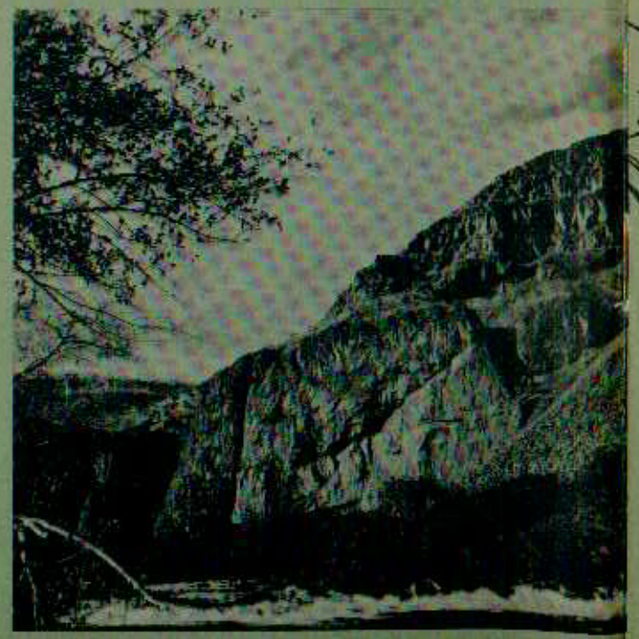
LEFT: *Lloyd Byerly pauses at Rimrock Chateau Pool on the Deschutes, will discuss "My Favorite Oregon Flies" in next issue of The Creel.*

LEFT ABOVE: *Major Tobin checks the knot on a Brown Sedge Fly from his rowing position on the waters of Glimpse Lake, a Canadian hideaway of fine Kamloops rainbow trout.*

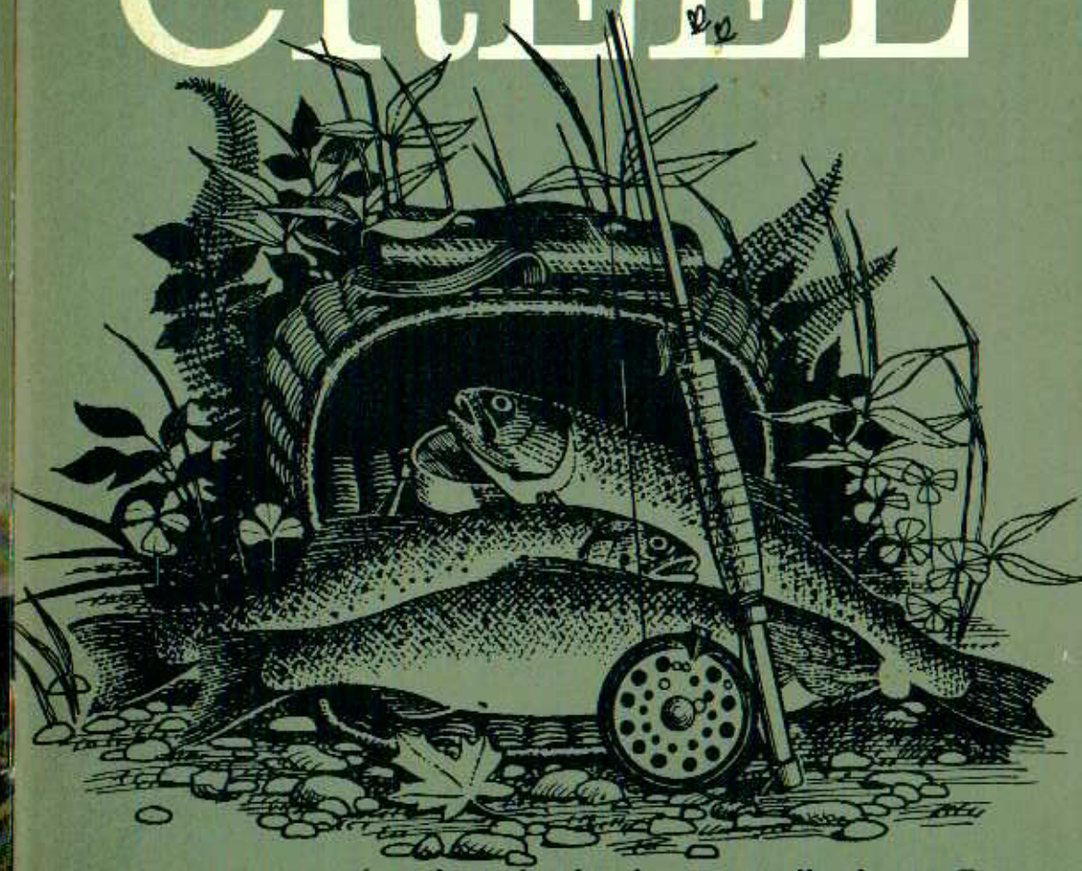
RIGHT ABOVE: *"Hooked him right between the eyes! And he was a dandy," smiles Madison Smith. "Dale LaFollette was there. He took a picture of it. First fish I ever hooked like that. Nineteen inches."*

RIGHT: *The White River sparkles through the rimrock canyons of central Oregon, fed by the snows and spring water of the Mt. Hood Forest country.*



Volume 1, No. 1
DECEMBER, 1961

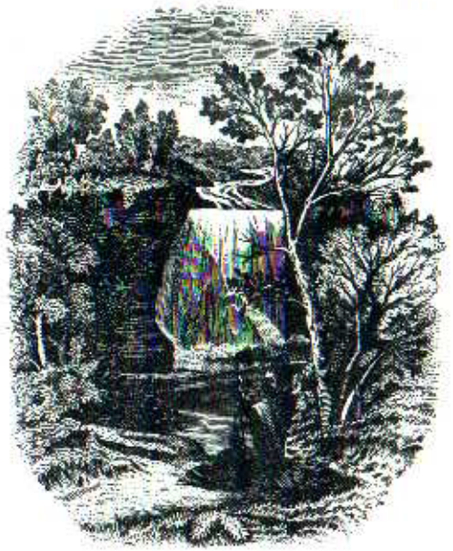
THE CREEL



BE IT RESOLVED: *they who trade tales of trout or steelhead, or traffic privately in fly patterns designed to deceive such fish, or angle with tackle so delicate a great fish may break away, or (should they catch him) oftentimes return such fish to the water after much sport and pleasure . . . . such men are deemed Anglers deserving all consideration for membership in* THE FLYFISHER'S CLUB OF OREGON

