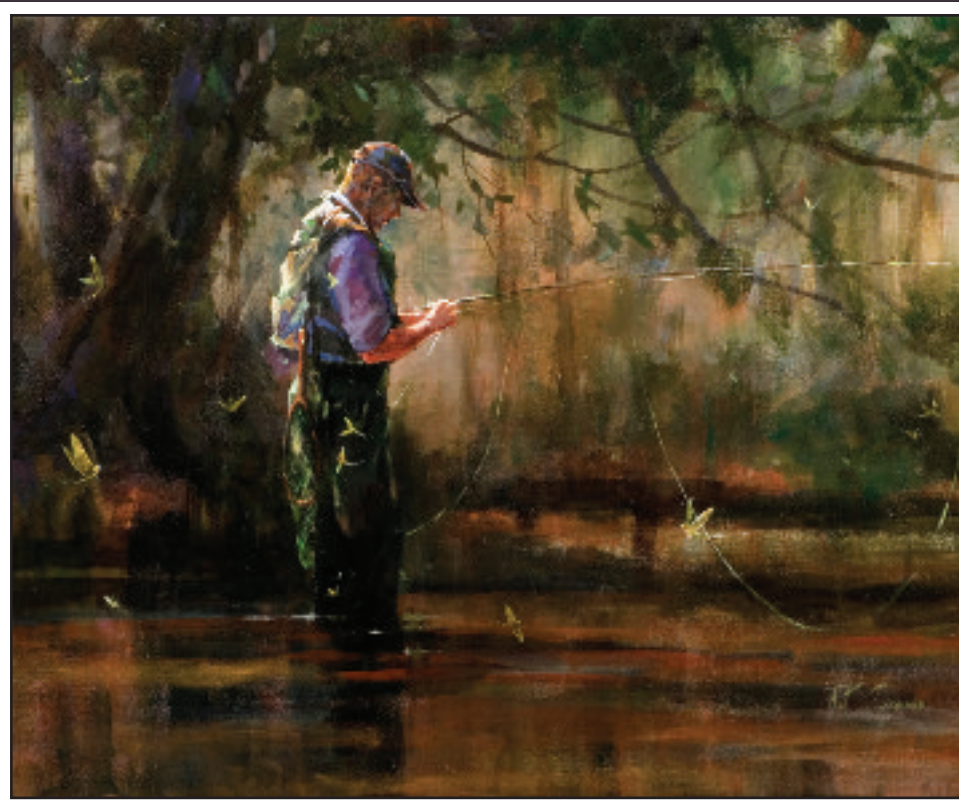


The American
Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



SPRING 2020

VOLUME 46 NUMBER 2

Stories and Histories and Books



DO YOU LIKE a good story? If so, you're in luck—we've got several for you.

A year ago, we announced the rebirth of the Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Award. Created in 1994 by Nick Lyons and the Voelker Foundation to encourage and recognize “distinguished original stories or essays that embody the implicit love of fly fishing, respect for the sport, and the natural world in which it takes place,” the award disappeared with the folding of *Fly Rod & Reel* magazine in 2017. Thanks to writer David Van Wie, whose *Storied Waters* (2019) road trip connected him with both the museum and the Voelker Foundation, a relationship was forged between our organizations to get it going again. In this issue we present the 2019 winner, “A Wet World That Burns” by Jimmy Watts (page 2). Two stories receiving honorable mention can be read online (www.amff.org/traver-winners-2019), and a call for submissions for 2020 can be found on page 7. But hurry—the deadline is May 1.

Of course, in an issue reinstating an award he helped to create, it's a thrill to include a story by Nick Lyons himself, as well as one *about* Nick Lyons by a good friend of his.

No doubt some of you already know, perhaps from having read Lyons's *My Secret Fishing Life* (1999), the story of “The Sparse,” a one-of-a-kind leather-bound book presented to Nick by Sparse Grey Hackle. You may also have picked up a copy of Bob DeMott's *Astream: American Writers on Fly Fishing* (2012), which DeMott dedicated to one of those writers: Nick Lyons. *Astream*, thanks to Tony Lyons, also got an extremely limited deluxe treatment. Today both unique volumes are held in the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing. The stories of these books—stories of writing

and publishing, fishing and friendships, and history and generosity—are offered up in “Speaking Volumes: The Sparse and the Nick Book.” You'll find “Part I: ‘The Sparse’” on page 8 and “Part II: A Lyons Triptych” on page 10.

In 1928, twelve affluent Philadelphia Jews—after being denied admission to numerous country clubs—purchased 850 acres in the Poconos and established their own club, the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association. By the turn of the century, the BFSA had accepted a number of non-Jewish members, and in 2004, it accepted its first female member: Susan Brozena. Fascinated with the history not only of the club but of those who occupied the property before them, Brozena took it upon herself to write a book about it: *A History of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association*, which reaches back to before the time that William Penn settled Pennsylvania. Tom Wolf, a third-generation BFSA member, summarizes some of this compelling story for us in “Brodheads: The History of a Storied Fishing Club” (page 18).

In recent happy news, the museum honored outdoorsman Flip Pallot with its Izaak Walton Award at the Ocean Reef Club in Key Largo in February. Coverage of the event can be found on page 16. Sadly, we lost a great friend when economist Paul Volcker, our 2011 Heritage Award honoree, died last December. Joan Salvato Wulff remembers him on page 15.

Each spring we take a moment to thank everyone who helped us out during the previous calendar year with donations of money, resources, and time. Our 2019 list of Museum Contributors begins on page 22.

And now, let us tell you some stories.

KATHLEEN ACHOR
EDITOR



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ON THE COVER: Changing Flies by Rod Crossman. Oil (24 x 30 inches).
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A Wet World That Burns

by Jimmy Watts



*Changing Flies by Rod Crossman. Oil (24 x 30 inches).
From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.*

The John D. Voelker Foundation and the American Museum of Fly Fishing are pleased to present the 2019 Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award to Jimmy Watts of Bellingham, Washington. This is his winning entry, which first appeared in the Summer 2018 issue of the Drake.

ON LATE EVENINGS like this one I'll collapse into bed, still dressed and dirty and too tired to change. I smell of woodsmoke and bamboo, and my long sleeves are soaked wet with creek water. Most of the time, these bedtime stories of mine tell themselves. Nights often end this way after countless days saturated by water and fire, which together have held an elemental stay over my forty-one years. I've been weathered by them both, these two old gods, wrinkled and blistered and polished. In their joint custody, they raised me and brought me up in a wet world that burns.

For quite some time I've been a fireman in a big city and a bamboo fly-rod maker in a small one. Two halves of one whole, and it is a life lived with both feet always in the water.

Sometimes the water is cold and clear and falling down freestones, and sometimes it's the boiling black water from a fire hose cascading back down a dark stairwell with flames rolling overhead. The black water in the hose first fell from clouds over the Cascades. It flowed down the Cedar River and into the big city's water mains before being pumped from the corner hydrants. Oftentimes after leaving the firehouse I'll fish this river that flows into our hydrants. Sometimes I fish it before and it becomes a river I stand in twice.

Sometimes, though, the river itself catches fire and evaporates into the sky and I can never seemingly stand in it again. This is such a story. Of course, the beginning of any story is arbitrary, and tonight's bedtime tale is no different. It picks up around the time my two halves became acquainted, years ago, though I was then unaware that a storyboard was piecing itself together. It begins when a creek back home caught fire, in Bellingham, Washington, and a young man is standing in it casting his fly rod. His name is Liam Wood. His story is one we should all remember, and his river is one we should all try to stand in twice.

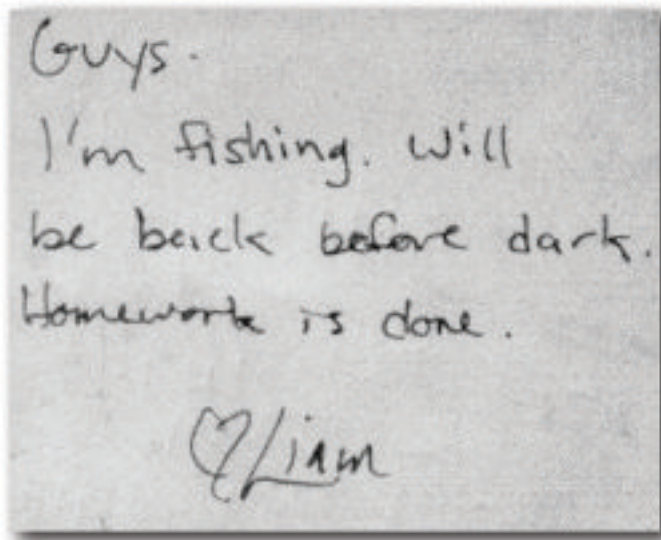
This evening I'm at my rod-making bench looking out past the back of the house. The day's end is beginning, and I have an audience of evergreens resting behind a creek in the tired light of dusk. A reprise lingers over the water, perhaps the coda, holding onto the last note of a song. There is an 8-foot-long culm of raw bamboo across my lap soon to become a split-cane fly rod. It will be a totem or temple or another limb anchored to the heart of whoever holds it with a line drawn deep into the clean water it reaches toward. This rod I'm making tonight, when it's complete, will have Liam's name inscribed along the spine, handwritten in black india ink that bleeds into the cane fiber and becomes a part of it.

Within an arm's reach of me, on the bench, is an old hand plane, a splitting knife, and a file. A book of wooden matches is in my breast pocket, and all the utilities of the trade are here. Off to my side, spools of thread float in a wine glass of last night's Malbec, the hair-thin white silk turning the color of blood not yet at the lungs. This thread will wrap guides onto the rod and telescope to a wet world that was all at once an ocean and a cloud and a raindrop and a tear. Also nearby is a not-forgotten cup of yesterday's coffee. A black level ring is haloed above its petroleum sheen as it reflects the day's last slights of light. Spools of silk swim in here too and soak up the oily and cold dark.

In the fire pit just outside, I lit some kindling a few moments ago. In another hour, the hemlock I bucked and split last spring will be a heap of coal hot enough to temper this bamboo for Liam's fly rod, a rod that'll witch out of time and lean in toward wonder.

The walls around my workbench are adorned with hangings that I love, but the window trim in front of me is left void except for one solitary photograph tacked inside it at eye level.

It's a note from eighteen-year-old Liam to his parents, one he wrote often and sometimes left on top a worn-out copy of David James Duncan's *The River Why*, a book he'd read eight or nine times.



The photograph of Liam Wood's note that hangs near the author's workbench. Courtesy of the Wood family.



The author's hand plane.

Liam worked an after-school job at a fly shop in Bellingham. He was born for water and reached out for the cold and clean and reeled it all back in. Even as a child he tied flies and read water and studied streams. For his ninth birthday his mom took him to a fly shop. By age fourteen, fly fishing enveloped the world he inhabited, and he was as natural to it as the grass that grew in the streambeds he stood in.

His heart beat on the banks of the blue and green that flowed over freestones until the time the note he wrote his parents was wrong and he was not back before dark. The time he was killed with a fly rod in his hand. The time 237,000 gallons of unleaded gasoline spilled from a ruptured pipeline into Whatcom Creek, where he was fly fishing, and exploded. It was 10 June 1999, just a few days after he graduated from high school. It was just a few days after I popped into the store where he worked to pick up a box of hooks and some hackle and hear the hatch report from this always-kind kid standing behind the counter.

