



## Frank M. Cammack

May 7, 1936 - January 11, 2025

Frank Cammack, beloved father, husband, brother, uncle, coach, and friend, died peacefully on a perfect winter's eve, surrounded by his loved ones after a long, grand adventure of a life.

Frank grew up on his family's ranch at the base of the Cascade Mountains in Wenatchee, Washington as the 3rd generation of Cammacks to grow cherries and tend livestock. On the ranch he learned the ethics of hard work, resilience, and the importance of a close-knit community. He also gained a calm, steady confidence and a core belief that things could be fixed, problems could be solved, and even in hard times, that everything would turn out for the better.

When he wasn't busy with ranch work or school, Frank was out exploring the high country, hunting game, or pursuing two of his lifelong passions—fly fishing and skiing. Throughout his life, rivers were sacred places that brought peace and contentment. One of his chores as a young boy was to catch two small trout for his grandfather's breakfast from the creek that ran through the ranch. Worried he might be swept downstream, his mother used to tie a rope around his waist so he could wade into the water and cast. When he grew older, he spent hours fishing every mile of the rivers and streams nearby, coming to know remote fishing spots other anglers rarely had the opportunity to discover.

Frank became a master fly fisherman with a community of anglers that spanned generations and joined him on epic fishing trips all over the world. He

pursued many species of fish with his fly rod, but his love for and commitment to the pursuit of steelhead shaped his life. He shared time on the water, his hand-tied flies, and a lifetime of angling knowledge with friends well into his eighties.

However, it was skiing that truly ignited his imagination. His first ski hill was in a nearby hayfield, where neighbors had rigged a rope to the wheel of an old Jeep to pull kids to the top. Later, Frank joined his high school ski team and traveled every weekend to slopes around the Pacific Northwest, finally competing at the Junior National level. His talent for the sport opened the wider world to him, and he leapt at the adventure.

At University of Idaho, Frank studied Forestry and was a top skier who led the Vandals to three consecutive Northwest Intercollegiate Ski Championship titles from 1955-1957. Shortly after, he went on to win a medal in Nordic combined at the US National Skiing Championships and earned a spot on the US National Team at the World Championships in Finland. He was later invited to train for the FIS World Championships in Sweden and compete at the 1960 Squaw Valley Winter Olympics. Though injuries prevented him from participating in the events, his dedication to the sport never waned.

Frank would admit that an even bigger achievement was convincing his sweetheart Janie to marry him. A sophisticated “city girl” from Boise, Janie possessed intelligence and grit that matched his own. And while it was a marriage of opposites, the two had a wonderful partnership based on love, shared values, and deep mutual respect. When Frank started his career as a lumber broker at the Brooks Scanlon Mill in 1962, Janie was by his side as they set out for their new home in the small timber town of Bend, Oregon. The couple embraced their life in the high desert, bringing with them strong values of hard work, integrity, and service that helped shape the culture and identity of the growing community. Whether the high school needed bleachers, the maternity ward needed funding, or a local family needed support, Frank and Janie were involved in making sure people were taken care of and important work was getting done.

The Cammack household also played a central role in keeping the community connected socially, and was always full of family, friends, and co-workers sharing meals, having fun, and telling stories. When Frank left the mill to establish his own successful business, Deschutes Pine Sales, he remained close to his former colleagues and an active member of the tight-knit circle of friends. Over the years, the group became instrumental in guiding the city's growth and worked together to build a resilient community with education, healthcare, and economic opportunities for all.

Frank's commitment to civic duty and his natural knack for leadership impacted countless lives, both professionally and personally. In particular, he was a role model for younger generations. This included the hundreds of young skiers he coached from 1962-1972 as a volunteer with the Skyliner Ski Club (now the Mt. Bachelor Sports Education Foundation or MBSEF)—many of whom went on to compete at The World Cup and Olympics. They called themselves "Frank's Kids," and he remained a friend and mentor to them until the end of his life.

Above all, Frank was a proud father dedicated to his daughters Kelli and Karen. "My girls," he called them, long after they had become accomplished women pursuing their own careers in aviation and photography. He instilled in them the same love for the outdoors and commitment to community—as well as personal integrity and character. He had high expectations but was also patient and loving. No matter what challenges they faced, they could rely on his calm guidance and support. "Everything is going to be okay," he would reassure them.

Frank's steadfastness, compassion, and loyalty gifted him many relationships that he treasured and nurtured throughout his life. He was genuine and curious, and enjoyed lively conversations over a meal. He could tell a good tale and loved sharing what he had learned with others. Even if you asked him a simple question, he would say "Well....let me start at the beginning" and unwind a long oration full of historical facts and wisdom colored by

entertaining anecdotes and wry humor. It was always well worth the listen. “Heroes don’t call themselves heroes,” says his nephew EB. “But he was a legend. And I’m pretty sure he lived his life with no regrets.”

# Tribute Wall

MW

“ My name is Mary Lou Walker, and my family hosted Frank and Fred Boyle for many years at Kispiox Steelhead Camp, in northern British Columbia, where those 2 Steelhead-crazy fellas visited us every October. Our dad died in 1970, around the time Frank and Fred started coming north to fish, and they became very special to my sister Betty Ann and myself, like dear uncles. Truly, we looked forward to their time with us so much. Time passed, and we went on to university, got married, etc, but we still managed to connect with Frank and Fred any time we could. I even invited them to my wedding! Anyway, just the other day, I was fishing the Kispiox and changed my fly to a Skunk pattern, Frank's absolute favourite. He and I used to joke about what fly he was using that day, and he'd show me his fly box ... full of Skunk flies. He was in my thoughts so much the other day, and I "talked" to him while I was fishing. I came home and looked him up and saw that he had passed last January. That deeply saddened me, and inspired me to write this. He spoke so affectionately about his family, whom we never met. He always wanted us to visit in Bend, and we never did, thinking there would always be time. Sincere condolences to Kelli and Karen, and thanks for lending us your dear dad at a time when we needed it most, even in small bits of time. We loved him dearly.

---

**Mary Lou Walker** - November 12, 2025 at 11:55 AM

BB

“ Dear Kelli and Karen, we are so sorry for your loss, It was our privilege to have known your incredible Dad who brought a sense of joy to life and shared that with everyone, We will miss him, too.  
Bill and Darby

---

**Bill and Darby Burton** - March 28, 2025 at 12:48 PM

JM

“ We are so sad to hear about Franks passing, we catered Deschutes Pines many parties in the late seventies and early eighties from our Company Cascade Catering, Frank and the whole crew were just the nicest group , we had many good times with Frank and have often thought about him over the years RIP Frank ,the world was a better place with you in it...Jerry and Meredith McCall

---

**jerry mccall and Meredith** - March 11, 2025 at 01:44 PM