

What is a Letter?



'Tis a silent message uttered to the eye . . .  
which envious distance would in vain deny.

'Tis a tie that binds . . .  
when circumstances part . . .  
a nerve of feeling . . . stretched from heart to heart!

'Tis a mystic flash . . .  
an electric chain . . .  
bearing along each precious link . . .  
affections life pulse . . . in a drop of ink!

10-29-01

Dear Bud & Esther,

Thank you so much for  
coming to Livingston. Sorry  
there weren't more folks  
there but everyone sure  
enjoyed the evening. Thanks  
for sharing your knowledge.

Thought you might like a  
poster.

Warmly,  
Dorinda



Dude Ranchers' Association



September 13, 2002

Dear Bud & Esther,

I'm very grateful for your  
hospitality and your friendship.  
Please keep in touch.

I'll see you next year,  
and will bring Joan with me.

With affectionate regards,

Steve

P.S. - No grasshoppers along Willow  
Creek. Parachute Adams #12 or 14  
works better than hopper flies.

Zillions of grasshoppers along  
the gullatin at Logan, but no  
big fish & no natural feeding seen  
except for very small browns on  
baetis hatches

July 17, 1992

Dear Bud,

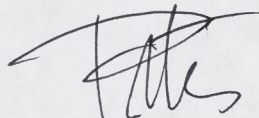
In the early seventies I was fortunate enough to come under the strong wing (my wife was under the other one) of the late John Hightower. John introduced us to your shop and from then until you left, it was the first place we headed for upon arriving in town. John is gone now as is my wife who passed away over seven years ago. One of the articles (she also wrote pretty well about this sport) she had planned on doing before her illness was on women flyfishers and she'd planned on interviewing your late wife. Chiyo wanted to get more women involved and although she is no longer here, I'm glad to see more ladies on the streams.

I'm enclosing a check for \$ 20.00 for the autographed, cloth-bound copy of A Trout's Best Friend with the extra funds to cover the cost of handling.

I still get to the Madison each year where the ashes of my wife rest, along with the spirit of Hightower, Ross Marigold and so many others who have helped me come to enjoy this sport so much.

I wish you well in whatever new endeavors you undertake and thank you for your kindness and help during the years when I was such a novice.

Yours truly,



Peter Sagara  
Rt.1 Box 92M  
Santa Fe NM 87501

p.s. Life comes full circle. I am retired from my professional photography career in Los Angeles, and now have the chance to help educate others to the sport of flyfishing by "working" a few days a week in Santa Fe's only flyfishing shop! It's absolutely a kick in the pants to be there helping people choose a stream to fish, select some flies and send them on their way to what I know will be a good time.

P.S.S. I STILL SEE CAL DUNBAR WHEN I'M THERE SO HE CAN USE HIS SKILLS SPEAKING JAPANESE ON ME! HE KNOWS MORE THAN I !!

APPLETON H. SEAVERN  
Box 621  
SUFFIELD, CONNECTICUT  
06078

16 March

Dear Bud,

Kindly mail me one  
copy of a Trout's Best Friend  
paperback to the address above.  
Thanks.

I plan to keep in touch

Best wishes,

App Seaverns

# MEMORANDUM

7/24/88

Dear Bud,

I had the greatest fishing trip ever - - - - -

Actually Too Great. I still haven't come down yet.

Spoke to Rod + Rod's editor + had to rush out letter of confirmation to make deadline - 9/22/88 - to get my nomination in.

So enclosed photostat, not my best - if I had had more time.

Mr Dad, Step-mother + wife Cindy awaiting arrival of Tenderfoot Creek Ranch tapes for review. Am pleasantly surprised.

Am having telephone<sup>Co.</sup>, electric<sup>Co.</sup>, and a road builder contact Esther (Road builder Snowmobile's that area + knows it.) Tax angle on orig ask price - won't work. But may on a lower #. ??  
Well see.

Doug Shapiro

Over

# MEMORANDUM

-2-

Will keep channels open.  
Please stay in touch. Hope we  
can get some feedback soon.

Regards to you all &  
Bud Dawson.

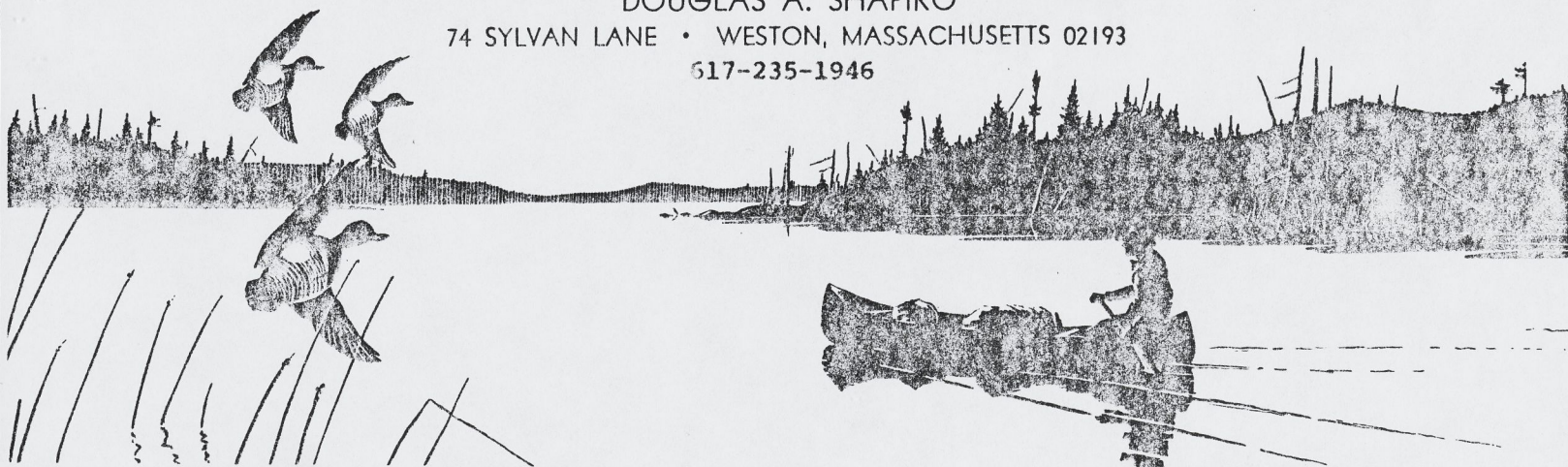
Or ever,  
Dave

P.S. Spoke to Jim Kent.

He told me some  
interesting dope on how  
B.D. dealt with a few  
trespassers. He shot over  
their heads with a shot-gun  
to scare them away.

Anyway told him I'll  
try to give it my best shot  
(no pun) after the research  
Doug Shapiro  
is done.

DOUGLAS A. SHAPIRO  
74 SYLVAN LANE • WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02193  
617-235-1946



July 20, 1988

Dear Silvio:

It was good to talk to you again today. Thanks so much for your advice concerning my need for word processing. I think that I will follow it.

My nephew, Brad Kogut, and I just returned from a really fabulous fishing trip, where we spent two weeks with Bud Lilly of Bozeman, Montana.

I had called Nick Lyons last December and asked him who he felt would be the very best person to recommend for a total Western trout fishing experience. One, as a matter of fact, who he would suggest if the concierge from Buckingham Palace were calling to arrange such a trip for Prince Charles.

Nick simply stated with little hesitation, " Bud Lilly."

As you may remember when we last talked, I had expressed some major personal trauma and as a result a burn-out of my beloved fly fishing hobby, as a result of some devastating changes to my newly acquired life long dream realization. My very special fishing retreat. I had actually gone into the equivalent of a three year mourning period over the loss, after incredibly difficult efforts to finally find, and develop the site, with at least a 20 year time frame in mind.

Well, Bud Lilly is a man of tremendous empathy and compassion. A very warm and special kind of person. He damn near broke his back- so to speak- to show Brad and me the fishing vacation of our lives.

He introduced us to many wonderful people, including his wife, Esther, who also shares Bud's love of trout fishing and the outdoor life. Almost like family. One day we put in over 300 miles to visit a remote and semi-wilderness ranch with unbelievable fishing - complete with a fascinating visit with a real old time cowboy rancher ( The real McCoy ) who toured us around, but couldn't understand why we were using flies instead of worms ( He dug some for Brad who politely refused them. . . ) and why we were so concerned about gently releasing his 18 " brown and rainbow trout, instead of taking some home for a

Continued. . .

fry.

He was a real character, and he really made the whole trip for us just on our visit that day with him on his ranch. ( I have since started into the research process which may???? lead me to make an offer. . . )

Anyway, Bud's knowledge of the total environment we toured throughout Montana and Yellowstone Park, including its history, was quite an education.

