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IN THE GORGE



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THE GORGE SPORTSMAN

HUNTING & FISHING
IN THE GORGE

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Welcome to our first hunting and fishing edition by The Hood River News. I admit, I wasn't entirely committed to the idea when we first discussed it. It's not that I don't approve of the sports; although I don't hunt or fish, I do enjoy freshly caught salmon or can appreciate a good elk burger. I just wasn't sure of the content or how much support we'd garner towards the publication. I felt it was important the stories come from those enthusiasts in our community.

Sports people in our area were more than happy to share their stories with readers. Each brimming with devotion for their sport.

The stories in this edition are a broad mix of hunting and fishing, but it is clear in each of them, the writer believes in what they do and are respectful of the sport. They enjoy sharing their passion with friends and family and are eager to carry on the tradition for generations. Writer Fred Trujillo learned to love fishing from his father, and is working hard to instill this same enjoyment for fishing in his daughters. Buzz Ramsey makes his living fishing, sharing his skills to visitors in our area. Hood River local Joey Sheirbon had a once in a life-time experience when he pulled a bighorn sheep tag. A selection of fantastic stories are waiting inside for your enjoyment. May your aim be accurate and your fish be on!

Chelsea Marr
PUBLISHER

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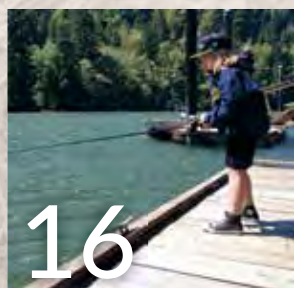
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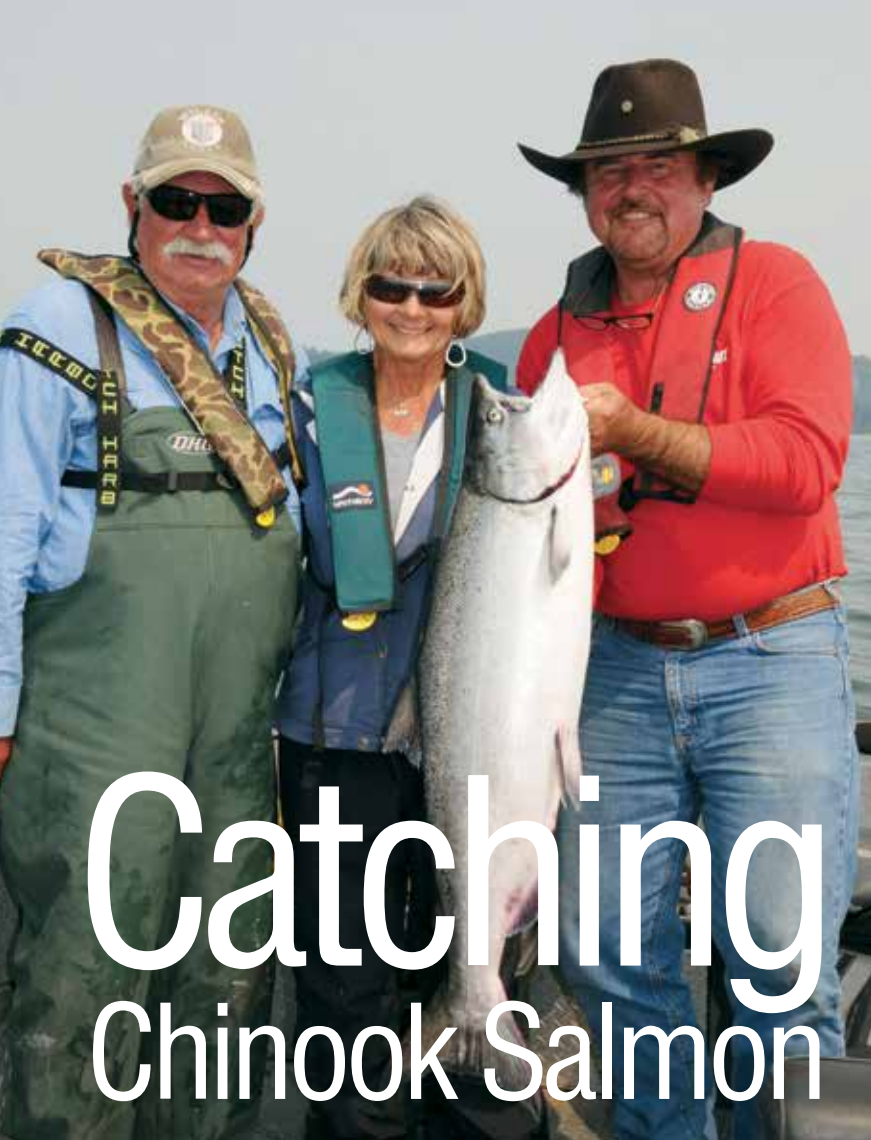
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AT LEFT, MITCH AND SHIRLEY SANCHOTENA JOIN BUZZ RAMSEY TO SHOW OFF THEIR CATCH OF A FALL CHINOOK ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER. ABOVE, A 2010 PHOTO OF JACK GLASS & MYRON MERKEL WITH THEIR FALL CHINOOK.



