

P-110 - 615

September 1988 \$1.95

# SPORTS AFIELD

**BONUS: COMPLETE GUIDE TO TROPHY ELK HUNTING**



## SPECIAL SEPTEMBER FEATURES

The Do's And Don'ts Of Using Modern Camo

Fooling Branches With Homemade Decoys

Lure Big Bucks

bits, Ducks, Doves



#2556H\*\*\*\*\*3  
-DIGIT 200  
#04133 1P2627# 19  
SAMPLE COPY  
MARY BETH KELLER  
1331 PENNSYLVANIA AVE  
N W SUITE 726  
WASHINGTON  
DC 20004

---

# A Day On The River With George Bush



William H. White

*What happened when  
I took the vice  
president out for*

*Oregon's famed steelhead. by Steve Taylor*

**T**he night before his arrival, I lay in bed and visualized the result I had in mind, down to the last detail. I would be standing on a rock overlooking the stream, and I would have spotted three steelhead, laying there like faint gray ghosts, slowly finning behind a rock in the current.

George Bush would be just a few steps downstream, casting upriver as I coached him. The fish would make several feints toward the lure but each time would reject it at the last minute. I would change his spinner to a smaller, darker version and on the next cast, one of the steelhead would dart out and grab the lure as it swung by. The vice president would set the hook as I yelled "hit him!" and the chrome-bright fish would vault out of the water in a spectacular series of leaps as it ran downstream for escape. We would run after it, sliding and stumbling on the slippery rocks, and finally turn it just above the next rapids. At last, the fish would lay over on its side, spent and exhausted; I would wield the net and wade ashore with the vice president's prize twisting and turning inside, and, with a grin, shake his hand in congratulation. His fish should be a good one, one we had to work for. And he would do it himself, with just a little help from me.

I'd been selected to act as fishing guide to the vice president on one of his rare days off. I own a small

vacation cabin on the west slope of Oregon's Mount Hood, situated between the Sandy and Salmon rivers, near the little town of Brightwood. Both rivers hold summer steelhead and are within a short one-hour drive from Portland. I've been pursuing summer fish for many years, and when my neighbor and good friend Bill White had offered his own large vacation retreat as a base of operations for the Bush party, he didn't have to think long about who should show the vice president the local fishing.

"The vice president jogs every day and is in very good shape," an aide told me. "He's a very active man; work him hard and keep him moving." That suited me fine. I learned that he had done a little river fishing in the Rockies and had fished extensively back East, especially ocean fishing for blues near his summer home in Kennebunkport, Maine.

The evenings leading up to the trip were filled with getting gear organized and ready. Although there are many techniques for taking summer steelhead, weighted spinners made the most sense for someone new to this kind of fishing, for two reasons: Spinners would be easier to cast and easier to feel the take, if it came. I made up hundreds of spinners in different sizes and colors to be sure of having enough to last throughout the day.

The Salmon is a small stream, rarely more than 60

feet across, and it runs clear in the summer. Because of its size and clarity, the fish are very wary. When they are in, the fish are frequently easy to spot. With the aid of polarized glasses I often sight fish—spot a fish and cast specifically to it. Though the run was late and fishing had been slow, I felt we had a reasonable chance.

Advance people started arriving just before 7 that morning. Our plan was to fish about half a mile of the lower river. Greater mobility—and more spots to fish—would have been an advantage, but security considerations limited us to an area of private property that was not accessible to the general public and could be reached on foot.

When the entourage arrived, my heart was in my throat. The limousine pulled in, and there were George and Barbara Bush, striding up to us with broad smiles and outstretched hands. Somehow, I was instantly put at ease. Bush was wearing a camouflage USMC shirt matching my own shirt (my mention of drab clothing to his aides had been heeded). We led them to the porch of the Whites' cabin where their gear had been laid out. They donned hip boots, and I showed them some photographs of our intended quarry and told them a little about our plan. Decked out, Mr. Bush turned to me with a grin and

said, "Let's get fishing," and so we did.

