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Interviewer [00:00:36] And look right at me, smile.

Speaker 2 [00:00:38] Whoever first said that a picture is worth a thousand words was probably a photographer and probably not a fisherman, because photographs are intended to capture 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 [00:01:01] 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 to be the complete angler, you had to be introduced to the literature as well to really understand what an impact fishing in all its forms has had on our society.

Speaker 2 [00:01:20] It was just this type of academic thinking that led to a brainchild of MSU's Dean of libraries, Bruce Morton.

Bruce Morton [00:01:27] The vision for this collection is one that is both broad and deep, and unlike many collections that are focused on angling, you know, if it relates to trout and the resonant impact of trout in our culture, we wish to have it represented in this collection.

Bud Lilly [00:01:45] The opportunity to learn so much through this collection is phenomenal.

Speaker 2 [00:01:51] And so a picture can be worth a thousand words. Unless it's of someone fishing, then there's a good chance it's going to be worth about 10,000 words. This is Mike Gurnett during our agency's centennial year out among Montana's Fish, Wildlife and Parks.

Speaker 3 [00:02:20] By rail. Here's to the man with the gold pan whose heart wasn't hard to find. It was as big as the country he lived in and good as the metal he mined.

Speaker 4 [00:02:33] Excerpt from "Sentiments of your friend, Charles M Russell", 1911. It was a soft, mystical metal, the color of sunlight, and it drew dreamers to this land like moths to flame. In 1858, James and Granville Stewart made the first officially recorded discovery of gold in Montana at Gold Creek. Then a sizable deposit was discovered near present-day Bannack on Grasshopper Creek. The rush was on. River steamers churned up the Missouri in Yellowstone in pursuit of gold. It was said mining claims were issued out of the Bannack Land Office as fast as they could be written. In 1863, gold was discovered in Alder Gulch. In one year, the population of a newly founded camp, Virginia City swelled to 10,000. The fundamental perception of life in this new land was abundance. What a lusty, high-hearted time it was. There was gold in the ground and wood a plenty to fire steamers and later trains and meat to be gathered for the table. In short, gold propelled Montana to territorial designation in 1864. Bannack, it is a ghost town, a Montana state park, a place of echoes and whispered memories. But in 1864, this was a booming gold mining town, alive with a sense of future. The camp where Montana's first territorial legislature met. One of the first issues our early lawmakers addressed had to do with fish. The prospectors discovered that the concussion from explosives stunned fish, causing them to float to the surface. So the story goes, this newfound technology was moved to streams where there was no gold but abundant trout. A bill was passed providing the trout could only be lawfully caught with rod or pole, hook, and line. No more fishing with

dynamite. It wasn't much, but it was a start. As the mining activity accelerated, veterans of the Civil War pointed their great herds of cattle north from Texas to the vast grasslands of Montana. From the east, rail lines were opening the frontier, bringing thousands whose souls and hearts were alive with the hope and the possibility of a new beginning. A life beyond compare, land to graze cattle, to plant crops, to raise families, but in our rush to tame and claim the wildness, to build a future in the solitude, we tripped now and again on the laws nature placed in our path. In 1879, a US Marshal operating out of Miles City told of traveling through a herd of buffalo that extended for 70 miles. Eight years later, a party from the American Museum of Natural History traveled to the same area. After three months of searching. They failed to find a single buffalo. Where the great herds had been, there was now silence. In many areas, once abundant elk and antelope and bighorn sheep were difficult to find. And on the horizon, a reality of life in Montana was about to rein in the ambition of an entire generation. Behold a Pale Horse, Mike Logan.

Mike Logan [00:06:51] And I looked and behold a pale horse. And his name that sat on him was death and hell followed with him, revelations six eight. Montana, 1886, a pale horse first appears, white shadow on the drought-struck rain, the coldest fall in years. That horse first was sighted up north on Crooked Creek, the day the year's worst storm blew in and howled for more than a week. He seemed some awful phantom, some harbinger of doom. That pale horse, loping, cold, and gaunt through winter's gathered gloom. He ghosted down the Musselshell behind a warm chinook, froze sheaths of ice on all the grass with just his pale-eyed look. The hell that followed with that horse was in the eyes of men who'd rolled the dice with nature and seen their life streams end. They called it the Hard Winter. It blew the winds of change when death, he rode the pale horse and killed the open range.