12/14/61

Anson –
In my book, you're a prime – if not pioneer – flotsa tubus specimen!
Bob



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FLYFISHER'S CLUB OF OREGON

THE CREEL

THE BULLETIN OF THE FLYFISHER'S CLUB OF OREGON

Volume 1, No. 1, December, 1961

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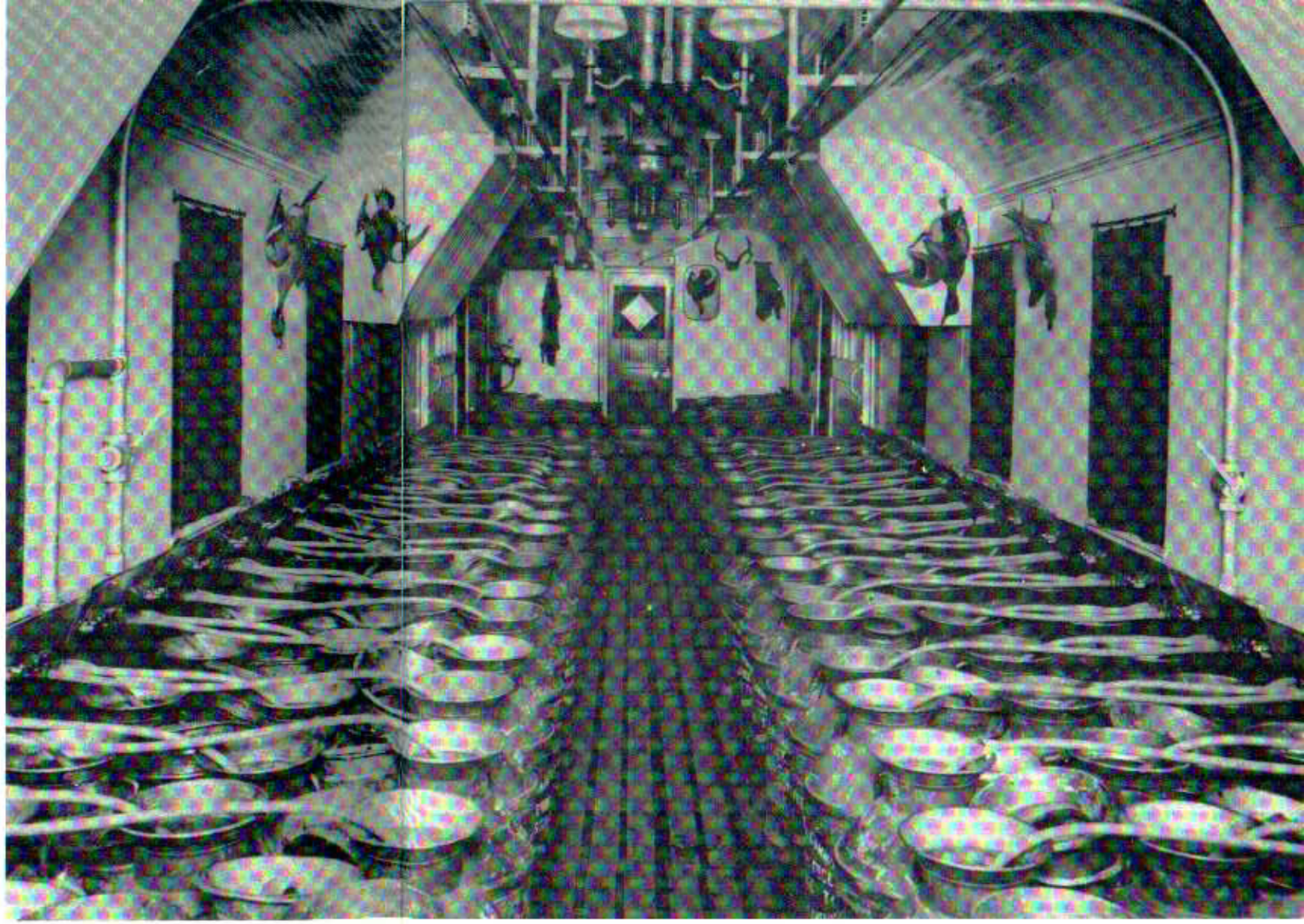
THE CREEL COMMITTEE:

Editors: Robert O. Beatty, Lenox Dick, V. S. Hidy, Fred E. Locke, Robert Wethern
Art Director: Douglas Lynch
Printing: Fred O. Hallwyler

Colorful 1912 interior of the Rainbow summoned sportsmen, romanced the mission, dramatized the value of wild life.



THE Rainbow

by Tom McAllister

Early day fingerlings rode in style over the rails of Oregon toward the virgin waters

With buckboards and pack strings spirited groups of sportsmen gathered in 1912 to meet *The Rainbow* at their local railroad depot. This converted express car was the pride of the old Oregon Fish and Game Commission, the backbone of the fish distribution program, and the vehicle through which trout, including the then exotic Eastern brook trout, came to many virgin waters of Oregon.

Events leading to the purchase of *The Rainbow* included the merger in 1911 of the old Fish and Game boards into a combined agency. In this reorganization under the leadership of Governor Oswald West, who was keenly interested in fish and game matters, it was now possible to raise trout in the hatcheries. Until this time the state's thirteen hatchery stations were used solely for propagation of salmon.

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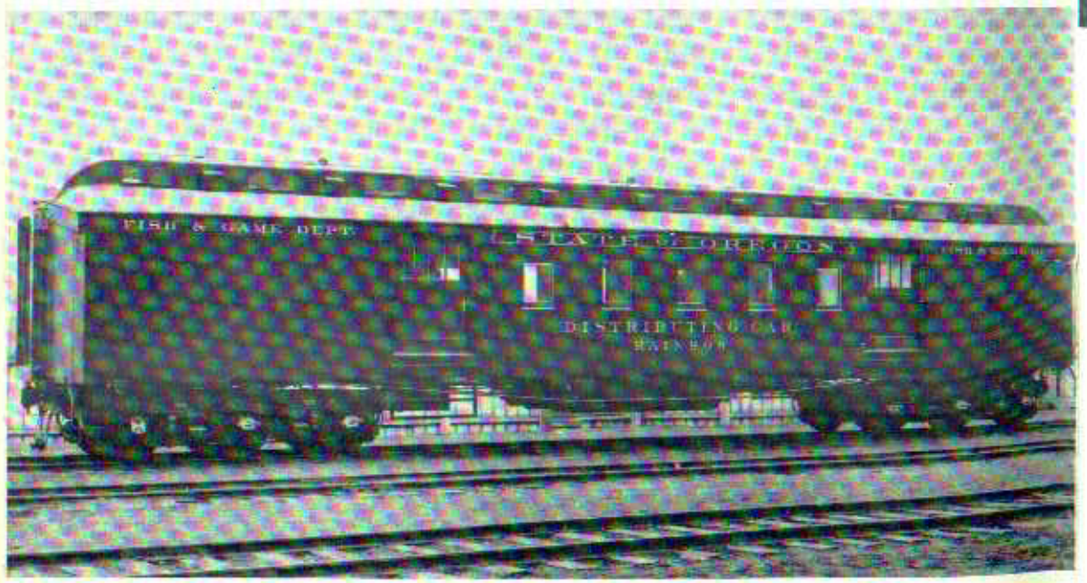
Resident rainbow eggs were shipped from various stations in the state to the central hatchery at Bonneville, and large numbers of Eastern brook trout eggs were purchased from Atlantic states.

The need for a specially equipped railroad car, in view of the state's then primitive road system, was obvious to William L. Finley, state game warden under the combined commission.

One other event clinched the case for *The Rainbow*. As early as 1911 the U. S. Forest Service had a trail system through the Cascade Range. Packing through the mountains was popular in those days. Pack horses could be hired at Albany, Detroit, Eugene, Oakridge, Bend or Redmond for these excursions into what was then a wilderness.

Two prominent sportsmen of that era who spent their summers in the Cascades were L. J. Hicks of Portland, and S. S. Mohler of Oregon City. They noted that the majority of the inviting Cascade lakes were barren of fish and they began agitating. In the summer of 1911, Mohler and Carl G. Johnson spent two months on the trails between Mt. Hood and

THE RAINBOW'S HERE!
Proudly named, the Rainbow excited local sportsmen. Millions of trout fingerlings were passed through its doors into the hands of public spirited outdoorsmen.



Two rural sportsmen rendezvous with the Rainbow (background) and depart with wagonload of trout in 1913.

Waldo Lake. In a few lakes such as Fish, Clear, Marion, and Santiam native cutthroat abounded. But equally appealing lakes such as Olallie, Breitenbush, Jorn, Big, Elk, Sparks and Waldo represented thousands of acres of barren water. These men sold the idea of stocking these lakes, and dozens of other barren lakes, to the members of the Fish and Game commission.

The Fish and Game Commission, consisting of C. K. Cranston, J. F. Hughes, C. F. Stone, M. J. Kinney and G. H. Kelley, recognized the value of a program to stock the barren lakes and Finley was instructed to plan and carry out the work. *The Rainbow* was outfitted in 1912 and special pack cans were made for taking the fish over the mountain trails.

For containers, ten-gallon milk cans were used. They were arranged in rows three deep down each side of the former express car. Air bubbled

constantly through the cans from small hoses attached to dozens of outlets along compressed air pipes which were installed on each side of the car wall. In warm weather the Deputy Game Warden accompanying the car was kept busy icing the cans. Cold water holds more oxygen. So designed and operated, *The Rainbow's* capacity ranged from 150,000 to 180,000 trout fry each trip.

