

June 15, 1988

Mr. Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, MT 59715

Dear Bud:

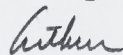
As you know, I bought a copy of your A Trout's Best Friend at the autographing session a week ago yesterday at the MSU Bookstore. I write to thank you again for your inscription in my copy of the book and to tell you how much I enjoyed ~~it~~^{the book} I read more than half of it that night; I would have finished it, too, if I could have given more time to the pleasure.

I found the book tremendously absorbing: at last Bud Lilly was talking at length about himself and his career as person and conservationist. In the fifteen years or so that I've known you, I have never seen you turn the conversation (or any discussion) toward yourself; in fact, I have noted what I took to be an aversion in you to ^{was} focus at all on yourself, though it was clear enough that there ^{was} much one could focus on. One of several things that the book gives the reader is a clear, straightforward portrait of a person who is satisfied with his life and proud of what he has done. It's on this pride and sense of integrity that the latter part of the book grounds very convincingly your pronouncements on catch-and-release, management, bait-fishing, and so forth. You take courageous positions unflinchingly.

Your previous book may have a wider audience and greater sales because it is so useful, but I think, as a book, the second one is better. Paul Schullery has served you very well, and Pruett did an excellent job with the production. I enjoyed the candor of the photographs as much as that of the text; your portrait on the cover is especially good. It communicates the essential Bud Lilly--patient, generous, defiant, responsive, randy, sensitive.

Congratulations, and may the trout have you for their friend for many years to come--pleading their cause and working a fly over them, waiting for the surprise.

Sincerely,



Arthur B. Coffin





Dear Bud,

We are enjoying your latest book very much.

We have read it from cover to cover - and go back every so often to re-read parts of it. We keep saying - "Oh, did you read the part about -"

Your story is full of love too: Love of members of your family, of all ages, of your friends, clients, the out-doors, our country and the love that your Dad had and showed, for yourself. It is just wonderful to read.

Will there be a sequel?

We hope so.

Best Wishes to you
and all of your loved
ones.

Sincerely,
Martha ^{and} Harold
Corcoran.

CARDINALS

© Red Farm Studio

PAWTUCKET, R. I.

64204

...fishing trip on a stream
... years old. Andy was a charter mem-
... offer our deepest condolences to his
... found at least some consolation in the fact
... the thing he loved most." We, too, find consolation
in a gift that Andy has left behind him for fly fishermen everywhere: a poem
that will certainly speak to the kindred feelings in your own heart. Here it is:

It's the song of rippling water
And the beauty of the stream,
It's the flash of trout when feeding
In the sinking sunlight's gleam.

That's anticipation.

It's the way you gauge your backcast
And the way you drop your fly,
And it's how your line is tightened
As the fly goes floating by.

That's fishing.

It's a symphony of music
In tone with nature's best,
A rhyme of song and motion
That puts your cares to rest.

That's relaxation.

So take your flies and leaders,
Your reel and old fly rod,
And wade your favorite trout stream --
Then you'll be close to God.

That's the truth.

-- Andrew E. Carney --

November 30, 1922 -- July 22, 1969

it was clear,
mailed the repro sheets
including that damn parrot -- jump
out the quickie issue.

Are you with me so far? Your eyes look a little funny.

Attend me closely, now, for here comes the wienie. In order to get the bulletin back on the track -- with each month's issue appearing before that month's meeting -- it was decided to put out this combined issue for September-October. It will appear before the October meeting. The November issue will appear before the November meeting. Right?

Thank you for listening, but you don't look so good. I think you'd better take a good dose of cascara sagrada.

CABIN ONE



PHOTOGRAPHS
DAN CALLAGHAN

SUITE 300, PIONEER TRUST BUILDING
117 COMMERCIAL STREET N.E.
SALEM, OREGON 97301 (503) 362-7205

May 6, 1988

Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Rd.
Bozeman, MT 59715

Dear Bud:

While I was making the black & white photographs for "Where flows the Umpqua?" one of the pictures I printed was of you, so I made an extra one for you and it is enclosed. I may come over in June to fish and take photographs. The Phantom seems to be a little discouraged about Yellowstone, he usually talks just about fishing the Gibbon. I don't know whether he will be coming or not. Best regards to you and Asther.

Very truly yours,

Dan Callaghan

DC:mjw
encls

Bud Lilly's Trout Shop

P.O. Box 698
39 Madison Ave.
West Yellowstone, MT 59758
406-646-7801
Fax 406-646-9730
9370

Dear Bud -

I hope all is well - also, I hope to be there for the "roasting" last week. A young lady walked into the shop & bought everything we had with "Bud Lilly" on it - her dad had been named Bud Lilly, but had abandoned her & her mother so she never knew him. I promised her that it was not you (she was from east coast). If her mom was as good looking as she was, it would have been an experience worth the time & effort.

