



# SANTIAM FLYCASTERS

SANTIAMFLYCASTERS.COM

March 2022

## March SFC Meeting (Online and In Person)

**Presenter: John McMillan, Science Director with The Conservation Angler ([theconservationangler.org](http://theconservationangler.org))**



John was raised along the banks of the Washougal River where he was indoctrinated into a fly-fishing family, led by his father Bill. This eventually led John to snorkel amongst salmonids, then to college and research, and eventually, to graduate school.

Before joining TCA, John studied salmonids for the USFS, Hoh Indian tribe, Wild Salmon Center, and NOAA/NWFSC (as part of the Elwha River dam removal project). Most recently, he served as the Science Director for Trout Unlimited's Wild Steelhead Initiative. John's extensive research has frequently focused on the biology, behavior, and ecology of steelhead and rainbow trout, with a particular interest in the mechanisms influencing why individual fish adopt particular life-history strategies -- such as anadromy and residency -- and why such life histories are critical to the resilience of *Oncorhynchus mykiss* as a species. He has published several peer-reviewed manuscripts on steelhead and salmon science and has written books, book chapters, and numerous articles on fish and fishing.



steelhead. He also continues to work with a large team of scientists that are researching the response of steelhead and salmon to dam removal on the Elwha.

John lives on the Olympic Peninsula with his lovely wife Laurel, where nearly all his free time is spent snorkeling, taking underwater photographs, or fishing the rivers of the Olympic Peninsula.

## Board Meeting By Zoom

March 7  
6:30 pm

## General Meeting

March 10  
7:00 pm

Zoom and In Person

**New Location:**

**Broadway Commons**

See page 13 for updates on meeting location and how to join online.

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**George Hingston**

**Beth Jappay**

**Ken Karnosh**

**Ricky Love**

**Donnie Weninger**

**President's Corner**  
**By Scott Vaslev**

Apologies for not being present at our last couple meetings, have been snow birding. My last trip was to Florida and got a chance to do a little fishing in the Gulf of Mexico. Wasn't sure what I was in for but Chris Dudley (a member), his wife, and another couple and I hired a guide to give it try.



We caught our boat, a 30 footer with twin 225 hp outboards, out of Tarpon Springs. The ride out to the fishing grounds took an hour and twenty minutes at 30 mph. The captain of the boat has his favorite spots and, like us on lakes, looks for structure to fish at. Even at 30 plus miles out we were never fishing in water over 75 feet deep. Both the ride out and back were tests of endurance. Our boat was built for speed and fishing, not for comfort.

We bottom fished mostly, catching small grouper and other fish I've never heard of. Later in the day we moved over a sunken wreck to target amberjack. You can fish for them like we did for grouper, fishing directly under the boat on bottom with live bait or jig. The jig looks like a big leaded fly in various colors and weights. So all you do is cast out close to the boat, let it sink to the bottom and then reel, jerk, reel, jerk, etc. I managed to catch a 40 lb. amberjack that way.

I brought my fly rod along but knew it didn't have the backbone to tackle these babies. If you had a 10 or an 11 weight with a fast sinking line and 50 lb. leader I believe you could give it ago. On the boat's fish finder we could see the amberjacks at all depths going after small bait fish. So tie on a clouser let it sink and then strip like mad. Maybe next time.

Enclosed you'll find a couple pictures of fish we caught. Me with the amberjack and Renee with a red snapper. Both thrown back. Til' next time. Scott





## ***Renew Your Santiam Flycasters Membership***



If you haven't yet renewed your membership for 2022, time is running out. Use the form at the back of the newsletter or download the form from the Santiam Flycasters website. Membership fees support those great monthly speaker programs, 25 outings, casting clinics, newsletters, website, YouTube Channel videos, and everything else we do. Not sure if you have already renewed your membership for 2022? Send a query to [santiamflycasters@yahoo.com](mailto:santiamflycasters@yahoo.com).

This could be your last issue! Please renew to enjoy all the benefits of being a member of the Santiam Flycasters.

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## ***March 12 Crooked River Outing***



We will fish the Crooked River south of Prineville on March 12. This is a walk and wade outing, no floating device is needed. You can camp at any of the several campgrounds (we will camp at Cobble Rock with Ricky's trailer at Chimney Rock), stay at a motel in Prineville, or you can just make a long day trip from home.

To get there, drive Highway 22 east to Sisters, turn left onto Highway 126 on the east edge of Sisters and follow it through Redmond to Prineville, turn right (south) at the Bowman Dam (Highway 27) sign in the middle of Prineville, and drive about 17 miles to Cobble Rock campground. None of the campgrounds are reservable.

