

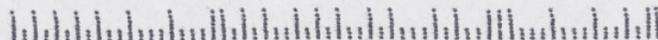


Keith A. Lydick
3813 Obriant Pl
Greensboro NC 27410-8631



BUD LILLY
2007 SOURDOUGH RD.
BOZEMAN, MT. 59715

59715+5874



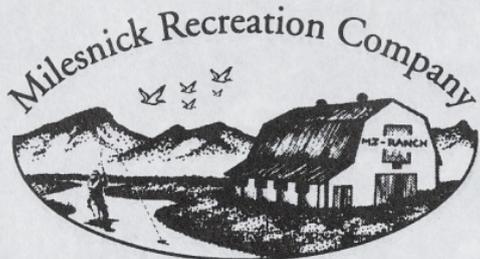
Keith Lydick
3813 O'Briant Pl.
Greensboro, NC 27410

Bud-

I was delighted at the prospect of your appearance at the Vanderbilt Mansion near Asheville. That's only a 2½-3 hr drive for us on I-40. When you have firm plans send me the details and I'll do my best to see you there. Don't want to pass up too many opportunities like that at my age!

Best wishes

Keith

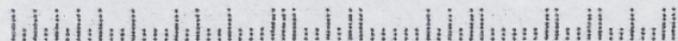


Tom and Mary Kay Mylesnick
5805 Dry Creek Road
Belgrade, MT 59714



*Bud Lilly
Bud Lilly's Anglers Retreat
13013 Frontage Road
Manhattan, MT 59741*

59741^8026



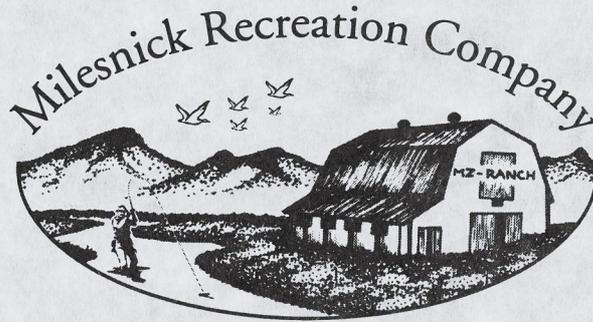
"A Whole New Brand of Fishing"

Quality Spring Creek Fishing. Catch & Release only



5805 Dry Creek Road
Belgrade, MT 59714

Website
www.milesnickrecreation.com



Phone: 406-388-7001

Fax: 406-388-4180

E-mail
fishing@milesnickrecreation.com

Tom & Mary Kay Milesnick

Saturday, May 11, 2002

*Bud Lilly
Bud Lilly's Anglers Retreat
13013 Frontage Road
Manhattan, MT 59741*

Dear Bud:

Milesnick Recreation (Tom & Mary Kay) invite you and your family to join us for our 4th Annual BBQ on Thursday, May 30, 2002. We are not scheduling any fishing clients on this day and will welcome any of you to be our guests and come fish the spring creeks after 12 noon. We will plan to cook burgers and serve dinner at 6:00PM at the Benhart Creek Shelter.

If you have associates that would like to join us, please extend an invitation to them and their families.

Be sure to join us for dinner, even if you can't find the time to fish during the day.

Please give us a call @388-7001 by Wednesday, May 29, 2002 and let us know how many will be joining us.

Sincerely,

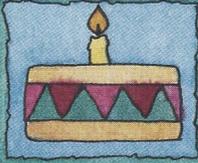
Tom & Mary Kay
Tom & Mary Kay Milesnick

P.S. Anyone that plans to fish during the day, please check in at Milesnick Recreation Office--5805 Dry Creek Road--before you head to the spring creeks.

We will meet those coming for dinner around 6:00PM at the Benhart Creek Shelter

"A Whole New Brand of Fishing"

Quality Spring Creek Fishing • Catch & Release Only



Dear Bud,

Thank you for helping make Les Corby, and Wesley's 1st fly fishing experience a success. They were really into it by the time I got there.

Enclosed is a Texas "thank you" mess of fish made out of sassafras wood! The boys said they felt like Christmas in July had come for sure.

Sincerely,
Jackie Marshall



P.S. Corby wanted to know
how to see if he could get
a fly from some friend
of yours. Any suggestions?
(George?)