Please autograph this book for William Rininger and send in the enclosed envelope. Also, do you know who might have any more of these?

Thank you -

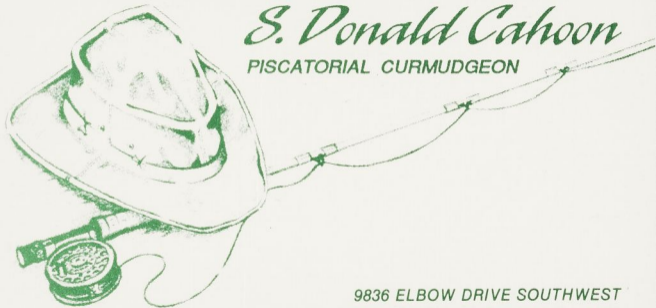
Jim Criner

P.S. We donated \$200 to the TU to assure a good time/experience since they were including you in the program.

Bud

S. Donald Cahoon

PISCATORIAL CURMUDGEON



9836 ELBOW DRIVE SOUTHWEST
CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA T2V 1M3 (403) 255-8604

BUD; I LEFT THESE IN MY
SHIRT POCKET AND MY WIFE
WASHED THEM. EVEN SO
THEY SHOULD WORK STILL
GIVE THEM A TRY

Don



Greater Yellowstone Coalition

13 South Willson, Suite 2 • P.O.Box 1874 • Bozeman, Montana 59771 • Phone (406) 586-1593
Fax (406) 586-0851 • E-mail gyc@gyc.desktop.org • Web <http://www.desktop.org/gyc>

September 17, 1998

Bud and Esther Lilly
2007 Sourdough
Bozeman, MT 59715

Dear Bud and Esther,

Thank you for donating your time, energy, and charming fishing lodge for our GYC function. It was the perfect setting to inspire any fisherman! Your vast knowledge and your local perspective made the event a true Montana experience.

Thank you, Bud, for sharing some wonderful private water with our guests. Tom Brokaw, the Musseys, and the Woods had a marvelous time and I believe GYC made some new friends. We greatly appreciate your willingness to help and participate in a memorable event for our patrons.

Esther, I appreciated your stories about your family in Canada during WWII and I hope we can follow-up on it in the future. Bud, your stories of the Orient left many questions unanswered for me. I hope to hear more soon.

Enjoy the fall fishing!

Sincerely,

Mike Clark
Executive Director

Have to see you again soon.

S. DON CAHOON
9836 ELBOW DR. S.W.
CALGARY, ALBERTA T2V 1M3



Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Rd
BOZEMAN MT
59715

59715/5874



98 Oct 5

Dear Bud & Esther:

A long over-due letter but things always seem to keep getting in the way.

Fishing has been pretty good up here this year and the cutthroats have been willing. I miss Jack and have fished alone a fair bit again this year. Took Jack's son David up in the high country the day after the funeral and fished some of the waters I fished with Jack. David had a ball.

The funeral was held on the banks of the Elbow river, not far from Jack's home and next to where Jack and I sometimes fished in the evenings. It was a sunny, warm, calm day. A highland piper called everyone together for the service beside the water in a little amphitheater. Three mallard hens paddled and preened right beside us and three fish were reported rising during the service. It was a fitting service for Jack and I am sure he would have been pleased.

Sorry I didn't get down there this fall. I have not had a real good day with the Utah steelhead for quite a while and I kind of miss them. I got two the day after Jack died but I really wasn't trying very hard as I was just getting the wind-knots out of my system. I got a really big one earlier this season, up in the high cutthroat country where they are not really supposed to be. It came as a real surprise as it was the first one in twenty odd years of fishing up there.

The trees have all colored up and today the wind is putting a lot of them on the ground. Last week I was up north fishing Frenchman's Creek for fall browns and the trees up there were perfect, sunny and no wind. I got five browns but the big ones eluded me. I hope to get up there once more before winter sets in.

That's about it from here. Hope you are all well and the trout are still looking up.

P.S. The picture on the program was taken
on Jack's 78th birthday at my roasting
D
E

Jack Lambert
Jun 10 1916 -- Sep 12 1998

FAMILY AND FRIENDS;

I am greatly honored to be asked by Diane to pay tribute to Jack today.

Many of you have known Jack much longer than I. Some of you worked for or with Jack, some of you knew Jack from his horse racing days, some of you knew Jack as a golfer, some of you knew Jack as a keen bridge player, some of you knew Jack through that great anonymous club, and some of us knew Jack as a fly fisherman and hunter. All of us knew Jack as a very fine gentleman.

My comments today will be about Jack as I knew him--a fly fisherman.

