The American Fly Fisher

Journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing

WINTER 2025 VOLUME 51 NUMBER 1

Picture This

As winter wears on in Vermont, some shivering souls find themselves yearning for warmer climes. Advertisers try to lure them away with images of places where they are not now—but could be.

Targeted temptation has always been with us. In the nineteenth century, railroads opened the way for tourist travel and, as they "pushed into once-remote areas," notes R. W. Hafer, "their advertising campaigns introduced the public . . . to a natural world that many had not experienced." Promotional campaigns enticed people with images of remote fishing spots while offering the means to get there. Ads regularly featured women—often alone, with no man in sight—which reinforced the idea that they could both travel safely by train and enjoy outdoor sports on their own. This strategic move not only generated more customers; it contributed to the period's changing social mores.

Hafer argues that railroad advertising fostered the development of sport fishing in the United States, and he offers post–Civil War examples through the mid-1900s. With advertising being inherently visual—especially when trying to get people to pretty places—it's great to be able to *see* these examples. Hafer was able to provide so much illustration that we're presenting "Railroad Advertising, Nature, and Sport Fishing in America" in two parts. Part I begins on page 10.

The timing of such an art-heavy feature is a happy coincidence. AMFF's Winter issue has become a celebratory space for artistic expressions of our sport. For a dozen years, it has showcased a painting from our collection. More recently, the winning story or essay of the annual Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award has found its way here. George Rogers is the 2024 Traver winner, whose "Last Salad on the Gairezi," illustrated by Robert Chamberlin, starts on page 2. On page 5 you'll find a list of finalists and a web link to honorable mentions, as well as a call for 2025 submissions. The deadline for entries is May 31.

And just in time for that call for submissions comes a guide to writing about fly fishing by seasoned fly-fishing writers Paul Schullery and Steve Raymond. On page 6, David Van Wie, who coordinates the Traver Award, reviews their book *This Artful Sport: A Guide to Writing about Fly Fishing*.

Land of Rivers Blue and Gold, a recent acquisition, is this year's feature from our permanent art collection. Commissioned for the Jackson Hole One Fly tournament, Mike Sudal's painting tells the story of world-class U.S. rivers and their trout, with each of the work's more than 2,600 individual flies representing a river. In "Mike Sudal: Courage in the Land of Rivers" (page 7), Trustee Fred Polhemus introduces the artist and asks him to discuss his process for this ambitious piece.

Two regular contributors return to amaze you with some historic tricks of the trade. In "The Whitlock-Vibert Box" (page 20), Curator Jim Schottenham presents two ventilated fish egg–hatching devices: Richard Vibert's patented system of 1952 and its 1978 improvements by Dave Whitlock. And in this installment of Tying Traditions, Scott Biron focuses on New Hampshire's Ora Smith and the Maynards Marvel (page 22).

The Izaak Walton Award honors and celebrates individuals whose passion for the sport of fly fishing and involvement in the angling community provide inspiration for others and promote the legacy of leaders for future generations. In November, the 2024 award was presented to Guido Rahr, director of the Wild Salmon Center (page 24). This month, the 2025 award will be presented posthumously to fly tier Bob Popovics (see inside back cover).

Tempted? Read on.

Kathleen Achor
Editor

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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.

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ON THE COVER: Land of Rivers Blue and Gold *by Mike Sudal, 2024. Ink and watercolor on paper (24 x 36 inches). Gift of Sol Raso. AMFF permanent collection. 2024.051.001.*

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THE 2024 ROBERT TRAVER
FLY-FISHING WRITING AWARD

Last Salad on the Gairezi

by George Rogers

Gilles McLean* smokes Chelseas. He buys his cigarettes at the Pick n Pay in Mutare—a two-hour drive on the A14 from where he lives in the Nyanga Mountains—for just $1.55 a pack. Like most Zimbabweans, he pays in American dollars instead of his country's own spooked currency, shielding himself from this month's 77 percent rise in inflation. So his cigarettes are still a bargain, but it will soon become obvious to us—my wife, Denise, who sits directly behind Gilles now; Witt, my college-bound son who's keen to do some African fly fishing; and me—that they are killing him.

Gilles smokes as he drives, cigarette held thoughtfully out the cracked window of his Land Cruiser, flicking ash as we bounce deeper into Nyanga National Park, much of his smoke curling back in again through the rear passenger window. My son muffles a cough and Denise rolls up her window. Gilles is our guide for the day and we're headed into the park, hammering down red laterite roads, hugging the contours of hills dotted with ancient pit formations from the Ziwa people, a landscape of dolerite and sandstone, just kilometers from the Mozambique border, where we will be fishing the Upper Gairezi River for what Gilles tells us are *feral* trout: trout he assures us are still there.

This may be—at its core—just a fishing story, but it's also a story about Gilles and Zimbabwe, and the slow disappearance of brown trout and colonialism from a country long regarded by much of the world as politically incorrigible. It's the story of one man's loss: his land, his trout, his health. Improbably, it's also a story about the giant mottled eel—a species, I should note, about which Gilles has nothing good to say.

Vestiges of colonialism, the trout that we're after today have been in these freestone mountain streams since Gilles's grandfather helped introduce them to the Eastern Highlands: Loch Leven–strain browns that spread through the web of rivers in what was then Rhodesia, left like Marmite, toast, and tea in the wake of an expanding British empire.

Brown trout are little stones in the flour, hanging on where they can, difficult to shake free once established. They are survivors. Here in Zimbabwe they're also, let's face it, invasives, although few people—especially anglers like Gilles—would ever think to disparage them with that word. But these trout settled in and, like the English, made much of Southern Africa their own, not necessarily welcomed by the native fish they displaced—endemic species of yellowfish and catfish mainly (Hilda's grunter, the Pungwe chiselmouth, the Gorongosa kneria, the giant mottled eel)—but tolerated, maybe, in the same way that Zimbabweans initially tolerated the English.

Descending into the Gairezi Valley, Gilles's Land Cruiser labors marvelously along, dropping below the fog, allowing us to see—for the first time this morning—the ribbon of water we will be fishing. Gilles eases his rig over a crossing of the Nyama River, what he calls a causeway, although it seems as if we're just lurching over a conveniently shallow boulder garden that today is flowing not quite tire high. Gilles takes it slowly, and after climbing up and out of the Nyama, we're on our way, passing tracked logging trucks that, shockingly, operate in Nyanga, one of the country's oldest national parks. They've punched new roads into the river bottom, looking to haul out the gum trees and big pines, and I can tell that, to Gilles, the place is now unrecognizable.

We pull over and Gilles steps out. He takes a look at what he thought he knew. He'd wanted to take us here because it's one of the last stretches of river in the country with wild trout, 18 kilometers of water still controlled by the Nyanga Downs Fishing Club that his grandfather had belonged to. But now all this: silt and slash and log landings. He climbs back in and lights another Chelsea and we bounce down the road some more, passing a log lorry that's slid off the road, this one abandoned, its front wheels—although they are 5 feet high—claimed by the ditch. We parallel the river and stop again, this time where we'll start fishing, while Gilles wonders aloud how to get his Toyota safely off a logging road with no shoulders.

"They stock these rivers with a helicopter," he tells us. "That way you don't have to drive back here," he says. "Which would be crazy."

"You mean like we just did?" I say as he backs his rig into the brush, maybe far enough off the road now to avoid a fish-tailing trailer of logs.

"Exactly," says Gilles.

Gilles wears a bucket hat and a green sweater, river sandals, and brown dungarees with holes in the knees. He's a man who's spent his life outside, farming and fishing under the African sun, and his face has the rough and rusty precancerous patches above his eyes and about his temples to prove it.

We string our rods and Gilles offers us a local favorite—Clark's Killer—a pattern I've never seen that resembles a small freshwater crab. The fly, tied on a size 12 hook, drab brown and about the diameter of a typical shirt button, resembles the small crabs found in the Upper Gairezi River, a species only recently described by science as the Mutare River crab, but a crab that anglers have obviously, based on this matching fly, known for years.

The Gairezi, full of pocket water and punctuated by deep pools, is as clear as new glass, but as we fish we see nothing more than bushbuck tracks and—on one sandbar—the prints of a Cape clawless otter. There are also the carapaces of the little Mutare crabs scattered here and there, on the tops of boulders mainly, having fed something—birds or otters, it wasn't clear. We all fish: Denise and Witt, myself, and Gilles, working this beat, hopeful in the way that everyone begins the day. Gilles fishes behind us, swinging his crab through the big pools, telling us his best fish here was a 6-pounder—but by midmorning, we haven't moved a trout.

"We still have a man trapping eels," Gilles tells us, gesturing downstream.

"Have you seen them?" my son wants to know.

*Because Zimbabwe, according to Amnesty International, represses freedom of expression and dissent, this is not his real name.

"Once. Down in the rocks. Moving like a thick black tongue."

"Does he catch many?" I ask.

"I don't know how hard he traps anymore," says Gilles. "That's part of the problem. He's an old man now. The other problem is these damned roads."

"But your eel trapper," I say. "Why does he do it?"

"Well, we pay him. And he gets the eels," says Gilles. "There aren't many like him anymore, men with the traditional traps."

"Could he have fished here? On this river?" I ask.

"He didn't fish with a rod," Gilles says.

"But if he had wanted to fish with a rod?"

"He never asked," says Gilles. "But I take your point. The club was exclusive for years."

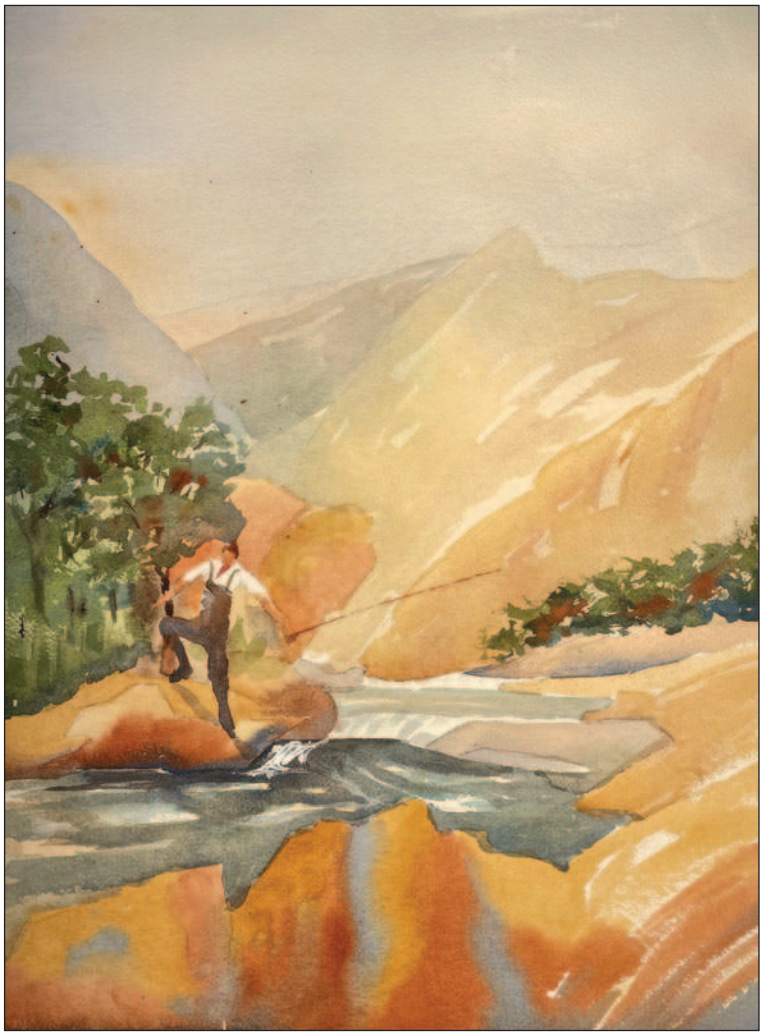
"That's a way of putting it," I say.

"Listen, we ruled for too long," Gilles says. "And we didn't let go of this country 'til we had to."

The giant mottled eel—*Anguilla marmorata*—is a muscular eel, growing to more than 6 feet and weighing up to 45 pounds. It's a tropical, freshwater eel, a deeply marbled, yellow-greenish-to-black animal that can live forty years and migrate hundreds of miles across the Indian Ocean to where it's thought to breed west of Guam. They're carnivores. Nocturnal. Eating crabs, frogs, fish. Gilles will tell you that they target trout. They may, although based on what's known about these eels, they *seem* to prefer—like the trout—crustaceans, specifically the Mutare River crab. But what is true is that these eels have always been here. They're the locals. There's no doubt they belong; they are the native fish, the endemics that despite years of trapping are still there: quiet in the bottoms of the deep pools, nosing through roots and rocks in the shade of the big trees still standing.

The morning that Gilles lost his farm was no different than any other morning in Africa, what with the doves calling and the heat of the day slowly waking the cicadas. It was a normal morning in every way except for the men gathered at his gates, holding hoes and shovels and adzes. Tools, yes, but with the men holding them like that, so casually, over their shoulders—men who would soon drive out Gilles's laborers and family—it was clear that these were not farmers and that what they carried were not intended to be used as tools, but as a reminder to Gilles that other white farmers had already been killed and that they had the blessing of Robert Mugabe, their president.

When men gather and glare at one another, it's often only the merest slight—a look, a remark—that provokes an eruption of violence, and it's in the choreography of these moments that the hate starts to gather. It does not take much to kill a man. A hammer blow or a dozen good stones. The back of a cold shovel. Men kill in batches when they catch the scent of the crowd, their compassion forgotten as, together, they lift the first stones. And it doesn't take much to make the first man go down. After that, the others—crouching, usually speechless, not begging for their lives like in the movies, but more often in shock or stumbling numbly away—begin to look less like men and more like animals, and that's when the worst of it comes down on them like hail and fists.



Watercolor by Robert Chamberlin.

Gilles's farm in the Karoi District, 3,000 acres in north central Zimbabwe, had been passed down—like the right to fish the rivers of the Eastern Highlands—through his family. He knew at one time this land had not been British and that intellectually, at least, he could understand the urge for Mugabe's cronies to seize land that, years ago, had ostensibly been taken from their grandfathers. Maybe he could even see that this land had never really been his, but the hundreds of cattle he owned and bred certainly were, as were his tractors, barns, and home. Those were certainly his—and this is what he may have been thinking as the first stones went through his windows.

"Did you think to fight back?" my wife asks.

"There was no fighting back," says Gilles.

It's a question of who belongs. What fish? What people? Whose land? What stories are true and which are simply told? What story would the eel trapper tell? Would he tell of a time before men owned rivers? Before anyone had thought to claim water? Would he tell a story of a time when rivers were wild and bursting with eels? A story, I suspect, that would not be a story of trout, but a story of a river that never knew trout: a time when rivers, swollen with rain, spilled from their banks, and eels, on full-moon nights, swam through these forests, glistening.

Back at the Land Cruiser, Gilles pulls out a wicker basket and a folding hardwood table, even a tablecloth, spreading it with a flourish as we watch it settle over this unexpected little luxury. Gilles says that since there's no place to picnic properly, the roadside will have to do, and the lorries can wait for us or squeeze by. It was an English lunch that we could not—as Americans—have imagined, what Gilles called a proper lunch: a salad with beefsteak tomatoes

and lettuce picked that morning, with croutons, balsamic dressing, and real cutlery. For drinks, there were choices: a South African zinfandel, cold Bohlinger's lagers, or tall Cokes in real glass bottles. As a snack, Gilles served honey-drizzled peanuts home roasted the night before and, for a main course, hot dogs stuffed cleverly into a large thermos that kept them surprisingly warm and a tin of biscuits for dessert.

