

PHOTO COURTESY OF KURT WESTENBARGER

Former Iowa State football coach Jim Criner and wife Ann have purchased Bud Lilly's famed trout shop in West Yellowstone.

Ex-Big Eight grid coach tackles tackle biz

By ELIZABETH LADEN
Chronicle Staff Writer

WEST YELLOWSTONE — Jim Criner, former head football coach at Iowa State University, has traded his play book for a fly rod, purchasing the prestigious but financially ailing Bud Lilly Trout Shop.

Criner, 47, says he is "fulfilling a longtime dream" by moving to West Yellowstone with his family.

Criner, Iowa State's head coach for the last four years, said the next step of his 24-year coaching career would have been a job with a professional football team, and he had been considering several offers from National Football League teams when he learned that Bud Lilly's shop was for sale.

He decided to retire from football Sunday, not wanting to pass up the chance to buy Lilly's, he said.

"Next to football, about the only other thing I love is fly fishing," he said.

For more than 30 years, Bud Lilly's, at Canyon and Madison streets, has been as much a mecca for fly fishers as the Firehole, Madison, and Henry's Fork they come here to fish because Lilly had a solid reputation as a knowledgeable angler and conservationist. The shop still has a far-reaching reputation as an important place for visiting anglers to receive accurate information about where and how to catch trout.

Lilly helped make a lifestyle out of fly fishing, and helped sell Montana and West Yellowstone as an angler's paradise.

In 1982, Lilly sold his tackle shop business and moved to Bozeman. He was a founder and first president of the International Fly Fishing Center here and established an art gallery in the center in memory of his first wife, Pat, who died in 1983.

After Lilly sold the shop, the new owners did not fare well financially. Lilly regained ownership recently, and put the shop up for sale.

"I spent 18 hours a day coaching football, and will spend 18 hours a day in the shop," Criner said, "whatever it takes to restore its reputation to what it was before."

For 11 years, Criner has been casting a fly in West Yellowstone area streams, including his favorite, the lower Madison.

Although he does not know Lilly personally, Criner was a frequent customer at the Trout Shop when he fished in the area.

The sale was arranged by West Yellowstone Realtor Dan McDonald, who said he had been scouting for a business opportunity for the Criners because he felt they would be an asset to West Yellowstone.

Criner and his wife, Ann, say that they will make no major changes in shop operations, and will keep Bud Lilly's name and continue publishing the popular mail-order catalog and guide to Western fly fishing.

The store's interior will get a facelift, including new carpeting. They hope to open for the summer season by mid-May. They said that they are negotiating to hire back most of the regular summer guides, including some first hired by Lilly.

A native of Arkansas, Criner has a bachelor's degree from California State Polytechnic University at Pomona. He was a high school football and track coach for four years before obtaining his first assistant football coach position at the University of Utah in 1967.

From 1969 through 1975, he held assistant coach positions at California State University at Hayward, University of California at Berkeley, Brigham Young University in Utah, and the University of California at Los Angeles.

In 1976, he became the head football coach at Boise State University, where his team played in four Big Sky Championships and was the 1-AA national champion in 1980.

Criner went to Iowa State in 1983, when the football team was in last place in the Big Eight, and had been listed in the bottom 20 nationally the previous two years. Criner helped reverse the team's downward trend. The Cyclones finished fourth in the conference last fall and now have "a respectable and competitive program," he said.

The Criners have a daughter, Kelli, a high school junior.

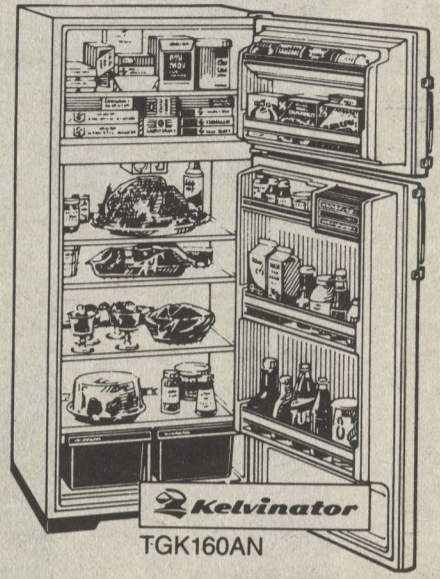
Daytime

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>8 Regis Philbin's Lifestyles
 9 A.P. English (Mon, Tue, Thu, Fri)
 9 A. P. English (Wed)
 10 Animals In Action (Wed)
 11 Love Me, Love Me Not
 12 Super Password
 14 Steve McQueen: Man On The Edge (Mon)
 14 A Soul Session: James Brown & Friends (Tue)
 14 Movie (Wed)
 15 Movie (Tue, Fri)
 16 Doris Day
 21 Video Hits-1
 22 Weather And You
 24 As The World Turns
 26 One Life To Live
 27 Andy Griffith
 29 U.S. House Of Representatives (Live) (Fri)
 29 House Floor Debate (Live) (Wed, Thu)
 30 A.P. English</p> <p>12:10
 10 Edison Twins (Mon)
 10 Legend Of Johnny Appleseed (Tue)</p> <p>12:30
 3 The Strange Death Of The Desert Fox (Thu)
 4 18 Bold And The Beautiful
 7 Nile Crocodile (Wed)
 10 Walt Disney Presents (Tue-Fri)
 11 Liar's Club
 12 WordPlay
 16 Bill Cosby
 20 Crook And Chase
 27 McHale's Navy</p> <p>12:35
 23 WomanWatch (Fri)</p> <p>12:40
 10 Walt Disney Presents (Mon)</p> <p>12:45
 9 30 Instructional Programming</p> <p>1:00
 2 International Hour (Mon, Fri)
 3 5 Movie
 4 18 24 Guiding Light
 6 26 General Hospital
 7 Animals Of The Great Northwest (Fri)
 7 Stationary Ark (Mon)
 7 Way Of The Sword (Tue)
 7 Secrets Of The Coast (Wed)
 7 Wildlife Cinema (Thu)
 8 Marcus Welby, M.D.
 9 Madeleine Cooks (Mon)
 9 30 Story Book International (Tue)
 9 3-2-1 Contact (Wed)
 11 Play The Percentages
 12 25 Santa Barbara
 14 Movie (Mon, Tue, Thu)
 16 Burns And Allen
 20 You Can Be A Star
 21 Video Hits-1
 27 I Love Lucy
 29 House Floor Debate (Live) (Mon, Tue)</p> <p>1:05
 15 I Don't Know Who I Am (Mon)
 23 Tom & Jerry And Friends</p> <p>1:30
 7 Animal Wonder Down Under (Fri)
 7 Old Friends, New Friends (Mon)
 7 Lakeland Rock (Wed)
 7 In The Wild With Harry Butler (Thu)
 9 Sesame Street (R) (Fri)
 10 Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet (Mon, Tue, Thu, Fri)
 10 Best Of Ozzie And Harriet (Wed)
 11 Bullseye
 12 NFL Draft Review (Fri)
 15 Just Another Stupid Kid (Fri)
 16 Flying Nun
 19 Video Disc Jockey
 20 Fandango
 27 Dick Van Dyke
 30 Instructional Programming (Tue)
 30 Reading Rainbow (Thu)</p> <p>2:00
 2 Newsday (Mon, Fri)
 4 One Life To Live
 6 Days Of Our Lives
 7 City Of The Dead (Fri)
 7 Wild Canada (Mon)
 7 Realm Of Darkness (Tue)
 7 Survive (Wed)
 7 Mystery Of The Red Sea Wreck (Thu)
 8 10 Movie
 11 Jackpot
 12 Skiing (Fri)
 12 Wrestling (Mon-Thu)
 12 25 Another World
 13 Pinwheel
 14 Movie (Wed)
 15 Movie (Fri)
 15 The Secret Of Charles Dickens (Mon)</p> | <p>15 Arthur And The Square Knights Of The Round Table (Tue)
 15 Trumpeter (Wed)
 15 The Rebellion Of Young David (Thu)
 16 Hazel
 18 Dallas
 20 Nashville Now
 21 Video Hits-1
 24 Oprah Winfrey
 26 Divorce Court
 27 Bewitched
 30 3-2-1 Contact (Wed) 2:05
 23 Scooby Doo 2:30
 3 Movie (Mon)
 9 Mister Rogers (R)
 11 Chain Reaction
 12 Horse Racing (Fri)
 14 Movie (Fri)
 15 Shelley Duvall's Tall Tales And Legends (Wed)
 15 Movie (Thu)
 16 Father Knows Best
 26 Dating Game
 27 ThunderCats (Fri)
 30 Voyage Of The Mimi (Fri)
 30 Instructional Programming (Mon-Thu) 2:35
 23 Flintstones 3:00
 2 Newswatch
 3 Movie (Wed-Fri)
 4 Fame Fortune & Romance
 5 Movie
 6 Three's Company
 7 Stroke Of Genius (Fri)
 7 Light Of Many Masks (Mon)
 7 Wild Canada (Tue)
 7 Disappearing World (Wed)
 7 Three Working Americans (Thu)
 9 Square One Television (Fri)
 11 Let's Make A Deal
 12 Bodybuilding (Mon)
 12 Arm Wrestling (Tue)
 12 Australian Rules Football (Wed)
 12 Fishin' Hole (Thu)
 12 25 Days Of Our Lives
 13 Today's Special
 14 Movie (Mon, Tue, Thu)
 15 Race For Number One (Mon)
 16 Green Acres
 18 Strike It Rich
 21 Video Hits-1
 22 This Weekend (Fri)
 22 Weather Watch (Mon-Thu)
 24 Hollywood Squares
 26 Newlywed Game
 27 Tom And Jerry
 29 Road To The White House (Fri)
 29 House Floor Debate (Live) (Wed, Thu)
 30 Mister Rogers (R) 3:05
 23 Rocky Road (Fri)
 23 Gilligan's Island (Mon-Thu) 3:30
 4 Crosswits
 6 Smurfs' Adventures
 7 Hands (Mon)
 7 Japan - An Independent Nation (Thu)
 9 3-2-1 Contact (Wed)
 10 Wind In The Willows (Thu)
 11 Dance Party USA
 12 Scholastic Sports America (Tue)
 13 Little Prince
 15 Umbrella Jack (Fri)
 15 Movie (Tue, Wed)
 16 Rifleman
 18 People's Court
 20 New Country
 24 \$100,000 Pyramid
 26 Facts Of Life
 27 Heathcliff
 30 Today's Special 3:35
 10 Disney Channel Preview (Fri)
 23 Baseball (Tue, Wed, Fri)
 23 Leave It To Beaver (Mon, Thu) 3:45
 10 DTV (Mon) 4:00
 3 Movie (Mon, Tue)
 4 Jeopardy! (Fri)
 6 Card Sharks
 7 Amazing Years Of Cinema (Fri)
 7 American Diary (Mon)
 7 Horizon (Tue)
 7 From The Shadow Of The Gun - Part 1 (Wed)
 7 Odyssey (Thu)
 8 Cover-Up
 9 30 Sesame Street (R) (Fri)
 10 Dumbo's Circus
 11 Cartoons
 12 SportsLook
 12 27 Smurfs' Adventures</p> | <p>13 Spartakus And The Sun Beneath The Sea (Fri)
 13 Spartakus And The Sun Beneath The Sea (Mon-Thu)
 14 Movie (Fri)
 14 Crazy About The Movies: Ingrid (Wed)
 15 I Don't Know Who I Am (Fri)
 15 Movie (Mon)
 15 Umbrella Jack (Thu)
 16 Big Valley
 18 Newlywed Game
 19 Dial MTV
 20 Crook And Chase
 21 Video Hits-1
 24 Wonderful World Of Disney (Fri)
 24 Movie (Mon-Thu)
 25 People's Court
 26 Diff'rent Strokes
 29 House Floor Debate (Live) (Mon, Tue) 4:05
 23 New Leave It To Beaver (Mon)
 23 Beverly Hillbillies (Thu) 4:30
 2 Showbiz Today
 3 Survival (Thu)
 4 People's Court
 6 Hollywood Squares
 7 Portraits Of Power (Fri)
 10 Welcome To Pooh Corner
 12 Running And Racing (Fri)
 12 Fishing: Mark Sosin's Salt Water Journal (Mon)
 12 NBA Today (Tue)
 12 Inside The PGA Tour (Wed)
 12 Winner's Circle Horse Racing Magazine (Thu)
 12 Brady Bunch
 13 Turkey Television
 14 Movie (Tue)
 15 Movie (Thu)
 18 Jeopardy! (Fri)
 20 Videocountry
 25 Entertainment Tonight
 26 Benson
 27 Bugs Bunny And Friends
 29 Viewer Call-In (Live) 4:35
 23 Down To Earth (Mon)
 23 Andy Griffith (Thu) 5:00
 2 Moneyline
 3 Hang Tight, Willy Bill (Wed, Fri)
 4 26 ABC News (Fri)
 6 News
 7 Showdown At Governor's Camp (Fri)
 7 Beneath The Keel (Mon)
 7 Cry Of The Condor (Tue)
 7 Attacked By A Killer Shark (Wed)
 7 Iceberg Alley (Thu)
 8 Marcus Welby, M.D.
 9 MacNeil / Lehrer Newshour
 10 Mickey Mouse Club
 11 Airwolf
 12 SportsCenter
 12 Entertainment Tonight
 13 You Can't Do That On Television
 14 Movie (Wed, Thu)
 15 Shelley Duvall's Tall Tales And Legends (Fri)
 15 Paper Chase (Tue)
 15 Motown: Marvin Gaye (Wed)
 16 Hardcastle And McCormick
 18 CBS News
 19 Video Disc Jockey
 20 You Can Be A Star
 21 Video Hits-1 (Tue-Fri)
 21 VH-1 Hit List (Mon)
 24 M*A*S*H
 25 NBC News
 27 Diff'rent Strokes
 30 Square One Television (Fri) 5:05
 23 Sanford And Son (Mon, Thu) 5:30
 2 Crossfire
 3 Movie (Fri)
 3 Chicken (Tue)
 3 The Wilder Summer (Wed)
 3 Will Rogers: Look Back In Laughter (Thu)
 4 12 18 26 News
 5 Movie
 6 NBC News
 7 Nile Crocodile (Tue)
 10 Donald Duck Presents
 12 SpeedWeek (Thu, Fri)
 12 Stanley Cup Playoffs (Mon, Wed)
 12 Inside The PGA Tour (Tue)
 13 Lassie
 14 Movie (Mon, Fri)
 20 Fandango
 24 CBS News
 25 Three's Company
 27 One Day At A Time
 30 3-2-1 Contact (Fri) 5:35
 23 Baseball (Mon)
 23 Honeymooners (Thu)</p> |
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Clouds form a dramatic background for two horse riders in this scene from the TV documentary, Portrait of America.

