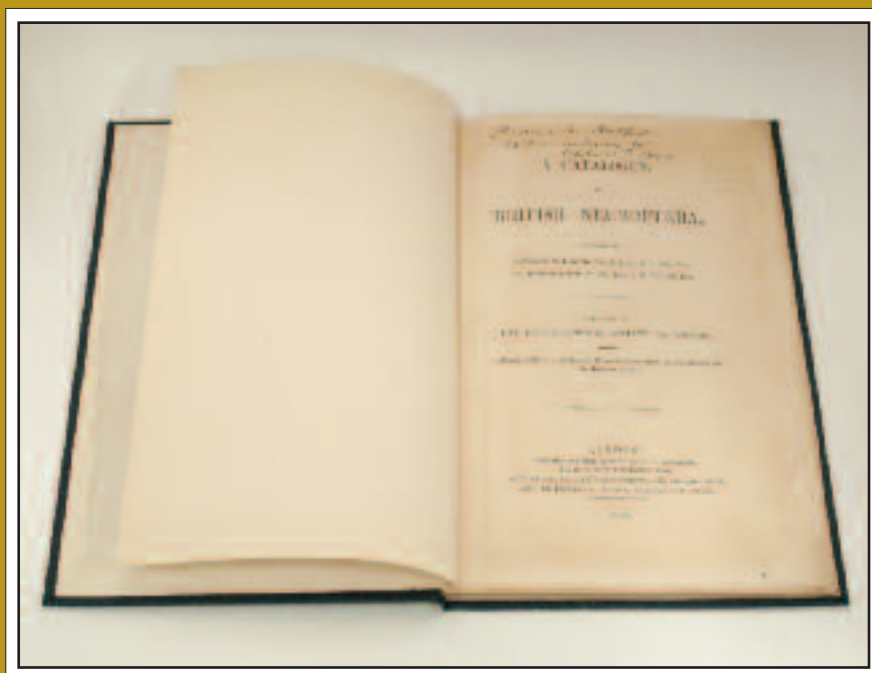


The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing



FALL 2017

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 4

Don't Miss It



MY SUMMER WAS SO ODD, so hectic, so frantic that now, looking autumn full in the face, I feel a nostalgia for a season that hasn't quite ended but has completely slipped away. Summer: I should have been there. I want to be there now. It was a golden age, and I missed it.

Is there a golden age of fly fishing? When was it? Is a golden age past, by definition? Is it singular? Is it possible to be part of one ourselves? In a Notes and Comment piece, "A Brief Glance Upstream: Sparse Grey Hackle and the Golden Age of Fly Fishing" (page 16), George Jacobi considers one his favorite writers, Sparse Grey Hackle (Alfred W. Miller, 1892–1983), who "captured the romanticism of [an] earlier age—and was able to convince his readers that it lingered still." By doing so, and by living through such changing times in the sport, Sparse may have been part of his own golden age—depending on what you believe about golden ages.

One way to not miss summer is to stick to an annual tradition. Thomas Wolf and Mike Reynolds have an enviable one. In May, they fish the Brodhead in Pennsylvania. They bring along their instruments and rehearse summer repertoire for the Montana Chamber Music Festival, which they perform a few weeks later, conveniently close to the Gallatin River. In "The Music of Fishing: A Profile of Mike Reynolds," flutist Wolf profiles cellist Reynolds, fly-fishing founding member of the Muir String Quartet. Read about Reynolds on page 7.

At the museum, we celebrate summer by taking advantage of the warm weather. This year, we hosted a six-week summer outreach program to introduce kids and their parents to fly fishing (page 22), and we celebrated our sport at our annual festival (page 20). It's a joy spending time

with our supporters and meeting people in our community.

Another thing that makes me happy is sharing something from our collection with you. Last year, we acquired two Frederic M. Halford—annotated volumes published by the Entomological Society of London. The auction-lot description read, in part, "A unique offering of the utmost importance in angling history, documenting, among other revelations, that October 25th, 1888, marks the very day that Frederic M. Halford . . . gave intellectual birth to what has since been called 'match the hatch' fly fishing." Robert H. Boyle, the previous owner of these volumes, agreed to write up their history for us. You'll find this exciting story, "Halford, Eaton, and Match-the-Hatch Dry-Fly Fishing: Present at the Creation," on page 2.

And we've included a piece about a mid-nineteenth-century writer, angler, and well-known authority on salmon and salmon fishing. In "Thomas Tod Stoddart: The Completely Scottish Angler" (page 11), Alan R. Diodore gives us a history of Stoddart's life and works, including his definitive *The Art of Angling as Practised in Scotland* and his popular *Angling Songs*. In researching some of these songs on my own, I found "The Taking of the Salmon," a six-verse, blow-by-blow, action-packed account. I especially like the third verse, in which hope is lost and regained: "A birr! a whirr! the salmon's off! / No, no, we still have got him; / The wily fish is sullen grown, / And, like a bright embedded stone, / Lies gleaming at the bottom. / Hark to the music of the reel! / 'Tis hushed, it hath forsaken; / With care we'll guard the magic wheel, / Until its notes awaken."

May hope, when lost, always be regained. Don't miss it.

KATHLEEN ACHOR
EDITOR



TRUSTEES

Foster Bam	Annie Hollis Perkins
Peter Bowden	Leigh H. Perkins
Deborah Pratt Dawson	Frederick S. Polhemus
E. Bruce DiDonato, MD	John Redpath
Ronald Gard	Roger Riccardi
Alan Gnann	Franklin D. Schurz Jr.
Gardner Grant Jr.	Robert G. Scott
James Heckman, MD	Nicholas F. Selch
Arthur Kaemmer, MD	Warren Stern
Karen Kaplan	Ronald B. Stuckey
Woods King III	Tyler S. Thompson
William P. Leary III	Richard G. Tisch
James Lepage	David H. Walsh
Anthony J. Magardino	Andrew Ward
Christopher P. Mahan	Patricia Watson
Walter T. Matia	Thomas Weber
David Nichols	Frankie Wolfson
Robert A. Oden Jr.	James C. Woods
Erik R. Oken	Nancy W. Zakon
Martin Zimmerman	

TRUSTEES EMERITI

James Hardman	Leon L. Martuch
David B. Ledlie	Paul Schullery

OFFICERS

Karen Kaplan
<i>President</i>
Robert A. Oden Jr.
<i>Vice President</i>
Andrew Ward
<i>Vice President</i>
James C. Woods
<i>Secretary</i>
Peter Bowden
<i>Treasurer</i>

STAFF

Robert Ruley	Peter Nardini
<i>Executive Director</i>	<i>Communications Coordinator</i>
Yoshi Akiyama	Samantha Pitcher
<i>Deputy Director</i>	<i>Membership and Events Coordinator</i>
Sarah Foster	Shane Quintana
<i>Director of Development</i>	<i>Gallery Assistant</i>
Kelsey McBride	Patricia Russell
<i>Saltwater Project Coordinator</i>	<i>Business Manager</i>
Sara Wilcox	
<i>Director of Visual Communication</i>	

PRESIDENT'S COUNCIL

E. M. Bakwin	Gerold Klauer
Michael Bakwin	Kenneth Kosakoff and Mariann Covello
Foster Bam and Sallie Baldwin	Dan Lufkin
Peter Bowden	Robert McGraw
Meg Buck	David and Margaret Nichols
Dayton Carr	Erik and Jennifer Oken
Mark Comora	Leigh and Annie Hollis Perkins
Jon and Deborah Pratt Dawson	Jennifer Prosek
Alex de Latour	John Redpath
Gardner Grant Jr.	Robert and Karen Scott
Summerfield Johnston	Tyler and Francis Thompson
Arthur and Martha Kaemmer	Richard G. Tisch
Karen Kaplan	Paul Volcker
Alan and Nancy Zakon	

MUSEUM COUNCIL

Dave Beveridge	Tom and Laurie McGuane
Tom Davidson	William and Lynn McMaster
Nick Dawes	Teresa and Robert Oden Jr.
Tom Evans	William Platt
Ezra Field	Franklin Schurz Jr.
David Ford	Nicholas and Jean Selch
Michael Goldberg	Warren Stern
Alan and Linda Gnann	Ronald and Joan Stuckey
Skip and Meg Herman	Paul Van Cura
Paul Tudor Jones	Andrew and Elizabeth Ward
Wendy and Woods King III	Pat Watson
Anne Lovett and Steve Woodsum	Tom Weber
Christopher Mahan	Kendrick Wilson
Janet Mavec and Wayne Nordberg	Frankie Wolfson

DIRECTOR'S COUNCIL

Louis Bacon	Sam Kellie-Smith
Salvatore Campofranco	Bill and Francesca Leary
Jane Cooke	Carmine Lisella
Peter and Lillian Corbin	George Matelich
Anthony Davino	Walter and Pam Matia
Charles Patrick Durkin Jr.	Richard and Lorraine McGinn
Hugh Frater and Kirsten Feldman	Bradford and Pamela Mills
Alan Guarino	Rodman and Christine Patton
James and Susan Heckman	Joseph R. Perella
Harry Hill	Jason and Shachar Scott
Tim Hixon	Matthew and Taylor Scott
Alex Jinishian	Charles Walton
Joan and Herb Kelleher	David Whitney

ANGLERS' CIRCLE

Parker Corbin	Albert Nichols
Bailey Hallingby	David E. Nichols Jr.
Woods King IV	Jason M. Scott

THE AMERICAN FLY FISHER

Kathleen Achor
Editor
 Sarah May Clarkson
Copy Editor
 Sara Wilcox
Design & Production

The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

FALL 2017

VOLUME 43 NUMBER 4

Halford, Eaton, and Match-the-Hatch Dry-Fly Fishing: Present at the Creation	2
<i>Robert H. Boyle</i>	
The Music of Fishing: A Profile of Mike Reynolds	7
<i>Thomas Wolf</i>	
Thomas Tod Stoddart: The Completely Scottish Angler	11
<i>Alan R. Diodore</i>	
Notes and Comment: A Brief Glance Upstream: Sparse Grey Hackle and the Golden Age of Fly Fishing	16
<i>George Jacobi</i>	
Fly-Fishing Festival	20
AMFF 2017 Summer Outreach	22
<i>Bob Ruley</i>	
In Memoriam: Tom Morgan	24
<i>Per Brandin</i>	
In Memoriam: Orri Vigfússon	25
Museum News	26
Museum Wish List	27
Contributors	28
ON THE COVER: <i>Frederic M. Halford's personally annotated copy of A Catalogue of British Neuroptera, published by the Entomological Society of London in 1870. Photo by Sara Wilcox.</i>	

The American Fly Fisher (ISSN 0884-3562) is published four times a year by the museum at P.O. Box 42, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Publication dates are winter, spring, summer, and fall. Membership dues include the cost of the journal (\$50) and are tax deductible as provided for by law. Membership rates are listed in the back of each issue. All letters, manuscripts, photographs, and materials intended for publication in the journal should be sent to the museum. The museum and journal are not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, drawings, photographic material, or memorabilia. The museum cannot accept responsibility for statements and interpretations that are wholly the author's. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless postage is provided. Contributions to *The American Fly Fisher* are to be considered gratuitous and the property of the museum unless otherwise requested by the contributor. Copyright © 2017, The American Museum of Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont 05254. Original material appearing may not be reprinted without prior permission. Periodical postage paid at Manchester, Vermont 05254; Manchester, Vermont 05255; and additional offices (USPS 057410). *The American Fly Fisher* (ISSN 0884-3562) EMAIL: amff@amff.org WEBSITE: www.amff.org

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to:
The American Fly Fisher
 P.O. Box 42
 Manchester, Vermont 05254

Halford, Eaton, and Match-the-Hatch Dry-Fly Fishing: Present at the Creation

by Robert H. Boyle

When Bob Boyle sent me notice of Lang's Auction Lot 946 a week in advance of said auction in October 2016, I quickly forwarded it to museum Deputy Director Yoshi Akiyama, then put it out of my mind. The description of the lot began, "A unique offering of the utmost importance in angling history, documenting, among other revelations, that October 25th, 1888, marks the very day that Frederic M. Halford (1844–1914) gave intellectual birth to what has since been called 'match the hatch' fly fishing."

The museum bid on "Halford's personally annotated copies of two critical Ephemeridae (mayflies in the American sense) papers that he signed and dated October 25th, 1888, and had specially bound in two slender 9" x 6" books." I'm happy to report that they are now part of our collection.

When we asked Bob Boyle, who happened also to be the previous owner, to write about these Halford-annotated copies, he eagerly obliged. While we worked on this article together, I was able to carefully examine this new acquisition, checking Bob's descriptions and page references. Such moments can make a person feel truly connected to fly-fishing history.

What I didn't know was that Bob was working on this during his final days. He died May 19, not having sent his conclusion. His New York Times obituary called him "a watchdog of the Hudson River" and "a crusading conservationist." I urge you to read the obituary in its entirety. He is already missed.

—Editor

TO MAKE A DISCOVERY in the field of book collecting—be it in modern "firsts," detective fiction, Australian, books about books, Arctic exploration, incunabula, Russian literature, fly fishing, or whatever—is exceedingly rare. But when it finally occurs following the thrill of the chase, it is a truly exhilarating moment to savor, as any angler who has finally caught the big 'un knows. For more than fifty years, I have been collecting scientific papers and books on aquatic insects, because among other factors that spark my curiosity, I've been interested in the connection between entomology and dry-fly fishing during the heyday of natural history in Victorian England and later in the United States. In particular, the Reverend Alfred Edwin Eaton (1844–1929), "the father of the modern classification of the Ephemeroptera,"¹ has been of interest in this regard. A priest in the Church of England, Eaton helped elevate Frederic M. Halford to "High Priest of the Dry Fly"² with the creation of match-the-hatch fishing that was to spread around the world.