Here at my bench and still looking out, it's not quite dark. The fire in the pit outside is laying down and humming an origin song that will soon draw me into the darkness. This northern latitude and the recent summer solstice split the days wide open with an almost endless length of light. Twenty feet past the house runs a small creek that flows from a spring a mile up the mountain. It's a creek you can't find on a map and it winds through the woods to a pond just below our house, where frogs and fish mingle and countless generations of mallards make their first swim. Heron, wood duck, and owls frequent this little wetland puddle. My young boys skip rocks across it. They call it Lost Creek, but this is where we always find them. I once watched my nine-year-old hold company here with a great horned owl for nearly half an hour just feet from each other, and I wondered which one was there first.



Liam Wood fishing Rock Creek, a tributary of the Palouse River in Washington. Courtesy of the Wood family.

Carson Artac



Leather gloves are needed to handle the heated bamboo.

About 3:30 in the afternoon, 911 calls started coming in from people reporting a fuel odor in Whatcom Falls Park. The first firefighters to arrive at the Woburn Street Bridge saw pink and rainbow fuel free flowing in the creek underneath and gas fumes floating up to the treetops, blurring them in a fog. They began to evacuate the forested park within 200 feet of the creek, working upstream to find the source of the leak.

The unleaded gasoline spilled from a neglected pipeline and filled 1.5 miles of creek through the wooded 241-acre park. Around 5 p.m., it burst into a miles-long fireball. One fireman thought a jet engine was flying low and loud overhead until he felt heat pressing against his back. The inferno roared down the creek, taking Liam's life with it and taking the creek with it too.

Liam's closest friends believe that once he noticed the gasoline at his feet, he followed it upstream to investigate, instead of running away. The theory fits with his nature, but he was alone, and so leaves behind questions that will never be answered and can't be. Only the creek knows exactly what happened to Liam that afternoon, and why. All anyone knows for sure is that he was killed holding a fly rod and that he was found face down with his arms outstretched across the freestones.

We also know that the coroner decided the cause of death was from drowning and not burns from the fire. From this we know the gasoline fumes first would have rendered him unconscious. They would have made him dizzy and unbalanced and, as if to pray, caused him to drop to his knees. For a moment after, he might have looked around and briefly looked skyward, seeking an orientation and an explanation before bowing forward and falling into the water. His final inhalation was a breath of creek water passing past gills he hadn't yet acquired, with his arms open, as if to embrace this place. As he lay there, his creek flowed over him, and in its final heroic moment, the water he loved so much shielded him from the coming flames.

Liam was discovered by search crews around 9 p.m., lying in what little water remained. Gone was the blue and green. Gone was the cold, the clear, and the clean. Gone was the endlessness of running water that once fell as rain. The almost dry creek stopped flowing. They found him in the canyon below Whatcom Falls, a favorite spot of his and near where his family told firefighters he'd likely be.

For nearly three days after he was recovered, wisps of smoke still sent up their ash and signals. It was three days before the smoldering banks surrendered to the creek, now flowing again through charred timber and coal and past a ghost casting on its banks.

At the firepit it is now dark. Night has arrived. The flames are ebbing to an orange and blue over black coals. I'm turning the long culm of bamboo in the embers, bringing the cane up to temperature. The heat drives out the moisture and bakes the sugar inside the fibers to a ligament more tensile than steel. Scorch marks sear the outer sheath.

By now the bamboo is so hot I have to wear two pairs of leather gloves to handle it. The water content



Above: Water boils out of the fibers of the culm.



Right: Shaving the bamboo into tapered strips.

inside is spitting and spilling out the ends of the culm, boiling up and out of the long cellulosic fibers that run the length in its entirety, fibers that once touched the ground an ocean away and pulled the earth in. The sweet cane steam smells of fresh candy, and it curls in thick with the rising smoke of the fire, floating all the way up to a sky now full of stars.

Without fire, this cane would be just a willowing blade of cut grass, lifeless and incapable. The cane fly rod needs this kiln or would otherwise lack the resiliency to return from a weighted bend to straight. It would lack the lever action that allows an 8-foot-long, 3-ounce split-cane fly rod to deliver a dry fly over 100 feet of cold water to a rise.

There are other ways to apply heat and temper bamboo for a fly rod, but because I'm a big city fireman with burn and skin graft scars of my own, I choose to hold it over an open flame. For nearly twenty years I've chased fire through the tenements and townhomes and warehouses of Seattle. Hundreds of times I have laid down in Cascade hose water with a river of fire above, ever to remember young Liam who once did the same. I've searched him out and carried others like him out of scorched hallways and burnt timbered homes and they were all strangers to me with names being screamed out by someone standing helpless and out of reach on the sidewalk.

I carry Liam's story with me all the time, hearing it most often with a split-cane fly rod in hand—a conduit tying

together the someplace he isn't to the someplace else he is. Part of me believes my own story might someday be accessed this same way. I can see myself as Liam's mirrored reflection on the water surface. It's an image obscured by raindrops and ripples and dimpled from fear and the uncertainty brought on by too many close calls of my own, wondering too if my final breath will be taken as I lay down in water. My last will and testament, to be sure, will be writ along the spine of a split-cane fly rod begging to be held.

This culm of cane I've now kept an hour above the fire is tempered. Its resonance, if tapped, has changed from a dull thud to a tight ting. The metals and minerals soaked up through the ground it grew from are forged. No longer pale, the culm is bright and light and seasoned.

Gone is the weight of the water it held until I walk a few steps to the creek and submerge the burnished bamboo completely into the spring. The baptism quenches and cools the cane, infuses it again with cold water. I'll leave the culm here to soak till morning to balance out an equation, restore what was lost while it hovered in the fire and allow it one last breath from the creek.

Tomorrow I'll split these fibers with a knife and hand plane them a few thousand times, shaving cane little by little in measured and tapered strips to laminate back together. Down at its

end, at the tip, the rod will measure only a few hundredths of an inch across. These few fibers of bamboo will cradle the full pull of a wild fish swimming upstream—an energy that always was will move down a blade of grass and into the bare palm of a hand that holds it in prayer, and into a story.

This bamboo, having become a split-cane fly rod, will never not be. Fire and Water, the world's oldest gods, become inseparable and indistinguishable, and so is the spirit of a young man who loved what the fly rod reaches for. He carries on along in the seams and lives in the pockets, and he rises and falls in answer to the evening hatch. This fly rod with Liam's name on it will fly as a phoenix from the ashes along Whatcom Creek and connect to a grab felt first as a subtle tap. The tap will be followed by a force pulling through the grip with a strain in my forearm that moves over the shoulder and comes to rest someplace in my chest.

It is late and I am tired but I am not yet ready to go inside. Through an open window upstairs, the soft and low light of our home spills out to the night like love. I hear the warm acoustics of a Jeffrey Foucault record spinning under the ordinary murmurs of conversation between my wife and our young boys. Their sounds fall onto the back patio and roll over my shoulders before getting lost and found in the chorus of a creek and a fire.

The limitless starlight above me, I know, shines from suns that extinguished a billion years ago. The fire in front of me grew from the embryo of a flint strike and shines its light back to them. So many times I've fought a roaring fire that burned the back of my neck and left something or someone lost.

The answerless question *When does the darkness end and the light begin?* is on my mind, but I lack the mindspace to feel my way around this. It is impossible to grasp the idea that nothing is ever created or destroyed, that everything always was and still is and only changes in shape or form or frequency, traveling on a wave of light and a story that doesn't end. It rides the crest of Liam's wave and shines like a sun in every direction. His fire peels apart the dark and burns bright enough to catch the eye of God. Once there was only darkness. Once he swam on the bottom of a freestone creek, under the ink-black smoke of thick hemlock and cedar. In the pocket water, there below the canyon, hatched a billion stars, and Liam resurrected to the surface, out from the shadows, and sipped their sunlight.

As I fall asleep tonight, I hear his story like a lullaby over the white noise and static of a lost creek. Its water is still dripping off my sleeves and lingers like a reprise, perhaps the coda, holding onto the last note of his song.



The completed Liam rod.



*Liam Wood cradling a rainbow trout on Rock Creek.
Courtesy of the Wood family.*

THE 2019 ROBERT TRAVER FLY-FISHING WRITING AWARD: FINALISTS

The 2019 competition drew a field of 156 entries. Entries were judged anonymously to narrow the pool to ten finalists. In addition to the winner, judges bestowed honorable mention on two humorous short stories: “The Honeymooners” by Richard Chiappone of Homer, Alaska, and “Les Poissons Toxiques” by Michael Doherty of Seattle, Washington. Both of these stories can be found on the museum website at www.amff.org/traver-winners-2019.

The other seven finalists were:

Colten Braybrooks of Seattle, Washington, for “Osprey, the Fisherman”
Bob Linsenmen of Rose City, Michigan, for “The Last Brook Trout”
Kristin Millgate of Idaho Falls, Idaho, for “The Wading Game”
Ben Moyer of Farmington, Pennsylvania, for “At the Heart of Hollows”
Frank Sargeant of Union Grove, Alabama, for “Some Fish Make Rivers”
Tim Schulz of Houghton, Michigan, for “The Manistee River Waltz”
S. Paige Wallace of Portland, Oregon, for “Learning to Mend”



From Izaak Walton, *The Complete Angler*
(Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1889), 361.

Al Pellicane



John Voelker at Frenchman’s Pond in 1980. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

THE 2020 ROBERT TRAVER FLY-FISHING WRITING AWARD: A CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS

The John D. Voelker Foundation and the American Museum of Fly Fishing are pleased to announce the 2020 Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award (the Traver Award). The award is named after Robert Traver, pen name for the late John Voelker, author of *Trout Madness*, *Trout Magic*, *Anatomy of a Fisherman*, and the 1958 best seller, *Anatomy of a Murder*.

The Traver Award was created in 1994 by Nick Lyons and the Voelker Foundation to encourage and recognize “distinguished original stories or essays that embody the implicit love of fly fishing, respect for the sport, and the natural world in which it takes place.” The Traver stories and essays must demonstrate high literary values in one or more of these three categories:

- The joy of fly-fishing: personal and philosophic experience
- Ecology: knowledge and protection of the natural world
- Humor: piscatorial friendships and fun on the water

Since 1994, twenty awards have been given for the winning entry. Two anthologies of the Traver Award–winning essays were published in two volumes: *In Hemingway’s Meadow* (2009) and *Love Story of the Trout* (2010).

The 2020 Traver Award, which includes a \$2,500 prize, will be granted for the winning short work of fiction or nonfiction essay in the English language not previously published commercially in print or digital media. “Short work” means 3,000 words or less. An entry fee of \$25 will offset the administrative costs of the award program. Previous Traver Award winners are not eligible.

Please submit an entry form, a PDF of your entry, and entry fee to www.voelkerfoundation.com by May 1, 2020. The form and additional submission requirements can be found on the Voelker Foundation website.

