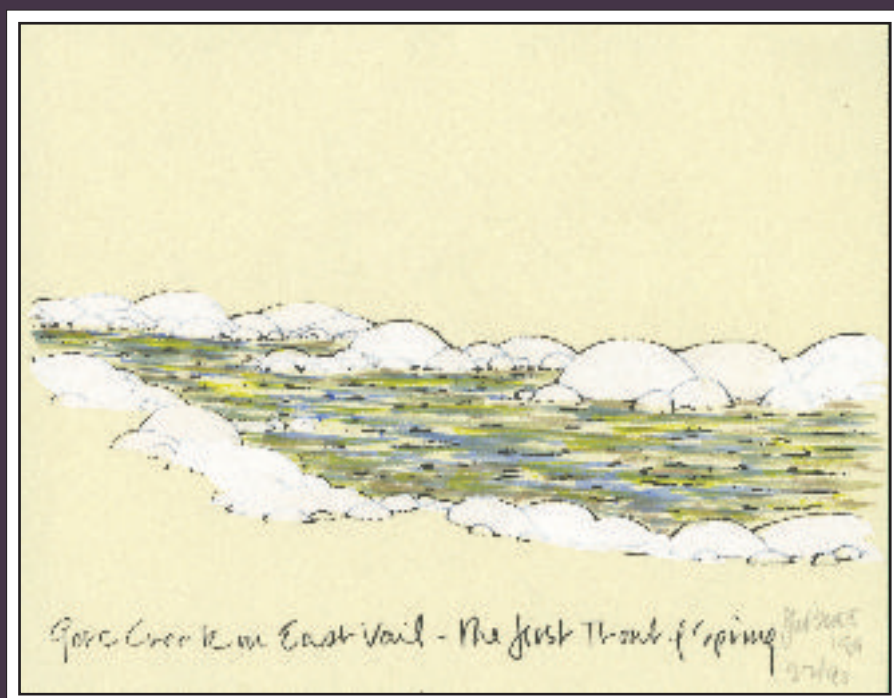


# *The* American Fly Fisher

*Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing*



FALL 2020

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 4

# Attention



Watercolor by William F. May Jr. (1931–2020),  
father of journal copy editor Sarah May Clarkson.

TIME HAS BEEN tough to measure during this pandemic. I've found "When?" questions baffling: Did I do that today? Yesterday? Weeks ago? Anything that happened before the March lockdown seems ancient history.

The seasons are passing, and it feels like I'm noticing and not noticing at the same time.

Harry Briscoe would remind me to focus on the noticing, because "One day we wake up to find that the march of . . . seasons has indeed occurred, whether or not we were paying attention." As autumn moves into winter, Briscoe evokes memories of two notable fly fishers who have left us, creative men who filled pages in this journal. In "A Time to Harvest" (page 8), Briscoe notes the passing of the seasons, offers up words of Gordon Wickstrom on the topic, and encourages readers to seek out Wickstrom's writings. Then, in "Little Gifts This Christmas" (page 9), he shares handmade holiday cards sent over the years by Renaissance man John Betts (writer, artist, builder of all things fly fishing). Briscoe rightly wants to remind us of the contributions of these two men, both of whom called upon us to pay attention.

Two things John Betts insisted I pay attention to when visiting Oregon were the North Umpqua River and the Steamboat Inn. I took his advice. This river, the inn, and a related angler-conservation group figure prominently in Henry Hughes's article about Tom McCall, "A Governor, a Steelhead, a Statue, and the Perils of Forgetting." McCall was governor of Oregon from 1967 to 1975. These days, a bronze statue of McCall the angler—a memorial to this important conservationist—sits above the Willamette River in Salem. To learn more about the governor and his legislative achievements, turn to page 2.

September marked the seventy-fifth anniversary of the end of World War II. In honor of the occasion, John Mundt discusses a famous photo of Eisenhower with paratroopers on the eve of D-Day—a moment when the general was apparently talking about fly fishing. "Another Look: A D-Day Casting Demonstration?" begins on page 6.

The museum's latest exhibit opened in July. *Reflections: The Angler and Nature in Art* features paintings from the recently donated Trophy Art Collection paired with relevant artifacts. It's an absorbing exhibit (says this art and museum lover), and we hope you'll have a chance to see it in person. But as travel has been more difficult of late, we highlight a few pieces here, beginning on page 14.

Another recently acquired collection features notes and letters between the writers Nick Lyons and Robert DeMott, donated by DeMott. In "Dear Bob/Best Nick: A Correspondence with Nick Lyons" (page 18), DeMott describes this archive, meeting Lyons, and their eventual and enduring friendship. The correspondence is as delightful as it is important and, as DeMott intended, makes another series of documents associated with Lyons, "this influential fly-fishing writer, editor, publisher, and cultural icon," available to scholars and researchers.

Do you know anything about the artist James J. Ahearn? Several years ago, Robert Sohrweide purchased an Ahearn plaque of miniature fish carvings. He's done some research, which he shares with us here, but he's looking for more information. Take a look on page 23.

Welcome, once more, to our quarterly celebration of time's passage on the water. Pay attention, and fish while you still can.

KATHLEEN ACHOR  
EDITOR



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# The American Fly Fisher

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A Governor, a Steelhead, a Statue,  
and the Perils of Forgetting . . . . . 2  
*Henry Hughes*

Notes and Comment:  
Another Look: A D-Day Casting Demonstration? . . . . . 6  
*John Mundt*

Reminiscences: A Time to Harvest . . . . . 8  
*Harry J. Briscoe*

Little Gifts This Christmas . . . . . 9  
*Harry J. Briscoe*

*Reflections: The Angler and Nature in Art* . . . . . 14

"Dear Bob/Best, Nick":  
A Correspondence with Nick Lyons . . . . . 18  
*Robert DeMott*

Angling for Answers:  
The Miniatures of James J. Ahearn . . . . . 23  
*Robert Sohrweide*

Museum News . . . . . 25

Contributors . . . . . 27

ON THE COVER: *In the featured drawing on John Betts's 1999 Christmas card, a single fish is hidden in the waters of Gore Creek.*

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# A Governor, a Steelhead, a Statue, and the Perils of Forgetting

by Henry Hughes



*This famous photo of Tom McCall on the North Umpqua in 1973 was taken by Dale Greenley using Dan Callaghan's Nikon. The photo, long attributed to Dan Callaghan alone, appeared on the cover of McCall's 1977 autobiography and served as the model for the commemorative bronze statue in Salem's Riverfront Park. Courtesy of Mary Kay Callaghan.*

“WHO’S THAT?” asks a boy, pointing to a bronze statue of a fly fisherman above the Willamette River in the capital city of Salem, Oregon. The boy’s father, distracted on his cell phone, a pile of fishing gear at his feet, just shrugs. The massive *Tom McCall Memorial* depicts McCall (1913–1983), state governor from 1967 to 1975 and one the nation’s most passionate and pioneering environmentalists. Although a dignitary of high office, he is captured here in T-shirt and waders, holding a fly rod in his right hand while his left arm flexes with the weight of a steelhead.

An earlier version of this article appeared in the Spring 2017 issue of *Flyfishing & Tying* journal, where the author is deputy editor.

McCall loved steelhead, but it took him years to catch one on the fly. It wasn’t until his mid-fifties on trips to Oregon’s North Umpqua River—where he met an influential group of angler-conservationists, the Steamboaters—that he got hooked.<sup>1</sup> The North Umpqua, considered one the greatest steelhead rivers in North America (praised by Zane Grey, Roderick Haig-Brown, and Jack Hemingway), was suffering from unchecked logging and road construction. In 1966, the Steamboaters came to its rescue, energized by Steamboat Inn owner Frank Moore, lawyer and photographer Dan Callaghan, filmmaker Hal Riney, and a young guide, Dale Greenley.<sup>2</sup>

Tom McCall cleverly combined his fishing and politics. At the Steamboat

Inn, the ever-convivial governor enjoyed eating and drinking, telling stories, and singing around the inn’s massive sugarpine table, but he also took the fishing seriously. On a late summer afternoon in 1973, McCall—6 foot, 5 inches with bad knees—was helped over the slick rocks into the Kitchen Pool below the steep basalt cliffs of the Umpqua National Forest. Using a 9-weight Russ Peak fiberglass rod and stripping long-bellied Golden Ashaway line from a Hardy Perfect, he cast one of Dan Callaghan’s Green Butt Skunks, famous to the river. The Steamboaters despised heavily weighted flies, and Callaghan gave advice on how to mend the flighty Skunk, its black body and white calf-tail wings swinging through a promising dark cut.





*The actual Green Butt Skunk successfully deployed by Governor McCall in 1973 and preserved by Dale Greenley. Photo by Dale Greenley.*

McCall eventually hooked a good fish that ran and jumped in the evening light.<sup>3</sup>

Fixed in time, the embrowned fly-fishing governor carries a ponderous weight in his step, and his facial expression seems pensive, as if much depends on his work. Engraved in the statue's stone base are a few of McCall's major legislative achievements, including Oregon's pioneering 1973 Land Use Bill that effectively controlled suburban and urban sprawl; the 1967 Beach Bill, guaranteeing public access to a coastline once posted and fenced off; and the 1971 Bottle Bill, the nation's first deposit law that dramatically reduced litter and blazed the trail for recycling.

McCall was born in Massachusetts and raised on a ranch in Prineville, Oregon,

along the Crooked River, where fly fishing was part of his early life. "You might even say he was born to fish," explains his son, Tad McCall. Shortly after Tom McCall's birth in 1913, his maternal grandfather, Thomas Lawson, presented the child with a small split-bamboo Montague fly-and-bait combo. Housed in a handsome leather case with a cloth rod bag, *Tommy* stitched in red, the rod is missing sections and badly worn from hands and time, but the engraved inscription, *from Grandpa*, survives as a great reminder of generational affections and traditions connected to angling. "Fly fishing was an art my father taught me, and we became very close through fishing," Tad reminisced. He admitted his father was not an elegant caster, but his height helped him, and "he eventually



*Tom McCall's first outfit, a Montague fly- and bait-casting combo presented by his grandfather in 1913. Courtesy of Tad McCall.*

found his rhythm." One day along central Oregon's Metolius River when no one was catching, Tad remembered his father's simple technique: "He approached the bank very softly and just dropped his fly over the ledge. No cast necessary. And he caught a beautiful trout."<sup>4</sup>

The healthy, trout-filled Metolius is part of Tom McCall's legacy in supporting river-saving projects across the state. Brent Walth beautifully and thoroughly describes McCall's conservation life in his biography, *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story*.<sup>5</sup>

McCall spoke often about his early connections with fishing and conservation. As a young newspaperman in Moscow, Idaho, in the late 1930s, he fished and wrote about the North Clearwater and St. Joe, alarmed even then by the threats of mining, although his fly-fishing grandfather made a fortune as a copper baron. Throughout his career in print and broadcast journalism, McCall championed environmentalism. In 1962, he wrote and narrated a groundbreaking television documentary, *Pollution in Paradise*, which exposed the horrible contamination of rivers and its toll on fish.<sup>6</sup> The film, radical for its time, called out specific culprits, particularly Northwest pulp and paper mills, and had a massive impact on legislation to control industrial and municipal effluents dumped into rivers. *Pollution in Paradise*, released a couple months after Rachel Carson's exposé, *Silent Spring*, raised national consciousness of the dire crises facing our rivers and air. According to Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife biologist Tom Friesen, "McCall's accomplishments are held in esteem worldwide as a model of large river restoration," and "the Willamette today supports robust fisheries that contribute to Oregon's economy and quality of life."<sup>7</sup> McCall, a Republican, sought a balance between economic prosperity and a healthy environment, and he expressed extraordinary sensitivity to human-fish connections. The McCall family loved watching salmon and steelhead swimming up Mill Creek through downtown Salem and the state capital. "The condition of our runs of Chinook and coho salmon and the mighty ocean-going rainbow trout—the steelhead—says a lot about our priorities as a people," he wrote in his 1977 autobiography, *Tom McCall: Maverick*.<sup>8</sup>

McCall's connections to angler-conservationists like fly-fishing legend Frank Moore not only paid off in heaping hospitality on the North Umpqua, but the governor heard firsthand about the threats of dam building, unrestricted logging, and road construction that led to fluctuating water levels and deadly





*Coached by Dan Callaghan on the North Umpqua River, Governor McCall battles his first fly-hooked steelhead in the summer of 1973. Photo by Dale Greenley, courtesy of Oregon Historical Society.*

silting of salmonid rivers. In 1969 McCall appointed Moore to Oregon's Fish and Wildlife Commission; over the years, several Steamboaters have held seats on the commission. Moore lobbied for wild preserves on the Deschutes and Williamson Rivers, and a 31-mile fly-only section of the North Umpqua.<sup>9</sup> "At first I was against 'fly-only' water," Moore told me. "I thought it would keep out the very young and the very old." Moore fly fished into his nineties, and he recalls taking his five-year-old son out on the river. "I put Frank Jr. on my shoulders and walked the river casting. The boy learned to fly cast, and he landed his first steelhead on my shoulders. It changed my mind."<sup>10</sup>

The North Umpqua is famous for its summer steelhead, but fishing was slow that warm week when the governor visited in 1973. Dale Greenley was sent to the Kitchen Pool to secure a spot, and when the sun went off the river, the governor took his place and began casting. When he hooked up, people cheered. "God must have slipped that one into the pool," Dan Callaghan later told the author and angler Mike Baughman.<sup>11</sup> The fish ran hard. Remembering the moment, Greenley said, "Thank goodness it didn't leave the pool, because I don't know how McCall would've chased it." Using Callaghan's Nikon, Greenley took a photo of a jaw-clenching McCall battling the steelhead. "The fish fought like crazy and then just died," Greenley explained. "The governor was so sad. He

wanted to model catch-and-release, but what could you do?" McCall lifted his summer steelhead, an 8-pound hen, and carefully waded back to the bank when Dale Greenley snapped another image with his friend's camera—a now famous, slightly out-of-focus photo that has long been attributed to Callaghan. "I took the photo that became the statue," Greenley

told me. "But I didn't want to take anything away from Dan. He was a respected photographer and he was friends with the governor. I was just a young ghillie who liked taking pictures."<sup>12</sup> McCall chose this image for the cover of his autobiography, and when he was dying of prostate cancer in 1982, he shared with a close associate, Norma Paulus, that if ever a statue were made in his honor, he wanted that same photo to be the model.<sup>13</sup>

