

# August, 2004

Edited by Martha Crawley

## From the President's Corner

by Jeanne Loughrey

I want to thank everyone who came and helped make the annual meeting a success. The new meeting room at the "Howling Den" at the bottom of the Ranch is a big improvement over the basement in West. It's nice to have fresh air and the doors open to the outside. I also thought they did a very nice job of catering with huge trays of sandwiches and drinks available. A big thank you to Janet Van Doren for getting it all arranged.

This has been a different summer on the Ranch. Quite a few thunder and lightning storms. In fact, lightning struck our lower gate. Thanks to the good backup system, the gate just kept on operating. Bill Hoolan and Harold White (an owner) located the damaged area on the line. Thank you to Bill and Harold for getting it repaired and back on electricity again.

Luckily, no fire causing lightning strikes have occurred on the Ranch. With all the moisture this has really been a heavy growth year. Everything that can grow is - weeds and grass alike. A few weeks ago everything was still very green. If August is the traditionally dry month, all of this tall green growth will dry creating a potential fire danger. Be sure to keep the growth around your structures mowed and cleared. A reminder - **no open fires!!** Also the roads will become dusty now, so lets all slow down - everyone will enjoy not having so much dust flying in the air.

Hope you all are enjoying the Ranch as much as I am this summer. The fishing is great!!

Jeanne

## Memo from Martha:

Dave and I just got back from a week on our property. I am happy to report no injuries to either of us so far this year (I am FURIOUSLY knocking on wood!). It was lovely over there. Warm days, cool nights, wildflowers and bluebirds galore, and a gorgeous full moon rising every night (well, it wasn't full the whole time, but nevermind) over the mountains. We had a few technical difficulties with the fifth wheel due to a killer hailstorm, but otherwise it was a fun trip. I walked, read, swam in Cliff Lake (is anything more heavenly?), and generally enjoyed myself. We got to see friends and neighbors, and Dave got in a little fishing, though no actual CATCHING of fish, and a little tractor work, which is high on his list of Fun Things To Do. Our younger daughter and her husband joined us for a couple of days, always a treat, and Dave had a day of "cowboying," so he's got that out of his system for awhile. All in all, a very fun trip.

### *Thought for the day:*

"There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world." Robert Lewis Stevenson

## Ranch Recipes

### Big Sky Chicken Parmesan

This is delicious, easy, and freezes well.

4 boneless, skinless chicken breasts, flattened a bit by pounding with the side of a mallet (putting chicken in plastic bag first works well)

1 egg, slightly beaten

½ cup seasoned bread crumbs  
2 T. olive oil (or more)  
1 ¾ cup spaghetti sauce  
Shredded Mozzarella  
Grated Parmesan  
Chopped parsley.

Dip chicken breasts in egg & then crumbs to coat. Brown on both sides in olive oil. Add spaghetti sauce, reduce heat and cover, and simmer 10 min. Sprinkle with cheeses and run under broiler until cheese melts and browns a little. Sprinkle with parsley and serve.

## Fishing with Mike Wells

### The Lazy Man's Way To Fishes

When I was younger I approached fishing as though it were a job to be done, with production quotas (how many can I catch today?) and deadlines to be met (how many can I catch by noon?).

The hand I'd been dealt is familiar to many. Being a young husband, father and starting a business simultaneously was putting serious limitations on time available for anything else, especially something so frivolous as fishing. So my reaction was to fish like a maniac whenever I could! I would be on the water at the crack of dawn and mindfully fish each lie that hinted of a hook up until well past dark. Catching fish was the objective and I was going to be successful. Unconscious of the fact that I had transmuted my youthful energy (wonder where that went?) and transferred my business 'modus operandi' to my recreation, I would pack the most minimal sustenance for the day and do my best to not have to stop for a drink or a bite to eat because it would reduce my actual fishing time. Catching fish was the objective and you don't catch fish if you're not fishing. Oh sure, I would have the occasional epiphany that comes with being in the natural world but if you figure the amount of time I spent outside I was pretty much oblivious to my surroundings for the majority of that time. Catching fish was the objective and you don't catch fish if you're daydreaming. I disdained the 'early birds' and 'night hawks' who didn't pay their dues putting in the time required and 'cherry picked' during the most opportune time slots. What did they do all day anyhow?