In late 2004, I saw a notice in the Scottish magazine *Fly Fishing & Fly Tying* that Neil Freeman's Angling Auctions in London would be selling the remains of the estate of Frederic M. Halford in April 2005—a surprise to me since I thought that anything of value, historical or otherwise, had long been

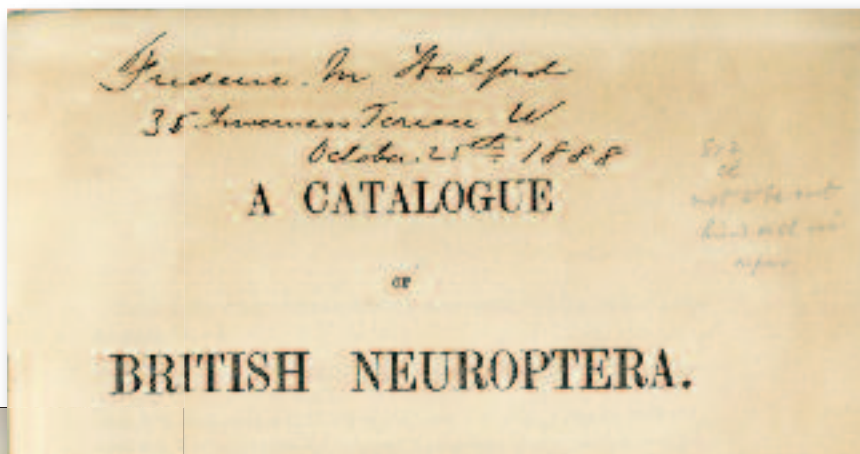
dispersed or was in the collection of the Flyfishers' Club in London. Most notable of these collected artifacts was a guide, "An unscientific analytical Synopsis of the Genera of British Ephemeridae based on the adult flies," that Eaton personally drew up for Halford in December 1886.

In *An Angler's Autobiography*, Halford noted that a friend, Major W. Cooke Daniels, "most anxious that it should be kept," had it "bound in full morocco, and with my concurrence presented it to the Fly Fishers' Club [*sic*], where it remains and is available for the use of any member

Photos by Sara Wilcox



In October 2016, the museum acquired these two Frederic M. Halford-annotated volumes published by the Entomological Society of London.



At the top of the catalog title page, Halford wrote in pen, "Frederic M. Halford/35 Inverness Terrace W/October 25th, 1888." In very light pencil on the top right of the same page are instructions to the binder, possibly by Halford: "not to be cut bind all in refine."

or friends of members desiring to refer to it."³ As significant as the "Synopsis" was and is, Eaton's description of the natural flies was at the generic level, *not the species level*, thus questions remained: when, where, and how did Halford ever obtain the specific scientific names for the British Ephemeridae needed to match the hatch?

When Neil Freeman's auction catalog arrived, I eagerly opened it and took special note of Lot 363. It read:

Entomological Society of London: A catalogue of British Neuroptera, 1870 London, ink inscribed 'Frederic M. Halford, 35 Inverness Terrace, W., October 25th 1888,' 42 pp., green buckram binding and *The Entomologist's Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XXV, June and July 1888, Nos. 289 and 290, bound as one vol., ink inscribed 'Frederic M. Halford, 35 Inverness Terrace, W., October 25th 1888,' both with ink annotations to margins, adverts, green buckram (2) £80–120.⁴

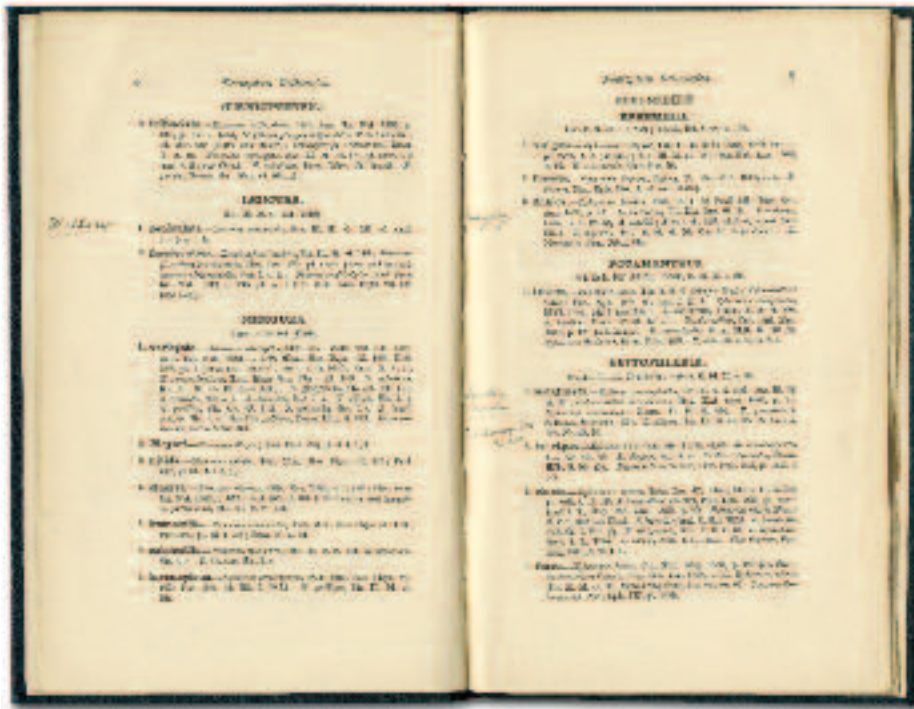
The fact that Halford had inscribed his name, address, and the date three times in the papers and that the papers had been bound strongly indicated that they were of special importance to him. Two other factors, or rather *missing factors*, struck me. First of all, inasmuch as Eaton's name was *not* in the lot description, it brought to my mind (as can hap-

pen to a collector in hot pursuit of the solution to a mystery) Sherlock Holmes's observation that the dog did not bark in the night—the negative clue that gave Holmes the solution in "The Adventure of Silver Blaze." Would that I be so fortunate. I knew that Eaton was a major contributor to the 1870 paper and the author of the unnamed 1888 paper, which, because of its length, had to be published in the successive June and July issues of the *Entomologist's Monthly Magazine*. Both were important papers that I lacked in my collection. Finally, there was the most enticing catalog note of all: "with ink annotations to margins." What were the annotations? Who wrote them? And why were they "in the margins"? I knew that I had to buy the lot, and I successfully did, bidding by phone.

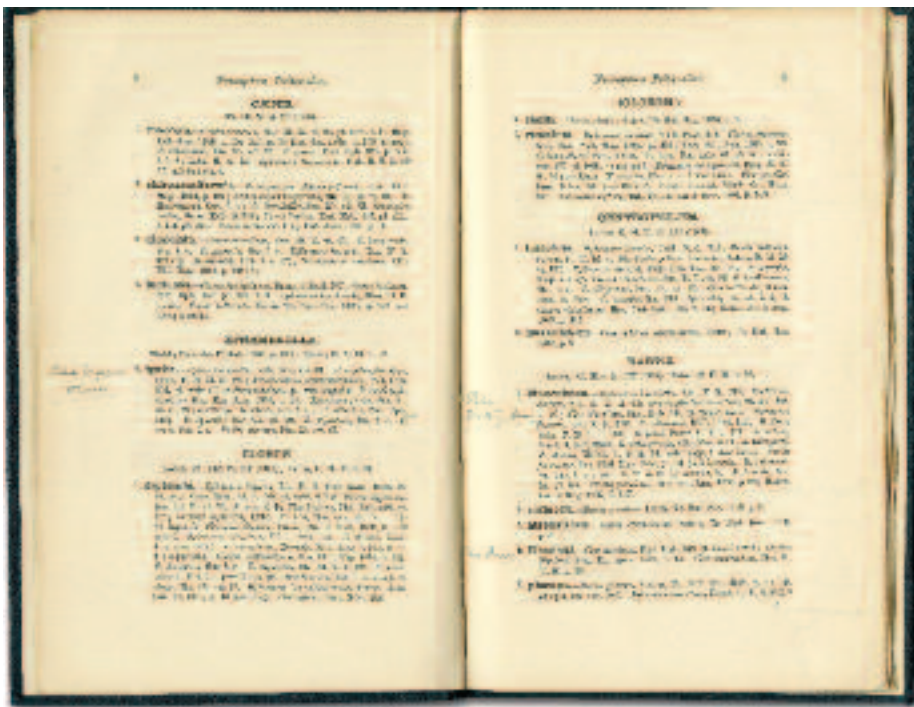
In April 1886, eight months before the Flyfishers' Club received the "Synopsis," Halford's first book, *Floating Flies and How to Dress Them*, came out, and in it he declared that it was "not being in any way intended as a treatise in entomology, and the classification of the natural flies according to Order, Family, Genus, and Species having been so thoroughly and accurately explained by Ronalds, it is not proposed to touch on this branch of the subject."⁵ In point of fact, advances and changes in entomology had been taking place since Alfred Ronalds's *The Fly-*

Fisher's Entomology first appeared in 1836, but probably because of Eaton's appearance on the scene, Halford and George Selwyn Marryat, Halford's friend and self-effacing collaborator, were soon "most anxious that the scientific naming of [chalkstream insects] should be beyond question."⁶

When the lot arrived from Freeman, I carefully unwrapped the potential treasure and gingerly examined both bound booklets, starting with the bound 1870 paper: "A Catalogue of British Neuroptera Compiled by Robert McLachlan, F.L.S., Soc. Ent. Soc.," subtitle: "Being part of a proposed General Catalogue of the Insects of the British Isles." Published by the Entomological Society of London, the buff front paper cover title of the catalog had been removed and professionally affixed to the front cover of the booklet, which was bound in refine, a material similar to buckram. The Reverend A. E. Eaton compiled the catalog's Ephemeridae section. At the top of the catalog title page, Halford wrote in pen, "Frederic M. Halford/35 Inverness Terrace W/October 25th, 1888." In very light pencil on the top right of the same page are instructions to the binder, possibly by Halford: "not to be cut bind all in refine." The pen-and-ink inscriptions by Halford of his name, address, and date were in his hand, and so exactly were the marginal annotations



Halford's annotations include "Mayfly," which he underlined, next to *Ephemera danica* (above); "Turkey Brown," *Leptophlebia marginata* (above); "Blue Winged Olive," *Ephemerella ignita* (below); and "Pale Watery Dun," *Baetis binoculatus* (below).



in which he wrote the common names of flies next to the specific scientific names in Eaton's text. Obviously, Eaton and Halford had to meet for them to match the scientific names with the common names on 25 October 1888, probably at Eaton's house. It is also almost certain that Eaton gave Halford the papers from his own collection of "separates," extra copies that scientists customarily keep of their papers to give to others.

It is important to note that Eaton was then at the height of his entomological career. In March 1888, he had finally completed his magnum opus, "A Revisional Monograph of Recent Ephemeridae or Mayflies," published in six parts starting in December 1883 in the *Transactions of the Linnean Society of London*.⁷ My copy of this magnificent work, which I have retained in my collection, is in two quarto volumes, each bound in marbled boards with ribbed leather spines lettered in gold. The first volume consists of 352 pages of very explicit descriptions ("*Hexagenia bilineata* . . . *Subimago* [dried].—Wings transparent grey, with pitch-black neuration, the longitudinal nervures occasionally tinged with brown-ochre or bistre-brown close to the wing-roots;"⁸ etc.); the second volume contains sixty-five finely detailed lithographed black-and-white plates of wings, nymphs, body parts, and appendages. One other point perhaps of interest to readers of this journal: with the sangfroid attributed to those of scientific bent, Eaton and Halford met in London to pair up the common and scientific names of the British Ephemeridae at the very height of the ultrasensational murder rampage by Jack the Ripper.

The initial letter of some of the common names that Halford wrote down in the papers—or, should I say, excitedly scribbled—are partly hidden in the interior margins, which shows that he ordered the bindings afterward. Briefly, his annotations include "Mayfly," which he underlined, next to *Ephemera danica*; "Turkey Brown," *Leptophlebia marginata*; "Blue Winged Olive," *Ephemerella ignita*; "Pale Watery Dun," *Baetis binoculatus*; and "Iron Blue Dun," *Baetis pumilus*. In addition, he wrote "Stonefly" next to *Perla cephalotes* and "Grannom" next to *Brachycentrus subnubilus* in the Trichoptera.

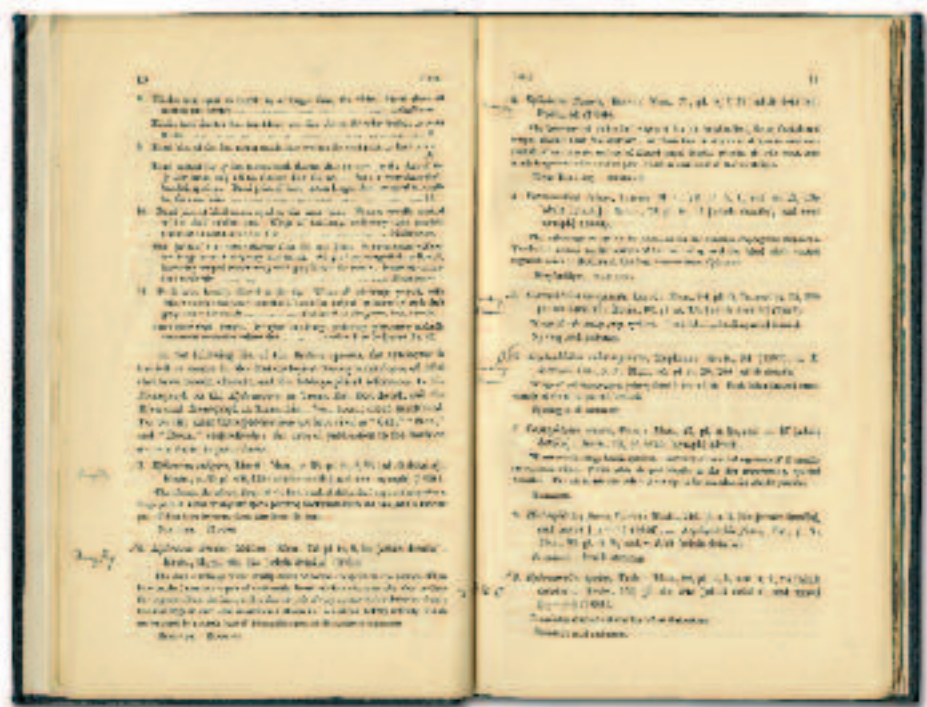
The 1888 paper, "A Concise General Synopsis, with an Annotated List, of the Species of British Ephemeridae," by the Rev. A. E. Eaton, M.A., F.E.S., was published in two successive issues of the *Entomologist's Monthly Magazine* (vol. XXV, June 1888 and July 1888).

