



L to R.

Osamu Hasegawa

Lilly

Toyohito Yamada

Dunbar



Mr Bad Lilly

How are you in these days

I thanks you that you take me

to Madison River

and then you teach me how to

fishing and so good memories

for me

p.s. please drinks Japanese tea

21 Aug 1982

Osamu Nagawa.

Dear Bud & Pat,

June 5-75

I will try to write this with a mending broken shoulder.

Pleased to read about your big trout from Baker Hole, would be interested to know how big and where.

Because of health I have been unable to fish for nine years and probably have had it as an angler.

I have given most of my tackle to boys and will send more to a boys school.

I have a few Woppers left and will send them under separate cover gratis for your personal use.

I will enclose a Kodachrome slide of your first stare, it should print real well. as I remember it was a July 4<sup>th</sup> 3 day Halliday and you were very busy.

If Dr Strong is around, please

have him read "The Seasons Meetings".  
and please give him 1 fly.

I will endorse 2 Al Nelson Labels.  
If you will please thumb tack them  
on the boards below the mounted  
fish, I will be very grateful.  
I would like to leave a marker  
in your store.

The Doctors are trying to build  
a back brace that will permit long  
rides. If it works I will come  
and see you folks and your  
wonderful country.

Best wishes

Audrey + Al Nelson

# FIREHOLE

LAND CORP.



May 4, 1992

Ms. Karen Harshbarger  
National Geographic Society  
17th & M Street, N.W.  
Washington, D.C. 20036

FAX LETTER # 202/857-7274  
828-6667

Post-It™ brand fax transmittal memo 7671 # of pages ▶ 1	
To <b>BUD LILLY</b>	From <b>Karen Harshbarger</b>
Co.	Co.
Dept.	Phone #
Fax # <b>586-8713</b>	Fax # <b>646-9794</b>

Dear Karen:

Attached is the information you requested, including a copy of the original invitation extended to Mr. Grosvenor by Governor Stephens and Bud Lilly. As promised, I have also included several pictures of me with some of my better known fishing friends.

This year's brochure hasn't been printed up yet, because we need to finalize the guest list. As I mentioned, Mr. Grosvenor was invited several years ago by someone else, and he spoke to Bud Lilly at that time about his desire to come, but a conflict in his schedule prevented him from doing so.

Our setting this year will be the Lake Hotel in Yellowstone National Park and the fishing will take place on some of the more famous waters in and around the Park. This is a fun event and the guest list always provides those involved with interesting and productive relationships.

I thought it would be apropos to invite Mr. Grosvenor for two reasons. First, he was invited several years ago and couldn't make it. Second, back in December of last year your New York office contacted my partner there, Jonathan Stern, about the possibility of locating a National Geographic pavilion of some type here on property we own. I am sending you under separate cover a brochure on the development in West Yellowstone.

Jonathan has had several meetings with representatives of National Geographic, the most recent of which included Lowell Soffer who, back in March, received from me a copy of the same brochure I'm now sending you. Neither Lowell Soffer nor anyone else at National Geographic knows about Mr. Grosvenor's invitation.

If for any reason Mr. Grosvenor cannot make this year's event and would like someone else from National Geographic to take his place, that would be fine. Naturally, it would be preferable if he could personally make the event. Nevertheless, if he chooses to have someone act in his stead, I would be honored to extend the same hospitality. It's important that we know his decision as soon as possible. Brochures have to be printed shortly and all the other planning that goes into making the Catch & Release event a success is well underway. June 17th will be here before we know it. Again, if Mr. Grosvenor is a day late because of his board meeting, that will not be a problem.

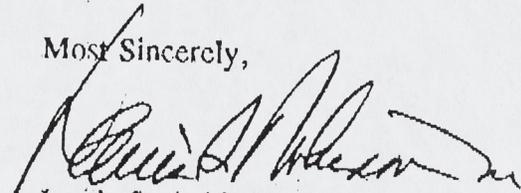
**FIREHOLE**

LAND CORP.

Ms. Karen Harshbarger  
May 4, 1992  
Page (2)

Thank you for taking the time this morning to discuss this matter with me. If you have any questions in the interim, please do not hesitate to call me here in West Yellowstone at (406) 646-7672.

