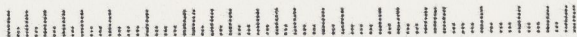


Tamm
POB 42
05254



Mr. Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough
Bozeman, MT 59715





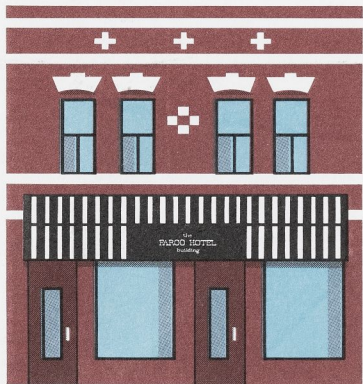
Dear Bud — Well, the dust has
settled after what I hope you feel, as
I do, was a wonderful event in
your honor. I am personally
very proud to have gotten to know
you, and, frankly, I am proud that
this Museum selects individuals
like yourself to receive its highest
honor. Thank you for being part of
our history!

Best regards,

Gary Tanner

Dear Mother - I hope you are
well after what I hope you feel
to do, was a wonderful event
you know I am sincerely
very glad to have gotten to know
you and family I am glad that
the Museum is so well liked
the young to receive its light
love. Thank you for being part of
our world!
Love,
John

P.O. BOX 279, BILLINGS, MONTANA 59103

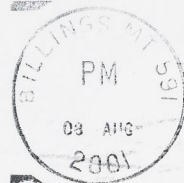


Dr. Bud Lilly

16 W. Birch

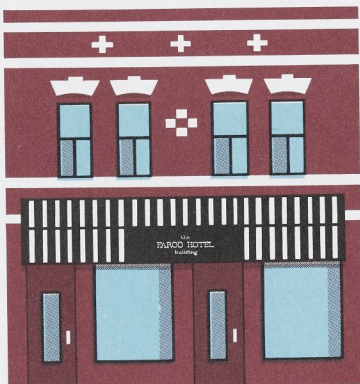
Three Forks

Montana 59752



59752/9999





Joseph S. Sample

14 North 24th Street

P.O. Box 279

Billings, Montana 59103

406 256-5667

August 8, 2001

Bud Lilly
16 W. Birch
Three Forks, Montana 59752

Dear Bud:

Belated congratulations on the award of your honorary Doctorate of Science by Montana State University.

It is well merited and long overdue.

The downside is that you had to reveal your real name. This, in turn, has necessitated a rewrite of the infamous commercial I once made for you.

It now reads:

If you're going fishing
Don't take chances.
Buy your worms
From Walen Frances.

My great regret in life is that Burma Shave went out of business before I could seek employment on their advertising staff.

I enjoyed your latest book, although I haven't been able to follow the good advice therein. I blew out my knee, and the Madison River Waltz is not on my rehab agenda. The joys of growing old are greatly exaggerated. As a very wise man once said, "The only thing golden about your golden years is your urine sample."

I hope all goes well with you.

Cordially,

Joseph S. Sample



Bud Lilly's Angler's Retreat

16 West Birch • Three Forks, Montana 59752
(406) 285-6690

Hi Bud,

What a special place - we had a great time.

We tried the "Lodge area" as well as the Wm's bridge - no fish, but still had fun!

We will be back - thanks for the hospitality.
God Bless!

Roger & Ann Higgins

PS Please put our room charges on the credit card - any problems or questions, please call - 208-883-3927

2007 Sanders

Todd Wilkinson

(406) 587-4876 • tawilk@aol.com



P.O. Box 422

Bozeman, Montana 59771

Bud-

Sorry to have missed
your calls. I was out of
town and we've been in
survival mode battling
the flu. Here is a copy
of the story I've written for
Big Sky Journal. Give it a
read and let me know whatever
changes you want to make

Best,

Todd

P.S. Do you have any
photos of yourself
we can use?

Riverkeepers
By Todd Wilkinson

South of Livingston just before you reach the vaunted spring creeks of Armstrong and DePuy, and at the point that the Absaroka Mountains appear to barrel into the sky, there is something else you will not find: A dam submerging Paradise Valley beneath a reservoir of Yellowstone River water. Along the Big Hole north of Wisdom, same story. Similarly, throughout the hinterlands of the upper Madison, from where the river begins with the Firehole in Yellowstone National Park and courses westward toward Ennis, there's a wild trout population that could easily be decimated by overfishing; instead, it is held up as a national model of ecological sustainability.

In the reflection of Dan Bailey's Yellowstone, George Grant's Big Hole, and Bud Lilly's Madison, it is the fateful alternative not taken, lost in forgotten history of the 20th century, that is worth noting. It is the story of three prosaic, flannel-shirted conservationists speaking the heresy of restraint when Montana was being seduced by the gods of natural resource consumption.

"As far as placing them in an era, they were all old enough to have a vivid recollection of the dire circumstances in the 1930s, for wildlife, for fisheries, and for people," notes veteran state fish and game manager Jim Posewitz, who founded Orion—The Hunter's Institute to promote ethics for people who go afield. "They started to hit their prime in the Great Depression, the drought years that created the Dust Bowl. It was the period in conservation history where courageous people stepped forward. It was grassroots driven. It was the time when citizen conservationists realized they had to begin the resuscitation of North America's fish and wildlife. These three guys were classic anglers and each of them had a tremendous ethic because they had experienced the shortage."