The 2020 Traver Award winner will be notified in September 2020 and receive \$2,500. The winning entry will be published in the Spring 2021 edition of the *American Fly Fisher*, the journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Speaking Volumes: The Sparse and the Nick Book

*In 2018, Nick Lyons donated a one-of-a-kind leather-bound book to the American Museum of Fly Fishing, specially made for him by author Sparse Grey Hackle. It is a storied volume, and Lyons shares that story here: how the book came to be, how it was his, then not, then his again. When envisioning how to tell this story, we thought a third-person narrative might add texture to the first, so we asked Nick's friend Bob DeMott to write something for us. In 2012, DeMott had published *Astream: American Writers on Fly Fishing*, a collection of original essays by thirty-one writers, including Nick Lyons. DeMott dedicated the book to Lyons, keeping that secret from him until its publication, but referring to the project as "the Nick Book" during its development. Eventually a couple of the Nick Books got the deluxe-presentation treatment, and one of those volumes has also made its way to the museum's collection. Here we offer up stories of writing and publishing, fishing and friendships, and history and generosity in two parts: first "The Sparse" by Nick Lyons, then "A Lyons Triptych" by Robert DeMott (page 10).*

Part I: "The Sparse"

by Nick Lyons

I HAD READ THE Anglers' Club edition of his *Fishless Days*, published in the 1950s, and wanted to add the book to my growing Sportsmen's Classics series at Crown Publishers. Frances Gill, a fine photographer, knew Sparse Grey Hackle, gave me his real name (Alfred W. Miller), and told me how I could reach him at E. C. Van Dyke & Co. Sparse was the sole remnant of the company. A week later we met, and he startled me: a grinning old man, immaculate in a black suit, black vest with watch fob, bright-white starched shirt, and what looked like half-inch-thick eyeglasses. He might have been a gnome or a tax collector.

We talked for hours that first day, about people and rivers and fly-fishing methods and books. Sparse had been New York State debating champion in high school and did most of the talking. He finally said that he would stand for his book being reprinted, although it was too short and it wouldn't earn the money it would cost to print it. I plunged on. Perhaps we could add other stories or essays. He had some of these. One of us proposed adding "Angling Nights" to the title, perhaps because of his marvelous story about fly fishing after dark and because we both thought a nod to the fishing itself would be worthwhile.

I called him Sparse as soon as I dared and three weeks later I persuaded him not to use Mr. Lyons, since I had a short first name I liked better. The editor-in-chief agreed to do the book, partly because my reprint of Art Flick's marvelous little guide and *Selective Trout* had already vigorously disproved said editor's long-held theory that "fishing books never sell." But although we all agreed to the basic terms, for some obscure reason I could not pry a contract from the editor-in-chief, despite numerous efforts. Five months later I got a curt note from Sparse, addressed to "Mr. Lyons," saying that if Crown didn't think enough of the book to act in a minimally prompt and courteous manner, he thought it could not be the proper firm for the book and withdrew his consent to publish.

But anyone who knew Sparse for more than a few weeks knew that his growl was often matched by a stronger heart, so he returned to "Nick." I didn't tell him that meanwhile the editor-in-chief had told me that he might have made a mistake and perhaps we shouldn't in fact publish the book—could a book of essays and stories about fly fishing really sell? When I fixed the editor's worries with bold assertions, Sparse and I set about the altogether pleasant business of

bringing his old book and new additions to its fresh life.

We were especially excited to have found for the jacket a remarkable photograph of Sparse taken on the Willowemoc at his beloved DeBruce Club by Hermann Kessler.

In May 1971, when the book was at the compositor and formally scheduled for publication in August, Sparse was on the verge of Mr.-Lyons-ing me again. August was absolutely the worst month of the year to publish a book. Crown was deliberately burying it. It was too minor a book on too minor a subject. What would it cost him to get his rights back and cancel publication? At a long lunch at the Anglers' Club, I barely let a sullen Sparse talk and quietly persuaded him that many important books were published in August, including some of the most important. This gave them a full four months to build momentum for strong Christmas sales. As a sign of my absolute faith in the book, I had persuaded Crown to publish 7,500 copies. This was several thousand more copies than the first printing of the Flick book, already in its fifth printing. My bald faith shocked me and the figure shocked Sparse. There were still unsold copies of the few hundred *Fishless Days* that had

been printed more than thirty years earlier. Sparse grumbled and said in a low voice, "It will take you fellows ten years to sell half those books, Lyons. Worse, they'll remainder the book in a year when they realize their terrible mistake and then it will never be possible to bring it back."

"Well, Sparse," I said with all the confidence of an ace bluffer holding two deuces, "I'm prepared to bet real money that we sell out the edition by Christmas—every last one of them."

He chuckled loudly and then, quick as a bluegill grabs a worm, took the bet. We promptly agreed to a figure of ten cents. I wasn't at all as positive that I'd win, but the stakes were right, and I knew how much fun we'd have even if it only sold a few thousand copies.

Sparse, who was never wrong, was dead wrong. In early November the head editor told me they were out of stock and wanted to reprint the book immediately to catch the Christmas trade. He sounded as bewildered as I was. But *Ah*, I thought, *I'll be rich*. I gleefully called Sparse and asked at once for my dime, sooner rather than otherwise. Over the next three months I brought up the matter mercilessly at each of our frequent lunches. He'd always smile ruefully and tell me to be patient. "You'll get it, buster!"

Then a month or so went by when we both got too busy, and one day in early March he appeared at my office and clapped a package down on my desk, with the simple explanation, "I always pay my debts, bub," and left.

It was the book, bound in green Moroccan leather, gilded on the edges, with a gilt inscription: "For Nick, who made this book." In the center, embedded in the leather, was the dime. The gift vastly exceeded anything I had done. I'd barely touched a word of the meticulous gentleman's manuscript, and the bet had been mere fun.

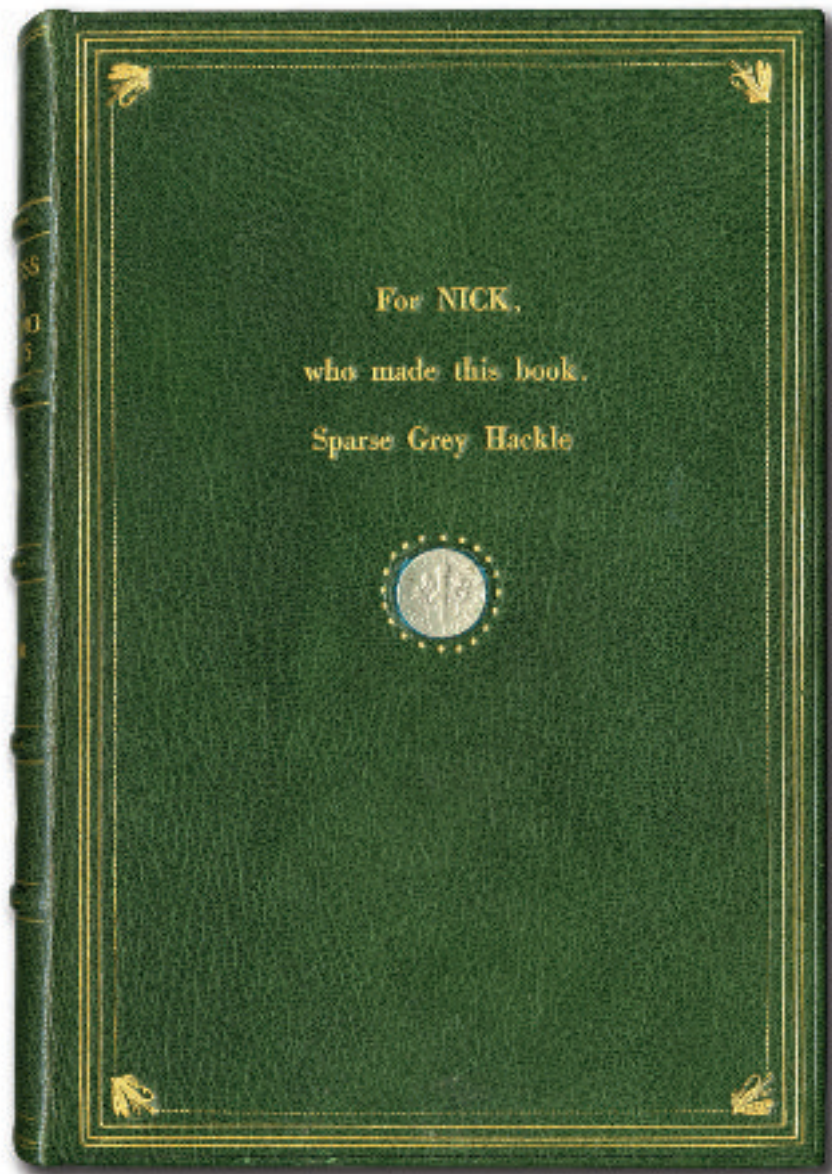
I had a simple box case made for the book, with sleeves for some related papers, and kept it near at hand to enjoy. I lived with it for nearly ten years and then, at a sorely challenging time—when my four children were simultaneously in college and I felt a heavy current sweeping me downstream—I weighed my values, found their education at the top of the list, and decided to sell my beloved bamboo rods and all the fishing books I had gathered, holding nothing back but a glass rod.

Over the years, I'd hear a word or two about the book I now called "The Sparse," how it changed hands several times and then vanished—a kind of Maltese falcon—and then suddenly that it would be auctioned by Oinonen Book Auctions in Northampton, Massachusetts. My chil-

dren were finished with school and in the world, and I had been able to buy the rights to a number of the old Crown books and start a small publishing house of my own. I went with my youngest son, Tony, his fiancé Helena, and my wife Mari, and in a swift but savage bidding war I put my hand down when the bids for the book, in minutes, sailed above a thousand dollars. A competing bidder, who had publicly announced before the auction that he would buy it, bid another hundred and smirked at me. It was over. But a moment later, Tony, in the first row, half stood and raised a bold hand vigorously. Tony is big and he is *very* bold. It scared me, but scared the other bidder more. He just shook his head, "No," when the auctioneer asked if he wanted to go further. As soon as the auction ended, Tony paid and collected the book and, both arms outstretched,

brought it to me as a gift. On the drive back I told him quietly, the two of us in the front seats, that maybe the price for a book with only a dime attached was a bit high. "But it's 'The Sparse,'" he said.

Much later I gave the museum my new library of angling books—a thousand or so volumes, mostly on fly fishing, and also some hundreds of letters from Sparse. But I held "The Sparse" until late 2018. What a joy it always was to take it down and look and remember. Then approaching eighty-seven, I thought it time to appoint a final home for the unique book and couldn't think of a better place than an organization dedicated to the preservation of all the paraphernalia and artifacts and books that make our fly fishing such an inexhaustible pleasure: the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



"The Sparse." From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Part II: A Lyons Triptych

by Robert DeMott

Sara Wilcox

To Nick Lyons, Emeritus Professor of English.