The blue-green front paper cover title page of the June issue was removed and professionally affixed to the front cover of

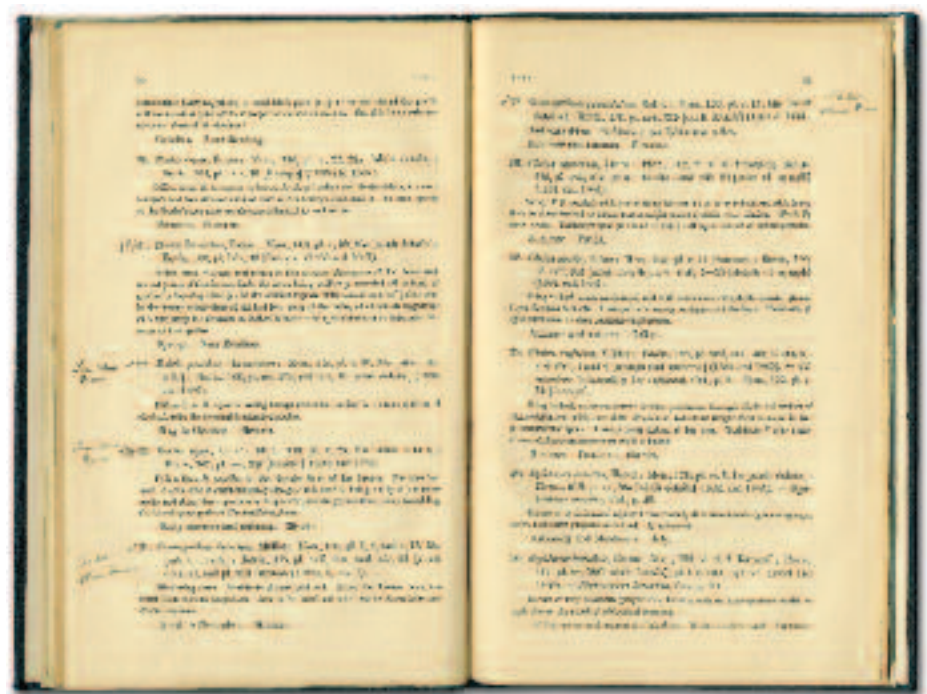
the booklet bound in refine. The issue has twenty-four pages, plus two pages of ads by dealers in natural history specimens, equipment, and books, plus the blue-green back cover page with table of contents and ads. The July issue retains the blue-green front cover in place, along with twenty-four pages, plus two pages of ads by natural history dealers and a table of contents. At the top of the first page of the June issue, Halford again wrote: "Frederic M. Halford/35 Inverness Terrace W/October 25th, 1888." In very light pencil on the top right of the title page are instructions to the binder, possibly in Halford's hand: "(unreadable word) cloth Not to be cut bind all in refine." On page 9, Eaton noted that the purpose of the "Concise Generical Synopsis" was

to review the nomenclature of the British species, so far as to show in what respects it now [1888] differs from that which was adopted in the "Catalogue of British Neuroptera" issued in the year 1870 by the Entomological Society of London, [as well as] the "Monograph on the Ephemeridae" and the Transactions of the same Society for the year 1871. In these earlier publications 37 British species, classed in ten genera, were admitted. Of those reputed species two were spurious; but the total number has been maintained by the addition of two new species to our fauna. The number of British genera has, however, been enlarged to thirteen by the sub-division of two of the former ten along lines of separation that were recognised to some extent tacitly in 1870.⁹

Unlike the 1870 paper, which is simply a listing of the Ephemeridae by their scientific names, Eaton's "Concise Generical Synopsis" described each species. For instance, under *Ephemer danica*, annotated in pen by Halford as "Mayfly," Eaton's text reads: "The dark markings of the chalky-white abdomen comprise on the dorsum of the best-marked segment a pair of moderately broad sub-lanceolate streaks, shorter than this segment, from the base, with a shorter pair of very narrow streaks between them; the markings on each side sometimes coalesce, and are either lacking entirely, or else are reduced to a single pair of triangular spots in the anterior segments."¹⁰ At the top of the blank first page of the July issue, Halford again penned: "Frederic M. Halford/35 Inverness Terrace W/October 25th, 1888."¹¹ The "Concise Generical Synopsis" continues in the July issue: "B.W.O.," "Pale Watery Dun," "Olive Dun," "Iron Blue Dun," "Pale Olive Dun," and "March Brown" are among the flies that Halford matched next to the scientific names in both June and July issues.



Rev. A. E. Eaton's "Concise Generical Synopsis, with an Annotated List, of the Species of British Ephemeridae" (The Entomologist's Monthly Magazine, June and July 1888) described each species in detail.



Upon retiring from the family business in 1889, Halford immersed himself in entomology. From 1893 to 1895, he was a member of the Entomological Society of London, and in 1897 he published *Dry Fly Entomology*, in which he cited Eaton's "Revisional Monograph" and works on the Trichoptera by Eaton's mentor, the gruff Robert McLachlan at the British Museum (Natural History), and on the Diptera by G. H. Verrall, the starter at the Newmarket Race Course and the founder of the Verrall Suppers, the annual invitation-only gathering of entomologists.¹²

[Editor's note: And here in the original manuscript, Boyle wrote: "Another dozen or so more lines to come." These are lines we will never see.]

ENDNOTES

1. George F. Edmunds Jr., "Ephemeroptera," in Edward L. Kessel, ed., *A Century of Progress in the Natural Sciences, 1853–1953* (San Francisco: California Academy of Sciences, 1955), 509.
2. Tony Hayter, *F. M. Halford and the Dry-Fly Revolution* (London: Robert Hall, 2002), 15.
3. Frederic M. Halford, *An Anglers' Autobiography* [reprint] (Ashburton, Devon, England: The Fly Fisher's Classic Library, 1998), 238.
4. Neil Freeman auction catalog, Lot 363, for auction in April 2005.
5. Frederic M. Halford, *Floating Flies and How to Dress Them* (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington, 1886), 76.
6. Frederic M. Halford, *Modern Development of the Dry Fly* (London: George Routledge and Sons, Limited, 1910), 174.
7. Rev. A. E. Eaton, "A Revisional Monograph of Recent Ephemeridae or Mayflies," collected in *The Transactions of the Linnean Society of London, 2nd Series: Zoology* (Part I [vol.

3, no. 1, December 1883, 1–77], Part II [vol. 3, no. 2, July 1884, 77–152], Part III [vol. 3, no. 3, April 1885, 153–230], Part IV [vol. 3, no. 4, December 1885, 229–281], Part V [vol. 3, no. 5, December 1887, 281–319], Part VI [vol. 3, no. 6, February 1888, 320–346].

8. A. E. Eaton, "A Revisional Monograph of Recent Ephemeridae or Mayflies," *The Transactions of the Linnean Society of London, 2nd Series: Zoology* (Part I [vol. 3, no. 1, December 1883], 50.

9. Rev. A. E. Eaton, M.A., F.E.S., "A Concise General Synopsis, with an Annotated List, of the Species of British Ephemeridae," *The Entomologist's Monthly Magazine* (vol. XXV, June 1888), 9.

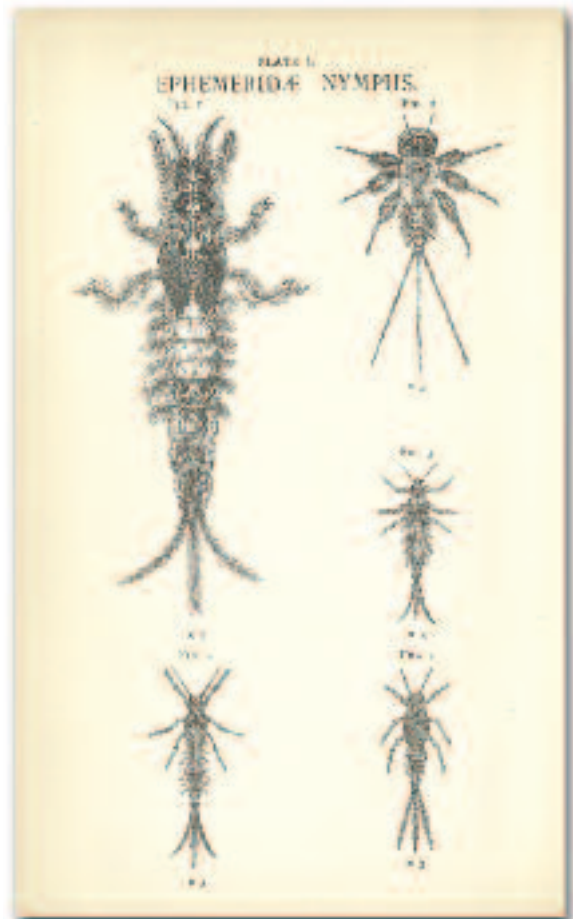
10. Eaton, "A Concise General Synopsis," 10.

11. Rev. A. E. Eaton, M.A., F.E.S., "A Concise General Synopsis, with an Annotated List, of the Species of British Ephemeridae," *The Entomologist's Monthly Magazine* (vol. XXV, July 1888), n.p.

12. Frederic M. Halford, *Dry Fly Entomology* (London: Vinton & Co., Limited, 1897).



Frederic M. Halford. From Martin E. Mosely, *The Dry-Fly Fisherman's Entomology* (London: George Routledge and Sons, Limited, 1921), facing title page.



In his *Dry Fly Entomology*, Halford notes, "Eaton employs the term nymph to designate all the stages in the development of insects with incomplete metamorphosis after they are hatched, preceding the adult in apterous forms and in others all up to the stage at which the wings first become capable of being used in flying or acquire mobility." From Frederic M. Halford, *Dry Fly Entomology* (London: Vinton & Co., Limited, 1897). Quote from page 33, illustration facing page 36.

The Music of Fishing: A Profile of Mike Reynolds

by Thomas Wolf

Photos by Bob Durling



ARE THERE ANY moments as delicious as those that occur between dreaming and waking—when it seems possible to choose between one state of being or the other? Dream or wake? On this particular summer morning, I want to stay in my dream. I hear magical, imaginary waterfall sounds, I breathe in the delicious smells of frying bacon and fresh trout, and in my mind's eye I see a classic fishing scene: a great stone hearth and a crackling fire in an ancient log cabin. A fully loaded fly rod leans precariously against a table laden with fly-tying equipment while from the rafters hang a pair of fishing waders. As in many dreams, mine has some confusing anomalies. Along with the fishing imagery, there is a formal white dinner jacket with bow tie draped casually over a chair and, even more oddly, a battered red cello case. There is a music stand too,

containing a score that unmistakably reads “J. S. Bach.” Given that I adore Bach’s cello music about as much as I love fly fishing, I press my eyes tightly shut to extend the dream.

Suddenly there’s the shock of a voice that is distinctly undreamlike: “Time for breakfast. Do you want to start with the huckleberry pancakes—I picked the berries this morning—or the trout and bacon?” This is no dream. It’s the beginning of another day with my host, Mike Reynolds, one of the world’s great cellists and founding member of the Grammy Award-winning Muir String Quartet, who had earlier this month returned from a tour of China with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Now Mike is in Montana, and though generally he is an easygoing fellow, he does get antsy when he starts thinking it is time to fish. Breakfast, I realize, is going to be now or not at all.

I open my eyes, stretch, and pull myself together. Yes, I am in a log cabin on U.S. Forest Service land overlooking the Gallatin River. For years, Mike and his relatives have occupied one or another of these wonderful dwellings that date back nearly a century. The cello and the music and the white jacket remind me that Mike and I are here, ostensibly, to play concerts for his Montana Chamber Music Festival (I am a flutist). In fact, we played a concert the night before and will play another this evening, for which a late afternoon rehearsal is scheduled. There is little time to lose because although the public story is that we are in Montana to play these programs and are expected to show up when required, both of us know that this trip is, first and foremost, about fishing.

Until I met Mike, I had spent all of my summers in Maine with the occasional



Fishing a bit slow? Time for Mike Reynolds to get in a few minutes of solid cello practice for the evening's concert.

foray across the northern border to enjoy some Canadian fishing. Despite all the claims that western fishing was far superior, I had never been tempted. I had my own summer music festival to run in Maine, after all, and my family had summered in Rockport for three generations. But after spending more than forty consecutive summers in the northeast, there was something compelling that got me to break the pattern and go west. A wise uncle had long since advised me that in music as in fishing, always seek out those whose talents far exceed one's own. In music, you will end up playing better,

and as an angler, you will catch more fish. Remarkably, in Mike Reynolds, I had finally found someone who combined far superior skills in both domains. There was no choice but to follow him out to Montana with my flute and fly rod.

How does a guy who tours the world as a famous musician come to be a trout fisherman? And not any old trout fisherman. Mike is phenomenal. His story is as unlikely as it is delightful. In 1955, Montana State College (now Montana State University) in Bozeman decided it was time to establish a violin position in its fledgling music department and

advertised nationally to find someone. Two orchestra musicians (a married couple)—bored with their unsatisfying life of unremitting rehearsals and concerts—thought the Montana job sounded exotic and intriguing. Neither had been to the state, nor did they have any idea what they would find there. The husband, Creech Reynolds, applied for the post and, given his sterling musical credentials, was immediately hired without even coming for an interview or an audition. Off went the young Reynolds family, including 2.5 kids (Mike, number 3, still being in utero).

The classical music community of Bozeman, Montana, in August 1955 was what someone politely had described as “underdeveloped.” A less intrepid pair than Mike’s parents might well have turned around and gone back to the chummy environment of orchestras and conservatories. But that is not the Reynolds way. In a very short time, Montana State had established bragging rights about its violin professor, and Mike’s mother, Patricia, would soon become the leading private string instrument teacher in the state, sending her young charges (including Mike) off to some prestigious music programs around the country.

So it was inevitable that Mike would play an instrument and play it well. That is what musician’s children do—they inherit the talent but, more importantly, they undergo parental-supervised drill that is necessary to excel. But if Mike’s parents’ music had rubbed off on him, so too had Montana. Mike discovered fly fishing through a legendary mentor named Les Opp, who just happened to be both a cellist and a fisherman. He served both as Mike’s first cello instructor but also his fishing teacher. Opp was already a local celebrity who seemed always to catch more trout in an hour than anyone else caught in a day. Les taught Mike many of his secrets, both of cello playing and fishing, including how to make great music and how to tie exceptionally attractive flies. He also taught Mike to love the out-of-doors. It is no accident that when Mike was ready to establish his own touring string quartet years later, he named it for the naturalist John Muir and soon after established a record label that he called Eco Classics, which devoted much of its profits to ecological causes.

Breakfast done, it is now time to hit the river. Mike is a lefty and I am a righty, which means we often fish the same water, dividing the river as we walk upstream, fishing dry or with nymphs. I cast to one side, he casts to the other, and we divide the water between us. I love these joint forays because I know I will inevitably get a lesson at the same time.



