

The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



SUMMER 2016

VOLUME 42 NUMBER 3

Lines Cast



David Hatwell

WHEN FREDERICK BULLER received our *Graceful Rise* exhibition issue in Fall 2011 (vol. 37, no. 4), he wrote to tell me that he'd been working on an article about female Atlantic salmon record holders. That article became "A List of Large Atlantic Salmon Landed by the Ladies," the bulk of the Fall 2013 journal (vol. 39, no. 4). As Fred was not one to use modern technology—computers and whatnot—and as we had an ocean between us, his good friend David Hatwell stepped in as go-between so that we could keep in close and quick contact via e-mail during production.

I mailed Fred his copies of the journal, and soon enough I received an e-mail from Dave: "I have just arrived home from spending two days with Fred and Margaret," he wrote. "And guess what . . . the journals arrived yesterday afternoon. As you can see from the photograph, they are delighted, and so am I. Fred could not put them down all evening and has asked me to pass on his thanks, and he says he will be contacting you in the normal manner shortly."

Dave attached the above photo. I promptly forwarded it to all museum staff. Moments like this delight us. (And I did, shortly, hear from Fred "in the normal manner.")

Fred Buller passed away in February. He was a longtime museum supporter and contributor to this journal, but there may be readers who are unaware of the extent of his contributions to our sport. David Hatwell has written about Fred's life and legacy in "Frederick Buller, MBE, 1926–2016: A History and Some Memories" (page 6). A profile of this man in these pages is long overdue.

I'm sad to report that the museum has also lost our resident Renaissance man, Bill Herrick: artist, writer, angler, trustee emeritus, friend. Bill's own dear friend, Trustee Bob Scott, shares a few memories with us (inside back cover).

Writer/angler Keith Harwood sometimes fishes at Malham Tarn, a glacial lake in the Yorkshire Dales. While visiting Malham Tarn House, he was shown a cased trout, caught by a man whose name sounded familiar: Thomas Brayshaw Jr. Harwood did some sleuthing and discovered quite a bit about both the trout and the man. "A Trout with a Tale: The Cased Trout of Malham Tarn House" begins on page 2.

We offer up some summer reading in Notes and Comment with "Epiphany," a piece by D. W. McGary, in which a trout snob considers the role of ambience in his fishing life, the milieu in which his attitudes developed, his ultimate realization regarding the species he has admired all these years, and, in light of this realization, what he's going to do about it. Intrigued? Turn to page 12.

Other treats: Harry Briscoe reviews Roger Keckeissen's book, *Art Flick: Catskill Legend*, on page 24. Peter Nardini, in Batten Kill Beat (page 22), profiles Leon Chandler and his history with the Cortland Line Company. We welcome seven new museum ambassadors (page 17), and we report on the presentation of our 2016 Heritage Award to Ted Turner (page 20).

Summer: it's a perfect time to visit the museum and Vermont. Why not come see us at the Fly-Fishing Festival on August 6? We look forward to it.

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ON THE COVER: *The late Fred Buller salmon fishing on the Lower Redgorton beat of the River Tay in Scotland. Photo by David Hatwell.*

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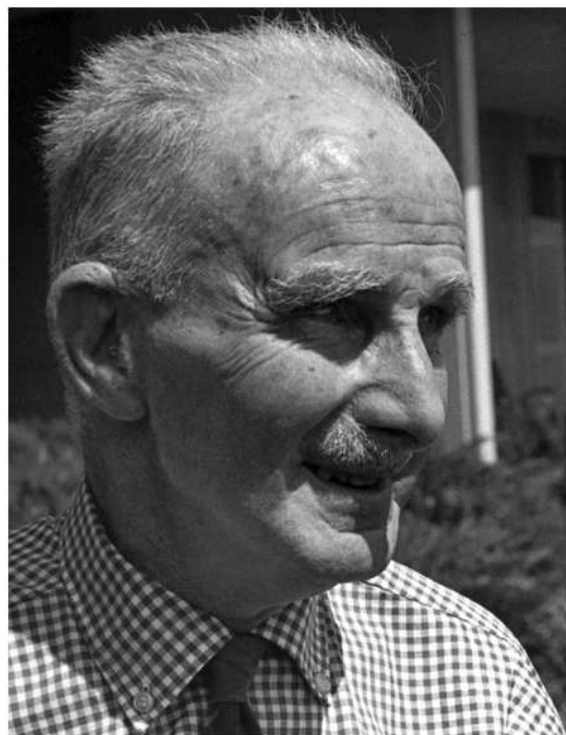
A Trout with a Tale: The Cased Trout of Malham Tarn House

by Keith Harwood

Photos are by author unless otherwise noted.



Cased trout caught by Brayshaw.



Tommy Brayshaw. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

ALTHOUGH IT IS not regarded as politically correct nowadays, the taxidermist's art is something for which I have always had a fondness. A well-mounted fish or bird is to me a thing of beauty. The walls of my study are adorned with a Windermere pike in a bow-fronted glass case and another case containing a brace of pheasants: a cock and hen bird. Each case or mount has a story to tell, and it saddens me when I see cases of fish coming up for auction that will eventually end up on the wall of a collector or hotel, with no connection whatsoever to the original captor. For an angler to go to the trouble (and not inconsiderable expense) of having a fish set up suggests that its capture meant a great

deal to him or her and was almost certainly a personal best at the time. Once that fish is sold, the circumstances of its capture will probably be lost. Fortunately, however, it is sometimes possible to reconstruct the story of a cased fish, as the following example proves.

Over the course of the last two or three years, I have fished on a number of occasions at Malham Tarn, a glacial lake situated in the heart of the Yorkshire Dales. The lake itself is 377 meters above sea level and is reputed to be the highest lake in England. The estate on which the tarn is situated is owned by the National Trust, which leases it to the Field Studies Council, which offers field courses at Malham Tarn House. The tarn is no longer stocked but is home to some large wild brown trout and perch. Bank fishing is not allowed, and anglers wishing to fish this

fly-only water must hire and fish from one of the estate's four boats. Anglers used to fishing on well-stocked reservoirs find the tarn extremely challenging, and blank days are not uncommon.

On a recent visit to Malham, I was shown a cased brown trout in the common room (formerly the library) of Malham Tarn House. The label in the bottom left-hand corner of the case states that the fish, weighing 4 pounds, 1 ounce, was caught on 20 September 1905 by Thomas Brayshaw Jr. The person who showed me the trout—which is actually a painted plaster cast—had no idea who the captor was, but the name sparked a distant memory in me. After some research, I have come to believe that this fish has a fascinating story to tell.

Tommy Brayshaw, the captor of this fine specimen, was a man of many talents

This article first appeared in slightly different form in the Winter 2016 issue of *Waterlog*.



Malham Tarn.

who is more famed across the Atlantic than in his native Yorkshire. Brayshaw was born in Giggleswick, North Yorkshire, on 3 March 1886. His father, also called Thomas, was a solicitor by profession with an office in nearby Settle, a governor of the famed Giggleswick School, a keen local historian, and an angler who controlled fishing rights on the nearby River Ribble. Like generations of his family before him, the young Tommy was educated at Giggleswick, where he received a traditional public school education.¹ Not surprisingly, because both his father and uncle were avid anglers, Brayshaw started fishing at the age of eight, when he was given his first fly rod. He was only allowed to fly fish, and in his first year as an angler, he failed to catch a single fish.² However, he caught about a half dozen fish the next year, which ignited a passion that lasted the rest of his life.

At the age of eleven, Brayshaw began to tie his own flies, and by the time he was fourteen, he was corresponding with George M. Kelson about the dressing of salmon flies. Brayshaw would dress some of Kelson's creations and send them to him for criticism. Kelson was a stickler for the use of the correct feather, and woe betide Tommy if he used a substitute!³

Much to the amusement of his elders, who thought he was wasting his time, the young Brayshaw began fishing Malham Tarn in 1900. On his first visit, he promptly caught a trout of 1 pound, 9 ounces. From then on, he was a confirmed Malham Tarn fisherman and availed himself of every opportunity to fish its rich alkaline waters. In a letter written to P. F. Holmes, then director of Malham Tarn Field Centre, in February

1950,⁴ we learn that Brayshaw liked to be on the water by dawn, often leaving his home in Giggleswick before midnight to make the arduous journey uphill to the tarn. It appears that he had an arrangement with Alfred Ward, the keeper at the time, to leave the boathouse door unlocked. On one occasion Ward forgot, and the hapless Tommy had to wade round the front of the boathouse at 4:00 A.M. to gain access to the boat. In the years up to 1919, over thirteen seasons, Brayshaw killed thirty-five trout and returned eleven that weighed less than a pound. On 27 June 1906, he fished the Ribble all day, killing nine trout on a

small Devon minnow. At midnight he set off for the tarn with his uncle, caught a trout of 1 pound, 5 ounces, before 4:00 A.M., returned home for breakfast at 8:00, then went off to the Ribble again where he caught twelve trout, two grayling, and an eel.⁵ He was keen in those days!

It was on 20 September 1905 that Brayshaw caught the trout now on display in Tarn House. From the aforementioned letter to P. F. Holmes, we learn that the case had been wrongly labeled and that the trout was actually 4 pounds, 10 ounces, not 4 pounds, 1 ounce, as indicated—an easy mistake to make. The trout in the case is a painted plaster cast (with a crack in its tail, likely a result of poor handling); the actual fish was given to the Hancock Museum in Newcastle, where it was preserved in formalin.⁶ Unfortunately, in spite of extensive inquiries, I have been unable to ascertain whether the fish still forms part of the museum's collection. Although the 4-pound, 10-ounce trout was clearly a personal best for Brayshaw, it failed to match up to his uncle's best Malham trout, a fine specimen of 5 pounds, 13 ounces, which was also set up in a glass case, the whereabouts of which is unknown.⁷

In 1904, at age eighteen, Brayshaw began a six-year apprenticeship in draughtsmanship with Palmer's Shipbuilding and Iron Company at Jarrow-on-Tyne. From then on, his fishing at Malham Tarn was restricted to holidays (he caught his specimen trout in 1905 at age nineteen). Brayshaw soon became a member of the Northumbrian Anglers' Federation, and Saturday afternoons saw him on the banks of the Coquet, famed for its trout



Giggleswick School.



Brayshaw's carving of J. H. Muller's 1932 Jewell Lake trout, which sold for a record price at auction in 2005. Photo by kind permission of Neil Freeman of Angling Auctions, London.

and salmon.⁸ In 1907, he contributed an article on angling titled "Stray Casts" to the company's journal, the *Palmer Record*, complete with photographs and a tailpiece drawing of a salmon.⁹

After completing his apprenticeship in 1910, Brayshaw moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, where he was employed by the Yorkshire Trust. It was in British Columbia that he discovered the delights of fishing for steelhead, and he regularly fished the Capilano, Seymour, and Coquihalla Rivers. He also fished for chinook salmon on the famed Campbell River on Vancouver Island. Brayshaw's time in Canada was cut short by the outbreak of World War I. He returned to England in 1914 and joined the Duke of Wellington's West Riding Regiment but was wounded the following year in France. His talents, however, were not wasted, and he was put in charge of the Tees Garrison revolver school, where he wrote a training manual illustrated with his own line drawings. But before leaving for the front in France, Brayshaw met a young woman who was serving with the Red Cross in a military hospital in Wakefield. Her name was Edith Rebecca "Becky" Sugden. They married on 5 July 1916.¹⁰

At the beginning of 1919, Brayshaw was discharged from the army, having attained the rank of captain. The following year, Tommy and Becky returned to British Columbia, where they bought a house and small orchard in Vernon, and where Brayshaw took a teaching post at the Vernon Preparatory School.¹¹

The years between the two world wars proved a fruitful time for Brayshaw. During the long holidays and on weekends, he went fishing. One of his favorite

venues was Knouff Lake, famed for its hard-fighting Kamloops trout, where he took fish up to 17 pounds on floating sedge imitations.¹² He also fished the Adams and Little Rivers, for which he developed a series of flies, the Little River Nos. 1 and 2,¹³ and the Bounder¹⁴ (see illustration on page 5). It was Brayshaw's custom to carry with him a portable fly-tying kit, and the Alevin fly was devised in April 1939 in imitation of the fry in the Adams River, which were still displaying their yolk sacs. The throat hackle, originally tied with Indian Crow feather, represented the sac. The fly—originally called the Yolk Sac but later changed to the Alevin—proved deadly for the Adams River rainbow trout.¹⁵

Brayshaw is perhaps best remembered for his hand-carved and painted models of fish. Some of his best specimens are highly sought after by collectors and can command thousands of dollars. He first started making fish models in 1927, when the Reverend Austin C. Mackie (the founder and headmaster of Vernon Preparatory School where Brayshaw taught) brought him an 8-pound trout from Knouff Lake and asked him to cut an outline of it out of plywood. Brayshaw did as instructed but was unhappy with the cutout's sharp edges. He rounded the edges, painted the cutout, and presented it to the reverend on Christmas day. The Reverend Mackie was very pleased with the model, and Brayshaw was encouraged to continue carving fish.¹⁶

By the mid-1930s, Brayshaw's carvings of trophy fish had gained international recognition. In June 1932, a small party of English anglers came out to the Kamloops area of British Columbia to fish for rainbow trout, and they commissioned Bray-

shaw to make carvings of some of the fish they caught. In 2005, one of these carvings, an 18-pound trout caught by J. H. Muller in Jewell Lake, came up for auction in London, where it sold for a record price of \$33,000 at Neil Freeman's Angling Auctions¹⁷ (see photo above).

