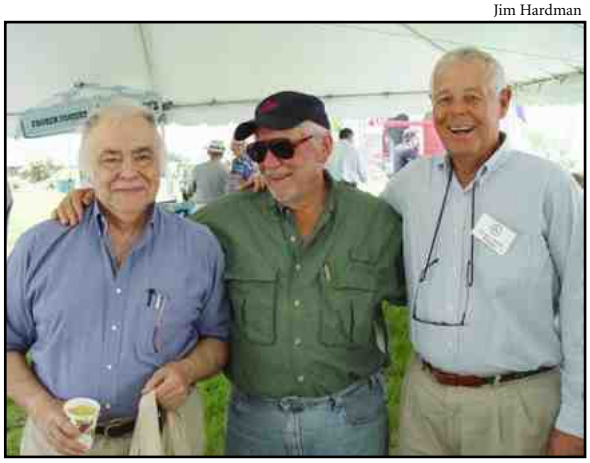
And in our contentious time of partisan hubris, selfishness, and outright mendacity, Beauty itself may prove the most endangered thing of all.

Poems Read on the Occasion of the Opening of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

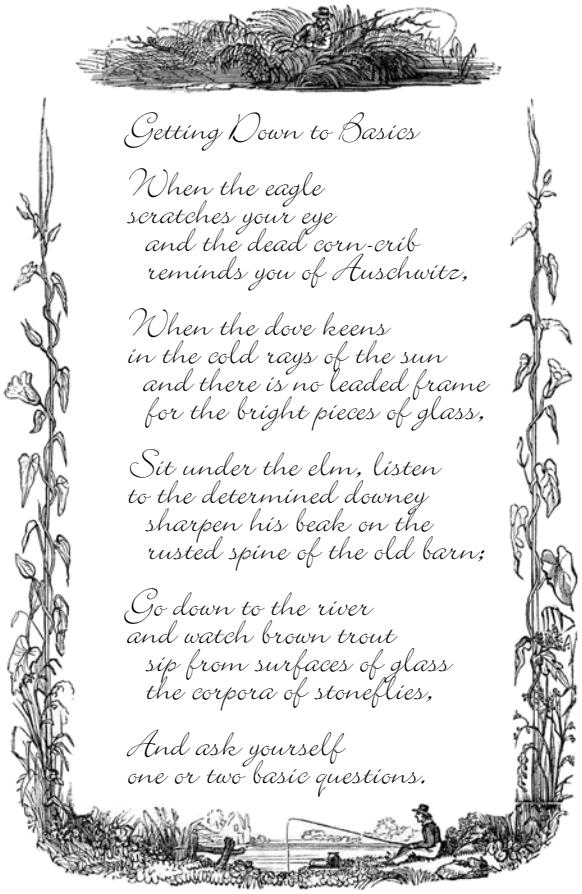
by William F. Herrick

As trustees, staff, and guests celebrated the opening of the museum at a celebratory dinner on June 11, they were treated to a reading of two poems by Trustee Bill Herrick, especially chosen for the occasion. We would like to include them here.

Jim Hardman



Trustee Emeritus Bill Herrick (center) joins Trustees Ernest Schwiebert (left) and Gardner Grant (right) at the museum's grand opening weekend festivities.



