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SANTIAM FLYCASTERS

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June 2026

June 11 SFC Meeting The Flea Market



Back by popular demand: The Santiam Flycasters Summer Swap and Sell, now rebranded as **THE FLEA MARKET!** This is your chance to turn your extra gear into cash to buy or swap for new gear! Who doesn't like that option?

We will have an array of our finest fly tiers showing you all their tricks for fooling the fish!

The Club also will provide the space for your wares and snacks with refreshments on June 11 th Set-up starting at 5:00 PM and open to the public at 6:00 PM.

This is your chance to be your own boss! You price your own gear and swap or sell until the cows come home.....or 9 PM!

This rummage sale will be in lieu of our June club meeting. All the club asks is you donate approximately 10% of your sales back to the club's general fund. This donation of course will be on the honor system. Remember the Santiam Flycasters are here for you!

Also please remember no club meeting in July. We want you to get out there with all that new gear and catch some fish or something.

Tight lines!

Board Meeting - By Zoom

June 8 - 6:30 pm

SFC Meeting

June 11 - 7:00 pm

Scottish Rite Center
4090 Commercial St. SE,
Salem

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President's Corner by Beth Jappay

For ~25 years my biggest fishing trip of the year was in June, fishing the Salmonfly hatch on the Rogue River. At the time I was living in Sacramento, had been fly fishing for about 4 years and was picking up fishing tips at the local fly club. I had been at a club meeting when I overheard a fellow member talking about fishing "the Salmonfly hatch on the Holy Water". At the time I had never heard about either Salmonflies or the Holy Water (a 1.5 mile stretch of water under the Lost Creek Dam designated Fly Only). Knowing little about what I was getting myself into, my buddy rented a tent trailer from the local military base and we headed up to Medford for a week. We set up camp at the Rogue Elk camping ground, stopped by the local shop to pick up flies, and parked at the dam to explore the river.



One of the interesting things about fishing the Holy Water is the concentration of adult Salmonflies at that area just under the dam. Salmonfly nymphs gradually make their way down the river during their 3 year life cycle, and after they crawl out of the water they will fly upstream for miles before attempting to lay their eggs. Since the Lost Creek Dam is quite high, the adults congregate just below the dam; 25 years ago their concentration was quite remarkable. The bugs typically find a tree or bush and climb as high as they can before launching into flight to lay their eggs. The bottom line is that while bank fishing, about every 15 minutes or so I would feel a 3" (harmless but disconcerting) bug climbing on my neck. Despite attempts to talk myself into

ignoring this harmless insect, I could never stop myself from "freaking out" and grabbing the bug as as possible and tossing it into the water.

The first day of our trip I was only able to land a couple of fish, but by the greatest of fortunes we ran into a local guide by the name of Dave Roberts. We hired him to take us down the river the next day in his drift boat, landing over a dozen fish each. Even better, our personalities really hit it off, sparking a lasting friendship. Over the next 15 years I would travel to the Rogue for a couple of days every June (and often in September as well) to fish with Dave, and even started bringing my son with me when he was 2. When Dave had to retire I switched to fishing with Pete Peterson instead, dragging my son along until he was ~17.

Times change and I haven't fished the Rogue the past 2 years. Due to declining water quality the Salmonfly hatch is a fraction of what it used to be, and Pete has been forced to retire due to age and medical conditions. It is still a trip I would recommend for beginning fly fishermen. The best time to go is the last week of May and the first week of June. Contact The Fishin Hole shop in Shady Cove if you are interested in hiring a guide for a similar trip.

Interested in Improving Your Casting?
Teaching by certified casting instructors is available on Saturdays
Wallace Marine Park in West Salem
Spey Casting -- 9 am at the gravel bar near the walking bridge.
Single hand -- 10:30 am also at the same location
For more information, contact Beth at
EJappay@comcast.net

Raffle a la Robusto

Who doesn't love a great raffle drawing? Your Santiam Flycasters are asking you for help on our monthly club raffle. Bring your extra fly rods, reels, flies, clothing, vests, art, and fishing hobby paraphernalia, and let's put them to work for your club. All proceeds go to funding outreach, club snacks and food, and of course our amazing presenters and fantastic outings. Please give us a hand. Contact Steve Morton, Vice-President, with questions and delivery or pick-up options. Our next SFC Club raffle will be in the fall on September 17th. Thank you for your kind support!