During his lifetime, Brayshaw carved around fifty-five fish trophies. He was meticulous in his attention to detail, carving out the individual scales of the fish and even grinding up mother-of-pearl to mix with his paint to give the fish an iridescent sheen.¹⁸

The autumn of 1933 proved memorable for Brayshaw. While fishing for Chinook salmon on the Campbell River, he met another ex-pat, angler and author Roderick Haig-Brown, who originally hailed from Lancing in Sussex. The two became lifelong friends.¹⁹ Toward the end of World War II (during which Brayshaw served as a training officer with the Rocky Mountain Rangers and later as a recruiting officer, retiring with the rank of major), Haig-Brown asked Brayshaw to illustrate a new edition of his classic work, *The Western Angler*, which was published in 1947. This launched Brayshaw on a new career path: that of illustrator and artist.

Not only was Brayshaw a talented fish carver, fly dresser, and illustrator, he also built his own split-cane rods. He was given lessons in rod building by Letcher Lambuth, the noted Seattle rod maker, following a chance meeting with him in September 1944. The two became firm friends, and Brayshaw built a number of cane rods from 6 to 14 feet in length, most of which were eventually given away to his friends, although one is on display at the Royal BC Museum in Victoria.²⁰ Brayshaw continued to make rods until 1963, when

he was forced through ill health to retire to an apartment in Vancouver.

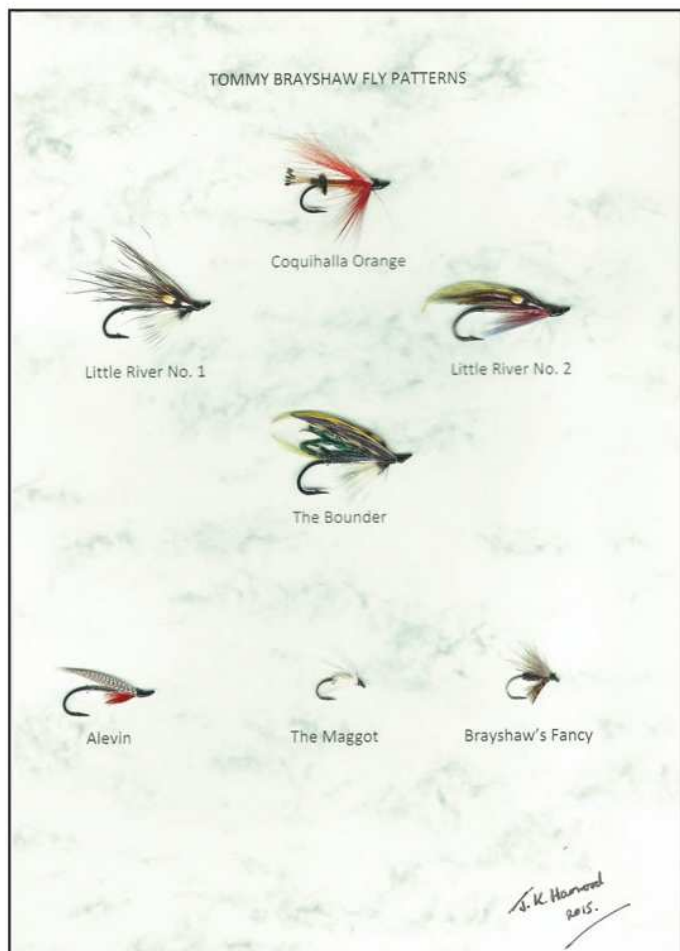
Tommy Brayshaw passed away on 10 October 1967 at age eighty-one. In his will, he donated his extensive collection of angling books, personal letters, and fishing diaries to the University of British Columbia. Unfortunately, he did not live long enough to see two of the fly patterns he created immortalized on stamps issued by Canada Post. In 1998, Brayshaw's Coquihalla Orange Fly, which he devised for steelhead fishing in the Coquihalla River during the 1930s,²¹ was chosen as one of six flies in a commemorative fishing-flies stamp set. Seven years later, in 2005, another of Brayshaw's creations, the Alevin Fly, was one of four flies in a set of stamps featuring fishing flies. Tommy Brayshaw clearly came a long way from his early days on Malham Tarn.

His fish models and illustrations can now be found in a number of venerable institutions and are an enduring testament to his creative genius.

ENDNOTES

1. Stanley Read, *Tommy Brayshaw: The Ardent Angler-Artist* (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1977), 31.
2. *Ibid.*, 32.
3. *Ibid.*, 21.
4. Thomas Brayshaw to P. F. Holmes, 26 February 1950, University of British Columbia Library, Vancouver, Rare Books and Special Collections, Thomas Brayshaw fonds 1907–1967, folder 5–10.
5. *Ibid.*
6. *Ibid.*
7. *Ibid.*

8. Read, *Tommy Brayshaw*, 32.
9. Thomas Brayshaw, "Stray Casts," *The Palmer Record* (December 1907), 191–96.
10. Read, *Tommy Brayshaw*, 34.
11. *Ibid.*, 33–34.
12. Jack W. Berryman, *Fly-Fishing Pioneers and Legends of the Northwest* (Seattle: Northwest Fly Fishing LLC, 2006), 22.
13. Arthur James Lingren, *Fly Patterns of British Columbia* (Portland, Ore.: Frank Amato Publications, Inc., 1996), 24.
14. *Ibid.*, 17.
15. *Ibid.*, 12.
16. Ronald S. Swanson, *Fish Models, Plaques & Effigies* (Far Hills, N.J.: Meadow Run Press, 2009), 167.
17. *Ibid.*, 169.
18. *Ibid.*, 168.
19. Berryman, *Fly-Fishing Pioneers*, 22.
20. Read, *Tommy Brayshaw*, 45–47.
21. Lingren, *Fly Patterns of British Columbia*, 53.



Brayshaw's Alevin Fly was one of four flies in Canada's 2005 set of stamps featuring fishing flies. From the author's collection.

Left: Tommy Brayshaw fly patterns dressed by the author.

Brayshaw's Coquihalla Orange Fly was chosen as one of six flies in Canada's 1998 commemorative fishing-flies stamp set. From the author's collection.



Frederick Buller, MBE, 1926–2016: A History and Some Memories

by David Hatwell

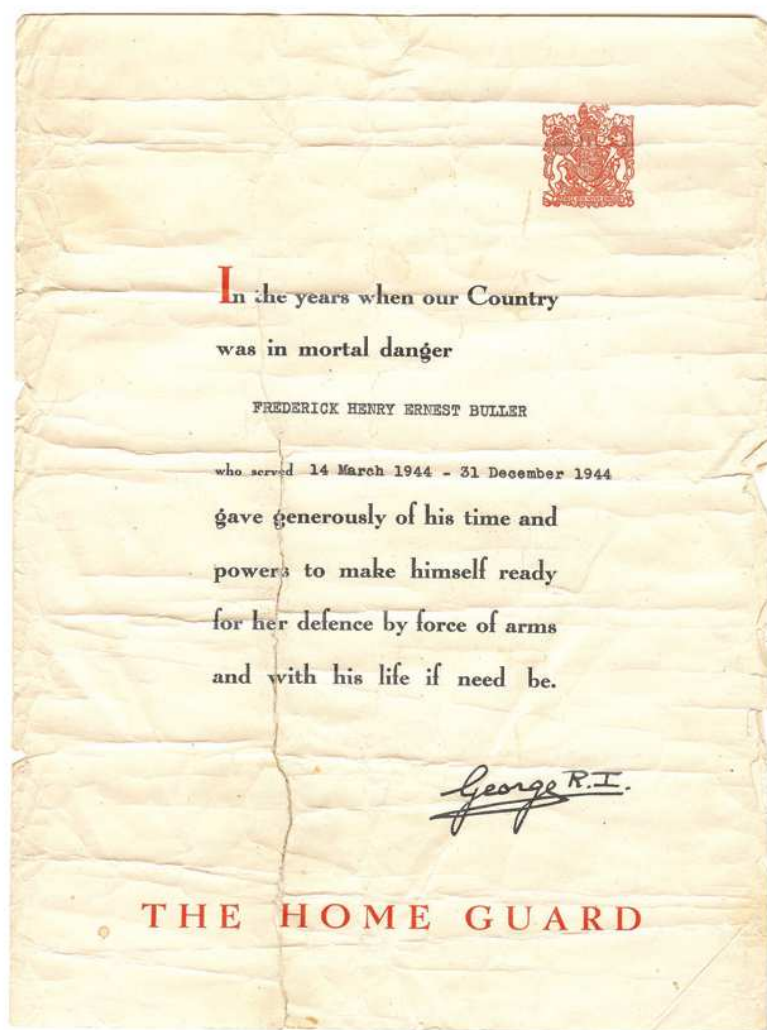
THIS SMALL CERTIFICATE—shown here at right, a treasured memory, slightly crumpled and more than seventy years old—was discovered among the thousands of documents and letters stored in rows of box files standing, soldierlike, in Frederick Buller's study at his home near Amersham in Buckinghamshire. A decision by the young Buller all those years ago not to discard items of interest, but to use anything available to store them until they could find their rightful place, has proved fortuitous. A closer inspection of the handwritten names on these files, and the correspondence and copious notes they contain, reveals that Buller played a major role in the angling world for much of the last six decades of the twentieth century and some fifteen years of the twenty-first. My journey into the labyrinth of what has become Buller's archive gives insight into the man who was well respected as an author of many revered angling titles and one of our most dedicated angling historians, very much liked and admired by those who crossed his path.

I was introduced to Buller in 2004 and, after realizing that we shared the same objectives, was soon visiting him regularly, assisting with his research into large Atlantic salmon catches for his new book. At one of our meetings, Buller revealed that his good friend David Beazley, current librarian of the Flyfishers' Club in London, had been putting together information on "Buller's books." I replied that I had also been working on Buller's bibliography. My version was in the form of an illustrated pull-out pocket-sized book, which when opened stretched from one end of his study to the other. He was thrilled with this and immediately suggested that we combine our efforts. This we duly did, and the result was published, much to Buller's delight, as "The Books of Fred Buller" in *Classic Angling* magazine in May 2006. The pull-out book has been regularly updated with Buller's new works as they were published.

Buller's study nestles at one end of the farmhouse he helped to rebuild many years ago. Visitors to his study were put at ease as they were taken through the

immaculate sitting room with its leather furniture and darkened timber. A huge bog oak table—especially commissioned by Buller, its timber now hard as iron after thousands of years submerged in peat beds—stands majestically in front of the whiskey decanter set. This whiskey set is the Lifetime Achievement Award presented to Buller by the Country Landowner's Association at the Broadlands Game Fair in 2002. The award was given each year to a person who had advanced the cause of the sport of angling in some way.

Buller's research into *Fish and Fishermen in English Medieval Church Wall Paintings* was published in book form in 2009 (Medlar Press). The sitting room walls host many of Buller's photographic images from the book, the result of visiting some 130 churches with relevant wall paintings. These images, softly lit, were some of Buller's favorite photographs, not only for their obvious quality, but also as an important record of the original works that will, for various reasons, deteriorate rapidly if much-needed conservation



Certificate found in Fred's study. From the collection of Frederick and Margaret Buller. Used with permission.

work cannot be completed. The signed citation Buller received from Buckingham Palace when he was awarded the MBE (Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire) for services to angling literature in 2010 hangs modestly among the paintings and photographs. A large wood-burning stove in a weathered-brick surround provided the perfect outlet for Buller's passion for timber gathering, a task he enjoyed until last year. As a regular overnight visitor to the Buller residence, I always looked forward to a wonderful meal and stimulating conversation with my generous hosts. Much later in the evening, as we moved nearer to the glowing log fire with a glass of something special, we shared a few stories that, of course, must never, ever, be repeated.

A need for more shelf space necessitated the removal of part of the outside wall of the farmhouse, allowing a glazed

conservatory to be built that doubled the size of the study. It was here that Buller wrote many of his books and articles on a stunning oak refectory table surrounded by treasures from a lifetime in the angling world. Modern technology was acknowledged only by the presence of a digital phone system with loudspeaker that "improved things a bit" and a laser printer that worked overtime producing copies of his manuscripts and articles. Not for Buller the sound of a keyboard tapping out his latest work—no, the "tubes" [computers] were strictly off limits in his working environment. He conceded the need for such advances but chose not to indulge personally. Every word was handwritten before being typed by his secretary, Kay Varney, and passed to his long-serving editor, Marion Paull. Well into his eighties, Buller could be found in his study most weekdays, his

work beginning at 10:00 A.M. and ending just before 6:00 P.M.

Buller had a huge network of fellow anglers and writers who, since the 1960s, willingly sent newspaper cuttings and various data, including photographs, knowing of his quest for information on mammoth pike and, more recently, giant Atlantic salmon.