Thanks — Jm

M Jean McReynolds
526 N 10th Ave
Bozeman, MT 59715-3212

PM
SEP 17
2007



Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Rd
Bozeman, MT 59715

September 7, 2001

Memories of "Baker Creek"!

I was born and raised in Manhattan, Montana. December 23, 1919 is my birthday, which makes me 81 years old now..

I now live in Pasco, WA, and am fortunate enough to have a niece, who lives in Bozeman, send me a copy of an article on Bud Lilly, and his work to revive and preserve that best of all fishing streams.

I caught my first trout on a fly in the smaller stream just West of Baker Creek called Camp Creek. I was about 7 years old. It is not to be compared with Baker Creek, but in those days and for many years after, both streams were good producers of trout.

When I was only about eight years of age, my dad used to take me to camp on the Iva Lemons ranch. Baker Creek ran through his place. I didn't know it then, but arrangements had been made with Iva and his two sons Ray and Harold, to oversee my welfare. Dad would help me pitch my tent, unload and arrange my supplies, and would leave me alone there with my dog Pal. Pal was about 100 pounds of English Pit Bull Terrier.

We always camped at a hole in Baker Creek that contained a 2" x 12" plank used as a diving board. Pal and I would roam the stream. I would go swimming in the hole, and I would spend hours lying on the diving board watching the suckers and trout swimming around.

After dark, I would sit on the diving board, and drop a hooked angle worm in the water. Almost always I would catch some nice BIG trout. Even in those days, I released all trout that I wasn't going to eat, but I would keep a couple. When grown-up fishermen would pass through my camp during the day, they would usually ask how the fishing was. I would tell them it was fair, and then display a couple of trout weighing from 4 to 6 pounds each. Their eyeballs would bug out, and they just couldn't believe what they were seeing.

At night I can remember my bulldog growling deep in his throat. I suppose it was because some animal came close, but nothing ever bothered me. A couple of times I took a friend with me, but they would not stay. One was homesick, and cried all night, and the other just said he had to go home. They both walked the four miles to Manhattan.

BAKER CREEK - What wonderful memories it brings to mind. Later, during the 1920's, with my 98 cent telescoping combination bait casting and fly rod, I caught many great fish in that beautiful stream. You wouldn't call me a fly fisherman at that time. I used a level line that did not float, and all the flies were wet type. Baker Creek seldom became muddy, and was mostly crystal clear. You could see the fish rise to the fly as you watched the take, and learned not to strike too quickly. I must confess that I also fished with bait and with lures until I got older.

Baker creek had many moods. Because it drained into the West Gallatin River, it would be full of rainbows in the spring, and full of browns in the fall. There was a native population that was there the year around, but they weren't as large as the spring rainbows or the fall browns.

When Bud Lilly was a little tyke, his family lived next door to mine. I called him Buddy, because he was younger than I. I didn't know his father too well, although he cut my hair for many years. Bud's mother was one of the most wonderful women in the whole world. She always had a good word for everyone, and had the most infectious laugh you ever heard. I can remember going to the barber shop when Violet and Buddy lived in the back. Violet would come out to greet me, and if I squirmed in the chair she would say: "Harold you had best sit still or Bud will cut your tallywhacker off." I was pretty young, and probably didn't know what a "tallywhacker" was, but I do know it scared me into sitting still.

My mother always made me wash behind my ears before getting my hair cut, because she was afraid that Violet would inspect me, and know if I was dirty.

Buddy was a lucky kid to have such a wonderful mother and father. I can remember seeing some of the fish his dad brought home. He was a superb fly fisherman, and was quite a purist for the times.

Many years later (1950 to 1954) I was assigned to Navy Recruiting Duty in Butte, Montana. During the over three years I was there, I spent many weekends fishing Baker Creek. I remember one time I took my father-in-law Emmett White, and another gentlemen in his eighties (Uncle Warren) to Baker Creek on opening day. They were both dedicated and outstanding bait fishermen. Well, here is what happened. They went to their favorite hole downstream from the highway, and I went about half a mile above them.

The fishing was so fast that I had my limit in about 30 minutes. I was using a new spinning outfit. Spinning reels were a new innovation, and mine was a reel with a direct drive (no drag) that hung below the rod with the line coming out the side. I was using a hammered brass spoon, and you could not throw it in the water without getting a fish on. After getting my limit, I walked downstream to see how they were doing, and when I reached them at the hole where they had started, they told me there were no fish in the creek, and they had not had a bite. Then they said they were going to try another hole downstream. I asked if they were completely finished fishing where they were, and they said they sure were.