STORY & PHOTOS BY
BUZZ RAMSEY

By Labor Day and through the month of September, nearly a million fall chinook (960,000 to be exact) will be migrating through the lower and Mid-Columbia on their way to upriver spawning grounds. And while the sport fishery at the mouth of the Columbia, known as Buoy 10, will be mostly over by Labor Day the action along the Mid-Columbia will be peaking through September.

Whereas the Columbia's fall chinook run is divided into two main salmon stocks, Tule and Up River Brights (URBs), it's the URBs that represent the best eating quality and therefore are the most sought after by sport anglers. These fish come in all sizes, with many in the 18-to-25 pound range and some reaching 30 to 50 pounds or more.

The Columbia's water temperature will be cooling as the month progresses, but it will still be warm enough to cause a large portion of these fish to stop for a breather where cool water tributaries enter the big river. If you're after salmon, you should set your sights on these locations, where salmon congregate: at, in or near the mouths of the Wind River, Drano Lake, White Salmon, Klickitat and Deschutes Rivers.

And while the bulk of the run is just passing through this area of the Columbia, there are also good numbers of locally raised hatchery fall chinook headed for Drano Lake and the Klickitat River. In addition, the number of wild fall chinook spawning in the Deschutes River has grown substantially over the last decade, averaging nearly 20,000 fish.

If you're interested in catching one or more of these trophy-size fish, there are several fishing methods that can be used to catch them.

Trolling plugs

If you have a boat, consider trolling a bait-wrapped FlatFish, Kwikfish or Mag Lip salmon size plug near bottom. Rigging consists of a 12 inch weight-dropper line and 5 foot leader. Adding a fillet of sardine to the belly of your plug (with a little canned tuna added in for good measure) can trigger arm wrenching strikes. Most anglers hold their fillet in place by wrapping it onto their plug with clear sewing thread or 2 to 4 pound test monofilament line. For best results, you should change your sardine/tuna fillet every hour, since by doing so your lure will emit a scent trail irresistible to salmon.



The strike of a salmon taking a salmon-size plug may be the hardest you'll ever feel, however, don't set the hook until Mr. Salmon is holding your rod tip down steadily, peeling line from your reel, or until your rod tip pulsates up and down three to four times. Waiting on the bite will increase your chance of a solid hook up, while yanking too soon can result in a miss or later losing your fish. If you're using a bait-cast reel, realize that it's important to have your thumb firmly planted on the reel spool when you finally do set the hook.

Egg mooching

Since it lends itself to the slack water found behind the dams, egg mooching is a productive fishing method you should try when tackling Mid-Columbia salmon. Realize too that this technique works anywhere salmon are found holding in slack water. Egg mooching is like bobber fishing, but without the use of a bobber—you just suspend your bait off your rod tip—your boat is the bobber.



Rigging is easy; just attach a swivel to the end of your main line, an 18 inch leader and single hook (the hook I use is a size 5/0 Owner). You'll need to add weight, usually one to three ounces, which can be attached to a snap connected at your swivel.

Finding success with this method can be as simple as locating a concentration of salmon with your fish finder



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and lower your bait to the level they're holding. In most cases just drop your sinker to the bottom and reel up one to one and a half turns of the reel handle. Given an 18-inch leader, this will put your bait 18 to 36 inches off the bottom. You should realize that one handle turn on an Abu Garcia 5500 or 6500 bait-cast reel will spool 30 inches of line. To ensure your bait is at the correct depth, it's critical to not reel up too far.

While there are times Mr. Salmon will choke your bait down in a noticeable way, the bite can be subtle, so pay close attention and if your rod tip dips ever so slightly try setting the hook hard. I like to stand with the tip of my rod 12 inches off the water. In this position, I can concentrate on my rod tip and better distinguish the rat-tat-tat "peck" of small fish from the usually more deliberate, hang-on bite of a chinook salmon.

When it comes to egg mooching, it's a fresh scent-dispersing bait that is the most likely to trigger strikes. Don't be shy about changing your baits often—every 10 minutes or so is sometimes required to produce consistent hook ups. In addition, you may turn a slow day into fast limits by adding a fillet of sardine or other bait to your egg offering.

Rotating flashers

The third fishing method employed by boat anglers is to troll a spinner, small herring or baitfish imitation in combination with a large rotating flasher, like those made by Pro-Troll. Because large rotating flashers pull hard, you will need a stout rod and bait-casting reel filled with 30 pound monofilament or 50 pound test super line (like Tracer Braid) to do this along with a supply of 8 to 16 ounce cannon ball style sinkers.