While we eat, Gilles talks. He tells us about the farm invasions and Mugabe's kleptocracy, raging hyperinflation, food shortages and rolling electrical blackouts, international sanctions, and—gesturing around to what we've seen today—clear-cuts in national parks and no trout. The world Gilles once knew is gone: his farm and livelihood, his home and land, and probably, it seems to me, his trout, but also the colonial past and its attending privilege. Yet it's also obvious in listening to Gilles that even after everything he's lost, and the country's largely self-inflicted wounds, this is still his country. He's a Zimbabwean at heart.

Watercolor by Robert Chamberlin.

After lunch, we fish upstream. The water is clear and low, and we cast with no expectations now, the day bright and hot, and it's good to be walking through cool water. I work ahead and Denise begins to pay more attention to the birds and the flowers, while Witt climbs the biggest boulders he can find, looking for trout in their shadows. On the banks, caught in spiderwebs, are insects I'd never seen, and we fish without speaking, leap-frogging each other, with Gilles still working behind us, although he's coughing more now: a hoarse, dry cough that comes over him in spasms, leaving him bent and breathless as, now and again, trucks sway by, heavy with logs.

Later that afternoon, Gilles says he wants to try one last spot, and he's no more than said so, it seems, then we're back in his rig, banging back down this road once again in Gilles's green Toyota. He parks above the river, high enough that we can only see distant flashes of water below, and soon we're walking toward it. The walking is hard, although it's downhill and with the river in the distance, flashing blue through the trees, we keep on, encouraged. The loggers have cut everything here—every tree cut and limbed and bucked to length—yet we bull through the mess, through the slash and pine tops left in the wake of the hydraulic harvesters. Gilles soon falls behind, but he waves us on. Tells us to go ahead. From where we stand now Gilles looks smaller and older than he has looked all day. Near the river, the hills are steep and still forested, the loggers unable to reach these ridges. My son pushes upstream still hoping for an African trout, but Denise and I wait for Gilles. In time he crests this last ridge and joins us, and together we sit bankside, the three of us, watching the water in the shade of these big trees, thinking that this is how it must have always looked, and that—from here at least—you might believe these trees go on forever.

On the side of the road on our last morning in Zimbabwe, out walking, not long after fishing with Gilles, I came across three men struggling with a stout branch of maybe 10 feet as they worked to position it and a sizable stone under the frame of their minivan. It was a van with no door, and, I soon realized, a van with no jack. Yet they worked the limb into place and seesawed the Honda high enough (after digging a bit) to slip off the flat and send it on to be patched, one of the three rolling it back toward town as the others settled in to wait. I asked if they needed help and they thanked me and said that help, in time, would come. And by the way, they wanted to know, what did I think of their boat?

I'd seen the boat strapped to their roof but decided not to ask about it due to its condition. I'd assumed the boat was a tragic story: a forty-year-old fiberglass hull, maybe 14 feet long, an old boat, heavily used—so heavily used that the entire bottom was missing, by the looks of it torn off in some catastrophic event. My first thought was that they'd bought it after the previous owner had drowned. But that wasn't it at all. Instead, they smiled hard and told me of their good fortune in finding it washed up. They told me of their plans for it, and I listened without skepticism, assuming that men who change tires with tree limbs can also work miracles on bottomless boats.

This is Zimbabwe. It's a boat with no bottom. A van with a flat and no jack. A country propped up on three wheels, thinking only of its good fortune, like the luck of finding a boat—even one with a giant hole—and imagining it patched and floating, skimming someday, however improbably, over the waves. Zimbabweans, I realized, have had so little for so long that having anything now seems like the start of something.

Tonight the moon rises, heavy and low, and maybe the big eels will decide that it's finally time. After as many as twenty years in these streams, eating the little Mutare crabs and dodging the eel trapper, it might be: time to begin the trip to the sea, leaving the headwaters in the Nyanga Mountains and winding downstream through the Gairezi and its private beats and stocked rainbows, past the woven traps and dams and the Mozambique border, then north to the Luenha River and on to the big Zambezi, flowing 120 miles more, south and east, across the heart of Mozambique, to the port at Chinde town, where most, but not all the big eels will dodge the gill nets and handlines set drifting before them as they push across the Mozambique Channel, filled with purpose and moving in the way that all creatures move when gripped by the urge to spawn—the big females ripening, heavy with eggs, guided somehow back to where they've always gathered, wherever that may be—dutifully returning themselves to the ocean where their eggs will drift to the rhythm of the moon, at the mercy of its orbit and the sweep of the sea.

The 2024 Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award: Finalists

The 2024 competition drew a field of one hundred stories and essays. Entries were judged anonymously, resulting in eight finalists. In addition to the winner, judges bestowed honorable mention recognition on two entries:

"Blind Willie's Pool" by Chris Bishop of Beckenham, Kent, United Kingdom
"How to Say Gila" by Joseph Jackson of Anchorage, Alaska

The winner and honorable mentions can be found on the museum website at www.amff.org/traver-winners-2024.

The other five finalists were:

"The Man from Leksand" by Moncrieff Cochran of South Orleans, Massachusetts
"From the Clear Waters" by Mark Cudney of Wayland, New York
"Between the Snow and the Second Line" by Katie MacDonald of Charlottestown, Prince Edward Island, Canada
"Following Filleul" by Michelle Werrett of Tiverton, Devon, United Kingdom
"Beginnings" by David Wickline III of Lynchburg, Virginia

The 2025 Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award: A Call for Submissions

The John D. Voelker Foundation and the American Museum of Fly Fishing are pleased to announce that submissions are now being accepted for the 2025 Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award (the Traver Award). The award is named after Robert Traver, pen name for the late John Voelker, author of *Trout Madness*, *Trout Magic*, *Anatomy of a Fisherman*, the 1958 best seller *Anatomy of a Murder*, and the historical novel *Laughing Whitefish*.

The Traver Award, which includes a $2,500 prize, was created in 1994 to encourage and recognize "distinguished original stories or essays that embody the implicit love of fly fishing, respect for the sport, and the natural world in which it takes place." The Traver stories and essays must demonstrate high literary values in one or more of these three categories:

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

Frederick M. Baker Jr.

John Voelker signing copies of the special edition of Laughing Whitefish *sold in 1989 to fund the John D. Voelker Foundation. Photo courtesy of the John D. Voelker Foundation.*

The 2025 Traver Award will be granted for the winning short work of fiction or nonfiction essay in the English language not previously published commercially in print or digital media. "Short work" means 3,000 words or less. An entry fee of $25 will offset the administrative costs of the award program. Previous Traver Award winners are not eligible.

The deadline for submissions is midnight on 31 May 2025. All entrants will be required to certify that that no part of an entry was generated by artificial intelligence (AI). The submission form and additional instructions can be found on the Voelker Foundation website: www .voelkerfoundation.com.

The Traver Award winner will be notified in the fall of 2025. The winning entry will be published in the Winter or Spring 2026 edition of the *American Fly Fisher*, the journal of the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Since 1994, twenty-five awards have been given. Two anthologies of the Traver Award–winning essays have been published: *In Hemingway's Meadow* (2009) and *Love Story of the Trout* (2010).

For more information, see www.voelkerfoundation.com and www.amff.org.

BOOK REVIEW

Schullery and Raymond's *This Artful Sport: A Guide to Writing about Fly Fishing*

by David A. Van Wie

The Robert Traver Fly-Fishing Writing Award, cosponsored by the American Museum of Fly Fishing, receives entries every year from writers spanning a wide spectrum of experience and skill, from first-time writers who were inspired to put a story down on paper to veteran writers who have been published in multiple settings. All are motivated, according to the authors of *This Artful Sport*, by "what amounts almost to a moral obligation to share their feelings, observations and discoveries" (page x) or to spin a yarn—true or not so true—in the spirit of the great fly-fishing writers, including the award's namesake Robert Traver, aka John Voelker.

For those just beginning their writing journeys, Paul Schullery and Steve Raymond offer this useful and inspiring guide to writing about fly fishing for publication. Both are members of the Fly Fishing Hall of Fame with decades of writing and publishing experience between them. Both are experienced editors who have seen their share of great writing and coached a few knowledgeable but less talented writers who had something good to say and needed a good editor to help them say it. (Full disclosure: Schullery was editor of this journal from 1978 to 1983.)

This Artful Sport is written in a friendly and encouraging style, offering anecdotes, advice on grammar and style, and warnings about pitfalls that await writers new to the publishing game. It speaks from the heart directly to the aspiring writer, with tips such as "You'll need a place to write, an office or study or some other space where you can have privacy and quiet" (page 35). At times the book reads like a joint memoir of the good old days of traditional publishing in print magazines (written as "Steve remembers" and "in Paul's experience"). While some of the advice and stories seem a little dated, many of the lessons are timeless in their relevance. The authors also recognize that today's publishing world is changing rapidly, providing cautions about using artificial intelligence (AI) for writing or editing, and explaining the wonders of print-on-demand book-publishing technology.

Early on, Schullery and Raymond provide a concise retrospective of fly-fishing writing through the centuries and decades with tips on where to find the classic, out-of-print books of yesteryear. Their clear message is to read, read, read before you write, write, and rewrite.

Some of the most helpful chapters outline the processes for selling your story, sending query letters to magazine editors or agents, writing book proposals, understanding the mechanics of book design and publishing timelines, and promoting your book. The final chapter dives into the pros and cons of self-publishing in today's hypercompetitive market.

No brief guide can teach good writing in a few dozen pages, and this one doesn't try. There are plenty of how-to books about writing in general, such as Stephen King's *On Writing* (Scribner, 2000, reissued 2020), *Reading Like a Writer* by Francine Prose (HarperCollins, 2006), or *Writing Life Stories* by Bill Roorbach (Penguin, second edition 2008), to name a few. But Schullery and Raymond's guide does offer useful tips on how to write a strong lead, organize your story flow, avoid clichés and common grammatical mistakes, supplement text with photos and images, and navigate copyright laws.

What I like most about this book is that it makes clear to new writers how much there is to learn while providing a heavy helping of encouragement to give it a try. It is also very realistic about how much writing for a niche topic like fly fishing is a labor of love: lots of hard work and little prospect for making much money.

Many anglers dream that "someday I'll write a book." *This Artful Sport* provides a roadmap for how to do it, but cautions that writing a book or magazine article isn't just putting words on a page. As those of us who have done it know, it is a most worthy, somewhat rare and lonely, pursuit. Schullery and Raymond do a great job of describing the joy and satisfaction you will feel when you see your hard work on a printed page, online, or in that shiny new book in your hand.

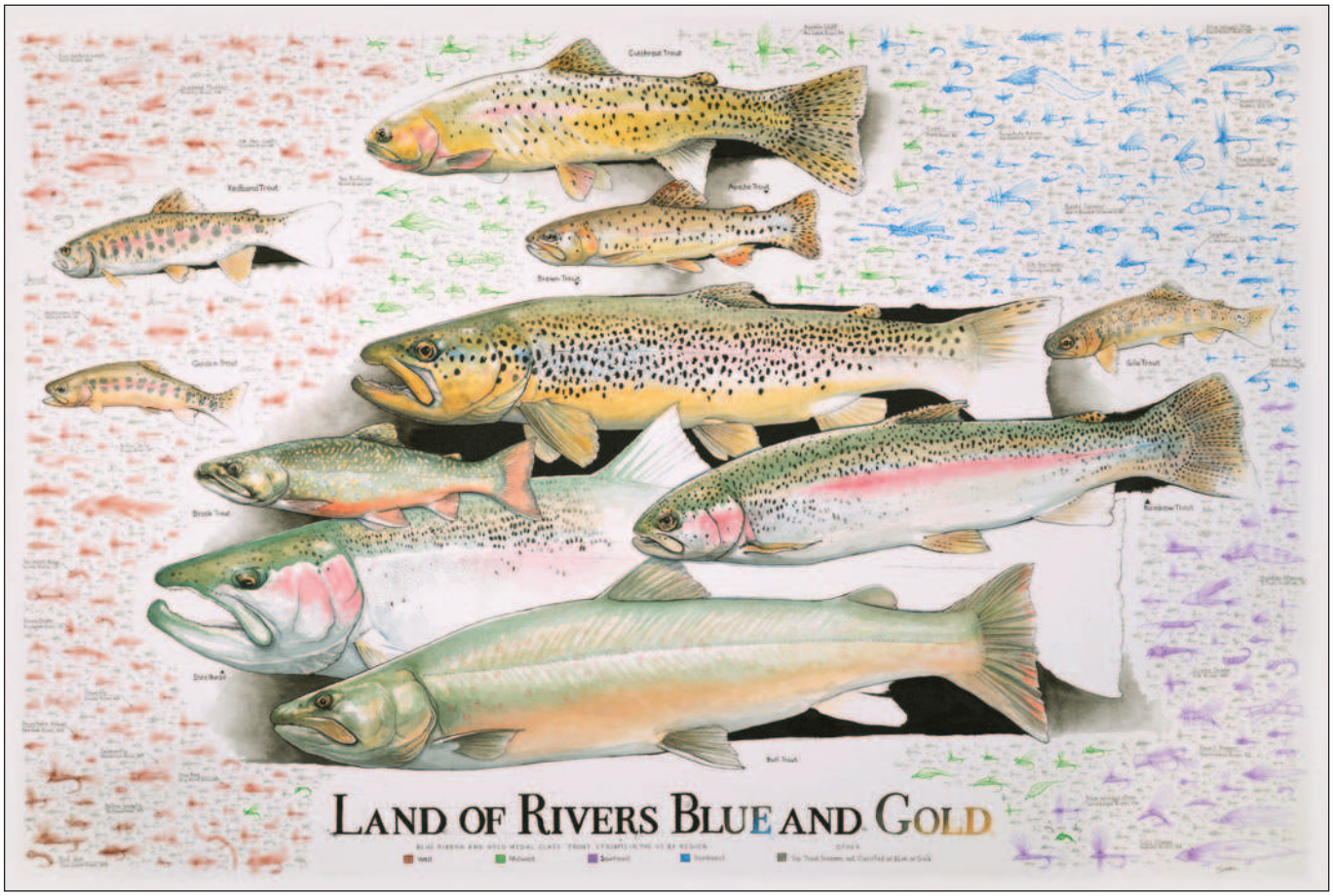
You can do it. Paul and Steve are here to help.

~

David Van Wie is a writer and lecturer in environmental journalism and media studies in the Guarini School of Graduate and Advanced Studies at Dartmouth College. He is the author of Storied Waters: 35 Fabled Fly-Fishing Destinations and the Writers & Artists Who Made Them Famous *(Stackpole Books, 2019) and* The Confluence: A Collection of Essays, Art & Tall Tales about Fly-fishing and Friendship *(Peter E. Randall Publisher, 2016). He lives in Lyme, New Hampshire.*

This Artful Sport: A Guide to Writing about Fly Fishing
by Paul Schullery and Steve Raymond
Lyons Press, 2024
$27.95 (softcover)
272 pages
LyonsPress.com

Mike Sudal: Courage in the Land of Rivers



Land of Rivers Blue and Gold, *2024. Ink and watercolor on paper (24 x 36 inches). Gift of Sol Raso. AMFF permanent collection. 2024.051.001.*

Few professional artists step outside of their comfort zones, either in terms of skill or creative process. Fewer still are willing to venture into uncharted waters with commissioned work. It takes courage to be open to seeing where a work will take its creator and perhaps ending up in a space never before attempted or even envisioned.

