

Flyline

A Publication of the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon

F O U N D E D 1 9 6 1

Please join Flyfishers Club of Oregon on Tuesday, January 10th for a presentation by Fly Fishing Collaborative with Bucky Buchstaber and David Fineran.



2017 FCO/FFF Dinner Auction

Auction Donations Needed

It is time to begin assembling items for the 2017 FCO/FFF dinner/auction. If you have any quality fly fishing gear, float trips, guided fishing adventures, overnight stays at cabins, custom-tied flies, good wine, fine art, rare books, gourmet dinners/food items or any other desirable contributions that you would like to donate to this year's auction, please contact Dave Moskowitz (moskosalmo@gmail.com) or John Pyrch (jgpyrch1@msn.com). They will be happy to collect the contributions and provide you with a tax receipt for your items.

This year's dinner/auction will be held on Tuesday, May 9th from 5 to 9 p.m. at the Multnomah Athletic Club. Mark your calendars and plan to attend this outstanding event. Even better, invite several of your friends and fishing buddies to join the festivities.

John B. Pyrch
2017 Auction Chair

President's Message

Happy New Year 2017! I am looking forward to a year of more fishing and new species and I wish the same to all of you.

I would like to reach out to both long time and new members to consider a position on the Flyfishers Club of Oregon Board. There are several spots that need to be filled and I would love the chance to sit down and have that conversation with you. The time commitment is minimal and the value of new ideas and energy will enhance the strength of our board. You don't need a lifetime of fishing experience or board experience to participate. I hope to hear from you about this opportunity.

I have been busy scheduling the next club fishing trip which will be back at Rocky Ridge Ranch in April 2017. More details will be discussed at our next meeting. I look forward to seeing you there.

My best to you,
Teri



Member Matters

If anyone knows-Doug Lackowski please contact Ron Leland 503-297-4620

Please read this announcement. The following serves as official notice of the upcoming annual election of your Flyfishers Club Board and Officers for the 2017 year. **The election will occur at the Annual Meeting, February 14, 2017 at the University Club at 7 pm. We need you to step up and devote a little time and passion to the Club you enjoy.** Your Club is run by a dedicated group of volunteers who chart the course of Club, stage a highly successful annual auction, develop membership recruitment strategies, monitor its financial health, and provide world-class programs. Each year at this time, the officers are elected to one-year terms along with two at large board members that serve three-year terms. For 2017, the proposed slate of officers is:

- President – Teri Beatty
- Vice President – Open
- Secretary – Janet Arenz
- Treasurer – Open
- Past President – Rick Pay

Please consider serving as treasurer or vice-president. President Teri Beatty says these are “glory” positions because they have lofty titles without the hefty work. The treasurer position is not onerous and only requires a working knowledge of finance, budgets, balance sheets, and the like. The budget template is already set up and the entire board weighs in on budget decisions. The Club employs a bookkeeper who generates the financial reports.

The vice-president does need to have an eye on the upcoming year when he/she will climb to the top as Club President. The VP runs the monthly meetings if the president is out fishing. In addition, the VP, along with the board, participates in strategic planning and other Club activities. The presidential role does have “some work to it,” such as running the monthly meetings, setting the agenda and running quarterly board meetings, recruiting board members, planning activities, and otherwise engaging members. These positions are highly rewarding and give you the opportunity to connect with a greater circle of the membership.

We are recruiting two at-large board members whose three-year terms will end in Feb 2020. Please consider volunteering to serve as a board member. The commitment includes quarterly board meetings and great ideas to keep your Club vital!

There are two other board members whose terms are continuing and thus are not up for election:

- Jim Hillas (expires 2019)
- Steve Willhite (expires 2018)

We will call for nominations from the floor for these open positions at the February 14 meeting.

If you have any interest in serving your Club, please contact President Teri Beatty at teribeatty@windermere.com. We need to fill these officer and at-large board member positions. We need you!

Ross Beatty has agreed to serve as your new Program Chair. The creative and lovely Sarah

Lonigro will be stepping down after three years of spectacular programs plus the summer casting clinic at Westmoreland Ponds. She leaves Ross with the first half of 2017's programs booked! Thanks, Ross, for stepping up!

Special thanks go out to Harold Weight, 2016 Treasurer, and Brian Light, at-large board member, who are both stepping down. And very special thanks go to Janet Arenz who continues on as secretary for both the FCO and Foundation Boards. Very, very special thanks to Sarah Lonigro for three years of memorable programs! And very, very, very special thanks to Teri Beatty who has agreed to serve a second term as our esteemed President!

Happy New Year!

Lisa Hansen

Literary Angler

Editor's Note: I am fortunate to be on Janet Arenz and Curt Marr's Christmas card list because each year Janet pens a very fun and descriptive tale of one of their many fishing trips. Janet agreed to post her 2016 Christmas letter in this month's Flyline along with a couple of photos of their trip on the Salmon River in Idaho. If you haven't managed to make this epic float, it should be on your priority list! At the next meeting ask Janet and Curt how they planned their memorable trip. LKH

The last time I was on a plane this small it was in Homer, Alaska. We were weighed and told where to sit. Out my window I watched the pilot knock ice cycles off the wings with a hammer. I was very happy there were no scales or ice cycles this time, but there was difficult weather and cold in the thirties that delayed our tiny flights from Stanley, Idaho to an alternative river launch. In the morning we stood on a hilltop field with a dirt scar. We stomped our feet in the cold and chatted with strangers while we waited for better weather. We watched the Sawtooth Mountains wax and wane through grey clouds. After a few hours, I heard a pilot hollering and Curt shot his hand up while the others hesitated at the words, "give it a try." We were the first to board a cramped little plane, and the first to see the slender wafting ribbon of the Salmon River.