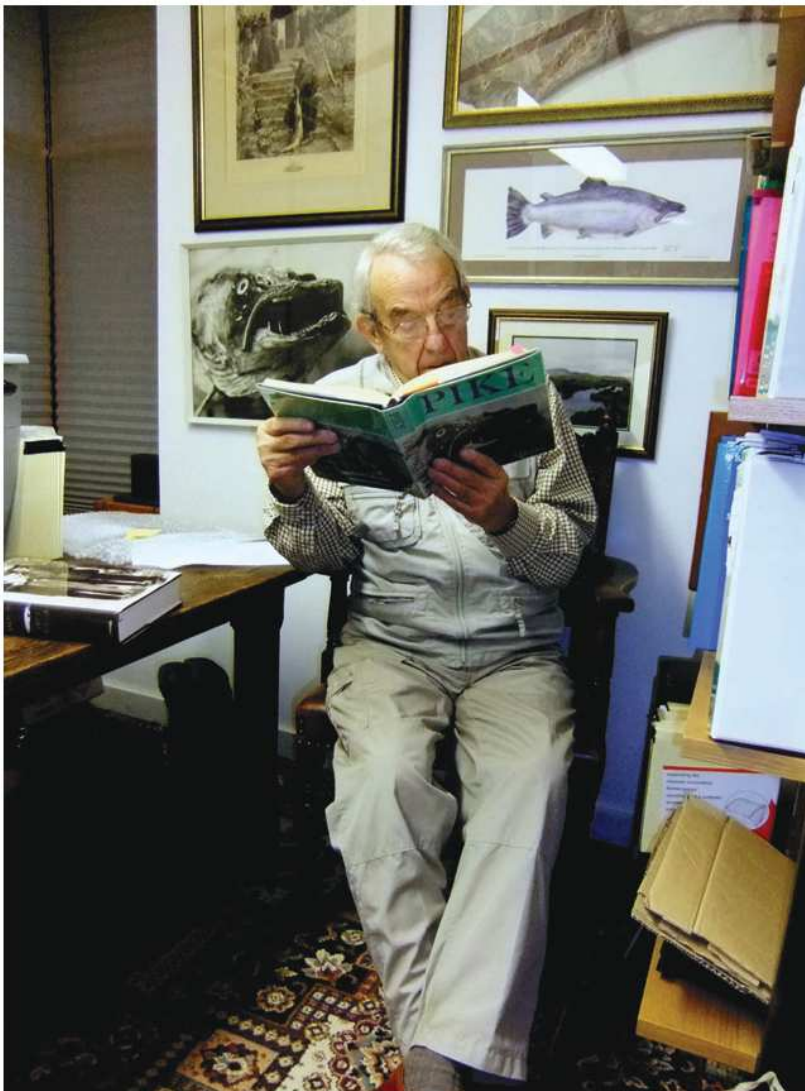
Of the many photographs and certificates hanging on the study walls is one in particular that gave him great pleasure. It is from the American Museum of Fly Fishing, whose members presented him with the 1997 Austin Hogan Award. In the museum's journal, the *American Fly Fisher* (Summer 1998, vol. 24, no. 3, page 30), it is reported that the award was presented on May 9 of that year:

The 1997 Austin Hogan Award was awarded to Frederick Buller of Buckinghamshire, England. The award was established in 1985 to honor the memory of Austin Hogan, who founded the museum's journal, the *American Fly Fisher*, in 1974. This year, the award honors contributions made by Buller to the journal since 1993. These include "The Earliest Illustrations of an Angler" (Summer 1993), "Origin of the Reel" (Fall 1995), "The Macedonian Fly" (Fall 1996), and "The Earliest Fishing Reel: A New Perspective" (Summer 1997). The Spring 1998 issue featured his most recent contribution, "A Fourth-Century European Illustration of a Salmon Angler."

Frederick Buller is one of England's finest all-round anglers and . . . is happiest when fishing for trout and sea trout in the Irish loughs of Mayo and Galway.

Responding to the museum, Buller sent his thanks and stated, "Your letter came as a very pleasant shock." It was one of my great pleasures to assist Buller in the fall of 2013 with his last major article for the *American Fly Fisher*. Spanning twenty pages, "A List of Large Atlantic Salmon Landed by the Ladies," with previously unpublished photographs, proves that there is no question that women have figured prominently in the catching of these huge fish, a fact Buller was pleased to acknowledge with two of his fishing companions, his wife Margaret and Mrs. Florence Miller, both featured in the article. I was with him when his copies of the journal arrived. To say he was overjoyed with the result is an understatement; he spent the rest of the morning reading and rereading the journal.

Old maroon Twinlock ledgers, chosen for their ease of accessing paperwork, line the top shelves. These are the backbone of the typed manuscripts for Buller's books, and they contain the



David Hatwell

Fred Buller reading a passage from *Pike*, his definitive study of the species, while he chatted with the author on the evening of 28 November 2011. Note Fred's famous photo of the 60-pound Dowdeswell pike on the book's cover and over his shoulder.



Blandford, Dorset, 8 August 1939. Fred Buller, aged thirteen, with his mother (left) holding a small pike Fred had just caught, and his Aunt Dolly (right). Fred spent his holidays with his aunty and has written a caption on the back of the photo in ink: "A Fishing Story." From the collection of Frederick and Margaret Buller. Used with permission.

original photographs used by the publishers. Various binders and boxes house the meticulous research notes for countless journal and magazine articles published worldwide. Having been given unlimited access by Buller to his study back in 2005, I have, so far, been able to archive nearly all of his correspondence from 1943 until 2007, which amounts to more than five thousand letters. Some important letters are missing, mostly from an age before home photocopiers when Buller would send out original material that, sadly, was never returned. I am also building an archive that shows Buller's photographic skills, learned all those years ago in the Fleet Air Arm. In addition to photos taken by Buller, the

archive includes many hundreds of photographs—themselves now rare images of times long gone—taken by others of him.

Buller had a very catholic taste in books and has left a fully catalogued library consisting of many desirable titles, others very noticeable by their creased spines and bits of multicolored paper and Post-it notes trapped between the pages. Each one has given years of service and been read and reread in a lifelong quest for information. Buller once told me, "There are certain books, if you are seriously interested in your subject, that you must have in your library, but there are many others you keep for pleasure." Many times I have looked on in horror as Buller removed one of his

own leather-bound books and, searching diligently for a vital piece of information, flattened the pages with the palm of his hand, followed by a joyous, "Found it." Nothing gave him greater pleasure than sharing a morsel of his lifetime's work with a friend.

Over the years, many authors have requested a foreword by Buller, knowing just how important such an association can be. It is no easy task producing new material on a commercial basis, and their gratitude can be seen writ large on the title pages of copies proudly sent, on publication, to the man who is thought by many to be one of the founders of modern pike fishing. Buller was always prepared to travel hundreds of miles for a vital piece of information, ensuring that his work remained as historically accurate as possible when printed. So often his research was groundbreaking; he always gave full credit to those who freely helped along the way. Buller once conceded, "My experience has taught me that some facts that I have gathered have proved to be less than accurate; indeed, one expects to hear from readers who are privy to the real facts. My formative years at the Freshwater Biological Association instilled in me the need to seek out and find the truth in all matters, a task that may take a lifetime."²

BEGINNINGS

Frederick Henry Ernest Buller was born on 12 October 1926 in Fulham, London. At the age of three, his parents moved to Kingsbury, Middlesex, where he was brought up and educated. From the age of five, he remembers catching sticklebacks, roach, and gudgeon from the nearby River Brent. In 1933, aged seven, he created happy memories fishing for dace, perch, roach, chub, and trout from the Stour while staying at Blandford, Dorset, with his Aunt Dolly.

In June 1943, as Buller prepared to leave Kingsbury Grammar School, the headmaster from a grammar school in Bowness on Windermere, while visiting a Kingsbury relative, met the young Buller and was told of his interests in fish studies. That headmaster, realizing Buller's potential, contacted Dr. E. B. Worthington, who ran the Freshwater Biological Association based at Wray Castle on Windermere, Cumbria. Buller was invited for an interview and was accepted. He left home, not yet realizing the impact that his time at the FBA would have on the rest of his life. In fact, his interest in collecting data on big pike originates from that period.

In 1945, Buller's time in a reserved occupation was coming to an end, and rather than wait to be called up, he

returned home and decided to volunteer for National Service. His brother-in-law had opted for the Fleet Air Arm, which influenced Buller to apply. He was given two choices: to either join the meteorological division or train as an aerial photographer and mapmaker. Buller contacted the secretary at the FBA, who thought photography would be more useful if he resumed employment at Wray Castle after his war service. It transpired that the Canadian carrier HMCS *Warrior* needed trained photographers, and Buller joined the ship in 1946, where his tour of duty included the West Indies, Mexico, and the United States. He had ample opportunity, in his free time, to fish for the native species. In 1947—at the age of twenty-one, newly demobilized, and having by this time family responsibilities—Buller decided to start his own business. Chubb's of Edgware, which specialized in shooting, fishing, and photography, soon gained a reputation for service and quality.

Although we are most concerned here with Buller the angler, it is important to note the work that he put into the shooting side of the business. Looking back, he is full of praise for the way he was helped

by the London Gun Trade Association. In 1963, he became a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Gunmakers. For years he taught many organizations, including gun clubs and young farmers clubs, how to shoot safely, how to care for shotguns, and the importance of gun fitting. Buller insisted, "Everyone who shoots deserves a fitted gun because that is the only way in which they will realise their true potential."³ He became a member of the Gunmakers Association (now the Gun Trade Association) and in 1967 was elected chair.

In 1961, Buller joined Captain Sidney Norton-Bracey's team of anglers, which included Leslie Moncreiff, that veritable giant of a man who would soon team up with Buller in a business venture. The team was traveling to Achill Island off the west coast of County Mayo in the Irish Republic in the hope of catching a record porbeagle shark. Two years later, Buller harnessed the skills Moncreiff and another engineer, Richard Walker, with whom he formed the Moncreiff Rod Development Company. Retained initially by Martin James, they developed a range of beach-casting and shark-fishing rods. The company formed a close bond

with Hardy's. With Walker's innovative approach, it wasn't long before new materials and products were being tested for the tackle market.

FISH

Tucked away in the archive we find notes of Buller's early fishing catches. In 1952, he caught a 17-pound pike from the Dorset Stour. In 1954, he was awarded the Wilkes Cup by the Beehive Angling Society for catching the most fish in one season; after winning it four more times, he gave up match fishing. In 1955, fishing the Suffolk Stour, he caught roach of 2 pounds, 3 ounces and 2 pounds, 1 ounce. On 10 March 1957, while fishing the Hampshire Avon in a competition, he landed a record bag of 251 dace weighing 64 pounds.

In 1968, while Buller was fishing near Balmaha on Loch Lomond and using suitably light tackle, he thought he had hooked the loch's biggest roach. It proved to be a powan of 11¼ ounces and was confirmed to be the British rod-caught record.

He traveled to Lough Allen in 1969 to make a film for the Irish Tourist Board, *Winter Pike Fishing in Ireland*. In 2011, I



Fred Buller behind the counter at his business, Chubb's of Edgware, early 1960s. Two of Fred's fish are cased behind him. From the collection of Frederick and Margaret Buller. Used with permission.



Fred Buller's business, Chubb's of Edgware, ca. early 1960s. He transferred his business nearer to home in the mid-1980s, having purchased Frederick Beesley Gunmakers, and continued their great reputation by making some of the finest shotguns and developing a unique range of fishing tackle. Frederick Beesley was sold when Bruce, Fred's son, retired in 2014. From the collection of Frederick and Margaret Buller. Used with permission.

tracked down Robert Monks, the filmmaker, by then in his eighties, who remembered Buller and his fishing companions and kindly arranged for a copy of the film to be sent to me. Buller and I watched the film in his study, and much to his great delight, he saw himself and his good friend Colin Dyson catching double-figure pike for the cameras.

Buller landed his heaviest fish, a sturgeon weighing 105 pounds, in 2004 on the Fraser River in British Columbia.

A WRITING LIFE

It was through his friendship with Leslie Moncreiff that Buller was introduced to the production staff working on *Creel* magazine. He submitted his first piece, "A Theory of Great Pike," and it was published in the fourth issue (October 1963). He continued to write regularly for the magazine until May 1967, completing some twenty-five articles. At the same time, and while running a busy fishing tackle and gun shop, Buller was putting the finishing touches on the manuscript for his first book, *Fred Buller's Book of Rigs & Tackles*, which was published by Paulton House in 1967.

Buller had been gathering information on large pike for many years, with a particular interest in Ireland and Scotland. In November 1964, *Fishing* magazine published Buller's article linking monster pike to the food chain in Loch

Lomond, a precursor to his well-documented visit to the Loch in 1967, where, due to a poorly tied knot, Buller lost a possible record pike. His greatly acclaimed work, *Pike*, was published by Macdonald in 1971 and remains the definitive study of the species.

Buller did not meet Hugh Falkus—with whom he later coauthored two books: *Falkus and Buller's Freshwater Fishing* (MacDonald and Jane's, 1975), and *Dame Juliana: The Angling Treatise and Its Mysteries* (The Flyfisher's Classic Library, 2001)—until 1968. By the time he began work on *Freshwater Fishing*, Buller was no longer content with writing alone, and he showed his artistic skills by producing more than one hundred hand-drawn illustrations for inclusion in the book. His collaboration on the project with Falkus, whose books included *Sea Trout Fishing* (H. F. & G. Witherby Ltd., 1962) and *Salmon Fishing: A Practical Guide* (H. F. & G. Witherby Ltd., 1984), could sometimes be stormy. Falkus, although a very clever man, could be difficult to work with, but Buller remained loyal to his old friend until Falkus's death in 1996.

