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Doerr on the Rogue, Rich on the Rapid



Bobby Doerr signs a copy of the Fall 2005 journal in September 2007. Photo by John Feldenzer.

ON THE MORNING of November 14, Sara Wilcox e-mailed me with news that Boston Red Sox great Bobby Doerr had died the day before. We'd run a big story about him and Ted Williams back in 2005, and we thought we should note his passing in the journal. I was going to check in with the author of that piece, John Feldenzer, to ask if he'd be interested in writing something for us, but he beat me to the punch, e-mailing me that evening.

Feldenzer had been working on an update to his 2005 piece off and on for a few years; it had, he said, "now become a memorial piece." In "Bobby Doerr: Half-Pounders, the Rogue River, and a Love of Fly Fishing: A Memorial to a Friend" (page 9), Feldenzer offers up not only details of Doerr's storied life, but also the history of a friendship ignited by that 2005 article, which continued with annual fishing trips to Doerr's home water, the Rogue.

Speaking of storied lives, almost a year ago David Van Wie embarked on what he called his storied waters tour: "a 5,000-mile odyssey to explore and celebrate treasured waters made famous by my literary heroes." The American Museum of Fly Fishing was an early stop, and we were excited to hear about Van Wie's plans. I kept up with his blog posts and followed his travels through eight states, where he fished in more than fifty locations as he reflected on the work of writers and artists "who had something to say about these storied waters." We were all a little envious of his trip. For our pages, Van Wie has chosen an episode near the end of his six-week tour to give us a feel for what it was like out there. In "I Took to the Woods: A Storied Waters Adventure," we find him on Maine's Rapid River,

where Louise Dickinson Rich lived and wrote her 1942 memoir, *I Took to the Woods*. To follow along, turn to page 2.

From our own storied library shelves, we reach back 100 years to bring you O. W. Smith's "Fly-Fishing for Trout," a chapter from his book, *Trout Lore*. Smith was a clergyman and *Outdoor Life's* angling editor. *The American Review of Reviews: An International Magazine* had this to say about the book: "Only a very experienced fisherman should hope to add anything worth while to the already extensive literature of trout-fishing, but the angling editor of *Outdoor Life* has behind him a record of forty years as an industrious fisherman and he has sought the trout of America in many waters east and west. Like all well-regulated anglers, from Isaac Walton down, Mr. Smith is a philosopher and a humanist. These qualities make his book readable even for the rank amateur" (January-June 1917, 666). For Smith's musings and advice, turn to page 17.

Each year, we like to acknowledge those who so graciously donate money, resources, and time to the museum. We couldn't do it without you. A list of those who helped to further our mission in 2017 begins on page 22.

From the what-the-museum's-been-up-to department: on page 26, we report on our third Iron Fly event and our first tying event of the season, Tie One On. Turn to page 19 to meet our seven newest ambassadors. And did you know that there are plenty of opportunities to spend time with us this year? Check out our upcoming events list on page 27. We're celebrating our fiftieth anniversary. Won't you join us?

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The American Fly Fisher

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ON THE COVER: *Bobby Doerr teaching casting at the Hall of Fame in May 2005. Photograph by Milo Stewart. Courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame.*

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I Took to the Woods: A Storied Waters Adventure

by David Van Wie

All photos by David Van Wie except where noted



The Winter House at Forest Lodge on the Rapid River in Maine.

IN MAY 2017, I embarked on an epic six-week trip I called the Storied Waters Tour: a fly-fishing, writing, and photography odyssey to visit rivers, streams, and ponds that have appeared in our favorite books and stories. I wanted to see these famous places both through the eyes of the writers who came before me and as they are today. I would wade in the footsteps of giants and cast my fly among the spirits of immortal characters.

The Storied Waters Tour was inspired by an invitation I received from Grace V. Wood, daughter of celebrated author John Voelker, who wrote under the pen name Robert Traver. I had contacted Grace to ask permission to reprint her father's iconic passage "Testament of a Fisherman"¹ in *The Confluence*,² a collective memoir I was writing with six of my college classmates about our twenty-

plus-year tradition of fly fishing for wild brook trout in the Dartmouth College Grant in northern New Hampshire.

Grace gave us permission to reprint "Testament" in our book and later invited me to fish with her husband, Woody, at Uncles—John Voelker's favorite, secret retreat, which appears in his stories as Frenchman's Pond.³ This was an invitation I couldn't turn down. It's a long drive from Maine to the Upper Peninsula of Michigan where Voelker lived and wrote his beloved fishing tales, so I decided to turn the trip into a grand literary journey as well as the fly-fishing adventure of a lifetime.

Leaving from my home in Maine, I fished my way across New England to the Catskills and Pennsylvania, over to Wisconsin, up to Michigan's Upper Peninsula, down to the Au Sable River in Michigan, then to the Ausable River in the

Adirondacks, across Vermont and New Hampshire, and finally back to Maine.

I started at Walden Pond and finished in the Maine woods, celebrating Thoreau's contribution to natural philosophy at both ends of the trip.⁴ After catching my first fish at Walden (a smallmouth bass on a popper), my second stop was Manchester, Vermont, where I fished the Batten Kill, visited Orvis headquarters, and toured the American Museum of Fly Fishing before heading to the Beaverkill and on to the spring creeks of Pennsylvania.

During the six-week trip, I fished in more than fifty locations in eight states, driving more than 5,700 miles, while reflecting on the work of forty or so famous writers and artists who had something to say about these storied waters. The list includes Corey Ford, Aldo Leopold, Gordon MacQuarrie, Ernest Hemingway, Winslow Homer,



Logging road leading in to the Rapid River.

Howard Frank Mosher, John Irving, and Arthur MacDougall, to name just a few.

I blogged about the rivers, the writers, and my fishing escapades as I went, recording more than twenty episodes and dozens of photos on my website, WatchYourBackcast.com. My Storied Waters blog attracted a modest following that grew as I wandered the countryside, collecting bug bites, snagging flies, and making new friends. I'm now working on turning my adventure blog into a book.

Every place I visited was special, but a few stops stood out, primarily because of the people who went out of their way to make my trip so memorable. Special thanks to the Woods and all the other folks who told me their stories and pointed me toward some willing fish.

The following episode from the last week of my trip epitomizes the entire odyssey. I hope you enjoy it. You can read more about my adventures on my blog and, I hope, in the book to come.

I'm not sure what I expected, but certainly not this.

When I was planning the Storied Waters trip, I included the Rapid River in Maine, where Louise Dickinson Rich lived and wrote her 1942 memoir, *We Took to the Woods*.⁵ This Book-of-the-Month-Club classic is still in print (Down East Books, 2007) and has a strong fan base today because of Rich's humor, humanity, and detail in relating a sense of place and time living on a remote river that is still a world-class fly-fishing destination. Louise loved fly fishing and tying flies,

and her voice is a compelling part of fly-fishing history.

I was at the Western Maine Fly Fishing Expo in Bethel in March 2017 telling some people about my planned adventure. I think it was Jeff Reardon of Maine Trout Unlimited who said, "You should talk to Aldro French. He lives in the house where Louise used to live on the Rapid."



"Rich—The Summer House, porch look out over Rapid River" was typed onto the back of this photo, taken ca. 1942–1943. It was part of a donation from Louise Dickinson Rich's daughter Dinah to Bridgewater State University in Louise's hometown of Bridgewater, Massachusetts. Image courtesy of the Maxwell Library at Bridgewater State University.

"OK, good idea! I don't know him, but I'll see if I can figure out how to reach him."

"That should be easy. He's right over there. I'll introduce you."

Aldro has been a fixture in Maine fly fishing for more than fifty years. He looks the part: flowing white hair and a white beard, and the weathered face of someone who has guided for years. He eyed me warily as I told him about my plans and desire to visit Forest Lodge near the end of my trip. Aldro wrote down his e-mail address, asking me to confirm the date with him and arrange a time to meet. I am sure both of us felt this was all rather tentative.

I had fished the Rapid once years ago with my good friend and longtime fishing buddy, Lou Zambello, by mountain biking in from the gate. Knowing how difficult the access is, I was hoping just to get in for an afternoon to see the place where Louise Rich lived, interview Aldro, take some photos, and maybe cast a line in the river for an hour. I didn't want to be a bother.

Aldro has run Forest Lodge, Rich's former home, as a sporting camp (part-time for thirty-eight years and full-time for twenty years), but has recently wound down operations, taking no new clients, just a few of his longtime regulars who return to fish and socialize. As "keeper of the lodge," he has faithfully preserved the history and spirit of Louise Dickinson Rich and her husband Ralph

Rich, maintaining the Summer House, the Winter House, and the Guide Camp as essentially a living museum, entered on the National Register of Historic Places in 2008.⁶

In late May, I got an e-mail with a map to the gate (more than 14 miles across rough dirt logging roads) and instructions to meet Aldro there at noon on June 18. “Bring good coffee,” he added. With no phone and sketchy e-mail and texting at the lodge, our communications were fairly cryptic.

FIRST STOP: MAGALLOWAY RIVER

On Sunday morning, I said goodbye to my friends at the cabin where we were staying in the Dartmouth College Grant. I had to pick up a few things in nearby Errol, New Hampshire, where a text message came through on my phone from Aldro: “I’ll be at the gate at 2:00 p.m. on Sunday. Please confirm.”

Hmm, I thought, Meet at 2:00. This will be an abbreviated visit. But I was glad to have the chance to get in there at all. I sent a text to confirm my arrival, although I was not sure if he would get it in time.

With an extra two hours, I had time to fish on the lower Magalloway River in Wilson’s Mills, Maine, below Aziscohos Dam. I had no luck with a few casts below the Route 16 bridge (it sure looked nice), nor in the famous Mailbox Pool, which I had to myself, although I didn’t have enough time to really work it and figure it out. My focus for the day was the Rapid River and Forest Lodge.

I’ve fished for many years with Lou Zambello on the upper Magalloway, above Aziscohos Lake and Parmachenee Lake, including the famous Little Boy Falls where President Eisenhower fished in 1955.⁷ A photo of Ike landing a trout there was on the front page of newspapers all over the world. I was surprised to learn from Alice Arlen’s biography of Louise Dickinson Rich⁸ that Little Boy Falls is also where Louise started a guided canoe trip with her sister in August 1933, traversing Parmachenee Lake, Aziscohos Lake, and Umbagog Lake with a portage up the Carry Road along the Rapid River past Forest Lodge.