Most Sincerely,



Lewis S. Robinson, III  
President

LSR/lr  
encls.

cc: Governor Stan Stephens  
Bud Lilly  
Jonathan Stern

# National Geographic Society

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

SPECIAL PUBLICATIONS AND SCHOOL SERVICES DIVISION

November 13, 1988

Mr. Bud Lilly  
2007 Sourdough Rd.  
Bozeman, Montana 59715

Dear Mr. Lilly,

Thank you for agreeing to assist us on our Yellowstone book. Enclosed you will find a black & white copy, color xerox, color slide and questionnaire concerning the photograph we discussed on the telephone today. To refresh your memory, this photo is included in our book on the greater Yellowstone ecosystem, YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY The Enduring Wonder, by Sy Fishbein.

I have also enclosed a portion of chapter two in which Sy discusses a fishing trip you made together. I would appreciate it if you could read the copy for accuracy. I have highlighted the relevant section. Please make any corrections or suggestions you have directly on the text and return with the enclosed photo questionnaire. If you find the text accurate as it stands please mark it "O.K." and sign it.

Let me thank you again for your help. Your assistance is important in helping us to ensure the accuracy of our product. Because of deadline pressures I would appreciate it if you could return this by Nov 21. If convenient please mail via Federal Express and bill to our account #0200-0267-0. The address is Valerie May/Special publications/ Room 413/ 1145 17th & M St. N.W./ Washington, D.C. 20036. If you have any questions please call me collect at (202) 828-6652.

I look forward to hearing from you.

*Bas*  
*599-946-9304* Sincerely,

*Valerie May*

Valerie May  
Research  
Special Publications

Yellowstone Country (7)  
The Enduring Wonder  
Chapter Two, pp 7-10

She put her claws under my uphill side and put me on my back. There was a lot of momentum and I used it to get face down again. She did that three times. Then she left, she cleared out with the cubs and we never saw her again."

The grizzly left scars on her body, but none on her mind or spirit. Yellowstone remains a land of enchantment for her, the more so for the presence of grizzlies. She regards the one that attacked her as "a good bear. She did what she had to and left me without permanent damage."

It is different with Bob Pettengill. "In some ways," Barbara told me, "the encounter was worse for him. This is kind of a paradox. My injuries were far more serious. Consequently I went through the buffering experience of being in shock." With Bob, she feels, "it was not so much what happened to him, but what happened to me and having to watch it. He saw the whole scenario.

"He's not eager to do any major hiking in the park. I am. I'll go to any lengths to get together a group for some backcountry hiking."

Hayden Valley, rolling across the center of the park, throbs with life. Its silty soil, residue of an ancient lake bed, encourages sagebrush and grass rather than conifer forest. The Yellowstone River, flowing north from Yellowstone Lake to the Grand Canyon, cuts the wide valley in long, lazy arcs, with faint riffings and stirrings on the deep green surface. Shoals of waterbirds frequent the stream, Canada geese, white pelicans, grebes, coots, goldeneyes, buffleheads, even some harlequin ducks.

Elk and bison graze here, and from the road paralleling the river stop-and-start streams of summertime tourists watch the show. In early summer the elk look red and sleek. Often the bulls present their velvety antlers in profile, with a graceful twist of the neck, nose in the air, born to be admired. Hey, check these out, they seem to be saying.

Bison, on the other hand, are in tatters. They seem to take forever to change from winter to summer coats. They tear at the meadow hour upon hour, taking little evident note of people with cameras closing in on them. Occasionally, without warning, they charge, inflicting bloody gorings. Visitors with video cameras have made films of other visitors flying through the air.

By late summer the river and the valley look weary, the grasses well munched and well trodden, the stream low and slow, often weedy at the surface. Some weeks before that I came upon a small herd of bison along the road, calves, cows, bulls young and old. There was a hollow rumbling among them, like the sound of distant thunder, and much rolling on the ground, feet in the air. At times, bulls stood head to head, the stance of the rut.

One old bull got caught up in a liberation movement, when the three cows he was tending decided the grass was greener across the road. The trio started to cross, but as he headed off one, the others made progress, until two broke and ran across. Idling motors heated up, cars and RVs stretched out of sight; it looked like a stalled rush hour. Except that the only distemper here came from the snorting bull that was losing control.

On word of hotter action to the west—reports of butting, stomping bulls raising clouds of dust—I set out on the Mary Mountain Trail. Along a rough ellipse of nine miles I saw much buffalo sign and often stepped in it, but not a sin-

gle animal until I returned to the jammed road.