With fly rods and instruments, Mike Reynolds and the author enjoy a quiet discussion about music and fishing.

Not that Mike is a know-it-all. In fact, he tends to be reticent and overly complimentary (“lovely cast”), letting me discover things as I go by watching him. But occasionally, he senses my frustration and will make a suggestion. This is just such a morning. Mike catches three trout in the first five minutes while I dutifully cast around rocks and into the current and see no fish.

“Try this Royal Wulff,” says Mike, handing me one of his freshly tied flies. “Then fish the bank. That’s where they lie.” I change flies and cast to about 3 feet off the bank. “Closer,” comes the word from my teacher. I move the fly into somewhat shallower water. “Keep going toward the bank.” Now I am truly frustrated and to show it, I throw my fly on to the bank . . . and once I have made my point that there are no fish on dry land, I ease my fly back into the extremely shallow water. BANG—a lovely rainbow takes my fly. I can’t believe it. How can a fish that size be in such shallow water? After a suitable fight, I bring him in. “Nice fish,” says Mike. “Keep fishing the bank.” Another day, another lesson mastered. As long as Mike is around, I am going to catch fish.

Mike has always claimed that it is not just the accident of his parentage and the decision to move to Montana that made him both a musician and a fisherman. “The two skills have much in common,” he told me once. I had already heard many theories of disciplines that combine well with music. Think of music and medicine and its famous exemplar, the

organist-physician Albert Schweitzer (there are, by the way, many all-doctor orchestras around the country, and several sound awfully good). Or consider music and mathematics with Albert Einstein being the paradigmatic archetype (though one wag once claimed humorously that when it came to complicated rhythmic chamber music like that of Johannes Brahms, the great mathematician couldn’t count). But Mike was the first to make the claim for the connection between music and fishing.

“It is all about timing and tempo,” says Mike. “I can almost hear the rhythm of fishing in my head, and it makes me fish better. Certainly pinpoint casting is all about timing, and so is the way a fly floats relative to the tempo of the current. Striking a rising fish can vary from *prestissimo* for trout [Italian for “as fast as tempo as possible”] to the more moderate and loving *andante* for a salmon.” Indeed, often Mike’s advice to me on the trout stream is cluttered with musical metaphors that sound very much like his suggestions in our musical rehearsals. It is almost like we have a secret language that translates nicely from one world to the other.

Early in our friendship, I invited Mike to Pennsylvania to fish the Brodhead Stream with me. I am a third-generation member of the Brodhead Forest and Stream Association and have always regarded our club’s water as some of the nicest in the United States. Mike loved the Brodhead as well as the Paradise Creek (a portion of which is also part of the asso-

ciation’s property), and after a while we developed an annual tradition. We would fish Pennsylvania in May, bringing our instruments to the club to rehearse the summer concert repertoire. Then we would meet out west a few weeks later to perform what we had learned both musically and on the water.

On one occasion during a May trip to the Brodhead, we had had a good morning of fishing, and with the sun at its zenith and the day getting hot, we decided to use the early afternoon hours for practicing and rehearsing. I was upstairs working on the flute part of Copland’s *Appalachian Spring*, and Mike was downstairs in the large club room playing the cello. All of a sudden, I stopped. The sounds coming from downstairs were extraordinary—Mike’s usual big ample sound was bigger and rounder than I remembered it, and he was playing one of my favorite Bach unaccompanied suites. I went downstairs and listened.

“Like it?” he asked, glancing down at a beautiful but unfamiliar-looking cello.

“It is amazing,” I answered, partly talking about the cello and partly about Mike’s playing. “What is the instrument?”

“It is the Prince Gursky Stradivarius. I am taking it to Switzerland next week for a friend to have it worked on.”

“My Lord, Mike,” I exclaimed, “What is that instrument doing in an unlocked fishing club? It must be worth millions.”

“Yup,” he answered, “But I’m not worried. Somehow I think anyone who comes here is more interested in catching fish than in stealing a Strad.”

One of the things that has always bothered Mike is the fact that so many potential young musicians and young anglers give up because they learn on such inferior equipment. “You can’t learn to cast with a lousy rod set up with the wrong weight line, and you can’t learn to play the violin on an instrument that’s no better than firewood. Rich kids get the best fishing equipment and instruments, but poor kids don’t, and it just isn’t right.”

This was the impetus behind Mike’s founding of the Classics for Kids Foundation, an organization that provides high-quality string instruments to needy kids. “So far, we have supported programs in forty-three states and have provided several thousand instruments,” he told me proudly in 2017, “and I am determined we are going to have kids playing on our instruments in all fifty states. The results are amazing. The kids stay with the music longer and not only become lifelong converts to classical music, their academic skills improve as well.”

The program has attracted much interest and funding from all sorts of organizations and people. Indeed, one of Mike’s most unusual supporters is the former secretary of state from the George W. Bush administration, Condoleezza Rice, herself an accomplished pianist, who plays annual benefits with Mike around the country raising money for his foundation. By design, Mike’s own politics are unknown—after all, he has to bring his message to people whose views range from those of conservative Montana ranchers to liberal East Coast academics (among other things, Mike is a professor at Boston University). “Happily,” says Mike, “they all love music and kids, and that is what matters.”

The only time I ever questioned Mike’s judgment was when he enticed me to Montana to fish the spring creeks in Livingston one early March. Admittedly, the coloration of the rainbows is extraordinary at that time of year when they spawn, and the browns are big and strong and fun to catch. On this day, though, the air was so cold, we had to put our reels in the water every few minutes to keep them from freezing, and the sky had looked threatening since early morning. Being the city boy, I was not going to whimper, nor be the first to say it was time to quit, even when it started to snow. Finally, Mike said, “Well, I guess if we have any hope of making it over the pass, we better call it quits.” With a lot of pushing and shoving, we got the car onto the tar road and back to the interstate, but we were too late to make it over the Bozeman Pass. As we veered off the road into a snowbank in the blinding snow, all I could think about was what my Russian

mother would say when she learned that my frozen body had been found in a snowdrift in Montana. Happily, after a tense (for me) half hour, we were rescued by a sixteen-wheeler whose driver recognized our predicament and offered to drive us the rest of the way into Bozeman. Unperturbed, Mike hitched a ride the next day to recover his vehicle, and while I feasted on an embellished version of the story with my city friends for months, describing it as a near-death experience, Mike said that he found the whole episode quite unremarkable except for the fishing, which had been terrific that day.

But now it is summer on the river . . . and all is forgiven and forgotten about

the winter escapade. In fact, I am so blissfully inattentive to the world (except for a particularly beautiful long and enticing set of bubbles running between two boulders) that I am surprised when Mike says it is time to quit for the day if we have any hope of making it to our rehearsal. Mike has carefully saved two fish for tomorrow’s breakfast from among the twenty or so he has caught. It will be an hour’s drive to town—a perfect time to review the day’s successes on the river and plan for tomorrow. It is a tough life when the hardest thing you need to decide is where to fish.



Rehearsal time! Mike Reynolds reluctantly heads out to join his musical colleagues.

Thomas Tod Stoddart: The Completely Scottish Angler

by Alan R. Diodore

Anglers are a more gifted and higher order of men than others. . . . In their histories there are glimpses snatched out of heaven—immortal moments dropping from Eternity upon the forehead of Time. As a gift of his calling, poetry mingles in the angler's being; yet he intreats for no memorial of his high imaginings—he compounds not with capricious Fame for her perishing honors—he breaks not the absorbing enchantment by any outcry of his, but is content to remain 'a mute inglorious Milton'; secretly pursuing the epic fiction of his own heart.

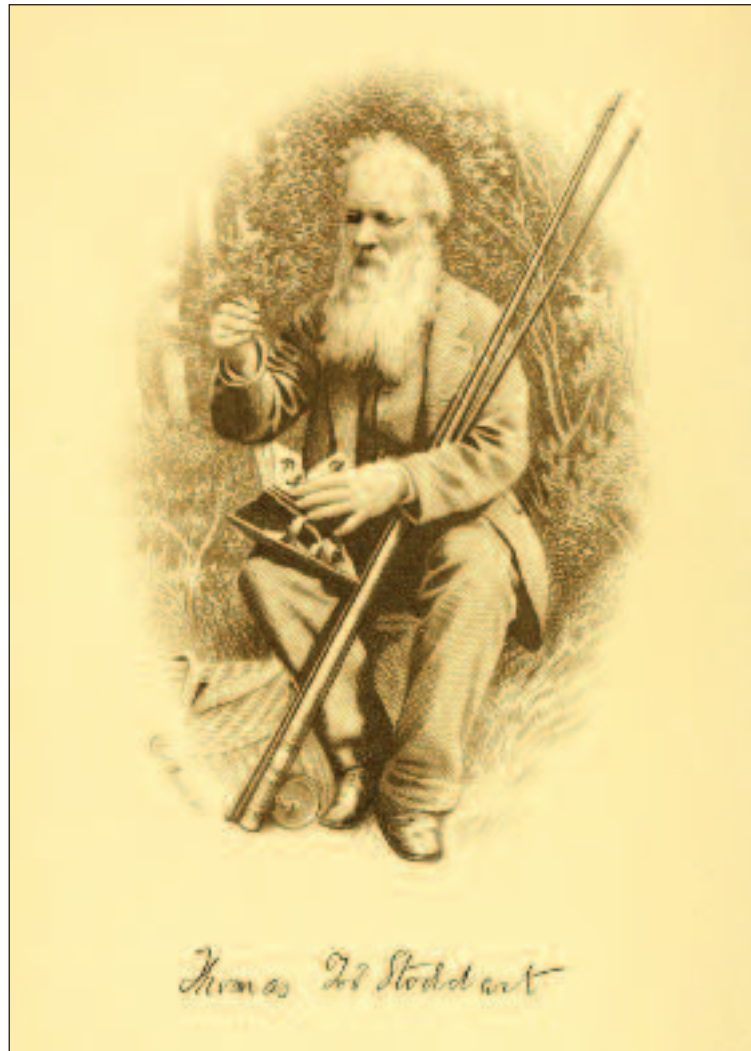
—Thomas Tod Stoddart, *The Art of Angling as Practised in Scotland*¹

SO WROTE Thomas Tod Stoddart: lawyer, poet, philosopher, naturalist, conservation activist, author of three of the nineteenth century's finest and most informative books on angling, and doubtless one of the preeminent anglers of that century.

Tom Stoddart was born to an old, reasonably well-off Scottish Borders family on St. Valentine's Day, 14 February 1810. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, studied for the bar, and was certified to the Faculty of Advocates on 23 February 1833. Stoddart was deeply influenced by John Wilson (aka Christopher North), professor of moral philosophy and famous sportsman, and was not only his pupil, but his close friend and a member of the social group that revolved around him, all of whom were lawyers, professors, authors, philosophers, and poets. In his essay, "Anglimania: Stoddart on Angling," Wilson praises Stoddart's writing, presenting a long excerpt within his own essay and introducing a part of that excerpt by stating, "What follows is in Tom Stoddart's most eloquent vein—and as good in its own way as anything in Izaak Walton."²

Stoddart was a prolific writer. Given the nature of his own inclination and the encouragement of his friends, his writing has considerable poetic, philosophic, and eloquent elements. According to his daughter, Anna M. Stoddart, his early works and his last work were somewhat influenced by "vague dreams and vagrant

fancies,"³ these being a book-length poem, *The Death-Wake, or Lunacy: A Necromant in Three Chimeras*,⁴ a prose romance titled *Abel Messenger, or The Aeronaut*,⁵ and *Songs of the Seasons and Other Poems*, consisting of twenty-seven poems.⁶ The fifty-seven *Angling Songs* for which he was well known are collected at the end of Anna Stoddart's memoir⁷ and are scattered through *The Art of Angling* and *An Angler's Rambles*.⁸



Thomas Tod Stoddart. From *Thomas Tod Stoddart, Angling Songs, with a Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart* (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1889), facing title page.

THE ART OF ANGLING

Stoddart began work on *The Art of Angling* in 1831.⁹ Starting in 1830, he kept an extensive diary that became the basis for *An Angler's Rambles* and, collaterally, part of *The Art of Angling* and his major work, *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*.¹⁰ *The Art of Angling* was first published in *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in serial form in 1834

and in book form in 1835. It was the first manual on Scottish angling and was "heartily welcomed by brothers of the craft."¹¹

In 1835, Stoddart took a tour through the environs of Inverness, where two events occurred that changed his life. At Contin, he met Bess Macgregor, whom he married on 26 April 1836; and while fishing the Carron, he became incurably infected with salmon and salmon fishing.¹² Before his marriage, his parents "allowed him a small competency which would enable him to marry and settle in some quiet river-haunted district" where he could write and fish.¹³ After a year in Nairn and a brief stay in Edinburgh, the couple settled in Kelso in June 1837 to stay for life.¹⁴

Upon the publication of *The Angler's Companion*, the *Blackwood's Magazine* critic wrote, "The companion we want . . . is the 'Angler's Companion.' As a teacher of practical angling in Scotland, we look on Mr. Stoddart to be without rival or equal. What does the book lack? Anything? No, not even a simple recipe for cooking a whiting or good trout by the riverside. What a smack there is here of inimitable and beloved Izaak."¹⁵

Stoddart was recognized for championing a limited fly stock. In *The Art of Angling*, he restricted himself to four trout flies, three of which were winged and one described as a palmer.¹⁶ His theory was "that they are seized by trout for no likeness that they possess to any living insect, but merely because of their

motion and seeming self-existence. . . . We are of the opinion that colour and size alone cause the allurements needful to raise trout, and that shape is of small matter."¹⁷ Fifty years later, Thomas Pritt wrote that, in part, size and color are much more important than shape.¹⁸

Stoddart's trout fly list had grown to some extent since *The Art of Angling*, as shown by his description of necessary tying materials. In addition to the usual tools, thread, tinsel, and wax, he recommended hooks of all sizes and twenty-three different natural feathers. He also recommended a variety of dyed feathers and animal hair. His salmon fly feather list came to thirty-three, including argus of Sumatra, jungle cock, blue lowrie of Australia, macaw, and several other exotics.¹⁹

Stoddart's trout-fly tying instructions are clear, concise, and accompanied by a few illustrations.²⁰ The flies are not complex and are few, but he was most demanding about the quality of material. He was not adamant, however, about using his tying method. His position was that there were other talented tiers who made flies in a different way, "nor, in fact, does there exist any fixed scroll of regulations for the fly-dresser to hold by."²¹

