

Paul Schullery
1615 South Black #92
Bozeman, MT 59715

January 6, 2007

Bob Behnke
3429 East Prospect Street
Fort Collins, CO 80525-9739

Dear Bob:

Happy New Year. I thought you might like to know that yesterday Bruce Morton (dean of libraries at MSU) and I spent the day going through your papers and other materials.

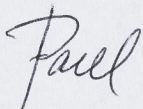
Here's a picture. This is in the basement of the MSU library, where they have a nice big space so it's possible to spread out large quantities of new material and temporarily shelve it for organizing purposes.

We made a quick run through the boxes of files (next to Bruce), just to get an idea of what was there, and to make a few notes for Kim Scott and his staff for when they start the real work of organizing the material.

When I took the picture, we were doing a preliminary sorting of the periodicals, monographs, and books on the shelves, kind of separating out the most obvious salmonid stuff. There's lots of wonderful material, and Bruce and I were really pleased to have a little time with it.

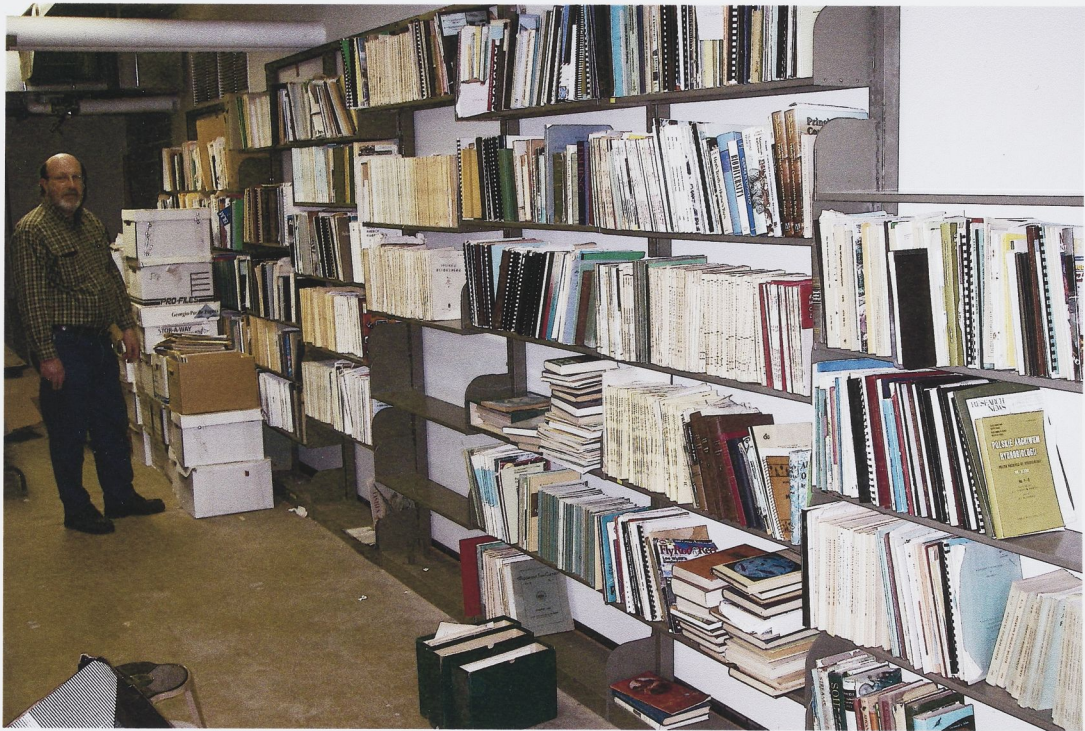
Do I remember right that there is still a box of files relating to the "Holy Water" controversy in Michigan, that you loaned to a student? It would be good for that to find its way to this collection eventually, too.

Sincerely,



Paul Schullery

1-6-07
Bud -
I thought you'd
find this
interesting, especially
the picture -
Paul



Bud -

All the stuff on all
the shelves is from
Bob Behmke - plus
there are about
25 or so boxes of
files and manuscripts -
a swell big
collection -

Paul

Paul Schullery
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Bud - 2-8-99
I think I
forgot to send
you this.
Paul

January 22, 1999

Frank Amato
P.O. Box 82112
Portland, OR 97282

Dear Frank:

Here's the signed contract. We have a few questions that we assume we can work out, so we are sending the contract rather than appear to be haggling before we are actually haggling.

When you and I talked on the phone, you seemed enthusiastic about our title, *Fly Fishing the New West*. We certainly are enthusiastic about it. Can we assume that the title on the contract, *The Western Fly Fisherman*, is just a sort of working title? We feel that *Fly Fishing the New West* is a much stronger and more current title, and that with only a few fairly minor changes in the text the book will overtly reflect that emphasis. Actually, as you probably noticed, we were writing a book about fly fishing the new west all along; we just didn't think to call it that. All our discussions of changing land uses, access, public attitudes, and everything else were really explaining the new west to fishermen.

- Frank agrees

Also, though this is a design matter that can be discussed later, we also feel strongly that Bud's name especially needs to be very prominent. One thing we've learned based on our conversations with a lot of people in this part of the west is that his name is universally recognized. I'm constantly amazed at this, even with people who don't fish; they not only recognize the name, they recognize him (going to dinner with Bud is like spending time with the Queen Mother; he never tries to attract attention, but I get the feeling that people want to throw flowers). With that in mind, we have thought that the best approach might be that the book actually be called *Bud Lilly's Guide to Fly Fishing the New West*, which could be broken into two design elements, of course. Then, somewhere below, even at the bottom of the cover in much smaller print, it could say "by Bud Lilly and Paul Schullery". We don't intend to micro-manage your design, but we think that's a good suggestion.

- Frank agrees

Then, according to the contract, there can be both paper and cloth editions, as well as a limited edition. As I recall our conversation, you were leaning toward just a paperback edition. Is that right? We do think there are quite a few people who would want a cloth edition, so a small one might be helpful, perhaps doing a cloth edition and calling it a limited edition?

Frank says both paper and cloth, maybe a limited edition

As I'm sure you can imagine, we're anxious to finish the book and see it in print. We can make our final revisions, add a few more pictures, and get it to you very quickly. Is there a chance of it coming out later this year if we do that promptly? We're anxious to see it out, so the sooner the better. Frank says if we get it to him by March 30, he'll have it out in Sept.-Oct.

There is one illustration piece missing that we have not been able to decide what to do about, and that is the flies. I've personally had doubts for a long time that every fishing book had to show readers the same flies they'd seen in a hundred other books already, but I've had the impression from publishers that a couple color pages of flies can help sales. So we haven't really decided whether the book even needs pictures of the flies, or if they should be black and white, or if they

should be in color. I think I recall you and I discussed doing the book without any color. If that's the case, then the flies would be in black and white, and as a fly tier I'm not sure that's very helpful anyway. As I say, my own feeling is that there are now so many excellent fly pattern books that it's not that important, especially when Orvis, Bailey's, and so many other catalogs show the flies in color for free. What do you think?

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery

cc. Bud Lilly

Frank favors color, maybe eight pages. He says 2 pages of flies (the ones we list in the fly chapter) and maybe six pages of other stuff—some rivers, for example.

Do you want to see if Greg or Mike have some fishing "beauty shots" (slides)?

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2-8-99
This is
about
the sculpture.

February 8, 1999

Frank Amato
P.O. Box 82112
Portland, OR 97282

Dear Frank:

I have an illustration question, or maybe it's just an idea. Enclosed are a few pictures of a really beautiful big sculpture that a fine sculptor recently made of Bud. I assume it was also produced in some kind of edition, because just the other day I saw it in a bank in Bozeman. It shows Bud in a characteristic position, teaching someone to fish.

We both think it would be great to somehow include this in the book. I'm afraid that it wouldn't work on the cover, because it might make the book cover look like a book about art; the only books with pictures of sculpture on the cover are books about sculpture.

But certainly it could be one of the photographs in the color section (Bud and I do agree that there should be a color section). What do you think of that? We should probably see if the sculptor who made it has a fine, larger-format transparency that we could work from (all I have are some slides like these; they're okay, but they have stuff in the background, and a photograph of this should be something more special).

It might be possible to use it as an illustration somewhere in the book, as another possibility. It's a sculpture of Bud and one of his sons, and it might go well in one of the later chapters, perhaps with the background dropped out, illustrating something about the total experience of fly fishing.

Just wanted to get a reaction from you about it. It's really very fine and impressive, and it is also a wonderful tribute to Bud that should somehow be recognized.

Both Bud and I are kind of occupied until the last week in February. I plan to be traveling a lot of that time. But we see no problem in getting everything together and getting the final version of the manuscript to you by the end of March, as we discussed on the phone.

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery

cc. Bud Lilly

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April 7, 1999

Bud:

I'm sorry I've missed you by phone. I'm glad to hear that Esther is getting better, and that you're holding up okay too.

Here are the captions, so you can at least see what the pictures are about. Most of these pictures you'd recognize. The rest are new ones I filled in with Dave Kumlien's, Mike Gurnett's, and my own slides that I think are fine. If you're curious about any specific ones, just ask me and I'll try to remember. Most of them you saw in the last draft of the manuscript, the one that had all the photocopies of pictures with it.

Frank Amato's folks, who sound very nice, were anxious to get started on everything, so I expressed them the revised manuscript (with the new flies included, the Madame X and the Turck's Tarantula), and sent the pictures we have so far. All I think we're missing is one picture(s) of Alisa and Chris that you were thinking about including; you were going to check if you had a picture of them fishing. I'm really pleased with the response of the people at Frank's, because they thought the manuscript was so clean that they could start laying it out right away and do any necessary editing in the layout stage. It's all done on computers now. They also needed the pictures to do that, of course, so I sent them off and told them that there may be one more coming, for the last chapter.

I included the new dedication, and all the addresses of conservation groups except the Montana Rivers Action Network, which you said you could get for me. I think I've kept track of all the stuff I needed to send them, but they'll let me know if I missed something, I'm sure.

So I think your remaining missions are to find a picture of Alisa and Chris, and to get the address of the Montana Rivers Action Network. Otherwise, I think we're just about finished until they come back to us with any editing they do.

You know, I keep thinking about those missing pictures, all the ones from *Bud Lilly's Guide to Western Fly Fishing* that you couldn't find. You've been blaming yourself, I think, but I'm starting to wonder if that wasn't Peter Burford's fault, at Nick's office. You might not ever have even gotten those pictures back from Nick. They lost all the pictures from my book *American Fly Fishing*, which I think was published about the same time. The pictures didn't show up

again for ten years; it was a miracle they ever found them. I wonder if whoever was in charge of your pictures sent them to wrong person, or just filed them away, or something.

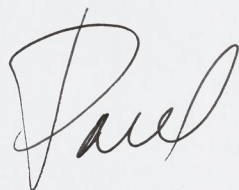
Anyway, I'll be in touch.

Oh, I almost forgot. My friend Dale Greenley, the tier who lives in Oregon, came through with the flies we needed. He sent me a humpy, a light cahill, a rubber legs, a cowdung, an otter, and three different versions of the Montana nymph. I think I'm going to suggest we use all three versions because it's such an important fly and they're all nice.

So I figure that some time this week I'll get the flies mailed off, too.

My mother is here visiting us for a few days, so, as my brother puts it, there will be no awkward lulls in the conversation.

Marsha and I send our best to Esther for her recovery, and to you as well, for her recovery.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Paul". The signature is written in dark ink on a white background.

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April 1, 1999

Frank Amato Publishing Company
P.O. Box 82112
Portland, OR 97282

Dear Frank (and/or Kim):

Here are all the photographs and illustrations. I think that the caption list is pretty straightforward, but I will add a couple points here, to elaborate on or correct things I said in my earlier letter that accompanied the manuscript.

In that letter I warned you that some of the numbering of the pictures might be a little weird. I've tried to straighten that out, so that every picture number should correspond with the chapter it's in. The pictures do not necessarily appear in the chapter in the order they're numbered, though (that is to say that 17-2 might appear earlier in the chapter than 17-1).

I've enclosed a few new pages from the manuscript with new or revised photo locations (the text on the manuscript has not changed; just the location of some photos). If you just replace the same pages in the manuscript you have with the enclosed ones, everything should track fine. I'm sorry about this, but putting this together got more complicated than I expected it to.

We're really pleased with the assortment of historic and modern photos we have for the book, and we hope you will like them.

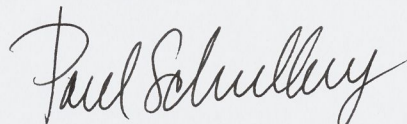
You'll see that some of the black and white pictures are quite old and fragile. I'm sure you've dealt with these kinds of things lots of times before, but these are family heirlooms, so we're bound to worry about them until they're back. I know that the quality of the image isn't always up to modern standards, but they're worth it for what they show.

Bud- 4-6-99
I don't have copies
of all the pictures,
but you'll recognize
a lot of them from
the captions; I
thought you'd like an idea of
how the whole thing is
illustrated.
Paul

There are a few small pieces of artwork too, including a beautiful little drawing of the hotel that we were pleased to get. The artist's credit is with the caption in each case.

I will send the flies separately.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Paul Schullery". The signature is fluid and connected, with a large initial 'P'.

Paul Schullery

BUD LILLY'S GUIDE TO FLY FISHING THE NEW WEST CAPTIONS AND POSSIBLE COVER PICTURES

Numbers given with each caption here correspond to circled numbers in red ink on back of photographs or on the front of slides. Most slides have both the chapter location number (such as 15-2) and the slide file number (such as 95-906) for identification. Some slides have only the identification number.

Any photos for whom the photographer is not listed is one whose photographer is not know. Many of the older pictures are from Bud's shop files; he has the rights to them, but they were often taken by some commercial photographer for Bud.

The potential slides for the COLOR SECTION are listed at the end of the main caption list. Two possible cover slides are also included, though you may want to consider some of the other color slides as well.

1-1 Mary Wells "Granny" Yates, the family's matriarch, late in her long and adventurous life.

1-2 Bud Lilly, age one.

1-3 Bud Lilly and friends, about 1930.

1-4 Violet and Walen "Bud" Lilly, Sr., about 1935.

3-1 and 3-2 Nineteen forty-two was a good year for collecting memories to carry me through the war.

3-3 The original Trout Shop in the "off season," long before winter recreation was discovered in the West Yellowstone area.

3-4 The hotel Violet Lilly managed for many years in Three Forks is the flat-roofed building in the center of this photograph taken just as the building was being completed. The tent in the foreground housed railroad workers until the hotel was ready. Photo courtesy of Dave Miller.

4-1 Lefty Kreh was one of many leading fishing authorities who visited the Yellowstone waters regularly and became a good friend.

4-2 Symbol of a fading era in western trout fishing, when big fish were killed without hesitation, the Trout Shop's Lunker Club was a center of attention for customers in the 1950s and 1960s. We posted many photographs of the biggest trout.

5-1 Swapping fish stories in front of the Trout Shop.

5-3 Night-time visits by grizzly bears reminded us that West Yellowstone is surrounded by some of the finest remaining wilderness in the lower 48 states.

5-4 The end of another long day at the Trout Shop. Photo by Greg Lilly.

5-5 We worked with Berkley to sponsor fly-fishing seminars; here, Greg demonstrates casting to a group beside the old Union Pacific building that eventually became the International Fly Fishing Center.

6-1 Mike, age six, shows off his catch at the Trout Shop.

6-2 Greg, age eight, and Mike, age six, on a successful fishing trip.

6-3 Mike, left, and Greg, right, were both veteran guides with tremendous river savvy by the time they were twenty.

6-4 Our family in the late 1970s, from left: Annette, Greg, Pat, Bud, and Mike. This picture was taken during an FFF Conclave, and we were all exhausted from guiding, giving talks, hosting visiting friends, and running the shop. Poppy maintained her usual calm.

6-5 Young Annette on a local stream.

6-6 Poppy, for many years official greeter at the Trout Shop, patrolled the floor while Pat was busy behind the "computer."

7-1 Our logo, a trout with a lily in his mouth, was created by one of West Yellowstone's many unforgettable characters, Dave Bascom. An advertising executive by profession, Dave was for many years proprietor of the Wretched Mess store, and was editor, under the pen name of Stanley Milford Poltroon, of the *Wretched Mess News*. **Note: I've included a photocopy to show how to crop the logo.**

8-1 Curt Gowdy was our kind of fisherman: practical, skilled in western basics, and great fun. Courtesy of the Wyoming Travel Commission.

8-2 Guiding the British ambassador on the Lewis Channel, Yellowstone Park. National Park Service photo by Vern Hennesay.

8-3 Greg with Pennsylvania limestone creek expert Ed Koch during one of our clinics in the 1970s. Specialists like Ed brought a world of fresh thinking to western fly fishing and made the Trout Shop a crossroads of new ideas.

8-4 Bud, Charlies Brooks, and Doug Swisher, in mildly uncomfortable weather during a clinic.

8-5 From left, TGF members Pres Tolman and Arnold Gingrich with Bud during Arnold's last visit to the West.

8-6 The Ambassador's camp on Shoshone Lake. Front row, left to right: Mrs. Townsley, Mrs. Ramsbotham, Sir Peter Ramsbotham. Second row: Greg, Jeremy Greenstock, Bud, Yellowstone Park maintenance supervisor Bill Hape, Assistant Superintendent Bob Haraden, Superintendent John Townsley, Assistant Superintendent Vern Hennesay. National Park Service photo.

8-8 Our clinics were an incredible bargain for the fisherman, who was surrounded by expertise, but on this occasion, my ability to remember the names of customers has failed me completely. From the left, unidentified woman client, Carl Richard, Bob Jacklin, unidentified man client, Bud, unidentified man, Doug Swisher, Dave Corcoran, unidentified man client, Barry Schaplow, Jim Ahrendes, and Mike. Photo by Dr. James G. McCue, Jr.

8-9 Drawing a map for some friends during an FFF Conclave. From left to right: Yellowstone Superintendent Jack Anderson, Doug Swisher, Joan Wulff, Lee Wulff, and Bud.

8-10 Lefty Kreh's almost magical ability to cast a fly line always drew a crowd. His zesty sense of humor didn't hurt, either. Courtesy of the Sevenstrand Tackle Manufacturing Company.

10-2 Every now and then the dream of a really great fish comes true: California angler Dave Van Nice with an eight pound, nine ounce rainbow from the Henry's Fork.

10-2A And sometimes the dream gets even better: Florida angler John Dillin and his fourteen pound, nine ounce rainbow, also from the Henry's Fork.

11-1 Besides being an excellent and knowledgeable guide and instructor, Annette was a good role model for aspiring women anglers because she was a great model for the newer, better-fitting gear being produced with women in mind.

11-2 The scenery is so great that you sometimes forget to keep your eyes open for surprises. How many places could you hide a moose in this picture? Photo courtesy of Montana Promotion Division, Department of Commerce.

11-3 (95-701) A strike indicator made all the difference with several fish on this bright afternoon on the Gallatin. Photo by Paul Schullery.

12-1 One of the great modern innovators of fly-tying, Dave Whitlock has had an enormous effect on western fly patterns.

12-2 A typical scene for many years in the Yellowstone country—Charlie Brooks seining a favorite stretch of stream for local insect life. Charlie's flies, developed specifically for Yellowstone-area waters, have joined the permanent arsenal of western anglers. Photo by Dr. James G. McCue, Jr.