Wherever the rails went in Oregon the trout rode in a style befitting their enthusiastic welcome by sportsmen, for the interior of the car was decorated with waterfowl, antlers and furs as shown in the photograph from the files of the Game Commission.

The travel schedule of *The Rainbow* was closely followed in local newspapers and it was up to public-spirited citizens to take upon themselves the liberation of the trout when they arrived at the local depots.

Transport of trout fry for stocking the Cascade Lakes was a small part of *The Rainbow's* duties. That first summer of 1912, 83 barren Cascade

Heading into the mountains with a pack train of fry.

A fish packer's camp on the Skyline Trail. On this trip Trim and Round Lakes were stocked with Eastern Brook trout.

lakes were stocked with 97,420 fry, including rainbow, brook trout and silver salmon. Most of the rainbow stock came from an egg-take station on Spencer Creek, Klamath River tributary near Keno, Oregon, and the source of stock for early Diamond Lake plantings.

Carl G. Johnson and his brother, Tom, both Reed College students at the time, contracted with the Commission to do the first season's packing for $1610. A deputy game warden, George Russell, accompanied them. The pack work was continued in 1913 by the Johnson brothers. Their descriptions of the then untouched country around Sparks and Elk lakes and the planting of the first trout there is a story for later telling.

The Rainbow brought the fish to the pack string at the head of the Corvallis and Eastern Railroad at Detroit, to Redmond and Bend, Cazadero on the Clackamas, and Oakridge.

The Johnsons packed the trout fry for as long as eight days between the time they received them at the railroad and the time of release. Their record of trout survival under these conditions is astounding.

Other private citizens were meeting *The Rainbow* at points such as Baker, Enterprise and Hood River to stock lakes not in the itinerary of the Johnsons and known to be deserving of trout.

Aneroid Lake in the Wallowa's was stocked in October of 1912. In

(Continued on page 8)

1915 sportsmen of the Hood River Game Protective Association, led by the late Alva L. Day, met *The Rainbow* which was sidetracked there while they took the trout fry first by auto, then by buckboard, and finally by pack horses into Lost, Bear and Wahtum Lakes. It was this type of community venture that *The Rainbow* sparked wherever it went.

As a side note, the growth of trout first put into barren lakes was a thing to make an angler of the 1960's gasp. Dr. A. G. Prill of Scio, who explored lakes in the vicinity of Mount Jefferson and cooperated in stocking some on his own in 1912, caught a five and one-half pound brook trout that measured twenty inches in length. This fish was from his original plant in Prill Lake, a most delightful dividend.

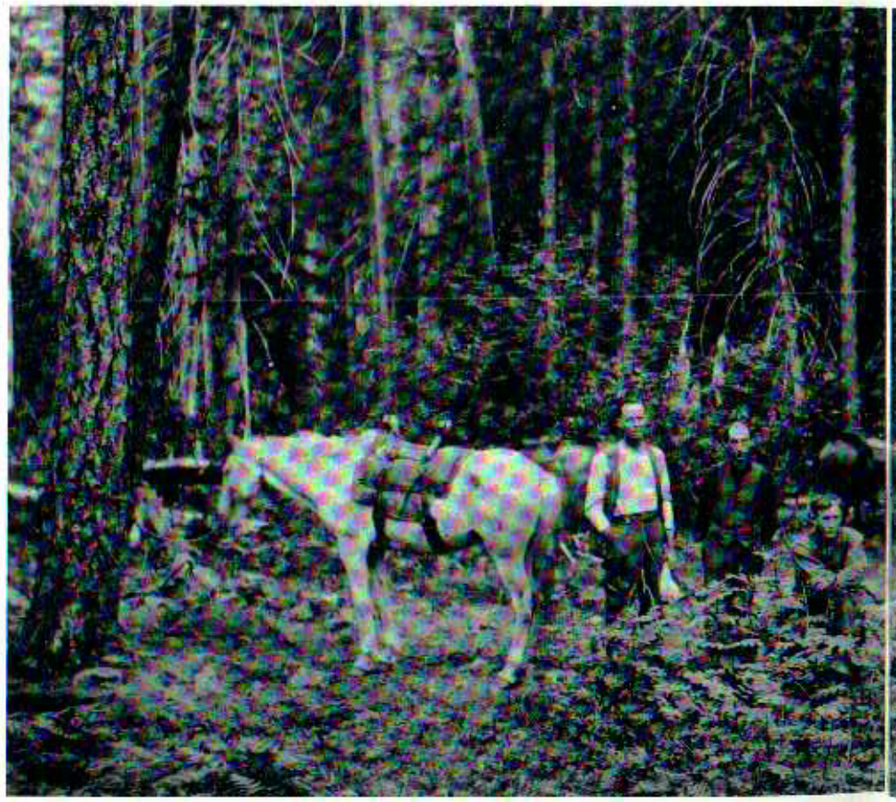
Synonomous with *The Rainbow* was the name of the late T. J. "Tom" Craig who was assigned to the fish distribution project for 14 years. He said his calls around the state were like a "series of reunions with a lot of good fellows that make the work a pleasure."

The sportsmen would meet Tom and *The Rainbow* in a festive spirit. After stocking streams or lakes of the vicinity, everyone would turn to demolishing a picnic dinner prepared for the occasion. After the sleepless night, irregular hours and exertion involved in shepherding *The Rainbow*, Tom said the holiday spirit of the reception took the sting out of the routine of looking after thousands of delicate fingerlings.

The Rainbow was part of the golden era when a license was one dollar, the limit seventy-five trout and the elbow room unlimited. It ushered in the first fish cultural work in Oregon with gusto, style, and fun.

Permela Trail Camp on the Marion Lake Approach.

—Photo by A. G. Prill of Scio, Oregon.



All photos courtesy Oregon State Game Commission.

RODERICK HAIG-BROWN most eloquent of modern angling writers lives on Vancouver Island, learned to cast a fly on the chalk streams of England.

a Talk to Fly Fishermen

before the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon, June 6, 1961 by

RODERICK HAIG-BROWN

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: I feel I should first congratulate you for achieving such a very large membership in such a very short time. I am sure the waiting list is going to be long and unhappy before very long. I do congratulate you on your venture and I do wish you every kind of good fortune because I feel that fly fishing clubs all over the United States and Canada have a great deal to do for fishing generally and for themselves in particular.

We have had troubles on this coast as fly fishermen. I have been here for thirty-five years. To hear people talk, when I first came here, you would think that no western trout really took a fly in any serious way at all. It was a chancy matter, something like the old story that you couldn't sail a boat in Puget Sound. Long Island Sound was all right, but Puget Sound wasn't. You just couldn't sail in Puget Sound. It was rather the same about the Pacific Coast trout. You couldn't catch them on a fly. You certainly couldn't catch steelhead on anything but salmon eggs. I think and hope we're growing out of that a little.

I remember to this day (sometimes to my blushing shame when I am in my more respectable moments) that the first way I learned to hunt ruffed grouse was with a good tree dog and a .22 rifle—just go out in the crabapple swamp and let the dog loose; when she barked there was a grouse up a tree, and you shot its head off. I thought that was a great deal of fun. But I assure you I wouldn't do it today, and for the same reasons I hope we are growing up out of some of the more pragmatic attitudes of the pioneers towards the techniques of taking fish.

I didn't fish salmon roe then because I had been better trained as a fisherman than as a hunter. When we really needed fish for the winter, I preferred to put out a short length of gill net and take them that way than to use salmon roe. I still would. But the funny thing about it is that even in those early days while there were a lot of good fly fishermen here, they were not very vocal. You had a job to find or to meet any. But if you could fish a fly competently, it was surprisingly easy to convince the pioneers that this technique had something. He would be out there with his pragmatic methods, and if conditions were right, you with your mysterious waving of the strange pole around in the air and the kind of tackle you had brought with you, could vastly outdo him. Many of the ones I met rapidly converted to these more subtle methods. I think this goes on. Fly fishing is, in the last analysis, quite an effective method of fishing. This is the point that has to get over to the public to a greater extent than it does today. We have had a lot of very good and very ingenious fly fishermen working here now for a long time. I think we can say the West has come into its own.