That wish was realized in 2006 when renowned sculptor Rip Caswell accepted the commission and began research that included fly fishing for winter steelhead. Caswell, an avid angler, had caught many steelhead in his home state of Washington, but never on the fly. He put in a few days of casting on Oregon's Sandy River. "I never felt a fish, but I slipped and felt that icy water in my waders," Caswell told me in a phone interview. "I definitely immersed myself in that project." Caswell studied McCall's gear down to the fly used that day on the North Umpqua. (Greenley kept the actual Green Butt Skunk plucked from the mouth of McCall's steelhead.) Caswell completed sketches and used a model posed in McCall's rubber-coated fabric waders. After constructing clay models, the final 9-foot, 1,000-pound bronze statue was cast in a foundry in Enterprise, Oregon, in 2008 and trucked across the state, making stops at schools where children patted the massive metal steelhead blushed with an oxidized red patina.<sup>14</sup>



*Governor McCall and his prized steelhead beside the twenty-six-year-old Dale Greenley. Photo by Dan Callaghan, courtesy of Mary Kay Callaghan.*



The statue now stands in Salem's Riverfront Park, once the site of a Boise Cascade paper mill and not far from a giant acid ball where wood chips dissolved into pulp. The acid ball has been transformed into a bright sculpture called the Eco-Earth Globe. A site of such profound transformation befits the statue of McCall, just a few feet from the Willamette River he worked so hard to save: where one can find good smallmouth bass fishing in the tailout of nearby Pringle Creek and where salmon and steelhead head upriver every year, although the numbers have recently declined. Local anglers recall years when 70,000 spring Chinook swam up the Willamette, but the spring of 2019 saw fewer than 20,000.<sup>15</sup> "The health of our environment is good if the salmon and the steelhead are around. It is that simple," McCall was quoted in a 1975 U.S. Senate report on Land Resource Planning.<sup>16</sup> It's a simple truth about the relationships between fish and people, as well as the perils of forgetting.

Standing near the statue taking notes, I look up when the father and son gather their fishing gear and walk by. "It's Tom McCall," I tell them. "Oregon governor and a great conservationist." The father seems surprised someone is talking to them. "Oh," he manages. I want to say, *Let us remember what is possible with strong pro-environmental legislative action and inspiring leaders who like to fly fish.* But when the boy smiles, I just wish them "Good luck."



Rip Caswell's 2009 bronze statue of Governor Tom McCall, titled Tom McCall Memorial, in Riverfront Park, Salem, Oregon. Photo by Richard Bunse.

## ENDNOTES

1. Running from the Cascade Range wilderness in southwest Oregon, the North Umpqua retains its reputation as one of North America's finest fly-fishing destinations, especially for trout and summer steelhead. The natural and cultural history of the North Umpqua are detailed in Michael Baughman's *A River Seen Right: A Fly Fisherman's North Umpqua* (New York: Lyons & Burford Publishers, 1995). Also see the "North Umpqua" chapter of Jack Hemingway's *A Life Worth Living* [originally published as *Misadventures of a Fly Fisherman*, 1986] (Guilford, Conn.: The Globe Pequot Press, 2002). The Steamboaters remain an important organization, dedicated to the restoration and preservation of "wild fish populations, espe-

cially steelhead, the habitat which sustains them, and the unique aesthetic values of the North Umpqua River." See Steamboaters, Statement of Purpose and Mission, <https://steamboaters.org/about-the-steamboaters/>. Accessed 21 October 2019.

2. Frank Moore (b. 1923) is one of the central figures in the North Umpqua's fly-

4. Tad McCall, interview with author, 16 July 2016.

5. Brent Walth, *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story* (Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 2003).

6. Tom McCall, *Pollution in Paradise*, 1962, KGW Television, aired 21 November 1962. For further reading, see The Oregon Encyclopedia, [https://oregonencyclopedia.org/articles/pollution\\_in\\_paradise\\_documentary/](https://oregonencyclopedia.org/articles/pollution_in_paradise_documentary/). Accessed 21 October 2019.

7. Tom Friesen, e-mail to author, 14 July 2016; interview with author, 8 July 2019.

8. Tom McCall (with Steve Neal), *Tom McCall: Maverick* (Portland, Ore.: Binford and Mort Publishers, 1977), 215.

9. Moore helped secure the perpetuity of fly-only water originally established in 1951 through the urging of Clarence Gordon and local fishing clubs. See Baughman, *A River Seen Right*, 24–25.

10. Frank Moore, interview with author, 18 July 2016.

11. Mike Baughman, e-mail to author, 17 July 2016.

12. Dale Greenley, interview with author, 18 July 2016. Arguably, such a photo constitutes a collaborative effort. The camera belonged to Dan Callaghan, a professional photographer who helped set up the shoot; Greenley snapped the shot, as confirmed by Frank Moore and others.

13. Matthew Preusch, "Kids in Redmond Revel in Unveiling of Tom McCall Statue," *The Oregonian* (24 September 2008); [www.oregonlive.com/news/2008/09/kids\\_in\\_redmond\\_revel\\_in\\_unvei.html](http://www.oregonlive.com/news/2008/09/kids_in_redmond_revel_in_unvei.html). Accessed 21 October 2019.

14. Ibid., and Rip Caswell, interview with author, 17 July 2016.

15. The fifty-year average of spring Chinook passing over Willamette Falls is 41,000. Willamette Falls fish counts are

available at [www.dfw.state.or.us/fish/fish\\_counts/willamette%20falls.asp](http://www.dfw.state.or.us/fish/fish_counts/willamette%20falls.asp). Accessed 21 October 2019.

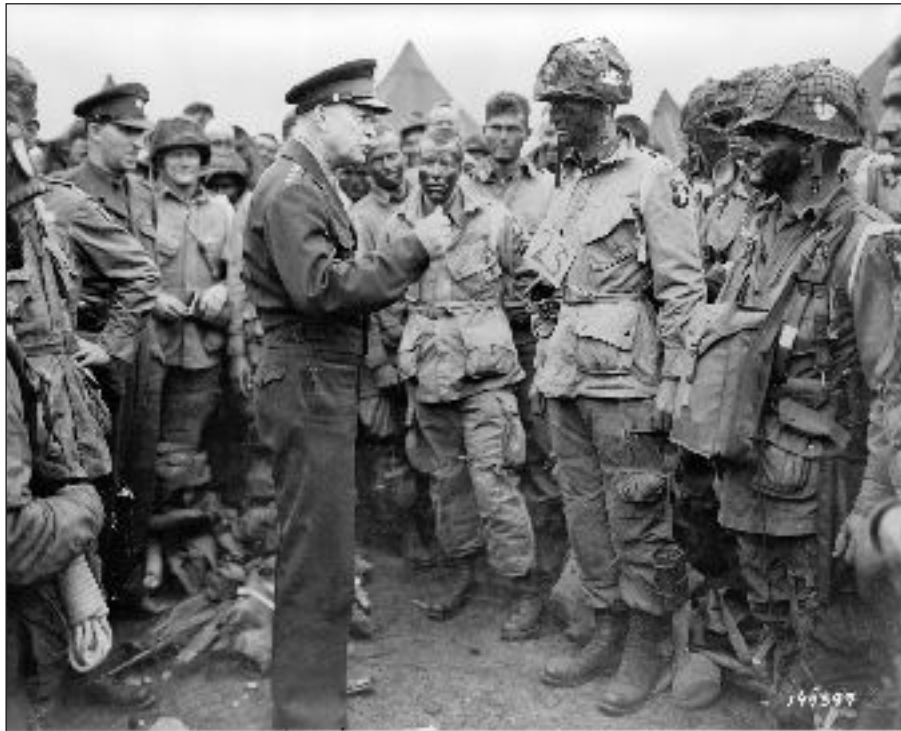
16. Part of a titled interview, "If We Don't Do It Now," that McCall gave to Charles Little of the Conservation Foundation. The interview serves as a supporting document for and is included in *Land Resource Planning Assistance Act and the Energy Facilities Planning and Development Act: Hearings Before the Subcommittee on the Environment and Land Resources of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, United States Senate, Ninety-fourth Congress*, 2 May 1975 (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office), 1507. <https://books.google.com/books?id=sGrWmktDZUC&dq=Tom%20McCall%20and%20resource%20planning%201976&pg=PA1505#v=onepage&q=Tom%20McCall%20and%20resource%20planning%201976&f=false>. Accessed 16 December 2019.

fishing and conservation history. Both Baughman and Hemingway (see note 1) offer many details of his life and work. Moore's remarkable experiences as an angler and World War II D-Day combat veteran who returned to Normandy sixty-nine years later are movingly portrayed in the film *Mending the Line*, directed and produced by Steve Engman, Anna Brones, and John Waller (Uncage the Soul Productions, 2014). John Daniel Callaghan (1931–2006) remained an active environmentalist, angler, and photographer until his death. A selection of his photos appear in a handsomely printed volume, *Dan Callaghan's North Umpqua* (Portland, Ore.: Mary Kay Callaghan, 2008).

3. Frank Moore, interview with author, 18 July 2016. Dale Greenley, interview with author, 18 July 2016; e-mail to author, 8 February 2017. Baughman briefly describes McCall's catch in *A River Seen Right*, 30.

# Another Look: A D-Day Casting Demonstration?

by John Mundt



*The National Archives captioned this iconic 5 June 1944 photo, “General Dwight D. Eisenhower gives the order of the Day. ‘Full victory-nothing else’ to paratroopers in England, just before they board their airplanes to participate in the first assault in the invasion of the continent of Europe.” Photo includes Sergeant Fred Lindsey holding a sketchbook, behind and to the left of Eisenhower’s back; Russell Wilmarth, behind Eisenhower’s chin; Lieutenant Wallace C. Strobel with a “23” tag; Ralph “Bud” Thomas, to the left of Strobel; probably Corporal Donald E. Kruger, in front row, far right, wearing a musette bag on his chest; and Joseph Burdette May Jr., above Eisenhower’s thumb.*

*National Archives Identifier: 531217, Local Identifier: War and Conflict 1040.*

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, World War II had finally been won by U.S. and Allied forces. The main road to victory in Europe began on the beaches of Normandy after the costly but successful D-Day landings of 6 June 1944. Operation Neptune was, and remains, the largest amphibious invasion force ever deployed. Of the 1,527,000 U.S. soldiers stationed in England, 15,500 were paratroopers prepared to drop silently through dark skies into Fortress Europe.<sup>1</sup>

On the eve of D-Day, General Dwight D. Eisenhower made his way through the Allied camp at Portsmouth and was photographed speaking with Screaming Eagles of Company E, 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division. This photograph is one of the lasting and iconic images of the anxious moments before what could become one of the most disastrous military failures or resounding successes the world had even seen.<sup>2</sup>

There is also a more telling version of what Eisenhower was discussing with those troops that will resonate with our readership. According to 1st Lieutenant Wallace C. Strobel (seen at the center of the photo, wearing the number 23):

The picture was taken at Greenham Common Airfield in England about 8:30 p.m. on June 5, 1944. My 22nd birthday. Down the street came the general, surrounded by his staff and a large number of photographers, both still and movie. As he came toward our group we straightened up and suddenly he came directly toward me and stopped in front of me. He asked my name and which state I was from. I gave him my name and that I was from Michigan. He then said, “Oh yes, Michigan, great fishing there, been there several times and like it.” He seemed in good spirits. He chatted a little more, which I believe was intended to relax us and I think that all of us being keyed up and ready to go buoyed him somewhat.<sup>3</sup>





The photo appeared on the cover of the 30 June 1944 issue of Yank, just twenty-four days after D-Day.



Eisenhower casting on the Magalloway River in Maine in 1955 under the watchful eye of guide Don Cameron. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



President Eisenhower's Hardy St. George fly reel, given to him by the state of Vermont, and his Orvis Manchester rod "as presented by Mamie Doud Eisenhower." From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

What Eisenhower called the Great Crusade was a success, but unfortunately, most of the paratroopers seen here surrounding Strobel were either killed or wounded during the fighting that followed.

This story was recently made known to me by Philip Devlin of Higganum, Connecticut, who wrote, "When I visited the D-Day Memorial in Bedford, Virginia, several years ago, our guide (a vet) began the tour at the statue of Ike and asked us if anyone knew what Ike was saying to the soldiers in the famous picture. Nobody knew. He told us that he was talking about fly fishing."<sup>4</sup> I had seen that photo dozens of times over the years and completely missed what now appears to be obvious.

Strobel's direct quote mentions fishing, not specifically fly fishing, but we do know that the general fished as a guest at the Houghton Club on the River Test in May 1944, where only upstream casting with a dry fly to sighted fish is permitted. The action in the photograph certainly appears—at least to my eyes—to be a forward casting motion with an invisible rod. Either way, it's a known fact that Eisenhower was a devoted fly fisherman, and it was fascinating to learn that the general had the composure to recall fond memories of fishing when the fate of the free world was at stake.

## ENDNOTES

1. These figures can be found at D-Day Overlord, *Encyclopédie du débarquement et de la bataille de Normandie*, Figures of the Normandy landings, [www.dday-overlord.com/en/d-day/figures](http://www.dday-overlord.com/en/d-day/figures). Accessed 5 July 2020.
2. National Archives. Photograph of General Dwight D. Eisenhower Giving the Order of the Day. <https://catalog.archives.gov/id/531217>. Accessed 5 July 2020.
3. Wallace C. Strobel, 1st Lieutenant Company E, 502nd Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne Division, World War II, in an article prepared for the Eisenhower Birthplace State Historical Park archives. The park's archives are no longer available online, but Strobel's remarks about the photo have been quoted elsewhere, including on the website History Addict (<http://historyaddict.com/Ike502nd.html>). Accessed 5 July 2020.
4. E-mail to author from Philip Devlin, 27 June 2020.