A portrait of MONTANA

Cal Dunbar, Bud Lilly and a handsome Madison Valley brown trout are featured in a documentary on Montana to be aired on cable television this month.

Dunbar, 62, a West Yellowstone city councilman and co-owner of the Food Roundup, and Lilly, 61, a professional fly fisherman and Bozeman resident, star in a five-minute segment on fly fishing in "Portrait of America," a Turner Broadcasting System feature on Montana.

Dunbar and Lilly chat about fly fishing and Dunbar hooks and releases a sizable brown.

Although most local anglers will recognize where Dunbar and Lilly fished, the location is not discussed in the show. No details about the anglers are given, either — they're simply Cal Dunbar and Bud Lilly, who narrator Hal Holbrook says "have spent a lifetime casting flies to Montana's fabled trout."

The vagaries are intentional. The philosophy behind the Portrait series, which includes segments on each state and number of territories, is to not be specific about the

places filmed or the backgrounds of the people in the story, said associate producer Becky Butler in a phone interview.

"We looked for people who represent what our researchers felt were the most important things that make up Montana," she said.

The program will air in Bozeman on cable channel 23 and in West Yellowstone on cable channel 7 on Sunday, May 3 at 11:05 a.m.; Saturday, May 16 at 7:30 p.m.; Friday, May 22 at 8:20 p.m., and at 10 p.m. on Thursday, May 28.

According to Butler, Governor Ted Schwinden's press secretary, Norma Tirrell, also an avid fly fisher, suggested that fly fishing be covered in the story, and got Butler in touch with Lilly. Lilly then suggested that Dunbar be part of the project.

Butler said that other fly fishers were also considered, but she was particularly impressed with Dunbar and Lilly.

"They were a delight. They have such passion and conviction about fly fishing. They were very natural on camera."

Fishing was slow during the filming last Aug. 4, said Dunbar and Lilly in recent interviews. They fished two hours in the morning and nearly two after lunch before Dunbar hooked the 16-18-inch brown with a small caddis imitation. Before that, Dunbar had caught "a couple small fish" and Lilly had a few strikes.

"I think Providence helped us out with that bigger fish, because it was pretty slow all day," Dunbar joked.

Both anglers enjoyed the opportunity to offer the world their personal views of fly fishing, and Lilly said that he was pleased that the show will be seen by many people who know little or nothing about the sport.

Although Lilly is shown on camera offering a spontaneous and mild curse when he misses a strike, the fact that he never netted a trout allowed him to illustrate his philosophy that catching a trout is not the most important thing to him — angling is a total experience.

"We've been looking at the hawks and the eagles and the wildflowers and the clearness of the sky, and so



Cal Dunbar, left and Bud Lilly share a laugh during a break in fishing on the Madison River.

PHOTO BY MICHAEL REAGAN/TBS



Actor Hal Holbrook narrates the series.

the whole experience. That's how I've enjoyed it because I didn't catch anything," he notes.

The camera pans to Dunbar, who erupts into a long, slow belly laugh, then back to Lilly, who joins him. At several hundred dollars a minute in filming costs, their nearly 10 seconds of shared laughter was an expensive, but perfect way to show

how one feels after a long day of fishing in Montana, regardless of the number of trout landed.

The Montana show portrays Montanans as extremely hardworking people who are passionately attached to the land and the freedom they find in the state's vast landscape and big sky.

An outdoor performance by the Prairie Symphonette of Scobey opens the show. "In Scobey," Holbrook says, "a symphony orchestra is just a great excuse to work together, play together, in harmony with the land you call home."

Then three women who teach in schools near Miles City are portrayed as keeping the state's one-room school house tradition alive. They deal with their isolation by keeping in touch via telephone calls and weekend jaunts to the city to dance at the Bison Bar.

Other segments feature writer A.B. Guthrie, Glacier National Park's wildlife, the Beartooth Mountains, Twodot area cattle rancher Jane Glennie, Native Americans, farmers, retired miners, memories shared by early homesteaders, and a

hymn sung in a church homesteaders built in 1913 and 1914.

The show is beautifully filmed, edited, and scored. The portrait it paints is idyllic and pastoral, as if there are no crowds, street lights, and traffic anywhere in the state. Still, it is probably very close to the Montana most Montanans feel is the essence of their state.

Host Holbrook, known for his characterizations of Mark Twain, takes a back seat, introducing people and linking segments together so that the people can tell their stories themselves.

The Montana show is very upbeat, as are all Portraits. Montana's economic and environmental problems are not addressed, and no coverage is given the state's urban residents, workers in high tech jobs, or the tourism industry.

By minimizing any negative aspects of life in Montana, or of any other states, the series departs from the objective journalistic style of most documentaries. This approach is deliberate, said Portrait's Director of Communications Alison Fussell in a phone interview from

Atlanta, Ga. TBS Board Chairman and President Ted Turner originated the Portrait series to show the best of American life, she explained.

"Portrait of America" will cost \$20 million to produce and has won 23 awards for excellence, including a George Foster Peabody award in 1984, On Cable People's Choice Awards for Best Documentary and Best Host, 1984, and International Film Festival awards.

The next Portrait will be on Nebraska and will be aired four times in July. The series will conclude in November 1988 with a show on U.S. Territories.

Story by ELIZABETH LADEN of The Chronicle



A line of tractors is one of the images captured in the 55-part Portrait series.

On the cover: Cal Dunbar of West Yellowstone casts for trout in the Madison River in a scene that will be viewed by millions who tune into the Portrait series. Photo by Michael Reagan of TBS Productions.

Friday May 1, 1987

EVENING
6:00

- 2 PrimeNews
- 4 CBS News
- 6 24 25 News
- 7 Breakthroughs
- 8 Call To Glory
- 9 30 Wild, Wild World Of Animals
- 10 Kids Incorporated When the star attraction of the Carnival to Benefit Homeless Animals backs out, the Kids must put their heads together.
- 11 Riptide
- 12 SpeedWeek Special Winston 500 call-in show. (Live)
- 12 NBC News
- 13 Dennis The Menace
- 15 Movie ★★½ "The Man With One Red Shoe" (1985) Tom Hanks, Dabney Coleman.
- 16 Butterfly Island
- 18 M*A*S*H
- 19 MTV Top 20 Video Countdown
- 20 Nashville Now
- 21 Video Hits-1
- 22 This Weekend
- 26 Wheel Of Fortune □
- 27 Three's Company
- 29 Close-Up Foundation
- 6:05
- 23 Between Games Show
- 6:30
- 4 18 Wheel Of Fortune □
- 6 12 M*A*S*H
- 7 Voyage Around Great Britain
- 9 Wall Street Week
- 10 To Be A Man A black Southern farmer has difficulty understanding why his Northern grandson has no interest in the family farm.
- 12 Billiards World Open Professional Championship, men's final. (R)
- 13 Double Dare
- 16 Campbells
- 23 NBA Basketball Playoffs First Round Game. Teams to be announced. (Live)
- 24 Prime Time Access
- 25 PM Magazine
- 26 Jeopardy! □
- 27 Benson
- 30 Nightly Business Report
- 7:00
- 2 Larry King Live
- 3 Movie ★ "Can't Stop The Music" (1980) Valerie Perrine, The Village People.
- 4 18 24 Ringling Bros. And Barnum & Bailey Circus The 117th edition of the circus features animal trainer

- Gunther Gebel-Williams, the Crazy Citizens of Clown Alley and King Tusk, a colossal elephant billed as the world's largest traveling land mammal. Host: Barbara Mandrell. □
- 6 26 Webster
- 7 Heaven, Man, Earth
- 8 Regis Philbin Show
- 9 Market To Market
- 10 Movie ★★½ "The Sword In The Stone" (1963) Animated. Voices of Sebastian Cabot, Ricky Sorenson.
- 11 Movie ★★½ "The Philadelphia Experiment" (1984) Michael Pare, Nancy Allen.
- 12 25 Roomies
- 13 Monkees
- 14 Movie ★★ "Fallen Angel" (1981) Melinda Dillon, Dana Hill.
- 16 700 Club
- 21 Celebrity Host
- 27 Movie ★★ "Foul Play" (1978) Goldie Hawn, Chevy Chase.
- 29 13th Annual Wirth Washington Seminar
- 30 Wall Street Week
- 7:30
- 5 Movie ★★ "Captain Horatio Hornblower" (1951) Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo.
- 6 26 Mr. Belvedere
- 9 30 Washington Week In Review □
- 12 Stanley Cup Playoffs Norris or Smythe Division Final Game Six, if necessary. Teams to be announced and starting time is tentative. (Live)
- 12 25 Amazing Stories
- 13 NICK Rocks: Video To Go
- 20 New Country
- 8:00
- 2 News
- 4 18 24 Dallas
- 6 Roomies
- 7 World Alive
- 8 Dr. Ruth Show
- 9 30 Great Performances
- 12 25 Miami Vice
- 13 You Can't Do That On Television
- 15 Cheech & Chong: Get Out Of My Room Cheech Marin and Tommy Chong bring their antics to this special that features music videos from their latest album "Get Out Of My Room."
- 19 Video Disc Jockey
- 20 Crook And Chase
- 21 Love Songs
- 26 Movie ★★ "Goldfinger" (1964) Sean Connery, Honor Black-

- man.
- 29 Event Of The Day
- 8:15
- 19 Friday Night Party Zone
- 8:30
- 6 Amazing Stories
- 7 Al Oeming - Man Of The North
- 10 Zorro
- 13 Danger Mouse
- 15 Best Of Bizarre
- 16 Bill Cosby
- 20 Videocountry
- 8:45
- 23 Between Games Show
- 9:00
- 2 Moneyline
- 3 Movie ★½ "Band Of The Hand" (1986) Stephen Lang, Michael Carmine.
- 4 18 24 Falcon Crest
- 6 Miami Vice
- 7 Perspective
- 8 Movie ★★ "Smash Palace" (1981) Bruno Lawrence, Anna Jemison.
- 10 Five Mile Creek
- 11 Night Flight
- 12 25 Stingray
- 13 Donna Reed
- 14 Movie ★★½ "Short Circuit" (1986) Ally Sheedy, Steve Guttenberg.
- 15 Motown: Marvin Gaye Host Smokey Robinson is joined by guests Ashford & Simpson, and Motown founder and chairman Berry Gordy, to pay tribute to this musical legend of the '60s, featuring rare film footage and songs including "I Heard It Through The Grapevine," and "Sexual Healing." In stereo.
- 16 Hardcastle And McCormick
- 20 You Can Be A Star
- 21 Video Hits-1
- 22 This Weekend
- 23 NBA Basketball Playoffs First Round Game. Teams to be announced. (Live)
- 27 News
- 9:30
- 2 Sports Tonight
- 7 Land Of The Grapes
- 9 Landscape With Waitress In an adaptation of a play by Robert Pine, a waitress captures the eye and imagination of an insurance agent, dining alone in a New York coffee shop, who tries to analyze her every word and gesture. (R) □

- 11 Night Flight
- 13 Mister Ed
- 20 Fandango
- 27 INN News
- 30 The Zephyr: Farewell To The Silver Lady A scenic trip on a passenger train that began service in 1949 running from Chicago to Oakland and ended in April 1983.
- 10:00
- 2 NewsNight
- 4 12 18 24 25 26 News
- 5 Movie ★★½ "Tender Comrade" (1943) Ginger Rogers, Robert Ryan.
- 6 Stingray
- 7 Moghuls
- 10 Movie ★★½ "Top Hat" (1935) Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers.
- 11 Night Flight
- 12 SportsCenter
- 13 My Three Sons
- 16 Burns And Allen
- 20 Nashville Now
- 21 Video Hits-1
- 27 Soap
- 30 Doctor Who
- 10:05
- 15 Movie ★★ "48 HRS." (1982) Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy.
- 10:30
- 4 18 Keep On Cruis'n
- 11 Night Flight
- 12 SportsLook
- 12 Tonight Show
- 13 Ann Sothern
- 16 Best Of Groucho
- 27 Star Trek
- 30 MacNeil / Lehrer Newshour
- 10:35
- 24 M*A*S*H
- 25 Tonight Show
- 26 Magnum, P.I.
- 11:00
- 2 Crossfire
- 3 Movie ★ "Cut And Run" (1986) Lisa Blount, Leonard Mann.
- 6 News
- 7 Wildlife Cinema
- 8 Everybody's Money Matters
- 11 Movie ★★ "Railroaded" (1947) John Ireland, Sheila Ryan.
- 12 Auto Racing IMSA GTO Series, from Riverside, Calif. (Taped)
- 13 I Spy
- 14 Movie ★★ "48 HRS." (1982) Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy.
- 16 Jack Benny
- 19 Video Disc Jockey
- 21 Video Hits-1

- 22 Pacific Weekend Outlook
- 29 Inside The Constitution
- 11:05
- 24 Hawaii Five-0
- 11:15
- 23 Night Tracks: Power Play
- 11:30
- 2 NewsNight Update
- 4 18 Movie ★★ "Robbers Of The Sacred Mountain" (1982) John Marley, Simon MacCorkindale.
- 6 Carson's Comedy Classics
- 7 In The Wild With Harry Butler
- 12 Friday Night Videos
- 16 Doble Gillis
- 20 New Country
- 27 Best Of Saturday Night Live
- 30 Frontline
- 11:35
- 25 Entertainment Tonight
- 26 Off The Wall
- 11:40
- 10 Disney Channel Preview
- 11:55
- 15 Joan Rivers (And Friends) Salute Heidi Abromowitz From Caesars Palace: Joan Rivers and her friends pay tribute to Joan's promiscuous friend Heidi Abromowitz with vignettes of Heidi's well-known exploits. In stereo. □
- 12:00
- 5 Movie ★★ "Captain Horatio Hornblower" (1951) Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo.
- 6 Friday Night Videos
- 7 American Diary
- 10 Adventures Of Ozzie And Harriet
- 12 Auto Racing Celebrity Race, from Long Beach, Calif. (R)
- 13 Route 66
- 16 700 Club
- 20 Crook And Chase
- 21 Love Songs
- 27 Movie ★★ "Conflict" (1936) John Wayne, Ward Bond.
- 12:05
- 24 Movie ★★ "Movie Movie" (1978) George C. Scott, Eli Wallach.
- 25 Friday Night Videos
- 26 Fantasy Island
- 12:15
- 23 Night Tracks
- 12:30
- 2 Sports LateNight
- 3 Movie ★★½ "Tuff Turf" (1984) James Spader, Kim Richards.