I first met Jack on the Bow about twenty-five years ago. I was floating the river with a friend who worked in the Fina building. He recognized Jack on the bank as we passed so we stopped. As we sat on the bank in conversation a fish rose. It rose a second time. When it rose the third time Jack excused himself, flipped his cigarette into the water, stood up and shot his fly way out into the river where the fish took it. He played the fish, released it, then came back, sat down and lit another Camel. I was a novice fly fisherman at the time and I was greatly impressed.

Some time later, I joined the Hook and Hackle Club and was pleased to find Jack there. I spent a lot of time cultivating his friendship and confidence before he invited me to go fishing. Since then I have fished Broken Arrow, Four Horses, the Goal Posts, many picnic grounds, frenchmans, gravel pits, football fields, and other fine places with names that only a select few could relate to and they weren't always quite sure.

Jack became a mentor to me as well as a good friend and companion. I treasure the memory of all those times we spent together.

Four years ago, when I retired, my friends thought it fitting that I should be roasted, which they did. The occasion of the roast was on Jack's seventy-eighth birthday. After they were finished roasting me I took a moment to pay tribute to Jack.

I had read an article by Gene Hill, an outdoor writer. It was titled: 'Why I Like To Hunt With You'. I stole it and rewrote it to "Why I Like To Fish With You" and I read it that night.

Diane has asked me if I would read it again.

I have put it in the past tense for today.

To the Old Grey Fox:

WHY I LIKED TO FISH WITH JACK

With Apologies to Gene Hill

I have been thinking about the good times we had and trying to figure out just why those times were always good times. The fishing was not always that good, nor was the weather, and yet I cannot remember a day with Jack that I did not thoroughly enjoy.

To Jack, just being there seemed to be the most important part of it, not the fish, for there were days when there were precious few, or none. Jack seemed to enjoy all of the environs along the stream and always made sure that I had seen and heard all those special sights and sounds of nature. He treated the waters we fished, not as secret so much as sacred, the banks and bed on which we trod were "Hallowed Ground", the fish a sacred trust.

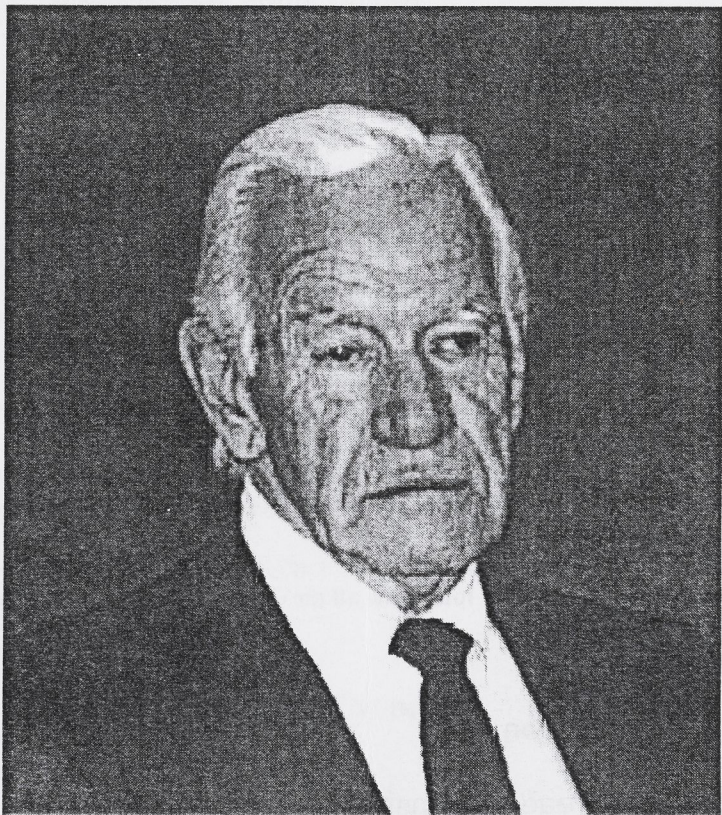
Jack was always looking for "some action", and often as not gave me the choice spots, even if he had to fake leader or fly problems, or a smoke break to pass up his turn. He enjoyed my successes as much as his own, and never failed to say "well done" or "too bad" when I landed or lost a fish. He was always pleased when I had sort of an outstanding day. He remembered the things I did more or less well, at the same time counted his good days as "all right" when it was really the other way around.

Jack took time for a pleasant chat with the land owners where we fished and remembered a little thank you gift in appreciation for their hospitality. He always did more than his share of the little things to make the day enjoyable.

He never complained about the heat or the cold or of being tired unless he sensed that I would like to leave a little early, or rest. He always made it easy for me to say, "Let's go," or suggest we just sit and watch the water for a while. It was Jack who always had a flashlight or an extra sweater or some dry socks when they were needed most.