His guidance for Brad and me, was very gentle, yet always there when needed to help either one of us maximize every opportunity which presented itself to us ( Some with difficult complexity ) to catch as many trout, and safely release them all ( Even our biggest ones ) as was possible for the differant river conditions we experienced.

Yes, Bud Lilly is a pro. He is one of the best.

Having been a teacher and educator at one time in his life, he possesses more than the necessary amount of patience for the usual foul ups, etc., that most of we average recreational fishermen seem to experience.

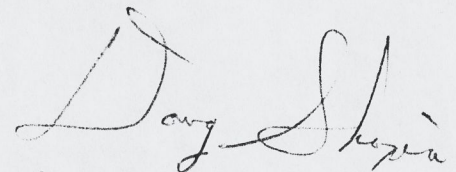
Bud certainly is completely at home and in control of his environment, as well as in control of himself and his ability to adjust and to flex to his " sports " and their needs.

I could go on, for after one spends two weeks morning to evening fishing with someone they certainly do get to know them a little bit.

But the bottom line is that Bud Lilly successfully restored my spark, my fly fishing intensity, more important than anything else, and had me having fun again with fly rod in hand and a renewed aggressiveness on the river.

I would like to nominate Bud Lilly as Rod & Reel's 1988 Guide of the Year.

Sincerest regards,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Doug Skypia". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "Doug Skypia".





**Sonnenalp**  
Hotel and Country Club

1-31-89

Dear Bud-

Well, they finally  
printed it. Hope you like the  
final cut.

This is a good issue.  
Your book "My Friend The Trout"  
got a good review and <sup>also contained</sup> a good  
article on Yellowstone Park.

Bud - I didn't have a  
good guide... I had a great one.

Warmest regards,

Doug

P.S. Could you  
have the guest  
ranches you mentioned

mail Cindy & me

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# Rod & Reel

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MARCH 1989

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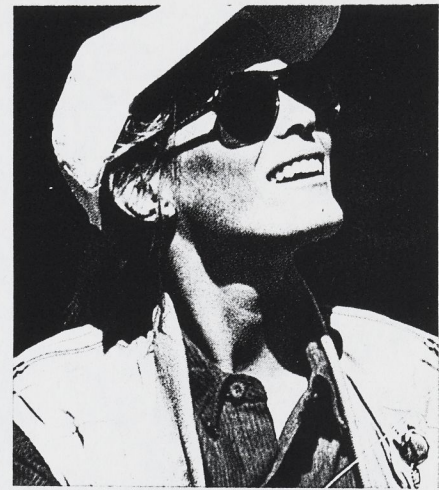


# Rod & Reel

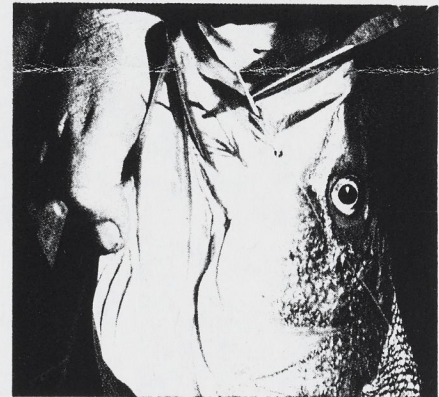
THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FLY-FISHING

VOLUME 11 NUMBER 1 • MARCH 1989

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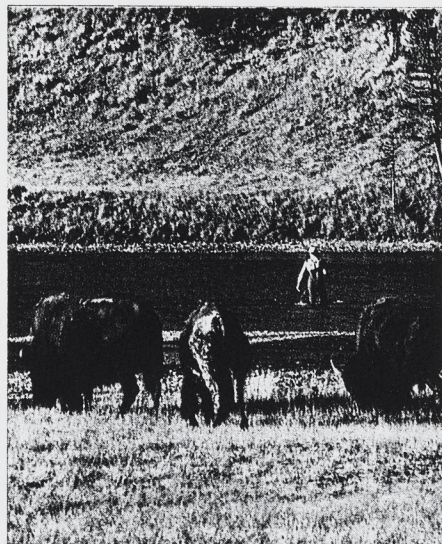
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## On revitalizing the burned-out fly fisherman

**T**HANKS for mentioning Bud Lilly, of Bozeman, Montana, for the '88 Guide of the Year award.

Last winter, on Nick Lyons' recommendation, I asked Bud if he could put together a fishing trip for me, keeping in mind that I was on the verge of fly fisherman's burnout. I was fishing harder and catching fewer and smaller fish. I was feeling the effects of streams overcrowded with fishermen, and many seemed to be competitive, narrow-minded technicians. Some seemed to be totally lacking aesthetic or spiritual appreciation of the sport, its quarry or its surroundings. The marks of environmental deterioration, despite outstanding conservation efforts, on waters that used to furnish wonderful hours of respite, contributed to my disillusionment as well.

Perhaps a fly fisherman should keep up with change, but at what point do these changes alter the very nature of the sport?

Bud responded empathetically to the call, saying that he understood my feelings and thought he knew what I was looking for. He would organize a "total Western experience."

In July, my nephew, Brad, and I left Boston for Bozeman. I was a bit ambivalent about another fishing junket, but this would be Brad's first to the West. We had shared a variety of fishing since Brad began using a fly rod six years before, and now we were traveling to the angler's Mecca.

True to his word, Bud Lilly zeroed in on the kind of fishing vacation both Brad and I had hoped for. From the time Bud met us at the airport until our departure two weeks later he went 110 percent all-out for us.

**B**UD had made reservations at the Gallatin Gateway Inn, formerly a railroad station, just outside Bozeman. The inn is in the tradition of the grand hotels of the West. It has recently been renovated and has a wonderfully friendly and efficient staff that went out of its way to make us feel at home.

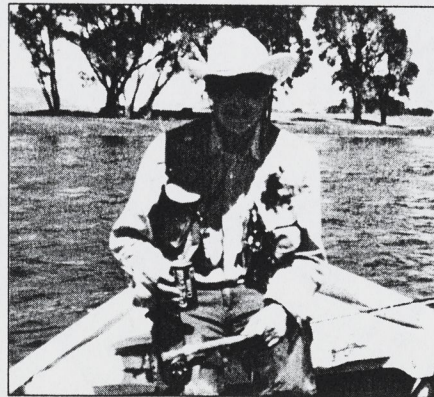
From the first day, the scenery alone was worth the trip. Traveling south on Rte. 191 to Big Sky, through the Gallatin River Valley, was impressive. We went through a steep and spectacular canyon with forests of pointed evergreens and majestic rock outcrops in shades of beige and brown. The Gallatin riffled along, switching back and forth under the road beneath the Spanish Peaks. We passed a huge rock formation shaped like a castle complete with turrets.

Later we fished the Gallatin where it flows through a 2,000-acre horse ranch belonging to a friend of Bud's. As we drove up the driveway Bud spotted a bobcat, which ran off into the timber before we could react with our cameras. At one point that day, Bud located a big rainbow. He said that if I could roll-cast just one more foot farther out from the bank,

I'd catch that fish. I did and, sure enough, the rainbow took the fly. After netting the fish I asked Bud how he was so sure I'd catch it. He smiled and replied, "Remember, I'm an expert!" I didn't let Bud live that down the rest of the trip. We had quite a kibitz about it.

Of course we fished around quite a bit during our stay. Bud shared some of his favorite spots with us and also some of his strategies for fly selection and presentation.

There were times when my own experience would have led me astray, were it not for Bud's expert guidance. For instance, the big Yellowstone cutthroat trout present difficulties for most fly fishermen dealing with them for the first time. While fishing the tail of the salmonfly hatches, we had to "sight hook" these cutts as they were soft-mouthing our flies. The takes were extremely subtle, and we had to be very alert. I was exasperated until Bud helped me get the hang of it. But I still wasn't giving them the right fly. After many refusals, I decided the closest thing in my vest to a salmonfly was a #6 Wood Special streamer;



in Maine we have excellent results with it on brook trout and landlocked salmon. In desperation I decided to float one dry. The unconventional approach, always fun for me, worked on those selective cutts. I was beginning to have fun fly-fishing again.

The Park was just magnificent. In spite of the tourists we saw many wonderful things, and Bud always had me and Brad where the fishing was peaceful as well as productive.

The Chinese Wall in the Park was most unusual. Its sand-colored canyon rims and cliff faces are vertically serrated, sparsely punctuated by ponderosa pine. Below, the Yellowstone River was turquoise blue broken by white foam. Behind the sandy shore were heavy stands of lodgepole pine. From time to time the pungent smell of sulfur from nearby hot springs was almost overpowering.

