



P.O. Box 734
Weiser, Idaho 83672

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

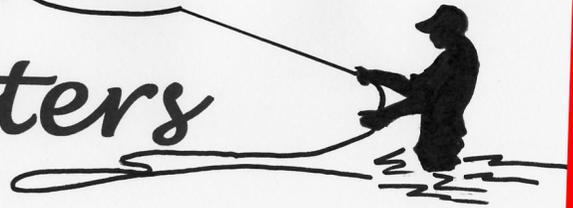
Newsletter: Perry & Sally Kelley,
Mary Thompson, Dick Garrett

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

News Casters



September 2010

President's Message by Bill Betts

The calendar tells us that summer is not over until the 23rd of September, but when school starts summer has ended for most members of the community. For many of us Old Retired People (ORP's) the days and weeks and months just seem to stretch on seamlessly. But I have an ALERT, the wise fly fishers had better clear the calendar for the next two months because the best fishing of the year is about to begin. When the evening temperatures dip into the thirties as has already happened in the mountains, the fish start trying to pack on some poundage for the long winter months. This is our time boys and girls!! There will be days when just some fur or feathers of any description tied onto a hook in the most primitive fashion can catch the biggest fish of the year. This is what I have been waiting for. I find most fish are way too smart for me, but they let their guard down in the autumn and I now have a chance.

The Indianhead Fly Fishers will resume meetings this September. This year we will be meeting at the new location for the Idaho Pizza. That location is on Commercial Street across from the Vendome Events Center. The board meets on Tuesday the seventh of September at 7 pm. This is where the business of the organization is conducted so that the general meeting does not have to bore the members who really

don't want to hear all that mundane stuff about the operation of the organization. But, if you have some input or just want to hear and see what goes on behind the scenes, you are welcome to come observe and throw in your two cents' worth. Be forewarned that only officers and board members have a vote at these meetings. The general membership meeting will be held at seven pm on Tuesday the fourteenth of September. These meetings will be presided over by our new president, Mike Thomas. Mike will be serving his second term as president. Mike presided over a very successful term four years ago and has remained very active in the operations of the club and has been a guiding force in the development and maintenance of the community fishing pond. We are very fortunate to have Mike volunteer to serve another term. Please, give Mike your fullest cooperation and be willing to volunteer when membership involvement is needed. Our members have had a tremendous attitude about volunteering and our community and fisheries are the better for our efforts.

As your outgoing president I would like to thank the current board members and many of the membership for their hard work and wonderful contributions. My first impulse is to begin listing those who have done so much, but if I start, I will probably slight someone by forgetting to list them or maybe the order of listing be

questioned. There are some who go beyond the norm and I have to especially thank Rod and Lynette Jones who spend countless hours at the pond. And Lynette who keep the presidents on the path. Haha. Thank you so much, Lynette. I also have to especially thank Mary Thompson. May has so many great ideas. And, our treasury lays in the best of hands with Mary. I would also like to thank the new members who joined this year. Every organization must continue to add new members or it will, most assuredly, die.

The IFF will again this year sponsor a raffle to raise money for *Angel Wings Network* serving families and persons with cancer; and *Casting for Recovery*, Idaho which sponsors a free weekend retreat for survivors of breast cancer. Octobers program will be *Angel Wings Network* and *Casting for Recovery*. *I hope that all members will make a special effort to attend that meeting to see how IFF will help these two organizations meet some of their goals. I understand that many members may not see a fly fishing organization as a community service organization and the current officers don't want to see IFF become a service organization, but we do want to community to know that we exist, that we do care about our communities, and that maybe fishermen will then see us as an organization worth joining. In short, we are advertising ourselves with this community service activity and hope, at the same time, that we can help members of our community in a meaningful manner.*

Most importantly, we are a group of like-minded men and women who come together to share stories, most true, at least in concept, to share ideas about catching fish and to learn about fly fishing. We try to have interesting programs. I thought David Steppe did an outstanding job of bringing interesting programs to our members this past year. If you have an idea for a program this year, don't sit on it. Bring your ideas to a board member or an officer, now.

The program for September will be you the members. Bring your best stories about your fishing adventures this summer to share with the membership. Personally, I find this to be the best program of the year because I learn at least one more place that I just have to fish.