Although Norman Maclean will be remembered for popularizing Montana's flywaters, transforming his own beloved Big Blackfoot into a glittery, transcendental trophy for the world to covet, Maclean in his youthful prime bugged out of Big Sky country for a job teaching English at the University of Chicago. He was not here to fight the real threats as they arose to the blue ribbon channels. Staying behind, minding the trenches against bad forestry practices, wave after wave of proposed dams, the gulping thirst of subsidized irrigation, and the depletion of native fish was this threesome of tackle store proprietors refusing to yield. "Ironically, when they entered the fray, there was not a cup of capaccino that could be found in the entire state of Montana," adds Posewitz, "and today we have capaccino cowboys with flyrods in their hands inundating the rivers because they read Maclean."

Since 1982, Dan Bailey has been gone and young anglers know him only by the landmark flyshop in downtown Livingston that still bears his name. Over in Butte, George Grant will turn 94 in the year 2000, while Bud Lilly, the youngster of the bunch at 75, remains a fearless conservation agitator fighting to save dwindling pockets of genetically pure trout.

Big Sky Journal in the first flyfishing edition to mark the new millennium honors this trio of firebrands but also asks the question: Who will take their place over the next 100 years?

Dan Bailey

The year was 1938. The allowable daily take limit for anglers on most Montana streams averaged more than 15 pounds. Although the Yellowstone River still was running toxic in stretches from abandoned mining north of Gardiner, the fishery was about to acquire its fiercest defender, a deep thinker whose manual dexterity with tying flies would begrudging respect even from established locals.

Had Dan Bailey not fled West to whimsically open a flyshop in Livingston, the odds are good that in place of spending half a century studying the nuances of metamorphosing invertebrates in the Yellowstone, he would likely have become a member of the Manhattan Project building the first nuclear bombs.

Originally from Kentucky, Bailey was born in 1904 and grew up on a farm among a military family that sent him to The Citadel to become a career soldier. He bypassed the army and earned a master's degree in physics at the University of Kentucky. Later, while working on a PhD in atomic science at Brooklyn Polytech Institute, he took an angling honeymoon to Yellowstone with his bride, Helen, and was instantly smitten with the river flowing through Livingston.

Later, after returning to New York City and in the pause before his written thesis and oral defense, Bailey did something that stunned his colleagues: He walked away and went fishing permanently.

"We preferred the more secluded places," Bailey said a few years before his death in 1982, talking about the spell that brought himself, Grant, Lilly and others under the power of Montana's waters. "The fish are not as big but there is more solitude. Solitude is an important part of fishing, and we are losing it." Bailey's penchant, it turned out, had more to do with preserving the peaceful zen of angling than of making an impact on the sport.

"He knew where research on the bomb was going," his son, John Bailey, the heir of Dan Bailey's Fly Shop on Park Street, says. "A great friend of his once told me that 'when your father left the East, he burned a lot of bridges. He wanted to make sure he could never go back.'"

Initially, Bailey barely scraped by because during the Depression and through the end of the war years fishing was regarded as an avocation of rich men. It changed in the late 1940s as a growing middle class of anglers embraced Bailey as a man living out their own fantasy. "Think about it. How many people are trapped in jobs they hate and want to do what he did?" John Bailey asks. "Everybody dreams of owning a flyfishing or hunting shop. But they don't understand what comes with running a successful business."

The legendary sportsman Joe Brooks was one of Bailey's closest allies, promoting his friend's mail order fly business and sending a steady flow of Eastern fishermen Bailey's way. For Bailey, his flytying, tackle, and guiding service became bridge trestles that supported a new way of approaching what were largely abused river systems. But Bailey never succumbed to being a shameless promoter. When it probably wasn't wise to stake out controversial positions on prosed natural resource development that he believed might harm the Yellowstone, he did it anyway.

He fought mines and water diversion, he organized a campaign to rid the

banks of the Yellowstone from junked cars that served as rip rap, he called for slot limits and championed catch and release, but the challenge that defined him was the proposal to dam the river and flood Paradise Valley, a plan that continued to rise like Medusa.

Other Montanans like Bob Marshall and Lee Metcalf had been honored for the positions they took on wilderness, but river conservation was slower to be recognized as vital to both local economies and larger ecosystems. Bailey subscribed to the axiom that no victories won on behalf of conservation are ever permanent but the battle to hold the line is a constant one and often one fought in retreat. "If my dad has a legacy, it wouldn't point toward a single encounter with something he thought would harm the river, but the fact that he was always there," John Bailey says.

Vindication came in the weeks after he died when the governor of Montana issued a proclamation creating Dan Bailey Day, urging citizens to spend the day on their favorite river or lake. It was a gesture that John Bailey confesses would have made his dad blush. "It was a major turning point for those fighting on behalf of rivers because the proclamation showed that government officials took their efforts seriously," John Bailey said. "My dad never would have believed this because there were many days when he felt like he was out there standing alone."

