The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

SUMMER 2011 VOLUME 37 NUMBER 3

Reeling

I met Stan Bogdan in June 2005 at the grand opening of the museum's new building. We sat at the same dinner table, and our mutual friend, the bamboo rodmaker Fred Kretchman, facilitated our free-flowing banter. By the end of the evening, I had ordered a trout reel to attach to the 3-weight Kretchman rod I was already fishing. I figured I'd have at least a year to save up for it.

A bit more than a year later—and with no reel in sight—Fred and Stan were once again in town, and I invited them over for a breakfast of my husband's famous buttermilk pancakes (seriously—no one makes better). I was planning to run an excerpt from Stan's soon-to-be-published biography, *Bogdan* (by Graydon R. Hilyard; the chapter "Milestones" ran in Spring 2007). Frank Amato Publications had sent me a full-color page proof to help me choose a chapter and photos, and Stan hadn't yet seen a proof. We sat and looked through it together, the four of us, Stan telling stories about almost every photo in the book. It was a great day.

In 2007, Stan Bogdan received the museum's Heritage Award for his unwavering commitment to quality in producing the world's finest salmon and trout fly reels. We honored him most recently on March 10 at the annual Anglers' Club of New York dinner (page 24); he died March 27. Graydon Hilyard, Stan's biographer, offers us his remembrance on page 22. Executive Director Cathi Comar, on the inside back cover, shares memories of a trip to the Bogdan workshop. The museum has indeed lost a great friend.

Stan is not the only friend we've lost of late. Bill Salladin, who served on our board of trustees from 2001 to 2007, recently passed away as well. Trustee Emeritus Bill Herrick, on page 21, honors this generous sportsman with poetry and prose.

The feature articles in this summer issue take you to Maine for some American salmon history. That state's tradition of sending the first Atlantic salmon caught on opening day to the president of the United States began in 1912 when Karl J. Andersen sent the first one caught from the Penobscot's Bangor salmon pool to President William Howard Taft. The tradition was interrupted in the 1950s because of pollution but was reinstated in the 1980s, lasting this time until 1992, when Claude Z. Westfall presented his fish to George H. W. Bush. Willard P. Greenwood visited Claude Westfall to discuss Westfall's part in this tradition, traditional methods for fishing the Penobscot River, and the state of the river today. "Claude Westfall and the Last Presidential Salmon" begins on page 2.

Karl Andersen was in fact known for more than beginning the presidential salmon tradition. An immigrant from Norway, he brought to the task of salmon fishing a row boat like the faerings used in his country of origin: a round-bottomed double-ender that turns quickly so that the rower can swiftly move the angler to the best salmon lie. Andersen peapods, designed to ride high in the water to make them easier to both maneuver and hold position, were very popular in the early to mid-1900s. Richard Jagels reports on the recent revival of Andersen peapods sprung from the restoration work of a few determined Penobscot salmon anglers. "Bangor Pool Peapods: Reviving a Tradition and a River" can be found on page 10.

Our regular departments present information that should provoke a strike, particularly Notes and Comment (page 16), in which Ken Cameron and Paul Schullery report the discovery of a new early date for American fly fishing. Gordon Wickstrom, in "A Book of British Angling Prints: Sport, History, and Lovely Pictures" (page 18), reviews David Beazley's *Images of Angling: Three Centuries of British Angling Prints* (Creel Press, 2010). John Mundt's Keepers of the Flame series (page 20) highlights Les Hilyard, the third proprietor of Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies, the business originated by the great Carrie G. Stevens. And Museum News, as usual, will update you on museum events past and present (page 23).

Soon, when I purchase my no-felt-soles wading boots, I will head to the Mettawee River armed with both Kretchman rod and Bogdan reel, the latter hand-delivered 4½ years after its order. Perhaps I'll fish that streamer that Les Hilyard gave me at Stan's funeral. It will be another great day.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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

Our Mission:

The American Museum of Fly Fishing promotes an understanding of and appreciation for the history, traditions, and practitioners of the sport of fly fishing. It collects, preserves, exhibits, studies, and interprets the artifacts, art, and literature of the sport and uses these resources to engage and benefit everyone.

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ON THE COVER: *Preparing to go salmon fishing on the Penobscot River in Maine. From the collection of Tom Hennessey.*

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Claude Westfall and the Last Presidential Salmon

by Willard P. Greenwood II

When I was a novice fly fisherman of sixteen in 1984, my parents moved to Orono, Maine, from Hot Springs, Arkansas. My parents bought a house that was two doors down from Claude Westfall, a notable local angler who would soon become more famous. In the mid-1980s, I was just teaching myself how to fly fish with homemade popping bugs on the Stillwater branch of the Penobscot, which flows through downtown Orono. I mostly caught smallmouth and pickerel. I left Maine in my early twenties, and two decades passed before I learned Claude's story.

I return to Maine a couple times each year to visit family and to fish with old friends. My parents still live in the same house. Over time, the Westfalls and my parents became friends. A few years ago, I stopped by to talk with Claude Westfall about our sport. As much as I enjoy our conversations, I wish that our first meeting had happened twenty years ago. Claude has made it painfully apparent to me that I missed some memorable angling for Atlantic salmon. He said that the 1980s were a great time to fish for Atlantics on the Penobscot. At the time, he did not realize that he would play a pivotal role in marking the end of a salmon-angling era on that river.

In 1992, Claude Z. Westfall became the last man to catch a presidential salmon. He presented his fish to George H. W. Bush, marking the final year that a U.S. president observed the tradition of receiving the first salmon caught on opening day. This tradition began in 1912 when Karl J. Andersen, a Norwegian immigrant, sent the first salmon caught from the Bangor salmon pool to President Taft. A combination of politics, a love for salmon fishing, and a desire to promote the city of Bangor motivated Andersen to start this tradition. What Andersen began continued, with occasional interruptions, until 1992. In 1993, Scott Westfall, Claude's son, caught a presidential salmon, but he never received a call from the Clinton White House (Figure 1).[1]

Maine's Presidential Atlantic Salmon

Date Caught	Angler	Weight of Salmon (lbs)	President
April 1, 1912	Karl Andersen	11	William Taft
April 4, 1913	Charles Bissell	16	Woodrow Wilson
April 1, 1914	Michael Flanagan	18	Woodrow Wilson
April 3, 1915	John Thomas	16	Woodrow Wilson
April 6, 1916	Jeanette Sullivan	10	Woodrow Wilson
April 6, 1916	Michael Flanagan	11	Woodrow Wilson
April 6, 1917	John Thomas	15	Woodrow Wilson
May 27, 1918	John Deane	15	Woodrow Wilson
April 2, 1919	Charles Bissell	15 1/2	Woodrow Wilson
April 2, 1920	Michael Flanagan	12	Woodrow Wilson
April 2, 1921	Michael Flanagan	16	Warren Harding
April 2, 1922	J. Edward Canning	20	Warren Harding
April 15, 1923	Adolph Fischer	15	Warren Harding
April 1, 1924	J. Edward Canning	16 1/2	Calvin Coolidge
May 17, 1925	Adolph Fischer	20	Calvin Coolidge
April 11, 1926	Frank S. Rand	7	Calvin Coolidge
April 1, 1927	Walter Crossman	12 3/4	Calvin Coolidge
April 1, 1928	Robert Blair	15	Calvin Coolidge
April 1, 1929	Horace Chapman	14 1/4	Herbert Hoover
May 1, 1930	J. Edward Canning	10	Herbert Hoover
April 7, 1931	Horace Chapman	7 1/2	Herbert Hoover
April 12, 1932	Robert Blair	16	Herbert Hoover
April 1, 1933	Walter Crossman	14	Franklin Roosevelt
April 23, 1934	Lathrop Coldwell	7 1/2	Franklin Roosevelt
April 1, 1935	Walter Higgins	8 1/2	Franklin Roosevelt
April 9, 1936	Charles Bissell	11 1/2	Franklin Roosevelt
April 1, 1937	Walter Crossman	12	Franklin Roosevelt
April 3, 1938	Adolph Fischer	7 1/4	Franklin Roosevelt
April 1, 1939	Horace P. Bond	13 1/4	Franklin Roosevelt
May 20, 1940	Dan Phinney	6	Franklin Roosevelt
May 22, 1940	Osgood Nickerson Robert Weston	10 3/4	Franklin Roosevelt
May 24, 1941	Paul Atwood	9	Franklin Roosevelt
May 31, 1942	Horace P. Bond	8	Franklin Roosevelt
April 18, 1943	Adolph Fischer	20	Franklin Roosevelt
May 15, 1944	Guy Carroll	9	Franklin Roosevelt
May 24, 1945	Harold Hatch	9	Harry Truman
May 11, 1946	Robert Weston	8 3/4	Harry Truman
April 1, 1947	Donald Smith	7 3/4	Harry Truman
May 5, 1948	Adolph Fischer	8	Harry Truman
May 18, 1949	Adolph Fischer	10	Harry Truman
April 15, 1950	Guy Carroll	7 1/2	Harry Truman
April 3, 1951	Horace P. Bond	16	Harry Truman
April 1, 1952	Guy Carroll	8	Harry Truman
May 17, 1953	Walter Dickson	5 1/4	Dwight Eisenhower
May 31, 1954	Guy Carroll	10	Dwight Eisenhower
May 9, 1964	Harry C. Davis	14	Lyndon Johnson
May 1, 1981	Jean Mallett	8	Ronald Reagan
May 2, 1982	Leroy Hutchings	7	Ronald Reagan
May 9, 1983	James Coldwell	9 1/2	Ronald Reagan
May 12, 1984	Doug Blanchard	6	Ronald Reagan
May 1, 1985	Carl Small	7 1/2	Ronald Reagan
May 1, 1986	Tom Hennessey	8 1/2	Ronald Reagan
May 2, 1987	George Fletcher	13	Ronald Reagan
May 1, 1988	Charles Caron	8	Ronald Reagan
May 1, 1989	William Ellison	5 1/2	George Bush
May 1, 1990	Greg Barker	7	George Bush
May 1, 1991	Tom True	7 1/2	George Bush
May 1, 1992	Claude Westfall	7 1/2	George Bush
May 2, 1993	Scott Westfall	7	William Clinton*

*Salmon not presented to President Clinton

Figure 1. A list of all the presidential Atlantic salmon presented. From Ed Baum, Maine Atlantic Salmon: A National Treasure *(Hermon, Me.: Atlantic Salmon Unlimited, 1997), 66, with permission.*

In spring 2010, I asked Claude if I could interview him for an article about the tradition of the presidential salmon. Claude agreed, and we had a far-ranging discussion about his life, the current state of the Penobscot River, the Veazie Salmon Club, and, of course, his presidential salmon (Figure 2).

Rob Robertson

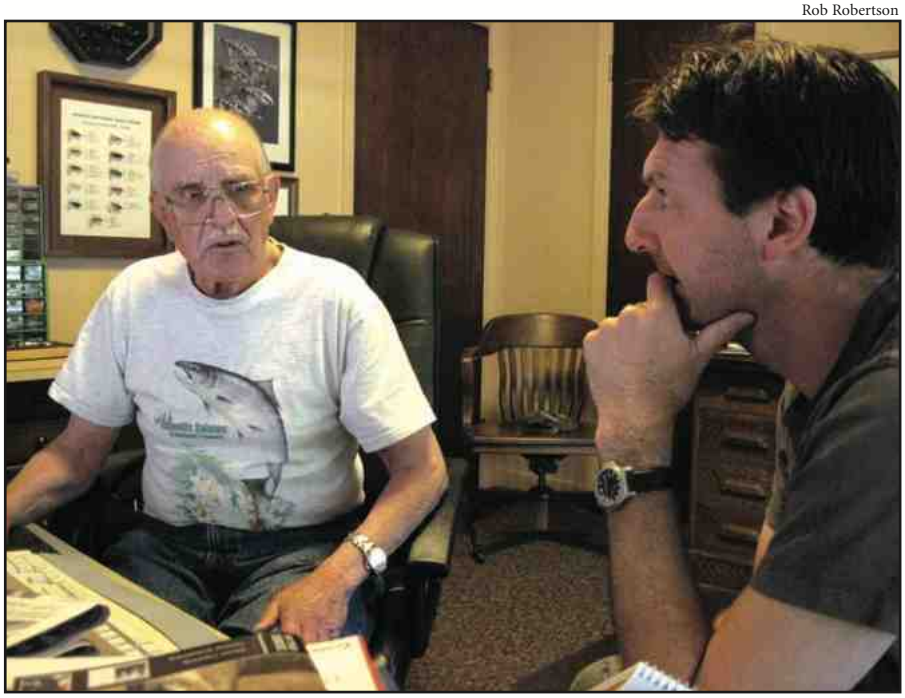


Figure 2. Claude Westfall and the author in Claude's office, May 2010.