While several different baits will work when trolled in combination with a rotating flasher, several guides report success using small spinners, like a size 3.5 Colorado style made by Hildebrandt, rigged 18 to 30 inches behind a rotating flasher. Keep in mind that too big a spinner will not allow flasher to impart the pulsating action needed to produces results. When rigging, it's best to position your flashers four feet behind your weight dropper, as this will allow the flasher to rotate more freely.



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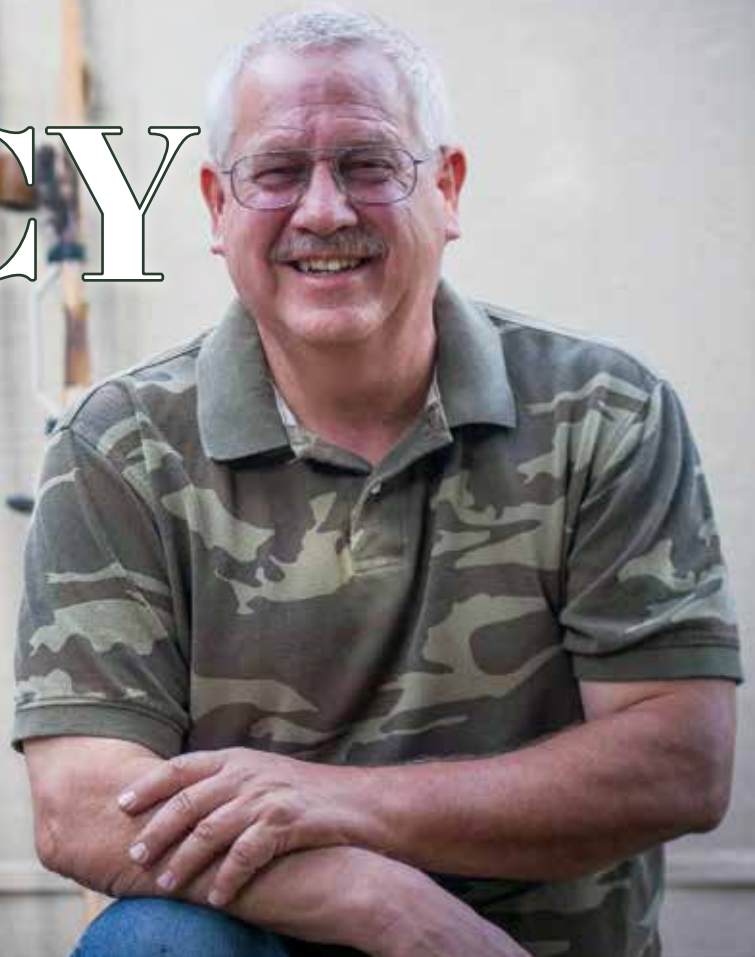
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STORY BY

JOHN TAYLOR



PHOTOS BY

**LAUREL
TAYLOR**

I sit here at my desk asking myself, "How do I describe/share the wealth of incredible memories and emotional highs and lows that have been part of my life these last 50+ years while hunting and fishing here, in the amazing Pacific Northwest. We live where the mystery and majesty of God's creation is at our very door step for us to plunge into and explore. My fishing adventures began at age 11 to 12 when I tied my first trout fly, then rode my bike to Phelps Creek one Saturday and limited out. The addicting rush of adrenaline that came when a trout attacked the fly had me hooked for the rest of my life. Four years later, with a driver's license and Dad's '52 Studebaker truck, I could fish exotic places like Laurance Lake, Lost Lake, Wahtum Lake, and all the tiny streams in between. The first hit from every trout would send a surge of

excitement through me every single time. It was the simplicity of me and the fish, a game of hide-n-seek, tag, dodge ball all rolled into one in the setting of nature's wonderland. These fishing trips created deep and lasting memories of places, people, campsites, backpacking trips that I can replay anytime I want.

My hunting adventures and resulting memories started later in life. High school, sports teams, summer work, (yes, young people got summer jobs back then for spending money.) There wasn't much time for hunting. A chance phone call after high school got me a job on a wheat ranch in Montana at the age of 18. Ron, the ranch owner, introduced me to the pursuit of elk and deer. He was so good, he could sneak up on a bedded elk and touch it with his bow and laugh as it ran away. His stories and mentorship began

the pursuit of big game in my life for the next 40+ years. This pursuit pulled me into some of the most beautiful outdoor and wilderness locations of Oregon, where the daily grind of life would wash away and refreshing peace and rest would fill me up again to return home revived and ready for work and my wonderful family of two boys, two girls, and their amazing mother, Mrs. T. For 12 straight years, summers became camping adventures as a family in Eastern Oregon's Blue Mountains, getting revived and refreshed and making life-long memories both for the children and the parents.