A debate rages today over the armoring of the river with rip rap to control high water pouring out of Yellowstone National Park during spring snowmelt. While floods threaten private property, they are also critical to a healthy trout stream, creating new braids of gravel and pumping in nutrients vital to the macro invertebrates that trout eat. John Bailey says what few young environmentalists understand is that conservation is a lifelong commitment and that threats are every present. His father's efforts to save the river did not involve one seminal struggle but several. Dan Bailey said things that others did not want to hear; he encouraged clients to join Trout Unlimited and send notes of inspiration to their elected leaders about the value of wild river. It involved encouraging a client to examine a thing of beauty in the landscape, knowing it would be a seed of advocacy; like leaving the East, it sometimes involved burning bridges with the understanding that passing over to the side of conservation means never turning back.

Bud Lilly

It would prove to be an uncommonly anonymous fish: perhaps a skillet-sized cutthroat, lip hooked, bending the tip of Whalen Lilly's ancient bamboo flyrod like the implement of a water witch. The former schoolteacher-turned-legendary West-Yellowstone flyshop owner had freed plenty of fish back into the Madison River. But this one, the one he remembers consciously liberating to fight another day, was planted as the seed of an idea that became a revolution.

Catch and release, the mantra of the modern angler, owes much of its popularity in western waters to the irrepressible lobbying of "Bud" Lilly on the rivers flowing out of America's oldest national park. The tough part of being a pioneer, however, is that one's gesture is usually interpreted as pure heresy because it defies the conventional norms of the time.

Recycling trout as an individual act certainly is age old but advancing it as

public policy was a different endeavor. Thirty years ago, thousands of enthusiastic anglers coming to Yellowstone and passing through Lilly's tackle store preferred their fish with a squeeze of lemon and a little butter. Lilly led them to adopt a different ethic.

"What you have is a handful of senior figures in fishing lore who laid the groundwork for what we have today in terms of Montana's mystique," says writer Paul Schullery who paid tribute to Lilly in his book, *A Trout's Best Friend*. "Bud..was the local kid who pioneered the modern tackle shop."

Lilly purchased his West Yellowstone store in 1951 after years of being a popular guide during the summer. He remains remarkably adept at remembering the countless names of people who patronized his shop. Hundreds of those people, at Lilly's suggestion, went on to become members of Trout Unlimited and the Federation of Fly Fishers. His clients included former President Jimmy Carter, CBS News anchor Dan Rather, Curt Gowdy, and the sons of Ernest Hemingway.

Glued in Lilly's scrapbook is a snapshot of him standing outside Bud Lilly's Fly Shop proudly hoisting two monstrous cutthroat trout by the gills. The picture makes him wince. It is his touchstone that fuels an incessant push for sustainable fishing in a crowded world.

"He saw what was coming long before it happened," says Jackson Hole fishing guide Paul Bruun who became a convert to Lilly's soft selling of kinder, gentler angling. "He knew there wasn't a never-ending supply of fish to be treated as a commodity. Sure, he made some enemies. In fact, I have a feeling he probably made a bunch of enemies until they realized he was right. Being a visionary can be a tough row to hoe."

Betting the till, Lilly was willing to risk alienation of his loyal customers in the 1950s and '60s, that he promoted catch and release in his mail order catalog, a move that many said was audacious and "anti-commerce." But rather than the message being didactic, Lilly turned it into an incentive program, forming a "Catch and Release Club" that offered badges to anglers who released large fish. In Yellowstone alone, studies examining the impact of catch and release show that some fish are landed and turned back as many as 20 times over the course of their lives.

One of the biggest mistakes wildlife managers ever made, he says, is dumping hatchery fish into Montana's lakes and streams, supplanting native species which evolved with the landscape, with exotic fish. "Bud's kind of a low-key guy," says George Grant. "People admire him because he commits himself to getting things done."

The causes have included the acquisition of conservation easements along Montana rivers, speaking out against proposed mines and clearcuts, and legislative attempts to mandate minimum in stream flows in years of low water. Today, Lilly focuses his energy on saving fluvial grayling and pure genetic strains of westslope cutthroat trout, both hanging on by a thread and in need to secure habitat. Against intense public scrutiny, Lilly has defended a proposal from the Montana Fish Wildlife and Parks Department to poison a 70 mile stretch of water that includes Cherry Lake and Cherry Creek on Ted Turner's Flying D Ranch southwest of Bozeman. The purpose: To eradicate populations of introduced rainbows, Yellowstone cutthroats and browns and create a refuge for westslope cutthroat and grayling.

With Whirling Disease sweeping through western streams, and a flood of new

anglers, and unprecedented conflicts over public access arising, Lilly foresees the day when a lottery system becomes as necessary as catch and release. "We're going to reach the point where a lottery system for rivers like the Madison, Yellowstone, Bighorn and Big Hole becomes a necessity," he says. "If we want to have healthy fish populations and memorable days on the water, there's no reason why trout fishing should be treated any differently than the system we have in place for elk hunting. I think that sportsmen would be willing to accept new regulations if it means that their children will have the opportunity to enjoy the same great fishing they are having now." In Three Forks, just down Interstate 90 from Lilly's boyhood home of Manhattan, the 75-year-old today is proprietor of Bud Lilly's Angler's Retreat, a hotel, geared to fishing that bestows lodgers with a poignant conservation message.