Louise learned to fly fish on that eventful and impressive trip. Not only did she fall in love with fly fishing (“hooked, as they say,” she quipped)⁹ and the backwoods of Maine, she also met her soon-to-be-husband, Ralph, an engineer who had just moved to Forest Lodge to escape the corporate rat race. I guess there was a corporate rat race even back in the 1930s.



Lower Magalloway River downstream from the Route 16 bridge.



*An undated portrait of Louise Dickinson Rich.
Photo by Leja Gorska. Image courtesy of the Maxwell
Library at Bridgewater State University.*

For both Louise and Ralph, each married before, it was love at first sight. They both realized quickly that they shared many interests and values. He wrote to her constantly over the next few months, and at Christmastime, Louise left her teaching job in Massachusetts and took to the woods with Ralph. There she started writing stories set in “these parts” for many national magazines and published her first book, *We Took to the Woods*, in 1942. The book is a warm, vivid, and personal account of rustic living, raising children, surviving frigid winters, and appreciating the hardships and wonders of a life among loggers and sportsmen, far from “civilized” society. There is plenty of fly fishing, of course.

The Riches lived at Forest Lodge (mostly) full time from 1933 until Ralph died suddenly in 1944. Louise continued to spend summers there until 1955 (when she sold the property to a close family friend) and went on to publish more than twenty books in her career. She died in 1991.

AT THE GATE

I pulled up to the gate at precisely 2:00. I am used to driving on rough roads, so I made good time in my 4WD Nissan

Rogue. There, also waiting for Aldro, was a lovely couple from Vermont, Jack (known as Doc) Beecham and Allie Stickney, in their Prius. *Wow*, I thought. *It must have taken them hours to pick their way around the rocks and puddles with that low ground clearance.*

Jack introduced himself, retired now from Dartmouth’s Norris Cotton Cancer Center, and said he’d been coming to Forest Lodge for many years. He and Allie had recently been married. Before I could learn much about Allie,¹⁰ Aldro pulled up in his pickup.

Aldro instructed me to go ahead to the lodge, as it would take longer with the Prius and they would need to unload their gear to his truck for the last mile, where the road gets too rough for smaller cars.

“You’ll be staying in the Winter House, first building on the left,” he said. To me.

(OK, what? Staying in the Winter House? The one in the book?)

I hadn’t planned to spend the night but I’d been thinking about asking if there was a room available, given that I really wanted to fish the river on what promised to be a lovely evening. At that point, I still had no idea what to expect at the lodge as I hadn’t done much research

other than read the book and arrange the date for a visit.

I pulled up to the Winter House and stepped onto the porch, which has a spectacular view of the river and what is left of Pond-in-the-River Dam. It certainly looked like the pictures I had seen. The Riches lived here in the winter because it was smaller and easier to keep warm. There is a sign on the wall about the Friends of Forest Lodge, a nonprofit Aldro had set up, dedicated to preserving Louise Rich’s legacy and the historic buildings on site. The larger Summer House is only 50 yards away, much closer than I thought.

Inside, the three-room Winter House looks like it hasn’t changed since the 1940s. The “wallpaper” in the living/dining room is a collection of original magazine covers, comics, ads, and articles from the 1930s and 1940s, including *Saturday Evening Post*, *Liberty*, and *Cosmopolitan*, probably issues that ran Louise’s articles.

I put my bag on the bed in the small bedroom, where Louise and Ralph had slept. I imagined Louise and their hired hand, Gerrish, tying flies at the table. The books on the shelf and the furnishings were probably there when Louise left. The propane lights were “new,” but an original oil lamp was mounted on the wall.



Clockwise from above: View from the porch of the Winter House looking toward Lower Dam.

Original wallpaper inside the Winter House.

Interior of the Winter House at Forest Lodge.





The pool below the Summer House where I encountered a very large brook trout.



Louise Dickinson Rich with her son Rufus by the Rapid River ca. 1942–1943. The Lower Dam can be seen in the background. Image courtesy of the Maxwell Library at Bridgewater State University.

FISHING THE RAPID

Aldro still hadn't pulled in, so I wandered down toward the Summer House and a small cabin next to it, where I met Richard Hegeman, a jeweler from Rhode Island, tying flies on the porch overlooking the roaring river below. Richard showed me the tiny brown Rapid River caddis he had tied and told me he'd been coming here since the 1990s, about as long as Doc Beecham. The two of them had some great stories to tell of their misadventures over the years. According to Richard, Doc is good at falling in the river.

I told Richard I wanted to make a few casts in the pool below while waiting for Aldro to arrive. I grabbed two rods, one rigged with sinking line, and climbed carefully down the steep wooden steps to the pool below the porch where Richard was working. The entire Rapid River, as its name implies, is loud and powerful. This pool had a strong current with a swirling back eddy.

I flipped a white maribou soft-hackle Black Ghost out into the current and pulled some more line off the reel. The fly disappeared into the foam. As the fly came back into view, a large silvery shadow rose and disappeared near the fly. I threw the fly out again, a little farther.

On the second strip, I knew I'd hooked a big fish. I could feel the individual shakes of its head, *whump whump whump*, rather than the quiver you feel from a small fish. I kept the line tight and tried to determine what the fish would do.

It ran . . . across the pool into the heavy current, taking in all my slack line and a bunch more off the reel. When it stopped, I started to work it back into the slower water near shore.

"Richard! Can you bring me a net?" I shouted above the roar of the river. I felt like an idiot. I had just met the guy. All I had was my rod. And this felt like the biggest trout I'd ever had on a line.

As Richard hurried down the stairs with a net, I moved the big fish up toward my feet. Then it ran again, this time upstream for the rocks and the deep water under a small drop, back in the heavy water. As it disappeared into the rocks . . . *snap*.

"Oh, sh . . . ooot!" From me, not the trout.

I sheepishly looked up at Richard who was standing there, net in hand at the bottom of the stairs. Now I *really* felt bad. He'd had come running for naught. I reeled in my broken leader—a brand new 5X—and saw that the line had broken cleanly.

"Well, if someone ever catches that trout, they'll get the fly I tied yesterday as a bonus."



A pair of kayakers head down the Rapid River ca. 1942–1943; the woman in front is believed to be Louise Dickinson Rich. Image courtesy of the Maxwell Library at Bridgewater State University.



Aldro French and Ginny Sislane fish on Pond in the River.

I thanked Richard for his help and went up to grab my vest and net, then returned to the same place, deciding to try nymphs on my other rod, rigged with floating line, to see if I could interest that beast again with something different. No luck, of course.

I moved down the pool a bit and drifted a big Royal Wulff on top with a red nymph dropper in the slower water. On the first cast, a salmon took the nymph and immediately leaped clear out of the water and across the pool. This time I landed the fish before heading back up the stairs, wondering how many fish Louise had taken in this pool.

DINNER AND DUSK

At the top near the Summer House, I met Aldro and reported my misfortune with the big trout. His nonresponse indicated he had seen fools like me lose big fish plenty of times.

“Why don’t you go down into the kitchen and meet Ginny? She’s making dinner. She can tell you what time we’ll be eating.”

Ginny Sislane, whose four dogs were lounging in a portable pen near the house, was making a scrumptious-looking dessert with strawberries and rhubarb from the garden. She planned an early

dinner so we could all fish afterward until dark. I learned later that Ginny works as a controller for a seafood company near Boston.

At about six o’clock, the six of us sat down for dinner in the basement of the Summer House. We enjoyed dinner and dessert and good-natured ribbing among old friends. I felt privileged to be part of this interesting family of conservation-minded folks who love the setting and its storied history.

After dinner, Aldro and Ginny walked up to Pond in the River to fish from a canoe. I waded into the river below the footings of the old Lower Dam near a

nice seam where two currents joined in a deep pool. While stripping a streamer through the run, I saw a fish jump clear out of the water across the river. There were a few splashy rises within casting distance, so I switched to my dry-fly rig.

I wasn't sure what they were taking, but a Hornberg worked, as did a caddis emerger. I landed four landlocked salmon, all 12 to 15 inches of quicksilver energy, each one leaping into the twilight. Quite a way to end an unexpected day!

GRAND TOUR

The next morning, I went down to the kitchen where Richard poured me coffee (I had brought Kickapoo brand coffee from Wisconsin) and cooked me a couple soft-boiled eggs with English muffins. We chatted as the others rolled in, and then Aldro invited me on a guided tour of the several buildings, some original and others newer. He told me that his father had bought the place in the 1960s but died several years later, passing it to Aldro.

"My family, we're all Bowdoin folks," he said with a wry smile, ribbing me about my connection to Dartmouth.

Aldro loves this place, and now in his seventies, worries about what will become of Louise and Ralph Rich's legacy (and his own, I suspect). He finds it harder and harder to maintain the dozen buildings and would love to find the right buyer to keep the spirits alive here.

LAST CAST

I had time for one more fishing excursion before Aldro took me and Ginny to the gate. This time, Aldro sent me downstream a mile or so on one of his ATVs to Cold Spring Pool and Smooth Ledge (one of Louise's favorite places). I loaded my rods and gear onto the machine and headed slowly down the rough Carry Road. It was another muggy and buggy day, so the slight breeze on the ATV was a relief.

At Cold Spring, I caught three classic Rapid River brook trout, all more than 14 inches, one on a nymph, one on an emerger, and one on a streamer. At Smooth Ledge, where one could fish all day and never tire of the amazing rock formations, I caught one more before declaring to myself, *OK, this is my last cast.*

Twenty-five casts later, I finally tucked the fly into an eyelet on my rod and trudged back up the hill to the road, smiling to myself that I had such a delightful twenty-four hours at Forest Lodge.

Many thanks to Aldro, Ginny, Richard, Doc, and Allie for welcoming me and allowing me to be immersed in the stories

of Forest Lodge and waters of the Rapid River. What an unexpected treat!

I can't help but end by quoting Louise's words from the closing chapter of *We Took to the Woods*:

Why did we come to live here in the first place? We thought it was because we liked the woods, because we wanted to find a simple, leisurely way of life. Now, looking back, I think that we were unconsciously seeking to find a lost sense of our identity. . . . [L]iving here has changed me. I hope it has changed me for the better. Certainly I am happier. . . . Certainly I am more at home in this world that we have created than ever I was in that vast and confusing maelstrom that we call civilization.¹¹

I couldn't agree more.

ENDNOTES

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3. Ed Wargin (photographs) and James

McCullough (essays), *Voelker's Pond: A Robert Traver Legacy* (Chelsea, Mich.: Huron River Press, 2003).

4. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden; or Life in the Woods* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1854) and Henry David Thoreau, *The Maine Woods* (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1864).