Movies

EVENING
8:00

- 15 ★★½ "The Man With One Red Shoe" (1985) Tom Hanks, Dabney Coleman. Chosen at random, a somewhat off-center violinist is thrust into the crossfire of rival CIA groups in Washington. 'PG' □
- 7:00
- 3 ★ "Can't Stop The Music" (1980) Valerie Perrine, The Village People. An ambitious young songwriter involves his platonic fashion-model housemate and her friends in an all-out effort to get his tunes recorded. 'PG'
- 10 ★★½ "The Sword In The Stone" (1963) Animated. Voices of Sebastian Cabot, Ricky Sorenson. Guided by Merlin the Magician, an orphan meets his destiny in a deserted courtyard where a sword in a stone reveals the identity of the rightful King of England. □
- 11 ★★½ "The Philadelphia Experiment" (1984) Michael Pare, Nancy Allen. In 1943, a top secret radar test aboard a naval destroyer goes haywire and two sailors are propelled, via a time-warp, into a similar experiment taking place in 1984.
- 14 ★★ "Fallen Angel" (1981) Melinda Dillon, Dana Hill. A lonely 13-year-old girl is enticed into the world of child pornography.
- 27 ★★ "Foul Play" (1978) Goldie Hawn, Chevy Chase. A librarian enlists the aid of an inept police detective after she becomes involved in a bizarre series of murders and kidnapping attempts.
- 7:30
- 5 ★★ "Captain Horatio Hornblower" (1951) Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo. A British sea captain risks his life and those of his compatriots to save England's harbors during the

- Napoleonic Wars.
- 8:00
- 26 ★★ "Goldfinger" (1964) Sean Connery, Honor Blackman. British secret agent James Bond discovers a wealthy man's plan to rob the gold reserves of Fort Knox. (R) □
- 9:00
- 3 ★½ "Band Of The Hand" (1986) Stephen Lang, Michael Carmine. Five teen-age criminals become unwilling volunteers in an unconventional program designed to undermine Miami's drug trade. In stereo. 'R'
- 8 ★★ "Smash Palace" (1981) Bruno Lawrence, Anna Jemison. A New Zealand junkyard owner's ruined marriage takes a dramatic turn toward desperation and violence.
- 14 ★★½ "Short Circuit" (1986) Ally Sheedy, Steve Guttenberg. A bolt of lightning brings an experimental robot designed for defense use to life, complete with an insatiable appetite for knowledge. In stereo. 'PG' □
- 10:00
- 5 ★★½ "Tender Comrade" (1943) Ginger Rogers, Robert Ryan. The effects of World War II hit home as a group of soldiers' wives move in together while awaiting news about their husbands.
- 10 ★★½ "Top Hat" (1935) Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. A man has trouble with his girlfriend because she thinks he's married to her best friend.
- 10:05
- 15 ★★ "48 HRS." (1982) Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy. An unorthodox police detective teams with a temporarily released convict to find two fugitive murderers. 'R'
- 11:00
- 3 ★ "Cut And Run" (1986) Lisa Blount, Leonard Mann. A TV news

- correspondent and her cameraman are sent to South America to get the lowdown on a drug ring being operated by a Jonestown massacre survivor. 'R'
- 11 ★★ "Railroaded" (1947) John Ireland, Sheila Ryan. Circumstantial evidence implicates an innocent young boy in a murder.
- 14 ★★ "48 HRS." (1982) Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy. An unorthodox police detective teams with a temporarily released convict to find two fugitive murderers. 'R'
- 11:30
- 4 18 ★★ "Robbers Of The Sacred Mountain" (1982) John Marley, Simon MacCorkindale. A scoop-hungry journalist follows an archaeologist and his daughter in their search for legendary gold treasure in the Mexican jungle.
- 12:00
- 5 ★★ "Captain Horatio Hornblower" (1951) Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo. A British sea captain risks his life and those of his compatriots to save England's harbors during the Napoleonic Wars.
- 27 ★★ "Conflict" (1936) John Wayne, Ward Bond. A fighter and his manager promote phony matches until a conflict moves the manager to make them real.
- 12:05
- 24 ★★ "Movie Movie" (1978) George C. Scott, Eli Wallach. The film musicals and boxing stories of the 1930s are saluted with a "double feature" -- "Dynamite Hands" and "Baxter's Beauties Of 1933."
- 12:30
- 3 ★★½ "Tuff Turf" (1984) James Spader, Kim Richards. An East Coast teen-ager moves with his family to a tough L.A. neighborhood, where he clashes with an antagonistic punk.



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Sports/Weekender

The Democrat

Sportswriters Learn a Lesson

By Phil Kaplan

LIVINGSTON MANOR — The lessons learned were not on the secrets of fishing or the processes involved in fishing. That's now where the importance lies. The goal was not to make a person a fisherman, but rather aware of their environment.

Such was last weekend's Sports-writers Invitational at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center in Livingston Manor. Although some fishing did take place, the emphasis was educational. The program given was a replica of the Stream Ecology Campouts taken by youngsters eight through 16 during the past month.

"We realize in environmental things, everytime you win, it's temporary," said Catskill Fly Fishing President Dr. Alan

Fried in his opening address to the writers. "Everytime you lose, it's permanent. It's difficult to keep up with a long battle."

"We realized, too, what you're really doing is cursing the darkness," added Mr. Fried. "What we decided to do was to light some candles. The candles are the kids we teach on the weekends. We try to impress upon them the necessity of keeping the rivers good for fly fishing."

Most people just take it for granted when they go fishing. The Center wants people to realize there's a lot more to it.

"There is a whole sequence of event which has allowed you to catch the fish," says Center Director of Education and host for the weekend, George Will. "The fish is an indicator of a good, clear environment."

"That's the heart, the essence of our program," Will added. "We have to learn as a world population that we can't take our environment for granted. There are certain responsibilities that we as thinking life form share that must be met if we want to continue."

That's where the youth come in. The future. The decision makers of tomorrow. The Center is well aware of that.

"That's what we're aiming at here," says Will. "The fishing end of it is something that comes in secondary to that. If a kid also develops an interest for fishing, that's tremendous. Our goal is not to make that person a fisherman. It's to make the person environmentally aware."

Outdoor columnist Fred David of the Syracuse Herald was one who picked up on the awareness. "You really never stop to think about stream ecology," says the 21-year veteran columnist. "He (Will) asked me what was Ecology. I actually had to stop and think."

Writers got their chance to test the Willowemoc River for PH, coliform bacteria and dissolved oxygen. There was also time for a little fishing.

"One of the reasons I wanted to come here was to find out how difficult it (flyfishing) is and perhaps how easy it is," said David, who had complained of past experiences of difficult flyfishing words that made him dismayed of the sport. "If they teach the kids the way they taught us, it's very easy."

Jay Fullham, who writes an outdoors column for the Albany Times-Union, said it's a lot easier to fish than write. "It's much easier to write after you spend time on the water because it triggers ideas for you."

In flyfishing, the knowledge is constant and there's always room for more. "If you say, okay, I'm good enough to catch an occasional fish, that's where you're going to stay. If you go in with an open mind and find that someone can show you something, maybe you'll turn over a couple of fish the next weekend," adds Fullham.

For the beginners, the most obvious problem is their casting, according to Pete McElligot, who served as a fishing guide for the weekend. "Newcomers tend to overpower everything and they don't realize casting is basically a finesse thing. The Wulff's (Lee and Joan) have a very nimble piece of rod in which the end has a piece of yarn. They use this to teach people."

"It's a continuation of a line going through the air," he adds. "All the rod does is lift it off the water and it goes forward. Casting is timing."

If casting is timing, then deciding what fly to use when fishing is more of

an art. McElligot still says a novice can be successful, especially when trout season starts in the spring.

"As the season progresses and the fish have been caught or seen enough leaders, they become more difficult to catch," says McElligot. That's when a little more skill takes over.

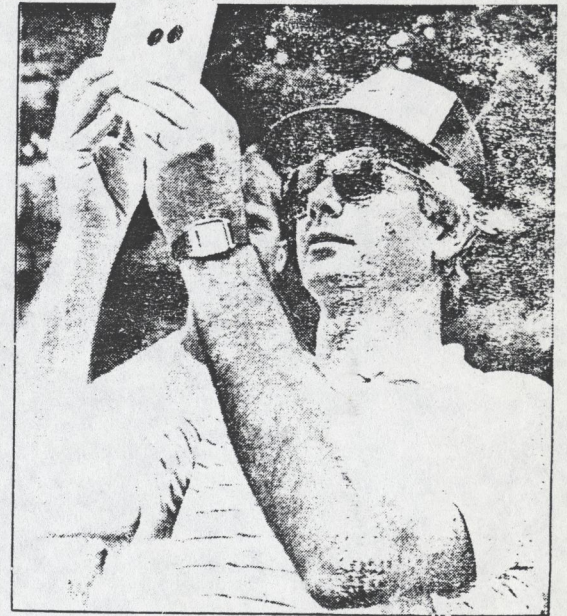
"The matching concept is when you try to get the exact fly the fish are feeding on that moment," he adds. "It's a mental challenge. One of the concepts is catching the fly itself, taking it and identifying it. Then getting an absolute duplicate and catching the fish. It's a real thrill."

Flyfishermen will all agree that fishing is fun even if you fail to catch a single fish. "It should be fun," says McElligot. "You should go out for the fun of fishing, to enjoy the catching of the fish. If you make a lot of work out of it, you're not having the fun you should have."

Fishing is of course one of the wild-life sports where you can release your game. Although a so-called "killing sport", flyfishermen, especially when fishing in the No-Kill Section, must release their catch. "It's difficult to release a deer after you shoot it," says Dr. Fried. "It isn't difficult to release an 18 inch trout after you caught it and come back and do it again."

Releasing the fish not only makes someone a better human being, but will also improve his fishing, according to wildlife artist and guide for the weekend Francis Davis. "The main thing is not killing a fish, but it's going out there and catching a fish. Outsmarting the fish on his own grounds and turning him loose is a greater feeling."

"You want fish, you can buy it in a fish market," adds Davis. "There is nothing that can replace the wonderful experience of catching a fish, especially one that is hard to get."



Looks Good

Fred David, sports columnist for the Syracuse Herald, checks the pH value of the Willowemoc. There's more to fishing than casting and catching.



Democrat Photos by Phil Kaplan

Helping Hand

Instructor for the Catskill Fly Fishing Center's "Sportswriter's Weekend", George Will, gives some flyfishing tips to Linda Hare of the Walton Reporter.

Happy Campers Learn About Stream Ecology

By Kristin Barron

LIVINGSTON MANOR — The rain poured down but the 13 campers participating in "The Stream Ecology Campout", sponsored by the Catskill Fly Fishing Center (CFFC) in Livingston Manor on Saturday knew it really

didn't matter, because everyone was already wet.

Hopping from stone to stone, teetering on balance, then leaping to the next steady spot, the campers examined the waters of the Willow-

moc for aquatic insects and animals.

"Right now concentrate on what is living," Debbie Lenkiewicz, girls' counselor and Stream Side Instructor, told the group of 11, 12 and 13-year olds, who were dressed in hip boots and raincoats.

"What do living things need to survive?" she asked them.

"Oxygen", "food", "water", the campers responded.

They excitedly splashed out into the river to collect specimens of plants and animals. They returned with Caddisfly cases, salamanders and sprigs of watercress.

"We are studying how everything interacts with each other in the environment," Debbie said. "Most people like to fish but they don't always realize how complex the environment is."

"We will be learning to fly cast but we are concentrating on showing the environmental side of fishing, too," she said.

By studying the environment in relationship with more familiar outdoor activities such as fishing it is hoped the children will become more environmentally aware."

The campers, during their two-day program at the center, were also to attend programs on acid rain, stream entomology, and water quality as well as fly casting instruction.

"Later we will be studying stream entomology," said George Will, director of education at the center. "By studying the life cycle of the May Fly we will see how important high water quality is to the survival of the food chain. The May Fly is an important food source of the trout. It is very delicate and needs high quality water to survive."

This is the first year a full "Summer Environmental Education Program" has been offered at the center. It is based on last year's successful pilot project "Stream Ecology Campout" which was offered to local children by courtesy of the CFFC.

The 1986 program has been expanded to include three different environmental experiences.

A series of three "Stream Ecology Campouts" were scheduled. The last one takes place July 19 and 20 for 14, 15 and 16-year-olds.

A five-day "Environmental Excursion" entitled "Acid rain and the future of the Catskills" to be held July 30 through August 3 will feature a trip to the Adirondacks to study the effects of acid rain.

The trip will include a visit to the Atmospheric Science Research Center on Whiteface Mountain. Sullivan County Community College has agreed to grant full academic credit for students who successfully complete the program and a final written exam.

The final program at the CFFC is for adults only. A "Stream Ecology and Environmental Awareness Weekend" will be held July 26 and 27. The program will offer an introduction to stream ecology, water quality and will also include instruction in fly-tying and casting.

During the afternoon, the children continued to wade into the river to catch Crayfish and examine plants. They also cleaned the river banks of any litter they found and participated in water-quality testing. Craig Sturdevant, camp director and boys' counselor, directed the testing.

Groups of campers tested for the acidity of the river water. They found it to be a consistent 7.0, the neutral reading on the pH scale which measures the acidity or alkalinity of a solution.