The challenge of pursuing elk and deer with the bow and arrow for the next 30 years has filled my memory banks with adventures. One of those adventures I relive often is the time we surprised a Momma bear and her cub at 7 yards last year. I still feel the heart rate climb, the adrenaline rush and the reaction to FREEZE!, pulling my pistol out and calming telling the bear, "It will be okay. We won't hurt you." Then I watched her slowly turn away and disappear in the brush, giving us the chance to go the other way. Many other memories of bears, cougars (one at 15 yards making eye contact while I sat on the ground), and seeing wolves in the wild for the first time, having elk and deer pass by me at 2-3 yards, not knowing I am there, these are memories I will always cherish. One of my most precious memories is helping pack out my best friend, Doug's elk at 2 a.m. with the most beautiful moonless starry sky I've ever seen.

As I enter into the last third of my life here on earth, I am turning to a new purpose that excites me with its possibilities—to pass on the passion to those who are just beginning their own adventures with hunting and fishing and exploring our great natural resources. In the last sever years I have invited others to come and see how they, too, can begin their outdoor life building memories of their own. This year I have three new younger hunters in camp that I can share my experiences with, I can share with them some of the mysteries of hunting elk and deer in my favorite hunting location. I hope they will take home incredible memories etched in their mind of simple adventures in nature that they are able to share with friends and family.



OPPOSITE PAGE, TAYLOR POSES WITH HIS MANY HUNTING BOWS, MANY OF WHICH, HE MADE BY HAND. AT LEFT, HIS FLY FISHING COLLECTION, AND ABOVE, WITH HIS GRANDSON, ZANE, HOLDING HIS LATEST ELK TROPHY.

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Wapiti Playground



STORY & PHOTOS BY

**MARK
URNES**

Opening morning of the 2015 elk bow season — 4 a.m., the alarm goes off, and I am up anyway since I cannot sleep with all the excitement of what might happen today. Start the routine: Get coffee going, spray on no-scent and get dressed, grab my gear and I am on the trail up the mountain. My trek into my hunting area is about three-quarters of a mile in and is located on the steep side of the mountain. I've traveled this path for nearly 20 years, but today I've got that little spring in my step as I dream of that trophy elk that is going to visit me.

Flashback, Oct. 1, 2014. Last season done! No elk in my freezer! Next year I am going to make some changes. First and foremost, get into better shape before next year's hunt. This year I stepped into

the prime time age of 60, so health and fitness will now control my enjoyment, or not, of the hunt. Sore muscles to begin a season take their toll. I will begin my exercise program in December and continue through May.

Opening day, late morning. I have now sat in my tree stand for about four hours and the only excitement is the early morning scent — a smell of the forest that attack my olfactory sense, a smell of bitterroot and elderberry. A pileated woodpecker plays a tune on the hollow of a dead fir tree. The scene in front of me looks like an enchanted forest of red flame — ponderosa pines and evenly spaced tamaracks and Douglas firs spread overhead a carpet of green. It's elk heaven. I have not seen or heard an elk yet.

Flashback, May through July 2014.

Practice time, get out the shoot card and see which one I can or cannot participate in. Daily practice on my home target fine tunes all my bow gear. Check in with Bob at Windy River Bow Shop, new target tips, new release, and anything else I cannot live without. Thinking of the hunt more and more with each day. Chalk off one more day closer to the hunting season.

Opening day, afternoon. My blood begins to percolate as I pick up the faint call of a cow elk calling for junior — elk are in the area. As I stand to get ready my heart is running a race of its own. Which way are they coming? Bow ready, arrow on the string, which way is the wind, all these thoughts race through my mind. One, two, three cows and some youngsters. Where is the bull? I am searching for bone on the hoof, but I am not seeing it happen.

Flashback, mid-August 2014. The hunt is only weeks away. I get out my list and begin checking things off: Repairs of the canvas tent, restocking of the camp kitchen, clean coolers, start packing! Elk hunting now consumes my waking hours. I would rather talk elk then eat or sleep. Big bull dreams taunt me during the night.

Opening day, evening. Even though there was not a bull in this bunch, this is the joy of elk hunting — being

up close and personal to this majestic animal. It is always a special treat. It is just the beginning of the season and I am at least hoping for one good shot this year. If only I could hear the sound of a bull bugling pierce the evening silence, but that usually happens later in the season.

This is the cycle of the dedicated elk hunter, one season I hope never to miss until my dying day. I may not have railed an animal last year but that is not the only measurement of a successful hunt. In the 2013 season, I had the privilege to take this 300-plus pound bull somewhere in the state of Oregon. Therefore, my time and effort were my reward of this great prize! I hope everyone who hits the hills in search of this animal will someday shoot a trophy of your own.