I told them to wait a minute, and I would show them that there were lots of fish in the stream. I made one cast and caught a fish. I made another and caught another. They just could not believe it, but so help me it is the truth. I gave my fishing rod to Uncle Warren, and he had the same kind of luck. I do not remember ever seeing a time before or since when trout would not even look at bait, but would take a lure.

I remember another time when we had been to Bozeman to visit my wife's parents, and we were on our way back to Butte. When we got to Baker Creek, I pleaded with my family to let

me fish just a little bit at a place under the bridge. I got out a spinning rod, and a spoon. I smashed down the barb as we didn't want to eat any fish, and proceeded to cast. I got a large rainbow on almost every cast. Man were they ever wild, jumping all over the place. When I wanted to release them, all I had to do was give a little slack line, and they were gone.

All of a sudden I heard a noise above me, and upon looking up saw an older man standing on the bridge. He looked at me with a very disgusted look and said: "I never saw anyone who could hook so many large fish, and never be able to catch one." With that he walked off, and I never did know who he was.

Since those years, along about 1970 or so, I have become a confirmed fly fisherman. I tie my own flies, although I am not an expert at it, and fish for trout, spiny rays, large and small mouth bass with flies. I even go after salmon with flies, and have caught my share in this manner. I am not a purist however, and have no problem with others fishing in whatever manner they choose. It is just more fun to me to use flies, and many times it is more productive.

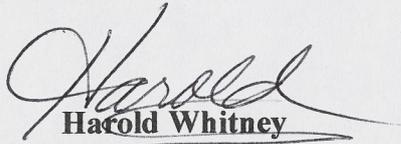
My last memory of Baker Creek was just a few years, maybe 15 or so back. Leo Jarbo then owned the old Lemon's ranch. I asked Leo if I could fish Baker Creek, and he looked kind of funny, and said that no one ever fished it any more, but I could try if I wanted.

Well, I went to the Creek, and what a sight. There were no holes, the stream had silted in and was nothing but a mud hole most of its distance. I know it was a low water time, but my wonderful stream was no longer there. It had died!!!!

Now, I understand it has been brought back to life. I hope to see it again as it used to be; before I pass on to the great beyond. I won't care if I fish it or not. It will be enough to just look at it and remember all the wonderful times I spent there.

Great work Buddy. I hope you don't mind my calling you that. To me you will always be that little kid next door. Good fishing!

Kudos to you two gentlemen - Dudley Lutton and ? Dubeau for your efforts to restore Baker Creek to its former greatness. It's too bad that the creek will not be available to all the people, but that is the way things are going. Too large a population and too many fishermen preclude the general public from fishing streams like this one. It would only revert to what it had become before you fellows took over. I hope that the West Gallatin can receive some of the same aid that Baker Creek has.


Harold Whitney
3016 W. Ella St.
Pasco, WA
Tel: 509-547-0121

LEON L. MARTUCH
6081 Lexington Park
Orlando, FL 32819-4433



Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, MT 59715

59715-3874 13



LEON L. MARTUCH
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Phone (407) 876-2511

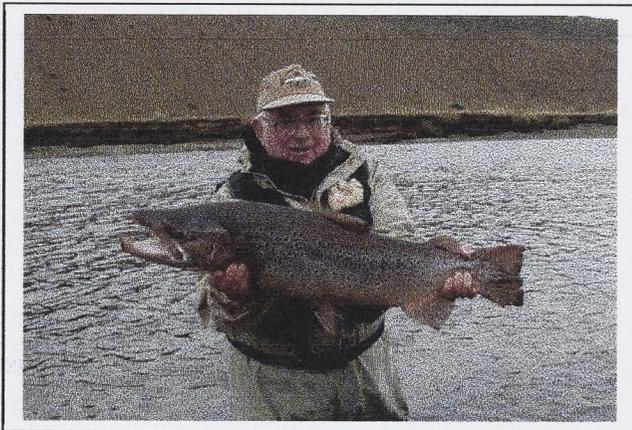
March 9, 2000

Hi Bud:

Your new book came as I was packing for a trip to Argentina. As you can see, it was a good trip.

This is a 22-1/2 pound brown. He was weighed in the net and released.

