



May  
2017

### Our Mission Statement

The Association of NW Steelheaders Anglers dedicated to enhancing and protecting fisheries and their habitats for today and the future.

Did you know you can access our newsletter anytime? Just go to our website <http://www.sandysteelheaders.org/Newsletter>.

### **Meetings**

**May 3**

#### **19th Annual Auction/Dinner Fund Raiser**

Sandy River Chapter of the NW Steelheaders

Silent Auction 5:30 to 7:30pm

Dinner:: 6:00 to 7:15 p.m.

Live Auction: 7:15 to 8:45

Where: Sam Cox Building at Glenn Otto Community Park, 1102 E. Columbia River Highway, Troutdale, OR

**May 10**

Sandy River Chapter of the Northwest Steelheaders board meeting

Time: 6:00 to 8:30 p.m.

Where: Izzys Pizza - 1307 NE 102nd Avenue, Portland OR

### **Events / Workshops**

**May 3**

19th Annual Auction/Dinner Fund Raiser

**May 13**

Steelhead Workshop Preparation Meeting (1-4 pm, Glenn Otto Community Park, Sam Cox Building) - Contact Jim Cathcart for information

**June 15 - 19**

John Day River Campout

**June 24**

Steelhead 101 Fishing Workshop

\*\* Volunteers Needed, contact Jim Cathcart at [ornavigator@hotmail.com](mailto:ornavigator@hotmail.com); (503) 238-4775, Ext. 106

### **~ REMINDER ~ REMINDER ~**

If you volunteered for any event in February, March or April please remember to send me your hours. I know a lot of you volunteered at the ANSW Family Fish camp but I have not seen many hours yet so stand forth and be recognized. And many thanks to you for your dedication to helping others learn to fish.

## ***Do you have questions about your rods, reels or tackle?***

Take your fishing equipment and questions to our chapter meetings where experienced Chapter Members will be glad to help you solve your problems. This message brought to you by Sandy Chapter President, Steve

## **Our Board Members**

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Steve Rothenbucher

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Treasurer

Greg Reed

(503) 869-1795

[g\\_a\\_reed@comcast.net](mailto:g_a_reed@comcast.net)

Vice President

Vacant Position

Secretary

Vacant Position

Visit our website at: <http://www.sandysteelheaders.org>

**Nineteenth Annual Auction and Potluck Dinner**  
**Wednesday, May 3<sup>th</sup>, 2017 at 5:30 PM Sam Cox Building at Glen Otto Park, Troutdale**

The May meeting is as usual on the first Wednesday but the rest of the details are not usual! This is a fun night to socialize. It will feature the annual chapter auction and **a great potluck dinner**. The doors open at 5:30 (earlier than our other meetings) with the silent auction which runs till 7:30. Dinner will start at 6:00, finishing with dessert by 6:45. The live auction starts at 7:15. The evening usually wraps up about 8:30 to 8:45.

People are welcome to come for the oral auction but don't miss out on the dinner. We have a lot of talented cooks in our chapter providing salads, main dishes, and side dishes and this will culminate with the famous Robert Wisner desserts. Of course the chapter will provide coffee, water, and soft drinks. There will be no charge for dinner, however we do encourage donations as this event is a fundraiser.

We need all dinner participants to fill in and submit the following form in order to let us know how much beverages and desserts will be needed. - Or call Leslie Hydorn at 503-255-0600 or email at LeslieHydorn@gmail.com . Please provide the form or contact Leslie so we have the information no later than April, 24, 2017. If you include a donation check, we will provide a receipt for your donation. Come dressed the way you normally come to our chapter meetings.

Our hall will only seat 80 people for a meal so please place your order soon to insure you will have a seat and to give us an accurate head count.

Anyone wishing to join us by contributing a dish please submit the form below. Also a signup sheet will be available at the April 5th meeting.

Your auction purchases help raise funds for our chapter's projects during the coming year, so bring your family and your checkbook!

If you have any items to donate to the auction or know anyone who does, please call Mike Myrick (in the Portland Core area) at (503) 281-6438 or Colonel Thomas (East Metro) at 503 666-5035 or Leslie Hinea (Vancouver area) (360) 892-0473.