It was Falkus who, in 1973, encouraged Buller to purchase a small fishing cottage in Ballinrobe, County Mayo, in the northwest of the Irish Republic. Here Buller and his family and friends found seclusion and contentment, fishing the loughs and rivers for pike, trout, and sea

trout. The cottage was modified over time and had an adjoining boathouse. Buller's diaries show regular visits, and his friends presented him with the *Cappacurry Log Book* to record their catches. Complete with photographs and anecdotes, it is a marvelous record of more than forty years of Irish fishing. During his visits to Ireland, Buller would take any opportunity to meet up with fishery managers, scientists, and fellow anglers to glean information on the huge pike that had been captured over time. He was fishing the River Aille in 1977 when he hooked and landed his biggest pike (32 pounds). Sadly, the pike was not heavy enough to be included in what many consider to be his finest work, *The Domesday Book of Mammoth Pike* (Stanley Paul, 1979), a book that took the pike fishing world by storm. An illustrated record of two hundred and thirty pike weighing 35 pounds or more, the book has been much copied but never equaled.

During the 1980s, Buller widened his net, gathering information on large European and North American pike. He began a partnership with Dutchman Jan Eggers, who was able to supply new data and photographs on a vast scale; this resulted in Buller affectionately calling his friend "the pike ferret." Some of this new information appeared in *Pike and the Pike Angler* (Stanley Paul, 1981), but much was saved for *More Mammoth Pike* (Medlar Press, 2005). In 1981, Buller fished in Russia as part of the first foreign angling party to travel there in many years, and in 1986 he traveled to China, hoping to see some of the earliest known paintings depicting Chinese anglers using rods equipped with reels. He was able to photograph Chinese anglers using reels the design of which had not changed in eight hundred years. These visits were written up and published, along with other essays, in *Angling: The Solitary Vice* (Coch-y-Bonddu Books, 2000).

In October 2001, his second book with Falkus, *Dame Juliana: The Angling Treatise and Its Mysteries*, was published. Almost nothing is known with certainty about *A Treatise of Fysshynge wyth an Angle*, published some five hundred years before, but Buller and Falkus were determined to study and analyze it. Buller considered this book to be his most important and took great pride in showing me the research material, including the manuscript he and Falkus translated from an obscure fifteenth-century vocabulary. With the help of Jack Heddon, Malcolm Greenhalgh, David Beazley, Stephen Downes, and Denys Ovenden, Buller put together a volume that celebrates—but does not offer any conclusive proof as to the origins of—what is, according to



David Hatwell

An historic photo of Fred and his son Bruce taken on their last day of trading at Frederick Beesley Gunmakers, September 2014. Bruce was retiring; Fred had retired some years before but helped out covering staff holidays, etc. The author was visiting Fred and was invited along to the proceedings. They removed Buller's cased 24-pound Irish pike that day, which now hangs in his study.



Fred Buller salmon fishing from a boat on the Lower Redgorton beat of the River Tay in Scotland on 2 August 2007 while fishing with the author. Shortly after a compliment on his technique, Buller hooked and landed a double-figure fish.

many, the most significant book on angling ever published.

In February 2005, I offered to compile, for the first volume of *The Domesday Book of Giant Salmon*, a searchable database composed of three lists containing all the information that Buller had been collecting on large Atlantic salmon. List 1 comprised salmon of greater than 50 pounds that had been caught on a fly. List 2 comprised fish between 50 and 60 pounds, the method of capture of which was uncertain. List 3 housed the huge fish that had been caught by any method, many topping the scales at more than 70 pounds. For the first time in his writing career, Buller could see these lists updated on a daily basis as new information arrived.

Little did I realize what an amazing time I would have, working alongside Buller as he maintained a workload that would put some younger writers to shame. We communicated by telephone many times each day and both enjoyed receiving the countless letters and packages we regularly exchanged. With my access to the Internet, I was able to connect with salmon fishers and angling historians worldwide. This new and fast approach to information gathering soon grew on Buller; his publisher, the late Nick Robinson (Constable), confided to Buller that commissioning his salmon book had given him the most pleasure in his publishing career. The first volume is a stunning book that, after its launch at

Farlows of Pall Mall in London in 2007, sold out the first printing of five thousand copies in six weeks. A few months later, we began work on the second volume, which was published in 2010.

Buller had one last project: the memoirs of an angling historian. Compiled over many years from countless book, magazine, and journal articles, it was Buller's final offering to his devoted readers. He enlisted the help of his friend and publisher, John Mason of Watermeadow Books. In December 2015, I received a telephone call from Buller, who was, by then, in failing health. I left immediately, having arranged to meet him early the next morning. We discussed many things, but I had not realized the considerable volume of work he had already completed. In fact, four boxes of manuscript material, associated paperwork, and several folders were neatly arranged on his desk. He was becoming weary by this time and, after a short pause, I asked him if he would like me to assist John Mason with final proofreading of the book. He looked at me, smiled, and readily agreed. "I won't let you down, Fred," I said as I left for home. "I know you won't, Hatters," he replied.

Domesday and Beyond will be published later this year.

Buller was a member of the Flyfisher's Club in London for forty-one years, being elected to membership in 1975. He was a regular contributor to the club's journal and became an honorary life

member, participating in events until last year, when ill health prevented his attendance.

Fred Buller died on 16 February 2016. He was supported in life and work by his first wife, Pauline, who died in 1999, and then by his second wife Margaret, whom he married in November 2007. She survives him, along with three children from his first marriage: Bruce, Janis, and Ruth.

In every sense of the word, Fred Buller was a hunter-gatherer. Some sixty-five years ago, when a groundswell of new ideas was changing the face of the angling world, Buller not only developed new and innovative products within his fishing tackle business, but also made painstaking investigations into angling's past, which has left us a wealth of knowledge in the pages of his many books and journal articles. Undoubtedly, Buller will be remembered as one of our greatest angling historians. He was kind and generous, and I will not be alone, I am sure, when I raise my glass to the memory of this gentle Englishman.



ENDNOTES

1. Frederick Buller, letter to Kathleen Achor and the American Museum of Fly Fishing, 5 May 1998.
2. Frederick Buller, telephone conversation with the author, 16 December 2011.
3. "Chubb's of Edgware," *Shooting* (1971), 14–15.

Epiphany

by D. W. McGary

Thelma McGary



The author recreates his moment of epiphany for the camera.

Epiphany: an intuitive grasp of reality through something (as an event) usually simple and striking.

I HAD ONE A couple of weeks ago, on a Sunday afternoon, right here at home while sitting in a recliner reading the paper.

Until I realized that I'd had an epiphany, I had never given much thought to what might bring one on. The few instances that I'd read about seemed otherworldly, even biblical, not something that might happen to an ordinary person like me in 2015.

There's the story about Saul on the way to Damascus more than two thousand years ago. I could imagine him walking along that dusty road out there in the scorching Middle East, probably not wearing a cap and sunglasses and without any bottled water or sunscreen. No surprise that something happened. Then there's the questionable falling-apple story about Isaac Newton and gravity. And, of course, no one could forget the one about the German chemist Kekule von Stradonitz, who deduced the cyclic structure of the benzene molecule as a result of a drunken dream involving a snake with its own tail in its mouth.

In my case, the causative epiphanizing factor was a report of the final standings in a local fishing contest in the Sunday edition of the local paper. (I can't rule out the possibility that a large glass of cabernet may have been a contributing factor in what happened.)

An epiphany, as I see it, is an effect caused by something that occurs within an existing context and leads to some significant change in the life of the one epiphanized. Therefore, for someone to understand another's epiphany, the someone needs to

know the another's preexisting state of mind and the factor or factors that led to the another's epiphanization. (I will not be surprised to see this paragraph appearing in psychology textbooks in the future, or in Wikipedia.)

Anyhow, for anyone who wants to understand my epiphany, I begin with the context in which it occurred and will then go on and on to describe the epiphanizing causative factor and the resulting changes in my lifestyle, along with their potential effects on others. This takes a lot of words, but I have written them very fast, so it shouldn't take a lot of your time to read them.

Once I had recovered from the initial shock of the epiphany, I entered into a period of existential retrospective introspection that led me to recognize just what kind of person I had been prior to and at the point of the epiphany and why I was vulnerable to what caused it. For lack of a better way of putting it, I'd say I was a trout snob, with tendencies toward highly romantic idealism (bordering on irrationality) and sensitivity to sensory stimuli, all brought on (unintentionally, it should be understood) by my parents.

For many years, hunting and fishing—with roots in subsistence living during the Great Depression—had been significant in my family. By this I mean that there was a lot of hunting and fishing, but with the primary goal to bring back something to eat. Fortunately, we didn't depend totally on this for survival, but no one went fishing or hunting to commune with nature. Then some things changed.

By the late 1940s and early 1950s, my parents became freed from the need to hunt and gather—I was away at college—and they began to take trips farther than 10 miles from home. Eventually, they ignored any inhibitions they may still have had

and ended up about 15 miles from Wellsboro in Tioga County, Pennsylvania, almost 200 miles from home. Whatever it was that they were looking for in life, they found a big part of it in that area of Pennsylvania and made two or more trips there every year. I went with them several times while still in college, and I too became hooked. (Remember, this is a fishing story.)

Ambience: a feeling or mood associated with a particular place, person, or thing; atmosphere.

On those trips, we stayed at a motel of sorts located along Route 6 between Wellsboro and Galeton. There were six small units with a restaurant nearby—log construction with lots and lots of knotty pine. The place would have been condemned if today's standards had been applied. It was not a place where anyone would sit around contemplating the scenery or personal existence. It was where we spent the nights, ate some meals—quickly—and then went somewhere else during the day.

Where we often went during the day was out through the mountains that stretched in all directions, seemingly without end. But where we most often wound up was along a section of Pine Creek that flowed beside Route 6 and then entered the Pennsylvania Grand Canyon at Ansonia, about 6 miles from where we stayed. Eventually, the stream entered the Susquehanna. It still does.

In those days, Pine Creek was highly regarded as a trout stream and was sometimes featured in outdoor magazines. Besides the fishing itself, part of the allure of the stream was its semi-remoteness, where it flowed for more than 20 miles through the thousand-foot-deep canyon.

Through the length of the canyon, the New York Central Railroad maintained tracks that connected parts of Pennsylvania with New York State to the north. There were no public roads in the canyon, just several private unimproved tracks that gave access to Pine Creek from a local road leading to a few hunting cabins in the valley.

It was possible to get into the canyon to fish either at Ansonia to the north or at Blackwell to the south. An alternative was to hike down from one of two state parks that were located across from each other on the canyon rims, but that meant then hiking back up over more than a thousand feet of not very good trails. Pine Creek was not a wild river like, say, one running through central Alaska. But it was remote enough to keep a lot of casual fishermen from putting pressure on the fish and other fishermen. A few people, mostly locals, floated the stream by canoe, but there was no tourist industry operating float trips. If you got into the canyon to fish, you could assume few people would be there with you and the trout.

On those trips to Pine Creek—and later at home—I visited tackle shops and listened to anyone who seemed to know about trout and how to fly fish for them. I subscribed to fishing magazines and spent the equivalent of a semester's tuition on classic trout books and all kinds of fly-tying tools and materials. I studied how people fished there in Pine Creek. My father and I fished in the stream, too. I may have caught a trout there one time. Well, maybe.

I had probably never been very well wired mentally or emotionally to be a good fisherman. The reason was that I always seemed to get too caught up in the ambience of where I was fishing. It often got to the point that I didn't even care if I caught anything. (A good thing!) It was like I was ambiencing, not fishing. And the ambience tended to stick in my mind long after I returned home.

After a trip to the canyon, I often relived the ambience of Pine Creek, remembering its long deep pools of cold water, the flash of a trout, a mist in the morning, a hatch in the evening, the canyon walls rising a thousand feet to the rim, and the

sound and sight of the train grinding its way through the valley (stream of consciousness? or consciousness of stream?).

Eventually, I was so trapped by the need to work and make money that I could not get back to Pine Creek and the trout. Its ambience, however, remained in my mind like a New Age vortex. And that force from the wild was so strong that eventually I found fishing around home unsatisfying, though I actually caught a fish from time to time. What I craved to fish in, and just be in, lay 200 miles away, separated from me by distance and responsibilities. But then, before a crisis stage developed, a solution of sorts emerged.

One day, for old time's sake, I drove up through a valley north of Harrisburg and visited Clark's Creek where my father, grandfathers, and I used to fish back in the 1940s. Later, early in the 1960s, Pennsylvania officially designated the stream for trout and stocked it. Of more significance, the stream now had two sections restricted to fly fishing. And even more significantly, one of the two restricted sections was far up the valley away from development in an area dominated by old-growth hemlocks and laurel. Where we used to wade in numbing cold water, fishing for bass and pickerel before the stream was dedicated to trout, I could now wade in numbing cold water fly fishing for trout. And it was relatively wild—the area, not the fishing. (Well, there was that one time when I was splashing upstream toward a rise and a deer jumped into the water next to me.)

Clark's Creek is not a wide stream, and I became adept at nonchalantly turning over a roll cast all the way across it and often 10 feet up into a hemlock. The hemlocks and laurel grew right along the banks, creating overhangs and deep shadows, hiding the trout and the rounded slime-covered rocks I too often forgot were there. It was not an easy stream to fish, but that did not matter. The Pine Creek ambience deeply embedded in my engrams was now being re-created to some extent. I had made a complex psychological transfer of Pine Creek ambience to Clark's Creek ambience.

This does not mean that I somehow forgot about Pine Creek, only that I had achieved a workable sublimation of its ambience, a release from its domination. I know this psychological explanation may be difficult to understand and accept, but I checked out its plausibility on several adult behavioral websites (one of special help located on a blog in Eastern Tibet), and I am confident I have it right.