Time-Tested Methods

Fishing for Atlantic salmon goes back to the original inhabitants of this area of Maine: the Abenaki. Fly fishing soon followed the arrival of European explorers. According to John Mundt, who has extensively researched the Penobscot and its salmon, Atlantic salmon were being fly caught as early as 1831. Mundt, in an article for this journal, examined the origins of fly fishing on the Penobscot and how the tradition of the presidential salmon began.[2] Richard Jagels (who lives in the Bangor area) adds that Karl Andersen began the tradition as a way to revitalize the city of Bangor, whose downtown, an area that included Andersen's painting business, had been destroyed by fire.[3] Mundt chronicles the origins of fly fishing on the Penobscot River when Atlantics migrated in huge numbers in the nineteenth century and in the early part of the twentieth. Beginning in 1912, the first Atlantic salmon caught on the Penobscot was presented to the president of the United States.

Even though fishing for Atlantics has been put on hold because of the small number of returning salmon, there is a renewed interest in building peapods, a boat designed by Karl Andersen. An article by Jagels in *WoodenBoat* magazine (and reprinted in this issue, page 10) discusses Andersen's boat-building innovation.[4] Andersen, because of his Norwegian angling heritage, designed a boat called a double-ender (or peapod) specifically designed for harling, a long-forgotten method of fishing for Atlantics on the Penobscot. In this two-person boat, a guide would ferry an angler back and forth across the river while the sport would cast to salmon lies. A few years ago, the original models for these boats were found in the attic of one of Karl Andersen's daughters.

Claude Westfall has been fishing the Penobscot River since he arrived at the University of Maine in 1952, where he worked as a professor of mechanical engineering for several decades. His expertise with the material world can be seen in his streamers, many of which became standards for catching Atlantics on the Penobscot (Figure 3). Recently, a collection of his flies were auctioned at a benefit for Atlantic salmon restoration.

The dam above the historic Bangor salmon pool broke in 1977, and this created more room for migrating salmon. Later, most of the remaining structure was removed. With this obstacle gone, salmon began to congregate below the Veazie Dam. This is where Claude experienced the Penobscot's modern resurgence, which began in the late 1970s.

Claude's boat of choice is the Grand Laker, a design that originated in Maine on Grand Lake Stream. He designed and built the 22-foot canoe himself (Figure 4). He modified the classic design with a fiberglass interior, ash trim, and a casting platform in the stern (Figure 5). Claude's method of fishing for Atlantics from his Grand Laker is not dissimilar to the old mode of harling. Sometimes Claude anchors and casts to lies.

Claude's canoe winters in a detached garage built solely to house it. In early May, Claude wheels out the boat, grabs the trailer, and hooks up the boat to his car to go fishing.

Figure 3. Many of Claude Westfall's streamers became standards for catching Atlantic salmon on the Penobscot. Photo by Claude Westfall.

The Penobscot's History of Pollution and Recovery

The small town of Veazie is about 20 miles upstream from the mouth of the Atlantic and 4 miles away from Claude's house. During several decades over the past 100 years, this section of the Penobscot has offered the best Atlantic salmon angling in the United States. Today, Americans have to travel to Canada or Europe to catch Atlantic salmon.

Because of pollution from logging and other industrial activity, the first drastic dip in salmon runs happened in the 1950s. Claude recalls that during this time, there were very few, if any, fish in the river. Claude was then a lake fisherman; however, after he caught his first Atlantic salmon—a bright 14-pound hen in the Wringer Pool—he made the transition to fishing exclusively for salmon. Claude caught this fish in the 1970s when the Penobscot began to recover thanks to water pollution legislation passed by the state of Maine in 1969.

Claude still lives right across the street from the Stillwater branch of the Penobscot. His attachment to the Atlantic salmon of the Penobscot River exemplifies the connection that we all should have with our local surroundings. For example, in 1983, Claude fought and won a dispute with the Bangor Water District, which had put some riprap along the bank of the Penobscot.[5] This stone structure took the flow out of the Wringer Pool. Claude filed a complaint with the Department of Environmental Protection and won. The riprap structure was removed. Westfall has helped to preserve the legacy of this fish, advance the modern ethos of fly fishing, and possibly give future anglers the opportunity to fish for this magnificent species in their own neighborhood.

Throughout the years, Claude has kept detailed records about Atlantic salmon on the Penobscot (Figure 6). His methodical record keeping, some of which can be seen on his website, is a unique trove of information.[6] His charts are interesting, and there is a lot of scientific and environmental information concerning aquaculture, the mixing of wild and stocked fish, predation, commercial fishing, sport fishing, pollution, and global warming. All of these variables make understanding the plight of the salmon complicated and overwhelming.

Claude says that despite these complexities, there is one major problem: dams. As soon as certain dams are removed and others are modified, the salmon (and many other species) will

Hazen Nelson

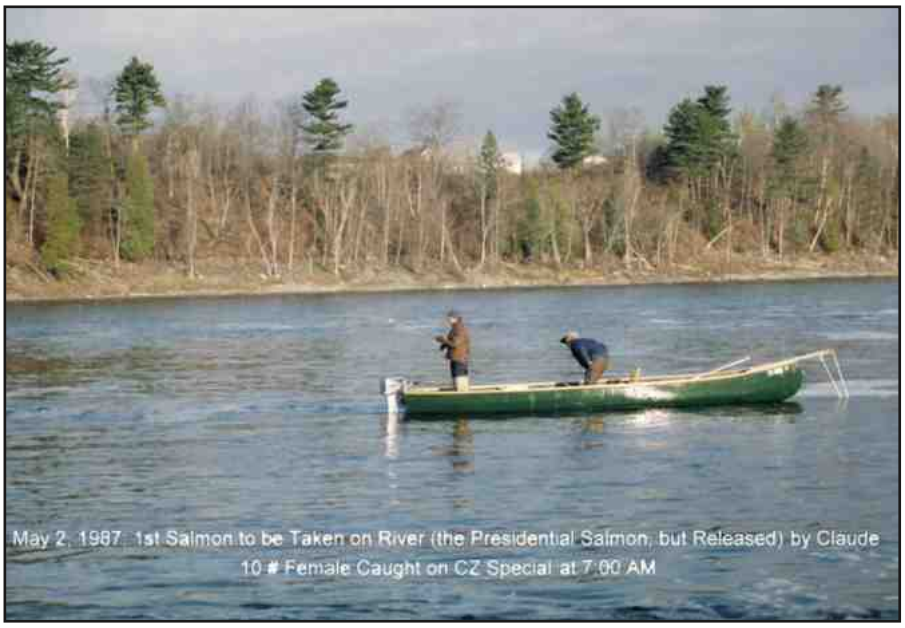
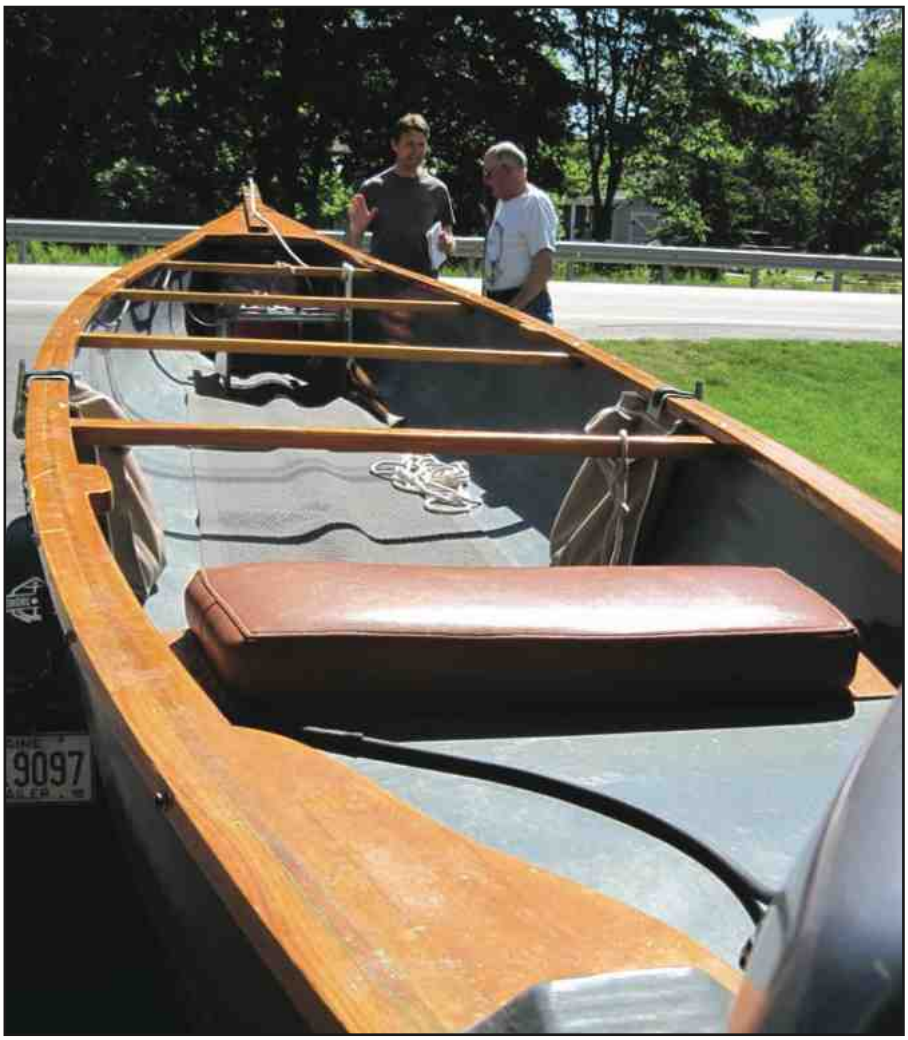


Figure 4. Claude Westfall (left) and Bob Enos in Claude's Grand Laker. This photo was taken the day Claude caught, but released, a presidential salmon in 1987.

Figure 5. The interior of Claude's 22-foot Grand Laker canoe. Claude modified the classic design with a fiberglass interior, ash trim, and a casting platform in the stern.

Rob Robertson



Claude Westfall

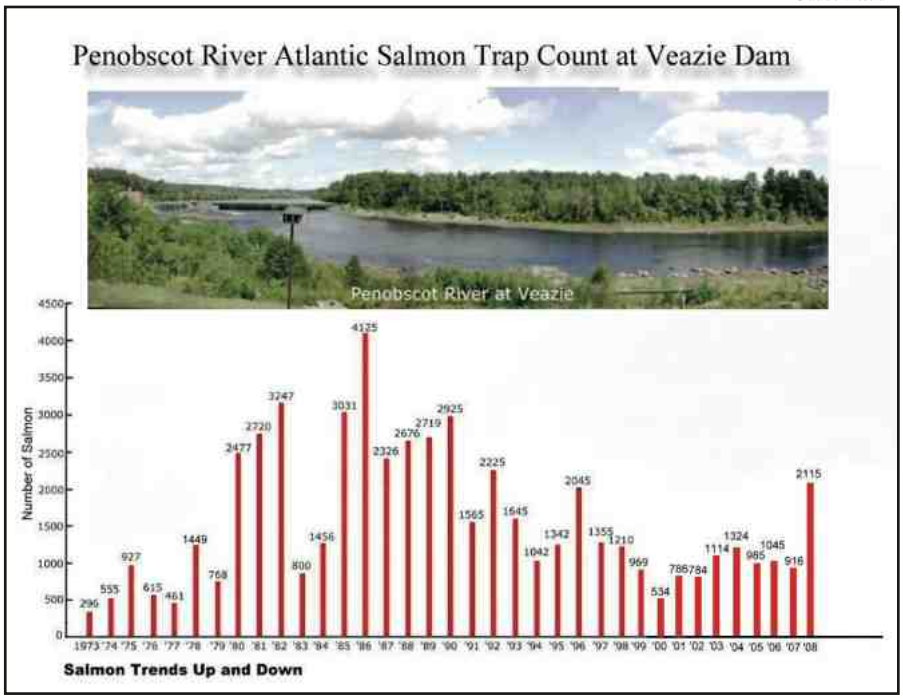


Figure 6. Penobscot River Atlantic salmon trap count at Veazie Dam. Note the up-and-down trends in this chart compiled by Claude Westfall.