Haystack Reservoir Outing Report

by Ricky Love



On May 9, nine Santiam Flycasters ventured to scenic Haystack Reservoir in hopes of catching some big steelhead or broodstock rainbow trout. Fishing success varied among members but all caught at least a few fish. The weather was very nice although the wind picked up most evenings. Water temperatures were in the 60s most of the weekend and the water level was very low when we arrived on Thursday. It rose several feet Sunday morning and fish became much more active.

Steve Reynolds had the most success in terms of quality of fish. He was able to net four big broodstock rainbows during the weekend that measured 28 inches, 28 inches, 24 inches and 22 inches respectively. He also caught several planted

steelhead fish that were 12-14 inches in size. Steve mostly used a type 5 sinking line and caught most of his fish on a size 14 and size 16 black bunny leech – his go to fly during most outings. He caught the 22-inch rainbow on a brown soft hackle in the evening. Herb Harry also was able to net a few big rainbows that measured 24 inches and 21 inches. He was using a parabolic line (3/5/3) and a type 3 sinking line and used a six pack (damselfly nymph) and a worm made from semper fly worm material. He also caught a 13-inch



smallmouth bass on a renegade fished subsurface two feet deep.

While Steve and Herb found success deeper in the water column, there was a small blue wing olive hatch (size 20) and midge hatch (size 12) and a few of us focused on fishing small baetis nymphs and midges near the surface and had success. I used a hover line (sinks a half inch per second) and used a washing line method with three small flies on and netted 35 fish in four hours on Sunday. I used a size 20 baetis nymph on the point, size 22 Griffith's gnat on one tag, and a size 22 top secret midge pattern on the other tag. Greg Long also netted several fish with tiny imitative flies. We were able to only fish one evening due to the wind but had great success fishing small baetis and midge patterns.



Although the steelhead weren't the same large size as last year, they still put up good fight. It was another successful trip to Haystack. The highlight being the great pasta dish Steve Reynolds dished out on Saturday afternoon. He had frozen some of the pasta sauce Steve Morton made for the spaghetti feed during the auction and added it to boiled pasta it was equally as delicious this time.



Photo Album from Haystack Reservoir



The Trail Bridge Reservoir Outing on May 15 was cancelled due to a semi-truck crash that closed highway 126 in the morning for hours and spilled diesel and thousands of gallons of milk into a creek that flows into the upper McKenzie River. Unfortunately, the milk and diesel made its way into Trail Bridge Reservoir where EWEB has installed containment booms.

Deschutes Outing Report by Brian Hoag



Four of us attended the May 20th lower Deschutes outing from Warm Springs to Trout Creek. The conditions were optimal with a river flow of about 3,700 cfs, water temp 55 to 60, comfortable air temp, and a nice breeze. The salmon fly hatch was in full bloom and the fishing was good. This was a great time to fish on the surface for some big fish hard-hitting action on big bugs. We all did well, and Robin landed a trophy. Most of our fishing was done on the surface with a few taking a nymph. We had a few mishaps including bending an oar, losing part of a rod and a net, and leaking waders, but it didn't stop us from enjoying the day. The Deschutes canyon is a beautiful place to experience wonderful scenery and wildlife.



Photo Album from Deschutes River Outing



Crane Prairie Reservoir Outing

On June 6 (Saturday), we will fish Crane Prairie Reservoir and hope to catch some of those huge Cranebows, or at least some of their siblings. We will camp at Quinn River Campground located on the western shore of Crane Prairie, just off the Cascade Lakes Highway.

To get there, the fastest way is to drive I-5 south, turn onto Highway 58 south of Eugene, drive Highway 58 over Willamette Pass, turn left onto the Crescent Cutoff (USFS Road 61) for about 3 miles, turn left onto USFS Road 46 (Cascade Lakes Highway) for about 22 miles, and turn right onto the road to Quinn River Campground.

Suggested gear is 5-6 weight rods with floating, intermediate, or sinking lines. Flies include chironomids, leeches and streamers, callibaetis, and dragonflies. A floating device is needed to fish this water.

The club will not provide a meal, so bring adequate food and beverage, as well as some firewood.

Greg Long will be outingsponsor. Contact him at gslong1@gmail.com.

North Santiam River Outing

On June 13, we will float and fish the North Santiam River from Stayton to Buell Miller Landing. A drift boat or pontoon boat is needed for this drift, although one can access fishable water from the shore at each end of the run.