The West has always had one of if not the finest selections of fly fish to be found naturally anywhere in the world. There is no other part of the world that has two native true trouts, one of them a sea running fish so similar to the Atlantic Salmon that you really can't measure any great difference. All the potential of the Pacific salmon on the fly, plus the Dolly Vardens, which are after all prevalent in Europe, too, and known as the Arctic char. Plus, in some parts of our West, the Arctic grayling and the Montana grayling. And I haven't mentioned the white fish, which is no contemptible creature, whether he is the Great Lakes white fish or the Rocky Mountain white fish. Either of them is worth catching on the fly. That's quite a list of first class fly fish, and we now have the tackle and the techniques to meet them on their own grounds. I don't see why we can't be just as good as anybody else has ever been at this business—perhaps a little better, and a little more versatile with a fly.

At the same time a little humility is probably in order because we are simply extending a tradition and a brotherhood that already almost meets around the world, and reaches into both hemispheres, as you know. You

remember how this tradition grew first in Britain and how it has been reflected there in literature spanning almost five hundred years. It is about five hundred years since Dame Juliana Berners first produced her great book, followed by Gervase Markham. Then you go on to Walton and Cotton; and then a big jump to Ronalds and Stewart, and finally down to Halford and Skues, all on the other side of the Atlantic. That is the hard line of the tradition. There are many, many other admirable lights in amongst these. The tradition crossed the Atlantic with Frank Forrester. Later came men like Theodore Gordon who developed their own methods and their own almost mystic or instinctive fly fishing techniques. These were highly sophisticated, highly intelligent adaptations of European methods to eastern streams. And so the thing grew through our other great names in the East such as Hewitt and La Branche. In Canada, though they were less technicians but perhaps better writers, there were Blake and Comeau, both first-rate performers.

It still takes, however, ordinary fly fishers like you and me to do the real work and make the thing stick. It is a little bit of a burden to carry, this great tradition of fly fishing, but it is one I think we should welcome and accept gracefully, because as a technique and philosophy it has produced so well in the past, and it can go on producing in the future. If we slight it, it won't.

I think fishermen have always been in the habit of forming themselves into either semi-formal or extremely informal clubs. I believe fly fishing as such started in Macedonia somewhere around the 4th century. I would rather suspect that the first fishing clubs were formed in the British pubs, obviously a natural nursery for such affairs. If you remember your Walton, the old gentleman, while a very religious type and a little bit of a Puritan in his ways, was always anxious or ready to knock off on the stream and go to the nearest pub for a cheerful glass and a round of song. I'm delighted that he did so. Then of course the real patron saint of fly fishing and fly tying, Charles Cotton, was a most delightful rake. He not only wrote his share of *The Compleat Angler*, but was also an excellent poet—one of the less bawdy of the Restoration poets, but still bawdy enough. He was probably one of the best translators of Montaigne's essays and a distinguished diplomat in the Court of King Charles II. Cotton was a very merry individual, and this belongs definitely in our tradition. In any event, anglers should be cheerful people. We should take delight in all the pleasures of life.

I've really lived too much in the wilds to have known a great number of clubs, but I've always been impressed by the particularly delightful nature of the clubs I have known. I am sure that this would be true of the Fly Fishers' Club in London, an establishment I have never visited. However, it does overawe some people. My uncle Decimus (he was called Decimus because he was my grandfather's tenth son) is a very good fisherman. He taught me to fish, and he became a member of the Fly Fishers' Club of London. I once asked him many years after he had joined that club how he liked it.

"Well," he said, "as a matter of fact I've been a member for twenty-five years but I've never dared go in the door."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, I think there would be an awful lot of stuffy old gentlemen in there, and the first thing they would do would be to get me in an argument I couldn't finish."

I think since that time he has other thoughts, and I think he has gone inside the club and enjoyed it very much. I can assure you if I were a member of the Fly Fishers' Club of London I wouldn't wait twenty-five years to go in much as I respect my uncle Decimus.

Now the New York Anglers' Club I do know. And I can assure you that there is a very relaxed, a very friendly and pleasant group indeed. They have built themselves a handsome tradition in a very short time. They have many pieces of club property that would be of interest to anybody in the fly fishing world, including such things as Theodore Gordon's fly boxes. It is a fascinating place to visit quite apart from the delightful nature of the people you meet. The club's possessions make what is really the "holy of holies" of angling on the North American continent.

Another group I know well is the Boston Fly Casters. An extremely informal and very merry group. I don't think they have any club quarters of their own or any burdensome traditions, or anything else but a very good time. I always have too good a time when I get there.

You all know the Washington Fly Fishing Club, I imagine. If you don't, again, here is a very cheerful, pleasant and informal group. And this time, of course, a western group. As far as I know, the Washington Fly Fishing Club just grew naturally.

There is no fly fishers' club in British Columbia as far as I know. But we do have an informal group that you might be interested in hearing about. It's called the Hawthorn Foundation. A number of us, including the president of the university and his assistant, and others of the University of British Columbia, are in the habit of meeting for a fishing trip right after graduation. And we usually have a little pot on the first fish, the largest fish and so forth. We also play a little poker in the evening. Stakes are not high, but one year one member seemed to be on the winning edge of things—excessively so, I may say. As it happened, I told him and another very reputable professor about a little lake where there were a lot of good-sized fish that you could catch very readily. These two went out the next day to this little lake, and the second of the professors (the one who had all the winnings) became very excited. He stripped to his shorts, got on a log and paddled out into the middle of the lake. He started murdering fish right and left. His friend on the bank kept fairly quiet, taking a fish now and then. When they came back to the lodge where we were staying somebody met Stan (who was the quiet man on the bank) as soon as he came in and said, "Stan, how many fish did you get?" Stan said, "Eight."

Well, our limit up there is twelve, and when the fish were counted there were twenty-one. It was quite clear that the law had been broken, and it was also quite clear who had broken the law. So we held court that evening, and decided that all the winnings of this character who had taken thirteen fish instead of twelve should be placed in escrow until we decided that the winnings would be given to the university library to start a fishing section of the library called, after this gentleman, The Hawthorn Foundation, "for the promotion and inculcation of the ethics of fly fishing." This club meets every year, and the poker winnings, no matter who wins them, are still forfeit. So are any other ill-gotten gains that anyone may have, in addition to which, of course, it isn't too hard to penalize members from time to time for various infractions on the ethics of fly fishing. We are building up a nice little library in the University of British Columbia on the subject of fly fishing. That is one way a club can develop and serve.

Another example of the sort of thing a club can do that has interested me recently had to do with developing quality, rather than quantity in fishing. A club in Vermont that owns some of its own water wrote me not long ago to say that they had decided to change their stocking methods, and control and adjust all the management methods of their lakes to produce quality rather than quantity fishing. This is, to me, the essence of fishing. It's just as applicable under public ownership conditions as it is under private ownership conditions. We are just as much entitled to ask for quality fishing, even though we may be in a minority, as is a private club to vote itself into quality fishing rather than quantity fishing. We have vast public waters here. We have increasing pressure on them all the time. We cannot expect forever to go out and just take fish out of them, particularly salmonoid fishes, by any methods at all in large-size limits with plenty of room for everyone. It just doesn't happen that way. For this reason alone, I think we have a right to ask for quality fishing. It doesn't necessarily mean fly fishing-only waters, but it probably means quite a lot of fly fishing-only waters in many parts of your state and my province, as well as in other states and other provinces .