See you at the playground!

wapiti

"wa•piti" – a Shawnee Native American word for elk, literally translated "white rump"

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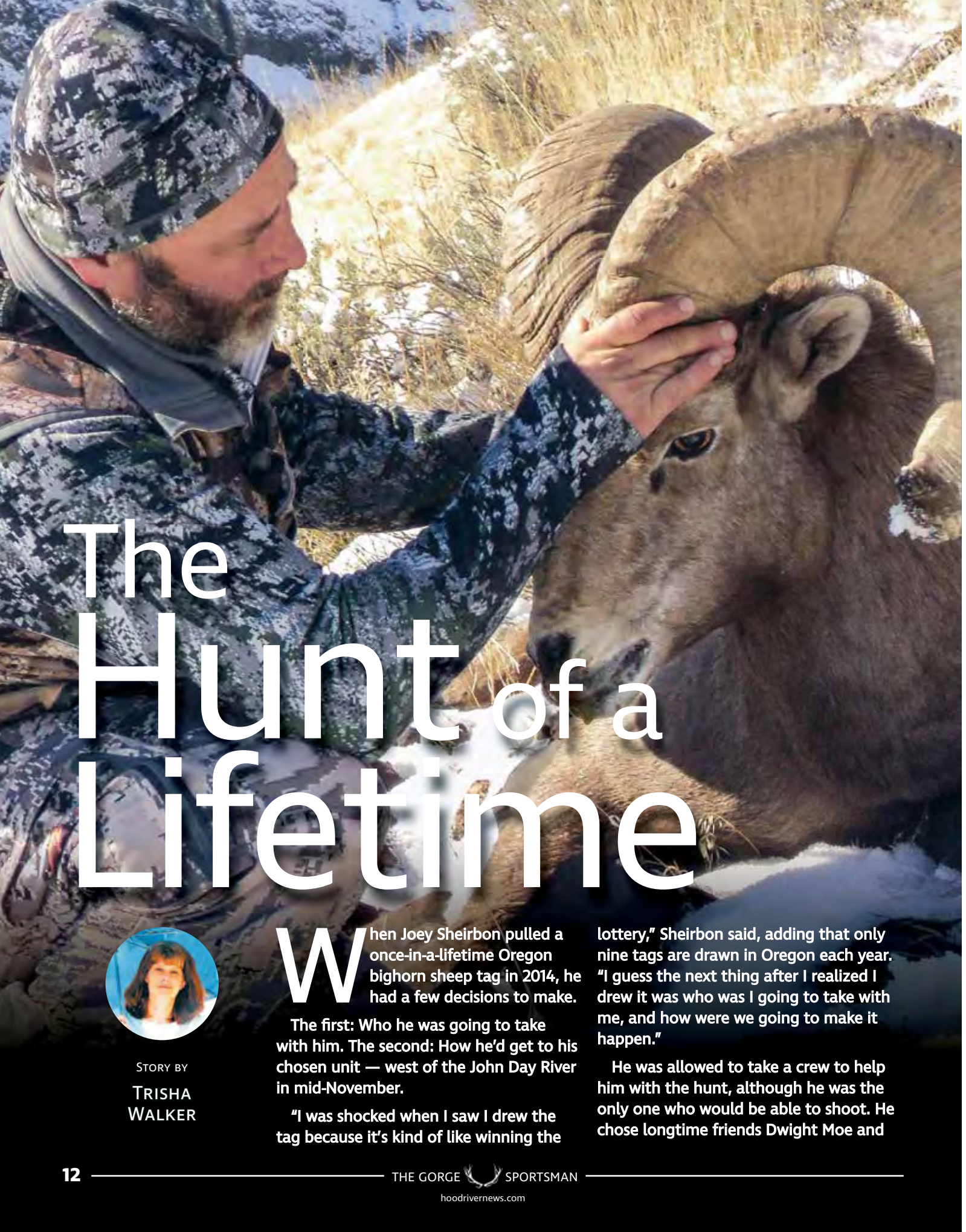
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The Hunt of a Lifetime



STORY BY
TRISHA
WALKER

When Joey Sheirbon pulled a once-in-a-lifetime Oregon bighorn sheep tag in 2014, he had a few decisions to make.

The first: Who he was going to take with him. The second: How he'd get to his chosen unit — west of the John Day River in mid-November.

"I was shocked when I saw I drew the tag because it's kind of like winning the

lottery," Sheirbon said, adding that only nine tags are drawn in Oregon each year. "I guess the next thing after I realized I drew it was who was I going to take with me, and how were we going to make it happen."

He was allowed to take a crew to help him with the hunt, although he was the only one who would be able to shoot. He chose longtime friends Dwight Moe and

Bob Edwards.

"You take a select group of people when you go hunting, because those people are your lifeline when you're gone from civilization," Moe explained. "You've got to trust those people ... your hunting partner is your family."