We will meet at the Stayton boat ramp on the south side of the river at 8:00 a.m., with boats ready to go. To get there, drive east on Highway 22, turn right at the Sublimity exit (2nd Stayton exit) onto First Street, follow it south through town and across the river, and turn right at the Knife River Company entrance to the boat ramp. We will shuttle our own vehicles.

Suggested gear is a 4-6 weight rod with floating line or a Euro nymphing setup. Flies include Euro-type nymphs or caddis, mayfly, and stonefly nymphs, soft hackles, or streamers for swinging and caddis or mayflies for possible dry fly action. Remember your PFD, lunch, beverage, etc.

The outing sponsor is To Be Determined.

East Lake Outing

On June 27, we will fish East Lake for those awesome rainbows, browns, and kokanee that reside there. You could also catch some of the Tui Chub but luckily, they are becoming rarer. You can also fish Paulina Lake just a couple of miles down the road. We moved this outing to the last week in June to line up with the ODFW stocking schedule.

We will camp at Cinder Hill campground. The lake is at 6,500' elevation, so be prepared for potential chilly weather. To get there, drive Highway 22 east to Bend, drive Highway 97 south to the East/Paulina/Newberry Crater Road just north of LaPine, turn left (east) onto USFS Road 21 and follow it about 16 miles to Cinder Hill campground at East Lake.

Suggested gear is 4-6 weight rods with floating, midge tip, intermediate, or Type 3 sinking line. We hope to find another good Calibaetis hatch, so be prepared with dry/emergers patterns like comparaduns, sparkle duns, Parachute Adams, or elk hair caddis. In previous years the color gray was a hit although last year the calibaetis body was brown/rust colored. Before and after the hatch, use the sinking line with a leech or bugger and a pheasant tail or other Calibaetis pattern as a trailer. Chironomids can also be productive. One can wade and fish from shore, but it is most productive to use a boat, pontoon boat, or float tube.

The club will provide the protein for the meal on Saturday so bring a small side dish to share, if you wish, along with your chair and beverage. The meal is tentatively scheduled at 3pm but we will make a final decision based on when the hatch occurs. We will ensure we get the final time for the meal disseminated.

Tim Johnson will be the outing sponsor. Contact him at tim.the.fisherman@gmail.com

Welcome New Members in April

Eric Bandonis, Keizer, OR

Jerry Haris, Dallas, OR

Mike Janicki, Salem, OR

Andrew Snodgrass, Woodburn, OR

Tom Weeks, Salem, OR

Gene Yamaguchi, Salem, OR



Support our local Fly Shop
located at 204 1st Ave. W.
in Albany, Oregon.

Check out the shop at

<https://www.tworiversflyshop.biz/>

Chef Mort's Corner: The Bella Coola Moose Whisperer



Some folks have it and some folks don't. That certain quality that draws admirers like moths to flame. Others possess innate animal magnetism that speaks to various members of the animal kingdom at large. The following tale can go no further than the page it is written on (and it's probably not worth much more). I need to have your word on this. After all, reputations are at stake. After all is said and done we may all be held accountable in the end for the trail of broken hearts we leave behind.

I heard that at least part of this story is true. Just south of our fall B.C. destination lay the lovely Bella Coola Valley, home of the infamous Bella Coola moose! It has been reported that for three straight autumns this statuesque bull-moose fervently wooed most of the cows in this pastoral valley. No human dared to intervene in this complicated web of wayward love. After all, you really can't make this stuff up, go ahead and try. I double dog dare ya!

Regginald B. Mootry aka The Mooster and I had just found a small tree to shelter behind. Why were we hiding? Because there wasn't a chance in hell that The Toad would straighten out the kinks in his cast before he maimed one or both of us. From where we stood no one was really safe at this point. The Toad had already closed the nearby cement plant's day shift with his ear splitting whip crack back casting! The acting foremen with an aversion to endless paperwork believed they were under assault by forces not yet identifiable, and out of an abundance of caution sent all his workers home immediately. We watched from the shelter of our scrawny fir tree as the workers scuttled for the safety of their mighty four-by- fours, blasting out of the gravel parking lot with gravel spraying efficiency, looking like a heard of dinosaurs stampeding for the hills in a cloud of black diesel smoke. Reggie and I watched silently their envious retreat.

We, however, were not so lucky. They say in life there are things once seen that cannot be unseen. If this is not truth, then truth was never spoken.