Stoddart maintained that a red or brown hackle with or without wings, a black hackle with or without wings, and a hare-lug (hare's ear) with wings constituted a groundwork of flies that would guarantee success anywhere in Scotland. The size of the fly would be determined

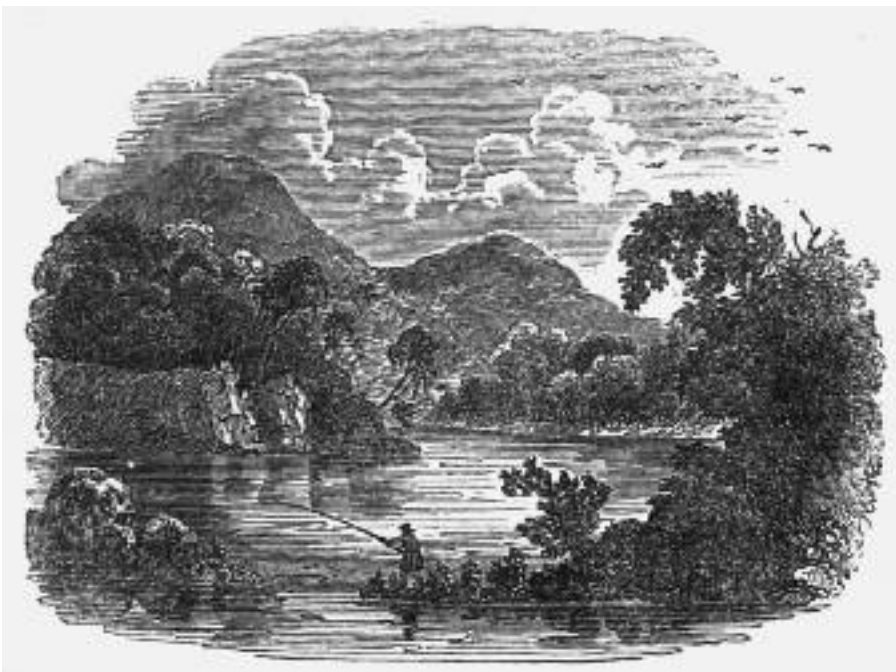
by the season, condition of the water, and atmospheric conditions. True to form, he made it clear that he did not intend that everyone should adopt such a limitation.²²

He went on to point out that wings were not really necessary except on the hare-lug, and that the hackle could be wound on as far toward the bend as needed, or merely behind the wings.²³ If the wings were omitted, the result is either a palmer or perhaps a soft hackle, depending on the feather used. This is interesting for several reasons. Four years after publication of the second edition of *The Angler's Companion*, W. C. Stewart recommended a nearly identical set of flies.²⁴ His tying method and the resulting flies had little in common with Stoddart's wingless flies. Further, they were basically unrelated to the northern English soft hackles.²⁵ Stoddart urged that the thread used below the hackle should generally be freely exposed and that yellow and orange were "most accordant."²⁶

Any doubt that at least some of Stoddart's flies were soft hackles must be erased by his stating that "A very killing lure may also be fabricated by surmounting a twitch of the hare's ear with the hackle of the partridge or grouse, taking care that the fibres of the latter be of moderate length, just exceeding that of the hook itself. This, by some anglers is termed the spider fly. . . . I have found it very successful."²⁷ It is worth noting that Stoddart's spider, if tied with orange thread, would be not identical but very similar to the old English North Country patterns described by Michael Theakston as the Spiral Brown Drake²⁸ and by Pritt as the Orange Partridge and the Brown Watchet.²⁹

Not to beat a point to death, but it is interesting that of the ninety flies in Theakston's 1862 fly list, forty have orange or a shade of yellow bodies, and of sixty-two flies described by Pritt, forty-one are orange or yellow. This is all pretty good evidence that Stoddart may well have been influenced by the northern English shift from winged to wingless flies. Kelso is only a few miles from the border with Northumberland, and Stoddart's daughter wrote that "he occasionally descended to Northumbrian streams."³⁰

In regard to sea trout and loch flies, Stoddart disposed of those in four pages. He suggested the river flies with tinsel added and admitted that if he stopped at that, he would be "ridiculed and sneered at by pedants of the art."³¹ He then offered twelve more, with recipes, and added that in larger sizes they would be adequate for sea trout.³²



Thomas Tod Stoddart, *The Art of Angling as Practised in Scotland*, 2nd ed. (Edinburgh: W. & H. Chambers, and London: Orr & Smith, 1836), title page.

STODDART AND SALMON FLIES

By 1845, Stoddart had become a recognized authority on salmon and salmon fishing, but when *The Art of Angling* was published, the Irish or gaudy salmon fly was making inroads on the traditional somber Scottish fly. Unlike many, Stoddart did not despise the new fly. His opinion was, "It is erroneously supposed, both on Tweed-side and in the North, that the Irish and other gaudy flies are all a hum; accordingly, such as use them are not a little ridiculed by the prejudiced clodhoppers of those districts. . . . Nay, we feel assured that salmon will rise at them, when unwilling to stir a fin towards a duller and less glaring morsel."³³

Stoddart's liberal attitude toward the Irish fly may well have been enhanced by an important friendship he made later. In 1850, he spent at least a month in Sutherland, where he met Edward Fitzgibbon. In early to mid-August, they fished the River Shin together for some three days, and then went to Loch Inver.³⁴ By that time, Fitzgibbon was very well known, having written *The Handbook of Angling*³⁵ and *The Book of the Salmon*.³⁶ Fitzgibbon was closely acquainted with William Blacker, also Irish, whose book virtually revolutionized salmon fly tying as it was then practiced and took it to a new high level.³⁷ The friendship between Stoddart and Fitzgibbon continued in correspondence, which resulted in Fitzgibbon asking Stoddart to write a series of articles for *Bell's Life* on the history of the salmon and the need for its protection.³⁸

Stoddart gave very little instruction on how to tie the sober Scottish salmon fly. He only mentioned that by reason of the need to harmonize colors, the Scottish fly was as difficult to tie as the Irish fly, and he gave brief instructions on how to affix the horizontal wing that he preferred as opposed to the up- or butterfly wing.³⁹ Given his proven willingness to adapt and adopt the ideas of others adept in the art, it is not surprising that he concluded his comments on salmon-fly dressing by suggesting to those who wanted to learn, "I would recommend the perusal of a small volume by Blacker of London, well known as a proficient in the tying of hooks."⁴⁰

Stoddart was not finished with salmon flies or salmon fishers, and his opinion of the multiplicity of flies and those who thought them necessary echoed his thoughts on trout flies. Referring back to the time *The Art of Angling* was written, he pointed out that not only was the Irish fly ridiculed, but

its use had been forbidden by some renters on the Tweed because they thought the "savoury provocatives" and "prismatic rarities" frightened the fish.⁴¹ But a change had occurred over time. The old Scottish flies had not been completely abandoned, but anglers had turned to a host of new killers for every day, every hour, every conceivable atmospheric condition, and every possible change in the water.⁴² His comments on this trend sound like a preview to Robert Marston and George M. Kelson's Little Inky Boy controversy years later.⁴³

Was the bygone school of salmon fishers a humbug? Is the modern one less so? Seriously speaking are the tastes and habits of the salmon, as some assert, of a revolving nature? Is the fish too, so capricious, that a single fibre wanting in the lure, a misplaced wing, a wrongly assorted hue, will discompose and annoy it?⁴⁴

He answered his own question by saying that it is all just speculation, but added this indictment: "There is a great deal of prejudice, self-conceit, and humbug

exhibited by salmon fishers generally, with respect to their flies—a monstrous mass of nonsense, hoarded up by the best of them, and opinions held, quite at variance with reason and common sense."⁴⁵

What was needed were a few flies that had been shown to work on the river being fished, taking into account the season and condition of the water. But Stoddart knew, yet again, that suggesting that the salmon fly stock be reduced, as he had suggested for the trout fly, would be scorned. He then gave his list of eight Tweed spring flies tied on large hooks, eight smaller Tweed flies, nine flies by Forrest of Kelso for the Awe and the Urchay, six for various other rivers, and six Irish patterns that were accepted all over Scotland: Parson, Doctor, Childers, Butcher, Dundas, and General.⁴⁶

Contrast Stoddart's list of thirty-seven salmon flies, a dozen or so sea trout and loch flies, and eight trout flies with Francis Francis's list of sixteen general salmon flies, one hundred and fifty-seven salmon flies for Scotland alone, forty-eight sea trout flies, thirty-two lake trout flies, and seventy-two trout flies.⁴⁷



Six Tweed flies. From Thomas Tod Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*, 2nd ed. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1853), facing page 171.



The Tweed at Kelso. From Thomas Tod Stoddart, Songs of the Seasons and Other Poems (Kelso: J. & J. H. Rutherford, 1881), facing page 162.

In a twist of irony, in his introduction to Francis's book, Sir Herbert Maxwell wrote that the fly that he used for salmon did not matter as long as it seemed right for the season and the water—or, alternatively, whatever the gillie or boatman recommended.⁴⁸ Sir Herbert agreed in detail with Stoddart's opinions on salmon flies, and in his classic book, *Salmon and Sea Trout*,⁴⁹ recommended that Chapter XI, "Salmon Flies," of *The Angler's Companion* be read. Maxwell quoted Stoddart extensively and stated, "I select this author as one whom education and a life-long devotion to angling alike entitle to respectful attention."⁵⁰ He also opined that it was certain that no one, with the possible exception of P. D. Malloch of Perth, had cast an angle in so many Scottish waters as Thomas Tod Stoddart.⁵¹

Stoddart had certainly seen a lot of Scottish water. In *The Art of Angling*, he described—or at least noted—301 streams and 151 lochs, together with local accommodations.⁵² In the second edition of *The Angler's Companion*, those numbers had increased to 347 streams and 242 lochs.⁵³

Stoddart was deeply interested in pisciculture, and all three of his major works contain significant sections on raising or transplanting fish. Given all of his practical experience, he was able to examine salmon and trout and arrive at some conclusions that were far ahead of many of his contemporaries, including several ichthyologists. For example, he maintained that par, grilse, and salmon were the same fish at different stages of maturity at a time when many believed that they were different species.⁵⁴ He had

also concluded that the gizzard trout, Loch Leven trout, bull trout, and great lake trout were all just varieties of the same fish.⁵⁵

Although Stoddart never practiced law, his legal education was not wasted, and he took great interest in legislation affecting the rivers. A copy of the "Acts Regulating the Salmon Fisheries in Scotland" is appended to *The Art of Angling*.⁵⁶ In 1852, he testified before the Tweed Commissioners in Berwick regarding salmon protection;⁵⁷ in August 1857, he testified in London before a committee of the House of Lords.⁵⁸ In part as a result of these efforts, the Tweed Fisheries Act was passed and amended in 1859.⁵⁹ From 1866 to 1876, Stoddart was active in efforts to stop the pollution of rivers, and in 1876, Parliament passed the Bill for the Prevention of Pollution of Rivers.⁶⁰

Stoddart wrote for several periodicals, and in 1866, H. Cholmondeley-Pennell asked him to write a series of articles on angling in Scotland for the *Sporting Gazette*.⁶¹ Stoddart highly esteemed Cholmondeley-Pennell; the esteem must have been mutual, because Stoddart was quoted or cited no fewer than six times in Volume IV of the *Badminton Library*.⁶² He was also mentioned four times in Cholmondeley-Pennell's *The Modern Practical Angler*.⁶³ In 1866, he wrote for the *Kelso Mail*,⁶⁴ and in 1874, Dr. Appleton of St. Andrews, editor of the *Academy*, asked him to write reviews of angling literature, which he did for the next few years.⁶⁵

By September 1876, Stoddart's days of fishing and writing were nearly over. Recurrent attacks of pain and nausea,

which had afflicted him for some time, became more severe and frequent, and he died on 21 November 1880.

Except for a few references, Stoddart has been pretty much forgotten; he predicted as much, to some extent, in the quote that opens this article. He certainly has received few of fame's perishing honors, but on his passing, the writer Sir George Douglas wrote a long, moving poetic elegy, which began:

By Tweed, by Teviot's winding tide,
A form I knew is missed today!
The woods, the field, the rocks abide,
But he has passed away.⁶⁶

In keeping with comparisons of Stoddart with Izaak Walton, perhaps the most appropriate tribute Stoddart received was from Andrew Lang in his "Letter to Izaak Walton":

Father, if Master Stoddart, the great fisher of Tweed-side be with thee, greet him for me, and thank him for these songs of his, and perchance he will troll thee a catch of our dear River.

*Tweed! winding and wild! where the heart is unbound,
They know not, they dream not, who linger around,
How the saddened will smile, and the wasted rewin
From thee—the bliss withered within.*
Or perhaps thou wilt better love,
*The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
And Mahon wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow frae the forest hills;
An' Gala, too, and Teviot bright,
An mony a stream o' playfu' speed,
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed!*
So, Master, may you sing against each other, you two good old anglers, like Peter and Corydon, that sang in your golden age.⁶⁷

In the end, Tom Stoddart did what many of us would like to have done. He lived a decent, honest life on his own terms, doing exactly what he wanted to do without disadvantaging anyone else. When his time came, he went quietly and was buried in the Kelso cemetery in a spot he'd chosen, where one can hear the sound of the Tweed.

He was a great man, was Thomas Tod Stoddart. It would have been a privilege to have known him.

ENDNOTES

1. Thomas Tod Stoddart, *The Art of Angling as Practised in Scotland*, 2nd ed. (Edinburgh: W. & H. Chambers, and London: Orr & Smith, 1836), 128.