The highlight however was a 16 pound brown who chased a tiny green deer hair bug down stream and smashed it on the surface.



Now that I am back home, and unpacked I can start the book. I know I will enjoy it and have already emailed Paul to thank him.

Thanks Bud. It was real thoughtful of you and I really appreciate it.

While in Argentina I told the other anglers about the Angler's Retreat. You may hear from Fred Middleton. He asked me to send him info. I gave him your home address.

Do you have email.

Shirley and I are heading to the Keys in a couple weeks for a little fishing with some old friends.

We both hope you and Ester are well and enjoying life.

Best,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Leon". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.



Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks
1420 East 6th Avenue
PO Box 200701
Helena MT 59620-0701



“Sun River Challenge”

by Larry Zabel

The herd bull responds to a challenger's bugle in Montana's Sun River Country. At stake is nothing less than the future of their kind. One hundred years ago, a lone bull's bugle might have gone unanswered--Montana's wildlife population was at an all-time low. “Sun River Challenge,” a commemorative painting by renowned western artist Larry Zabel, celebrates Montana's century of commitment to restoring our spectacular natural and cultural resources.





*Montana Fish,
Wildlife & Parks*

June 26, 2001

Dear Bud,

Enclosed you will find a video copy of our news report on the library. In addition, I am sending along the paper we provide to the news stations suggesting what they say as an intro and outro.

As you will see, the prepared messages are pretty important to this story. They tell me the report should be on Thursday or Friday.

Thanks for the help and I hope to be talking with you soon.

Best regards,

MONTANA FISH, WILDLIFE & PARKS

“TROUT UNIVERSITY”

VOICE TRACK SCRIPT

JUNE 21, 2001

Narrator: Who ever said that a picture is worth a thousand words was probably a photographer, probably not a fisherman. Because photography is about capturing a moment in time and fishing, well, fishing is about spending time. One Montanan who truly understands the value of spending time writing and reading about fishing is author and legendary angler, Bud Lilly.

Bud Lilly: As I was learning to fly fish, my introduction to fishing literature was through the outdoor magazines. But as I got into the trout-fishing business, I found out that to become the complete angler you had to become introduced to the literature as well to really understand what an impact fishing, in all it's forms, has had on our society.

Narrator: It was this type of academic thinking that led to the brainchild of MSU's dean of libraries, Bruce Morton.

Bruce Morton: The vision for this collection is one that is both broad and deep, and unlike may collections that are focused on angling, if it relates to trout and the resident impact of trout in our culture, then we want it in our collection.

Bud Lilly: The opportunity to learn so much through this collection is phenomenal.

Narrator: So a picture can be worth a thousand words, unless it is of someone fishing. Then there is a good chance it is going to be worth about ten thousand words. This is Mike Gurnett, during our agency's centennial year, out among Montana's Fish, Wildlife & Parks.

OUTDOOR REPORT

YOUR 1ST CLASS TICKET TO MONTANA'S WILD OUTDOORS

"TROUT UNIVERSITY"

6/21/01...MIKE GURNETT...1:30...O.C. "...and Parks"

INTRO.

SOUTHWESTERN MONTANA IS FAMOUS AS THE TROUT FISHING CAPITAL OF THE WORLD. IN THIS WEEK'S OUTDOOR REPORT, MIKE GURNETT TAKES US TO THE CAMPUS OF MONTANA STATE UNIVERSITY, WHERE A NEW LIBRARY COLLECTION HAS MANY CALLING THE BOZEMAN CAMPUS "TROUT UNIVERSITY."

CGS (00:00.01 FIRST FRAME OF STORY PICTURE)

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------------|
| 1. | MIKE GURNETT
MT FWP | In AT 00:12 |
| 2. | BUD LILLY
AUTHOR | In AT 00:29 |
| 3. | BRUCE MORTON
DEAN MSU LIBRARY | In AT 00:58 |

OUTRO.

THE OVER ELEVEN THOUSAND ITEMS SO FAR IN THE COLLECTION ARE CATALOGED AND LISTED ON THE LIBRARY'S WEB SITE.

