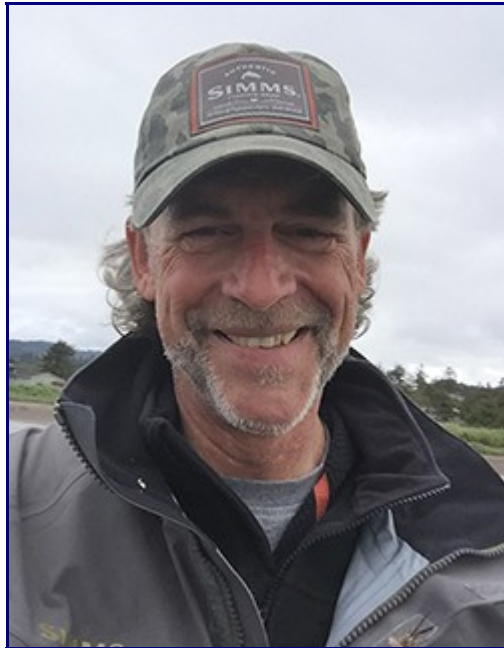


Flyline

A Publication of the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon

FOUNDED 1961

Save the Date – July 11th, 2017 Fly Club Meeting



Jay Nicholas will be presenting on Dory fly fishing out of Pacific City Oregon and other fresh and saltwater fishing opportunities in the area.

Jay Nicholas is a retired fisheries biologist having worked for the State of Oregon for 30 years in this role and has been honored for his fisheries science and conservation accomplishments.. He has been a passionate angler for over 50 years and is the author of several books related to fly fishing, salmon conservation, and fly fishing culture. He is also a regular contributor to the *Steelheader's Journal*, *Fly Fishing Magazine*, *Fly Tying Journal*, *Salmon Trout* and *Steelheader*. Most of his fishing experience is focused on steelhead and salmon in western Oregon, especially in the coastal rivers and (recently) the nearshore waters near Pacific City. Jay's passion for all things related to fly fishing and fly tying is matched only by his passion for family. He lives in Corvallis and Pacific City Oregon.

The Flyfishers Foundation

The Foundation approved the expenditures of three grants at the last Foundation Board Meeting. That included \$23,200 to the Deschutes River Alliance who were the recipients of the Keith Hansen Memorial Conservation Grant and Paddle Raise.

The Foundation also sent \$5,000 to the Oregon State University Graduate Scholarship Fund on behalf of the Tom McAllister Oregon State University Graduate Scholarship.

Finally, we will present a check for \$4,000 to the Library Foundation on July 6 to support the stewardship of the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon's C. Edwin Francis collection of Rare flyfishing literature and artifacts curated in the John C. Wilson Special Collections at the Multnomah County Library.

John Pynch recently [updated the charitable giving report](#) that the Foundation and the Club have supported over the past 20 years.

David Moskowitz

President's Message

Happy 4th of July weekend! I spent a peaceful day floating the Methow river yesterday. The fishing was great and we caught a collection of Rainbows, Cutthroat, Whitefish & Salmon. I was hoping for a Bull Trout but the only one we saw was trying to eat the Cutthroat that was already on the fly.

The club is looking for members that would be willing to fill a few open board positions. The commitment of time is small and the involvement satisfying. If you are inclined but need more information please call me.

Our program director is busy planning the August casting ponds event. There will be casting competitions, a wader up challenge and more fun games. Please mark August 8th on your calendar. This is a hosted club event.

My best to you,
Teri



Member Matters

We have 206 members as of June 29, 2017. Our newest members are:

- Glen McMath – Portland
- Mal McAninch – Portland

Welcome to all of you, and please take a moment to say hello at one of the next several meetings.

We do have a few members that have not yet paid their 2017 dues. If that includes you, please forward your dues as soon as you can. We would love to keep everyone on board supporting the club. There are lots of exciting programs and events coming up.

Your dues are used to help support the great programs we have at our monthly meetings and for the other activities of the club. We don't make any money on the dinner fees, so we rely on dues to fund programs and activities. Our club is in good financial condition.