5. Louise Dickinson Rich, *We Took to the Woods* (Philadelphia and New York: J. B. Lippincott, 1942). Currently available from Down East Books, Camden, Maine (2007).

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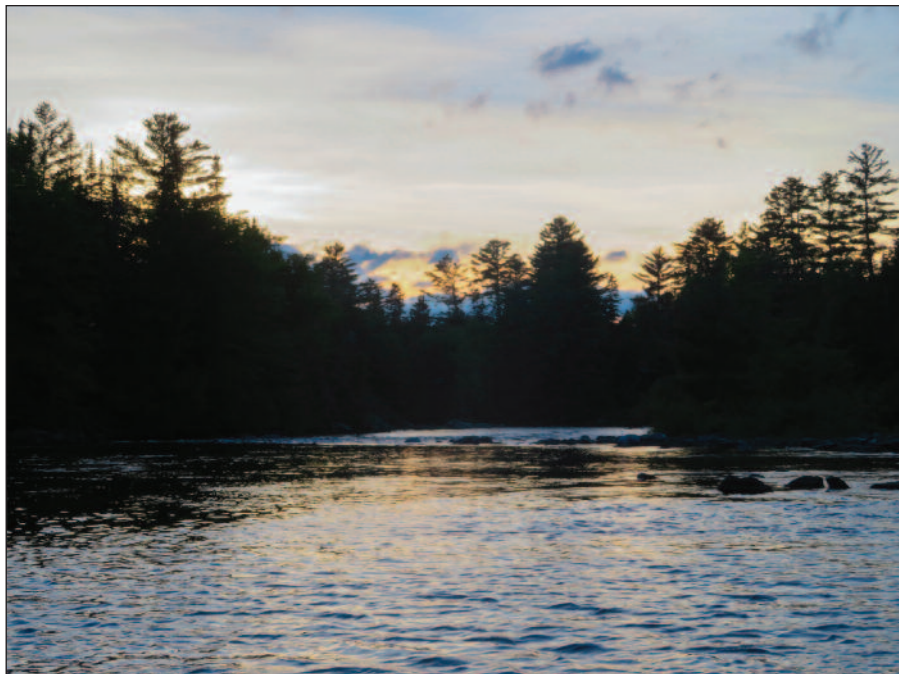
7. Maine Historical Society, Maine Memory Network, online photo archive item 78725: President Eisenhower fishing, Little Boy Falls, 1955. Contributed by the Margaret Chase Smith Library. www.mainememory.net/artifact/78725. Accessed 26 October 2017. There is also a fine exhibit about President Eisenhower's visit to Maine at the Outdoor Sporting Heritage Museum in Oquossoc, Maine.

8. Alice Arlen, *She Took to the Woods: A Biography and Selected Writings of Louise Dickinson Rich* (Camden, Me.: Down East Books, 2000).

9. Ibid., 28.

10. Melissa Pasanen, "A Widow and a Widower Embrace Love after Loss," *New York Times*, Weddings, 9 September 2016. www.nytimes.com/2016/09/11/fashion/weddings/vows-seriously-committed-and-not-just-to-each-other.html?_r=0. Accessed 26 October 2017.

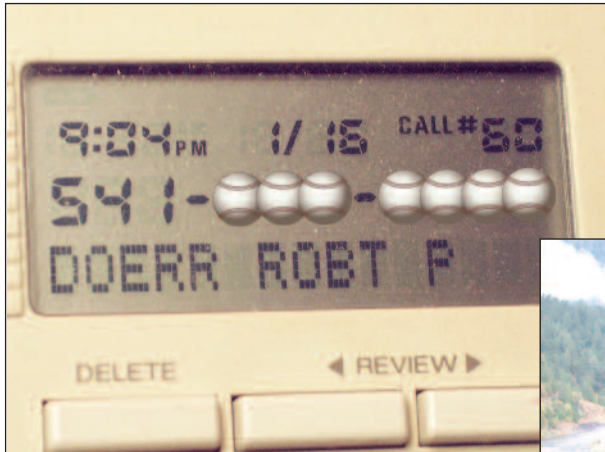
11. Rich, *We Took to the Woods*, 319.



A quiet evening on the Rapid River below Lower Dam.

Bobby Doerr, Half-Pounders, the Rogue River, and a Love of Fly Fishing: Memorial to a Friend

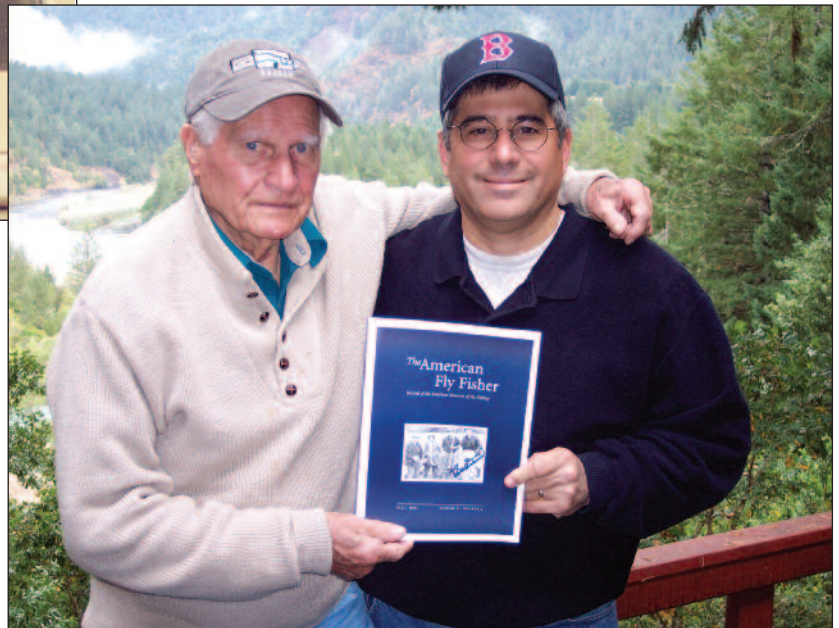
by John A. Feldenzer



John A. Feldenzer

Above: The phone call. Bobby Doerr calls from the Rogue in January 2005 to discuss the Paul Young rod.

Right: Bobby on his porch with the author and an autographed journal in October 2008.



Karen C. Feldenzer

IT HAS BEEN MORE than a dozen years since I chronicled the story of Boston Red Sox greats Bobby Doerr, Ted Williams, and their relationship with Paul Young and the fine bamboo rods that he produced and sold.¹ On 7 April 2017, Bobby Doerr turned ninety-nine. When I began work on this article, I thought that it was time for an update before his one hundredth birthday; but my good friend Bobby Doerr died at 3:00 p.m. on 13 November 2017. This piece, in progress at the time of his death, is now a memorial.

AN UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIP

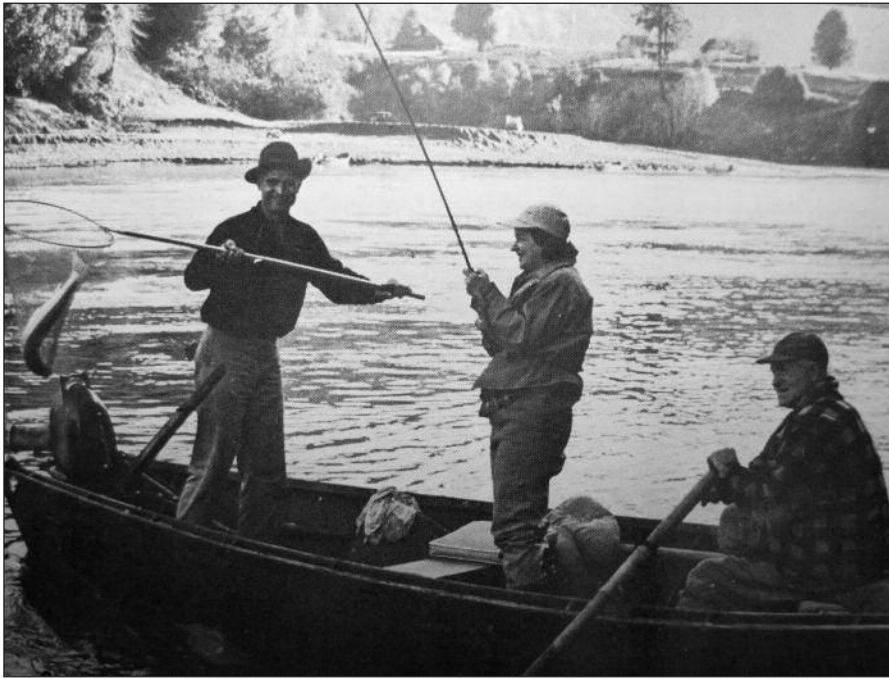
I met Robert Pershing Doerr in a convoluted way. A devoted collector and a student of fly-fishing-tackle history, I pur-

chased a Paul Young “Bobby Doerr” model—a 9-foot, darkly flamed bamboo steelhead/salmon fly rod—from Martin Keane in 2004.² Built originally in 1955 for Russell C. Malone of Matamoras, Pennsylvania, the rod (serial no. 2093) was in mint condition.³

So who was Bobby Doerr? I grew up in central New Jersey as a Philadelphia Phillies fan and knew little to nothing about the Red Sox of old. Doerr had retired in 1951, four years before I was born. My father was an avid childhood Red Sox fan, but he had already passed. So I did what we now routinely do: I Googled him. An address in Junction City, Oregon, was available. I was reluctant to call him, so I wrote a letter and asked if he would call me to discuss the rod. (I had no idea then of the mail

Bobby received daily from fans requesting autographs, etc.) Several weeks later came a message on the answering machine: “Hi John, this is Bob Doerr. I want to talk with you about that rod.” Thus began a friendship that lasted thirteen years. We discussed the rod and the failed attempt in 1990 by his friend Tom Ripp to publish the Doerr rod/Paul Young story in *Fly Fisherman* magazine; I then offered to investigate and document the story of Doerr, Williams, and Paul Young.⁴

Bobby was very pleased with the 2005 article that appeared in the *American Fly Fisher*, “Of Baseball and Bamboo: Bobby Doerr, Ted Williams, and the Paul H. Young Rod Company.” He thought that it accurately reflected his relationship with Ted, the fishing on the Rogue, and



1958–59 Paul H. Young catalog photo (page 33): Bobby landing a steelhead on the Rogue River for Martha Marie Young. Image courtesy of Robert Golder.

their pursuit of fine tackle, particularly the functional, great-casting, well-made bamboo fly rods for use on river-run salmon and steelhead. Ted and Bobby's friendship with Paul and Martha Marie Young, their memorable fishing trips on the Rogue River and in the Florida Keys, as well as their discussions with the innovative rod maker on taper improvement are an important part of fly-fishing history. Bobby was happy that his story had been told.