We saw much wildlife: elk, mule deer, antelope, a black bear and an eagle. Bud's Suburban was charged by a crazed bison, which gave us a thrill before Bud quickly turned out of its path. Brad and I were lucky to

experience the park at this time; the forest fires began about a week after we got home.

One day we visited a youthful 75-year-old rancher in what might be called classic Charley Russell country. We drove through rolling oceans of grassland interspersed with islands of trees. Then small chasms and rock outcrops appeared, some in vertical finger patterns like mini-buttes. Finally we hiked 2 1/2 miles, some of it steeply down, to fish two rivers that flow along the floor of a spectacular canyon ranch. The sheer limestone walls melded into the river on both sides of us as we waded up the middle. A magnificent setting.

The fishing wasn't fast, but we caught rainbows up to 18 inches. Bud's wife, Esther, took a beautiful 17-inch brown. We saw bigger trout but didn't catch them. The rancher was amused by Brad's fly-casting and felt he was handicapping himself. He dug some worms and offered them to Brad so he might catch some "real trout." Brad politely turned them down and explained he only fished with flies. The rancher was even more incredulous when he saw us release our trout. He muttered under his breath that we were "sure wasting the makings of a good fish fry."

At Bud's suggestion we floated a lower section of the Yellowstone with Bob Landowski, who guides for The River's Edge, in Bozeman. Bob was excellent company. Then I spent a day on a spring creek and some time on the Madison, where I encountered the biggest trout of my trip—a six-pound-plus brown that struck a hopper in 18 inches of water. It all ended with a 40-foot release.

Bud took us on side tours so we could learn more about Western history and culture. We saw several museums, including the Museum of the Rockies, in Bozeman, which is quite impressive. There we met Mrs. Audrey O'Connell, the assistant director, and had an enlightening tour of the dinosaur bones.

**T**HANKS to Bud Lilly, guide and gentleman, my fishing intensity rekindled. Knowing my flies were floating over many good fish swelled my motivation. I truly felt liberated from my slump. I was renewed with enthusiasm toward fly-fishing, which I'd thought till then was permanently burned out.

This trip was anything but one-dimensional. In our wanderings we had the pleasure of meeting many wonderful people, and the long rides through varied and dramatic scenery were an inexhaustible pleasure. Our stay was invigorating and refreshing.

I hope that other fly fishermen who may be approaching ambivalence will find the chance to rekindle their spark through some new and exciting experiences—which are all the better in the company of special people.

Doug Shapiro  
Weston, Massachusetts



MADISON - GALLATIN CHAPTER

February 8, 1990

Mr. Bud Lilly  
2007 Sourdough Road  
Bozeman, MT 59715

Dear Bud,

Your program last night was superb - as I knew it would be. I meant to tell you that last night after your show, but I got caught up in counting all the money we made on the raffle and didn't get away until after you left. Your program undoubtedly attracted many of the capacity turnout to the Chili Feed, and I don't think anybody went away unsatisfied. We all had a good time and the chapter had another successful event - much due to your program. Thanks. Your support of the chapter, of Trout Unlimited, and of the trout is appreciated by all good friends of the trout.

I hope that you will be able to enjoy more of the coming fishing season than you did last year, and I'd surely like to join you some time. Maybe I can learn something, as Paul Schullery says he did. I could use a little learning. But I'll never be as good a story-teller as you are!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Gene Smith".

Gene Smith  
Program Director



July 11, 1988

Dear Bud:

Grassy & Grampa  
brought over a copy  
of your book last  
weekend (which I  
hadn't seen...)

I am going to enjoy  
reading it Bud,  
but I particularly  
got a charge out  
of seeing pictures

of Greg, Mike and  
Annette! Liked  
all the pictures -  
your younger days,  
Father's picture etc.

Congratulations Bud -  
well done.

Love

Jean Smallwood

p.s. your visit was a 't  
long enough!



Ki te  
teacher, Allison and  
Christopher xoxo.

From an original drawing by eskimo artist SARAHSEE  
D'après un dessin original de l'artiste esquimaude SARAHSEE





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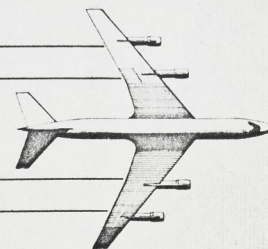
Sincerely,

Ray Silvius  
Director of Public Relations

*Ernie  
This looks  
like enough but I  
expect more from Bud  
Browning k + k  
Gene*

**WESTERN  
AIR LINES**

**NEWS RELEASE**



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RAY SILVIUS, Director of Public Relations • FORREST R. MULVANE, News Bureau Manager

For Immediate Release  
(June 12, 1963)

WESTERN PLANS RESUMPTION OF SERVICE TO YELLOWSTONE

Airline service to Yellowstone National Park will be re-established in the spring of 1965 by Western Air Lines if the park's new airport is completed on time.

Groundbreaking for the \$1,318,000 airport was held last week with Sen. Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.) removing the traditional first shovel of dirt. Completion is scheduled for October 1964.

Yellowstone has been without regular airline service since 1948 when Western, which had served the area since 1939, was forced to cease operations because of inadequate airport facilities.

The new airport will be located 1½ miles north of West Yellowstone at an elevation of 6636 feet. The asphalt runway will be 8400 feet long and 150 feet wide with a parallel taxiway 75 feet wide. The field will be fully lighted for night operations and has been designed to accommodate aircraft up to and including Western's jet-powered Electra II's.

(more)

"Western will provide daily service with four-engine pressurized planes with both deluxe and aircoach accommodations, at the beginning of the 1965 park season," Thomas M. Murphy, Western's director of state and community affairs, said.

"We will work with travel agencies and other airlines to develop tour packages that will open this area to vacationers from all over the world," Murphy said.

"Air transportation will make it possible for a greater number of people to come to this outstanding tourist attraction of the West. The stenographer, the clerk and the middle class working man will be able to fulfill a dream that is not possible except by air travel," he said.

-WAL-



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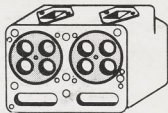
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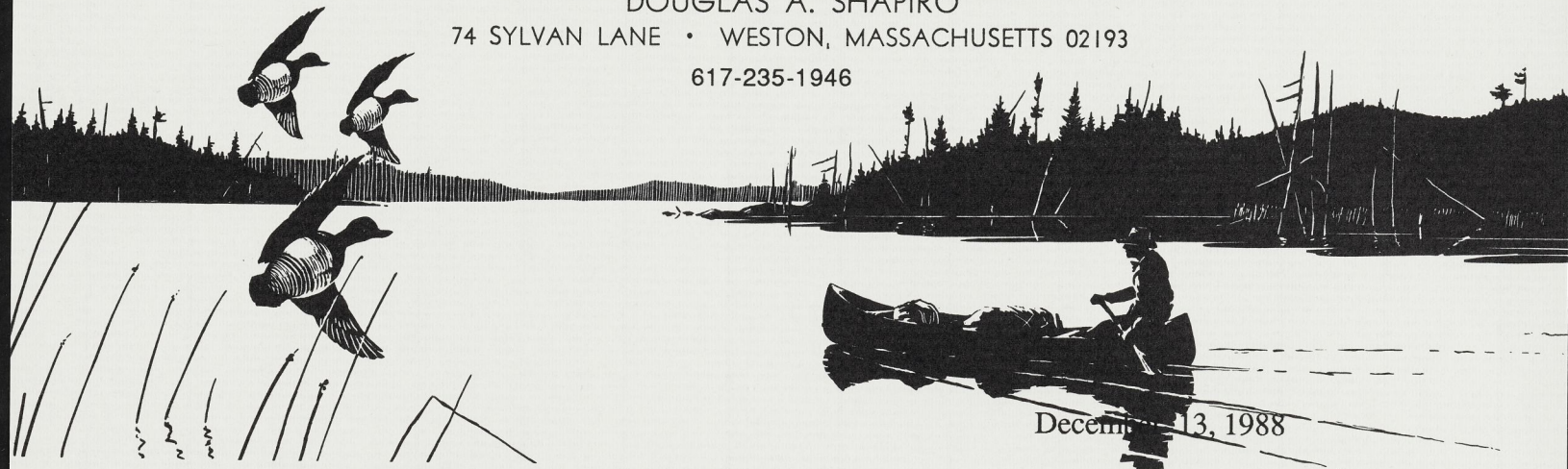
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DOUGLAS A. SHAPIRO  
74 SYLVAN LANE • WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02193  
617-235-1946



Dear Bud,

Thanks for sending along the most recent "Newsletter" which does a good job of answering most of my previous questions concerning this summer's drought and fires. By the way, who are those two stiffs you mentioned you took fishing for two weeks, last July!!