13-1 (slide) Many stretches of western freestone streams, such as the Gros Ventre in Wyoming, are continuous pocket water with fish holding in the calm spots around large rocks and in deeper runs. Photo by Paul Schullery.

13-2 (97-660) This private spring creek is only a few feet wide and six inches deep, but the day this photograph was taken in 1997, trout of 12 to 18 inches were holding under the cover of the banks. See the thin line of dark water under the bank in the right foreground? Drift a hopper an inch from the grass and brace yourself. Photo by Paul Schullery.

14-1 "Madison Sculpin Grabber" by Dave Whitlock

14-2 "Henry's Fork Midge Sipper" by Dave Whitlock

Frank: for more or less obvious reasons having to do with changing times and improving taste, we won't use the "Yellowstone Nympho" drawing that is on the same page with these others.

14-3 Casting directly across big, fast-moving streams requires great line control, quick reflexes, and realistic expectations. Trout rising 70 or 80 feet away may be reachable but not really fishable. Photo by Dr. James G. McCue, Jr.

15-1 The guide is instructor, naturalist, historian, emergency medical specialist, and many other things, but it's up to the client how much those skills help with the day's fishing.

15-2 (95-906) Montana guide Don Kast and Michigan angler Leon Martuch concentrating on a riser on a small Montana stream they insist remain unnamed. Photo by Paul Schullery.

15-3 (slide) Guides are happy to help with special interests you may have; many anglers and guides are serious photographers, and a good photograph is usually all the trophy you need. Photo courtesy of David Kumlien.

16-1 (95-921) Floating is a big experience that depends upon small details. As the bank hurries by, you'll see many spots like this—quiet, shaded little shelters where the overhanging willows and concentrations of insects attract good fish. You must get your fly back in there, and keep it there as long as you can. Photo by Paul Schullery.

16-2 (81-54) A special treat on a float trip: lunch along the stream. Photo by Paul Schullery.

16-3 (slide) A McKenzie drift boat provides two anglers with a stable platform for hours of comfortable casting. Photo by David Kumlien.

16-4 (slide) Working the bank from a drift boat requires quick casts and accuracy, as well as an ability to lengthen or shorten casts almost reflexively. Photo by David Kumlien.

18-1 A sixteen-inch brown being released. Handle them gently and as little as possible, and make sure they can navigate and orient themselves before you let them go. Photo by Nelson Renick.

19-1 Big powerful rivers are intimidating to many visiting anglers. The trick is to take them apart in your mind and only fish the parts that need fishing.

19-2 "Madison River Stonefly Freak" by Dave Whitlock

19-3 Even on big rivers, think twice before wading out toward what seem to be the good spots. The Madison, often described as an "endless riffle," will hold good fish in surprisingly small places even close to shore. Photo by Roy Bissell.

19-4 Here's a stretch of the Madison with a completely different character: slow, smooth currents over thick weeds and open sandy bottom. Before approaching it closely or casting,

study the possibilities. Is the water deep or undercut along the banks? Which of those breaks and other disturbances in the surface indicate submerged weed beds or rocks? Can you see how deep the channels are between the weeds? Photo by Roy Bissell.

20-2 (97-652) Narrow, brushy streams often provide the fisherman with concealment for approaching closely, at the same time that they make backcasts and line control a miserable job. Photo by Paul Schullery.

20-3 (95-694) Never assume you have to be in the water to be fishing properly. Most stretches of small stream can be fished well from the bank, with a lot less disturbance to the trout and the stream bed. Photo by Marsha Karle.

20-4 (89-1062) Large stream or small, stay back from the bank whenever you can; fishery biologist John Varley, director of the Yellowstone Center for Resources, fishing a tributary of the Gibbon in Yellowstone Park. Photo by Paul Schullery.

21-2 (97-651) Maine angler David Ledlie showing that the smallest spring creeks can hold good trout. Photo by Paul Schullery.

21-3 (94-389) Chasing a good trout upstream in a winding spring creek makes up in excitement for what it lacks in dignity. Michigan angler Steve Schullery on a Gallatin Valley spring creek. Photo by Paul Schullery.

21-5 (88-463) Montana angler Jan Aiuppy setting the hook in a good spring creek trout. Photo by Paul Schullery.

21-6 (97-676) This angler faces one of spring creek fishing's most challenging situations: the slow tricky currents have woven themselves through a complex tangle of brush, roots, and snags along the left bank, and the trout are rising eagerly in the middle of the mess. Photo by Paul Schullery.

22-1 (slide) Float tubes are the biggest change to come to stillwater fly fishing in many years. Photo by David Kumlien.

23-1 (94-310) High country ponds offer the rewards of incredible scenery as well as exciting fishing. Photo by Paul Schullery.

23-2 (94-300) When you approach a pond like this, study its character from high above if you can. Look for the inlet and outlet streams, and shallower places that might hold vegetation and fish. Use your binoculars to check for fish moving or feeding; once you're at water level, it will be much harder to spot such things. Photo by Paul Schullery.

23-3 (94-567) High country wildlife, like this Glacier Park mountain goat, are an added attraction of fishing wilderness ponds. Photo by Paul Schullery.

26-1 Most of the time, the deepest stretches of a stream like this might be best, but on a hot, bright summer day the fish may leave it. Look along the far bank, behind West Yellowstone angler Cal Dunbar. See the narrow band of shaded water under the overhanging grass? Not only are fish more likely to be active there, but also they may be watching for terrestrials falling from the grass. It's more than worth the risk of hanging up your fly in the grass to get your fly right up against that bank.

27-1 (356) In late fall, small streams are often at their lowest level, but the cooler temperatures have energized the trout. Photo by Paul Schullery.

27-2 A broad brown trout taken during the fall on the Madison. Photo by Nelson Renick.

28-1 Cold-weather fishing has its rewards.

28-2 (slide) Cold-weather fly fishermen join duck hunters among those hardy sportsmen for whom a little misery is just part of the game. Photo by David Kumlien.

29-1 The Catch-and-Release Clu, which we promoted with a line of products in the catalog, was a small-scale effort with big results in encouraging no-kill fishing.

29-2 Back before about 1960, like most Montana fishermen, I kept most of the big trout I caught, and so did my clients. These two browns, four to five pounds each, were taken in the early days of my guiding out of West Yellowstone.

30-1 (slide) Though whirling disease may attack larger hatchery fish, only very small wild fish usually show signs of the disease; these fish show clinical evidence of "blacktail," characteristic of whirling disease. Photo by Barry Nehring, courtesy of the Whirling Disease Foundation.

30-2 A very young Dave Whitlock with a big Yellowstone cutthroat trout. Native species are an important part of the western angling heritage.

31-1 There will always be a lot of public water in the West, but economics is dictating an increase in fee-fishing on well-managed private waters. Photo by Roy Bissell.

31-2 (M.G-4) If we who live in the New West are careful and responsible, fly fishing and ranching can share the land just fine. Photo by Mike Gurnett, Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks.

32-1 Ernie Schwiebert, author of *Matching the Hatch*, *Nymphs*, and other great books, demonstrates perfect form in this Dan Callaghan photograph that suggests the full breadth of the total western fishing experience: catching a fine wild trout in beautiful surroundings.

33-1 At the grand opening and dedication of the International Fly Fishing Center in West Yellowstone, in August of 1984. From the left: Yellowstone Park District Ranger Doug Barnard, Grand Teton Park Superintendent Jack Stark, Jan Dunbar, Pete Van Gytenbeek, Bud, Montana Governor Ted Schwinden, FFF Vice President Marty Seldon, and West Yellowstone Mayor Larry Benfit.

33-2 Esther getting some casting tips from master instructor and writer Mel Kreiger.

33-3 On the Alagnak, 1982.

33-4 Bud Lilly's Angler's Retreat, Three Forks, Montana. Drawing by Pam Lanza.

33-5 In the summer of 1998, N.B.C. anchor man Tom Brokaw and I donated some time to show the local fishing to people who made a major contribution to the Greater Yellowstone Coalition, an important conservation group in our region. We also found time to take it easy between fishing trips on the deck of the hotel. From left to right: Tom Brokaw, Greater Yellowstone Coalition Director Mike Clark, California angler David Wood and New Jersey angler Dwight Minton.

Pictures for the color section

(M G-1) Esther and Bud Lilly. Photo by Mike Gurnett, Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks. **Frank: please use this picture for sure.**

(DW-1) (Large transparency or negative) "Passing it On," a large bronze sculpture of Bud and young son Mike, was recently created by Big Timber, Montana, sculptor Dale Wood. **Frank: as with the picture of Esther and Bud, we're hoping this one can be used for sure. It looks like a negative rather than a transparency, but I kind of have the impression that negatives can be scanned directly. If that is not the case and you must make a print first, of course that should be charged to us; either bill us or charge it against the royalties.**

We would like to see as many of these other color pictures used in the color section, too.

(95-691) A small meadow stream may double back on itself again and again, creating miles of excellent trout habitat in a very small space. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(88-458) Spring creeks are rare and special little ecosystems, as rich in terrestrial life as they are in aquatic life, and they need our help to survive. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(94-349) Random casting is rarely productive in a big lake. Look for springholes, shoals, inlets, outlets, weed beds, submerged trees, and other places where trout might find cover or food. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(97-683) A beautiful summer day on the Big Hole, and the long-awaited thrill of a good fish in open water. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(88-254) On a bitterly cold day, a mountain stream steams and rolls like something alive. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(94-418) There is no telling when the river, the light, and the trout will come together for a moment of unforgettable magic. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(86-195) Bud Lilly taking advantage of the last light, closing day on the Madison in Yellowstone Park. Photo by Paul Schullery.

(86-102) Western trout rivers originate in some of America's last great wilderness lands. Photo by Paul Schullery.

DK-1 (slide) A big brown nearing the net is a study in greens and golds. Photo by David

Kumlien. **Frank: I think that if some of the water is cropped out this might be a really dramatic picture to use.**

PS-1 (slide) Driven by the energy of its spawning urge, a large brown trout negotiates a rapids in a small Montana stream. Photo by Paul Schullery. **Frank: In this one I wouldn't crop the water; I think it's more exciting to see the fish in the middle of all that white water.**

Possible cover ideas

If any of the color slides that are slated to be used as black and whites in the book seem appropriate for the cover as well, that's fine with us, though we would like them also to appear where assigned in the text. We include two other very nice photos, marked **MG-2** and **MG-3**. These also might work for the cover. They should be credited to Mike Gurnett, Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks.

10/30/88

Bud-

I keep forgetting to get you a fliz.

And, yes, I would love
to have Thanksgiving dinner with
you. When do you want me to
arrive? Thank you.

Paul

Bud - As usual, fix or change anything.
Paul

Madison Memories

Sixty years of changes on a great trout stream

by Bud Lilly with Paul Schullery

Early trips

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Before the War we could drive way up into the Bear Trap. In about an hour's drive, we got to a place called the Shad^{can} Cabin, [Bud--I couldn't understand this on the tape] which was quite a few miles up, and a lot farther than you can go now. It was spectacular and exciting fishing, what with the huge rocks, big deep pools, and dangerous wading.

Our most memorable trips to the Madison before the war were during the salmon fly emergence. Whether in the Bear Trap or farther downstream, there were great salmonfly hatches. One of my favorite memories, one that I think is representative of the fishing experience back then, is of a trip we made in about 1939, when I was 14. As the local barber, my father knew everybody in the area, and had permission to fish from some of the biggest property holders, like the McDonald and Darlington ranches. Some friends of ours were camped over

there, and we went over one evening to have supper with them, and to share the fishing. It would be the worst kind of behavior today, but in those days you kept every big trout you got, and put them on a string to show them off. Luckily, I still have the photo, and it's reprinted here.

These fish were caught on the actual live salmon flies. We weren't troubled by too many refinements in tackle then, and with so much live bait just hanging off the bushes, it was easy to get into great fishing. The river was usually off color at least a little bit, so live bait seemed the obvious choice anyway.

But I suppose my best memories of those big fish on the lower Madison were from the first few years after the war. One of the first places I fished that first season after the war was the Madison. In June of 1946, just after I got home, I went fishing over near the Greycliffs. Imagine yourself there, back then, with hardly any other fishermen for miles. The salmon flies were dripping off the bushes, and you'd just grab them as you needed them. You'd put two on the hook, with a big sinker a little ways up the line, then throw it out there and let it bounce along until something big grabbed it.

We caught a lot of big fish, up to a few pounds each, but the thing that stands out in my mind now, almost fifty years later, is one fish I never even got a look at. I was fishing along when something grabbed my bait and without any hesitation just swam to the other side of the river and parked itself over near the far bank. I couldn't move it, even though I was using really heavy line, probably ten- or twelve-pound test. Whatever it was, it just stayed there until finally I pulled so hard I broke the line. There's no knowing how big a trout it was, of course, though obviously it was a whole lot bigger than the three- or four-pounders we were able to land pretty quickly. It wasn't uncommon in that period, particularly up in the Bear Trap area, for a good fisherman to catch a trout of eight to twelve pounds.

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abandoned some of our old ways. Many of us have gotten pretty touchy about bait fishing on today's trout streams, but those were different times, with different rules. I'd love to see that quality of fishing come back so we could try it with all the wonderful new fly-fishing gear and fly patterns we prefer now. We fished with the live salmon flies early in the season, and we often used sculpin, which were deadly, particularly up in the Bear Trap. We did do some fly fishing, but in those days, you just adjusted your methods to suit the circumstances, and had no twinges of conscience whatever method you used.

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Even in the 1940s, the Madison hadn't really been discovered by the visiting fishermen. Most of the fishermen were local. Another sign of the times was the way we looked at some of our fellow fishermen. There were guys that my dad referred to as "B.B.'s," which was short for "those Butte bastards." Apparently, he didn't like to see people leaving their neighborhood rivers and coming over and crowding "his" streams. The BB's, who of course had just as much right on the river as we did, loved the Jefferson up around Whitehall and through the canyon, but sometimes they'd leak down onto the Madison and would just make my dad furious.

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We also fished down below Three Forks, where all three rivers come together, and I'd fish the Missouri at Trident at night for ling and bullheads. The ling were so terrible looking they made you feel like you were eating a garter snake, but the meat was very flavorful. It just took quite a lot of bourbon to get you to try one.

Changing times

Those first few years after the war, I fished the lower Madison a lot, and usually if I had a companion it was my dad, until he got sick in 1949 and couldn't fish any more. Then I fished it off and on through the early 50s, but about that time my interest in it declined. There were probably several reasons for this, including changes in the fishing.

For one thing, I recall it began to have a heavy late-summer growth of moss in the 1950s, which made the fishing a lot less enjoyable (The Yellowstone seemed to have a similar problem about that time, though I don't know if there was any connection). The moss would break loose and really interfere with your cast. For another thing, after 1951, when I opened my shop in West Yellowstone, I suppose I was concentrating more on waters closer to town.

But even though I fished the lower Madison less, I still kept in touch with the fishing on the lower Madison. I especially remember a friend from Deer Lodge coming into my shop in West Yellowstone in the 1950s to tell me about a big fish he'd caught in the Bear Trap. I don't recall exactly how long it was, but I do remember that he told me it was something more than thirty inches, obviously the fish of a lifetime. I was pretty impressed.

"That's a real trophy," I said. "Where is it?"

"Oh, we ate it." As I said before, those were different times.

About the same time, someone caught another giant brown in the Bear Trap, and though I don't remember hearing how big it was, I do remember that when they cleaned it, it had a 16-inch whitefish in it. This was a really magnificent trout stream, one of the best in the world.

The 1959 earthquake changed many things in our area, including business. Just as we were thinking the Trout Shop might really do well, the quake scared everyone away, and it took another decade before business really took off and the shop became a big success. But the quake had a lot of other effects, some of which we may never completely understand. One of them, I believe, had to do with the lower Madison. It was after 1959 that we all noticed the river getting warmer down there.

But before getting into the causes, let me review the effects. The consequences of that change were huge. Before, as I said, there was a hell of a salmon fly hatch, and the river was fishable pretty much all year round. Now, you'll rarely see salmonflies in any numbers anywhere below Ennis Lake except sometimes in the Bear Trap. The water temperature gets up near critical levels, around 80 degrees, and in the warmest, driest years, like the late 1970s and 1988, there have even been fish kills.

Interestingly, the fish are still there, though not the way they once were. It's just that there are two fishing seasons. Starting about April 1 and running up into early June, it's a pretty darn good fishery, with some excellent hatches. The lower Madison has a terrific Baetis hatch in April (I'm following Montana entomological nomenclature rules here: if you don't know the name of a fly, call it a Baetis). Its timing varies a lot with the air temperature, from 10:00 in the morning until early afternoon. If it's warm, it may not come off until early afternoon. It's sporadic over several weeks, usually for at least a month.

Then there's the Mother's Day caddisfly hatch, which seems to persist there

longer than it does elsewhere. I think it may even last longer on the lower Madison than it does on the Yellowstone.

But by late June, the daytime fishing is over. ^{*} It appears that after that, through the rest of the summer, the hatches occur mostly at night, and the fish do most of their feeding then. We know the fish don't disappear, because in September and October the fishing comes back again, with daytime feeding and a good chance to catch some pretty big trout. There are quite a few fish up to 16-18 inches, with the occasional fish in the 20-22 inch range.

What went wrong?

There are plenty of theories about what has contributed to the warming of the lower Madison. Usually these things aren't simple, and several factors may be involved. This part of the country has been in a long-term drought for more than ten years now, and that probably has had some effect.

Changes in land-use practices may have made a difference, too. There may have been enough logging in the tributaries, especially up the West Fork, to contribute enough heat and silt to make a difference. The logging on the West Fork has mostly occurred in the past 20 or 25 years, since the Lyons Bridge was built. Prior to the logging activity, the West Fork always ran clear. Now it's often mud-laden. There may have been some logging in some other drainages, but the West Fork would be the most significant.

But it seems to me that the primary factor was probably the earthquake of 1959. It sent great amounts of debris and silt downstream, which must have accelerated the silting up of Ennis Lake. As the lake gets shallower, it stands to reason that the water in it will be more easily warmed by the sun. Quake Lake, created behind the big landslide, simply overflows from the top, so the water going into the Madison there is not cooled the way it would be if it was a true tailwater, with the flow coming out of the bottom of a dam. The same effect is

repeated at Ennis Lake, of course; the water leaves the lake by a spillway rather than from the bottom of the lake. So Ennis Lake just gets shallower and shallower, and acts^{as} a warming basin for the water. The silt from the quake was a problem in the Madison River for years, but that problem is more or less past and been replaced by a bigger problem: even though the silt from the quake has all pretty much moved out of the Madison above Ennis, it all came to rest in Ennis Lake. They've done some core drilling to try to determine how the deposits in the lake were made, and there were a lot of scientific studies done, but none of it is that conclusive, so exactly how all this works is a little unclear.

What can be done?

It would be wonderful to have the lower Madison back the way it once was. If we could fish the entire Madison all summer it would be an economic boon to the whole area, it would spread the fishermen out, and it might get some of them off the upper river. With the Henry's Fork being out of shape the last couple years, the Madison seems to be getting even more attention, and it's been overcrowded for years.