"That's great," said Mr. Sturdevant, who has been doing water testing on the Willowemoc for a year.

By the end of the stream-side program everyone was acquainted with the importance of pH testing and each camper knew the name algae to be substituted for what one camper first called "slime on a rock".

The children then splashed out of the Willowemoc to go back to the bunk houses to get warm and prepare for their stream entomology class.



Democrat Photos by Kristin Barron

Acid Test

Craig Sturdevant, camp director, demonstrates pH acid testing to the campers. The river water was found to test at 7.0, the neutral value on the pH scale.



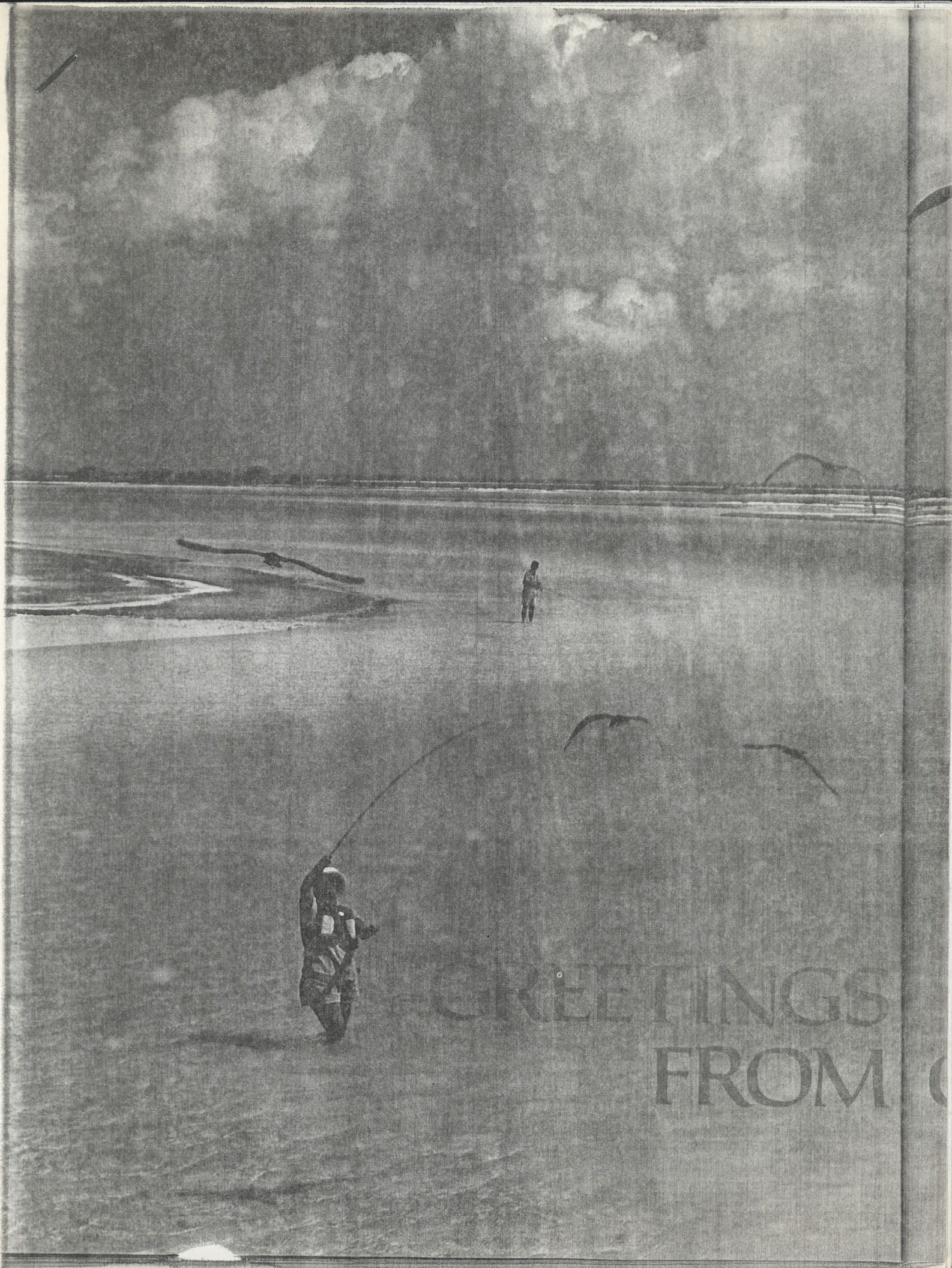
Stream Study

Lori Smith, left, Jennifer Krupp, center, and Cathy Lenkiewicz, all of Livingston Manor, look for crayfish and aquatic insects in the Willowemoc, as part of the weekend "Stream Ecology Campout" sponsored by the Catskill Fly Fishing Center in Livingston Manor.

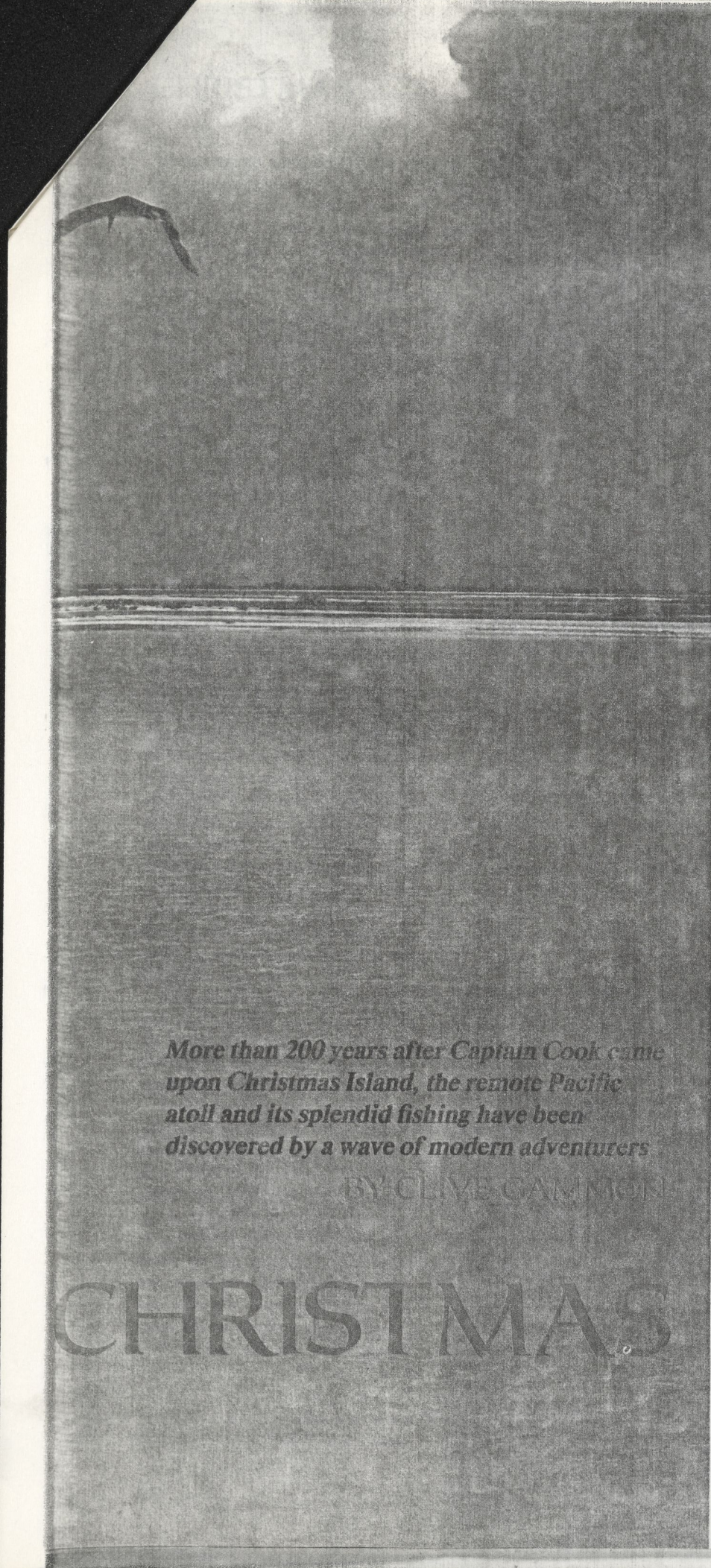


Cold Water Bearer

David Will of Livingston Manor braves the cold waters of the Willowemoc during the "Stream Ecology Campout" Saturday.



GREETINGS
FROM



More than 200 years after Captain Cook came upon Christmas Island, the remote Pacific atoll and its splendid fishing have been discovered by a wave of modern adventurers

BY CLIVE GAMMON

CHRISTMAS

On the 24th, after passing the line, land was discovered. Upon a nearer approach it was found to be one of those low islands so common in this ocean, that is, a narrow bank of land inclosing the sea within.

So runs the journal of Captain James Cook. On his third Pacific voyage, commanding the ships *Discovery* and *Resolution*, he had sailed north on Dec. 9, 1777, from Bora Bora to seek a landfall on the West Coast of North America, but had begun to see "boobies, tropic and men-of-war birds, tern and some other sorts" as early as Dec. 16th.

Not until Christmas eve, though, did he observe from the southwest how the ocean "broke in a dreadful surf" on an uncharted atoll some 110 miles in circumference. He waited until Christmas morning before sending in boats, a channel into the atoll's lagoon having been discovered by no other than 22-year-old William Bligh, later captain of His Majesty's Ship *Bounty* but then principal navigation officer aboard *Resolution*. Bligh's men were far from mutinous on this occasion, and they rowed back from the atoll with more than 200 pounds of fish, to be supplemented later by 300 green turtles.

Cook, meanwhile, had taken sightings and had placed the atoll at lat. 1 degree 59 minutes north, long. 157 degrees 15 minutes west, just above the equator in mid-Pacific. Eighteen days later he would discover Hawaii and eventually proceed to arctic Siberia and Alaska. He

continued

As curious birds wheel about her, an angler plays a bonefish on Christmas Island's expansive flats.

CHRISTMAS *continued*

would remain anchored at this isolated landfall long enough only to plant some yams and coconuts, observe an eclipse of the sun and dub the atoll Christmas Island ("We kept our Christmas here"), thus sowing the seed of two centuries of postal confusion, because an earlier British sailor, Captain William Mynors of the East India Company, had so named another tropic island, that one in the Indian Ocean, back in 1643.

Nearly 206 Christmases later, though, no more than a quarter of a mile from where Cook's anchor chains had rattled down in 20 fathoms onto clean sand, I was expecting no mail but making further discoveries by the minute, such as the fact that my tackle box full of popping plugs—enough to last through half a dozen seasons of striped-bass fishing on Cape Cod—was emptying faster than Macy's at closing time on Christmas eve.

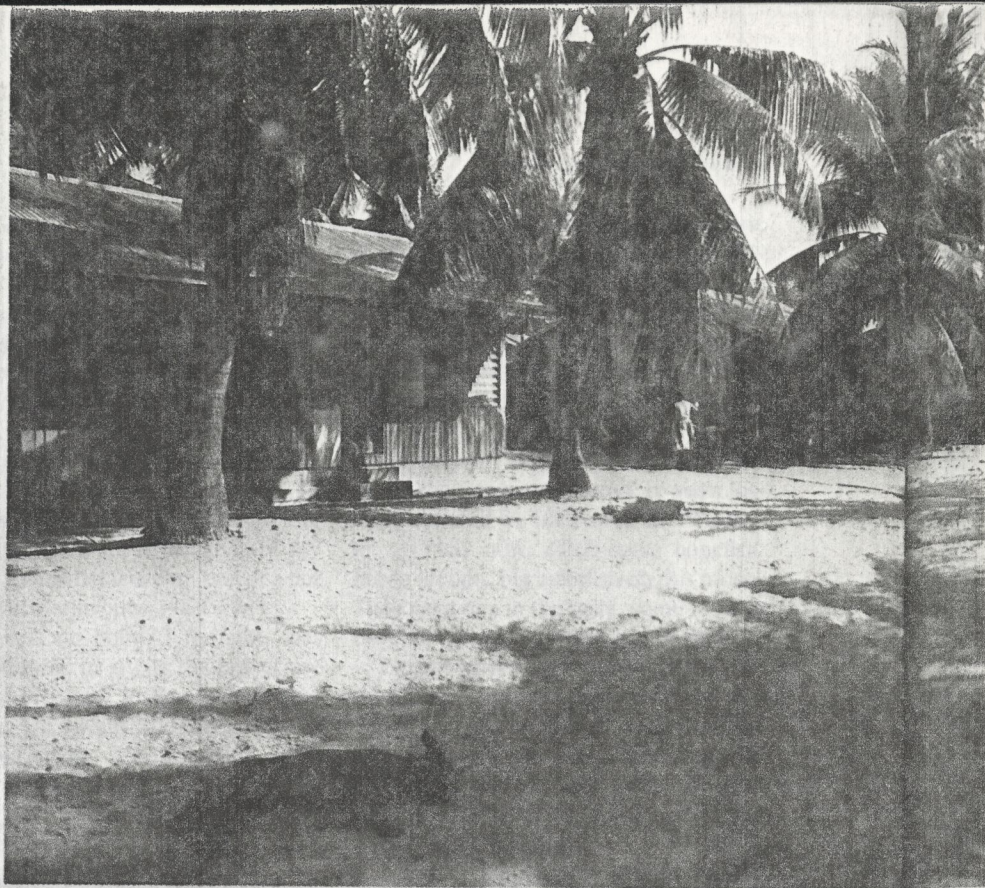
Our flat-bottomed boat, which strictly speaking should never have left the lagoon, was riding the swells close to the barrier reef of Christmas Island, and I could look through 25 feet of flashing neon-blue-and-green water down to white lanes of sand that cut through the dark coral. I put on my penultimate red-and-white popper, sent it whistling 60 yards toward the breakers and began yanking it back. The surface commotion caused by the plug suddenly broadened into a wild eruption of the sea as a huge brown shadow came up behind it, engulfed it, screeched away with it and buried it in the coral.

