



Riverside's Miriam Landeros leads the 100-meter hurdles on Thursday, April 14, 2022, in Boardman at the Columbia River Invitational.

# SPORTS SHOTS



Marco Landeros long jumps on Thursday, April 14, 2022, in Boardman at the Columbia River Invitational.



Two Echo/Stanford outfielders converge on a long fly ball Tuesday, April 12, 2022, while playing Mac-Hi in Echo. The Cougars defeated Mac-Hi Pioneers in a doubleheader 9-4 and 10-3.

## Fishing:

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boneheaded mistake of leaning my Sage streamer rod against the passenger side of the truck upon returning from the lake. Upon arriving home, I realized the rod case was empty. I had left the rod standing against the truck, hidden from view, as I packed up and drove away, leaving it for some lucky angler to later stumble upon.

Selecting a remotely comparable backup among the tubes and sleeves scattered about the cabinet proved challenging. Wiggling a rod from the stack was like plucking the wrong block from the Jenga tower. Rod tubes toppled out as I scrambled to keep them from hitting the floor. How many rods is too many, I pondered?

The elephant in the room was my emotional attachment to the collection. I had handbuilt almost all of them, and each was unique. There was the midnight-blue Batson two-weight with a deer antler reel seat built for Appalachian brook trout.

Then there was a black cherry-finished switch rod with cock pheasant feather inlays that has landed all of my steelhead on the fly.

There was the tenkara rod I use for salmon that landed a legitimate 28-inch pink salmon buck in southeast Alaska in 2019. And those aren't even the book ends. How is one expected to part with functional art that carries a backstory like that?

Deciding upon an old American Tackle five-weight and a six-weight switch rod, I moved on to the fly selection to find a similar situation. Voluminous boxes and fly types that once were organized to a particular structure had fallen into disarray. Boxes were dispersed among the various backpacks and duffels devoted to field time and travel. Nymphs and streamers were the only flies I needed for this particular trip, but which of four streamer boxes held the small laser-dubbed bugger-type flies I sought, and where in the hell was it?

Grabbing each bag and emptying its contents on the couch littered blue, green and white foam boxes, gray plastic flip-sided boxes, giant "meat lockers" packed with blue,

orange and purple "intruders" capable of spooking a shark, and the one aluminum box of meticulously separated nymphs. At least the nymphs are kept with some order, but the lid of that box was stuffed with various dry fly patterns. Grabbing the nymph box and small foam box of streamers provided enough ammunition to be dangerous, so I moved on to the reel selection.

Throwing the lid open on the reel case revealed a dozen reels to fit the rods of all sizes. I was looking specifically for the big Ross reel with full-sinking line for the switch-rod and an Okuma with the floating line for the five-weight. "Where is that Okuma reel with the white line?" I thought, before realizing that reel was attached to the Sage rod that found a new home last year. An Orvis Battenkill with a weight-forward floating line would be the replacement.

The Ross was an easy find as the sinking line was striped blue and orange, but I could not specifically recall the other line and reel I was seeking. The deep green line was another sinking line. The bright orange lines were for a three-weight or the shooting heads for steelhead fishing. The bright green line was a double-taper floating five-weight that would not cut it on the lake. Finally, I recalled the reel was actually on a different rod in another case, but was an easy find since the case was too big to fit in the cabinet.

With the most important gear gathered, my attention turned to the various other necessities like leader wallets, split-shot, the multi-tool, snacks, fishing license and camera and accessories. Luckily, I had only one set of waders and boots to match up.

A week following the epic outing for feisty spring trout, my truck was loaded for a trip to Goodwill. A single fly rod found its way into the cab — a 14-foot, nine-weight spey rod that I had owned for a decade and never used. A modest "downsizing," and temporary at that.

I could use another 10-foot, five-weight to replace that Sage, I thought, when pulling away from Goodwill. After all, I had made room in the cabinet.

*Brad Trumbo is a fish and wildlife biologist and outdoor writer in Waitsburg, Washington. For tips and tales of outdoor pursuits and conservation, visit [www.bradtrumbo.com](http://www.bradtrumbo.com).*



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