Mike Sudal is among these few. *Land of Rivers Blue and Gold* was commissioned for the 2024 Jackson Hole One Fly tournament. The Jackson Hole One Fly Foundation, recipient of AMFF's 2024 Heritage Award, is the driving force behind the tournament, which raises millions of dollars for the ongoing stewardship of fisheries in the Yellowstone region. The painting now resides in AMFF's permanent collection.

As one who represents sporting artists, I have stood before many paintings during my career. But I have not seen a work quite like this: a compelling painting that offers a narrative not only of the tournament but also of fisheries throughout the United States.

Sudal's love for art began early. He grew up in northeastern Pennsylvania and spent most of his childhood fishing, exploring, and drawing the things he saw in the woods. In third grade, he got his first subscriptions to *Field & Stream*, *Outdoor Life*, and *In-Fisherman*. Captivated by the illustrations, diagrams, and photographs, he began drawing images from those pages.

His interest in the informational side of art also started early. He spent summers fishing along the Jersey Shore with his dad and their family friend John Beck, who kept a detailed fishing log. These logs fascinated Sudal, and when he was thirteen, he started keeping his own. He fished as often as he could and documented each trip: catches, the weather, fly patterns, and more. Inspired by *Field & Stream* illustrations, he made detailed drawings of fishing spots, tactics, and fish movement. He loved creating diagrams of his favorite fishing locations, marking where he had caught or lost fish.

In high school, Sudal won several regional art competitions, and teachers encouraged him to pursue illustration in college.

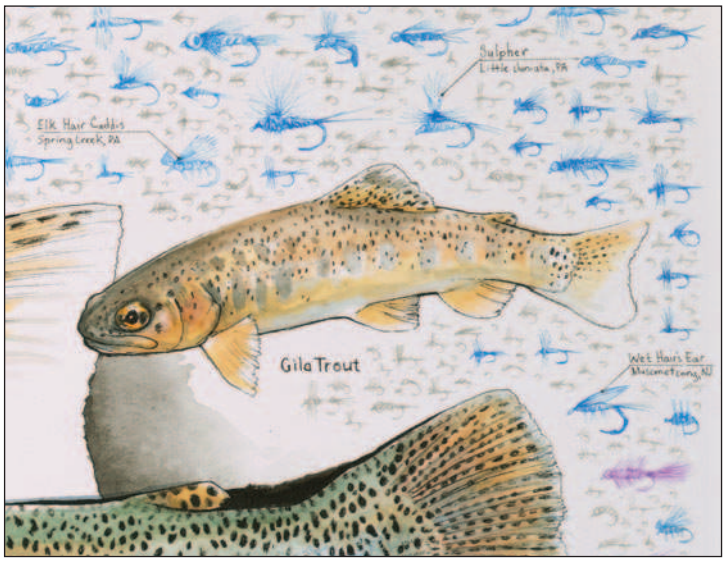
He earned a BFA in illustration from Ringling College of Art and Design. While finishing at Ringling, he secured a job as an intern at the *St. Petersburg Times*, starting right after graduation; a few illustrated pages from his fishing logs were a part of the portfolio he submitted for review. Later he was told that his logs reflected a natural journalistic artistry, and the *Times* felt he would be a good fit. Industry leader Jeff Goertzen mentored Sudal during his internship, teaching him to create and illustrate informational graphics. This mentorship jump-started Sudal's career as a visual journalist, illustrator, and artist. He worked on staff for the Associated Press and the *Wall Street Journal*, creating infographics and illustrations for features, breaking news, and special sections, and with freelance clients in the fishing and publishing industry, including *Field & Stream* and *Outdoor Life*.

Land of Rivers Blue and Gold (a 24 x 36–inch ink and watercolor on paper) tells the story of world-class rivers in the United States and the trout that inhabit them. The painting includes more than 2,600 individual flies, each representing a top-quality trout river in the United States. Larger flies in color signify each state's blue-ribbon or gold-medal streams organized by region. Gray secondary flies represent Class A systems, high-quality trout streams that haven't achieved gold or blue classification. This painting highlights the vast number of amazing trout rivers we have access to in the United States and the variety (and similarities) of patterns used. It celebrates both the places and wild trout we need to protect.

The culmination of Sudal's research, composition, design, draftsmanship, and painting—down to the last stroke—is a carefully planned narrative, forcing the artist well outside muscle memory and comfort zone, and allowing for unusual visual exploration, contemplation, and intrigue. (The artist discusses his process on page 9.) This creates a fascinating dialogue between the work and the viewer, with each viewer gaining something different from the story.

Mike Sudal's *Land of Rivers Blue and Gold* has found its home with the American Museum of Fly Fishing alongside some of the most significant fly-fishing artworks and practitioners of our time. The painting will ultimately be incorporated into our Yellowstone Collection, at which time it will travel with that collection to locations in the Yellowstone region.

Fred Polhemus
Trustee



Details from Land of Rivers Blue and Gold.

Flies, Rivers, and Regions

Sudal, in his own words, explains the journey to the finished work, from concept to execution and the final presentation.

I didn't have a concept initially. I first planned a visit to the museum with my family, where we explored the exhibits, flies, and history, then began thinking about what artistic story I could tell. I knew I wanted to incorporate data in some way and focus on trout, as they were the first species I pursued with a fly rod. This led me to the question: *What makes trout fishing in the United States unique and special, in my opinion?* I wrote down a few key ideas:

- The vast number of amazing trout rivers in the continental United States with public access
- The variety (and similarities) of fly patterns used across the country
- The wild trout species that inhabit these waters nationwide

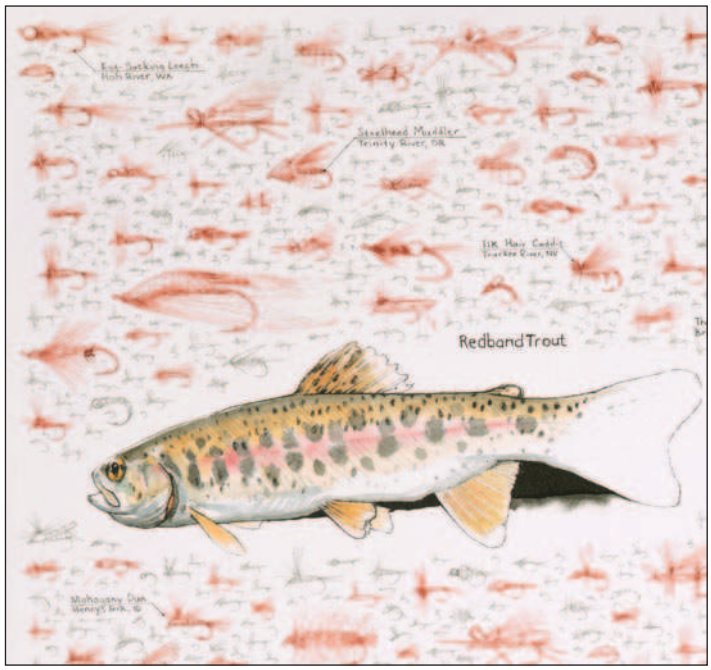
I sketched a concept that I felt artistically addressed these ideas, highlighting several key trout species targeted across the United States with rivers listed in the background loosely forming a map. In the spirit of the Jackson Hole One Fly, I wanted each river to be represented by a fly pattern significant to its ecosystem, organized by region, with a few key systems and patterns called out. If you had to choose one fly to fish each system, what would it be? Because this piece is part of the American Museum of Fly Fishing's permanent collection, I also wanted it to serve as a historical representation of world-class river access in 2024.

Once I was satisfied with my concept, I needed the data, which turned out to be quite challenging. Each state maintains its own list of trout-river classifications, and their websites made it complicated, if not impossible, to gather the information. After several weeks without success, I reached out to the team at TroutRoutes for help. Their app maps more than 50,000 trout waters in the United States. I hoped their technology and team could help me organize my data to show the best rivers in the nation. I explained my concept, and they were happy to assist by providing me with a full list of river classification data, current as of 2024.

With data in hand, I researched each river, looking up hatch charts, fly-fishing articles, and local guides' websites to find a representative fly pattern. The painting itself took a few weeks to complete. My media were ink and watercolor, which required careful precision because mistakes couldn't be easily corrected. I started with my main subjects—the fish—some of which were modeled after trout caught by me or my friends. For example, the brown trout is from the Smith River in Montana, and the rainbow trout is from the Delaware River in New York.

Following my concept sketch and spreadsheet of rivers and flies, I painted each river's fly individually across the background. I used colored inks with a dip pen to draw each fly, slightly diluting the ink with water to reduce its intensity so it wouldn't compete with the fish in the foreground. I then hand-lettered the labels and text. Finally, I added more than 2,000 secondary flies to represent Class A rivers.

When they first see the artwork, I want viewers to experience an overwhelming sense of density. As they move closer and focus on individual flies, rivers, and regions, I hope they feel a sense of familiarity and pride for their home waters and the role they play in the larger national ecosystem and dataset.



Details from Land of Rivers Blue and Gold.

Railroad Advertising, Nature, and Sport Fishing in America

Part I

by R. W. Hafer

Railroad advertising increased the public's awareness of nature and fostered the development of sport fishing in the United States. How? The argument goes like this. Railroads competed fiercely for passengers, including the growing number of tourists. Railroads' vast network allowed them to transport an ever-increasing number of individuals—men *and* women—in a timely manner to locales that previously had been visited only by the wealthy or locals. As railroads pushed into once-remote areas—think interior Maine, the upper reaches of Michigan's Lower Peninsula, and the wilderness areas of the newly opened West—their advertising campaigns introduced the public (especially those in urban areas) to a natural world that many had not experienced. These advertisements thus induced people to travel to locations where they could engage in outdoor recreational activities, such as fishing.[1]

My task is to provide evidence to support this argument. Given space constraints, I will illustrate the extent to which railroads used images of nature and of individuals participating in outdoor activities (especially fishing) to not only attract customers but also increase general interest in nature and sport fishing.

In extolling the benefits of the outdoor life, railroads routinely featured women in their various promotional campaigns. This was intentional, and it contributed to the period's changing social mores. First, the marketing of rail travel was meant to demonstrate that women could safely travel by train, even without a male escort. Second, it reinforced the increasingly popular idea that women could participate as equals with men in a variety of outdoor sports, like fishing.

To manage this task, I will focus on the period following the Civil War up to the mid-1900s. I will also look at format. Certain forms of advertising—timetables, pamphlets, and posters—were developed and remained in use even as alternative formats were being introduced. Consequently, I consider the type of media used regardless of the time frame in which they were used (e.g., timetables from the 1850s and the 1930s are lumped together). Also, because there are hundreds of advertising examples to choose from, I plan to split the discussion into two parts. In Part I, I look at railroads' use of timetables, advertising that focused on the scenery, and maps to attract customers and promote the outdoors. In Part II, I will examine the railroads' use of newspaper and magazine ads, travel pamphlets and brochures, and posters.


RUTLAND & BURLINGTON
RAIL ROAD.

Two Daily Trains to and from Burlington, Boston & New York.

Leave Ogdensburgh	10.00 A. M. and	8.00 P. M.
Leave Montreal	11.00 A. M. and	4.00 A. M.
Arrive Burlington	8.00 P. M. and	10.30 A. M.
Leave Burlington	8.00 A. M. and	10.45 A. M.
Arrive Boston	6.30 P. M. and	7.00 P. M.
Arrive New York	11.00 P. M. and	11.00 P. M

—RETURNING—

Leave New York	3.00 P. M. and	8.00 A. M.
Leave Boston	7.30 A. M. and	12.15 P. M.
Arrive Burlington	4.00 P. M. and	10.00 P. M.
Leave Burlington	4.15 P. M. and	5.00 A. M.
Arrive Ogdensburgh	12.00 P. M. and	2.00 P. M.
Arrive Montreal	8.00 A. M. and	1,30 P. M.

Freight Train Daily between Burlington and Boston.

AGENTS,

M. L. CHURCH, - - - - - - Rouses Point.
JAMES FLANAGAN, - - - - - Ogdensburgh,
H. D. DOANE, - Custom House Squre, Montreal,
O. P. SCOVEL, - - - - - 5 Broad St., Boston,
A. W. FOSTER, Master Transportation, Burlington.

—1851— L. BIGELOW, Sup't

Figure 1. This Rutland & Burlington timetable is an example of early railroad advertising combining a time schedule with a simple graphic. Note the style of locomotive and the fact that the train consisted of one passenger car. National Association of Timetable Collectors.

Timetables

Whether the mid-1800s or 2025, the basic railroad timetable has not changed much. One hundred and fifty years ago, I could look in the local newspaper and find a timetable telling me when the train for a railroad was departing from my local station and when it was scheduled to arrive at another. Visiting the Amtrak website today, I find that the Missouri River Runner (the naming of trains is a long-standing advertising tactic) leaves my hometown of Kirkwood, Missouri, at 1:47 p.m. and, after nine stops and assuming no delays en route, is scheduled to arrive at the Amtrak station in Chicago at 8:00 p.m. Even though the information is much the same, you will see that timetables evolved into something more than just dates, times, and cities.

In the early days of railroads, there wasn't much advertising. There simply weren't that many railroads competing for riders, and the railroads that existed often only traveled limited distances. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, one of the earliest railroads offering passenger service, operated on 15 miles of track. Such point-to-point service meant that marketing usually took the form of a very basic timetable that listed expected times of departure and arrival at the few locations served by the railroad, plus associated fares. These often appeared in newspapers or as sheets of paper called broadsides. Figure 1 shows one such timetable from 1851 for the Rutland & Burlington Railroad in Vermont. This one stood out because it included a train as an illustration.

Such basic timetables would continue to be used by small

lines, but that changed as the industry expanded. At the time of the Rutland & Burlington ad, several hundred railroads were operating on about 9,000 miles of track spread across the area east of the Mississippi River. By 1890, however, there were about a thousand railroad companies crisscrossing the country on nearly 167,000 miles of track.[2] And while the opening of the West with the addition of the transcontinental lines explains some of the exponential increase in track mileage, much of the growth reflects continued expansion in service in the eastern half of the country. A significantly larger number of companies competing in expanding markets meant that the "simple" timetable quickly became anything but. This is evidenced by the appearance of the railway guide.

Several companies produced these guides. One such guide was published by the Travelers Company based in New York City. The cover of their June 1868 issue is shown in Figure 2. This roughly 280-page guidebook included a handful of advertisements for consumer items like dry goods and watches, and an odd assortment of articles covering topics such as coal mining in Pennsylvania, the various uses of India rubber, and even one that addresses the question, "What shall we do with our Young Ladies?" The vast majority of the guidebook, however, was railroad schedules. This may seem like a lot of schedules, but there are about 140 different railroads included, some with extensive routes and schedules, others with only limited runs. Ocean and inland steam navigation routes also were included, because not all travelers could get to their final destination by rail alone. What makes this somewhat amazing is the fact that this guide (as others) was published *monthly* because of changes in railroad schedules and special deals offered at different times of the year.

Timetables not only got more complicated, but some became more eye-catching. Railroads began to produce timetables in a variety of forms as one way to differentiate their product. One such example is the timetable card for the Mount Washington Railway (Figure 3). One side of this colorful card from 1880 shows the railroad's picturesque route; the pertinent facts (highest elevation, steepest grade, departure times both up and back) are found on the other. The factual side would have been sufficient, but management decided to entice the potential rider with a preview of what they might expect to see by taking this train.