Since the chapter is part of a 501(c)(3) tax exempt organization, items donated to our auction are tax deductible, and we will provide a receipt for all donations.

**Sandy River Chapter, Association of Northwest Steelheaders**  
**5/3/2017 Auction Dinner Order Form**

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Preregistration must be received by April, 24, 2017 to insure adequate number of meals.

Number of Member dinners: \_\_\_\_\_ Number of Children & Guest dinners: \_\_\_\_\_

Make dinner donation checks payable to the Sandy Chapter, ANWS  
and/or bring (check one box) ☐ Main Dish, ☐ Side Dish, ☐ Salad

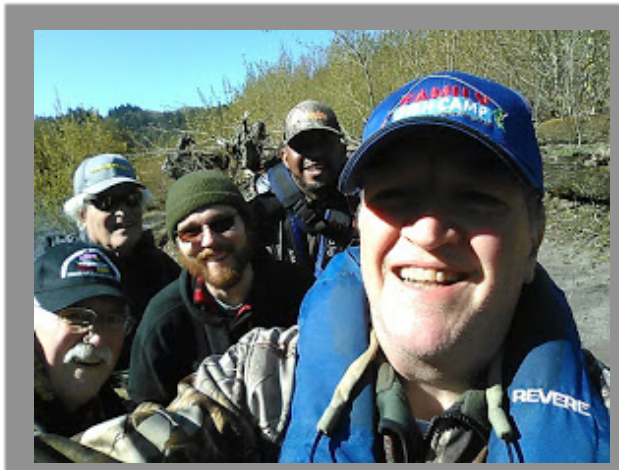
Send to: Leslie Hydorn  
14224 NE Eugene Court  
Portland, OR 97230

Call Leslie @ 503-255-0600  
Email at LeslieHydorn@gmail.com

## One Last Cast

Jim Cathcart (aka Navigator)

On February 18th, the Sandy River Chapter launched the first bank fish-a-long of the 2017 season and with it the resurrection of an old idea - people join the Sandy River Chapter to fish. The event began with breakfast at Dea's In and Out Restaurant in Gresham — a longtime supporter of the Chapter — which was a great way to fuel up for a morning of winter steelhead fishing at Oxbow Regional Park.



*Having Fun - John, Tom, TJ, Andre and Jim*

It was an event joined by the few, the proud, the Sandy River bank fishers — Jim Cathcart, Arne Dahl, Mike Green and his son Mason and Lonny Peet. The river was just dropping into shape after being high for more than a week. Conditions were the river was at 11.75 feet, 44 degrees and was surprisingly that perfect “steelhead” green. The water we picked to fish was the loooooong run at the Flood Plain - the first left as you drive into the park. We were greeted with a typical winter's day — rain showers interrupted with a refreshing sun break or two. We shared fishing stories and fishing techniques. We spread out and were on our own; we came together with questions and helpful tips for one another. We

had conversations unrelated to fishing; coming to know each other and ourselves in the process. We learned new water together. But, no fish stories were created that day.

The situation repeated itself recently with the second event, held Saturday, April 15th. Breakfast time at Dea's followed by another trip out to the Flood Plain at Oxbow. Our group was a bit larger; members Tom Gerber, Andre Tilly, Jim Smith and new member prospect, TJ joining workshop mentors Tim Heath, John Hydorn, Jeff Kirkman and myself. River conditions were prime — at 10.3 feet and that pure emerald green that defines the Sandy River. The weather was spectacular — sunny with blue skies with a cloud or two. No wind. A nesting osprey took exception to our presence and let us know about it throughout the morning. We spread out — bobber and jig, bobber dogging, twitching jigs and spinners and the old stand by - drift fishing. I wasn't sure what we would encounter regarding fish; but the story is that one of the mentors hooked up twice; landing and releasing a beautiful chrome bright “spring” steelhead and then crackering a second chromer. Drift fishing a #10 corky with David Johnson's boraxed jello cured eggs — a perk from Family Fish Camp 2016 — being the winning ticket. Again, we spread out and were on our own; we came together with questions and helpful tips for one another. It was a day that just couldn't be beat. And, there was no wind.