Suggested gear is a 4-6 weight rod with floating line, but a Euro-nymphing setup works well on this water. There should be hatches of blue wing olives and midges, mostly in the afternoon, but most fishing will be nymphing right along the bottom with the cool water temperatures. Nymphs include midge pupa, pheasant tails, and hare's ears, plus Euro-nymphing patterns. Dry flies include blue wing olives, midges, caddis, and PMDs. Soft hackles may also work. Most flies should be small, often in the size 16-20 range.

We anticipate, with the continuing drought conditions, that the water level will be fairly low, with flows probably around 50 cfs, and the water probably will be murky but fishable.

Remember your wading staff, since the rocks are uneven and slippery. And, it will be cool at night!

The club will cook some hamburgers mid-day on Saturday, so bring a small side dish to share if you wish, along with your beverage and a chair.

Ricky Love is the sponsor for this trip. E-mail him at [rickylove20@aol.com](mailto:rickylove20@aol.com), or call him at (253)320-5699, if you have a question.

## Annual Club Auction (June 2022)

The Annual Club Auction is rescheduled for Thursday, June 9, 2022 and we are in the process of planning this important event for the club. The money we generate from the Annual Auction provides the funding for many of our activities throughout the year.

**Planning Committee.** Fortunately, most of those on the committee last year have volunteered again to lead the efforts in planning, preparation, and conducting the auction. There are five sub-committees and leads for each sub-committee. We need volunteers to assist in each of these committees. If you are interested in being a part of a particular committee, please contact the committee lead.

Setup/Cleanup Committee: Ken Karnosh

Cashier: Tim Johnson

Silent Auction: Scott Vaslev

Bucket/Live Auction: Dennis Burnett, Kevin Finkenbinder (Auctioneer)

Advertisement: Kent Toomb

FFI Donations: Bob LeClerc

**Auction Item Donations.** Members provide many of the items we offer at the auction. If you have any fly-fishing gear that you no longer need or use, you can donate it to the club for the auction. We also accept various outdoor gear, supplies, etc. The most popular item during these auctions are flies. If you are a good tier and want to tie flies that we can use in the auction we'd appreciate it. The club can provide fly boxes to put your flies in for the auction. A box typically has 20 flies in it with a particular theme (Stillwater flies, moving water, steelhead/salmon flies, euro nymphs, dry flies, etc.) You can bring any items you want to donate to the general meetings or contact one of the officers/board members to arrange pickup.

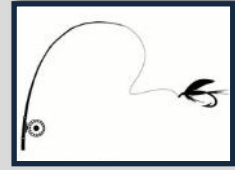
**Food and Drinks.** Due to current COVID Environment we will not serve any food or drinks during the auction. As we get closer to the event, this could change. We will keep you posted in subsequent newsletters.

### Tentative Timeline.

4:30pm	Doors open for setup
6:00pm – 7:15pm	Silent Auction/View Bucket & Live Auction Items/
7:15pm	Silent Auction Closes
7:30pm – 8:30pm	Live/Bucket Auction

**Location.** We are working out the details but currently plan to have the auction at the Broadway Commons. More info to follow in subsequent newsletters.

If you have any questions, you can contact the lead Auction Planner, Ricky Love, at (253) 320-5699 or [rickylove20@aol.com](mailto:rickylove20@aol.com).



## 2022 SFC Outing Schedule

March 12	Crooked River
April 13 (Wed)	Cheadle Pond (bluegill/bass)
April 23	McKenzie River (Hayden-Armitage)
May 11 (Wed)	Silverton Reservoir
May 14	Deschutes River (Warm Springs-Trout Creek)
May 21	Olalla Reservoir
June 1 (Wed)	Crane Prairie Reservoir (Rock Creek)
June 15 (Wed)	Umpqua River (shad)
June 25	East Lake (Cinder Hill)
July 2	North Santiam River
July 6 (Wed)	Gold Lake
July 20 (Wed)	Three Creek Lake
July 30	South Santiam River (Pleasant Valley-Bates Br.)
August 13	Willamette River (Keizer Rapids-Wheatland for (smallmouth bass)
August 20	Diamond Lake
August 31 (Wed)	North Santiam River (Shelburn-Greens Bridge)
September 10	Hosmer Lake
September 21 (Wed)	Walton Lake
October 8	Crooked River
October 12 (Wed)	McKenzie River
October 22	Deschutes River (Warm Springs-Trout Creek)
November 2 (Wed)	Mid. Fk. Willamette River (Below Dexter)
November 12	Detroit Lake



## March McKenzie River Outing Report

Since we decided that an outing to Detroit Lake wouldn't be productive, we floated the McKenzie River from Hayden Bridge to Armitage Park instead on February 26. Over a dozen of us made the trip.