I hadn't expected anything else, nor that big Eddy Currie would fail to give a joyous peal of laughter. "What you want with that too-big devil for, anyhow?" he spluttered.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't entirely sure. In his log, Cook had remarked on "an abundance of fish" around the island. Alone, that vague statement wouldn't have brought me to an atoll 3,415 miles from Los Angeles. But recently the first out-riders of that special class of sport fishermen to whom abundance isn't an especially important word had been making the long pilgrimage.

What had brought these sun-vi-

The author found the bonefish to be big and plentiful—this one weighed eight pounds.



sored and khaki-clad veterans of the Caribbean and Central American coastal flats to Christmas, in the way the sighting of a distinctly rare bird draws birders to an obscure estuary, was a report that on this distant coral interruption of the ocean, bonefish could be caught on fly.

For decades now, the speedy and subtle bonefish has been the target of the saltwater fly-fisher. Hold on, though. These were *Pacific* bones. So? Aren't

there millions of bonefish in the Pacific? Don't the Hawaiians catch them all the time?

Well, yes, certainly, one of those sun-desiccated anglers might reply, but only in deep water, not on the flats, in the skinny ankle-to-knee-depth shallows where they can be artistically stalked. Hadn't the archpriest of the art, Lefty Kreh, written in his seminal *Fly Fishing in Salt Water*, "... as far as fly-fisher-

men are concerned, [bonefish] are found only in Central America, the Caribbean and the Florida Keys. In all other areas, bonefish feed in deep water, inaccessible to fly-fishermen." Kreh could hardly be blamed for that statement; no doubt it will be corrected in future editions—but oh, how joyful to be a Christmas pioneer, to catch Pacific bones on the flats and prove Kreh wrong!

And so, sparsely, since the early part of this year, a handful of fly-fishers had done just that. By the time my 727 began its approach to Casady Airfield on Christmas Island last month, a hemisphere had just been added to fly-fishing history, and I was looking forward to being part of its early chapters. I was unaware then that I would be sidetracked by Eddy and his devils.

The first morning I fished, Eddy,



London is a place of war-surplus architecture, with a pace of life unthreatening to sleeping dogs.

screaming reel, the thumb foolishly blistered once or twice trying to slow a big devil down, the hang-up in the coral, the break-off. Once in a while the trevally would decide to head for the open sea, and if it were small enough, under 35 pounds, say, I'd get it in. Most of the time, though, the life expectancy of my lures was somewhat less than that of a tail gunner over Berlin circa 1943.

There was no point, I thought, that fourth morning, in giving the last of my poppers the chance to live to see Cape Cod again. On it went, and was summarily crashed. "Big Devil," Eddy said, laughing infuriatingly.

"How big?" I asked him.

"Seventy pounds," he gurgled.

"Last plug," I said.

Eddie stopped laughing. "Last plug?" he said. Something had put him on his mettle. "Take up slack," he said. He started the motor and we inched in, following the line, suicidally close to the breakers. "I see him," Eddy said, tossing the anchor over. Then he dived over the side and I, too, could see in the clear water the line running under the coral and the big trevally hanging on the other side of the

reef, the plug across his jaws like a bone in the mouth of a bull mastiff, with Eddy's dark shadow approaching him.

There was no chance, of course, even if the weaponless Eddy had been able to grapple him with bare hands. A shake of the great head, and the fish—and my plug—was gone forever.

"Bad devil," said Eddy, back on board again, shaking his own head. It was a losing game, and we both knew it. "We better go 'way now, catch some bonefish. Moon is right, big bonefish on this moon. They get a hex in the belly, come in from the deep ocean. We should go to Paris."

I knew where Paris was—right across the channel from London, naturally, and 10 miles north of Poland. Nobody lived in Paris these days, but London had 740 people, Poland 175, and down the road from London there were 350 more in the settlement of Banana.

When Captain Cook arrived, he had noted that "should anyone be so unfortunate as to be accidentally driven upon the island . . . it is hard to say that he could be able to prolong existence." Since then, the island has received occasional, thin emigrations from the Gilberts to the south when workers have been needed for copra production, but much more ominous temporary visitations have occurred.

continued

a massively broad and tall islander, born on Christmas 25 years ago, newly a guide but old in the ways of fish and outrigger canoes, instead of heading for the bonefish flats inside the lagoon, had gone straight through the reef gap to the ocean side of tiny Cook Island, where the great navigator had first anchored.

"Try for *te rereba*," said Eddy now. I looked blank. "Hawaiian men call *ulua*," he said impatiently, "you call trevally." I placed it. Trevally was the Aussie name for one of the *Carangidae*, a member of the jack family but one that, like the related Gulf permit, ventured into very shallow water. I'd heard that they, too, could be caught on fly in the Christmas lagoon—gentlemanly sized fish of 10 pounds or so.

This didn't seem to be what Eddy had in mind. Already he'd picked out a 30-pound outfit that I had brought along in case I got a shot at wahoo or yellowfin tuna, and now he rummaged in my tackle box and came up with an immense blue-and-white surface plug that had proved itself on Nantucket stripers. "Throw long way," he said succinctly. "Bring back fast."

And so began four successive mornings of attrition. The typical scenario, in fast sequence, went thusly: The splash of a plug, the appearance of a brown shadow, the explosion in the water, the



Abandoned matériel from years of H-bomb testing is examined by local development officials.

CHRISTMAS continued

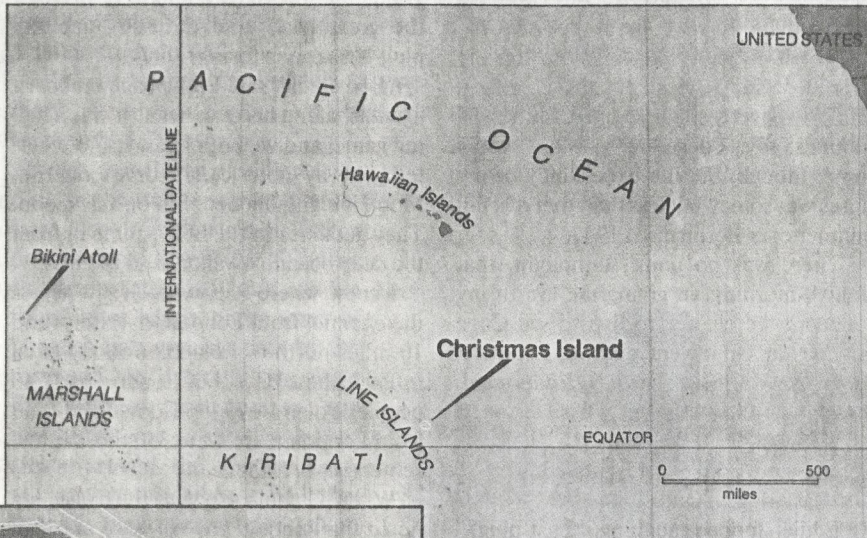
And they have left their mark. The village of Banana, for example, is served by an airport with a runway of 6,900 feet, capable of handling big jets; there is an

even bigger, and quite deserted, airfield at the uninhabited southeast end of the island. If you drive from Banana to London, moreover, suddenly, among the co-

conut palms, you will come upon a complex of deep-dish antennas and mysterious white constructions agleam with stainless steel that look as though they came off the cover of *Analog*, the science-fiction magazine.

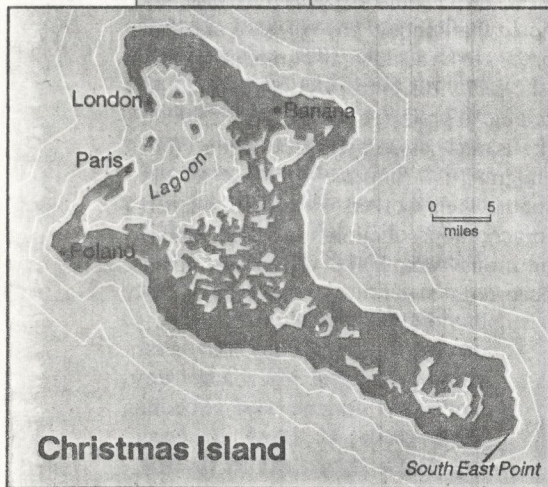
All of which is somewhat extraordinary for a coral atoll, which, if you discount its tiny sister atolls of Fanning and Washington, must be the most isolated on earth. Honolulu, on the nearest landmass of consequence, is 1,335 miles away. Christmas Island is also part of the world's newest nation. Until July 1979 it was attached to the British crown colony of the Gilbert and Ellice islands. Now a new flag of blue waves, golden sun and soaring white seabird flies over it, symbol of the nation of Kiribati—pronounced *kiri-bass*—which comprises 33 ocean specks straddling the International Date Line, 264 square miles of land scattered over two million square miles of Pacific.

And for the moment, in spite of *continued*



Once a crown colony, Christmas became a part of Kiribati when that nation was created in 1979.

MAPS BY PAUL J. PUGLIESI



Situated on a hook of land at the entrance to Christmas' lagoon and its vast bonefish flats, London is the principal settlement on the atoll.

CHRISTMAS *continued*

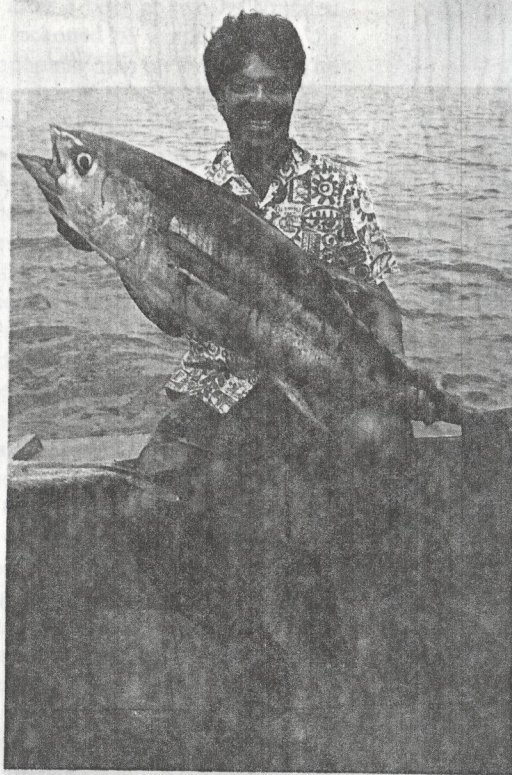
that airfield and the sci-fi buildings, it is still one of the world's remote places, with only a ham-radio link with Tarawa, Kiribati's capital, 2,015 miles away. Since 1981, though, it has had an air link with the outside world; Air Tungaru, Kiribati's national carrier, flies there once a week from Honolulu.

And, of course, it is possible to have lunch, or at least a picnic, in Paris, so named by a 19th-century Catholic missionary, something of a freebooter, who quit the Church to raise copra on the island. Now in Paris there are only a few scattered stones left of Father Rougier's settlement and, as we found after lunch, many acres of bonefish flats and bonefish by the thousand. As it turned out, these fish were as particular as any much-cast-for sophisticate that swims around the Florida Keys, but because they are in army-corps strength they offered many more opportunities. They also hit Florida fly patterns and made the line scream out in the same way. Inevitably, there were many small ones, but there were also plenty of five- and six-pound fish and, once, an eight-pounder. For the record, Lefty, there are Pacific bonefish for the fly rod.

After Paris, London turned out to be bustling. Under a drying copra stack a few locals sat around drinking beer beneath a sign that read: E TABU TE MOOI BEER IKAI AO TE TAKAKARO, which forbade loitering and the drinking of beer, the legitimate place for which turned out to be Ambo's Bar on the wharf. At Ambo's a blue-water sailor from Tarawa with flowers in his hair told us his name was Rudolph and apologized because, he said, "I am not very much pretty, I am ugly brute," but nevertheless invited us to join him inside the wire-mesh fence that surrounds the bar so that the local cops can seal it off should trouble come. Gilbertese sailors you can find in all the merchant fleets of the world, and Rudolph was a cosmopolitan. "You like Christmas?" he asked. "It is like Florida. It is flat and it snows not too much." We couldn't linger, though: Eddy's father, Eberi, was waiting for us downtown.

Outside Eberi's house, kids played a

kind of blackjack, called kemboro, for Australian pennies—for some strange bankers' reason, Aussie dollars are the currency on Christmas—and in the backyard lay all manner of detritus—old truck motors, two propellers, recognizably from a DC-4. Eberi is an upstanding man in his 50s, father of 10, who had come to the island in '58 from the Gilberts to oversee the London copra plantation and, almost immediately, had found himself in the most hideous period in the history of Christmas.



Some fish, but not yellowfin tuna, give Eddy a devil of a time.

In a while he was to say of those days, "The military officer told us all to stand in the tennis court the soldiers built and bring a cloth. Then he said, 'Three minutes, one minute,' and we put our cloths over our heads, shut our eyes and faced north as we had been told. We were all frightened. Even the name 'bomb' frightened us. We had heard of this bomb."

World War II, which had ravaged the Gilberts, passed by Christmas Island, but in June 1956 a small party of British troops came ashore at London. In a month there were 2,000 of them; a year

later, three H-bombs were exploded at 18,000 feet about 30 miles south of the island. Between then and mid-1962 there were at least 26 more shots. Each time the Christmas Islanders were gathered together and told to protect their eyes against the flash. Toward the end of that span the British were joined by U.S. forces, who also tested bombs, and it was 1969 before they all went home, though some Americans returned briefly in April 1970 for Apollo 13's splashdown.

Huge quantities of matériel—trucks, mighty generators, a complete communications system—and a couple of intercontinental-sized airfields were left on the coral, explaining why Eberi now hefted a prop blade onto his mighty shoulder and, following Christmas Island etiquette, said to his visitor gravely, "Please take this home with you. I have many."

In 1975 a U.S. team established that by then there was no measurable radioactivity on Christmas Island, but there was cause for a slight frisson when Eddy said, "I show you the graveyard on the way back."

The graveyard turned out to be nothing but a vast monument to military profligacy. Lined up in hundreds among the fleshy-leaved saltbushes, hub-deep in the tangled vines of pink-flowered Sesuvium, lay the rusting carcasses of American Dodge trucks, British Bedfords, cranes, bulldozers still painted with regimental insignia and the ironic graffiti of hot and homesick soldiers. IVOR THIRST, one of them had scrawled on the cab of his truck, but his seat was

now occupied by aggressive red and blue land crabs, and overhead, like great marine vultures, a dozen man-o'-war birds sailed.