# Swap, Sell, or Tell

*A swap meet/sales event*



- **Where**– Sam Cox Building, Glenn Otto Park,  
1102 Historic East Columbia River Hwy., Troutdale Oregon
- **When**- Saturday July 15th, 2017 9 AM - 6 PM
- **What's it all about**- A fun fundraising event to support City of Troutdale parks facilities, youth fishing education and stream conservation efforts by the Sandy River Chapter, NW Steelheaders. There will be fishing and outdoor gear, steelhead rigging demos, hand made crafts, food, local businesses, and more!
- **How it's organized**– reserve your table for just \$25. At your table you may sell items, swap items or advertise your business.
- The table reservation is your only cost. There are no other fees .
- Got a boat to sell? Spaces in the parking lot are the same \$25 fee! Display your boat in person to the many interested attendees . Spots are limited. Reserve in advance. No refunds after July 1st.

**Admission for the general public is FREE !**

Do you have items to donate for sale to support our youth fishing and conservation efforts? Wish to reserve your table?

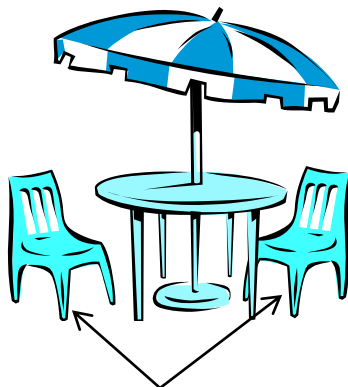
Contact Larry Palmer at [palmerlarryd@yahoo.com](mailto:palmerlarryd@yahoo.com)

## **Sandy Chapter Annual Family Picnic** **Saturday, July 29<sup>th</sup> at Glenn Otto Park, Troutdale**

Everyone can expect a great time with a barbecue and plenty of relaxation and fellowship with good friends and family. We have both the picnic site and the meeting hall, so everything can happen rain or shine. You will need to bring your own lawn chairs for outside picnic seating. There will be bingo. Bring three one dollar bills for the bingo games. Winners take all!

The location is a place we all know well. We have a site straight down the trail from the Sandy Chapter meeting hall. John Hydorn will be grilling up his famous salmon and there will also be the traditional burgers, and hot dogs, but what made the meal a real success is the potluck for side dishes, salads, and desserts. There is a lot of gastronomic talent in our chapter and it's a lot of fun to share and partake in that talent. Of course we also provide various sodas, water, and coffee.

People should arrive with their chairs and pot luck items starting about 11:30 am, but be sure to be there before we start serving from the barbecue which starts at 12:30 pm.



See these chairs? We can't provide them this year so remember to bring your own!

We need an accurate headcount to know how much food to purchase, so if you were not able to sign up at the chapter meeting, please call before Monday, July 24<sup>th</sup>.

To sign up or if you have any questions or suggestions call Joli Ritchie at 503-760-5551 or email [neritchie1@gmail.com](mailto:neritchie1@gmail.com). We will want to know your preference of salmon, hamburger, or hot dog and what you intend to bring as a pot luck item.



## **Want to get away?**

Last year a few of us did and we are planning on doing it again this year. Here's the deal...join us on a camping/fishing weekend on the John Day River. Where we camp there is no highway traffic, no television, and no cell phone service. Sound relaxing? How about being able to catch Bass, Catfish, Blue gills just from the shoreline and boat docks. Boats allow even more opportunity to catch fish. Check out this YouTube video which shows the park: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=691rTK4AXOQ>

Where:

We will again be camping at the Albert Phillipi which was reopened in 2016 and is only accessible by boat. Don't have a boat? No worry. There will be members who can meet you at Le Page Park which is located at the mouth of the river on I-84. Just make arrangements with someone who will be taking a boat. Just call me for more information.

Cost:

It is recommended that our members contribute \$10 per night donation to the OPAL group which has made this park possible in the past and continues to maintain it. For those that bring a boat there is a launch fee. The amount of that fee will be posted on our website as soon as we find out the amount.

Ever heard the cries of coyotes calling in the dark? Want to wake up to deer wandering around the perimeter of the park? Then come join us.