The Toad had been struggling mightily with his Spey casting on this trip. To say he was frustrated that morning would be the understatement of the century. The Toad is a long and revered member of the flyfishing community. Toad has been known to spend hours upon hours meticulously practicing his Spey casting skills...not fishing my friends, just practicing. Today unfortunately, each of Toad's errant casts threatened his (and our own) survival. The enormous fly flew back and forth buzzing around our heads like a demented parakeet from hell. Each cast striking increasing fear in all who were left in the surrounding county. The specter of a Harry Lemire's Thompson River caddis piercing our vital organs put fear in our hearts. The accompanied vocal intonations emanating

from the Toad would have made Atilla the Hun blush! Normally a mild mannered gentle fisherman, Toad was changing right before our eyes from Dr. Jekyll to Mr. Hyde. With each disastrous cast his battered psyche retreated further into his tiny cerebral cortex resulting in primal sounds that to this day I dare not repeat! The event's that transpired next are almost too incredible to describe!

From our vantage point behind the tiny fir tree, we espied the far stream brush shaking mightily, and with a loud crash out pops a very large and obviously aroused bull moose. The moose's sudden appearance seemed momentarily unnoticed by The Toad. Toad continued casting his beloved Spey rod obliviously. The Toad punctuated his casting with outbursts of cursing and stomping about in what appeared to us as well as the moose to be some form of primal courtship display. This spectacle was not lost on us or the bull-moose in question. It seemed the more The Toad ranted and raved the more aroused the moose became. This culminated with the Moose plunging into the mighty Bulkley River in a fit of mating furor. The moose bucked the waves and eddies with ease reducing that huge river into apparently nothing more than an annoying trickle to be dealt with accordingly in his obvious pursuit of The Toad. Mighty rivers were merely an annoyance to this moose. All to be brushed aside by his raging lust for The Toad and his undulating Gortex clad withers.

The Toad like most fly fisherman is a very keen observer of all streamside flora and fauna. Toad was of the mind that everything in the environment that had a temperature should be amply probed to gain the upper hand on his fishing pursuits. Nothing escapes the Toad's well trained eagle eye. But what Toad was now quickly realizing was that this oncoming beast had some probing of his own on his mind. To the lusty moose, king of the forest, the mighty Toad was a fetching spectacle indeed. To the Bella Coola moose the Toad's glistening sweaty body writhing in the sun was a ripened fruit indeed just waiting to be picked. Trouble was in the air and The Toad, being an excellent actuarial, was adding up the projected outcomes at a fever pitch. The Toad had

seen the movie Deliverance, and he knew a banjo when he heard one! Try explaining this to the wife back home!

Meanwhile the Mooster and I had beaten a hasty retreat back to the safety of the RV! Faithful friends like us are hard to find these days. I hopped into the driver's seat and commenced revving the engine to the red line in hopes of quick escape! After all, it wasn't my RV! What did I care! Meanwhile The Toad riverside found himself forced to choose between his prized Spey rod and his virginity. He quickly abandoned the rod and bolted up the nearest tree. He seemed to muster the much needed climbing skills very quickly, I might add.

The Toad himself up that skinny tree pronto and just far enough to thwart the amorous advances of the aroused bull-moose below. Both Moose and man proceeded to audibly express their dismay at their individual plights. Meantime while the lovelorn moose had found consolation in humping the skinny tree that contained The Toad. Finding comfort in any port with his beady, red, bloodshot eyes closed in moose ecstasy. The tree was shaking mightily, and the Toad was hanging on for dear life. It then occurred to Toad that this might just be his best chance! Fear lent Toad's feet wings, and he flew out of his precarious sanctuary landing on his feet, bolting to freedom! Toad had hit the ground at full throttle!

"Get in here you dumb son of a bitch!" screamed the Mooster as he swung the door open.

The Toad tumbled into the back and as we peeled out, I looked in the rearview mirror to witness the receding image of the heartbroken Bella Coola moose stomping The Toad's prized Spey rod outfit into carbon oblivion.

"Hey dude! Take it easy on my Benz. I'm still in my break-in period!" The Regginald bellowed.

We made a miraculous escape. The Toad had preserved his manhood by outwitting the advances of a carnal moose and we didn't wreck Reggie's RV! A solid win in anybody's book! And of course, as we

tossed down the road Reggie the Mooster whined for the umpteenth time this trip,

“Not the carpet guys! How many times do have to tell you idiots NO SHOES in the rig”!