Beginning in 2005, my wife Karen and I became close friends of Doerr, then eighty-seven. He invited me to Red Sox training camp that year in Fort Myers and to a fund-raising dinner for the Ted Williams Museum and Hitters Hall of Fame in Hernando, Florida. There I met Dominic DiMaggio, Johnny Pesky, and Dave "Boo" Ferris for the first time. We watched the Red Sox play the Cardinals. We were invited in 2007, as Bobby's guests, to attend the Baseball Hall of Fame induction ceremony of Cal Ripken Jr. and Tony Gwynn at Cooperstown. On July 29, before the induction, the Hall of Fame honored Bobby Doerr in a special presentation. With time, however, our relationship focused more on fly fishing than Red Sox history. More accurately, it focused on fly fishing the Rogue River in Oregon for fall-run steelhead and salmon. In this article, I want to share some personal memories of fly fishing with this former Red Sox second baseman who, at the time of his death, was the Baseball Hall of Fame's oldest living inductee.

DOERR'S LOVE OF THE ROGUE (1936–2012)

Bobby fell in love with the Rogue as a teenager, and his knowledge of the river and its history was remarkable. He first came to the Illahe area of Agness on the Rogue in late 1936 with Les Cook to camp and fish.⁵ "Cookie" was an avid fisherman and the trainer for Bobby's first team, the San Diego Padres (formerly the Hollywood Stars of the Pacific

Coast League). There is a prominent rock in the middle of the river upstream of Doerr's home (above Anderson's Island and below Payton Riffle, across from Wild River Lodge) where Cookie placed the teenage Doerr and left him to fish there (in good water) most of the day! It's called Cookie's Rock, of course, among locals.

Bobby recognized the fishing and hunting opportunities and, when he signed with the Red Sox in 1937, he used his signing-bonus money to buy land on the Rogue. It was Les Cook who introduced Bobby to the local "little red-headed school teacher," Monica Terpin, who later became his wife. In a video, *Bobby Doerr: The Silent Captain*, Bobby tells of their first date: a winter dance for which he had to cross the river to pick her up. She was dressed for the weather; he was not. On their way back to Monica's home late in the night, the boat seat had iced up, and Bobby was unable to clear it. When he began to sit down, he noted that she had opened her overcoat for him to sit on. He said that he fell in love with her at that moment!⁶ They were married for sixty-five years. Their first home was a mountainside cabin built in 1938 by Burl Rutledge, a neighbor and owner of Illahe Lodge.⁷ Bobby lost his beloved "Mony" in December 2003.

At his retirement in 1951, Bobby was asked by Tom Yawkey, owner of the Red Sox, what he would like as a gift. Bobby asked for and received a well-needed generator, as there was no electricity then in that area of Agness. After retiring from the Red Sox, Doerr logged some of his Rogue property and worked as a fishing

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Hall of Fame induction ceremony emcee Gary Thorne (left) and special honoree Bobby Doerr, 28 July 2007.

guide and mink farmer. He returned to the majors as a coach for the Red Sox (1967–1969), then the Toronto Blue Jays (1980). He kept his river home and always loved returning to the Rogue.

Bobby, Mony, and son Don lived on the mountainside until they moved to a ranch in Junction City, Mony's hometown, so that Don could attend middle school in 1953. Bobby ran cattle on that ranch. The current Doerr ranch-style cabin was built on riverside high ground in 1960 by Bobby and his father. He kept this riverside home, usually staying there from fall through spring each year.

The Rogue River in southwest Oregon is one of the original eight wild and scenic rivers designated as such by the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act of 1968. It is famous for its beauty, teeming wildlife, and for camping, fishing, and white-water rafting. There is a rich riverine history, including early settlement, the Indian War of 1855–1856, and gold mining.⁸ Colorful characters abounded on the Rogue. It was a favorite destination for movie stars and sports figures. Zane Grey made its fishing famous in his 1928 book, *Tales of Fresh-Water Fishing*. It is no surprise that Doerr fell in love with this place.⁹

WITH BOBBY ON THE ROGUE (2005–2012)

At Bobby's invitation in 2005, Karen and I began our yearly fall excursions to southwestern Oregon. The drill was straightforward: we would fly across country, pick up Bobby, then drive the five hours in Bobby's Chevy Suburban (complete with DOERR 1 license plates) to the Rogue. Our final destination was the Illahe area of Agness, about 35 miles upstream from the Rogue's mouth at Gold Beach.

There is a spectacular view of the river from Bobby's back porch. The home—adorned with a boat oar whose flat is labeled “Open Doerr”—is located next to the Illahe Lodge, where Ernie Rutledge, his parents, and now daughter Coleen have hosted and guided fishermen on the Rogue since the 1939–1940 season.¹⁰ We always planned on mid-September to early October for a week of fly fishing. This was the best time to catch the fall run of the Rogue's famous so-called half-pounders. These 12- to 18-inch steelhead usually weigh more than a half pound and are a mixture of wild and stocked (identified by their clipped adipose fin) fish. They fight violently and often jump when hooked, as most anadromous fish will. We fished from a boat and were most successful with



View of the Rogue from Bobby's house, September 2005.

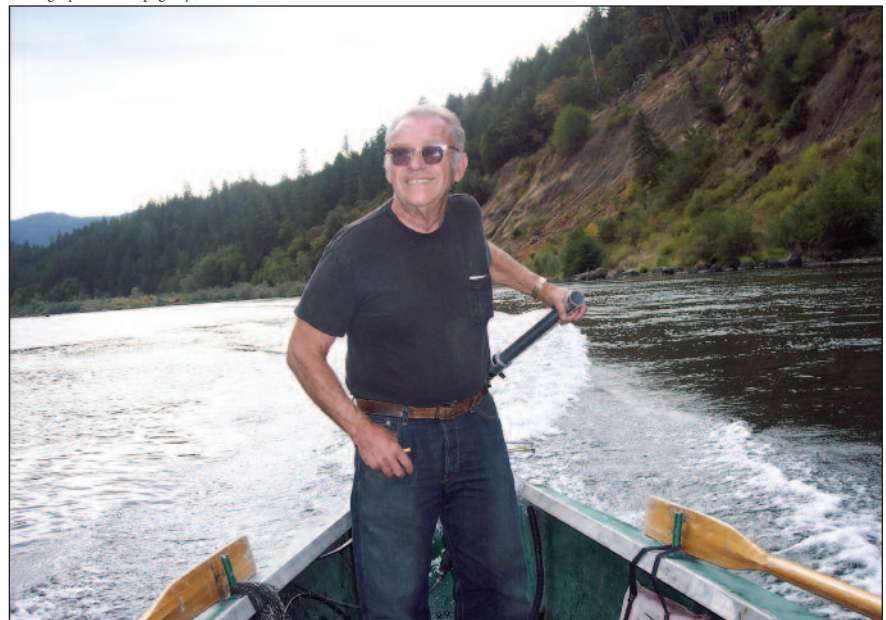


Left: Illahe Lodge sign, September 2007.

Below: “Open Doerr” sign at the cabin, September 2005.



Photographs on this page by John A. Feldenzer



Ernie Rutledge in September 2008.

downstream swinging-nymph patterns, especially beadheads. Ernie's Copper or Green Herniator patterns, popularized on the Trinity River, were favorites; 7- and 8-weight rods were most suitable, especially as an occasional salmon would be hooked. Occasionally, these half-pounders could be caught on the dry fly, such as a Royal Wulff.

In earlier years, Bobby would fire up his outboard, and we fished with him as guide. He had worked as a professional fishing guide on the Rogue after low-back problems forced his premature baseball retirement in 1951. Even in his late eighties, Bobby was a strong man with big, muscular arms, and he handled a boat well. Later, we secured the guiding services of Illahe Lodge's Ernie Rutledge,

his personal friend. Rarely would we use another guide. We usually fished upstream of Bobby's house in the wild-river section. Bobby's favorite holes included Brushy Bar Riffle, East Creek (the General's Cabin), Solitude, Billings Ford, Clay Hill Pool, Payton Riffle, and Cookie's Rock.¹¹

Bobby was an excellent caster and very competent fly fisher even into his nineties. A typical day would have us on the river by 7:00 a.m., fish until 11:00 a.m., return at 4:00 p.m., and fish until dark. My fishing logs give the following data on steelhead I caught over a five-year period: 101 steelhead over four days in 2008, forty-five steelhead over four days in 2009, thirty-seven steelhead over three-and-a-half days in 2010, fifty-eight

steelhead over three-and-a-half days in 2011, and seventy-four steelhead over three-and-a-half days in 2012, my last year on the Rogue. As mentioned before, these were a mixture of wild (25 to 35 percent) and hatchery fish. A large increase in the run of half-pounders occurred in 2008.¹²

Doerr was an icon on the river and well known among the locals. It was always a treat to go down to Cougar Lane (a tackle and grocery store, restaurant, campground, and motel!) for lunch or into Gold Beach to see Ted Watkins at Gold Beach Books and have dinner at Spinner's Seafood, Steak & Chophouse. When Bobby was in town, word got out, and people came to meet him. Almost always an autograph or two was handed out.

John A. Feldenzer



Bobby guiding on the Rogue, September 2005.

John A. Feldenzer



Bobby casting in September 2007.

Karen C. Feldenzer



Ernie guiding Bobby and the author in September 2008.

Karen C. Feldenzer



Bobby and the author heading out for a day on the water in September 2008.



Bobby Doerr and Karen Feldenzer talking on the porch in September 2012.

Karen and Bobby usually started the day feeding corn to the wild turkeys, deer, and on one occasion, elk! The area was packed with wildlife. We often saw black bear on the banks of the Rogue, but they never approached the corn feeders at the house. When not fishing, we sat on the porch overlooking the river and talked. The stellar jays would screech and jump on and off the bird feeder while competing with Bruno, the local chipmunk, for seed. There were no cell phones or computer distractions. The TV was only on if the Red Sox were playing. It was perfect. We discussed topics from theology to politics; weather, especially historic local floods; Native American history; and arrowhead collecting. We talked about characters like the famous fishing guide Larry Lucas and the writer-fisherman Zane Grey. Grey's Rogue River cabin is still intact at Winkle Bar.