As quaint as it may seem, the use of such cards carried on into the twentieth

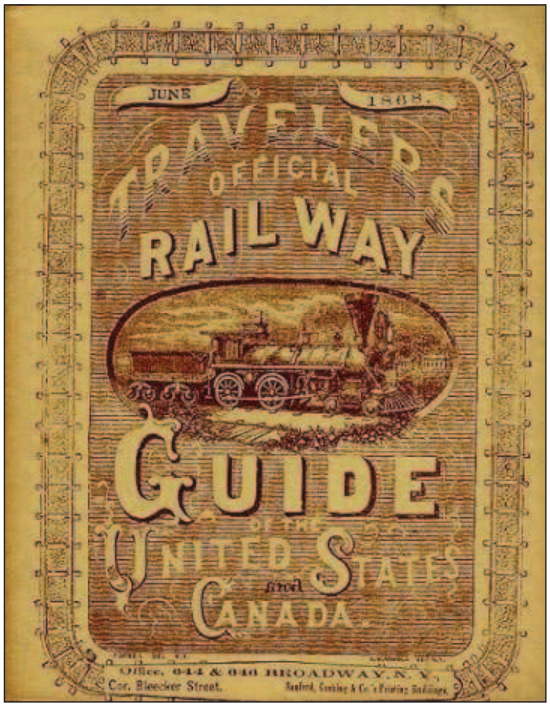
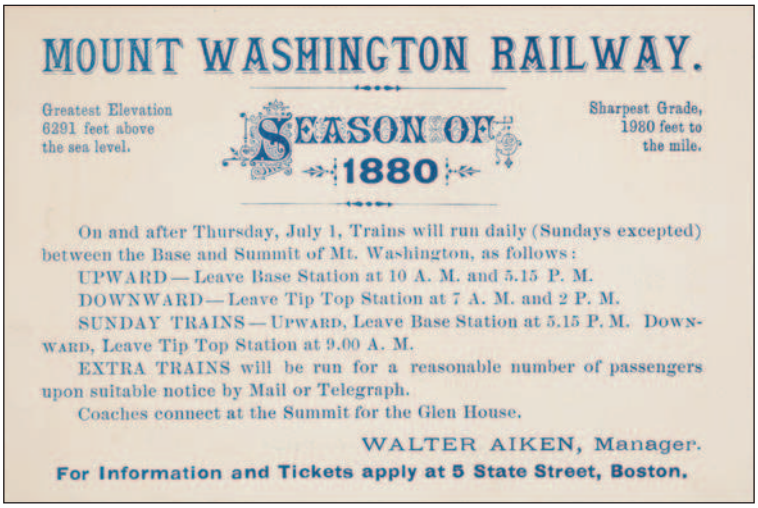


Figure 2. Railway guides like this June 1868 version from the Travelers Company of New York included timetables for dozens of railroads in the United States and Canada. Because railroads altered their schedules, these publications were often updated monthly. Author's collection.


MOUNT WASHINGTON RAILWAY.

Greatest Elevation 6291 feet above the sea level.

SEASON OF 1880

Sharpest Grade, 1980 feet to the mile.

On and after Thursday, July 1, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) between the Base and Summit of Mt. Washington, as follows:

UPWARD — Leave Base Station at 10 A. M. and 5.15 P. M.

DOWNWARD — Leave Tip Top Station at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M.

SUNDAY TRAINS — UPWARD, Leave Base Station at 5.15 P. M. DOWNWARD, Leave Tip Top Station at 9.00 A. M.

EXTRA TRAINS will be run for a reasonable number of passengers upon suitable notice by Mail or Telegraph.

Coaches connect at the Summit for the Glen House.

WALTER AIKEN, Manager.

For Information and Tickets apply at 5 State Street, Boston.

Figure 3. Advertising sometimes took the form of portable timetable cards. This 1880 two-sided version from the Mount Washington Railway provided not only the company's schedule but also a grand view of where it would take you. Courtesy of Historic New England.

Figure 4. Timetable and postcard ads remained in use for many years. This 1929 card for the Missouri Pacific includes arrival and departure times, a convenient map, and significant landscapes along the route. Public domain.

century. The Missouri Pacific Lines postcard advertisement from 1929 is one such example (Figure 4). The card provides the necessary arrival and departure times for the westbound and eastbound trains. But note that it also informs the would-be passenger that by taking *this* train, she would encounter two of nature's remarkable wonders: the Royal Gorge and the Feather River Canyon. The Missouri Pacific named the train the Scenic Limited and guaranteed passengers a "delightful journey." And if you were geographically challenged, a crude map of the route is found along the bottom of the card. Quite a step up from the Rutland & Burlington timetable.

Timetables became multipage affairs that provided not only departures and arrivals from various cities and towns, but also other useful bits of important travel information, such as hotels and eateries. On the covers of some, the railroad would show one of its engines or perhaps a bit of scenery. Others, at least those that could, used the covers of their timetables to illustrate what customers might find at their destination. The Depression-era timetables for the Colorado & Southern Railway and the Maine Central Railroad provide two examples (Figure 5). Besides including the usual departure/arrival times inside, the cover images suggest that these two companies could be relied on to get you to some of the best fishing. Whether in the mountain streams of Colorado or the backwoods of Maine, taking the train would deposit you in locales where you could test your angling skills against prized trout. In these and many other examples—and not because I have purposefully excluded others—it seems that the angler shown is most often a fly fisher. I doubt that the railroads shied away from transporting bait fishermen, but they didn't show up on timetable covers.

The Maine Central Railroad deserves additional mention for conceiving a shrewd advertising campaign. In the late 1880s, the company hired noted Maine

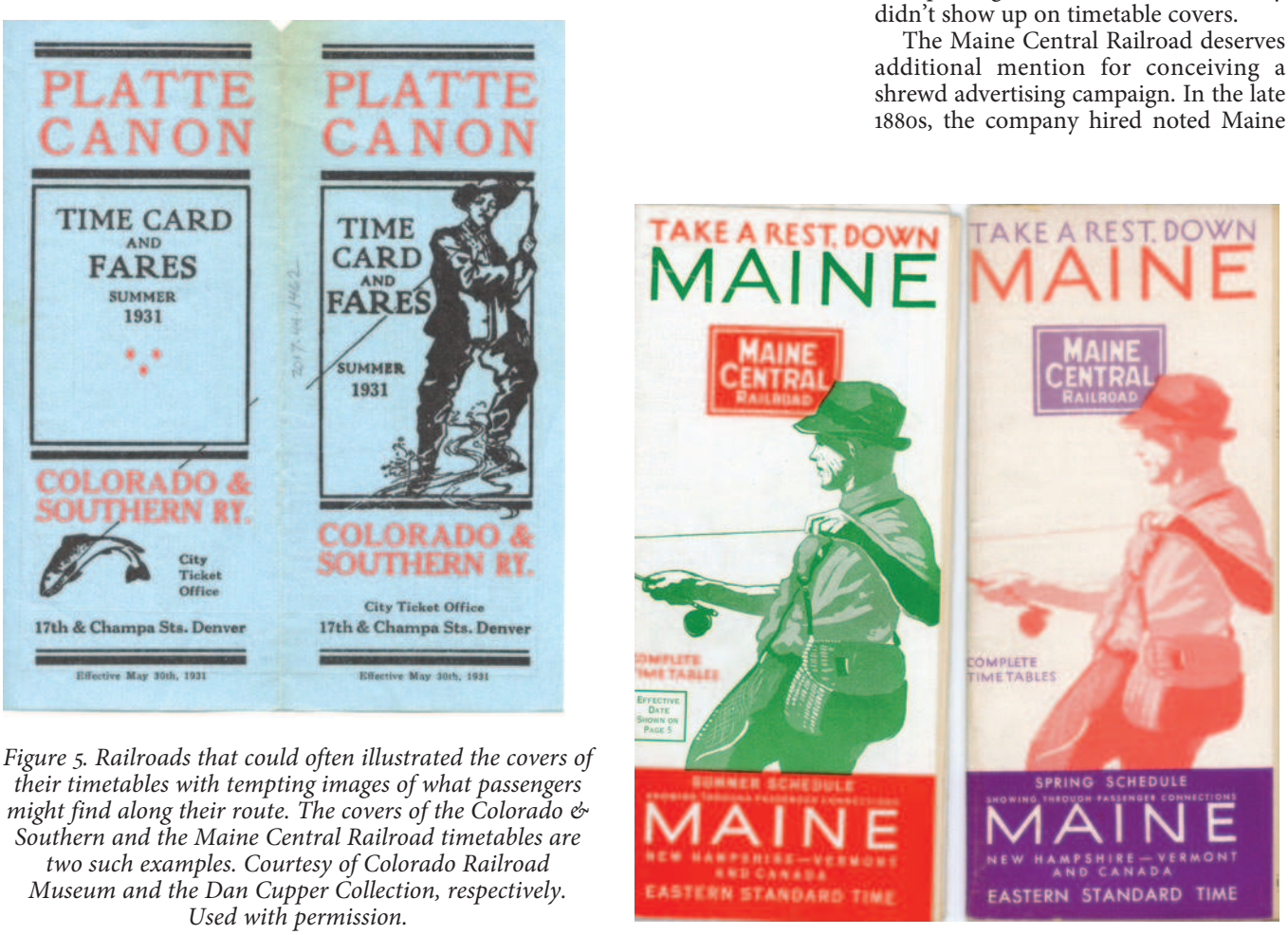


Figure 5. Railroads that could often illustrated the covers of their timetables with tempting images of what passengers might find along their route. The covers of the Colorado & Southern and the Maine Central Railroad timetables are two such examples. Courtesy of Colorado Railroad Museum and the Dan Cupper Collection, respectively. Used with permission.

guide and outdoorswoman Cornelia Crosby to promote the recreational activities available in western Maine. Known as "Fly Rod" Crosby, she had established a national reputation through her articles about camping, hunting, and fishing in Maine that appeared in numerous outdoor magazines and newspapers. Her writings also increased public awareness of Maine's backcountry as an outdoor destination. The popularity of her articles is credited with increasing tourist traffic to the area, especially from the urban areas of Boston and New York City. More visitor traffic was a boon for the Maine Central Railroad, because it offered the most efficient means of getting tourists to these locations. Why a shrewd campaign? Because her writings rarely, if ever, mentions the name of the railroad.[3]

Sell the Scenery

Railroads recognized that in addition to competing on service—safety, comfort, and timeliness—they also could attract passengers by promoting other aspects of the train-riding experience. One of these was to sell the scenery. If competitors offered a comparable product on the service side, maybe a railroad could separate itself from the pack by touting the beauty of the scenery through which their tracks ran. Obviously not every company could boast idyllic scenery along its route. But, if possible, railroads would slant the advertising to raise passenger expectations for what wonders of nature they might see outside their window as the train rolled along.[4]

The illustration used by the Chicago and Alton Railroad that appeared in about 1890 is a good example of such advertising (Figure 6). The woman in the image is apparently both enjoying a comfortable ride (note the style of the chair) and presumably appreciating the pastoral view outside her window. This image not only exemplifies the idea of selling the scenery, but also the use of women in railroad advertisements. As Victorian-era restrictions on women's ability to travel were breaking down, railroads included them in much of their promotional material to strengthen the idea that train travel for women is both comfortable and, more importantly, safe. The not-so-subtle intimation was that women should have no fear of traveling by train, even without a male companion. As you will see in later examples, by showing women traveling by train to enjoy an outdoor sport like fishing, railroads were eroding the gender barriers of the late 1800s.

Figure 6. This Chicago and Alton Railroad ad (circa 1890) captured several elements important to lure passengers, especially women: a comfortable ride, a sylvan landscape, and luxurious surroundings in one of its Pullman cars. Public domain.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, or simply the Lackawanna, offered the most direct route from Hoboken, New Jersey, to Buffalo, New York.[5] The company originally focused on transporting coal from Pennsylvania coal mines; that is, until management realized the revenue potential from carrying residents of New York City and other East Coast urban areas to camps and resorts in the surrounding countryside. The Lackawanna quickly became a major carrier for those wishing to escape the city for destinations like the increasingly popular Delaware Water Gap. In addition to transporting harried urbanites to the countryside, the Lackawanna burned anthracite coal in its locomotives. Because anthracite is a much cleaner-burning coal, unlike the softer coals used by its rivals, the Lackawanna stressed the cleanliness of its railroad, dubbing itself the Road of Anthracite in its advertising.[6]

The Lackawanna combined these two aspects of its operation—its ability to get tourists to the countryside and its use of clean-burning anthracite coal—in a promotional campaign that featured the fictional young lady named Phoebe Snow.[7] The Phoebe Snow ads began to appear in the early 1900s. Phoebe was always attired in an immaculate white dress, signifying that the Lackawanna offered such a clean ride that Phoebe, or anyone

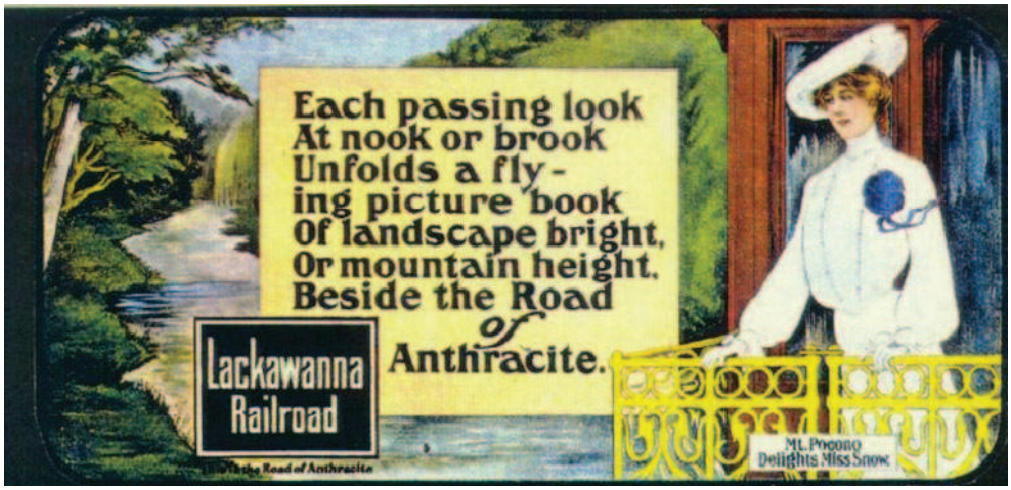


Figure 7. The Phoebe Snow ad campaign by the Lackawanna Railroad was immensely popular. The ads featured Miss Snow, always clad in white, often riding on the Lackawanna through beautiful countryside. Courtesy of Rail Road Museum of Pennsylvania.

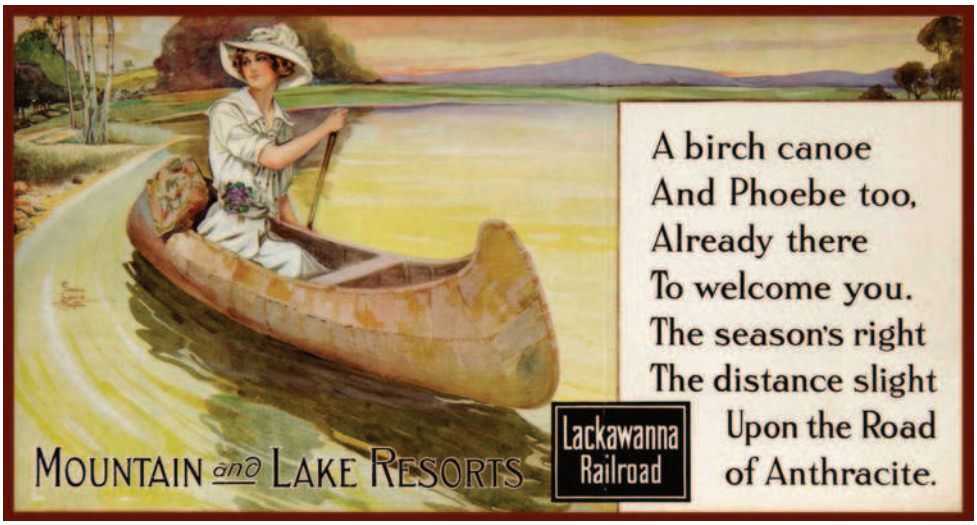


Figure 8. This Phoebe Snow ad focused on a destination for the Lackawanna Railroad: the Mountain and Lake Resorts area of Pennsylvania. By taking the Lackawanna, you too could be enjoying the pleasure of a relaxing time canoeing. Courtesy of Rail Road Museum of Pennsylvania.

else, need not fear soiling their garments with smoke or ash. That she is shown to be traveling alone was again a signal to young women that they could safely travel on the Lackawanna.