In British Columbia we are trying to work for fly fishing-only waters. We are not pushing the thing terribly hard, but are simply bringing the matter up again and again. Gradually the authorities begin to understand what we are talking about. We undoubtedly will get a number of fly fishing-only waters in time. The point is that if you do have public waters, you do have biologists and game management people running them. They are not only managing for the fish, they are managing for the people as well, and minorities have rights as well as majorities. Fly fishermen are a very strong minority and their rights should be respected. There is no overall inherent right to fish in every water in Oregon, Washington, California and British Columbia with worms and salmon eggs just because some people say they want to. There are places for that, and places for the fly, too. Remember, they do this in the East. In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Labrador, Newfoundland, we have fly-only regulations for Atlantic Salmon, and nobody complains of any great hardship there. If they can do it for Atlantic Salmon, heaven knows we can do it for trout on many of our streams. I think our fish are of sufficient quality to rate the respect of fly-only regulation.

You might like to know a little bit about the types of fly water that are beginning to open up in British Columbia, more especially in the stream fishing field. I expect you all know about the Queen Charlotte Islands where the cohoe salmon and cutthroat trout run. Some of the runs are really quite fabulous. You not only catch cohoes in the stream's mouth, but for some way up (the streams are very small and they have

a big tidal influence—there is a twenty-four foot tide up there) on a small fly. You can even go out into the surf on those beautiful beaches off the mouths of the rivers, cast into the surf and take cohoes on a number six or a number four fly. This is very satisfying fishing. It is a bit difficult to get around up there but its worth a little effort.

We are slowly opening up more of the west coast of Vancouver Island. That is where our summer steelhead streams are. They are bound to be opened up and known by degrees. We know that the Gold River and the Heber River, for instance, are both great, great summer steelhead producers, if you can get to them, which isn't easy. I strongly suspect the Kennedy River is another, and the San Juan River which you can reach now produces some summer steelhead. We are tending more and more to the North for our better stream fly fishing—streams like the Fulton, Stellaco, Babine, and of course the Kispiox and the Morice. They have the fall-run steelhead and the cohoe salmon again. There is plenty of good fishing up there if you are going that far. There is also fishing nearer at hand, and, though it is far less certain it can be very rewarding so long as you don't expect too much.

In this context it is important to remember that the fly fisherman's sport is in many things besides the catching of fish. We pride ourselves in knowing something of our fish, how they live and behave, what water conditions they need for living and breeding, how and when and where they feed. The insect life of lakes and streams has always been a special part of a fly fisherman's study. It is satisfying to be able to recognize and name waterside trees and shrubs, to trace with a knowing eye the passage of the previous winter's floods, watch the build up of a gravel bar from season to season or the scouring of a new pool.

Waterside birds can make a large contribution to a day on a stream or a lake. I think we should be able to recognize most of them without difficulty and am always astonished because so many fishermen cannot. Heron, water ouzel, merganser, spotted sandpiper, osprey, kinglisher and many others are all part of going fishing and it is a great pity not to know them.

A good part of the pleasure of going fishing is in understanding these things, watching them and recording them in the mind, being able to name them and hold them for yourselves as valued things. Identifying them and knowing something about them gives you a special claim on your own world of the water's edge, and helps to make you a part of it instead of a mere intruder. This to me is a very important thing. It gives a sense of identification with the whole natural world which I think most of us are looking for. As nearly as I can find any one reason for why we go out to hunt and fish it is in this search for a sense of identification with the natural world. No one finds it more completely or more rewardingly than the fly fisherman. Yet in searching for it, we have no need to damage or reduce anything of this precious environment. If we understand our part, we can pass through that world with as little trace of ourselves and our passing as the Indian left when he passed before us.

Yet by our passing, and by our understanding of what we are passing, we can often contribute something to the sum of man's pleasure. Either by example or by word of mouth, or by recorded observation. And this perhaps is where the value of a club journal comes in. If you have some kind of a journal that records the experiences and pleasures of your members, no matter how simple it may be in form, it will become something of value to be shared by others as well as among yourselves.

Loving the sport of fishing, and especially fly fishing, and the creatures surrounding it, the environment about it, the fly fisherman inevitably must seek the preservation and perpetuation of these values for future generations. You might resist the word, "conservation"—heaven knows I do—I'm tired of it. But just the same its there and we can't get away from it. This is our pleasure today. It must be other people's pleasure tomorrow. It must be there for them to enjoy. I think this is of importance. I don't thing we should reject it or ignore it.

The basic thing, of course, is the magic wand that we take out with us, and its tapered line, and the light leader, and the feathers that ornament the hook. It's enough to concentrate on these. If we do, and if we are true fly fishermen, the rest comes naturally because it is in the line of our tradition, and, just as naturally, it is bound to project ahead into the future of our tradition.

sly as a mink

***by* BOB WETHERN**

A new species of fly fisherman—*flota tubus* (the tube float angler)—is establishing a wader-foothold in Oregon. Encircled by a buoyant inner-tube, he floats silently within casting range of trout, virtually unnoticed by all wild creatures wherever they might be.

As recently as 1957, there was not one tube fisherman noted officially along Oregon's 16,000 miles of streams or in any of Oregon's 1,500 lakes. Now, though their presence has been verified, they are too elusive for a census since they prefer the solitude of remote ponds and potholes which seldom exceed ten acres in size.

Eye-witnesses are understandably reluctant to report tube fishermen. One, however, witnessed a tube-encircled angler walking out of a swamp and reported to a local editor that he had just seen the survivor of a mortal struggle with a sea serpent. The tube was mistaken for one of the monster's coils which had been severed in its death-grip.

The parent colony of northwest tube floaters originated in the Puget Sound country little more than a decade ago. To the despair of manufacturers of float equipment, however, this approach to trouting had attracted no more than a dozen devotees in the trout-conscious areas of Seattle and Tacoma. This delights all dedicated floaters who covet their advantages over conventional pothole prowlers. For no pond pocket, however inaccessible, is beyond reach of the tube-man's fly as he wades, floats, crawls, or climbs to meet every challenge with his miraculous mobility guided oftentimes by the splashings of trout.

A dewdrop of a mountain lake or the primeval privacy of a beaver pond satisfy—yes, excite—the tube angler. Philosophically, he accepts the intimate camaraderie of a fellow floater or two, man or duck, rather than the fellowship of the ordinary trout stream. For the novel silence of his approach disturbs neither the wood duck, nor the mallard, distresses not the muskrat, beaver, otter, nor even the sly mink, much less the trout. The swallows, herons and drumming woodpeckers ignore him. Should he substitute a camera for a rod, or carry both, he may capture Mother Nature herself in close, sharp focus.

Anson Brooks, pioneer float fisherman of Oregon and Washington, has phrased the credo and distilled the sentiments of all tube float anglers, we feel, when he observed: "The reward of float fishing lies not in the sag of the creel but in the lightness of the heart."

The aura of novelty and innovation Robert Wethern and Anson Brooks bring to our Northwest beaver ponds may stir the memory of oldtimers who recall tube floaters of the Gay Nineties serene and confident with storm cape and rudders.

THE First Lady's Honor Roll

by **A. RIVER ROGUE**

The first lady of fly fishing was Dame Juliana Berners, the famous nun who tied trout flies in England during the 15th century. Her book of fly patterns was published in 1496. Angling historians agree that "Dame Juliana and her 12 flies ruled the world of angling literature from the grave for 157 years" down to the time of Izaak Walton and his *Compleat Angler*. Today, in Oregon, another artistic lady ties trout flies and influences fly fishermen, as future historians may note.

Last winter when the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon began to take shape one of those asked to suggest names of Oregonians dedicated to the enchantments of fly fishing was a gracious, twinkly-eyed artist with feathers and fur. Her name is Audrey Joy. Her eyes sparkled as she reached for her file on fly fishermen. The very idea of such a club delighted her.

She started through the cards: "Here is a grand person. Be sure to include this man. Has anyone given you this name? Here's a man who fishes all the time, I do believe."

Looking at the next card, she tossed her head back and laughed. "Write *this* name down! He's a must for an Oregon fly fishing club . . . a real fishing "nut," I'd say. Oh, you men will have fun. Now here's a man who always demands special hooks. He's a doctor."