To say the golden years have radicalized Bud Lilly could impart the wrong impression. But to suggest that the mild-mannered, almost mythical septuagenarian has grown more outspoken in the autumn of his life is merely to recognize Lilly's blossoming as a philosopher. Thanks to him, thousands have heeded the call of conservation.

George Grant

What happens when you love a place, when you perfect a method of understanding it, but then you reach a point where you realize you can never go back again? For more than seven decades, George Grant confesses, "I have been a hopeless addict. Not to some insidious drug, but, strange as it seems, to water."

In particular, the tranquil meander of the Big Hole. Long ago, when Grant was the age of today's Generation Xers, having begun to flyfish in 1925 and start tying flies three years later, he was working for the Union Pacific Railroad when the Depression hit. Eventually layoffs found their way to him. "There was no use looking for a job so I just rented a cabin up at Dewey on the Big Hole River and fished every day for three years," Grant, born in 1906, said. "I've ordered my life around flyfishing."

Like Thoreau meditating on the shore of Walden Pond, Grant in a distinctly Montana way was transformed by the river and committed himself to being an unofficial riverkeeper. He literally wrote the book on how to fish the Big Hole and in terms of conservation advocacy, his name and the river are virtually synonymous.

During the mid 1940s, Grant owned a tackle store, like Bud Lilly, in West Yellowstone but the gravity of the river pulled him to Butte and kept him there. He adhered steadfastly to regimen: Beginning in early August, three times a week, he rose before light and drove to the river. When the snow started to fall, he put aside the rod and reel and set into tying flies and wrote books and preached the gospel of advocacy. His best-known book, the one that made him synonymous with the Big Hole to thousands of anglers, was *The Art of Weaving Hackle*. A technical volume, it didn't deliver a hard-core conservation message but by helping to make the Big Hole fishing experience more enjoyable, it subtly recruited a vocal group of river defenders into Grant's army.

Slight of build, short in physical stature, a man who called himself "the runt of the litter in his own family," Grant brought a presence to the Big Hole that was imposing

nonetheless. He was the runt who turned into a star, bird dogging the federal and state agencies deciding the river's future. When he wasn't inventing an innovative pattern of flies, he was gaining distinction by notching more fishing hours on the Big Hole—and, in turn, catching and releasing more trout—than any angler during the 20th century.

"When an angler returns a caught trout to the stream, unharmed, he not only rewards the fish with a gift of additional life, but also, in a small way, he compensates himself," Grant once observed in his popular column called Grant's Riffle that appeared regularly in the popular magazine, River Rat, which he edited for the Montana Chapter of Trout Unlimited. He added: "It is quite possible that when we do things in the interest of wild trout we may, indeed, be doing ourselves a favor for, as someone has said, a livable environment for wildlife is a quality environment for man."

Grant's knowledge of the river was intimate, informed by his natural gift for entomology. "My interest in flytying was aroused and maintained because even unsophisticated western trout are not as easy to deceive as one might be led to believe," he said, "and my experiments in this field have provided me with a continuous and absorbing avocation."

He knew where the Big Hole ran clearest, where it eddied and pooled after it came down from spring snowmelt, and where it was most vulnerable. He spoke the culturally unspeakable, which rankled the powers that be. "It is depressing to realize that a rancher cleaning weeds out of an irrigation ditch with a powerful herbicide and negligently allowing it to escape into a trout stream can kill more trout in an hour than a conscientious catch-and-release fly fisherman could save in a lifetime," he remarked. "My trout conservation philosophy is fundamental. If I think something is in the best interests of trout I am in favor of it--if I think it is harmful or damaging I am against it."

Even now Grant attributes his longevity to countless miles of arduous river walking, fording currents and slippery cobble, getting to riffles others had no will to reach. "The angler who knew the river well shunned the water close to camp or around convenient parking places," he reflected. "He contended with thick brush, many river crossings, and long distances to get to those places where less ambitious anglers would not go. This was particularly true if his fishing was confined to Sundays."

As with Bailey, who recognized that fish populations can go up and down, what cannot be ameliorated is loss of solitude. g I looked forward to."

"I haven't fished it for a while," he told me as we visited recently. A few years ago, Grant took ill, had an operation and never got back to his beloved Big Hole, but he could feel the fishing pressure coming on. "To go back again and to find your favorite riffles filled with four or five people, it would really make a man upset."

If Grant has any great lament, it was not discovering--or appreciating--the work of Aldo Leopold much earlier in his life. "I wish that I had read the learned teachings and prophetic wisdom of this great man when they were first written for I would have become a dedicated conservationist much earlier and, with his knowledge and guidance, would have been a better and more effective one as well."

Grant need not worry. Where Leopold had Sand County, Grant had the Big Hole. He can rest assured that no one every loved a wild river as much. In fact, in one of the last essays he penned, Grant offered his faithful readers a challenge that should be heeded by any impassioned angler.

"I realized, perhaps better than most that things can never be the same as they once were, but I sincerely believe that if there had not been warning voices in those earlier days of seemingly unlimited plenty that what we have today would be infinitely less," he said.