Below is an article written by Anthony Pedro about last years adventures. Please contact me if you would like to sign up for this year's campout.

John A Hydorn    [JohnHydorn@gmail.com](mailto:JohnHydorn@gmail.com)    503-255-0600

### **John Day - 2016 By Anthony Pedro**

On a Friday morning in late June, boats containing Steelheaders from the Sandy River Chapter were launched from LePage Park at the mouth of the John Day River. Forty mile per hour gusts of wind slammed against boats and Steelheaders alike on the three-mile trip up river to Albert Philippi Park: our base camp for the next two days and nights. Boats were docked with skill (despite the high winds), and the process of unloading gear, staking claims and setting up camp for the weekend had begun. Steve Childress had spawned the idea of a Steelheaders warm water fishing and camping getaway months earlier and (with the help of John Hydorn and Steve Rothenbucher) it had finally become a reality.

Albert Philippi Park is hard to miss; it is the largest patch of green you will encounter after departing upstream from LePage Park. A large sign perched atop a well-manicured lawn welcomes you to this once abandoned oasis. Newly reopened (after being closed in 2013); it is maintained by the Army Corp of Engineers. The park facilities include two boat docks, bathrooms with showers, thirty-five campsites and a swimming hole. It's nestled in the east bank of the John Day River, the third longest undammed river in these contiguous United States. Surrounded by ancient canyons rimmed by basalt--it's easy to feel small here.

Once tents of varying shapes, sizes and ages were erected--fishing began. Sandy River President, Steve, started out strong with a pair of good-sized *smallies* using a high-low rig baited with earthworms, a touch of garlic scent and enough lead to keep the setup from drifting into the weeds. The rest of the crew soon followed suit, pulling in a mixed bag of *bluegills*, *crappie* and *black bullhead catfish*. Powerful blasts of wind sent monofilament line flailing into knots, up- turned tackle boxes, and transformed unsecured worm container lids into Frisbees. After being beat up by the unrelenting wind for a few hours, our energy began to fade; it was time to seek refuge from the winds and enjoy a dinner of freshly caught fried bass and rice.

After dinner, the wind had subsided just enough to begin fishing again with renewed vigor. A red- tailed hawk drifted overhead, screaming repeatedly as the sun began to dip lower and lower. I plucked a large 1/5 oz. *Rebel* crawfish in "Ditch" pattern from my *Plano* box, clipped it to the snap swivel at the end of my 8 lb. mono and sent it sailing into the water. I cranked it fast down to the bottom and began a slow retrieve over the rocks below towards shore. A pair of duel treble hooks connected with my first bass of the day as it slammed the crawdad a mere three feet from the bank. Alan recommended that I add a touch of his *Pro-Cure Garlic/Crawfish Super Gel* to the lure: a great idea which I accepted, and went on working my way along the shoreline. The lure/scent combination proved to be effective--provoking fierce bites close to shore. Success continued until my brave crawfish met his fate like so many other six-dollar lures I have known: hung up in the ever-darkening water never to be seen again. Heartbroken at the loss, I tied the only other crawfish I had-- a 1/10 oz. *Rebel* in a "nest robber" color scheme. At only a fraction the size of his predecessor, he would only manage to seduce a pair of *pumpkinseeds*.

The rest of the crew had also enjoyed success that night over at the far boat dock, returning to camp with a blend of *bass*, *bluegill* and *catfish*. After swapping fish tales with the group, I headed down to the river to clean my largest fish of the evening for breakfast. A *mule deer* doe grazed alone on a far hillside while one by one stars began to dot the sky. Just then a procession of campers appeared (coming from the river) hauling stringers of massive *channel cats*! At least thirty whiskered fish dangled from ropes. "Where'd you get those?" someone hollered. "Up at the narrows," they replied. That settled any dispute about where we would head the next day. By the time I drank the six IPA's (I had smuggled aboard John's boat), the moon had risen, illuminating the surrounding hills in a pale blue green reminiscent of a Frederick Remington nocturne. Sleep came easy.