Figure 7. An experimental Atlantic salmon season was attempted in spring 2008, during which Claude hooked ten fish, but did not land one.

Fred Heineman

have access to more spawning grounds. Increased spawning territory will help to offset the effects of the aforementioned obstacles. Dam removal and modification are actually under way on the Penobscot. The Penobscot River Restoration Trust has raised $25 million and needs another $25 million to complete their work. How soon this will come to fruition is unknown. At present, there are plans to remove the Great Works and Veazie dams.[7]

Because of low trap numbers, the Penobscot was closed to salmon fishing in 1999, and in 2000, the Atlantic salmon was classified as endangered on the Penobscot. However, in 2006, with an increase in trap numbers, there was some optimism, and a brief fall fishing season was opened. This was successful, and so another experimental season was attempted in spring 2008. That year, Claude hooked ten (Figure 7), but he did not land a single fish. Still, he recounts that season quite fondly. He said that he had a fantastic time just hooking the fish and that it was "a real joy" to be fishing for his favorite kind of fish again, which he did at the Veazie Salmon Club.

The Veazie Salmon Club

Before the current decline of this fishery, Claude and other area anglers founded the Veazie Salmon Club in 1978 (Figures 8 and 9). It is still in existence. Walking through the club and looking at the pictures was clearly an emotional experience for Claude, who is now eighty-three (Figure 10). The passing of friends and the possible end of a kind of fishing for a kind of fish that has such a rich history in North America and Europe is a bit much to fathom on a sunny spring afternoon in Maine.

The walls of the club are covered with pictures of famous (Ted Williams [Figure 11], the last baseball player to hit .400 for the season) and not-so-famous anglers, all catching beautiful Atlantics. Claude served as club president in 1985–1986. The club and this stretch of the river established its own legends, with each pool bearing a name (Figure 12). One pool is named for the club's founder, Gene Guerin. Another is named for a junked washing machine that had a prominent spot on the riverside for many years. The washing machine is long gone, but the pool is still known as the Wringer Pool, and it's the source for one of Claude's most famous streamers, the CZ Wringer (Figure 13).

It was apparent that the naming of the river's pools was an important part of the Veazie Salmon Club's culture. When talking about the river, Claude referred to all the pools by their specific names. Claude was fortunate to experience the resurgence of the Penobscot River. In the mid-1950s, the tradition of the presidential salmon was interrupted because of pollution. In 1981, the tradition resumed, thanks to the effects of the Clean Water Act. Once again, salmon were migrating in significant numbers on the Penobscot.

Claude wistfully recalled the heyday of this fishery, which for him was in the early 1980s. He used to cut the grass, go to the club, visit with friends, catch a salmon, and be home for dinner. In the 1980s, catch-and-release became de rigueur on the Penobscot, an ethos that many of the

Figure 8 (above). The Veazie Salmon Club in May 2010.

Club photos by Rob Robertson

Figure 9 (right). Inside the Veazie Salmon Club, May 2010.

club members welcomed. This shift to catch-and-release was hard for some longtime anglers who fished to stock their freezers. The culture of the fishery changed, which imbued Claude with a deep passion and commitment for securing a sustainable future for the river and its salmon. In fact, Claude caught a presidential salmon in 1987. He decided to let that fish go, because he did not want to kill the fish.

The Veazie Salmon Club overlooks a river in which salmon still migrate (Figure 14).

The Last Presidential Salmon

On 1 May 1992 at 4:55 a.m., Claude caught a salmon (Figure 15) on a CZ Special (Figure 16). He was fishing from his Grand Laker and landed it in Beach Pool. This fish was the last presidential salmon. He had no idea that it would mark the conclusion of a remarkable angling tradition. Claude received a call from Governor John McKernan's secretary informing him that they would contact the White House. The governor's office arranged for Claude to present his salmon on 25 May 1992, so, for the next three weeks Claude kept the fish in his freezer. Claude and his wife, Rosemae, met President Bush at Walker's Point in Kennebunkport, Maine. Governor McKernan was also there, as was his wife, Olympia Snowe, who is now one of Maine's senators. John Brennan, com-

Rob Robertson

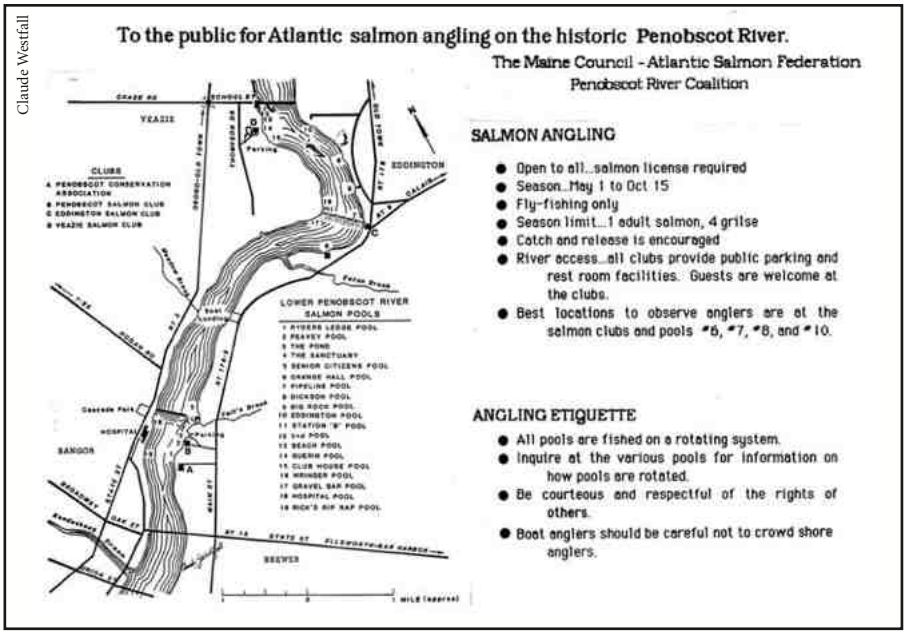
Figure 10. Claude in May 2010 reminiscing about the beginnings of the Veazie Salmon Club.

Figure 11 (left). A 1985 photo of Spencer King (lower left corner), Paul Higgins, Claude Westfall, and Ted Williams hangs at the Veazie Salmon Club. From the collection of Claude Westfall.

Figure 12 (center). A map of pools of the Penobscot created by Claude Westfall for the Veazie Salmon Club.

Figure 13. One of Claude Westfall's most famous streamers, the CZ Wringer, tied by Claude.

Claude Westfall



Rob Robertson

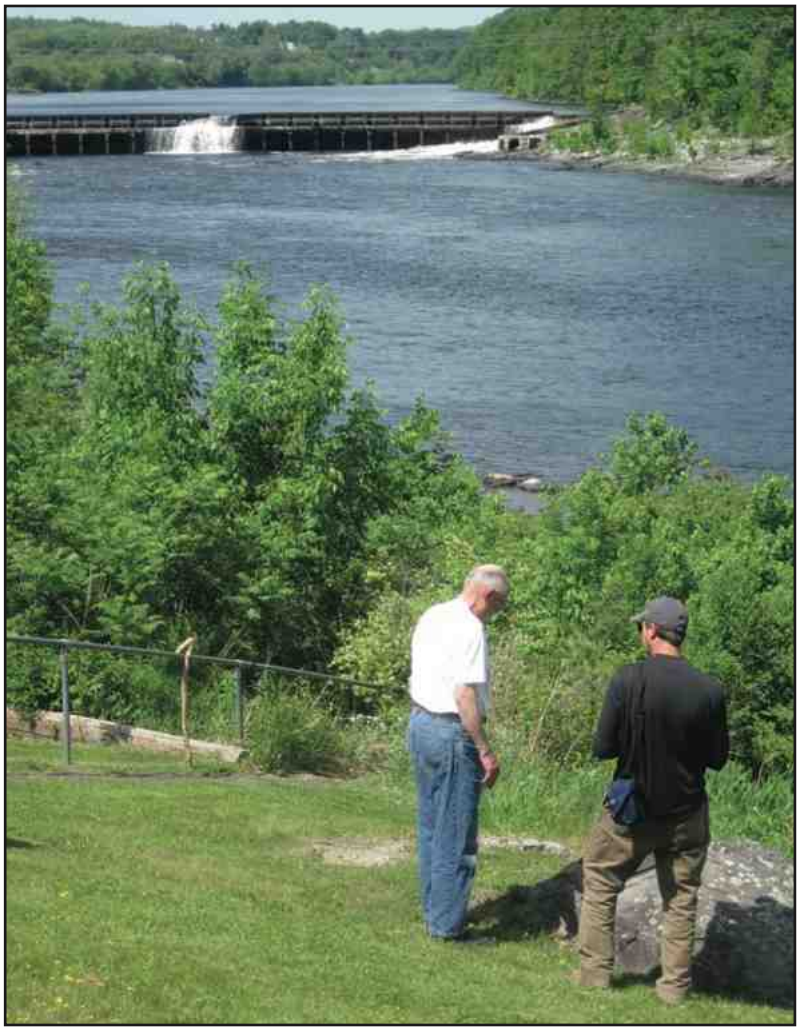
missioner of Marine Resources, also attended the ceremony (Figure 17).

Claude still has fond and humorous memories of the details that led up to the presentation of the fish. He had to go through a road block on Walker's Point, the site of the President Bush's residence. The fish was taken from Claude and "inspected" by the secret service. In the past, the presidential salmon was often eaten and was a distinctly Republican political gesture, but as times changed, the fish was graciously received as a cultural gift only (not eaten), and as an acknowledgment of the greatness of the fish itself.

President Bush also accepted some of Claude's flies and a Veazie Salmon Club cap. Claude socialized with the president for more than an hour. They both have roots in Texas and found that they were distantly related through an ancestor named Henderson Bush, who fought in the Civil War. Claude still has several photographs from the event, which were sent to him by the White House staff photographer.

A Promising Future

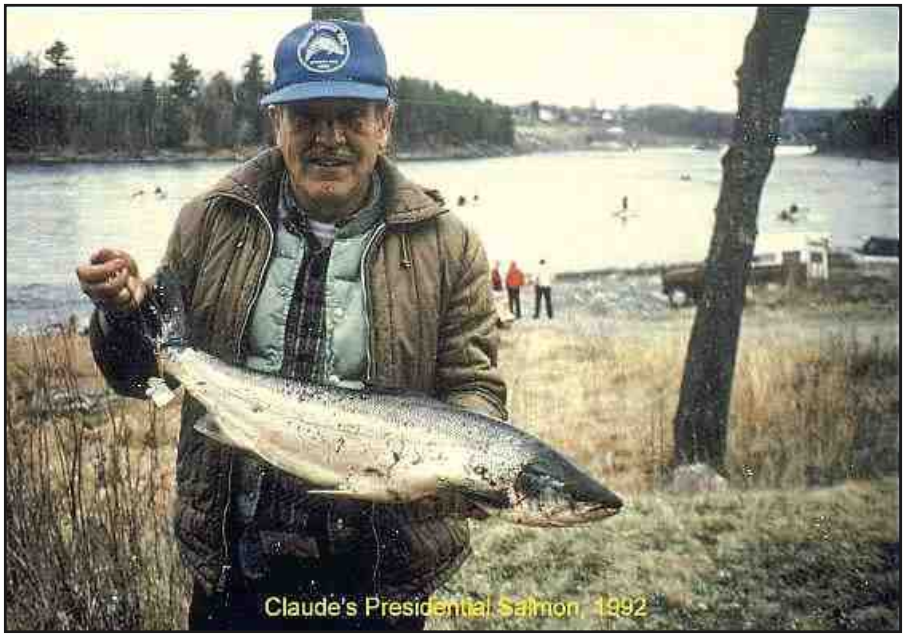
For the native Penobscot Indians and to those of European descent, the Atlantic salmon is a spiritual and majestic fish that confers sustenance, well-being, and prestige to those fortunate enough to catch one. The decline of this fishery is a sad and familiar story in America; however, there is real hope that fishing for Atlantic salmon will, once



Rob Robertson

Figure 14. Claude Westfall and the author in May 2010 looking at the Penobscot River and Veazie Dam from the grounds of the Veazie Salmon Club.