"I think it is imperative to continually plead for caution, prudence and restraint in an attempt to slow the decline of natural resources even though at times we may feel that the material deterioration of some and the total extinction of others is inevitable....My young critic and his youthful friends who now frequent our trout streams will also some day recall the good old days and, if they are better stewards than those of us who preceded them, perhaps there will not be such a wide variance between what once existed and what they are able to pass on to the following generations."

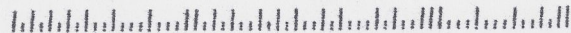
Thank you, reverend Grant. Amen.

Richard J. Wesnick
2214 22nd St. West
Billings, MT, 59102



Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough
Bozeman, MT
59715

59715+5974 13



To: Mr. Richard Wesnick

Date: 9/20/01

Fr: Jean McReynolds

Re: 8/16/01 "Outdoor" story on Baker Creek/Bud Lilly

I sent your story to my uncle, Harold Whitney, who also grew up in that area, prompting him to write the enclosed story. He asked me to forward a copy to you.

We both enjoyed the article about Bud Lilly and Baker Creek. We hope it gets back to its original great fishing!

I hope you enjoy my uncle's story.

Jean McReynolds
Jean McReynolds
526 N. 10th Ave
BOZEMAN
59715-3212

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.

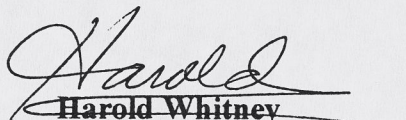
My last memory of Baker Creek was just a few years, maybe 15 or so back. Leo Jarbo then owned the old Lemon's ranch. I asked Leo if I could fish Baker Creek, and he looked kind of funny, and said that no one ever fished it any more, but I could try if I wanted.

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

Dick Wesnick
2214 22nd Street West
Billings, MT, 59102

September 25, 2001

Dear Bud:

I hope you and Esther are settled in at Baker Springs, and I hope you're not too busy to wet a fly.

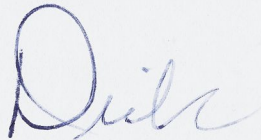
I've been getting out at least once a week, and now that fall is here I'm enjoying it so much more. I love the cool days and crisp autumn air!

I'm sending you a letter that I received from Jean McReynolds of Bozeman. The pieces I wrote on Baker Springs and you triggered some fond memories in her uncle, Harold Whitney, a Manhattan native.

Fishing stories seem to touch everyone because they bring back some of our best days.

Take care, God bless and keep a tight line.

Your Friend,

A handwritten signature in blue ink that reads "Dick". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.



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Bud:

There's no way I could
ever thank you for the
friendship and generosity
you've given me.

I had a wonderful
time last week - 2 days
I'll always remember.

I wrote a 3-story
package for the Gazette.
I also sent it to the
Helen IR, The Butte Standard
and the Missoulian, but
don't know if they'll use
it.

Thought you'd like an
advance copy. Please
excuse the literary piece.

(P.S. - over)

Dick

Bud:

Keep in touch, and send
me your new address
and phone number.

Bud Lilly Profile -- NO. 3

By DICK WESNICK

The hopper pattern was in a slow dead drift when a chunky brown trout darted out from under a log and nailed it cold.

A few minutes later, he was unhooked and released back into the private stretch of Lewis and Clark Spring Creek, formerly known as Crest Creek.

"When they're on those hoppers, they take it immediately," said Bud Lilly, my companion and tutor for the next two days.

Only a decade ago, the mile-long stretch of creek that flows into the Gallatin River above Three Forks was typical of many streams that run through farm and ranch land: Trampled by cattle, eroded, heavily silted and virtually barren of trout.

Today it serves as an example of what can be achieved through the joint efforts of individuals, conservation organizations and the state of Montana.

The project involved Trout Unlimited; Future Fisheries of the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks; and Fish America, an organization of fishing equipment manufacturers.

"It was part of the original homestead until about 15 years ago when a large corporate ranch bought it," Lilly said. "They later sold it to a man who recognized its potential." After restoration, it was again sold to a private individual from out of state.

"It was down to a point where cattle had destroyed the banks. There was no (trout) reproduction," Lilly said.

As a member of the Montana Land Reliance, Lilly consulted with the owner and the contractor who was hired to restore the stream.

"Restoration started about seven years ago," Lilly explained. "It took from a year to a year and a half, including cleaning out the creek, planting grasses and willows, placing rocks and deadfall for cover. They narrowed the creek, put in gravel and planted trees for shade is a necessity for trout habitat and reproduction.

They cleaned out the pools and got down to the gravely bottom. The created undercut banks. Now browns are coming out of the Gallatin and reproducing."

Lilly said that nearly 90 bends in the mile section of stream were scooped out and restored, each with pools three to four feet deep that now hold trout in water that is a constant 50 degrees.

"This is a specialized type of fishing that a lot of people are not familiar with," Lilly said.

The stream is only a dozen feet wide, and three to five feet deep. And its trout are skittish.

You stand 10 to 15 feet back from banks, keeping your visibility to a minimum, and cast over the top of tall grass and brush.

It was a setting and a scene so perfect that it could bring tears of joy to even the most veteran fly fishermen. The heavy overcast was accentuated by sporadic downpours and laced with rolling thunder and lightning that sent us scurrying for shelter under willows and into Lilly's vehicle several times.

