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Being the bug



BY JIM TAYLOR
For the Keizertimes

A couple of weeks ago we headed to a coastal river to go salmon fishing. I arrived at my friend Driller's house at 5:15 a.m. where we hooked up his drift boat and drove to the coast.

We were meeting Stinky, our long-time fishing buddy, who was coming from Nehalem where he has a home. He arrived at the boat launch right on time and immediately started complaining about having to get up so early and how hard it was to drink in the dark. Some things never change.

We put all our gear in the boat and headed down the river, me on the oars. Getting to the first spot, I pulled back on the oars and positioned the boat so Driller and Stinky could back bounce their leads in front of the boat, allowing the bait to slowly go down the river near the bottom. This is a fun and effective method to catch salmon.

After about 30 seconds, Stinky yelled, "There's one," and sets the hook. A beautiful bright Chinook boiled at the surface as his rod bent with his thumb on the reel as he tried to control the fish.

I pulled the boat into the softer water and grabbed the net, which was tangled in loose bungee cords. As I tried to untangle everything, Stinky told me to hurry up. About then he said "He's off,"

as the fish came unhooked. Of course he blamed me, although I played a part in his misfortune.

Back out, I rowed and once again in short order Stinky was hooked up again. This time Driller was able to net the fish for him, a 12 pound silver bright coho. Wild coho can't be retained so Stinky retrieved his hook and released the fish.

In the next hole Stinky hooked again, this time a smaller coho which he also released. We had been fishing for about half an hour and he's hooked three fish. This one-man show was starting to get irritating real fast. Sure enough, at the next hole, Stinky exclaimed "There he is." As he was hooked up to a chinook which came off quickly. At least he didn't blame me this time.

At the next hole he was at it again. Driller netted a bright 25-pound hen chinook for him as he got it in the boat.

Over the past 50 years we have had many great days fishing that river—everyone catching fish. But not this day. I rowed all day. Driller wasted bait and was head net man. Stinky? He hooked seven and landed four, including two large chinook. And he missed some bites.

It was a group effort, he said, trying to ease our pain.

"Yes it was," said Driller, "and thanks for the clinic."

It was then that I thought of the words of the Old Cowboy from the movie *The Big Lebowski*: "Sometimes you're the windshield and sometimes you're the bug."

It was a great day spent with good friends, but I feel the spray of Windex headed my way.

NEWS TIPS?

If it's happening in Keizer, or to someone from Keizer —

WE WANT TO KNOW.

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Cat of the Week



Name: SAMANTHA
Age: 4

HISTORY: Samantha is a white domestic short hair. She is a social eater which means that she likes to eat her food near people.

PREFERRED HOME: This cat does best in a home with no other pets. Children of all ages is okay.

WE HAVE MOVED >>> Our new location is 4157 Cherry Avenue, Keizer <<< 503-362-5611