



P.O. Box 734
Weiser, Idaho 83672

Officers

President-Mike Thomas
549-0686
1st Vice Pres-Bob Maki
642-6971
2nd Vice Pres-Tiffany McPheeters
702-233-1904
Past President-Bill Betts
549-0796
Secretary-Lynette Jones
549-0430
Treasurer-Mary Thompson
608-0067

Board Members

Nando Mauldin 549-2883
Dick Garrett 549-1311
Frank Thomas 549-0237
Mike Bishop 549-1549
Ken Gissel 642-3944
Mark Sands 549-2545

Meetings are held the 2nd Tuesday of each month at Idaho Pizza, 17 W. Commercial St., Weiser. Fly tying demo at 6 pm, program 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

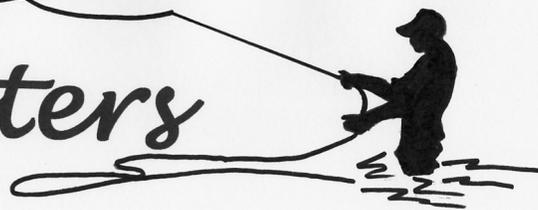
Newsletter: Perry & Sally Kelley, Mary Thompson, Dick Garrett

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

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

Historian: Suzanne Orwig

News Casters



October 2010

President's Message by Mike Thomas

As I informed you at the 1st meeting—an hour after I was elected President—I was told that my article for the Newscasters was due by Sept 16. So this is being quickly made up so as to meet that deadline.

I would like to thank Bob Maki and Tiffany McPheeters for making the commitment to become officers. Also thanks to Mike Bishop, Ken Gissel and Mark Sands for accepting board positions. Mary Thompson and Lynette Jones were elected Treasurer and Secretary even though the nominating committee forgot to mention their nomination before a motion to cast a unanimous ballot was made. It is because of the officers and board members volunteering their extra time and effort and our membership's support of them that makes Indianhead Fly Fishers successful.

We had **three guests; Dave Ivey, Dave Smith and J.R. Jarmuz** hopefully some of them will become members and **welcome new member Garry Swindell**. This meeting was highlighted by many great stories from our memberships summer adventures and a knot demo by past president Jim Gulu. A big thanks to past President Bill Betts, 1st Vice President, Dave Steppe, Mary Thompson Treasurer and Secretary Lynette Jones for their great year which was highlighted by the opening of our new Weiser Community Pond. I would also like to thank Mary for arranging a "Casting for Recovery" presenta-

tion by Ceci Bennett and Gail Baird and also a presentation by Linda Roundtree representing Angel Wings Network, a local Cancer Support organization. Mary is putting together another basket featuring a fly rod and reel along with other fishing "stuff" to support the above mention cancer organizations. Our club is selling 400 tickets @\$5 each. When all stubs are in we will have a drawing. Hopefully by October 9. So buy and sell those tickets.

If someone has a suggestion or an idea for a speaker or program please contact me or the 1st Vice President Bob Maki soon. By the time we meet again the steelhead should be in our nearby rivers. Maybe a program that has to do with steelhead fishing is in order?

Lynette is putting together an order for Fly Fishing shirts made by Columbia. If you are interested in buying one let her know. She will place the order in November so you should have the shirts for Christmas.

We will be holding fly tying at the Weiser Library on the 3rd Tuesday of each month at 7 pm, Perry Kelly will again be our instructor. The first session will be September 21.

Until we meet again think about how you can make the Indianhead Fly Fishers a better organization and become an active member. Thanks for your support.

Ole Mike Thomas!

Theihshnrtoien of the Water

(Taken from *Fishing for a Laugh, Reel Humor from Alaska*)

These days, B.J. Thompson's reputation precedes her. But that wasn't always so. Not everyone who booked halibut fishing trips with Thompson Charters recognized that B.J. was a woman.

Guys can be funny about fishing. Some believe that it's only for guys. Some believe that a woman's place is in the home, skinning a fish and frying a fish. The chauvinists can be vocal about this issue. Indeed, the percentage of women who go fishing compared to men is minuscule. Even smaller is the percentage of women who guide fishermen for a living.

B.J. was named for two grandfathers named William and Joe and has been using the initials for quite some time. About ten years ago she had a charter that had all the makings of disaster.

Many halibut fishing charters depart from Homer very early in the morning. The skippers are certainly getting their boats ready by 5 a.m. and often earlier. Even if B.J. is the boss, she frequently has male deckhands. But this time a peculiar set of circumstances occurred.

Late in the evening the night before a charter with six fishermen scheduled, B.J.'s deckhand called in sick. Which made her slightly ill, too, because she had no one to help her.

"I was sick with worry," said Thompson. Her husband assured her that everything would be fine and he told her that he'd send over reinforcements. About 3 a.m. there was a knock on the door of the boat. Standing there was her daughter, a young woman who is about five feet tall.