2. Professor [John] Wilson [Christopher North], "Anglimania: Stoddart on Angling," in *The Works of Professor Wilson of the University of Edinburgh*, Vol. VI: *Essays, Critical and Imaginative*, Professor [James] Ferrier, ed. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1866), 361.
3. Thomas Tod Stoddart, *Angling Songs, with a Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart* (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1889), 111.
4. Thomas T. Stoddart, *The Death-Wake, or Lunacy: A Necromant in Three Chimeras* (Edinburgh: Constable, 1831).
5. Thomas Tod Stoddart, *Abel Messenger, or the Aeronaut, a Romance* (Edinburgh: T. Menzies, 1846).
6. Thomas Tod Stoddart, *Songs of the Seasons and Other Poems* (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1873).
7. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 201–34.
8. Stoddart, *The Art of Angling*, and Thomas Tod Stoddart, *An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs* (Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas, 1866).
9. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 64.
10. Thomas Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*, 2nd ed. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1853).
11. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 73.
12. *Ibid.*, 85.
13. *Ibid.*, 83.
14. *Ibid.*, 89.
15. Quoted in A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 113.
16. Stoddart, *The Art of Angling*, 27–28.
17. *Ibid.*, 30.
18. Thomas E. Pritt, *North Country Flies*, 2nd ed. (London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1886), 60.
19. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 47–50.
20. *Ibid.*, 50–53.
21. *Ibid.*, 54.
22. *Ibid.*, 61.
23. *Ibid.*, 61–62.
24. W. C. Stewart, *The Practical Angler* (Bovey Tracey, Devon, England: Fly Fisher's Classical Library, 1996), 81. This is a reprint of the 1905 edition by Adam and Charles Black, London.
25. Andrew Herd, *The Fly*, 2nd ed. (Ellemere, Shropshire, England: Medlar Press, 2003), 257.
26. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 62.
27. *Ibid.*, 63–64.
28. Michael Theakston, *British Angling Flies*, 2nd rev. ed., F. M. Walbran, ed. (Ripon, England: William Harrison and London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, 1888), 34.
29. Pritt, *North Country Flies*, 32.
30. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 62.
31. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 72–75, 72.
32. *Ibid.*, 72–75.
33. Stoddart, *The Art of Angling*, 32.
34. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 119.
35. Edward Fitzgibbon, *The Handbook of Angling* (London: Longmans, Brown, Green & Longmans, 1847 and 1848).
36. Edward Fitzgibbon, *The Book of the Salmon* (London: Longmans, Brown, Green & Longmans, London, 1850).
37. William Blacker, *The Art of Fly Making* (London: Blacker, 1842).
38. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 126.
39. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 55–57.
40. *Ibid.*, 59.
41. *Ibid.*, 167, 168.
42. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 167–68.
43. See Andrew Herd, "Marston v. Kelson: The Little Inky Boy Controversy, Part I," *The American Fly Fisher* (Spring 2015, vol. 41, no. 2), 13–20 and "Part II," *The American Fly Fisher* (Summer 2015, vol. 41, no. 3), 9–16.
44. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 169.
45. *Ibid.*
46. *Ibid.*, 171–75.
47. Francis Francis, *A Book on Angling* (Bovey Tracey, Devon, England: Fly Fisher's Classic Library, 1996), 340–98; 511–13. This is a reprint of the 1867 edition by Longmans, Green and Company, London.
48. Introduction by Sir Herbert Maxwell, Francis, *A Book on Angling*, vii.
49. Sir Herbert Maxwell, *Salmon and Sea Trout: How to Propagate, Preserve, and Catch Them in British Waters* (London: Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd., 1898), 137–42.
50. Maxwell, *Salmon and Sea Trout*, 138.
51. Sir Herbert Maxwell, introduction, in Thomas Tod Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland*, 4th ed. (Philadelphia: Lippincott, 1923), vii.
52. Stoddart, *The Art of Angling*, 130–59.
53. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 230–357.
54. Stoddart, *The Art of Angling*, 92.
55. Stoddart, *The Angler's Companion*, 2nd ed., 20–21.
56. Stoddart, *The Art of Angling*, 161 ff.
57. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 157.
58. *Ibid.*, 158.
59. *Ibid.*
60. *Ibid.*, 177.
61. *Ibid.*, 160.
62. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, ed., *Badminton Library*, Vol. IV: *Fishing: Salmon and Trout* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1901).
63. H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, *The Modern Practical Angler* (London: Routledge & Sons, 1870).
64. A. M. Stoddart, *Memoir by Anna M. Stoddart*, in T. T. Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, 160.
65. *Ibid.*, 175.
66. *Ibid.*, 194.
67. Andrew Lang, *Letters to Dead Authors*, Letter XI, to Izaak Walton (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1886), 5. The songs cited are Thomas Tod Stoddart, "To the Tweed," stanza VIII, and Thomas Tod Stoddart, "The Bonnie Tweed," stanza II, both of which can be found in Stoddart, *Angling Songs*, on pages 280 and 268, respectively.



The Tweed near Kelso. From Thomas Tod Stoddart, The Angler's Companion to the Rivers and Lochs of Scotland, 2nd ed. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1853), xv.

A Brief Glance Upstream: Sparse Grey Hackle and the Golden Age of Fly Fishing

by George Jacobi

In this natural bower where nothing can be seen but trees and sky . . . he idles . . . to hear the birds at their housekeeping, and the river whispering on its stones.

—Sparse Grey Hackle, “The Lotus Eaters,” *Fishless Days, Angling Nights*¹

SINCE THE FIRST *Star Wars* movie was released in 1977, I’ve had a tendency to date photographs like the one at right as “a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away.” Now, ironically, that quote reveals only my own increasing decrepitude. If 1977 (yes, forty years ago) seems long past, then imagine yourself here with Sparse Grey Hackle (Alfred W. Miller) and the elderly Edward Ringwood Hewitt at Hewitt’s place on the Neversink River.

The year is perhaps 1940 (that’s nearly another forty years gone). Hewitt owns 4 miles of the cold, clean Catskill stream, and the elite of the eastern angling world meet regularly at his Big Bend Club. Farther up this valley, where dark conifers climb the slopes of Slide Mountain, Hewitt and George La Branche—a century ago—sometimes had dinner with Theodore Gordon. Thus, Sparse Grey Hackle touches, by way of Hewitt, the birth of the American dry-fly-fishing tradition. Sparse’s writing followed Hewitt’s, which followed Gordon’s articles and letters, the writings that made Gordon the country’s best-known fly fisher in the early twentieth century.

By the time of this photograph, the days of wealthy industrialists laying out catches of twenty to forty trout on the lawn are over. (Did they really eat all those fish?) Construction of the Neversink Dam will begin in 1941, the threat of which looms over these Catskill regulars. It is clear that the future will bring change and loss. I suspect that these two already consider the last years of the nineteenth century, along with those before World War I, the golden years of fishing. Their nostalgia has to do with the successful



*Sparse Grey Hackle and Edward Hewitt, ca. 1940.
Photo permission of Patricia Miller Sherwood.*

replacement of the fished-out brookie by the wilier brown trout across this mountain range and the thrill of Gordon’s match-the-hatch revolution. It has to do with the affordable adventure—the train trip and the solitude—that existed not very far north of New York City.

A large portion of this golden-age mystique, though, had to do with Gordon himself. He was a romantic fig-

ure: sickly and lonely, disappointed in love, “married” to the Catskill rivers and their trout. He introduced us all to the American dry fly, a benediction received from Halford in England. It was the dry-fly game, and the skills one needed to develop to play it successfully, that began to fuel the imagination of American sportsmen. Gordon became legendary while still alive and fishing—the perfect

mythological figure to represent a golden age. There can be no Camelot without Arthur; if this was a fictional tale, we'd have had to invent him. Stepping out of the stream of history long after dusk, waders dripping and squeaking, smelling of wet wool and pipe tobacco, Gordon and Steenrod, La Branche and Hewitt tell us of a time when the world was slow and quiet, optimism flourished, and dignity and grace mattered.

In his writing and even in the living of his life, Sparse Grey Hackle captured the romanticism of this earlier age—and was able to convince his readers that it lingered still. His literary output followed not the technological breakthroughs and genuine pioneers of fly fishing in America, but focused instead on joyful celebration of our sport. The enticing aura of his words is at least part of what drew me to this pastime and now draws me to this writing desk. A century later, those iconic ghosts follow me, sharing

the deep affection for rivers that fly fishing nurtures. Perhaps it has been the same for you.

A golden age of anything involves a concise period that is past. Large historical movements don't usually meet the criteria of a golden age: intimacy of place as well as time, the joy and artistry of heroes in a specific activity, and the lamentable passing of that era. For American fly fishing until World War II, the Catskills and the Poconos were the locality, accessible and charming, that perfectly embodied this kind of glowing, growing narrative. Whether these hills were the genuine cradle of the sport has been debated, but they certainly were so in print.

During the years between the world wars, fly fishing in America blossomed, and nowhere more than along the Beaverkill River. The adjective *storied*

became a cliché as writers such as Red Smith, Ray Bergman, and Ed Zern wittily glorified the fishing—and the fishing talk—at the Antrim Lodge in Roscoe. Preston Jennings, Roy Steenrod, and Art Flick, along with the Darbees and the Dettas, had developed an entire Catskill (and therefore American) style of fly tying, and Jim Payne's exquisite bamboo rods were followed by those of Gillum and Garrison. This group of dedicated artists (and I'm leaving out many for the sake of brevity) was turned into a national cult of sporting personalities by newspapers and outdoor magazines. Although they were a small sample of Americans and even of fly fishermen, these folks were celebrated in print—by Sparse Grey Hackle especially—as many were his close friends. Thus, they became every reader's friends as well.

Concurrently, the spring creeks in Pennsylvania were a marvelous fishing destination, as was Yellowstone National



Sparse Grey Hackle in an undated photo. From the collection of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Sparse Grey Hackle, ca. 1950. Photo permission of Patricia Miller Sherwood.



*Sparse Grey Hackle with daughter Patricia, ca. 1938.
Photo permission of Patricia Miller Sherwood.*



Louise Miller, aka Lady Beaverkill, sometime in the 1930s. Photo permission of Patricia Miller Sherwood.

Park. Lee Wulff was exploring the Maritime provinces and their salmon fishing in print. Wulff's articles added to the sense of a golden age, but the focus in magazines and books remained the waters that ran off Slide and Doubletop Mountains in the Catskills. Sparse's friend Howard T. Walden II, in his book *Upstream and Down*, wrote, "Fishermen rather than fish perpetuate and enhance the reputation of a stream. By story and legend, by the magic euphony of a name, the prestige of rivers is won and held."²

A wise writer, Sparse took this ball and ran with it, cleverly inventing not only his own nom de plume but that of his angling wife, Lady Beaverkill (Louise Miller). Their daughter, Patricia Miller Sherwood, tells me her father was a "difficult man,"³ a high achiever, a relentless perfectionist in his work. He endeavored to lose his Brooklyn accent and adopted the tweed-and-tie persona of an English squire. Somehow during the years of writing under that name, it switched from Sparse Gray Hackle to Sparse Grey Hackle, *Grey* perhaps reflecting an even

more British air—inventing himself for the media, we would say now.

Yet in person and in print, Sparse's charm and modesty was winning. According to Sherwood, her father was flattered by this attention. Despite the exclusiveness of some of the clubs he frequented and the water they controlled, Sparse made his myriad written columns and his fishing biography the story of everyman. Lady Beaverkill always outfished him. Trout bested him. Accidents happened, waders leaked, there were laughs and drinks enough to go around. Humanity, not just trout, enriched the tall tales. Those stories made legends of the fly tiers and anglers of his time, as they were meant to. And despite his own reserve, they also made him larger than life.

Which brings me to my own generation: the postwar baby boomers. As young adults, we benefited from both a wealth of fly-fishing literature and a profound increase in the quality and quantity of trout fishing. From 1950 to 1980, the greater angling world became reachable. Every trout stream was potentially on the

menu. In the late 1970s, I ran from the Batten Kill to the Beaverkill, from Maine to Montana, feeling like a novice in a secret society. Wise monks were available, from the patient Dan Read at Orvis to Poul Jorgensen in his little house hard by the Willowemoc. Don Phillips sold me one of his brand-new boron rods at the Batten Kill Anglers pavilion on the river. John Bailey let me ship my camping stuff ahead to Livingston and held it in the store's stockroom until I flew in to fish Yellowstone Park for the first time. I wrote about Connecticut's first no-kill area, the Willimantic River. It felt as if a golden age might still be going on, and anyone could join right in.

Schwiebert and Marinaro were followed by Swisher and Richards, LaFontaine, Caucci and Nastase. Fly patterns became far more realistic and effective, incorporating all sorts of nonorganic materials. Graphite and boron replaced bamboo and glass rods. The whole realm of outdoor sports publishing exploded: Robert Traver, Norman Maclean, and Nick Lyons waded in beside Sparse and his friends,

writing with the same unpretentious style and humor. John Gierach is the last of this lineage. Ready access to both classic works and a fountain of new knowledge increased the sport's popularity, and it became possible for some of these people to make a living fly fishing.

Yet, at the same time, my impression of joining a golden age was trickling to an end. Many rivers and streams suffered from pollution, rising temperatures, and overfishing, including, of course, the classic Catskill waters. We pounded them all. Salmon fishing opportunity shrunk and was replaced by saltwater fly fishing, while steelhead fishing expanded into the East. It was getting pretty crowded. There was more fishing but less wilderness, less familiarity, less mystique. Not surprisingly, the years leading up to World War II began to seem like a golden age to us, particularly because they were still celebrated in print. To one who fished so promiscuously, the past became idealized precisely because it was small and intimate and had been shared, it seemed, by a select few. Although apparently limited in scope, it had offered riches that anyone could catch. Sparse himself skipped the chance to expand his geographic and piscatorial horizons; his joy and imagination were fulfilled in the vicinity of Roscoe and Livingston Manor.

Sparse liked the big Beaverkill, the public water, better than the private miles upstream from Roscoe. Sherwood and her sisters and brother got to wet their feet in the famous pools and feel the flowing river and its life. There was always a trout

breakfast Monday morning at the Miller house. By this sacrament, Sparse's body as well as his spirit was nourished by the Catskill environment he loved.

In 1983, Sparse Grey Hackle, whose life had encompassed most of the last century, went over to fish from the far bank. As the years since his death have gone by, it becomes clearer that Sparse really was the last of an era. From Hewitt, he took the aura of the nineteenth century with him on the stream, enriching its stories with his own. Those seemingly old-fashioned elements—resting the pool, sharing the best water, the celebration with friends of a great day astream (a lovely anachronism of a word!)—stayed alive. Sparse turned those myths into an addictive narrative that readers followed like the Pied Piper through the twentieth century. They remain as alive today as when they were first published.

One of those stories, told and retold, involved Sparse's prune rod. Nick Lyons remembers: "His father had heard somewhere that eating prunes was healthy for a growing boy and offered Sparse a little money for every one he ate. Sparse had seen a rod for sale in a local store and coveted it, so he ate prunes, for a great while, and finally 'earned' enough to buy the thing. He polished it and kept it all his life, and once showed it to me—a dark thing, thick as a pool cue, perhaps hickory."⁴ I'm sure the telling of this tale provoked great laughter, but it also illustrates the care Sparse took with everything: his tools, his words, and, in particular, the spirit of the recreation he loved all his life.