Now, in a matter of forty-five minutes, I could be in Clark's Creek with all its wildness and trout. That on my many trips





The original Pine Creek Bridge, River Road, spanning Pine Creek in Lycoming County, was built in 1889. It is shown here in 2003. Photo by Jet Lowe. From the Historic American Buildings Survey/Historic American Engineering Record/Historic American Landscapes Survey Collection, Library of Congress, call number HAER PA-614-18 (CT).

there I caught a total of perhaps a half-dozen trout didn't matter. I could see the trout there, sparkling and flashing in the sunlight filtered through the trees or moving hardly at all in the deep shadows. I could make out the tiny insects on the surface, above the surface, in the water, on the rocks at the bottom. I didn't know what they were, but that didn't matter. The air was full of the odors of the trees and the dampness of leaf litter and moss. I felt the shocking cold water and heard the gentle sounds it made as it swished and sighed between rocks and brushed overhanging branches. I could understand John Denver singing, "You fill up my senses like a night in a forest." Ah, ambience!

As I reminisced on that epiphany Sunday afternoon—and finished another cabernet—I began to realize that over the years, the ambience of Pine Creek (and later Clark's Creek) had subtly and inexorably been growing inside me and had probably turned me into something of a pompous snob when it came to fishing. But I also realized that although, conceptually, "ambience" aptly covered the combination of sensory effects I was hostage to, there had been more at work. Eventually, I added *milieu* to help more fully characterize my state of mind before epiphanization. This may be hard to follow, but I think it needs to be explained.

Milieu: The physical or social setting in which something occurs or develops.

As I worked it all out, I concluded that in addition to the sensory factors that were tucked away in my cerebral recesses and which sprang to life when even subtly stimulated, there was also an accompanying combination of physical and interpersonal factors that further defined my overall infatuation with what I earlier referred to as my Pine Creek/Clark's Creek ambience. In plain terms, there was now a special gestalt-like Pine Creek/Clark's Creek milieu to which the Pine Creek/Clark's Creek ambience contributed. Clear?

Of all the pieces embedded in that special milieu, the two that were always there, interacting in indefinable ways, were the

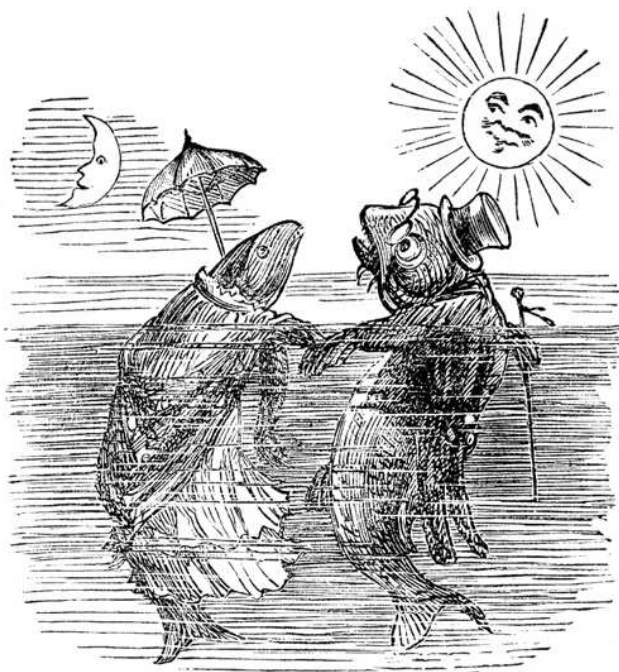
trout in the streams and me! Whenever I experienced one of my Pine Creek/Clark's Creek semiconscious out-of-body relapses, I was engulfed by all the special sounds, odors, lights—that is, the ambience—and I, in person, was there, fully equipped and stalking the chimera in the water with me. What had started out years ago as just strong memories of special places had coalesced into something cosmic and personal, to be understood, if at all possible, only by someone in Sedona or, possibly, in Denver or California. But I can offer some insight about what played the major part in all of it.

While it was certainly the physical/sensory combination of Pine Creek and the canyon that had created the original underlying ambience, the totality of the ambience/milieu had evolved to include the right tackle and everything to go with it: an Orvis rod, reel, line, tippets, vest, waders, shirt, hat, sunglasses, wading staff, gloves, prescription insect repellent. Ambience/milieu had expanded exponentially. It engulfed all the things I needed to be there fishing. In plain terms, it equaled Pine Creek plus canyon plus railroad plus thousands of dollars in equipment and tackle. My own experiences there, all the things I had read, all that I had seen in catalogs and stores, everything I had heard in the tackle shops around Pine Creek, the mystique of the trout, had all morphed into a single cosmos, and I was in the center of it. And this all became the same with Clark's Creek.

The report of the fishing contest I mentioned earlier—very earlier, in fact—covers twenty-four categories of fish, and there is a first- and a second-place winner chosen on the basis of length and weight (for the fish, that is). In addition, the lure or bait used to catch the fish is listed, along with where the fish was caught. The two winners in each category are rewarded by having their names immortalized in 8-point agate type at the bottom of a page which is 90 percent devoted to a report on a really important outdoor event. On that Sunday, the feature story was a report, including pictures, on the latest coyote "harvesting" tournament in which the winning—or, more appropriately, the losing—coyote weighed in at about 50 pounds.

The contest report is hierarchical in that the placement of the species tends to imply a class structure among them. Trout (brook, brown, rainbow, and golden rainbow) are first. Bass, pickerel, muskies, walleyes, and pan fish are next, followed by bottom feeders, including carp. Last in the contest hierarchy is the bullhead catfish, one notch lower than the flathead catfish. Fish entered in the contest have to be registered at designated official sites or, providing that there are reliable witnesses to the weight and length measurements, released after being caught. There is a category for carp caught by hook and line, and one for carp taken by bow and arrow, to which catch and release probably does not apply.

It was obvious that trout are considered the top of the line, the elite, among the species. But the Harrisburg Sunday paper is not alone in consciously or otherwise promoting this class structure. What species other than trout gets artists to submit entries to an annual fishing license trout stamp contest? Is there a NASCAR-like Troutmasters tournament on TV? I won't go so far as to suggest a conspiracy, but there is something out there that determines how trout are portrayed in publications, art, and other media. They are shown beautifully patterned with dots and stripes and strange squiggles in a wide spectrum of vivid or subdued colors, discretely sipping tiny emergers off the surface, swimming with easy grace in idyllic streams and lakes, or lying in shaded secluded lairs beneath overhanging branches of laurel or hemlock. Sometimes you can almost see a smug superior trout smirk. Anglers attempting to catch trout are shown stalking upstream toward a rising trout, bent over under the weight of a lanyard full of tools and, possibly, pentagrams, wearing designer waders, peering through space-age sunglasses, waving a rod of composite material weighing next to nothing, and deftly flicking a specially created fly the size of a period at just the right place upstream from the fish. The whole picture suggests that only subtle, sublimely coordinated application of modern technology and designer equipment has a remote chance of catching a trout. You can almost hear Pachelbel in the background.



From Genio Scott, *Fishing in American Waters*, (New York: The American News Company, 1875), 17.

For me, stepping into a hemlock-shaded pool at dusk was not fishing. It was a spiritual quest to come in touch with something ethereal that resided there. OK, that may be a little over the top, but you get the idea. However, that view of fishing was actually liberating. If I did not catch anything—almost always the case—I accepted it humbly and vowed to keep trying (although deep inside I knew I was overmatched).

After a few years of toiling and responsibilities (actually, it was probably close to twenty), I returned to Pine Creek one summer day—not on a fishing trip, just passing through Tioga County on the way to somewhere else. I have never gone back since then, especially to fish. The train through the canyon is gone, the tracks torn up. Bicyclists and anglers on bikes can ride the length of the gorge, right alongside the stream. Businesses run wagon rides and overnight camping trips there. When the water is high enough, flotillas of canoes and rafts float down Pine Creek. It isn't wild; it's commercial.

And then, after a forced hiatus of perhaps ten years in my trout fishing, I made my last fishing trip to Clark's. I went to fish the upper fly-fishing section, where the hemlocks and laurel are really wild and dark and where the fish are scary and particular; where my only chance of catching one was by accident; but where the ambience that Pine Creek once had could still be relived.

I was disillusioned at the parking area. I had to squeeze into a small space beside an overflowing trash can. I was further disillusioned as I walked across the fields to the stream. Three people were walking toward me from the stream; three were far ahead walking toward the water. I engaged in the usual small talk with the three who were coming from the stream, asking them about what flies were working, how the water was, what the action was. No flies were working, they said, the water was fine, there was no action. This didn't bother me too much because I didn't expect to catch anything and I had an abundance of embedded ambience bulging in the right side of my brain.

I made it to the stream, put on a fly I thought might work (really just a guess), and waded a few feet out from the bank. That was as far as I got.

Upstream from me 50 yards or so was one fisherman. About the same distance up from him was someone else. Then there were two more abreast another short distance ahead. As far as I could see, people were lined up out to the vanishing point in infinity. Looking downstream, I saw the same lineup. I left and have never been back.

Memories, especially really good ones, are restless; they just keep waking up from their special places in your mind. Ambience is the same. An accidental glance at a hemlock tree, and all of a sudden you are back thirty years in Pine Creek or standing in the shadows on the bank of Clark's Creek. But then the reality sets in that such ambience can't be restored or even approximated anymore. For me, the ambience I remembered overshadowed everything else about fishing, especially catching fish; the new reality became overwhelmingly negative and prevented me from finding a new source of it anywhere else I fished. So I pretty much stopped serious fishing. Simply put, the loss of the Pine Creek/Clark's Creek ambience combination had destroyed my interest in fishing.

After retiring, instead of using my leisure time to go fishing, I spent most of it reading or working outside or building things—this, in spite of living only ten minutes by car from the Susquehanna or Yellow Breeches and twenty minutes from Pinchot Park Lake. Sporadically, I went to one of these places and gave it a try, but the drive I once had to fish was just not there anymore. I suppose enthusiasm is subject to aging, but it can't be that great a force. I still have all my youthful passion for scallops and medium-rare prime rib. No, I believe that my

irrationally high feelings about Pine Creek and Clark's Creek made other experiences less than worth the time and energy they required. I came close to being a nonfisherman—but one with a whole lot of equipment and tackle.

Now all this deep personal background I have shared about my Pine Creek/Clark's Creek ambience was to give the context for my epiphanizing experience that Sunday morning when I was casually reading about the fishing contest results and was traumatized by what was there in front of me.

I had glanced at the overall set of results, then concentrated on some specifics about sizes and weight and then on what had been used to take the largest, especially the largest in the upper classes—that is, the trout. And there I saw that a 22-inch brown trout had been taken on a **WHITE MINIATURE MARSH-MALLOW** (caps, italics, boldface, and underlining added to represent loud screaming). Then I saw that a 24-inch rainbow had been tricked into taking a **SALMON-PEACH-COLORED POWER BAIT**, and that the winning brook trout fell for **CANNED CORN!**

My immediate thought was that the results had been mixed up, and what I was looking at for trout really belonged to the bottom-feeder caste and I would see that a carp had been taken on a no. 22 midge or a flathead catfish had been tricked by a stonefly nymph. But not so. I fought the reality of what I had read, but the results were right there in agate type under the coyote harvest story. And let's face it, if something gets printed in a Sunday newspaper, it must be true. In a nanosecond, I was faced with the reality that the perceptive, dignified, mystical creatures I had believed trout to be could be taken in by miniature white marshmallows, salmon-peach-colored power bait, or canned corn. *I had been epiphanized!*

Later, during my post-epiphanization self-analysis, I felt the freedom that is ascribed in the Bible as the outcome of learning the truth. I now saw as misguided all the guilt, frustration, and sense of inadequacy that I had felt when my offerings of poorly tied flies, ineptly presented, were ignored by trout. I wasn't dealing with sophisticates seated in aquatic upscale restaurants; I was dealing with lazy laborers waiting in line for a big McMarshmallow or a slider of power bait or a side of generic-brand canned corn (probably yellow). What a waste of years, money, and psychological imprisonment. Not only had I

been pursuing trout under the most challenging, sometimes perilous conditions, trying to catch them on something they didn't want, but at the same time I had not been pursuing bass and other fish right around home. In those twenty or more years of fishing inactivity, I might have caught a dozen, maybe more than a dozen, bass.

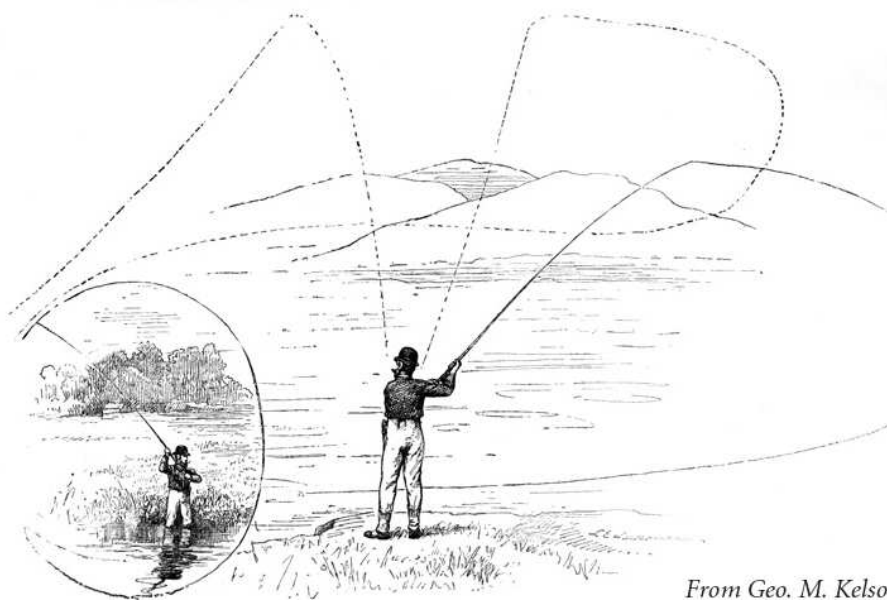
Well, about midnight, after going back over all of the results one more time, I accepted reality and planned to move on in life. No longer was I going to be denied the pleasure of fishing because of a Pine Creek/Clark's Creek gestaltic ambience/milieu. I vowed to make the most of what was close to home: the Susquehanna, the Yellow Breeches, Pinchot Park Lake, maybe even the Highspire reservoir or a section of the Union Canal.