Enclosed please find a more finalized copy of the article I submitted to Rod & Reel Magazine. As you will see they made some changes. Some are improvements and some are questionable. For instance I didn't like the last sentence in the second paragraph. It certainly is a run-on ramblar. So the Assistant Editor, Jim Butler, said he would correct it.

I guess editors have the final say, unless one has a copyright agreement for protection against alteration. So I tried a "tactful negotiation" to attempt maintaining the feeling of my original copy. I wonder how much of this editorial license you experienced with your books. . .

Bad knees and all, Cindy and I are headed for some skiing tomorrow and will be back from Vail December 22nd. Now that fishing is important to me again, I am starting to think a little less about my skiing.

Brad tells me that he may have to go to summer school to help lighten up his heavy academic load at Vassar College, so I will try to give some thought to another possible traveling companion. Too bad Cindy is not a fisherperson.

Best wishes to you, Esther, and all of your family for the holiday season.

Warmest regards,

Here you go, Doug. Hope I haven't done anything you don't like — I think I made only minor changes. Best,  
Vive

## Rekindling The Burned-Out Fly Fisherman

*Can a disillusioned angler regain his spark in a world of sterile technology, overcrowded streams and damaged habitat?*

Thanks for giving Bud Lilly, of Bozeman, Montana, consideration for *Rod & Reel's* 1988 Guide of the Year award.

Last winter I called Bud on Nick Lyons' recommendation. I asked Bud if he could put together a fishing trip for me, keeping in mind that I was on the verge of fly fisherman's burnout. I was fishing harder and catching fewer and smaller fish than I had in the past. I was feeling the effects of streams overcrowded with fishermen, many of whom appeared to be competitive, narrow-minded technicians. Some of them seemed to be totally lacking in either aesthetic or spiritual appreciation of the sport, its quarry or its surroundings. Partly to blame is the recent over-commercialization of fly-fishing; the marks of environmental deterioration left on waters that used to furnish many wonderful hours of respite, in spite of outstanding conservation efforts, contributed to my disillusionment as well.

It could be argued that a fly fisherman should keep up with change, but at what point do all these changes alter the very nature of the sport?

Bud responded empathetically to the call, saying that he understood my feelings and thought he knew what I was looking for. He would try to organize a "total Western experience."

On July 6, my nephew Brad and I left Boston for Bozeman. I was still a bit ambivalent about another fishing junket, but this would be Brad's first trip to see the West. We had shared quite a variety of fishing since Brad had begun using a fly rod six years before, and now we were traveling to the angler's Mecca.

True to his word, Bud Lilly zeroed in on the kind of fishing vacation both Brad and I had hoped for. From the time Bud met us at the airport until our departure two weeks later he went 110 percent all-out for us.

Bud had made reservations for us at the Gallatin Gateway Inn, which was formerly a railroad station, just outside of Bozeman. The inn is in the tradition of the grand hotels of the West. It has been recently renovated and has a wonderfully friendly and efficient staff that went out of its way to accommodate us and make us feel at home.

From the first day, the scenery alone was worth the trip. Traveling south on Route 191 between Bozeman and Big Sky, through the Gallatin River Valley, was

impressive. We went through a steep and spectacular canyon, which featured forests of pointed evergreen trees and majestic outcroppings of rock in various shades of beige and brown. The Gallatin riffled along, switching back and forth under the road beneath the Spanish Peaks. At one point we passed a huge rock formation shaped exactly like a castle, complete with turrets.

We fished a number of beats on the Gallatin, including where the river flows through a 2,000-acre horse ranch belonging to a friend of Bud's. As we drove into the driveway, Bud spotted a bobcat, which quickly ran off into the timber before either Brad or I could react with our cameras. At one point on this beat, Bud located a nice rainbow. He told me that if I could roll-cast just one more foot farther out from the bank, I'd catch that fish. I did and, sure enough, a nice rainbow took the fly. After netting the fish I asked Bud how he was so sure that I would catch it. He smiled and replied, "Remember, I'm an expert!" I don't think I let Bud live that down the rest of the trip. We had quite a kibitz about it.

Of course we fished around quite a bit during our stay. Bud shared some of his favorite spots with us and also some of his strategies for both fly selection and presentation.

I personally feel there were many occasions when my previous experience would have led me astray if it were not for Bud's expert guidance. For instance, the big cutthroat trout in Yellowstone Park presented problems that would be difficult for most fly fishermen dealing with them for the first time. While we were fishing the tail end of the salmonfly hatches we had to "sight hook" these cutts as they were soft-mouthing the flies. We had to be very alert as the takes were extremely subtle, and I became quite exasperated until Bud helped me get the hang of it. But I still wasn't giving them the right fly. After many refusals, I decided that the closest thing to a salmonfly I had in my vest was a #6 Wood Special streamer. Its size and orange body did seem similar. We have had excellent results with this fly in Maine rivers on brook trout and landlocked salmon. In desperation I decided to float one dry. The unconventional approach, always fun for me, started to work with deadly results on the selective Yellowstone cutthroats. I was beginning to have fun fly-fishing again.

Yellowstone Park was just magnificent. In spite of the tourist crowds, we saw many wonderful things and Bud always had me and Brad where the fishing was peaceful and quiet, as well as productive.

The Chinese Wall up in the Park was most unusual. Its sandy-colored canyon rims and cliff faces have a vertically serrated texture, punctuated by sparse stands of ponderosa pine. Below, the Yellowstone River was a turquoise blue broken by white

foam. Behind the sandy shore from which Bud and I were casting were heavy stands of lodgepole pine. From time to time the pungent smell of sulfur from nearby hot springs was almost overpowering.

We saw quite a bit of wildlife: elk, mule deer, antelope, a black bear and an eagle. Bud's Chevy Suburban was charged by a crazed bison, which gave us a thrill before Bud quickly turned out of its path. I guess Brad and I were lucky to have experienced the park at this time. The horrible forest fires of that summer began about a week after we returned home.

One day we visited a youthful 75-year-old rancher over in what would be called classic "Charley Russell country." We drove through rolling oceans of vast grasslands interspersed with sparse islands of trees. Then small chasms and rock outcroppings began to appear, some in vertical finger patterns resembling mini buttes. Finally, we hiked 2 1/2 miles, some of it steeply down, to fish two rivers that flow through the floor of a spectacular canyon ranch. The sheer limestone walls of this canyon melded directly into the river, on both sides of us, as we waded right up the middle. It was a magnificent setting.

The fishing wasn't fast, but we caught rainbows up to 18 inches. Bud's wife Esther, with us on that day, caught a beautiful 17-inch brown. We saw bigger trout but were unsuccessful in catching any. The rancher was amused by Brad's fly-casting and felt he was severely handicapping himself. He dug some worms and offered them to Brad so that he might catch some "real trout." Brad politely turned down the invitation and explained he only fished with flies. The rancher was even more incredulous when he saw us gently release all our trout. He muttered under his breath that we were "sure wasting the makings of a good fish fry."

At Bud's suggestion, we took an all-day float trip on a lower section of the Yellowstone with guide Bob Landowski, who works out of The River's Edge in Bozeman. Bob was excellent company. I spent a day fishing a spring creek and some time on the Madison, where I had an encounter with my biggest trout of the trip—a 26-inch-plus, six-pound brown that savagely took a large hopper in only 18 inches of water. Needless to say, it ended with a 40-foot release.

During part of our trip, Bud took us on several interesting side tours so that we could learn more about Western history and culture. We visited several museums, including the Museum of the Rockies in Bozeman, which is quite an impressive facility. There we met Mrs. Audrey O'Connell, the assistant director, and had an enlightening tour of the dinosaur bones.

My fishing intensity really picked up on this trip; knowing my flies were floating over many good fish certainly didn't hurt my motivation. I truly felt liberated from my fishing slump. Bud Lilly is a true pro and I found myself filled with a renewed enthusiasm toward my fly-fishing, which I had up until then thought had permanently burned out.

This trip was anything but one-dimensional. We had the pleasure of meeting many wonderful people through our wanderings. And the endless rides we took through varied and dramatic scenery were an inexhaustible pleasure. I found them both invigorating and refreshing.

I sincerely hope that other fly fishermen who may be approaching ambivalence will find their own opportunity to rekindle their spark through some new and exciting experiences. And it's all the better if it can be done in the company of special people.