Indian Creek was a long, lively and sandy beach lined with beautiful wooden drift boats. We found ours and got in to gear up. We flicked a few casts out in the water and pretty soon the guide boarded to release us from the shore and launch our adventure.

We rowed across the river and immediately met willing fish to begin what would be glorious days of native cutthroat trout who just wanted to make us happy. It was all dry flies, floating on top of the water for the fish to spot like a drifting steak. It's fantastic to watch a fish rise to the fly you picked just for them, open its mouth and bite down.

The cutthroats came in variations of size, color and attitude. Their spot patterns were tighter and looser, they had bright orangey jaw slashes, and some with deep body blushes. Their approaches swift strikes and coquettish refusals. They were chunky fat or long and lean, the best of them 16".

We took turns at the bow of the boat throwing to fishy targets of shadow, foam, seam or a simple rock wall with a drifting promise. Taking turns was the most challenging. Only one person at a time could cast from a stanchion at the bow. The other one sat in the middle of the forward bench, facing directly at the least appealing view of the caster, which was also generally large enough to block the view of the action. As you can imagine, we were both eager to enjoin the fish and unthroned the one casting. Polite comments nudged the fisher, "Wow, great one, sweetie! Good job, that's number six. Wouldn't you like to take a break and rest a little? Here, I'll give you my seat." But the thoughts were more along the line of, "Don't you think it's about time to share the joy? Take a break and take a seat!" We were routinely the last to get to camp at end of day, and scouted for the only vacant little green tent to freshen up and get down for happy hour. A grave tactical error on my part was not seeing the small print in the instructions that said the weight of alcoholic beverages wouldn't count against your general packing limits for clothes and gear. I had packed just a partially enjoyed bottle of our best whiskey, so only a small rationed measure was available each evening, certainly not commensurate with our mood and the environment. Our new strategy was risky – offering some of our meager provisions to those (we knew from some scouting) who had more inventory, with the hope that when ours was depleted, they would make reciprocating offers.

The canyon changed shape around the river each day. For over one-hundred stunning miles it morphed in color, texture and content. It was amazing, everywhere you looked. Water falls,

creeks, canyons and wildlife that flew and ran. But the most beautiful, the most transfixing, was the water itself.

From the sky it was blue-green. In sunlight it was golden caramel. And it was always crystal clear. The bottom looked three feet deep though it was eight and twelve. You could voyeur fish life as you drifted over them. The top of the lumpy, wrinkled water made a prism of sunlight webs that undulated on its surface and into the depths.

When we weren't fishing well, we were eating well. High quality, fresh camp-fare meals were awesome. Curt's early strategy was to buddy up to the cook, teasing out secrets and recipes. One of the first nights, the cook made biscuit dough that he patted around the end of a stick. The kids held the dough over a campfire to bake it. When done, the hollow biscuit slid off the stick and was filled with peanut butter, jelly or honey. Curt was seen with the cook sharing references to the stick biscuits and snickering like teenage boys. Yet before long, there was Curt, squatting with the children around the fire ring, baking his biscuit.

Dinner was a production. Giant cast iron pots rich with experience were set up with measured lumps of charcoal as Dutch ovens, and baked surprises like cheesy corn cornbread, cobblers, chocolate pudding bread and bacon biscuits. Giant rows of pork chops, steaks, ribs or chicken stood up on long metal grids over fire, like smoking dominoes. Fresh salads, dressings, and vegetable casseroles filled the tables.

One evening big lumpy thunderheads showed up the same time dinner did. We ignored them until they opened up on us like hoses. It was squealing laughter, we were soaked in seconds and there was running chaos with full plates and forks in hand getting to the tents. Curt and I sat on our cots, pouring water off the plates and eating like it had never been touched by rain. Still pouring, the crew came in plastic hooded ponchos to pick up plates. The next thing we knew, they were back with covered bowls of still-warm baked brownies and ice cream dessert!

But the real treat was just beginning...breaking, drying clouds with a low sun poking through and a full rainbow across the river. Out of the tent with my camera, there were brilliant photos. And then a second rainbow showed. Everyone was standing on the bank in wet hair and clothes eating warm brownies, "Look, look!" and pointing with spoons. When a miraculous third arch emerged, the talking went softly quiet. Every single person just standing, watching, thinking.

It was great to go over the photos when we got home, it's so much fun to look back at the adventure. Not a surprise, we both claimed the biggest and most beautiful fish as the one we caught. I have a stunning shot of one of Curt's fish, fly in its lip, its color melting into the brilliant caramelly clear water with a wavy, undulating surface. The photos of the rainbows came out so beautiful, how could they not -- it was an epiphany, a moment so much bigger than what I saw.

So, for your New Year, I am wishing you triple rainbows and moments that are bigger than you know!

Janet Arenz



left to right, Ken and Sherill Helfrich, daughter Kelsey Helfrich (with the 4th generation Helfrich in the making) and husband Kidd Youren



Native cutthroat trout

Conservation Corner

Editor's Note: Foundation President and Club Conservation Chair, David Moskowitz, sends this piece from the Outdoor Project that discusses the tension between forest management policies, economics, and conservation in Tillamook and Clatsop counties. Follow the link to the original publication and spectacular photos. Thanks, Dave, for bringing this information and action alert to our members. LKH_

[Saving Oregon's State Forests, from OutDoorProjects.com](#)