

ODFW REGIONAL
FISHING REPORT

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LAKES AND PONDS

North Coast lakes are done with trout stocking until next spring, but many lakes have holdover trout from earlier season's stockings. Warmwater fishing should be over for the year as water temperatures are too cold to keep those species active.

Mid-coast lakes will receive trout stockings the first couple weeks of February. These lakes include: Cleawox, Munsel, Alder, Dune, Thissel, and Big Creek Reservoirs.

RIVERS and STREAMS:

Steelhead season is in full swing on most north coast rivers (when conditions allow). For the third straight week the North coast is experiencing a high-water event that has most rivers blown out. If the weather and flow predictions are correct, however, most of them should be back in shape by the week-end. During high water, fishing large presentations and bright colors, while targeting areas with softer water (less current), should increase the odds of success.

The Siletz, Alsea and Siuslaw Rivers will all have steelhead in them when the river levels drop back into shape later this week and into the weekend.

SIUSLAW RIVER: Winter steelhead

Winter steehead fishing has been blown out on the Siuslaw. The river will be dropping through the weekend and will fish well next week. Expect fish

See **FISHING 3B**

Tide Tables

Entrance Siuslaw River

High Tide

Jan. 23 7:29am / 7.1 9:29pm / 5.2	1:09am / 3.6 2:55pm / 1.2
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Jan. 24 8:17am / 7.3 10:24pm / 5.6	2:13am / 3.8 3:43pm / 0.6
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Jan. 25 9:05am / 7.5 11:07pm / 5.9	3:10am / 3.9 4:26pm / 0.1
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Jan. 26 9:50am / 7.8 11:44pm / 6.1	4:01am / 3.8 5:06pm / -0.3
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Jan. 27 10:33am / 8.1	4:46am / 3.6 5:44pm / -0.7
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Jan. 28 12:20am / 6.4 11:15pm / 8.3	5:28am / 3.3 6:21pm / -1.0
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Jan. 29 12:54am / 6.6 11:57pm / 8.3	6:11pm / 3.0 6:57pm / -1.0
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Community Voices

NATURAL PERSPECTIVE —



By **EMILY J. UHRIG, PH.D**
Special to Siuslaw News

Grebes of a feather

In true Oregon coast style, winter has brought gray skies, crashing waves, and, of course, rain. These con-

ditions may not seem ideal for wildlife viewing, but this can nonetheless be a good time for birdwatching.

Look to the river, and you'll likely see waterfowl bobbing among the white caps. Some are ducks, but look closer, and you might notice others are a bit different — these are the grebes.

During winter, it's possible to see all 6 of Oregon's grebe species on the coast.

Grebes are similar in size to ducks, and have rather drab plumage in winter, so observers may find beak shape to be the most distinguishing characteristic.

In contrast to the duck's flat bill, grebe beaks have a pointed tip.

Grebes spend most of their time in water. They aren't often seen on land, and when they do come ashore, they're quite awkward. The Latin name for the grebe family means "rump foot," in reference to their feet being far back on their body.

This arrangement is great for swimming but gives them an odd gait for walking.

In water, grebes paddle agilely along and are expert divers. While most birds

See **FEATHER 2B**

LIFE WITH MS —



By **LLOYD LITTLE**
Special to Siuslaw News

Hot Wired

During stormy weather there may occur an electrical outage in and around the Florence community.

The electricity in your household make flicker on and off. It may also shut down completely.

Central Lincoln PUD will send out repair trucks

to repair the electricity as quickly as possible.

An MS warrior may also experience a momentary shutdown of their nervous system. There are no repair teams sent to fix the nerve signals in the warrior.

When I wake up, I experience a heat sensation in both my legs. I imagine it as similar to an overloaded electrical circuit that heats up. When an electrical circuit in the home overloads a circuit-breaker shuts down the lights to prevent a potential fire.

I have no circuit breakers in my body so the nerves just continue to heat up.

This heat sensation is internal only as my skin does not feel warm.

During the years my three

daughters all used their hair dryers at the same time our circuit breakers were shutting down on a regular basis.

Inserting a larger circuit reduced the number of outages considerably. I wish my nervous system could insert a larger breaker to get my system working again.

Cardiologists speak about alternate blood pathways that sometimes enable a heart attack victim to survive as the blood bypasses the blockage through the alternate path.

There are no such alternative nerve fibers to go around the lesions (scar tissue). Even as I feel the heat

See **MS 2B**

Us TOO FLORENCE —



By **CHRISTOPHER SCHWARTZ**
Special to Siuslaw News

My Close Encounter with COVID-19

I think for me to say I dodged a bullet would be an understatement.

One of my golfing foursome is one of the most cautious people I know

when it comes to being careful about COVID-19. My 62-year-old friend, Jim, was an elementary school teacher for 30-plus years.