At twilight I drove up a spur road to the summit of 8,348-foot Lake Butte. Yellowstone Lake, spreading away to the south, had the look of an open sea. Wind fetched across it, beating waves against the shore bluffs, hissing through the trees. The cloud-veiled sun kindled a sheen on the lake, but there was no warmth in it. The horizon slowly closed in—the Gallatins fading in the northwest, the Tetons and the Red Mountains to the south. Wisps of steam marked the West Thumb Geyser Basin. Then they too vanished. Night and wind remained. Yellowstone has antidotes for traffic jams.

Mid-July brings a new coterie to the Hayden Valley road: fly fishermen making the pilgrimage to the Yellowstone River. One morning I drove into the picnic area at the old wildlife crossing of Buffalo Ford, where my companion had spotted a couple of familiar figures stretching into chest-high waders. John Basmajian, a nuclear engineer as well as a true believer in the bumper-sticker slogan—"A bad day's fishing is better'n a good day's work"—had driven through the night from Richland, Washington.

Red Lang, after a career as a pilot—fighter, test, and corporate—has a retirement address in Albuquerque. Between June and October, he resides in Yellowstone country. Red wore a cap with the logo, "Bud Lilly's Trout Shop." The mutual friend who introduced us was Bud Lilly.

Bud has fished Yellowstone since 1935. His roots in the country go back to the 1860s, when an ancestor drove a load of telegraph wire into the Gallatin Valley around Bozeman and caught the gold fever at Virginia City. He no longer owns the shop, but still retains the touch and the patience that made him one of the best known guides in the region.

Park officials told me it was the support of guides such as Bud Lilly that helped them transform a collapsed fishery into a sportsman's dream. The Greater Yellowstone Coalition, embracing environmental groups across the ecosystem, offers a day of fishing with Bud for a thousand dollar contribution. There had been nine takers when I joined him for an outing.

We waded out just above Upper Falls, where a good mix of bottom vegetation offered cover to the cutthroat trout and a place for insects to hatch. The season said caddis flies and mayflies should be floating up to the surface; the drizzly day said not much would hatch until it warmed up. So Bud began with wet flies that resemble forms of the aquatic insects before they reach the surface. We also tried the woolly bugger, a version of the time-tested Yellowstone woolly worm. "It just looks like something good to eat," Lilly explained. But the cutthroat were fasting.

With late morning came a pause in the rain and a bit of warming. Bugs began to pop on the surface. Swallows swept up most of them; then a cutthroat rose and took one. Some of the insects floated by us. Mayflies; Green Drake, called Bud. He tied one on and with long graceful swoops presented it, a feathery landing just upstream of the action. A 16-inch cutthroat took the fly.

To a stranger on western waters the name cutthroat hints at meanness, a challenging foe. In fact, the name derives from the red streaks under the jaw. The brook, rainbow, and brown trout are wilier, tougher to land, the brown toughest of all.

And yet, if line, leader, and fly plop down in a heap, eight feet from where the caster flailed out, even the cut-

throat knows what's up. That is not a fly. Only twice in two days did a cutthroat mistake my offerings for something good to eat. Those two changed their minds and slipped the hook. Not that it mattered; by park rule there are no keepers on this part of the river.

Some anglers, Bud included, think the cutthroat has gotten smarter and meaner. Yet the "dumb gene," as biologist Bob Gresswell calls it, helps keep anglers happy. "It is the extreme gullibility of the native cutthroat trout," Gresswell wrote, "that makes them such a superb recreational resource." One study found an individual cutthroat getting hooked ten times a season; some were pulled up three times in a single day.

At one time Yellowstone resembled a fish farm, with a hatchery shipping cutthroat eggs and fry worldwide. By the 1960s the fishery was worn out, though some conservation had taken hold. In that decade the Park Service accepted a daunting challenge: to preserve natural processes in the parks "as nearly as possible in the condition that prevailed when the area was first visited by the white man." As Yellowstone moved toward that goal, fish food for humans became a minor concern.

"We don't plan to give everyone a fish dinner," says Ron Jones, leader of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service unit that manages the resource at Yellowstone. Gresswell is his assistant. "Our first priority is the fish. We protect them so that they can reproduce naturally. And we want enough of them so that they can furnish food for the other members of the ecosystem. Bears, otters, mink, ospreys, eagles, pelicans. The birds on Yellowstone Lake eat 300,000 pounds of fish a year. They're gonna get their fish. And then if we think we have a surplus, which in most populations we do, we let people keep fish."