John Mundt is a former trustee of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



# A Time to Harvest

by Harry J. Briscoe

*It is always later than we think. Even when it is early, it's getting later, always later in the angler's life. But we hope, as we approach that defining lateness, that things will make more sense . . .*

—Gordon Wickstrom, *Late in an Angler's Life*

I SPENT MY GROWING-UP DAYS in the farmlands of Kansas, though I did not live on a farm myself. Farmers have a true sense of, and respect for, the four seasons. In Kansas, it seemed, each of those seasons was exactly three months long, and each projected its own integrity onto the calendar and into my being. Every season had its tasks, and survival (back then) depended on the tasks being fulfilled, without fail. Autumn was the season to harvest, and harvest needed to be timely done; winter—the time to sleep and restore or, eventually, to die—was not far behind. Throughout the rest of my life, I lived in places that lacked the hard definition of the seasons. It became easy to lose respect for their relentless passings and their significance. That, plus the grand freedom of travel, blurred them. It's always summer somewhere. Seeking summer seemed prudent.

Then one day we wake up to find that the march of those seasons has indeed occurred, whether or not we were paying attention. Suddenly, it's late. Maybe having the four seasons would have helped measure things, possibly softened the shock.

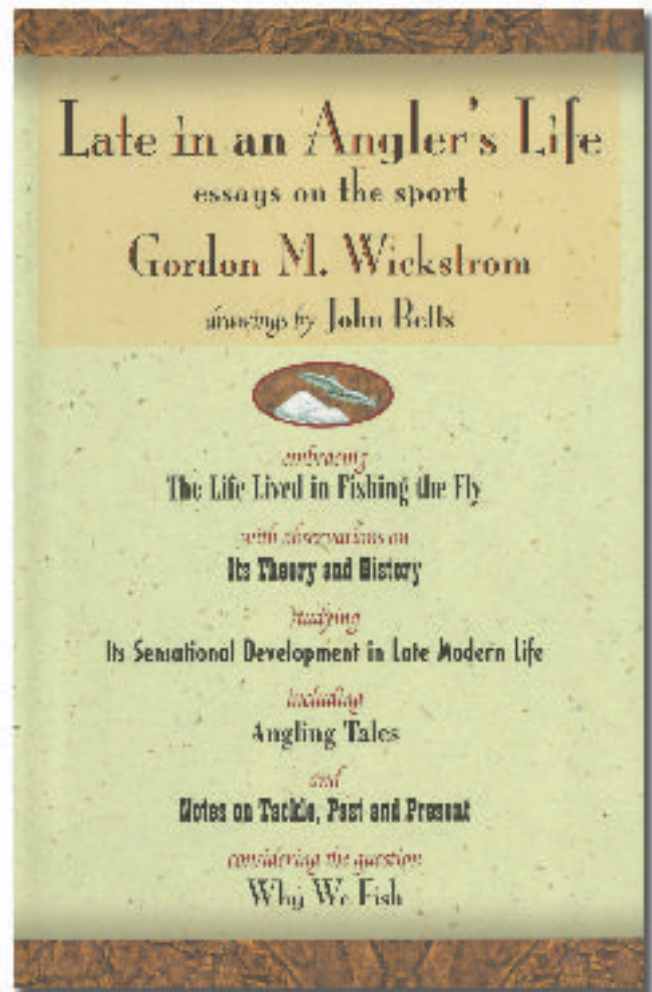
We fish madly about the country and world. Perhaps a rest would be a good thing. Maybe, as Wickstrom implies above and notes below, a break would help things make more sense.

In the old days, the Colorado fishing season ended abruptly on Halloween. We put away our tackle with various degrees of ceremony until once again in December, the Solstice would work its way down deep into our genes, getting us restless and thinking of spring. We lusted for holiday gifts of swell new tackle. In the long evenings, we opened our vests like reliquaries and tinkered the hours away. We read stacks of catalogs, tied flies, and fantasized the next season.

If structure in our lives is a good thing (it's surely good in a trout stream), the structure of limited seasons once gave articulate shape to our angling year. We gave the trout a rest, allowing brown and brook to spawn in peace, and rainbows and cut-throat time to enjoy the anticipation of it.

—*The Boulder Creek Angler* (December 2005, vol. 7, no. 4)

As fly fishers, we receive an uncommon harvest in the books and journals (and now postings) that are offered for education, enlightenment, entertainment, or contemplation. Gordon Wickstrom provided far more than his fair share of that bounty. I receive a new gift with each rereading. Do likewise, as a favor to yourself during this season. It will surely bring a smile and it may even help make some sense of the lateness of it all.

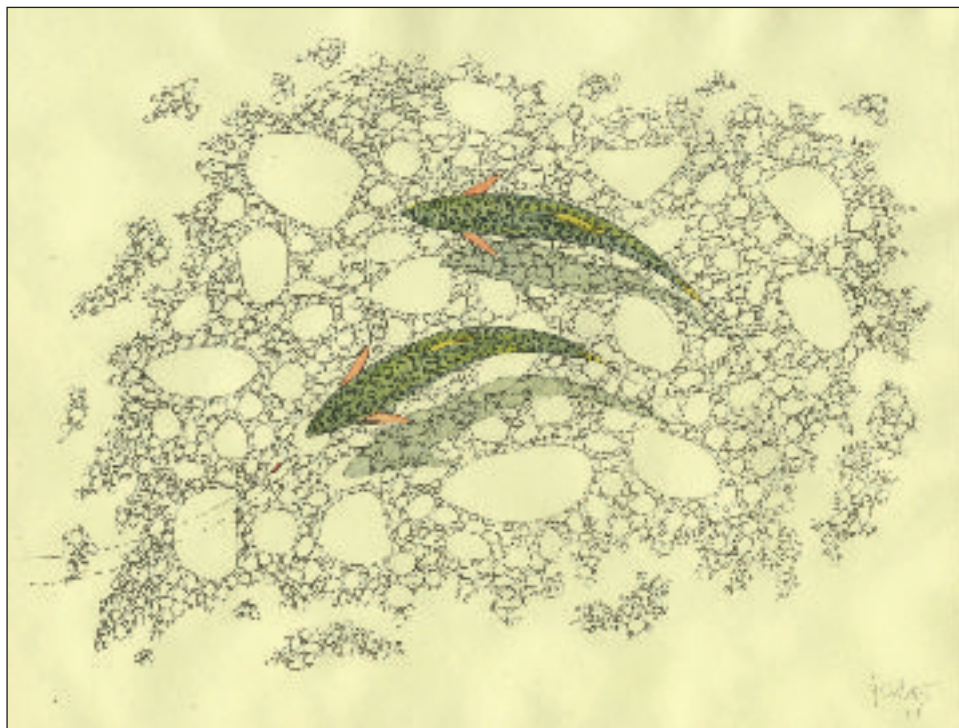


Gordon Wickstrom was a frequent contributor of well-researched and thought-provoking pieces in the *American Fly Fisher*. After his career as a professor of drama, he authored *Notes from an Old Fly Book* (University of Colorado Press, 2001) and *Late in an Angler's Life* (University of New Mexico Press, 2004). He also produced two informal gazettes for his friends, the *Boulder Creek Angler* and the *Boulder Creek Actor*, issues of which have become keepsakes. Fortunately, from 2005 until his passing in 2014, he published the *Boulder Creek Angler* online, which can still be accessed at <http://bouldercreekangler.blogspot.com>.



# Little Gifts This Christmas

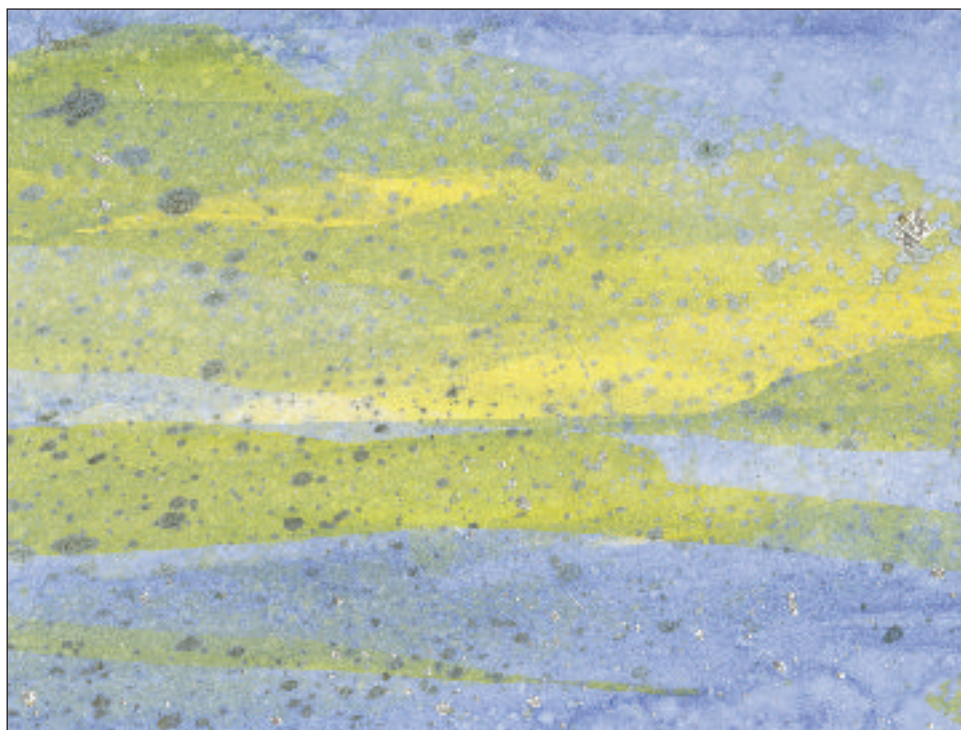
by Harry J. Briscoe



*The intricate overhead view of fish and rocks in a streambed featured in John's 2005 card.*

SCATTERED ABOUT WITHIN my many boxes are certain flies that are special to me—saved and not used, but kept at hand. Some very few of them have come from my vise; others remind me of a specific fish, day, or place; still others spark memories of a trip or friend. Each time I rediscover these treasures, I smile with satisfaction and comfort. They are little gifts, even if they are gifts I've given to myself. Those that are handmade, rather than store bought, are prized. They are most important for the memories and knowing that they were created by a friend.

While reorganizing the many saved things in my office awhile back, I discovered another stack of little gifts: not flies, but again handmade, and these from a very special source. Regular readers of the *American Fly Fisher* will recall many contributions by John Betts. John was a unique and creative talent



*This undated Christmas card is a study in color and pattern suggestive of a trout's spots.*

with wide-ranging expertise in all aspects of fly fishing. He was an exacting historian and analyst.

Some among us make our own flies. Some fewer have the talents necessary to create art or to write well. John did all those things with detail and precision and insight. Precious few, however, undertake the making of one's own fly reels, crafting them from wood or metal stock and creating all of the components down to the tiny screws themselves. John built fly rods from scratch, using raw woods other than bamboo. Near none among us hold the talent or patience to do that. John Betts did, and he

wrote complete books about each of those efforts, all in exacting and instructive detail. He was a gem. Some have called him the Renaissance man of modern fly fishing. It's hard to accept that he's been gone from us for more than two years now.

To my own good fortune, I learned that John also made his own Christmas cards. In a previous life, I was an occasional friend of John and Betsy Betts, a couple with many friends. Through our friendship, I received my holiday treasures.

My recent rediscovery is a trove of eight Christmas cards that I've saved for nearly twenty years, intending someday to



*A single fish is hidden in the waters of Gore Creek in John's 1999 card.*



*Labeled "Drawn for Book," this school of fish appeared in John's 2007 card.*





*Three snowy owls peer at the recipient of John's 2000 card.*



*John's 2004 card featured this elegant mayfly, reminiscent of his limited-edition print The Bubble.*

mount them into an appropriate frame. Each is a handcrafted work of art, reminiscent of John's 5-by-5-inch limited-edition book, *Remarques* (Reel Lines Press/The Whitefish Press, 2012). The cards are crafted simply from a small piece of colored construction paper, cut and folded in half. A small piece of John's art is pasted onto one side, generally signed and numbered. On the opposite of the folded faces, John penciled a short personal holiday greeting. One of cards is not dated, but I received all of them during the late 1990s and into the mid-2000s.

