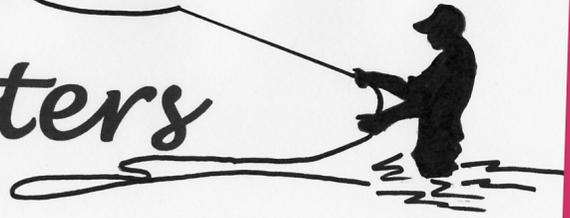




P.O. Box 734
Weiser, Idaho 83672

News Casters



Officers

President-Bill Betts
549-0686
1st Vice Pres-Dave Stepp
549-1468
2nd Vice Pres-Mike Thomas
549-2473
Past President-Jim Gulu
549-0796
Secretary-Lynette Jones
549-0430
Treasurer-Mary Thompson
608-0067

Board Members

Roy Davis 642-2366
Mark Sands 549-2545
Nando Mauldin 549-2883
Dick Garrett 549-1311
Bob Maki 642-6971
Frank Thomas 549-0237

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.

Join in the Fun!

Committees

Outings: Rod Jones, Al Sillonis,
Bob Maki

Library: Rod Jones, Dick Garrett,
Annie Steppe

Fund Raising: Lynette Jones, Sara
Gulu, Annie Steppe, Mary Thompson

Membership: Dave Steppe,
Bob Maki

Conservation: Mark Sands,
Nando Mauldin

Budget: Mary Thompson, Lynette
Jones

Publicity: Mike & Diana Thomas

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

Education: Marv Orwig, Mike
Thomas, Frank Thomas, Bill Betts,
Jim Gulu, Perry Kelley

Youth Activities: Mike & Frank
Thomas, Mark Sands, Ken Gissell

Historian: Suzanne Orwig

December 2009

President's Message by Bill Betts

A fisherman from the city was out fishing on a lake in a small boat. He noticed another man in a small boat open his tackle box and take out a mirror. Being curious the man rowed over and asked, "What is the mirror for?"

"That's my secret way to catch fish," said the other man. "Shine the mirror on the top of the water. The fish notice the spot of sun on the water above and they swim to the surface. Then I just reach down and net them and pull them into the boat."

"Wow! Does that really work?"

"You bet it does."

"Would you be interested in selling that mirror? I'll give you \$30 for it."

"Well, okay."

After the money was transferred, the city fisherman asked, "By the way, how many fish have you caught this week?"

"You're the sixth," he said.

This joke puts me in mind of all the fishing tackle, rods, reels, boats, vests, boots and waders, fishfinders, flies, etc., etc., etc. designed to catch a fisherman (oops, sorry, a fish!). When I was a little guy living in Spokane, my grandfather or father would take me fishing. They

would cut a stick from some bush, tie on some black line, some leader, weight and a hook. For bait, a worm, a piece of bacon or even just a piece of white paper was put on the hook. I was told to jerk the bait up and down just a little—called jigging. That is a good way to keep a four-year old busy. I would actually catch fish—usually perch or some type of sunfish. Then my granddad would cut out the eye (ewe) or cut a strip from the belly to put on the hook and I was instructed to continue jigging. This technique really worked well. Another technique was to go to a furniture store to buy (often given away) long bamboo poles that were used to wrap carpeting around. We would tie that black line on, some leader, weight, hook and use the cork for a bobber. One could reach out fifteen feet from the boat or shore with those poles. And again, we really caught a lot of fish. Sometimes I would hook a trout, or a catfish, and the battle would be on. The real fun was the time I caught a turtle. Those buggers are hard to land. Now I have a lot of fancy fishing equipment, don't catch any more fish, and although I am having fun, I don't think I am having more fun than when I was four years old with that homemade fishing outfit. Might you be in the mood to observe pure joy? Visit the Weiser Community Pond and watch those little kids catch a fish. (continued on page 3)

(continued on page 3)

Wading Boots

From Cascade Guides & Outfitters

submitted by Bill Betts



The Orvis company Wading Sole Position concerning invasive species problems in rivers and lakes and solutions.

1. No rubber soles yet developed are as good as felt on slippery rocks.
2. In order to be as effective as felt on slippery rocks, rubber soles must be studded. Our new exclusive cross-shaped tungsten carbide studs provide much better traction and more secure surface area than traditional studs.
3. For anglers that are not strong waders, a properly constructed wading staff is always recommended.
4. In sand, mud, clay, gravel, snow, and ice, rubber soles are superior to felt.
5. Rubber soles should not give the angler a false sense of security regarding invasive species. All wading shoes and waders should be cleaned, inspected, and dried prior to using them in a different watershed. Rubber soles are not a panacea; they are merely easier to clean than felt. Fabric, laces, and gravel guards can still harbor invasive species and their spores.
6. Mud and debris should be rinsed and brushed from wading shoes prior to leaving the river. After returning from a trip, wading shoes and waders should be washed in hot water (greater than 104 degrees F), inspected for any debris (remove with a hard bristle brush), and dried until they are completely dry. Felt can take up to 3 days to dry; most rubber-soled wading shoes are completely dry in 24 hours.
7. At this point there is no known chemical treatment for wading shoes that will kill all spores. For instance, didymo can be killed with a 5% salt solution but whirling disease spores cannot be killed with any chemical treatment that won't destroy the wading shoes. Again, to avoid a false sense of security, and because we don't even know about all the aquatic invasives that might be present, we don't recommend any chemical treatment. Besides, the introduction of cleaning solutions or bleach into an ecosystem can be more damaging than what you set out to cure.
8. Felt soles still have their place for anglers who always fish the same watershed.