Nature is my saving grace. Nature rescued me from the very possible fate of fishing burnout (a fate I would have once regarded as worse than death). I wasn't really aware I was in any danger. I had drawn an ace from the cosmic deck and was fishing more than I imagined possible in my wildest dreams. Yeah, the aches and stiffness seemed to linger longer after the regular twelve to sixteen hour fishing day but that could be alleviated with a good dose of bourbon or tequila. Then the mornings after were getting a bit rougher too. Nature's course is direct. Obvious to those who regularly contemplate such vast subjects. I however had been in the express lane so long, going hard and doing what it took to get somewhere I thought I wanted to be that contemplation was a luxury I didn't think I could afford.

So there I was driving through the newly installed electric gate at the entrance to the Ranch Common Area. Now there's a luxury I'm glad we could afford. I've got two weeks to fish and Nature has me mellowed to the point that I'm arriving around 10 AM, planning to fish til I get hungry or nappy and then come back in the evening when the wanderers from the \$3 Bridge area head home. The daily rhythm of early July appeals to my new awareness of Nature. Fish evenings til 11 PM +/-, cocktails til 1 or 2 AM, sleep til 8 or 9 AM, fish 10 AM - 2 PM, eat and nap a bit...hey, when did I become a 'cherry picker'?

The two weeks after the Ranch meeting this year offered some spectacular fishing. Due to the wet, extended spring the Salmon Flies didn't arrive 'en masse' until after I left (missed it again) however the air and water was thick with Caddis, Mayflies and Midges. I spent several mornings

and evenings releasing ridiculous quantities of robust Rainbows and Browns. The majority of which were quite feisty and several of which put on gravity defying aerial displays. There were of course regular encounters with Madison 'freight trains', the ones that grab your stuff and go on down the line. Dodging the daily electrical storms and downpours got a bit dicey at times.

Got to watch Barb Gibbs standing mid stream catch a nice one during one of those deluges while I hunkered down on the bank. Intent and brave fisher woman, lightning coming upriver and all! Saw Pat Toalson and a buddy from home he had enticed to help work at his place with the promise of 'reel big fish'. Observed a short hunting expedition as the Hoolans led their guests with their young children down to the river to hunt Grizzlies with fishing rods and pellet rifles. I can only imagine the tales Bill was spinning to entice those kids to follow him on such an endeavor. Met Tim Barksdale, a very friendly younger man who reminded me of myself twenty to twenty-five years ago. Tim had that gleam in his eyes and was having great success spin fishing with a silver spinner trailing a white bucktail. Give him a decade or two and he'll be a 'cherry picker' too, having learned 'The Lazy Man's Way To Fishes'.

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## Hoolan's History

*If some of this seems familiar, I published part of this before, but in the interest of brevity, left off the end for a later date. Bill felt that breaking it up ruined the impact, so here it is in its entirety (Bill did not write this article, but found it in his research. It was written about 100 years ago and published in our local paper):*

When the Indians left the Madison Valley

By: Frank Conway

"One of the interesting epochs of early history in Montana, and which has had more than a little bearing on the development of one of the fairest valleys in the state, has had little mention by historians of Montana and by many it has been forgotten entirely. This is the occasion when the Bannack Indians gave up their home on the Madison valley and moved themselves on the backs of ponies to the Lemhi reservation in Idaho. This occurred in 1867. Previous to that time a number of the Indians had already made their home on the Idaho reservation, but old Tendoy and 1000 of his followers clung to the valley which had been their hunting grounds for generations.

Down at the mouth of Jack creek was the birthplace of Tendoy and he cherished the place as fondly as any man who loved the spot which gave him the first peep of the light of day. For several years after the white man came to the valley and after the reservation had been allotted to the Indians in Idaho, the old man refused to leave the valley. He and his tribe lived there in peace and comfort and were friends of the white men since the times the first trapper made his way into the mountains. Their hunting grounds ranged from the Three Forks of the Missouri up the Madison to the borders of the Yellowstone National Park, the latter line being one which they never crossed, for their tradition was that the evil spirits made their home in the hissing geysers and boiling springs which cover the area embraced in the park.