The scenes are varied. Not only do they exhibit John's unique artistic talent, they speak to the creativity of his thought. Three inquisitive snowy owls peer over a snowy mound in front of a winter sky. One year the greeting arrives from a small flock of snow geese. Three cards feature trout: fish and rocks in the streambed viewed from directly above, a school in profile on a white background, a single fish craftily hidden in a sketch of Gore Creek at Vail. One card is a study in color and pattern suggestive of a trout's spots. An elegant sketch of a delicate mayfly



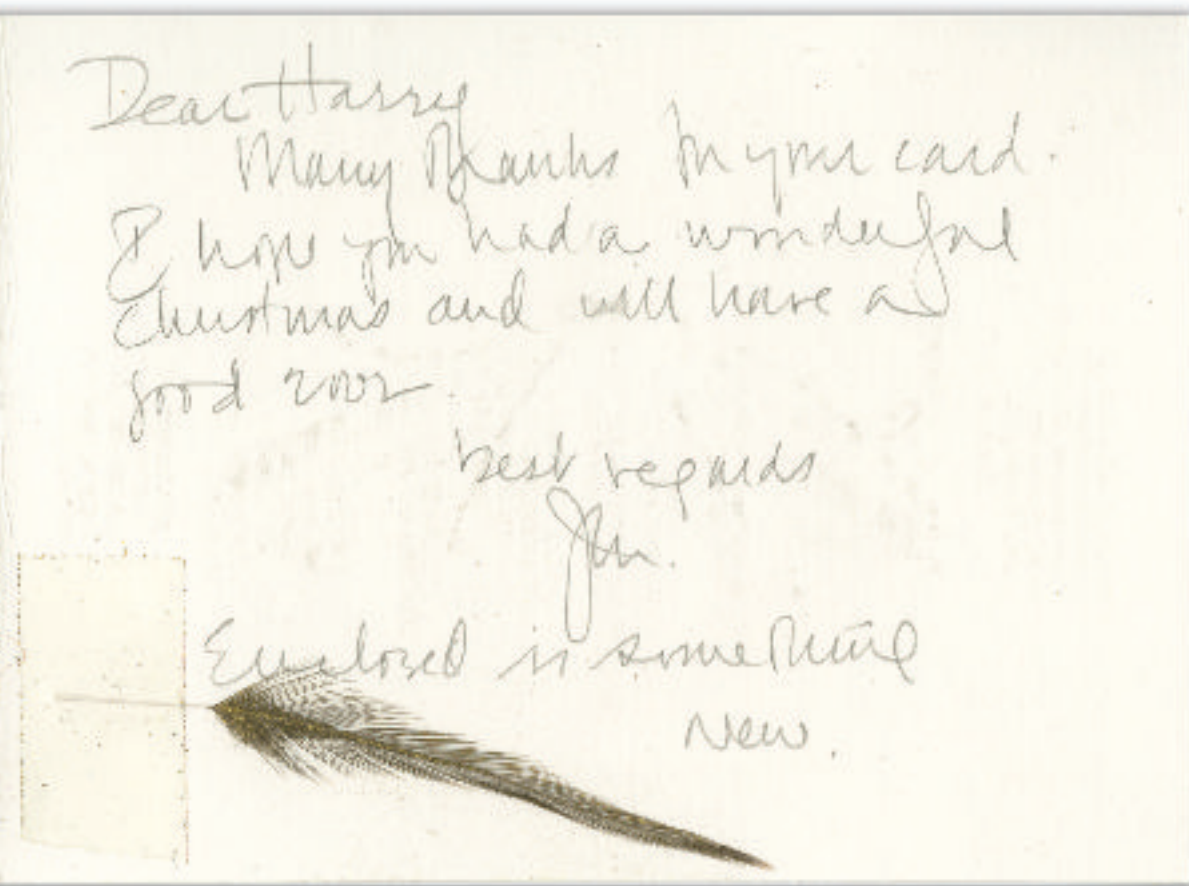
*The 2003 Christmas card featured a flock of snow geese winging their way across an appropriately wintry slate-gray backdrop.*

on a wisp of grass is reminiscent of his noted limited-edition print, *The Bubble* (the original watercolor is part of the museum's collection). The last card is a detailed creation of the innovative metallic feathers that John originated and used in his own fly tying, accompanied by an explanation of the concept and tying instructions. That card includes a small festive bouquet of the feathers themselves, fashioned as holiday bells. There's even a separate single hackle feather that I could have used in my own creations. (No chance of that; the gift of that feather is more precious than any fly I might attempt.)

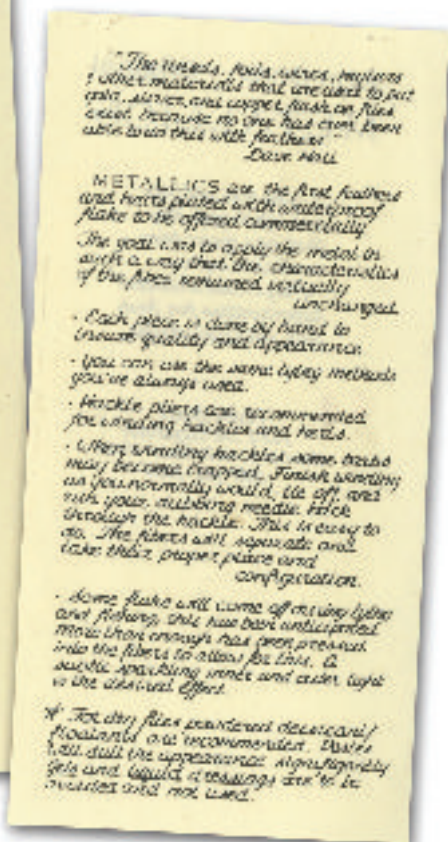
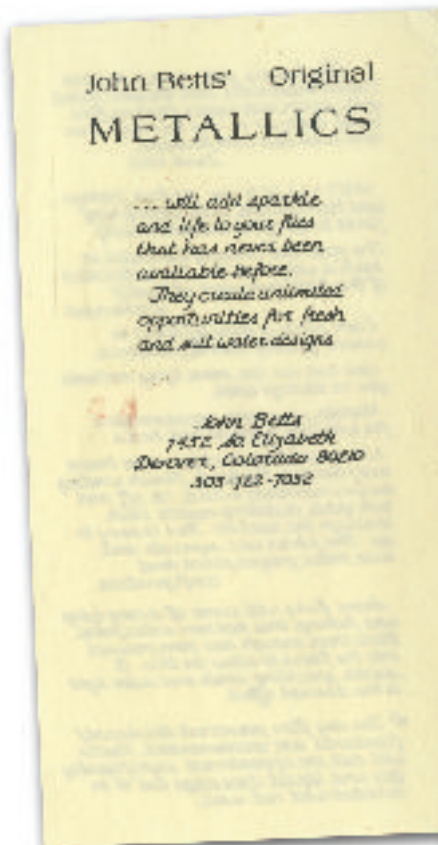
These simple little gifts, each entirely handmade, are treasures. Like those special flies in my boxes, they give again each time I find them. The flies are reminders of good times past. John's cards evoke memories of an exceptional individual. In addition to the pleasure derived when I see these things, I believe there's a lesson here. We do ourselves favors when we pause long enough to remember the special people and times from our own pasts. The little gifts of fly fishing include much more than the hours spent stream-side. We should pay attention.







Above: John's 2001 Christmas card included a pair of his metallic feathers shaped as holiday bells, a single metallic hackle feather for the author to use in fly tying, and an informational card (right) about the feathers and their use.



Below: John Betts at the June 1997 opening of his exhibition Flies and Images: Mixed Media at the museum.



# Reflections: The Angler and Nature in Art

AS COVID-19 LOCKDOWN RESTRICTIONS began to ease in Vermont, the curatorial team at AMFF happily found themselves back in the Manchester gallery with the exciting task of bringing to life a new exhibit to showcase a selection from the recently donated Trophy Art Collection. AMFF is extraordinarily grateful for this donation, which is arguably the most significant collection of angling art available to the public in the United States. *Reflections: The Angler and Nature in Art* opened at the American Museum of Fly Fishing on July 17.

The exhibit is a journey from the nineteenth century to the present day featuring evolving depictions of anglers in their natural habitat paired with artifacts from the museum's extensive collection. It is divided into four sections examining how images of the human figure in the wilderness speak to humanity's complex and poignant relationship with nature.

## RESTORATION AND SENSE OF PLACE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

Nineteenth-century Americans lived through significant milestones that disrupted traditional connections to the natural world, including the Industrial Revolution, Charles Darwin's theory of evolution, and a bloody Civil War. The American wilderness became a popular destination to escape the stresses of industrialized society and pursue a refined way of life. A growing interest in authentic experiences outdoors was mirrored in American art, and artists left their studios to study the scenes and lifestyles in the rural North American wilderness. By the late half of the century, figures in the landscape within American art were flooded with an emotional realism that captured a country trying to restore traditional relationships with nature and rebuild a sense of place within a new cultural terrain.



Joseph Lyman (American, 1843–1913)  
*Vermont Fishing*, 1895  
oil on canvas  
2019.051.110

Photos by Ava Freeman



Unknown Maker (late 19th century)  
Wading Shoes, ca. 1885  
leather with metal hardware  
Gift of Elizabeth A. and  
Helen H. Livingston  
1991.029.064



Bainbridge Bishop (American, 1837–1905)  
*Trout, Rod and Fly Reel*, 1880  
oil on canvas  
2019.051.024

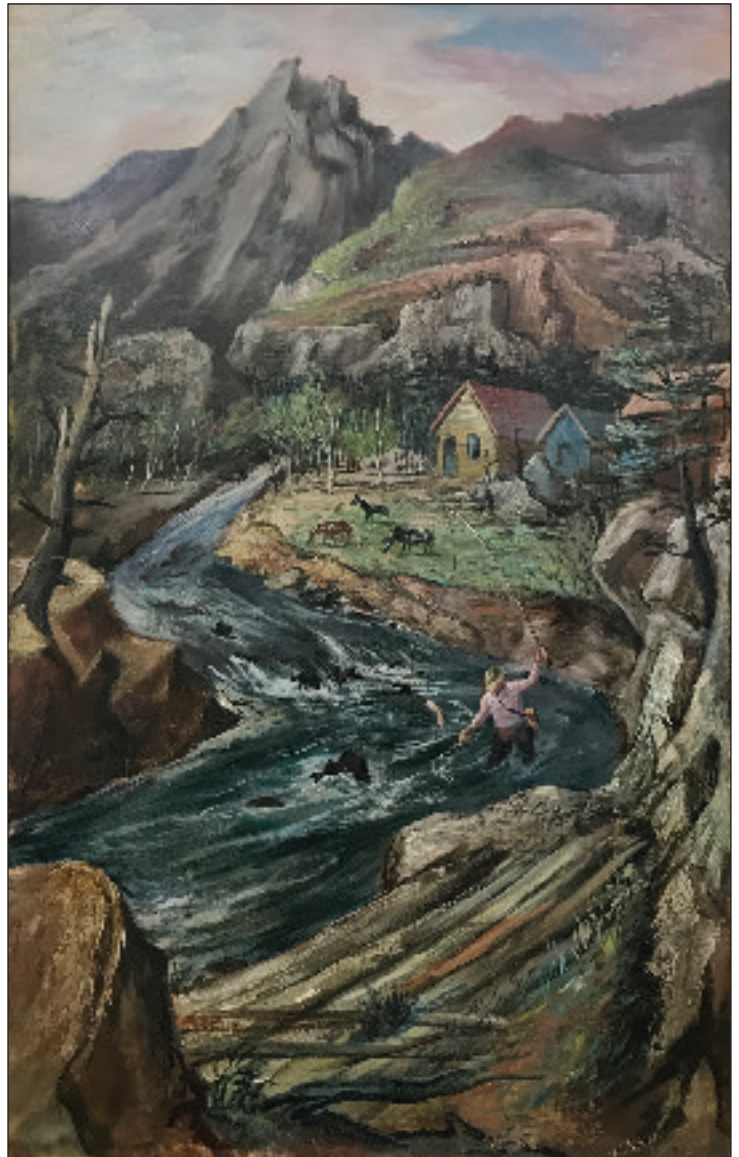


## IDENTITY IN THE EARLY TWENTIETH CENTURY

Formulating relationships to the natural world had become routine for early-twentieth-century Americans, and angling was an integral part of American culture from coast to coast. Even as the country's focus was drawn toward industrial power, Americans had come to identify with the nation's vast wilderness and countryside. Early-twentieth-century images of the angler in the landscape transcribe humanity's growing cognizance of nature's value and the depths at which the rural landscape tugged on feelings of identity. Finding influence from both traditional and avant-garde movements that were gaining momentum at the time, sporting art took on a more expressive and social tone. Through the exploration of perspective, light, line, color, and subject matter, artists created compelling images that may hold the answer to the question: Who is the angler?



Unknown Maker  
Hands Off, Fly Wallet, ca. 1915  
canvas and celluloid  
Gift of Peter A. Sturtevant  
1974.053.001



Frederick Emanuel Shane (American, 1906–1992)  
*The Catch*, ca. 1940  
egg tempera on panel  
2019.051.137



Benton Henderson Clark  
(American, 1895–1964)  
*Canoe Trip*, 1920  
oil on canvas  
2019.051.016



Paul Sample (American, 1896–1974)  
*Salmon Fishing in Iceland*, ca. 1952  
 oil on canvas  
 2019.051.116



John R. McDermott (American, 1919–1977)  
*A Strike*, 1965  
 watercolor on illustration board  
 2019.051.144

## AUTONOMY AND PURPOSE IN THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY

The mid-twentieth century was a turbulent time for America's relationship with the natural world. A sobering end to World War II, the country's polarized stance on America's involvement in the Vietnam War, and national civil unrest brought into question the nature of humanity itself. Just as abstract expressionists practiced intuitive movements to channel the emotional tensions of mid-century America, sporting art portrayed the angler in the landscape in action. Instinctual and in harmony with the forces of nature, artistic representations of the angler reaffirmed feelings of autonomy and purpose in a chaotic world. Dramatizations of the prepared and capable angler rang true as mid-century innovations in tackle design and material—alongside developments in local entomology—improved success on the water. The angler's familiarity with the natural world provided reassurance of humanity's resolve as apprehensive audiences navigated a new frontier.



This mid-century decorative lighter came from Arnold Gingrich's desk at *Esquire* magazine.

Unknown Maker  
 Cigarette Lighter, mid-20th century  
 brass and resin  
 Gift of Jane Gingrich  
 1976.072.023



## HARMONY IN THE LATE-TWENTIETH AND EARLY-TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

On the eve of the late-twentieth century, pop artist Roy Lichtenstein famously observed that the landscape experienced by most communities had become overwhelmed with advertisement, media, and consumer imagery. American art movements, such as pop art, embraced the artificial and unaffecting nature of modern culture. Unlike their contemporaries, sporting artists remained faithful to the representational angle in the wilderness, finding vision from the natural world and the American artists who preceded them. Delineations of the figure within the wilderness held unwavering relevance in society as the late-twentieth century and early-twenty-first century brought continued adversity and new generations searched for harmony intrinsic to humanity's existence on Earth.