Figure 15. On 1 May 1992 at 4:55 a.m., Claude caught the last presidential salmon on a CZ Special at the Eddington Salmon Club. From the collection of Claude Westfall.



again, be possible in the Penobscot River. When the Penobscot began to recover from the effects of pollution and logging, there was a renaissance of Atlantic salmon fishing that began in the 1970s and continued into the 1990s. The details and scope of the dam-removal project are fascinating because of the cooperation between industrial and environmental interests. It remains to be seen when and if the planned dam removal will permanently change this fishery.

At present, it is illegal to fish for Atlantic salmon on the Penobscot River. When I was in Orono visiting Claude, there was a front-page article in the *Bangor Daily News* about the returning salmon.[8] The trap numbers were encouraging. In May 2010, 255 adult salmon had been trapped as opposed to 109, the number trapped during the same time frame in May 2009.

Despite their endangered status, Claude thinks restoration efforts would be helped by a short season that would allow anglers to catch these fish. A fly-fishing-only season with strict catch-and-release regulations would maintain the culture of the club and keep the fishery in the public consciousness.

That experimental 2008 season linked a rich and distinguished past to an uncertain but promising future. Although even the highly regulated practice of catch and release for Atlantic salmon is controversial to some, to have people fishing for salmon is crucial to maintain political momentum for the improvement of the river and for the maintenance of the fish population, in Claude's opinion. The tradition of the presidential salmon is one that should still be alive. Without a relationship between angler and fish, fish, ironically, lose their strongest advocates. Employing strict rules—such as using barbless hooks, not taking the fish out of the water, and limiting anglers to one fish per day—was very successful in 2008. Also, a limited season would help the club create a new generation of members and anglers in general who would continue to act both as stewards for the river and as advocates for salmon.

At one point or another, there have been twenty salmon clubs in Maine, most of which were attached to a specific river, such as the Penobscot, Dennys, or Narraguagus.[9] This number testifies to the fact that the Atlantic salmon is a remarkable game fish. What gets lost in the political and cultural context is the fact that Atlantics, when they are in a favorable environment, may be the most exciting freshwater fish to catch. Wild salmon have the desirable qualities of size, speed, and power. Their flavor is superior to hatchery or aquaculture

Rob Robertson

Figure 16. Claude Westfall's CZ Special, tied by its creator.

salmon. These attributes, combined with their history, make them a singular quarry in the world of fly fishing.

At this time, it may be difficult to imagine a Penobscot that has a large run of Atlantics, but with the legacy of Claude and others like him, and with changes being made to dams, the Penobscot could once again be one of the premier fisheries in the United States. Ideally, the presidential salmon tradition could be continued if dam removal helps to reestablish salmon runs. Claude is proud to have caught a presidential salmon, yet he would prefer not to be the last man to have done so.

ENDNOTES

1. Ed Baum, *Maine Atlantic Salmon: A National Treasure* (Hermon, Me.: Atlantic Salmon Unlimited, 1997), 66.
2. John Mundt, "The Historical Penobscot: America's Atlantic Salmon Fishing Legacy," *The American Fly Fisher* (Summer 1996, vol. 23, no. 3), 2–9.
3. Richard Jagels, "Bangor Pool Peapods: Reviving a Tradition and a River," *WoodenBoat* (January/February 2010, no. 212), 38–43.
4. Ibid.
5. James Butler and Arthur Taylor, *Penobscot River Renaissance: Restoring America's Premier Atlantic Salmon Fishery* (Camden, Me.: The Silver Quill Press/Down East Books), 64. This book contains interviews with many anglers who have fished the Penobscot. In Claude Westfall's interview, he explains his own theory of fishing for Atlantic salmon and how he originated certain patterns, including the CZ Wringer and the CZ Special (see Figures 13 and 16).
6. Claude Westfall, www.geocities.com /salmoczw/mypage.html. Claude's website includes some of the pictures that appear in this article. The charts and tables that appear here are the results of his research.
7. Madeline Bodin, "Freeing a River," *Nature Conservancy* (Summer 2010), 32–41.
8. John Holyoke, "Salmon Return in Record Numbers," *Bangor Daily News* (27 May 2010), A1, A4. Holyoke is an outdoor sportswriter who writes regular columns for the *Bangor Daily News.* Many of his articles have focused on the Penobscot's Atlantic salmon.
9. Baum, *Maine Atlantic Salmon*, 63.

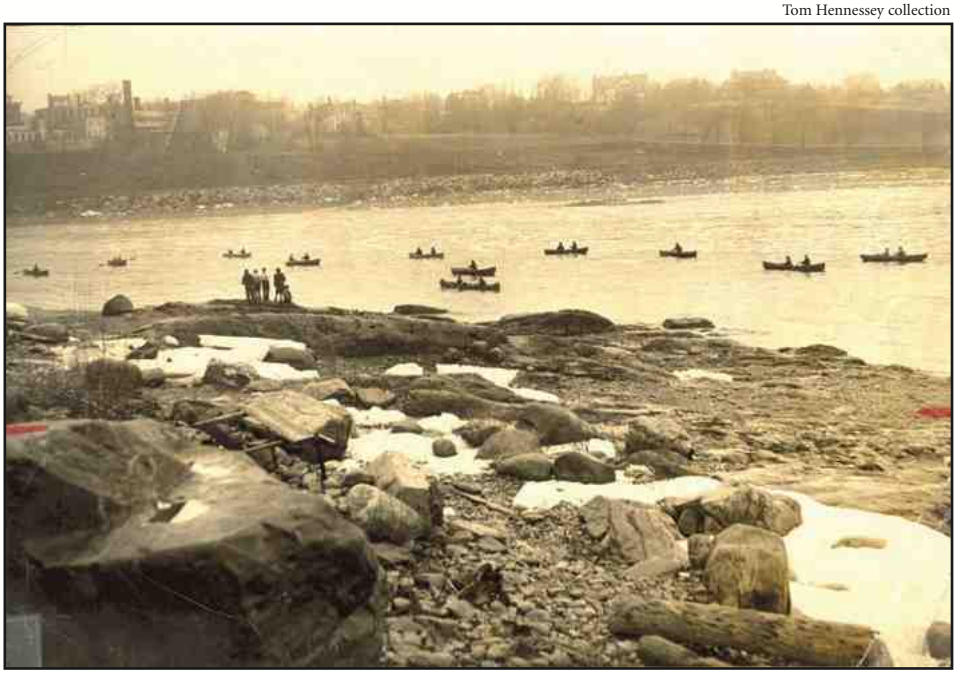
White House staff photograph

Figure 17. On 25 May 1992, Claude Westfall and his wife, Rosemae, met President Bush at Walker's Point in Kennebunkport, Maine, in a ceremony to present the presidential salmon. Pictured are John Brennan, commissioner of Marine Resources; President George H. W. Bush; Claude Westfall; Olympia Snowe, now one of Maine's senators; Governor John McKernan; and Rosemae Westfall. From the collection of Claude Westfall.

Bangor Pool Peapods: Reviving a Tradition and a River

by Richard Jagels

Tom Hennessey collection



Old photo showing popularity of early-run salmon fishing on the Penobscot in Bangor.

In the early twentieth century, Bangor, Maine, was a world-renowned destination for those who sought to fish for Atlantic salmon by rod and reel. Legendary bamboo rod makers Hiram L. Leonard and Fred E. Thomas began their careers in Bangor, custom building salmon rods for the famous and not-so-famous who gathered from around the globe each spring to fish the Bangor Pool on the Penobscot River. Specially designed double-ended boats, generally called peapods, allowed rower and angler to cover all parts of the river. The development of the sport would depend on the dedication of many, including those who formed the Penobscot Salmon Club, but perhaps no one had so profound an influence as a modest Norwegian immigrant whose fleeting moment of glory soon faded into obscurity.

This article appeared originally in *WoodenBoat* magazine No. 212 (January/February 2010).

The son of a carpenter, Karl J. Andersen was born 25 April 1872 in Christiania (now Oslo), Norway. He spent his first twenty years there, undoubtedly learning about sport fishing for salmon on Norway's rivers. One of the most popular rod-and-reel fishing methods in that country, and one still used today, is known as *harling*, a method sometimes confused with trolling, but in fact, quite different. Harling requires a small, maneuverable boat that carries an oarsman and, aft of him, the angler. The boat is rowed out into a river and, with the bow pointing upstream, is held in one location but shuttled from bank to bank. While the oarsman is performing these maneuvers, the angler casts downstream and lets out line until his lure or fly is over a salmon lie, a place where returning salmon briefly rest while migrating upstream to their spawning grounds.

A rowing boat that turns quickly and draws little water is needed for this type of fishing. In Norway, the ideal is found in the faering, a round-bottomed double-ender usually less than 16 feet long, with rocker, considerable dead rise, and flare amidships. Such a boat has minimal wetted surface, making it easy to hold in one position in a river current that can be quite strong. With an upswept bow and stern to reduce keel length, the boat is easily turned, allowing the rower to maneuver back and forth across the river to find the best salmon lie.

Karl Andersen's father may have built faerings in Norway, but on this we can only speculate. Almost certainly Karl learned about salmon fishing as a child, because after he came to Maine in 1892, he quickly became adept at catching salmon in the Bangor Pool. We don't know why he immigrated, but the late 1800s was a time when many Europeans of limited means were setting their sights on the other side of the pond as the place where they could realize their dreams.

Ed Baum collection

Ralph and Edmund, two of Karl Andersen's eight children, learned how to fish the Penobscot River for Atlantic salmon from their father, who developed the wood-and-canvas peapod pictured here in 1912 specifically for use at the Bangor Pool.

Very likely Karl was married to his wife, Otilla, before he arrived in Bangor. Their child, Esther, was born 10 April 1898. Because early April is the start of salmon fishing on the Penobscot, Karl may or may not have been in attendance at her birth. What is certain is that as soon as Esther could hold a salmon rod—and in those days they were quite heavy—Karl taught her how to fish. At the young age of ten, Esther landed a lively 10-pound salmon in the Bangor Pool while receiving instruction from her proud father who was rowing the boat.[1]

All of Karl's eight children were inculcated into the art of salmon fishing. A photo from 1912 shows two of his sons, Ralph, aged twelve, and Edmund, aged thirteen, proudly holding a 22-pound salmon they caught at the Bangor Pool while sitting in a boat built by their father. Most likely, they caught the fish by harling. Four years earlier, the *Bangor Daily Commercial* reported that John Doane and Karl Andersen jointly landed the first fish of the season, an 11-pounder, on 1 April 1908.[2] Which man was rower and which yielded the rod was not mentioned, suggesting that they caught the fish by harling—when both rower and rod holder are given credit for catching the fish. Seasoned Bangor Pool salmon fishermen today still know about harling as a form of fishing because it was practiced for many years on the Penobscot. Although we don't know for certain, it is a good possibility that Karl Andersen introduced this method of fishing to Bangor.

But Karl would gain even more prominence when on opening day, 1 April 1912, he caught the first two salmon at the Bangor Pool and proudly decided to send one, an 11-pounder, to President William Howard Taft—starting a tradition that lasted, on and off, for more than eight decades. Karl, by this time a member of the Penobscot Salmon Club, provided the following rationale for sending the fish: "As long as Bangor presented the President with its full quota of delegates to the Republican State Convention, I thought it would be more than fitting that I should contribute to the city's need of honor and respect by sending him a salmon."[3]

Karl's statement has been interpreted by some to mean that he was honoring and respecting the president by sending him a salmon, but my reading of his statement is that he was hoping that Bangor would gain more recognition from his gesture. As an immigrant, he may have been expressing patriotism for his adopted country, but he likely had a more urgent and calculated motive: that of promoting salmon fishing in Bangor. Just one year before Karl sent the first presidential salmon, Bangor suffered a disastrous fire that wiped out almost all of the downtown (including Karl's painting business)—a calamitous event that would take the city decades to recover from. Perhaps Karl was trying to demonstrate that although the city had suffered a great setback, the salmon fishing was alive and well.