The browns, which this day ranged between 10 and 13 inches, made the weather-induced discomfort worthwhile. Lilly noted that a couple of years ago his granddaughter took a 19-inch brown in the same water.

The example of restoration on Lewis and Clark Spring Creek provided a segue to Lilly's newest life endeavor, stream manager and senior fisheries advisor for a development called Baker Springs: A Private Fly Fishing Community.

For Lilly, Baker Springs is the opportunity that dreams are made of: Returning to the land of our roots and turning back the clock nearly seven decades.

Bud Lilly was born and spent his early childhood in Manhattan, just two and a half miles west of Baker Springs.

He will live in the midst of the Baker Creek project and oversee the continuing restoration of Baker Creek fishery, as well as the fisheries in the newly created spring creeks and ponds.

His life and careers were multi-faceted. He served as a Navy navigator in the South Pacific during World War II, earned a degree in applied sciences and started teaching in Roundup in 1948 and continued teaching, off and on in

Bozeman, until 1970.

But he garnered distinction as one of Montana's premier fly fishermen and conservationists while he owned a fly shop and guide service in West Yellowstone from 1951 until 1982. The fly shop still bears his name although he hasn't been involved with it for nearly 20 years. His name and worldwide reputation alone are still enough to draw customers.

He chuckles and agrees when I suggest that it's almost easier to list the conservation-dedicated organizations that he *has not* been involved with over the years. In addition to the Montana Land Reliance, he has served with Trout Unlimited, the Governor's Task Force on Whirling Disease, the Whirling Disease Foundation, the Greater Yellowstone Coalition and the Federation of Fly Fishers, among others.

He has co-authored, with Paul Schullery, three books: "A Trout's Best Friend," "Bud Lilly's Guide to Fly Fishing the West," and "Bud Lilly's Guide to Fly Fishing the New West." And he was featured in a video produced by the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks called "Three Men, Three Rivers."

Lilly was spotlighted for his devotion and knowledge of the Madison River. Also featured in the film were the late Dan Bailey on the Yellowstone River, and George Grant on the Big Hole.

From Manhattan, he and his family moved to Three Forks in the late 1930s where his mother, Violet, became owner and operator of a railroad hotel built near the end of the Milwaukee Road line in 1910.

Violet died in 1994, and the hotel is now "Bud Lilly's Angler's Retreat," an extensively remodeled 18-room haven for fly fishermen.

In the entry of Angler's Retreat is a framed poem by Roger J. Aziz called "The Angler" that aptly describes Lilly's life and philosophy.

It begins, "Bent rod do not the angler make, nor do the fish that he might take, nor fancy vest and wicker creel, Orvis rod or Hardy reel ..."

It sums up Bud Lilly with these words: "A gentleman, who does not boast of always having caught the most. A sport, that he may fish each day and know it was the fairest way. A man, whose legacy will be the many fish

that he set free."

Baker Springs -- Lead Story

By DICK WESNICK

On a sun-drenched summer day, a peaceful dog-days lull has settled over the western valleys of Montana.

A tanned, brown-haired youngster picks up his telescopic steel Bristol fly rod and stuffs a box of wet flies into his pocket. He climbs onto his bicycle and peddles the straight, flat two-and-a-half-mile stretch of road from his home in Manhattan, to a small sparkling creek that winds its way through meadows and farm land before spilling into the Gallatin River.

The year is 1935. The boy is 10 years old, and although he's been fishing with his father for several years, this narrow, slow moving spring creek is one of the first places he's been allowed to fish alone.

He stands beside a giant cottonwood tree in the knee-high grass -- thigh-high to a 10-year-old -- and flings a double-hung pair of snelled wet flies to the top of a pool that stretches out along a bend in the creek. A large brown trout flashes out from the under-cut bank, snatches the fly and whiplashes against the tugging youth.

The trout ultimately loses the struggle. In those days, before that same youth would become fly fishing's most ardent advocate of the catch-and-release ethic, the brown trout was destined for the dinner table.

It wasn't anywhere as large as the nine-pound brown that his father once caught here, finally landing it well after dark under the glow cast by a flashlight held by the youngster after what seemed to be an hours-long battle.

But this brown was nothing to scoff at either. In fact, to this day he never scoffs at the size of any trout. He is perpetually in awe of them.

In the intervening decades, that angler's passion for fly fishing and conservation efforts earned him an international reputation as one of the sport's most

celebrated enthusiasts.

That lad was Walen Lilly Jr., better known as Bud Lilly.

And now, 66 years later, he is returning to Baker Spring Creek as stream keeper and senior fisheries advisor in a precedent-setting -- and expensive -- endeavor called "Baker Springs: A Private Fly Fishing Community."

In August, Lilly and his wife Ester will move from their home in Bozeman to a meticulously renovated farm house in the midst of the development where the price of lots run from \$400,000 to \$700,000. Houses are "slightly" extra.

From the south windows of his new home, Bud Lilly will be able to see the spot where that cottonwood of his youth once stood. That tree toppled over long ago, and rests along the spring creek shoreline, but others have risen tall in its place.

They represent the effort that is turning typical tired Montana farm land into revitalized habitat for fish and wildlife, and a Mecca for well-heeled humans that the developers hope will soon follow.