—Don Zahner’s dedication, *English Spoken Here* (1986)

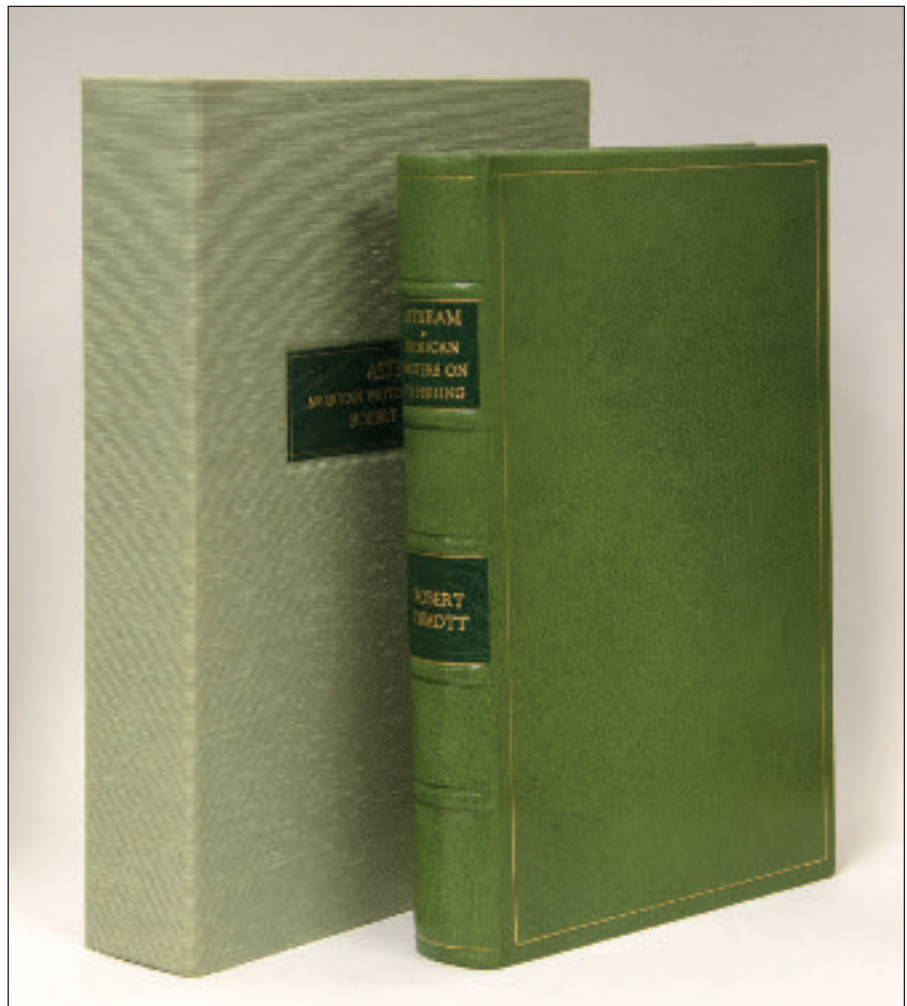
He imputed to the world of fly fishing, which he loved deeply, a sense of character and tradition and wit . . . far beyond the mere catching of fish—an activity that enlivened the heart and sparked the imagination. He was a superb writer . . . and a great-hearted, humorous, and perfectly remarkable man.

—Nick Lyons describing Sparse Grey Hackle (a.k.a. Alfred W. Miller) in “Winter Dreams with Sparse” from *Confessions of a Fly Fishing Addict* (1989)

I. A Nick by Any Other Name

IN 1968, I WAS IN the late stages of graduate school preparing to take PhD examinations in nineteenth-century American literature. In that stressful period I lived life shuttered away in libraries and windowless offices far from trout streams and felt not just ill prepared but downright guilty unless I had read every imaginable book pertaining to my subject area. My academic pursuits led me to *Jones Very: Selected Poems* (1966), edited and introduced by Dr. Nathan Lyons, who, according to the book’s dust-jacket photograph, was the model of a proper pipe-smoking English professor. In a mid-nineteenth-century era marked by the writing achievements of Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, Herman Melville, Walt Whitman, and Emily Dickinson, the prolific Jones Very (1813–1880), a spiritually uplifting transcendentalist poet who believed his poems were dictated by the Holy Spirit, was not widely known, except for those of us fledgling Americanists delving into the arcane byways of our country’s pre-Civil War literary period.

Lyons’s timely, streamlined, modern edition of Very’s selected verse, the first new compilation of the poet’s work in more than eighty years, demonstrated



“The Nick Book.” From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

exemplary scholarship. The volume was meticulously researched, footnoted, and annotated, which was no surprise as the book grew from Lyons’s doctoral dissertation at the University of Michigan under the rigorous direction of Austin Warren, one of the mid-twentieth century’s superstar literary scholars. In that Cold War era, it was commonly accepted practice to launch one’s academic career by zeroing in on a single author for extended study. *Jones Very: Selected Poems* showed promise as a scholarly project

because it broadened the American literary canon by including an otherwise neglected writer. Lyons’s book heralded a bright academic career to come, befitting his newly acquired faculty position in the English department at New York City’s Hunter College. Reading it stem to stern, however, gave no indication that the editor—or Very for that matter—had a shred of interest in fishing.

I passed my doctoral exams, wrote my dissertation on Thoreau, became a professor myself at Ohio University in

Athens, where I taught, graded papers, directed thesis and dissertation writing, did research, and hoped at some point that those efforts would secure tenure-track success and a stable life for me and my young family. Fishing, which I would rather have been doing, had taken a back seat to these other adult endeavors. I had grown up in southwestern Connecticut (with frequent forays to southern Vermont where my family had a seasonal camp), and at twelve had caught my first fly-rod trout on a home-tied Gray Ghost streamer (with feathers cribbed from one of my grandparents' barred Rock chickens) in Connecticut's Saugatuck River in 1956. When I eventually landed work at a small college town in the hills of southeastern Ohio, I was not only far removed from my fairly extensive New England trout fishing background, but felt bereft because of it.

I indulged one part of my sporting life by raising bird dogs to hunt grouse, woodcock, and ducks in the sparsely populated rural reaches of local southern Ohio counties. As for the other part, except for too-short summer getaways to Vermont's streams, I fed my angling appetite as best I could by reading every fishing-related text I could get my hands on and building title by title a working angling library. If I couldn't make it to the river, I told myself, I could always make it to the collection on my shelves. From the very first, books were deeply linked to my fishing passion.

I nearly wept with gratitude when the first issue of *Fly Fisherman* magazine hit the stands in 1969. Its dedicated content filled a gaping hole in my angling-starved life and promised something more focused than the generalized diet of *Field & Stream*, *Outdoor Life*, and *Sports Afield*. I immediately subscribed. During the ensuing years, I was surprised and delighted to discover lively personal fly-fishing essays of a kind I had rarely seen before: lyrical but not pretentious or effete; self-deprecating and humorous without sacrificing seriousness; accessible and bone-honest, yet literate and informed. Written by a Hunter College faculty member named Nick Lyons, these essays began showing up with some frequency until, in March 1976, they morphed into a regularly featured column, "The Seasonable Angler," always the first section I turned to when a new issue of *Fly Fisherman* came to the house.

Meantime, sleuthing confirmed that this Lyons fellow was the same Lyons I had encountered as a graduate student. Only now, instead of publishing respectable scholarly tomes under the name of Dr. Nathan Lyons, as his former dissertation advisor and current college

higher-ups probably wanted him to do, this Nick Lyons was publishing his own books on fly fishing, by that time notably *The Seasonable Angler* (1970) and *Fishing Widows* (1974), as well as shepherding into print the work of other anglers at Crown Publishers, where he was executive editor.

Call it a perverse curiosity, but I was constantly on the lookout for other English professors who, like me, had a secret or alternate sporting life outside academia's ivied halls, so my admiration grew exponentially for this renegade Nick who had eschewed the traditional lockstep ladder of a professorial career, and along with committed undergraduate teaching, followed instead a more personal and creative route as an author, editor, publisher, and all-round literary enabler. Lyons broke the mold, then forged a new one. As far as I was concerned, in the fly-fishing world there was BL (Before Lyons) and AL (After Lyons); in crossing that space, from professor of English to English professor, he put all of us in his debt. It was not for nothing that the fiftieth-anniversary issue of *Fly Fisherman* magazine in 2018 included Nick Lyons as one of the fifty people "who changed the face of fly fishing over the past five decades."

In the early 1970s, in an attempt to bridge the distance between my scholarly life and my fishing life, I wrote an essay on the multiple ways the esoteric modernist poet Ezra Pound had employed information from an 1829 edition of Charles Bowlker's *The Art of Angling* into a section of "Canto LI," which appeared in his 1937 collection, *The Fifth Decade of Cantos* (itself part of an evolving lifelong poetical project culminating in the 802-page *The Cantos of Ezra Pound* [1970]).

My essay, "Note on Canto LI," which grew out of a modern American poetry seminar I was teaching, focused on Pound's appropriations of Bowlker's comments for tying the Blue Dun and the Grannom as examples of enlightened individual artistry. It was aided and abetted by on-site research in the Daniel Fearing Angling Collection at Harvard University's Widener Library (where I examined Bowlker texts) and was bolstered by references to some recent contemporary fly-fishing books I had been reading, especially Charles Fox's *Rising Trout* (1967), a contemporary 1971 reprint of John Waller Hills's *A History of Fly Fishing for Trout* (1921), and Doug Swisher and Carl Richards's *Selective Trout* (1971). The essay appeared in the University of Maine's specialized journal, *Paideuma*, devoted to all aspects of scholarship on Ezra Pound, and was promptly

forgotten. Then, out of the blue several years later, in the mid-1970s, Professor William Frohock, a kindly Pound scholar at Harvard University, who also happened to be an avid fly angler, stumbled on the essay and suggested to *Fly Fisherman's* editors Don Zahner and John Merwin that their magazine should consider reprinting "Note on Canto LI."

And so my cloistered scribbling came to the attention of Nick Lyons, who, as contributing editor at *Fly Fisherman*, had been asked to vet the article. In a letter to me dated 27 March 1977, Nick complimented my "convincing detective work." He continued: "Knowing both the traditions of scholarship and fly fishing, I was pleasantly amused at your qualification of the word 'artificial' and your use of Swisher and Richards (whose book I edited for Crown) as authorities in the *Paideuma* piece. I have waited a long time to see some marriage of those worlds."

My essay, renamed "Pound Discovers the Art of Angling," came out in *Fly Fisherman's* Early Season issue of 1977 as part of Editor Zahner's column, "Anglish Spoken Here." I had published book reviews, scholarship, and literary criticism by that time in various academic journals, but I never felt the same rush I got by linking poetry and fly fishing for an audience wider than the one to which I was accustomed. Zahner's introductory comment, "see what happens when you let fly fishermen hang around college too long—or if you teach English professors to fish," tickled me no end and gave me hope for my own angling-writing future. On top of that, I got a decent check for my efforts. I later told Nick that it was the pinnacle of my career to bring those two worlds together.

II. The Nick Book: A Fishshrift

Even though it would be many years before I met Lyons in person, he had become an ever-larger presence in my life, as not only a fly-fishing author, but also a resolutely independent publisher and editor of some of the most significant angling works of the late twentieth century at Nick Lyons Books, then Lyons & Burford, and finally the Lyons Press. In 2000, after a hiatus of decades, I contacted him again. I was in the early stages of designing the first-ever undergraduate seminar at Ohio University on "The Literature of American Fly Fishing," scheduled for the spring term 2002. Who better to ask for advice about such a project than Nick Lyons, godfather of contemporary angling writing?

I wasn't sure he would remember me, but much to my delight, what started as a casual reintroduction turned out to be

a sustained friendship that has deepened year by year. Our correspondence took off in 2002, during which we exchanged eighteen letters and opened the way to our first meeting on 25 April 2003, when Nick invited me to be his guest at the American Museum of Fly Fishing's Heritage Award dinner at the Yale Club in New York City, where he was being honored for his outstanding angling contributions.