The reason for his caution is that his wife's health (they just celebrated their 40th) is extremely compromised due to previous health issues.

They saw the handwriting on the wall last spring (2020) and both took leaves of absence before spring break to avoid possibly contagious people in the schoolhouse setting.

Also, they did not think the local school administration was taking this pandemic very seriously.

They isolated at their rural home through the sum-

mer and grew very apprehensive as the new school year approached. When Jim was called to start the new year of teaching, he simply could not put himself in the situation he witnessed in his school building where masking and social distancing lacked serious practice.

So, he took what he considered the best step for himself and his wife by retiring from teaching.

Sometime shortly after that he felt that we, his pals, were playing it safe with social distancing and appropriate use of masks even while on the golf course, so he rejoined our thrice weekly game. All went well

See **US 2B**

THE MORAL OF THE STORY —



By **KAREN D. NICHOLS**
Special to Siuslaw News

Challenge of the Imps

What more could happen in the wake of 2020 distress? However, important things occur.

Often, they arrive in threes. (I'll number them.)

The printer doesn't work!

Pox! I am bereft! After an extensive search, my Printer Basics Manual has been confiscated by the imps that live in my world.

Okay, maybe the ink supply of a new printer is marginal in volume. One color of ink ran out after printing a couple of cards. Order new ink.

Install the ink.

But the imps have invaded my printer. My brand new, expensive, super, duper, Sure Color printer printed my cards in a blur of faded colors. Who would think to nozzle check and clean the heads after minimal use?

1) Abruptly, I find my manual right in a very logical place. Yeah! A techie

number! He recommended a thorough all-day process, then turn off the printer and let stand overnight.

Repeat the process the next day.

This morning I wake up to face the weight of my secondary all-day process. Dark clouds encircle my mind. I turn over in my warm bed and stare out the window into the forest that surrounds my house.

2) The brilliant sunshine suddenly bursts through the clouds and glistens on the diamonds of raindrops resting on the leaves.

One dazzling Cobalt Blue droplet catches my eye. Involuntarily, a smile cap-

See **MORAL 2B**

Time
Out

By **Lloyd Little**

Retired teacher, coach and game official

With more than 55 years as an athlete, coach, parent and spectator, Lloyd Little has gained some insights and perspectives regarding athletics. Each week, he shares what he's learned about sports from his multiple points of view.

Let It Snow

From 1957 until 1963 I lived in Hermiston, Ore. There was snow and cold weather. My sister, brother and I would ice skate on frozen ponds and sled down local streets, closed for sledding.

We did not ski.

From 1963 until 1970 I lived in Warrenton. We occasionally had snow, so we sledged or used our nylon jackets to propel down a hill on our backs. The first one down would catch or slow down the rest of us as the tracks became swifter.

In 1975, I was invited by a friend to go skiing at the Anthony Lake Ski Resort. I had no skies but Steve said he had a pair for me. As we drove to the mountain, I was given a tutorial on how to ski. I dressed as warm as I could.

My attire did not include any current snow wear. The long-johns, bib overalls, cotton gloves under leather gloves, a Christmas sweater, coat and a ski hat. It was a chilly 15 degrees.

The skis I was given were over six feet long. Steve adjusted my bindings, so when I fell — and it would be often — my legs would be free to move and avoid potential injury if a ski got stuck.

My first obstacle was the rope tow. I was expected to hold onto a rope and my ski poles as I was pulled up a gentle slope to the top of what was called the "bunny hill" for beginners.

When I reached the top, Steve was already at the bottom motioning me to "come on down." I moved as he had instructed me but failed to realize how fast I would be going as I neared his location. Not knowing how to stop, I threw my body onto the snow.

It was funny for him but not for me.

My next trail was called Broadway. We approached the ski lift and were pulled onto the chair and up the mountain. I got off and Steve continued up the mountain for more difficult trail. I fell no less than a dozen times trying to get down Broadway.

The trail was wide, gently sloped and smooth. It was so much fun — except for the cold.

As I got in position for my second chair lift ride, I was unable to hold onto my poles as I grabbed for the chair. I dropped them and then I dove off my chair into the snow to get them. The lift operator looked down at me and asked, "Why did you do that?"

I replied, "Mister, I had a very hard time getting down the trail with my poles, I would not make it without them." He answered that my poles would have been sent up on a following chair.

I thought they should have put that on the instruction sheet:

Number 1 — If you drop your poles, they will be sent up to you on a following chair.

Well, I had my poles and went up the mountain again. Each time went down the hill, I fell fewer and fewer times until, eventually, I went without falling. Then I got overconfident. After lunch Steve asked if I wanted a more difficult trail to try.

See **LITTLE 3B**