Speaker 4 [00:08:24] By the spring of 87, those who survived the brutal winter physically, financially, willfully, would never again put their future in such a vulnerable position. The open range closed. It was a time, maybe the first time we became aware that the quality of our lives was inseparably linked to our decisions regarding the land and all life that shared the land. In Montana, there have always been those who struggle to know and do the right thing. Ranchers, hunters, merchants, anglers, people from all walks of life who lean toward the narrow roads or no roads at all. In the years that followed through the legislature, Montanans made their voices heard. The pollution of Montana streams was prohibited. Hunting seasons on buffalo, moose, elk, deer and mountain goats were closed. It became illegal to kill game animals for hides alone. Game birds were protected from overharvest. Then in 1901, the Montana Department of Fish and Game was established, the long tradition of hunters and anglers paying user fees to finance conservation of Montana's fish and wildlife was born. Montanans could see that their wildlife was in peril, so it seemed reasonable to eliminate all causes of that peril. Predatory animals had long been a quarry of the market hunter. Between 1875 and 1877 alone, 90,000 wolf skins were shipped out of Fort Benton. But now, war was declared on wolves and mountain lions, the coyote, and the fox. Trappers were hired. Bounties were offered. Predators were to be eliminated to protect big game. As the battle against predators raged, populations of elk, antelope, goats, deer and sheep in protected areas began to increase. Then we did something wonderfully outlandish. We transplanted animals from high-population areas to places where populations had been depleted. Later, a handful of Montana outdoorsmen spent a professional lifetime literally wrestling Montana's elk, goats, and sheep back and forth across the state, restoring populations to their historic habitat. As game animals were restored on land, Montana's streams were repopulated with cutthroat and grayling. Rainbow, brown and brook trout were introduced. At first, fish were moved from hatcheries to streams by horseback, by rail, then by distribution trucks. In 1937, the United States

government transferred an undeveloped geological wonder known as Lewis and Clark Caverns to the state of Montana. Soon, members of a federal work program known as the Civilian Conservation Corps began cleaning up the cavern, trapping rats, chiseling hundreds of stairs, blasting a new entrance, and installing electrical lights. Montana's first state park was dedicated the first Sunday of May, 1941. The Treasure State was moving from a hit-or-miss land of dreams to a place to call home, establish a culture, create a sense of community. Patterns, [00:12:49]**Sandy Seton.** [0.5s]

Sandy Seton [00:12:51] The mountains hold the promise of a bright Montana spring. The wagon train has found a place to rest. The farmers and the merchants and the preachers and the kids are spellbound by the glory of the West. The newlyweds, and mothers, and the old guy's weathered lips all whisper silent, proffered words of prayer, for they finally reached Montana and they planned to build a town, where neighbors across the country come to share. By summertime, the blistering sun has parched the yellow grass. The newborn town is striving hard to grow. The families built the schoolhouse and they've even raised a church, and bars, and stores, and stables start to show. Homesteads dot the prairies as the land is staked and claimed. Villages spring up to bridge the gap. Some are named for landmarks, others for a friend, communities of spirit on the map. Autumn leaves start falling and the nights are bright with frost. The growing season's had its final run. Quickly now, bring in the crops and drive the livestock home. The race is on against the fading sun. Communities are just as strong as people and their dreams. The lights of town grow hazy in the snow, and sometimes when the winter winds howl loudest from the north, the weaker ones are forced to let it go. Now, among the emptiness I hear the ring of time. The folks who built Montana all are gone. But there's patterns in the seasons, and there's patterns in our lives, and deep in us, those pioneers live on.