Thanks to all of you for so graciously allowing me to serve as your president this past year. I have met many people in the fly fishing world. I never would have met those people and have had some of the experiences that I have enjoyed if I had not been president of the IFF. I have grown. Seriously, I recommend this position to all. The membership is wonderfully supportive and the board and officers are a great help. Mike Thomas told me at the outset that the job really is not so bad because everybody jumps in and helps. Usually, the president does not even have to ask. You have a truly remarkable organization in this day and age of failing organizations. Please, consider stepping up and serving as an officer. You will succeed and you will grow. Lynette and Mary will see to that!! What is that saying about behind every successful man? Hmmmmm Haha! It is true. That is if I have been successful. Thanks to you ALL,

Bill

N * O * T * I * C * E

We want to give you notice, incase you are not able to make the next two meetings you will be informed ahead of time:

1. We will be having a "Casting for the Cure" raffle for cancer programs in October. We have a rod and reel donated by Anglers and Idaho Anglers, Boise. We also have a fishing bag donated by Bucks Bags, Boise. I had asked members to bring an item related to fishing or with fish on it, to put in the raffle. If you have your items, please bring them to the meeting in September. The raffle tickets will sell for \$5 each and there will only be 400 tickets sold. The money will be divided between "Angel Wings Network," Weiser, which serves all cancer survivors in the surrounding communities and "Casting for Recovery," Idaho Chapter, which provides a weekend Retreat in Challis for Breast Cancer Survivors.
2. We will be placing an order for shirts with the Indianhead Fly Fishers logo in October. The information will be presented at the September meeting. If you are interested in ordering a shirt but will not be able to attend the September or October meeting you may contact Lynette Jones 550-2264.

Perry's Bucket List

By Perry Kelley

Here we go again, another great upcoming year for the awesome Indianhead Fly Fishers. For sure we will all strive to continue to make accomplishments related to our sport equal to or surpassing the last nine years. As a frequent contributor to this publication, I pledge to adhere diligently to the facts and true experiences that fueled the topics of the articles that have previously appeared in the Newscasters. Whoops! Perhaps now is the time to be completely honest. At times there has been some literary license with the facts. I like to call it creative embellishment. Altering the facts to add interest to a story is the third skill we acquire as fly fishermen, following fly casting and knot tying. (I didn't say lying, for we would never do that. We just stretch the truth.) Now with all of that said, the story that I am about to tell is completely true, with out creative embellishment. I am not clever enough to make up this.

Several years ago I saw a movie that got me thinking about life and mortality, *The Bucket List*.

The premise was a couple of old guys in their seventies (like me) made up a list of adventures they wanted to have before they "kicked the bucket." I have long had a list of fly fishing experiences that was part of my "Bucket List." My list included destinations (Alaska, Mexico, Canada, Christmas Island) and species caught on a fly (all five pacific salmon, all of the trout found in Idaho waters), bass, catfish, grayling, northern pike, bonefish, permit, and pan fish. At the top of my list was northern pike. Over the years I have marked off destinations and species mak-

ing my list smaller. You can imagine the excitement I felt last winter when Mark Imus (founder of Indianhead Fly Fishers) invited me to be part of a trip to Cree River Lodge in northern Saskatchewan to fish for pike.

My first task was to learn what I could about pike. They are probably the most carnivorous fish found in fresh water. They have a huge toothy mouth that is capable of catching all types of prey. They have been known to feed on all aquatic critters including mammals, birds, fish, and amphibians. They have no fear. They will attack anything that swims, flies or walks. They are at the top of the food chain. Some biologists believe that the size of a pike's brain (1/1305th of its body weight) accounts for its lack of concern about predators. My kind of fish; we think alike.

I then had to outfit my gear for pike. I tied a number of flies as suggested by Mark. Most were zonker strip streamers tied with 1/4 inch strips in bright colors. I used saltwater hooks in 3/0 sizes. The flies were between five and seven inches long. Chartreuse, black, yellow, red and white were typical colors. Anything with bright colors and good action seemed to work. Although Mark suggested we bring several lines, a floating line seemed to be all that was needed. Suggested rods were eight- to ten-weight nine foot. I used an eight weight and found it adequate. One very different item was a steel shock tippet leader. With their toothy mouths, pike can cut through mono leader without any effort. We

used a product called Tyger Wire, which was a steel leader coated with nylon. We tied about an 18" wire to a small steel ring connected to a six foot mono leader. We used a nonslip loop knot to attach the fly. We could change flies about three times before we had to tie in a new steel leader.

Not only had I not fished for pike, I had never been to Saskatchewan. I tried to find out where the lodge was, using my Rand-McNalley Atlas for a reference, but the whole northern part of the province was cut off from the map. I finally realized that if there are no roads, there is no need for that part of a map in an atlas. We drove to Saskatoon, then flew to a place called Stoney Rapids. From there we flew to the lodge in a Dehaviland Otter float plane. Northern Saskatchewan seems to be one huge series of lakes and short rivers. Many of the lakes are very large by Idaho standards. It is very sparsely populated with virtually no fishing pressure. It is almost like fishing virgin territory. I have fished Alaska, which seemed crowded in comparison. There were four of us at the lodge: Mark Imus, his brother David, John Becker a retired NFL coach and scout and myself. Business at the lodge was way down due to the economy, so we had the area to ourselves.