The 1960s and 1970s never became a golden age for me; too much was going on. Rather, those years represent an era when various rivers took turns having memorable years for those of us lucky enough to be in the right place at the right time. Don't get me wrong—I enjoyed that fishing, and there are some memories I hope I never lose.

According to Sparse Grey Hackle, the golden age ended along with the Neversink in the early 1940s, drowned under the new reservoir. I think he was right. Despite the overwhelming advances in fly fishing for salmonids during the middle and late years of the twentieth century, it is the pre-World War II era that still haunts our dreams.

By the 1980s, the avant-garde fly-fishing world had left the Catskills for the West, for New Zealand and Argentina, for Russia. Today's world has a host of great anglers. Will similar spirits wade out of these last decades, dripping wet, with a creel, a tin cup, and a great story that speaks to all of us? We'll see. Few of today's technologically sophisticated anglers appear to appreciate history. Are we just too spread out, too worldly? The Beaverkill flows on into the twenty-first century, changed here and there from great floods and droughts—the story of all moving water. Somehow, though, it still feels the same. Step into it and, if you wish, you can wade back in time a hundred years.

Fly fishing for trout, like all else now, depends on the vagaries of climate change and the future of energy. I treasure my own stories—as you do yours, I hope. Ages pass, golden or otherwise. If we want memories, myths, sparkling days on the water, we have to continue to create, conserve, and share them.



With thanks to Patricia Miller Sherwood, Nick Lyons, and Jim Brown.

ENDNOTES

1. Sparse Grey Hackle, "The Lotus Eaters," *Fishless Days, Angling Nights* (New York: Crown Publishers, Inc., 1971), 211.
2. Howard T. Walden II, *The Last Pool: Upstream and Down and Big Stony* (New York: Crown Publishers, 1972), 60.
3. Patricia Miller Sherwood, interview with author, 27 January 2017.
4. Nick Lyons, e-mail to author, 2 February 2017.



"Dashing down stream" (Beaverkill). From Louis Rhead, *The Speckled Brook Trout* (New York: R. H. Russell, 1902), facing page 58.

Fly-Fishing Festival



Despite gloomy forecasts in the days before the event, it ended up being perfect weather for visitors to stroll around the festival.



Chris Alexopoulos of Vermont Fish and Wildlife brought some special guests; after spending the day at his table, they were returned to their stream.

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF Fly Fishing celebrated its tenth annual Fly-Fishing Festival August 12 with great weather and a wonderful crowd of nearly 800 people. The festival boasted its most diverse set of vendors to date, from tackle dealers to companies such as Moonlight Cookies and Icy Palmer Company. Jordan Ross and *Reflections of a Fly Rod* author Mark Usyk, who represented J. P. Ross Fly Rods and Trail Marker Overland, had by far the most creative booth setup. Their Trail Marker camper, parked near our casting area, had an outside display of J. P. Ross hats, bracelets, and books; its fully decked-out interior came complete with a very patient dog. Festival guests cast fly rods from Thomas & Thomas, Douglas Outdoors, and Scott Fly Rods (their award-winning G-series). The team from HMH drove all the way from Biddeford, Maine, with their full line of vises—options for beginner and expert fly tiers alike—while our motley crew of tiers brought the entertainment and deer hair.

Rachel Finn conducted a fantastic program on making soft presentations to picky trout, a hilarious and informative session as only she can put together. That was followed by a saltwater fly-fishing seminar with Peter Kutzer of Orvis. He taught a number of casts that are effective on many different types of saltwater species and went over proper rod-handling techniques to gain leverage when fighting big fish. Following that,



Melissa Klick of the Icy Palmer Company talks to a visitor about her Vermont-made candles.

Photos by Sara Wilcox



Unfurling a gorgeous cast in the practice area by the pond.

Douglas Outdoors held a casting competition for the third consecutive year, and the winner went home with a brand new Upstream fly rod courtesy of Douglas.

Festival goers flocked to the Mio Bistro food truck to sample great local options and their outstanding crab roll. The Lemonistas kept everyone refreshed, and Mad River Distillers and Shacksbury wowed with their fly-fishing festival special Double Haul cocktail, whipped together with Mad River bourbon, Shacksbury Spritz cider, jasmine syrup, and a touch of lemon. Chef Edward St. Onge of the Raven's Den Steakhouse led an informative demonstration that delved into the science behind oysters—where they come from and what that has to do with their flavor—as well as methods for shucking them and preparing sauces.

We've come a long way since our first festivals. From music and food to the introduction of more modern fly-fishing brands, the annual summer celebration gets better each year. We would like to thank everyone who attended the event: all of our vendors, old and new; our demonstrators, who so graciously donated their time; and our generous sponsors at Orvis, Vermont Smoke & Cure, Douglas Outdoors, Scientific Anglers, P & F Appliance, Langway of Manchester, The Works, Tall Cat Coffee, Mrs. Murphy's Donuts, rk Miles, Mulligans, and the Vermont Country Store.





Rachel Finn demonstrates trout-fishing techniques on the museum's casting pond.



Pete Kutzer discusses his approach to saltwater fly fishing.



Folks chatted about collectible tackle throughout the day.



In honor of the festival, Barbara Bacchi of Vermont Moonlight Cookies stamped a pair of special images onto select flavors.



Chef Edward St. Onge explains various methods for shucking oysters.



People lined up to test their skills at the Douglas Outdoors casting competition.

AMFF 2017 Summer Outreach

Photos by Sara Wilcox

THIS YEAR WE hosted our first summer outreach program aimed at introducing kids and their parents to fly fishing.

Each of the six sessions was well attended, and we covered a lot of ground: tackle, entomology, fish habitat, casting, fly tying, and gyotaku. We consumed some interesting worm-based snacks and took a field trip next door to feed the giant trout at Orvis. Most of the kids had never fished at all before joining us, and we're certain that a number of them will pursue it. There were lots of smiles and laughter, and, not surprisingly, the girls caught on to fly casting more quickly than the boys. One of the most common questions we got from parents was what type of beginner outfit should they get for their child—and will that work for an adult too?

It was especially gratifying that the parents had as much—if not more—interest than their children. One especially hot day, we retreated to the museum library to tie flies, and I wound up leading one of my favorite groups of the year through the gallery downstairs.

We had about forty children join us for the program (as well as at least that many parents), and we're very happy with the outcome. This program was funded entirely by donors at our 2017 Heritage Dinner. We'd like to thank the following people for their generosity: Parker Corbin, Alex de Latour, Pat Durkin, Michael Goldberg, Sam Kellie-Smith, George Matelich, Tom McGuane, Nick Selch, Jason Scott, Matt Scott, and Todd Sullivan.

BOB RULEY
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR



Communications Coordinator Peter Nardini shows where to look around a trout stream—including under rocks—to better determine which flies might be most effective on a given day.



Smiles abounded as kids learned about entomology and made their own set of antennae to take home.



Father and son watch intently as Pete explains fly-tying basics.



Deputy Director Yoshi Akiyama helps show one group of youngsters how to cast a fly rod.



This young would-be angler concentrates hard on figuring out the right casting technique.



Gyotaku is a Japanese technique for capturing the image of a fish on paper. As this young lady demonstrates (clockwise from above), paint is applied to the surface of the fish. A thin piece of paper, such as newsprint or rice paper, is then carefully pressed onto the paint. When the paper is lifted off, the result is striking and unique; the young artist titled this work "Red Snapper Black Fish." Many of the prints created by the kids were on display during the Fly-Fishing Festival.



Tom Morgan

12 May 1941–12 June 2017

MY GOOD FRIEND Tom Morgan passed away from pneumonia on June 12 after living and working for many years with debilitating multiple sclerosis (MS). Tom's love for fly fishing started early, at the age of five, after a move from California to Ennis, Montana. His parents built and started the El Western Motel in that town, a business still thriving today. Tom started out as a spin fisherman, but he took up the fly rod after meeting fishermen staying at his parents' motel who'd come to Ennis to fish the world-famous Madison River and surrounding waters. In this trout-rich environment, he quickly became an accomplished fly angler and was soon guiding on the Madison and other local waters and, for a number of years, running the local fly shop. Tom's experiences watching other anglers and how the rods they were using behaved set the direction for the rest of his life.

Hearing from a friend in 1973 that the well-known rod company R. L. Winston was for sale, Tom quickly made the decision to buy that storied business, allowing him to develop his ideas about the best rods for actual fishing conditions. He built Winston into the world-class business that it is today. In the process, he developed rods with an emphasis on smooth casting—delicate trout rods very much inspired by the spring-creek fishing he grew up with and deeply loved. Tom was one of the last rod builders and designers to have worked in all three major fly-rod materials: bamboo, fiberglass, and graphite. With a great eye for detail, Tom said that perhaps the hardest thing for him in running a rod company was to teach people working with him to see what he saw. After running Winston for nearly twenty years with his partner, Glenn Brackett, Tom sold the company in 1991 to David Ondaatje.

About this same time, Tom was diagnosed with MS, which was a major factor in his life going forward. For a long time, Tom and his wife, Gerri Carlson, felt that he would be able to lick this difficult disease, but ultimately it progressed to the point that he was confined to a wheelchair, eventually unable to move anything other than his head. His acute eyesight didn't diminish, however, and he was able to use voice-activated software on a computer to work on designs and communicate via the Internet. During this time, Tom was freed from a noncompete clause he had signed upon selling Winston, and he formed a new venture called Tom Morgan Rodsmiths. Although he was unable to work with his hands, or eventually even cast rods, Tom used his vast knowledge and tenacious intelligence to get back in the rod game! His goal in this new endeavor was to improve upon the designs he had come up with while running Winston, in graphite, then bamboo, and finally fiberglass. As someone with knowledge of rods in all three materials, I can say that Tom met his goal and more. His designs in all materials resulted in some of the smoothest-casting, best fly rods ever built. He also developed the Tom Morgan Rodsmiths hand mill: unique and original tooling for the amateur and small-production bamboo builder to accurately and efficiently cut the long, tapered strips that make up a bamboo fly rod. With Gerri, he wrote and produced a beautiful limited-edition



Karel Bauer

Tom Morgan. With permission of Gerri Carlson.

book, *Tom Morgan's Favorite Flies Favorite Waters*. Without her help and support, it wouldn't have been possible to actualize his ideas once the MS had progressed.

Tom was one of the most remarkable men I've ever met, and I feel blessed to have known and spent time with him. I never had the opportunity to fish with him, but I spent many hours listening to his fishing stories, especially of earlier years. Tom told humorous tales of characters and experiences in and around Ennis, lighting up as he got to the crux of the story and sometimes laughing so hard when he got to the punch line that he could hardly breathe! He was a great storyteller, and I often marveled at the detail stored in his memory.

He always got that twinkle in his eye when he told a story. One of my favorites took place not far from Ennis. Tom had heard that there was good fishing to be had at a lake in the Antelope Basin, between the Madison River and Henry's Lake, and he decided to try it with a friend. He had just bought a new weight-forward fly line at a shop in West Yellowstone. The two men drove the Forest Service road to the lake and began to fish. According to Tom, the fishing was terrible, with nothing going on and no fish showing. Getting bored, he noticed that there were a lot of prairie dogs around, poking their heads out of their holes on a regular basis. Tom decided to have some fun

with one of them. He made an overhand loop in his new fly line, placed the noose around the critter's hole, tied one end to a sagebrush, and held the other end in his hand as he lay in wait to snare the unaware rodent. Sure enough, his plan worked perfectly—but there was one development he hadn't considered. The prairie dog popped his head *and body* out of the hole. Tom gave a yank, the fly line caught the little animal around the middle, and Tom laughed "I got you!" He hadn't counted on what happened next: the prairie dog bent over and quickly bit through the offending fly line, freeing himself and ruining Tom's brand-new line!

Although it greatly pained Tom to be unable to fish during the last part of his life, he lived richly in his memories of the terrific fishing available in his part of Montana, particularly to a talented angler, such as he was. Years ago, I spoke with Harry Darbee, who told of fishing with Tom on Odell Creek, one of Tom's favorite waters. In Harry's words, "That Tom Morgan is a pretty good fisherman. I believe that between him and me, we could about clean that creek out!"

Tom accomplished more in the last twenty years of his life, his body compromised by MS, than most men could do in sev-

eral lifetimes. His influence and impact on fly fishing has been immense, and he touched the lives of many anglers, some of whom knew him only through fishing his exquisite rods. The turnout of friends, family, and colleagues at his July memorial at the El Western Motel is testament to his spirit and how respected and loved he was by so many. For Tom, every problem had a solution, and he never gave up on an inspired idea. A nurse at the hospital where he died said that the last words he spoke were, "I'm ready to climb to the stars." We'll see you there, Tom.

Tom Morgan Rodsmiths was sold only a few months before Tom's passing to two gentlemen from Colorado, Joel Doub and Matt Barber. They plan to carry on Tom's ideas and designs, producing rods and blanks as well as the Morgan hand mill. For more about this amazing man and the work he did, visit the TMR website, www.troutrods.com, where you'll find a wealth of information, history, stories, and essays.

PER BRANDIN
SHELBURNE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

IN MEMORIAM

Orri Vigfússon 10 July 1942–1 July 2017

WE WERE SADDENED to learn of the passing of Orri Vigfússon in July. There was perhaps no better friend to the Atlantic salmon—and consequently, salmon anglers—than Orri. He combined not only a distinct passion for the king of fish, but also a keen insight into the right ways to protect it. As an angler, he was world class; as a conservationist, he was unsurpassed. He leaves a large and enduring legacy.

The North Atlantic Salmon Fund, founded by Orri in 1989, is one of the true success stories in marine conservation, thanks largely to his inspired and unyielding efforts on behalf of the Atlantic salmon. During his twenty-seven years of advocacy with NASF—through purchasing netting rights from commercial fishermen, arranging alternative sustainable fishing methods, and brokering moratorium agreements—Orri likely accomplished more on behalf of anglers and salmon than any other individual. Among his long list of awards and recognitions for this work is the 2012 American Museum of Fly Fishing Heritage Award.

There may be no salmon angler as highly regarded for both his skill and his passion as Orri Vigfússon. He is fondly remembered by all who knew him as a man of tremendous ability, vision, and love of the sport.



Orri Vigfússon. Photo courtesy of the North Atlantic Salmon Fund.