Speaker 4 [00:14:42] As more and more people move to Montana, pressure on fish and wildlife habitat became increasingly severe. The struggle to balance the needs of wildlife with an increasing human population had begun. As early as 1911, a game preserve had been established at Snow Creek in eastern Montana. Others followed. By 1935, we had created 46 state game preserves, sanctuaries where wildlife could live as nature intended. Then at Judith River in 1938, using hunting license dollars, came the first of several often controversial acquisitions of private land into state ownership for the primary purpose of wildlife winter range. Little by little, by trial and error, the fish and wildlife populations of Montana were brought back as a vital component to the Montana way of life. It became clear there were uniquely Montana resources. Montanans would not compromise. We began to make decisions that separated our way of looking at the land and ultimately our way of life from any other part of the country. The Montana legislature passed the nation's first stream protection law in 1963. The Yellowstone. [00:16:20]**Wally McRae.** [0.4s]

Wally McRae [00:16:23] Millions of buffalo [00:16:24]**preyed** [0.0s] her flanks as she shed winter's ice in the spring. In the smoke of 10,000 campfires, she heard drumbeats and war dances ring. On the crest of her bosom, she sped Captain Clark and Sacajawea as well. She bisected the prairie, the plains, and the mountains from her birthplace in John Colter's Hell. To the traveler, she whispered, come follow me, with a wink and the toss of her head. She tempted the trapper, gold miner, and gambler to lie down by her sinuous bed. Safe passage, she murmured provocatively. Safe passage, and riches as well. She smiled through the thread of Custer's Blue Line, followed her trails and then fell. She carved out the grade for the railroads, took settlers to their new home, watered their stock, watered the fields, and let them grow crops on her home. Her banks were the goal of the trailherds, for grass was the prize that they sought, till the blizzards of '86 and '87, nearly killed off the whole lot. Don't boss her. Don't cross her. Let her run free and damn you, don't damn

her at all. She's a wild old girl. Let her looks not deceive you, but we love her in spite of it all.

Speaker 4 [00:17:56] Of all the efforts to preserve the wild, natural land and life forms of Montana, none compare with the accomplishments along the Rocky Mountain Front. Here, where the vast, rolling plains collide with the massive stone shoulders of the Rocky Mountains, one of the last and largest wild places in America. Casts its unforgettable spell. It reaches from Montana's Blackfoot River in the south more than 200 roadless miles into Glacier National Park and onto the Canadian border. Here, in more than 2 million acres of land in a wild province larger than several eastern states roam free-ranging grizzlies and the Sun River Elk herd. Conservation work on the Rocky Mountain front has not been easy. It is a long and often passionate debate between those who compute the economic value of timber and oil, mineral, and metal against others who calculate the long-term value of the landscapes, of lifescapes. Values that can only be measured in the coin of the spirit. There's something else on the land. Something else of the spirit Montanans have managed to preserve. Here in this haunting panorama lies a pathway from the present to the life of the past. It is a place we can feel the heartbeat of ancient ages. Buffalo Cafe, Jack Gladstone.

Jack Gladstone [00:20:12] Come gather round me, young and old, girls and boys. There's a story told about the land that taught us to talk. With mother's hand, we learned to walk. Travel back in time to the last ice age. With the sun's creation fully engaged. Spirits and heroes, tricksters and fools. There's something for everyone. I now anoint this plain, the Buffalo Cafe. A symphony of waving grass was composed by sun and cast, with characters of wing and fur. Beneath the water, creatures stirred. Our creator's voice was the thunder roll. All of creation shared one soul, spirits and heroes, tricksters and fools, a spark within everyone. Nature's anointed play, the Buffalo Café. Mustangs and eagles spinning circles with the sun. They were and still are, a part of everyone. I'm looking for the wings to fly and hooves to touch the earth where we'll be free again. Where we can see again the home that was known at our birth. So gather round me young and old, girls and boys. There'll be stories told about the land that taught us to talk. With mother's hand, we learned to walk. We'll travel back in time to the last Ice Age, with the Sun's creation fully engaged, spirits and heroes, tricksters and fools. The cast includes everyone. I now, anoint this plain, the Buffalo Cafe.