As part of my ongoing education, I had read nearly everything he had written, and I rejoiced each time a new book of his appeared from his fine literary publisher, Atlantic Monthly Press. When I got back in touch with him in 2000, his most recent book, published that year, was *Full Creel: A Nick Lyons Reader*, a compendium of the best writing from his previous seven volumes with an inspiring foreword by Thomas McGuane. What impressed me most about Lyons's worldview was the way he melded the physical act of fly fishing with its extraphysical qualities. The fishing was important, of course, but it was never more important than writing clearly and well about it. His vision of the connectedness between fishing and writing, river and text, is particularly influential and congenial.

Each of us has his or her own favorites among Nick's many writings. *Spring Creek*, about which I will say more later, tops the list, and is one of my all-time

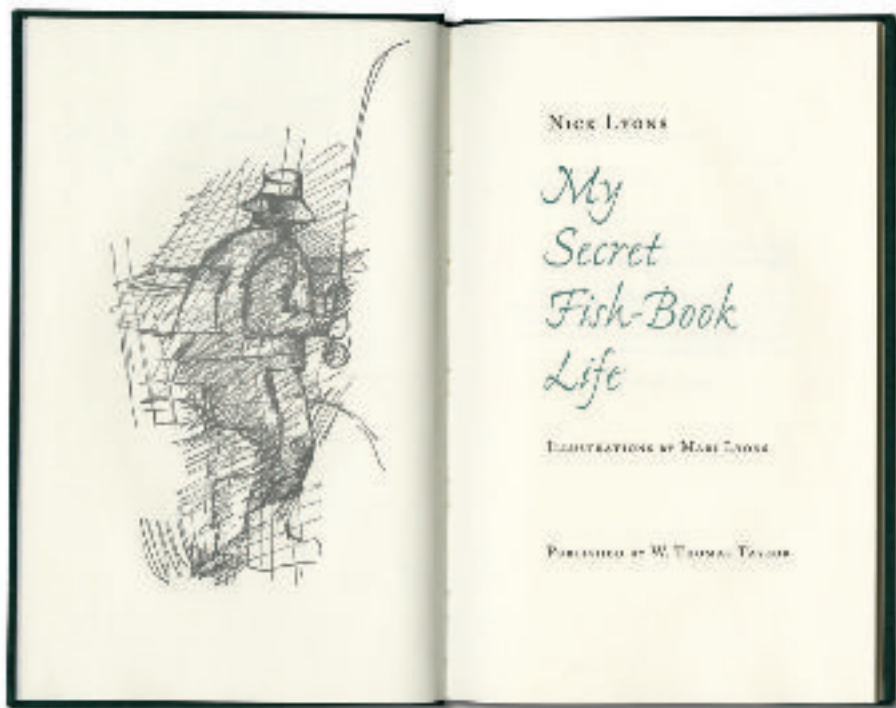
favorite books by any author in any genre; my other favorite is far less widely known but no less meaningful. It is the limited production fine-press edition of *My Secret Fish-Book Life*, published in a run of 550 copies in 1996 by W. Thomas Taylor in Austin, Texas. A 62-page slip-boxed volume amply illustrated by his wife, the incomparable Mari Lyons, is a lovely product of artisanal book making, gorgeous to behold itself, tactile, even sensuous in a way many collectible volumes often are. Its contents were included later in an expanded commercial edition from Atlantic Monthly Press, *My Secret Fishing Life* (1999).

It is also a case of less being more, because in addition to its material allure, and despite its slim size, *My Secret Fish-Book Life* encapsulates everything Lyons achieved as a fly fisherman, a writer, an editor, a publisher, a collector, and a bibliophile. The complicated, intertwined threads of his remarkable and praiseworthy vocations come together in this little volume, nowhere more poignantly than in the sixth section, "The Collector's Bug." In that chapter he first told the story of his experience with "The Sparse," the leather-bound gift copy of his one-of-a-kind Lyons Press edition of Alfred W. Miller's *Fishless Days, Angling Nights*, delightfully elaborated upon in Nick's accompanying essay in this issue of the *American Fly Fisher* (page 8).

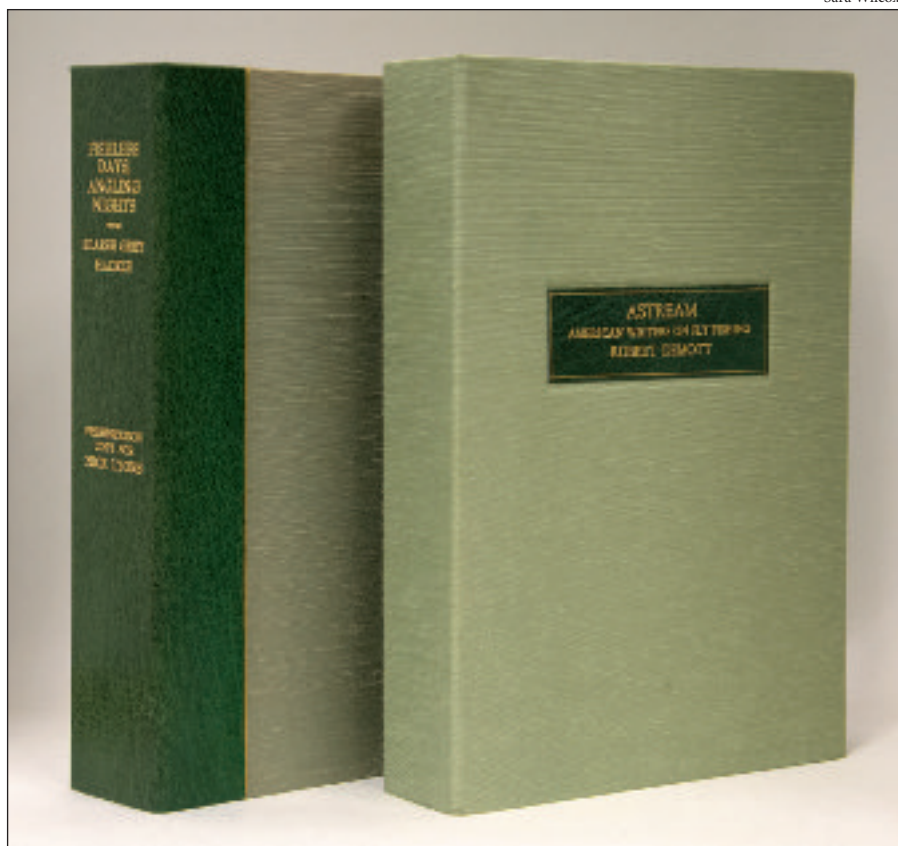
The story of how deeply connected Nick is to specially crafted editions of angling volumes doesn't end there, however. In 2012 I published a collection of original fly-fishing essays by thirty-one various hands called *Astream: American Writers on Fly Fishing*. I dedicated the book "To Nick Lyons, angler for all seasons, with affection and gratitude." In the couple of years the anthology was in the works, I dubbed it "The Nick Book" (and swore all contributors not to reveal the book's dedication), so it always had a special identity in my mind that made it way more than a routine project. My introduction, "Writers Fishing, Fishers Writing," paid homage to Nick's significant authorial presence and his unstinting generosity to several generations of angling writers. I also included a short comedic riff about the two of us fishing a Catskill pond with his infamous pellet fly, an experience that is among my favorites. The volume was published by Skyhorse Publishing, whose president, Tony Lyons, Nick's son, had been an enthusiastic supporter.

Astream carried a foreword by Howell Raines and a previously unpublished essay by the late Datus Proper. There were contributions from Sparse Grey Hackle's granddaughter Margot Page, as well as from Russell Chatham, Jim Harrison, Pam Houston, Michael Keaton, Ted Leeson, Thomas McGuane, Craig Nova, Le Ann Schreiber, Paul Schullery, and W. D. Wetherell, to name a few of the who's-who participants and avid pro-Lyons fans. It also included Nick's "Indian Summer of a Fly Fisher" and Craig Mathews's "In the Nick of Time," both also written specifically for the volume. (In 2014, Nick reprinted his essay in his *Fishing Stories: A Lifetime of Adventures and Misadventures on Rivers, Lakes, and Seas*.)

Astream, which we had jokingly called a *fishshrift* (a play on *festschrift*, a birthday collection), was launched at the Anglers' Club of New York at the time of Nick's eightieth birthday in early June 2012, a festive event full of good cheer and angling talk. (A brief film of the occasion by Nick's son, Charlie Lyons, is on YouTube.) Later that summer, a surprise package arrived from Tony Lyons. Apparently, one special book deserves another. Mindful no doubt of the saga of "The Sparse" edition, about whose retrieval he'd played a significant part, Tony 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



The title page of the W. Thomas Taylor 1996 edition of *My Secret Fish-Book Life*.
From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



“The Sparse” and “The Nick Book,” two one-of-a-kind volumes united in the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

front. A tipped-in page noted that each copy was signed by author, editor, publisher, and binder. One came to me; the other went to Nick.

In the tumult of intervening years, Nick’s copy has gone missing, so by default mine qualifies as a one-of-a-kind survivor. As a former director of a university research library, it’s always been my belief that such prized artifacts should not be sequestered away in private hands but belong to those institutions that prize them, protect them, publicize them, and make them available to like-minded qualified seekers.

There are two reasons this special copy of “The Nick Book” belongs at the American Museum of Fly Fishing. The first is intellectual and historical, as these items belong to our collective, evolving narrative of American fly fishing and deserve preservation and circulation in a conservatory that will treat them with requisite honor. The second is personal and emotional. From the mid-1950s to the late 1970s, my family had a seasonal camp north of the Manchester area at the tiny, off-the-beaten-path hamlet of Danby Four Corners. There I spent many blessed times fishing area streams: the Batten Kill, of course, and north-flowing Otter Creek, but also Weatherby Creek and Mill Creek, small brook and brown

trout blue liners that ran near our property. I watched bamboo rods being built at Orvis’s factory in Manchester, visited the original home of the American Museum of Fly Fishing installed in 1967 in a corner of what was then the one and only Orvis retail store, and dreamed of one day writing about fly fishing. That entire swath of country from Manchester up to Mount Tabor and west to Danby, Pawlet, and Dorset nurtured a significant part of my outdoor life. In a sense, then, this unique copy of *Astream* is going home. I consider it partial repayment for an otherwise priceless investment. Best of all, *The Sparse* and *The Nick Book* will keep company at last.

III. At Spring Creek

Fly fishing, Nick Lyons said in *Confessions of a Fly Fishing Addict* (1989), “thrums with harmonies.” None more so than on the morning of 28 July 2015 in Ennis, Montana. The upper reaches of Sphinx Mountain in the Madison Range to the east were blanketed in fresh snow. My truck thermometer stood at 44 degrees. I was just commencing, for the twenty-sixth straight year, my annual Montana trip. The overcast morning and blustery wind were about as far from the humidity of back-home Ohio as possi-

ble, but events that morning were such that no one seemed to mind the perverse weather. It was one of those moments when we fly fishers, attuned to natural cycles of dispersal and renewal, seem to have an inside track on the recurrence of history. Wait long enough, be patient enough, and another circle closes, a loop repeats itself, time swallows its own tail, another hatch cycle plays its rounds.

A group of us were on hand when, for the first time since 1999, Nick and Mari Lyons returned to the Longhorn Ranch where Nick’s favorite spring creek, O’Dell—the unnamed subject of his masterpiece *Spring Creek* (1992)—runs its course. Our hosts Jim and Julie Wellington, plus angler extraordinaire Craig Mathews, a principal actor in *Spring Creek*’s pages, and his wife Jackie, proprietors of Blue Ribbon Flies in West Yellowstone, and my partner Kate Fox and I, made up the hopeful contingent. Plus two dogs—Australian shepherd Tippy and English setter Meadow—picnic baskets and coolers, and of course an unusually varied amount of delicious fly-fishing paraphernalia, including the usual suspects of rods, reels, fly boxes, waders, wading shoes, nets, all the traps we might need or want for a day astream. All stars aligned to make the Lyons’s long-awaited return visit a reality.

