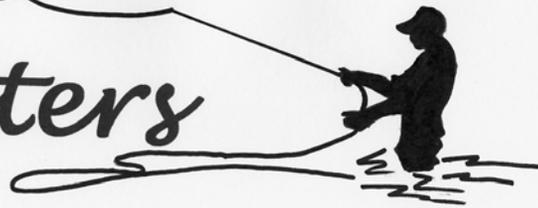




News Castors



P.O. Box
734

January 2009

Officers

President-Jim Gulu
549-0796
1st Vice Pres-Bill Betts
549-0686
2nd Vice Pres-Dave Steppe
549-1468
Past President-Perry Kelley
549-0538
Secretary-Lynette Jones
549-0430
Treasurer-Mary Thompson
608-0067

Board Members

Roy Davis 642-2366
John Hickey 452-6357
Marv Orwig 642-4667
Mark Sands 549-2545
Nando Mauldin 549-2883
Dick Garrett 549-1311

Meetings are held the 2nd
Tuesday of each month at Idaho
Pizza, 1255 State Street,
Weiser. Fly tying at 6 pm,
meeting at 7 pm.



Committees

Outings: Jim Gulu, George Kautz,
Rod Jones, Al Sillonis

Library: George Kautz, Rod Jones,
Dick Garrett

Fund Raising: Lynette Jones, Mary
Thompson

Membership: Bill Betts,
Dave Steppe

Conservation: Mark Sands,
Nando Mauldin

Budget: Mary Thompson, Lynette
Jones

Publicity: Dave Steppe

Newsletter: Perry & Sally Kelley,
Mary Thompson, Dick Garrett

Education: Marv Orwig

Youth Activities: Mike Thomas, Mark
Sands, Ken Gissell

Greeters: Dave & Anne Steppe

President's Message by Jim Gulu

Fellow Fisherman:

I hope you and yours are enjoying this holiday season. We had another wonderful club Christmas party. They seem to be getting better and better each year. We had 40+ in attendance and had a marvelous time. Good friends, good food, and great conversations. **"Big Thanks"** to Frank and Mary for trying to keep some semblance of order and dignity. Now with Frank, that can be a challenge unto itself. The slightly modified bingo game was a hoot to play. I think the diagonal game confused me and a number of others, but only for a short time. We figured it out in time to not win. Better luck next year. I'd like to thank all of you who brought items for the Elks food baskets and to all of you that helped made the party such a success.

As you recall in my last newsletter, I talked about helping Ray P. with the Redd count on the Owyhee River. We had a great turnout of club members and completed the count on Wednesday. Two days ahead of the scheduled time Ray P. had planned on. Thanks to all of you who helped. In one of our upcoming meetings, Ray P. will share the results with the club.

In our December meeting we welcomed a new member: Jim Torrell from Parma. Welcome, Jim; I hope you felt welcome at the meeting. We are looking forward to your participation in the club and its activities.

The Festival of Trees was a success; our two contributions for children fishing were a success. The silent auction item received a bid of \$75.00 from one of our own and the live auction item received a winning bid of \$500.00 from another one of our own. The proceeds, from the Festival of Trees event go towards equipment for Weiser Memorial Hospital.

The scheduled program for our **January** meeting is one of our own, **Mark Sands**. He will share his Alaska fishing trip and wildlife photography experiences. The January 20, 2009, 7:00 pm fly tying class at the Weiser library will feature Roy Davis, who will be tying the Copper John.

Happy New Year!

Jim

"To paraphrase a deceased patriot, I regret that I have only one life to give to my fly-fishing."

Robert Traver

Best Keep Your Britches Up

By *Randy L. Kilpatrick*

We all have a vision of A Perfect Day. Most of us, at least in this group, need a little fly rod time for perfection. For me, several things are required. Some quiet time with my Creator, meaningful conversation with my wife, a couple of sandwiches, coffee in the thermos, my boots, vest, waders, and pack rod in the saddle bags, and a full tank of fuel in Floyd.