“No shoes in the rig”? The Toad added irritably, “How do you feel about moose in your rig”?

What the hell were we going to do to follow this act up! Having stormed out of the Bulkley Valley on the run after closing a cement plant and evading the Bella Coola moose, at great risk to life and limb we considered the one consolation that life offers guys like us in times like these, beer! The food trucks up in Morice Town called to us like sirens on the rocks! We badly needed to fuel up on a couple or three quesadillas and some brew! Outrunning that Moose had given us all a bad case of the jitters. The added benefit of eating of course was getting an oversized burrito or two into the Mooster’s piehole just to shut him up about his RV for 5 minutes. Now this is a road trip! You just gotTA love them for what they are and maybe sometimes for what they aren’t.

It was a long drive back to the states that year. Three border crossings later we reentered the good old USA exhausted but happy. Tucked in the back of Reggie’s beat up Benz RV rested our secret payload feeling a lot like early Christmas. Nestled in our luggage, under the usual contraband of booze, beer and sausage were literally pounds of nefarious fur and plumages. All unavailable and possibly illegal in the lower 48. At the border, as we gazed innocently into the 43 cameras and the malevolent glare of the armed border guards prying eyes, we tiredly recited the practiced litany of half-truths that are commonly accepted as gospel to border crossing fisherman worldwide. After all, isn’t lying is just a way of life for fishermen everywhere? Anyway, I think we can all agree that what happens in BC should stay in BC right?

The wolf howls with the moon rise. Nearby an autumn lake sleeps deep in the BC outback. A large prehistoric- like herbivore lifts his greying muzzle from the cold lake and turns to the fading sunset, aquatic vegetation dripping from his cavernous

mouth. Later when the moonlight reflects off his glistening wet fur he will ponder the sounds of this still wild land. He will then find his mind wandering back to that peculiar fisherman on that river so long ago.

Author’s postscript: These days it occurs to me that the few friends I do have left are not returning my calls or texts. This may not be coincidental. The following disclaimer may be long overdue.

The characters in this story, like all my stories, are inspired by real people and real events but the gross and sordid characterizations of these poor innocent friends are only fictional and possibly downright criminal. They are manifestations of a fevered and sordid imagination. For this I am truly contrite. That’s to say, I am all apologies, Mort

THE MOOSE RIVER HUMMER (fer what ails ya)

After a long day of evading moose you might enjoy this classic cocktail aptly named The Moose River Hummer. Originating out of the back woods of Maine, I first enjoyed one back in my bartending days. Mine came to the table ala flambe and I was advised to snuff the flames out before gunning the drink, preferably in one swallow. Hence the inevitable humming! You’d hum to! You however do not need to flambe your MRH unless you really want to.

Serving options: Serve neat in a pony glass. Serve chilled over ice. Martini style shaken and strained in a martini glass. Or in desperation a dirty camp side coffee mug!

½ ounce Galliano liqueur

½ ounce Schnapps

½ ounce Bacardi 151

If you would like the fire and some folks inevitably do, add a float of 151 rum and light her off. Unless you really want to join the circus as a fire eater I suggest allowing the flames to cease and the glass to cool. It was purported to me once that the hard core hummers (Real men or women of the North Woods) downed this drink while it was flaming, I declined and I and my facial hair are still here to write about it.

2026 Schedule of Outings-Santiam Flycasters

Here is the list of fly fishing outings our club has planned for 2026. The list includes opportunities to catch trout in streams and still waters, as well as opportunities for steelhead, chum salmon, small mouth bass, and Jetty fishing.

Most waters are best fished from a floating device (float tube, pontoon boat, or other boat). In the newsletter article for the outing, we will say if there are opportunities for bank access at that location. If you do not yet own a floating device but want to participate in the outing, let us know and we should be able to have someone lend you a device for the outing.

Obviously, when we are on or around the water, there is an element of risk. Please be aware of the disclaimer also in this newsletter. Also, please use a personal flotation device (PFD).

Hope to see you on many outings this year!