Getting Down to Basics

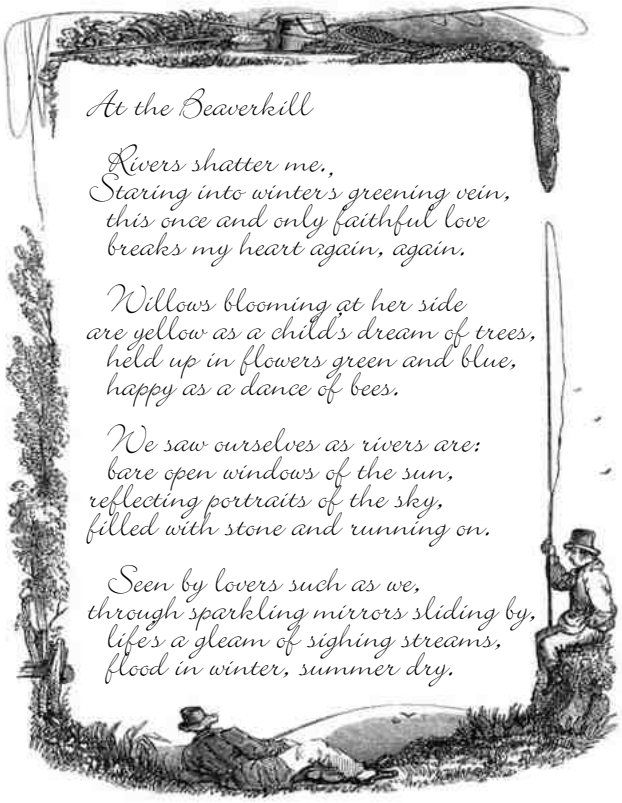
When the eagle
scratches your eye
and the dead corn-crib
reminds you of Auschwitz,

When the dove keens
in the cold rays of the sun
and there is no leaded frame
for the bright pieces of glass,

Sit under the elm, listen
to the determined downey
sharpen his beak on the
rusted spine of the old barn;

Go down to the river
and watch brown trout
sip from surfaces of glass
the corpora of stoneflies,

And ask yourself
one or two basic questions.



At the Beaverkill

Rivers shatter me.,
Staring into winter's greening vein,
this once and only faithful love
breaks my heart again, again.

Willows blooming at her side
are yellow as a child's dream of trees,
held up in flowers green and blue,
happy as a dance of bees.

We saw ourselves as rivers are:
bare open windows of the sun,
reflecting portraits of the sky,
filled with stone and running on.

Seen by lovers such as we,
through sparkling mirrors sliding by,
life's a gleam of sighing streams,
flood in winter, summer dry.

"Getting Down to Basics" appears in William F. Herrick's *In the Vicinity of Rivers* (Manchester, Vt.: Phyllis and William F. Herrick, 1989). "At the Beaverkill" appears in William F. Herrick's *Carving Myself: Poems from a Vermont Woodcarver* (Manchester, Vt.: Phyllis and William F. Herrick, 1977). Illustrations from P. Fisher, *The Angler's Souvenir* (London: Charles Tilt, 1835).

The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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E-MAIL: amff@together.net
WEBSITE: www.amff.com

JOIN!

Membership Dues (per annum)

INDIVIDUAL	
Associate	$35
International	$50
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 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
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Volume 17, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 18, Numbers 1, 2, 4
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Volume 30, Numbers 1, 2, 3
Volume 31, Numbers 1, 2, 3

Museum News

Grand Opening

Our grand opening celebration was indeed grand. In spite of the blistering heat, more than two hundred people joined in the festivities of the day, which included fly tyers Bill Newcomb, Jim Clune, and Bill Chandler; rodbuilders Jim Becker and Fred Kretchman; famed artist Luther Hall; award-winning fish carver Kurt Vitch; many local craftspeople; and interactive activities for the kids. People streamed in and out among the vendors, stopping here and there to look over the various products while listening to bluegrass music and snacking on salmon burgers (as well as plain old hamburgers and hot dogs). A lemonade stand was set up by local schoolchildren, and at the end of the day, they donated ten percent of their profits to the museum—a nice surprise!

At noon the ribbon-cutting ceremony promptly took place on the front steps of the museum. Chairman of the Board Bob Scott spoke of the progress the museum has made over the years. He took great pride in stating that the vision of a new museum, several years in the making, had finally been transformed into a glaring reality. President Dave Walsh and Interim Executive Director Yoshi Akiyama tightly held the ribbon while Bob cut it to mark the beginning of a new and exciting future for the museum. A round of applause echoed throughout the crowd.