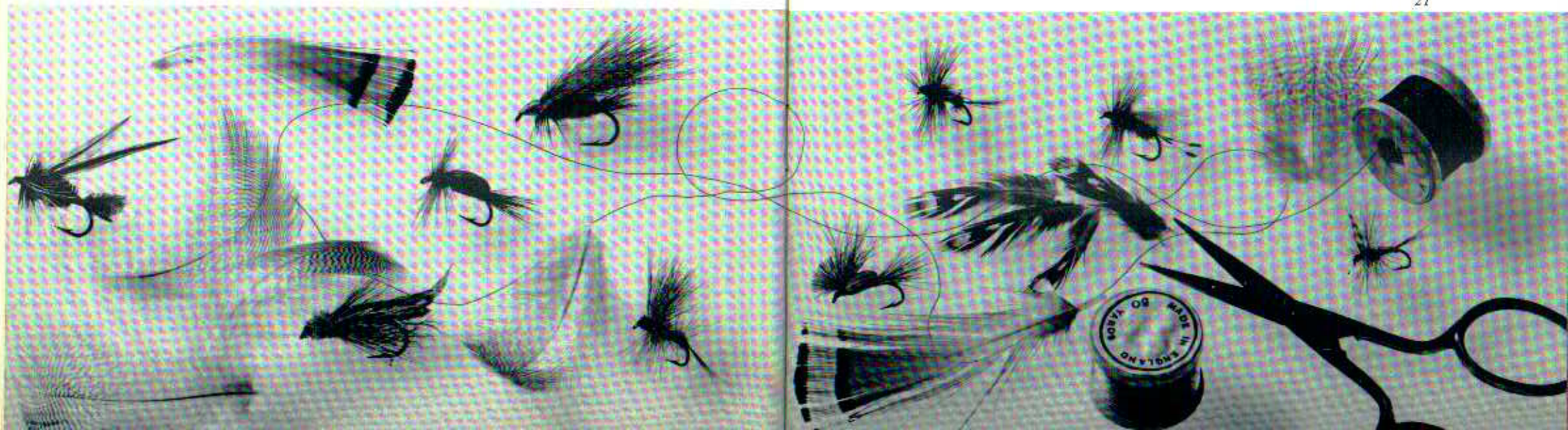
"This next man," she said slowly, waving the card at us, "is unique. You must meet him. He simply infects people—the bait fishermen—on the stream. They keep coming in here year after year for flies after they've met him on a river."

"Now here is a distinguished gentleman whose grandson buys him flies for Christmas." And so on, card after card, the great lady talked fondly of her friends.

If there is a fly fisherman wading the rivers of Oregon who had not met Audrey Joy he is short-changing himself in the pleasures of his sport. For several years her booth in downtown Portland has been a landmark and a meeting place for fly fishermen. You need not buy anything. Indeed, Audrey would shun the very idea of any commercial considerations here, as you will learn, for one of the great pleasures of her life is chatting with fly fishermen.

"They are my friends," she boasts warmly, "I love them all. I think I would die if they stopped coming by just to visit. Goodness!"

(Continued on page 22)



Audrey's booth is a stage alive with the magic feather-beauty of the partridge, peacock and pheasant, glistening furs of the mink, the beaver and the seal as well as the hair of deer and polar bear. There are tinsels of silver and gold. The colors of the rainbow shine from skeins of yarn and spools of tying silk. As she talks or listens to you, the feathers, fur and thread twirl about the shanks of finest English and Norwegian hooks.

From Alaska to the Argentine, Chile and New Zealand, Audry's artistry delights trout, steelhead, and fly fishermen. Her heart, however, belongs to the guides and anglers of Oregon. She has been known to steal time, for instance, during her busiest season, to tie and take to a nearby bus terminal a dozen or so special flies of a pattern and size desperately needed by one of her friends on some stretch of the Deschutes. Such urgent telephone calls are received with proper excitement and pride in the unwritten laws of trout streams which entitle anglers to beg or borrow any fly pattern in an emergency.

While you chat or just watch, Audrey tries, like the man who built better mouse traps, to keep up with the orders. Fly after fly comes to life: the Oregon-born Bucktail Caddis, the Tied-Down Caddis, the Spruce Fly, the Deschutes Stone Fly, Don Harger's Gold Variant. You may witness the birth of the Salmon Fly, either light or dark.

The honor roll of Oregon flies, selected by Audrey and her fly fishing friends, continues: Adams, March Brown, Green Caddis, Hairwing Coachman, Beetle Bug Coachman, Bucktail Royal Coachman, Captain, Renegade, Royal Wulff and Blue Dun.

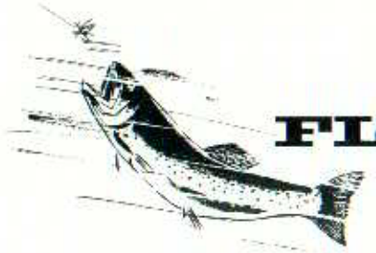
If you would fish for the great trout of British Columbia, Audrey and her friends know you will want the celebrated Doc Spratley, Carey's Special, Black O'Lindsay, Brown Sedge, Grizzly King, and Cinnamon Sedge among others.

Steelhead flies! The very names, as well as their reputations, will stir your blood . . . every fish will get into your backing, they say! Mark the Golden Demon, Van Luven, Rogue River Special, Juicy Bug and Royal Coachman Hairwing. Can you resist the Umpqua Special, Brads' Brat (Enos Bradner's great pattern), Yellow Hammer, Kennedy Special (in honor of "Mike" who claims he is a "lucky" fisherman), the Silver Ant, Polar Shrimp, Red Ant, and Skykomish Sunrise!

Is not each Joy fly, gentle angler, a thing of beauty? Can you tie such masterpieces? Can you achieve those proportions, that buoyancy, that balance? Do you always listen patiently to the hesitant novice as well as the talkative oldtimer? Would you interrupt your work to hurry some flies to a bus terminal and admonish the bus driver to look sharp for your friend at a certain village or bend of the river?

Audrey Joy does these things.

Join us then, here, in saluting our friend as the First Lady of Oregon Fly Fishing. She has won our admiration; she has enriched the traditions created by Dame Juliana herself.



FLY FISHING IN SOUTH AMERICA

by **DONALD FORSTER**

For a winter vacation during the end of January and February, 1960, I was fortunate to leave the drab, dank environs of Portland and to find summer sunshine in South America. Accompanied by my wife and Bob and Coco Wilson we worked our way by air from Panama down the west coast of South America where we stopped at Cabo Blanco, Peru, for a few days of deep sea fishing.

Our trout fishing started in a town called Pucon, some 700 miles south of Santiago. Pucon is located on the shores of Lake Villarrica, a large lake some fifty miles in length. It is at an elevation of about 2500 feet, with snow-capped peaks representing old and active volcanoes in the vicinity. Even in the middle of summer these have lots of snow on them, and the most impressive one is Mt. Villarrica, about 10,000 feet and smoking continuously. The country reminds one of the Oregon Cascade area with numerous lakes, mountains and virgin timber. Our hotel in Pucon was the Antumalal, located on a ledge overlooking the lake. The owner, Willie Pollak, has planted the grounds with various shrubs and plants which provide a mass of color. This is a superb chalet type hotel with excellent foods and service and compares favorably with the best resort hotels in this country.

The rivers in this area are large and are fished primarily by boat, "McKenzie Style." The boats are rather crude, accommodating only one person besides the boatman. The boatmen are skillful, though the water is not as fast or as treacherous as the McKenzie or Rogue. They prefer to have the fisherman troll a streamer fly behind the boat, but with repeated persuasion will permit one to cast, and will even allow the use of a dry fly. The outlet of Lake Villarrica is the Tolten River which flows to the sea and reminds one of the McKenzie in that it is crystal clear and its banks are lined with beautiful vegetation including masses of wild fuschia, honeysuckle and copihue, the national flower of Chile. From the outlet of the lake down to the sea there are three separate drifts which the boatmen make, consisting of perhaps ten miles apiece. We made two of these runs. The boats are transported by truck or oxen and one starts fishing at perhaps 10 or 11 o'clock and fishes for a couple of hours before going ashore for lunch and a long siesta. While waiting for lunch, if one is ambitious, he can slip into his waders and catch a few fish. The boatmen fry fish, barbecue a quarter of lamb, chicken or whatnot, which, along with sandwiches, eggs, fruit, vegetables and numerous bottles of wine, get everyone in a mood where a siesta is essential. Along about 3:30 when people begin to come to again, you head for the boats and fish down to the point of takeout.