Henry E. McDaniel (American, 1906–2008)  
*Lone Fly Fisherman on LaHave River, Nova Scotia*, undated  
watercolor on paper  
2019.051.014



Chet Reneson (American, born 1934)  
*Tarpon*, 1996  
watercolor on paper  
2019.051.135

Bernard “Lefty” Kreh (American, 1925–2018)  
“Vise Grip” Vise, mid-late 20th century  
welded steel  
Gift of Bill Hunter  
2018.051.001



# “Dear Bob/Best, Nick”: A Correspondence with Nick Lyons

by Robert DeMott

I HAVE BEEN FORTUNATE in the past fifty years to have taken part in sustained correspondences with a number of esteemed writers whom I considered friends, colleagues, and like-minded compatriots. I have donated those gathered letters and related documents to the half dozen university and institutional libraries that will most benefit from them. Now the time seems right to donate my cache of Nick Lyons correspondence to the American Museum of Fly Fishing, which will enlarge its already bounteous Lyons collection and make another series of documents associated with this influential fly-fishing writer, editor, publisher, and cultural icon available to interested readers, scholars, and researchers.

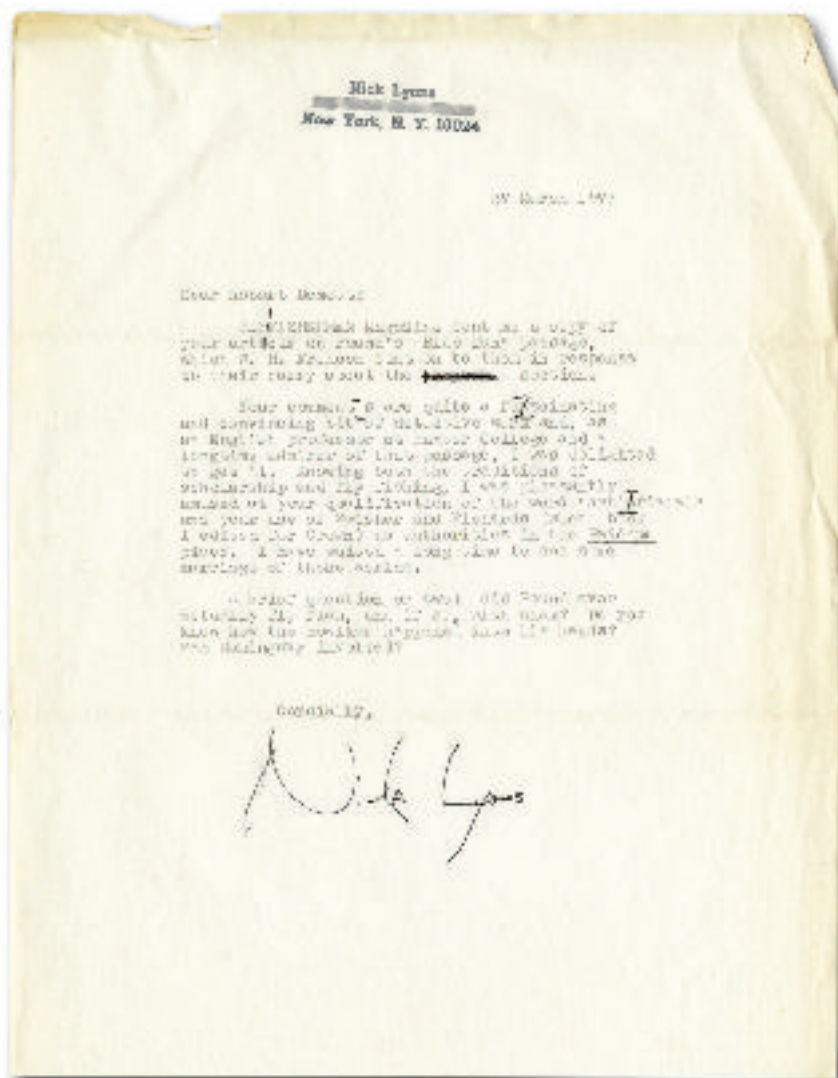
The archive consists of approximately 190 handwritten and typed letters, notes, and cards, as well as e-mails, associated documents, manuscripts, a DVD, and some published items, beginning in 1977, but primarily stretching from 2000 to 2019. The bulk of these—166—are from Nick to me, with approximately two dozen copies of my letters and e-mails to him included as well. The total would have been larger except for the fact that there are gaps in the years 2010, 2011, 2013, and 2015 when some items were unaccountably lost. All extant items are stored in individual clear plastic sleeves and housed in a blue plastic 4-inch-thick three-ring binder. Nick’s letters are witty, warm, informative, and chatty in the best sense and range over a wide variety of topics: fly fishing, of course, but also family matters, reading interests, editorial experiences, travels, and so on. More than anything else, they are full of good cheer and generous heart. For two decades his letters have never failed to lift my spirits.

My correspondence with Nick began briefly and somewhat unexpectedly in 1977 when he wrote a single letter to me commenting on an essay of mine on modernist poet Ezra Pound’s borrowings from Charles Bowler’s *Art of Angling* in his poem, “Canto LI.” The essay grew out of a graduate seminar I was teaching at Ohio University in the early 1970s on twentieth-century poetry, and I was delighted to find a scholarly topic I could meld with my

own experiences as a fly fisherman (which had begun in Connecticut in 1956).

In his capacity as a contributing editor at *Fly Fisherman* magazine, Nick had vetted the essay for reprinting in that year’s Early Season issue. The essay, originally titled “Ezra Pound and Charles Bowler: A Note on Canto LI,” appeared a few years earlier in *Paideuma*, a specialized academic journal devoted to Ezra Pound studies, then promptly disappeared from sight. Through the serendipitous offices of a kindly Harvard com-

parative literature professor named William Frohock, who was also a skilled fly fisherman, the essay came to the attention of Don Zahner, *Fly Fisherman*’s editor, who in turn passed it to Nick for consideration. My essay, eventually reprinted under the title “A Note on Canto LI,” appeared in Editor Zahner’s “Anglish Spoken Here” department of *Fly Fisherman*, beneath the general heading “Pound Discovers the Art of Angling.” In his letter of 27 March 1977, Nick praised my “detective work” and continued:



Nick’s first letter to the author, beginning a correspondence that spanned decades.



"Knowing both the traditions of scholarship and fly fishing . . . I have waited a long time to see some marriage of those worlds." I had published a fair amount of literary criticism by then, and even a couple of books, but I wrote Nick back to say that getting an article on the esoteric Ezra Pound into a commercial fly-fishing magazine was the pinnacle of my career.

There followed a long hiatus before Nick and I picked up again in 2000 and rekindled an uninterrupted exchange that has continued until the present, mainly, I think, because as fly-fishing English professors we found we had many interests and tastes in common and similar background experiences. We started fishing obsessively at an early age, we were both college athletes—he in basketball, I in ice hockey—we took the graduate school route and earned PhD degrees in American literature, and we became academics, he at Hunter College, I at Ohio University. Our correspondence really took off in 2002, when it went from ten letters from him the previous two years to fourteen that year. We discussed my writing a short book about Blue Ribbon Flies in West Yellowstone, Montana, not simply as a fishing store, but as a social, ecological, and cultural center. It would have been a worthy project that—for reasons I regret now—never materialized and was eclipsed by another project closer to home.

I was scheduled to teach the first-ever seminar on fly-fishing literature at Ohio University in the spring term of 2002. My preparation for the course focused less on the how-to aspects of fly fishing than the larger relationship between angling and literary writing, for which Nick had set—as a model and a goal—a very high bar. He responded to my requests with a good deal of helpful commentary and generous gifts, something I came to learn over the years was habitual with him. "Here's a set of bound galleys for Ted Leeson's new book [*Jerusalem Creek: Journeys into Driftless Country*, published by Lyons Press]; it's a wonder, I think. I thought you'd like an early look," he said on 29 January 2002. I included a chapter of Leeson's great book in my course.

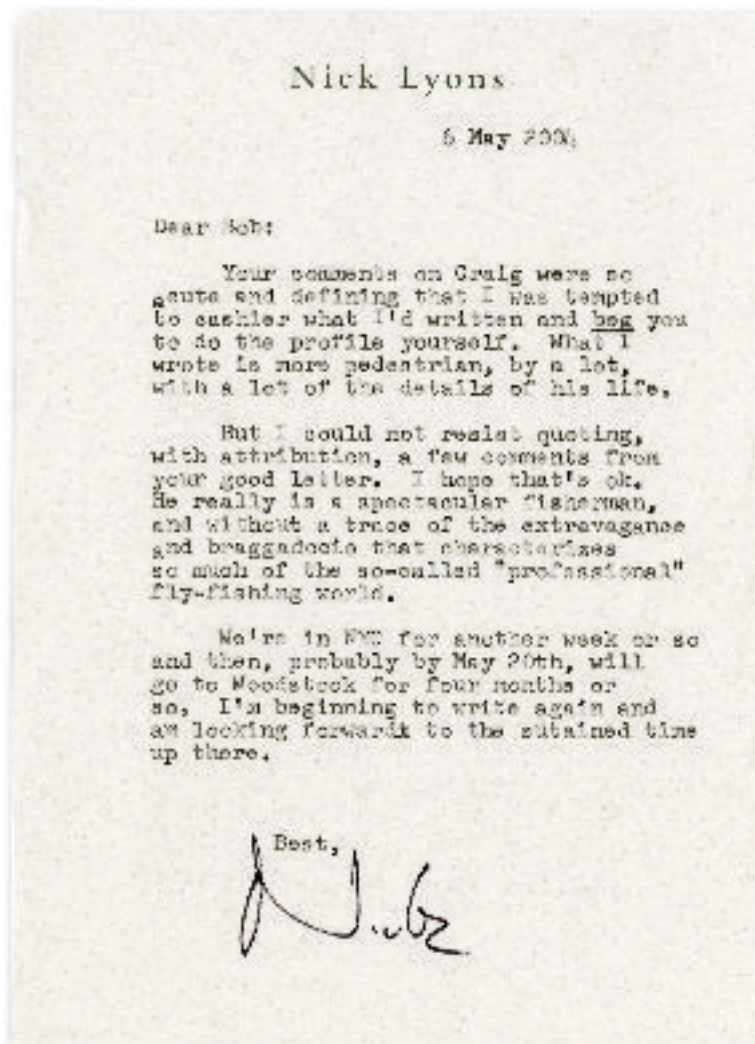
Nick sent eleven letters in 2003, a year that marked our first face-to-face meeting. I was on sabbatical in Connecticut visiting family and went as his guest to the American Museum of Fly Fishing's Heritage Award dinner at the Yale Club on 23 April 2003, where he was being fêted for his enormous contributions to fly fishing in our time. It was a lively evening, marked by Howell Raines's introductory remarks, and then Nick's delightful talk. In my journal I wrote that Nick's speech was "a rarity—generous, humorous, self-deprecating. A fishing legend who admits to not

catching fish!" Inspired, I went next day to the Izaak Walton exhibit at the New York Public Library and saw for the first time a first edition of *The Compleat Angler* (1653); the day after that, back in Connecticut, I fished the Quill Gordon hatch on the Housatonic River. "It was very good of you to come in, Bob, and I appreciated your presence hugely," he wrote on 28 April 2003. Of course, the pleasure was all mine.

In 2004 I received sixteen letters from Nick. He had been asked to write a profile of his longtime pal, angler extraordinaire Craig Mathews, who had been chosen as *Fly Rod & Reel* magazine's Angler of the Year for 2005. Nick used some comments of mine regarding Craig for his celebratory essay and said in a letter on 6 May 2004, "I could not resist quoting, with attribution, a few comments from your good letter." We both agreed about Craig's brilliance as an angler and more than that, as Nick said, his lack of the "extravagance and braggadocio that characterizes so much of the so-called 'professional' fly-fishing world."

From 2005 through 2010, Nick sent another fifty-two letters, often commenting on the fact that he was fishing less than he had hoped and offering further running commentary on the precarious fortunes of a pond at his upstate residence in Woodstock: "I've been fussing with my little pond a lot, trying to understand all the little dramas that go on there," he wrote on 19 May 2005. "I've had no luck interesting it [a black bass] in a number of bugs, poppers, and streamers. The trout, which thrive on pellets, are still too easy to catch, and I've decided not to fish for them until they're bigger. Such is my fishing life!" The pond became a refrain—almost a character in itself—in a number of letters in the following years. "The pond is barely alive," he e-mailed me on 16 September 2006. "The carp, the koi, the bluegill, and the turtles seem to have survived the boiling days. I doubt the trout have."

There was talk back and forth of family, personal health, reports on reading this book or that. There were also



Nick's letter to the author discussing *Fly Rod & Reel* magazine's Angler of the Year Craig Mathews.

Nick Lyons  
7 July 2008

Dear Bob -  
Thanks for the checks.  
Mari is really very pleased  
to think of you two  
having those four paintings.  
She hopes you enjoy  
living with them.  
We had a very  
pleasant visit  
from children, grandchildren,  
friends of children -  
but still is settling down  
and into launching into  
a bit more work before  
heading for the city in a  
few days. Family, Nick

Nick's 7 July 2008 missive regarding the Mari Lyons paintings the author and his partner Kate purchased during a visit.

updates on writing and publishing projects. "We're doing a little book by John Graves that you'll like. *My Dogs and Guns*—very short, very personal, quite wonderful. I'm very fond of that man and his work," he reported on 4 November 2006. I complimented "A Talk with Nick Lyons," the superb interview by Thomas Pero in the Preseason 2007 issue of *Fish & Fly* magazine that I thought was a model of its kind. "There's always the feeling, for me, that for all the immediacy of an interview, I immediately want to rewrite," he e-mailed me. "Tom gave me a chance to read through the thing and I did, so what's there is what I finally went with, with relatively few changes. I'm glad you didn't think it too mawkish" (28 January 2007).