Tight lines,
Rick



Editor's Note: I recently received an email from Lance Hidy, son of our Club's founder, Pete Hidy. He sends this message announcing Mr. Hidy's induction this fall into the Fly Fishing Hall of Fame. You will see other notables including the northwest's own Steve Rajeff being honored as well. If you happen to be traveling near the Catskills in New York come October, you might want to make a point of seeing the ceremony at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum(and writing it up for the Flyline!). LKH

Your members may be interested to hear the news about Pete Hidy being elected to the Fly

Fishing Hall of Fame. Here is the press release that went out yesterday.

Lance

NEW CLASS NAMED TO HALL OF FAME

The following four individuals will be inducted into the Fly Fishing Hall of Fame in a ceremony at the Catskill Fly Fishing Center and Museum on Saturday afternoon, October 7, 2017: Vernon S. "Pete" Hidy, Theodore "Ted" Niemeyer, Steve Rajeff and Theodore "Ted" Rogowski. The ceremony will be followed by a dinner (limited seating will be available).

These individuals have been identified by members of the fly fishing community and are being recognized for their significant contributions to the world of fly fishing. More details about the induction ceremony, and the process used to select the nominees will be available in the August edition of Castabout. Here are thumbnail sketches of the inductees.

Vernon S. "Pete" Hidy – produced "The Art of Tying the Wet Fly" with James E. Leisenring in 1941, and coined the word "flymph" in 1963. He wrote articles for "Sports Illustrated," edited "The Creel" between 1961 and 1982, and founded The Flyfisher's Club of Oregon in 1960. He was a founding member of the Federation of Fly Fishers in 1965 along with Lee Wulff, Ted Trueblood and Ed Zern. He influenced the creation of the Silver Creek Preserve in Idaho in 1976. Pete died January 24, 1983 in Boise, Idaho.

Theodore "Ted" Niemeyer — was a renowned fly tyer, fly fisherman and historian. He had a true love of the sport, was passionate and generous with his knowledge of fly tying, wrote for "Fly Fisherman Magazine" and "Art Flick's Master Fly-Tying Guide." He demonstrated fly tying at shows through New England and the Pacific NW. He often gave away special flies to interested beginners. Many of his flies have been distributed to collectors and museums. The New York Times called him a notable collector of prize fishing flies. He died on September 24, 2016 in Seattle, WA, at the age of 87.

Steve Rajeff — born and raised in San Francisco, he has been involved with numerous fly casting schools since the 1970's. He has conducted fly casting lessons and demonstrations in Argentina, Chile, Bahamas, Japan, Russia, South Africa, and many countries across Europe. He is a life member of the Golden Gate Angling and Casting Club, Hall of Fame member of the American Casting Association (ACA), and former Board of Director International Casting Sport Federation, and Federation of Fly-fishers Board of Governor-Certified Casting Instructors. He has been a dominate presence in the world of competitive casting for over four decades and has won the ACA All Round Championship 42 times and 14 World All-Around Championships. He lives in Washington State.

Theodore "Ted" Rogowski — has a noted career as an environmental attorney, cinematographer, fly tyer and fly fisherman. Author of the Clean Water Act when he worked for the United States EPA, he has been a long-time advocate for clean water and its relationship to fly fishing. He was a founder of the Theodore Gorgon Flyfishers, along with Lee Wulff, Ed Zern and Ernest Schweibert; and is a member of many fishing organizations. He was behind the camera for some of the classic footage for "The American Sportsman" show with Lee Wulff, which popularized the sport. He is married to Joan Wulff and lives in Lew Beach.

Lance Hidy

Literary Angler

Editor's Note: Our Foundation President, David Moskowitz, prepares us for the summer steelhead season by enlightening us on his take of steelhead camping culture. To those who are part of this elite culture (gals as well as guys, by the way!), it is likely to evoke chuckles and many memories of experiences past. For those who are thinking about taking steelheading seriously, this piece could be part of your armchair orientation. Enjoy! LKH

Steelhead Camp

by David A. Moskowitz

Well near as I can tell it is a place to take the perfect nap.

You have risen in the dark for coffee and the chance to fish at first light. You have likely had little sleep due to bad planning, good whiskey, bad weather, bad snoring, or heaven forbid, all four.

But you rise to meet the day, meet the fish, or at the very least, to ensure you will not be razed by your companions for not answering the bell - meeting the call of a new day.