"My father tall as me, hey?" Eddy said as we drove on. I'd noticed both men were taller than other islanders, but it was still a surprise when he said, "My great-grandfather Scotland man. In 1868 he comes, with cons."

For a moment I wondered wildly, was there a penal settlement on the island? "Cons?"

"Sure," said Eddy. "He sell cons. Sin-

continued

gle-bullet kind. Where my family come from, down in Gilberts on Maiana Island. He come for trading, he sell cons to people on my side of the island. They have very easy war because people on other side only got spears. My people make him like a chief or a king, they give him a quarter of the island, he marry my great-grandmother, stay there till he die. He was big, smart fellow."

Indeed, as I looked at him now, I could see in Eddy the genes of that rascally old Scot, as I could in Eberi's pale blue eyes. I told Eddy that back in Scotland there was a popular folk-song group with his name—the Corries. "You send me?" Eddy asked. "I got some Scotland blah-woo music already. I like this. Can you sing Scotland music?"

Not the pipes, I told him, but we headed down the road from the graveyard to my uncertain rendering of *Annie Laurie* until we were in sight of the island's only hotel, called, naturally, the Captain Cook—24 rooms, 12 with air conditioning, \$8 extra, and one bungalow, proprietor Mr. Boitabu Smith.

Built, like the houses in London and Banana, of old barracks material, the Captain Cook should really have been called the Somerset Maugham; over the bar a massive fan moved lazily above a heterogeneous collection of expatriates. There were ex-colonial British unlikely to go home again—like Peregrine Langston, now a fishing guide, a cloth badge pinned to his shirt proclaiming him the local International Game Fish Association representative—and there was the polyglot crew of the 5,000-ton container ship *Fentress*, out of Ponape in the Marshalls, which, in a memorable moment of inattention the previous week, had run ashore on the reef close to London. There were sun-hardened American fly-fishers, like Doug Merrick from San Francisco and Kathryn and Clive Rayne from Carmel, Calif. There were four other Americans, an esoteric collection of radio hams who had spent weeks on an uninhabited atoll to the southwest called Jervis, earning the envy of all other hams worldwide because they were the first to receive and transmit from there. And, explaining the space-age construction up the road, a tableful of technicians from the Japanese equivalent of NASA sat planning how they would track a satellite to be launched from their homeland in Janu-

ary, since for them Christmas Island was Tracking Station No. 3. Assisting them were three disconsolate electronic geniuses from Santa Barbara who were hoping to be off Christmas by Christmas.

Not that happy, either, was a solitary New Zealander whose baggage had been left behind on one of the six island stopovers he had made on the way from Auckland. He greeted us with an N.Z.-style "Gid-day" and proved to be Richard Anderson, a senior field officer of the New Zealand Wildlife Service, on loan from his government to help newborn Kiribati with its conservation problems.

And after a beer or two he confided that he reckoned he would soon be the most unpopular man on the island. "You love cats, right?" he said. "Nearly everybody loves cats. And it's worse here because cats are pretty special animals in some Polynesian cultures. But I'm the feller that's been sent to get rid of them, right down to the last bedraggled moggie. That's if these people want Christmas to go on being the most special bird island in the Pacific. And, God knows, it's been knocked about enough *without* the cats."

There were, he explained, more than 2,000 sneaky, lanky, hungry, feral cats on Christmas, an island where Tom has all the advantages and Jerry is, well, a sitting booby. One reason Anderson had been drafted was on account of the experience he'd had in his own island country of planning an anti-feral-cat campaign to rescue the last 30 kakapos in the world, flightless parrots that the cats would tackle even though they weighed 10 pounds and more.

"Here, though," he said, "they mostly hit the shearwaters and terns that nest on the ground. And, man, this little speck in the ocean has a huge importance. Seventeen million seabirds nest here, frigate birds—man-o'-wars—boobies and shearwaters that range for hundreds of miles out to sea to feed but can't land on the water. They have to have a home to go to—this little island.

"They took a terrible battering in the H-bomb tests, millions of them blinded by the flash and millions more young starved to death when the tests coincided with the breeding season.

"Now cats are the deadly factor. With time—and when the airline shows up with the traps I brought—I can probably handle the cats. But nobody is going to

love me because the pet cats are going to have to go as well—the Kiribati Government's passed an ordinance to that effect—but how do you tell people their pets are doomed? One other problem I have is that the government can't even spare me a vehicle."

He made me feel guilty. I had a pickup and Eddy, just to go fishing. "Want to head out to one of the bird islands tomorrow and maybe try some fishing on Saturday?" I said.

"Blerry airline got my blerry fishing



Mekara was too blunt to get a trip to Hawaii.

tackle as well," said Anderson. I told him there was tackle aplenty, waited a moment for him to square his conscience—but how could he work, anyway?—and we were set.

Next morning on a trip to Motu Tabu, one of the bird islands, Eddy was plainly uncomfortable about the expedition. "Don't mess with any birds," he told me. "Don't kill any. Don't eat 'em." It would be much later before I realized he wasn't making a case for conservation but was

continued

CHRISTMAS *continued*

taking the Gilbertese name for the island—the Forbidden Isle—seriously.

Once we were on the white sand beach of Motu Tabu, it was plain that nothing would be easier than to harm the entirely fearless creatures. “Tameness is hazardous to their health,” Anderson said laconically, something the first European sailors discovered when they found big, gannetlike birds sitting in the heliotrope trees waiting patiently for their necks to be wrung and so named them “boobies.” Now, as we picked our way through the ground vines among the nesting terns and noddies, they showed no inclination to fly off, nor did the extravagantly handsome red-tailed tropic birds feeding young as big as themselves, nor did the broiler-size booby chicks, fluffy and wacky enough to star in *Sesame Street*. Translucently white fairy terns whirled overhead, then fluttered close to examine us. Out on the bonefish flats, now stripped by the tide, a golden plover from arctic Alaska was overwintering like a fly-fisher from the U.S.

We’d met Katino Tebaki, the local conservation officer, when we landed on Motu Tabu. Anderson said, “He and two assistants have to look after all of Kiribati, not just Christmas, and they don’t even have a Jeep. All over the world conservation is tough, but on this poor and isolated island it’s murder.”

Katino, of a new generation of Gilbertese, had trained in England with the Nature Conservancy and in Hawaii with the Fish and Wildlife Service. As he cradled a tropic-bird chick on Motu Tabu he said, “Richard’s told you about the cats, but the islanders eat birds, too, and it is hard to blame them because their fish and coconut diet is so monotonous. But at least there’s no market now for the tropic-bird tails they used for ladies’ hats, because they’ve gone out of fashion.” I caught a sharp look of anguish on Eddy’s face that I would understand later, but now Katino was bending to release a blue-gray noddy from entangling vines. “A lot of them die this way,” he said, “but more by the cats.”

When we returned to the boat there were bonefish in the shallows like idlers on a street corner, and blue, flashing trevally came raiding the tiny snappers that fed under coral ledges. “Fish tomorrow,” Eddy said, “but I’ll see you at the dancing tonight.”

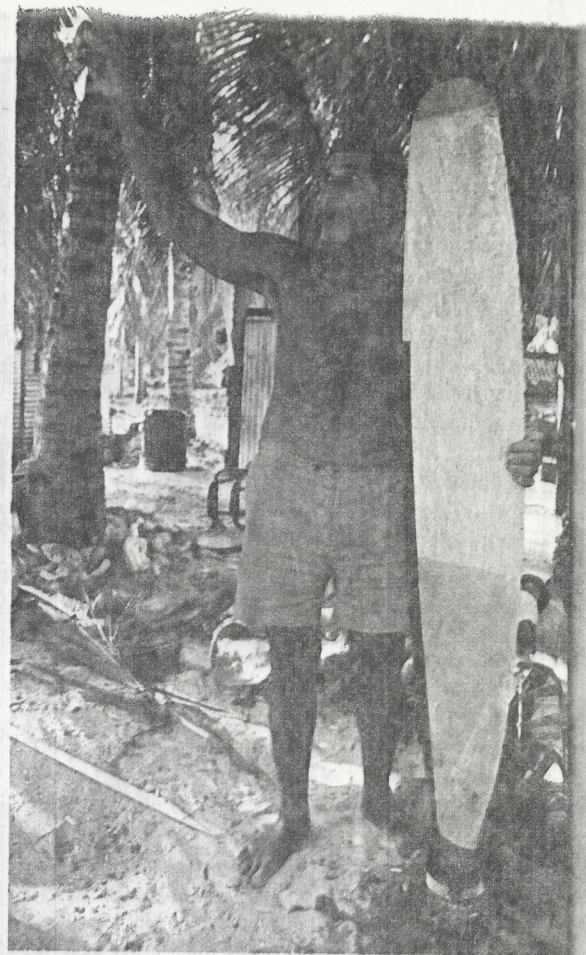
At ordinary tourist hotels, the local *folklorique* show tends to be tired and commercial. At the Captain Cook, though, the dancing was frenetic, savage, the Micronesian choruses overlaid by a shouting soloist giving the theme, as a shantyman did on the old sailing ships. Meantime, I thought I recognized the face of the girl who was wildly stamping and gyrating out front. “You met her at the farm,” Eddy said.

On Christmas, where there is no soil to speak of, I’d been to see a tiny establishment where cabbages and tomato plants were grown semi-hydroponically, in moldering coconut husks carefully contained in rusting file cabinets left by the military. “That’s Mekara,” Eddy reminded me. “Best dancer on the island”—and now I recalled the shy girl who had appeared with a wheelbarrowful of what, at 50¢ a pound, was probably the dearest cabbage on earth. I also recalled Mekara’s sad story: When the Christmas Island dancers were scheduled to perform in Honolulu, each had to fill out a visa application for the U.S. consul in Fiji. Mekara had been too honest on a previous application. Under “purpose of visit” she’d written, bluntly, “Marriage.” She didn’t make it to Honolulu.

Eddy disappeared, returning with cups of toddy, a slightly sparkling drink made of three-day-old sap from palm trees. It was as strong as Burgundy. “Tomorrow,” he said, “we’ll go for a big trevally, my way. You can get bonefish as well, in the lagoon, back at Y-site.”

Y-site—the stark name was yet another military inheritance—was deep in the inner lagoon. “Not too many peoples know about this way to fish, but some peoples know.”

Dancing is a genuine pastime for all, not just a nightclub act for tourists.



Eber, Eddy's father, offers a DC-4 propeller blade as a gift.

He chuckled mysteriously and took a little more toddy. “Tonight I’ll make special oil,” he said. “For magic.”

“Magic?” I asked.

Eddy began to explain, entirely seriously. “These trevally,” he said, “I can catch, kill, eat. They not my devils. My devils you see yesterday. Tropic bird, man-o’-war bird. Also sailfish,



manta ray, porpoise. I must not hurt my devils. If I eat them I die, very quick, two or three days."

Now I remembered Eddy's concern over the tropic birds on Motu Tabu; remembered, too, that barely a generation separated him from tribal life on the Gilberts. I remembered a little anthropology also, about the extended family system of Micronesians and their old animist religion, with its tabu creatures—different ones for each family.

The toddy was low again. I fetched more. "You want to talk to my big ghost-devil?" Eddy asked confidentially. "She is Neikana. She comes like a very old woman. I can hear her in the night sometimes, messing with the dishes in the kitchen. We go."

We left the party, heading through the star-bright dark toward London, and came to a rusting group of oil storage tanks, left, of course, by the military. "We bring her a smoke," he said as we parked the pickup, and I followed him to a recess between two tanks. He struck a match that showed a neat circle of coral, inside it three stones that made an arch. "Light a cigarette now," he said. "Take three puffs, lay it down. You can leave the whole pack. And some matches. This devil likes to smoke. Now you tell her what you like to have. Tell her you want big trevally." It was dark, warm and mysterious. I wished.

"Good for get womans, too, if you want to make more wish," he said.

"I thought you told me you went to church," I said evasively.

continued



Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop.,
Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee 37352



A Christmas toddy is made from coconut sap.

CHRISTMAS continued

"I stop when I'm 15; one day I will go again," said Eddy. "My father go back to church when he is 50, when he is old and don't like womans. Also because my mother burn up his magic book and don't make cookings for him. My devil woman is better than church because she says, have a good time, make a big party. She gives you what you want right away without waiting."

In the morning, what had passed at the storage tanks seemed a little remote. With Richard Anderson we headed to Y-site, and it was a pleasure to see him hook his first bonefish. "Nearly as good as our *kawahai* at home," he said, which was wild praise from a Kiwi. We both immersed ourselves in the limitless world of

the bonefish flats, drifting away from where Eddy had run the boat ashore, drifting back when the equatorial sun demanded we drink some cold water.

By then Eddy was busy. He had brought his own trevally outfit, a mighty surf rod left behind by a previous client. Now he was wrapping his leader in an oily palm frond, threading it into a bait-fish and leaving the hook clear. "Devil in this oil," he said matter-of-factly, tied the rig to his line and plopped it out into the deep lagoon channel.

It was time to wade the flats again, picking up bones, small trevally, too, on the fly rods. You lose your sense of distance very quickly on the flats, and when I first looked back the boat seemed tiny. Nonetheless, I could see Eddy's big rod, which he had set in a holder, bouncing wildly. I shouted, and the three of us started to run through the shallows to the boat. By the time we got there, little line remained on Eddy's spool, but his mighty muscles had the boat off in seconds and the pursuit was on.

This time the big devil had no coral to plunge into, but there was heavy work before he was shimmering like a great moon at the side of the boat. "Not too big devil," Eddy said, "'bout 50 pounds. We get them 80 pounds sometimes. Maybe Neikana don't like your cigarettes much." He went off into gales of laughter.

"What's he talking about?" Anderson said. "What cigarettes?"

"Just his old woman," I said.

Back at the Captain Cook, at 48 pounds the trevally drew admiring attention at the scales, whatever Eddy might have thought, and clearly merited a

picture. Hovering nearby was Tekira Mwemwenikeaki, who worked for the government, and I asked him to steady the fish while I took a shot.