Doug Shapiro

Weston, Massachusetts

88 Mountain Road  
Princeton, New Jersey  
15 February 1964

Dear Bud:

Am sorry that you had to call long distance to build a fire under me about the return of your Madison manuscript, and the entomological study you borrowed from your friend. Since the boys at Field & Stream were already committed to a piece on the Firehole, there was no chance for another article on your immediate area; their comment on the pictures was similar to mine at Christmas: that action and color are best, and that although the lunker browns are impressive, they do not cover story needs. Kodachrome II is best for such purposes, and the cameras must produce large extremely sharp images for good reproduction. The manuscript is filled with good factual description, but it lacks the flavor and atmosphere of fishing on the river somehow. Telling someone how to create the mood of an experience is almost impossible; it's a thing a writer has to work out for himself. And anecdotal experiences that have happened to you or close friends must be described to give the reader either amusement or the vicarious experience of imaginary fishing with you and other Madison experts. The piece now reads more like a factual newspaper story or where-to-go column in a magazine than a major feature piece.

Have also enclosed the Firehole studies and want to thank you for them. There were no unfamiliar hatches listed, but the additional data makes my figures and averages even better. Any additional data on your hatches (you mentioned that your friend was collecting local insect species) will be extremely valuable in establishing sound averages in future hatching calendars.

Thought you might also like the enclosed dope on future air service to West Yellowstone, since I have finished with it for the Firehole piece. Included a plug for you and the shop in the copy, and hope it will survive the editorial treatment. Hello to the lovely Pat. Hope to see you both next season, and will catch a few for you both in Argentina and Chile. Zern says to tell you both hello for him.

Cordially,

**ERNE**

**SEND ME A COPY OF 100 DAYS WHEN IT COMES OUT.**

88 MOUNTAIN ROAD  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY  
19 NOVEMBER 1963

DEAR BUD:

IT WAS GOOD TO REVISIT WEST YELLOWSTONE AND MEET YOU THIS PAST SEPTEMBER, EVEN IF ONLY FOR A SINGLE EVENING. PERHAPS WE CAN FISH TOGETHER THE NEXT TIME.

HUGH GREY AND FIELD & STREAM HAVE ASKED ME TO WRITE A PIECE ON THE FISHHOLE, ITS UNIQUE CHARACTER, ITS HATCHES, AND THE RESULTS OF ITS FLY-FISHING ONLY RULES UNDER HEAVY PUBLIC FISHING PRESSURE. THE EDITORS HAVE ASKED ME TO CHECK WITH YOU FOR ADDITIONAL BACKGROUND MATERIAL ON THE RIVER, APPROPRIATE ANECDOTES FROM YOUR EXPERIENCE, AND INFORMATION ON YOUR NEW AIRPORT AND ANTICIPATED AIR SERVICE.

TOPOGRAPHICAL MAPS AND ANY INFORMATION THAT SEEMS PERTINENT WILL BE WELCOME. ED ZEPIN AND I HAD DINNER TOGETHER IN NEW YORK LAST WEEK, AND HE SENDS HIS BEST TO YOU AND TO MRS. LILLY. OUR THANKS FOR YOUR ADVICE IN THIS PROJECT, ESPECIALLY IN FLY-HATCHING DATA.

SINCERELY,

ERNEST SCHWIEBERT





## East Idaho Fly Tying/Fly Fishing Expo

Bruce Staples,  
291 Dale Dr  
Idaho Falls ID 83402  
H(208) 522-9242 W(208)524-7160  
casbas@ida.net

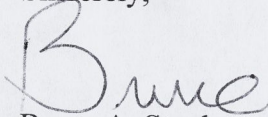
May 15, 2007

Dear Bud:

Enclosed is a CD holding your presentation given during the banquet of the Eastern Idaho Fly Tying and Fly Fishing Expo at the Shilo Inn in Idaho Falls, Idaho on April 21<sup>st</sup>, 2007. Gerry "Randy" Randolph of Idaho Falls, is the author of this CD.

Bud; we hope you enjoy this CD, and we thank you once again for sharing some of your fly-fishing memories with us. We are also sending a copy of this CD to Dr. Bruce Morton, Dean of Libraries, Montana State University for inclusion in the Trout Collection.

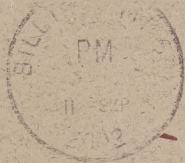
Sincerely,

  
Bruce A. Staples



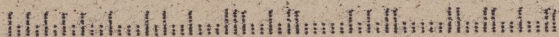
Sponsored by the Snake River Cutthroats  
Affiliated with both Trout unlimited and the Federation of Fly Fishers





Mr. Bud Lilly  
13013 Frontage Rd.  
Belgrade, MT 59741

59701+0026



Mally Simonik  
2711 old Clyde Rd  
Livingston Mt. 59047



Dear Bud,

9/10

I wanted to send a note of thanks for all your support.

This summer marks my second year of ~~the~~ instructing, your support and participation has helped me greatly.

Baker Springs has been a big step for me, I have enjoyed every minute.

I look forward to this winter, a time for me to

refine my class both in teaching  
and those special elements of  
the sport - like its history.

See you in October

Sincerely,

Molly

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Livingston MT    406-222-1755    100% recycled cardstock

DICK SENN  
239 HEDGE ROAD  
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA 94025

Oct 12, 1988

Dear Bud,

I just returned from Yellowstone and was happy to see that the Park had survived the fires quite well despite press reports to the contrary. The fishing was excellent as usual.

I have just finished your new book and enjoyed it immensely. It was really fun to read about the old days and your family history including the development of the business up to the point where you were "king" of West Yellowstone fishing shops. As a kid I can remember the freezer with the lunkers from Wade Lake, Henry's Lake and the South Fork. Fortunately you had a hand in the elimination of the "meat fishing" mentality. It took a long time but at least we've come a long way.

I also appreciate your tribute to Son Martney. All his flies continue to be effective. My personal opinion is that the Black Nymph is still by far the most effective fly in the



Firehole and Madison. I've never found one that is consistently better.

I appreciate your work for the Coalition. With all the negativism and "hare brained" schemes surfacing because of the fires I hope the Coalition is able to maintain some semblance of sanity in the management of the Park and surrounding lands.

My Dad is now 79 and can't handle the altitude any more. I made an audiotape diary of my trip this year (can you believe it - it was 2 1/2 hours long) which he is enjoying. It's a lousy substitute for being there but better than nothing.

I'm going to send you my copy of your book which I would appreciate you autographing.

Give my best to Greg, Mike and Annette.

Regards,  
Dick

P.S.  
Your story in the introduction was wonderful  
A.

July 8, 2004

Dear Bud & Esther:

Bob and I so much enjoyed talking to you two last Friday at his home. We hope you had a good time and that you are comfortable with the West Yellowstone fly-fishing history project we have begun.

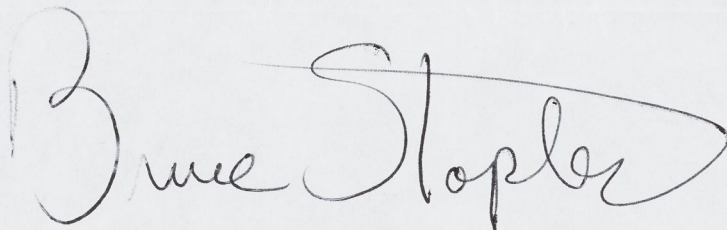
Enclosed is a disk that holds our Microsoft Word draft Chapter 5 covering the 1930s in West Yellowstone fly-fishing history. I sent about the same to Cal and Jan Dunbar back in early May. The chapter is a bit lengthy (just over 10000 words in 14 pages), but a lot happened in that decade. You may find reading it enjoyable, and certainly if you see obvious errors we would like to know of them in order to make corrections. There are a few holes (I have yet to talk with Bill Chapman and to have a thorough conversation with Wally Eagle on the 1930s) in this chapter draft, but I can say it is nearly complete

I have nearly completed a draft chapter on the 1940s. It is not quite as lengthy as the 1930s chapter you will see on the enclosed disk (about 8500 words) simply because during World War II not as much went on in West Yellowstone. This will be the sixth chapter, and I will release it after I talk with Wally Eagle. I also have draft chapters on the late nineteenth century, and the periods 1900-1910, 1910-1920, 1920-1930 and an introduction that addresses natural history. You are welcome to look at these as well.

Bud, I am using your book "A Trout's Best Friend" for acquiring information on much of what you and your family did in the Trout Shop era of 1951-1982. If I have questions may I call you for resolution? Of course the book will be in our bibliography and you two will be recognized in our acknowledgements.

Thank you so much for providing information to us!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Bruce Stabler". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the word "Sincerely,".

THE CALIFORNIA FISHERIES RESTORATION FOUNDATION



4/5/06

Dear Bud:

Just a quick note to let you know that I have nominated Paul Schullery for the FFF Roderick Haig-Brown literary award (attached).