You may have some coffee or tea, maybe even a little bite to eat. Sitting in your chair or in your rowing seat in the dark, you watch the first light over the canyon walls, thinking quietly about where you will fish, how you will slow down and remember to breathe and do nothing else when you get close to the bucket. You may exchange a few words with your fishing companions, and you are up and out of camp.



photo credit – Rick Pay

And then you fish. Most times you fish hard even after a hard night.

In fact, most of the time, you do a bunch of stuff without food, water, brushing your teeth, staring at the mirror, etc. that you would never even consider doing if you were not in Steelhead Camp.

You poop in a bucket.

You stir your coffee with your finger.

You sit in a lawn chair in the rain fully dressed in waterproof gear as if at a neighborhood clean-up, the Rose Festival Parade, or a block party barbecue scheduled before July 4th.

You put on wet socks, wanting to save your dry pair for when it really matters.

You essentially "make your bed" which in Steelhead Camp means you put away your sleeping

bag and any bedding you have in something waterproof - if your tent leaks or not. Or you put your gear under something heavy in case the wind decides to move your entire tent, cot and all your gear because it was not staked securely.

You put on a dirty shirt so you can "save" your good fishing shirt for when you stop for beer and pizza on your way home.

And afterwards, when the morning fishing is over, you come back to camp and you make more coffee, cook a full breakfast, and don't even blink when your buddy hands you a cold beer at 9:30 in the morning.

And if all this falls into place, you fall into bed (i.e. a cot, a sleeping pad, the passenger's side of your old trusty Pathfinder, your cheap motel mattress, or even slumped in a camp chair).

So this is when Steelhead Camp is a place, because Steelhead Camp is definitely a very specific place.

But sometimes, Steelhead Camp is a state of mind.

You are focused. The timetables and your inner clock are wired to maximize one articulate, specific activity.

Yet the tone and behavior of camp often belies this inherent or even false focus. Your camp companions declare open season on your past foibles and present inadequacies. No one thinks you are suffering from early onset dementia when you tell the same story on three consecutive nights. You are suddenly endowed with a career counseling team if you are in a job or career transition. It becomes the least expensive yet often most effective marriage and relationship counseling session. Ever.

I love Steelhead Camp. It is completely acceptable to sit around and do nothing. No one questions your work ethic. The guys playing cribbage are viewed as active up and comers - going places - while you sit on your pale damp ass in a picnic chair. Steelhead Camp is like sitting on the front porch, or stoop - you really don't like the idea that someone else might be moving up, moving out or moving on - so you talk trash about anyone who is doing anything other than just sitting there with you.

It is about this time that you risk everything.

You pull out your fly boxes and decide to re-organize them. It doesn't matter if your with but one other fishing partner or in a big group. Re-org of the fly boxes from the "system" you created last season (because that organizing principle suddenly just seems foolish) is really truly a "declaration of war" to your fellow camp dwellers who want to sit and do nothing, including not feeling bad about being lazy. The shit will come, and not only that, there will be outright attempts to steal your flies or deeply question your new organizing principle. Worse yet, criticize your fly tying prowess.

A place. A state of mind.

Steelhead Camp is definitely always about your camp mates and steelhead buddies - and if you forget that I can guarantee they will remind you often and clearly that it is.

Most anglers - if they are lucky - have various angler circles - there is the core group of fishing buddies and often other groups of full-time fishing friends with their own core-group - who occasionally invite you to join them. And then there are the great unwashed - those not-so-close friends, mere acquaintances, brother-in-law's, colleagues and even contacts from Linked In who

know you are a serious angler. They sometimes refer to you when they talk about fishing with their friends in hushed tones "I have a buddy at work who is suuuuper serious about flyfishing....."). These guys are always angling to be invited to go on the trips you take with your core group of guys.

Inviting someone from another circle of serious anglers to join you on a trip with your core circle will get you in trouble with your inner circle. Inviting someone from the outer orbit of your fishing friends might even get you disowned. It is a really bad idea even if your domestic partner tells you it would be nice to invite a member of their family, or even good for your career to invite your new boss. Don't do it.

I would recommend passing on invitations or notices to the local fly fishing club and their "fish along" outings instead. The guys who plan and run these fish-alongs for all-comers from fly fishing clubs are the sport's true superheroes. The industry reps ought to make sure these club guys get the sweet 50% discount on gear because I guarantee that they influence more people who are about to spend big bucks on the sport than the guides do. The fly fishing club outing chair or coordinators are our sport's version of Mother Theresa. They deserve sainthood.