Speaker 4 [00:21:48] [00:21:48] **Ulm Pishkun** [0.0s] is one of many Montana state parks where we can hear the echo of lives lived before us. By preserving these places, by celebrating this history, the moments these distant lives live, are brought close again to live once more in our own lives. Looking back over the past 100 years. There have been many conservation triumphs to celebrate in Montana. Together, we have fought some hard battles. We have wrestled with imponderables. Looked deep within the heart of nature and within the heart of human nature. By and large, we've held our own and we have created a way of life many wish to inhabit. In a sense, history is repeating itself. By the thousands, homesteaders of the new age are flooding into Montana. But this time, they're not coming for gold or free land or to make a fortune, they are coming for a way of life. And the irony is this, once again, by pursuing the dream, the dream itself is imperiled. A Lady Called Montana. Rob Quist.

Rob Quist [00:23:19] Montana. She's been called a lady, when we sing her praise, and if you fail to see the logic, well, then let me count the ways. Her hair is of a reddish gold at evening sunset's night. And I've always thought her mountains looked especially good in white. Her gown is luscious green when she attends the springtime ball. She fancies

orange and gold and harvest moon in the fall. The wild and natural beauty will take away your breath, all but just take her for granted. It could easily mean your death. She's slow to grant her favors, [00:23:57]who [0.0s] come lately, newer faces. To long-time suitors, she reveals her hidden, secret places. She lives in big time splendor. She's the heart of the Golden West, and we that live within her care are infinitely blessed. And yes, there will be those who come with schemes of ways to use her. To sell her body like a harlot, to cheapen and abuse her. If you have sworn your love for her, revere, and respect her, if you are a man of honor, you must cherish and protect her. And should we fail in this task, we'll lose this living treasure. If we succeed, this lady that we love, we'll live forever.

Speaker 4 [00:24:44] Conservation, an idea, a practice, a way of coming to terms with living in Montana that has applied to fish and wildlife, grass and water, timber and mineral, tangible forms from which we can see a response and we can measure the results of our effort. Now, a new concept of conservation has begun as we continue to try and understand our lives in this place. An idea is challenging, as difficult as any we have ever attempted, to conserve the Montana experience. Our history has taught us that there is a balance. How we will come to terms with the care of our personal expectations remains in question. But it is a major victory to be recognizing the need to begin making an attempt. Grace, [00:25:51]Paul Zaziski. [0.8s]

Paul Zaziski [00:25:53] In the soft, low light up high, where love has always thrived and will forever yearn for the colorful [00:26:01]hover, a breaststroke of words [2.4s] out of the west. We still want free life. We still want fresh air. And as millenniums meander by like birthdays to the Earth. What thrill, Montana, wild with her four legged folk still brings us on our daily jaunt across the land. Our daily poem, our prayer.

Speaker 4 [00:26:41] As we look out at this majestic land through which our lives have passed, it seems unchanged now, as it has always been and will always be. But it is not. The land, its life forms, and our way of life are terribly vulnerable, subject to scars and bruises as deep and dark as anything flesh endures. That Montana remains blessed is due to a century of hard toil and hard choices. It is due to the foresight, and conscience, and courage of good people engaged to do the right thing in a world of changing priorities and values, to preserve the ideals of community, and to realize our dependency on the land, to live each day as a celebration of life. That is our legacy. That is our hope for the future. One Sweet Evening, Just This Year. [00:28:11]Paul Zaziski. [0.7s]

Paul Zaziski [00:28:13] And me tonight, I'm the lucky one along for the ride, head still sweaty beneath my hat. A harlequin glitter of hayseed sticking to my bare arms stretched straight out the window for no reason but to know my own pores rising beneath hair pressed flat and flowing like grass in creek bend shallows. Timothy in the side mirror stands hanging on with one arm and waving wild with the other. We mosey home. Me and the old truck in love with our [00:28:48]jag [0.0s] of good Montana grass. Not one speck of simplistic myth between us and the West that was, sometimes still is, and thus will be forever and ever. Amen.