There was an exchange over paintings by Mari Lyons that my partner Kate Fox and I had purchased on a visit to her studio in Woodstock: "Mari is really very pleased to think of you two having those four paintings. She hopes you enjoy living with them" (7 July 2008). We love her vibrant work and bought the paintings to mark our new life together in a new house in Athens, Ohio. They still have pride of place on our walls. Meantime, I kept Nick apprised of my latest fishing adventures, notably the annual summer stay in Montana about which he always

wanted to know more: "Give me a full report!" (8 August 2008).

That period culminated in the spadework for a volume that I edited, later published as *Astream: American Writers on Fly Fishing* (2012). It was a collection of thirty-one essays by a variety of literary novelists, poets, and essayists (twenty-five were original to this volume; six others were revised from previous publications), all focusing on why fly fishing was meaningful to them. Howell Raines wrote the introduction; Russell Chatham, Jim Harrison, Charles Gaines, Margot Page, Le Anne Schreiber, Ted Leeson, Datus Proper, Pam Houston, Paul Schullery, Craig Matthews, W. D. Wetherell, and others pitched in. Nick contributed "Indian Summer of an Angler" on 30 December 2010. "I'd welcome your thoughts," he added in a note written that day. (I suggested he change the title to "Indian Summer of a Fly Fisher," which he did.)

I referred to the *fishschrift* project as "The Nick Book" because I had decided to dedi-

cate the collection to him (without him knowing ahead of time). In my introduction I wrote, "So in honor of his eightieth birthday, and in appreciation of his incomparable, decades-long career as fly-fishing author, editor, publisher, and all-around instigator, facilitator, and mentor who has touched the lives of more anglers and writers than anyone can tally, *Astream* is dedicated to Nick Lyons, on whom, thankfully, in true Jamesian fashion, nothing was ever lost." The book appeared from Skyhorse Publishing, owned by Nick's son Tony Lyons, and was celebrated with a launch party at the Anglers' Club of New York in time for Nick's eightieth birthday in June 2012. "*Astream* was the great event of my life last year," Nick wrote that December, "and I hope it finds many friends."

Later that summer of 2012, out of the blue, a package arrived from Tony Lyons, who unbeknownst to us had ordered two deluxe copies of

*Astream* from celebrated New Mexico bookbinder Priscilla Spitler. Each was bound in green full Nigerian goatskin with marbled end pages and housed in its own custom-made cloth clamshell box with embossed gold title on the front. A tipped-in page noted that each copy was signed by author, editor, publisher, and binder. One of these prized beauties came to me; the other went to Nick. I donated my copy recently to the American Museum of Fly Fishing, where it keeps company with a specially bound copy of the Nick Lyons-published *Fishless Days, Angling Nights* by Sparse Grey Hackle (aka Alfred W. Miller), the tale of which Nick wrote about in a recent essay in the *American Fly Fisher*, "The Sparse" (Spring 2020).

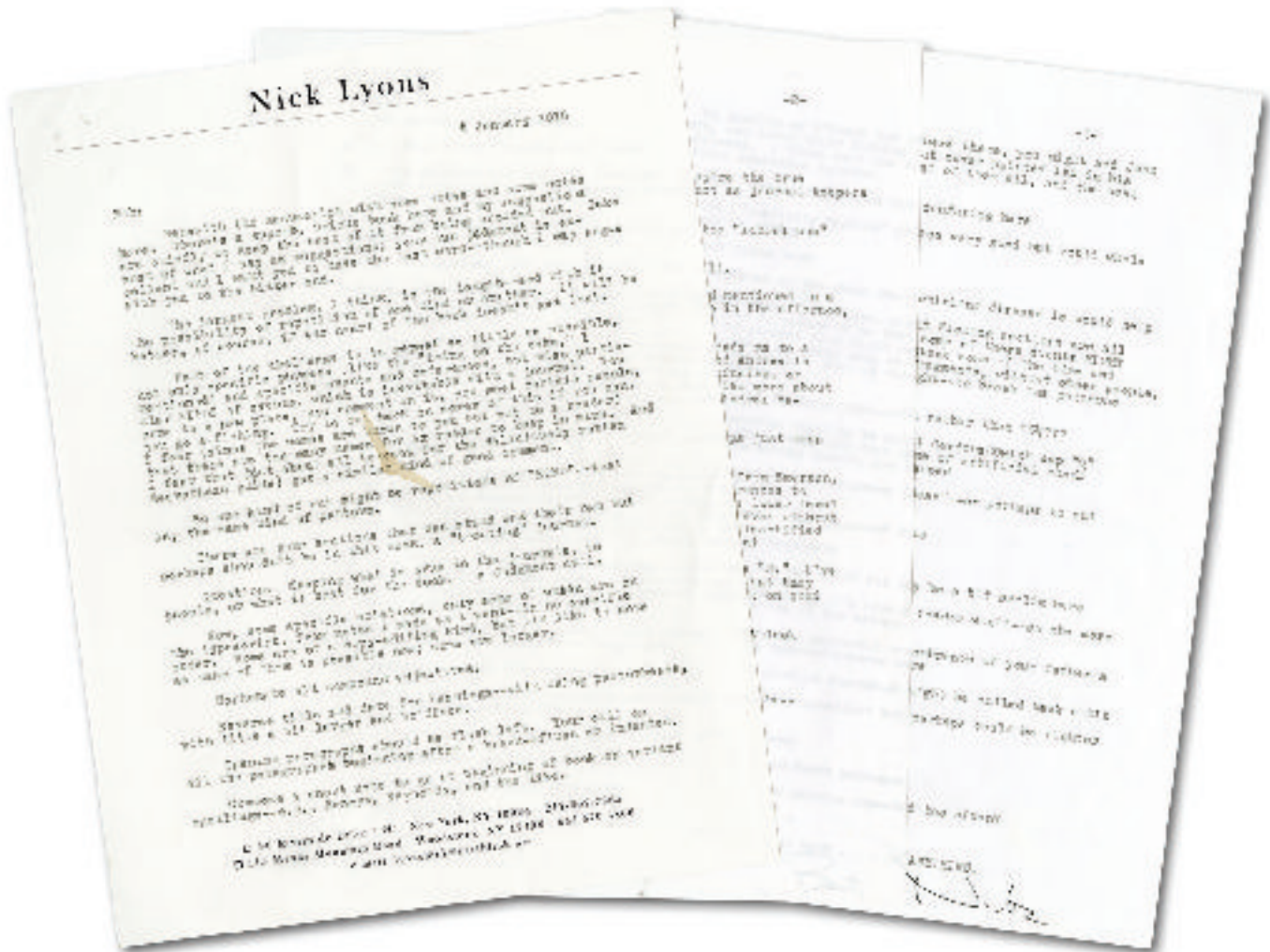
Over the years, I sent Nick copies of nearly everything I published in books and journals, but as much as I bombarded him with my stuff and that of others I thought he would like, it seemed as though there was always much more coming from him. For my seventieth birthday in 2013, he sent me his five-piece 8-foot, 9-inch Winston LT fly rod, with a note: "It is a well-acknowledged fact that a Distinguished Professor of English who is also a Certified Casting Instructor who is turning seventy is in need of yet another rod! Congratulations! Nick and Mari."

Nick Lyons

Bob:  
It is a  
well-acknowledged  
fact that a  
Distinguished Professor  
of English who is  
also a Certified  
Casting Instructor  
who is turning  
Seventy,  
is in need of  
yet another rod!  
Congratulations,  
Nick & Mari

The note accompanying Nick's gift for the author's seventieth birthday in 2013.





Nick's notes to the author on the manuscript *Angling Days: A Fly Fisher's Journals*, written in January 2016.

Boxes of books were given to me and later to Kate as well. These included *Big Water* (1995) and *Sinking Creek* (1998), a pair of Globe Pequot-published volumes by the late Vermont poet John Engels (1937–2007) inscribed to Nick (with a salmon fly taped into the front of each volume) that Nick later gave to me on one of his gifting episodes in Woodstock because he knew I had long been a follower of Engels's work. (I used a snippet of Engels's poem "Painting of an Angler, Fishing the Source" from *Sinking Creek* as an epigram to *Astream* because the poem is dedicated to Nick.) Beyond that, of course, I had a long personal connection to Vermont that Engels's poems always called up for me. When Nick handed me the books and I saw what treasured volumes they were, I told him I would "live with them for awhile" as a temporary caretaker before donating them to the American Museum of Fly Fishing, which I did in 2017. Engels's books, I felt, belong in Vermont for good.

Besides a bounty of material gifts, there was no end of important letters I received

from Nick. One in particular, dated 26 February 2014, stands out because it set me on a fruitful path. After publishing *Afield: American Writers on Bird Dogs* (2010) and *Astream: American Writers on Fly Fishing* (2012), I assembled a manuscript with a number of essays on upland hunting, bird dogs, and fly fishing that I had written or published over recent years. Nick read the mixed collection with his keen eye and incisive attentiveness, praising where praise was merited, critical and yet instructive where it was not. The thrust of his thorough six-page evaluation was to tighten the frame of the book by highlighting the fly-fishing material above all else.

I followed his advice and turned to decades of my handwritten fishing journals, begun in 1989, to select a narrative of my life with fly fishing. These became a series of forty chronological essaylike entries—not so much a straight autobiography, but a cumulative memoir of my angling passion. I called it *Fishing Plots* (a title Nick, rightly, talked me out of using), then settled on *Angling Days: A Fly Fisher's Journals*. We talked over a portion

of the manuscript in person in late July 2015 in Ennis, Montana, where Kate Fox and I and Craig and Jackie Mathews were on hand at the Wellington family's Longhorn Ranch for Nick and Mari's return to O'Dell Creek, the setting of Nick's masterpiece, *Spring Creek* (1992). It was the first time in fourteen years they had been back, so the surrounding days had a joyous, celebratory air to them.

Eventually Nick got to know my manuscript well, as his letters indicated, especially a long one dated 8 January 2016 with a list of eminently rational suggestions for pruning material that would keep the "best" of the book "from being crowded out." He trusted my judgment, however, no matter what I decided regarding his suggestions, and he gave me license to "have the last word." If I am not mistaken, *Angling Days* was the last fly-fishing book Nick edited in his career, so that and the fact that he provided a generous dust-jacket encomium for the book added an extra level of distinction.

Skyhorse released the book in June 2016. A month later, when Nick received

his copy, he wrote in a time of incalculable grief (his beloved wife, Mari, had died in April) that “I’ll treasure your warmly inscribed copy of *Angling Days*. . . . Thanks from my heart—though I **KNOW** the book is all yours . . . and would have happened whether I’d seen it before publication or not” (13 July 2016). It was yet another act of generosity and largeness of spirit that I cherish about him because *Angling Days* might never have seen the light of day without his judicious guidance. I could not have asked for more from any editor.

Since then, our correspondence has gone on in that spirited, irrepressible vein of friendship. “Dear Bob and Kate,” he wrote in December 2018, “Lots of love to you both, great good friends, and hopes that the season is joyous and the new year full of good health, good works, much love, and a few interesting trout.” We carry on more frequently now via handwritten notes or e-mail exchanges (Nick having

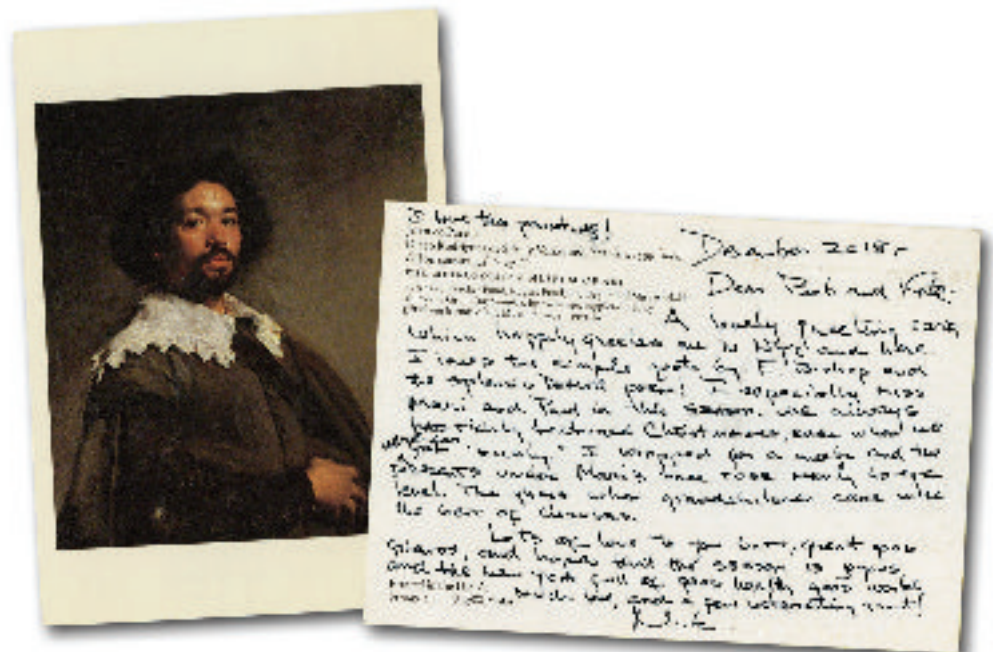
long ago traded his venerable Royal typewriter for a computer), augmented in recent years with telephone calls or occasional meet-ups in Manhattan (at various restaurants or the Anglers’ Club) or cherished visits to the Lyons’s country house in upstate New York. Before Nick’s selling the Woodstock house and Mari’s studio in 2019, I trekked east regularly to celebrate his birthday there, where we resumed our lively talk of fish and books and writers and mutual friends as though no time at all had passed since our last confab. It was one of the events I most looked forward to each spring, although even in the best of times, each passing year brought with it new trials, new storm buffetings, and the inescapable tinge of sadness with the latest news of deceased loved ones, health issues, body betrayals, physical limitations, and impending changes, all the inevitable wages of growing old. *Keep on keeping on* has become the order of our latter days.