Despite how I feel about the clubs, I am not so fond of club outings that begin to look like Steelhead Camps – that scares me actually. And mostly because they often skip steps in The Process.

Steelhead Camp is often and even most often, a process. Camp is governed by The Process.

Steelhead Camp requires a series of stages - though not necessarily in any particular order - this is the process part.

First and foremost, there are the fish.

Rainbow trout gone wild.

River trout born to run.

Ocean girl.

Born free, as free as the wind blows.

Wild thing, you make my heart sing.

Where does a wild steelhead start?

An egg pushed out of a wild hen into gravels immediately doused with a buck's sperm?

The little egg that could turns into a sweet little trout. Most people - anglers or not - could not identify a baby steelhead from a rainbow trout or cutthroat trout or even a little baby Coho salmon. The little trout grows in its home stream, feeding along with the other small fishes, until it just needs to move downstream because its heart beats to a different drummer. The little rainbow trout journeys towards the salt with baby Coho and often sea-run cutthroat and under goes a transformation from freshwater rainbow trout to a saltwater breathing, tidal-pulsing, fire breathing dragon of a migratory and predatory missile in a wide wild Pacific Ocean.

Why, when, where they return to freshwater is what gives birth to Steelhead Camp.

So first there is the fish itself.

Next, Steelhead Camp requires a Plan.

A Plan that comes into focus over a phone call or a beer.

Once the Plan is hatched you will need Permission.

I list this second but it often does not occur until later. Much later. Often too late.

You need a List (we will come back to this one).

You need a Menu.

You need at least three to five calls or emails among the participants to make sure the Plan and the river conditions look good – though river conditions mean nothing to a well-executed Plan.

There is the Packing stage

There is the Errand stage

Generally Permission is requested when the packing, errand or planning stage becomes visible to those not going to Steelhead Camp.

Then there is the Travel Plan and Loading stage.

Hopefully you have secured Permission by then.

Then there is the Travel Stage in which the Travel Plan is implemented. However, if the Errand stage was poorly executed, the Travel Stage includes stops for cash, gas, coffee, batteries, booze, bad cigars and more ice. If it wasn't secured previously, Permission can sometimes be obtained during this stage as well. Permission, if it being sought at this stage, may also be revoked, but so far I know of not a single instance where loss of permission has resulted in abandonment of Steelhead Camp during this stage.

The stop at a fly shop is a different stage from both the Travel stage and the Errand stage, but occurs in a complementary fashion to both stages.

It is during the Travel stage that "adventure" can enter Steelhead Camp.

Adventure is equal to
Bad driving conditions
Poorly maintained trailers
Traffic regulations ignored
Ignored directions
Critical items forgotten
Failure to secure permission

The Travel portion of Steelhead Camp is broken into the part of the drive between home and the river and the part of arriving along the river to the put in or to camp if you were car camping and not floating.

Then there is the Unpacking and / or Packing stage. If you car camp, you Unpack. If you are going to float, you unpack the rig and then you Pack the craft.

Generally you stand back and let the owner of the craft do the Packing. That does not mean you stand around and drink coffee and/or beer – because, Heaven forbid, you were not reading the

mind of the boat owner as to which cooler or dry bag they needed to Pack next!

For some, Steelhead Camp cannot be reached until two things happen – one, you push off the boat ramp and you are on your way to Steelhead Camp; or two, if your car camping, you finish setting up your tent, or cot, or shade tarp or kitchen setup, and you grab a beer and sit down.

You have arrived in Steelhead camp.

The camps take many forms.

Valhalla Lodge on the Babine River of British Columbia. Mecca. The Taj Mahal.

Then there is Porn Camp- born in the mud and wet gravel and dripping ferns of the North Oregon coast where mythical chrome ghosts slide by along steelhead-green ledges and seams all just a few feet beyond your wet-to-the-elbows longest cast.

When the third day of heavy rain collapses your tent and your bag of dry clothes falls into an unseen puddle in the corner of your tent – that gives birth to renting a three-story beach house in Manzanita with a wrap-around deck, pool table with dead bumpers, a driveway meant for a single minivan now full with three cars and four boats within easy reach of multiple coastal chromer highways.