So I have hopes that the Madison could be as it was fifty years ago. Besides wanting to have all the good fishing possible, and wanting to see our rivers living up to their potential, I have ambitions for the regional economy. Three Forks has changed a lot since my parents moved there in 1943. Then it was just a little railroad town, and a lot of the original survey stakes were still out in the field where they'd sold the lots. It's a better town now, with a promising future. They're restoring things, opening specialty stores and art galleries, and there is even going to be summer stock theatre there. The Sacajawea Inn has been restored to its old glory, and in a lot of other ways, the community is showing all the signs of recognizing that its future lay in service, and service depends on protecting and improving the natural resources. I want to see all that hard work

rewarded, but for that to happen fully, the Madison has to be brought back.

The dam at Ennis Lake is a secondary power generating source for some of the operations of Montana Power. The original purpose was to generate electricity for the Butte mines. The Anaconda Copper Company wanted that power, so they built that dam for additional power for the Butte mines. Then the Montana Power Company picked it up and they maintain that it's producing a profitable power source. All of that suggests that the dam has a profitable enough history that nobody is likely^{to} propose removing it soon. As long as it's there, and as long as the lake is so shallow, there's going to be a problem with warm water in the lower Madison.

This has led some people to suggest that the dam be raised, so that the water is deeper. But of course that would just back the water up and the people along the lake and in Ennis don't want that, because it would flood a lot of property. The power company isn't too hot on the idea either. Even if it made the necessary difference, it might not have any advantage for their operation, and would cost millions of dollars.

The dam isn't necessarily a problem anyway. Lakes may be silt-catching basins, but they are also moderators of a river's extremes. It's probably partly because of the dam that the lower Madison doesn't suffer really violent flow changes like the Jefferson. That's a plus for fishermen, as long as the flow is managed properly. It remains relatively stable, the banks don't move around, and the river bed isn't exposed, so the insects aren't killed by being left high and dry.

It appears that we still need to learn more about what has happened to the lower river. I know that "more research" has too often been an excuse for stalling on an important decision, but it seems pretty clear we don't have the answers yet. But we do have some interesting and maybe helpful models to compare the lower Madison with. The Firehole River in the park is downright hot some years; like the lower Madison, the fishing is very poor through the hot

summer months. The fish migrate to cooler tributaries, or just wait it out, and then the fishing gets good again in the fall. In recent years, like in 1993 when cold weather lasted so long, the fishing stayed good on the Firehole all summer. We're talking about relatively small temperature changes here, but they're the difference between good fishing and no fishing. Cal Kaya and others have studied the Firehole's unusual temperature situation for years, and I suspect that some of their findings might help us with the Madison. Could we have them work with Montana's people and take a look at it?

I'm not even sure we're asking all the right questions yet. All those miles of river bordered by a road; did that construction have any effects on the river (maybe slowing the flow or reducing oxygen levels, or some other influence that hasn't been measured) that could be reversed? Are there any other areas in the watershed that could be managed differently? We need to think of the whole watershed in this, all the way up into the park. What possible sources of warmth--wastewater treatment in the towns, the timing of water releases, or whatever--can be changed to help cool the river down a little? Not that many years ago it was a joke around Montana that whenever somebody flushed a toilet in Gardiner, somebody got a drink in Livingston. Maybe there's some of that in the Madison system, and maybe this is a good excuse to fix it. Remember, we're not trying to make the river do anything it hasn't done before.

— What else should be said about what needs to be done?

— It's getting pretty long. I don't know how much room they'll have. I didn't even use the good stuff about the river above Ennis, or that great rattlesnake story.

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But fly fishing gave us plenty of great moments too, as flies were developed to match the local insects, especially the salmon flies. As a boy, when I wasn't fishing I was playing baseball on the local team. Once, around the fourth of July in 1946, we had a game in Ennis. One of the guys on the other team was Jack Scully, who would become one of the long-time local fishermen and businessmen. During the game he suggested that as soon as the game was over,

we should go down to the channels, just outside of town, and do a little fishing. So about four o'clock we went down, and sure enough the salmonflies were out. Jack had a new fly, one I'd never seen before, called the Bloody Butcher. I didn't really even understand about dry flies at the time, and I'm not sure Jack did, but we bought six of these and learned fast. The willows along the stream had salmonflies hanging down like bunches of grapes, so we would cast as far under those branches as we could and then hold on. We didn't worry much about keeping the fly afloat, and it certainly didn't matter to the trout. And that was what we thought of as a salmon fly imitation until we saw the Bunyan Bug.

Norman Means, a Missoula fly tier, had developed the series of flies he called Bunyan Bugs in about 1927. They were wood-bodied flies with horse-hair wings; the bodies were painted various colors, including those of the salmon fly. They recently became famous all over again in Norman Maclean's book *A River Runs Through It*, when Maclean describes his first look at one: "I took one look at it and felt perfect." Well, so did the trout. I don't remember fishing with them until about 1943, when a teacher friend from Ennis and I stopped at the local tackle shop there and bought some. They floated beautifully, and the fish couldn't get enough of them. I know they've been tied and sold again recently, and it would be fun to give them another try, to see if they still make the fish feel perfect.

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However, over the years the fishing deteriorated very noticeably on the "lower" Madison, as we referred it. The salmon flies disappeared on all of the river below the Bear Trap Canyon, and the water temperature continued to rise. The warm water during the summer months of June through early September has become almost a zero fishery as compared to what I remember from the past.

The dam creating Ennis Lake appears to be a major factor in altering the river ecology over the years. It is my hope that by lowering the water temperatures a few degrees during the summer months, the fishing could be restored. Now the only period that the river is a viable fishery is early spring, fall, and winter.

Year-around fishing on the lower Madison would provide many more miles of quality fishing for the entire river, from Hebgen Dam to the head waters of the Missouri. The additional available river would spread the fishing pressure and provide a more quality experience.

The full recreational potential of the Madison would have a very positive effect on the local economy as well. Three Forks, in particular, is emerging as a town developing tourism business. Quality trout fishing is number one attraction for tourism in the entire area.

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After returning to Montana, I attended Montana State University at Bozeman. While getting a pre-med degree, which took some time and effort, I found time to fish as well. I usually fished the Gallatin or the Madison from the Bear Trap into the valley.

The fishing during that period on both rivers was very good for me. My fly fishing was the wet fly methods that I learned from my Dad, and it didn't really take much skill to catch fish.

However, over the years the fishing deteriorated very noticeably on the "lower" Madison, as we referred it. The salmon flies disappeared on all of the river below the Bear Trap Canyon, and the water temperature continued to rise. The warm water during the summer months of June through early September has become almost a zero fishery as compared to what I remember from the past.

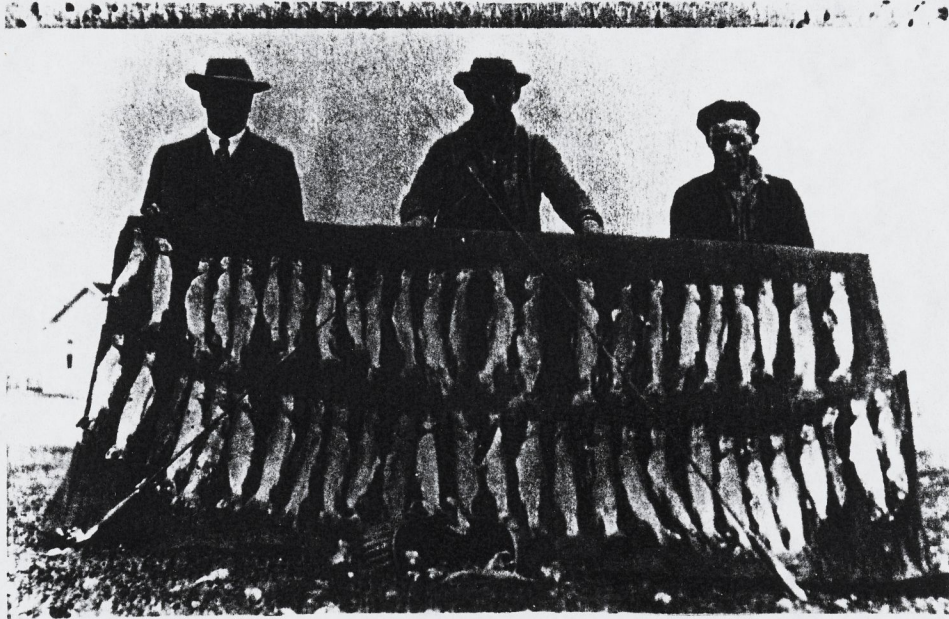
The dam creating Ennis Lake appears to be a major factor in altering the river ecology over the years. It is my hope that by lowering the water temperatures a few degrees during the summer months, the fishing could be restored. Now the only period that the river is a viable fishery is early spring, fall, and winter.

Year-around fishing on the lower Madison would provide many more miles of quality fishing for the entire river, from Hebgen Dam to the head waters of the Missouri. The additional available river would spread the fishing pressure and provide a more quality experience.

The full recreational potential of the Madison would have a very positive effect on the local economy as well. Three Forks, in particular, is emerging as a town developing tourism business. Quality trout fishing is number one attraction for tourism in the entire area.

Montana is now a focal point for people looking to relocate a business, buy a home, or acquire recreational property. This transitional period means adjustment to change. With increasing demands for energy perhaps there are ways to restore the fishing by lowering water temperatures and meet the demands for more power generation too.

The future of Montana's wonderful trout streams is still within our control. Better management with stream clean-up and restoration, where needed, is recognized now more than any time in the past. I trust that the planning for the Lower Madison and it's future will give full measure to trout and trout fishing .



~~Photo~~
Judge Jim Sieffert

Ed. Avery

Clarence Bucky

Photo provided by Pat Barnes, a legendary fishing outfitter raised in Three Forks. Pat's father took this picture of the group he was fishing with. Fish were caught on artificial English tied flies during the salmon fly hatch. Date sometime in 1920's or 30's on the Madison river on the "Green" Ranch.



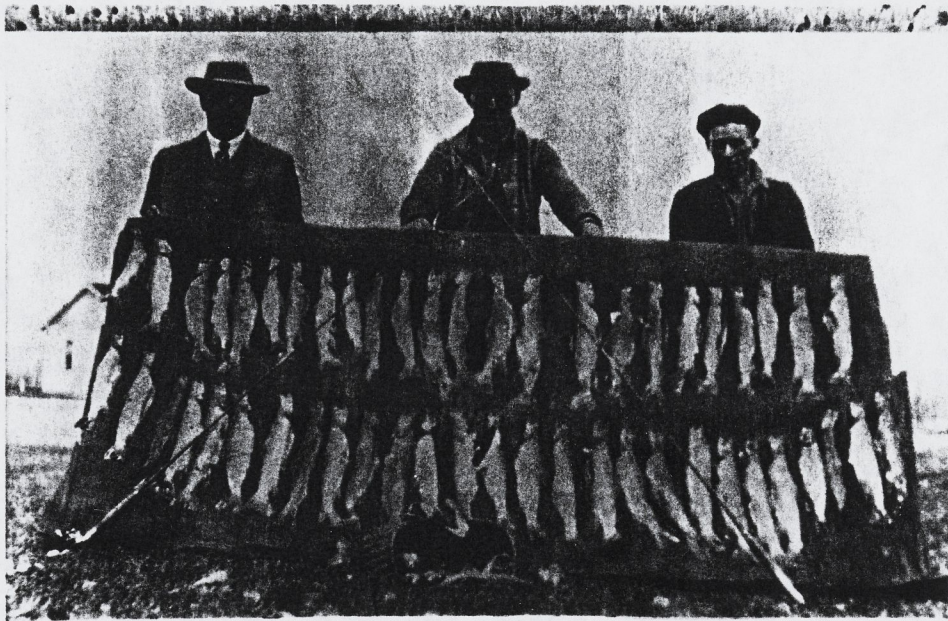
~~Photo~~ Circa 1920's

Judge Jim Sieffert Left - Longtime Judge

Ed Avery middle - Started Avery Garage; Now Norman's Conaco

Clarence Bueker Right - Garage Mech.

Missing From Picture - usually Fished with these people
Antharam Barnes - Pat's Father



~~Ed Avery~~
Judge Jim Sieffert
Ed Avery
Clarence Buckley.



~~Photo~~

Judge Jim Sieffert

Ed Avery

Clarence Buckley.



~~Photo~~
Judge Jim Sieffert

Ed Avery

Clarence Buckley





lawu elk 11/4/02

6N002 ALBERTSONS



Dawn on the Madison,
10/17/02



18" Brown, Madison River,
10/17/02

I know you'd call this "one
of the little ones..."

Bud -
I don't know if
I sent you this before.
Paul

98

Fish Feast or Famine:
Incomplete Anglers on the
Lewis & Clark Expedition

By Robert R. Hunt*

When Captain Meriwether Lewis walked into George Lawton's tackle shop on Great Dock-street in Philadelphia in May of 1803 to buy fishing tackle, one wonders if he was there as an angler, an ichthyologist, or a diplomat to the western Indians—perhaps all three. On his expedition he amused himself at fishing, he gave Indians gifts of fishhooks, and he discovered several new species of fish for science. But as Robert Hunt explains in the following article which appeared in the February 1997 issue of *We Proceeded On*, it was the diet of fish that the Expedition members had to endure west of the Mountains that got the most journal attention.

As no man is born an artist so no man is born an angler
—Isaac Walton, *The Compleat Angler*, 1653¹

Captain *William Clark* recorded the high moment of the Lewis and Clark Expedition on November 7, 1805: "Ocian in view. . . great joy in Camp," he wrote.² The Corps of Discovery had finally reached the Pacific, culminating eight months of severe trial and hardship.³ Clark's memoir on this joyful day contrasts curiously with the absence of any such expression from

Note: Italicized words within quotations from the Lewis and Clark Journals, have been italicized by the author.

1. Walton, Izaak, author's Preface.

2. Moulton, Gary E. (1), Vol. 6, pp. 55, 58. All quotations or references to journal entries given by dates in this article are from Moulton, Gary E. (1), volumes 1-9, unless otherwise indicated.

3. EDITOR'S NOTE: If I'm understanding the author correctly, this must have been a slip of the pen. It was seven months from when they left their camp at the Mandans until Clark made his famous "Ocian in view. . ." statement.

*See biographical sketch on page 47.

Meriwether Lewis. There is no record whatever from co-captain Lewis, the originally designated leader of the Corps, of his impressions on first viewing the sea. For him the occasion may have been anticlimactic. Three months previously he had already "seen" the Pacific—from hundreds of miles inland: On August 13, 1805, after the initial contact with the Shoshones in their mountain retreat on the Lemhi River, a hospitable Indian gave Lewis "a piece of a fresh salmon roasted." This was "the first salmon I had seen," he wrote, "and perfectly convinced me that we were on the waters of the Pacific Ocean. His foretaste of the ocean, high in the mountains, relieved Lewis of anxiety in achieving the long-awaited object of his journey. But this roasted salmon was not only a token of discovery; it was also the forerunner of countless numbers of salmon and other fish, of great variety and manner of preparation—boiled, smoked, fried, pounded, dried, fresh, and spoiled—over the next full year of the Expedition. It was the prelude of a love-hate relationship with fish.

Fishing Tackle

L*ewis knew before embarking on* his mission that there would be a pack of fish in his future. In Philadelphia in the summer of 1805, preparing for the Expedition, he visited the "Old Experienced Tackle Shop" kept by George R. Lawton, a dealer in "all kinds of Fishing Tackle for the use of either Sea or River." Lewis purchased there 125 "Large fishing Hooks" plus ten pounds of assorted fishing lines, and an additional 2800 fish hooks for Indian presents; also an item listed as an "8 stave reel." Thus equipped, the Expedition was seemingly prepared for many fishing exploits which are recorded in its journals.

Catfish

G*enerally on the Ohio* and Missouri rivers, the fish stories are about catfish. Lewis was surprised, for example, on November 16, 1803 "at the apparent size of a catfish which the men had caught" near the confluence of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Accustomed to seeing these fish from fifty to sixty pounds in weight, Lewis took dimensions of this trophy. He reported it as four feet three and three-fourths inches in length, weighing 128 pounds. "I have been informed," he added, "that these fish have been taken in various parts of the Ohio & Mississippi weighing from 175 to 200 lbs weight." From the Expedition's Wood River Camp near St. Louis up the Missouri to Fort Mandan (North Dakota), catfish were everywhere, waiting to be caught and free for the taking.

Private Goodrich

D*uring the catfish episodes* Private Silas Goodrich emerged as the preeminent fisherman of the Corps. On July 17, 1804, near present-day Peru, Nebraska, Clark reported Goodrich caught "two verry fat catfish." A week later Goodrich took a "white catfish" which Clark described as having "eyes Small & tale much like that of a Dolfin"—probably the channel catfish, a newly

4. Jackson, Donald (1), vol. 1, pp. 79-95.

A Word About The "8 Stave Reel"

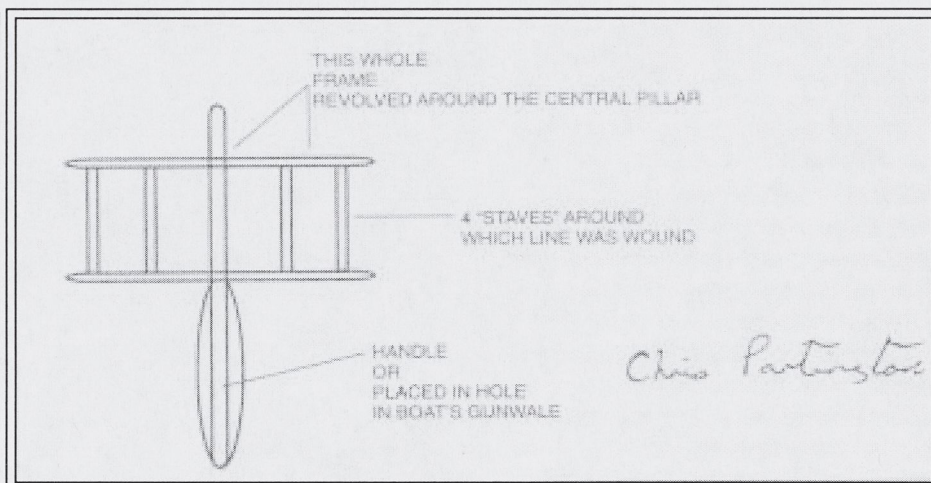
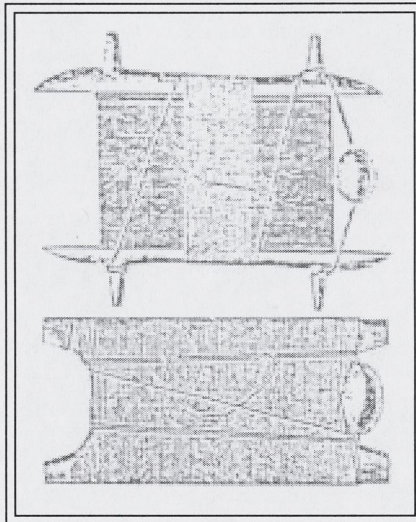
The bill of sale endorsed by Captain Lewis in May 1803 in Philadelphia for the purchase of fishing tackle included an item listed as an "8 stave reel." To find a description or an illustration of a stave reel of the Lewis era we contacted a number of students and hobbyists interested in historic fishing gear. The prevailing opinion through these contacts was that equipment of this sort at that time would have been produced in England and exported to dealers in the United States, such as George Lawton in Philadelphia. For further information we were referred to Mr. Chris Partington of Shrewsbury, Shropshire, Great Britain, a specialist in "old fishing tackle, angling art, and literature." Mr. Partington has been kind enough to comment in response to our inquiries, in part, as follows:

"...rods and reels did not come in to general use until about 1780. . . I feel sure that the stave reel mentioned was a type of winder to store line on. Certainly during the 19th century winders like the one drawn by me below were used by Cornish sea fishermen fishing with long lines, and the list of fishing tackle in . . . [the] 1803 bill of sale is all long line stuff, not rod and line stuff."