The cold weather of a few days before had caused the water temperature to fall to about 40 degrees, down from about 45 or so a few days earlier. We agreed that was our excuse for only catching a few fish! The day ranged from a cool morning to almost sunny to overcast with showers in the afternoon, but we only had a slight breeze.

Some people caught some fish. Ricky and his oarsman Kent had pretty good success, especially early in the trip. Tim and Kevin found a honey hole and landed a handful there. New member Hubert also landed several. The rest of us didn't do as well.

Although we only saw a couple of March Browns, BWOs, and midges hatching, we saw even fewer rises. As we were taking out, another boat managed to find a hatch across the river and caught a few fish there on emergers. I take that as a sign that fishing will be much better if the water warms a bit!





## ***More Pix from the McKenzie River Outing***



Follow this [Link](#) to view photos in Dropbox.

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## ***Mid-Willamette Valley Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing***

We are now meeting at OSU and here in Salem. The OSU at Corvallis meetings will take place at Snell Hall on the second Tuesday ( March 8th) of the month at 6:00 p.m. For the Salem area meetings, we are meeting at Center 50+ is co-sponsoring the Salem area meetings and is located at 2615 Portland RD NE, Salem. Meetings will now be on the fourth **Tuesday, ( March 22)** at 6:00 p.m., on the second floor, in the craft room.

A PHWFF outing is scheduled for April 6, 2022 at Turner Lake. We are looking for volunteers to help with the event and also provide a boat or raft if possible. If interested in helping, please contact me.

Tightlines.

Robert LeClerc

Project Leader

Mid-Willamette Valley Project Healing Waters.

[bob.leclerc@projecthealingwaters.org](mailto:bob.leclerc@projecthealingwaters.org)

[Ghawk423@gmail.com](mailto:Ghawk423@gmail.com)

## ***Mousing in Alaska — Part 3***

### ***By Beth Jappay***

This article is my third in a series of three articles about a trip I took to Alaska in 2019. Here are my links to [Part 1](#) and [Part 2](#) if you didn't catch them the first time around or if you want to read them again. As I promised this article is my story of a breakdown we had on our fourth day of the trip.

That morning our assigned guide was Ron, and his beat was the second highest up the river. As I mentioned, the upper lodge was not yet opened up for the year due to a severe mosquito problem, so the boat ride to get to his beat was over an hour long. The river winds back and forth with outer banks full of falling trees and wood piles, and inner banks consisting of new growth and frequent gravel bars. Sometimes the river is less than a foot deep, requiring boats with shallow drafts and fast and strong engines to make the boat plane out.



Watching for wildlife during the long drive we spotted a pair of adolescent moose, an osprey, and many pairs of bald eagles. We also passed a few of our fellow fishermen (I was the only woman in the group), waving at them as we passed. We were careful to only wave with one arm, since waving with both arms is the universal sign of needing help in Alaska. We were told that few things pissed off an Alaskan more than stopping to help some stupid tourist waving with both arms, not knowing any better.

Nearing our destination we were a ways up an atypically long straight stretch when the boat's motor just suddenly died. We coasted to a stop, then started drifting back down the river with the current. Ron had Peter, my fishing partner, throw the anchor out, but it only slowed us down some. Ron changed gas tanks without effect, then worked hard on the motor, constantly making adjustments and then pulling on the cord to try to start the engine. It never gave a single sputter to suggest it was going to catch any time soon.

For about 15 minutes we gradually drifted downstream; the only thing on either side of the river were high banks with no way to climb up. I knew that at the end of the long stretch there was a tight curve, the outer aspect most likely full of logs and branches which would be hazardous to drift into without much ability to control the boat. I wasn't looking forward to tying the boat to one of the banks, however, waiting hours for rescue



and at the mercy of mosquitos and without any way to take a bathroom break in a boat with two men (and unable to fish).

Then the right side of the river suddenly opened up to a wide gravel bar. However it was only a couple of hundred feet long before the dreaded tight curve, now visible.



Ron now decided the best course of action was to pull up anchor and paddle for the bar. Unfortunately he only had one paddle, and neither Peter nor I could help in any way.



The last bit of the bar was a peninsula. Ron had to wait until we were past this pile of wood before rowing hard for the last stretch of gravel. If we missed it we had no way of knowing when or if we would come across another such opportunity.





He made it with only feet to spare, leaping out with the bow rope to drag the boat up onto the gravel bar.