January 17, Pizza Pie and Tie – Fly Tying Event

February 13, Silverton Reservoir (Friday)

March 21, Metolius River

April 20-24 Blue Den Lake (Oregon Fishing Club Opportunity)

May 1, South Twin Lake

May 9, Haystack Reservoir (Rescheduled from April 18)

May 15, Trail Bridge Reservoir (Friday, Rescheduled from Olalla Reservoir)

May 20, Deschutes River – Warm Springs to Trout Creek (Wednesday)

May 30, Chickahominy Reservoir

June 6, Crane Prairie Reservoir

June 13, North Santiam River

June 27, East Lake

July 16, Three Creek Lake (Thursday)

July 31, McKenzie River (Friday)

August 8, Willamette River (Keizer to Wheatland)

September 12, Walton Lake

September 19, Hosmer Lake

September 26, North Santiam River

October 3, Crooked River

October 10, Willamette River (Marshall Island to Harrisburg)

October 17, Deschutes River

October 24, McKenzie River

November 14, Detroit Lake

SFC Outing Disclaimer

Santiam Flycasters does not represent that any of these trips are suitable for any of its members. Each stream, river and lake present its own unique hazards and dangers. Each member must evaluate the suitability of his or her own physical condition, equipment and skills before participating in any of these trips. Each member that chooses to go on any of these trips personally assumes all risks of injury and damage while participating

June Fly of the Month

Blue Dun Hackle

By Jim Ferguson



Hook #12,#14 Dry: Daiichi 1100, TMC 100, Mustad AC80000BR, Allcock 04991 SF
Wet: Daiichi 1550, TMC 3769
Thread Primrose or light yellow 8/0 UNI or equivalent, 10/0 Veevus
Hackle Light-blue-dun hen hackle of good quality for wet, cock saddle for dry
Tail Two or three blue-dun fibers (optional) for wet, more fibers for dry but gap length
Rib Very narrow flat gold tinsel
Body Mole fur spun on tying thread, a little of the thread can show at rear

This fly pattern is described in **The Art of Tying the Wet Fly & Fishing the Flymph** by Leisenring and Hidy, 1971, 5th printing . As you can tell by the recipe it can be tied as a wet or dry which sort of favors an emerger concept. It has often been used for a Pale Morning Dun (PMD.) To mimic an emerger, you want to use materials that allow the front area of the fly to float and the back area of the fly to angle down into the water film. This is partially accomplished by using a short sparse tail and thin dubbing along with metal ribbing. The amount of hackle can also be varied to either favor sinking or floating characteristics. Using dry fly hooks will help in keeping it near the surface instead of sinking like a nymph.

For this “Fly of the Month” I blended the wet and dry components to get an emerger style pattern.

Hook:	light wire dry fly hook size 12 or 14
Thread:	UNI Lt. Cahill 8/0
Hackle:	Medium Blue Dun saddle hackle
Tail:	3-6 Blue Dun Hackle fibers
Rib:	Very narrow flat gold metal tinsel
Body:	Natural mole's fur

STEP-BY-STEP DIRECTIONS:

1. Mount the hook in the vise. Attach tying thread about 1 eye length behind eye and lay a thread base to the half shank position. Bring the tying thread back to one or two turns in front of the 1/3 shank position. Let the tying thread hang.



Fig.1

2. Select and prepare a blue dun saddle hackle. Strip off the fuzz at the base of the feather stem, use your thumb and middle finger to stroke and pull fibers to stand out from the stem, hold the feather with shiny side towards you and remove 3-4 fibers as in Fig.2.

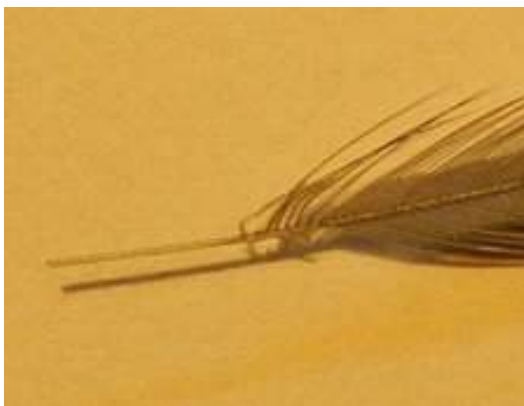


Fig. 2

3. Attach the stem of the feather to the top of the shank as shown in Fig. 3. The section on the stem where the fibers have been removed should sit in top of the front thread wraps.



Fig. 3

4. Bind the feather stem down using about 6 flat side-by-side thread wraps. Trim the hackle stem waste. Select about 4-5 blue dun hackle fibers for the tail. Tie on the tailing fibers on top of the shank and wrap the fibers down to where the bend of the hook starts. You might want to back off one turn since you want the tail to be straight along the shank and not tip down. Tail can be short- about one hook gape in length.