Baker Springs -- The Project -- Part 2

By DICK WESNICK

Dudley Lutton walks through tall lush grass to the edge of a spring creek, one of two that have been sculpted from former farm land.

He directs the visitor's attention toward the log jutting from the shoreline, providing cover for a brown trout. He notes the gravel beds along the stream bottom, an occasional large rock or two, the undercut banks capped by overhanging vegetation.

If you didn't know better -- or weren't told -- you'd assume the landscape was created by nature, that it had existed in this state for eons.

It is a work of man rather than nature, and the development costs exceed \$1 million.

He points out the former location of "pits" or deep depressions that were filled with earth dug to create new spring creeks and ponds, or with silt from the original Baker Spring Creek.

The dredgings also were used to create a large berm that separates the development from the north frontage road of Interstate 90.

Lutton steers his gray Suburban along a gravel road that traverses Baker Springs, stopping to relate the genesis of a rainbow-filled pond that grew out of an empty field.

The aquatic grasses, the thick vegetation that anchors the shoreline and prevents erosion, even the insects that skate along the pond's surface were planted by hand. They sprang from the creative minds of the developers of the private fly fishing community called Baker Springs.

The restoration of Baker Spring Creek and the creation of the two spring creeks and the four ponds was the work of Joe Urbani of Bozeman.

The 232-acre project lies about 15 miles west of Bozeman, and only five strategic miles from the Belgrade airport, providing easy access to out-of-state property owners.

Baker Springs is the ambitious effort of two former

Billings men: Lutton, who coached football at Rocky Mountain College from 1976 to 1980, and then went on to become development director for the Nature Conservancy; and Don DuBeau, who shifted from the Billings development arena in the 1980s to Whitefish where he was involved with Grouse Mountain Lodge and Big Mountain developments.

Lutton and DuBeau form the nucleus of the Cold Water Group LLC which was established in Bozeman to "create strategies for preserving and enhancing fish and wildlife habitats in the context of innovative residential development."

Lutton was no stranger to the property. He began fishing Baker Creek in 1970 while he was playing football for Montana State University.

There only will be 11 homes sites in the 232-acre development, which also has another 150 acres of "recreational easement." Each 2.6-acre homesite will be surrounded by common areas with hiking trails, a mile of Baker Creek, a stretch of the West Gallatin, four man-made ponds stocked with rainbows, and two man-made spring creeks that feed into Baker Creek. The man-made creeks already have natural brown trout populations, while the ponds have been stocked with rainbows that now run 18 to 19 inches.

Baker Creek now closely resembles the creek where Bud Lilly, the development's stream keeper and senior fisheries advisor, fished nearly seven decades ago.

Lutton said, "These types of creeks get degraded over time. Fish quit spawning and over time it begins to degrade the waters they feed such as the Gallatin. We want to improve the quality of the Gallatin, too. It's not always practical for organizations such as the Nature Conservancy to (restore them) so often it's up to private landowners.

"You can treat these little streams like gardens -- they always come back."

Lutton explained how Baker Springs came about. "Our first objective was to find a great piece of land. You want to develop a strategy to develop it, whether it's ranching or a limited development concept. It's designed to compliment nature, not screw it up. We wanted to protect and preserve the natural habitat."

The project started a year ago in June. Working from a

master plan, they began work on the streams and ponds, put in access roads, underground utilities, and removed eight or nine old farm buildings and a corral. They erected a small building that will become a fly shop, and began renovating a large barn that will be used as a sort of community hall for property-owner activities.

On a recent July day, a bevy of construction workers were busily at work on the old farm house that will be home to Bud and Ester Lilly.

Before summer's end, Lutton expects ground to be broken for the first of the 11 homes that eventually will dot the development, which has already garnered national attention.

It was recently featured in Forbes magazine and on ABC News with Peter Jennings.



Mr. Lawrence J. Wanic
1019 12th Rd.
Bark River, MI 49807-9569

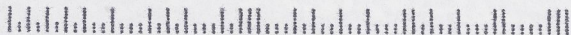


ANGLER'S RETREAT

Box 983

THREE FORKS MT 59752

59752+0983



1-29-01

Bud -

Enjoyed talking to you.

Looking forward to our stay.

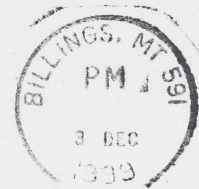
(I kind of expect a good Stream reference!)

Larry

Resp. received
\$ 780.00

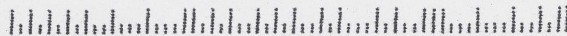


Laura Ziemer
40 E. Main St., Suite 3
Bozeman, MT 59715

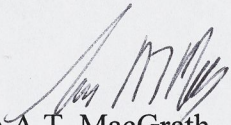


Bud Lilly
2007 Sourdough Road
Bozeman, MT 59715

59715-5874 13



Sincerely,



Susan A.T. MacGrath
Western Water Project

Laura Ziemer
Western Water Project

cc: David B. Boergers, F.E.R.C.
Steve Pott, E.P.A. Montana
John Wardell, E.P.A. Montana
Nancy Johnson, M.D.E.Q.
Abe Horpestad, M.D.E.Q.
Patrick Graham, M.F.W.P.
Chris Hunter, M.F.W.P.
Frank Pickett, M.P.C.
Wes Wilson, E.P.A. Denver
Bill Madden, T.U.
Dave Kumlien, T.U.
Leon Szeptycki, T.U.
Bruce Farling, T.U.
Harry Murphy, T.U.
Bud Lilly, T.U.
Tom Annaker, T.U.