The ads were displayed as advertising cards (about 11 by 20 inches) above the windows inside streetcars and commuter trains in major eastern cities. The popularity of the campaign and the public's interest in Phoebe made her a public-relations boon for the company. The Phoebe Snow campaign lasted until 1917, when the Navy's demand for hard coal forced the Lackawanna to shift to softer, dirtier coal to fuel its locomotives.

One Phoebe Snow ad I have chosen illustrates how the company advertised the pastoral views that any Lackawanna passenger could (should!) expect (Figure 7). And if the visual clues were not sufficient, the ads included a short phrase or poem to drive home the point that every passenger on the Lackawanna could expect a "picture book" landscape. The natural vistas often included streams and waterfalls to emphasize the beauty of the outdoors along the route.

The Lackawanna touted its ability to help people escape from the city to the countryside in other Phoebe Snow ads. The ad for Mountain and Lake Resorts in rural Pennsylvania (Figure 8) does treble duty: it promotes the railroad; it promises that it can get you to this sanctuary of rest and relaxation; and it again reinforces the idea that women could enjoy nature's restorative benefits. If the young Phoebe could enjoy a canoe trip by taking the Lackawanna, might not others also appreciate related outdoor activities while at the resorts?

Sometimes the focus of selling the scenery was just that. The copy for the 1926 New York Central Lines ad that appeared in the *Literary Digest* informs us that it is the only railroad providing the "water-level route" between Chicago and New York. This sobriquet arose from the fact that the New York Central's main line out of New York City hugged the Hudson River and the Mohawk River before progressing through the area south of Lake Ontario

and Lake Erie. To emphasize the beauty of the countryside through which its trains passed, the company used a black and white image of the Mohawk Valley in central New York from an original painting by Russell Patterson (Figure 9). Note how the train seems almost secondary to the scenery.

Fifty years after Phoebe was riding the Lackawanna through the countryside, railroads were still connecting passengers to nature. With air travel still relatively new (and expensive), and the prospect of driving the family hundreds of miles to reach the alluring western United States daunting, railroads publicized their ability to convey passengers—such as a family on vacation—long distances in comfort and through amazing scenery. This is the hook of the 1958 magazine ad for the Santa Fe's El Capitan and San Francisco Chief trains, which provided service between Chicago and Los Angeles, San Francisco, and San Diego (Figure 10).

What made these trains unique was the Santa Fe's "Big Dome" lounge car and its "picture windows," through which one could observe the amazing sights along the journey. If the natural beauty was not encouraging enough, the ad copy makes train travel almost irresistible: Take the train and join the "happy group" of fellow passengers (the subtext being "unlike those driving hundreds of miles in a packed car with cranky children"). Join other passengers who are witness to the wonders of nature, and enjoy a meal in the dining car "priced to fit your budget." If you are lucky, you may even meet "a model who does television commercials"! For a mere $55, who could resist that?

While many railroad ads over the years focused on the ride itself, a large subset chose to sell the landscape passing by. Scenery was, and to this day remains, a key ingredient in many railroad advertisements. Such advertising connected the railroad passenger to the countryside, which—even if subconsciously—engendered interest amongst the general public for what nature had to offer.

Maps

From the earliest of times to the present, railroads have produced maps of their service areas. Maps were included in timetables and in guidebooks, and sometimes they stood alone as a form of advertising. In every instance, they showed how you would get from where you started to where you wished to go, and usually

Figure 9. Magazine ads like this one often focused on the landscape through which a railroad's tracks ran. This ad for the New York Central commends the comfort of its route through the picturesque Mohawk Valley of New York. From Literary Digest *(25 September 1926). Public domain.*

Figure 10. This 1958 magazine ad for the Santa Fe's "Big Dome" lounge cars sells not only comfort and scenery, but also family harmony, even after traveling 2,000 miles. Public domain.

the stops in between. Sometimes the map was simple: you've already seen this in the Missouri Pacific advertising card from 1929 (Figure 4). As railroads expanded their service territory, some maps became quite inclusive, showing their trunk routes and any connecting lines to a wide array of cities. To catch your eye, some companies took the opportunity to try and make their maps more than just, well, maps.

An example of this is the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway map from 1884 (Figure 11). This "map" combined several pieces of information into one source. It not only shows service territory and a listing of stations served by the line, but also includes some of the exceptional sights a passenger would encounter traveling along its routes. If the visuals are insufficient, the copy (upper right) tells you "This Map gives an idea of the extent of Country and Important Business Centres and Pleasure Resorts" along its route, which ran from Minneapolis and St. Paul through Milwaukee to Chicago. One of those pleasure resorts was the Jaws of the Dells (lower left), where two individuals appear to be fishing.

Some companies took quite imaginative approaches when illustrating their routes. The Northern Pacific Railway Company map from 1898 (Figure 12) married a detailed depiction of their many lines and all the stops between St. Paul and Seattle (plus track running north and south from these nodes) with the image of a pointer overlaying the map. The fact that the pointer is pointing at Seattle is a not-so-sly hint that the Northern Pacific is *the* railroad to take if you want to go to the Pacific Northwest. The copy adds some levity by teasing, "When you want a pointer regarding your Western trip." Did anyone seeing this map wonder whether the positioning of the dog implies something about the allure of the two endpoints? Wasn't anybody interested in going *from* Seattle *to* St. Paul?

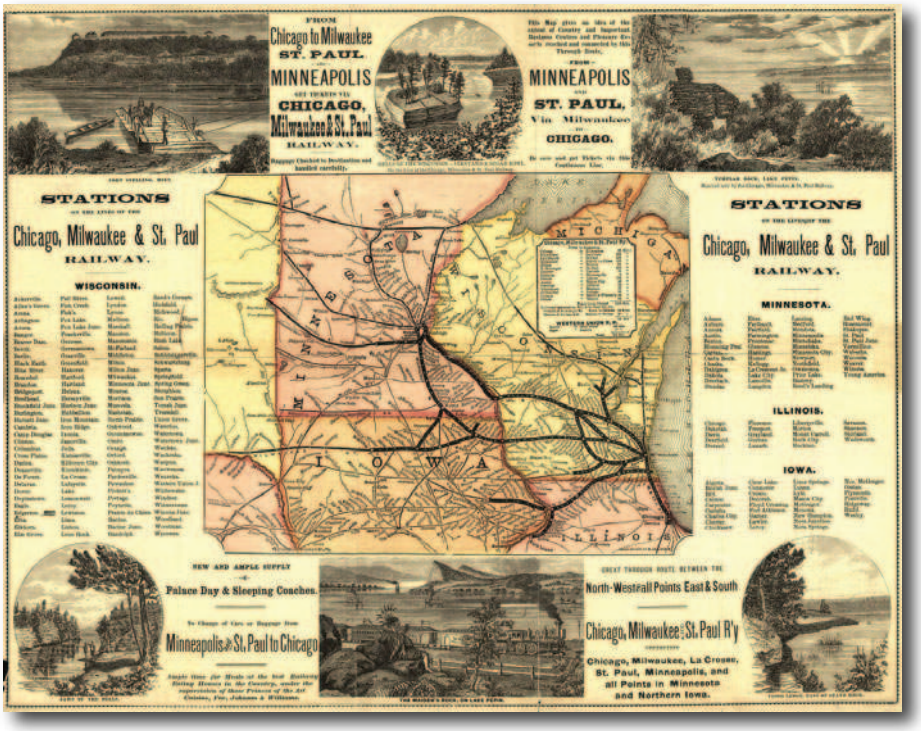


Figure 11. Some companies had just maps of their routes, some just timetables. This 1884 Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway offering combined these elements and even included popular sightseeing opportunities. Courtesy of World Maps.

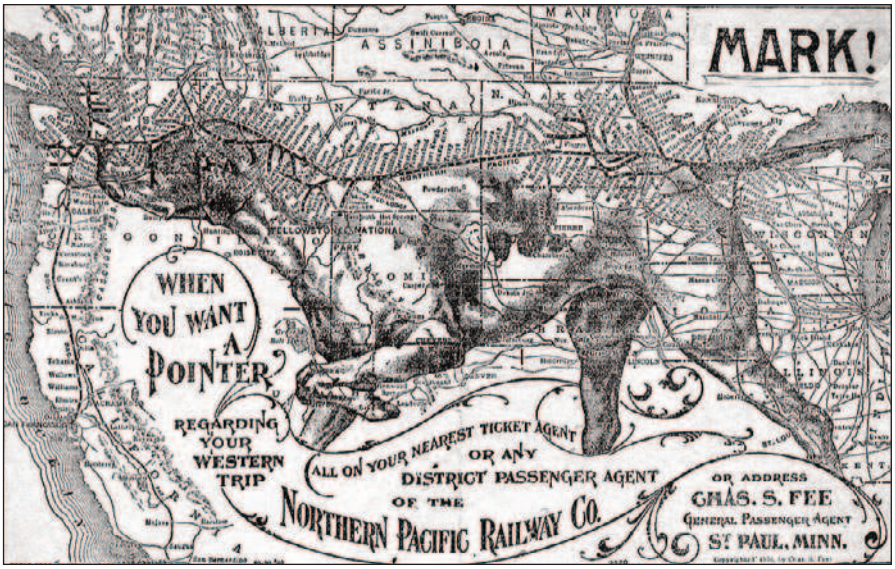


Figure 12. This 1898 map for the Northern Pacific Railway Company illustrates its main routes to the West Coast. The image of the pointer and the ad copy provide a humorous take on information obtained from any of its passenger agents. Public domain.

Figure 13. Animals were often used to illustrate a company's routes. The Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway used an alligator to catch the potential customer's eye. Public domain.

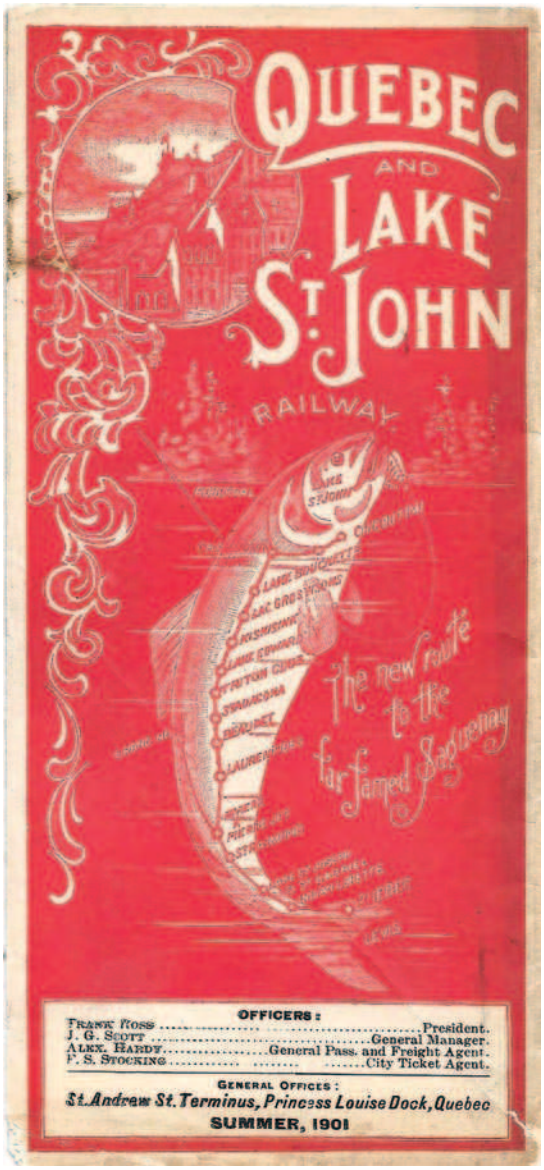


Figure 14. To make clear what service it offered the angler, the cover of the Summer 1901 timetable for the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway superimposed its route on a salmon. Edward Levay Collection, used with permission.

Animals were used to link destinations in passengers' minds with a railroad. The Louisville, New Albany & Chicago Railway ran the so-called Monon Route (a Pullman Palace Car Route, no less), which connected northern cities like Chicago and Indianapolis to cities in the South, such as Mobile, Montgomery, and Jacksonville (Figure 13). The alligator upon which the map is overlaid is there to conjure up what northerners heading south might expect to find at the end of their journey. An alligator must have represented an exotic creature to someone then living in Indiana. Like the Northern Pacific map, this one also seems one-sided. It encouraged travel south, as it has no relation, animal-wise, to what someone from Jacksonville, Florida, might expect to find in Chicago.

Some maps associated fishing with a specific railroad. One example is the 1901 cover page of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway timetable (Figure 14). The railroad's tracks from Quebec to the Saguenay River follow the lateral line of the salmon. But the image of the salmon with a fly in its jaw says it all: take the Quebec and Lake St. John if you want to experience the kind of salmon and trout fishing you've only dreamed of.

My personal favorite of all the maps I have seen was produced by the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad. The Grand Rapids & Indiana originally hauled timber from the forests of northern Michigan south to sawmills in Detroit, Chicago, and elsewhere. When this resource was depleted, along with related jobs, the Grand Rapids & Indiana helped launch the nascent tourist industry in Michigan. Those who once felled pines switched to guiding, built hostelries, and offered other services to the growing numbers of tourists and anglers descending on the region. And most of those visitors arrived via the Grand Rapids & Indiana.

Within a relatively short time, the Grand Rapids & Indiana became known as *the* railroad for anglers seeking out some of the best trout streams in America. Located in the northern part of Michigan's Lower Peninsula, many of the streams teemed with native brook trout and, over time, with rainbow trout that were introduced by the U.S. Fish Commission. But this area had something that made it special: the grayling. The fact that the grayling existed in abundance in this one area made it a must-visit destination for thousands of anglers hoping to catch this rare and exceptional fish.

Figure 15. Proclaiming itself "The Fishing Line," this Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad map (circa 1900) made clear that it alone could transport the interested angler to the home of the American grayling. Courtesy of Archives of Michigan.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana map makes it perfectly clear what the company offered (Figure 15). The many connections shown on the map lets anyone living in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Saint Louis, Cincinnati, or Montgomery know that by taking the Grand Rapids & Indiana, you could check the grayling off your angling bucket list. Sadly, the grayling craze, together with the destructive fishing ethic of the time—the catch-and-release mindset was decades in the future—sealed the grayling's fate. By the early 1900s, this once-plentiful fish had nearly vanished in its home territory. It is reported that the last native grayling from this area was caught in 1936.[8]

Railroads' use of maps to illustrate the scenery that travelers could expect to see continued into the twentieth century. The Union Pacific ad that ran in a 1948 *Ladies' Home Journal* shows the various locales it serviced, encompassing "scenic grandeur" to "healthful recreation" (Figure 16). The map indicates that by taking the Union Pacific, you could enjoy fishing in Sun Valley, Idaho, or in the Pacific Northwest. If fishing isn't your thing, you and the family could experience a dude ranch or take in the vistas of some western national park. Just mail in the coupon for a detailed brochure, and you'll be on your way.