I was blessed to gain two older brothers in my later years, men with whom I formed strong bonds of attachment. One was poet and novelist Jim Harrison (1937–2016); the other is Nick Lyons. I had no natural brothers or sisters, so I think of Jim and Nick as the siblings I never otherwise had, not just because of their incomparable achievements in life and letters, but as mentors, wise guides, generous souls, and unique, valued friends. Keeping their correspondence sequestered in private seems inimical to the public spirit and impact of both men. I donated my Jim Harrison collection to his expansive archive at Grand Valley State University in Allendale, Michigan; this collection of Nick Lyons materials hereby becomes part of the American Museum of Fly Fishing—a small recompense in return for all the gifts I received from him.



Left: Nick’s email of 13 July 2016, thanking the author for his inscribed copy of *Angling Days*.

Below: A postcard sent by Nick in December 2018.





# The Miniatures of James J. Ahearn

by Robert Sohrweide

IN AUGUST 2016, I walked into the New Hampshire Antiques Show in Manchester. I collect antique decoys and miniature carvings, and I was on alert as I browsed through this quality show. Russ Goldberger of RJG Antiques saw me from across the room and waved me over to his booth. Russ and I had done business before, and he knew my interests and collecting habits.

“Bob,” Russ said, “I know you are a fly fisherman. I’ve heard your stories about trout and salmon.” Russ stepped over to the corner of his booth. “I think you will be interested in this.”

I was interested. So interested that I bought the item. *Items*, actually. A plaque with four miniature fish carvings mounted on it: a brook trout, an Atlantic salmon, a rainbow trout, and a brown trout. All are 6½ inches long, with bodies of beautifully painted wood and fins of lead, carved by James J. Ahearn. The receipt read:

RJG # 18918  
Set of 4 Matched Jumping Fish on a Plaque  
James J. Ahearn (1904–63)  
Ridgefield, CT, Ca. Mid 20th century  
Nicely carved and painted fish with lead fins in excellent original condition.

This plaque resonated fiercely and personally. The brook trout reminded me of the small streams of northern New Hampshire and catching bright fish in full fall colors. The Atlantic salmon brought back summer trips to the Northwest Miramichi in New Brunswick; the rainbow, my more recent trip to Henry’s Fork in Idaho; the brown, my Housatonic River days thirty years ago in Connecticut. That plaque is my freshwater fishing career in wood and paint.

I knew the story behind my fish, but what was the story behind the carver? Who was James J. Ahearn? I knew he carved miniatures, and I owned Joseph H. Ellis’s book on the subject, *Birds in Wood and Paint*.

According to Ellis, Ahearn “emerged as a significant figure in miniature carving in the 1940s. The 1945–46 catalog of the Sporting Gallery and Bookshop in New York City presented Ahearn waterfowl and game bird carvings.”<sup>1</sup>

An online dealer’s description of an Ahearn-carved pheasant lamp gives more information about this artist/artisan.

Fine cock pheasant lamp by James Joseph “Joe” Ahearn, Stamford, CT, circa 1950. . . . Ahearn became well known in the mid-1940s as a carver of miniatures. It is unclear when he began carving them although it is presumed that he started in the late 1930s, if not sooner. While Joe lived in the New York City area, where he was a salesman for the National Cash Register Company, he was known to have carved miniatures while on the road. At the onset of World War II, he and his wife moved to Stamford, Connecticut. The first documentation of his carvings being offered for sale is in the 1945–46 catalog of the Sporting Gallery and Bookstore in New York City. This catalog featured a wide selection of Ahearn’s “functional hunter” and “sportsman oriented” items such as lamps, wall thermometers, coat racks, tie racks, pipe racks, bookends, and ashtrays in a variety of configurations. It was around this time that he also began offering his miniature carvings of waterfowl and upland game birds. One of the first and certainly the most important retailer to carry his carvings was the Crossroads of Sport store in New York City. They were enjoying a huge demand for A. J. King’s miniatures and were more than eager to complement his products with another carver’s work.<sup>2</sup>



James J. Ahearn fish plaque, from top: brook trout, Atlantic salmon, rainbow trout, and brown trout.

offered. They had a selection guaranteed to appeal to the angler/hunter. I bought an original 1938 Derrydale Press edition



James J. Ahearn upland game birds: flying ruffed grouse and flying woodcock (left) and ruffed grouse and pair of woodcock (below).



of Roland Clark's *Etchings* there. I saw carved and cast miniatures of game birds and fish and was tempted to purchase some. At that time in my life, however, I was on a budget and could not afford more than the above-mentioned Derrydale book. In those early days of my collecting career, I had no interest in miniature birds or fish. Lovely as they were, common sense prevailed.

I own a copy of the 1967–1968 *Crossroads of Sport* catalog, the one in which game bird and waterfowl lamps are pictured. The description reads: “Hand carved and painted game bird and waterfowl lamps. Designed by the late James J. Ahearn and now produced by members of his family. The color detail as well as the action of the flying birds is what intrigues people. The flying birds are really moving.”<sup>3</sup> On the same page are pictures of lamps with single standing birds and standing pairs: ruffed grouse, pheasant, Canada geese, mallards, and woodcock.<sup>4</sup>

After Ahearn passed away in 1964, his family kept using his patterns to turn out carvings. Lamps were a big moneymaker, so they continued to craft them. Thus Ahearn's carving career extended several years after his death. Who were the clients of *Crossroads of Sport* buying his work? Among those who appreciated Ahearn's mastery were the fishing and hunting sportsmen who migrated by rail to work in the storied concrete canyons of Manhattan: bankers, brokers, admen, magazine writers, artists, newsmen, corporation managers, lawyers, doctors—anglers all. Organizations whose membership or clientele include sportsmen followed them to the city: stores, galleries, clubs, bars, and restaurants.

The renowned Anglers' Club of New York serves as an example. Many fly fishers also hunt upland game or waterfowl. Ruffed grouse and woodcock coverts are often found alongside rivers and streams; waterfowl rest in the same waters into which these anglers cast their flies. Walking with a fly rod on a path to a pool in the spring, an angler may flush a grouse or woodcock and come back in the fall with a shotgun and dog.<sup>5</sup> There is so much overlap between these sports that among the limited-edition prints published by the Anglers' Club, in a signed edition of 350, is Ogden Pleissner's ruffed grouse hunting scene, *October Snow, Vermont* (1959).<sup>6</sup>

The *Crossroads of Sport*, Abercrombie & Fitch, exclusive New York City hole-in-the-wall fly shops, and English, Scottish, Canadian, and American shops of renown outfitted these men with fly rods, wet and dry flies, waders, clothing, and assorted

gear. The flies were painstakingly tied by masters. The rods were bamboo and carried Winston, Hardy, Payne, Granger, Thomas and Thomas, Dickerson, and even Orvis labels.

Many of these shops also had in stock items calculated to appeal to gunners and fly fishers: limited-edition etchings and prints, watercolors and oil paintings, mounted and framed Atlantic salmon or trout flies, miniature carvings—all designed to evoke memories of a good fish, a fine companion, a narrow trout stream, an amazing cast with precise presentation. The carvings of James J. Ahearn—whether fish, upland bird, or waterfowl—were among these high-quality artistic reminders of sport and feeling.

I am very interested in any available information on Ahearn: newspaper articles, pictures of his carvings, personal stories. I don't even have a photograph of Joe Ahearn himself—I hope that someone does. If you have any information, photographs, or leads, please e-mail me at [rjsahrweide@juno.com](mailto:rjsahrweide@juno.com) or call me at (603) 795-2170.

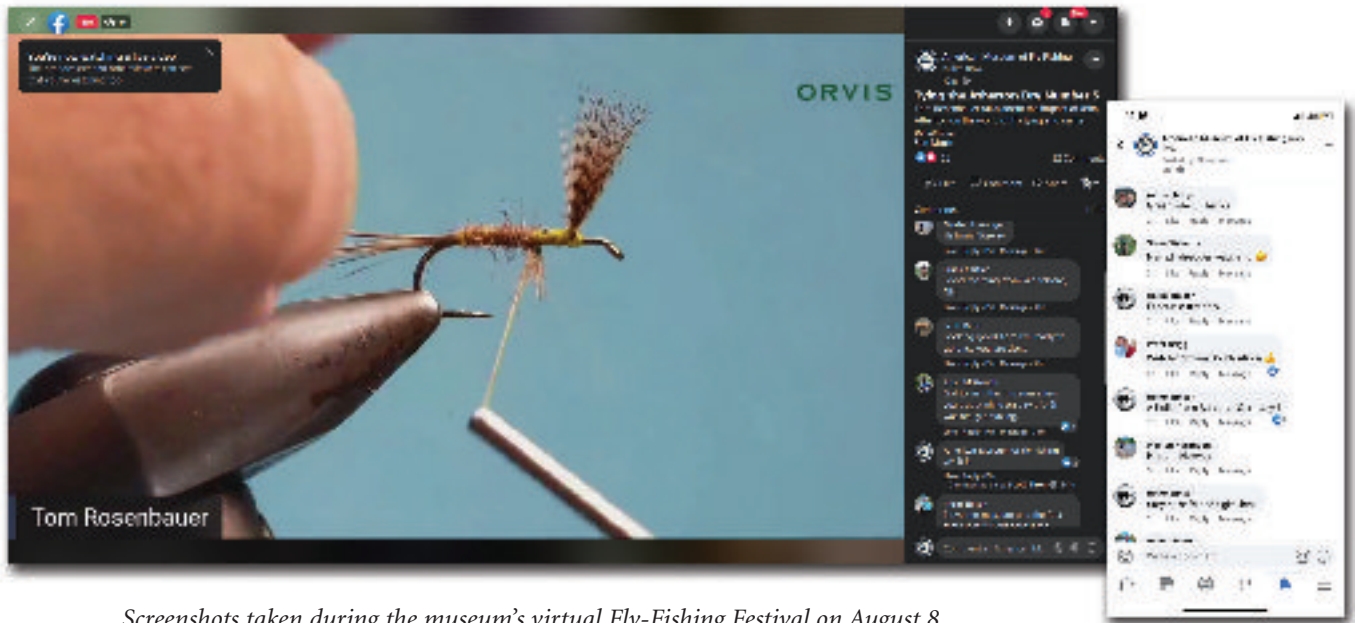
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Robert Sohrweide is a retired instructor of Greek and Latin at the Hotchkiss School in Lakeville, Connecticut. He now lives in Lyme, New Hampshire, just a day's drive from New Brunswick Atlantic salmon waters.

## ENDNOTES

1. Joseph H. Ellis, *Birds in Wood and Paint: American Miniature Bird Carvings and Their Carvers, 1900–1970* (Lebanon, N.H.: University Press of New England, 2009), 160.
2. “Item M325, Joe Ahearn Pheasant Lamp, Circa 1950,” Decoy-Dux, Miniature and Decorative Carvings and Other Collectibles, <http://www.decoy-dux.com/products/mixed-rig/1>. Accessed 10 June 2020.
3. The *Crossroads of Sport*, Inc., 1967–1968 catalog, 20.
4. Ibid.
5. The author has done this very thing many times in Connecticut, Vermont, and New Hampshire.
6. Peter Bergh, *The Art of Ogden M. Pleissner* (Boston: David R. Godine, Publisher, 1984), 89, plate 121; see 107 for information about the Anglers' Club of New York limited-edition print. See also the Appendix, 104, where, under “Memberships,” Ogden M. Pleissner is listed as an honorary member of the Anglers' Club.





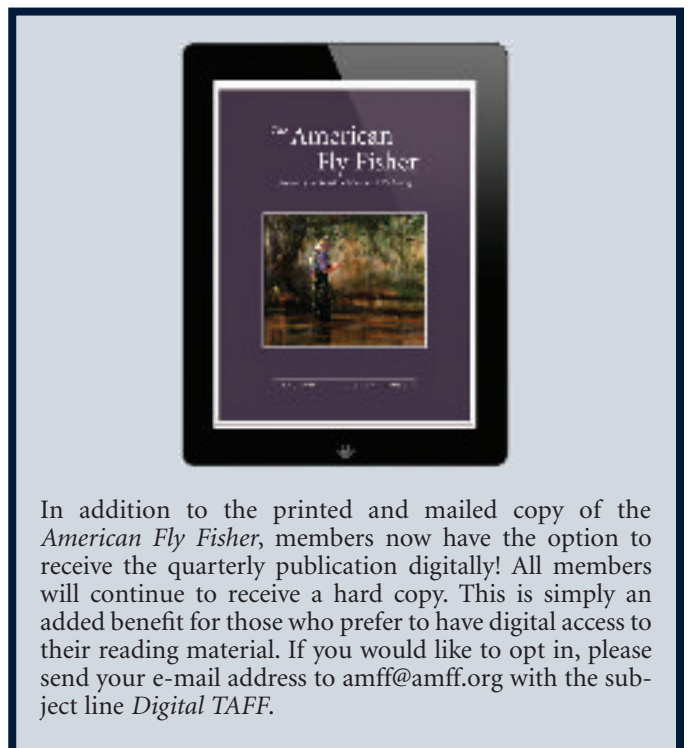
*Screenshots taken during the museum's virtual Fly-Fishing Festival on August 8.*

## Fly-Fishing Festival

The museum held its annual Fly-Fishing Festival on August 8—virtually! The COVID-19 pandemic prevented us from being together in person, but we were able to bring our public program to everyone's home from East Coast to West and around the globe. Our online festival site offered live fly tying with Scott Biron, Mark Dysinger, and Tom Rosenbauer (7,000 views, with people tuning in from as far away as Norway and Sweden); live tackle and art appraisals with Fred Kretchman, Fred Polhemus, and Todd Alving; kids' activities, such as an AMFF word search and fly-tying videos with Paul Sinicki; videos to meet our ambassadors; pages to visit vendors and nonprofits; and a raffle for an original George Van Hook painting.