Roadside cutthroat streams, easily accessible, are catch and release only. Elsewhere the park sets a limit of two, and, in an intriguing flip-flop, keepers in the Yellowstone Lake area must be *under* 13 inches. Larger cutthroat make the best spawners; they are the fishery's keepers. Thus arose the strange complaint: "I fished for hours before I hooked one small enough to keep." A bulging creel, however, is no longer the lure. Fly-fishing in Yellowstone is. As many as 160,000 a year get hooked.

Ron Jones records other good numbers. We boated out to Clear Creek, a major spawning stream, to watch workers count the arriving cutthroat. Looking over the log, I noted that the 1987 season peaked on June 12; on that single day 6,388 trout funneled up the creek. In the early 1970s an entire spawning season at Clear Creek averaged 4,000.

One day at the Fish and Wildlife office I watched a videotape with microbiologist Tony Remsen. He and other members of a research team from the Center for Great Lakes Studies in Wisconsin had undertaken a major exploration of the bottom of Yellowstone Lake with a camera mounted on a roving submersible. Hot water vents and deep fissures appeared on the screen. Jets of sand shot up from little mounds. Bubbles popping up from the bottom gave the water the look of champagne. Bubbling with excitement at the unfolding visual treat, a scientist taping commentary exulted: "National Geographic, eat your heart out."

One major goal of the exploration is to determine the hydrothermal impact on lake nutrients. Around the hot water vents scientists have observed life-forms based on chemosyn-

thesis rather than photosynthesis—bacteria deriving energy from sulfides or sulfur rather than from the light of the sun. And in the depths of Yellowstone Lake, as in deep ocean clefts, there may be communities of organisms based solely on chemosynthesis.

"For a microbiologist," mused Tony Remsen, "Yellowstone is like going to heaven. This is where you can see how bacteria and blue-green algae adapt to various properties of the hot springs and pools. This must be like the way things were a billion and a half or two billion years ago, before some of the higher forms of life evolved."

Back to higher forms of life. "The road between Canyon and Tower will be closed between 2000 this evening and 0800 Saturday." I heard the disquieting words from a park ranger's radio. They meant that Bear 104 and the cubs were about to be evicted from their roadside hangout on the flanks of Mount Washburn. The sow no longer ignored the crowds; she was beginning to circle people. Nobody wanted "another Bear 59." A year earlier rangers had killed 59 a few miles from Canyon, when they found her on the partly eaten body of a photographer.

Around that time Bear 104, a 4 1/2-year-old with cubs of the year, was hanging out just east of the park, foraging on clover, horse manure, and sewage at resort lodges. Aversive conditioning had been tried—a rubber bullet fired from a riot gun, painful but not injurious. The "thumper" had some effect; she remembered the site where she took the hit. But she did not leave the area. The following spring she and the yearlings were moved to the Blacktail Deer Plateau, in the park's northern backcountry. She soon turned up at Washburn, one of the most popular hiking spots in Yellowstone.

I had hoped to see her off. Instead, with the road closed, I went off to dinner at the Lake Hotel, marveling at the contrasts of Yellowstone. Opened in 1891, Lake is the park's oldest operating hotel. Unlike the plain original, today's version, still in the process of transformation, is envisioned as Yellowstone's upscale flagship hotel. The new lobby, brightly pasteled and wickered, and the dining room, with its broad, carpeted entryway, have a Gatsbyesque air. Scott Fitzgerald might know these rooms.

Here one daydreams of white flannels and brass-buttoned blazers and straw boaters, of filmy dresses and cascading tresses and lighthearted laughter like music. Alas, only dreams. The wide-awake world is blue jeans and Bermudas.

Here some friends and I sipped wine and dined on trout almandine and duck a l'orange and prime rib, and a string quartet played Mozart and Hayden and Borodin. Up the road, to the north, they were aiming a dart at 104.

It misfired. The tranquilizer failed to penetrate. Next day crowds converged at Mae West Curve, the road segment bending down from Mount Washburn above Antelope Creek. Here a six-armed ranger directed traffic, pointed out the moving dots in a sage patch, and tried to head off the charge of the light-headed brigade—people marching downslope toward a mother grizzly and two cubs.