A Final Note

The focus in this first installment has been on how railroads used timetables, scenes of nature, and maps to encourage ridership. Of course, not every railroad could use scenes of nature or the image of someone trout fishing to promote its passenger service. For the companies that could, however, their advertising campaigns often encouraged visiting the outdoors and taking part in the recreational activities it offers. Some ads used scenes of hunting, some fishing, and some simply showed the objective of certain travelers' quest: the trout, salmon, or grayling.

Part II of this article will discuss other forms of advertising used by railroads, including magazine ads, travel pamphlets and brochures, and posters. Aside from purely business motives, railroad advertising created a stylized version of nature in the public's imagination. Many who saw such ads would never take the

train to, say, Michigan or Colorado or California. But just being exposed to these images surely must have sparked curiosity about what wonders these mysterious destinations held. And because some ads featured men and women fishing—often for trout and with a fly rod—the ads must have encouraged a growing number of individuals to consider this activity as a recreational pastime.

ENDNOTES

1. In one form or another I have made the argument linking railroads and the promotion of fishing elsewhere. See R. W. Hafer, "Trains and Trout: Railroads and the Evolution of Sport Fishing in America," *Railroad History* (Spring/Summer 2022, no. 226), 10–23, and R. W. Hafer, "Railroads and Fish Culture in the United States," *The American Fly Fisher* (Fall 2023, vol. 49, no. 1), 2–11.

2. U.S. Bureau of the Census, *Historical Statistics of the United States: Colonial Times to 1957* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1990), 427.

3. Thanks to Zachariah Selley of the Maine State Museum for providing some clarifying details on this relationship. For more on Cornelia Crosby, see Julia A. Hunter and Earle G. Shettleworth Jr., *Fly Rod Crosby: The Woman Who Marketed Maine* (Thomaston, Me.: Tilbury House Publishers, 2003); Austin S. Hogan, "Glamour Girl of the Maine Lakes: Fly Rod's Reel Was of Solid Gold," *The American Fly Fisher* (Fall 1977, vol. 4, no. 4), 5–7; or Thomas A. Verde, "Diana of the Rangeleys," *The American Fly Fisher* (Fall 1989, vol. 15, no. 2), 8–13.

4. Some railroads considered this aspect of their service so important that they actively removed artificial barriers, such as billboards, that might impede the passenger's view.

5. Once it extended its reach to Buffalo, the railroad was able to connect passengers to other railroads that served Cleveland, Detroit, and Chicago.

6. The catchphrase "Road of Anthracite" allegedly was inspired by Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), who, after taking the train to Elmira, New York, in 1899, purportedly wrote to tell the railroad that he "Left New York on Lackawanna Railroad this A.M. in white duck suit, and it's white yet." This phrase and an image of Clemens in his white suit was used in a Lackawanna ad. See Roger Yepsen, "Dallying along the Lackawanna Trail," *New York Times* (2 April 2000), section 5, 16.

7. For an introduction to this campaign, see Rodney O. Davis, "Earnest Elmo Calkins and Phoebe Snow," *Railroad History* (Autumn 1990, no. 163), 88–92.

8. In the early 2000s, the Little River Band of Ottawa Indians and the Michigan Department of Natural Resources began an initiative to reintroduce grayling to Michigan waters. An initial stocking of grayling took place in 2003, reintroducing them in a few lakes located in the state's Upper Peninsula. This initiative continues.

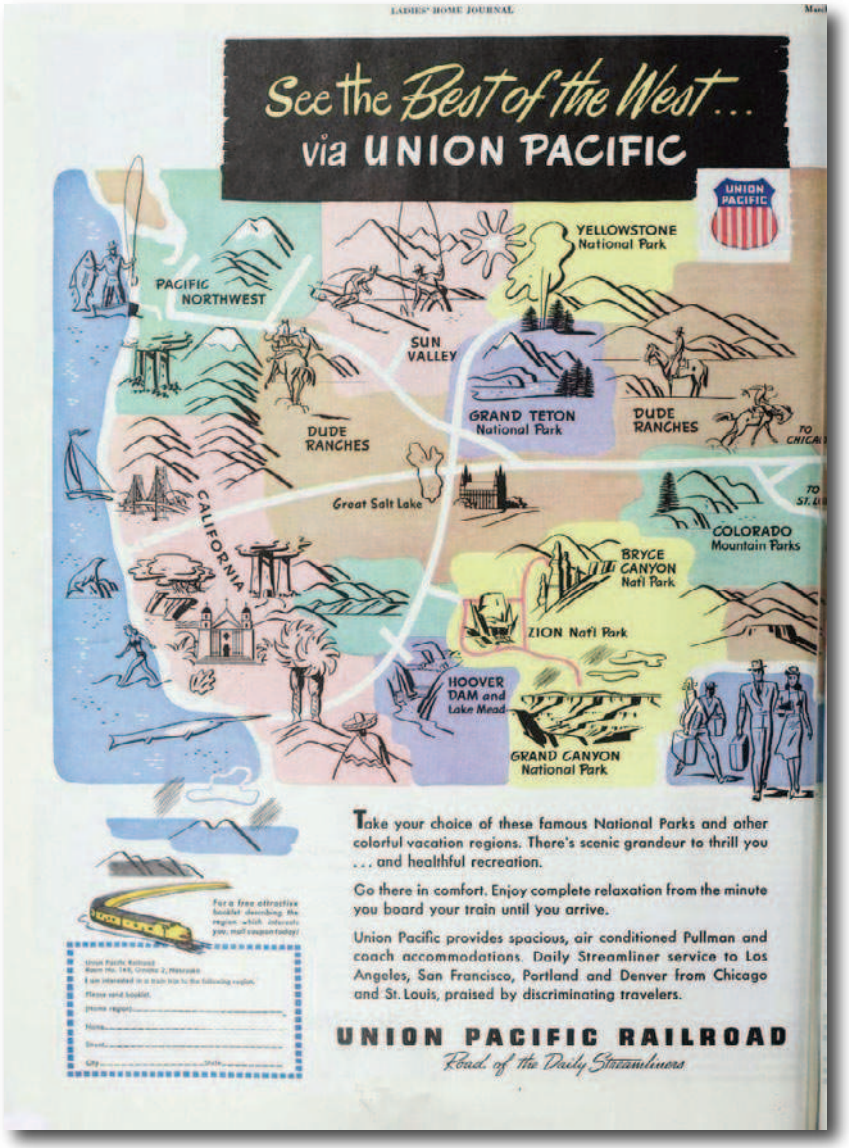


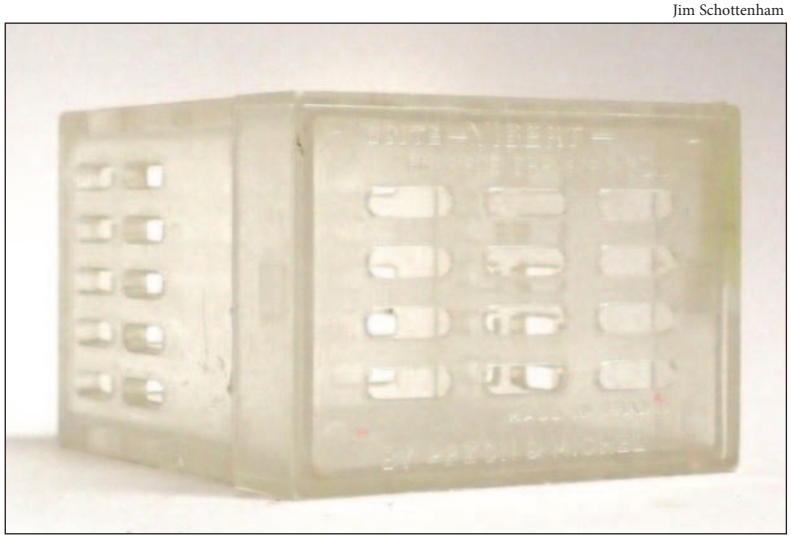
Figure 16. Advertising the outdoors never went out of style. This 1948 ad from the Ladies' Home Journal *makes it clear that to see the best of the West, it's best to take the Union Pacific. Public domain.*

The Whitlock-Vibert Box

On 23 September 1952, Richard Vibert of Oloron-Sainte-Marie, France, a fisheries researcher, was granted United States Patent 2,611,337 for his fish egg–hatching device.[1] The subsequently named Vibert System consisted of a small plastic box to hold the eggs of trout or salmon obtained through a "reputable hatchery."[2] The 2½ x 1¾–inch ventilated box, produced by the famed fishing tackle company Pezon et Michel, was placed in a hole dug in a stream, river, or lake, ideally in a bed with gravel the size of a "hazel nut and a hen's egg."[3] Once in the hole, the box was covered with the gravel until the original level of the bed was reached and the current flowed over the top. The transparent box was constructed to allow newly hatched fry to escape through openings while retaining the unhatched, spherical eggs, offering protection that mimicked the natural hatching process.

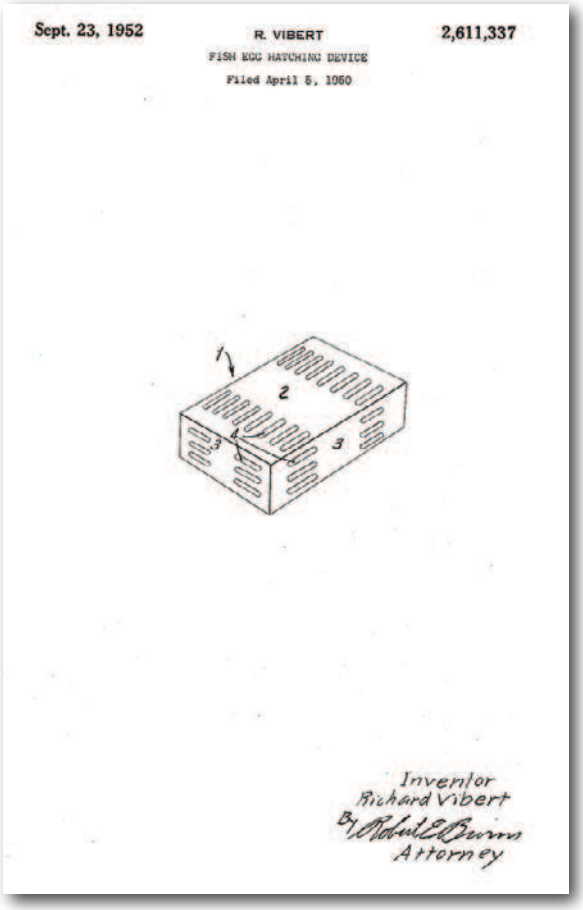
The system remained in use until 1978, when Dave Whitlock introduced improvements to the Vibert box, earning his own patent on 13 June 1978 (number 4,094,270).[4] Whitlock's 5¾ x 2¼–inch box,

Jim Schottenham



Above: Original box design by Dr. Vibert, made by Pezon et Michel of France, circa 1950s. Gift of the Federation of Fly Fishermen. 1978.031.001.

Below: The Vibert box patent (left) and the patent for Dave Whitlock's improvements on Vibert's design.

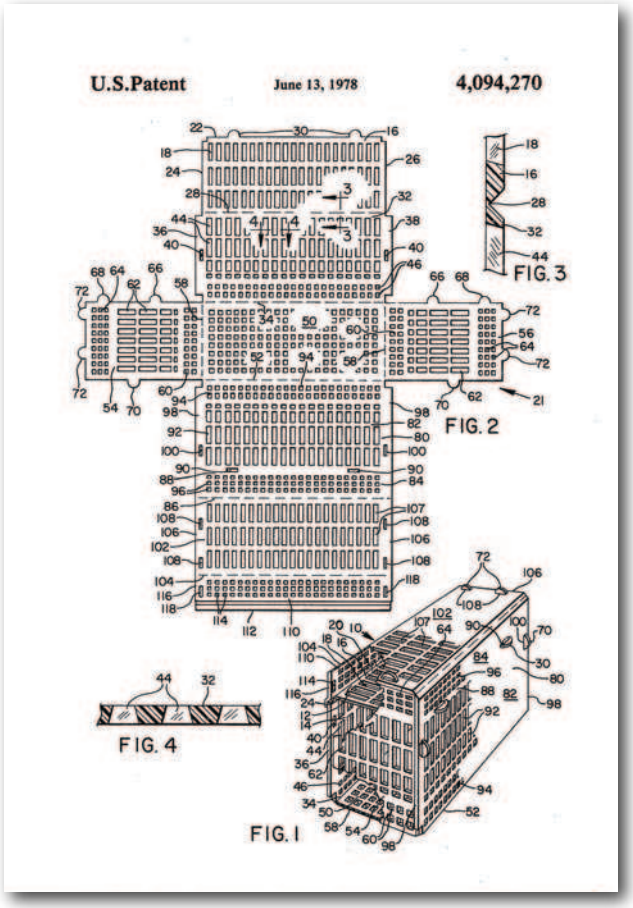


Sept. 23, 1952 R. VIBERT 2,611,337

FISH EGG HATCHING DEVICE

Filed April 5, 1950

Inventor
Richard Vibert
By Robert E. Burns
Attorney



U.S.Patent June 13, 1978 4,094,270

FIG. 3

FIG. 2

FIG. 4

FIG. 1

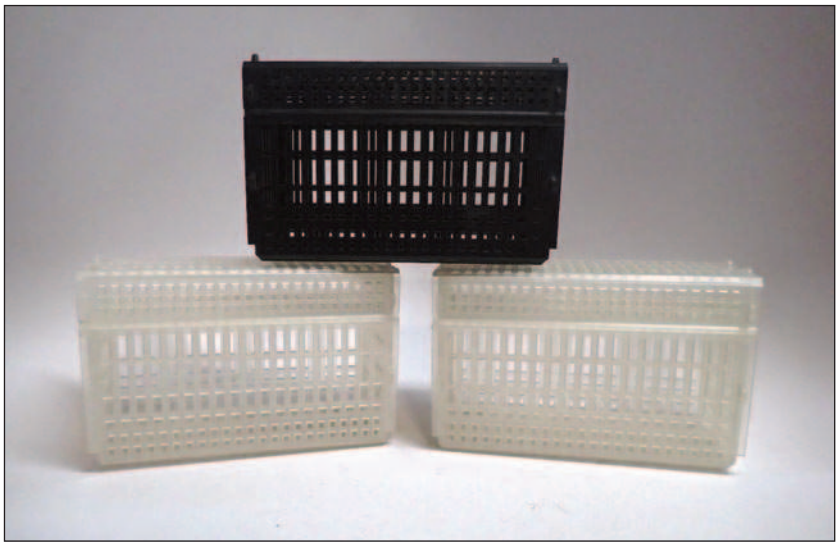
built by the Phillips Petroleum Company,[5] included a separate chamber that allowed the newly hatched fry to remain protected against fish and predacious insects until large enough to fend for themselves. According to Whitlock, Phillips didn't charge for the box, allowing for the Federation of Fly Fishermen to sell them for the princely sum of one dollar each.[6] Today, Fly Fishers International maintains the program, selling the Whitlock-Vibert Boxes for $4.75 each to fisheries professionals, cooperating organizations, and individuals, with the proceeds supporting the FFI and its conservation program.[7] These highly successful trout and salmon incubators, examples of which are now part of the AMFF permanent collection, could quite possibly be the reason you catch your next native trout on your favorite water.