Shown below is Mr. Partington's drawing of his version of the "stave reel," together with a sketch (on the right) from an 1899 catalogue of William Mills & Son (Reddith, England factory) picturing a "stave Winder."

discovered species.⁵ Goodrich was also one of three men with Lewis on June 10, 1805, during Lewis's search for the Great Falls of the Missouri. How did Private Goodrich salute that historic discovery?—with fish!—"half a dozen very fine trout and a number of both species of the white fish!" Moreover, among Goodrich's catch was an additional species new

5. Moulton, Gary E. (1), Vol. 2, p. 418.



to science, the cutthroat trout—*Salmo clarkii*, after William Clark. No wonder Lewis reported that “Goodrich. . . is remarkably fond of fishing.” And on August 24th Lewis dubbed him “our principal fisherman.”

Other Anglers

Aside from Lewis and Goodrich, the journals say very little about any other fishermen in the Corps. Sacagawea gets mention at the Great Falls portage; recovering from an alarming illness she was “walking about and fishing.” And by Sgt. Ordway’s report of August 15, 1805, Captain Clark was, while fishing, “near being bit by a rattle Snake which was between his legs.”⁶ Later near the mouth of the Columbia, Clark took two “salmon trout” on November 12th. But he says he “killed” these fish. Would a bona fide fisherman speak so murderously of fish? Did he use a club, or gunshot? Was there no sport? No hook, line and sinker? Captain Lewis was more relaxed while fishing. With him it was an “amusement.” On his approach to the Great Falls, June 12, 1805, he wrote:

This evening I ate very heartily and after pening the transactions of the day amused myself Catching those whitefish mentioned yesterday. . . I caught upwards of a douzen in a few minutes; they bit most freely. . .

Salmon Ahead?

Byond the Great Falls, Lewis and Clark had fewer moments for any amusement such as fishing. They had previously learned from the Mandans that the Snake (Shoshones) and Flathead tribes near the Continental Divide lived “principally on a large fish which they take on the river on which they reside.” The captains surmised that on the Columbia this “large fish” could provide a staff of life such as the buffalo provided in the plains. Thus when Lewis actually tasted his first salmon with the Shoshones he had come to the expected moment of a new dependency—centered on fish rather than on the red meat from the guns of his hunters.

But this new dependency soon proved uncertain, even doubtful. The Shoshones warned him that the Snake River, the expected way west, “afforded neither Salmon nor timber.” More worrisome yet, he found on August 23rd that the Shoshones were “haistening from the country” because the salmon has “so far declined”—this when his provision was “so low that it would not support us more than ten days.” Under this pressure, after dickering with the Shoshones for horses, the Corps plunged into the rocky reaches of the Bitterroot Mountains. No fish, no game—the men survived only on blind luck and “killed colts.” Breaking out of this no-man’s-land, they entered upon the drainages which would lead to the Columbia. There on the headwaters they encountered signs of the native fish economy which would govern their days, directly and indirectly while on the Pacific side of the continent.

6. Moulton, Gary E. (1), Vol. 9, p. 205

The Fish Economy

At this new stage of the journey the Corps was forced to rely on fish in the diet—fish which was almost always dried, not fresh. On October 17th, near the confluence of the Snake and the Columbia, Clark found himself in the midst of the production process for this basic staple. He observed “emence quantities of dried fish”—large drying scaffolds strung with fish, piles of salmon lying all about, and many women splitting and drying the crop. It was here also that Clark recorded a dramatic, even historic moment. In an air of bewilderment he wrote:

I observe. . . great numbers of salmon dead on the shores, floating on the water and in the Bottom which can be seen at the debth of 20 feet, the cause of the emence numbers of dead salmon I can't account for. . . I must have seen 3 or 400 dead and maney living. . .

Without knowing it, Clark unconsciously had made, perhaps, the first written record of one of the great mysteries of natural history: the spawning stage in the life cycle of the Columbia salmon, its “final seasonal climacteric,” as Paul Cutright describes it.⁷

Clark was witnessing the defining feature of human life on the Columbia. The salmon cycle conditioned all aspects of native culture from the cradle to the grave; to the Corps, however, it was inexplicable.

Clark's puzzlement over the “emence numbers of dead salmon” reveals how he (and anyone else of his milieu) was “totally unfamiliar with the life history of this important fish.”⁸

In the presence of this mystery Clark's concern was more immediate and practical—the food supply for his companions and the need to hurry further downstream. Despite the abundance of salmon all around him, he wrote that “the fish being out of season and dieing in great numbers in the river; we did not think proper to use them.” Instead, the Corps resorted to *purchasing* dried fish from the native tribes at periodic stops on the river. The explorers then saw first hand how salmon governed the natives—their occupations, trade, housing, diet, family relationships and cultic rituals, all in a rhythm of seasonal movement up and down the waterways.

In the eyes of Captain Lewis the fish culture made a difference in the treatment of women. He observed as a “general maxim” (January 6, 1806) that the tribes on the Columbia paid more respect to the judgment of their women, as compared with tribes of the hunting economy on the Great Plains where women and old people were treated with least attention. On the Pacific side, women participated in tribal livelihood more actively, assisting in taking and drying the salmon, gathering

7. Cutright, Paul R. (2), p. 225.

8. Cutright, Paul R. (2), even in the 1990s the mystery at what impels this mass migration challenges observers. Compare the following: Petersen, Keith C., and Mary E. Reed, p. 94. Mighetto, Lisa, p. 6; Maxwell, Jessie pp. 26 and following pages, especially p. 51.

roots and storing the provisions.

In addition to shaping the mundane habits of the natives, salmon also furnished a spiritual dimension. Lewis noted on April 19, 1806 (near The Dalles), "great joy with natives last night in consequence of the arrival of the salmon; one of those fish was caught; this was the harbinger of good news to them." It was the annual native occasion for the "first salmon ceremony." This first fish, Lewis recorded, "was dressed and being divided into small pieces, was given to each child in the village." To Lewis the custom was "founded in a superstitious Opinion that it will hasten the arrival of the salmon."⁹ Ethnologists later wrote that the ceremony had more basic significance. Erna Gunther, for example, in her analysis of these rituals,¹⁰ described such main characteristics as:

- an attitude of veneration, based on "belief in the immortality of the salmon and the conscious will of the fish in allowing himself to be caught"
- a feeling that "the salmon is a person, living a life very similar to that of the people who catch him, that in honoring the first salmon, they are honoring the chief of the salmon."

Were We the Fish? A Famine—

Lewis and Clark, however, never witnessed the full, real-life drama of the salmon cycle. They had the misfortune, both descending and ascending the Columbia, to miss the huge salmon runs of the Columbia Basin. In the autumn of 1805 the Corps arrived too late to take fresh salmon; in the spring of 1806, the party advanced upstream too early—traveling always just beyond the early fish migrations. The land of salmon became a land of famine, at least of the fresh variety. Scarcity had commenced soon after first crossing the Divide. While scouting the Lemhi in late August 1805, Clark's party was "hourly complaining of their retched Situation and [contemplating?] doubts of Starveing in a Country where no game of any kind except a few fish can be found." When the Corps finally stumbled out of the Bitterroots into Nez Perce country, the men lived on *dried sammon*" and quamash roots acquired from the natives, a continuing ration for the next nine months.

Fish Diet

The fish diet was disastrous; it worked on the men "much as a dose of salts." September 21st, Clark: "I am verry Sick to day and puke which relive me." Lewis was so sick he was "Scercely able to ride on a jentle horse. . . Several men So unwell that they were Compelled to lie on the Side of the road for Some time. . ." The journals bear an oft-repeated refrain: "nothing to eate except

9. Moulton, Gary E. (1), Vol. 7, p. 142.

10. Gunther, Edna (1), p. 166-167; Gunther, Edna (2), pp. 605-617.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Gunther's description of the basis for the First Salmon ritual is much like the basic understanding of the Plains Indians that I am familiar with regarding the buffalo: They understand them as a genus to be immortal; they single out the chief buffalo before the slaughter and thank him for bringing them their sustenance. There are acts that must be observed so that the buffalo are not offended. Buffalo are at all times treated with dignity lest they no longer provide the Indians with those things upon which the Indians subsist. See Saindon, Robert A. (10), pp. 6-15.

dried fish and roots." The men preferred the flesh of dogs, purchasing all they could from native tribes whenever available (forty dogs on one day's march!)¹¹

Dried fish was a reserve food of last resort. The party carried a store of it down river from Celilo Falls all the way to winter quarters. Used when nothing else was available, it was "our Standing friend," as Clark wrote on December 1st (though not so "friendly" the next day when he complained "have entirely lost my appetite for the Dried pounded fish. . .the cause of my disorder at present.") On Christmas day in the Expedition's newly constructed fort, "spoiled fish and pore elk" served as a "bad Christmas dinner."

But why was the dried salmon reserve so often referred to as "spoiled?" It had been acquired at the Falls of the Columbia (near present-day Dalles), "that great meeting and trading site," as Moulton notes, "for the tribes of the Columbia."¹² Clark observed there on October 22nd, how carefully the natives prepared the fish for market. There were "great numbers of stacks of pounded Salmon (butifully) neatly preserved" in lined baskets secured tightly together by corded mats. "Thus preserved," Clark wrote, "those fish may be kept Sound and Sweet Several years." Either the Expedition was unable to acquire any of *these* packages, or if so, could not have maintained them carefully enough to keep the fish "sound and sweet." The reserve was pore and "spoiled" at Fort Clatsop.

Fish Feasts

D*espite the many anxious days of* hunger and ill effects, fish was sometimes a luxury when cooked in singular ways. Westbound, near the Clearwater junction with the Snake, Clark's party was treated to a special serving of salmon, ceremoniously prepared by a native householder. Clark wrote that this "boiled fish.. .was delicious." A few days later, one of the men giggered a "salmon trout" (a steelhead). The camp *cook fried it* in bear's oil—"the finest fish I ever tasted," Clark wrote. He was just as eloquent later at Fort Clatsop. After dining on a Small fish cooked in Indian Stile by *roasting*" Clark thought them "Superior to any fish I ever tasted." Lewis chimed in with superlatives for yet another style of native cuisine—vapor or steam cooking. "We live sumptuously" Lewis wrote at Fort Clatsop, "on our wappatoe and Sturgeon when steamed these entrees were "much better than either boiled or roasted." Just before the party vacated Fort Clatsop, Chief Comowoll presented the captains with a new delicacy—"anchovies" (actually eulachon, i.e. candle fish). Lewis found these "excellent." On this fare, he wrote, "we once more live in clover."

Salmon Timetable

L*eaving winter quarters on* March 23rd, 1806, the explorers toiled upriver, homeward bound; life in clover had ended. The men promptly resumed their purchase of dogs. On April 1st, near the Willamette

11. Cutright, Paul R. (2), p. 219. For an extended and engaging account of the diet and food supply on the Expedition, see Furtwangler, Albert, pp. 91-109: Chapter 5 "ingesting America."

12. Moulton, Gary E. (1), Vol. 5, p. 526.

River, they met groups of natives who had exhausted their winter store of dried fish, and were "much streightened. . .for the want of food." These people reported that the tribes further up were equally troubled; "they did not expect the Salmon to arrive untill the full of the next moon which happens on the 2nd of May." On this alarming intelligence, travel plans gave way to the salmon forecast.¹³ Lewis expressed

much uneasiness with respect to our future means of subsistence. above falls or through the plains from thence to the Chopunnish [i.e. the Nez Perce] there are no deer Antelope nor Elk on which we can depend for subsistence; their horses are very poor most probably at this season, and if they have no fish their dogs must be in the same situation. under these circumstances there seems to be but a gloomy prospect for subsistence on any terms; . . .it was at once deemed inexpedient to wait the arrival of the salmon as that would detain us so large a portion of the season that it is probable we should not reach the United States before the ice would close the Missouri;

The captains "determined to loose as little time as possible" in rejoining their Nez Perce friends and recovering their horses for repassing the mountains, horses being "our only certain resource for food."

Thus began on April 1st a cruel game of hide-and-seek with salmon. From The Dalles to the mountain passes in June, the explorers heard rumors or saw actual evidence of the proximity of the migrating fish, yet the salmon were never within their reach. Was the salmon "chief" of Indian lore persisting in an April fool's joke? Expedition journals recount weekly sometimes daily frustrations of hope that the salmon would soon show up. Travel became a two-month seesaw of vain expectations:

- April 1-11: natives observed moving upstream to fishing places "though the salmon have not yet made their appearance"
- April 19: The first salmon arrived near The Dalles—expect "great quantity" in five days.
- May 3-4: The last of the dried meat and the "ballance of our Dogs" were consumed—no mention of a fish reserve, nothing left for the morrow.
- May 10: Lewis ordered his famished men to cease begging for fish and roots from the natives
- May 14: campsite established within forty paces of the river, "convenient to the salmon which we expect daily;"
- May 18: Private LePage took a salmon from an eagle, giving "hope that the salmon would shortly be with us."
- May 21: "We cannot as yet form any just idea what resource the fish will furnish us."
- May 27: "The dove is cooing which is the signal as the indians inform us of the approach of the salmon"

With no luck on the Clearwater, the captains commissioned Sergeant Ordway with two men May 27th to visit the Snake River (supposedly only a half day's ride

13. While at Fort Clatsop contemplating the home-bound voyage Lewis wrote on March 14, 1806 that "the Indians tell us that the Salmon begin to run early in the next month; it will be unfortunate for us if they do not, for they must form our principal dependence for food in ascending the Columbia, above the falls and its S.E. branch to the mountains."

from camp) to try to garner some of the great numbers of fish reported on that stream. Missing for five days, Ordway finally turned up carrying seventeen salmon and some edible toots. But the fish were nearly spoiled by the rugged seventy-mile horseback ride. Ironically Ordway's party had not *caught* these fish; they were purchased from the natives! At this, Lewis threw in the towel, June 3, 1806:

"I begin to lose all hope of any dependence on the Salmon as this river will not fall sufficiently to take them before we shall leave it, and as yet I see no appearance of their running near the shores as the indians informed us they would in the course of a few days."

By June 22nd the local natives had finally begun to reap the salmon harvest. But it was then time for the Corps to attack the mountains. As a last gasp at fish, Private Whitehouse was dispatched to a native village to procure what he could "with a few beads which Captain Clark had unexpectedly found in one of his waistcoat pockets." Beyond this there was no further waiting for fish.

Fishing Know How

In the land where salmon was king, the Corps had survived on dogs, roots and "pore game." Such fish as the party consumed, whether fresh or dried, had largely been purchased from or donated by the natives. In contrast with experience on the Missouri, the explorers by their own efforts on the Columbia caught very few fish.¹⁴ Not that they didn't know how. They carefully observed en route many different fishing methods which sustained a widespread Indian population. Their journals describe a range of native fishing habits including use of

- weirs, i.e. traps or dams
- gigs, i.e. "bayonets on poles"
- nets, scoop dips, small seines and drags
- trolling aboard canoes
- beach scavenging
- and, of course, the customary hook on a line on a pole—(the explorers themselves added a further bizarre method of their own: they once shot a salmon when no game was available on the Lemhi!)

Being thus familiar with native methods, the explorers also had ample means for success. Their baggage included thousands of fish hooks and other fishing equipment. Yet all this served more for currency in trading than for taking fish. Fish hooks, in particular, helped purchase not only roots, dogs, beaver and other skins, but also provided wages for native river pilots and even on occasion procured fish (though dried, not the biting kind!).

14. There were indeed a few notable exceptions where the party did have conspicuous success. For example when with the Shoshones on August 22, 1805, Lewis "made the men form a bush drag, and with it in about 2 hours they caught 528 very good fish, most of them large trout!" (He distributed "much the greater portion. . . among the Indians.") This experience, however, was certainly unusual in the fishing annals of the Expedition while "on the waters at the Pacific Ocean," which for the most part tell of disappointments compounded.

Incomplete Anglers?

T*he journals leave the impression* that as anglers, for their own edification and sustenance on the Columbia, the men of the Corps of Discovery simply did not score. Partly no doubt, disinterest was due to distaste for a fish diet. Primarily, however, defeat came from being at the wrong places at the wrong times. Nevertheless, despite these failures, the fishing annals of the explorers do provide evidence of importance to the world of angling and natural history: the Corps of Discovery through journal data is credited with identifying and describing 12 species of fish “new to science.”¹⁵—not such a shabby record after all! Considering this and the other overall achievements of the Expedition, Lewis and Clark, aside from the salmon famine, were indeed at the right place at the right time.

15. Cutright, Paul R. (2), pp. 425-427: “Fishes.” Cutright presents a catalogue of fishes “discovered by Lewis and Clark” listing twelve different species cross-referenced by source of description in various Expedition journal compilations, also citing place and date of observation and/or capture. See also Moulton, Gary E. (1), Vol. 5, pp. 407-415: summaries written by Lewis and Clark during the winter at Fort Clatsop regarding species they reported having met on their journey.

Paul Schullery
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August 10, 2002

Bud:

You might enjoy these pictures. They're scanned from slides and then printed out on a small printer, so they lack the sharpness and clarity of the originals, but I think they're still pretty impressive. The mayflies are a little washed out in these photographs, but they really were just *glowing* that day.

The fish that's coming right toward the camera has a small mayfly spinner actually spread right across his mouth as he's opening it, right in the middle, though it is kind of hard to see. And I love the one of the trout about to eat the spinner, and the spinner's wings are stretched out longwise, just starting to tip up into the trout's mouth.

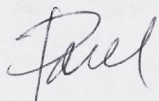
I would find it satisfying to take credit for the perfect timing of these pictures, but it's really just a matter of banging away again and again as the trout rise and hoping that some of them come out right. Some of them do.

I've just sent some of these off to *Fly Fisherman* Magazine, to see if they're interested, I don't have any idea if this sort of thing is commercial. But they sure are fun to look at.

I wish we'd had them for the book.

Hope to see you some time soon.