But I realized that someone as old as I am can't be totally protected from the past, from a chance backward step into you know what. So I created a motto of sorts to guide me, and I plan to have it embroidered on my fishing vest, my caps, and the front of my waders and have it delicately etched into the lenses of my glasses. The motto is simply THWA. In bold capital letters, it reads TO HELL WITH AMBIENCE.

But because I have several hundred cubic feet of a basement room filled with thousands of hooks, boxes full of feathers and furs, several high-tech vises, miles of specialized threads, and a safe filled with exotic glues, enamels, and resins, I have chosen to challenge the fish, especially trout, with artificial versions of what it is they prefer. In fact, I have already tied up some really great-looking patterns of power bait and one of silver queen white corn, all in sizes from 00 through 18. And, although I will use the fly rods I already have for most species, the flathead catfish, which sometimes reaches 40 pounds and feeds on whole sunfish, will require something more. So, I have ordered a 12-foot Spey rod from Scotland and have enrolled in a Spey-casting course. I admit that I have some concern about using the Spey while in my 14-foot canoe, and my attempts to tie a full-size sunfish imitation have not been very successful so far. But I have plenty of time to work things out.

I have also set up an ambience hotline to help others who may already be infected with ambience/milieu disease. The number to call is 666-THWA.

Because some readers may want to know how my new life in and on the waters works out, I plan to send an update in about a year. Providing all goes well with the Spey in the canoe.



THE SPEY CAST (Illustration 2).

From Geo. M. Kelson, *The Salmon Fly*
(London: Wyman & Sons Ltd., 1895), 339.

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 seven ambassadors in the Fall 2014 (vol. 40, no. 4) and Summer 2015 (vol. 41, no. 3) issues. We now welcome seven more.

Courtesy of Rebekka Redd



Rebekka Redd is TV host of Canada's *The New Fly Fisher*. Her career embraces fly fishing, teaching, photography, the outdoors, travel, and film. A fly fisher, artist, accomplished equestrian, conservationist, humanitarian, animal advocate, and author, Rebekka is a competitive martial artist with a black belt in tae kwon do. She fly fishes as much as possible and enjoys sharing her passion for the sport.



Courtesy of Mike Rice



Mike Rice lives in Marshfield, Massachusetts, where he is sole proprietor of Mud Dog Saltwater Flies. He began tying commercially in 2000 with the objective to turn out simple flies that are proven to catch fish, be durable, and be part of someone's fishing stories. Mike first sold flies to guides, then to a few local shops; eventually he opened an online store (www.muddogflies.com). He teaches fly-tying classes and takes great joy in his students catching fish on flies they've tied themselves. "In fly tying and in my own fishing, it has never been about the number of catches or the size of the fish," he says. "It is the stories, the experiences, the places, the people, and the fish themselves that keep me doing this."

Courtesy of Rachel Finn



Rachel Finn is a Federation of Fly Fishers certified instructor and a fixture in the Adirondack guide circuit, now as head guide at the Hungry Trout Fly Shop in Wilmington, New York. After ten reputable years, she retired from guiding summer trips in Alaska. Rachel is a Patagonia ambassador and holds pro staff positions for Scott Fly Rods, Airflo, Nautilus, and Lund Boats. She has appeared on ESPN's *Great Outdoor Games* and the Outdoor Life Network's *Fly Fishing Masters*. An accomplished artist, Rachel's works have been shown in New York City galleries. She currently enjoys the challenge of Spey fishing and "being humiliated by Great Lakes steelhead" and steelhead from "other destinations yet to come."

Courtesy of Peter Kutzer



Peter Kutzer grew up on a small farm in southern Vermont fishing ponds and rivers close to his backyard. In 2002, he began work as a fly-fishing instructor and guide for the Orvis Company's fly-fishing school in Manchester, Vermont. As an Orvis adventures specialist, Peter creates technique- and species-specific fly-fishing schools in places as diverse as Vermont, the Florida Keys, the western United States, Canada, and the Caribbean. Techniques include single-handed casting for trout and bonefish and two-handed casting for salmon and steelhead. He is well versed in both fresh and salt water with a fly rod. When he's not teaching specialty schools, you can find Peter giving casting tips on Orvis's online video presentations, "Ask a Fly-Fishing Instructor."



Courtesy of Derek Olthuis



Derek Olthuis was raised in northwestern Montana. At the age of eight, his uncle introduced him to fly fishing on the Gallatin River. Derek has since fished around the world, chasing anything that swims, but his main loves are trout and char. He is most passionate about teaching the sport to others. As a guide and instructor, he hopes to help each client learn and develop skills to better understand trout behavior and techniques to catch them. When he's not guiding, Derek can be found taking pictures or filming for the IF4 Film Festival. He is an ambassador for Loop Tackle, Kast Gear, and Tacky Fly Fishing, as well as a field tester for Orvis. If you see him on the water, don't hesitate to ask for or give him some fly-fishing advice. He believes fly fishing is a sport in which there is always something more to learn.





Peter Jaacks was raised casting a fly rod and rowing a raft down the rivers of the Rocky Mountains. While earning his B.A. from Colorado State University, he broadened his horizons as an outdoorsman, leading trips into the backcountry with the CSU Outdoor Club. It was there that he realized his passion for sharing the wilderness with others. After finishing school, he ventured to Alaska and began guiding the state's remote western rivers with Wild River Guides. He now spends summers guiding in Alaska and as much time as possible in the wilderness pursuing salmon and trout on the fly. When not in Alaska, Peter calls Montana home and plies its waters for wild trout.



As the program grows, we hope to establish ambassadors across the country to better connect with fly-fishing communities nationwide. 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.

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 pnardini@amff.com.



After discovering fly fishing in her teens, **April Vokey** soon dedicated her entire life to the pursuit, which eventually culminated in her founding Fly Gal Ventures in 2007. She has since established herself as a respected authority in the sport and has traveled the globe in pursuit of game fish on a fly rod. April's writings have appeared in numerous industry publications, including *Fly Fisherman*, *Fly Rod & Reel*, and *Fly Fusion* magazines. She wrote and hosted *Shorelines with April Vokey* on the World Fishing Network, a series that focuses on fly fishing's rich history and its people. Feeling limited by air-time, she branched out with her podcast, *Anchored with April Vokey*, an uncensored series dedicated to archiving the stories and personalities from some of the sport's most influential people. April is a Federation of Fly Fishers certified casting instructor, a fly-tying instructor, and an active conservationist.

Ted Turner Receives 2016 Heritage Award

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM of Fly Fishing honored Ted Turner with the museum's 2016 Heritage Award at the Racquet and Tennis Club in New York City on May 12. The award honors and celebrates individuals and organizations whose commitment to the museum, the sport of fly fishing, and the conservation of our natural resources set standards to which we all should aspire.

Ted Turner is an American media mogul who began his career in 1970 with Turner Advertising Company. Subsequently, he launched TBS and the superstation concept, and purchased the Atlanta Braves and Atlanta Hawks. He started CNN in 1980 and continued the next two decades with unrivaled television and entertainment brands (TNT, Cartoon Network, Time Warner Cable, and more).

Aside from being an entrepreneurial mastermind, Turner is an extremely influential philanthropist who supports clean energy, improvement of water and air quality, wildlife habitat protection, and the safeguard of environmental health. Over the past several decades, he has established multiple foundations in support of these efforts, including Captain Planet Foundation, Turner Endangered Species Fund, Nuclear Threat Institute, and the United Nations Foundation (founded with his billion-dollar gift). His efforts have been recognized through many industry awards and civic honors, including multiple lifetime achievement awards, and he has been recognized as Angler of the Year by *Fly Rod & Reel* magazine and Man of the Year by *Time* magazine. Turner is both a true ambassador for the sport of fly fishing and a steward of natural resources, and AMFF is pleased to honor him for his commitment.

This successful Heritage Award celebration would not have been possible without Honorary Chairs Leigh and Annie Perkins and Event Committee members Dave Beveridge, Peter Bowden, Dayton Carr, Tom Davidson, Karen Kaplan, Erik Oken, Fred Polhemus, Robert Scott, and Warren Stern. Additionally, many thanks to guest auctioneer Nick Dawes; master of ceremonies Karen Kaplan; Beau Turner, Ted's son, who narrated the tribute video; and Gary Jobson, who was an insightful and entertaining guest speaker.

We would also like to thank the Leadership Circle, including Mike Bakwin, Foster Bam and Sallie Baldwin, David J. Beveridge, Peter Bowden and Jefferies LLC., Dayton Carr, Mark and Arlene Comora, Charles Patrick Durkin Jr., David B. Ford, George and Beth Gibson, Alan and Linda Gnann, Tim Hixon, Summerfield Johnston, Art Kaemmer, Karen Kaplan, Robin McGraw and the Black Rock Foundation, the Moore Charitable Foundation, Erik and Jennifer Oken, Leigh and Annie Perkins, Eric Roberts, Robert and Karen Scott, Nick Selch, Hewitt B. Shaw, Warren and Susan Stern, Ted Turner Enterprises/Turner Foundation, Richard and Marye Tisch, Andrew Ward, James Wolfensohn, and Nancy and Alan Zakon.

Our gratitude is extended to Fred Polhemus for the donation of his new book, *Arthur Shilstone: A Lifetime of Drawing and Painting*, and Scientific Anglers for their fly line, each received by all the attendees.

We would also like to acknowledge master fly tier Roger Plourde for his beautiful and original salmon fly, Sir Ted, featured in the framed award given to the honoree.

Finally, we greatly appreciate the individuals and businesses who supported and donated items for the live and silent auctions: 3-Tand Reels, Above All Vermont, E. M. Bakwin, Peter

Photos by Jack McCoy except where noted



AMFF Board President Karen Kaplan presenting the 2016 Heritage Award to Ted Turner.

Basta, Jim Becker, Berkshire Rivers, Bighorn Angler Fly Shop and Lodge, Steve and Sandra Bogdan, Cape Neddick Country Club, the Clark, Collectors Covey, Mark Comora, Cortland Line Company, Costa Del Mar, Tom Davidson, Bert Darrow, Rachel Finn, Adam Franceschini, E. and J. Gallo Winery, George Gibson, Gringo Jack's, Eleanore Hayes, Healing Waters Lodge, *Hunting & Fishing Collectibles Magazine*, Jim Heckman, the Hollenbeck Club, the Hungry Trout, the Image Loft, the Inn at Ocean Reef, Killington Resort, Krag Silversmith, Pirate Lanford, Walter Matia, Meadowmere Resort, Mike Monier, John Mundt, Joe Mustari, North Platte Lodge, Northshire Bookstore, Ogunquit Museum of American Art, Orvis, Jack Pittard, El Pescador, Fred Polhemus, REC Components, Rio Products, Ryegrass Ranch Owners Association, Taf Schaefer, Simms, Arthur Shilstone, the Taconic, Richard Tisch, Jacques and Hasty Torres, Three Forks Ranch, Ted Turner, Ted Turner Expeditions, Thomas & Thomas, Urban Angler, George Van Hook, and Paul Volcker.

The evening began with a cocktail reception and silent auction. Guests then moved into dinner, where they were welcomed by AMFF President Karen Kaplan. The museum debuted a video documenting Ted Turner's love of fly fishing and his deep commitment to his family, philanthropy, and the natural world. The live auction followed with Nick Dawes. His charm and expertise, combined with the generosity of the attendees, raised more than \$50,000 from the items donated, including two lunches with former Secretary of State Paul Volcker. An additional \$42,000 was added to the live auction total with the paddle raise to support the AMFF digital initiative. We hope to start in early 2017 with a dedicated staff member scanning photographs and historical documents from our collection to be made available online. Gary Jobson then spoke and paid tribute to his friend and fellow sailor, Ted Turner. At the end of the evening, Karen Kaplan presented Turner with the Heritage Award. He received a standing ovation. AMFF would like to thank everyone for making the evening such a success. More than \$220,000 was raised for museum programs.



Ted Turner accepting the 2016 Heritage Award.



Paul Volcker chats with Leigh and Annie Perkins before dinner.



Ted Turner and Sally Ranney being greeted by Gary Jobson, Karen Kaplan, and Leigh Perkins.



The Sir Ted, created and tied by master fly tier Roger Plourde in honor of Ted Turner.



Lorraine McGinn, Joan Wulff, and Carol Swift demonstrate their casting form.

Leon Chandler: Fly-Fishing Ambassador to the World



Leon Chandler and his wife, Margaret, with the Japanese sculptor Shin Hongo, who took one of Chandler's fly-fishing clinics. Photo courtesy of Kim Chandler.

