

Sandy Pioneers end season with losses to Estacada, Sweet Home

by Douglas Gantenbein sports editor

Why did the man stop hitting himself over the head with a hammer?
Come on, you should know that one—because it felt so good to stop.
That seems an appropriate analogy this week, as the Sandy Pioneers finished a less-than-awesome year with back-to-back drubbings at the hands of Estacada and Sweet Home.
For players and coaches

alike, it undoubtedly felt good to stop.
Against the arch-rival Rangers last Friday the Pioneers were the unwilling participants in a clinic as Estacada shot over, around and between the helpless Pioneer defenders in a 79-42 rout.
Sandy, on the other hand, found it virtually impossible to sink a basket, as leading scorer Dan Veley managed only a meager four-of-13 from the field.
The Pioneers trailed 14-4 at

the end of the first quarter, and barely managed to hit double figures as time ran out in the first half with the score standing at a lopsided 29-11.
Ironically, Sandy fought Estacada to a standoff on the boards, the Rangers ending with a nominal 36-34 rebounding edge. But it was the persistent inability of Sandy to hit their second or third, let alone their first, shot that sealed their fate.
Not helping matters any was the Estacada gym, one of

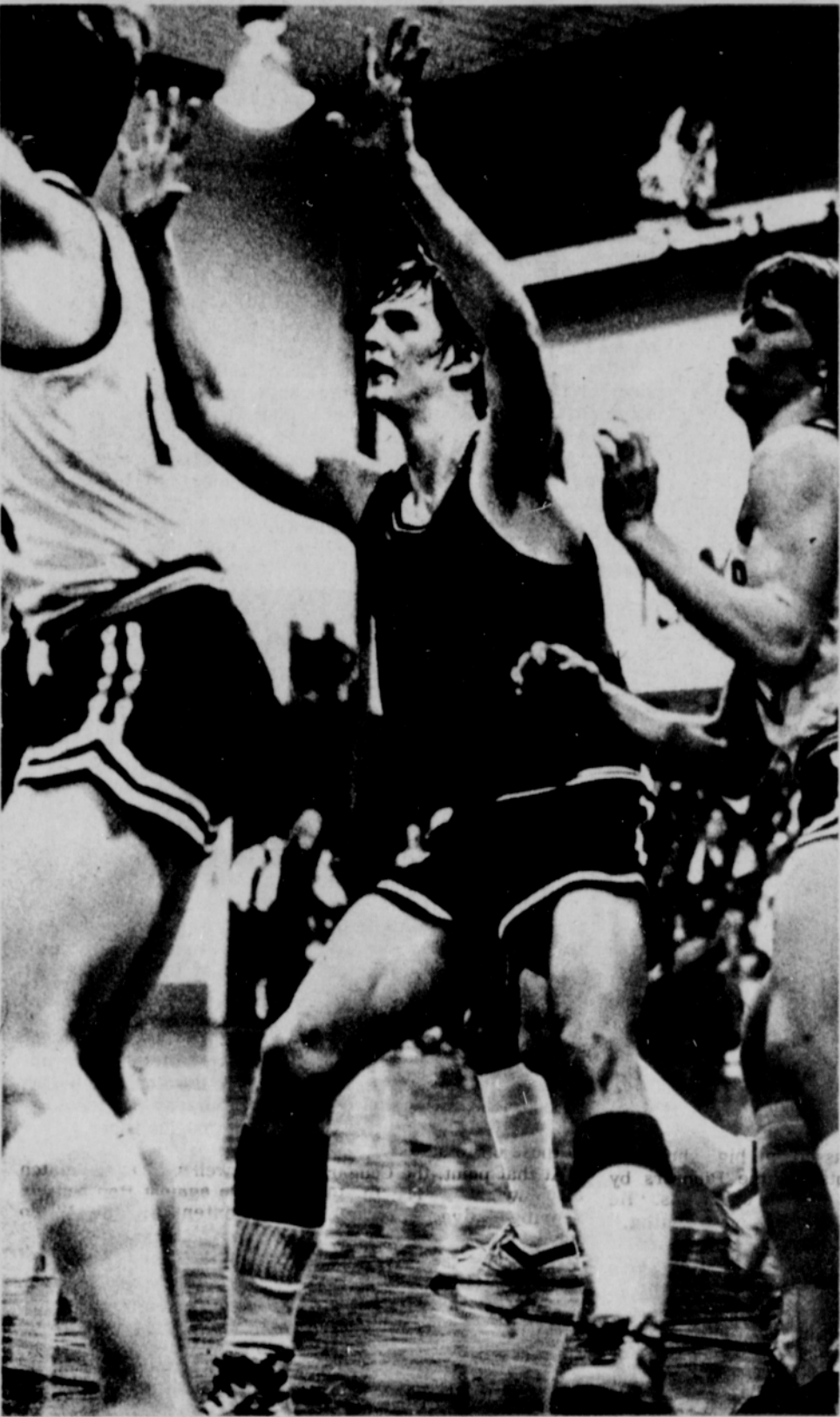
the toughest in the league to play in.
The floor is barely regulation, with spectators legs frequently jutting out on the playing surface. The ceiling is low and white, with glaring carbon-arc lamps that cast a purplish glow through the arena. As one player said, "you look up and you don't see the hoop, you see a light."
It isn't the most comfortable place for the spectators either, and by halftime the heat in the upper decks was sending fans scurrying down to cooler elevations, like rats from a ruined hulk.
But it's a noisy, exciting place, a place you love to hate. Over the years some of