He did not demur but seemed a little tentative about holding it. When we were through, I urged him to take the fish.

Tekira was clearly torn. Trevallies, even big ones, are delicious. In the end, though, he explained haltingly that no one in his family cared for *te rereba*. He slipped away, and other, eager hands stretched forward for the fish. Eddy, meantime, was having trouble stifling laughter. "Tekira," he spluttered, "can't eat trevally. This is devil for his family."

"But he went to the University of the South Pacific," I said.

"He still don't want to die in two, three days, though," said Eddy.

"I'll tell your wife about these tricks," I said. "She'll stop cooking for you."

"Sometimes she go away now," Eddy said seriously, "but then I put special oil on my hand, and she back in two days."

It wasn't surprising, therefore, that Eddy wasn't at church in Banana next morning to hear the Rev. Been Timon, in formal Gilbertese wear of white shirt, tie and black wraparound skirt, admonish his congregation to worship God, not Mammon. The call to service had been made by the striking of an iron bar against an old nitrous oxide cylinder left by, of course, the military.

Neither, naturally, was Eddy one of the white-robed choir that after service sang in sweet harmonic Gilbertese first *Hark the Herald Angels Sing* then *Joy to the World*, practicing for one of the special events that in little more than a month would mark Christmas on Christmas Island—a grand competition among the choirs of London, Poland and Banana that would follow the morning service and the midday Christmas feast of pig roasted in an earth pit. A basket of food would be the prize, said the Rev. Timon, and all three villages would assemble for the occasion at the *maneaba* (the open-air meeting place) in London.

They can expect Eddy, presumably, in about a quarter of a century, around Christmas 2008 A.D. Maybe not even then.

END



Growing up in London means learning the game of *kemboro*, which is very similar to blackjack.

Bud: This is what I've noticed on the Madison. The longer they are, the skinnier they seem to be! Rainbows opposite!!

These browns are too lean to be mean

It's something of a fallacy to talk about the big brown trout of the Bighorn River.

Long brown trout? Certainly. Big-headed brown trout? For sure. But big brown trout? Only very rarely. The truth is that most of the larger browns of the Bighorn look like they're suffering victims of too many fad diets or simple starvation. They're skinny — real skinny.

In fact, it got so depressing to watch the parade of long skinny fish during a recent shocking operation on the river that biologists started an impromptu contest to see who could come up with the ugliest trout.

The winner was a brown that looked like it hadn't had a meal in months, had hooking scars which severely damaged a cheek and was spotted liberally with the effects of gas bubble disease from supersaturated nitrogen in the water.

But even at that, the fish had plenty of competition in terms of unhealthy-appearing brethren.

"We handled something like 235 brown trout this spring over 20 inches. Out of those, only about 30, or 15 percent, went over three pounds," said Wade Fredenberg, fisheries biologist for the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks in Billings.

"There are a lot of brown trout over 20 inches. There are as many as anywhere in the state, density-wise. But they only weigh half what the others do."

"I worked on the Missouri in the Cascade section and by Townsend and you'd usually see a couple four or five-pound brown trout," he said. "There are a lot more brown trout in that 20 to 24-inch range on the Bighorn but you don't see the bigger browns."

"You see them here and they're just ugly." Admittedly, he said, there were some beautiful specimens taken, too.

One brown trout was 27 inches long and weighed a plump 10 pounds. Another nice brown weighed 7½ pounds. And there were a fair number of rainbows in the four to six pound class.

"There are some in good shape, but the average 20-inch brown weighs less than 2½ or right at 2½ pounds," Fredenberg said.

"A 20-inch fish should be in the neighborhood of three pounds but we got 23 and 24-inch fish that didn't reach that."

"Like Pat Marcuson (the former fisheries manager in Billings) said, all the meat is in the cheek patches."



Wade Fredenberg is wrestling with problem of too few big browns in Bighorn

The poor condition of the older browns is puzzling to Fredenberg. After all, the younger browns are in very good shape.

Up to about 17 or 18 inches, the brown trout thrive in the Bighorn, putting on weight in a hurry and looking plump and healthy.

"Up to the mid-teens, the Bighorn fish are as fat as any there are," he said. "Very seldom do we see fish less than 17 inches in poor shape, but at about 17 or 18 inches, they really drop off."

"When you look at the records that come out of there, the really big fish are rainbows but brown trout outnumber rainbows in the river by about six to one. And the big browns are hurting."

The Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks has begun work to try and discover the reason for the poor showing by bigger browns.

During two shocking runs this year, a total of

40 trout were killed each time to check them over for parasites or diseases and to check their stomachs to determine what they've been eating. Forty more will be taken in each of the studies on the river to be done this fall and winter.

"In terms of parasites, we didn't see anything like tapeworms or anything obvious," Fredenberg said. "We haven't gotten the results back yet on the viruses."

"We feel that probably the fish are stressed by some other source, either a lack of forage or the nitrogen problem or a combination of the two."

"When fish are stressed like that, they're real susceptible to parasites or diseases."

There is certainly ample evidence to make a case for either lack of forage or gas bubble disease as the cause of the older trout's problems.

Gas bubble disease, caused by nitrogen trapped in the water as it falls over Afterbay Dam and plunges into the spill basin, has been a historic worry on the river.

The disease occurs when nitrogen bubbles are trapped beneath the skin on the head, inside the gills, on the fins and, at times, under the eye causing a condition called pop-eye which can lead to blindness.

A flip-lip was installed on the dam a year ago by the federal Bureau of Reclamation to reduce the nitrogen problem but had to be removed

Mark Henckel

Outdoors Editor



because it altered the flows to the point that they were damaging the spill basin.

With the flip-lip gone, it can be expected that gas bubble disease will continue to affect the fish in the river as it has in the past with fish least affected in fall and early winter and most affected from April through July.

"In December, the percentage was real low, five percent or less, but in mid-July, probably over half the large brown trout had signs of gas bubbles," Fredenberg said.

"For some reason, brown trout and especially the bigger browns are much more susceptible to gas bubble disease than the rainbows."

There is also other evidence that the gas bubble disease seems to be worse and that the fish are in poorer shape in the popular float stretch of the river between Afterbay Dam and Bighorn Fishing Access Site.

"The biggest browns we've seen were 10 or more miles downstream," he said. "In general, the brown trout in the lower section below St. Xavier are in a little better shape and the sick fish down there may be drifting downstream from up above."

Everyone agrees that the best long-term solution to the gas bubble disease problem would be to put power-generation facilities into the Afterbay which would bring the water out of the bottom of the dam instead of over the top.

But despite support from federal and state agencies, private organizations and individuals, funding efforts have failed in Congress.

"We feel strongly that it needs to be done," Fredenberg said. "We support it, they (the Bureau of Reclamation) support it, sportsmen support it. Everybody is in favor of it, but nothing gets done."

The other probable cause for the poor condition of the older brown trout in the river is that they aren't finding enough food to support themselves.

"We found less food in the stomachs of the larger trout than we did in the small ones," he said. "We find more food in an eight-inch brown than we do in a 20-inch brown."

While the stomachs of rainbows invariably contain a mass of algae and insects showing the fish are actively digging food out of the river's abundant underwater weeds, the browns never have the algae and seem to rely on insect life drifting free from the greenery.

"If you look at anyplace else that has large brown trout, they eat a lot of sculpins and whitefish," Fredenberg said.



Wade Fredenberg photo

Scott Sanford compares plump, shorter brown with long, skinny cousin

"Those are the two things pretty much missing in the Bighorn. We see a few whitefish there, but they're mostly large. There are a lot of suckers in the Bighorn but so far we've only found about three out of 80 stomachs that had fish in them. Mostly it's just insects."

While fisheries managers are often reluctant to introduce new fish species into a body of water, there has been some talk about trying to get a sculpin population established in the Bighorn.

But even there, a problem presents itself. "I've heard sculpins are real susceptible to nitrogen supersaturation," Fredenberg said. "If that's the case, it might be hard to get them established there."

"The nitrogen thing could be solved. The forage fish thing is a little harder to deal with," he said.

With the feeling that food shortages could be part of the problem and that there may be too many older trout for available food, Fredenberg said Fish, Wildlife and Parks was looking into liberalizing the trout limit on the river.

"We're looking to increase it to a five-fish limit with only one rainbow allowed," he said. "I wouldn't say we're after an increased harvest, but right now it wouldn't hurt anything. The brown trout population is as high as it's ever been."

"Normally you find when fish are

overpopulated that they tend to stunt and get skinnier. Maybe the browns are overcrowded in just the bigger size groups because of the lack of forage fish."

"I think the forage fish thing could have something to do with it. I'm 99 percent sure the nitrogen thing has something to do with it. What the balance is, I don't know. It might be 90 percent one thing and 10 percent the other or vice versa."

The frustration for Fredenberg and other biologists in the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks is that the aim of the management plan on the Bighorn River is to make it a trophy trout fishery.

So far, it has turned out to be anything but. "We're trying to manage the Bighorn as a trophy fishery but I don't think it is in terms of brown trout. You see them here and they're just ugly," Fredenberg said.

"Last fall and this spring, if you combine all the fish we've handled, we've handled over 5,000 trout on the Bighorn River," he added, "and you can still count the ones over five pounds on one hand."

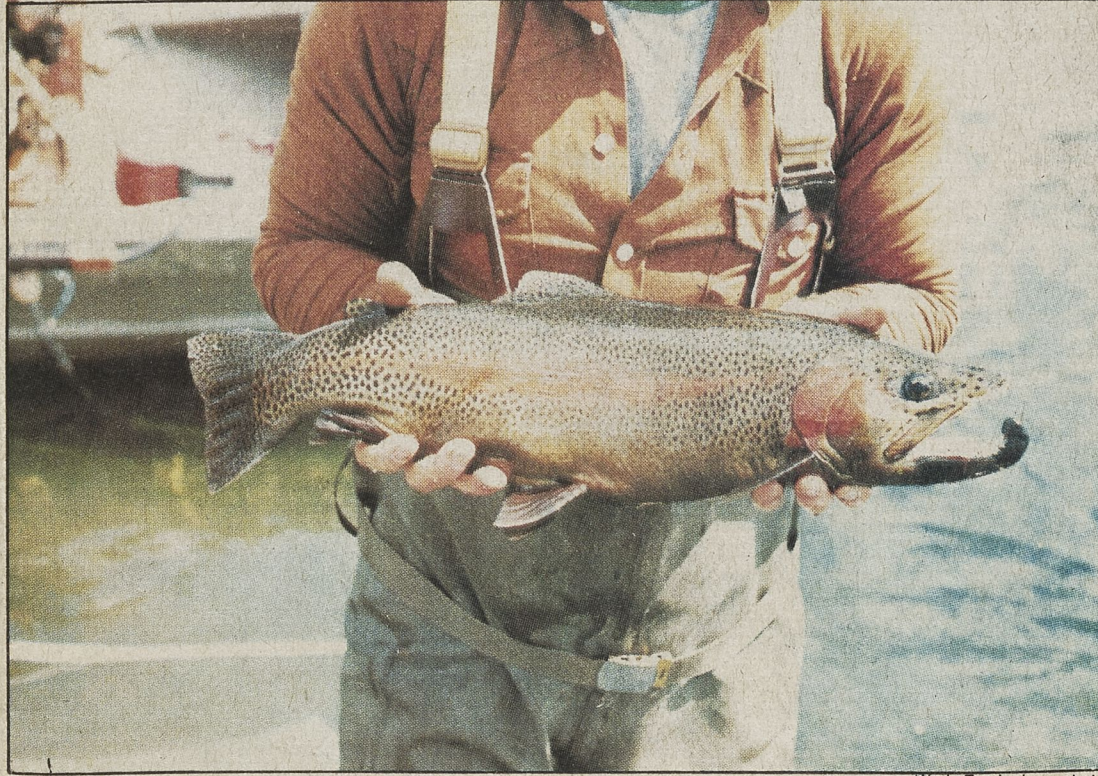
"The way the brown trout reproduce in the Bighorn and the amount of food in there, we should be able to produce some trophy brown trout."

"But right now, it's just not happening."



Jim Peterson photo

This brown trout shows some of the effects of gas bubble disease



Wade Fredenberg photo

Rainbows, like this 5½-pounder, don't seem to suffer in Bighorn

Wruck also is concerned
possibilities and is warning the public to or weeks is the

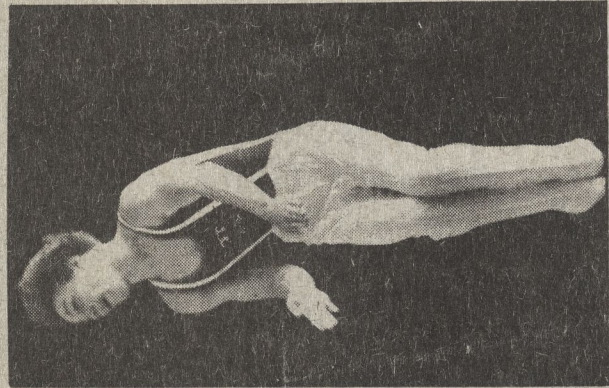
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Friday



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Weather



SUNNY—Mostly sunny today. Partly cloudy by this afternoon with chances of rain this evening. See page 2.



Bud and Pat Lilly have sold their West Yellowstone trout shop, but plan to remain active in the fishing world.

Photo by Eric Wiltse

Lillys end 3 decades in fishing business

By ERIC WILTSE
Chronicle Staff Writer

Will there be a Bud Lilly Trout Shop without Bud Lilly?

Lilly, who recently sold his West Yellowstone flyfishing store, said the operation won't change very much, and he and his wife, Pat, intend to delay their retirement for the summer to help the new owners with the transition.

The sale ends their 30-year tenure in West Yellowstone.

"It will be a real adjustment because we put so much into it, it's tough to withdraw," said Lilly about the sale. "The big thing is that for many years it was a family business."

"I have mixed feelings. I have regrets," Pat agreed. "It's hard to give up something that's been part of your life for 30 years."

The Lillys sold their store to Fred and Clair Terwilliger and Jim and Debbie Bonnett. Terwilliger worked in Dan Bailey's shop in Livingston for 15 years, and the Bonnetts owned a shop in Boise, Idaho.