Glyn Satterley



Museum Adds Ambassador

In May, Brita Fordice joined our ambassador program. Fordice was born in Washington State and learned to fly fish at the age of eight. Spending summers at her family house on the Stillaguamish River fed her desire to explore new fishing water and pushed her to teach herself to tie flies at age ten. After college and a few years spent living and fishing in Idaho and Alaska, she returned to the Seattle area in 2005, where she began working for a fly shop and guiding soon after. She has also extensively fished the waters of the Bahamas for bonefish and Florida for migratory tarpon.

Fordice is a virtual encyclopedia when it comes to recognizing and procuring tying materials for classic and modern flies. Her guiding for the past few years has been solely based on targeting Puget Sound species, such as sea-run cutthroat and migratory salmon. In 2016, after almost twelve years at the fly shop, Fordice was offered the position of technical specialist for Far Bank Enterprises. She now spends her days answering technical questions on Sage/Redington/RIO products and guiding Puget Sound, and ties flies at night. Fordice has been a professional fly tier for many years and was an Umpqua Signature Tier as well. She has been featured in *Catch Magazine* and the *Steelheaders Journal*, and has written articles featured in *Southern Culture on the Fly* and *Flymen Fishing Co.*, among others.

The museum's ambassador program was created to expand our outreach and augment membership nationwide by raising awareness of the museum, its mission, and programs. As the program grows, we hope to establish ambassadors across the country to better connect with fly-fishing communities nationwide.



New museum ambassador Brita Fordice.
Photo courtesy of Brita Fordice.

Recent Donations to the Collection

Jim Hardman of Dorset, Vermont, brought us a three-piece, 10-foot, 4½-ounce Calcutta cane fly rod made by H. L. Leonard for W. Mills & Son; a rod maker's catalog from the Schaaf Rod Shop; and an Orvis sales booklet, "Wise Selection of a Fly Rod."

Jerry Calvert of Bozeman, Montana, sent us a two-piece, 8½-foot, 6-weight Fenwick Feralite fiberglass fly rod from Bob Jacklin's Fly Shop. **Bob Jacklin** of West Yellowstone, Montana, donated a collection of fifteen trout flies he developed, along with their recipes. For a detailed list, contact the museum.

Skip and Meg Herman of Chicago gave us a Seamaster 4-inch saltwater fly reel that had belonged to author and 2017 Heritage Award recipient Tom McGuane. **Tom McGuane** of McLeod, Montana, donated a Rex K. Richardson chest fly box.

John Mundt of Simsbury, Connecticut, sent us two Boy Scout of America fly-fishing merit badges, along with the fly-fishing merit badge booklet. **Kevin Lyons** of Raleigh, North Carolina, gave us a framed pencil drawing by Austin Hogan titled *Needham Series 1959*. **Joan Wulff** of Livingston Manor, New York, donated items related to Carrie Stevens and Lee Wulff. For a detailed list, contact the museum.

Michael D. Coe of New Haven, Connecticut, donated a second-edition copy of A. W. Dimock's *The Book of Tarpon* (The Macmillan Co., 1926). **The John D. Voelker Foundation** of Lansing, Michigan, gave us a 1992 limited-edition reprint of Voelker's book *Trout Madness* (Altwerger & Mandel Publishing). **David A. Sanchez** of Seattle sent us a copy of Richard Waddington's *Fly Fishing for Salmon: A Modern Technique* (Faber & Faber Ltd., 1951). **Matt Reinemo** of Nantucket, Massachusetts, gave us a copy of his book *Compass of My Soul: Essays from a Fishing Nut Navigating Family Life* (self-published, 2014). And **Curt Hill** of Wallingford, Pennsylvania, donated a collection of 239 books; for a detailed list, contact the museum.



Peter Nardini

The AMFF's Yoshi Akiyama led a spirited Canvas and Cocktails event at the museum on July 1. Because of heavy rain, the event was held inside the Leigh H. Perkins Gallery. Event goers shared laughs and sipped wine while they painted a classic Vermont river scene with Yoshi. The weather had cleared by the time the event ended, and as soon as the museum doors swung open, our guests were treated to a stunning double rainbow, a fitting end to a fantastic evening.

Museum Wish List

The museum is looking for particular items for both our upcoming saltwater exhibit and our general collection. If you are able to donate, sell, or loan us any of these—or know someone who might—please be in touch with Deputy Director Yoshi Akiyama.

For the saltwater exhibit:

- Captain Bob McChristian's Red S-Handle Seamaster fly reels with light-bulb-shaped knob (The first reel was an anti-reverse model. Only a dozen of these were made in the 1950s and sold to his friends.)
- Photograph or reference material for the Florida Keys Fishing Guide Association (known in the 1930s as the Islamorada Fishing Guide Association)
- Photographs of Captain Bob McChristian, creator of the Seamaster fly reel, circa 1950
- DuPont original nylon fishing line packet
- Prototype of Gar Wood's machined aluminum saltwater Wedding Cake reel, circa 1967
- Photographs of Myron Gregory, 1950–1960
- Photographs of Lawrence Summers and Bob Edgley of Monterey Bay, California, who developed the method (ca. 1972) for luring in and taking blue shark via fly fishing
- Photographs of Lee Cuddy, who becomes the first to take an Atlantic sailfish on a fly in 1964, especially photographs with the fish
- Any information or photographs related to the Spinmaster Rod Co. of Miami, who produced fiberglass saltwater rods in the 1960s
- Photographs of 1970s saltwater reel maker John Emery
- Photographs of Ted Juracsik, who made the first Billy Pate reels
- Photographs of Frank Catino, who introduced high-end saltwater reels
- Photographs of Bob Stearns, who designed Scientific Anglers' first dedicated saltwater fly reel in 1980
- Any information or photographs related to Harnell-Harrington Rod Co., who produced excellent tubular fiberglass rods in 1946
- A Harnell-Harrington fiberglass fly rod, 9-weight or heavier



An example of a DuPont original nylon fishing line packet.

Upcoming Events

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

October 21

Annual Members Meeting
8:30 a.m.
Manchester Community Library
Manchester, Vermont

November 24

Festival of Creels and Wreaths
Cocktail and hors d'oeuvres party with a silent auction of locally decorated creels and wreaths to benefit the museum
4:30 p.m.–7:30 p.m.

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

Any example of the following flies would be very helpful; a fly tied by the person who designed it would be ideal.

- A Saltwater Cracker Streamer, a fly designed by George Trowbridge in 1888
- A Tom Loving's Bass Fly, a saltwater fly designed in 1921 and used for striped bass and largemouths in the Chesapeake Bay
- A Bonbright Streamer, designed by Howard Bonbright in 1925, one of the first standard tarpon patterns (produced commercially by Abercrombie & Fitch)
- Homer Rhode Jr. Tarpon Streamer, a fly designed by Homer Rhode Jr., which was the prototype for today's SeaDucer
- The Puff, a saltwater fly with heavy glass eyes, designed by Nat Ragland of Marathon (the first step forward in fly-rod permit fishing)
- Big Game Tube Fly, a saltwater fly with two-tandem hooks designed by Cam Sigler, rigged to IGFA standards and introduced in 1997



CONTRIBUTORS



Kathryn Belous-Boyle

A former senior writer and special contributor to *Sports Illustrated*, **Robert H. Boyle**—who died 19 May 2017—was known as the father of environmental activism on the Hudson River. The founder of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association in 1966, he led the first cases ever against water polluters in this country and played a key role in the seventeen-year-long Storm King Mountain case, which became the basis of environmental law in the United States by establishing the right of citizens to sue the government to protect natural resources. For six years, Boyle had a scientific license to seine fishes from the Hudson for the American Museum of Natural History and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service; one find was a juvenile mangrove snapper (*Lutjanus griseus*), the only fish species ever found in both the Hudson and Congo rivers. In 1970, he was the first to discover and write about PCBs in fishes in North America, including striped bass in the Hudson. In

1980, he originated the idea of an independent Hudson River Foundation for Science and Environmental Research and demanded that electric utilities that had abused the river endow it before he would agree to settle lawsuits brought by the Fishermen's Association. As a result, the Hudson is the only river in the world with its own endowment, now about \$40 million. In 1982, Boyle modified the role of keepers on private trout and salmon rivers in Britain by appointing a Hudson Riverkeeper to act in the public interest, a concept that has since spread to more than a hundred water bodies here and abroad.

At *Sports Illustrated*, Boyle's writings ranged from articles (and editorials) about the environment to baseball, boxing, and profiles, of which a selection can be found in his book, *Fishing Giants and Other Men of Derring-Do*. Other books include two *Fly-Tyer's Almanacs* edited with Dave Whitlock; *Stoneflies for the Angler*, written with Eric Leiser; *Dead Heat: The Race against the Greenhouse Effect*, written with Michael Oppenheimer; *The Hudson River: A Natural and Unnatural History*; and *Dapping: The Exciting Way of Fishing Flies that Fly, Quiver and Jump*, with photos by his wife, Kathryn Belous-Boyle. Honors include *Outdoor Life's* Conservationist of the Year Award in 1975, the 1981 Conservation Communication Award of the National Wildlife Federation, and the William E. Ricker Resource Conservation Award of the American Fisheries Society in 1998, the same year that *Audubon* magazine named him one of the 100 Champions of Conservation for the Twentieth Century.

Boyle lived in Cooperstown, New York.

Alan R. Diodore is a retired federal administrative law judge who received his Doctor of Jurisprudence from Indiana University School of Law. He has been a fly fisher for more than fifty years and has fished extensively in the Midwest and Rocky Mountain states and Ontario. He is a past president of the Anglers of the Au Sable and has done considerable pro bono work in the area of gas and oil litigation. Diodore lives on the North Branch of the Au Sable River in Crawford County, Michigan, with his wife, Janet, and their two ancient Brittanies, Charlie and Emily. He currently spends most of his time fly fishing, tying flies, and writing.



J. Michael Phelps

George Jacobi is an artist, musician, and outdoor writer who has fly fished since the 1970s. Over the last decade, he reignited a passion for artistic expression that had limited itself to personal essays in his Trout Unlimited chapter newsletter. Jacobi's solo art shows include one at the D'Amour Museum of Fine Arts in Springfield, Massachusetts, and his photorealistic pencil drawings won first prize at the Slater Museum in Norwich, Connecticut. In 2016 he spent three and a half months as a volunteer at Grand Canyon National Park writing a blog, which remains on the park website and its social media outlets (www.nps.gov/grca/blogs/inspiration.htm).

Jacobi is retired from a career spent mostly in the wholesale fishing-tackle industry, which enabled a lot of time on rivers, beaches, and jetties. Those early years often found him in the Catskills, on the Batten Kill, and, in particular, on the Housatonic in its prime. Jacobi lives in eastern Connecticut and continues to be involved in local conservation organizations while fly fishing from Martha's Vineyard to Yellowstone National Park.



Kris Jacobi

Thomas Wolf made his debut as flute soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra at the age of sixteen and has enjoyed a distinguished career as musician, educator, administrator, and consultant. He led numerous tours as company manager and flutist of his Uncle Boris Goldovsky's opera company and established Bay Chamber Concerts in Maine with his brother in the 1960s. The founding director of the New England Foundation for the Arts, Wolf later established his international consulting firm, which specializes in services to the cultural sector and is known today as WolfBrown. Music-related clients have included Carnegie Hall, the Boston Symphony, and the Classics for Kids Foundation. Wolf holds a doctorate from Harvard University, where he taught for several years. More recently, his online teaching has reached tens of thousands of students in more than one hundred countries through the University of California–Berkeley's Haas School of Business Philanthropy University program. Wolf's many books include *Managing a Nonprofit Organization* (now in its fourth edition), *How to Connect with Donors*, *Effective Leadership for Nonprofit Organizations*, and a memoir, *Musical Gifts*. A second memoir about his family is in preparation. Thomas Wolf is a third-generation member of the Brodhead Forest and Stream Association, where his great uncle was a founding member. He has been a fly fisherman for more than fifty years.



Courtesy of Bay Chamber Concerts

Get Out and Stay Out



From Lucy Lagom, Childhood Songs (Boston: James R. Osgood and Company, 1875), 119.

THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX is behind us, and the shortest days of the year and subsequent months of true winter are telegraphing their impending arrival through every means at their disposal. The brisk daybreak of September became the chilly morning of October, and the downright cold days of November are nearly upon us. Talk of holidays, school vacations, and snow tires has begun, and the half-empty tube of sunscreen has been tossed into the recycle bin.

This is the time of year when I sometimes succumb to a version of Melville's "damp, drizzly November in my soul" by cleaning the tackle out of my car, backing off the drags, and making a half-hearted stab at putting the right flies into the right boxes. Once I put this task off for so long that I wasn't sure if I was putting away the previous season or getting ready for the upcoming one. Regardless, there is always a certain wistfulness to this routine. I recall modest successes and the ones that got away. There's also an unavoidable regret for those mornings I didn't get up and go, the days when the weather made it easy to stay at home, and the times when my real life simply kept me off the water. Those are the real ones that got away.

This year I am going to continue my efforts to extend my fishing season in as many ways as I can. I'd like to see what

happens when I embrace poor weather, branch away from salt water and salmonids, and make an absolute priority of being on the water rather than simply thinking about it. One can certainly extend the season with little more than a credit card and a passport; however, I intend to focus on day trips throughout New England and the rest of North America. I haven't ruled out the flats of Andros or forgotten the giant brown trout of Tierra del Fuego, but I'm challenging myself (and more subtly, anyone reading this) to stop putting tackle away annually and simply aim toward adjusting it seasonally. Both Vermont and neighboring New York have painfully long closed seasons on trout; still, good opportunities for pike and bass exist in both states. On a recent float trip with Berkshire Rivers Fly Fishing, guide Harry Desmond eagle-eyed an enormous motionless pike in 18 inches of water. It managed to slip the hook, but has haunted me for months. Look for me late this winter floating along the snow-covered banks of a Berkshires river in search of that fish.

BOB RULEY
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
bruley@amff.org



Catch and Release the Spirit of Fly Fishing!

4070 Main Street • PO Box 42
Manchester, Vermont 05254
Tel: (802) 362-3300 • Fax: (802) 362-3308
E-MAIL: amff@amff.org
WEBSITE: www.amff.org

MISSION

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

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

VOLUNTEER

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

SUPPORT

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

JOIN

Membership Dues (per annum)

Patron	\$1,000
Sustainer	\$500
Contributor	\$250
Benefactor	\$100
Associate	\$50

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

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



space for FSC info