With his crew in place, Sheirbon tackled the next problem.

"You only get 7 days, and it's a once in a lifetime tag, so you have to make it happen," he said. "My tag we drew, there's not a lot of public access, so I had to make a choice, whether I was going to pay a trespass fee and hunt on private land, or whether I was going to take rafts and float down the John Day."

They decided to float down the river because "we finally came to the conclusion we wanted to experience the full hunt," he said.

Their choice wasn't without difficulties. They needed rafts, and would be able to bring a limited amount of supplies. They borrowed a raft from a local fishing guide, and a pontoon boat from another friend. Since none had ever rafted on rivers before, let alone in November, they got a quick education on how that worked.

"We were bare bones — a tent, a little propane heater and a lot of dried food, and a lot of heavy hunting clothes," said Sheirbon.

"I'm kind of the cook, so I made sure I had food for 10 days or better, because you don't know what you're going to run into," said Moe. "We were still skinny on what we could take — you can take only so much on the river. At that point in time, the river levels were at 750 cfs (cubic feet per second), and that's the very minimum you can float with the equipment we had."

But they still faced some challenges.



IN PHOTO LEFT TO RIGHT: DWIGHT MOE, JOEY SHIERBON AND BOB EDWARDS.

The day before they left, on Nov. 12, 2014, the temperature was 60 degrees. And on Nov. 13?

"The morning we left, it had just started to snow," said Moe. It was the beginning of the November cold snap that gripped the state.

When they arrived at the Clarno Rapids, the ground was covered with about 6 inches of snow; Moe estimates the temperature was around 20 degrees.

They arrived on a Thursday, and spent all day Friday floating down the river ... unless they were dragging their rafts themselves.

"We did have to drag through some gravel bars, so there you are dragging a boat that weighs 400 pounds, 500 pounds full of gear," said Moe.

"There we were, in 20 degree weather, in the water dragging a boat," Sheirbon added. "The bad thing is once you commit, there's no going back; you have to float your way out the bottom."

Friday evening, they set up camp after traveling about 25 miles, now in Sheirbon's tag territory. Saturday morning, they were ready to begin the hunt — it was opening day.

The first morning was spent scouting, with Edwards spotting some sheep on the other side of the river that he wanted Sheirbon to take a look at.

"Sheep stay closer to their area, they don't roam as much as elk or deer do," Moe said. "Saturday night, we sat around camp, had a bonfire, and discussed Sunday's plan."

By this time, temperatures had dipped to minus-6 degrees, and they were sleeping with their water bottles to keep them from freezing.

"It all sounds terrible, but if you're dressed warm, it's fine, or if you're in your sleeping bag, it's fine," said Sheirbon.

Sunday brought them to the other side of the John Day, where Edwards had spotted the bighorns the day before. They found the sheep, and, with



ABOVE, THE RIVER WEST OF JOHN DAY. AT RIGHT, JOEY AND HIS GROUP AT THE ODFW CHECK-IN POINT.

Sheirbon picking his first, second and third choices, went back to camp to await Monday's hunt.

"Monday morning, we got up and we decided that Dwight was going to go back on the other side of the river to locate the three sheep we'd chosen," he said. "Then Bob and I started hiking up the hill on the side I could hunt. So I'm assuming we were probably 4 to 5 hours in the morning, locating the three sheep that I had on my hit list.

"Finally, Dwight had spotted the number one on my hit list, and of course it's the farthest one down-river. And about this time, Bob and I got up to the elevation where I was able to look down the river, and all the slack water was frozen solid ... we were not going to be able to float down the river. So that was my decision — I was going to kill a sheep

that day, it was just whatever of the sheep I was going to get a shot at."

The two began to proceed to their first choice, reaching it around 3:30 p.m. after a belly-crawl through at least 6 inches of snow the distance of roughly a football field in order for Sheirbon to get off a shot.

He got his bighorn sheep; now, he just had to get it back to camp, with Moe coming back with pack boards.

"We probably spent an hour taking photos because it's a once-in-a-lifetime thing, so now we're talking 4:30 p.m., so we had to hurry up. We had to dress it out and quarter it up, and then we had to start packing it out, and by then, it's getting dark on us."

Their hour-long pack back to camp in the dark — and through steep, "terrible" terrain — was aided by headlamps and, once safely back at camp, there was finally time to

celebrate.

"Once we got back to camp, it was all high fives and we were on top of the world," Sheirbon remembered. "I got a nice sheep."

But with the river frozen, they had to start thinking of another plan to get them back to civilization.

"We were evaluating what we were going to do because the river was frozen solid below us — were we going to try dragging our rafts down-river over ice, or leave all of our gear, find a paved road and flag someone down, then wait until it thaws to float down and get our stuff?" he said.