We watched through the glasses as 104 and the cubs sashayed to and fro through the sage and open grass. They were loose knit and close knit. At times one of the yearlings would periscope, stiffening on hind legs, spot the sow, and beat it toward her. The cubs frisked among themselves and

E42/

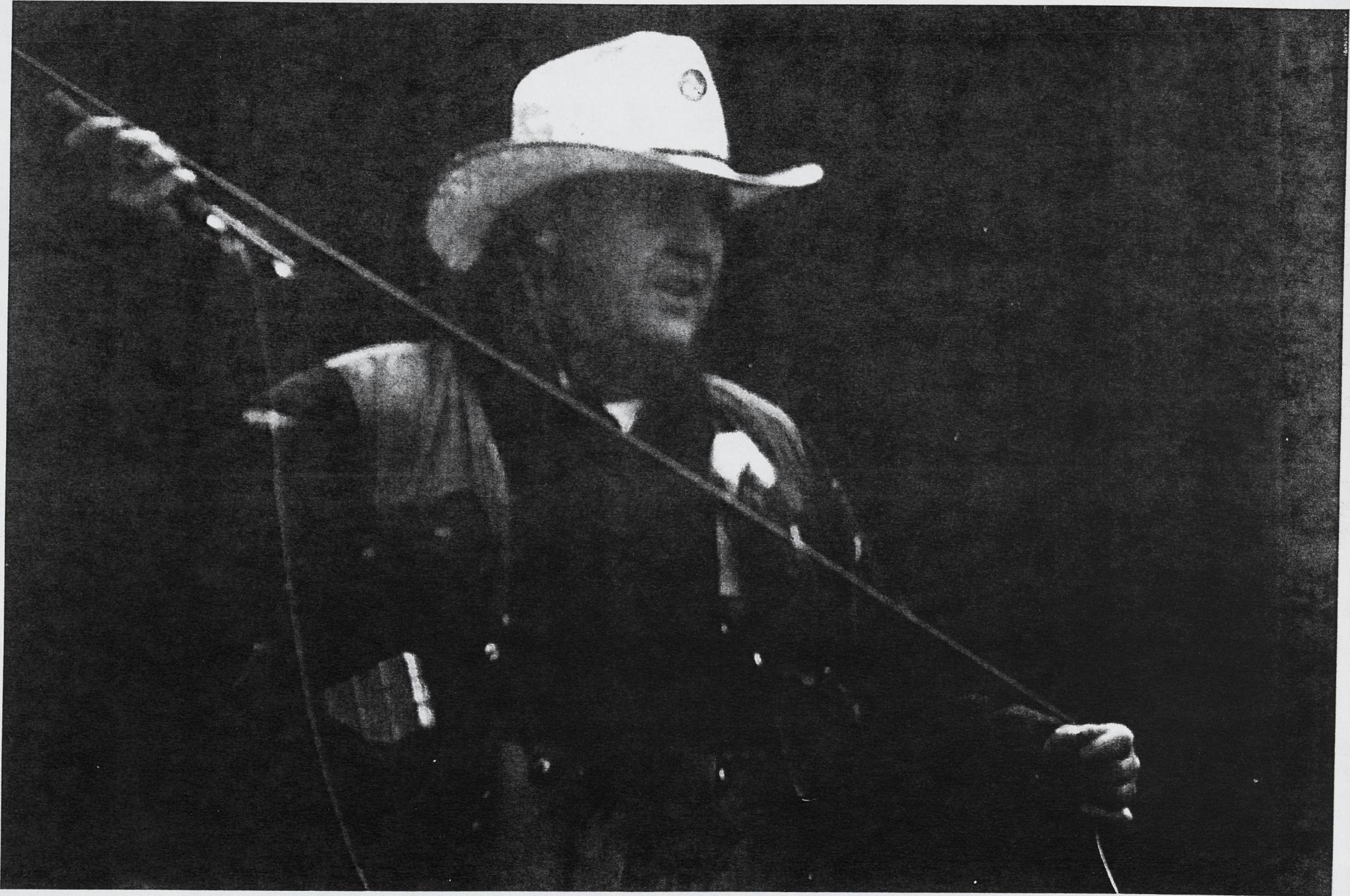
1. Can you confirm that this is a photo of yourself and how would you like your name spelled if it appears in the text?

2. Information for this photo states that it was taken in July, 1987, on the Yellowstone River. Can you confirm that it was taken on the Yellowstone?