For a distance of 100 miles long and 40 miles wide Tendoy and his band held undisputed sway and control and they had one of the fairest spots in all of the world for their home during the many years they lived there. Antelope were found by the thousands in every basin and in the foothills and even until this day the skull of many a buffalo can be seen lying on the benches which surround the valley, mute proof of where some noble specimens of the "Indians' cattle" gave up their lives to help in the feeding of Tendoy and his band. Deer and elk were everywhere in the mountains and in the rocky fastnesses of the Madison canyon more mountain sheep than

lived in the rest of the state made their homes. Truly the Madison valley was a hunter's paradise. Every creek teemed with fish; every slough and stream was alive with waterfowl; the prairie lands were dotted with curlews; the plains with rabbits; the rocks were alive with woodchucks and an occasional bear or mountain lion was found to add zest to the hunts of the red man.

Into this paradise came the white gold seeker. On a May day in 1863, Alder gulch was discovered and within two years 30,000 people were swarming into the little rocky chasm in the wild search for gold. The hills and the gulches for miles around were swarming with gold seekers; hunters went into the hills to kill the game which was required to maintain this vast army of gold seekers; farmers began to till the soil, to raise vegetables and wheat to be ground into flour to feed this multitude. Then the Indian found that he could no longer have a home in the Madison. Interests began to clash and wires were pulled at the seat of government which soon led to the order that Tendoy must give up his home he loved so well and make a new one on the Lemhi river in Idaho.

There were bitter protests offered from the red men when this order was made known to them. There were even runners started across the continent to carry a message to their Great White Father to combat the order of the department. But it was thousands of miles across the mountains and valleys and prairies which lie between Washington and Montana and if the runners ever reached their destination, it was never recorded.

Meanwhile preparations for the removal of the Indians went on uninterrupted, the government moving slowly but with decision. Finally the great day came when the order was to be carried out. Tendoy was still sulking, but his sub-chiefs had been won over. He was not then at the head of the tribe: Waschitkee, an old time war chief, was recognized as the head of the Bannack tribe and he gave his sanction to the removal of the tribe. Now Waschitkee had never lived on the Madison; the place had little attraction for him, as he generally made his home on the headwaters of the Beaverhead and for that reason his consent was easily gained.

True to their usual custom, the Bannacks made the day of their removal one of great festivities. Hundreds of them gathered in a large open bottom directly opposite Virginia City and which is now known as the "VF" ranch. There was to be distribution of annuities which were awarded under treaty rights, and the occasion of it being the last ever to be made away from the reservation, was an occasion of great festivities.

The residents of Virginia City turned out in hundreds that day. Every rig that could be devised was pressed into service and people were hauled out to the camping grounds until it would seem that among all of Virginia City's thousands, there would not be enough left in town and in Alder gulch to guard the place of business and the sluice boxes.

Now the Indian is fond of spectacular effects. He likes to have an appreciative audience when he dances, so the show did not begin until all of the white people were present. And such a dance it was! From 10:00 in the morning until the sun went down at the close of a June day there was not a moment's intermission between the different dances which were danced.

The tom toms and drums beat incessantly. As fast as one musician played out, another took his place. The braves were stripped to their breech cloths; they wore their most gaudy feathers and head dresses; their bodies glistened with paint and the trophies of many a chase and battle were dug up from their hiding places and brandished and paraded for the thousands who watched the spectacular event.

It was the greatest Indian performance ever given in southern Montana and even to this day there are old timers who lived in Alder gulch that day who can recall every event of the dance, so vividly it was stamped into their memories.

But Tendoy would have none of the dance. All day long he sulked in his tent, fully a mile from the scene of the festival and denied himself to everyone except a few of his most intimate white friends, who he knew sympathized with him in the loss of his birthright and who had other motives besides curiosity in coming to his wekiup. These he welcomed and after the dance had ceased and the dancers had gorged themselves with the big feast which followed the dance, he entertained royally a chosen few of his friends whom he bade stay with him until the morning and then watch the scenes of a tribe moving all its belongings from a valley it loved to one it despised.

For a long time after supper was served at Tendoy's tent, the chief and his guests sat moodily around the camp fire smoking the pipe of good fellowship, each waiting for the other to begin the talk of that which was nearest to his heart.