We also talked about baseball, America's great pastime. As we had both played the keystone sack position (second base)—I as a collegiate athlete, he as a Hall of Fame major leaguer—our discussions were often technical: how to turn the double play, for example. We agreed that crossing the bag was optimal, but what about the footwork? Bobby was an excellent defensive second baseman, a top double-play man. He once handled 414 consecutive chances without an error.

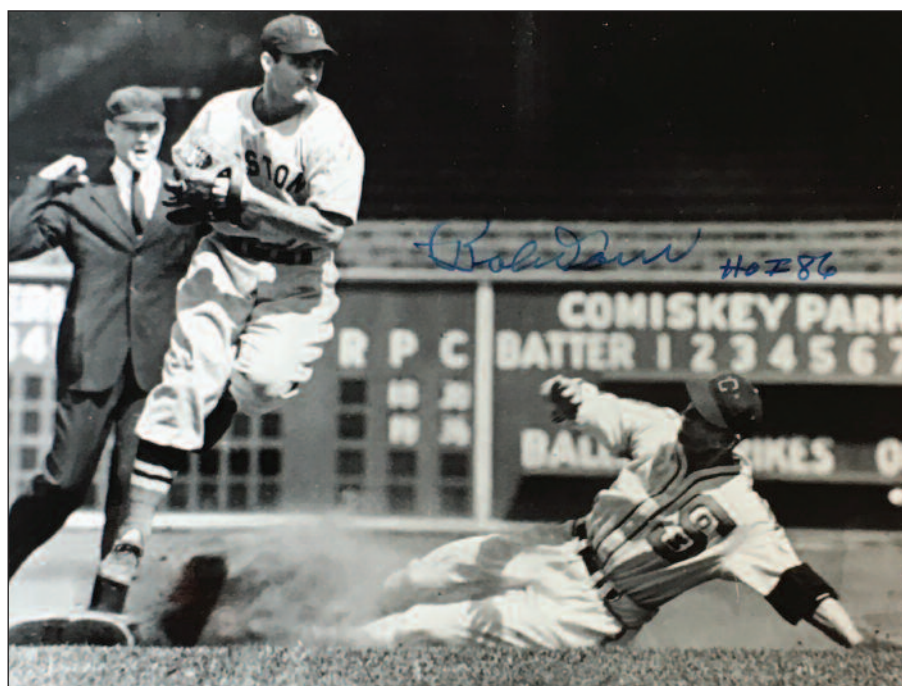
I am a neurosurgeon. I asked Bobby about the spring of 1939 and Lou Gehrig. Doerr, then the twenty-one-year-old infielder, said that he and the Red Sox knew something was wrong with Lou in

their season opener with the Yankees. Bobby watched as Gehrig struggled to run to first base. Yes, something was definitely wrong with the Iron Horse. On May 2, Gehrig pulled his name from the lineup in Detroit, ending his 2,130 consecutive-games record, beaten only by Cal Ripken Jr. On his thirty-sixth birthday (19 June 1939), Gehrig was diagnosed with the terminal neurological disease

amyotrophic lateral sclerosis (ALS), which now bears his name. He gave his famous, "Today I consider myself the luckiest man on the face of the earth" speech on July 4 and died two years later.

Bobby told me the famous story of rookie Dom DiMaggio and his first Red Sox roommate, the veteran Moe Berg. Berg, who could speak a dozen languages fluently, read multiple newspapers (German, Japanese, Italian, Portuguese, and others) each day. He had them neatly organized in stacks: those to be read or those finished. DiMaggio, who was recovering from an ankle injury, was spending a lot of time in the room. Manager Joe Cronin came to visit. All of the furniture was covered with newspapers. Cronin moved the papers around and mixed some Greek papers with others as a practical joke. When DiMaggio returned that night after dinner, the room had been cleared of Berg's belongings, including the newspapers. Berg's note read: "Dominic, you're much too popular and have too many visitors. My newspapers are too valuable to me."¹³

Berg has the distinction of being the only major leaguer whose baseball card is on display at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia.¹⁴ Berg, a catcher for the Red Sox, became a spy for the OSS during World War II.¹⁵ He was an excellent athlete and intellect. Thought to be the best baseball player in Princeton history, he played in the major leagues from 1923 to 1939. He obtained a law degree in the off-season.¹⁶ While on one of two



Bobby Doerr turning a double play at Comiskey Park in the late 1930s/early 1940s. Umpire Ed Rummel makes the out call as Chicago White Sox first baseman Joe Kuhel slides into the bag. Photograph courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame.



Bobby signing baseballs at the cabin in September 2008.



Karen helps Bobby prepare a Rogue River breakfast in September 2009.

baseball-related trips to Japan in the 1930s, Berg secretly photographed and took movies of key sites, such as the harbor and skyline of Tokyo. This information would prove valuable in creating the aerial maps for U.S. bombing missions years later. After Pearl Harbor, Berg fully embraced espionage and covertly assessed the Nazis' atomic bomb capability deep in the Black Forest. In Switzerland, he had orders—if his participation in nuclear bomb creation could be confirmed—to assassinate Germany's premier atomic physicist, Werner Heisenberg. Berg once impersonated a member of Berlin's general staff on his "official inspection" of the secret Galileo munitions plant in Italy.¹⁷ Imagine: a Jewish man working behind Nazi lines as a spy!

We discussed the use of steroids in baseball. Bobby, like other athletes of his era, was most dismayed by the effect of these performance-enhancing drugs on the record book. There were already enough variables in the comparison of ballplayers over time: the dead-ball era, night games, plane travel, the increasing role of relief pitchers, improved equipment. No other sport pays more attention to the numbers than baseball, and now the numbers don't mean much because of athletic performances corrupted by anabolic steroids.

In my 2005 article, I described the famous Rogue River debate between Bobby Doerr and Ted Williams on the

proper way to swing a baseball bat. Bobby shared a privately made 1987 batting-clinic video with me, and it is something to see. Ted and Bobby, while fishing with friends, took a lunch break on the Rogue River's bank.¹⁸ Then they argued, as if in court, their theories on how best to hit a baseball, complete with a baseball bat prop! Williams argued for the importance of hip rotation, a slight upswing, and "choking up" to increase bat speed. Doerr countered with his advice on a flat or level swing of the bat. Williams was in his typical form: aggressive, profane, and demeaning (in a humorous way) toward Bobby. Doerr was polite and firm, and failed to yield to the domineering Williams. The verdict of the fellow fishermen (the judges) on the bank: a tie!¹⁹

Besides discussions of baseball and fishing, one of our favorite activities with Bobby was "doing the mail." We would walk the quarter mile up his unpaved driveway through a heavily wooded area (with a blow horn to "scare away cougars"), retrieve the box (yes, there was that much daily mail!), then sort through it. We would help Bobby with the balls, baseball cards, photographs, occasional bats, and requests to autograph or inscribe to fans. Then we packaged the returns and mailed them back. It was a daily event! We never tired of it. We never saw Bobby refuse an autograph or request of a fan. In fact, he carried extra

Hall of Fame and baseball cards in his vehicle to sign and give away if necessary. A more kind, humble, and generous man we have not known in our lives.

Several times a week, Bobby supervised the making and consuming of a Rogue River breakfast. This consisted of pan-fried steelhead fillets (yes, we were allowed to take a daily limit of stocked steelhead) and hotcakes with maple syrup. This may sound like an odd combination, but it was delicious. No fishing trip was complete without at least one.

Although outwardly not religious, Bobby Doerr was a man of faith. His beliefs were privately held. He loved his God. He insisted on giving thanks before meals and reminded us to "say our prayers." He enthusiastically participated in our occasional discussions of theology and enjoyed listening to preachers on audiotapes.

THE TEAMMATES SERIES OF GRAPHITE RODS

No article of mine about Bobby Doerr would be complete without a discussion of fishing tackle, and this is no exception. The story of the four legendary Red Sox teammates—Bobby Doerr, Dominic DiMaggio, Johnny Pesky, and Ted Williams—was told by David Halberstam in 2003.²⁰ It is a treat for die-hard baseball fans and a must-read for Red Sox Nation.



Doerr and Williams rods photographed in September 2007.



*Bobby teaching casting at the Hall of Fame in May 2005.
Photograph courtesy of the National Baseball Hall of Fame.*

Bobby, along with a friend from Florida, Steve Brown, contracted rod builder Bud Erhardt from the Arkansas Ozarks to craft a series of graphite rods to honor the teammates.²¹ The prototype tapers were designed by Ted Williams back when he had his own tackle company (Ted Williams, Inc.) in the 1950s. The Doerr (9½-foot) and Williams (9-foot, 3-inch) models were two-piece, staggered-ferrule fly rods; DiMaggio's was a bait caster²²; and Pesky's was a spinning rod.

Bobby loved casting and fishing the Ted Williams rod on the Rogue. He took it to Cooperstown once and gave a casting clinic there to interested children who competed in a contest to win a fly tied by Ted Williams. One of my favorite pictures of Bobby shows him that day instructing a young boy in the art of fly casting (at left, bottom photo). He made a gift of the Doerr model, serial #000008, to me. Bobby presented the #000002 Doerr rod to former President George H. W. Bush on a trip he made to Kennebunkport.²³ The presentation is documented in *The Silent Captain* video. Bud Erhardt passed away in 2009.²⁴

We often finished our trips by going out for Chinese food after returning to Junction City. Bobby's sister, Dorothy Swancutt, enjoyed joining us.

We were and remain thankful for each chance to see Bobby and spend time with this great man, a hero to us. As expected, time began to take its relentless toll on Bobby's ability to get around. Travel became more difficult, and each year, the long trip from Junction City to the Rogue became increasingly unlikely. In 2012, for the first time, Bobby did not want to go out on the river to fish. He preferred to stay back at the house, sit on the porch, and reminisce with Karen. I realized then that fishing with Bobby Doerr had come to an end. It was our last trip to the Rogue.

On 13 November 2017, Karen and I lost our good friend Bobby Doerr in his one hundredth year on this earth.²⁵ The Doerr family lost its patriarch. Red Sox Nation lost its "Silent Captain." The Hall of Fame lost its oldest living member, and the baseball world lost one of its great players and ambassadors. I consider it a blessing and a privilege to have known Bobby Doerr and to have become his friend and fishing partner at the end of his ninth decade of life. I ended my 2005 article by saying, "Williams and Doerr were the heroes of our childhood and remain the objects of our fascination today."²⁶ It is still true.

A celebration of Bobby Doerr's life was held on 13 January 2018 at the First Baptist Church of Eugene. Bobby's longtime friend Tom Ripp shared stories.