Sincerely,



Paul Schullery









3-11

Bud -

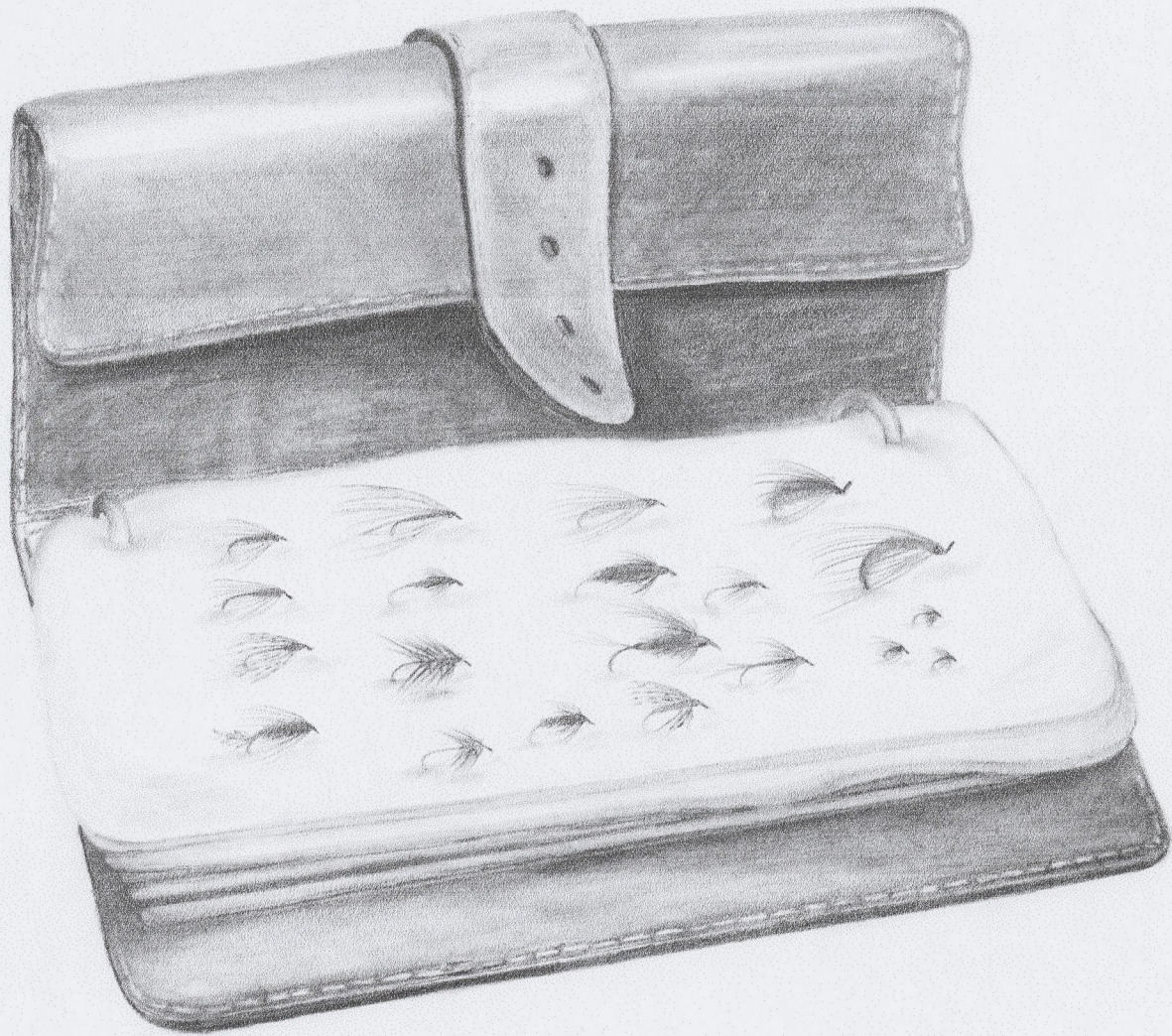
In case you run low on toilet reading, here's some recent stuff of mine.

I think the article on how trout feed is actually kind of important, but I wish they could have printed the pictures bigger.

Peel

Index to come.

A few of Marsha's illustrations from my book, The Rise,
to be published by Stackpole Books next fall—
(2006)



fly box with assortment of
soft-hackled flies—

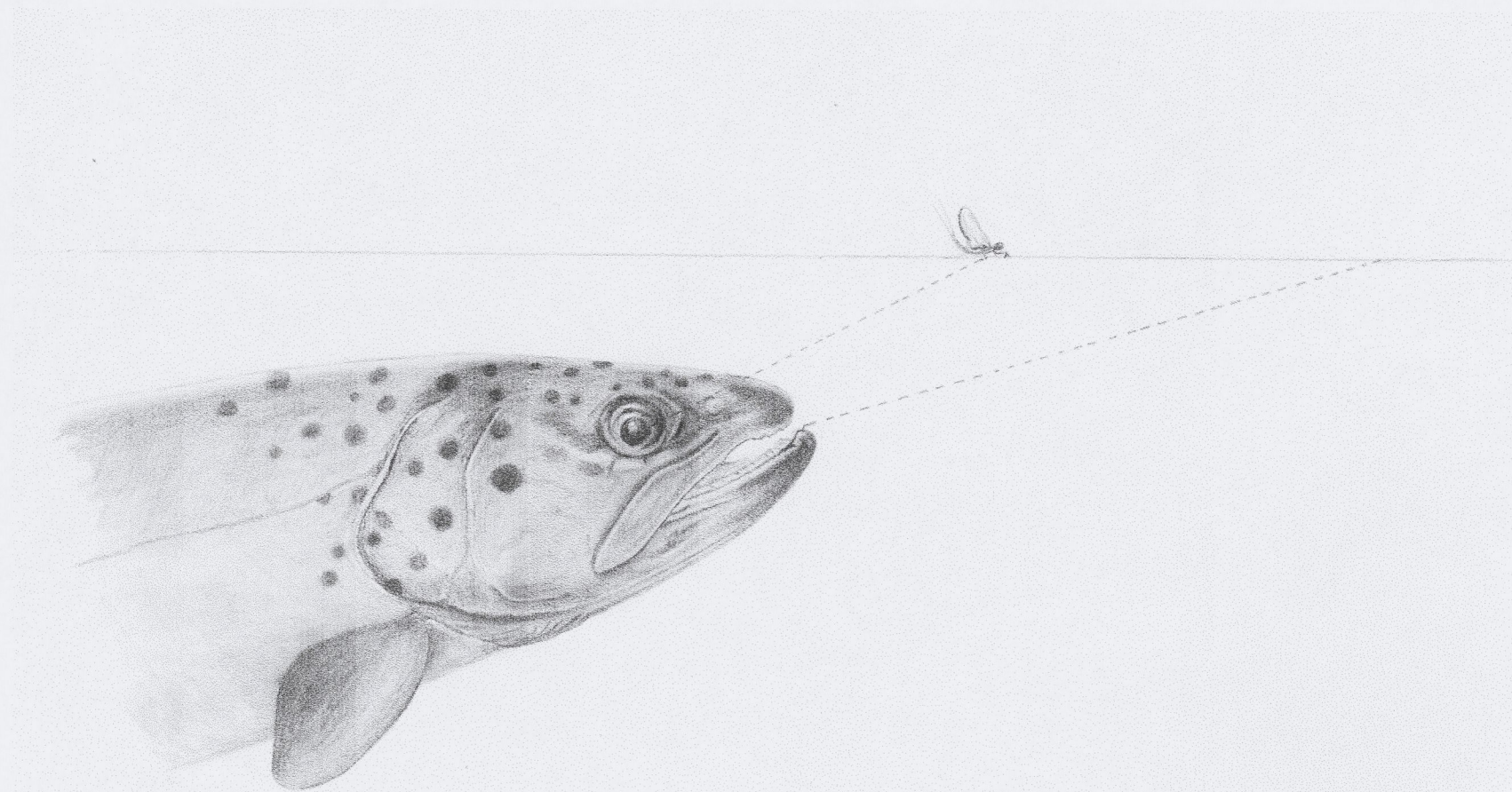


Diagram showing trout's preferred line
of vision while examining a fly. —



Two versions of Light Spruce Fly,
showing single-wing and splayed-wing
designs—



G. E. M. Skues, early twentieth-century British pioneer of nymph fishing -



Thomas Bewick woodcut engraving from early
1800s, hand-tinted by Marsha

Bud - Here's a follow-up on our
conversations with Jeff Larmer -

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Paul

May 9, 1998

Jeff Larmer
American Wildlands
40 East Main Street
Suite 2
Bozeman, MT 59715

Dear Jeff:

Bud and I have just finished up the draft of our new book, so far entitled *The Western Fly Fisherman*, and have just submitted it to a publisher. They expressed interest before we sent it in, but now we must wait to see if they like it. It is based on our two previous books, with a lot of additional material.

I enclose an excerpt that may or may not be what you're after for your book on the westslope cutthroat. Because Bud is just getting his first look at the final version of this manuscript, too, you'll need to talk it over with him; he may want to make some changes. I'll send him a copy of the excerpt. I also enclose a diskette for you, if you want this or want to do some work on it.

It is more about Bud's position on saving the cutthroat than about his memories of fishing. If you two want to talk this over and decide that you'd rather include something about Bud's fishing years ago, Bud has a copy of the whole manuscript, and you might just look through it for something that works.

As I think I may have told you already, I leave the area for a couple months next week, so I'm afraid I am dropping out of this project for a while. I'd be happy to help when I return, of course.

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery

The Heritage of Western Trout

by Bud Lilly

*This is almost
straight from
the book manuscript!*

One of the unfortunate effects of the recent increase in popularity of fly fishing is that most of the newcomers to the sport have had no chance to understand the traditions and heritage of the sport. Only 20 years ago, the leading writers were people like Arnold Gingrich and Ernie Schwiebert, who celebrated the literature, lore, and values of the sport. I suspect that most new fly fishers have barely heard of Arnold or Ernie, and it's pretty obvious they've not been exposed to all the wonderful, colorful history that helps make fly fishing such an absorbing world.

*I hope
it's
okay.*

There is more to understanding our tradition than knowing who Izaak Walton was, or liking old books. When you don't know about these things, you have no way of knowing how to act; you literally don't know who you are. The modern "instant angler" who just walked out of the store with all the new gear, doesn't know how we got here: why we use that gear, what's the right way to use it, how to get along with all the other people who are using it, what our ethics are and how we chose them, what we owe to the resource, and many other things. This isn't nostalgia about history, it's about honoring traditions that have made us what we are. You can buy all the fancy gadgets you want and not learn anything about these bigger questions.

In only a few years, we will be celebrating the 200th anniversary of the arrival of Lewis and Clark and their corps of discovery here in the Gallatin Valley. For many of us, Lewis and Clark are important for much more than their historic explorations. They speak to us of what our land was like, and what we have to be grateful for here today. We Gallatin Valley residents found special power in Stephen Ambrose's best-selling book about the Lewis and Clark expedition, *Undaunted Courage*, and Ken Burns' popular PBS documentary on the expedition, because we knew why the story mattered so much. It was an important part of the tradition that we came from.

I take this history personally. When I talk about the pioneers in my family, I am talking about a direct, personal connection between me today and the early settlement and exploration of my home. In their recent book *Lewis and Clark in the Three Rivers Valleys* (1996), Donald Nell and John Taylor made available the diary extracts from expedition members during their time here, a wonderful portrait of the riches of this little corner of the West. Among many other things, the accounts are full of trout. I think that more than anything else today, it is the rivers and their trout that evoke for us that earlier time, and our need to care about it.

We care about our history because we are still living it. We care about our native trout because they are an essential part of our heritage, because they are part of our legacy and responsibility here, because they're beautiful, and because they're great fun to catch.

But when Lewis and Clark came here they found streams full of westslope cutthroat, grayling, and whitefish. Over the decades, some of those native species were forced out by non-native fish, especially rainbows, browns, and, in a lot of headwater streams, brook trout. Today, the westslope cutthroat, the fish that may best symbolize the great historical rivers of Montana, is gone from most of its former range. Those of us who love browns and rainbows have paid too little attention to what we've lost. We're in danger of letting this fish get away, permanently.

Restoration of native fish is a growing movement, both among the state and federal agencies around the country and among the general public, but it makes some fishermen and some fisheries managers nervous, probably because they're worried that extreme restorationists want to wipe out all the non-native fish and replace them with the original native fish. I don't doubt that there are a few people who feel that way, but that is not what I'm doing when I promote the protection and restoration of our native trout. Nobody cares more about our wild browns and rainbows than I do, and nobody has worked harder to protect them, but I've gradually come to realize that we can keep them without necessarily losing what's left of our native fish.

Because I think our heritage is so important, I've committed a lot of time and energy to working with various groups, especially with American Wildlands, to develop programs to save our remaining stocks of westslope cutthroats. I recently traveled with American Wildlands' leadership to Washington, D.C. to

meet with a number of lawmakers and other concerned people, to promote the protection of our native cutthroats. Some of our lawmakers were shockingly uninterested in our natural heritage, but others had already figured out just how priceless this resource was; we were especially encouraged by some of the new leadership of the U.S. Forest Service. The U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service needed a good verbal kick in the pants to get moving on protecting the westslope cutthroat, but I have hopes that we're going to make progress here just as we have in other aspects of wild trout management over the years. Again and again, anglers have shown that if only they work at it, and communicate the good sense of their wishes, they can make a huge difference in the fishing.

Protection of these native fish means learning more about the surviving strains, and it means giving them stronger legal protection. It also means that we find some waters where they can be protected and given preference, because it long ago became clear that they cannot compete successfully with browns, and are too likely to hybridize with rainbows. In many of our smaller headwaters streams, we have opportunities to ensure the survival of these fish. They pose no threat to the browns and rainbows, and they have a world of things to offer thoughtful anglers who care about traditions and wild trout.

This isn't just a matter of saving some historical oddity. There are other important reasons that justify working on saving these fish. Years ago, Ernie Schwiebert wrote a story in which he compared trout to the canary in the mine, referring to the old mining practice of bringing a caged canary into the working

area because if the bird stopped singing or keeled over, the miners knew that the air was getting bad and they'd better run for it. Trout, especially these fragile native trout populations, serve a similar role. Trout provide us with a barometer of the health of our land. If the stream is clean enough, and its hydrology is undamaged enough, to support the original native fish species, then it's a pretty sure bet that the land through which it flows is also in good shape.

For me, the westslope cutthroat, the grayling, and other native western fish are something we can't get along without. We can't afford to lose them and we don't have to.

This material is adapted from a forthcoming book, *The Western Fly Fisherman*, by Bud Lilly and Paul Schullery.

April 30, 2008

Bud:

Last weekend we made a trip over to Sun Valley, just to look at the area. We'd both been there before but not for long enough to get to know what the area has. We decided we'll probably go back some time and spend a few days, so Marsha can enjoy the galleries and the art center and I can do some fishing on the Big Wood River and Silver Creek.

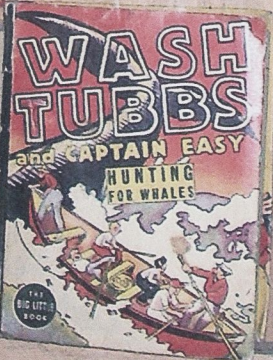
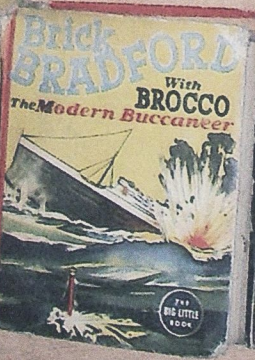
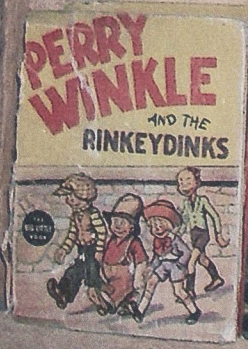
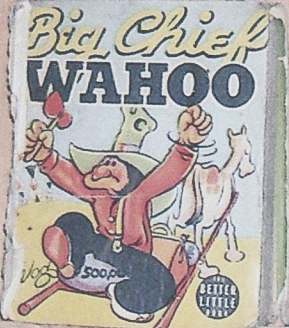
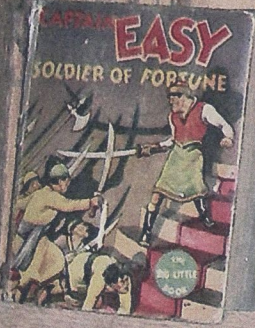
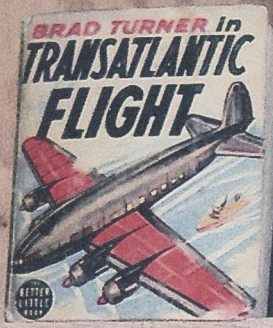
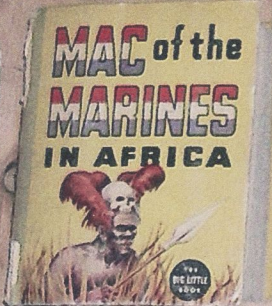
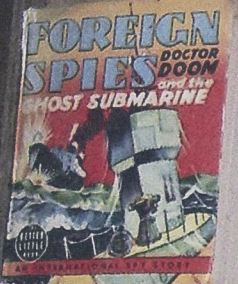
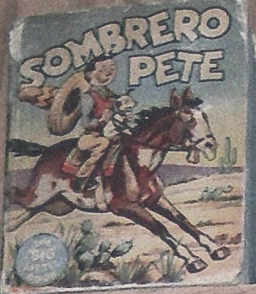
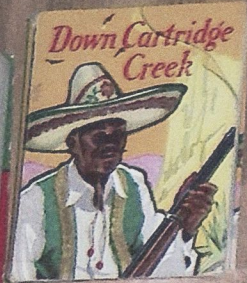
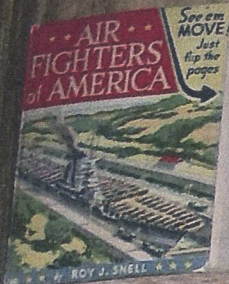
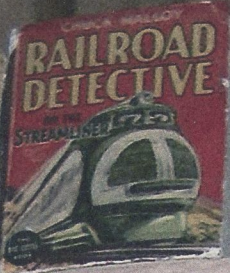
Anyway, I was pretty sure you'd like to see the enclosed. One of the restaurants we went to just happened to have this nice little display of Big Little Books on the wall by one of the tables, and we just happened to sit at that table. What a coincidence, after you and I had been talking about the Big Little Books, to see a nice collection of them like this.

I also enclose a picture of Silver Creek, and of a hefty brown trout that I took a picture of from the bridge at the lower end of the property. We saw a lot of wonderful birds, too; what a beautiful preserve that is. Because the fishing was closed, there wasn't another person there the whole time we walked around.

