



The McKenzie Messenger

JUNE 2015

Newsletter of the McKenzie Flyfishers
PO Box 10865, Eugene, Oregon.

www.mckenzieflyfishers.org

The club currently lacks a permanent Newsletter Editor.
We are publishing newsletters as best we can.
Thank you for your understanding and patience.

May Program

Bill Laing, Program Committee

Greg Taylor, USACOE fishery biologist, will discuss the MCKENZIE RIVER CHINOOK SALMON RECOVERY: WHAT'S WORKING, WHAT'S NOT, AND WHAT'S BEING DONE ABOUT IT!

Greg Taylor is the COE Fisheries Biologist for the Upper Willamette basin. He will bring us up-to-date on restoration and recovery of the ESA listed wild spring Chinook salmon.

Greg will cover the latest research, data and statistics, a review of the past, and a forecast for the future of salmon — both hatchery and wild.

Officially, Greg is the Aquatic Stewardship Advisor for Fisheries for the Corp of Engineers' Willamette District. For the past several years, he has had a major role in planning and implementing salmon enhancement and recovery projects. Few people know and understand the issues facing McKenzie River salmon recovery better than Greg.

Come hear the best update available on June 15 at Willie's'.

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Calendar

- **BOARD MEETINGS** are held the first Wednesday of the month, 7-9 p.m., Market of Choice Conference Room, unless announced otherwise. **Next meeting: July 1, 2015.**
- **GENERAL MEMBERSHIP** Meetings are held the third Monday of the month, 5:30 to 9:00 p.m. at Willie's, 400 International Way, Springfield, OR. **Next meeting: June 15, 2015**, then, *August 17.
- ***ANNUAL PICNIC:** will held in lieu of our **July 20** General Membership Meeting.
- **ANNUAL AUCTION:** will be held in lieu of our **November 16** General Membership Meeting.
- **HOLIDAY PARTY:** will be held on Friday, **December 4.**

Prez Sez -- JIM WILLIAMS



Note: Prez Jim and I could not make contact early enough to get his thoughts into this space.

Rest assured that good fishing and a promise of good fishing stories was involved.

WELCOME NEW CLUB MEMBER

Bill Johnson

Al Eckerdt

The board unanimously accepted new member, **Bill Johnson** this month. Bill was sponsored by John Fauria and is an accomplished fly fisher. He is a valued addition to the club. Greet him warmly when you see him.

TOWNRUN STEELHEAD OUTING

Gary McKenney

The 2015 Town Run Steelhead Outing is currently scheduled for Friday and Saturday June 19 & 20. Gary McKenney will lead this "semi-catered" wade-fishing event (boaters are welcome for those so inclined). The focus is on the Willamette River between Island Park and I-5.

Coffee and muffins will be provided at the Island Park boat ramp in Springfield starting around 6:30 AM. Also, suggestions on spots to fish.

Studded boots, wading stick and PFD are recommended.

So far this year's steelhead run is very small - the fish count over Willamette falls now is well below the

lowest of the past 15 years. Nonetheless, I did hook (and lose) a hot one a few days ago.

Eight wade-fishers is about all this river section can handle. We went to a two-day event due to the large amount of interest last year. If six or fewer sign up we will drop back to a one day event.

I will continue to monitor the fish count as we move into June, and keep you advised.

There will be a sign-up sheet at the June 15 Membership Meeting, or you can call me at 541-484-4539 or email mckbuytime@comcast.net to sign up or with any questions.

Gary McKenney

2015 Annual McKenzie Flyfishers Picnic

Jeff DeVore

July 20 is the date of the McKenzie Flyfishers' annual picnic. Mark your calendars and make sure that your club member friends are coming too. Bring your whole family and enjoy the club-provided main dishes supplemented by member provided appetizers, side dishes and desserts; always a sumptuous feast.

Tables, seating, and necessary plates and flatware will be provided.

The traditional salmon cook off will compliment our hamburger main dish culinary delight. Gail Campbell, Bob Bumstead, and a fearless, yet-to-be-named, newbie will square off at the barbecues for salmon cooking honors. As usual, the format for the rest of the sumptuous feast is pot luck. Plan to bring and share your favorite dishes. Yours may steal the dinner spotlight.