It was a profitable day for our gift shop, the Brookside Angler. Many of the whimsical and unique fishing-related items we carry quickly sold, leaving in their wake an exhausted but elated sales team.

Clear skies for the evening's barbecue dinner allowed guests to mingle by the pond while enjoying fanciful hors d'oeuvres and fine wines donated by Quivera Winery.

The long-awaited raffle drawing followed the fine barbecue fare, with Trustee John Rano as emcee. Suspense filled the air as the names were being drawn for the various raffle items. Trustee Steve Benardete won the two-day fly-fishing school with Orvis, local businessman Arnie Bean was the winner of the handmade birdhouse by Peter Palmer, and museum member John Shanahan was the fortunate winner of two tickets to Hildene's garden party. The crowd then anxiously awaited the drawing for the James Prosek original watercolor and the set of five Stan Bogdan reels.

Trustee Duke Buchan III won the much-coveted watercolor. Trustee Richard Tisch was the lucky winner of the Bogdan reels and the fine leather case custom made for them by Robert Cochrane. Richard was pleasantly surprised by his good fortune and is grateful to have such a sought-after collection of Bogdan reels.

The response to the Bogdan raffle was most warming and in keeping with Stan's reputation as the greatest living reelmaker. Stan has fished with kings and princes, yet he continues to manufacture his reels with his son, Steve, on basic equipment, using time-proven techniques: careful hand fitting and hand finishing. We were honored to have Stan as our guest at our event. A very modest man, Stan instantly makes you feel comfortable and makes friends very easily.

In addition, the Prosek raffle was overwhelmingly successful, as all one hundred tickets were quickly sold. Although James was unable to attend our dinner, he wished us great success with the event and the future endeavors at the museum.

Announcement of Annual Meeting

The annual meeting of the members of the American Museum of Fly Fishing will take place in Manchester, Vermont, at Hildene on Saturday, 29 October 2005, at 9:30 a.m.

Members will vote on the election of new trustees, officers, and any other matters that may be presented. Members should contact the museum for a copy of the agenda any time after 15 October 2005, at (802) 362-3300.

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

DONOR BRICKS

An opportunity

to make a difference and become part of the new home of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Bricks are $100 each.

Bricks may be purchased singly or in a series that can be placed together to create a larger message.

Purchasers are free to put anything they like on their bricks (no profanity).

Each brick is 4" x 8" and has room for three lines of text of up to 20 characters per line. That does include spaces and punctuation—for example, putting "fly fishing rules!" on a brick would be 18 characters.

Call (802) 362-3300

We acknowledge with great appreciation the contributors to our raffle, including James Prosek, the Orvis Company, Hildene, Peter Palmer, and, of course, Stan Bogdan.

Marketing News

We continue to move forward with our marketing efforts. We are now focusing on promoting the gift shop and encouraging rental of the museum for small meetings and cocktail parties. With foliage season and the holidays coming up, this gives us the perfect opportunity.

At this writing, our website is still being developed. The process has taken us longer than anticipated, but we guarantee you'll love the results. We hope you'll be patient with us.

Next up on the drawing board will be our new brochure and trustee packet. Stay tuned for more details.

Recent Donations

Charles A. Woods, M.D., of Easton, Connecticut, donated an 8-foot, two-piece bamboo fly rod, maker unknown; a 10-foot, three-piece wood Spey-casting rod, maker unknown, with a fourth short tip piece to make it 8 feet, 6 inches; and a midsection part of unknown fly rod.

Denise Chamberlain Buchanan of Washington, D.C., donated a 6-foot, 6-inch Chubb fly rod that belonged to Harold Drew, founder of the Walton Fishing Club; Carlson's Mt. Carmel fly rod 75-5; an Edwards Quadrate 6-foot, 6-inch rod; an Edwards Quadrate 7-foot, 6-inch rod; a Hardy 8-foot, 6-inch "Palakona" rod; a Horrocks Ibbotson 9-foot rod; a Leonard 8-foot, 6-inch rod; a Leonard 6-foot rod; a Montague "Fishkill" 7-foot, 6-inch rod; an Orvis "99" 7-foot, 6-inch rod; an Orvis 6-foot, 6-inch, two-piece fiberglass rod; a Golden Eagle 6-foot, 6-inch rod; a Winchester Arms 8-foot, 6-inch rod; an 8-foot, two-piece bamboo rod made by William Richardson; a 9-foot, 6-inch salmon rod, maker unknown; and a Furnace Brook 8-foot, 6-inch rod.