Whew!!

We huddled to discuss our options. If we didn't show up at the lodge at 5:30 all of the guides would jump in their boats and search for us, so at the latest we would be rescued by 7pm. Bruce was the only guide with a beat above Ron's but sometimes the clients choose to have the guide take them downstream from the Mid Lodge to fish for pike and sheefish, so Ron wasn't sure Bruce would be later passing our position, if he hadn't already. Ron had a flare gun with a single flare, and no satellite phone. I had brought a satellite phone on the trip with me to call my ailing mother every night, but I had of course left it in my cabin. Shortly after that a small plane flew over us. Ron contemplated using his flare gun, but decided against it, later wondering if he had made the right choice.



Ron decided to make camp and attempted to build a fire, without success. He then assigned Peter and I the task of building the fire while he worked on the engine. Fortunately, my red dry bag (which I took with me every day) not only had multiple options of clothing layers, but had an emergency kit including fire starting supplies. Peter and I got a nice fire going, then scouted out the gravel bar for fishing options, since it looked like we would be there for a while (there still were no sounds from the engine that it was going to start anytime soon).

We quickly spotted king salmon rolling in a deep slot up river, as well as good holding spots for big rainbow downstream of them. Ron advised using pink flies for the salmon and using my pink Dalai Lama flies I swung my fly under the pile of branches we had barely just passed and quickly hooked what would likely have been the biggest rainbow of the trip. However it retreated back under the wood pile and I was unable to drag it back out before it got off. I picked up a smaller rainbow in the same hole, then headed to the top of the slot holding the king salmon. I started swinging and working my way back down stream, picking up a mixture of rainbow, Grayling, and king salmon.







Ron then decided to take Peter to the far side of the gravel bar. He was of course armed with his 45 caliber pistol and had the flare gun. He warned me to keep an eye out for brown bears.

I had a great time catching king salmon. My 7 weight rod was definitely a little light for the job, and sometimes landing the fish took a while. I was alone and didn't have a net and had to drag the fish partially up onto the beach to remove the fly before releasing the fish. I kept an eye out for brown bears. I was catching Grayling, Dolly Varden and rainbow as well as salmon.

I had just hooked my fourth salmon when I thought I heard either a boat or a plane. Keeping an eye out while trying to land the fish, I shortly realized that Bruce was going to pass my position on his way to his upstream beat—just what we had been hoping for. Looking around I realized that Ron was nowhere in sight, likely on the other side of the wide gravel bar. I knew I could wave with one of my arms without losing my salmon, but that was just a greeting in Alaska. I tried to stick my rod under my arm and just hold on to the salmon with the rod in my armpit so I could wave with two arms. This was unsuccessful. I now had a dilemma and I wavered back and forth:

Release the salmon and wave both arms for rescue...

Land the salmon and wait for a 7pm rescue...

Catch the salmon...

Be rescued...

Catch the salmon...

Be rescued...

Catch the salmon...

Be rescued...

I was **still** wavering as the boat was getting closer and closer, when I was suddenly saved from making my choice by a flare arching overhead. Though Ron was on the other side of the gravel bar, he had been able to hear the engine, if not see the boat.

Bruce slowed down until he was in shouting distance, and I let him know what our situation was. He noticed I had a heavy fish and a too-light rod and offered assistance. I let him know I was fine and had been dragging my fish onto the beach to remove the hook.

"Beth you are such a badass!"

Bruce of course had two clients with him. Both disembarked and joined me in fishing for king salmon, Bruce and Ron working together on the engine. The fishing was great, but when the time came to depart for the Mid Lodge for the evening, I had "only" caught 7 king salmon and was a little (and unreasonably) disappointed, really wanting a round 10. The engine was still not cooperating, so Bruce announced we were going to see how many people we could take back on his boat. He warned us that the boat needed to go fast enough to plane to safely travel over the shallow stretches on the way back. Bruce loaded all of us and headed upriver at full throttle to see if the boat could plane out with 6 people on it. It couldn't.

We went back to the gravel bar and dropped off Ron. I announced that if we were still unsuccessful in getting the boat to plane out with 5 people, I was volunteering to stay to try to reach my goal of 10 salmon. Bruce objected, but when the boat again failed to plane out with 5 people, he couldn't think of an alternative plan. We went back to shore, I jumped out, and now with only four people he was able to get the boat to plane out, and headed back to the lodge.

Ron and I fished together and I picked up one more salmon, but failed to reach my 10 salmon goal. We enjoyed the fire and the company, exchanging stories while awaiting rescue.