"She goes, 'Ta-da, I'm your new deckhand, Ma,'" said Thompson

Very early in the morning, the crowd of fishermen arrived for the charter. And who are the clients for the day? Six macho men from Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage.

"Big, humungous guys," said Thompson

She looked at them and announced, "Hi guys, I'm B.J. And this is my deckhand."

The flyers looked at her incredulously. Thompson immediately told them that if they were uncomfortable, they didn't have to fish with her. She offered them either a refund or an attempt to try to place them on another boat. They mulled the offer for a minute and then one man stepped forward and said, "Ma'am, we wouldn't miss this for the world."

And the day produced a terrific fishing voyage.

"You talk about a big trip," said Thompson. "It all worked out. We caught all kinds of fish. A full limit of fish between 40 and 100 pounds each. I guess I got a reputation on Elmendorf from that trip because I take out a lot of military. We had a great day, but I never will forget the expressions on their faces when they saw that B.J. was a woman."

Tips from the GFW

This year I will be offering all you fly tyers a monthly tying tip. These will mostly be gimmicks that I have recently discovered that I should have known all along in my 46 years as a fly tyer. Incidentally GFW stands for The Geezer From Weiser.

Tip # 1 Bead Control

Placing small beads on small hooks can make a fly a much improved lure. The only problem is how to apply the bead on the hook. A small bead on an 18 or 20 hook is a nightmare to thread. Here is the solution. Grasp the hook with an E-Z Mini Hackle Pliers (small plastic electronic connector device) directly behind the hook eye. Place the bead on your tying bench. Lick your left hand index finger tip then touch the bead. The bead will adhere to your finger tip. Now work the point of the hook into the small hole of the bead. I guarantee that your percentage of success using this method will vastly improve.



Good tying, good fishing and see you next month.

Federation of Fly Fishers' Code of Angling Ethics

-  Fly anglers understand and obey laws and regulations associated with the fishery.
-  Fly anglers believe fly fishing is a privilege and a responsibility.
-  Fly anglers conserve fisheries by limiting their catch.
-  Fly anglers do not judge fellow anglers and treat them as they would expect to be treated.
-  Fly anglers respect the waters occupied by other anglers so that fish are not disturbed.
-  When fishing from a watercraft, fly anglers do not crowd other anglers or craft or unnecessarily disturb the water.
-  Fly anglers respect other angling methods and promote this Code of Angling Ethics to all anglers.

Taken from Winter 2003 issue of Flyfisher

We are very fortunate to have some very fine story tellers in our membership. From time to time we will be publishing some of these stories. They may not always pertain to fishing but they are about being in the outdoors and always a good read.

We have one of those stories by Nando Mauldin to publish this month. Enjoy!

THE COLONEL AND I GO ELK HUNTING

During the mid sixties while serving as a District Conservation Officer for the State of New Mexico, I, like many others, applied for the annual elk drawing, hoping to receive a permit to hunt in the Gila Wilderness area located in the western south central part of the state. As officers we were allowed to apply for any hunt area desired; and if a permit was received, we could travel to and hunt at State expense but were required to patrol and check other hunters while there. Of course, the Gila, being a wilderness area, the only access was and is horseback or on foot. It is a wonderfully large chunk of country with no roads and very



primitive conditions for travel or camping. I had hunted there several times and had killed some really big bulls and was excited in anticipation of the opportunity to hunt there once again.

Several weeks later I received a permit in the mail for the elk hunt. I notified my supervisor, Tom Moody, of the permit and asked his permission to travel to the Gila for the hunt. He granted me permission and then within just a few days radioed and asked me to come into the office in Roswell, New Mexico. Arriving there, Tom made me aware that a Colonel, the Deputy Base Commander of Walker Air Force Base, had also drawn an elk permit for the Gila. Tom then informed me that the Colonel was a friend of his (and the Department) and had never hunted elk and was completely unfamiliar with the Gila Wilderness. Tom then asked if I would consider allowing the Colonel to accompany me on my hunt and "could I give him some assistance in getting saddle horses and pack animals and whatever else might be needed for him to have an enjoyable hunt?"

My brother had also drawn an elk hunting permit for the Gila. He and I intended to camp and hunt together. We

had sufficient horses and pack animals for ourselves but not sufficient for another hunter. Knowing that my brother would not have a problem with another hunter being in our party and desiring to accommodate my boss, I agreed to the Colonel accompanying us and later made arrangements for the necessary saddle and pack animals for his use.

Tom arranged for me to meet the Colonel. He was just a prince of an individual. He had served in numerous war zones and his uniform was fully decorated with medals and yet he was a very humble and kind and sincere person.