For me, it was an especially charmed time because the previous day Nick and I had the chance to talk over my manuscript, *Angling Days: A Fly Fisher’s Journals*. Nick was editing the book, which was due out the following year, 2016, from Skyhorse Publishing, where Nick, having divested himself from his various personal publishing-related affiliations, was serving as a consulting editor for his son’s company. *Angling Days* is a chronological selection of essaylike entries based on thousands of pages of narrative fishing journals I had kept compulsively since 1989. It described parts of an average person’s life through the challenge and lens of fly fishing. After a lifelong work-a-day career in academia, my book was not so much the record of a life *in* fly fishing, but a life *with* fly fishing.

In the course of our work on *Angling Days* (originally called *Fishing Plots*, a title I’m grateful Nick talked me out of using), I came to realize what hundreds of other writers had seen: the genius of Nick’s editorial skills, not just by judicious wielding of his red pencil, but with his searching questions and comments, his well-timed encouragement, and most of all his uplifting, contagious enthusiasm. I knew firsthand his generosity. In recent years, as his own active fishing life wound down, he had given me countless

books, a couple of Winston fly rods, boxes of flies, and related gear, always with the same comment: "I won't be using these any more. You should have them." But his editorial guidance on *Angling Days* embodied an intellectual generosity that transcended all other gifts. Nick Lyons does what every great editor does—he makes you a better writer, improves the quality of your work beyond what you might have thought possible. That gift cannot be celebrated often enough.

Nor can a confluent moment that took place on the banks of O'Dell that July day be celebrated often enough. I confess that visiting the geographical sites of well-loved books and art ranks high in my portfolio of enthusiasms. It's the English prof in me I guess, but the connections between landscapes and texts are endlessly fascinating. I enjoy seeing the triggering places from which great writing arose: the ranch in Salinas, California, where John Steinbeck set *The Red Pony*; Thoreau's iconic *Walden* site in Concord, Massachusetts; Nebraska's Niobrara River area where parts of Jim Harrison's *Dalva* are located; the Abbott's Barton section of the River Itchen, made famous in G. E. M. Skues's pioneering nymphing books; and of course the generative Montana site of Nick Lyons's *Spring Creek*. The book is one of the truly great documents of an angler's trouting education and figured prominently on the syllabus of my fly-fishing lit course in 2002. I could not count the number of times I've read it, usually with pen in hand, marking this passage, underlining that in my well-worn copy, trying to learn its magic, unlock its secrets.

Once, in the mid-2000s, Nick inscribed a first edition of *Spring Creek* to me "with hopes that you and I will someday fish a first-rate spring creek like this together—and talk half the time at a fecund spot like my 'Second Bend Pool.'" Since then, Skyhorse Publishing issued a twentieth-anniversary edition of *Spring Creek* (2012) with a new preface by Nick. I had a copy in my gear bag that day at the creek and when the blustery wind stopped blowing long enough for us to enjoy Julie and Jackie's al fresco lunch, Nick obligingly inscribed my copy: "For Bob—Great friend—and on the banks of the greatest river..." Mari signed it, too, for all of its splendid original sketches made on that location were hers; and Craig signed it as well, under Mari's ink drawing of him and Nick looking over the creek decades earlier on "30 June 1992," as her caption on page 72 states. A fishful circle closed, a wish rounded out.

Several hours at Second Bend Pool with Nick and Craig fishing their old haunt, reminiscing about celebrated anglers like Jim's father Herb Wellington (the extraordinary person who made the original visits possible for Nick and to whom *Spring Creek* is dedicated), John Goddard, A. J. McClane, Sparse Grey Hackle, Datus Proper, and others, luminaries and otherwise, will always be one of my most cherished angling memories. To ply such storied water, to be among such talented anglers, and to be in the midst of such natural plenty, is a reminder—perhaps *blessing* is a better word—that the way we add to the key events of our lives is through a web of related factors that coalesce, sometimes in delightfully unexpected ways.

Fishing was so-so, but that was the least of it, because history was afoot and we were at its source. Even our losses were positive. At one point a good brown came up for Nick's cricket pattern, and it rose to the fly as he was regaling me with an entertaining story about a prior fishing adventure. Distracted, we looked streamward just as the trout's big mouth opened for the fly. Craig and Julie yelled a warning to Nick, but too late, and he missed the strike. Widening concentric rings left an impression of what might have been that lasted all day. In some kind of metaphorical or metaphysical

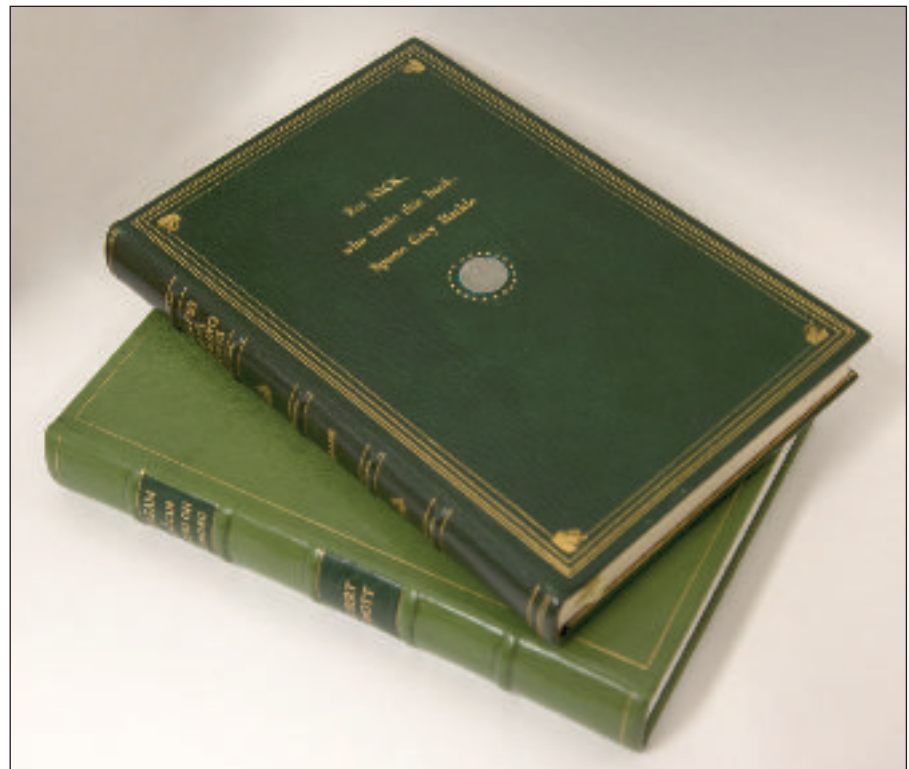
prestidigitation, an absence became a presence.

Fly fishing is a collector's art. We gather, collect, scrutinize, evaluate, and organize many things—flies, rods, reels, books, so why not other valuables as well in the form of rivers, impressions, spots of time, and memories? Later, I netted a nice brown for Nick, so fishingwise, anyway, there was some success to be had. In due course we adjourned to dinner at a fine restaurant in Ennis where the day and its spirited feelings were replayed, becoming merrier and merrier with each fabulous course and each bottle of wine. The byplay and witty chat between Nick and Mari, Craig and Jackie, and our gracious hosts, which sprang from their decades-long friendships, lit up the evening.

Kate and I listened and learned, happy to be along for the ride. There was more of the same the following day as well, so the junket, which we all recognized might never be repeated in the same way, became a rich tapestry of events, actions, and conversations that underscored the most important affective dimension of fly angling: there is always a story behind the story, there is always more to fishing than catching. Viva Nick and Sparse for making it possible to think and write that way about our favorite sport!



Sara Wilcox



Another look at "The Sparse" and "The Nick Book." From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Paul Volcker

5 September 1927–8 December 2019

Yoshi Akiyama

Paul Volcker was best known as an American economist and for his successful fight against high levels of inflation in the 1970s and 1980s. In the fly-fishing community, he is known as a true angler whose favorite fight was with an Atlantic salmon.

As the world said goodbye to Mr. Volcker, I reflected on all he has done in support of our beloved sport and the American Museum of Fly Fishing. He received the Heritage Award in 2011 and continued to support our New York City event by annually offering “Lunch with Paul Volcker” as an auction item, the selling of which was always a high point of the evening. He understood the importance of the museum’s mission and entrusted us with his library, which was accepted into our permanent collection in 2018.

Here in Joan Wulff’s remembrance of her friend Paul, she notes that he was a true outdoorsman. Indeed he was, as well as a true gentleman. He will be missed, but not forgotten.

—SARAH FOSTER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



Paul Volcker presenting the AMFF Heritage Award to Joan Wulff in New York City on 21 May 2008.

PAUL AND I BOTH grew up in northern New Jersey, about 10 miles apart, but we never met on my favorite trout rivers, the Flat Brook and the Musconetcong. I first met him in the early 1980s, when he was chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, at a sportsman’s show in Suffern, New York. He came to our booth to meet Lee, and I immediately related to him because he was wearing a red-and-black-plaid Woolrich jacket—the traditional sign of a true outdoorsman!

I wish I could say that he became a serious casting student of mine, but in a casting session a few years later, he kept resisting my efforts to bring his rod hand up to his forehead to improve his roll cast, until finally—you guessed it—this 6-foot, 7-inch man said, “Joan, I’ve never had to bring my hand that high in my entire life!”

Some of my casting vocabulary stayed with him, however, and a few years later

he sent a note that read, “I haven’t had a bit of time recently to work on my power snap; my roll cast doesn’t straighten out; my double haul is disintegrating. I’ve been distracted by other things and I’m getting older—but I do intend to go salmon fishing at some point.”

An invitation followed for my husband Ted Rogowski and me to fish with him in New Brunswick. Paul once told a friend that one of the reasons he loved Atlantic salmon fishing was that it covered up his bad casting, but fishing with him showed me that his casting was just fine. However, his towering presence in front of me, in the Restigouche River canoe, was awesome. I kept hoping that he wouldn’t hiccup!

In 2008 Paul was honored by the Atlantic Salmon Federation, and I was asked to introduce him at the annual New York city event. In my research I found an article about him in the *Wall Street Journal* that said that his office was filled

with photographs and “statues” of fish, as well as a pillow inscribed: “Work is for people who don’t know how to fish.”

Paul did both; no one lived a more active and invaluable public life, a life in which he demonstrated a rare and remarkable brand of integrity. Until the end, he supported the work of the Atlantic Salmon Federation—and the American Museum of Fly Fishing—and remained a trout fisherman on his home river: the Beaverkill.

I will always miss him.

—JOAN SALVATO WULFF

Joan Wulff has been a national casting champion, a book author, a magazine columnist, and founder and teacher at the Wulff Fly Fishing School. She lives in Livingston Manor, New York.