As the days are long during the Chilean summer, you seldom take out before 9 or 10 p.m. Following this is the trip back to the hotel, a shower and dinner seldom before midnight. Fortunately, at the Antumalal, meals are served at any and all hours which is most pleasant for the fisherman.

The fish in most of the rivers are primarily rainbow, although there are a few brown trout. The rainbows were originally planted from stock propagated on the west coast of the United States. In the Tolten the rainbow have the high coloration of the McKenzie River or Metolius fish. In contrast, fish in the inlet streams are completely shiny, without a red stripe, and seem about identical to our Rogue River steelhead. They are, I believe, fish which live a large portion of their life in the lake, which serves somewhat as a reservoir comparable to the ocean for our steelhead, and then they migrate up the incoming rivers.

The principal trout feed is small crayfish called a Pancora, which has a body the size of a quarter. When one cleans the fish it is literally stuffed with this food. A two-year-old trout will weigh between four and five pounds. Despite the fact that the fish are primarily bottom feeders and one seldom sees a rising fish, or any fly life on the river, they will take a fly readily. We had fine success with deer-hair dry flies in various patterns, size 10 or 12. It is unusual for any of the natives to fish with a fly, and if they do they fish with a large wet one of the streamer type. However,

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the fish hit a dry fly very well and we could see no reason for using a wet fly unless it was so windy that one couldn't keep a dry fly on the water. This was the case on several occasions. The average fish weighed between two and three pounds; one seldom caught anything under 12 inches and the largest fish we caught were around five pounds. There are many larger fish there, I am sure, for I lost several which would go well over five pounds. However, February represents our August and, here as elsewhere, fishing is rather poor during the heat of summer.

Several other rivers are within a few miles of Pucon and one can arrange to have the boats and boatmen available for any particular drift. The lower Tancura, a few miles above its entrance into the lake, becomes murky with snow water late in the morning on hot days and fishing is then unproductive, but the other rivers in the vicinity remain clear. There are few mosquitoes, gnats or flies to annoy the fisherman, although occasionally a large, green-headed fly, about the size of a horsefly, will buzz persistently about one's face and neck. They seldom bite, and their presence can be discouraged with insect repellent.

Our best fishing from Pucon was at the river Enco, about thirty minutes by Cessna 195, and we had two days over there. The river Enco is on private land owned by Mr. Kenrick of Valparaiso, who conducts a logging and milling operation in that area. The timber is chiefly old stands of a South American beech. The use of oxen in many phases of the lumber operation is of considerable interest. The Enco is a difficult river to wade as the rounded rocks are extremely slippery and, unfortunately, I dunked my Minox camera with a roll of the best fishing pictures of the trip. Mr. Kenrick and his family are most hospitable and I believe were sincerely happy to have us fish the river.

From Pucon we went over into the Argentine by car—125 miles and 15 hours over terrible roads which are dirt and gravel throughout and extremely narrow and windy. After the first few miles we had lost the muffler and later on a wheel actually came off. Whenever one travels these roads, the interior of the car becomes completely covered with dust, as do all the occupants, and it is a common occurrence to have one or more flat tires each day. Unfortunately, passing through the Argentine customs is a major accomplishment and we found the officials pompous but child-like, as well as no respectors of time. At nightfall we arrived at Bariloche and enjoyed the luxury of soap and hot water. We stayed at Hotel Llao Llao which reminds one of our larger National Park hotels. This was to be Eisenhower's home a few weeks later. Our fishing in the immediate vicinity was not good, but the gorgeous mountain and lake scenery was adequate compensation.

About four hours' drive north of Bariloche is a small town called San Martin de Los Andes, and it was in this region that we had our best fishing. One stays at a comfortable old stone hotel and within an hour's drive there are four or five beautiful crystal clear streams that are readily waded. These are all on private land, but we were fortunate in having a driver and guide by the name of Jacques d'Hunval, a Frenchman born in the Argentine. He knows this country intimately and had no difficulty in obtaining permission to fish any of the rivers. We could usually save a few fish for the owners if they expressed a desire for them.

One seldom sees other fishermen, and on an average day you can count on ten or fifteen fish without working too hard. The fish are extremely active and even the two or three pounders frequently take you into the backing or occasionally down river in order to land them. The country here is more open, reminding one of the Deschutes country. The days are hot, clear, dry and often windy. I am sure one would have even better fishing some weeks earlier or later, but certainly the fishing was good enough even at this time of year.

In both Chile and the Argentine it is difficult to obtain fishing tackle, so one should take his favorite tackle, including flies. In Pucon, however, there is a fly tier who makes some fairly good deer hair, woolly worm and streamer patterns. His name is Alfred Heusser, a ski instructor at Sun Valley before moving to Chile some years ago.

There are no doubt other places in Chile and Argentina where the fishing is as good or perhaps better, but this was a vacation trip for our wives as well, so we carefully avoided anything which might smack of "roughing it." For a trout fisherman, a trip of this type in the middle of an Oregon winter has great appeal. I'd like nothing better than to do it again. In our jet age it was an easy day's flight from Buenos Aires to New York, and just a few days ago Pan American fares between North and South America were reduced by approximately one-third.

I would suggest that anyone planning a similar trip would do well to spend a few hours studying Spanish. We found that sign language with boatmen, waiters, hotel clerks and airline personnel is quite inefficient. It would take little time to learn enough of the language to be cordial.

WHEN is a FLY a FLY? *by Lenox Dick*

We speak of catching a fish with a fly oftentimes when actually, by definition, we are not using a fly but a lure. Webster defines the word "fly" as "to move through the air with wings; a winged insect." Strictly speaking, then, imitations of minnows, nymphs, grubs, worms, eggs, shrimp, etc., are not flies. They do not move with wings, in the air.

Webster's definition is probably too strict for most of us. We need a better definition as can be shown by the following facts.

During the past fifteen years there have gradually appeared techniques for catching winter steelhead on a fly. There are two basic methods and both require utmost skill. The first method requires a sinking line and a nine foot leader. The fly is cast quartering across the stream and is retrieved in the same manner as commonly used for late spring, summer and fall fly fishing. The second technique borrows a great deal from greased line fishing for Atlantic salmon. A floating line is used and a leader varying from nine to twelve feet in length. The fly is cast up and across stream, allowed to sink and move naturally with the current downstream. The fisherman strips the line and mends his line to prevent drag. He watches intently and at the first sign of any twitching at the point where the greased line and sunken leader connect he will strike.

There are three basic types of flies for winter steelhead. A hackle fly: the hackle is intermingled white and orange hackles, the body is orange-red wool and the tail is of white hair. An optic-eye fly: a fluorescent red bead with eyes painted on it is attached just behind the eye of the hook. Next, a small amount of polar bear fur is tied in, followed by an orange-red wool body. A floss fly: stiff, red floss is divided slightly like the wings of a typical wet fly, orange-red wool body and white feather tail.

These flies have one basic thing in common: fluorescent orange-red yarn, so-called hot yarn. Also, they all are weighted, in one manner or another. Put these flies in your vise, clip off everything except the fluorescent materials and they will catch just as many fish. Do that to such standard steelhead fly patterns as the Kalama Special, Mooch Abrams, or Van Luven and you will have nothing left. The fluorescent materials, then, are essential for winter steelhead.

The fluorescent hackle fly described above originated on Vancouver Island in the days when fishing with salmon eggs was illegal. It is known as the egg fly. It is a lure, however, and not a fly. A fly, if robbed of its integral parts, will lose virtually all of its appeal to the fish. I wonder what Halford, Skues, Gordon, Leisenring and Hewitt would have had to say on this subject? Would they accept the egg fly as a fly?

