

# OLD KIRBY PLACE

on the Madison River



## NEWSLETTER

### from Walter...

Not only was Michael Messick of Lambertville, NJ our first guest this year arriving on April 25th, he returned in late September with his wife Carol and father-in-law Harold Schell. Early November saw Mike returning once more for elk hunting and great fishing. Ask Mike how he caught big rainbows in the spring, tagged and elk, and caught big spawning browns every afternoon in November using Streamers and Prince Nymphs.

Sunday, June 10th Hofstra University President Dr. James Shuart and his wife Margorie, Hernan and I were struggling to raise the new teepee. Just in time Tom and Marg Callinan arrived from Mill Valley, CA. They have a teepee of their own at home. Yes, they showed us how to do it right.

Next in our teepee saga came John O'Hern of Danbury, CT who finished the project by painting the Native American designs.

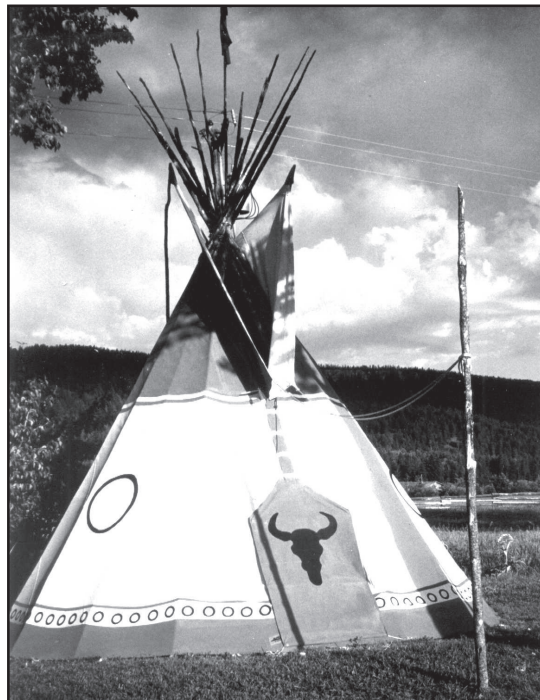
The Old Kirby Place has earned the reputation

of creating comfort food for sophisticated palates.

Like the rest of our great nation, Pat and Clark Gribben, Gail and Robert Gribben, Jim Kriesel, Robert Stark, Jim Storfer, Roger Akin, Ginny and Evan Secor along with Hernan and I sat in total disbelief, shock and sorrow on September 11th. With all airline travel stopped, the car rental companies graciously allowed their renters to drive home to Texas and Georgia.

One of the real joys of the holiday season is the opportunity to say "Thank You" and to wish you the very best for the New Year.

— Walter



### What's New?

■ A twelve-year-old mare — half Appaloosa and half Quarter horse — that's what's new! Last July, Retired USAF Lieutenant General Clifford T. Rees of Oakton, Virginia helped trailer our new horse from Bozeman, MT. "Ted" Rees flew an F-15 in Vietnam which he affectionately called "Knockers". In honor of Ted and his much-appreciated help, we have changed our new horse's name to Knockers. She joins the Old Kirby Place Stable to become our fourth beautiful riding horse.

■ Looking for that special gift for someone? How about a gift certificate to the Old Kirby Place? Available in any amount; call 1 888 875-8027 to reserve one.

■ Zowie! The year 2001, and the Madison River provided us with the best trout fishing we've had in twenty years! The week of December third dumped three feet of snow in the mountains — more than we had all of last winter.

■ Conditions should be excellent this year for using Golden, Stone, Salmon Fly, Caddis, Pale Morning, Dunn, Price Nymph, Hoppers (you get the idea).

The Old Kirby Place  
on the Madison  
Hutchins Bridge, Cameron MT 59720



## "THE SONG OF THE RIVER"

BY WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

The snow melts on the mountain  
And the water runs down to the spring,  
And the spring in a turbulent fountain,  
With a song of youth to sing,  
Runs down to the riotous river,  
And the water again  
Goes back in rain  
To the hills where it used to be.

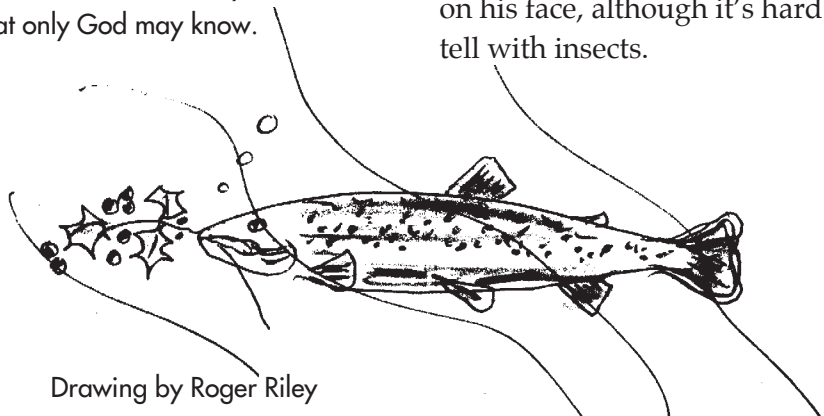
And I wonder if life's deep mystery  
Isn't much like the rain and the snow  
Returning through all eternity  
To the places it used to know.  
For life was born on the lofty heights  
And flows in a laughing stream,  
To the river below  
Whose onward flow  
Ends in a peaceful dream.

As so at last,  
When our life has passed  
And the river has run its course,  
It again goes back,  
O'er the selfsame track,  
To the mountain which was its source.

So why prize life  
Or why fear death,

Or dread what is to be?  
The river ran  
Its allotted span  
Till it reached the silent sea.  
Then the water harked back  
To the mountain-top  
To begin its course once more.  
So we shall run  
The course begun  
Till we reach the silent shore.

Then revisit earth  
In a private rebirth  
From the heart of the virgin snow.  
So don't ask why  
We live or die,  
Or whither, or when we go,  
Or wonder about the mysteries  
That only God may know.



## "DEATH, TAXES AND LEAKY WADERS"

BY JOHN GERICH

A Mayfly spinner lies on the  
surface of the stream, in what  
fishermen call the spent position.

To picture this accurately,  
remember that the insect has just  
had the first and only orgasm of  
its life and is now in the natural  
course of things — dying from it.

His body lies flush with the  
water; wings spread, legs out  
flat, tail splayed wistfully.  
Usually he is limp. If he  
struggles at all, he does it feebly  
at best.

There's probably a silly look  
on his face, although it's hard to  
tell with insects.

**INFORMATION & RESERVATIONS . TOLL FREE . 1-888-875-8027**