If you fancy yourself an early riser, you have never stayed overnight anywhere with the Sandy River Chapter of Northwest Steelheaders. These guys begin stirring about at 4:30<sup>AM</sup>. I thought I was on top of things waking up at 7:30<sup>AM</sup> but found myself the last one up. I had already missed breakfast and a good deal of fishing. I felt like a delinquent being the last one out of my tent and scrambled to get ready. I fried up my bass from the night before (along with a few strips of peppered bacon, dressed, and choked down as much instant "coffee" as I could before I was hustled onto a boat. No time to waste, we were in pursuit of giant John Day River cats. The wind had stopped and the sky was cloudless; it was going to be hot over on the dry side of Oregon.

The depth of the river began to plummet the further up it we went. In only a matter of a few miles it dropped from a height of 60 ft. to under 10 ft. I was posted as lookout on the bow of Ron's boat to seek out any obstacles in our path such as large boulders or aquatic vegetation that could foul the prop. Geese and white pelicans

l lounged on the sandbars we passed, seemingly uninterested in our slow moving progress. The numbers on the Lowrance were dropping like a New Year's Eve countdown until we hit 2 ft. and that was the end of the line for us; no catfish was worth damaging the boat. The big cats (we had dreamed about the night before) swam less than a mile away--just out of our reach. Other boats equipped with jets motored past, unfazed by the low water while we rigged up for bass.

The largest *channel catfish* reported taken from the John Day River system was said to weigh thirty-five pounds. According to Pete Heley's book *Oregon Bass & Panfish Guide*, some *smallmouth* from the area have unofficially weighed in at 7-9 lbs. Heley claims the channel cats and bass undoubtedly profit from the large populations of forage fish such as *bluegills* and *bullhead catfish*. *Black bullhead catfish* (on the other hand) have a tendency to overpopulate a body of water stunting their own growth. The world record, coming from upstate New York, weighed in at 7 lbs.7 oz. Both catfish found in Oregon: the *channel* and *black bullhead* are non-native.

Bev's excitement was contagious as she pulled in bass after bass. Live earthworms impaled on a *drop shot rig*, complimented with a touch of *Pro Cure's Garlic* or *Bloody Tuna* scent, proved irresistible. There was no doubt we were on top of fish; unfortunately, they were all fry-- all falling within the 4-9 inch range. I sent a few plastics adrift on a drop shot; a 4 ¼" *KVD Green Pumpkin Dream Shot* by *Strike King* drew the most hits. The "kicker" motor was fired up and we cruised slowly back down river targeting weed edges, shady spots and downed trees, anything that could provide fish with some relief from the sun. Thanks to Ron's patience and ability to maneuver us into positions along the bank, we were able to continue a thrilling afternoon of bass angling.

The most excitement came while I was lobbing a 4" Texas rigged *Gary Yamamoto* white *Yamasenko* towards the bank. All of a sudden my 6'6" *Shimano* rod arced with force. The line pulsed as the bronze-backed fish dived repeatedly. Steve grabbed the net as I guided the fish toward the boat. I knew that the longer the fish stayed on the line, the larger the hole in the bass's paper thin mouth would widen-- increasing its chances of escape. I also knew it would run hard when it saw the boat; it did. I managed to manipulate it alongside the boat again where Steve swiftly scooped it with the net. After a celebration of high fives and a brief photo shoot we pulled anchor and headed back to camp psyched to show off the contents of our cooler.

Back at camp we listened to Alan and Steve C.'s exploits. Turned out they had also fared well: showing off a bucket of catfish and bass destined for the frying pan. Also (apparently) a porcupine had wandered through camp in our absence. My bass (from earlier) measured 18 ½", estimated at about 3 ½ lbs. and was the largest of the trip. Our camp neighbors shared with us some fillets of catfish along with a cast iron pot full of oil and homemade seasoning for breading. We ended the day and our trip with a fish fry, laughter and conversation about adventures past, present and future. Coyotes sounded off in the distance as one by one we retired to our tents. Only after Bev's was fumigated for earwigs of course.

There was a somber vibe the next morning as we packed up. The mood was lightened only by the promise that this trip would become an annual occurrence.

A special thanks goes to Steve Childress, Steve Rothenbucher, John Hydorn, Beverly, Alan and Ron for your friendship and making this an unforgettable weekend. Next time we brave "the narrows."





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