A dusty Subaru with Colorado plates packed to the gills with the entire life's possessions of an itinerant ski bum-trout guide-7-year-plan college kid parked in a pullout along the Mack's Canyon Road on the Deschutes.

The orderly yet shifting group of anglers and their individual camping units sprinkled respectful distances from each other at Myrtle or wherever the camping is cheapest on the Clearwater River in Idaho.

The mountain biking - burley trailer-pulling couple riding up along the Lower Deschutes from Heritage Landing carrying everything they can - including toilet paper - but without a pot to poo in.

The tent cities that spring forth from jet sled or gear boat guides and bagmen in the prime camps in the prime season on the Deschutes, John Day, Grand Ronde, Salmon, Snake.

The Spartan camps of lone wolves in their unpainted, dented drift boats with an old picnic chair, a hammock, maybe a cot, more likely accompanied by a faithful hunting dog than a fishing buddy because they need the tug so bad they forgot how to share camp and the camp water with even their best friends.

The furthest downstream designated group camp site at Beavertail Campground on the Deschutes - perhaps one of the finest group camps in Columbia Basin steelhead country.

Two cots and a cooler on the shady side of a sagebrush pin-striped 4x4 in the searing heat at the bottom of the Kloan Road on the Deschutes.

The hallowed fly-in lodges on the Dean River with their effective, diminutive jet boats - Blackwells, Stewart's - names still used even though they have changed hands multiple times in the most recent decade.

The American-made wall tent camps on the Kamchatka Peninsula - flown in and sprouting from the tundra bogs - and assembled by vodka-fueled Russians curious about this large trout returning to their volcanic-grown pristine rivers.

The hundred-grand RVs lined up in Maupin City Park during September and early October on the Deschutes where cocktail hour is a grand affair.

A damp \$25 per night two-bed room-for-four in a not-quite-a-motel where the floor sags and your waders don't dry before it is time to get after it again on the Sol Duc or the Hoh on the Olympic Peninsula.

A covey of tents around a small fifth-wheel that serves as kitchen, drying rack and poker room on the John Day River in the chill November darkness.

The list could and should go on and on.

All I know is that I am as happy as you can be when I am in Steelhead Camp.

It is a blessing that sometimes, it is a pretty simple place and state of being to get to.

@ Copyright by David A. Moskowitz July 1, 2017

Conservation Corner

Editor's Note: This message comes to FCO members via David Moskowitz. He forwards an email from John Atkins, President of the Molalla River Alliance <http://www.molallariveralliance.org/>. He is looking for volunteers who care about the Molalla and are willing to help out this summer. Please contact Mr. Atkins if you can take the short ride out to this special river and lend a hand. LKH

This is to ask for a little of your time to help protect the Molalla Scenic Waterway, which lies entirely within the BLM's Molalla River Recreation Corridor. Due to vandalism and related damage to the new congregate campsites (Three Bears and Cedar Grove) last summer, the BLM planned to close them this summer to allow repairs and restoration work to proceed. For reasons outside of the BLM's control, no camping fees have yet been established, nor have any on-site camp hosts been hired. This leaves the campsites mostly unsupervised.

The MRA and Molalla River Watch jointly protested the campsite closures, noting that people would camp in unauthorized locations elsewhere in the corridor, damaging habitat, leaving garbage behind, etc. This has already been happening. The BLM heeded our appeal and has decided to open the campsites on weekends, on a first-come, first-served basis. However, the federal hiring freeze has left the BLM short-handed, so a little help from folks like us who have worked diligently to protect and restore the Molalla River habitat would be greatly appreciated by the BLM.

What I am asking for is volunteers who are willing to drive through the corridor from time to time, log violations, and report them to the BLM. No enforcement actions would be required or advised. We're just looking for more observers to help protect this wonderful resource. It's a great place to go camping yourself, or have a family picnic at one of the many day-use sites.

Please respond to this appeal if you can help out. You pick the date(s) and time(s); you pick the frequency (once or however often you can do it). The BLM is supportive of this action, and will be providing guidance on what to look for. For now, we're just looking for MRA members and affiliate organizations who can contribute an hour or two to help protect our spectacular Molalla Scenic Waterway.

If you can help, kindly get back to me with your name, contact information and dates and times of your availability to cruise the corridor anytime between now and Labor Day.

Best wishes,
John Atkins