Whatever his real motivation, the tradition of sending the first-caught salmon from the Bangor Pool to the sitting U.S. president continued without interruption until 1954. Then, due to a scarcity of returning salmon, the practice lapsed until it was revived in the 1980s. It was finally put to rest in the mid-1990s, and by 2000 salmon fishing was banned on the river altogether because of extremely low numbers of salmon returning to spawn. In 2008, a limited catch-and-release spring salmon season was permitted, but all angling ended in May 2009 when the federal government listed salmon in the Penobscot as endangered.

Bangor Pool Peapods

The Bangor-to–Old Town region along the Penobscot River became renowned for another reason: from the late 1800s to the mid-1900s, it produced more wood-and-canvas canoes than anywhere else in the country. Builders such as E. H. Gerrish and C. B. Thatcher in Bangor; B. N. Morris in Veazie; and Carleton, Old Town, and E. M. White in Old Town produced thousands of canoes that were sold all over the world. In 2001, the Penobscot

Tom Hennessey collection

Salmon fishing was popular sport along the Penobscot, and fishing competitions and sportsmen's clubs were common. Boats were necessary to access the best fishing holes.

Marine Museum in Searsport, Maine, compiled a list of canoe builders in Maine. Of 145 listed, eighty were in business before 1910. Today, only one of the original Bangor area companies, Old Town Canoe Co., remains, although the construction and restoration of wood-and-canvas canoes remains alive in the hands of a few craftsmen, such as Jerry Stelmok of Island Falls Canoe Co. and Rollin Thurlow of Northwoods Canoe Co., both situated in the central Maine town of Atkinson and both of whom teach at WoodenBoat School in Brooklin.

Into this wood-and-canvas canoe-building milieu came Karl Andersen, with his recollection of Norwegian faerings. Who first adapted wood-and-canvas canoe construction methods to these rowing "double-enders" or "peapods," as they were variously known, remains a mystery, but old-timers in the area generally think that Andersen and Gerrish made the best ones. Having now examined several of the few remaining boats, my best guess is that E. H. Gerrish, who was building canoes by the early 1880s, provided the canoe-building technology and Andersen introduced the shape. Early Gerrish peapods look like wide, short canoes, but later ones have the round bottoms, greater rocker, and upswept bow-and-stern profiles characteristic of Andersen peapods. We have no record of Gerrish and Andersen collaborating, but both lived and worked in Bangor.

Although Andersen peapods were among the most popular in the early to mid-1900s, Karl never listed himself as a boatbuilder. Examination of old Bangor city directories from 1901 (when Karl's name first appears) until his death in 1943 reveals only that Karl was a house painter (or, occasionally, carpenter). Even his obituary is unrevealing. He is simply described as a "well known Bangor painting contractor."[4] When I mentioned this recently to Rollin Thurlow, who has restored a number of Gerrish boats, his cryptic response was, "Considering how well boatbuilding pays, it's a good thing he had another business."[5] In fact, being a painting contractor likely allowed Karl the freedom to build his boats as a sideline (perhaps as many as a hundred, according to indirect information from a relative) and still raise a family of four daughters and four sons through World War I and the Great Depression.

The significant role that Karl Andersen played in promoting salmon fishing in the Bangor area—through his peapods, the possible introduction of harling, and the initiation of the presidential salmon tradition—is mostly unknown today. If it were not for two neighbors of mine, I would not be telling this story.

Rollin Thurlow

Early peapod built by E. H. Gerrish that retains the flat bottom and upturned ends typical of classic canoe form.

A later Gerrish peapod after Gerrish moved his shop to Costigan. The boat has lines that are closer to an Andersen boat, but with less sheer.

Rollin Thurlow

Fred Kircheis

This basket-case peapod was restored by Fred Kircheis and is now owned by an avid salmon fisherman.

Andersen Peapods Reborn

Steve Forrest lives in Hampden, Maine, just south of Bangor on the Penobscot River, and is a neighbor and friend of outdoor writer and artist Tom Hennessey. Both are Maine natives and avid salmon fishermen, and have often fished the Bangor Pool. Hennessey, who began fishing as a young boy in the 1940s, owns a peapod that may have been built by E. M. White, and Forrest, who builds and repairs boats in his spare time, has done some restoration work on it. In 1990, Hennessey learned that Nina Andersen, one of Karl's daughters, wanted to sell her father's peapod-building jig, a form similar to the type used in building wood-and-canvas canoes. The jig was collecting dust in a barn behind the house at 158 Fern Street in Bangor, where Karl and his family had lived. Ernest and Ralph, two of his sons, who never married, had continued to live in the house after Karl's death in 1943. Ralph died in 1986 and Ernest in 1995 (Esther, who also never married, died in 1990 at the age of ninety-two, perhaps still remembering that day when as a ten-year-old child she had landed her first big salmon). Nina and her husband, Floyd Craig, both in their late eighties, were trying to clear out old items from the property. Luckily, Hennessey told Forrest about the Andersen peapod jig, and Steve struck a deal to purchase it. He says that his wife thought he was crazy at the time for paying $1,000 for what looked like a pile of kindling, although she has since come to have a more tolerant viewpoint.

After examining the jig closely, Steve noticed that the steel bands that determine the rib spacing were numbered and that three numbers were missing from the middle. He also could see that the jig had been cut in half and rejoined. He built a 14-foot boat on the jig in 1991, and he still owns the boat. Steve knew that most Bangor Pool peapods were about 15 feet, 6 inches long—so he stretched the form back to what was probably its original length and has built several more boats since.

Compared with many other Bangor Pool peapods, Andersen boats were designed to ride high in the water, making them easier to maneuver and hold their position in a current. This high ride, Steve points out, lets the boat bob like a cork through rapids without taking on water if the rower should lose control—as Steve once did. Hull shape, as previously noted, is one way of achieving a high ride. In addition, Andersen boats had wider rib spacing—5 to 5½ inches, rather than the more usual 4 to 4½ inches—helping to reduce hull weight. Their inwales and outwales were spruce rather than the usual heavier hardwoods. Steve's re-creations of this once-revered boat are showing us why Andersen boats were so popular with salmon fishermen on the Penobscot.

Other types of fishing boats of the period—such as Rangeley Lake boats in western Maine and Adirondack guideboats and Saint Lawrence skiffs in northern New York—were set up with two rowing stations, with the oarsman sitting close to the bow when two were aboard and sitting amidships if three. Bangor Pool peapods have just one rowing station placed just forward of amidships, and the angler's seat is just aft of center. This provides for good stability and,

Fred Kircheis

The basket-case peapod after restoration by Fred Kircheis. Note the typical close seat placement for rower and angler.

Peapod builder Karl Andersen, who moved to Bangor, Maine, from Norway, may have been the person who introduced the fishing technique called harling, which Maine artist and outdoorsman Tom Hennessey captures here. The technique is a partnership in which the oarsman plays the eddies and currents while the fisherman casts for the salmon lie.

most importantly, allows for quick turning, key to harling. In the rare case of three in the boat, a small bow seat is provided but rarely used.

Spruce oars 8 feet long with leathers and stops were loose fitted to brass oarlocks of a style known as "patent swivel." The oars were set up for "cross-hand" rowing, typical of small inland boats of the period. This maximized propulsion, but in the hands of the inexperienced often led to rapped knuckles. Most existing peapods I have examined now have either shorter oars or relocated leathers so that the rower's hands are farther apart.

At the peak of their popularity, these wood-and-canvas peapods found homes on many other Maine waters, often serving as fishing platforms at camps on the many lakes throughout the state. In these quiet-water settings, the basic canoe hull shape and flat bottom of many non-Andersen peapods were adequate and actually more stable, and this may have led to the decline in demand for the round hull form. It appears that Karl may have responded to this changing preference; a close scrutiny of the building jig reveals that he added wood strips along the bilge at some time to create a wider waterline beam with less dead rise. Steve also removed from the jig a square-stern appendage that must have been added after outboard motors came into vogue. Even some faerings now bear a tiny transom to hold an outboard motor.

Eventually, almost all of the Bangor Pool peapods disappeared, many of them rotting away at camps, although one or two may still be collecting dust in a barn loft. However, a few dedicated salmon fishermen still use and maintain their boats.

Even rarer today is the person willing to attempt to restore boats that most would assign to the trash heap. One such maverick is Fred Kircheis, a former state fisheries biologist, who held the unenviable position of Salmon Commission director in 1999, the year he had to tell Penobscot River salmon fishermen that their centuries-old sport would come to a close in 2000. After surviving the scorn heaped on him for making that decision, restoring a basket-case peapod must have seemed like wonderful therapy. Even Steve thought the boat was too far gone when he first saw it. Undaunted, Fred restored the boat and eventually sold it to an avid salmon fisherman, then went on to rebuild other orphaned peapods.

A River Being Restored

The tenacity of salmon fishermen to keep all the traditions of the sport alive, including the specialized boats, seems to also give them the patience to wait for fish to return to the Penobscot in sufficient numbers that fishing could again be a rite of spring in Bangor. But these fishermen and hundreds of other dedicated folks are not just sitting idle. In 2003, following preliminary meetings, the Atlantic Salmon Federation, American Rivers, Natural Resources Council of Maine, Trout Unlimited, Maine Audubon, the Penobscot Indian Nation, the State of Maine, the U.S. Department of Interior, and PPL Corporation (which owns the river's hydropower dams) crafted an agreement to remove two critical dams, bypass a third dam with a new river channel, and improve fishways at other dams on the Penobscot. In exchange for lost power, PPL could increase electricity output on six other dams they own to maintain virtually all of their current power production. These dam removals, combined with ongoing water-quality

Richard Jagels

Karl Andersen boat form suspended over a Grand Laker canoe form in Steve Forrest's barn. Note the added middle section restoring original boat dimensions.

improvements, will significantly improve access to more than 1,000 miles of river habitat, potentially enhancing not only salmon-spawning opportunities but also those of two species of sturgeon, shad, alewives, blueback herring, eels, and striped bass. As of July 2008, the $25 million needed to purchase the dams had been raised from public and private sources. Still needed is another $25 million to dismantle the dams.

In 2000, Steve donated one of the peapods he built to the Penobscot Salmon Club to raise money through a raffle. More recently, in 2007, with help from a friend, Gary Arsenault, he built another "Andersen" boat that was auctioned by the Maine Council of the Atlantic Salmon Federation. That boat sold for $6,000 and was purchased by Rick Warren, publisher of the *Bangor Daily News* and a dedicated salmon angler. The sale price was doubled through a private challenge match to the local Maine Council campaign. All the proceeds went to support the Penobscot River Restoration Trust, the nonprofit entity created to purchase and remove the dams.

Within the context of $50 million, these are not large sums of money, but the significance of the donations far surpasses the dollar amount. Bringing back a river and a city to its former glory by restoring its natural and material culture is a valuable lesson that could be replicated elsewhere. Bangor Pool peapods are just part of a community revival that includes increased recreational boating on the river and the return of the Thomas Bamboo Rod Company, resurrected in 1999 by returning Iraq war veteran Steve Campbell. If Karl Andersen could be here today, I am sure he would be pleased.

ENDNOTES

1. Ed Baum, *Maine Atlantic Salmon: A National Treasure* (Hermon, Me.: Atlantic Salmon Unlimited, 1997), 62.
2. *Bangor Daily Commercial,* 2 April 1908.
3. Quoted in Tom Hennessey, "Fins and Feathers," *Bangor Daily News,* 4 May 1992, 13.
4. Obituary in the *Bangor Daily News*, 1 October 1943.
5. Personal communication with Rollin Thurlow, Northwoods Canoe Company, Atkinson, Maine, July 2008.

Steve Forrest with one of the boats he built on an Andersen jig. Note the rounded and flared hull with elegant, sweeping stem-to-stem sheer.

Photos by Richard Jagels

Steve Forrest in 2008 at the Bangor Pool, Penobscot River, in a boat he built on an Andersen form. The remains of the Bangor Dam and Waterworks can be seen in the background.