3. What type of fish are you looking to catch here?

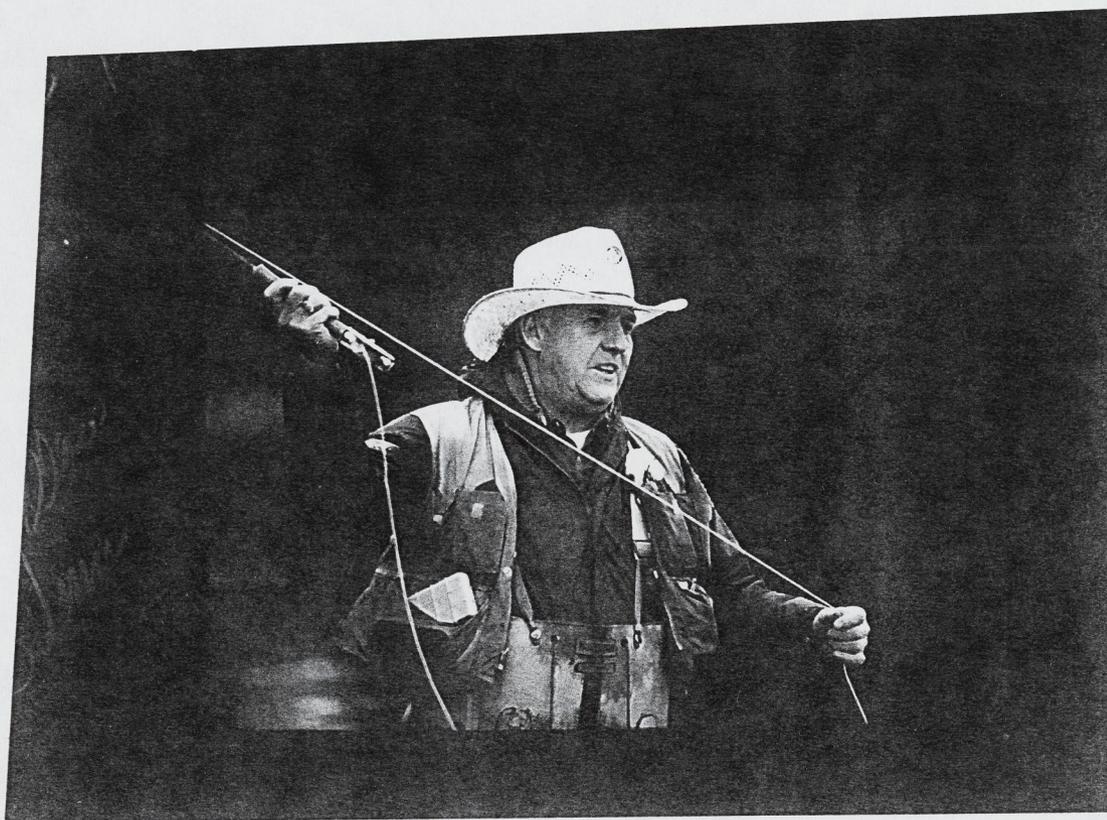
4. Do you have any other comments? As much information as you can provide about this picture would be appreciated.