Great-nephew Craig Shugert offered a heartfelt, emotional eulogy, and Pastor Ted Slaeker reflected on Bobby's Christian walk, beliefs, and outlook on life. At the end of the service, we all sang "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." Then, at the reception, in personalized Bobby Doerr Red Sox caps, we ate hot dogs and Cracker Jack. It was perfect.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am very grateful for the help and friendship of Don Doerr, Bobby's son, who corrected the draft and confirmed many facts. Thanks to Ernie Rutledge of Illahe Lodge for reading and reviewing historical events with me. We spent many great hours on the Rogue together. Lastly, I thank Karen, my wife of forty years, who shared these treasured moments with Bobby Doerr. She is responsible for capturing so many of those moments photographically. She is absolutely my favorite nonfishing person to go on a fishing trip with.

ENDNOTES

1. John A. Feldenzer, "Of Baseball and Bamboo: Bobby Doerr, Ted Williams, and the Paul H. Young Rod Company," *The American Fly Fisher* (Fall 2005, vol. 31, no. 4), 2–13.

2. M. J. Keane, *Classic Rods & Tackle, Inc.*, rod #57 (catalog #88, 2004), 9.

3. Keane's poetic catalog description of the Doerr rod: "[B]uilt by Paul Young himself with 2 different weight orig. tips one being 5.6 oz. for #7 line & the other format w/the heavier tip, where the rod weighs 5.73 oz. is for #8 line; this rod is extremely attractive in every way, has oxidized Super-Z ferrules & unique rich dk brown wraps w/a distinct burgundy tint, tungsten guides, fabulously darkly flamed exquisite shafts w/fine orig. varnish, 2x2 node placement, Wells grip w/perfect corks and cork SL seat, which has 95%–98% blk finish on fittings; sold by company on 10/31/1955—according to my orig. records, orig. owner's name on shaft, size 17 ferrule. These rods are very scarce, this specimen appears 99% new unfished & has the most sophisticated of all the Young improvements in this one beautiful rod. \$2000."

4. Feldenzer, "Of Baseball and Bamboo," 12, note 64.

5. Cougar Lane Lodge, in Agness, has an excellent collection of Rogue River wall photos from the 1930s and 1940s, including a picture of a young Bobby Doerr and Les Cook.

6. Stephen Brown and Bobby Doerr, producers, *Bobby Doerr: The Silent Captain* (Daytona Beach, Fla.: Gabby Moblie Productions, 2007), running time 1:01:40.

7. Ernie Rutledge, phone call with author, 9 December 2017.

8. Kay Atwood, *Illahe: The Story of Settlement in the Rogue River Canyon* (Corvallis:

Oregon State University Press, 1978), 52, 199–200; and Matthew Leidecker, *The Rogue River: A Comprehensive Guide from Prospect to Gold Beach* (Hailey, Idaho: Idaho River Publications LLC, 2008), 72–73.

9. Roger Dorband, *The Rogue: Portrait of a River* (Portland, Ore.: Raven Studios, 2006).

10. For more information about the Illahe Lodge in Agness, Oregon, see <http://illahelodge.com/>.

11. Leidecker, *The Rogue River*, 48. The General's Cabin at East Creek was known as the Eagle's Nest and was a fishing camp for retired World War II Army Air Force generals: Ira Eaker, Carl Spaatz, Fred Anderson, Nathan Twining, and Curtis LeMay. A small airstrip on the riverbank allowed access for these avid fishermen.

12. Rogue River Seine Counts at Huntley Park by the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife yield the following data: 2007: 17,574 total count of half-pounder steelhead (6,532 wild, 11,042 hatchery); 2008: 117,486 total count (28,349 wild, 89,137 hatchery); 2009: 68,680 total count (24,549 wild, 44,130 hatchery). Daniel Van Dyke, Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife, e-mail to author, 15 December 2017.

13. Louis Kaufman, Barbara Fitzgerald, and Tom Sewell, *Moe Berg: Athlete, Scholar, Spy* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1974), 96; and Nicholas Davidoff, *The Catcher Was a Spy: The Mysterious Life of Moe Berg* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1994), 120.

14. W. Thomas Smith Jr., *Encyclopedia of the CIA* (New York: Facts on File, 2003), 23.

15. The Office of Strategic Services (OSS) was formed during World War II and was the predecessor of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

16. In 1926, Berg failed to report to spring training with the Chicago White Sox, who had just bought his contract from the Reading Keys in the off season for approximately \$50,000. Berg had quietly entered Columbia University Law School in 1925 and had to complete his first year before joining the team. In 1928, he received his law degree and was admitted to the New York State bar. He became an off-season attorney with the Wall Street firm of Satterlee and Canfield. Kaufman, Fitzgerald, and Sewell, *Moe Berg*, 59–61; and Central Intelligence Agency, News & Information, "A

Look Back . . . Moe Berg: Baseball Player, Linguist, Lawyer, Intel Officer." www.cia.gov/news-information/featured-story-archive/2007-featured-story-archive/moe-berg.html. Accessed 12 December 2017.

17. Kaufman, Fitzgerald, and Sewell, *Moe Berg*, 25–28, 83–84, 172–74, 183, 191–211; and Davidoff, *The Catcher Was a Spy*, 187–88, 199–207.

18. Feldenzer, "Of Baseball and Bamboo," 9, note 81.

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

20. David Halberstam, *The Teammates: A Portrait of a Friendship* (New York: Hyperion, 2003).

21. Bud Erhardt Fishin Sticks is a trademark obtained by Bud Erhardt. Later, his rods were marketed as Fishin Edge rods. Bud was a charter member of the Fishing Hall of Fame and, for more than thirty years, a professional guide, designer, and developer of a wide variety of fishing rods. Bud Erhardt died in 2009. www.fishin-edge.com/proud-heritage.php. Accessed 29 November 2017.

22. Feldenzer, "Of Baseball and Bamboo," 13, figure 14.

23. Bobby's political opinions were—consistent with his quiet personality and humility—held close to the vest. He would open up in political discussions if he knew you well. He was conservative politically and, in the time that I knew him, a Republican, but not in an overt way as was Ted Williams.

24. Approximately 1,235 individually numbered rods (the number 1,235 was chosen in recognition of the 1,235-pound blue marlin caught by Ted Williams in 1954) of the four types were built by Erhardt. Fifty of the Ted Williams 9-foot, 3-inch rods were auctioned (Lots 546 and 547) on 28 April 2012 by Hunt Auctions, LLC, Exton, Pennsylvania. www.huntauctions.com/live/view_lots_items_list_closed.cfm?auction=36&start_number=501&last_number=600. Accessed 13 December 2017.

25. Mike Lupica, "The Graceful Life of Bobby Doerr," Sports on Earth, 14 November 2017. www.sportsonearth.com/article/261868666/red-sox-legend-bobby-doerr-dies-ted-williams. Accessed 29 November 2017.

26. Feldenzer, "Of Baseball and Bamboo," 11.

John A. Feldenzer



The author's Doerr rod, given to him by Bobby Doerr.

Fly-Fishing for Trout

by O. W. Smith

TROUT ARE PREEMINENTLY the fly-fisherman's fish. True, other fish, almost any fish, will upon occasion rise to the challenge of the feathers, from humble "pumpkin-seeds" up through the long list to great northern pike; but, even so, it is the wild, winsome wonder of the brooklets which is most often sought, even as it was because of him that fishing with artificial flies came into existence. It would be interesting to know who first used the "counterfeit presentment" to lure speckled beauties from their watery home; we only know that the art had its rise in pre-Waltonite days, away back in ancient Greek and Roman times fly fishing was practiced very much as it is today. If time sufficed or we dared sufficiently elongate this paragraph, we would enjoy tracing out the history of fly-making and fly-fishing, beginning our study away back beyond the days of Jesus Christ, perhaps three hundred or more years before his birth; but that may not be. Only remember this, fly-fishing was hoary with age before the wise and pious prioress of the Benedictine nunnery of Topwell wrote her treatise on "hawkyng, huntyng and fysshynge." Think of the following words when next you fasten a red hackle to your leader: "In the begynning of Maye a good flye, the body of reddy wull and lappid abowte wyth blacke silke; they wynges of the drake of the redde capons hakyll." No, fly-fishing is by no means a modern sport.

In a word the theory of the artificial fly is simply to duplicate the appearance and action of the living winged insect. However, two schools have arisen. The

are also days when no fly will prove attractive. I have passed through experiences which have converted me to the colorist school, but always those experiences have been followed by others which have reconverted me to the formalist faith, and vice versa. I have about come to the conclusion that to change from a large fly to a small one, or from a small fly to a smaller, is as apt to produce net results as to change colors and pattern. In my experience the smaller fly is as a rule the successful one. Do not worry over many types of flies; a half dozen standard patterns in various sizes will prove ample. Time was when I thought it absolutely necessary to have every known product of the fly-tier's art in my stock book; today I am satisfied with a meager half dozen or so. While I pay attention to both form and color, there is something which I believe is of greater importance.

I have become an osteopath, I believe in "manipulation." More depends upon the man behind the fly than upon the fly itself, granting of course that the fly should be what the Irishman called "dacent." The problem of the

fly-fisher as stated by Mr. [H. P.] Wells is:

1st. To place the fly within reach of the trout without alarming it.

2d. To handle it so as to simulate a living creature, and one tempting its appetite.

3d. To do this in such a manner that if the fly is touched, the trout shall infallibly be fastened."

This may well be called the gospel of fly-fishing; but how to do it—ah, there's the rub. Not every angler learns to obey



From H. P. Wells, *Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle* (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1885), facing page 266.

first, known as colorists, insist that all that is necessary is to duplicate the colors of the natural fly; the second school, the formalists, insist with equal emphasis that the proper method to pursue is to duplicate the form and never mind the color. Now, no doubt much can be said upon either side; but the fact of the matter is, he is most wise who occupies a middle-of-the-road course, employing both methods. There are days when "any old fly" will prove attractive, and there

the first rule even; and when it comes to the third, who can say, "This law have I kept from my youth up." That delicate handling of the fly, that quick response to a rising fish, neither can be taught on paper; the best school for the would-be fly-fisherman, is the school of experience, actual fishing on a trout stream. I have cast by the hour upon the back lawn, to the great amusement of passers-by and the abject terror of the house dog, but I am ready to assert that I have derived more real benefit by following an expert handler of flies in actual fishing. No doubt much can be gained by dry-land practice after one knows how to handle the lures, but before—well, to my mind it is something like learning to swim in the drawing-room. When Horace Greeley was asked how the Government was to set about resuming specie payment, he tersely replied, "The way to resume is to resume." Do not make any mistake about the matter, the way to learn to handle fuzzy-wuzzy lures is just to handle them. Perhaps someday you will find yourself without worms or bait of any kind, with only a few bedraggled flies in your book which you have carried for show; then you will fall to and use them, and lo, all at once a fish will be hooked: you will have become a fly-fisher.