A New Early Date for American Fly Fishing

by Ken Cameron and Paul Schullery

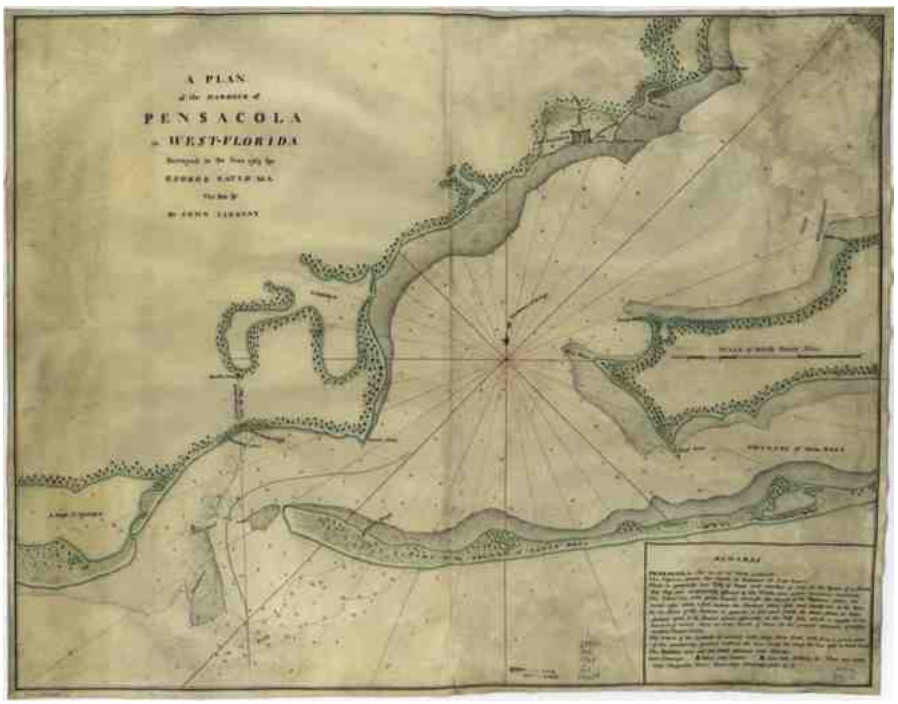
Sport fishing was popular in a variety of American locations even in the 1600s, but records of fly fishing are rare before the early 1800s.[1] A letter recently acquired by the University of Virginia Library appears to set a new early date for fly fishing in the Americas, although by only two years. Its importance lies as much in the location as in the date; our earliest known American fly fisher enjoyed the sport in the Florida panhandle.[2]

The letter, dated Pensacola, Tuesday, October 28th, 1764, is from a man identified in the University of Virginia Library records as Rodney Home, written to a Mr. Blacket, presumably in England. Blacket's name is assumed from a sentence late in the letter: "Respectful compliments to Mrs Blacket Miss Sally & your other Dear little child who I have not had the honour of knowing its Name yet."[3]

Credit and congratulations for this discovery go to Mr. Lin Respess, antiquarian book dealer of Charlottesville, Virginia, who acquired the letter from another dealer and sold it to the University of Virginia Library in 2007. Respess listed the Home letter in his catalog under the heading "1764 Letter from Florida, with an Early, Perhaps the Earliest, Mention of Fly Fishing There."[4]

The first name in the signature on the Home letter is unclear. It shows only the first three letters, "Rod," in normal script, and the rest of the name is in superscript that, when enlarged, appears to read "in" (see letter, next page). It is hoped that additional research will clarify Mr. Home's identity and provide us with more information about him.

For now we can say that Home appears to have been a member of the entourage of George Johnstone, the first governor of the then-new West Florida Colony.[5] This British acquisition was one of the results of the Seven Years ("French and Indian") War; Johnstone had, in fact, been appointed in 1763 but necessarily took his time getting to Pensacola. Home apparently arrived with the governor ("ten days ago yesterday"[6]) despite a bout of illness in Jamaica. Short as his time in Florida had been, however, Home had already sampled the local fishing: "We have plenty of salt [?] water trout & fine fishing with fly in the fresh water Rivers of which we have a great number . . ."[7]



A map of Pensacola Harbor based on the surveys of George Gault, who was among those accompanying George Johnstone when he arrived in Florida in October 1764. Geography and Map Division, Library of Congress, digital ID g3932p ar165600.

We have no way of knowing what the flies or the fish were, except that they were certainly not salmonids. Home appears not to have been disappointed by that, however, having written that the fly fishing was "fine."

The previous early certain date for North American fly fishing was Joseph

Banks's diary entry of 1766 in the northern maritime provinces of Canada.[8] Banks described fishing for tidewater brook trout. The evidence of American fly-fishing activity following Banks's report is slight but tantalizing. Newspapers and manuscripts from the 1770s described the sale of flies in stores in Boston and Philadelphia, as well as an apparent commercial fly tier in Philadelphia as early as 1773.[9] But our next named fly fishers appear to be Londoner Robert Hunter Jr., whose diary described successfully fly fishing for bass on the Canadian banks of the St. Lawrence River in 1785,[10] and British Colonel John Enys, who successfully fly fished for salmon in one of the rivers flowing into Lake Champlain at about the same time.[11] Pennsylvania-born George Gibson, in a series of articles on fly fishing published in American sporting periodicals between 1829 and 1849, reminisced vaguely about having begun his fly-fishing career on the limestone streams of southeastern Pennsylvania in about 1790.[12] Intriguing conjectures of other early New-World fly fishers are just that—conjectures—and await the discovery of more evidence.[13]

One thing that is noteworthy about all of these known fly fishers is that before Gibson, they were British visitors, not locals. The apparent geographical spread (Florida to the Maritimes), therefore, is somewhat illusory; it was the nationality of the visitors, not the location, that led them to fish with flies. We can assume that there were other visitors like them, including British and German military during the Revolution, but what we lack so far is a record of specific individuals who were either resident in the Americas or born there, who fished with the fly at the same time or even earlier than did these visiting anglers.

ENDNOTES

1. Paul Schullery, *American Fly Fishing: A History* (New York: The Lyons Press, 1987), 13–17.
2. Rodney Home Letter, 1764, Accession #13918, Box W/5624. Special Collections/Marion duPont Scott Sporting Collection, University of Virginia Library, Charlottesville, Virginia.
3. Ibid.
4. Lin Respess, e-mail message to Paul Schullery, 16 February 2011.
5. General background for the place and period provided by Robert V. Haynes, "Mississippi Under British Rule—British West Florida," *Mississippi History Now, An online publication of the Mississippi Historical Society,* http://mshistory.k12.ms.us/, posted September 2000; accessed 25 March 2011.
6. Home Letter.
7. Ibid.
8. David Ledlie, "A Colonial Fly Fisher," *The American Fly Fisher* (Summer 1980, vol. 7, no. 3), 14–15.
9. Schullery, *American Fly Fishing*, 23–24.
10. David Ledlie, "More on Sir William Johnson," *The American Fly Fisher* (Spring 1984, vol. 11, no. 2), 2–6.
11. Austin Hogan, "Bob Fly, Dropper—Tail Fly, Stretcher," *The American Fly Fisher* (Fall 1976, vol. 3, no. 4), 11.
12. Paul Schullery, *Royal Coachman* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1991), 65–66.
13. Schullery, *American Fly Fishing,* 18–20, reviewed the cases of British angling writers Richard Franck and Richard Brookes, both of whom are thought to have visited America, Franck in the 1600s and Brookes some time before 1763. Ledlie, "More on Sir William Johnson," reviewed the as-yet-unsubstantiated case made for Sir William Johnson's having fly fished the Mohawk Valley of New York as early as 1761.

Ken Cameron is a former registrar, and Paul Schullery a former executive director, of the museum.

Rodney Home Letter, 1764, Accession #13918, Special Collections, University of Virginia Library, Charlottesville, Virginia.

A Book of British Angling Prints: Sport, History, and Lovely Pictures

by Gordon Wickstrom

Somewhere out there in the vast fields of our collective imagination, there must be that great gallery, filled to overflowing with glorious images of British angling from over the centuries. Who but the excellent David Beazley could have curated such a show and left us with its documentation in such a catalog: *Images of Angling: Three Centuries of British Angling Prints* (Creel Press, 2010)?

This is not a coffee-table art book, but a luxurious catalog, an account, a history, and a description of 353 prints from the great tradition of British angling. It is at once scholarly and expert, genial and personal, with a complete apparatus for further study. Beazley obviously loves these pictures and is deeply at home among them.

But me! I am appalled by what I did not know. I did not know of George Morland—I knew a few of his lovely images of angling in the late eighteenth century but nothing of the mercurial artist who created them. I did not know about the crucial work of Walter Shaw Sparrow, who published the first and definitive collection of British angling prints in 1923. I did not know the provenance of pictures that I have long admired—not even my own Samuel Howitt original pencil drawing of a pike. I did not know that David Beazley, distinguished librarian at the Flyfishers' Club in London where I am happy to be called a member, was at work on this project. Nor did I know that that imminent publisher of some of the finest of angling books, Timothy Benn, was the one to urge Beazley to this important work and publish it.

I found myself "reading" the book in themes and tropes. I watched the pictures most closely in the first instance for those long rods, with a dead-off line, loop-tied to their tops. I love the way the anglers handled them, choking them up in endlessly variable and elegant holds to meet the needs of the fishing moment. From the beginning almost to the end of the book, those big rods swung, bent, rested, and exerted themselves in graceful, lyrical ways that for me quite defined the ideal English angling day.

Up to the last of these prints, these rods *conduct* their fishing, even musically, with a languor, an ease and restful poise that in these difficult times I find highly appealing. And, day after day, in print after print, there is that companion angler, male or female, like Walton's Venator, at rest, stretched out on the grass, watching the angler working the rod. No hurry, no rush, no agitation, gentled like the countryside itself.

I love watching how these anglers dress, from high fashion to work clothes—and their footwear for the stream fascinates me. Another theme.

For all of the cant about solitude in the literature of American angling, the British, we learn from these prints, regard fishing more as a social event and one in which from the beginning women were quite at home. One senses the erotic element in these couplings of anglers.

And, oh yes, I am pleased to note how often the British angler sits down, not just to rest, but to fish.

The author's favorite print: A Party Angling *by George Morland, 1789.*

This book is a sociology.

These prints are *data.*

I watch the changing focus of the prints, from the concentration on the anglers themselves in the eighteenth-century Enlightenment way to the often dreamlike devotion to romantic landscape in the nineteenth.

I watch how, over time, the fish itself becomes more and more carefully represented, and how, in the later prints, the dynamic of the angler's attachment to the fighting fish can be felt sympathetically in the muscles of the viewer.

Beazley ends the book with a grand coup. His last chapter is on prints of angling humor, for which he has chosen the very last print (page 228) with great care; it is Henry Mayo Bateman's caricature "The Last Trout" (1922), showing exactly twenty-six rabid anglers surrounding a single trout, each of them in a hilarious apoplexy of determination to kill that last poor fish. But the thing is that the long graceful rods with fixed lines, the handsome clothes, are gone—a thing of the past—and replaced here with angling goofs burdened down with gear, their short, stiff, fast, aggressive, single-handed rods brandished like weapons in front of them.

Angling has taken its turn into modernism, never to return to the grace and relaxed lyricism of casting for trout as the ancients knew it. Only Tenkara, lately from Japan, proposes something of those old values of the long rod and short, fixed line.

In any case, this wonderful book ends in a subtle lament for three centuries of our angling past, lost now. But in these 353 celebratory prints, its legacy remains full of pleasure and a testament to what we felt and thought and valued, how we did our fishing and gentled our lives in these olden times.

Is there a cloud over the scene of this fine book?

Well, had it been structurally bigger, it could have sported a point or two larger type and been a blessing to old eyes. And some of the prints are small enough that the reader wants the help of a glass to aid in the pleasure of exploring them.

Beazley asks his reader to choose his own favorite print and I have chosen mine, that ravishing thing of George Morland's, *A Party Angling* (page 42), showing us two lovely ladies in their summer finest with three young gentlemen and a boyish black boatman, all together, fishing in a rhapsody of pleasure and gentle occupation. Morland includes himself, leaning from the boat to net a fine perch—which goes to prove that the ladies were not the sole attraction of these splendid young men in this beautiful fishing picture.

~

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Les Hilyard: The Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies

by John Mundt

Photos by Annie Hilyard

Above: Three generations of the Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies. Gray Ghost by H. Wendell Folkins (top), Embden Fancy by Carrie G. Stevens (middle), and Mrs. Stevens by Leslie K. Hilyard (bottom).

Left: Leslie Hilyard at his vise.

Carrie G. Stevens began her celebrated fly-dressing career in the Rangeley Lakes region of Maine in 1920. Her distinctive streamer flies were a major innovation in the craft, and history proved them to be highly effective in the water as well. Stevens's Gray Ghost remains one of the most popular and recognizable patterns ever dressed.