Any fears I had had about the Bushes' ability to fish were quickly laid to rest. They are both good casters and accurately hit the spots I showed them. The vice president has an unorthodox casting style: He casts left-handed, using both hands, with the right behind the left by several inches. On the follow-through, his left

---

*The woods came alive  
with security men in  
camo... and I hadn't  
seen one of them!*

---

hand actually leaves the rod as he pushes with his right. Then he changes hands to wind the reel with his right while gripping the rod below the reel handle with his left. For him, this is natural, and he casts well that way.

Behind us on the bank were perhaps 20 people, mostly secret service personnel

who were very courteous but serious and alert; dressed casually, each wore a tiny collar microphone and earpiece connecting them by radio with each other. They were constantly cocking their heads and talking inaudibly into their collars. Also among them was the vice president's personal physician, who is never more than a few paces away from his charge. A nice relaxing day's fishing has never seemed more complicated. That was one of the reasons I elected not to fish and had Bill's son, Tom, help me carry the spare rods and gear.

I stood by the vice president, with Mrs. Bush just downstream, showing them where to cast, helping them break off snags when they occurred and tying on new lures. Mr. Bush was concerned about leaving all that hardware in the river until I explained that those lures not claimed by other fishermen or by kids swimming or wading were disposed of by winter's high water.

We changed spots, moving upriver. Earlier, I had noticed how quiet the woods seemed, as they are sometimes before a storm. My wife, Mary, stayed behind for a moment, and saw the reason for the unusual stillness. Just as we got out of sight, the woods on the other side of the river literally came alive with security men in camouflage gear coming out from behind trees and bushes to reposition themselves upstream. I hadn't seen a one of them!

We fished through the morning, with no action at all, though a couple of times I saw shadows that might have been fish. It had remained overcast and viewing conditions were poor. With his casts going unanswered, Mr. Bush and I passed the time talking about—what else?—fishing. I told him about our Northwest runs of steelhead and salmon, how although they had been badly depleted through poor agricultural and logging practices and poorly planned hydropower development, they were starting to make a comeback, despite continued threats from overfishing by commercial fishermen and the exploding populations of seals and sea lions. The vice president is a good listener, interested and curious, asking questions. In turn, he told me about his fishing for bluefish off the coast of Maine, a sport he obviously loves.

It was time for lunch. Mrs. Bush had joined Mary and Barbara White, Bill's wife, earlier to set up the feast on the Whites' back deck. I excused myself (over Mr. Bush's protests) and while they ate, set out looking for fish. I worked up the river and thought I spotted a couple of fish in a hole upstream. The place to fish for them, however, was on the other side of the river.

Done with lunch, Mr. Bush was eager to go. We set out on foot up the road and across a bridge (Mrs. Bush, one of the most gracious people I have ever met, insisted

## Ask For Our Free Color Brochure



### Buy 2 Caps — Get A 3rd Cap Free

**Early Bird Special** — Buy two great looking corduroy caps and get a third cap of your own choosing **FREE**. Offer expires 9-30-88.

Our old embroidery favorites the Buck's Head, Bass, Quail and Black Lab are joined by our beautiful new Mallard and Turkey. All six in stock for immediate delivery in all five colors: Navy, Tan, Maroon, Forest Green, Dark Brown. 100% cotton sweatband. Adjustable leather back strap, one size

fits all. The finest corduroy cap available. Only \$8.75.

To Order: Send \$8.75 check or m.o. for each cap or \$17.50 for three caps + \$2.50 postage/handling per order; (TN residents add 7¼% Sales Tax) to Andrew Thompson Co., Dept. 82, 843 Arden Way, Signal Mountain, TN 37377. Or phone (615) 886-5189 during normal business hours. MasterCard and Visa welcomed.





## CAPILENE® UNDERWEAR

Patagonia makes Capilene tops and bottoms in three weights to suit almost any climate and level of exertion.