the most exciting games in the CVL have been played under that scarred ceiling.
And it certainly didn't have any effect on the Estacada shooters.
In Tuesday's Sweet Home game, the Pioneers were out of it almost before they broke from the blocks.
Dan Veley took ill on (and all over) the van en route to the game, while Kevin Peterson suffered a severe ankle injury before the first Sandy point was scored.
The injury was diagnosed as a possible ruptured achilles tendon.
So with Veley running on half his cylinders and Peterson on the bench with a broken axle, it was scarcely a race.

But surprisingly Sandy stayed within striking distance, trailing 16-10 at the quarter. They had an opportunity to close within five 30 seconds to go in the half, but turnovers and a foul put Sweet Home up by 11 at the buzzer, 34-23.
From that point on the Huskies were not to be denied as they had revenge for a January loss to Sandy.
Matt Wilkerson and John Seiber each bagged 18 points for the winners.
Playing in spurts, Dan Veley led the Pioneers with 13, while Paul Daugherty hauled down a team high 11 rebounds.
It was a long season, and the hollows under coach Dennis Warren's eyes

provided mute testimony both to the strain of keeping a losing team together and the nocturnal noise of a new youngster in the Warren home.
"We've learned a lot about basketball," he said, reflecting on the season.
"There's no one around who can say we haven't improved 100 percent."
"But I'd rather learn by winning."
"Some people really surprised us," he continued, citing Dan Veley's growth as a player, "but every guy on the team showed a lot of improvement."
Warren praised his team for the hard work they've put in and expressed a hope that continued dedication during

the off-season would help make next year's team competitive, if not a title contender.
And while looking forward to catching up on a little sleep over the next few days, the Sandy coach indicated that within a day or two he and his assistant coach, Bob Keys, would start reviewing what they accomplished this season and what they will need to do before the first tip-off next fall.
"We go from here," Warren said. "And it starts tomorrow."
The schedule just goes from December to February, but the season never really ends.
(For a related story, see "Overtime," this page.)



SANDY'S DAN Veley positions himself to receive a pass during last Friday's game against Estacada. The Pioneers closed their 1977-78 season out this week with consecutive losses to the Rangers and to Sweet Home.