I was somewhat apprehensive having never fished for pike. My lack of confidence was totally unfounded. The first cast I made standing on the dock was a preview of coming events. I put on a popping bug and dropped it over the end of the dock while I fed out line from my reel for a cast. A fish came out from under the dock and whacked the bug. Of course I had nothing but slack in my hand and didn't hook the fish.

The first day, John and I fished together. We were the beginners. Neither one of us had

fished for pike. The guide stopped the boat over a weed bed. I wondered if all I would get was weeds on my hook. The first cast produced a savage strike. I was amazed that a fish close to a boat would actually take a fly. We found out later that sometimes we would get strikes right by the boat. These fish were totally unafraid of anything. The types of strikes were varied. Sometimes the strikes were nothing but savage. Other times you could see the fly and then it would disappear. Sometimes the line seemed to move. Often the fish were close enough to actually see the strike. One time an exceptionally large fish was right by the side of the boat. I swam my fly past his mouth and he slowly swam toward the fly and closed his mouth on it. I set the hook. It took him a while to realize that he was hooked and then he took off taking me into my backing quickly. I didn't land that fish; he bored into some heavy weeds and broke off.

The fish were a variety of sizes. We caught very few small fish, 18-20 inches. Most fish were 25 to 30 inches long. We all caught fish in the three foot plus size class. Although we did not keep track of how many fish we caught I'm sure that we each averaged 20 to 25 fish a day. (We should have had Al along to keep us honest.) Now with this background comes the true story, the one that is almost unbelievable.

It was the end of day four of fishing. It was almost time to go back to the lodge and get our gear together. I hooked my last fish—a mundane pike of about 24 inches. I played the fish for several minutes and fought it somewhat close to the boat. David (Mark's brother), John the guide and I were all looking at the fish. All of a sudden we began to hear sounds, eighth notes played by cellos and basses. The sounds made famous by Maestro John Williams that struck

fear world wide in the 1970's, thanks to the Spielbergian interpretation of Peter Benchley's famous novel.

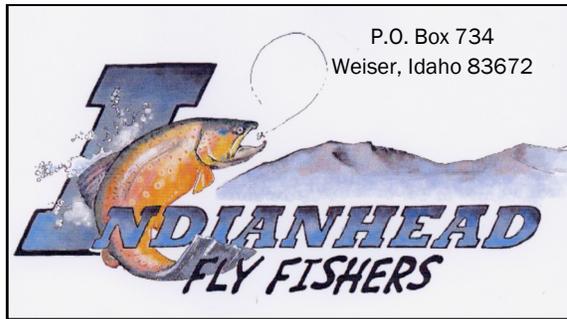
The bass sounds began to crescendo at an alarming pace, and then there was the crash of a thousand cymbals. From the depth of the lake appeared the jaws of a huge fish engulfing my 24 inch pike. Only about three inches of tail stuck out from the monster from the deep.

In unison John the guide, David and I dropped our jaws to our knees and shouted "Holy #\$\$*#" or something to that effect. What do you do now? I still had the 24 incher hooked, but it was almost completely inside of the much bigger fish. Now I had two fish on—one hooked on a fly and the other one a really large live bait. John thought we could land both fish. I worked them to the side of the boat, John took a cradle which was a short net between two four foot poles and worked it underneath both fish and brought them into the boat.

John started working, removing the smaller fish from the gullet of the large one. I was surprised that he was able to remove it and remove the fly. He released the smaller fish and it swam off. I had a photo session with the larger one and it swam away. The big fish measured out at 41 inches. The estimated weight was over 20 pounds, more if you weighed both fish.

The accomplishments made to my bucket list were several fold: First time in Saskatchewan, first pike, first walleye, first arctic grayling and the first double of really large fish on one fly. On the flip side I guess you could fault a confirmed fly fisherman like me in landing a big fish on live bait. I'm not sure where I stand in the eyes of my fly fishing buddies but one thing is certain: the old saying "Truth is stranger than fiction"





Question:
This picture is supposedly taken in Idaho. Who can tell me where it is?



"The fisherman who isn't plagued with suggestions is fishing alone."

Beatrice Cook

Sept 7 - IFF Board
7 pm Idaho Pizza

Sept 14 - IFF Membership
6:00 Fly Tying
7 pm Program



September 2010

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