There have been only three proprietors of Mrs. Stevens's business, Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies. Upon her retirement in 1953, she sold the business to commercial tier H. Wendell Folkins of Tamworth, New Hampshire. After nearly half a century of turning out Rangeley Favorites, Wendell scribed a handwritten note on 1 April 1996, passing the mantle to Leslie K. Hilyard. Les continues to produce exquisite examples of these historic patterns from his vise in Ipswich, Massachusetts.

In 2000, Les and his father Graydon published the definitive work on the subject, *Carrie Stevens: Maker of Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies* (excerpted in this journal in the Winter 2000 issue). It's a highly informative book about a remarkable woman and the region, people, and fish that made her famous. Photographs, ephemera, insightful text, and known pattern recipes are all preserved for posterity therein. Casual readers and historians alike can be thankful that the Hilyards put their passion and years of study into print; I fear much of this information would have remained undiscovered or lost to future generations. Stackpole Books sold out the first edition within months, and copies now command dear prices on the second-hand market. Subsequent second and third printings sold out as well.

Carrie Stevens is rightly listed among the greatest fly tiers the sport has known, and whenever Les Hilyard sits down at his vise, the legacy continues. Les is a true keeper of the flame, and the heritage of our sport continues to be preserved and enriched by historians and fly dressers like him.

John Mundt is president of the Anglers' Club of New York and a former trustee of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. He lives in Simsbury, Connecticut.

For more information, contact Les Hilyard at Rangeley Favorite Trout and Salmon Flies, PO Box 358, Ipswich MA 01938; Telephone: (978) 356-1012; e-mail: Rangeleyfavorite@verizon.net.

Bill Salladin, 1943–2011
A Personal Remembrance

After a storm the leafy tree is no longer solid
But the pine still throws a full shadow.
It has found a place to be.
For a thousand years it will not give up this place.
—Tao Yuan-Ming

He was christened William John Salladin II, but to friend, employee, or passing stranger, he was Bill. We met some time ago in my wood-carving shop. He was watching me coax a trout stream—complete with brown trout, rocks, and grass—out of a thick sheet of basswood. It was destined to become an angler's coffee table. After I answered his twenty questions, none of which pertained to price, he said, "When you finish that table, ship it to my home in Maryland." Bill Salladin had no trouble making up his mind. Family legend has it that it took about fifteen minutes for Bill to meet and propose to his beautiful wife Lora.

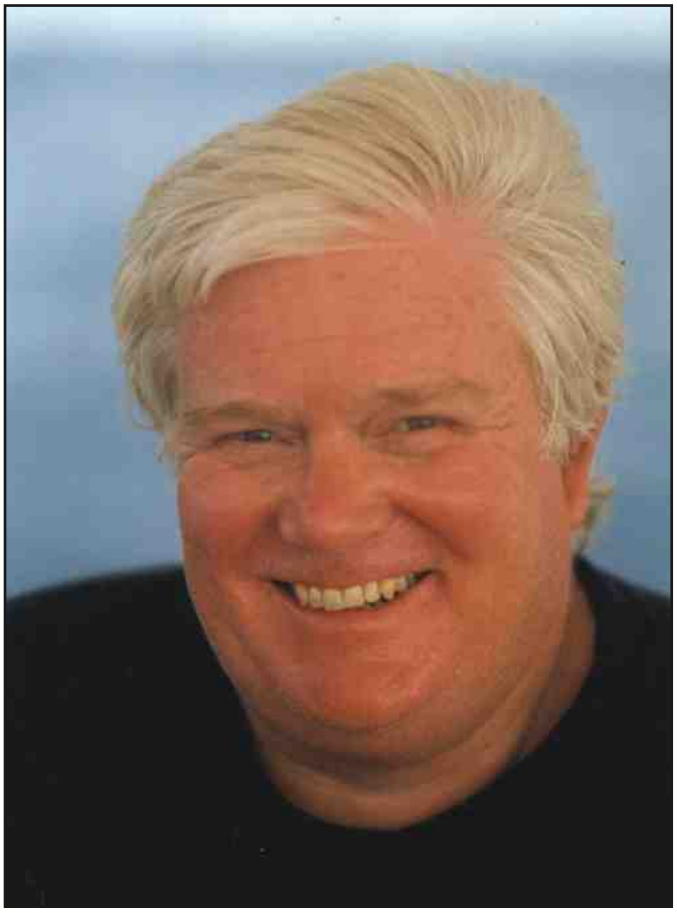
A treasured memory is of the night he and Lora took my wife and me to see Cal Ripken's Game 2,000, the thrill of a lifetime. Not long after that, at my urging, Bill joined the board of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, on which he served until he took up his courageous battle with cancer.

Bill was born in Proctor, Vermont, the son of Mary Quilty and William Dewitt Salladin. When he was fourteen, the family moved to Baltimore, where his father founded an insurance company. After his father's untimely death, his twenty-nine-year-old son took over All Risks, Ltd., a small company composed of a few employees occupying two rooms in a Baltimore building.

The computer changed everything in the 1970s, because it solved an insurance industry dilemma in calculating the residual value of leased office equipment. Bill knew opportunity when he saw it. His skills as a tough but fair negotiator soon led the company to the rapid growth that saw All Risks, Ltd. become the nation's largest privately held wholesale insurance brokerage, a company that includes among its many clients Lloyd's of London and an insurance company that is part of the Warren Buffett organization.

A sportsman to the core, Bill loved sailing, powerboating, fishing, and shooting. He and Lora won first place one year in the Florida Keys McDonald Invitational Tarpon Tournament and a third place another time. He caught and released a 900-pound black marlin off the Great Barrier Reef. Like many readers of this journal, Bill fished Alaska, Canada, Cabo, Costa Rica, the Caribbean, and rivers throughout the United States and Australia. He loved shooting skeet and clays and frequently joined his British friends for a bird shoot, a pleasure that enticed him to Argentina, South Africa, Canada, the Dakotas, Vermont, and Maryland.

Bill was a passionate collector of motorcycles, classic cars, and boats. He did not tie flies, nor did he ever build a bamboo rod, but he knew how to bring joy into people's lives and support worthy causes such as this museum. He cared about forests and rivers. He worried about global warming. He could knit a friendship in a minute and make it last a lifetime. He loved his wife and his family, cared for the needy, and not once, in all the years of our friendship, did he ever boast of personal achievement. It was a privilege to know him. My poem for Bill:



Bill Salladin. Image courtesy of Lora Salladin.

It seems like only yesterday
We were swapping stories deep into night:
Tales of ocean sunsets and salmon river dawns,
Sparkling morning dews and departing light.

Huge he was; he wore an eagle's hair—
A crown of winter's white.
His appetite for life gargantuan,
Ruled by what is right.

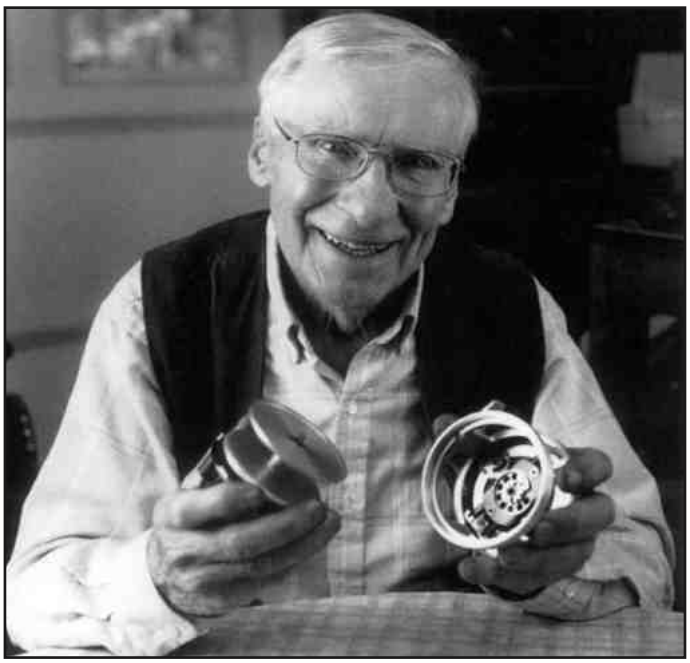
We spoke of guns and fishing rods,
Of rising trout and grouse in sudden flight.
Then had another drink—or maybe two—
Before we said good-night.

Bill Herrick
Trustee Emeritus

IN MEMORIAM

Stanley E. Bogdan
16 December 1918–27 March 2011

Dave Rust



Stanley E. Bogdan

At the height of the great Spanish influenza pandemic that claimed seventy-five million lives, on 16 December 1918, Stanley Edward Bogdan was born and flourished—defying all odds.

Born in Nashua, New Hampshire, of immigrant parents (Stanislaus and Sophia), Stanley graduated from Nashua public schools and traveled the world in the company of royalty and captains of industry. Numerous publications chronicled his progress, culminating in a 2006 biography titled *Bogdan* and a to-be-released film by Canadian filmmaker Kathryn Maroun.

Bogdan's acclaim and stature came as a result of his creating and manufacturing a transcendent fly reel designed for the capture of the mighty Atlantic salmon. Working in isolation, he crafted a handmade brake design so complex that patent protection would never be required. The labor-intensive effort required a high price, was asked of a small market, and ruled out encroachment by interlopers. Later, trout and steelhead models would be added to the repertoire. Supported only by his intrepid wife, Phyllis (whom he married in 1944 and who died in 1995), he launched his fledgling business in 1947—defying all odds.

Accolades for the Bogdan reel came quickly, but financial security arrived only late in life. Happily, the years of financial sacrifice were tempered by invitations to fish the world's great salmon rivers. In 1958, the U.S. Department of State requested a reel for exhibition at the Brussels World's Fair. In 1961, recognizing both its aesthetic and functional qualities, New York City's Museum of Modern Art requested a reel for exhibition purposes. Much later, the Smithsonian accepted a Bogdan Model 100 into its permanent collection. Later still, the Smithsonian Library accepted his biography into theirs.

Lifelong associations began with a 1961 membership in the Atlantic Salmon Association, which would evolve into today's Atlantic Salmon Federation. Bogdan reels were the foundation of its many auctions, raising valuable sums for Atlantic salmon conservation. During the 1970s, Stanley served as a trustee for the American Museum of Fly Fishing, again contributing many reels for its endeavors. Perhaps most dear to his heart was the Anglers' Club of New York, which he joined in 1981. Already the name *Stanley Bogdan* is being considered for inlay upon their famed Long Table, the highest recognition offered by America's oldest reigning angling club.

For ninety years, perfect health was Stanley's constant companion. Not so the ninety-first. Despite the burdens, Stanley remained relevant, involved with museum activities on two fronts and a research project on an obscure Maine reel maker. The fishing season found him on the Moise, Alta, and his beloved Grand Cascapedia, where the last fish he released would be a 32-pound Atlantic salmon—defying all odds.

On the evening of March 27, Stanley Bogdan died peacefully, attended by his son Stephen and daughter-in-law Sandra. So long as rivers rush to the sea and salmon return upon the tide, the Bogdan surname will endure.

But for we privileged to have known him well, an element of grace has vanished.

Graydon Hilyard
Ashland, Massachusetts

Museum News

Jill Johnson Photography

Michael Bonebrake, the museum's new director of development and marketing.

New Staff

In April, Michael Bonebrake joined the museum staff as director of development and marketing. Michael, who began his career at Sotheby's in the nineteenth-century European paintings department, then spent twenty years in client services: as a private banker at Citibank, as an asset manager at Paine Webber, and in hedge funds at a small boutique firm in Manhattan. In his current position, Michael will focus on strengthening the museum's donor base and increasing exposure.

Michael owns 500 books about fly fishing. "But most importantly," he says, "I love to fish. I spent most of my summers fishing on my great-grandfather's property on the Pine River in Lake County, Michigan—which is where both Jim Harrison and Ernie Schwiebert fished as young boys." He is married and has one child, and is a self-professed student of cooking. We welcome him to the museum.

Fit to Be "Tyed"

The museum would like to thank our guest tiers and everyone who braved Vermont's extreme cold and snow on January 15 to attend Fit to Be "Tyed," one of our favorite annual gallery programs. Visitors were treated to clown flies tied by Yoshi Akiyama, nymphs tied by George Butts, and a menagerie of creatures tied by Paul Sinicki, including "Nemo" in his own aquarium. We look forward to dusting off our vises with you next year when the weather gets cold again.