In the Library

Thanks to the following publishers for their donations of recent titles that have become part of our collection (all titles were published in 2005, unless otherwise noted):

The Lyons Press sent us John Ross's *Trout Unlimited's Guide to America's 100 Best Trout Streams* (updated and revised) and Lefty Kreh and Harry Middleton's *Lefty's Favorite Fly-Fishing Waters* (2004).

Adrian Latimer sent us his self-published *Wild Fishing in Wild Places* (2001), *Paradise Found: Travels with a Fly Rod* (2002), and *Northern Tails: An Icelandic Fishing Odyssey* (2003). All proceeds from sales of these books have gone to the North Atlantic Salmon Fund.

The Medlar Press sent us Maurice Genevoix's *The Fishing Box* (originally published in Paris in 1926), Stanley Salmons's *A Bit of Irish Mist*, and John Langridge's *Lizarralde: The Man Who Fished for Barbel*. They also sent a copy of the spring 2005 issue of *Waterlog*.

Upcoming Events

September 8–10
Fly-Fishing Retailer Show
Denver, Colorado

October 26–27
Friends of Peter Corbin Shoot
Hudson Farm
Andover, New Jersey

October 29
Annual Meeting
Manchester, Vermont

November 3
Hartford Dinner and Sporting Auction
Location TBA

November 12
Winery Dinner and Sporting Auction
Martini Winery
Napa Valley, California

Spring 2006

New York Anglers' Club Dinner and Sporting Auction
Cleveland Dinner and Sporting Auction

2006 Fly-Fishing Show Schedule

January 20–22
Marlboro, Massachusetts
January 27–29
Somerset, New Jersey
February 4–5
Tinley Park, Illinois
February 17–19
San Rafael, California

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

Washington Irving and the False Cast

by Gordon M. Wickstrom

From the Library of Congress, reproduction number LC-USZ62-4238. Photo taken by M. B. Brady, 1861.

Washington Irving

Students of the history of fly fishing have been much engaged with a discussion of false casting, its suggested origins in the mid-nineteenth century, and its role in the development of the dry fly. We have customarily thought of false casting as a way of drying the sodden fly and a way of lengthening the cast.

Let me call your attention now to Washington Irving's *The Sketch Book* (1818) and his essay "The Angler." Nearly halfway into this (I might say) original and archetypical "fishing story," we read:

> I could not but remark the gallant manner in which he stumped from one part of the brook to another, waving his rod in the air to keep the line from dragging on the ground or catching among the bushes, and the adroitness with which he would throw his fly to any particular place. . . .

Here we are, face to face, with the all too obvious but overlooked: false casting to manage the line in the air when moving from one spot to another, or to change directions of the cast—and unrelated to the origin of the dry fly. We've all been casting this way from time immemorial, as though born to it.

I stand under correction, but to my knowledge this is the earliest mention of false casting in the literature—recorded by Irving some time before 1818 and considerably before the advent of the knotless line and rod guides.

I'm moved that America's first fully professional writer, and one of her finest, would slip this passing but important note on the technology of fly casting into what may well be the first modern "fishing story."

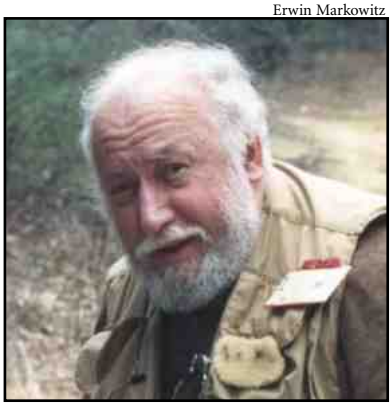
Gordon M. Wickstrom of Boulder, Colorado, is a professor of drama emeritus at Franklin and Marshall College and a frequent contributor to this journal.