Jim Schottenham
Curator

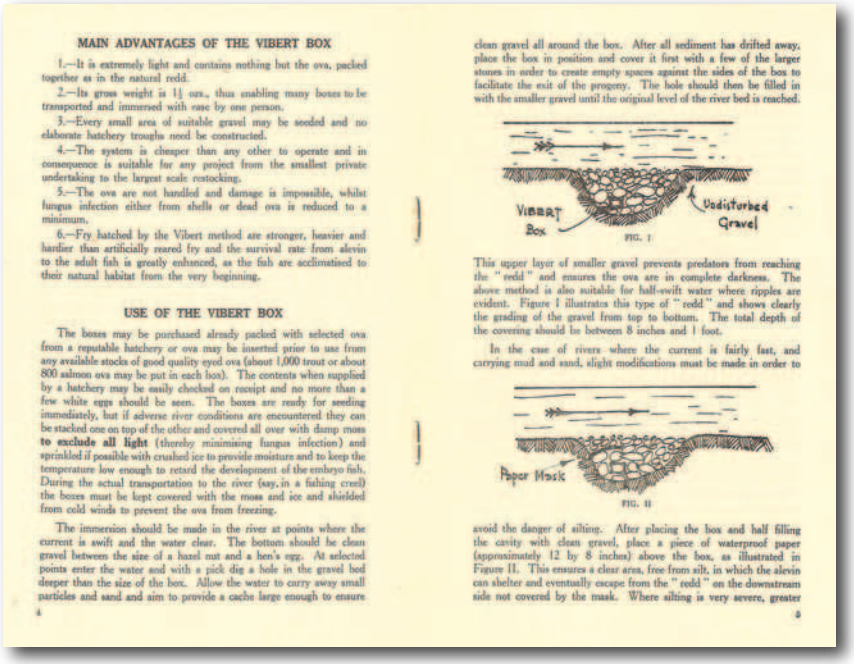
ENDNOTES

1. Richard Vibert. Fish egg hatching device. U.S. Patent 2,611,337, filed 5 April 1950 and issued 23 September 1952. https://patents.google.com/patent/US2611337. Accessed 12 December 2024.
2. *The Restocking of Salmon and Trout Waters by the Vibert System*, pamphlet given to purchasers of the Vibert box (printed by Essex Telegraph Press LTD., Colchester, England, ca. 1950s), 4.
3. Ibid.
4. David W. Whitlock. Fish egg incubating device. U.S. Patent 4,094,270, filed 22 October 1976 and issued 13 June 1978. https://patents.google.com/patent/US4094270. Accessed 12 December 2024.
5. "Dave Whitlock: Renowned Fly Fisherman, Artist, and Writer," interview by John Erling, *Voices of Oklahoma*, podcast audio, 2 October 2019, https://voicesofoklahoma.com/interviews/whitlock-dave/. Accessed 5 December 2024.
6. Ibid.
7. Fly Fishers International, "Whitlock-Vibert Boxes Help Conservation Efforts," https://www.flyfishersinternational.org/Conservation/Projects-Programs/Whitlock-Vibert-Box. Accessed 5 December 2024.

Jim Schottenham



Above right: A trio of Dave Whitlock–improved boxes produced by Phillips Petroleum Company, circa late 1970s. Gift of the Federation of Fly Fishermen. 1978.031.002–004.



MAIN ADVANTAGES OF THE VIBERT BOX

1.—It is extremely light and contains nothing but the ova, packed together as in the natural redd.

2.—Its gross weight is 1½ ozs., thus enabling many boxes to be transported and immersed with ease by one person.

3.—Every small area of suitable gravel may be seeded and no elaborate hatchery troughs need be constructed.

4.—The system is cheaper than any other to operate and in consequence is suitable for any project from the smallest private undertaking to the largest scale restocking.

5.—The ova are not handled and damage is impossible, whilst fungus infection either from shells or dead ova is reduced to a minimum.

6.—Fry hatched by the Vibert method are stronger, heavier and hardier than artificially reared fry and the survival rate from alevin to the adult fish is greatly enhanced, as the fish are acclimatised to their natural habitat from the very beginning.

USE OF THE VIBERT BOX

The boxes may be purchased already packed with selected ova from a reputable hatchery or ova may be inserted prior to use from any available stocks of good quality eyed ova (about 1,000 trout or about 800 salmon ova may be put in each box). The contents when supplied by a hatchery may be easily checked on receipt and no more than a few white eggs should be seen. The boxes are ready for seeding immediately, but if adverse river conditions are encountered they can be stacked one on top of the other and covered all over with damp moss **to exclude all light** (thereby minimising fungus infection) and sprinkled if possible with crushed ice to provide moisture and to keep the temperature low enough to retard the development of the embryo fish. During the actual transportation to the river (say, in a fishing creel) the boxes must be kept covered with the moss and ice and shielded from cold winds to prevent the ova from freezing.

The immersion should be made in the river at points where the current is swift and the water clear. The bottom should be clean gravel between the size of a hazel nut and a hen's egg. At selected points enter the water and with a pick dig a hole in the gravel bed deeper than the size of the box. Allow the water to carry away small particles and sand and aim to provide a cache large enough to ensure

clean gravel all around the box. After all sediment has drifted away, place the box in position and cover it first with a few of the larger stones in order to create empty spaces against the sides of the box to facilitate the exit of the progeny. The hole should then be filled in with the smaller gravel until the original level of the river bed is reached.

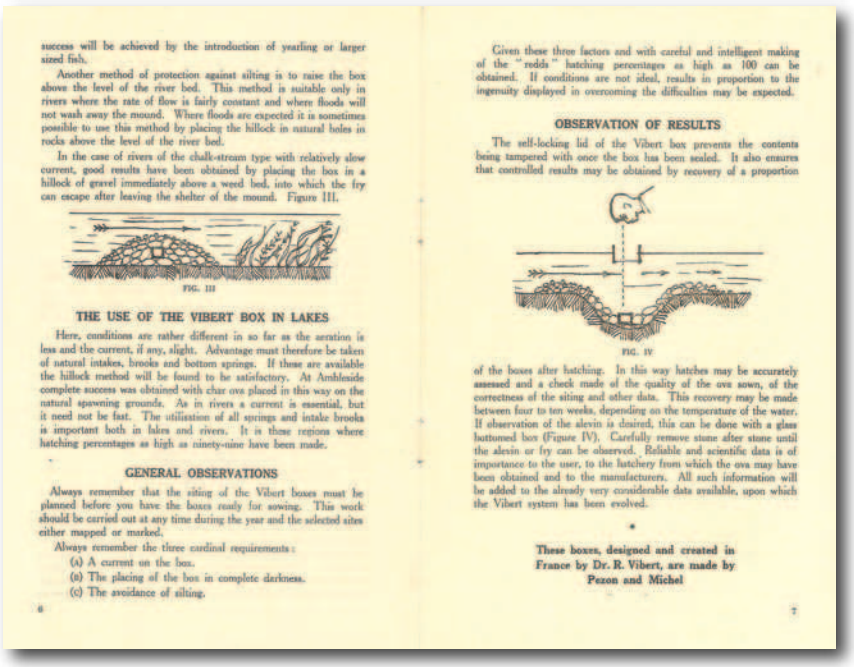
FIG. I

This upper layer of smaller gravel prevents predators from reaching the "redd" and ensures the ova are in complete darkness. The above method is also suitable for half-swift water where ripples are evident. Figure I illustrates this type of "redd" and shows clearly the grading of the gravel from top to bottom. The total depth of the covering should be between 8 inches and 1 foot.

In the case of rivers where the current is fairly fast, and carrying mud and sand, slight modifications must be made in order to

FIG. II

avoid the danger of silting. After placing the box and half filling the cavity with clean gravel, place a piece of waterproof paper (approximately 12 by 8 inches) above the box, as illustrated in Figure II. This ensures a clear area, free from silt, in which the alevin can shelter and eventually escape from the "redd" on the downstream side not covered by the mask. Where silting is very severe, greater



success will be achieved by the introduction of yearling or larger sized fish.

Another method of protection against silting is to raise the box above the level of the river bed. This method is suitable only in rivers where the rate of flow is fairly constant and where floods will not wash away the mound. Where floods are expected it is sometimes possible to use this method by placing the hillock in natural holes in rocks above the level of the river bed.

In the case of rivers of the chalk-stream type with relatively slow current, good results have been obtained by placing the box in a hillock of gravel immediately above a weed bed, into which the fry can escape after leaving the shelter of the mound. Figure III.

FIG. III

THE USE OF THE VIBERT BOX IN LAKES

Here, conditions are rather different in so far as the aeration is less and the current, if any, slight. Advantage must therefore be taken of natural intakes, brooks and bottom springs. If these are available the hillock method will be found to be satisfactory. At Ambleside complete success was obtained with char ova placed in this way on the natural spawning grounds. As in rivers a current is essential, but it need not be fast. The utilisation of all springs and intake brooks is important both in lakes and rivers. It is these regions where hatching percentages as high as ninety-nine have been made.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

Always remember that the siting of the Vibert boxes must be planned before you have the boxes ready for sowing. This work should be carried out at any time during the year and the selected sites either mapped or marked.

Always remember the three cardinal requirements:

(a) A current on the box.
(b) The placing of the box in complete darkness.
(c) The avoidance of silting.

Given these three factors and with careful and intelligent making of the "redds" hatching percentages as high as 100 can be obtained. If conditions are not ideal, results in proportion to the ingenuity displayed in overcoming the difficulties may be expected.

OBSERVATION OF RESULTS

The self-locking lid of the Vibert box prevents the contents being tampered with once the box has been sealed. It also ensures that controlled results may be obtained by recovery of a proportion

FIG. IV

of the boxes after hatching. In this way hatches may be accurately assessed and a check made of the quality of the ova sown, of the correctness of the siting and other data. This recovery may be made between four to ten weeks, depending on the temperature of the water. If observation of the alevin is desired, this can be done with a glass bottomed box (Figure IV). Carefully remove stone after stone until the alevin or fry can be observed. Reliable and scientific data is of importance to the user, to the hatchery from which the ova may have been obtained and to the manufacturers. All such information will be added to the already very considerable data available, upon which the Vibert system has been evolved.

These boxes, designed and created in France by Dr. R. Vibert, are made by Pezon and Michel

Center and bottom: Pages from the Vibert System Pamphlet, circa 1950s. AMFF permanent collection. 2021.202.264.

Ora Smith and the Maynards Marvel

by Scott Biron

Scott Biron

The Maynards Marvel, tied by the author.

Every region of the northeast has their fly tiers. Many go to the grave taking the histories and recipes of their flies with them.

In 2017, I received the New Hampshire Traditional Arts Grant for fly tying. The focus of my work was to uncover some of the lost history of New Hampshire tiers. Since then, I have received the grant multiple times and continued my research. Each year more information comes to light.

One of the tiers I've studied is Ora Smith. Smith, from Keene, by his own admission was forced into fly tying.[1] He had always bought his flies from local tier Lenny Wilcox, but Wilcox became ill and stopped tying. Smith began tying on his own and when he needed help, he turned to Chester Dubriske, a local firefighter and good friend. Dubriske had been tying locally for years and was very helpful in mentoring the new tier.[2]

Smith was born in 1912, attended the University of New Hampshire, and for thirty-six years was a mail carrier for the U.S. Postal Service. He spent 1958 learning the tying craft, then he jumped into the world of commercial fly tying when his postal career ended. He also taught fly tying to folks out of his home.

In 1982, Dick Stewart and Bob Leeman's fly pattern book *Trolling Flies for Trout & Salmon* was published. The book's goal was to introduce fly-tying patterns and ideas that had previously had only limited exposure.[3] Several of Smith's patterns were featured, including the Golden Marvel.

The Golden Marvel was a fly pattern that Smith referred to as the Maynards Marvel, the Wilcox pattern he'd had to learn to tie. The Marvels that Wilcox tied all had golden pheasant crest (GPC) wing tips cut off at the hook bend. It is unclear whether the pattern was created by Wilcox, Smith, or someone else. Like many flies, it went through several changes with similar offshoot patterns. Smith would collect the cutoff tips and save them in a dish to use them in other fly patterns—a typical frugal Yankee tier—until one day the dish got knocked off his tying bench.

From that point on, he never cut the tips again. They were allowed to curve gently over the hook bend to create a tapered-looking wing. Many anglers who purchased the Maynards Marvel from Smith insisted this change would never work. So he purchased a movie camera and shot movies of the trout and landlocked salmon he caught in New Hampshire waters. The pattern change worked and still does. Today you never see the tips cut.

Around the same time in northern New Hampshire, there was another fly called the Maynards Marvel. Two flies with the

same name created confusion, and they were drastically different. When *Trolling Flies for Trout & Salmon* was published, Jim Warner, a fly tier and fly shop owner, suggested to the authors they end the confusion and call Smith's fly the Golden Marvel—which they did. Local Keene residents often referred to it as the Keene Fly.

As confusing as it may have been, this fly's effectiveness could not be questioned. It was innovative because its wing was composed completely of ten to fifteen GPCs tied in individually. This took some time to do but made for an extremely durable fly.

Smith created Marvel hybrid patterns with a similar wing but different bodies, shoulders, or toppings—including the Canopache, Pumpkin Head, Smith's Marvel, Super Duper, and Spotty—all with different qualities, all highly effective. The Canopache is a staple trolling fly on Lake Winnipesaukee, and the Pumpkin Head is an excellent brook trout pattern. Smith also tied the Marvel as a tandem streamer and trolled it in early spring for landlocked salmon. The angler in him fished his flies and made changes to them when needed. When GPC increased in price, Smith changed the material to synthetic golden hair.

I have a number of Smith-tied Marvels, and each one is slightly different. Recently I donated one to the American Museum of Fly Fishing, and it is available to view in their collection. More than 240 of Smith's fly patterns appear in an issue of *Art of Angling Journal*.[4] Many are what I like to refer to as Monadnock casting streamers, as they were created for the southwestern part of the state.

Every so often you will see Smith's flies in a yard sale. They were very popular, and anglers statewide fished with them. Smith died at the age of ninety-four in 2007. A year doesn't go by that someone doesn't ask me to tie one of his flies, often bringing one along that Smith tied and had been fished to the point of destruction. The research I've done on Ora Smith's patterns has been put to good use. Often just by knowing the name of a fly, I can keep the pattern alive and tie it. By either name, the Maynards or Golden Marvel continues to be tied and fished.

Scott Biron is an AMFF ambassador, a master artist in the New Hampshire Heritage & Traditional Arts Program, and a national and international fly-tying instructor. He is on the ambassador pro teams of HMH Vises and Partridge of Redditch. Ewing has a signature series line of feathers that bear Scott's name.

ENDNOTES

1. Ora Smith, in an interview with Gary Cutter, 1995, home video.
2. Steve Cullen, "Streamers and Bucktails of the World: Their History and Variations," *Art of Angling Journal* (2003, vol. 2, no. 1), 37.
3. Dick Stewart and Bob Leeman, *Trolling Flies for Trout & Salmon* (Brattleboro, Vt.: The Stephen Greene Press, 1982), 40.
4. Cullen, "Streamers and Bucktails of the World," 34–70.

Scott Biron

Maynards Marvels tied by Ora Smith. Author's collection.

Maynards Marvel
Tail: Short red wool
Body: Flat silver tinsel
Wing: 10–15 long golden pheasant crests tied flat on the top, curving downward
Cheeks: Jungle cock body feathers, medium wide
Head: Black
Eyes: Painted white with red pupil

Guido Rahr Receives the 2024 Izaak Walton Award

Photos by Finn Brown

AMFF President Gardner Grant Jr. (left) presents the 2024 Izaak Walton Award to Guido Rahr.