AMFF Honors Flip Pallot with the 2020 Izaak Walton Award

Anthony Davino



2020 Izaak Walton Award honoree Flip Pallot.

THERE ARE MOMENTS you know are special as they are happening. The 2020 Izaak Walton Award event honoring Flip Pallot at the Ocean Reef Club in Key Largo was filled with them. From being in the presence of saltwater legends such as Flip, Chico Fernandez, and Stu Apte to participating in a toast led by the honoree—Frigate Reserve Rum, Flip’s latest co-venture, in the glasses of all—it was certainly an evening to remember.

The museum established the Izaak Walton Award in 2014 to honor and celebrate individuals who live by the *Compleat Angler* philosophy. Their passion for the sport of fly fishing and involvement in the angling community provides inspiration for others and promotes the legacy of leadership for future generations. Often referred to as a total outdoorsman, Flip Pallot is an innovator, entrepreneur, teacher, mentor, author, broadcaster, and conservation champion, and is held in the highest regard by many as an extraordinary friend—qualities that make him an ideal honoree.

Stu Apte began the proceedings with a moving tribute to Flip, thanking him for their many days of friendship. AMFF Ambassador Drew Chicone then stepped in as emcee, welcom-

ing friends to the club. He introduced Chico Fernandez, who has known Flip since the late 1950s. Chico is a wonderful orator and storyteller, and his tales of their younger days—fishing off bridges, making their own tackle, and sharing a passion for music—transported guests to another time. He concluded by calling Flip the greatest outdoorsman of all time, and the deep connection between the two men was clearly visible.

Drew then presented the award to Flip amid a standing ovation. Flip’s extraordinary dedication to the sport and the natural world was evident in every word he said, and he praised the museum for its continued work as the stewards of fly-fishing history.

AMFF would like to thank our hosts and event chairs Nancy and Alan Zakon. Our online auction welcomed bidders from across the country, and we greatly appreciate the following auction donors: All Waters Fly Fishing, Drew Chicone, Deerfield Rods, Flip Pallot, El Pescador, Jack Pittard, Rebekka Redd, Mike Rice, Kyle Schaefer, Yasuji Sugai, Three Forks Ranch, and David and Emily Whitlock.



Samantha Pitcher



The Bonefish & Tarpon Trust sponsored a table at the event in honor of Flip.

Chris Quarles



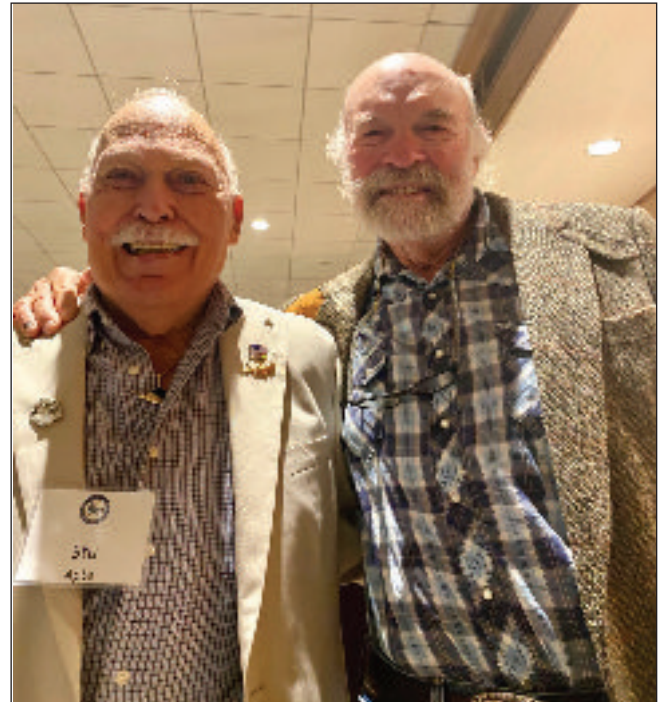
Flip Pallot catches up with his dear friend Chico Fernandez.

Samantha Pitcher



From left: Chris Quarles, Diane Pallot, Flip Pallot, and Gigi Allen visit before dinner.

Drew Chicone



Stu Apte and Flip Pallot are all smiles after Stu gave an impromptu tribute to his longtime fishing buddy.

Chris Quarles



AMFF Ambassador Drew Chicone, who served as the evening's master of ceremonies, and Flip Pallot.

Brodheads: The History of a Storied Fishing Club

by Thomas Wolf

Kim Williams



Ransberry Cemetery, dating back at least to the early nineteenth century, is on a hill located behind the buildings of what is now the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association. It contains the grave of Revolutionary War veteran Elias Utt (1763–1833), the first recorded owner of a portion of the current BFSAs property.

IF YOU WALK UP a wooded hill overlooking a lovely creek in northeast Pennsylvania, you will come upon an ancient cemetery. Despite the time span represented by those buried there—the birth of one predates the American Revolution by more than a quarter century—the burial ground is well maintained, including one grave marker of a Revolutionary War veteran.

Down the hill between the cemetery and the creek are some old structures, at least one of which is close to two hundred years old. These buildings are home to the Brodheads* Forest and Stream Association (BFSAs), a fishing club that, at age ninety, is a relative newcomer to the property. The cemetery is now offi-

cially on club property, but it has elicited little interest among the membership until fairly recently. Earlier, people visited the cemetery to help maintain the gravestones, masonry, iron fence, and landscaping within, but none of these individuals were BFSAs members.

If any club member should have taken an interest in the history of the cemetery and the surrounding land, it is me. I am a third-generation member of the BFSAs, I have fished the waters for more than sixty years, and a member of my family is listed in the guest register for opening day in 1929. Knowing the backstory of this precious bit of property should have been part of my DNA. Yet on my infrequent trips there after I grew up and moved to Massachusetts, I was far more interested in where people were catching fish and on what fly. Despite the fact that much documentation of BFSAs's history was kept at the clubhouse, neither I nor other members had ever systematically studied it.

Perhaps this is not as odd as it sounds. The Brodheads Forest and Stream Asso-

ciation was established by twelve men who purchased its 850 acres (including two creeks running through the property) in 1928. These individuals were, for the most part, neither avid anglers nor hunters and had little interest in American history. Their common bond was that they were affluent Philadelphia Jews who had been denied admission to the numerous country clubs dominated by the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant establishment of the city. The decision to form their own club in the Poconos was motivated as much by a desire for a recreational and social sanctuary for themselves and their families as it was by the opportunity to wet a fishing line.

It would be nice to be able to brag that soon after the property acquisition, the BFSAs became the fly-fishing mecca that it is today. After all, although some claim that the Catskill Mountain region of New York is the cradle of American fly fishing, it is clear that as early as the 1850s this method of angling was employed on Brodhead Creek. Historians have noted

*The plural form *Brodheads* is used in the official name of the club because Paradise Creek, which runs through club property, used to be called the West Branch of the Brodhead (hence two streams with the same name). Even many members and club signs use the singular form incorrectly when referring to the club.

that fly-fishing pioneers stayed at the Henryville House (another resort located just a fifteen-minute drive up the road from BFSA) and that the inn that predated the BFSA in the nineteenth century (the Stites Mountain House) was also a destination for fishermen.

But based on stories told to me by my father, to the extent that early members and guests at BFSA fished, many used live bait, and later some used spinning gear. Dad claimed that my great-uncle Lou would sit on a rock beside the famed Miller Pool, waiting while his chauffeur baited a hook with a worm, and that the liveried gentleman would remove each fish that Uncle Lou caught. Once a large bucket was filled up, Uncle Lou would retire to the clubhouse and join others in cigar smoking, drinking, eating, and gossiping about members who were not present. In time, of course, fly fishing took over at BFSA, but even as late as the 1960s, there was at least one elderly member whom I remember using a spinning rod and reel with a silvery lure at the end of the line. Members politely let it pass given his age and history with the club.

By the 1970s, though, things were changing. The children and grandchildren of the original members were less interested in the two-hour drive from Philadelphia when they and their children could enjoy recreation closer to home at clubs that were no longer closed to Jews. Many did not enjoy fishing. Nor was it as important to them to have a place to escape to when city weather got unbearably hot because homes were now equipped with air conditioning. Membership fell off, and the tight social group that comprised the club membership began to look further afield to fill their ranks. By the turn of the century, there were a fair number of non-Jewish members of BFSA.

If the new members were not related by blood or tribe, they were united by something else: their love of fly fishing, as well as their experience and skill. Unlike earlier generations of members who were happy to drag a bright streamer up and down the river to attract the many hatchery-stocked trout, these individuals knew how to identify a hatch and would often go back to the clubhouse and tie a fly to match it. They also brought with them a new philosophy of fishing. This included obvious requirements like barbless hooks but also a new emphasis on catch-and-release, including a no-kill rule for all brown and rainbow trout. By 2000, dramatic results had ensued. Far more native trout were being caught, and their size increased dramatically. At one time, three stuffed fish preserved and mounted on the wall of the

clubhouse in earlier days represented once-in-a-lifetime catches. Now members were catching fish that size regularly.

With the new blood that enriched the BFSA membership came a curiosity about the club's history, though few people had the time or interest to do the research required. But in 2004, an event occurred that changed everything. The club accepted its first female member. As is so often the case with female pioneers, this individual, Susan Brozena, was a woman of remarkable accomplishment. She had fished the American west, central Pennsylvania, the Catskills, the Delaware River, Nova Scotia, the Bahamas, Mexico, and Argentina. How she did this and managed to keep up with her day job is impressive. As a physician caring for patients with heart failure and heart transplant, she had a full schedule, but she also spent time educating the next generation of physicians and nurses as an associate professor of medicine in the division of cardiovascular medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. Later she became medical director of the Heart and Vascular Center at one of the offices of the University of Pennsylvania and was honored with the American Heart Association Lifetime Achievement Award.

What does someone with a history of such achievement do upon retirement? If

you are a passionate fly fisher and the secretary of a storied fly-fishing club, you might start by exploring the club's history. And that is precisely what Brozena did. Not one to do things by halves, she decided to go back well before the 1928 start date of BFSA to learn something about the individuals who were buried in the ancient cemetery on the hill behind the club buildings. The result of her efforts is a remarkable book: a history not only of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association but of those who occupied and developed the property from before the time that William Penn settled Pennsylvania.

It was Penn who in 1681 received a royal charter from King Charles II of England for land that included the club's property and who two years later signed a treaty with the Lenni-Lenape, the earliest peoples to fish the streams and rivers in the Poconos. Penn's treaty was the first of its kind in the new world between a white man and the Native American population; the Lenape retained access rights to their purchased land to hunt, fish, and gather. Then, in 1737, Penn's mercenary sons oversaw a land swindle—the Walking Purchase—that claimed much of the Native Americans' land. That, together with the rapid influx of Europeans to the verdant acreage, resulted in a gradual



A retired physician who has fished all over the world, Susan Brozena became the first female member of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association in 2004. Her interest in the club's history became a research project and then a book.

takeover of the properties in northeastern Pennsylvania by the white man.

Among the immigrants attracted by Penn and his offspring were Henry and Catherine Utt, who arrived in 1742. It was one of their seven sons, Elias (1749–1833), who became the first recorded owner of a portion of the club’s property in 1784 after being wounded in the Revolutionary War. It is he who occupies the oldest grave in the cemetery on the hill behind the BFSA clubhouse. Another owner of nearby property was Daniel Brodhead III, for whom the Brodhead Creek was

named. He moved his family to the area in 1737, the same year as the Walking Purchase, acquiring 600 acres of stream-side land not far away.