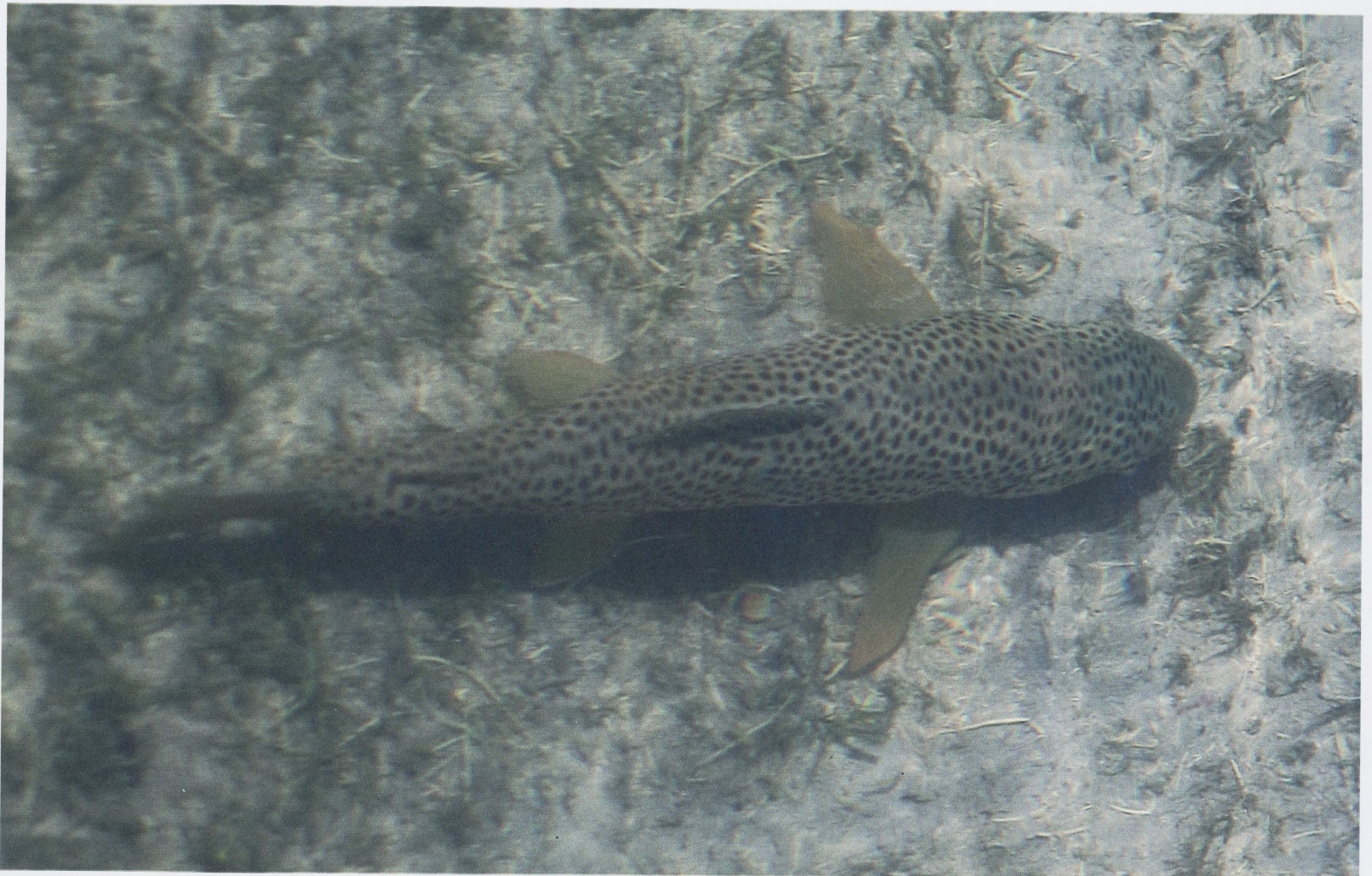
I've never fished there, but I look forward to trying it some time. Maybe next year we'll get back over there.

Paul

Hi, Esther!







Big Little Books

The first Big Little Book was published in 1933 by the Whitman Publishing Company of Racine, Wisconsin. Its hero was Dick Tracy. These hand-sized sagas of adventure featured full-page cartoons on the right hand page and the story's narration on the left. They soon became so popular that kids were saving their pennies in order to buy the latest offering. Big Little Books originally sold for 10 cents, and as late as the mid 1950s, when the popularity of comic books caused sales to decline, signaling an end to their production, their price had only risen to 20 cents.

At the height of their popularity, Big Little Books were bought, traded and hoarded by thousands of kids so that many survive today, having been stored in attics and closets for years. They are now bought, traded and hoarded by thousands of collectors, who relentlessly search them out through antique dealers, flea markets, and garage sales across the country.

Each of the volumes in this collection was published in the 1930s.

Paul Schullery
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December 2, 1993

Dear Bud:

I hope you had a good Thanksgiving. We had a great trip in the Southwest, and spent the holiday with Marsha's folks in Fresno. It was fun with lots of food. Now I want to see what you think of an idea I've been working on. It involves our books.

I never give up on them. They're both too good to be forgotten and to not sell. So what do you think of this. I know I could call and tell you this, but I've been thinking it out for weeks, and I want to explain it right the first time.

Here is what I suggest. Working either with Nick or with someone else, we take the two books and do what we probably should have done in the first place--we combine them into one big, comprehensive book. We call it something like *The Western Fly Fisherman*, an honest, ambitious title that reflects the complete, all-around coverage that the book gives not only how to fish the west, but the western experience as you have known it, and our view of the future of fishing in the west.

A book that size would have the volume of a large-format book, like my history of American fly fishing. It's the kind of book that Gary LaFontaine could probably market through his mail-order company; his books have to be a certain size to justify the price and the mailing.

I see it as running something like this, but this is just an idea. Part One would be titled something like "The Western Fishing Life." It would use much of the material in *A Trout's Best Friend* to portray the mood and feel of western fishing through your story. It would be the stage-setting section, getting people into the whole thing and anxious to learn how to participate in all this tradition and beauty and bullshit. We both would like another shot at this anyway, to tell more of your stories.

Part Two would follow. We could call it something like "Fishing the West." This would be based on the *Guide to Western Fly Fishing*, but again we could do

a bunch of revising and expansion. For example, I'd love to get into more detail and theory about flies, and wouldn't it be fun for the two of us to compare our respective theories on leaders, lines, and rods? We could do that as a kind of conversation, showing how different approaches develop.

For another example, we could use your wonderful story from *A Trout's Best Friend*, about taking Ed Zern on a float trip, in the floating chapter. Now that we've had a few years, I think we probably would want to expand a lot of stuff. I think there are a number of stories in *A Trout's Best Friend* that might work really well in this section instead of in the first part, because they illustrate some point or other. Nick didn't want that stuff, of course, which was why we did the second book in the first place, but I remember being disappointed at the time, because so many of the stories you were telling when we were writing the book had a point beyond being a fun story; they helped teach.

Part Three would take material from both books, in a series of a few chapters on conservation and the fishing experience. Catch-and-release, public access, fishing manners, changes in the west in recreational economics and the decline of the ranch economy, and all those subjects that affect the future of the sport could be dealt with.

We could use more pictures. We both have lots more. We could use the Whitlock drawings that for some mysterious reason Jim Pruett didn't use. We could make the pictures in *A Trout's Best Friend* a lot larger, like they should have been. Of course we have all the wonderful drawings from the *Guide to Western Fly Fishing*, too.

We might even think about a color section--either some good pictures of flies, or some pictures of various types of western rivers.

We might even want to add some more chapters. I don't know, it might be nice to have a nice big chapter on western trout, kind of an introduction to the native fish in much more detail than we did last time. Teaching children to fish.

Backpacking!

What we would end up with would be the book equivalent of the "total experience"--a book that does it all, from the history and stories to the methods and philosophy.

Now if you find that idea interesting, here is what we would have to do.

First, we'd have to decide who we wanted to approach about publishing it. Frankly, I wouldn't mind starting with Gary. It's just the kind of "complete" book he prides himself on, and he's really good at selling them. He would

probably need the book to have some color, if I understand his system.

The problem with starting with Gary is that Nick still has the *Guide to Western Fly Fishing* in print, and I assume he has rights to keep it in print. Nick might be reluctant to see it upstaged this way, and I'm not sure our contract would let us do this while it's in print. We can't just go and resell all that stuff in the *Guide to Western Fly Fishing* to another publisher, even if we revise it. That might mean that our best bet would be to start by seeing if Nick would be interested. He does publish a lot of books in enlarged form.

On the other hand, I don't think either of us has a lot of faith in his ability to sell this kind of book.

I'm sure I'd have to work with Rick Balkin my (our) agent, to sort this out, but it could be that Nick, who is always a nice guy, would just let us have the rights under the circumstances. The book sure isn't making him any money these days, so it isn't like it would cost him much to give us the rights back and let his edition go out of print.

The other thing we'd have to do is get both books typed onto computer disk so we could revise them. I've already checked with Dianne, who is still working for Jim Pruett, and she tells me that they don't have the book on any computer disk any more (that's disappointing, because I originally did it on a disk). I assume Nick wouldn't either.

I know a really excellent typist here who has done a couple of books for me, and we could probably get it all done for a few hundred bucks or less. I'd have to ask for an estimate. Or maybe you know someone there. I just don't have the skill or energy or time to sit down and type that much these days. The manuscript of the combined books would probably be 300 to 350 pages long, which is a good big book for what I'm thinking of here.

Once it was on the disks, and after we decided how to put it together, I could go ahead and do a preliminary reorganization of the existing material, so it's roughly in the order we want. Then we could both read it over and decide what we wanted to add or change. We could get ideas from Esther, Greg, Mike, Annette, or whoever. It might take a few fishing trips to get all the changes made just the way we want them...

I think that once we had the two books on computer, we could make the revisions in a few months. That would mean that realistically we could probably have the thing ready for a new publisher by the end of 1994.

Well, that's my idea. What do you think?

I fished pretty regularly the last few weeks of the season. The spawning run on the Gardner was okay--steady, with a good many decent fish. The biggest I caught were 18 inches, but most evenings I got at least a couple good hits, and sometimes several fish. I bought a 10-foot #7 rod, an Orvis, that I enjoyed because it really slings those Woolly Buggers out there and keeps them way above my head. Makes my shoulder ache, but I think it would cast a Rappala!

I hope all is going well there. I really missed not getting together this summer, and hope that you and Esther and Marsha and I can socialize more this winter.

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery

Hi Bud + Esther -

We're off to California -
got your phone message - we'll be
back in early January + will see
you then -

Have a great fall season. Hope
you enjoy the books.

Best

Paul



James Prosek

The artwork on these cards has been donated by James Prosek to help support Trout Unlimited's conservation work. Prosek has been a successful author and artist since publishing his first book, *Trout: An Illustrated History*. This first of its kind book featured 70 paintings by Prosek of the trout of North America. Prosek's success was chronicled by newspapers including *The New York Times*, which coined him the "Audubon of the Fishing World." The book sold more than 80,000 copies. His newest book, *Trout of the World*, has been greeted with critical acclaim. James is a strong supporter of Trout Unlimited and its conservation work. To learn more about James, visit his website at www.troutsite.com.

Embrace-A-Stream

Embrace-A-Stream (EAS) is the flagship grant program for funding Trout Unlimited grassroots fishery conservation efforts. Administered by its national office, Trout Unlimited annually raises money for EAS from TU members, corporate partners and foundations to distribute as small grants to fund local TU projects. The goal of EAS is to conserve coldwater fisheries through three types of projects: research, land education and stream restoration.



April 4, 2008

Bud:

I think you will enjoy this material, and Esther probably will too. For many years now, Yellowstone's Park Historian, Lee Whittlesey, and I have been gathering and collating hundreds of early accounts of wildlife in the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem. It's mostly from between about 1800 and 1880. We hope to finish some kind of very large manuscript based on all this material later this year. It's been fascinating, as you can imagine.

The final manuscript will be more than 200,000 words long, involving hundreds of different historic sources of information. What I have done here is just excerpt a few interesting items from the early years of Bozeman's first newspaper, the *Avant Courier*. The text is just as it appears in the draft of our manuscript, and I haven't made an attempt to turn it into anything that reads like a real article.

I would ask, however, that you not to share this material around with other people yet. Right now we're still working on the text, and it hasn't even been edited or proof-read yet.

Paul

Unreviewed Draft; not for citation

Fishing, hunting, and wildlife-related references from the *Bozeman Avant Courier*, 1874

compiled by Paul Schullery and Lee Whittlesey
Yellowstone Center for Resources, National Park Service
Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming
March 31, 2008

The *Bozeman Avant Courier* published a number of short notes about wildlife in 1874. On January 1, 1874, discussing excitement among prospectors, the paper reported that “There is no doubt but all of the country this side of the Yellowstone from the Mission to the mouth of the Powder river will be pretty full of prospectors this spring. Already there is a large number of men in that direction “wolfing” and in search of furs. They will doubtless be able to give very accurate accounts of the country over which they have hunted, both as to roads and the exact locality of the hostile Sioux” (*Avant Courier*, January 9, 1874).

On February 13, the paper reported that “A WAGON load of game was brought in from the Yellowstone a few days since, consisting of Mountain sheep, elk, deer, &c., which was retailed on the streets at six cents per pound” (*Avant Courier*, February 13, 1874).

On March 13, the paper commented on the work of Major Pease at his ranch in the northern end of Paradise Valley:

DOMESTICATING AND UTILIZING WILD ANIMALS.—Major Pease, late Agent of the Crow Indians, having made these Indians the most tractable in the West, also directed his attention to domesticating the wild animals indigenous to the Yellowstone Country, and has now on his ranch a number of buffalo and elk, a moose and several other kinds of animals. Some of the elk are now in town, undergoing the process of breaking to the harness, and we have several times noticed them during the past week going through town hitched to a sleigh. When thoroughly broken, the Major will have the finest turnout in the country (*Avant Courier*, March 13, 1874).

On April 3, the paper said that “Messrs. Wm. Dawes, John Graniss and N. Howard, who spent the winter in the Yellowstone country hunting and trapping, returned last week, bringing quite a large amount of pelts and furs” (*Avant Courier*, April 3, 1874). That same day, another short article reported that “A PARTY of hunters and fishermen took their departure on Wednesday morning for the classic shores of the Yellowstone. They prepared with barrels in which to put the trout they catch, and propose returning with a supply for the Bozeman market. We trust they will not forget the printer when they get back. Success to them” (*Avant Courier*, April 3, 1874).

The fish theme continued on April 24, when the paper reported that “WE noticed nice fish in market yesterday. They can be caught now in most of the streams with hook and line, and very soon it will be hard to find Judge Langhorne, as he is as passionately fond of catching trout and other fish as Isaac Walton” (*Avant Courier*, April 24, 1874). That same day, the paper also noted that “Indians are in town changing buffalo robes and furs for

'heap greenbacks.' Walter Cooper gets hold of most of them" (*Avant Courier*, April 24, 1874).

On May 1, the paper reported that "C.W. HOFFMAN has gone over to the Yellowstone on a fishing excursion for a few days. We trust he will catch lots of trout and remember the printer when he returns" (*Avant Courier*, May 1, 1874). That same day, the paper noted that "FISHING is very good now in the different streams. Most of our anglers are fitting up poles and reels preparatory to an onslaught upon the finny tribe. On West Gallatin many trout are now being caught" (*Avant Courier*, May 1, 1874).

On May 29, a more lengthy report concerned wildlife specimen collecting:

RETURNED TO THE MOUNTAINS.—Our friend, G.W. Rea, known to us for a long time as one of the pioneers of Montana, devoting his time to hunting, prospecting and mining, and who does not pretend to be anything else, arrived in this place a short time since with wagons laden with skins and skeletons, the result of his winter's hunt, for Professor Ward's Natural Science Academy at Rochester, N.Y. Mr. Rea killed about one hundred specimens of the different animals inhabiting the Rocky Mountains and delivered them here for shipment. He is now on a trip to the Yellowstone country, for the purpose of capturing wild animals in their infancy for Major Pease. We are pleased to see the enterprising Major so much interested in domesticating wild animals of the forest; as may be seen at any time the buffalo, elk and moose grazing on his Yellowstone ranch.—We wish George success, and never knew him to fail in any of his mountain enterprises. We understand from private letters that the Earl of Dunraven will visit what Rea calls the

wonders of the world—Geyserland—during the summer and the latter will act as guide to the Earl. George will show him all that is to be seen (*Avant Courier*, May 29, 1874).

It does not appear that Rea guided Dunraven after all, at least not on the portions of the trip that Dunraven described in his book, quoted from above. On July 17, the paper reported on more sporting activities.

FISHING EXCURSION.—Governor Potts, General Sweitzer, and others, last Wednesday made an excursion to Bozeman Lake—a beautiful body of water, of unknown depth, nestled in the mountains about twelve miles southeast of town. Its crystal waters are thronged with the finest species of trout, while elk, deer, and other game, are found in abundance in the dense woods and heavily grassed plateaus which border it on all sides. This beautiful lake is destined to become a famous summer resort (*Avant Courier*, July 17, 1874).

That same day, a brief notice stated that “SOME hunters predict that when the nature of the trout in Yellowstone lake—supposed to be filled with loathsome worms—is intelligently understood, they will be sought as a rare delicacy. May be” (*Avant Courier*, July 17, 1874). On July 24, the paper reported “A RICH TREAT.—Our friend Page, the most successful angler in this section, went over to Bridger creek a few days since, and in a short while caught about fifty pounds of fine brook trout. Page always remembers us on such occasions, and presented us with about ten pounds of the speckled jokers, the best we have had this season. We hope he will go often” (*Avant Courier*, July 24, 1874).

On July 31, the paper reported another collection of wildlife.

NATIONAL PARK IN THE CENTENNIAL.—We understand that Harry Horr, Jack Baronett and Capt. Frank Grounds have applied for and obtained a space for their vast collection of specimens taken from the Clark's Fork country, just on the edge of the Park. They will also exhibit in the Park of the Exhibition Grounds live elk, black tail deer, antelope, mountain sheep and other animals. We trust they will not let this project fall through, for if they do not accomplish the undertaking no one else will. Success to the boys, say we (*Avant Courier*, July 31, 1874).

This appears to refer to the great Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in the summer of 1876.

On September 4, the editor of the *Avant Courier* apparently made a trip to Yellowstone National Park. At this date, the editor was Joseph Wright (Smith 1995, 6). He discussed wildlife briefly.

Our chaperone, Zack, endeavored to add to the historic luster of the mountain by relating to us that some time ago a party of hunters drove a large herd of elk over the "Devil's Slide," and on going several miles around in order to reach the bottom and dress their supposed mutilated elk, what was their astonishment to find "nary an elk;" they had all escaped uninjured. Zack, goes to Sunday School and is a truthful boy, but the air was too thin away up there for us to swallow that story.

Seven miles this side of the Springs is the ranch of Mr. Henderson, brother of our friend Bart., who has the finest collection of specimens from Wonderland that we have ever seen in one pile. No tongue or pen

can describe them; they must be seen to be appreciated. Mr. Henderson has six elk and three young deer running around his yard with the children and stock, which are quite tame, and make themselves familiar with all visitors (*Avant Courier*, September 4, 1874).

Also on September 4, the paper reported that "Colonel Chesnut, John Marter and Charlie Krug returned from the National Park last week. The two latter gentlemen having visited the Lake, Geysers, &c. The Colonel rusticated at the Springs, and put in his spare moments fishing. We found the Colonel an agreeable companion on such an excursion. He is familiar with all the trails and cut-offs, and always carries *such* lunches" (*Avant Courier*, September 4, 1874). This seems to suggest that the editor was a part of the Colonel's party for at least part of the trip.

On December 18, the paper reported on changes in the Yellowstone Valley.

The Yellowstone country is gradually filling up, and that portion of Gallatin County will soon be as populous as any other district. At the last election more votes were polled in that than any other precinct in the county save Bozeman. The increased settlements on the Yellowstone makes Bozeman more the centre of population. A good trade comes in to town from the section, and in the spring large amounts of furs are brought to Bozeman, where good prices are obtained for them. We understand that forty thousand dollars were paid out last spring for furs in Bozeman alone (*Avant Courier*, December 18, 1874).

On December 25, the paper reported on the market in wild meat during that winter.

Less wild meat has been brought into Bozeman this winter than in any previous season, yet we understand that game is plentiful in the mountains. A party of hunters left here some two weeks since and have not returned. Perhaps, when they get back the market will afford a better supply. Since the above was written, the hunters alluded to have returned, having met with poor success. They passed through Bridger canyon, and the country near to Shields river, but found game scarce and wild, sniffing the approach of the hunters in the air, and fleeing into the mountain fastnesses, which were impenetrable to the men on account of the deep snow. A few elk were killed (*Avant Courier*, December 25, 1874).