Did we mention the fishing along the Middle Fork Willamette River before and after dinner? There are plenty of small rainbow and cutthroat trout in the river this year, but because of the low water, you might have to port your boat in at least one spot below the Pengra boat landing if you plan to float down to the picnic. (We will try to have a river scouting report for the July newsletter.) The prize for the largest fish caught at the picnic this year might well go to one of those summer steelhead that are known to be in the river in July. A few years ago, the Jasper store fishing contest was won with a 13 pound steelhead and a 21 pound Chinook salmon.

The picnic location is on the South side of the Middle Fork Willamette River, just above

Jasper Bridge.

You can reach the site by going South from Eugene on I-5 and taking Highway 58 toward Oakridge. Turn left on the Jasper-Springfield Parkway, about 5 miles east of I-5. Go north 2.6 miles and turn right at the "To Jasper Park Road" sign, just past the "45 MPH" sign. Look for the block wall to your left, turn in, and find the third driveway on the right. If you reach the bridge, turn around.

You can also reach the picnic site by going East out of Eugene/Springfield on Highway 126/I-105 (McKenzie Highway) to the intersection at Main Street in East Springfield. Continue south across Main Street onto the Bob Straub Parkway, and follow the Middle Fork Willamette on Jasper-Springfield Road for approximately four miles to the Jasper Bridge. Cross the bridge and then make the first left turn. Look for the block wall on your left, take the left through the opening in the wall, and enter the third driveway on the right.

You can also use Google Maps. The address is:

85816 Parklane Circle
Pleasant Hill, OR 97455.

If needed, call 541-343-3109 or 541-505-2692 for guidance.

One last thing: It is not too early to call one of the numbers above, or email oakcrk@aol.com, to RSVP with your name and the number of family members you plan to bring to the picnic.

We look forward to seeing all of you for a wonderful evening on the river.

The Picnic Committee

Deschutes Outing, Beavertail CG

Various

Gail Campbell

Well, we turned out to be many people on this outing, so we were steered to Beavertail Campground on the lower part of the river. All finally made it there, except Patrick Dowd and his wife, Dawn, who never got the message that the site had been changed at the last minute. That's led to some changes for future outings and plans for a couple of ways to assure that all are confirmed in the loop of information.

John Ranstad and his brother were the first to arrive in a motorhome, and the drink they gave me when I arrived was positively restorative (it was a looong ways over there). New member Alex Smith, Bob and Sally Rasmussen, Jim and Dottie Dougher, Liz Yocum and Carolyn Mason, Jens Schmidt, Ted Taylor, Mike Layne and his guest, Chris Boyer, Arlen Tomison, Bruce Anderson, Bruce Gibbs, Allan Stults and myself made up the rest of the group, pretty much taking over the entire campground. Unfortunately, it was a case of "should'a been here yesterday!" The previous Saturday had been great fishing. A few bugs remained but the main salmonfly hatch had moved upstream, so we had to chase it past the locked gate south of Maupin.

There, adult Salmonflies could be found on the grass and in the water beside the nearly as big Golden Stoneflies. But what seemed to work best were small flies such as Possie Buggers, Prince Nymphs, and green Hare's Ears. Chris Boyer seemed to have the best success finding the fly of the day.

Chris and Mike were great additions to the camp. Mike had constructed a portable kitchen for the occasion which served our purposes very well.

To the delight of all, sounds of lovely guitar music emanated from Allan's camp.

Arlen, unfortunately, was camped between two parties of ardent noise makers not as melodious as Allen.

But grub and company were excellent. Dottie outdid herself juggling three Dutch ovens filled with succulent pot roast for Saturday night's dinner, which under Mike's carefull attention also morphed into a fabulous hash for Sunday's breakfast. Dottie also brought fresh greens from her garden for a salad, also contributed to by Mike. Liz and Carolyn brought a second salad. I brought a pie. Sally brought a wonderful bowl of Texas caviar in addition to her renowned bread pudding. And

unlike at Gold Lake, we all enjoyed LARGE pieces of it! As you can see, there was no shortage of great food, good wine, beer, etc. The faithful brought wood to fuel a good fire, alchol to dull our senses, and stories with which to regale us (a.k.a. adventures and mis-adventures from Deschutes trips of yore).

On the last day, I accompanied Jim Dougher to do some local wading in what

looked like easy water but Jim was attacked by a man-eating rock which drug him into the depths of the Deschutes before I could grab and retrieve him. In his distinctive manner, as I helped him up, James said, "Did I ever tell you how much I prefer fishing from a boat?!"