Later on I am going to devote a chapter to the matter of flies, pattern, size, manufacture, etc., but here I give a list of a possible half-dozen which should prove successful anywhere, any time. Remember, this is just one fellow's list. No. 1, Professor. No. 2, Coachman. No. 3, Brown Hackle. No. 4, Beaverkill. No. 5, Silver Doctor. No. 6, Scarlet Ibis. I would have these tied on Nos. 10, 12, and 14 hooks, with perhaps a few on No. 8 for use if those large ones of which we dream are rising. You understand my position: three sizes of each pattern, and I would not think of going with less than three of a size. This is my list, and now, "Lay on, Macduff, and—"

It is too bad, but in a work of this character we must dismiss the matter of tackle with little better than a word. Probably more has been written regarding rods than flies—which is saying that no mere man can read it all. My trenchant is for a

split bamboo rod of the best grade possible to afford, for it seems to me there is nothing equaling the quick response and fine action of the thoroughbred bamboo. Next comes the solid woods; then the steel. For small creeks, a rod not over eight feet long and weighing in the neighborhood of three ounces. For large streams, say ten feet and weighing up to seven ounces. The lighter rod will handle a fly better than the heavier one.

The reel for fly-fishing is the single action; on heavier rods and for heavier fishing the automatic may be used. The

lures; not because I desire to take two fish at a cast, though there is rare sport in successfully playing two trout at once, but because the dropper fly is often successful when the end fly proves unattractive. However, the use of more than one fly is frowned upon in some quarters and is prohibited by law in at least one State, so I perforce am learning to be content with one. As dry-fly fishing is becoming more and more popular we will find it less difficult to be content with a single fly, as one only can be used in dry-fly fishing, properly so called, which will be discussed in our next chapter.

The ways of a trout are past finding out, for they are as unstable in their habits as the seaside girl. When trout, especially large fish, are rising lazily and rolling on the surface of the water as it were, they seldom strike at a fly and I much doubt that they are feeding at all. Indeed, large fish seldom strike with vim, while small ones will even shoot above the surface in their efforts to reach the tantalizing bunch of colored feathers. Again, trout seldom rise to flies when the surface is unruffled by a breeze and the noontide sun beats down upon the water. A passing cloud or a vagrant breath of wind will often stir them to life. In swift water the fish usually hooks himself, but in dead water the action of the angler's wrist must be instant and sharp or the fish will not be hooked. In fishing swift water it is best to fish downstream; while, upon the other hand, in slow streams, where it is possible to make one's way against the current without too much effort, upstream is

the proper course to pursue, as fish lie with their heads pointed in the direction of the downcoming food. There are times when in deep water the only way fish can be moved is by using a weighted fly, fishing two feet or so beneath the surface, though it is not fly-fishing *per se*. The old rule holds good still: on light days dark flies, and on dark days light flies. But he who goes forth in the morning sure that he knows the best method of angling, and the proper fly to use, will return at night with an empty creel and a disappointed heart.



Dry-Fly Fishing 1923, a pen drawing by Lionel Edwards. From W. Shaw Sparrow, *Angling in British Art* (London: John Lane, The Bodley Head Limited, 1923), facing page 71.

reel is nothing more than a container for the line in average fly-fishing and is used but little in playing the fish.

As to line, double tapered G, if you can afford it; if not, the best simple enameled you can. And when we come to the leader, again I urge the best. I am not an advocate of overly long leaders, thinking that they interfere somewhat in landing the fish; I limit them to four feet.

So much for fly-fishing tackle. We should have spent a whole chapter discussing it; but it will be mentioned later when we take up fishing particular waters. Personally I desire three flies when fishing with those fuzzy-wuzzy

AMFF Announces New Ambassadors

THE MUSEUM'S AMBASSADOR PROGRAM was created in 2012 to expand our outreach and augment membership nationwide by raising awareness of the museum, its mission, and programs. We profiled our first fifteen ambassadors in the Fall 2014 (vol. 40, no. 4), Summer 2015 (vol. 41, no. 3), Summer 2016 (vol. 42, no. 3), and Fall 2017 (vol. 43, no. 4) issues. We now welcome seven more.

Courtesy of Drew Chicone



Drew Chicone is an award-winning outdoor writer and fly designer, photographer, lecturer, and materials expert whose passion for teaching fly tying has inspired his numerous how-to articles, books, and detailed instructional guides. He has lived and breathed the sport since he was tall enough to sit at the vise, and his fly creations are well known and in high demand among saltwater anglers and guides. Drew received the International Fly Tackle Dealer Best in Show Saltwater Fly Pattern Award in both 2016 and 2017. In 2014, he won the IFTD Iron Fly. He has been a FFF-certified casting instructor and commercial fly tier for more than a decade. In addition to his work as an educator, Drew ties premium saltwater flies for sale through his company Salty Fly Tying. He is cofounder of Strip Strike University and frequently hosts destination schools and fishing adventures anywhere saltwater species swim. He lives in Fort Myers, Florida, with his wife and daughter.



Diego Gaiser



Steve Galetta is co-owner and outfitter of the Bighorn Angler Fly Shop and Lodge in Fort Smith, Montana. He grew up in upstate New York, where he studied the art of match-the-hatch dry-fly fishing for selective trout. After moving to Montana for college, he never looked back, making Montana his classroom for chasing trout in moving water. "I decided to make the Bighorn River home," he says, "because it has the longest fishing season in the state of Montana and provides anglers with the opportunity to catch fish on dry flies every month of the year." For Steve, one of the most enjoyable aspects of working in the fly-fishing industry is passing along the traditions and history of fly fishing to younger generations. His first book, *Fly Fishing the Bighorn River*, was published by Stackpole Books in 2015.

Southwest Florida native Capt. **Lacey Kelly** is no stranger to the flats. She's spent a lifetime on the water and several years guiding for tarpon, snook, and redfish on fly and conventional tackle. For two years she ran Tres Pescados Fly Shop in San Pedro, Belize, where turquoise waters provided her with the proper backdrop for mastering permit on the fly rod. Now back in Florida, Lacey manages and guides with Florida Outdoor Experience, a hunting and fishing lodge located near Cedar Key in Chiefland. In May and June, you'll find her in Homosassa putting clients on record tarpon. When she's not chasing tarpon, year-round sight fishing for redfish, snook, and black drum is her specialty. Working along Florida's nature coast has allowed Lacey to get back into guiding with a new emphasis on promoting and instructing the sport of fly fishing. Whether she's tying flies for her next charter or fletching arrows for the next hunt, you'd be hard pressed to find another as dedicated to the outdoors as Capt. Lacey Kelly.



Courtesy of Aileen Lane



Aileen Lane, who was born and raised in Los Angeles, learned to tie flies before ever wetting a line. She caught her very first brown trout fishing solo in Idaho one Thanksgiving day. Her custom fly-tying business, MKFlies, is named after her daughter, McKenzie. Since 2014, Aileen has been the publisher and owner of Kype Magazine, an online digital fly-fishing magazine on ISSUU.com. Aileen is a Pro Staff tier for Deer Creek UK and appeared in the Emmy Award-winning documentary *Rocky Mountain Fly Highway*. She is a pediatric occupational therapist and calls both Boise, Idaho, and Sedona, Arizona, home.

Courtesy of Dave McCoy

Dave McCoy credits his father, who introduced him to fishing, for sparking his passion for life in the great outdoors. Dave grew up in Eugene, Oregon, which made Hosmer Lake, Crane Prairie Reservoir, and the Deschutes, McKenzie, and Umpqua Rivers his stomping grounds. He quickly discovered the thrill of having a fish on, but it was the awe of his surroundings that instilled his interest in conservation. Dave has dedicated his professional life to the fly-fishing industry and has spent the last twenty-plus years as a guide, outfitter owner (Emerald Water Anglers), conservationist, and fly-fishing ambassador (Patagonia and Costa Sunglass, T&T Fly Rod and Nautilus Reel, and Keepemwet). He is a member of the Echo/Airflo Pro Staff, an IFFF Certified Casting Instructor, and a Snoqualmie River steward for Native Fish Society. Dave is quick to note that he is nothing in his pursuits without his wife and daughter, who, without saying a word, constantly remind him why he is so inspired.



Cam Smythe



Matt Smythe lives with his wife and three kids in the Finger Lakes region in western New York. He grew up fishing for bass and pickerel in the lakes and outlets near his home, learned how to cast a fly rod in grad school, and has fished for pretty much anything that swims in pretty much any water since. Matt is a freelance writer, a poet, a storyteller, an Army veteran, and an avid outdoorsman. He fly fishes, bowhunts, telemark skis, and runs trails. He considers himself fortunate to get to travel a great deal for both writing and fly fishing, and even more fortunate to meet kindred spirits who share the need for a life lived outdoors. At thirty-nine, Matt was diagnosed with Tourette syndrome. He finds that being on the water in general, and fly fishing specifically, has been the single consistent coping mechanism for calming his symptoms.

Rich Strolis grew up in the foothills of the Berkshires of western Massachusetts, where he cut his teeth on the plethora of smaller and larger bodies of moving water. After nearly a decade of guiding on Connecticut's Farmington and Housatonic Rivers while pursuing another career, he made the transition to commercial tying, speaking engagements, and teaching both fly fishing and fly tying. His fly patterns have been tied and fished by many as a result of his library of online videos. Rich is a signature designer for the Montana Fly Company. His patterns have appeared in *Fly Fisherman* and *Eastern Fly Fishing* magazines, in multiple books, and in his own book, *Catching Shadows: Tying Flies for the Toughest Fish and Strategies for Fishing Them* (2016). Rich is currently a Pro Staff member and advisor for Regal Vise, Partridge, Solarez, Enrico Puglisi Flies, Hatch Outdoors, and Flycraft. He lives in Simsbury, Connecticut, with his wife and two daughters.

Tommy Baranowski



With twenty-two ambassadors across the country, AMFF is proud to have built a unique community in support of fly-fishing history—in fact, the only one of its kind in the museum world. As our Ambassador Program continues to grow, our goal is to establish eight districts across the United States and assign at least one ambassador to each to more efficiently optimize membership development and growth.