Winter steelhead have been caught on a regular fly in winter but the water must be low, relatively clear, and the temperature, I suppose, must be above the average winter water temperature. Occasionally conditions are right in February or March. So on some sunny day when the water is clear, relatively low and warmer than usual, I am going to catch my first winter steelhead on a true fly.

The old beaver dam is still there, and over it the water pours with soft noises into a deep and wide pool. On one side of this dark bit of water is a great rock. Its front is covered with thick mosses very rich in color. Across it wanders a vine with little red berries strung on it. Can you see the old beaver dam, the pool, the big rock, the moss, the running vine and the shining red berries? Yes? Very likely you can; but, oh, you who have such eyes to see—you cannot see the huge trout whose home that dark, deep pool is, and which I have seen so many times as he rose for the bug or grub that I tossed him. And once as I lay on the edge of the pool, hidden in the long grasses, I saw him at play, having a frolic all by himself, and, oh, he made that space of gloomy water iridescent as he flashed and flew through it. Where is he? Do you really wish to know? Well, I will be good and tell you. He is where I found him.

from "CONES FOR THE CAMPFIRE", *1891; by W. H. H. Murray*

club notes

Thanks to Lenox Dick, the Club will soon enjoy a club room with an atmosphere of our own choosing and deserving of the name Fisherman's Haven. In this happy place on the second floor of the Congress Hotel, we will meet each Wednesday for our weekly luncheon beginning December 20. Until Len found it, and prevailed upon a kindly manager to collaborate with a group of hungry fishermen, the room had two identities: Propeller Room and Two-Oh-Eight (numbers on the door). This will be changed, of course, when we supply the atmosphere.

If you wish to learn to tie flies or barter some hackles, there will be several members who tie pretty fair flies at the Fisherman's Haven in Two-Oh-Eight on Saturday, December 16, for the club's first fly tying session. Luncheon at noon; fly tying until four o'clock.

The Club is indebted to many anglers for generous cooperation in providing material and contributing to the program of our early meetings. Our February meeting is covered elsewhere in this issue. At our March meeting Judge Virgil Langtry's remarks highlighted the program devoted largely to the election of officers. In April Rodney Banks and Ben Silknetter supervised "The Fashion Show" of fine, new angling gear. In May all members present reported on their adventures Opening Day prior to a showing of an Alaskan fishing film supplied by Eric and Don Horter. In June our first Ladies Night came about by popular demand with the arrival of Roderick Haig-Brown, and one of our honored guests was Audrey Joy. Dr. John Rayner, Chief of the Research Division of the Oregon Game Commission, spoke of current research on spawning beds in Oregon streams at our October meeting. In November Major Tobin brought us a film by Frenchy Lamoureux of Anchorage showing fishing for grayling, salmon and rainbow trout; Len Dick showed a color film of the late Spencer Biddle fly fishing in Idaho; Bob Wethern and Pete Hidy exhibited color slides. Bob Beatty served as program chairman.

Our first annual outing took place September 22, 23, 24 on the Deschutes at Maupin, sixteen anglers attending. Saturday night dinner at the Riverside Hotel was enlivened by a telephone call from Gregg Millett and Mike Kennedy on the Rogue. They reported that the steelhead fishing was fine down there and raised the question of *two* annual outings in the future, one for steelhead, one for trout. Meanwhile, Erskine Wood Jr. had written a letter to the outing committee protesting the possibility of our outings becoming "fish derbies." No prizes have been awarded for the largest fish though our generous toastmaster, Ben Silknitter, made numerous awards of his own with spirited humor to the members and guests present.

origin and purposes

On the evening of February 7, 1961, fifty-two Oregon anglers met for cocktails and dinner in the Cambridge Room of the Hotel Benson in Portland to organize a club for themselves and other fly fishermen in the Oregon country. Toastmaster J. W. "Mike" Kennedy presided and explained the aspirations of the club. A copy of suggested by-laws and purposes as well as a ballot for expressing their views on membership, dues, and a name for the club was given to those present. After marking their ballots, following a discussion of the various questions involved, the anglers placed their ballots in a creel for future tabulation. In this manner the foundations were laid for the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon.

During the evening Judge James W. Crawford, a distinguished citizen of Oregon for many years, spoke of his great fondness for fly fishing and expressed his hope that the club would succeed in achieving its purposes. V. S. "Pete" Hidy described the enthusiasm various Oregon anglers had shown for a club of their own where they might enjoy knowing others interested in fly fishing. Frank Wire delighted the men with several stories of fly fishing around the turn of the century, explaining that his father had taught him to fish with a fly some seventy-odd years ago and he has had no desire since then to fish in any other way. Fred Locke introduced the group to the Atlantic salmon, now land-locked in Oregon and available here for the first time.

A nominating committee met February 27, at the University Club to nominate a slate of officers and directors. The members of the committee were: James Forsythe Jr., Rodney Banks, Fred Locke, Madison Smith, Major Tobin and Frank Wire.

On March 7, at the second meeting of the club, the following officers and directors were elected unanimously: President, V. S. Hidy; Vice-President, J. W. Kennedy; Secretary, Robert Wethern; Treasurer, Dale LaFollette. Directors for the first year are: Kit Conyers, Ned Ball, Don Forster, Roy Jarman, Herbert Lundy, and Thomas Tongue. The members elected Frank Wire President Emeritus as a token of their esteem and gratitude for his contributions to the sport of fly fishing in Oregon.

Two important factors in the future success of the club were emphasized at the March meeting. First, that a special effort should be made to acquaint fly fishermen in all parts of the state of Oregon with the new club so that the ultimate membership would be truly representative of the entire state rather than just the Portland area. Secondly, it was agreed

that the club's best interests would be served by avoiding controversy on the subject of dams since membership is available in other organizations for those who feel strongly for or against them.

The purposes of the Flyfisher's Club of Oregon are:

a. To preserve and perpetuate the traditions and art of fly fishing.
b. To assist members in the interchange of information and knowledge relating to the delights and mysteries of fly fishing in Oregon and other areas of interest to members.
c. To aid, encourage and promote the development of a state program of "quality" fishing to the end that the public will find fish of greater size and fighting qualities.
d. To provide instruction in the art of fly fishing to the public and to provide fishing trips to young boys showing promise in the art of fly fishing and whose circumstances would preclude them from such opportunities.
e. To provide an organization of Oregon fly fishermen designed for their pleasure.
f. To hold luncheon and dinner meetings at intervals specified by the members or their elected officers.
g. To publish semi-annually a publication to be known as The Creel recording the angling accomplishments, adventures and speculations of the members and other fly fishing devotees.
h. To hold outings at selected rivers or lakes for the pleasure of members and guests.
i. Ultimately, to provide and maintain a club room or rooms for the social convenience of members and their guests, the safe-keeping of a club library, and the display of such trophies or memorabilia of the art of fly fishing the members may see fit to cherish and preserve.

The various types of membership are:

Regular: Any resident of Oregon or any person living within 25 miles of the borders of Oregon.

Associate: Any resident of Oregon living more than 25 miles from the city of Portland may apply for either Regular or Associate membership. Associate members shall be entitled to all the privileges of the organization except that they shall not be entitled to vote for or hold the office of directors.

Non-Resident: Any person living beyond 25 miles of the borders of Oregon. Non-resident members shall be entitled to receive The Creel and all announcements of activities. Invitations to special events, however, shall be at the discretion of the president of the club.

Honorary: The membership may at any regularly convened meeting confer honorary memberships, citations, titles or special privileges upon fly fishermen and other persons who, at the discretion of the members, may be deemed worthy of such recognition.

In accordance with the wishes of the officers, directors, and charter members of The Flyfisher's Club of Oregon, therefore, any Oregonian devoted to fly fishing is invited to write for details of membership. Information may be secured by writing to The Flyfisher's Club of Oregon, 420 Pacific Bldg., Portland 4, Oregon.

Dean of Oregon anglers at the age of 81, Frank Wire is honored with the title President Emeritus of the Flyfisher's Club for his life-long devotion to the sport.