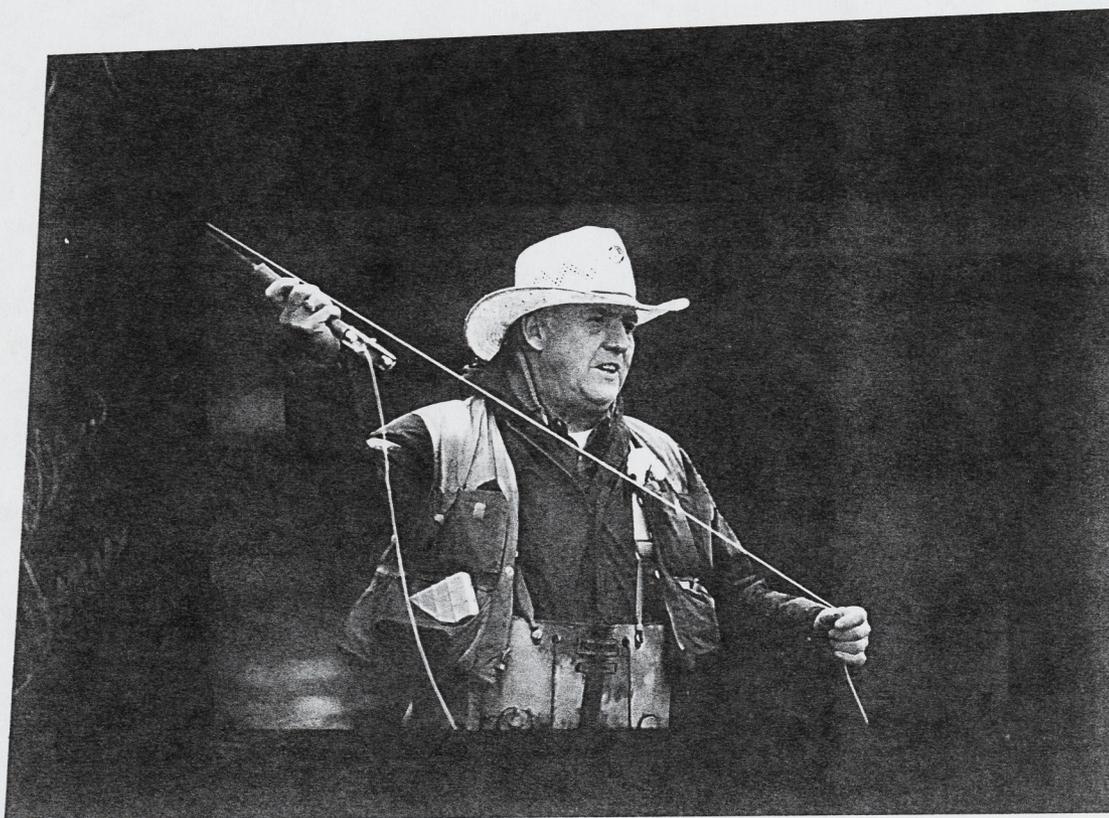
842

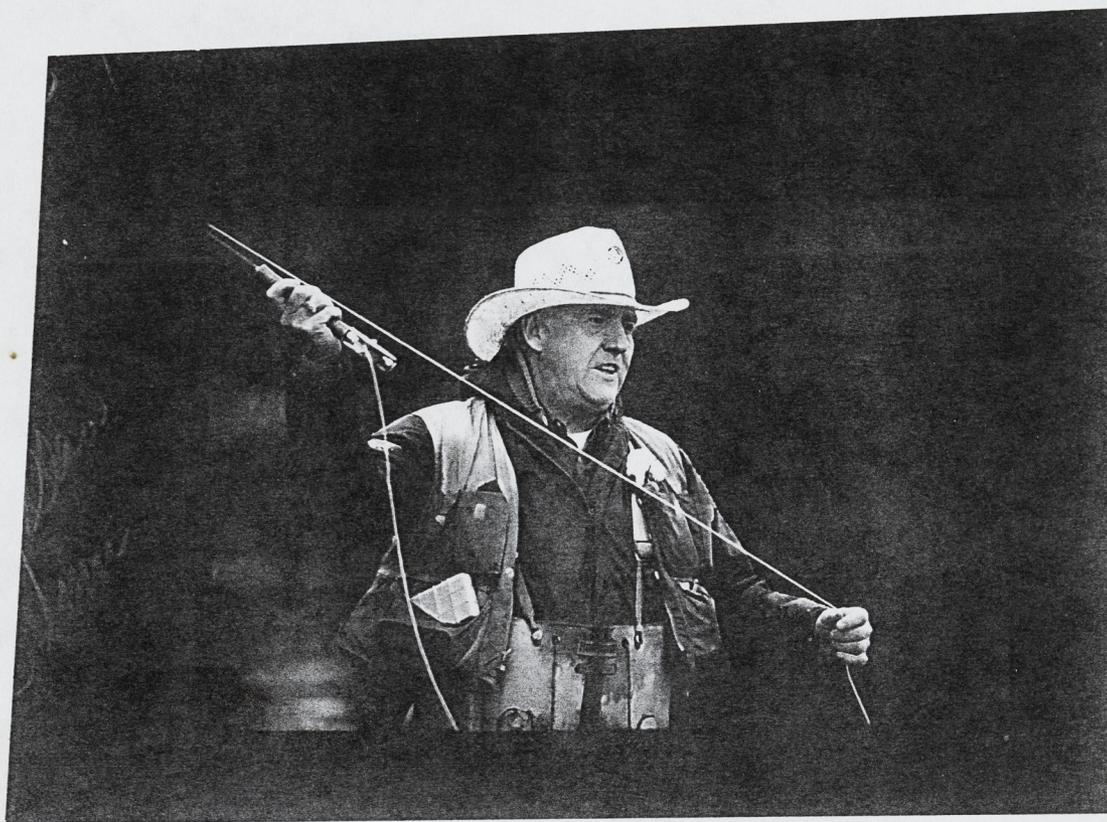


842









JOHN GROSVENOR NEELY

October 20, 2008

Dear Bud,

The guys from Annapolis have been reading your Book, all with memories of a great trip to Yellowstone. The highlight was our breakfast with you! I very much appreciate our friendship & look forward to staying in touch during the coming years.

Best to Esther; only the Best for you -  
John

182 DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ST.  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21401

(410) 280-2603 ANNAPOLIS  
(410) 269-5626 BALTIMORE  
(410) 626-0341 FAX

February 13, 1998

Mr. Bud Lilly  
Angler's Retreat  
16 West Birch,  
Three Forks, Mt. 59752

Dear Bud:

It was great talking with you again last week. We are looking forward to staying at the Angler's Retreat on the nights of 7/30 & 7/31. Enclosed is a check for \$100 as a deposit.

Thanks also for getting us on to Willow Creek. I know there's a five rod maximum per day, and there will be eight of us. Hopefully, you could recommend an additional stream so that we could split up the party.

Look forward to seeing you at the end of July, '98. Thanks again -

John Neely

[MAY 5, 2003]



## St. Justin Martyr Church

2050 West Ball Road  
Anaheim, California 92804-5415  
(714) 774-2595

Mr. Bud Lilly  
Bud Lilly's Anglers Retreat  
16 West Birch  
Three Forks, Montana 59752

Dear Bud,

Thank you for your letter to me of 4/14/03. I am very interested and excited to find out more details of your lodge, accommodations, and fishing. It sounds like what my brother and I have been looking for.

For 8 years until 2000, we had been flying into Chaunigan Lake, BC for our remote fishing experiences. The owners of the private airstrip had to close it to transient pilots because of insurance. That meant that we would have had to drive in. With it being a 12 hour drive from Vancouver, that was not worth it. But it was a beautiful spot. Remote, we brought in all our own food for two weeks; there was no electricity, no refrigeration; we stayed in a rustic cabin; did all our own cooking, etc. We had the experience of really 'being away'. The only problem was that we were limited by the weather. The runway was dirt, which turned into mud, which would affect our departure day(s). I notice that the airport at your place is paved and even with lights, wow!