They ended up going with Plan C — "Phone a friend," said Moe.

"I had a satellite phone so we could call out and see what the temperature was, when it would warm up,



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what was the water flow — the water had dropped below 500 cfs, with 6 inches of ice frozen out into the river, so we knew at that point in time, our option was not to go down the river," Moe said.

They called a friend who lived in the area, who agreed to pick them up at an old goat trail about a mile from their camping site. One slight hiccup — he was supposed to pick them up at noon, but couldn't get there until 4 p.m.

"We built a fire and then worried, what if he couldn't get there because of the conditions?" said Moe. "There was still snow on the ground — do we need to prepare to spend another night and set the tents up?

"Boy, isn't that a relief when you see a vehicle come through the sagebrush."

After loading their supplies into the pickup truck — and enduring an hour drive on a goat trail — they hit paved road.

"We were on cloud nine because we'd got our sheep, we were in my pickup and we were on paved road," said Sheirbon. "The heater was on, and we were headed home."

Sheirbon's bighorn sheep officially measured 167 and seven-eighths; to determine size, officials measure the length and diameter of the horns.

"I'm very happy with the sheep I got — it has a lot of character to it," he said.

While the hunt took a lot of planning and they faced many issues due to the weather, Sheirbon is satisfied with his experience.

"For this being a do-it-yourself hunt ... there's something about doing it yourself and with your best friends, and having those stories and memories to take home," he said.

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SILTEZ RIVER NEAR LINCOLN CITY. TOP, MADELYNN TRUJILLO AND HER FRIEND SYDNEY BALZER. PG 18, TRUJILLO'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, KENDRA TRUJILLO.



STORY & PHOTOS BY

**FRED
TRUJILLO**

My wife, daughters and I had not been camping in almost a year, so when we packed for our four-day trip, one of us (meaning me) was bound to forget something like camp chairs, matches, shower slippers or a sweater — maybe even all four. It wasn't enough to make me want to turn around. Thankfully, we got out of the Gorge around 3 p.m. after stopping at the market for ice and snacks that would make their way with us to camp on the Siletz River near Lincoln City. Traveling south on I-5 and listening to the radio helped to pass the time and made me reminisce the '70s of my youth spent fishing at the piers around Long Beach, Calif. At the early age of 9, I would wake up around 5 or 6 in the morning to go fishing with my nextdoor neighbor. We'd

proceed to ride our bikes 5 to 10 miles one way down quiet neighborhoods, across busy intersections and along the Pacific Coast Highway, where we would ride next to busy traffic to fish at Belmont or Seal Beach pier. There we would spend countless hours fishing with spoons, bait, lures and jigs, catching anything that would be foolish enough to fall for whatever we adorned our hooks with.

Don't get me wrong, I love fishing in Oregon, and around Hood River especially, but fishing in the ocean is something that's forever been in my blood that my dad helped to foster. The mere thought of a charter boat out to Catalina Island or San Clemente still makes my eyes gloss over. My heart pounds just thinking about the half-day or multi-day trips out of LA Harbor we used to take. The possibility

of catching just about anything: a halibut, kelp bass, yellowtail or shark at any time from the ocean's diversity of fish made us go back again and again.

When my family and I travel to the coast, we generally do the whole tourist thing: buying unhealthy amounts of saltwater taffy, visiting the outlet mall, unhurried strolls on the beach, scanning the tide pools, searching for the sea creatures inhabiting them, collecting rocks and shells. I love this time spent with my girls (though admittedly, not so much at the outlet mall). A friend of my oldest daughter would be joining us on the trip to share in this adventure, as well as my mom, who would be bring along her trailer. A few days later, my father would also come by. Why don't the two drive together? I'm still trying to figure that one out with a little help from my psychiatrist.

We finally arrived before 7 in the evening. I immediately checked the bar conditions on the marine website, hoping that I'd be allowed to enter the ocean safely as per the U.S. Coast Guard. To my dismay, there was a small craft advisory because of the swells and a hard wind blowing out of the northwest. This would put a damper on my fishing goal for the next few days: to kayak fish out of Depoe Bay or off the tip of Cape Kiwanda in Pacific City with rockfish, cabezon or lingcod as my target fish. At the very least, I was hoping to bring home a daily limit or two of fresh Dungeness crab as I had successfully done last year. We all had quite a feast that particular evening and it spoiled us all into wanting more.

The backup plan was to fish and crab on the Siletz itself as it was open for hatchery steelhead and Chinook salmon, but after talking to several of our fellow campers, I found

out that even though the fishing had been great, the catching left something to be desired. The next two days on the river were spent in the routine of waking up, fighting 20 knot winds to get to where I dropped the crab traps, pulling them up full of seaweed but no crabs, cursing in four different languages (I can't speak two of them fluently, but I know all of the choice words) and fighting the current back to camp. I would then spend a couple of hours trolling herring against the tide, yet to no avail. After all of this, I was hoping that there would have to be some payoff.