Stories of snake sightings abounded but not all were of the dread rattlesnake. Arlen figured out that one of his sightings was of a Western or Great Basin Gopher Snake. Most sped away at our approach though a select few lingered on the trail where they'd been working on their May suntans. No harm came to either flyfisher or snake.

Dottie identified the song of a Western Blue Bird holding court in the campground and proclaiming his sovereignty from the highest branch of the highest



Sunset display on the Deschutes, Beavertail CG

Deschutes Outing, Beavertail CG (cont'd)

tree, a dazzling blue jewel amid the dry scrub.

Most fish kept to deeper, faster water and under overhanging tree branches. I did see one meat slab launch mid-river to take an adult salmonfly. The take, however, was sparse, but the outing was great.

* * * *

Carolyn Mason

After all the snake stories by John Ramstead and Arlen Thomason, I was a bit leary of hiking anywhere to find fish. I figured with my waders and boots, aided by a staff, I might survive the battalions of rattlers



Note the water line just below his head; he's under water save his head and that's where he came from! No scuba gear.

waiting near every bush and rock. Arlen was generous enough to drive John and I upstream to Locked Gate where we hiked some distance up the road before splitting up. I managed to scramble down several slopes unmollested by venomous slithering snakes and did find fish, albeit average sized.

As I was waded along the edge where my little pod of trout were biting, I caught a motion in my peripheral vision. I focused on a water serpent emerged from under a submerged rock a few feet away. Aghast, I watched as it lurked under the surface completely oblivious to me, then lifted its head above the water's surface. I managed a few pictures of it (no pics = it didn't happen). Uh, hell no! Was that thing coming out and towards me? With my rod tip, I encouraged the

snake to return from whence it came. It complied and I quickly continued my fishing activities.

* * * *

Bob Rasmussen

How do you describe the Deschutes? Most likely with insufficient superlatives.

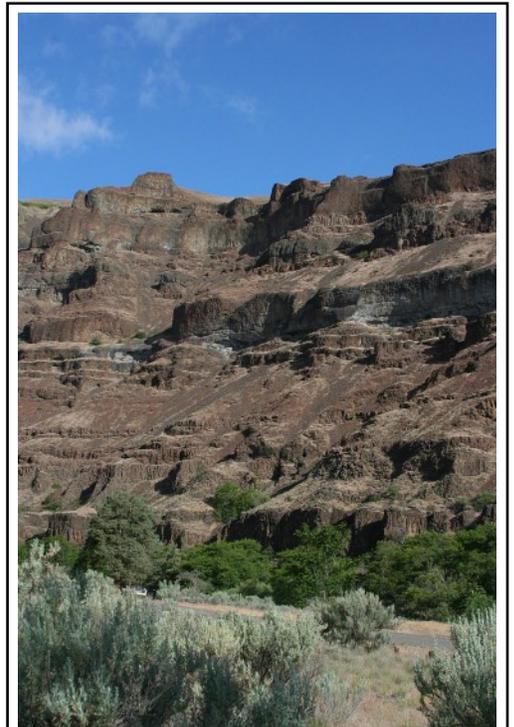
The Deschutes River Canyon at Beavertail CG is the result of several hundreds of millions of years of sedimentary deposits, lava flows and deposits, metamorphosis, and erosion. The result is quite humbling and awesome. Some may say that it is dry and boring. They have obviously looked at it with closed eyes and minds.

One camper says he and his friends at times have seen Dall Sheep hanging out in the upper levels of the canyon. There are caves aplenty for early residents to have found safe, easily defended, and secure homes.

Fishing in and around the CG was good but catching was

questionable and spotty. But what surroundings in which to be *questionable*! The catching range was from none to a few.

The weather, including the sunset show (see photo on page 3), was nice with a bit of wind during the afternoon and evenings. Really quite pleasant. The food was beyond reproach. If you missed it, you missed a good'un!



Deschutes rim rock at Beavertail CG

Trying to Sink My Boat

Sparky Rice

I've been cajoled, pressured, and finally persuaded that for the instruction warnings and humor of our membership I should let you all know what happened to me on April 15, 2014. This even requires me to face reality which can be so disappointing when it appears as though I am not as intelligent, expert, and experienced as I sometimes think I am. Yes, Reality can be so disillusioning. I hate it when it requires me to rethink who I am.