Fig. 4

Wrap thread back towards hackle tie down. Trim tail waste. Tie in ribbing tinsel and wrap thread down to start of the tail material. Tie the ribbing down along the back side of the shank as in Fig. 4.

5. I used the touch dubbing technique for dubbing the body. I used BT's Tacky Dubbing Wax touched to the thread to coat the thread with a very thin coating of the wax. Hold a pinch of mole fibers between your right thumb and first finger. Lightly stroke the mole fibers against the waxed thread. Some of the mole fibers should attach to the thread. If you try to use your fingers to spin the fibers on the thread, they will probably fall off. This is a thin dub.



Fig.5

6. Wrap the dubbing onto the shank. It may take a few wraps to trap the mole fibers at the rear. As you wrap forward, try to construct a slight taper.



Fig.6

Fig.7



7. Let the thread hang as in Fig.7. Raise the hackle stem vertically. You will want to wrap the hackle around the shank so the bare stem will go around the shank. The first 3 turns should be to the rear. The fibers may angle to the rear but will probably stand out perpendicular to the shank. Hold the hackle stem vertically with your left hand and bring the tying thread up and over to trap the stem. Wiggle the thread and take 1 or 2 turns around the shank going forward. Take the thread to one or two wraps behind the eye. Then, carefully, while wiggling the hackle stem, take the hackle thru the existing hackle wraps and continue to make about 3 wraps in front (Fig.9.) Tie off the hackle

Fig.8



Fig.9



9. Pull the hackle back and use your fingers to pinch the hackle fibers to the rear. Form the head with 3-4 thread wraps forcing the hackle stem to the rear. Whip finish using 3-4 wraps. Trim the hackle waste. Make another 3-4 wrap whip finish. Trim thread waste. Carefully apply small amount of thin head cement. Lastly, use a feather stem to clear the eye.



Fig. 10



Fig.11



Fig.12



Santiam Flycasters

2026 Membership Form

The Santiam Flycasters, Inc. is a group of men, women, and youths in the Salem area who have a common interest in flyfishing and have joined together to share their experiences and knowledge of the sport since 1975. The club was incorporated as an Oregon non-profit organization in March of 1977. The Santiam Flycasters, Inc. is an affiliated club of the Fly Fishers International.

The mission of the Santiam Flycasters is to promote the sport of fly fishing for all interested individuals of every generation now and into the future. Through fellowship, education, conservation practices, promoting research, guardianship of proper regulations and support, the Santiam Flycasters can succeed in this mission.

We meet in Salem the second Thursday of each month (no meeting in July)

www.santiamflycasters.com

Mail the completed signed form to: *The Santiam Flycasters, P.O. Box 691, Salem, OR 97308*, or drop it off in person at our next meeting. *Memberships are from January 1st through December 31st. For new members, there is a 50% reduction after July 1st. There is no midyear discount for Life Membership.

Life membership -- \$500 Regular -- \$30 Family -- \$35

NAME: _____

ADDRESS/CITY/STATE/ZIP: _____

PHONE #: _____

EMAIL: _____

FAMILY MEMBERS: _____

Are you an Fly Fishers International Member? Yes No

Are you interested in obtaining an SFC Name Tag? Yes No

You must sign this release each year when you renew to participate in club activities.

LIABILITY RELEASE AND HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT

As a condition of membership or of participation in any activity encouraged or publicized by the Santiam Flycasters, I voluntarily assume all risks of my participation. In acknowledgment that I am doing so entirely upon my own initiative, risk and responsibility I do hereby for myself, heirs, executors, and administrators agree to remise, fully release, hold harmless, and forever discharge the Santiam Flycasters, all its officers, board members and volunteers, acting officially or otherwise, from any and all claims, demands, actions or causes of actions, on account of my death or on account of any injury to me or my property that may occur from any cause whatsoever while participating in any such Santiam Flycasters activity.

I acknowledge that I have carefully read this hold harmless and release agreement, and fully understand that it is a release of liability. I further acknowledge that I am waiving any rights that I may have to bring legal action to assert a claim against the Santiam Flycasters for its negligence.

I have read the above statement and agree to its terms as a condition of my membership in the Santiam Flycasters.

X

Signature

Print Name

Date