A HUNDRED PEOPLE GATHERED at the beautiful Log Cabin at the Presidio in San Francisco on November 14 to celebrate the extraordinary accomplishments of Guido Rahr, director of Wild Salmon Center, and present him with the museum's 2024 Izaak Walton Award.

The evening began with a lively reception and guests enjoyed a special cocktail, the Deschuter, named after the honoree's childhood fishing waters. After dinner, newly elected AMFF President Gardner Grant Jr. addressed the attendees and introduced guest speaker Tucker Malarkey, Guido's cousin and author of *Stronghold: One Man's Quest to Save the World's Wild Salmon*. While musing on qualities that make Guido so good at what he does, Tucker said, "Like every fish, every river is unique. To find protection for these diverse places you have to keep an open mind and not be attached to outcomes or strategies in your search for one that works. You look at the people, the industries, the stakeholders, the natural stewards. You tie a fly that will work. And when that fly stops working, you tie another."

Guido then took to the podium and spoke of his early childhood as a reptile expert, his wonderful family, and all the places his work has taken him: "[S]himmering rivers framed by mountains and forest, changing constantly. Each river and its species have their own stories; the Wilson, Smith, Skeena, the Kvichak in Alaska, the Sopochnaya, Utkholok and Tugur in the Russian far east. The Dean in British Columbia—a river so beautiful that we drop to our knees in gratitude." About Wild Salmon Center's success amidst adversity, he said, "We have focused on the protection of the strongholds . . . and the threats came . . . (and) we have won every battle." Applause filled the room, the audience delighted in being part of this very special evening for Guido.

AMFF would like to thank our silent auction donors: Jim Beattie, Doug Biederbeck of Bix, C. D. Clarke, Paul Dixon, Tucker Malarkey, Patrick McKenzie, Orvis, Guido Rahr, Paul Schullery, the Travel Creel, VAER, Emily Whitlock, and Yellow Dog. The auction was a great success due in no small part to their exciting donations. Additionally, we extend heartfelt appreciation to our event committee: John Atwater, Doug Biederbeck, Amy Errett, Tucker Malarkey, Philip Sawyer, Mike Sutton, Brooks Walker, Pic Walker, and Mitch Zuklie. Thanks also to Guido and Wild Salmon Center for helping make this inspiring event possible.

The beautiful Log Cabin at the Presidio in San Francisco.

Tucker Malarkey introduces the guest of honor.

Guido Rahr, Sarah Fortna, Lee Rahr, Libby Jennings, and Willie Rahr enjoying the festivities.

Guido Rahr accepting his award.

Walter Braun, AMFF Trustee Heather Post, and George Revel.

Museum News

Sarah Foster

Dave Whitlock's tying desk on display in the AMFF gallery at Wonders of Wildlife in Springfield, Missouri.

Dave Whitlock Event

On October 2, a large crowd gathered at AMFF's Wonders of Wildlife gallery in Springfield, Missouri, to dedicate an exhibit honoring the legendary Dave Whitlock, who passed away in 2022. At the gallery's entrance, six fly tiers—Duane Hada, Terry Tanner, Chris Miller, Michael George, Keith Reeves, and Allen Rupp—showcased the artistry of the craft and displayed items and photos from their own time spent with Dave. Trout Unlimited's Dave Whitlock Chapter President Russell Vaughn and others were invited to share personal stories that highlighted Dave's profound impact on the fly-fishing community.

Anecdotes blending humor, admiration, and inspiration celebrated Dave Whitlock's legacy, offering both tribute and a source of connection for his family, friends, and fans. Dave's tying desk, moved from his Oklahoma studio, now stands behind glass as a testament to his enduring influence. Emily Whitlock, Dave's widow, concluded the evening by reeling off examples of Dave's many interests and accomplishments: writing (in longhand!) articles and books, creating illustrations and fine art, leading seminars, tying and designing flies, redesigning trout streams, and patenting the Whitlock-Vibert Box. She said, "As I learned about the history of fly fishing, as I learned about . . . all the aspects of it that he touched, I started hearing the term *renaissance man* going around. And, you know, I agree."

Recent Donations to the Collection

AMFF is thrilled to add works of art purchased for the museum at the Jackson Hole One Fly event to our collection. We thank **Greg Case** (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) for a painting by Paul Puckett, **Sol Raso** (Denver, Colorado) for a work by

Upcoming Events

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

January 25
2025 Izaak Walton Award
honoring Bob Popovics (posthumously)
The Fly Fishing Show
Edison, New Jersey
5:00–6:00 p.m. (show ticket required for entry)

January 24–26
The Fly Fishing Show
Edison, New Jersey

February 20
Tackle Talk with Jim Schottenham and Jeffrey Hatton
via Zoom
5:00 p.m. MST

February 21–23
The Fly Fishing Show
Denver, Colorado

February TBD
Fly Tying
Speaker Series
Wonders of Wildlife National Museum & Aquarium
Springfield, Missouri

March 27–29
2025 Sowbug Roundup
Mountain Home, Arkansas

April 10
Streamer Fly Tying with Scott Biron
via Zoom
3:00 p.m.

May 1
Heritage Award honoring Oliver White
New York Yacht Club
New York City

July 10, 17, 24, and 31
Kids' Clinics

August 9
18th Annual Fly-Fishing Festival

October 18
Members' Meeting
Location TBD

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 email newsletter offers up-to-date news and event information. To subscribe, look for the link on our website or contact the museum.

Mike Sudal, and **John Holland** (Jackson, Wyoming) for a sculpture by Mike Butler. Holland also donated a custom-designed fly box that includes all of the annual winning flies from the One Fly tournament.

Emily Whitlock (Welling, Oklahoma) shared a piece of her late husband Dave Whitlock's studio with us: his fly-tying desk with its contents, currently on exhibit at Wonders of Wildlife at Springfield, Missouri. She also gave us some of his original drawings and tied flies.

Tim Wood (Tully, New York) donated an early Orvis rod with an Eggleston patent of 6 June 1882. **Robert D. Powers** (Charlottesville, Virginia) gave us two five-sided bamboo fly rods. **Robert Smith** (Glen Rock, New Jersey) gave us rod section and ferrule drying racks from the Nat Uslan tool shop.

Roger Schulz (Alpharetta, Georgia) shared a rare J. A. Ricketts Glide Reel along with a notebook with handwritten notes and drawings by John Asa Ricketts. **Enrique Gherardi** (Rosario, Argentina) sent us flies tied by the late Jim Repine, an American tier who relocated to South America where he worked as a guide.

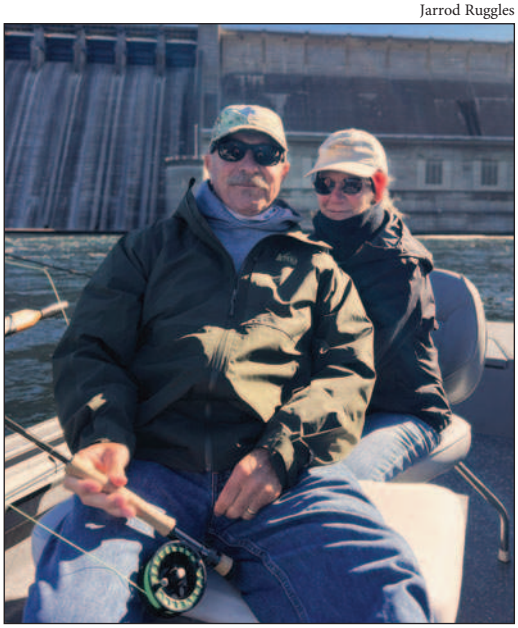
Paul Schullery (Manchester, Vermont) offered us a collection of pins, including a set of Bud Lilly Shop Fly Shop "catch and release" pins, collected in the 1970s. C**harles and Maryanne Garbowsky** (Westfield, New Jersey) presented us with a set of Brooke Bond tea cards featuring fish illustrations by E. V. Petts.

Arne Mason (Ashland, Oregon) sent us his research files and photos, paper patterns, and handmade wooden molds and leather segments for his creel designs. **Tom Zemianek** (Shaftsbury, Vermont) gave us a circa 2016 Orvis retail sales presentation board with flies.

Finally, for our library, **Fred Lowenfels** (New York, New York) donated his limited-edition copies of *Rare and Unusual Fly Tying Materials* (Volumes 1 and 2) by Paul Schmookler and Ingris Sils, and **Paul Schullery** shared a copy of his latest book, *This Artful Sport: A Guide to Writing About Fly Fishing* (Lyons Press, 2024).

CONTRIBUTORS

Jarrod Ruggles



R. W. Hafer—shown here with Gail Heyne Hafer on their fishing trip to the White River in Arkansas—is an economist, author, and fly-fishing enthusiast. During his career he has worked as a research economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis, was a distinguished research professor at Southern Illinois University Edwardsville, and most recently served as director of the Center for Economics at Lindenwood University. In addition to his academic work, his articles on fly fishing, the introduction of trout, and the role of railroads have appeared in the *American Fly Fisher* and *Railroad History*.

Denise Gobeille Rogers

George Rogers is a high school science and English teacher who lives in Chateaugay, New York, with his wife, Denise. He spends summers at his cabin in Cantwell, Alaska, where he owns and operates Denali Angler, a fly-fishing guide service.

Rogers's work has appeared in numerous publications, including the *Boston Globe* and the *Los Angeles Times*. He is currently a senior contributor at the *Drake* magazine. His "The Last Good Days of a Very Good Dog" topped the *Boston Globe*'s 2022 Top 10 Ideas essay list, and "The Pink Ranchers" was named a notable essay in *The Best American Science and Nature Writing* 2023.

2025 Heritage Award to Be Presented to Oliver White

AMFF is pleased to announce that Oliver White, chair of Indifly and general manager and partner of South Fork Lodge, is the recipient of the 2025 Heritage Award. He will be honored at the New York Yacht Club on May 1 and introduced by special guests Bill Ackman and Huey Lewis.

Photo courtesy of Oliver White.

"Oliver's life story exemplifies the power of fly fishing to captivate and inspire," said AMFF President Gardner Grant Jr. "His passion for fly fishing, coupled with strong doses of curiosity and tenacity, have made him a renowned practitioner and teacher of the sport, a tireless explorer of new frontiers, an accomplished builder and operator of world-class angling lodges, and a visionary proponent of empowering indigenous communities around the globe to thrive by protecting sport fisheries and other natural resources. He is an accomplished and admired leader in the fly-fishing community."

After a serious skiing accident during college, Oliver took up fly fishing as part of his rehabilitation. He fell in love with the sport, became a guide, and ultimately met Pershing Square's Bill Ackman in Tierra del Fuego. Bill saw something in Oliver and offered him an opportunity in New York to pursue a career in finance. After a few years, Oliver left to open Abaco Lodge in the Bahamas, which would become one of the most-loved fly-fishing destinations in the world. He ran both Abaco Lodge and Bair's Lodge (host of the 2015 season of *Buccaneers and Bones*) for the next fifteen years. In 2020, he and fellow angler Jimmy Kimmel became the new owners of the South Fork Lodge in Swan Valley, Idaho. The lodge—carefully expanded and remodeled to exacting standards while preserving its storied history—is a haven for dry-fly anglers visiting the legendary South Fork of the Snake River.

In 2020, Oliver became part of the Indifly Foundation, first as vice chair and then as chair. Formed out of a Costa project to help a village deep in the heart of Guyana's rainforest conserve its resources and arapaima fishery, the project and its success created a natural roadmap for other areas of need and conservation importance. In addition to the Rewa Eco Lodge in Guyana, current projects include the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming, Anaa Atoll in French Polynesia, and the Makhangoa Community Camp in Lesotho.

In 2019, Yeti and Felt Soul Media brought Oliver's life story to the screen in the acclaimed documentary *A Thousand Casts*. Against the backdrop of a fishing trip to the Kingdom of Bhutan in pursuit of the rare and elusive golden mahseer, Oliver narrates the extraordinary, dangerous, and, in the end, serendipitous events that took him from philosophy student at UNC Chapel Hill to financier to fishing lodge entrepreneur to the ecotourism champion and devoted husband and father he is today. Oliver White is truly the embodiment of AMFF's Heritage Award ethos.

Event tickets and further information are available at amff.org.

Remembering Bob Popovics

Alexis Popovics

From left: Bob Popovics, Director of Digital Marketing Alex Ford, Director of Membership Brendan Truscott, Executive Director Sarah Foster, and Trustee Fred Polhemus gathered around Bob's fly-tying table on 13 June 2024.

The long northeast winter had set in, and people were happily gathered at the 2024 Fly Fishing Show in Edison, New Jersey, chatting with vendors, friends, and strangers. I could hear the clear words of a miked-up casting instructor at the "pond." Across from our booth, I could see the end of the long line of fly tiers against the wall and a dog standing patiently, tail wagging. Our neighbors were successfully offering fishing-in-BC trips. Someone had just spun our prize wheel.

I'm quite familiar with chaotic noise (my kiddos are now five, eight, and ten), so I tend to drift comfortably in and out of the commotion of the three-day trade shows. Through this activity, my gaze focused on Tom Rosenbauer, Joe Carey, and Bob Popovics walking up the busy aisle, eyes on our booth. Friendly hellos were offered, as well as small talk about the museum, recent trips, and who we were happy to see at the show. But Bob came to the conversation with intention. "I would like your museum to receive my collection," he said. I'm a jump-for-joy kind of person, but I kept calm and responded, "We would be honored, Bob."

After that show, Bob and I spoke multiple times, exchanged photos, stories, and calendars, and ultimately scheduled a visit to his home in Seaside Park, New Jersey, for June. Bob's plan was to hand over a comprehensive collection of items related to the Salt Water Fly Rodders of America, along with other items and photos. What Bob didn't know was that the AMFF team had an ulterior motive: to tell him that he'd been selected to receive our Izaak Walton Award.

With open arms, Bob first welcomed us to his Shady Rest restaurant, served us his (and now my) favorite Trenton tomato pie, and gave us a tour of the rose gardens and restaurant, sharing many fishing memories along the way. He'd clearly given his tour before, and it was obvious that he wanted these stories to live on. He understood the importance of AMFF's role in preserving fly-fishing history, and hearing that he would be honored by the museum clearly meant a great deal to him. We never suspected that this would be the last time we'd see him, and like the rest of the angling community, we were deeply saddened to hear of his November 1 passing.

We will honor this master fly tier posthumously with the 2025 Izaak Walton Award on January 25 at this year's Edison show, one of Bob's favorite annual events. Lance Erwin will be accepting the award on his behalf, and Bob's dear friends Paul Dixon, Tom Lynch, Joe Carey, and Chuck Furimsky will be featured storytellers, sharing the lasting impact Bob has had on the industry and individuals.

Lefty Kreh called Bob the greatest fly tier of all time. Bob was an extraordinary innovator of saltwater flies whose designs inspired generations. He was the author of two books considered must-reads for any saltwater fly tier. *Pop Fleyes: Bob Popovics's Approach to Saltwater Fly Design* (Stackpole, 2001, with Ed Jaworowski) highlights the effective family of fly patterns Bob developed over three decades (*Pop Fleye* combines Popovics's name with the prominent eye feature in his designs). He followed that up with *Fleye Design: Techniques, Insights, Patterns* (Stackpole, 2016, with Jay Nichols). Beyond his legacy as the creator of flies such as the Bucktail Deceiver, Surf Candy, and Beast Fleye, Bob was known to have a heart of gold and would share his knowledge and time with anyone who expressed an interest. His greatest joy, besides his family, was to foster a supportive sense of community among fly tiers.

AMFF is planning a new exhibit at our Manchester, Vermont, gallery to commemorate Bob's extraordinary contribution to the sport that he loved.

Sarah Foster
Executive Director