I know you're wondering, who's Floyd? That's my Harley, named after my uncle Floyd who first introduced me to the sweet sound of a fly line in the air. I was about the age of five. Uncle Floyd always had fish in the creel and a smoke hanging out of his mouth. He cussed a lot, had a low tolerance for five year olds, and in general was kind of ornery! My Harley smokes a little, and can be plenty ornery, thus the name.



It was a beautiful Sunday morning after church when my wife mentioned her plans for an easy day with perhaps a nap. This day just went from beautiful to perfect! I quickly decided the Powder River between Baker and Sumpter, Oregon, was within striking distance. Floyd was game so off we went.

The ride to Baker was light traffic and most enjoyable. As we cruised up towards Phillips Reservoir we came around a tight right hander to find cattle being herded up the highway. That is something I enjoy about this country; we still have family-owned spreads with ranchers and farmers working hard to make an honest living. These cowboys had just reached the new pasture and were heading the lead cows through the gate, so Floyd and I ran drag and slowly pushed them on in.

I noticed a nice riffle with easy access on the other side of the lower pasture, and decided to ask if I could fish. Once the gate was closed I

pulled over, shut Floyd down, walked over and asked about the fishing.

There was one 50 year old cowboy on a horse, an older woman, two younger women, and a girl all on horses. I asked the cowboy about the fishing, and he turned to the older woman and said, "Mom he wants to know if he can fish on the lower section." She turned to me and said "Fish all you want, just don't cross the last fence because that's someone else's place." I thanked them and prepared to start up Floyd when the girl rode up. I imagine to see what was going on.

Her horse was a fine-looking animal, but Lordy! The girl was drop dead gorgeous! I'm guessing nineteen to twenty-three, wearing Wranglers and boots, a halter top, and her cowboy hat pulled down tight. She had a beautiful tan, and a full auburn pony tail running halfway down her back.



Floyd got the quivers, and I couldn't remember the starting drill. I'm really glad I still had the side stand down, because Floyd might have swooned and throwed me down right there. Finally running, we wobbled our way back down the road about a quarter mile, found a small turnout, and I proceeded to go fishing.

Grabbing my gear I noticed a new five foot, five strand, barbwire fence, and a new sign that said "Anglers, release all bull trout, seek land owner permission before you fish, and be respectful of private property." Very appropriate.

It took me about five minutes to get over that fence, and be on my way. Only two or three hundred yards and I was at the river. There was one lone Ponderosa tree not too far from the bank where I shed leathers for waders. After a couple of hours and several nice pan sized trout, (released, of

course), I decided it was time to head for the barn.

I had noticed a few cattle coming over the rise, and sauntering my way, but didn't think much about it. I was behind the Ponderosa slipping out of my waders when all hell broke loose! I would have screamed "Stampede!" but everything seemed all spun around and upside down. Charging cattle were everywhere on both sides of the tree, crashing hooves, choking dust, and flying cow crap! In a state of confused panic and cussing I noticed as the dust and noise began to settle that there sat that beautiful girl on her horse looking down at me. She was asking if I was OK. She had a look of concern mixed with almost-out-of-control laughter on her face. Her eyes were dancing with humor as she kept a straight face, lovely too, even upside down.

About this time, someone passed gas and I noticed my condition. My left foot was still hung up in my waders, and my bare right leg was somehow wrapped around my neck. I remember thinking, "Lord, I hope I'm not wearing that holey pair of shorts my wife has been threatening to throw out." Bottoms up and embarrassed beyond measure, I managed a weak "I'm OK." At this, the girl still holding it in, spun her horse around and galloped full speed back over the rise.

I quickly dressed, grabbed my gear, and started across the pasture. About three-quarters of the way across, I heard an awful commotion coming over the rise again. Oh cripe! Here comes a bull as big as a VW. He's moving fast, he's mad, and I didn't blame him because he had that girl right on his tail at a full gallop. Now it seemed to me, a simple fly fishing approach was needed. Run like hell! While heading rapidly for the fence, with a quick glance over my shoulder, it became obvious that angry bull had decided to take his frustration out on me. I'm not sure what happened next, but that bull either gave me a boost or I learned to fly, because when the dust settled this time, I was sitting on my rump facing Floyd on the other side of the fence.