Bruce arrived back 2 hours later with the head guide, on the largest boat with the strongest engine. The three of them were still unable to get the engine started, and we all headed back to Mid Lodge on the bigger boat.

I walked into the dining room about 8pm to find the rest of my fellow anglers eating dinner. They all gave me a rousing ovation for my enthusiasm, and famished I joined them at a gourmet meal.

The next day was our last fishing day and our most successful rainbow fishing of the trip, which I suspect was due to the warming of the water. Peter and I picked up 18 rainbow that day.

So that's my rescue story. I really enjoyed being able to tell one of my funny stories with pictures for a change.





I am retiring in March, and already planning on 2-3 trips to Alaska this coming summer and fall. One of those trips will be back to the Aniak for a week of mousing, but I am considering a trip there later in the summer as well, perhaps for fishing with “flesh flies” which I have never done before.

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### ***How to join the March SFC Meeting --***

This month's speaker meeting is a hybrid Zoom/in-person meeting. Participants can join the meeting using either Zoom or by attending in-person.

The Zoom link will be emailed to members twice: one day, and also approximately one hour prior to the start of the meeting. The meeting starts at 7:00 PM. If you are not a Santiam Flycasters member, you can request the Zoom link by sending an email to [santiamflycasters@yahoo.com](mailto:santiamflycasters@yahoo.com) at least one day prior to the day of the meeting.

This month, participants can also attend the meeting in-person. The in-person gathering will be held at the Broadway Commons/Coffeehouse, [1300 Broadway Street, NE, Salem](#). There is parking at the rear of the building. Enter the Coffeehouse through the doors at the southeast corner of the building (facing the parking lot). Follow signs to elevators and up to the Mexico Room on the third floor. There are no stairs to the third floor, Masks and social distancing are required inside the building.

If you have questions, contact Tim Johnson, [santiamflycasters@yahoo.com](mailto:santiamflycasters@yahoo.com), 503-507-8552

***March Fly of the Month***  
***Golden Woolly Bugger***  
***By Robert LeClerc***



This pattern is from Ralph Cutter's book "Fish Food" and imitates the tadpole stage of the Yellow Bellied Bullfrog found in the high lakes of the Sierra Nevadas. The tadpole has a blackish body and tail with a yellowish body and has the unique ability to stay in the tadpole stage for up to three years until conditions are favorable to morph into an adult bullfrog. This pattern has been very successful for me both in California and now in Oregon. On the local lakes and the high lakes, it is usually my first choice for streamer/wooly bugger pattern.

I tie it with a gold bead for deeper water and without a bead for shallow water fishing.

**Materials**

Hook: TMC 5262, sizes 8-14.

Bead: Gold bead to match hook size.

Thread: Black 6/0

Tail: Black Marabou

Flash: Rainbow Holographic Flashabou

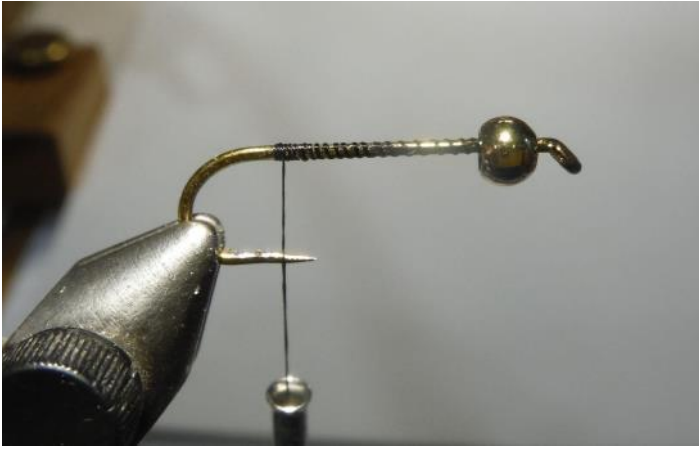
Body: Gold chenille.

Hackle: Black Saddle Hackles.



Tying instructions:

1. Debarb hook, install bead and attach thread, run thread to the bend of the hook.



2. Measure one shank length of black marabou and tie in the tail. Add two strands of flashabou each side of the tail and trim the length of the tail.



3. Tie in chenille at bend of hook. Tie in saddle hackle by the tip to the bend of the hook. Wrap thread forward to the eye of the hook.



4. Wrap chenille forward and tie off.



5. Spiral wrap the saddle hackle forward about 4-5 wraps and tie off. Whip finish the head.



Since there are no yellow bellied bullfrogs in Oregon, I assume it matches a yellow Panther Martin spinner.  
Tightlines.



Date \_\_\_\_\_