LEON CHANDLER WAS born on a farm in Missouri in 1922 and arrived in Cortland, New York, on a Greyhound bus the summer of 1941, with all of his worldly possessions in a cardboard suitcase. He came to visit the family of a cousin and never left. He worked in the furniture department at Montgomery Ward until he answered a newspaper ad and joined the Cortland Line Company on December 12—five days after Pearl Harbor.

After serving in the Signal Corps in the Philippines and New Guinea during World War II, Chandler returned to Cortland Line Company and worked his way up to the sales department. He soon became a fixture at the trade shows that were gaining popularity in the sporting goods industry after the war. As his profile as a presenter and teacher grew, the U.S. Department of Commerce approached Chandler to teach fishing (not just on the fly—there's one story of his using a bait-casting rod to snap cigarettes out of people's mouths) to residents of foreign countries in hopes of raising awareness of American angling products and promoting the American model of fisheries management. He traveled all around the world, from Poland to Chile, bringing the fishing experience to remote places.

Chandler's travels earned him the moniker of fly-fishing ambassador to the world, but he made key contributions at home as well. He became vice president of the Cortland Line Company, ushering in some of the most important and lasting innovations of the twentieth century. In 1953, Cortland introduced the 333 series of fly line (billed as "the unsinkable line"), which was the first to use polyvinyl chloride (PVC) as a thin coating over braided nylon—a major improvement over oil-based lines.

The coming decades brought even more innovation to fly lines, and Chandler kept Cortland at the forefront of the forever-changing technological landscape of core materials, weights, and temperature ratings. His business acumen and marketing expertise led to his involvement with the American Fishing Tackle Manufacturers Association (AFTMA), and he served as its president for two years. He was also active in the conservation community, serving as president of Trout Unlimited for two years and on its board of directors for another twenty-two. In 1988, Chandler was elected to the Freshwater Hall of Fame and received its Dolphin Award, one of the highest honors in sport fishing.

In 1992, after more than fifty years, Chandler retired from Cortland Line Company. Not one to sit around, he bought a motor home and fished his way across the country. Between trips and popping in at Cortland from time to time, the home on wheels always seemed to return to a familiar locale on the Missouri River, one of his favorite fishing spots, which he often floated with sons Kim and Jeff and his grandsons. Chandler passed away in 2004 at the age of eighty-one.

Leon Chandler could cast a fly just as gracefully and far as other legends of the sport and could have promoted his personal brand as did others in the industry, but he was truly in it for the experience. He appreciated the great opportunities that his fly-fishing life afforded him, the places that it took him, and the company it kept. Being able to cast in the backdrop of New York City lights, behind the Iron Curtain, and in Japan was enough for Chandler. He was a phenomenal teacher, to the point that *Field & Stream* magazine called him fly fishing's Johnny Appleseed on account of the diverse group of people he reached during his travels around the globe. Showing up at a demonstration in a foreign land, he took the look of amazement on people's faces who had never seen a fly rod, much less witnessed its grace, and turned it into a look of joy when they got to experience and learn it for themselves.

Chandler was an even bigger celebrity in Japan than he was in the States, and his image and lessons continue to be used to influence the fishing culture there. In the early 1970s, fly fishers in Japan were few. As a direct result of Chandler's clinics and casting demonstrations, fly fishing in Japan is now commonplace.



Chandler spent time on the bank carefully watching for a rising fish before starting the stalk. He adopted the quote from baseball great Yogi Berra: "You can observe a lot just by watching."

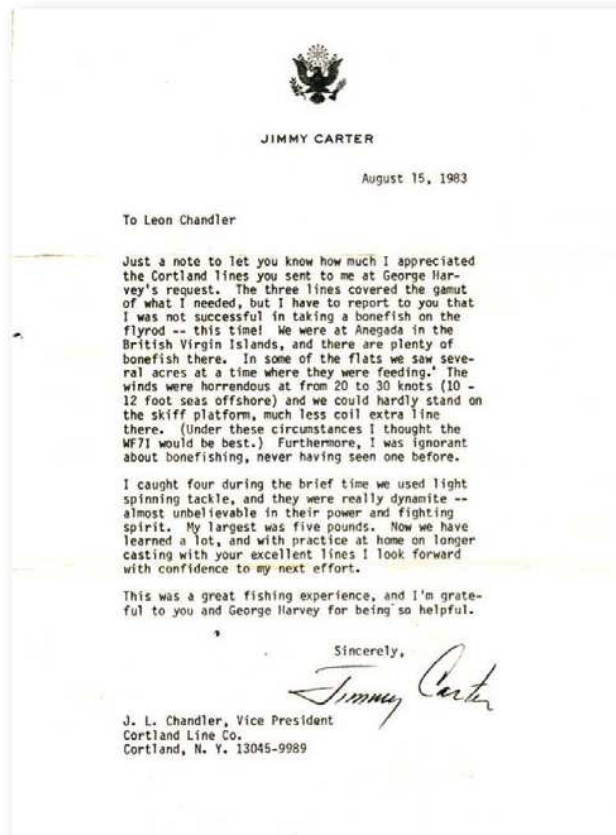
Photo courtesy of Kim Chandler.

At home in the United States, Chandler was called upon for advice from such notables as Mickey Mantle, Ted Williams, Jimmy Carter, Merlin Olsen, Ben Johnson, Bobby Bare, and Ernest Gallo.

Leon's son, Kim Chandler, tells a story of how he, his father, and his brother Jeff walked into a fly shop in Craig, Montana, and noticed two Japanese men getting outfitted with gear. Once the two men took notice of Chandler, they rushed over and were so excited it was as if they had met the president of the United States. They insisted on having their picture taken with him. Kim also told a story of how, when Leon was traveling out of his motor home and fishing on the Missouri River, he accidentally snagged an entire length of line with a fish still attached to it. What's more, he recognized it as Cortland 444. After setting the fish free, he went to a local fly shop and told them to ask around to see if someone was missing their fly line, leaving his contact information. Sure enough, Chandler received a call a couple of months later from a gentleman in New York to whom the line belonged. Chandler met up with him and gave him a tour of the Cortland factory.

This story epitomizes Leon Chandler. Yes, he enjoyed and deeply appreciated his travels abroad, but he could also make an adventure out of something as ordinary as snagging someone's fly line. Most anglers would have left the line, taken it for themselves, or dumped it in the trash, but Chandler searched for its owner, thereby sharing his own experience and making a complete stranger's day.

PETER NARDINI
COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR



A letter of appreciation to Leon Chandler from President Jimmy Carter. Photo courtesy of Kim Chandler.

Roger Keckeissen's *Art Flick, Catskill Legend: A Remembrance of His Life and Times*

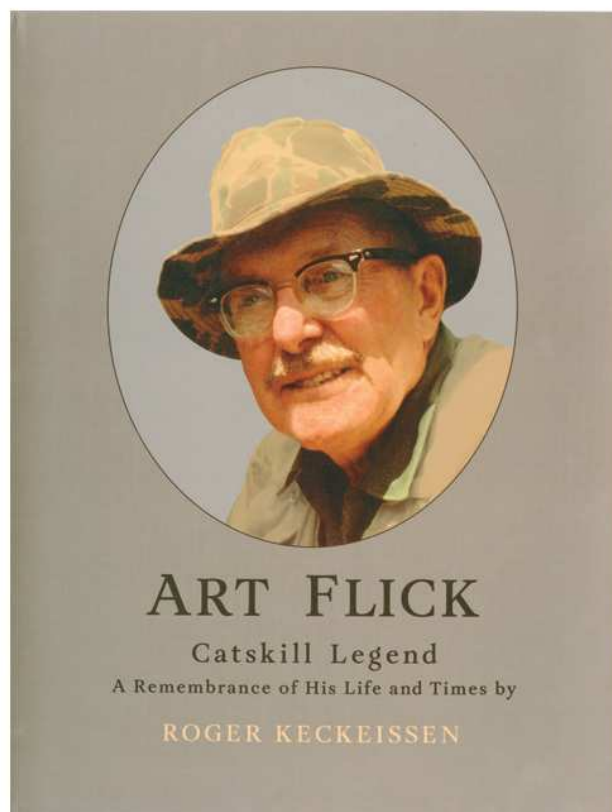
by Harry J. Briscoe

THE DUST JACKET on this fine new book features a photograph of a kindly looking older gentleman smiling a slight, but satisfied, smile. The image embossed in gold on the book cover itself is that of a mayfly, probably a Red Quill or a Hendrickson. The two images personify the story within, which recounts the life of the man and confirms his significant contributions to the pastime of fly fishing. As it is told, Art Flick was pleasant and likable, with a comfortable, engaging, and friendly personality that drew others to his company. He was an astute observer of nature and wildlife, in particular that living beneath the surface of trout streams. He merged those traits to create a remarkable and productive life.

The new book is a biography, written as though told by a close friend or family member, easy to read and digest, and enjoyable throughout. Although the author, Roger Keckeissen, grew up spending some time as a youth in the Catskills, he spent the majority of his life in Idaho and Montana. He knew Flick primarily through an awareness of his work and reputation. He wrote the book after failing in his last attempt to convince Flick to write it himself. With no prior experience as an author, Keckeissen did a fine job. No doubt his presentation of the subject is a more honest and generous appraisal of Flick's influence on fly fishing than modesty would have allowed had it been done as an autobiography. Art Flick did not consider himself to be particularly special or unique.

In his preface, the author notes that he wanted to portray the Catskills and the "palpable sense of history and tradition here so sadly lacking on my adopted rivers in the West" (page 9). The story of Art Flick's life (1904–1985) provides the reader with a delicious smorgasbord of fly fishing's foundations in America. Reading this book may well provoke a curiosity to explore the charm of the Catskills and to understand and embrace more completely the significant fly-fishing history of the area.

Art Flick's father, a Belgian immigrant, owned the Westkill Tavern in West Kill, New York. Young Art grew up hunting and fishing and guiding clients of the inn. He became an excellent fisherman. Married in his early twenties, he took a city job—



first in Syracuse and then Buffalo—for ten years but returned to the woods of West Kill in 1934 to help manage and eventually take over the family business. Fishing almost daily, he began observing the entomology of his home water, Schoharie Creek, for which he gained notoriety. He also began his early and effective advocacy for protection and preservation of the streams of the region. Word of his work, on both fronts, began to circulate quickly through the fishing and hunting communities.

In 1940, Flick was invited to make a presentation of his stream research to the prestigious Anglers' Club of New York. To his surprise, the presentation led to a call for the work to be published. World War II intervened, but the voices remained, and eventually the humble and reluctant author relented. Published in 1947, *Art Flick's Streamside Guide to Naturals and Their Imitations* led anglers of the day to rethink the way they tied and used their flies. As a result, the Westkill Tavern became one of several famous gathering places for serious fly fishers.

Art Flick's life spanned the golden age of fly fishing in America, and he crossed paths with many famous names. As he was developing his own thoughts about fly designs and materials, Rube Cross, the Dettos, and the Darbees were doing the same, on rivers just a valley or two away. Flick was the primary bug collector for Preston Jennings's *A Book of Trout Flies*. Ray Camp, editor of the widely read *New York Times* outdoor column, and Ray Bergman, fishing editor at *Outdoor Life*, were major Flick friends and supporters. During the glory years of 1945–1955, George La Branche, Dana Lamb, and Sparse Grey Hackle were all visitors to the Westkill Tavern, as were Arnold Gingrich, John Voelker, and Ernie Schwiebert. In later years, Joe Brooks, Lefty Kreh, Charlie Waterman, Dave Whitlock, Nick Lyons, and the team of Swisher and Richards all shared thoughts and stream banks with Flick. Throughout, Art Flick considered himself only a fly tier, a guide, and a friend.

Although best known for his highly acclaimed *Streamside Guide* and later *Art Flick's Master Fly-Tying Guide*, Flick's contributions to conservation and the preservation of the outdoor experience reach well beyond the trout stream. His personality, demeanor, and passion were complementary traits that made him a persuasive and effective agent for change. His crusades against bureaucracy and ineffective or misguided policies were well known. Flick was a proponent of efforts to provide public water and limited bag limits (catch-and-release fishing) many years before those concepts became widely accepted. His advocacy for anglers and the resources they enjoy

helped establish organizations such as Trout Unlimited and the Federation of Fly Fishers.

The production of this biography itself deserves comment. The author, Keckeissen, finished the manuscript in 2004. Noted artist and author Russell Chatham discovered the story in 2005 through Flick's son, William. Chatham enlisted the support of two other fly-fishing legends, Catskill expert and Flick friend Ernie Schwiebert and the noted publisher Nick Lyons. Unfortunately, Schwiebert died in late 2005 and Keckeissen in 2007. The project lay dormant until 2014, when Chatham published the book through his own company. Chatham and Lyons each have thoughtful pieces in the introduction. The book is richly produced and is a fitting tribute to a fly-fishing legend who deserves the attention.

Art Flick did not live quite long enough to learn that he would be one of the first two inductees into the Catskill Fly Fishing Museum's Hall of Fame. The other was Theodore Gordon—pretty stout company indeed. Following his death, the Catskill Mountains chapter of Trout Unlimited installed a bronze plaque on a prominent boulder overlooking one of Flick's favorite holes on the Schoharie. An excerpt from that memorial reads, "Here we honor a great but humble man who was a source of goodwill and inspiration to us all."

Enough said.