CONTRIBUTORS

Bruce Beckman

John Feldenzer has loved the game of baseball for as long as he can remember. Like Bobby Doerr, he was a second baseman. He played from the Little League level through four years at NCAA Division III Middlebury College (1974–1977). An avid fly fisher and bibliophile, he enjoys exploring fly-fishing history, especially the study and collecting of bamboo fly rods. He pursues wild trout on mountain streams and tailwaters of the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies and smallmouth bass on the James River. He is a life member of Trout Unlimited and member of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, the Pennsylvania Fly Fishing Museum Association, and the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum. Feldenzer became friends with Doerr while researching his Paul Young Bobby Doerr model bamboo fly rod. This friendship enabled him to define the relationship between Doerr and Ted Williams, their love of fly fishing, and the tackle they developed and used. Feldenzer is a practicing neurosurgeon in Roanoke, Virginia, where he lives with his wife, Karen, and children Kristin, Andrew, and Luke. This is his first contribution to the fly-fishing literature.

Erwin Markowitz



Gerald Karaska is a retired professor of geography from Clark University. For the last six years, he has been a volunteer at the museum, where he essentially functions as the librarian. Residing in Worcester, Massachusetts, he spends considerable time fishing the trout streams of Massachusetts and Connecticut as well as the salmon rivers of Québec and New Brunswick. Like other volunteers, he finds the museum to be the closest thing to being on the water, just like Dick Finlay.

run Hexagraph ad from the Winter 2005 issue

The Grand Opening Committee, the Board of Trustees, and the staff at the American Museum of Fly Fishing would like to thank the following individuals and businesses for contributing to our Grand Opening raffle.

We acknowledge them with great appreciation.

Stan Bogdan
Bogdan reels

Robert Cochrane
Custom-made
leather reel case

James Prosek
Original watercolor

The Orvis Company
Two-day fly-fishing school

Hildene
Two tickets to Hildene's
Garden Party

Peter Palmer
Handmade birdhouse

From the President

Edgar Bechard

Bill Bullock and the bright, 16-pound Atlantic salmon he caught in June on the Kedgwick River, New Brunswick, Canada.

Members and friends of the American Museum of Fly Fishing:

On behalf of the Board of Trustees of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, I am extremely pleased to announce that we have hired a new executive director, William C. Bullock III, who began his duties in August. Bill comes to us from a neighbor, the Orvis Company,* where he was eastern director of endorsed programs and licensing manager. As you might guess, he is a longtime fisherman and has a network of friends and acquaintances throughout the fishing community. He also has a background in financial management (Merrill, Lynch & Co., Fleet Bank), conservation (State of Vermont Trout Unlimited council chair and a director of the Trout and Salmon Foundation, among others), and fund-raising.

Working with our very able staff, Bill will be responsible for all aspects of museum operations. Conveniently for us, he lives nearby in Arlington, Vermont, with his wife Bebe and their three children. We spent nearly eighteen months seeking the correct individual to take AMFF into the future, and we are delighted that he is on board.

At the same time, the board wishes to most sincerely thank Yoshi Akiyama, who has willingly and with great competence, energy, and enthusiasm served as interim executive director for the past eighteen months. He has overseen the final construction and grand opening of our new museum complex. He has developed a truly professional and enthusiastic staff, and, amid all the changes, provided sound financial management. Yoshi will now return to his prior role of collection manager, which he relishes. He very much looks forward to working with Bill.

David Walsh
President, Board of Trustees

*The Orvis Company has been a longtime enthusiastic supporter of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, and we are most grateful. However, the American Museum of Fly Fishing is a totally independent organization unaffiliated with Orvis.

A M F F

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.