So it was that reality fell on me on that perfect day as the afternoon hatch waited for me below Harvest Lane. It's easy, it's close, I've done it many times. My wife, Bette even agreed to pick me up at Armitage about 4:30 knowing full well that, because I was fishing, I could be late or very late.

When I arrived at Harvest Lane there was only one trailer before me. Good! I would have the river to myself. I was all set up with three rods and 2 boxes of flies to cover all contingencies.

When I got to Riverbend Hospital, I was happy. Fishing had been slow, but I had always done well on the right channel as it slows down on the bend and the flat below it always holds fish. However, a lot of trees had washed into the upper end the previous winter and there was some skinny water above that I did not want to chance. But as I drifted past the downed trees, I saw a narrow chute with plenty of water. I went for it! As I did, I found that there was no room to maneuver and I that I had misjudged my lateral drift as the channel curved. At the bottom, I hit a root wad broadside! I tried to "high side" (keep the upstream side of the boat high) but the upriver side of my boat was low enough to let water splash into my boat. I was stuck!

As I leaned forward to grab my life jacket from under the bow (I know, I know), the boat shifted and water came rushing in taking me and all my gear with it!

It all happened so fast! The current was fast too, but shallow. So I grabbed a gear bag and a box of flies as I was washed down the river. Then I thought I had best take care of myself. I had no problem getting ashore, but I found myself on an Island!

I watched my boat bump along a far bend of the river and decided to call my wife, Bette, so she wouldn't

panic. I had not taken the precaution of putting my phone in a zip lock bag so it was not working well enough for me to make the call!

I tried 911 thinking that I'd probably be on the evening news along with the Sheriff's water rescue boat and crew, but the phone didn't work any better for that. I figured I'd have to wait for Bette to call 911 I when I didn't show up after the sun went down!

It was a sunny day so I wasn't chilled. I hoped that my luck might be turning for the better. After about an hour of feeling stupid, I heard the glorious sound of aluminum scrapping on gravel upriver from me. A nice couple from Portland picked me up, let me use their phone to call Bette and helped me rescue the few of my wet belongings we could easily find, and eventually found my boat a couple of miles downriver, oars still in the oarlocks. Many buckets of water later, I was able to row my boat to Armitage, arriving at the appointed time!

Over the next two days I recovered a small fraction of my gear. My cell phone regained 99% of its function after three days in the rice bin. The small bit of light remaining available from the phone's flashlight serves as a warning symbol to me that those who do not learn from history are destined to repeat it!

So WHY have I told you this and WHAT DID I LEARN?

- WEAR YOUR LIFE JACKET;
- DON'T GO ALONE;
- WATERPROOF your phone;
- If you are not sure about the river, PULL OVER AND TAKE A LOOK;
- Be especially careful going down a river the first time in the season;
- TELL SOMEONE where you are going and when you will return - BE PRECISE;
- PREPARE FOR THE WORST;
- DON'T TAKE CHANCES for a few fish; and
- For me: PRACTICE WHAT YOU PREACH.

Like my old friend Stan Baldwin once told me: "Good judgment comes from experience. Experience comes from poor judgment."

Older and Wiser, Sparky

Outings Schedule

Clint Brumitt

Fellow club members:

Mark the following outings on your calendars. The next outing, the Town Run Steelhead Outing is scheduled following the June general club meeting. Your fishing club is going fishing.

Two outings, that our members voted for, have yet to collect FishMasters. Any soul brave enough to herd cats and to fish either Davis Lake or the North Fork of the Middle Fork of the

Willamette is who we are looking for. There is no outing scheduled for July and August. The "un-Mastered" outings would fit well into those months, wouldn't they?

SEE ME ON JUNE 15, AT WILLIE'S TO VOLUNTEER.

Clint Brumitt

2015 Outings

<u>Location</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Target Species</u>	<u>FishMaster</u>
Town Run, Eugene	6/19-20/2015	Steelhead	Gary McKenney
Davis Lake	TBD	Trout/Bass	VACANT
N Fk M Fk Willamette	TBD	Trout	VACANT
Miller Lake	9/19-20/2015	Trout	Bruce Anderson
Gold Lake	10/2-4/2015	Brook Trout	McKF Board
Kalama Cup Methow R, WA	10/15/2015	Steelhead	Evergreen Flyfishing Club
Crooked R	10-11/TBD/2015	Trout	Bob Howell (?)