I never said it to his face, but he was probably the best reason I know to spend the day astream. He made the days seem all too short, too few and far between.

It is Jack Lambert I will always see when someone mentions a "Real Sportsman".



Jack Lambert

June 10, 1916 – September 12, 1998

Memorial Service for John Ernest Lambert

September 16, 1998

2:00 P.M.

Stanley Park by the Elbow River

Welcome and Prayer

Psalm 23 (read together)

The LORD is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD for ever.

Tribute by Don Cahoon

Psalm 121 (to be read responsively)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the LORD, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

Scripture Reading – St. John 14: 1-6

Reader: Joyce Lee

Jesus said to his disciples:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

Solo – Make Me a Channel of Thy peace

Prayers

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever.

Amen.

Solo – An Irish Blessing

Officiant: The Reverend Victor Cabel
Soloist: Arnold Dvorkin
Accompanist: Darcy North
Piper: Cameron Keating

* * * * *

Those who desire to make Memorial Donations are asked to make them directly to:

*Agape Manor Hospice
1302 – 8 Avenue N.W.
Calgary, AB T2N 1B8*

Following this Memorial Service, you are warmly invited to come to the Glencoe Club at 636 – 29 Avenue S.W. for refreshments and an opportunity to meet with the family.

SECRETARY OF STATE
STATE OF MONTANA



Mike Cooney
Secretary of State

Montana State Capitol
PO Box 202801
Helena, MT 59620-2801

February 24, 1997

Mr. Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, MT 59715

Dear Mr. Lilly:

It is my honor to advise you that the Governor has filed in this office an executive letter appointing you as a member of the Whirling Disease Task Force.

Please accept my congratulations and best wishes for a most successful tenure.

In connection with the qualifications for this office, it is necessary that you take and subscribe to the enclosed Oath of Office. Your name appears on the enclosed Oath of Office just as it was presented to this office in the Governor's letter of appointment. Please sign your name exactly as it appears, have the signature notarized and return the oath to this office.

Your signed Oath of Office must be filed in my office within 30 days of your receipt of this letter.

Upon receipt of your Oath of Office, I will immediately forward to you the commission, signed by the Governor, appointing you to the Whirling Disease Task Force.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Mike Cooney".

Enclosure

October 2, 1987

Mr. Bud Lilly
Western Rivers Club
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, Montana 59715

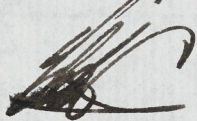
Dear Mr. Lilly:

I have finished the second reading of your book, "Guide to Western Fly Fishing". Your unique approach to fly fishing as "The Total Experience" interwoven with the necessity for conservation of the beauty of the land and its natural resources is appreciated. I truly enjoy your book. It is certainly a contribution and asset to the literature.

In the book it was noted you were reactivating the Western Rivers Club.

It would be appreciated if information
could be forwarded as to the possibility
of membership. If references may be
required, I have known Tom Morgan
and Glenn Brackett of P.L. Winston Rod
Company in Twin Bridges for many years.
Thank you.

Sincerely



FLETCHER M. CRAIG D.D.S.
2155 WEBSTER ST.
SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94115
415-929-6536



Karl von Lohgasse

20/11/01

Dear Bud,

10/18/07

Congratulations on your well-deserved recognition for all you have done to make fly fishing the wonderful sport it is today. You deserve every word you will hear and more. David and I treasure all the memories you helped make possible. We will always share the passion of a wild trout taking a fly.

Enjoy the moment,

As ever
Ayer & David
[CORCORAN]

"PHEASANT BACK"

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Wolf Creek, Montana

LeSage Photographics



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Fly Rod & Reel
OUTDOOR GROUP
A DIVISION OF DOWN EAST ENTERPRISE, INC.

Mr. Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, MT 59715

5 December 1990

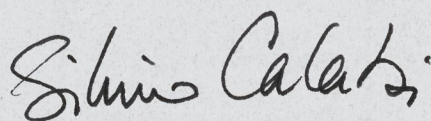
Dear Bud,

Congratulations on being named our Guide of the Year. Cindy Shapiro did an outstanding job on you in the magazine—she painted a fine portrait of you as a person and also gave our readers a real sense of what a top fly-fishing guide should be able to do, especially with inexperienced clients.

All of us here at the magazine hope the plaque looks fine on your wall, and that the wristwatch gives you many years of accurate service. Please accept them with our appreciation for your years of work.

And of course we all send our best wishes to you and yours for the holiday season. We don't normally send out 10-pound Christmas cards, but in this case we're pleased to do so.

Here's to good fishing,



Silvio Calabi
Editor, Associate Publisher