I've been soliciting e-mails and letters of support that need to arrive before the end of the month to:

Herb Kettler, FFF Secretary  
750 Clinton Place  
River Forest, IL 60305  
708-771-6703  
herbkettler@worldnet.att.net

Best Regards,

Marty Seldon



**Paul David Schullery**  
1615 South Black Avenue, #92  
Bozeman, MT 59715-5780  
406-585-5337  
pds@montana.net

#### **NOMINATION FOR THE FFF RODERICK HAIG-BROWN AWARD**

**Paul Schullery former FFF Vice President Communications and Senior Advisor, was executive director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing and editor of it's American Fly Fisher journal. He learned to fly fish while working as a ranger in Yellowstone National Park and by hanging around Bud Lilly's Trout Shop. His 1987 book, "American Fly Fishing, a History," is still seminal in the field.**

**For his work as a noted historian, naturalist, and author, he has been given an honorary doctorate of letters by Montana State University, the Wallace Stegner Award from the University of Colorado Center of the American West. He is an adjunct professor of American Studies at the University of Wyoming, and an affiliate professor of history at Montana State University. For a number of years Paul has worked for John Varley at the Yellowstone Center for Resources and has recently gone to part time in his naturalist's position where he has even written speeches for National Park Service executives.**

**Paul produces some of the finest North American outdoors literature. He has written on everything from fly fishing history to profiles of bear hunters. A number of his books and articles showcase an extraordinary knowledge of the history and culture Yellowstone National Park. His PBS Video, "The Living Edens, Yellowstone," received the 1971 New York Times Critics Award. One of Paul's well know quotes is, "Calling fly fishing a hobby is like calling brain surgery a job."**

**Paul has written well over 30 books and has collaborated with Bud Lilly on books such as: A Trout's Best Friend, Bud Lilly's Guide to Western Fly Fishing, and Guide to Bud Lilly Guide to New Western Fly Fishing. A few of his other titles included: America's National Parks, Grand Canyon, Lewis and Clark Among the Gizzlies, Bears of Yellowstone, Searching for Yellowstone, Royal Coachman, Shumpton's Fancy, Echos From the Summit, Searching for Yellowstone, Freshwater Wilderness, Cowboy Trout, Rise, and many more.**

**Without question, Paul Schullery meets all of the criteria for this award and would be a honored recipient.**

*Submitted by : Marty Seldon*

3/8/06

Dear Bud:

Do you/Esther have an e-mail addresses? My new e-mail is:

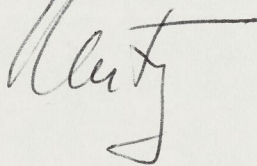
mmseldon@sbcglobal.net

Please send me an e-mail so I can reach you more easily.

I wanted to send you a quick note that the Wild Trout Symposium will be coming to the Holiday Inn, West Yellowstone Sunday afternoon Sept. 16, 2007 through Wednesday Sept. 19<sup>th</sup> noon. Hopefully we'll draw about 200 or more.

We would appreciate your thoughts about individuals that might have something important to say. Are people like Jim Vincent still around and what other agency/university people would be good to have. The committee is also thinking about having some very enjoyable "entertainment" at the Tuesday night Banquet rather than just another speaker that they have already been bombarded with for two days. Your thoughts appreciated on any of these matters so I can run them by the committee.

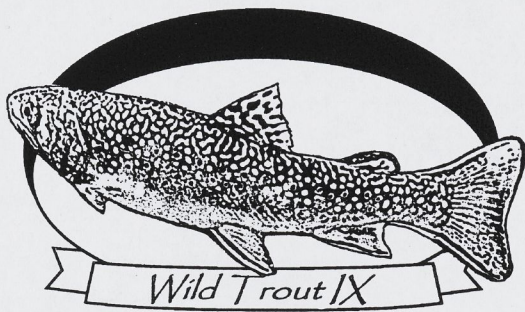
Best regards,



**HOT LINE TO MARTY AND RITA SELDON**

1146 Pulora Court, Sunnyvale, CA 94087 (408) 736-5631





Wild Trout IX  
Holiday Inn  
West Yellowstone, WY  
September 16-19, 2007  
"Sustaining Wild Trout in a Changing World"

---

March 7, 2006

*Aldo Starker Leopold Wild Trout Medal*  
*Awards Committee Memo #1*

Dear Awards Committee Members:

The Symposium Organizing Committee held its first conference call of the year today and I'm pleased to report that Steve Moore is now ready to sign the contracts to bring WT-IX to West Yellowstone. See above. We're getting into gear, first working to straighten out some web site developer confusion, and then to populate it. We have set April 1, 2007 as the deadline for both Abstracts of Papers and for Medal Nominations and are working backwards. Kisa Gates is working on fund raising sponsors in case you have any contacts or ideas. Spencer Turner is PR Chairman. You should have received my WT-VIII Awards Committee Final Report some time ago from Liz Mamer who distributed them. Please review and send your comments to me for WT-IX. No one has responded to date.

We also discussed the fact that none of you have stepped up to become Awards Cochairman and then take over for future symposiums. On that basis, the Organizing Committee has suggested, and I agree, that we add two younger persons that are not prior medal recipients to the Awards Committee. We will work prior attendee lists to try to find volunteers. Your thoughts/suggestions?

Please Let me hear from you. Plan now to attend, and note my new e-address.

*Marty Seldon, 1146 Pulora Court, Sunnyvale, CA 94087-2331  
408-736-5631, mmseldon@sbcglobal.net*



*Wild Trout-IX Symposium Awards Committee, 7 March 2006*

***The Wild Trout Symposium's Aldo Starker Leopold Wild Trout Medal Awards Committee is presently made up of prior recipients. Otto Teller and Ernie Schwiebert have passed away, and Roger Barnhart has asked to be deleted. We are now nine (9):***

**Robert Behnke**  
3429 E. Prospect Rd  
Fort Collins, CO 80525-9739  
970-482-1078  
rjsjbehnke@earthlink.net

**Gardner Grant**  
*(summer)*  
4 Pondview West  
Purchase, NY 10577-1607  
H 914-946-5784  
elgar70@aol.com  
*(winter)*  
163 Regatta Dr.  
Jupiter, FL 33477-4012  
H 561-743-5967

**Robert L. Hunt**  
N2254 Sky View Lane  
Waupaca, WI 54981-8384  
715-258-2886  
bobphylhunt@charter.net

**Ron Jones**  
622 County Road 2731  
London, AR 72847-8306  
479-885-2171  
marionjones@arkansas.net

**Bud Lilly**  
13013 Frontage Road  
Manhattan, MT 59741-8026  
406-284-9943

**Frank Richardson**  
*(summer-May)*  
17 Riverside Drive  
Bozeman, MT 59715-9345  
406-586-1371  
tworiversides@aol.com  
*(winter)*  
9612 Riverside Drive, Unit 102  
Sebastian, FL 32958-6375  
772-388-2753  
tworiversides@webtv.net

**Marty Seldon, Chairman**  
1146 Pulora Court  
Sunnyvale, CA 94087-2331  
408-736-5631  
mmseldon@sbcglobal.net

**R.P. (Van) Van Gytenbeek**  
% FFF  
215 East Lewis Street  
Livingston, MT 59047-3114  
406-222-9369  
van@fedflyfishers.org

**Ray J. White**  
320 12th Avenue No.  
Edmonds, WA 98020-2930  
Tel: 425-672-8768  
rw@seanet.com

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7700 NORTH KENDALL DRIVE  
MIAMI, FLORIDA 33156  
TELEPHONE (305) 279-2130  
FAX (305) 595-3183

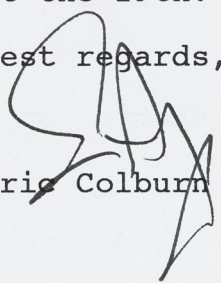
July 24, 1998

Bud Lilly  
Bud Lilly's Angler's Retreat  
P. O. Box 983  
Three Forks, Montana 59752

Dear Bud:

Please find enclosed my personal money order #2054-102139 in the amount of \$150.00 per your request as our deposit for lodging at your Retreat from roughly August 30th until September 6th of this year. If we arrive a day early, I will give you a call to let you know. Thank you once again for your help in finding us babysitters, horseback and rafting in the vicinity in addition to the focus of our vacation which will of course be trout fishing. We have reserved one of your two-bedroom suites with sitting room, kitchen/dining area, bathroom, etc. and have left the issue of housekeeping up in the air for now. I agree with you, however, that housekeeping would probably be better for us and we certainly could use the extra room to spread out. We look forward to receiving the additional information we discussed and to seeing you or your wife even earlier on or about the 29th.