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The **McKenzie River Cleanup** will take place on **Saturday, 7/11**. Mark your calendar and plan to help keep the banks of our namesake river clean.

Future Club Programs

- July 20 - No Program, **Annual Picnic** at DeVore's on the Middle Fork of the Willamette.
- August 17: TBD
- September 21: TBD

President Jim Williams' "Prez Sez" piece in May's newsletter put me in mind of a publication by Robert Traver, *Why I Fish*. Robert Traver was the pen name of John Volker, Michigan State Supreme Court justice. Robert wrote, among with fishing works, *The Anatomy of a Murder* while he sat on "the bench." Quite an accomplishment.

2015 Board of Directors & Committees

Why I Fish Robert Traver

I fish
because I love to;

because I love the environs where trout are found,
which are invariably beautiful,
and hate the environs where crowds of people are
found, which are invariably ugly;

because of all the television commercials and cocktail
parties
and assorted social posturing I thus escape;

because, in a world where most people seem to spend
their lives doing things they hate,
my fishing is at once an endless source of delight and
an act of small rebellion;

because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be
bought or bribed, or impressed by power
but respond only to quietude and humility and
endless patience;

because I suspect that people are going this way for
the last time
and I, for one, don't want to waste the trip;

because mercifully there are no telephones on trout
waters;
(this is no longer entirely true)

because, only in the woods, can I find solitude
without loneliness;

because bourbon out of an old tin cup
always tastes better out there;

and finally, not because I regard fishing
as being so terribly important,
but because I suspect that so many of the other
concerns of people are equally unimportant
and not nearly so much fun;

Amen.

Officers:

President:.....Jim Williams
President-Elect:.....John O'Conner
Secretary:.....Dave Thomas
Treasurer:.....Mike Layne

At-large Board:

Carolyn Mason
Clint Brumitt
Mark Campbell
Sparky Rice

Committees:

Auction:.....Lee Lashway
Conservation:.....Arlen Thomason
.....Dave Thomas
Holiday Party:.....Paul Kaplan
House/Raffle:.....Tom Fauria
.....John Ranstad
IFFF Representative.....Greg Pitts
Library:.....Ted Taylor
Membership:.....Al Eckardt
.....Eban Dobson
Newsletter:.....**VACANT**
.....(Bob R, stand in)
ODFW Lawsuit:.....Arlen Thomason
.....Dave Thomas
.....Bob Rasmussen
Outings:.....Clint Brumitt
Programs:.....Dan Robinhold, Sr
Website:.....Liz Yocom

McKenzie Fly Fishers
P.O. Box 10865
Eugene, Oregon 97440
Club President: Jim Williams



MFF Club Statement of Purpose

The McKenzie Fly Fishers comprise a group of people who share an interest in fly fishing and water conservation. The Club was conceived and organized in April of 1964 to:

1. **Enjoy social contact**
with others interested in fly fishing.
2. **Encourage fly fishing**
as a method of angling, and
3. **Protect and increase the fishery resources.**

Membership is open to any person over 21 years of age who is interested in fly fishing. General club membership meetings, board meetings, and fishing outing are open to the public.

An Invitation to Join

You do not have to be an expert fisher to join our group. We have a monthly meeting to share tall tales of fish caught and lost, eat a fine buffet meal, and listen to a expert guide or practitioner of our sport teach us a few of the finer points of the art. There is a cash bar and many of us arrive around 5:30 pm to sip a beverage and chew the fat.

Joining our club gives you access to the expertise and insight of its membership. Many of us have years of experience and knowledge about fly casting, fly tying, and fly fishing in general. Some may even be persuaded to share the location of their "secret" fishing hole. There are occasional clinics in tying, rod building, and casting, as well as a chance to understand insects and their role in our fishing experience from well known biologists in the club.

Campouts and day trips are also arranged every month or so at nearby fishing locations and the camaraderie and social interaction on and off the water is thoroughly enjoyed by the members.

Interested? Call our **Membership Chair, Al Eckerdt**, 541-683-4265.

A light blue rectangular sticky note is pinned to the right side of the page with a silver pushpin. The text on the note is written in a bold, black, sans-serif font and reads: "See you at Willies June 15". The note is slightly tilted and has a white border.