Hook 'n' sinker

Shallow water requires angling adjustments

by Dennis Luse

The Sportsman's Show held at the Expo Center was quite a success. There were hundreds of displays of interest to sportsmen, from as far away as British Columbia and Southern California. Those who missed it should plan to view it next year.
The Sandy, Clackamas, Molalla and other streams in the area are in fine shape but low water levels have slowed down the fishing action. But at Oregon City a record number of steelhead have been counted going over the ladders.
The fish are in but only the most persistent efforts are scoring. The Sandy river has been producing bright fish, although a lot of dark fish are showing up.
The best action seems to be from the mouth of the Sandy up to Marmot Dam.
The upper Sandy from Marmot Dam to Brightwood has been producing a few bright fish in the deeper holes.
Those fishing above the Brightwood Bridge had better keep an eye open for the game warden as this portion of the stream, is closed for all angling.
Since low water is characteristic of summer levels the techniques used should be altered to meet the water conditions.
Lighter terminal tackle seems to produce better results in slow moving shallow waters.
Egg drifting methods remain essentially the same, but match the sinker weight to the current and depth. A

longer leader from weight attachment to egg cluster would be a good bet.
Those using steelies, hot shots or other heavier lures should go to the lighter models to produce the same action with fewer hang ups.
Corkies, Spin-Glos's, and Oakie Drifters should produce better when used in the miniature models. The reason for going smaller of these offerings, is that fish are more wary of unusual sparkling, spinning and splashing.
I saw an example of that last weekend when I was using the 1/2 oz. red and white Steelie. I fished this size lure the entire length of the pool with no results, then changed to a 1/4 oz. lure of the same model and had five strikes which resulted in a seven pound buck.
Marvin Smith of Portland, using a pink and orange Corkie tied down 24 inches from weight attachment, was kept busy landing a 13 pound hen and a 10 pound buck. The size of the corkie was smaller than a pea.
The idea of using the largest and gaudiest tackle to entice the steelhead has become a thing of the past. An experienced steelheader knows he must match the conditions as a fly fisherman matches the hatch.
Low water changes the holding patterns of steelhead. The upper part of the hole you always caught fish in may not produce as well in low water so try the incoming riffles and the tail-out riffles since the churning white water at both ends help

hide the fishes' presence.
If it is possible to view the tail end of the pool from a high vantage point where the water depth is less than 2 feet look for grey patches where the spawning steelhead have churned up the rocks and sand. These patches range from 2 feet to 10 feet in length and are a sure sign steelhead are close by.
I had the chance to observe the tail-out on a local Sandy pool and counted at least 20 fish hovering over these grey patches.
I walked up stream about 30 feet and cast above the area of the fish. The water being so shallow that a swirl rippled the water as the 1/4 oz. red and white met a nine pound hen.
The waves from fighting the nine-pounder hadn't left the pool when I was tied into a six pound hen.
I have seen fish in water so shallow their dorsal fins looked like miniature sharks in fresh water. Fish areas you would swear there were not any fish and you will be

surprised what you can find lurking in these shallow waters.
To sum up the techniques mentioned here: Use light-terminal tackle, fish the incoming and out-going riffles and look for evidence of spawning areas.
Next week: Egg fishing and tackle, and curing techniques for salmon eggs.
Got a comment or suggestion? Any and all are welcome, Write Dennis Luse, Box 87, Brightwood, 97011.
Until next week, good luck and good fishing!

that with a 44.3 time.
The Pioneer's top skier, Chris England, managed eighth place with a 48.4 time despite the fact he "blew off" the top part of the rutted, fogbound course.
Coach Charlie Rowles said the Pioneers "look like the strongest team in the state right now. They came through (Saturday) with flying colors."
State supremacy of the slopes will be decided March 10 and 11 at Mt. Hood Meadows. Twenty teams from the Metro and Wilco leagues will vie for the title.