Warmth works from the inside out, whether you are waiting for dawn on an Allegheny hillside or fishing the ice line on Hebgen Lake. Warmth starts at the skin, where underwear lives, and the drier underwear keeps you – the faster it wicks away sweat – the more comfortable you will be. Capilene underwear from Patagonia, lifts moisture from the skin faster than silk, cotton, wool or polypropylene, and without staining,

absorbing body oils, or turning to fuzz in the dryer. Expedition Weight Capilene underwear is heaviest, good for the coldest days or the times when you must do a lot of standing in extreme conditions. Midweight and Lightweight Capilene underwear are better suited to milder days or activities that keep you moving.

For more information on our layering systems and technical gear call our toll-free Consumer Information Line: Nationwide 800-523-9597.

Send for our free 80-page color catalog of functional clothes and the name of your nearest dealer.

**patagonia**® Box 8900 Dept. 848  
Bozeman, MT 59715



Photo: Ace Kvale ©Patagonia, Inc. 1988

on staying behind to help with cleanup). A remarkably vigorous 63, he walked briskly. We clambered down the steep bank, Mr. Bush sure-footedly leading the way. I had spotted movement in a narrow chute between two rocks and pinpointed it for him, but repeated casts drew nothing. We covered the water thoroughly, but went unrewarded. Time was running out.

Bill White was waiting for us at the bridge with a ride back to the cabin: his 1913 Ford Model T, with its top down. Bush grinned and hopped in, whereupon the engine died and steadfastly refused to start. Mr. Bush asked, "Do you think it

would start if we pushed it?" Bill said he was sure it would, and the next thing I knew, there was the vice president of the United States pushing my neighbor's old car down the road, with the rest of us hurrying to help. Bill popped the clutch and the old Ford coughed to life. George Bush jumped back in, and off they went.

Back at the cabin, the vice president and I slipped out for one last try. The river had been rested for a couple of hours, so perhaps there would be a fish waiting for us. It was not to be. The elusive steelhead had foiled us. After covering the drift thoroughly, we hung it up for the day.

As we strolled back to the cabin, I told Mr. Bush how disappointed I was at not being able to show him the kind of fish I had envisioned. He laughed and said not to worry, he'd had a wonderful day just being out in the woods. He has fished enough to know that there is a reason it is called fishing rather than catching, and this applies more to steelhead than any other fish I know of. I hope there will be another opportunity some day to introduce Mr. Bush to our Northwest steelhead. I have a feeling he would be impressed.

Aides were hurrying around getting ready for departure when we got back to the cabin, and I was again struck by how much is involved in a simple day off for the vice president. As the limousine started out of the driveway and we were waving goodbye, a familiar voice came over the public address speaker on the car: "Goodbye, Bill. Goodbye, Barbara. Goodbye Steve. Goodbye, Mary. Thank you; we had a great day." We looked at each other and grinned at this special, and unexpected, farewell.

Early the next week, our mail contained a surprise: a small envelope, monogrammed, with the notation "Aboard Air Force Two." Inside was a personal, handwritten thank-you note from George Bush. As I read it, I reflected on what a regular decent man he had turned out to be, and how he made those around him feel at ease, and on his obvious love of the outdoors. ESZ

### DEER SPECIAL ON SALE

The 1989 edition of *Deer*, a Sports Afield special publication, goes on sale at newsstands across the country this month. The current edition contains expert how-to advice for hunting all the major deer species in North America: whitetails, mule deer and blacktails. Tips useful to both gun hunters and bowhunters will be found throughout the magazine.

A special highlight to this year's edition will be its two eight-page special sections: 1) "How to Get a Trophy Buck" will concentrate on the specific tactics needed to bag the biggest buck in your hunting area. 2) "Muzzleloading for Deer" will give a complete rundown of the equipment and special techniques needed for this challenging sport.

The cover price for *Deer* is \$2.50. Or, it may be ordered by writing to Sports Afield Special Publications, Dept. DA, Hearst Magazines, Single Copy Sales, 250 W. 55th St., New York, NY 10019. Add 50 cents to cover the cost of postage and handling.