To find out more about our ambassadors and the work they are doing in the field, visit our website at www.amff.org. We seek ambassador candidates who embody our mission, reflect our initiatives, and inspire the sport of fly fishing. If you or someone you know would make a strong ambassador candidate based on knowledge, experience, expertise, and industry alliances, please contact us at 802-362-3300 or sfoster@amff.org.



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From The Badminton Magazine of Sports and Pastimes, Volume XI (London: William Heinemann, 1900), 459. Photo by Charles F. Inston.

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Alan R. Diodore
G. William Fowler

William F. Herrick
Bob Jacklin

George Jacobi
Fred Kretchman

John Mundt
Margot Page

Fred Polhemus
Ed Van Put

Thomas Wolf

Volunteers

Jim Becker
Kelly Bedford

George Butts
Ray Davis

Mike Hulvey
Erika Kornbluth

Barry Mayer
Rose Napolitano

Bill Newcomb
Christopher Pierce

Annabel Pitcher
Olivia Pitcher

Brian Price
Kevin Ramirez

Chris Samson
Paul Sinicki

Bill Sylvester
Ryan Whitney

Tie One On and Iron Fly

ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, AMFF hosted its first fly-tying event of the season, a double-header: Tie One On and the Iron Fly. The Tie One On event started things off in the afternoon. Local fly tiers offered demonstrations and lessons to beginning, intermediate, and advanced tiers. We were privileged to have an array of talented tiers to help out, including Paul Sinicki, Chris Samson, Barry Mayer, Mike Hulvey, Kevin Ramirez, Bill Newcomb, George Butts, and Bill Sylvester.

The Iron Fly, hosted by Pig Farm Ink, started at 6:00 p.m. in the Gardner L. Grant Library. Fifteen contestants signed up for the tournament. Their challenges included using blindfolds, tying with tape mittens, and incorporating balloons into their flies. It made for an exciting night! Everyone did an impressive job with the obstacles, but Brian Reed, who hails from New Hampshire, came away the winner.

Thanks to all the local tiers who came out for Tie One On; to Pig Farm Ink for hosting the Iron Fly; and to Mud Dog Flies, and Christos' Pizza for sponsoring such a great event.



Paul Sinicki guides Executive Director Sarah Foster through the process of tying a Woolly Buzzer at the Tie One On event.



Photos by Kelsey McBride

Blindfolded participants let muscle memory take over during the Iron Fly competition.



Visitors closely watch fly tier Barry Mayer at work during the Tie One On event.



An Iron Fly contestant examines his work.



Museum News



Sara Wilcox

A pair of young visitors enjoyed making Christmas cards at the crafts table during Hooked on the Holidays.

Hooked on the Holidays

On December 16, the American Museum of Fly Fishing hosted its annual Hooked on the Holidays event. Families joined us for a fun-filled afternoon of making Christmas cards, decorating trout cookies, and tying clown flies with Yoshi. Refreshments were served to keep all of us warm during a cold, snowy day. While escaping the winter wonderland outside, guests stayed warm by the fireplace and enjoyed exploring the museum. We

look forward to hosting the tenth annual event in 2018. Thank you to all who shared this special time of year with us!

Recent Donations to the Collection

Jim Heckman of Manchester, Vermont, gave us a spool of Dupont Nylon Fishing Line, Hicolon Fishing Line or Leader Material No. 410 and No. 420, a Micmaq Indian fishing creel, and a February 1979 issue of *Field & Stream* that contains a photo of Myron Gregory.

Robert DeMott of Athens, Ohio, donated two auto-graphed books—with a fly taped to each title page—by John Engels, *Walking to Cootehill: New and Selected Poems, 1958–1992* (Middlebury College Press, 1993) and *Weather-Fear: New and Selected Poems, 1958–1982* (University of Georgia Press, 1983). **Nick Lyons** of Woodstock, New York, sent us an audio recording of a talk he gave to the Phoenicia Library on 2 December 2017 titled “A Life Well Fished.”

Rhey Plumley of South Burlington, Vermont, brought us a Richardson Chest Fly Box. **John Mundt** of Simsbury, Connecticut, donated two chest fly boxes: a Downs Fly Box by Ralph S. Alberts Company and another by an unknown maker.

Former Chairman of the Federal Reserve **Paul Volcker** of New York City donated his library of 203 books, as well as three photos, a fish carving, and two fly boxes (see inside back cover). **Susan Zuccotti** of New York City gave us a collection of 274 books. And **Jim Hardman** of Dorset, Vermont, brought us a collection of books and fly-fishing–related goods. For a detailed listing of these donations, contact the museum.

Upcoming Events

Events take place on the museum grounds in Manchester, Vermont, unless otherwise noted.

All year

Free Fridays for Our 50th
Complimentary entrance to the museum
to celebrate AMFF's 50th anniversary

May 3

50th Anniversary Celebration
Racquet and Tennis Club
New York City
7:00 p.m.

June 12

Members Fishing Outing
Saint Hubert's Club
Marlboro, New York

June 16

Canvas 'n' Cocktails with Yoshi Akiyama
4:00 p.m.–6:00 p.m.

July 1

Exhibit Opening
On Fly in the Salt

July 5, 12, 19, 26 (Thursdays)

Kid Clinics
10:00 a.m.–11:00 a.m.

August 10

Community Celebration for
50th Anniversary
5:00 p.m.–7:00 p.m.

August 11

11th Annual Fly-Fishing Festival
10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.

September 20

Anglers' Club of New York Event
New York City

September 22

Smithsonian Magazine Museum Day Live!
Free admission with a Museum Day Live! ticket

October

2018 Izaak Walton Award

October

Annual Members Meeting

November 8

Members-Only Event
AMFF Confidential: Behind the Scenes
at the Museum
2:00 p.m.–4:00 p.m.

December 1

Hooked on the Holidays
1:00 p.m.–4:00 p.m.

Always check our website (www.amff.org) for additions, updates, and more information or contact (802) 362-3300 or amff@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.

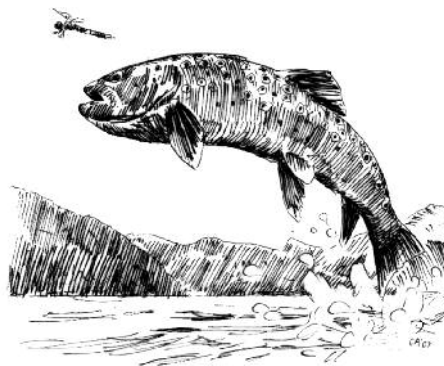
CONTRIBUTORS

Karen C. Feldenzer



John Feldenzer has been a dedicated fly fisherman for twenty-five years. A student of history, he is an avid reader and collector of fly-fishing literature. He studies, uses, and collects classic bamboo fly rods from the Golden Age. He lives on the Jackson River tailwater in the mountains of southwestern Virginia, where he pursues wild brown and rainbow trout as well as small-stream native brookies and the trophy smallmouth bass of the New and James Rivers. His love of the game of baseball is encoded in his DNA. He remains a practicing neurosurgeon in the Greenbrier Valley of West Virginia and in Salem, Virginia. This is his third contribution to the fly-fishing literature.

Left: Feldenzer pays his respects to his departed friend at Bobby Doerr's gravesite on 13 January 2018.



David Van Wie has lived and fly fished in Maine for more than thirty years. After thirty-plus years working as an environmental professional in government, business, and consulting, he is now a writer, photographer, and adjunct faculty member at the University of New England in Biddeford, where he teaches environmental studies. David served a term in the Maine House of Representatives and is a former director of the Bureau of Land and Water Quality in the Maine Department of Environmental Protection. He learned to fly fish while working for the U.S. Forest Service in Cody, Wyoming, in 1980 and 1981.

David was the instigator and lead author of *The Confluence: Fly-Fishing & Friendship in the Dartmouth College Grant*, written with six classmates from college about their twenty-plus years of fishing adventures in the backcountry of northern New Hampshire. He writes a monthly column for the *Maine Sportsman* magazine. His writing has also appeared in *Northern Woodlands* magazine and the *Maine Sunday Telegram*.

David Van Wie



Rising to the Occasion

Samantha Pitcher



Sarah Foster and Paul Volcker sort through his extensive fishing library at his home in New York City.

Sarah Foster



A look at a few of the books Paul Volcker donated to the museum in January, including his beloved copies of Atlantic Game Fishing and Fresh-Water Bass.

I HAD AN IDEA—an urge, really—to read each back issue of the journal, starting with the scarce and coveted Volume 1, Number 1. This is indeed a great idea. But given the immediate abundance of AMFF work (if you haven't seen our program schedule for 2018, check it out), plus spending time with my family (a running and climbing one-year-old and a quiet but quite adventurous four-year-old who jumps at any opportunity to explore the outdoors), dogs (two lovely and age-defyingly lively eleven-year-old golden retrievers), and horses (my newest addition is a Doc O'Lena-bred barrel horse), plus working on the house (reflecting my husband's true character, we live in a converted eighteenth-century barn), I haven't gotten too far.

I did, however, stumble upon a piece written by author and former executive director Craig Gilborn in the mid-1990s stating that "The museum has little art and relatively few of the oddments—memorabilia—that can breathe life into an exhibit" (Spring 1996, vol. 22, no. 2).

How times have changed! Our collection has grown in ways we could not have imagined. We certainly have artifacts that breathe life into exhibits not only here in Manchester, but in venues across the country as we send out traveling exhibits. During my tenure with the museum, I have seen some incred-

ible acquisitions, including a Lee Wulff collection (vest, rods, flies, even a Christmas card drawn by Lee himself), countless bamboo rods, George H. W. Bush's Deceiver fly, multiple Cushner framings, Lefty Kreh's homemade vise, Ernest Hemingway's personal fly box, and original artwork by world-renowned artists.

Most recently, on an unusually warm day in January, I was welcomed into Paul Volcker's home to accept (with the utmost gratitude) his library collection as a permanent donation to the museum. During an enjoyable visit, Mr. Volcker shared stories of how books like S. Kip Farrington Jr.'s *Atlantic Game Fishing* (1939) was a favorite of his dad's, and about the hours he spent reading and rereading Ray Bergman's *Fresh-Water Bass* (1942). It was then that I realized just how important these books—and the memories associated with them—are.

I am honored to be a part of an organization with responsibility to preserve the artifacts, the history, and the stories of the sport of fly fishing, a responsibility it has performed admirably. From the bottom of my heart, thank you for welcoming me as executive director.

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 Yoshi Akiyama at yakiyama@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 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. 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 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.

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



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