Skiers sweep up title

The Sandy High ski team proved last weekend that being close counts in more than just horseshoes as they ran away with the 1978 Metro League slalom championship at Mt. Hood's Ski Bowl.
Being close in this case means close to the mountain, as many of the Sandy skiers were practically born with planks on their feet and the familiarity with snow that comes with long experience has been a major factor this year.
In addition to last weekend's championship the boys have collected three firsts and two seconds in

slalom, giant slalom and dual slalom competition.
The complete dominance of the Sandy ski team in Saturday's event can be seen just by checking the box score. In a field of 135 skiers, Sandy schussers copied the second, third, fourth, eighth and thirteenth spots.
With numbers like that, it's hard to lose.
Individual winner of the event was Beaverton's Jeff Mitchum with a time of 39.7.
Close on his heels was Sandy's Eric Pearson in 41.4, followed by teammate Jeff Griffin in third with a 43.7 run and David Antis after

that with a 44.3 time.
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OVERTIME.

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Jimmy has Rosalynn Fritz has Joan.
And Dennis has Marcia. Marcia Warren, that is. Wife of Sandy High's head basketball coach. Perhaps not called on to dedicate buildings and launch ships, but an important person nonetheless.
Arguably, she's the one who keeps the team on an even keel by making sure Dennis is able to give it his full attention.
Being a coach's wife is a position that requires patience, tact and a willingness to deal with not just one, but two "families." Hers, and the one her husband adopts for a third of each year.
A thoroughly charming woman, Mrs. Warren seems to fill the bill nicely.
The most important thing, she says, is to recognize that the team is going to take a big chunk of Dennis's time, and to adjust accordingly.
"There's more responsibility," Marcia noted. "You have to keep things running smoothly at home so there isn't any interference with basketball."
She also tries not to confront a man whose team lost by 30 points Friday night with a pack of problems Saturday morning.
"I try not to plan things for the weekend so he can go down and fish if he wants," Marcia said. "I don't say 'we have to clean the oven today.' He has enough on his mind."
To this she adds a wry note, "especially with a season like this."
Her husband's team has struggled a bit this year. Largely young and inex-

perienced, they have managed a skimpy four wins in this, Dennis's first year as head coach.
While there have been some "down" days in the Warren household, in particular after a tough loss to Newberg in January, Marcia said that she and Dennis have tried to be philosophical about the losses.
"Nobody likes to lose, but we knew this would be a learning year," she said. "The hardest part for me is that I want the kids to be successful. It's hard to see them come out of the locker room and know how badly they feel."
Marcia frequently helps her husband entertain the team at their Pagh Road home, and tries to get to know each one. "They're very special to us," she said of the players.
The little Warrens get in the act, too. Little Chelsea, age three, has been especially smitten this year with junior forward Dan Veley.
"She's really shy around men, but Dan flirts with her," Marcia said.
The Warrens met in Lakeview, a little town about 15 miles from the California border. High school sweethearts, they went their separate ways during college as Dennis attended Linfield and Marcia went to Oregon.
They married and moved to Sandy in 1968—he to coach and teach at Sandy High while she taught music at Estacada for seven years.
Enthusiastic about almost any sport, Marcia is a little envious of the recent boom in women's athletics. Still, she enjoys fishing with her husband and an occasional round of tennis.
But the Warrens' main

interest is basketball. It's a frequent topic of conversation, and frequently the main reason for tuning in the late news.
But while she probably is more knowledgeable than some coaches about the sport, her attitude towards Dennis is one of 'you're the coach, coach.'
"I used to discuss the game with him, but I learned not to do that," Marcia said. "He knows a lot more about basketball than I do, so I don't say 'why didn't you do this or that.'"
"I have confidence in him.

I don't feel I should be a critic."
But not everyone one feels that open-minded about it, and for that reason she makes it a point not to sit near the parents of the players.
"It's more comfortable to face the coaches than the fans," she said. "You don't know what to say to them—do you talk about the game or the weather?"
So far, she hasn't had to verbally defend her husband. "No one has come up and said 'your husband is doing a terrible job,'" Marcia said.

"I know I'd have something to say then."
She admits it isn't always easy to sit in the stands, helpless, while the opposition is running roughshod over Dennis's team. There isn't much she can do, although Marcia confesses a secret desire.
"Sometimes I wish I was invisible, so I could stick a foot out or put a hand out," she confides.
In her own way, she does just that. If basketball is at all like war—and some fans insist it is—then holding down the home front is probably the most important job there is.

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