Best regards,



Eric Colburn Sage

ECS/if  
Enclosure



Patricia Shaner  
3145 Woodfern Dr.  
Montgomery, AL 36111



Bud Lilly  
Box 983  
Three Forks, Montana  
59742





Alabama Board of Medical Examiners

TOM CONNER

Monday, April 27, 1998

Dear Mr. Lilly,

Per our recent telephone conversations, I have enclosed a deposit of \$100.00. My husband, our 11 year old son and I will be arriving in Bozeman, Montana on Friday, May 29, 1998 at around 12 noon. We will probably do some exploring in and around Bozeman before heading to Three Forks.

As we discussed, I would like to schedule a guided boat fishing trip for May 30. My husband, Gregg, and son, Houston, will be fishing - I will be along to enjoy the scenery. Fly fishing will be great. On May 31, 1998 we would like to rent equipment and get directions from

equipment and get checked  
you for fishing - We will be checking  
out on May 31, 1998 after checking in  
on May 29 -

As I told you, Gregg grew up  
fishing in the lakes and rivers of  
Alabama. He also loves to fish in  
the Gulf of Mexico. He is an  
experienced fisherman from our part of  
the country; however, I think he's  
been fly fishing only once in Alaska.  
If you need any additional information,  
I can be reached at: Irish Shaner, 3145  
Woodfern Drive, Montgomery, Al. 36111, home phone  
(334) 284-6660, work phone 1-800-227-2606.  
Sincerely,  
Irish Shaner

Robert Parker Building  
848 Washington Avenue  
Montgomery, Alabama 36104



[JANUARY 9, 1998]

Dear Bud,

Marshall Ashcraft, sent me a book to read , A Trout's Best Friend , and I truly enjoyed every page. I particularly liked the way your family all worked at the shop and how business grew over the years. It was really like the evolution of fly fishing for me, as my first fly fishing was done in your area and I have watched the changes such as catch and release become the normal way.

Thank you so much for signing the book , it will always be a great addition to my fishing library!

Please contact me if I can ever help with any travel arrangements in Las Vegas, Nevada. Enclosed you will find my card with my home Number on the back.

Thanks again and Happy New Year,

Bill Sanderson

P.S. Coincidentally , I fished the same area in Alaska , north of Dillingham this year. We stayed at the Wood River Lodge, and although the fishing was amazing I also wondered if I could still enjoy real Montana fishing had I stayed up there too long!!!

COPY

November 12, 1987

Robert A. Shattuck, President  
The Anglers Club of Philadelphia  
Box 122  
Gladwyne, PA 19035

Dear Mr. Shattuck:

Thank you for the invitation to appear at your Annual Dinner meeting in 1988. I don't have any plans other than I would do so if I could schedule several eastern programs to help defray expenses.

Does your club have a budget for such appearances?  
Look forward to hearing from you.

Yours truly,

Bud Lilly  
2007 Sourdough Road  
Bozeman, MT 59715  
(406) 586-5140

THE ANGLERS CLUB  
OF  
PHILADELPHIA

November 2, 1987

Mr. Bud Lilly,  
Bozeman, Montana 59715

Dear Mr. Lilly,

The Anglers Club of Philadelphia is planning its Annual Dinner meeting for 1988. We are writing to inquire if you have plans to be in the east any time in late March or early April of next year and if you would have any interest in making a presentation to this group of some seventy-five to one hundred fly fishermen including a number of wives.

If you have an interest in such a program would you please provide me with some information with regard to the subject matter, available dates and the fees involved. I will look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely yours



Robert A. Shattuck, Pres.

Box 122  
Gladwyne, Pa. 19035

Area 215- 642-4635





Dear Bud:

Marty and I wanted send you a note  
thanking you for your hospitality last week.  
You're doing a great job with the Baber  
Crab property. It is truly a fabulous place.  
Thanks for showing us around and allowing us  
to fish. It was great.

Also thanks for allowing us to stay in your hotel,  
It is beautiful and fits the area so well.  
We should have paid for our stay.

21

The dinner at the Library was wonderful, and getting  
to meet so many of your friends was special.  
We spoke to the head of the library afterwards  
and got his card so we can go back and  
go through the fly fishing parts of the library.

Thanks to you and Esther for your hospitality, and  
Come see us -

Steve and Marty Sou

B428 / "Sparkle Dun does it"

Printed on Recycled Paper

**Time Out Photography** / Victor H. Colvard  
P.O. Box 1269, Bozeman, MT 59771 © 1998  
406-587-0225

WILLIAM E. STAPEL  
1024 VIA TRIPOLI  
PUNTA GORDA, FL 33950

May 5, 1987.

answered  
5/21/87

Dear Bud:

I saw you on TV a couple of days ago, and enjoyed seeing you again even though it was only on the tube. I phoned my brother and his wife so that they would get a chance to see a bit of beautiful Montana — as well as a handsome Montana fly-fisherman. I thought it was very considerate of you to not show up your fishing companion when you purposely twitched your fly away from that monstrous trout which was about to engulf it. Mighty nice of you to let your pal catch the only trout!

I hope that you and Esther thoroughly enjoyed your trip to New Zealand and Yanuca Island in February. It must have been quite a change for you to leave winter in Montana and fly into summer down-under.

Thanks much for your letter of April 12th. I hope to hear more about that book being prepared by the ~~the~~ National Geographic. It sounds very interesting.

I hope that you were able to go fishing as you indicated in your letter. Yes, I would certainly get much enjoyment spending a day with you, but when it comes to fishing you are far out of my class. True, I do cause the fish considerable amusement, but I doubt that any fishing companion could really share or understand the trout's appreciation of my form of entertainment. Many people do not believe that trout have a sense of humor, and very few people have ever seen a trout laugh — but then they have never fished with me!

Please enroll me in the Western Rivers Club for one year. My check for \$25.00 is enclosed for newsletters, bulletins, and fishing information. You already know my name and address, and my telephone number is 813 639-4677.

My very best wishes to you and your charming wife.

Bill Stapel -

THOMAS J. SALB

BOX 1800

SAG HARBOR, N. Y. 11963

516-725-0757-0740

MR. BUD LILLY  
2007 SOURDOUGH RD.  
BOZEMAN, MT 59715

DEAR BUD,

AS THE LETTER SAYS," YOU HAVE WON A DAY OF GUIDED FISHING IN MONTANA WITH BUD LILLY-- MADISON, GALATIN RIVER SYATEMS, YELLOWSTONE, BVEAVERHEAD OR BIG HOLE RIVERS.

PLEASE CONTACT DONOR DIRECTLY FOR FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS."

HARLAND THOMPSON AND I WILL BE IN BOZEMAN ON SEPT. 2, WHICH IS A WED. I HOPE YOU HAVE THAT DATE OPEN. WE WILL BE COMING DOWN FROM WATERTON LAKE AND WILL PROBABLY STAY IN BOZEMAN THE NIGHT OF SEPT. 1.

WE ARE BOTH LOOKING FORWARD TO FISHING WITH YOU AND WILL LET YOU DECIDE WHERE TO FISH. WE WILL BE ON OUR WAY TO TWIN BRIDGES THE NEXT DAY.

BEST REGARDS,

Tom

*Confirmed*  
*4/20/87*  
*done*

88 MOUNTAIN ROAD  
PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY  
25 MARCH 1966

DEAR BUD:

AM PLEASED THE FIREHOLE STORY BROUGHT YOU SOME BUSINESS, AND THAT SOME OF THE PEOPLE I PERSONALLY SENT YOUR WAY ACTUALLY SHOWED IN WEST YELLOWSTONE. YOU HAVE A FINE SHOP AND DEYETWE THE BUSINESS, SO NO THANKS IS NECESSARY.

HAVE BEEN TO ARGENTINA SINCE I LAST SAW YOU. BEST FISH WERE A 16 POUND BROWN, 18 POUND LANDLOCK, 12 POUND RAINBOW AND 9 POUND BROOK. THIS WINTER I HAVE BEEN BUSY HERE, SO AM ONLY THINKING ABOUT IT UNHAPPILY! LAST JULY I FISHED SALMON IN NORWAY AND KILLED A 51 POUND FISH WITH A 9½ FOOT YOUNG PARABOLIC, WECCEL WF-11-S HIGH DENSITY, HARDY ST. ANDREWS, 12 POUND TIPPET AND 2/0 DUSTY MILLER. ONCE IN A LIFETIME!

SORRY TO MISS YOUR FISHING IN PAST MONTHS, BECAUSE I REALLY LOVE EARLY FALL IN THE ROCKIES.

CORDIALLY,

ERLIE

10/9/09

Hi Bud,

Apology unnecessary but  
accepted! Lets try for  
the game on the 27th, ok?

The book is great, and I'll  
add it to our collection.