Membership Dues notice for December

\$30 Individual; \$45 Family

Dave & Pam Thomas

Past Due

Larry Parks, Rob Presley, John & Virginia Hickey,
Ed & Nina Gammons, & Travis Curry

Thanks to everyone for your support and participation!

(President's message continued from page 1)

Or watch a group of adult men and women warming themselves around a fire pit while watching their lines and enjoying each other's company. When I see this at two in the afternoon on a normal work day, I can't help but to wonder if some out-of-work people might not be catching dinner and enjoying an afternoon of fishing and fellowship. I think we have done a good thing.

So what, may you ask, is all the foregoing about? Well, we are not going to revert to the stick, line and bobber, but the Christmas Season is here and one's thoughts may turn to giving the perfect gift. **Marvin Orwig says that there are now several high-quality rods available for very reasonable prices. Before we dine at the December meeting, Marv will bring several samples and enlighten us about high-quality low-price rods that we might consider as gifts.**

The Board is concerned about how the club can best meet the needs of the members. What would you like to see the IFF doing? Call a board member with your ideas.

As you are reading this, members of the club are helping Ray Perkins with the annual redd count on the Owyhee River. The count is being done on December 2, 3, & 4. Call Dave Steppe at 549-1468 if you want to participate.

The word on the street is that PK is back in his groove. Hooray! We have all been concerned for the Old Gentleman who seemed to have lost his groove this summer. He had a nice day on the Owyhee while his fishing partner went fishless. The other word circulating about is that MO is the leading candidate for this year's award which has been named in honor of MO. Ask him about microwave ovens. And finally, best wishes to Jim Gulu who will be entrusting his left shoulder to the care of a local surgeon soon. The good news is that he casts right handed so could be fishing before the healing is completed.

May you have a wonderful Holiday Season and bring in the New Year gently

Bill

ATTENTION ALL MEMBERS!

Marv Orwig will begin his presentation at **6 pm on December 8th** followed by the membership Christmas party, pizza and gift exchange!

Indianhead Fly Fishers Christmas Party

The **December 8th Membership** meeting will be the annual **Christmas Party for members and their spouses**. The Club will provide the pizza, and pop. The cost of admission for the evening will be items to be given to the **Elk's Christmas Baskets**. They have requested we donated the items we have in the past: dish soap, laundry soap, hand soap, any toiletry items also toilet paper, paper towels, kleenex, etc. These are items they usually have



THE SAGA OF COUGAR MEADOWS

(Part II continued)

by Bill Betts

We awoke the next morning with much anxiety about the impending stream crossing. We had been to the ford the day before to scout the area and still had not devised a concrete plan of action in which we had any faith. The goats had only wandered a short distance away that evening and came immediately to the lure of an oat-barley-corn mixture. How many times would I yell, "Oats for the goats!" this week? The plan seemed pretty easy. We spent the next hour making sure that each set of pack bags were equally balanced putting 19 pounds in each of six bags. That done we loaded the goats into the trailer and with a great sense of adventure pulled out for the trailhead.

Our plan was to lead, pull, push, bulldog, intimidate, or whatever it took to take each goat across the stream and then leave him while we went back for the next goat and do the same until all three were across the stream. We knew this would work because their fear of water would keep them from following us to the other side while we went for another goat. Then we would carry the pack bags and our hiking boots across the stream, load the bags to the pack saddles which we had already cinched to the goats and be on our merry way walking up a very steep trail for seven miles with no load on our backs. We took what seemed to be the leader of the goats across the stream first. His name is Doublebok and he is a bit conniving and too smart for our own good. Getting him across the stream was a two-man job, but not nearly as difficult as we had feared. We congratulated ourselves on our rather easy accomplishment and headed back to grab a second goat out of the trailer. We did not want all the goats meandering around watching their buddy being forced to cross the stream so we hid them in the trailer away from the action. About half way across the stream we heard a noise behind us and here is Doublebok walking with us just as calm as you please.

Damn!

This was forcing us to go the plan B, which had not yet been devised.

We finally grabbed the collars and pack boards, one in each hand, and forced all to cross the stream where together they were content to allow us to go back and pick up the pack bags, boots and other gear. By making a couple of trips we transported everything we needed across Big Creek. We loaded the goats, checked the balance, and moved a few items around then concluded that we were ready. We did not change into our hiking boots right away because there were mules in the field next to the crossing. They had not smelled our goats and we did not know what would happen when they did so we moved quickly up the trail past the Mule Ranch #2 owned by Tom Stokes before we changed into our boots for a serious seven mile hike that would last most of the day. As it turned out the mules came running across the field as we passed but two stock dogs scampered out from the house and turned the mules back toward the barn. That was great because the goats did not show too much emotion over that incident.