February 10, 2007

Bud:

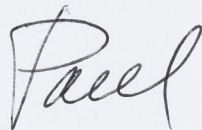
My pal in Oregon, Dale Greenley, just sent me a CD with some great pictures on it, so I printed out a few for you. Dale told me that a few days ago he had cabin fever so he went up the river to visit Frank and Jeanne, and spent a day on the river with Frank and Steve Rajeff taking pictures of them. They didn't catch any fish but it looks like they were having a lot of fun.

Dale, who is a really fine caster, said that after watching those two guys for a day he felt like going home and breaking all his fly rods over his knee and taking up golf.

It's always great to see pictures of that river. Must be even harder to wade in the winter than in the summer.

I've never met Steve, but I assume that must be his wife in that picture with Steve, Frank, and Jeanne.

Hi to Esther.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Paul".

February 18, 2007

Bud:

Not to be a pest with all these pictures, but here are some more. As Marsha and I have been sorting out our pictures from last year, I finally got around to getting some of hers into my computer, and there are some nice fishing pictures.

Most of these were taken last April on the Mad River in Ohio. This is the stream I may have told you about, the one where I dropped my good camera in the water. Marsha took these pictures (and made sure I didn't drop her digital camera in the water too).

The Mad River is a beautiful stream in western Ohio, sort of northeast of Dayton. It's in a lovely Ohio farm valley, which doesn't seem at all the right place for a trout stream. But the river and its tributaries are in good part spring fed, and apparently someone stocked trout in the river in the 1800s and they've been there ever since. I think the state stocks trout in it every year but I get the impression that there's also natural reproduction. I caught a couple small fish, one rainbow and one brown, but apparently there are some big ones, too. There are hatches, and rising trout, and all the usual stuff you expect in a trout stream. But Ohio is catfish and bluegill country, and it still seems weird to be fishing for trout there. The headwaters of the stream are owned by a private club, so they probably stock it, too.

Anyway, there are a few pictures of the Mad River, and one of King's Creek, a beautiful little tributary about the size of Baker Creek, which is spring fed too. I hadn't fished any of this since about 1973, so it was really interesting.

There also is one picture of Lake O'Hara, in the Canadian Rockies. I'm casting one of my brother's saltwater bucktails into the current of a tributary stream where it empties into the lake. I can't imagine what I thought was the point of casting so high up in the air, but I never claimed to be an expert, right? Beautiful place, very few fish. Or so I was told. I couldn't prove otherwise.

Paul

Bad

2007 YELLOWSTONE FLY FISHING EXPO

DATE

June 30, 2007 9AM-9PM

LOCATION

West Yellowstone Conference Hotel (Holiday Inn)
315 Yellowstone Ave. West Yellowstone, MT 59756



GUEST SPEAKER BUD LILLY

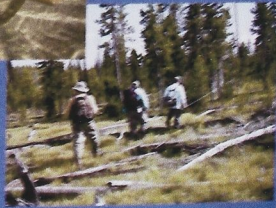
"Real Tiers Run Through It"

PROGRAMS/VENDORS

Youth, women's, fly fishing, casting and other programs/workshops throughout the day.
Fly tying demonstrations by 40 tiers. Vendor displays all day.



Contact: (208) 538-7425 for more information



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www.wrmcfff.com

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Bud Lilly

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- Volunteer Programs
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Auctions, raffles!

And lots of fun! Enjoy the live music, raffles, silent auctions and more fun!



www.srcepo.com

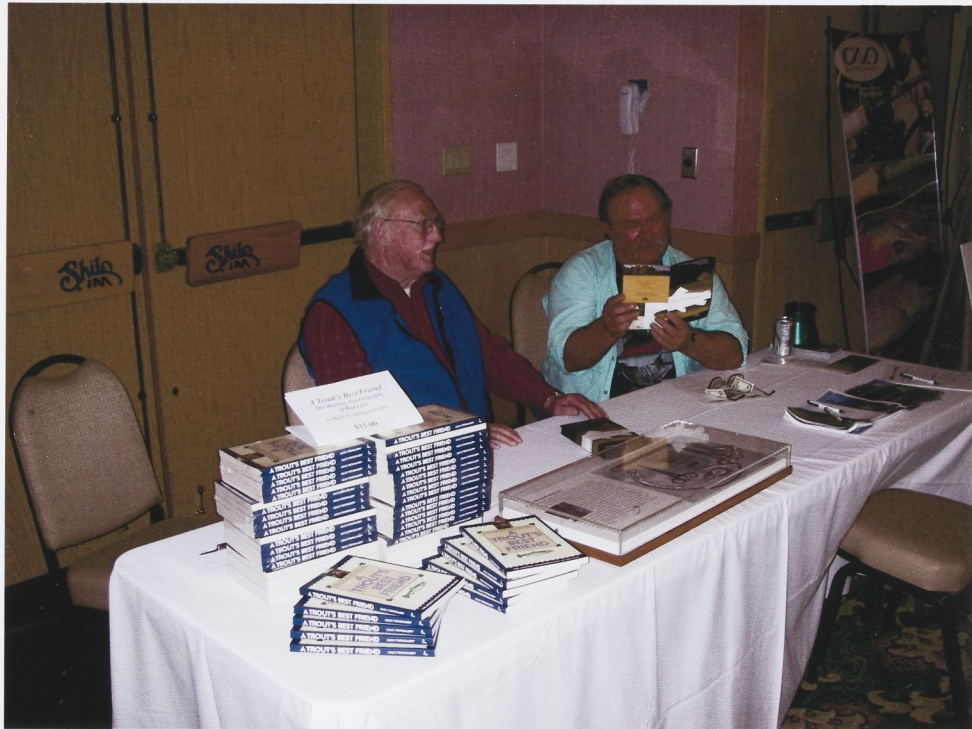
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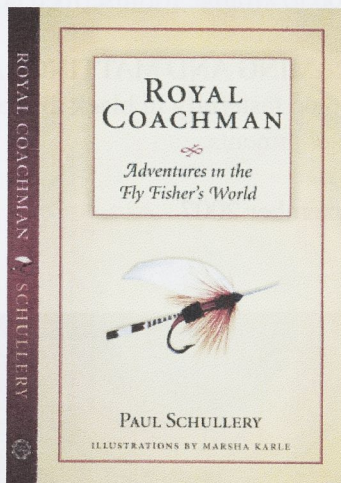
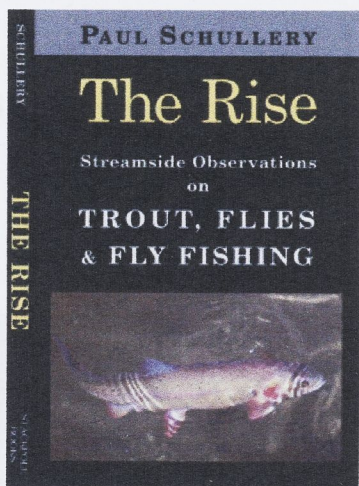


Lake O'Hara, Yoho National Park, British Columbia



Kings Creek, tributary of Mad River, 2006

Catalogue of
Original Illustrations
from
The Rise
and
Royal Coachman



Written by Paul Schullery
Illustrated by Marsha Karle



CONTACT Marsha Karle by phone (1-406-586-5916) or email (mlk@montana.net) to reserve your order. Payment will be expected in advance by check or money order made payable to Marsha Karle once you have reserved your order.

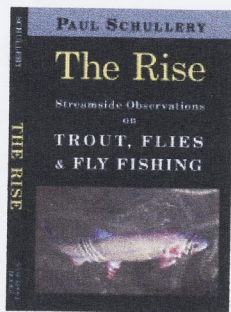
SHIPPING, handling and insurance is in addition to the cost of the artwork. Within the US the cost for shipping is \$20 per piece. Foreign shipping will be billed as appropriate.

BOOKS: If you are interested in purchasing one or both of the books, please contact the Country Bookshelf, Bozeman, Montana, 1-406-587-0166 to arrange for inscribed copies.

FRAMING AND MATTING: All images are matted in gray and are framed tastefully in black at the size indicated unless otherwise stated in the comments.

September 2007





The Rise

“Brilliantly observed; astutely researched; beautifully written.”

Dave Hughes

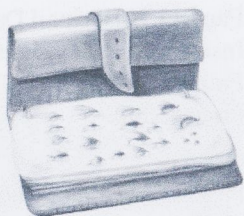
“... perhaps the best fly-fishing writer currently publishing in this country—and his style is readable, engaging, and engrossing. The end result is a book that is incredibly informative and difficult to put down.”

American Angler

Page 42 - GEM Skues Portrait
Inside Mat Dimensions: 7" high x 5" wide
Framed Size: 11" x 9"
Price: \$275

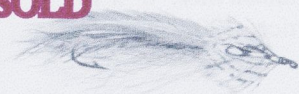


Page 139 - Fly Wallet
Inside Mat Dimensions: 7" high x 10" wide
Framed Size: 11" x 14"
Price: \$250



Page 158 - Gray Ghost
Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide
Framed Size: 8" x 10"
Price: \$200

SOLD



Page 134 - Renegade
Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide
Framed Size: 8" x 10"
Price: \$200



Page 134 - March Brown
Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide
Framed Size: 8" x 10"
Price: \$200



Page 134 - Dabblers

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200

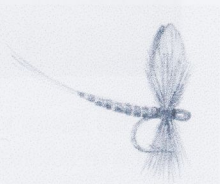


Page 135 - Extended Body Mayfly

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200



Page 157- Dale's Light Spruce Flies

Inside Mat Dimensions: 9" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 14" x 11"

Price: \$250

SOLD



Page 135 - Bucktail Dace

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200



Page 135 - Homer Rhode Streamer

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200



Page 135 - Saltwater Bucktail Keel Fly

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200

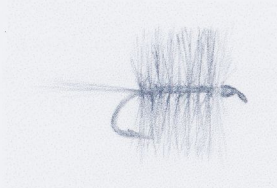


Page 134 - Bivisible

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 4.5" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200



The following historic images are hand-tinted with watercolors.

Page 90 - Thomas Bewick - The Angler and the Little Fish (1818)

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5.5" high x 7.5" wide

Framed Size: 8"x10"

Price: \$200

Comment: Gold frame; blue mat



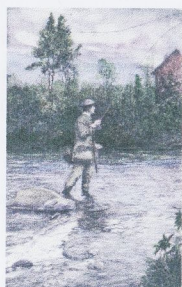
Page 49 - Louis Rhead's portrait of George LaBranche (1916)

Inside Mat Dimensions: 6.5" high x 4.25" wide

Framed Size: 11.25" x 9.25"

Price: \$200

Comment: Brown frame; gray mat



Page 162 - Denham (1828)

Inside Mat Dimensions: 6" high x 7.25" wide

Framed Size: 12" x 13.25"

Price: \$250

Comment: Brown frame; blue mat



Page 165 - Thomas Bewick - Dapping Angler (1847)

Inside Mat Dimensions: 3.5" high x 4.75" wide

Framed Size: 8"x 9.25"

Price: \$150

Comment: Gold frame; gray mat



Page 103 and 115 - Thomas Bewick - Angler working close to a small pool (1804)

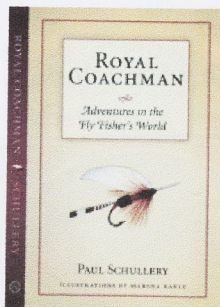
Inside Mat Dimensions: 5.5" high x 8" wide

Framed Size: 11.5" x 14"

Price: \$250

Comment: Gold/brown frame; blue mat





Royal Coachman

“A rare learning opportunity to those as serious about fly-fishing as many purport to be”

USA Today

“Few sports enjoy a history or literature as old and rich as fly-fishing does, and Schullery is one of fly-fishing’s favorite storytellers.”

Rocky Mountain News

Cover - Watercolor Painting of original Royal Coachman fly from the American Museum of Fly Fishing.

Inside Mat Dimensions: 12.5” high x 8.5” wide

Framed Size: 18”x14”

Price: \$325

Comment: Brown frame; cream mat



Chapter 1 - All the Young Men with Fly Rods

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5” high x 7” wide

Framed Size: 9”x11”

Price: \$225

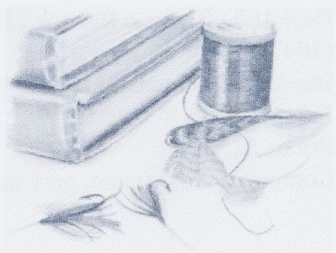


Chapter 2 - The Fisherman’s Chaucer

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5” high x 7” wide

Framed Size: 9”x11”

Price: \$225

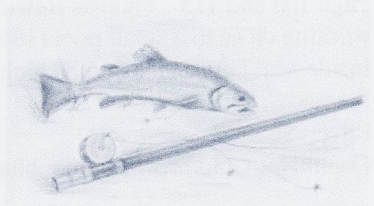


Chapter 3 - Early American Trout Fishing

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5” high x 7” wide

Framed Size: 9”x11”

Price: \$225



Chapter 4 - Carlisle Mornings

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 9" x 11"

Price: \$225



Chapter 5 - Battenkill Summers

Inside Mat Dimensions: 7" high x 5" wide

Framed Size: 11" x 9"

Price: \$225



Chapter 6 - Dry-Fly Culture

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 9" x 11"

Price: \$225



Chapter 7 - Royal Coachman and Friends

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200

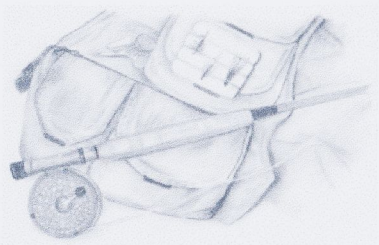


Chapter 8 - Arts and Crafts

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 9" x 11"

Price: \$225



Chapter 9 - Hendricksons

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200

SOLD



Chapter 10 - Civilized Fishing

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 9" x 11"

Price: \$225

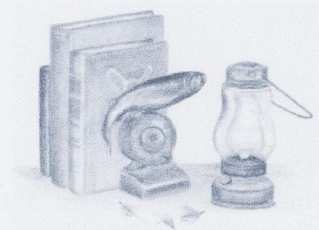


Chapter 11 - Occasions for Hope in the Hook
and Bullet Press

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 9" x 11"

Price: \$225

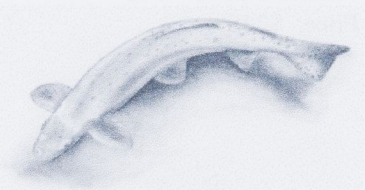


Chapter 12 - Trout Family Values

Inside Mat Dimensions: 4" high x 6" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200



Chapter 13 - Now I Are One

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 8" x 10"

Price: \$200

SOLD



Chapter 14 - Cumberland Dreams

Inside Mat Dimensions: 5" high x 7" wide

Framed Size: 9" x 11"

Price: \$225



Paul Schullery
Career background
January, 2004

Birthdate and birthplace

July 4, 1948, Middletown, Pennsylvania

Education

Lancaster High School, Lancaster, Ohio, 1966
B.A., American History, Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio, 1970
M.A., American History, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, 1976
Honorary Doctorate of Letters, Montana State University, Bozeman, Montana,
1997

Professional Positions

Summers, 1968-1970; January 1971-January 1972. Laborer, Lancaster Municipal
Water Department, Lancaster, Ohio.
Summers, 1972-1977. Ranger-naturalist, National Park Service, Yellowstone
National Park
Winters, 1974-1977. Historian-archivist, National Park Service, Yellowstone
National Park
September 1973-June 1974. Teaching assistant, Department of History, Ohio
University, Athens, Ohio
December 1977-October 1982. Executive director, The American Museum of Fly
Fishing, Manchester, Vermont
1978-1983, editor, *The American Fly Fisher*
November 1982-October 1986. Writer and contract researcher, Livingston,
Montana
November 1986-August 1988. Associate editor, *Country Journal*, Harrisburg,
Pennsylvania
September 1988-March 1993. Resource naturalist and technical writer, National
Park Service, Yellowstone National Park
March 1993-October 1994. Acting Chief of Cultural Resources, N.P.S.,
Yellowstone Center for Resources, Yellowstone National Park
1992-1996, editor, *Yellowstone Science*

March 1993-November 1995. Senior editor, N.P.S., Yellowstone Center for Resources, Yellowstone National Park
November 1995-present. Resource naturalist/writer-editor (part-time), N.P.S., Yellowstone Center for Resources, Yellowstone National Park
November 1995-present. Writer (part-time)

Honorary and volunteer positions

Vice president, Battenkill Chapter of Trout Unlimited, Manchester, Vermont, 1978-1980
Member of judging panel for The Arnold Gingrich Angling Heritage Award, Theodore Gordon Fly Fishers, New York, 1982
Vice president for communications, Federation of Fly Fishers, West Yellowstone, Montana, 1983-1984
Member of judging panel for the C.F. Orvis Writing Awards, Manchester, Vermont, 1982-1988
Senior advisor, Federation of Fly Fishers, West Yellowstone, Montana, 1982-1984
Trustee, The American Museum of Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont, 1982-1991
Trustee emeritus, The American Museum of Fly Fishing, Manchester, Vermont, 1991-present
Member, Council of Advisors, The National Parks Conservation Association, Washington, D.C. 1987-1988
Affiliate Professor of History, Montana State University, Bozeman, Montana, 1991-present
Adjunct Professor of American Studies, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming, 1992-present
Advisory Board member, McCracken Library, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, 1999-present
Guest curator, Anglers All: Humanity at Midstream, cooperative exhibit between the Museum of the Rockies and the American Museum of Fly Fishing, Bozeman, Montana, June, 2000-January 2001
Editorial Advisory Board, *Montana The Magazine of Western History*, 2003-present

Memberships

Alaska Natural History Association
American Association for the Advancement of Science

American Institute of Biological Sciences
American Museum of Fly Fishing
Buffalo Bill Historical Center
Cahokia Mounds Museum Society
Glacier Natural History Association
The George Wright Society
The Grayling Society
Greater Yellowstone Coalition
International Association for Bear Research and Management
Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation
Montana Historical Society
Museum of the Rockies
National Museum of Wildlife Art
Theodore Roosevelt Association
Trout Unlimited
Yellowstone Association

Paul Schullery
Awards, honors, and grants
January, 2004

- Phi Alpha Theta, national honorary fraternity in history, 1970
Special Achievement Award for supervisory work, National Park Service,
Yellowstone National Park, 1977
Printing Industries of America award for graphic arts excellence, to *The American Fly Fisher*, designed by M. Haller and P. Schullery, 1980
Award of Recognition for Graphic Arts Excellence, Consolidated Papers, Inc. to *The American Fly Fisher*, 1981
Printing Industries of America award for graphic arts excellence to *The American Fly Fisher*, 1981
First place award, *Freshwater Wilderness* (1983), competition of the conference of national park cooperating associations, 1984
Overall National Park Service award, *Freshwater Wilderness*, for excellence in interpretive publications at the conference of national park cooperating associations, 1984
Contemporary Authors listing, Vol. 111, 1984
Grant-in-advance, 1985, for \$2,000, from the National Park Foundation, for revising *The Bears of Yellowstone* for a new edition.
The bears of Yellowstone (1986), second edition, named one of "outstanding books of 1986" by *Montana* magazine.
Grant, 1986, for \$15,000, from the American Museum of Fly Fishing, for the writing of *American fly fishing: a history*
Who's Who in the East listing, Vol. 22, 1988-1989
American fly fishing: a history (1987) named one of the most important trout-related books of the last 30 years by *Trout* magazine, 1989.
Contemporary Authors listing, New Revision Series, Vol. 30, 1990
Special Act Service Award from National Park Service and U.S. Forest Service for work on Greater Yellowstone Vision document, April, 1991
Special Act Service Award from National Park Service for role in NPS 75th Anniversary activities, 1992
Pregnant bears and crawdad eyes (1991), citation of excellence in the Sigurd F. Olsen Nature Writing Award competition, 1992
Austin Hogan Award, The American Museum of Fly Fishing, for outstanding contributions to *The American Fly Fisher*, 1992
Special citation from the International Association for Bear Research and Management for role as co-editor of the proceedings of the 9th international conference on bear research and management, 1995

Special Achievement Award from National Park Service for outstanding overall performance as editor and writer, 1996

Who's Who in the West listing, 1996

American Fly Fishing: A History (1987) named one of the "thirty-three essential classics of fly-fishing," for inclusion in a special edition of fly-fishing books by The Easton Press

Honorary Doctorate of Letters, in recognition of historical work and nature writing, Montana State University, 1997

Yellowstone Peer Award, for work as acting chief of cultural resources, 1992-1994, and for role in the fourth biennial scientific conference on the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem, "People and place: the human experience in Yellowstone," October, 1997, presented May, 1998

National Park Service On-the-spot award for work associated with the 125th anniversary celebration, Yellowstone National Park, June, 1998

Wallace Stegner Award, from the University of Colorado Center of the American West, February, 1999

"Panda" Award, 2002, from Wildscreen International for scriptwriting for P.B.S. film, "The Living Edens: Yellowstone"

Paul Schullery
Texts of award citations

*Citation accompanying an **Honorary Doctorate of Letters**, presented to Paul Schullery by Montana State University, Bozeman, Montana, May 10, 1997:*

In recognition of your career as a nature writer, vividly and accurately depicting the natural and cultural resources of the greater Yellowstone region; for your work to preserve Yellowstone Park's historical record, making it available to scholars and students and insuring professional management of one of the West's most valuable collections of historical documents; and for an accumulation of published work, in the fields of science, history, and fiction, marked by keen sensitivity for the complexities of the human relationship with nature and a commitment to honoring that relationship with intelligence, grace, and humility; therefore.