Talk to you soon, *Ben*  
[ST. CLAIR]



SCHWIBERT  
88 MOUNTAIN ROAD  
PRINCETON, N.J.



BUD LILLY  
2007 SOURDOUGH ROAD  
BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Bud-  
For your info  
Doug

28 July 1988

Douglas Shapiro  
74 Sylvan Lane  
Weston, MA 02193

Dear Doug,

Your nomination of Bud Lilly arrived safe and sound. He'd make an excellent subject for a personality profile, wouldn't he?

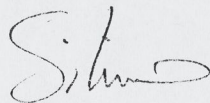
If you're interested in pursuing it, here are my suggestion for your contribution to our new "My Turn" column, wherein a subscriber takes a stand, pro or con, about some aspect of fly-fishing:

Describe for us briefly your fall from angling grace—no details or numbers, simply the bare bones of your great disappointment. Then the interregnum, where you thought you'd never fish again. And then the good stuff: how the Montana trip, including Bud and the cowboy rancher, not to mention the tremendous sport, revived your interest and perhaps raised it to new heights. Fly-fishing can be a way of life.

Many fishermen go through something similar at one time or another, and some aren't lucky enough to get this shot in the arm.

If by now you have a Macintosh set up on your desk, it will make life a good deal easier. Simply shoot for 7,500 to 8,000 characters of text. Then when you're ready, ship us a disk or, if you have a modem, call and we'll transfer the manuscript by phone. We'd also like a portrait photo of you to go with it, preferably but not necessarily in fishing dress.

Thanks, Doug.



ROD & REEL MAGAZINE

## Rekindling The Burnt Out Flyfisherman

Dear Silvio:

Thanks for giving Bud Lilly of Bozeman, Montana, consideration for Rod & Reel's 1988 Guide of the Year.

Last winter I called Bud on Nick Lyon's recommendation. I asked Bud if he could put together a fishing trip for me keeping in mind that I was on the verge of fly fisherman's burnout. I was fishing harder and catching fewer and smaller fish. I was feeling the effects of streams overcrowded with fishermen, many of whom appeared to be competitive narrow-minded technicians. Some of them seemed to be totally lacking in either aesthetic or spiritual appreciation. Partly to blame is the recent over-commercialization of fly fishing. Also, in spite of outstanding conservation efforts, environmental deterioration has left its mark on waters which used to furnish many wonderful hours of respite.

It could be argued that a fly fisherman should keep up with change, but at what point do all these changes. . . change the sport ?

Bud responded empathetically to the call, saying that he understood my feelings and thought that he knew what I was looking for. He would try to organize a "*total western experience.*"

On July 6th, my nephew Brad and I left Boston for Bozeman, Montana. I was still a bit ambivalent about another fishing trip, but this would be Brad's first trip to see the West. We have shared quite a variety of fishing trips since Brad began using a fly rod six years ago, and now we were both traveling to "The Mecca."

True to his word, Bud Lilly zeroed in on the kind of fishing vacation Brad and I had both hoped for. From the time Bud met us at the airport until our departure two weeks later he went 110 % all out for us.

Bud had made reservations for us at the Galletin Gateway Inn which was formerly a rail road station just outside of Bozeman. The inn is in the tradition of the grand hotels of the West. It has been recently renovated, and has a wonderful friendly and efficient staff who went out of their way to accommodate us and to make us feel at home.

From the first day on, the scenery alone was worth the trip . Traveling South on route 191, between Bozeman and Big Sky, through the Galletin River Valley was impressive. We went through a steep and spectacular canyon which featured beautiful forests of pointed evergreen trees and majestic outcroppings of rock in various shades of beige and brown. The Galletin riffled along switching back and forth under the road beneath the Spanish Peaks. At one point we passed a huge rock formation shaped exactly like a castle, complete with turrets.

We fished a number of beats on the Galletin, including where the river flows through a 2,000 acre horse ranch, belonging to friend's of Bud. As we drove into the driveway, Bud spotted a bobcat which quickly ran off into the timber before either Brad or I could react with our cameras. At one point on this beat, Bud located a nice rainbow . He told me that if I could roll-cast just one more foot further out from our bank, I'd catch that fish. I did and sure enough a nice rainbow took the fly. After netting the fish I asked Bud how he was so sure that I would catch it. He smiled and replied, " Remember, I'm an expert! " I don't think I let Bud live that down the rest of the trip. We had quite a kibitz about it.

Of course we fished around quite a bit during our stay. Bud shared some of his favorite spots with us and also some of his strategies for both fly selection and presentation.

I personally felt that there were many occasions when my previous experience would have led me astray if it were not for Bud's expert guidance. For instance, the big cutthroat trout in Yellowstone Park presented problems which would be difficult for most fly fishermen dealing with them for the first time. While we were fishing the tail end of the salmon fly hatches we had to "sight hook" these cutts as they were soft-mouthing the flies. We had to be very alert as the takes were extremely subtle, and I became quite exasperated until Bud helped me get the hang of it. But I still wasn't giving them the right fly. After many refusals, I decided that the next closest thing to a salmon fly that I had in my vest was a # 6 Wood Special streamer. Its size and orange body did seem similiar. We have had excellent results with this streamer fly in Maine rivers, on brook trout and landlock salmon. In desperation I decided to float one dry . The unconventional approach, always fun for me, started to work with deadly results on these selective Yellowstone cutthroats. I was beginning to have fun fly fishing again.

Yellowstone Park was just magnificent. In spite of the tourist crowds, we saw many wonderful things and Bud always had Brad and me fishing where it was peaceful and quiet as well as on productive water.

The Chinese Wall up in the park is most unusual. Its sandy colored canyon rims and cliff faces have vertical serrated texture , punctuated by sparse stands of ponderosa pine. Below, the Yellowstone River was a turquoise blue broken by white foam . Behind the sandy shore where Bud and I were casting from , were heavy stands of lodge pole pine. It was quite exotic and almost surrealistic. From time to time the pungent smell of sulfur from nearby hot springs was almost overpowering.

We saw quite a bit of wildlife. Elk, mule deer, antelope, a black bear, and an eagle. Bud's Chevie Suburban was charged by a crazed bison which gave us a thrill before Bud quickly pulled out of his path. I guess Brad and I were lucky to have experienced the park at this time. The horrible forest fires began about a week after we returned home.

One day we visited a youthful 75 year old rancher over in what would be called classic "Charley Russell Country." We drove through rolling oceans of vast grasslands interspersed with sparse islands of trees. Then small chasm's and rock outcroppings began to appear, some in vertical finger patterns resembling mini buttes. Finally, we hiked 2 1/2 miles, some of it steeply down, to fish two rivers which flow through the floor of a spectacular canyon ranch. The sheer limestone walls of this canyon melded directly into the river, on both sides of us, as we waded right up the middle. It was a magnificent setting.

The fishing wasn't fast, but we caught rainbows up to 18". Bud's wife Esther, with us on that day, caught a beautiful 17" brown . We saw bigger trout but were unsuccessful in catching any. The rancher was amused by Brad's fly casting and felt that he was severely handicapping himself. Therefore he dug some worms and offered them to Brad, so that he might catch some "real trout." Brad very politely turned down the invitation to use them and explained that he only fishes with flies.

The rancher was incredulous, when he saw us gently release all our trout. He muttered under his breath that "we were sure wasting the makings of a good fish fry."

At Bud's suggestion, we took an all day float trip on a lower section of the Yellowstone

with guide Bob Landowski , who works out of The River's Edge in Bozeman. Bob was excellent company. I spent a day fishing a spring creek, and some time on the Madison, where I had an encounter with my biggest trout of the trip. . . a 26" plus, six pound brown, which savagely took a large hopper in only 18" of water. Needless to say, it ended with a 40 foot release.

During part of our trip, Bud took us on several interesting side tours so that we could learn more about Western history and culture. We visited several museums including the Museum of the Rockies in Bozeman which is quite an impressive facility. There, we met Mrs. Audrey O' Connell, the Assistant Director, and had an enlightening tour of the dinosaur bones.

My fishing intensity really picked up; knowing that my flies were floating over many good fish certainly didn't hurt my motivation. I really felt liberated from my fishing slump. Bud Lilly is a real pro and I found myself filled with a renewed enthusiasm toward my fly fishing that I had thought up till now had permanently burned out .

This trip was anything but one-dimensional. We had the pleasure of meeting many wonderful people throughout our wanderings. And the endless rides we took through varied and dramatic scenery was an inexhaustible pleasure. I found it both invigorating and refreshing.

I sincerely hope that other fly fishermen who may be approaching ambivalence will find their own opportunity to rekindle their spark through some new and exciting experiences. And its all the better if it can be done in the company of special people.