"They will be running the shop pretty much as we've done," Lilly said, noting the guiding, mail order, flyfishing school and art gallery businesses.

He plans to be in the shop this

summer to introduce customers to the new owners, occasionally guide and offer advice. Pat will help with outdoor clothing sales and the gallery.

"I don't know how we'll stay involved in the future," Lilly said. "For sure we'll continue to be involved with the fishing world."

His involvement with fishing includes serving as the charter president of Montana Trout Unlimited, senior advisor for the International Federation of Flyfishers, and honorary chairman of the federation meeting in West Yellowstone in August.

He also serves as a trustee of the Museum of Flyfishing to be built in West Yellowstone. "The museum and international headquarters (of the federation) will give West Yellowstone an identity as a legitimate trout-fishing area," Lilly predicted. "It's surprising that a lot of people know about the area, but still don't know about West Yellowstone."

As a sportsman and conservationist, he has witnessed many changes in Montana's waters.

"Fishing in most streams is better than when we started 30 years ago," he said, attributing the change to better management and special regulations.

Conservation groups played a part in improving fishing and imposing special regulations. "We battled the concept of harvest — that people had the right to keep 10 or 20 fish. Our argument is that people are more concerned with how many fish they catch, not how many they can keep," he said.

"It's proven that catch and release is a very effective way to maintain trout populations. Trout have a better chance living in the river than out of the river."

The Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks has good management programs that have influenced other states, Lilly said, "But I think they're reluctant to expand special regulations as quickly as we need them."

The Lillys bought their first shop in 1952 from well-known flytier Don Martinez in a small building near the present Eagle's. They moved to the current location on Madison Avenue in 1967. Two years later, Bud quit his job as a science teacher in Bozeman and turned to the fishing business full time.

All three of their children, Greg, Annette and Mike, worked in the shop at some time, and all are "very competent guides," according to their father.

Offering the first flyfishing schools in the West and the first ladies-only guide trips are counted among the accomplishments the Lillys are most proud of. Their daughter, Annette Schaplow, was the first woman to have a Montana guide license, Lilly said.

Pat enjoyed starting the gallery in the shop, which displays wildlife, fish and landscape paintings, photographs and bronze sculptures. The gallery gave local artists exposure as well as income, she said. "It's been fun to watch them grow" in reputation, Pat added.

After retiring, the Lillys plan to spend summers in West fishing "some of the streams we've had to ignore" in Wyoming, Idaho and Montana, Lilly said. They will spend winters in Hawaii, traveling the Southwest and fishing for steelhead in the Northwest.

They also will continue giving slide presentations across the nation, a practice since 1969. They are now showing a film "A Family That Fishes," which is about the Lilly family. One of the things they will miss most are the people who visited their store. "Our customers were friends and high quality people," Lilly said. "We met some of the best people in the world."

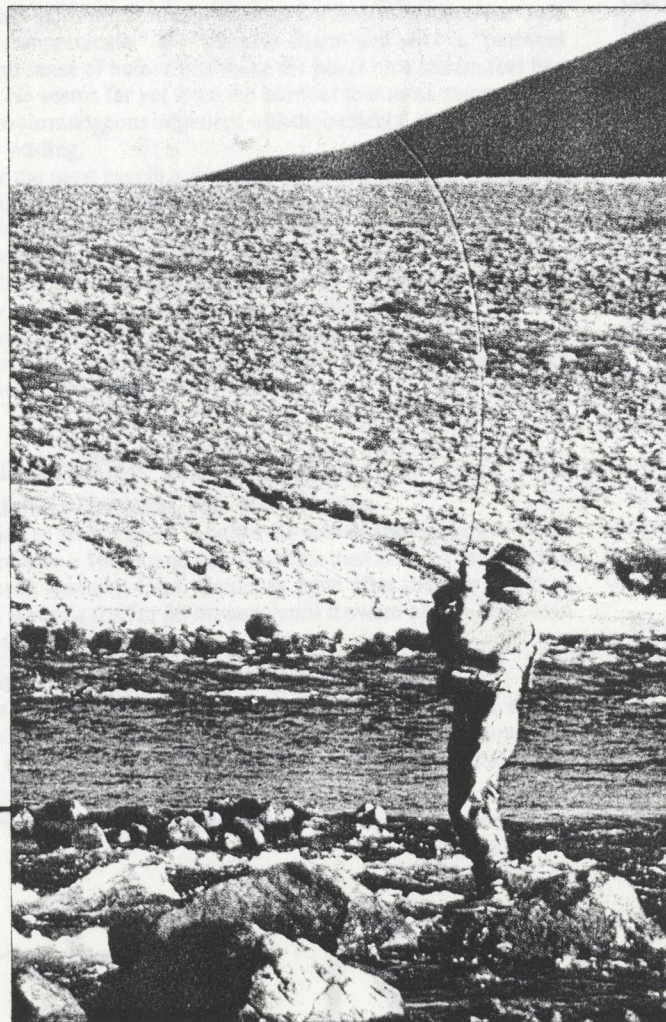
GUIDE OF THE

BOB WHITE first guided my wife and me five years ago, at Golden Horn Lodge, in Alaska. During our week together, it became apparent that he was not only very competent but also a dedicated conservationist and a pleasant companion. My wife and I have just returned from the South Pacific, where we fly-fished with several of the best-known guides in New Zealand, both North and South islands. They were all very professional, most of them were quite personable, and truthfully a couple weren't real patient with our very average fly-casting abilities. Professional and excellent as they were, these highly touted guides did not show us any skills that we hadn't seen with Bob White over the past five years.

We've fished with him several days every year but one. It was he who got us interested in fly-fishing, and guided us on our first major trip to Argentina the following year. It was a challenging experience, and had we not had someone of Bob's skill and understanding with us, we would have found it more frustrating than enjoyable.

I've fished many places in the world over the past 35 years, with many guides, and never found the quality of the guides to be so important as in fly-fishing. Now that we've fished with a dozen of the better-known professionals, my wife and I will tell anyone that we put Bob at the top of the list. We will fish with him again in Alaska in August.

Jay and Carol Henges
Earth City, Missouri



READERS of *Rod & Reel* who do not frequent the streams of Alaska and Patagonia may be forgiven for thinking of Bob White primarily as a gifted sporting painter and illustrator; his work has appeared in the magazine several times. Those readers who do regularly fish such rarified waters—and there seem to be a lot of you—appear to have in common more than simply disposable income and a love for fly-fishing: In addition to the angling experience necessary to judge guides, a remarkable number of you hold professional guide (and painter) Bob White in high esteem. So many nominations, so many glowing letters of praise, for Bob as Guide of the Year arrived at our office that we had to wonder if someone had instituted a chain letter. One envelope after another contained sentiments like these from Andy Castiglione, of San Diego:

"I have hired guides in Alaska, Canada, the U.S. mainland, Argentina, Mexico and New Zealand. Some of these guides were exceptional at finding fish, being hospitable, good story-telling, floating a river, cooking a streamside lunch, suggesting the correct fly, or having on hand flies native to the area.

"Bob excelled at all of these.

"Bob taught me more about trout and trout fishing in seven days than all the other guides, videos, books and equipment manufacturers combined. He improved my casting technique and gave me an education on the life cycle of the trout and its food chain.

"The most important thing Bob taught me was to accept the trout as a beautiful gift from God. I now cheerfully—instead of reluctantly—release Bob White's friends, the trout."

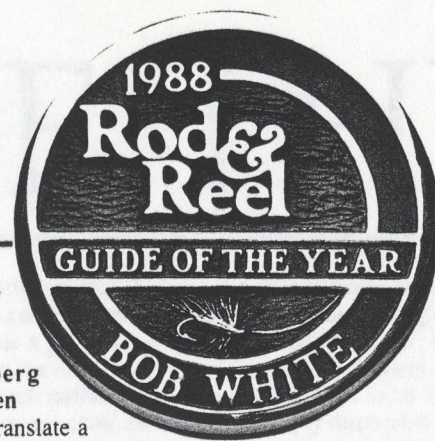
BOB WHITE began guiding fly fishermen professionally at Alaska's Golden Horn Lodge in 1984, leading fly-outs and floats on the fabulous trout and salmon streams of the Bristol Bay watershed. He made a strong impression not only on the guests but also on manager Bud Hodson. When Hodson bought Bob Curtis's Tikchik Narrows Lodge, at the head of the Wood River chain, a couple of years later, Bob went to work with him there, to the delight of those guests. In southwest Alaska, Bob is known even among his guiding peers for his skill with Lower-48 fly patterns in waters that most had resigned themselves to "nymphing" with GloBugs. It was then that he also hooked up with David Denies and Jorge Trucco, of Patagonia Outfitters, and began working the legendary rivers of Argentina.

Trucco himself endorsed his employee as our honored Guide, writing: "In three years of working for us Bob White has been our top-line guide. He is excellent in dealing with people and adapts easily to each client. In difficult situations he is quick to make decisions. He is fully professional, as he masters all aspects of fly-fishing and has studied fish habits and entomology extensively. As well, he is a fantastic fly-fishing and casting instructor who has converted novices into proficient fishermen in a short time. He has initiative and he is an untiring worker." Lodge bosses and outfitters like also his strong commitment to protecting the resource—one called Bob, admirably, a "catch-and-release freak."

As many traveling anglers have pointed out, Earth's climate system could have been invented for trout fishermen. Bob White might think

*Patience, personal warmth
and tremendous professionalism*

YEAR



it was invented for him. The seasons of the two hemispheres miraculously mirror each other; as winter closes down the North, the South beckons with its summer. Bob has built a working life that takes advantage of both—and leaves a few weeks for gunning waterfowl and upland birds, and for painting.

Throughout his dual summers, he sketches actively. Then, during the in-between weeks, he retires to his studio in Minneapolis to convert those impressions of the season just past into strong watercolors. Often they are commissioned by his fishing guests—there is a group of avid Bob White collectors in the Washington, D.C. area. Bob has also created several limited editions of black and white lithographs of fly patterns of Argentina and Alaska.

Bob was born in 1958 and grew up in the Midwest. He has a Bachelor's degree in Delinquency Study and Youth Development from Southern Illinois University, and then earned credits towards a Master's in Outdoor Education. As a student he combined his schooling and his avocation by taking disadvantaged children on canoeing and mountaineering treks, interspersed with stints behind the counters of sporting-goods stores and afield in Alaska, the Rocky Mountains, the Appalachians and the wilderness waters of the upper Midwest and Canada.

The strong sense of humanity that made him a good counselor seems to contribute as much to his guiding success as his fishing, teaching and conservation skills do; almost every vote for Bob mentioned his "rare ability to communicate," his "genuine charm and wit," a "personal warmth and sense of humor that make the hours on a stream feel like minutes." He seems far yet from the burnout that turns some professionals into curmudgeons impatient with their clients' shortcomings in casting or wading.

Perhaps the most succinct summary of Bob's appeal to fishermen was this rundown from David Jackman, Jr., of Leon, Kansas:

"Bob was our guide for a week in Patagonia, and I'd like to recite a few of the guy's attributes for your award: 1) knowledge of flora, fauna, culture and fishing; 2) the ability to impart that knowledge pleasantly; 3) patience and a ready smile; and 4) the ability and willingness to start early, work hard and stay late; and 5) all the little things that make for a relaxed and successful fly-fishing experience."

Congratulations, John Robert White.

Honorable Mentions

Capt. Jeffery Cardenas, Key West, Florida

For going to great lengths to help a 60-year-old novice angler hook, land and release a 160-pound tarpon, which then sank, exhausted, in a 20-foot-deep channel. Capt. Cardenas dove after the fish and then walked it across a flat for 30 minutes until it swam away—by David Kesar, Key West, Florida.

Al Gadoury, 6X Outfitters, Bozeman, Montana

For his remarkable skill in teaching clients the secrets of spring-creek nymph fishing; for his quiet friendliness and his wry humor; for personal service above & beyond the call; and for "the best shore

lunches ever"—by Lenny Cape, Hawaii

Roland Holmberg Stockholm, Sweden

For his ability to translate a lifetime's knowledge of fly-fishing into bountiful catches for his clients, and the way he de-mystifies for his clients one of the most mysterious of all game fish, the Atlantic salmon—by Chris Child, Wexford, Pennsylvania.

Bob Krumm, the Big Horn Angler, Ft. Smith, Montana

For his discerning approach to the balance of life found in nature, his knowledge of fish and game, and his skills as a biologist, outdoor writer and photographer, and as a fly-fishing teacher—by Drake Morin, Greenville, Michigan.

Bob Lamm, Henry's Fork Anglers, Last Chance, Idaho

For his remarkable abilities with people and for being the most professional and proficient fly-fishing guide in the entire West Yellowstone area, whose guides are, as a group, the best in the business—by Mel Kreiger, San Francisco, California

Gael Larr, Fort Smith, Montana

For his contagious enthusiasm, his competence and organizational skills, and for motivating and providing sage instruction to both expert fly fishermen and an "ignorant klutz" simultaneously—by Cecil G. Lyon, New York City

Bud Lilly, Livingston, Montana

For his tremendous empathy and compassion, his gentle guidance and patience, his incredible knowledge of Montana's environment and its history, and his all-out willingness to show guests the time of their fly-fishing lives—by Doug Shapiro, Weston, Massachusetts.

Hugh McDowell, Ngongotaha, New Zealand

For his personable fly-fishing instruction and advice, leavened with cheerful Irish humor and a keen appreciation for single malts; his lifetime commitment to stream conservation; and his streamside lunches—by A.J. Huddleston, Lahaina, Hawaii

Chuck Rizuto, Rizuto's Hackle Shop, Farmington, New Mexico

Nominated for his hospitality, his angling skills, and the patience and generosity with which he introduces new fisherman to our sport—by Roy Richardson, President, Fly Fishers Club of Orange County, California.

Ray Schmidt, Schmidt Outfitters, Wellston, Michigan

For his skill with a riverboat and a fly rod; for excellence in teaching fly-casting and fishing; for instilling in his trout, salmon and steelhead anglers a new awareness of, and commitment to, the stream environment; and for his conservation leadership—by Jim Haeck, Flushing, Michigan, and David Taylor, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan. □

John Robert White