By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Board of Regents of the Montana University System, and on the recommendation of the faculty of Montana State University—Bozeman, I have the honor to confer upon you the honorary degree of Doctorate of Letters with all the rights, privileges and honors pertaining thereto, in token of which I present to you this diploma and cause you to be invested with the hood of Montana State University—Bozeman appropriate to your degree.

Michael P. Malone, President, Montana State University

*Citation accompanying the 1998 **Wallace Stegner Award** for "faithfully and evocatively depicting the spirit of the American West," presented to Paul Schullery by the University of Colorado Center of the American West, Boulder, Colorado, February 17, 1999:*

As America's foremost citizen of the National Parks, you work deftly in the medium of memory to honor both nature and human nature. Your honesty and humility refresh the cause of natural preservation and reacquaint us with wonder, while your writing replenishes the West's rivers with hope.

John Buechner, President, University of Colorado
Peter D. Spear, Dean, College of Arts and Sciences
Patricia N. Limerick, Chair, Board of Directors
Charles F. Wilkinson, Vice-Chair, Board of Directors

Bud-

8-30-07

I've been doing some
research in the park
superintendent's reports and I
noticed this. — It was 32
years ago!

Paul

1975

A-N-N-U-A-L R-E-P-O-R-T

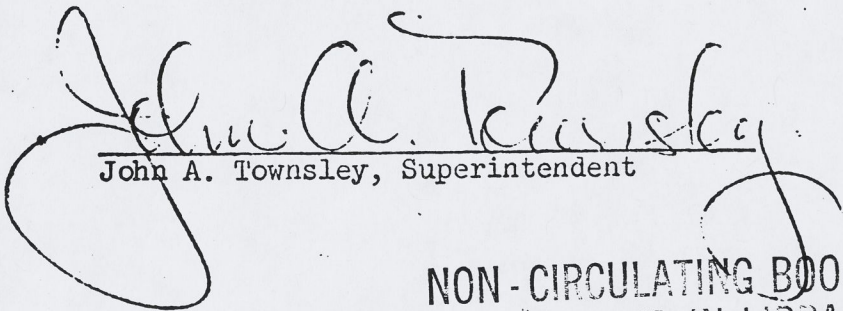
of the

S-U-P-E-R-I-N-T-E-N-D-E-N-T

Y-E-L-L-O-W-S-T-O-N-E N-A-T-I-O-N-A-L P-A-R-K

YELLOWSTONE
NATIONAL PARK
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John A. Townsley, Superintendent

January 31, 1975

NON-CIRCULATING BOOK
MUST BE USED IN LIBRARY.

V. OTHER
Special Events (continued)

President and General Manager of Yellowstone Park Company. Assistant Superintendent Haraden drove the party to Grand Teton National Park on August 24.

Horace M. Albright, Superintendent of Yellowstone from 1919 to 1929, and his wife Grace were Park visitors on September 2-3. Mr. Albright met with Yellowstone employees in the Conference Room of the Headquarters Building at Mammoth the morning of the second to share with them his early day recollections of the Park. He later remarked to Mr. Haraden that his morning with the Yellowstone staff had added two years to his life. That evening the Albrights were hosted at an evening party at the home of John and Elaine Townsley, where they met with old time friends from Mammoth, Gardiner, Livingston and Bozeman.

Superintendent Townsley traveled with Superintendent Kerr of Grand Teton National Park on an orientation tour to Laramie, Casper, Cheyenne and Lander, Wyoming from September 29 to October 4. During the trip they met with the Governor's Travel Council, the Wyoming Recreation Department, Chambers of Commerce, and other State and local officials.

Superintendent Townsley and Assistant Superintendents Haraden and Hennesay attended the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee hearings sponsored by Senator Hansen on October 14 and 16 in Jackson and Cody respectively.

Congressman Baucus and his Staff Aide, Steve Rovig from Missoula, visited with Superintendent Townsley in Mammoth the morning of October 15. At noon Congressman Baucus rededicated the Gardiner Bridge, which was reconstructed. Superintendent Townsley also spoke at the ceremonies.

Sir Peter Ramsbotham, British Ambassador to the United States, his wife Eleanor, and his Secretary Jeremy Greenstock, were Yellowstone visitors October 17 to 19. They were met at the West Yellowstone airport and traveled by auto, motor boat, canoe and on foot to Shoshone Lake where they were hosted at a campout. On October 20 Assistant Superintendent Haraden drove them to the Jackson airport where they boarded the plane for their return to Washington, D.C.

C. Media Relations and Public Affairs

As a means of expediting coverage of ongoing events in the Park, many press releases were issued by telephone to various newspapers, radio, and television stations, rather than sending them by mail. There were 26 press releases issued throughout the year.



Top 1. to r: Greg Lilly, Jeremy Greenstock, Bud Lilly, Bill Hape, Bob Haraden, John Townsley, Vern Hennesay.
Front: Elaine Townsley, Lady Ramsbotham.
Sir Peter Ramsbotham.
Shoshone Lake-YNP-October 18-19, 1976

The Reel Woman: A Fish Story

THE idea of fishing secrets — of arcane lore that will help us catch a fish — has always been a driving force behind fishing books. One can't spend as much time failing as fishermen do without nurturing some mighty dream of better days; the magic that attracts us to books about fishing is the revealed wisdom, whether ancient and long lost or recently discovered. Though we pride ourselves on our pragmatism, most of us harbor at times a very nearly occult obsession with some imagined higher awareness, a state of knowing that will give us the right lure, the right bait, the right rod, the right profanity — whatever it is that we're plainly not using now will be revealed to us, and we will become that most envied and lionized of fishermen, the expert. (I have fished with actual experts, and they really do catch at least twice as many fish as I do, which is to say that they spend 98, rather than 99, percent of their time catching nothing.)

This year we celebrate the 500th anniversary of the tradition of books about fishing. In 1496, the printer Wynkyn de Worde of Westminster published a new edition of "The Boke of St. Albans," a compendium of advice on field sports first published 10 years earlier. To increase its popularity, he added a shorter work titled "The Treatise of Fishing With an Angle." He placed this remarkable essay in the larger work, he explained, to prevent its falling into "the hands of each idle person which would desire it if it were imprinted alone by itself." Gentlemen who could afford to buy the bigger book were a better bet to behave themselves than the riffraff who could buy a little pamphlet. The 1496 "Treatise," though not published separately until the early 1530's, has long been heralded as our first fishing book.

The "Treatise" laid out the full character of modern sport fishing, for which we have honored it even beyond its considerable merit. Arnold Gingrich, founder of *Esquire* magazine, an early president of the American Museum of Fly Fishing and the author of several companionable fly-fishing books, said that the book's supposed author, Dame Juliana Berners, "is to angling literature as Chaucer is to English literature, representing to all practical intents and purposes the very beginning."

Well, no. The "Treatise" has provided us with a handy and pretty creation myth, but it's not the beginning. Recent research by medievalists has established that sport fishing (and fly fishing, that being the specialty most glorified by later writers) had flourished for centuries in Europe. Written texts on fishing had been appearing for some time prior even to the appearance of the various known manuscript fragments of the "Treatise" that existed by the mid-1400's.

But the "Treatise" is extraordinary for its completeness as a tract of technique and attitude. It dealt with the society, as well as with the practice, of fishing. Reading it today, we are struck by its modern message. We are told not only that "at the least" (read, "even if you don't catch anything") the fisherman can count on all the joys of nature ("he will have his wholesome and merry walk at his own ease, and also many a sweet breath of various plants and flowers that will make him right hungry and put his body



FROM "THE TREATISE OF FISHING WITH AN ANGLE"

in good condition"), but also that the perplexing challenge of catching the fish will make success all the finer. Sport was obviously a well-formed notion 500 years ago, involving not merely the easy harvest of wild animals but their harvest according to recognized norms and restrictions that often made harvest harder. There is also emphasis on fishing manners: ask permission to fish on private land, "break no man's hedges in going about your sport," and be moderate in your take (perhaps the author-expert's ego showed through when noting that an excessive take "can easily happen if you do in every point as this present treatise shows you").

The technical advice was exceptional too, a densely informative text not only about the natural history of fish but also about how to make tackle, choose baits and flies and determine the right time to fish. The 12 flies described in the "Treatise" are the most famous of the tens of thousands of fly patterns that have been invented since. The British fishing writer John Waller Hills, in his "History of Fly Fishing for Trout" (1921), correctly proclaimed that the work "set a stamp on angling literature which has lasted to our time" — a restrained way of saying that for two or three centuries it was shamelessly parroted by later writers.

But for all the information in the "Treatise," the heart of its legend lies in its authorship. Fishing writers have given historians fits by freely accepting that someone named Juliana Berners wrote it. To the leading scholars of the subject, her name is at best a bibliographical crutch — a way to avoid the nuisance of citing an anonymous book. Hard evidence of her existence is slight. In the end of the hunting section of the "Boke" is the phrase "Explicit Dam Iulyans Barnes in her boke of huntyng." This is not quite a byline, but scholars recognize that it might mean that the hunting

section was based on, or quoted from, some other work by Barnes, most likely in manuscript form (however, the best scholarship suggests that she almost certainly didn't write the hunting material either).

"The Boke of St. Albans" never says who wrote the fishing material. By the mid-1500's, though, it too was attributed to Barnes, who became Berners at the hand of many later writers. Over the next two centuries, inventive antiquaries cobbled together a fanciful biography, portraying her as the original sports-woman, what one recent historian called a "Diana-Minerva image." Generations of historians have failed to find proof of the existence of any of her various proposed personas, which have included nun, prioress, teacher, noblewoman and various combinations of these. Meanwhile, fishing writers continue merrily retelling half-baked stories in praise of her.

This plot threatens to thicken, if not congeal entirely. In "Reel Women: The World of Women Who Fish" (1995), Lyla Foggia champions Berners by asking, "Are we to believe that 500 years ago a woman would be credited with authoring a document she did not write — when it's extraordinary enough that a woman would be credited at all?" Of course, 500 years ago, no one, man or woman, was credited with writing the "Treatise," but Ms. Foggia's assertion reveals another element of the problem: sex. Implicit in her argument is sexism: that resistance to Berners's authenticity is the result of men's refusing to admit that a woman was author of the first book on this male-dominated sport.

Not that fishermen are not sexist; at times I think they are disproportionately so. But during my five years as director of the American Museum of Fly Fishing, when I first became immersed in the literature of angling, I realized that rather than resist the Berners claim, generations of anglers have wholeheartedly embraced it, displaying a happy tokenism toward this safe, historically remote (all the more remote for possibly being a nun) woman.

BERNERS, or Barnes, survives for other, deeper reasons than evidence. She survives because she fills a role, giving an entire field of human activity a tidy source of origin. Juliana Berners is fishing's Eve. In John McDonald's brilliant 1963 book, "The Origins of Angling" (for every thousand fishing books that deserve to be out of print, there is one magnificent one, like Mr. McDonald's, that should be mandated in print by law), he "plausibly proved" that she was not the author of the "Treatise," but went on to conclude that "in elevating our recognition of her from legend to true myth, we have perhaps provided anglers with what they really want."

Now that her book has been supplanted by innumerable others, it may be in this mythic realm that Juliana Berners serves us best. She exemplifies fishing's mystery, and thereby leaves room for hope. The "Treatise" immortalized the original expert — the first to publish a handbook and thus the first to give promise of relieving the fisherman's bewilderment. Moreover, even the "Treatise," the supposed Old Testament of the sport, tantalizes us with lost lore. It vaguely cites "books of credence" among the sources for its knowledge and thereby leads hopeful angler-readers on fantasy explorations of neglected Old World archives, where some yet-undiscovered masterpiece lies waiting to help us catch a fish. □

Paul Schullery's forthcoming book is a novella called "Shupton's Fancy: A Tale of the Fly-Fishing Obsession." He lives and works in Yellowstone National Park.

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March 6, 2000

Bud:

I've been tying a few flies after not tying many for a long time, and it's really fun again. I wanted to give you these but I wasn't sure when I'd get to your house, so I figured I'd just send them and also report on what I'm doing. They're not great craftsmanship, and I worry that I'm not getting the head finished right, so don't be surprised if suddenly they unwind. But except for being ugly and not well made, they're just perfect, right?

I think you and I have about the same preference in streamers—we like big heavy ones. But I remember using these very lightly dressed bucktails on browns in the Battenkill and doing pretty well, actually better than with heavier flies. So I figured maybe I ought to give them a try out here (also, I can cast them with a lighter rod and maybe not rile up my tendonitis so bad). Anyway, maybe you should give them a try sometime when you've got nothing to lose.

I'm working on the Amazon deal, more or less. I'd like to get everything sent off to them this week.

I had a visit with Beth Merrick last week, and you're right about the position she's in. They don't have anybody who is knowledgeable about both fly fishing and museums. I will try to help some, but I don't have a lot of free time right now for that, as much as I sympathize with them. I'm taking her some stuff today, when we go to the Tom Watkins memorial service at the museum. I'm loaning her some of your pictures of you, and a few others of Charlie Brooks, Al Troth, and maybe one or two other people.

Frank Amato sent all the stuff back, including all of your pictures and the flies. I think that the flies should all stay together as a set; they have some collectible value that way, because they were published in a book. The photographer had to cut the hackles off the back side of a lot of them so they would lie flat for photographs anyway, so they're not good for anything else.

I'd like to return all this stuff of yours I have once it's sorted, and I'd rather not leave it here while we're away on our trip in April. We will be in town on March 21, a Tuesday, for Marsha's next art class, and maybe we could visit then.



3-6-04

Bud-

Paul Schullery
1615 South Black, #92
Bozeman, MT 59715
1-406-585-5337

Here's what I
sent Marty -
I was about to
send you the M.S.U.
stuff anyway!
Paul

March 6, 2004

Marty Seldon
1146 Pulora Court
Sunnyvale, CA 94087-5631

Dear Marty:

Bud called and told me to send you stuff about me. I told him it was really lucky he asked just now rather than sooner. By coincidence, I've spent a lot of time the past few months getting a bunch of my older papers organized to give to Montana State University, so for the first time since 1992, my publications list happens to be up to date! I can just give you the stuff that I prepared for the special collections librarian.

Starker and his writings had a powerful effect on me, and I still regard him as a great inspiration. But it feels kind of weird to be assisting in the campaign for an award for myself, so I'll let it go at that. You can let me know if you need anything else.

I hope all's well for you there. It's good to have cause to say hello, and for your possible amusement I will enclose an article I recently did about how trout feed. Fun stuff.

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery

cc. Bud Lilly

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April 10, 1999

Frank Amato
P.O. Box 82112
Portland, OR 97282

Dear Frank:

Here are the flies. I've put them in three boxes by type (though who ever knows if a Woolly Bugger is a wet fly or a nymph or a streamer!). I think everything is as you asked, with each fly labeled with its own tag. I am sure that the photographer can do a little "grooming" if they happened to be a little mussed in the mail.

All flies were tied by Josh Stanish, of Bozeman, Montana, except for the following patterns: Light Cahill, Goofus Bug, Rubber Legs, Montana Nymphs, Cowdung, Pheasant Tail Nymph, Otter Nymph, and Sofa Pillow. These were tied by Dale Greenley, of Myrtle Creek, Oregon. I've spoken with Kim about these credits; You can handle them however you like: all credits in one spot on one page, or on the separate pages.

Notice that there are three versions of the Montana Nymph. They were all tied by Dale.

Let me know if there are any questions.

The appendix is missing the address of the Montana Rivers Action Network. That address is P.O. Box 8298, Bozeman, MT 59773.

There is an error in a caption. Caption 10-2 says that the angler's name is Dave Van Nice. The name should be C.A. Van Nice.

Last, Kim and I talked a little about an acknowledgments page, which we are still working on. It won't be really long. In fact, it may just be an extension of Bud's opening remarks, where he does already thank some people.

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery

cc. Bud Lilly

8-10-09

Bud -

This is interesting. This is the state historical magazine of Wyoming, and they've devoted a whole issue to fly-fishing history, the way Montana did a couple years ago!

If you read the interview with Jack Dennis (page 19), you'll finally understand how really important Jack is. I guess he was just waiting for someone to ask him.

Farel



THE MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FLY FISHING

MANCHESTER, VERMONT 05254

TELEPHONE 802-362-3300

December 21, 1981

Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, Montana
59715

Dear Bud:

I have been running around so much the past few weeks I can't remember whether or not I've sent you this, so I will now, just to be sure.

The enclosed Rod & Reel has a chapter from the book John Varley and I wrote, on Yellowstone Lake.

The book is all written, the color separations are made, and John and I are now finishing up the appendices, footnotes, references, and such. The galleys have been proofed and corrected, and I imagine the book will probably be printed in late winter. It looks really fine - I saw the layout when I was in Denver a week or so ago, and I think it will be a great looking book, even admitting my own bias.

I'm sure Geri Hape or someone else at Y.L.M.A. will be in touch once it's available. I don't know price yet, but it will be about a 120 or 130-page paperback, with about twenty color portraits of fish plus a folded map inserted in the back.

I made a quick trip through West Yellowstone and Bozeman after our San Francisco auction; waved at the Trout Shop, all locked up, as I went by. Hope to be out again before too long.

Have a great holiday, all of you.

Sincerely,

Paul Schullery



MadRiver Ohio, April, 2006



Mad River, Ohio, April, 2006



Mad River, Ohio, April 11, 2006