~

Roger Keckeissen

Art Flick, Catskill Legend: A Remembrance of His Life and Times

Clark City Press, 2015

\$45.00 (hardcover)

Copies are available through the museum at www.amff.com. For the collector, limited slip-cased leather editions including a genuine hand-tied Art Flick fly from the 1950–1970 era are also available; contact William Flick at hunhaven@wispwest.net for more information.



A copy of Art Flick's *New Streamside Guide to Naturals and Their Imitations*, an update published in 1969, and a selection of flies tied by Flick. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Haslinger Breviary Viewing at the Anglers' Club

Both AMFF supporters and bibliophiles new to the museum gathered at the Anglers' Club of New York on April 5 to view the Haslinger Breviary: a medieval liturgical book containing, on pages originally left blank, the earliest recorded collection of fly-tying patterns known to exist. Jonathan Reilly, of the antiquarian booksellers Maggs Bros. Ltd. (London), discussed the book's history and how it came into their possession, and there was some lively discussion about fly fishing in the fifteenth century. At the end of the evening, attendees were delighted to hear that the breviary had just been sold to Yale University's Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library and will reside in their collection for further study.

Medieval scholar Richard Hoffmann's full text and translation of the Haslinger Breviary Fishing Tract appears in the Spring 2016 issue (vol. 42, no. 2) of this journal.

AMFF would like to thank trustees Bill Leary, Nick Selch, Ron Stuckey, and Richard Tisch for sponsoring the event and trustee Roger Riccardi of E. & J. Gallo Winery for donating the wine and spirits. Our gratitude also extends to Jonathan Reilly of Maggs for taking time to share this fascinating piece of fly-fishing history with us, and to the Anglers' Club of New York for their wonderful hospitality.

Mari Lyons (1935–2016)

Artist Mari Lyons, who was featured in the museum's exhibit *A Graceful Rise: Women in Fly Fishing Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow*, died April 3. Lyons, who worked primarily in oil, studied with the expressionist Max Beckmann at Mills College, the printmaker Stanley William Hayter at Atelier 17, and the abstract landscape artist Fred Mitchell at the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Her work can be found in the permanent collections of the Museum of the City of New York and Rider University, and in more than a hundred private and corporate collections. She exhibited regularly with First Street Gallery in New York City.

Always ready for an opportunity to sketch, years ago Lyons accompanied her writer-publisher husband, Nick Lyons, and his friend, Herb Wellington, when they went fly fishing in Montana. The landscape, the movements, and the anglers inspired Lyons to create a series of watercolors and drawings to capture the outings. These works were not intended to be illustrations but were eventually featured in some well-loved angling books written by her husband, including *Spring Creek*, *A Fly Fisher's World*, *Full Creel: A Nick Lyons Reader*, and *My Secret Fishing Life*. Through Lyons's eye, the grace and beauty of fly fishing were immortalized.

Mari Lyons lived in New York City and Woodstock, New York. We will miss her.



Director of Development Sarah Foster takes a closer look at the Haslinger Breviary, which was on display at the Anglers' Club of New York courtesy of Maggs Bros. and the American Museum of Fly Fishing.



Mari Lyons. Photograph courtesy of the Lyons family.



Paula Morgan in a 1997 staff photograph.

Paula Morgan (1949–2016)

Paula Morgan, better known to her friends and colleagues as “Stick,” died May 4. A forty-year resident of southwest Vermont, Stick served two stints on the AMFF staff. From 1984 to 1987, she was executive assistant to Director John Merwin. In 1997, she returned as a part-time administrative assistant, but quickly became the events coordinator and membership director, a role she served until 2000. Before her museum work, Stick was on the staff of *Fly Fisherman* magazine. Over the years, she owned several small businesses. Longtime museum members will no doubt remember Paula Morgan’s sharp wit and cheerfulness, and share in our feelings of loss.



Much like baseball players, fly fishers need a little tune-up before the new season starts! At the museum’s Spring Training program on April 2, children were introduced to fly tying by creating decorative clown flies and crafted their own practice rods to take home. Expert tiers Paul Sinicki, Kelly Bedford, and Henry Hall were on hand to demonstrate how to tie like the pros, and there was a table filled with gear to buy in anticipation of the new fishing season! AMFF wishes to extend heartfelt thanks to all who volunteered and attended to make this event such a success.

Recent Donations to the Collection

Ted Sypher of Chenango Forks, New York, donated a set of his Kelsey brook trout flies in generational patterns: Original, Improved, and Trolling.

Chico Fernandez of Miami, Florida, sent us three books he authored: *The FisHair Saltwater Tying Guide* (FisHair Incorporated, 1979), *Fly-Fishing for Bonefish* (Stackpole Books, 2004), and *Fly-Fishing for Redfish* (Stackpole Books, 2015). **Fred Polhemus** of Shelburne, Vermont, gave us copies of his book, *Arthur Shilstone: A Lifetime of Drawing & Painting* (Tide-mark Press, Ltd., 2015), both a library edition and a limited edition (no. 45 of 100).

Jim Heckman of Manchester, Vermont, donated collections of *Field & Stream* and *Antique Angler* magazines. For a detailed listing, contact the museum.



Upcoming Events

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

July 17

Celebrate National Ice Cream Day!
Fly-fishing activities and free ice cream
1:00 p.m.–4:00 p.m.

August 6

9th Annual Fly-Fishing Festival: A Taste of the Great Outdoors
10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.

September 22

Members-Only Event
Rare Read Rendezvous
4:00 p.m.–6:00 p.m.

September 24

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

October 9

Fall Foliage Fiesta
10:00 a.m.–4:00 p.m.
Complimentary cider, donuts, and member gift

October 22

Annual Membership Meeting
Taconic Hotel
Manchester, Vermont
8:00 a.m.

October 26

2016 Izaak Walton Award Event honoring James Prosek
New York City

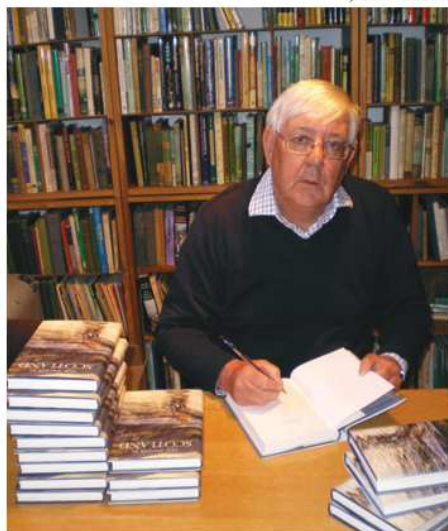
December 3

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

Always check our website (www.amff.com) for additions, updates, and more information or contact (802) 362-3300 or events@amff.com. “Casting About,” 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

Jon Ward-Allen



Keith Harwood retired from full-time teaching in the summer of 2012. He then taught Latin and Greek part time for a few months at Stonyhurst College, a Jesuit foundation where Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, was a pupil and the poet Gerard Manley Hopkins was a teacher. Harwood now spends his time writing, fishing, fly dressing, and helping to look after his three grandchildren. His most recent books are *Fish and Fishers of the Lake District* (Medlar Press, 2014), *The Angler in Scotland* (Medlar Press, 2015), and *Angling Books: A Collector's Guide* (Coch-y-Bonddu Books, 2016). He is currently working on a history of trout fishing in Shetland. Harwood's most recent contribution to this journal was "John Buchan: Angler and Governor-General of Canada," which appeared in Winter 2016; Medlar Press will publish his book about Buchan and angling this year.

Tommy Hatwell

David Hatwell began training as a design draughtsman in London in 1969 and later studied graphic design as a mature student at Plymouth College of Art, in Devon. In 1982 he formed a small interior design company, with seven staff, in the historic market town of Tavistock situated on the western edge of Dartmoor. David lives with his wife, a retired community nurse, in the idyllic setting of the Tamar Valley, where they raised their three children. He enjoys fishing for sea trout and Atlantic salmon in the spate waters of the nearby Tamar and Tavy rivers. He is passionately interested in book design and illustration and is currently studying craft bookbinding at the Dartington Bindery.



Thelma McGary



D. W. McGary spent more than forty-three years in public education in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, teaching chemistry and later serving as the district's K-12 coordinator of science. After retiring in 1997, Dan and his wife Thelma moved to New Cumberland, Pennsylvania, where they live 3 miles from the Susquehanna River and 5 miles from the nearest stretch of the Yellow Breeches Creek. The combination of leisure time and close proximity to varied waters allows him to pursue not only fish but his fishing heritage in the area where he grew up during the Great Depression and the years of World War II. McGary's previous article for this journal, "Challenges and Delights: Fishing the Susquehanna at Steelton in 1943," appeared in the Summer 2007 issue.

Bill Herrick (1925–2016)

THIS SPRING, we lost Bill Herrick, one of the culture carriers for the American Museum of Fly Fishing. Bill was truly a Renaissance man; he was a sculptor, an artist, a poet, and a world-class fisherman. He cared deeply about the museum and worked quietly in the background for decades to assure its success and stability.

My earliest memory of Bill is really of Bill and his wife, Phyllis, the gregarious entertaining proprietors of Pierre's Gate Gallery in Manchester, Vermont. We became friends in 1992, and the gallery was always on our itinerary, even if we were only in town for a day or two. We would talk about town politics, current affairs, and, of course, art.

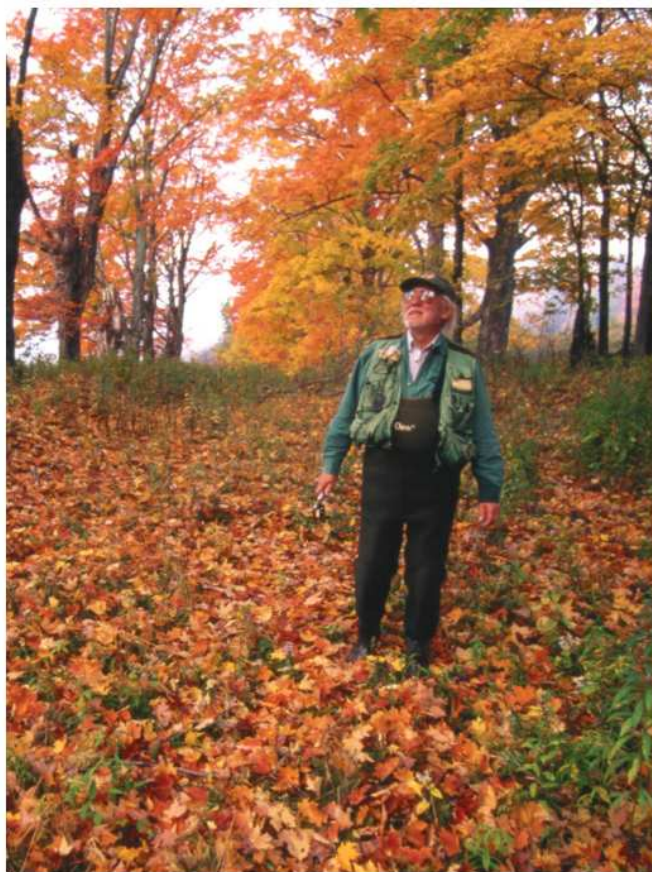
Our friendship took on a new dimension in the summer of 1993 when Bill invited us to join him and Phyllis at the twenty-fifth-anniversary dinner for AMFF at Hildene. It was a wonderful evening of camaraderie and tall tales, but because it was outside on the veranda, it got a bit cool for August. By night's close, we were huddled under the tablecloths, which Bill thought was great fun, like Cub Scouts camping out in the backyard.

When Karen and I got married in 1995, Bill and Phyllis gave us two flowering crabapple trees and had them planted outside our bedroom window. Bill wrote a poem about watching the trees grow and flower just as our marriage would become more beautiful with each passing year. That poem, handwritten by Bill, still hangs over our bed.

Of course Bill loved to fly fish, and he loved to share his experience and skill with his fishing buddies. I remember fishing well after dark one summer evening on the Batten Kill. While I struggled, Bill stood silently, mid-river, casting quickly to the sound of brown trout rising in the blackness; he caught fish after fish.

Bill loved good food and good wine. We used to alternate hosting dinners between our house and Bill and Phyllis's, just the four of us. Bill and I would usually prepare the entrée in our respective homes, and we always shared a great bottle of wine. But the most entertaining part of those evenings was the conversation. Bill would tell stories of his youth, his World War II service, or his career and adventures on Madison Avenue. In turn, he and Phyllis would ask countless questions about my experience on Wall Street. He was genuinely interested in his friends and their lives. While it could have been all about Bill (he was *that* interesting), it never was.

And finally, it is important to realize that as much as Bill loved fishing, the love of his life was Phyllis. Bill was an accomplished



*Bill Herrick, photographed in Vermont in 1996.
© Denver Bryan 2016.*

artist, and he produced countless sketches of women's faces, many of which bore a striking resemblance to her. Like many artists, Bill had his lifelong muse and model, and it was Phyllis.

Bill is gone now, and we have an aching in our hearts. But he was with us for a long time, and he touched our lives in ways that we will remember forever. When I step into a stream in the future, I will look quickly upstream, just hoping that Bill has waded in above me.

ROBERT G. SCOTT
TRUSTEE



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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.com to schedule a visit.

VOLUNTEER

Throughout the year, the museum needs volunteers to help with programs, special projects, events, and administrative tasks. You do not have to be an angler to enjoy working with us! Contact Becki Trudell at btrudell@amff.com 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.com. 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
Business	\$250
Benefactor	\$100
Associate	\$50

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



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