The goats did very well for us. We stopped to rest several times since we were gaining 3,000 feet in the first 304 miles of the trail. All went well until we came to the 1200-foot descent into Cougar Meadows. These goats really don't like going down steep hillsides. We came to realize that the biggest problem was that we did not have the cinch belts as tight as they should be and that the strap across their rear was way too slack causing the pack saddles to ride up onto their withers. I don't blame them for being balky and we did not do a very good job discovering the problem. We led them down those 1200 feet with a great difficulty. Hershall was running up hill and across the hill shagging goats and squirting them with water. No wonder his butt was dragging when we got to camp and he was wondering why he did not have much stamina on these extended trips. I for one was not too happy with

goats at the time because walking downhill with a backpack on is the gravy part of the trip and this sure as hell was not gravy—much more like overcooked spinach with vinegar.

After the descent, we had to climb over 500 feet to our camp site along what I call Little Bear Lake since there is no name assigned on the topography map. Having finally made our destination, we unsaddled the goats and started to gather wood and water for the camp. The goats just seemed to disappear after awhile and we were not sure where they might go, but we were not too concerned since we were so tired and they had not gone but a few hundred feet the previous night. The bell rang occasionally and that was reassuring. Hershall was bone tired and I seemed to have more energy, but I had been hiking in Hawaii and had been on a five day pack trip into the Soldier Lakes so had a leg up on him so to speak. Actually, he did more running after the goats to squirt them with water than I did, but I let him think I was tougher than he.

Upon awaking the next morning we could not spot the goats, but could hear the bell tinkle every 15 minutes or so across the lake. We walked over to the base of Cougar Mountain, which towers 900 feet above our little lake. Hershall spotted the little darlings a few hundred feet up a cliff. They would not come even when we brandished the oats. So we huffed and puffed up the mountain hoping to keep the Big One at bay for yet another day. Our wayward companions were only about 150 feet up and seemed to be seriously enjoying playing Wild Goat. We had to get within 40 feet of the Wild Things before they came to us. They really like their grain mixture. Then they followed us around all day. We fished the large lake above our camp and had no luck. The goats would sit nearby and occasionally present a head or neck for rubbing.

They actually were a joy to have around for the day. They are much like having a dog for company except Doublebok would attempt to snatch my straw hat when I dropped my guard.

That night they made their way to the mountain again. I had been reading a book about goats supplied by the owners and came up with some comforting information that the goats like to spend the evening on a high place a short distance from camp watching their owners all the time. So don't worry, assured the author. The faithful companions will be quietly watching us make breakfast. So don't worry? Wrong!! Maybe they can see us from 900 feet above our camp and 1 1/2 miles away, but even with binoculars we could not see them from that distance. On that whole mountainside we did not know just where to look because the bell could not be heard from that distance. The next day that we looked for them we found them about 400 feet up the mountain and again had to get within 50 or so feet before they came to us for their oat handout. I am glad we had no neighbors. I would have felt like a fool yelling, "Oats for the goats!" for hours in front of witnesses.

On the day of departure, we rose earlier than usual to pack because we had no idea where we would find the goats. Besides, we had a fly-over by some Helldivers. Helldivers are duck, but sound like low flying jets. In fact, that is exactly what Hershall said when he woke in alarm upon hearing them. The biologist at the Idaho Fish and Game does not know what they are. I assured him that they really do exist, but I don't think he believed me. After all they are not in the book.

“I get all the truth I need in the newspaper every morning,
and every chance I get I go fishing, or swap stories with fishermen,
to get the taste of it out of my mouth. “

Ed Zern



P.O. Box 734
Weiser, Idaho 83672

Eileen Boots accepting
the "Pink Raffle Basket"



Shadow boxes with Atlantic Salmon flies tied by Marv western steelhead flies tied by Perry for the Weiser Hospital Christmas Gala's silent auction. Frames and matting are by Dick Garrett: Perry and Jim Gulu did the mounting of the flies.

"Of all the liars among mankind, the fisherman is the most trustworthy."

William Sherwood Fox

December 2009

Dec 1 - IFF Board

Christmas Party
at Mark & Mary's
home

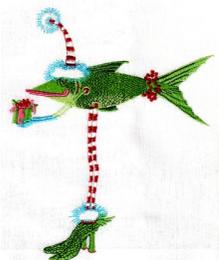
Dec 8 - IFF Membership

6:00 Marv's
Presentation

6:30 pm—Membership
Christmas Party

Dec 15 - Fly Tying

7 pm Weiser Library



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1 IFF Board	2	3	4	5
6	7	8 IFF Membr	9	10	11	12
13	14	15 Fly Tying	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all! Tight lines in 2010	