I am looking forward to what you have to offer. My brother and I are really self-sufficient, but would be open to what amenities might come with your operation and/or that we might have to contend with.

Hopefully Rex will bring to me **all** that your lodge has to offer in terms of accommodations and a sense of remoteness. We're not 'city-slickers'. We don't need a lot of the conveniences that some others may need. And for fishing...well, we would probably like a guide for the first day or two, to get a feel for the streams. We don't need the big lunkers, and we don't need to do every stream this year, just looking for the 'experience', the fun, and the return to nature.

At this point, I am probably looking towards the end of July or sometime in August of 2003. Since you probably have limited accommodations, could you let me know what dates are available in July August? We would like to do this for one week this year, and if it is what we are looking for, we would like to expand this to two or more weeks next year.

My brother and I are really looking for that 'back to nature' feeling that gets so depleted down here in the city. And, if like we felt in Canada, we would like to make this a regular outing.

Looking forward to hearing from you, Bud, and we are really hoping that this works out. I have other buddies who fly and are looking for a fishing spot as well.

God Bless,

Fr. Joseph Nettekoven  
Pastor

Max Naylor

~~#~~ Box # 1

Garrison Southland

N 2

Graeme Naylor

Box # 12

Guide

[July 29, 2008]

JOHN GROSVENOR NEELY

July 28, 2008

Dear Bud,

Enclosed is a check for \$315  
for the nine books. We will be  
at the Anglers Retreat on Thursday  
evening August 28<sup>th</sup>. I will be  
shipping my gear in advance to  
your daughter Alisa. Thank you  
for your friendship. See you  
in a month. Please do have breakfast  
with us on the 29<sup>th</sup> - John