Vermont Memories

Education is one of the core principals of our mission as a nonprofit organization, and hosting a gallery program is one of our favorite ways to fulfill that part of our mission. Gallery programs give us an excellent opportunity to meet members and supporters, and we get to learn something, too!

For a program on February 12 called Vermont Memories, three guest speakers joined us to share theirs. George Butts presented "Dwight Eisenhower and the Spirit of Pittsford Mills," during which he showed us the famed Eisenhower fly created by a Vermont native in honor of the president, who fished on the Furnace Brook in Chittenden forty-five years ago. Butts was joined by Stephen Belcher, whose grandfather invented the fly. Bill Jenney of the President Calvin Coolidge State Historic Site in Plymouth discussed "Vermont's Brigadoon: Calvin Coolidge's Plymouth Notch" and presented information on the Coolidge Site and President Coolidge's life, career, and fishing experiences. Wes Hill of the Orvis Company took us back 150 years to talk about the history of the Orvis family and discussed the lives of Charles Orvis and Mary Orvis Marbury in Manchester.

The museum would like to thank all of the event speakers who shared their day and knowledge with us.

Kim Murphy

Visitors gathered in the museum library for George Butts's presentation of "Dwight Eisenhower and the Spirit of Pittsford Mills" during the museum's Vermont Memories event in February.

Kim Murphy

Auctioneer Clark Comollo hard at work during the Anglers' Club of New York dinner on March 10.

Kim Murphy

The late Stan Bogdan sharing a laugh with fellow dinner attendee George Guba.

Anglers' Club Dinner

This year's annual dinner and auction at the Anglers' Club of New York on March 10 was momentous in many ways. We were there not only to commemorate fifteen years of hosting this fund-raiser at the historic club, but also to celebrate the legendary reel maker Stanley E. Bogdan. The museum was honored to have Stan make the trip from his home in Nashua, New Hampshire, and spend the evening with us, none of us knowing that it would be the last time many of us would see him before he passed away on March 27.

The evening began with the cocktail hour, featuring a slideshow of Stan during his many visits to the museum and at our various events. Before dinner, an introduction and toast were given by Dr. Jack Larkin, a former ACNY president, long-time member of the museum, and friend of Stan. This was followed by remarks from museum Executive Director Cathi Comar, who presented Stan with inscribed bricks to be installed in the museum's sidewalk this spring.

Our sincerest thanks go out to Kelly and Caroline Boatright, who supplied the transportation and accommodations for Stan while staying in New York, and, while working closely with Stephen and Sandy Bogdan, ensured that Stan was comfortable during his stay.

As always, we'd like to give a nod to our auctioneer, Clark Comollo, for donating his auctioneering services, and our auction donors, without whom there would be no auction: Kelly Boatright, Tim Bontecou, Debby Carey, Roger Clark, Jim Collins, George Gibson, Luther Hall, Carmine Lisella, Walter Matia, John Mundt Jr., the Orvis Company, Kristoph Rollenhagen, Dr. Gary Sherman, Dr. Mark Sherman, Ted Sypher, and Richard Tisch. Last, thanks to all of those who attended to make it a very special evening celebrating this very special man.

Upcoming Events

July 30
Angling and Art
Benefit art auction featuring David Tibbetts
Preview July 25–29
The American Museum of Fly Fishing
Manchester, Vermont

August 13
Fly-Fishing Festival
The American Museum of Fly Fishing
Manchester, Vermont

September 13
Heritage Award event honoring Paul Volcker
The Yale Club
New York City

October 15
Appraisal Fair
The American Museum of Fly Fishing
Manchester, Vermont

October 22
Annual Members Meeting
Manchester, Vermont

October 27–28 (tentative date)
Friends of Peter Corbin Shoot
Hudson Farm
Andover, New Jersey

December 10
Hooked on the Holidays
The American Museum of Fly Fishing
Manchester, Vermont

Always check our website (www.amff.com) for additions, updates, and more information or contact Kim Murphy at (802) 362-3300 or kmurphy@amff.com. "Casting About," the museum's new e-mail newsletter, offers up-to-date news and event information. To subscribe, look for the link on our website or contact the museum.

Blue Star Museums Program

The American Museum of Fly Fishing is once again participating in the Blue Star Museums program, which offers free admission (with appropriate ID) for all active-duty military personnel and their families from Memorial Day through Labor Day. We look forward to seeing you at the museum!

Vermont Light Bulb Grant

The museum recently qualified to receive enough energy-efficient light bulbs to furnish the entire museum gallery and gift shop. This go-green grant was offered as part of the Efficiency Vermont Program.

In the Library

Thanks to the following publishers for their donations of titles that have become part of our collection: Frank Amato Publications, Inc., sent us Greg Thomas and Gary Lewis's *Idaho River Maps & Fishing Guide* (2010). Maine Folklife Center sent *Joshua Gross Rich (1820–1897): The Life and Work of a Western Maine Pioneer and Wildlife Writer* (compiled and introduced by William B. Krohn; 2010). And John F. Blair Publisher sent Mike Marsh's *Fishing North Carolina* (2011) and the new edition of Craig Nova's *Brook Trout and the Writing Life: The Intermingling of Fishing and Writing in a Novelist's Life* (1999, 2011).

Back Issues!

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Vol. 37:	No. 1, 2		

Back issues are $10 a copy for nonmembers, $5 for members.
To order, please contact Sarah Moore at (802)362-3300 or via e-mail at smoore@amff.com.

Correction

In the Spring 2011 issue's extensive list of museum donors, we inadvertently omitted two names from the list of platinum contributors: Gardner and Ellen Grant. We regret the error.

Vendor reservations are now being accepted for our Fly-Fishing Festival on August 13. More information on this exciting annual event is available on our website at www.amff.com or by e-mailing kmurphy@amff.com.

LETTER

I very much enjoyed your article on the history of weather vanes and the one that Warren Gilker and I donated to the museum a number of years ago (Sara Wilcox's "Up on the Roof," Winter 2011). As you wrote, the Gilker vane's silhouette was copied from a model at Middle Camp [on the Grand Cascapedia River] of the biggest salmon ever caught on the camp's water. (And I see that the weather vane was repainted before it was positioned atop the new museum.)

By way of correcting the record, the great fish was caught by the Hon. Victor Albert Stanley, R.N., on 23 June 1892. Victor was one of the sons of Lord Stanley, of Stanley Cup fame; he became the 16th Earl of Derby on the death of his father in 1893. At that time he left Canada, where he was viceroy, and returned to England, leaving behind his house on the Cascapedia and the Stanley Cup.

Since the weather vane was given to the museum, it has come to light, through Victor Stanley's memoirs, that the fish was taken on "a nameless small yellow" fly and weighed 55 pounds, not 53 pounds—making it not only the largest Atlantic salmon taken in Canada by an Englishman but the second-largest Atlantic salmon ever legally caught in Canada (the largest is R. G. Dun's 56.5-pounder caught on the Cascapedia in 1878). Victor Stanley was a sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy at the time and eventually rose to the rank of vice admiral of the Reserve Fleet in England. In 1916, he captained the dreadnought HMS *Erin* in the Battle of Jutland, the largest naval engagement of World War I.

If readers are interested in more information, it can be found in my book, *Grand Cascapedia Giants* (Meadow Run Press, 2006). I wrote it in 2003, and it details all the salmon of 45 pounds or more caught on that great river.

Ronald Saarinen Swanson
Bloomfield Hills, Michigan

CONTRIBUTORS

Dana Valleau

Willard Greenwood teaches American literature and creative writing at Hiram College, as well as a course called "The Ethos and Practice of Fly Fishing." He is chair of the English department and editor of the *Hiram Poetry Review*. When waiting for spring steelhead season, he ties flies and plays Go Fish with his wife, Beth, and sons Robert and Michael.

Hank Metcalf

Richard Jagels recently "graduated" to emeritus professor, School of Forest Resources, University of Maine, after thirty-one years of teaching and research. For even more years, he has been a regular columnist for *WoodenBoat* magazine. An avid fly fisherman, he was recently elected to the board of the Penobscot Fly Fishers and hopes to trade pen for fly rod more often as he enters retirement. He's pictured here with a male brook trout in breeding color at Nesowadnehunk Lake, Maine.

A Graceful Rise

Women in Fly Fishing Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow

Through April 2012

A Graceful Rise examines the key roles women have played in the history of fly fishing and how these pioneers continue to inspire new generations of female anglers to engage in, advance, and promote the sport.

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Only from the Hands of a Master

Stan Bogdan was a longtime friend and supporter of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. As a past trustee, he also helped guide the development and the growth of the museum during its early years. Stan, along with son Steve and daughter-in-law Sandy, was an annual visitor to our offices, even surprising us with an appearance at the opening celebration of our fortieth anniversary exhibition in 2007. So when Stan called the museum this past summer and invited us to New Hampshire for a visit, we gladly accepted.

Our instructions were to meet at the Bogdan workshop in Ipswich. Yes, *the* workshop. For some on this trip, it wasn't their first visit to the shop, but for others, it was their initial glimpse into what one might consider a mystical and magical place holding precious secrets—a place where only a few trusted souls would be allowed. As the door opened, what laid beyond was a functioning work space with old machinery and metal shavings everywhere. It wasn't a sleek workshop with stainless-steel counters; it was a warm and welcoming—even cozy—space shared by father and son for many, many years. Boxes with reel fittings and parts filled most tabletops, but it soon became apparent that the real magic wasn't in those boxes.

Stan asked if we had ever watched as a reel was assembled. Oh, yes, he had a glint in his eyes knowing what our answers would be. Stan proceeded to spend the next hour patiently taking us box to box, machine to machine, gathering the fittings and demonstrating their construction. Different machines, most dating to the early twentieth century, buzzed during different parts of the presentation, but at the end, Stan brought us to a cleared table and carefully placed each part into its proper place. When the assembly was complete, he stood straight, put the reel to his ear, and said, "Listen." By themselves, the parts were just pieces of shaped metal and plastic, but once assembled, they became a finely tuned piece of machinery. The true magic, after all, lay in the hands of the master.

Some will remember Stan for his sparkling blue eyes, some will remember him for his humble nature, some will remember him for his precise craftsmanship, and some will remember him for his innovations. If you ever get the opportunity to land a fish on a Bogdan reel, smile, knowing that the reel master himself felt fortunate to have the skills and knowledge to create works of art enjoyed by so many.

Cathi Comar
Executive Director

Photos by Cathi Comar

Above: Strands of shaved metal can be found all around the Bogdan workshop.

Right: Every part and fitting of a Bogdan reel is crafted by hand.

The American Museum of Fly Fishing

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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, exhibitions, and public programs provide documentation of the evolution of fly fishing as a sport, art form, craft, and industry in the United States and abroad from its origins to the present. Rods, reels, flies, tackle, art, books, manuscripts, and photographs form the basis of the museum's collections.

The museum provides public programs to fulfill its educational mission, including exhibitions, publications, gallery programs, and special events. Research services are available for members, visiting scholars, students, educational organizations, and writers. Contact Yoshi Akiyama at yakiyama @amff.com to schedule a visit.

Volunteer!

Throughout the year, the museum needs volunteers to help with programs, special projects, events, and administrative tasks. You do not have to be an angler to enjoy working with us! Contact Sarah Moore at smoore@amff.com to tell us how we would benefit from your skills and talents.

Join!

Membership Dues (per annum)

Friend	$10,000
	$5,000
	$1,000
Sponsor	$500
Business	$250
Benefactor	$100
Associate	$50

The museum is an active, member-oriented nonprofit institution. Membership dues include four issues of the *American Fly Fisher;* unlimited visits for your entire family to museum exhibitions, gallery programs, and special events; access to our 7,000-volume angling reference library; and a discount on all items sold by the museum on its website and inside the museum store, the Brookside Angler. To join, please contact Sarah Moore at smoore@amff.com.

Support!

The American Museum of Fly Fishing relies on the generosity of public-spirited individuals for substantial support. Please contact us if you wish to contribute funding to a specific program, donate an item for fund-raising purposes, or place an advertisement in this journal. We encourage you to give the museum consideration when planning for gifts, bequests, and memorials.