Brozena’s history records the life of Elias Utt and his family on their farm. In exploring and documenting this history, she was able to track down a great-, great-, great-grandson of Utt who filled her in on many family details. She documents subsequent owners of portions of the BFSA property, including the Solladays and the Ransberrys, and records the important decision by a certain Henry

Ransberry to build an inn in 1825 to capitalize on the traffic on a new road along the edge of his farm. Of the buildings still standing and belonging to the club, at least one was likely built by Ransberry. The cemetery on the hill, in which Ransberrys are buried, bears his name.

Certainly, one of the most consequential individuals to whom the BFSA owes a debt of gratitude is Thomas Dunn Stites, who purchased the Ransberry property in 1851 and greatly expanded it into what we would today call a resort. His enlargement of the buildings made it possible to

Susan Brozena



Elias Utt’s Revolutionary War veteran medal and his grave.

Kim Williams



Built in 1860 to accommodate more guests at the Stites Mountain House, the annex now contains an equipment room, a fly-tying room, and various sleeping rooms for club members and guests.



Stites Mountain Home was the inn built on club property in 1825. Fifty years later, the property had been developed into a veritable resort by owner Thomas Stites. This 1875 depiction shows the buildings much as they are today, with the Brodhead Creek pictured in the upper-right panel and the railroad bridge to the left. The Ransberry Cemetery is located halfway up the hill behind the buildings.

accommodate up to one hundred guests; he also built a lake for boating, tennis courts, and other recreational amenities. Fishing and hunting were attractions, of course, as was the farm-to-table food grown on the property. The two main buildings on the club's property today were built by Stites and were expanded by his son, Thomas H. Stites, who continued operating the inn until his death in 1917. With no children of his own and no one to whom he had entrusted management of the extensive operation, the Stites Mountain House resort, as it was called, fell on hard times until its eventual sale to the BFSA in 1928.

In addition to BFSA history already recounted, two seminal disasters are important to mention as both almost led to the club's demise. The first was the financial impact of the Great Depression in the 1930s, which brought ruin to many of the affluent and made it difficult to find the funds to pay off the club's mort-

gage and meet its operating costs. It was at that time that additional members were sought—including my great-uncle Louis Wolf—and the club managed to survive. The second was natural disaster: the cataclysmic weather events of 1955 in the form of Hurricanes Connie and Diane. These storms caused flooding, devastating destruction, and death, and once again led to a close call for the club. But the members rallied, and despite the extensive damage and costs associated with rebuilding, the club was saved.

Brozena's *A History of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association: The People, the Property, and the Fishing Club* is a remarkable work. It includes not only a chronology of countless events, but also descriptions of Native American fishing techniques, the local fishing waters themselves, the club's remarkable caretakers who provided so much of the special character of the BFSA, the flora and fauna in the area, and the club's conservation

efforts. It is rich with historical photographs, in some cases generously lent by archival collections. It also includes a section in which members share memories. And for those who, like many of the readers of this journal, are concerned with historical accuracy, there are extensive footnotes and a bibliography.

But for those who simply want a good read, this is a book for you.

A History of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association: The People, the Property, and the Fishing Club
by Susan Brozena, with a foreword by Thomas Wolf

Copies are available by sending your name, address, and a check for \$50 made out to the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association to BFSA, 119 Stites Mountain Road, East Stroudsburg, PA 18301. Price includes \$5 postage and handling. All profits from sales of this book are donated to the BFSA conservation fund.



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C. P. Heaton
Judith Helm
Diane Hoback
Len Jekanowski
Mark Lamos
Elisha F. Lee Jr.
Nick Lyons
Christopher L. McLaughlin
John Sands
Kimberly Spurr
James Utterback
Ken Walrath
Steve Voit
Joan Wulff and Ted Rogowski

Volunteers

Kelly Bedford
Scott Biron
Greg Brown

George Butts
Bill Cosgrove
Mark Dysinger
Pete Kutzer
Barry Mayer
Bill Newcomb
Hadley Perkins
Merritt Perkins
Liv Pitcher
Annie Pitcher
Ray Plumley
Kevin Ramirez
Mike Rice
Nick Santatolucito
Paul Sinicki
Rich Strolis
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Ron Wilcox

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Scott Biron
Michael Carrano
Drew Chicone
Harry Desmond
Mark Dysinger
Camille Egdorf
Rachel Finn
Brita Fordice
Adam Franceschini
Steve Galetta
Peter Jaacks
Peter Jenkins
John Jinishian
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Morgan Kupfer
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Dave McCoy
Lori-Ann Murphy
Derek Olthuis
Rebekka Redd
Mike Rice
Kyle Schaefer
Brandon Simmons
Matt Smythe
Rich Strolis
April Vokey
Scott Wessel
Jess Westbrook



Museum News

Museum Ambassador

Peter Jenkins, who joined the museum ambassador program in 2018, is the owner of the Saltwater Edge tackle shop in Middletown, Rhode Island (<https://saltwateredge.com>). He serves as board chair for the American Saltwater Guides Association and is a member of Rhody Flyrodders, Boston Flycasters, Newport County Saltwater Fishing Club, and Rhode Island Saltwater Anglers.

Peter's lifelong appreciation for striped bass came from his grandfather, who took him fishing at a young age. As a teenager, Peter caddied for a gentleman from the Anglers' Club of New York who taught him to fly cast—another enduring gift. Today Peter enjoys surfcasting and fly rodding as the situation dictates. Besides stripers, his favorite species are false albacore, bonefish, and roosterfish.



Peter Jenkins. Photo courtesy of Peter Jenkins.

Kelsey McBride



AMFF hosted Tie One On and an Iron Fly—style event on March 7, its first fly-tying event of the season. Tiers from around the Northeast offered fly-tying demonstrations and lessons to beginner, intermediate, and advanced tiers. Thanks to the talented Ken Walrath and Bill Newcomb (pictured above left and right, respectively), as well as the equally impressive Paul Sinicki, Kelly Bedford, George Butts, Mike Rice, and Joe Cresta, all of whom shared their skills with us. Thanks too to Mike Rice of Mud Dog Flies and Brian Cadoret of Stream and Brook Fly Fishing for hosting the Iron Fly—style event and to Christo's Pizza for sponsoring the event.

Upcoming Events

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

May 5
Council Members Outing
Potatuck Club, Connecticut

May 15
Reflections: The Angler and Nature in Art
Exhibit Opening Reception
4:00 p.m.–6:00 p.m.

July 9, 16, 23, and 30 (Thursdays)
Kids Clinics
10:00 a.m.–11:00 a.m.

August 8
13th Annual Fly-Fishing Festival
10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.

September 12
Members-Only Event: AMFF Confidential
10:00 a.m.–11:00 a.m.

Fall (TBD)
Annual Members Meeting

November 7
Open House
10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.

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

Robert DeMott 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. He is chief editor of the Library of America's four-volume collection of Nobel Prize-winning writer John Steinbeck and received the National Steinbeck Museum's Trustees Award for significant contributions to Steinbeck studies. He reached another pinnacle of his career when the *American Fly Fisher*, his favorite journal, published "Of Fish and Men," an essay on John Steinbeck and fishing (Fall 2006). 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 post-English Department retirement articles appear in *Gray's Sporting Journal*, *Upland Almanac*, the *Anglers' Club Bulletin*, and *Angler's Journal*; his 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). He lives in Athens, Ohio.

Kathryn Fox



Nick Lyons has been an English professor at Hunter College; executive editor at Crown Publishers, where he started the Sportsmen's Classic series; and publisher of the Lyons Press, which specialized in books about fly fishing. He wrote a number of books on fishing, the last five of which contained illustrations by his late wife, Mari Lyons.

Mari Lyons



Julie Watts



Jimmy Watts was born and raised in the Pacific Northwest. After finishing college with a B.A. in literature and a few Ironman triathlons under his belt, he read the water for two years as a surf lifeguard in Santa Cruz, California. In the time since, he's gone on to become a medic and a Seattle firefighter, where he's assigned to the city's elite unit, Rescue Co. 1—a special operations team responsible for the highest-risk rescues, including underwater (scuba) rescue.

He's also the craftsman behind Shuksan Rod Company split-cane fly rods, an avid fly fisher, and at work writing his first book. He lives outside Bellingham, Washington, with his wife of twenty years and their two boys.

Thomas Wolf, a third-generation member of the Brodheads Forest and Stream Association, has been an enthusiastic fly fisherman for more than sixty years. By profession, he spent many years as a professional flutist. He is a founder and principal with the consulting firm WolfBrown, specializing in work for major arts and cultural institutions worldwide. Among his many published writings is a best-selling textbook, *Managing a Nonprofit Organization* (soon to appear in a fifth edition) and, most recently, a family memoir (*The Nightingale's Sonata*) for which he was awarded the Sophie Brody medal. This is his third article for the journal.

Aisan Acosta





We are incredibly excited to announce that our film *TIME* has been accepted in the Fly Fishing Film Tour and will be making its way across the country with the F3T!



Join Flip Pallot, Bob Clouser, and Blane Chocklett as they explore one of Lefty Kreh's favorite fishing areas—the backwaters of inland Florida—and experience how Lefty's presence influenced some of our greatest living legends.



TIME will tour with ten other fly-fishing films. For a full schedule and ticket information, please visit flyfilmtour.com.



TIME



A behind-the-scenes look at (left to right) Blane Chocklett, Flip Pallot, Max Erickson, Zento Slinger, Alex Ford, and Jared Zissu during the filming of TIME.

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED a film that changed your life? Or experienced a movie that drew you in so deeply that you might as well have been there? Film is, without a doubt, a powerful art. It has the ability to inspire ideas and communicate lifestyle and traditions in ways that nothing else can.

Since the 2012 founding of our Anglers Circle (a diverse group of young professionals and fly-fishing enthusiasts from around the country united by a desire to support the museum and its mission), film—and everything related to film—has been their driving force. They believe that film is the way that a new, younger audience will experience the American Museum of Fly Fishing. In the past decade, we have filmed interviews with fly-fishing legends, incorporated film into new exhibits, and digitized hours of archived footage from our collection. But we were still looking for a project that would support our mission while captivating the next generation.

So, under the direction of AMFF Digital Marketing Coordinator Alex Ford, we partnered with Flylords, a digital-media company, and began curating a story that would pay tribute to the friendship between fishing legends Lefty Kreh and Flip Pallot. Our film touches on Lefty's incredible outlook on life and how that has influenced Flip's pas-

sion for the outdoors shines brightly through the camera lens, and as his story unfolds, it becomes clear that the film had to be titled *TIME*.

In August, we received word that *TIME* had been accepted into the Fly Fishing Film Tour. *TIME*'s exploration of Lefty's legacy with some of the sport's greatest living legends—Flip Pallot, Blane Chocklett, and Bob Clouser—is our launching pad as we begin to fold film into the museum's mission.

I encourage you to explore the Fly Fishing Film Tour schedule (<https://flyfilmtour.com/>) and to see *TIME* in a theater near you. The tour stops in more than 150 cities across the United States, reaching a varied demographic and providing exposure well beyond our bricks and mortar in Manchester, Vermont.

As with many special projects, we are indebted to those who shared this vision and made the film—and all it represents for AMFF—possible. I wish to extend a huge thank you to Parker Corbin, Karen Kaplan, Woods King IV, Jason Scott, Richard Tisch, and Nancy Zakon for their support and guidance of *TIME*.

SARAH FOSTER
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



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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 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.