Laura Ziemer
Montana Director
Western Water Project

December 2, 1999

Mark Simonich,
Director
Montana Department Of Environmental Quality
Lee Metcalf Bldg.
1520 East Sixth Avenue
Helena, MT. 59620-0901

Re: Amendment of 401 Certification Conditions for Madison Development of Missouri-Madison Hydroelectric Project, FERC Project No. 2188.

Dear Director Simonich:

Trout Unlimited writes to ask the Department to revisit its September 9, 1993 section 401 certification on the Missouri-Madison Hydroelectric Project because that certification is insufficient to protect water quality and beneficial uses on the Madison River.

Trout Unlimited is a non-profit conservation organization with more than 100,000 members in 50 states, and over 2,500 members in Montana. Trout Unlimited's mission is to conserve, protect, and restore North America's trout and salmon fisheries and their watersheds. Trout Unlimited members participate in a variety of conservation and advocacy projects, including hydropower licensing cases. Since the application for re-licensing of the Madison-Missouri Hydroelectric Project was filed, the Madison-Gallatin Chapter of Trout Unlimited has been involved in the analysis and generation of information regarding temperature changes on the Madison River due to the Madison Dam. Trout Unlimited makes this request to your Department now, based on many years of effort focused on the Madison Dam's effect on river temperatures and restoring the river's vital fishery.

The Department's 1993 401 certification on the Missouri-Madison Hydroelectric Project fails to address thermal pollution on the Madison River below the Madison Development that is part of the Missouri-Madison re-licensing. Trout Unlimited agrees with the recommendation of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) "that the Montana Department of Environmental Quality (MDEQ) consider amending the 401 conditions developed in 1993." *See EPA, Region VIII Letter of Feb. 19, 1998 to FERC regarding comments on Draft EIS, in Final Environmental Impact Statement (FEIS) for the Missouri-Madison Hydroelectric Project, FERC Project No. 2188 (September 10, 1999) E-94-E-113, at E-109.* EPA states that "We believe such amendment

Trout Unlimited: America's Leading Coldwater Fisheries Conservation Organization
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is needed to assure a proper focus in the 401 conditions that operations minimize harm to the prescribed beneficial uses of the lower Madison River." *Id.*, FEIS at E-97.

None of the 11 conditions in the Department's 1993 401 certification address elevated temperatures on the Madison River. *See* Draft Environmental Impact Statement, Missouri-Madison Hydroelectric Project, FERC Project No. 2188 (September 29, 1997) at 5-13.

Trout Unlimited urges MDEQ to amend the 401 conditions because of the new data that has been generated on elevated temperatures on the Madison River through the preparation--and comments on--the Draft and Final Environmental Impact Statements. As EPA points out, this information, which was not developed when MDEQ considered Montana Power Company's original application for a 401 certification, "makes it clear that the existing elevated water temperatures are harmful to the prescribed beneficial uses of the lower Madison River." *See* FEIS at E-109.

Although the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission states in the FEIS that "it is not easy to determine how much of the heating can be attributed to the presence of the Madison Dam," it concedes that one of "the primary water quality issues associated with the Madison Development" is "the potential for adverse thermal effects on downstream fish populations due to a suspected higher rate of heating at Ennis Lake than in the Madison River." FEIS at 3-28; FEIS at 3-25. In addition, studies conducted by the Montana Power Company indicate that Ennis Lake causes an approximately 1°C elevation in mean temperature and a 3°C elevation in maximum temperature at Greycliff which is located downstream of the dam. FEIS at 3-30. Moreover, according to FERC's temperature modeling, 33% of the mean temperature warming between Hebgen Dam and Three Forks (a distance of 100 miles) occurs on a 5 mile stretch of the river beginning just upstream of Ennis Lake and ending at Greycliff. FEIS at 3-34.

The State of Montana has undisputed authority to assure that the operation of dams in the state meet water quality standards. *See* A.R.M. § 17.30.105 The State also has the authority to minimize harmful effects to prescribed beneficial uses. A.R.M. § 17.30.636 ("Owners and operators of dam impoundments that cause conditions harmful to prescribed beneficial uses of state waters shall demonstrate to the satisfaction of the department that continued operations will be done in the best practicable manner to minimize harmful effects.") Trout Unlimited urges the Department to amend its 401 conditions to ensure that the Madison Development of the Missouri-Madison Hydroelectric Project is operated in accordance with water quality standards and to minimize harmful effects to the prescribed beneficial uses.

Please notify Trout Unlimited in writing if the Department decides to re-visit the existing 401 conditions.

Additionally, do not hesitate to contact us if you have any questions regarding our request, or if we can be of any assistance in the Department's review of its 1993 401 certification conditions for the Madison-Missouri Hydroelectric Project re-licensing.