I heard those same almost concerned words again, "Are you OK?" Turning behind me,

there sat drop dead gorgeous, one hand holding the reins, the other on the saddle horn, with her lovely face buried in her horse's mane. More passed gas, must have been the bull. After regaining her composure, she asked again "Are you OK?" I didn't even respond. She tipped her hat, spun her horse and off she went at full speed. As I began to gather myself and my gear back up, I noticed the girl was cutting half a dozen head out to push them back over the rise. This girl and that horse were like one! Remember that song "Poetry in Motion?" I couldn't help just standing and watching her and that horse work together.

Back in leathers and Floyd fired up, I decided to ride back up the road and thank these kind people for the uh. . .fishing experience. My observation of ranch folks is they have a good sense of humor and are people of few words. These folks were no different. As I rode up to the gate there was the older woman and the two other women, unmounted, bent over slapping their legs and, you guessed it, there sat drop dead gorgeous on her horse. She seemed to be waving her arms, and making gestures of some kind. O boy! This is not good! But I was determined to thank the older women for allowing me to fish.

When I shut Floyd off, an amazing thing happened! Those ladies straightened up, and had the sweetest smiles, including drop dead gorgeous. I thanked the older woman and she said I was welcome to fish anytime. Taking one last look at that girl with her eyes still dancing with humor, she put on her sweetest smile, tipped her hat and said, "Best Keep Your Britches Up." With that she turned her horse, whistled for her dog, and trotted off.



I notched Floyd into gear and rode away. Glancing in the mirrors I could see those fine ranch ladies bent over slapping their legs. I don't get it. What's so dad-burned funny anyhow!

Member Spotlight



by Perry Kelley

I would like to speak for all the members of the Indianhead Fly Fishers in welcoming **Travis Currey** to our club. Travis, a realtor living in Ontario, is passionate about fishing and wishes to hone his fly fishing skills. The Owyhee River is one of his favorite venues. The lure of the big browns is hard to resist. Travis fishes the Owyhee as often as possible. He also loves to pursue steelhead.

Travis joined the club at the November meeting. He found out about the club in the article in the *Argus*. He also came to the fly tying session that month. Having never tied a fly in his life he tied a couple of beautiful Chernobyl Ants. We were all impressed with his ability.

One irony: I found out that I knew his parents over forty years ago when teaching at Vale. His mother was a student of mine and I knew his father. Again welcome to our club.



A Dozen Catch and Release Do's and Don'ts

(continued from November & December Newsletter)

10. Avoid catching trout that are actively spawning or have just spawned. Neither is in a condition to positively cope with the stress of catching, much less releasing. Females caught while spawning often abort their eggs.
11. Avoid fishing with flies that tend to hook a fish deeply. For example: egg patterns, large-gaped hooked San Juan Worms, large-hook Woolly Buggers, double-hook articulated flies, pellet flies, etc.
12. For a touchless release, try giving the fish slack line.

With awareness and care, we can continue to enjoy this wonderful sport and help ensure quality fishing for the future!

Indianhead Fly Fishers
 Child's Fishing Package
 donated to the
 Weiser Festival of Trees
 Live Auction. →
 Sold for \$500
 purchased by
 Roberta Mauldin



A silent auction child's fishing bag was
 also donated, it was purchased by our
 own—Bill Betts for \$75.00



Notice to all Members!

We are now able to send the Newsletter electronically!

It's in color and you may read it on line or print it ,
 and you get it much quicker!

If you wish to receive the Newsletter by e-mail, contact
 Dick Garrett at gframes@msn.com, and provide him with
 your e-mail address.



P.O. Box 734
Weiser, Idaho 83672



if fishing interferes with your business, give up your business

January 2009

Jan 6 - IFF Board 7 pm at Idaho Pizza

Jan 13 - IFF Membership 6 pm—Fly Tying
7 pm—Membership

Jan 17 - Club Outing TBA

Jan 20 - Fly Tying 7 pm Weiser Library



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6 IFF Board	7	8	9	10
11	12	13 IFF Member	14	15	16	17 Outing
18	19	20 Fly Tying	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31