Now, when I go fishing, I tend to bring enough fishing rods to properly outfit a Hindu God. On this trip, it included two lighter casting rods that I stowed just in case my daughters wanted to fish from the dock next to the campsite we were staying at. Because my teenage daughter brought along a friend, my 7-year-old

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was the third wheel in the party. Seeing her disappointment in the whole situation, I went to the camp store and bought some worms for our bait. To say she was excited to fish with me is an understatement. At 7, she has come to the realization that the majority of sushi is made with fish. To ask if she loves sushi is like asking if Godzilla loves to cha-cha through the streets of downtown Tokyo. The answer being an emphatic YES.

We both walked down to the dock and I quickly baited her hook, worried that she'd be a little squeamish with the whole process. She made her first cast well for only having had a couple of lessons with me and proceeded to catch a small bullhead. She screamed, "Dad! I got one! I think I have one!" "Rod tip high!" I yelled, "Reel! Reel!" Between proud smiles, I unhooked and released her fish, explaining to her that, because fish "go to school," this was a part of

its education; by fishing and hooking them, they would learn not to eat bait with a hook in it. She looked at me and gave me that knowing grin she gives when she's wise to my ways. Even my oldest daughter and her classmate got in on the fishing action and we spent our last two days on the windy dock, fooling bullheads and small perch.

Sure, it would have been nice to have had a trap full of fresh crab to boil, fish and chips on the plate, photos of 5 pound rockfish and monster lingcod on a stringer that would have made everyone's jaw drop, but let me tell you, I wouldn't have had it any other way. There is no greater feeling than to see both of my daughters full of the same excitement and love of fishing that I first felt over 45 years ago. I hope that as we continue our lives here in the Gorge, they will continue to join me on my fishing excursions for



trout, bass, salmon and all of Oregon's native fishes and that, years from now, they will do their part and continue the cycle of teaching their children an appreciation of fishing as my father did for me.

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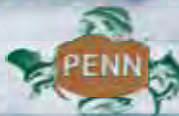
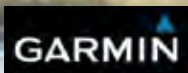
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‘The Luhr Jensen Story: A very ‘fishy’ tale...

BY PHIL JENSEN

Salmon fishing in the Columbia River is simply great -- and it has been going on for several thousand years.

Got your attention?

This magnificent river (and the wonderful west wind) that provide various sports activities for so many, also provides wonderful fishing opportunities for the devoted.

For the Native Americans, and other the piscatorially devoted, this river offered the pleasure of fishing -- and catching -- and for momma's talent for canning these tasty creatures of God's abundant generosity. These lean war years of the early 1940s saw many salmon dinners for our family. Yum!

Luhr Jensen Sr. had a passion for fishing that turned a difficult Depression period start-up in the early 1930s into a thriving fishing tackle company that is now one of the world's largest suppliers of the various fishing tackle equipment in the world. Luhr Jensen & Sons (Hood River) manufactured fishing lures, many fishing accessories, and the famous

"Little Chief Smoker" (still made in Oak Grove). This small town venture provided employment for *maaa*ny of our "locals" -- over 300 people a year in the latter time

The journey graduated from a small building on 725 Sherman (our family home in the 1930s), to a new wood frame building at May and Rand (circa 1946), to a bigger concrete block building next door (now a dance studio), and in the 1970s to a 100,000 square- foot building on the newly developed "Port Site" (location now known as Jensen Beach).

Luhr and Clarice Jensen's sons, Luhr Jr., David and Phil succeeded the elder Jensen after the "Big War" the late '40s saw the infusion of the youthful energy and a booming post-war economy. A new manner of fishing came from Europe (as did sail-boards at a later time) that introduced "spinning". Known as the "Spinning Reel", this phenomenon seemed to spur additional interest in the piscatorial sport.

Lake trolling gear, casting lures, various attraction devices (fishermen

love them) and accessories were now being manufactured in abundance by Luhr Jensen and Sons.

With the introduction of Columbia River salmon in the Great Lakes, the company's reputation and sales continued to grow through the '70s and beyond. Through a growing international trade, sales topped out at about \$15 million in 2006 when the younger partner (Phil) turned 70.

Time to hang it up, Phil said, and a generous offer to buy the company was tendered by the "Rapala" company (Minneapolis). So be it. The latter tenants of the now "Port" owned building are enjoying the view and are manufacturing various products for the booming wind surfing business (and Tofurky) God bless them!

A very interesting and informative display of Luhr Jensen product and history can be seen at the Hood River County Historical Museum at the Port location by the interstate bridge.



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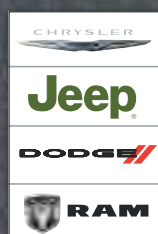
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