When the time came for us to depart for the hunt, I traveled from my district in Artesia to Las Cruces, New Mexico, where I had arranged to meet my brother and the Colonel. We traveled together from there to the heart Bar Ranch located at the end of the road near the Gila Cliff Dwellings, north of Silver City, New Mexico. We arrived a couple days early in order to get everything ready for packing in. We had a little daylight remaining so we went off a little distance from the ranch house and "sighted in our guns." A local guide and a couple of his clients were also present "sighting in their guns." They were just finishing with their shooting and they remained and observe4d us shoot. My gun was shooting inside an inch circle at 100 yards and my brother's gun was just as accurate. The Colonel was shooting an iron sighted 30-06 that he had borrowed from a friend. He was having trouble hitting the target and asked me to shoot the gun. I found it to be shooting about six inches to the right. I offered to adjust the sights but he refused saying, "No, I know where it is shooting so I will just adjust my sight pattern to compensate for it." He further stated that the gun wasn't his and the person that owned it might have it sighted in exactly as he wanted it.



Early the following morning we sorted

our food and camp items and filled the pack panniers. After saddling our horses and mules, we loaded the packs and bedrolls on the mules, lashing everything down with the old familiar diamond hitch and departed for the McKenna Park area, 26 miles inside the Gila. We arrived there late in the day and made camp near an old Forest Service campsite where an old log corral had been created among a stand of trees. This was available for our use and made an ideal campsite, as it furnished a place to corral our animals at night, and we could stake them out during the day on long nylon ropes tied to drag logs so they could graze. We unloaded the pack animals and staked them to graze, then erected our tents and cooked up our evening meal. After riding the 26 miles of steep and rocky trails, it was really peaceful to watch the day as it came to an end and to settle down around the campfire to eat and prepare for the evening. It had been beautiful weather and was a little too warm for good hunting.

A couple of other hunter camps were in the general vicinity, including the guide and his clients that had observed us sighting in our guns. We knew they were camped nearby as they had come into McKenna Park about sundown and had visited a few moments prior to riding on to their intended camping area.

We were up early the next morning as it was the "opening day" of the hunt. My brother departed to hunt an area where he had killed a large bull out of a group of six bulls two years earlier. The Colonel and I departed camp and rode deeper into the Gila to an area known as Raw Meat. I had hunted this area very successfully two years earlier. We were riding on a large mesa that was covered with waist-high ferns and had an abundance of large yellow pine trees. After riding awhile through the ferns I observed fresh tracks of a running elk in the moist

ground as it had rained a little during the night. I dismounted and studied the tracks and advised the Colonel that I felt the tracks were of a large bull. I asked him to dismount and lead the horses while I walked ahead and tracked the elk. The rain made it ideal for tracking. After walking and tracking for about 15 minutes I sighted the movement of a large set of antlers ahead of us in the ferns. My binoculars confirmed it to be the antlers of a very large 6X6 bull elk lying down in the ferns about 100 yards ahead of us. I continued to observe the elk and motioned the Colonel to bring his gun and ease up to my position. When he joined me I handed the binoculars to him and he viewed the elk bull. The breeze was in our favor and the bull was unaware of our presence. We chose a spot where we could sit down and still be able to see the elk. After sitting down we propped our elbows on our knees to furnish support for shooting and then sighted in on the elk. I whispered to the Colonel, "Shoot him right under the ear and it will be an instant kill." I also whispered that if he missed I intended to kill the elk. I further advised that when he was ready to shoot to begin counting and fire as he said three. I could hear him counting and on the count of three he fired.



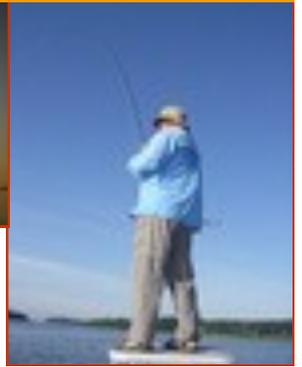
(To be continued in the November Newsletter.)



If you are not member registered with FlyFlingers, you should be. This is our club's website and you should check it regularly. If you need help joining FlyFlingers, contact Jim Gulu at jgulu@gotsky.com. If you have some photos to share, this is a great way to do it. (All the pictures on this and the next page were taken by members and posted on FlyFlingers.)



Anybody know when and where this was taken? The amount of water should give a clue as to when.



“The fisherman who isn’t plagued with suggestions is fishing alone.”

Beatrice Cook

October IFF Dates

Oct 5 - IFF Board
7 pm Idaho Pizza

Oct 12 - IFF Membership
6:00 Fly Tying
7 pm Program

Oct 16 - Outing TBA

Oct 19 - Fly Tying



October 2010

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1	2
3	4	5 IFF Board	6	7	8	9
10	11	12 IFF Members	13	14	15	16 Outing
17	18	19 Fly Tying	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						