Special thanks go to our sponsors, fly tiers, appraisers, raffle donor, vendors, and partnering nonprofits, all of whom supported us and took a chance on this new virtual platform: Todd Alving, Scott Biron, Casting for Recovery, Harry Desmond, Mark Dysinger, Express Copy, Luther Hall, Jordan Mills Rod Company, Fred Kretchman, Matthew Lerman Photography, Dave McCoy, Native Fish Coalition, Orvis, Fred Polhemus, Project Healing Waters, Tom Rosenbauer, Paul Sinicki, Taf Schaefer Design, Trout Unlimited—Battenkill Home Rivers Initiative, George Van Hook, the Vermont Country Store, Vermont Trout Unlimited Fly Fishing Camp, Jess Westbrook, and Steve Woit.

We hope to see everyone at next year's festival!



In addition to the printed and mailed copy of the *American Fly Fisher*, members now have the option to receive the quarterly publication digitally! All members will continue to receive a hard copy. This is simply an added benefit for those who prefer to have digital access to their reading material. If you would like to opt in, please send your e-mail address to [amff@amff.org](mailto:amff@amff.org) with the subject line *Digital TAFF*.

## Recent Donations to the Collection

**Hans Nischkauer** of Vienna, Austria, sent us a copy of *Traun-Journal* (2019, edition 14), the annual publication of the fly-fishing club Freunde der Gmundner Traun. The journal includes two articles about the Haslinger Breviary, which Richard Hoffmann translated and wrote about in the Spring 2016 issue of the *American Fly Fisher*. Nischkauer, who is interested in all things fly fishing, contributed an article titled “Die Fliegen des Leonhard Haslinger”; Ernst Bauernfeind, an Austrian entomologist and fly fisherman, contributed “Von Vögeln, Federn und Fischen.”

**Mark Karaba** of Albion, Michigan, donated a collection of letters between Bill Walker Jr., Mary Brooks, and Joe Brooks; a clipping from the *Washington Post* remembering Joe Brooks; and a copy of Joe Brooks's book *Trout Fishing* (New York: HarperCollins Outdoor Life Series, 1972). **Susan Brozena** of North Wales, Pennsylvania, gave us a signed copy of the limited edition (25) of her book, *A History of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association* (privately printed, 2020).

**Stephen N. Bravar** of Edenton, North Carolina, sent us two original catalogs from the Montague Rod and Reel Company, along with seven original ink illustrations of Montague reels and unmarked reel seats. **Bob Scott** of Naples, Florida, donated a collection of angling videos.

**Harry Briscoe** of Kingwood, Texas, gave us a handmade fly line woven by John Betts. The line was given to Harry from John as a gift. **Ronald Wilcox** of Manchester, Vermont, brought us a fly tied by Hallie Galaise that she had given to his father, Howard Wilcox, telling him that it was the last fly she would ever tie.

## Upcoming Events

*As a result of the ongoing COVID-19 pandemic, events will take place virtually on amff.org unless otherwise noted.*

**October 23**

Annual Members Meeting via Zoom

**November 15–30**

Online art auction

**2021**

**February**

Facebook Live fly tying throughout the month

**March 11**

Izaak Walton Award  
honoring Paul Dixon

**April 1**

Opening of AMFF Nature Trail

Always check our website ([www.amff.org](http://www.amff.org)) for additions, updates, and more information or contact (802) 362-3300 or [events@amff.org](mailto:events@amff.org). The museum's e-mail newsletter offers up-to-date news and event information. To subscribe, look for the link on our website or contact the museum.



It's not too early to think about holiday shopping. AMFF logo items make great gifts, and your purchase supports the museum.

Visit [amff.org/shop](http://amff.org/shop) or our shop in Manchester for Simms hats and shirts; fly-fishing-themed glassware, neck gaiters, bandanas, and books; and more.

Members receive 15% off their purchase. Use code **member15** at checkout.





## CONTRIBUTORS

Sam Caldwell



**Harry Briscoe** is a retired petroleum geologist who started fly fishing as a youngster in Kansas and got severely hooked during his education in Colorado. His career in the energy industry and a twenty-plus-year run as owner of the Hexagraph Fly Rod Company has allowed him to fish around the world, with a particular fondness for Patagonia and the Caribbean. He lives in Texas and fishes whenever and wherever he can. He has been a longtime member of the American Museum of Fly Fishing and an occasional contributor to the *American Fly Fisher*.

**Robert DeMott** (at right, with Nick Lyons at the Anglers' Club of New York, ca. 2011) is Edwin and Ruth Kennedy Distinguished Professor of English Emeritus at Ohio University, where he taught from 1969 to 2013 and where he received half a dozen teaching awards and published numerous books. A fly fisherman since 1956, he is a life member of both Trout Unlimited and Northern Kentucky Fly Fishers, as well as a Fly Fishers International certified casting instructor. DeMott's recent field sports articles appear in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Upland Almanac*, *MidCurrent*, the *Anglers' Club Bulletin*, *Hunting and the Ivory Tower*, and *Anglers Journal*. He contributed "A Lyons Triptych" to the Spring 2020 issue of the *American Fly Fisher*. Recent books include *Angling Days: A Fly Fisher's Journals* (2016; expanded paperback 2019), *Conversations with Jim Harrison: Revised and Updated* (2019), and a collection of prose poems, *Up Late Reading Birds of America* (2020). In 2019 GearJunkie.com included *Astream: American Writers on Fly Fishing* (2012), a collection dedicated to Nick Lyons, among the eleven books every angler should read. A native of Connecticut, DeMott lives in Athens, Ohio, with his partner Kate Fox, a poet and editor. They spend a month each summer on the Madison River in Montana.

Kate Fox



Richard Bunse



**Henry Hughes** is the author of the memoir *Back Seat with Fish: Adventures in Angling and Romance* and the editor of the Everyman's Library anthologies *The Art of Angling: Poems about Fishing* and *Fishing Stories*. His work often appears in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Harvard Review*, *Anglers Journal*, and *Flyfishing & Tying Journal*, where he serves as deputy editor. He teaches literature and writing at Western Oregon University.



## Paul Dixon to Receive the 2021 Izaak Walton Award

Photos courtesy of James Manning



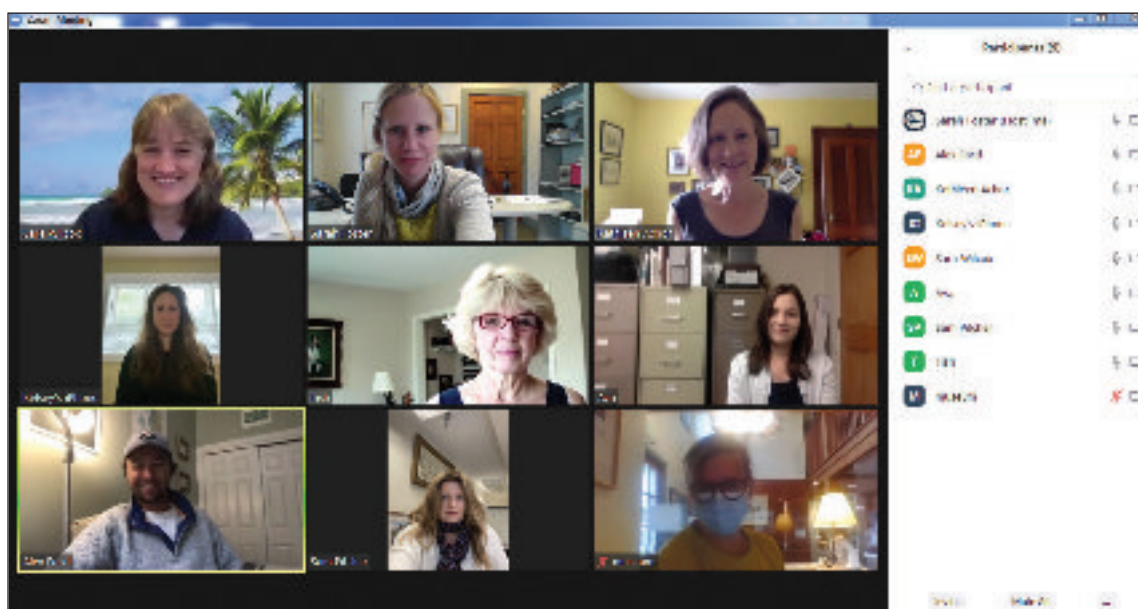
We'd like to congratulate the legendary Paul Dixon on receiving the 2021 Izaak Walton Award from the American Museum of Fly Fishing! A California native, Paul burst onto the fly-fishing scene in the early 1990s when he brought the first flats skiff to the Hamptons and Montauk. Paul was among the first to discover Long Island's striped bass flats fishery and since then has spent decades fine-tuning his craft between the Hamptons and South Florida. In addition, he has been a great advocate for conservation, spending countless hours in service of Bonefish & Tarpon Trust and other organizations.

Paul Dixon is truly a worthy Izaak Walton Award honoree. This virtual event will be livestreamed on **March 11, 2021**, featuring tarpon angler and author Andy Mill as a guest speaker. For more information, please contact Sam Pitcher at [spitcher@amff.org](mailto:spitcher@amff.org).





# Collaboratively Yours



Clockwise from top left, staff members Sara Wilcox (using a virtual background), Sarah Foster, Kathleen Achor, Ava Freeman, Clay Livingston, Samantha Pitcher, Alex Ford, Kelsey McBride, and Tish Russell (center) participate in a meeting via Zoom.

VERMONT'S SUCCESS IN CONTAINING and controlling the novel coronavirus is unmatched. In fact, during Governor Scott's September 15 press conference, Dr. Anthony Fauci praised our extremely low positivity rate (0.2%) and pointed to Vermont as a national model. We did our part, and our work paid off. As you can see by this sparkling issue of the *American Fly Fisher*, remote work hasn't stalled our progress. It has, though, left a void in the office.

We're a small staff: eleven of us in total (four full-time), with a mix of part-time and remote workers/contractors. With various on-site work spaces (two buildings, collections storage, library, gallery preparation area, and the occasional impromptu workstation in the gazebo by the pond), we didn't typically have a lot of face-to-face time. But having spent the past six months seeing most of my team only on the Zoom screen, I'm aware of how much I miss our in-person brainstorming sessions and roundtable discussions, as well as the buzz of friendly conversations and the casual hollers bouncing off office walls. As I reflect on this dedicated team, I want to remind our members and supporters of the faces and people (the ones I miss dearly!) who make this museum tick.

Preserving history is every museum's top priority. Having a professional dedicated to our collection and its preservation is essential, which is why we are so lucky to have Ava Freeman leading our collections program. AMFF's gallery, library, fly room, and gift shop are open to the public six days a week (five during our winter months), and it's because of the dedication of Clay Livingston, Kelsey McBride, and Shane Quintana that each visitor is welcomed at the door and immersed in the beauty of our rich history. Alex Ford has spent countless hours on the water, and he brings years of fly-fishing experience to the 9,000 followers of AMFF's social media accounts. Samantha Pitcher oversees our membership and development programs and is the voice you hear when contacting the office. She fills more roles than I could list with a consistently positive, creative approach. Tish Russell has been our accounts manager for more than two decades; although she's only in the office

twice a month, her zest for life is contagious. Sara Wilcox tastefully designs each and every page of the journal while handling all other graphics-related work.

Kate Achor is the master behind the *American Fly Fisher*. Not only has she maintained our scholarly publication driven solely by volunteer authors, she has created a family of authors and readers whose connection runs deep in the rich history of each word printed. We celebrate Kate's twenty-fifth anniversary with AMFF with gratitude and appreciation. By her side for the entirety of that quarter century has been copy editor Sarah May Clarkson, who arrived on the museum scene four years earlier.

After working as a contractor on our groundbreaking traveling exhibit, *Anglers All: Humanity in Midstream*, Yoshi Akiyama swiftly and officially joined the team as collections manager in 2000. Since then, Yoshi has curated numerous exhibits, including *Commemorating the Catch: Fish Carvings by Stephen Smith* (2019), *Angling Art Uncorked* (2016), *The Wonders of Fly Fishing* (2013), *Memories on the Water: A Photographic Journey Through Fly Fishing's Past* (2010), *Gadgets & Gear: 20th Century Innovations in Fly Fishing* (2009), and *Ogden M. Pleissner: The Sporting Grand Tour* (2008), among others. He has helped build our permanent collection into an exceptional accumulation of all things fly fishing, has designed for and branded AMFF, and, most importantly, he has given AMFF a face. As we wish Yoshi a happy twentieth anniversary with AMFF and look back on all of his accomplishments, we find ourselves in a state of awe.

Now that I've shared some insights on our team, I want to learn more about you, our members and readers! You will soon be receiving—if you haven't already—a survey via snail mail to help us better understand your opinions and motivations, and ultimately better serve you. So, what makes you tick? AMFF will always be a collaboration between the museum and its members, and knowing each other well is a key to continued success.

SARAH FOSTER  
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



## Catch and Release the Spirit of Fly Fishing!

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### MISSION

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF FLY FISHING is the steward of the history, traditions, and practices of the sport of fly fishing and promotes the conservation of its waters. The museum collects, preserves, exhibits, studies, and interprets the artifacts, art, and literature of the sport and, through a variety of outreach platforms, uses these resources to engage, educate, and benefit all.

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 [amff@amff.org](mailto:amff@amff.org) 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 Samantha Pitcher at [spitcher@amff.org](mailto:spitcher@amff.org) to tell us how we would benefit from your skills and talents.

### SUPPORT

The American Museum of Fly Fishing relies on the generosity of public-spirited individuals for substantial support. If you wish to contribute funding to a specific program, donate an item for fund-raising purposes, or place an advertisement in this journal, contact Sarah Foster at [sfoster@amff.org](mailto:sfoster@amff.org). We encourage you to give the museum consideration when planning for gifts, bequests, and memorials.

### JOIN

Membership Dues (per annum)

Patron	\$1,000
Sustainer	\$500
Contributor	\$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 by appointment 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 Samantha Pitcher at [spitcher@amff.org](mailto:spitcher@amff.org).

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