FWP: YOUR ALLIES IN WILDLIFE NEWSGATHERING

Ovenhouse
2122 Fairway
Bozeman, MT
59715



ALWAYS

USE

ZIP CODE



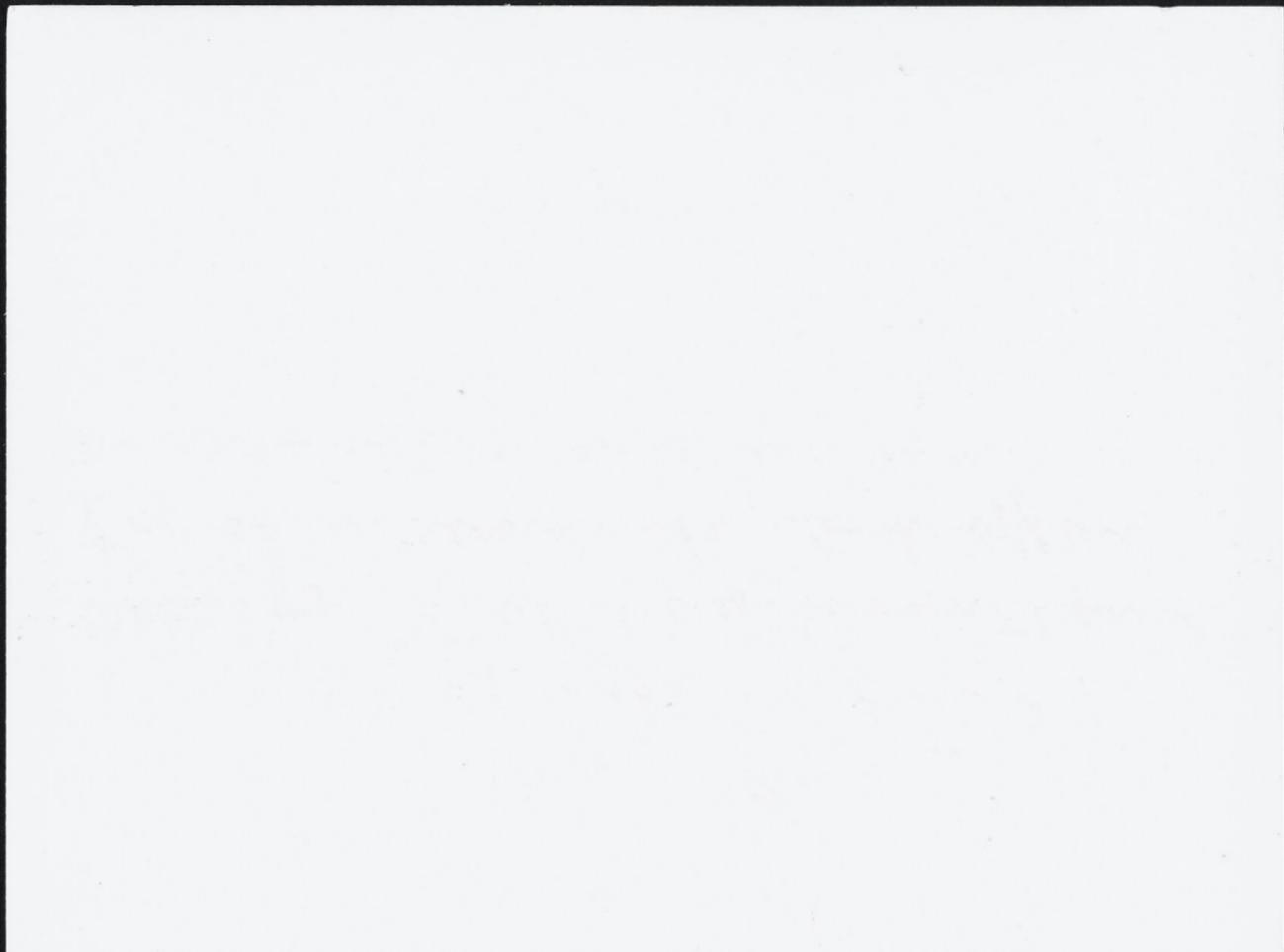
Mr. & Mrs. Bud Lilly
2007 Soudrough Rd.
Bozeman, MT
59715

59715/4813



Thank You





Mar. 16-2000

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Lilly

Thank-you so much for
receiving JACK (our German Shepherd)
For some reason he took off on
an adventure, and we were
frantically looking for him.
Thanks again!

Sincerely

Ellen May + Jim
Owenhouse

Illustration by
Liz Schreiner



MADE IN USA

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