While the chief and his friends waited in silence, a young buck strode into the center of the firelight and squatted Indian fashion in front of his chief. For many minutes he was silent but at a sign from the chief he began a low, melodious chant. For a while the white men listened without interest, but soon a strange cadence found its way into the song of the Indian and, though the guests knew little of the Indian language, through some intuition they knew that this brave was chanting the story of the Indians of Madison valley who owed allegiance to Tendoy. Through the song ran the story of the hunter. The listeners could see the warrior as he came from his tepee, clad in buckskin leggings of the hunter; see him throw his quiver filled with arrows over his shoulder; see him test the trusty bow; see him as he hurried to the foothills. Then came the half-suppressed cry of exultation as the game was sighted. The snake like movements of the hunter as he wiggled through the grass; the crawling stealthily on the game was depicted unfaltering; the twang of the bow almost made the listeners jump up in amazement, and then came the shout of exultation as the arrow found its home and the deer or antelope fell to die. The singer told of carrying the meat home; and, as he approached the camp he gave a cry of success and, far in the distance, came the answering cry of the squaws as they hurried to meet the hunter and relieve him of his load. And then came a song of rejoicing, for there was meat in camp again.

Soon the song changed and the singer told of the war trail; told of how the Crows came to their camp and stole the horses; how they were followed; how the battle took place; how the braves died one by one when they were surrounded on a little hillock; after they had fought until only one or two men remained to defend their barricade, reinforcements came and the Crows were beaten off in dismay. Then came the song of victory, and the scalp dance, and soon every one of the guests of the chief was leaping about the camp with all the ardor of full blood warriors.

Then came another change in the song. The singer told of woe and pestilence; told how hundreds died of some dire disease and of the hard winter which followed; told of how the antelope all disappeared from the valley; told of the hunger and sorrow and the darkest days for the red man. Then came the song of the awakening of the spring; the return of the wild flowers; the opening of the streams; the finding of new hunting grounds and the arrival of the good spirit of plenty in the land again.

Then the singer told of the coming of the white man; finding the gold and the presence of gold seekers as thick as leaves on the trees of the forests. This was followed by the depicting of the order to remove to Idaho and, so the guests of Tendoy have stated, no fiercer hate was ever expressed on a human face than was shown by that singer as he told of their grievance. Then came the end, the bidding of goodbye to the homes they loved and when his voice died away, from every quarter of the big encampment came the sobs of heartbroken Indians who on the morrow were to give up the hunting grounds which had been their own for generations to make more room for the white man."

## Letters to the editor:

Via email from Mandie Myers: Does anyone know anything about solar energy heating programs for a vacation house there? If so, please contact Harold or Mandie Myers at [hmyers3@optonline.net](mailto:hmyers3@optonline.net) or (973) 601-3431

Via email in February (no doubt thinking there would be a newsletter out before NOW) from Gene Welch:

Fishermen may want to read a couple "Stream Watch" pieces that appeared in Fly Fisherman (FM) in the February and March issues (last two). The main article is titled "The Logic of Limits" by P.B. Downing and summarizes the studies of catch and release (C&R) trout mortality from using bait, lures and flies with barbed and barbless hooks, as well as fish population dynamics in response to C&R. Not surprisingly, mortality is least with flies and barbless - around 3-4%. Such values have been reported before in FM, but the most interesting point in the article is that C&R may not be doing much for the population in productive streams, according to the author. That is, C&K (catch and keep) may not reduce population total mass and numbers in productive waters, because fishing mortality simply replaces some fraction of natural mortality, to which the population quickly recovers through reproduction and growth (fast in productive waters; e.g., 3 years to reach 14 inches in the Madison). Hence, C&R would not be contributing much - according to the author. However, the author failed to consider population size structure between C&R and C&K. That disturbed me and I considered sending a comment to the editor. Procrastination paid off and R. Hunt, a fisheries expert from WI, commented on the author's omission in the last issue. As Hunt explained, fishing pressure (even very light pressure in Hunt's words) will reduce the average size with the "largest and oldest trout ... disproportionately harvested...". So, if one wants a chance at a big fish, which is what drives most fishermen, C&R will help achieve that goal. Hunt's response, "C&R for Larger Trout" is in the March issue.

**Thanks to Bill Hoolan and Mike Wells for their contributions. As always, please send or email me any questions or anything you think would be of interest to your neighbors, whether it's family news, recipes, reports from the ranch, stuff for sale, letters to the editor, etc. I really enjoy hearing from you!**

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