



Editor's Eddy

First, allow me to wish all of you a very **Happy Holidays!** With a recent incoming flood of good articles, this issue was virtually prepared a month ahead of schedule. But I only of late realized that this is the last *Single Haul* of the year, so it has been revamped to include one article with a bit of a seasonal flavour. The insertion of graphics with the software that I use causes me some grief (Terry Donaghue was much more adept), so I hope you aren't disappointed with the lack of wreaths, candles and flyfishing Santas. On the other hand, too much decoration could result in your copy mistakenly getting turfed out or incinerated with the wrapping paper.

If things keep to the established schedule, you should have received this issue by about December 20th – unless, of course, it got stuck in the Christmas mail rush. If not, please know that we tried our very best.

Here's hoping that your stockings will be – or were, as the case may be - stuffed with needed flyfishing gear and accessories, and maybe airline tickets to exotic destinations.

Club history in the making! The November issue of this newsletter was the first to be sent out electronically as a PDF file (thanks to Prez and Webmaster Bob Lundy). This edition marks another first: colour images. But you won't get to enjoy them in paper copy. Thus far, we have but about 15 email registrants, so we need to get more of you on line. Our target is 50; with that many, the annual savings in envelopes and stamps for the club would be about \$300. Put another way, that would amount to about 50-60 nice-sized cedars. Give it a try!

Bob Kuehnbaum, December 5, 2002

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Conservation Update

Bob Kuehnbaum

Fall Spawning Survey

Unfavourable weather during our annual spawning surveys is quite uncommon but, this year, November 10 was not the best day. Due to light to moderate drizzle through most of the morning, about half of the anticipated volunteers opted to stay dry in bed, but six intrepid club members and about a dozen others braved the weather to come out walk a reach. The leaders were Bob Morris of CVC and Mark Heaton of MNR. Thanks to IWFFC members Jack Imhof, Pat Kelly, Vel Spring, Bob Thomson, Pierre Turgeon and Scott Wagner.

The survey focused on the area of the UCRR (Charleston Sideroad to Orangeville), although Mark Heaton did some of the West Branch. Mike Zimmer, who's been carrying out the brown trout telemetry/migration survey from Cataract to Terra Cotta, has also been repeatedly counting redds (more than 200) during his radio-tracking, so it was not necessary for volunteers to redo that reach of the river. (Since the day was overcast and dark, about six browns were out on their redds in open riffles in Ferndale.)

Note that a presentation of the preliminary results of Mike's work is scheduled for our December 17 general meeting. Mike has indicated that there will be a few surprises.

Credit River Regulations Proposal

On November 18, Mark Heaton of MNR called a meeting at CVC in response to proposals for changes to angling regulations in the upper Credit River made by IWFFC in April, 2002 (see April issue of the *Single Haul*), and proposals made by CRAA mostly concerning the lower river. The following groups were represented: IWFFC (Don Arthurs, Bob Kuehnbaum, Bob Lundy and Pierre Turgeon); TUC / Greg Clark Chapter (Brian Greck, Jack Imhof and Mike Warrion), Upper Credit Trout Club (Paul Schlote and Sheldon Seale); Credit River Anglers Association (Pete Pettos), and; CVC (Bob Morris). It is noteworthy that all of those present are both Izaak Walton members (in addition to their other affiliations) and flyfishers.

Mark opened the meeting by explaining the process required to make regulations changes in Ontario – no simple or quick matter. There are two main methods in which fishing regulations may change. One is by a “Variation Order” (VO) which requires approval by the Minister of Natural Resources. A VO applies to establishing seasons or catch limits, such as the establishment of no angling (off-season closure), no-kill or reduced limits areas. These generally take three months or more to approve.

The second approach, or Ontario Fishing Regulations (OFR) amendments, involves restrictions to bait or gear, and falls under the Federal Fisheries Act. Amendments such as the establishment of fish sanctuaries, the use of single barbless hooks or no-bait regulations, therefore require federal government approval and can take up to three years in the approval process.

In a lively and harmonious discussion, the participants quickly agreed on a number of issues throughout much of the watershed to include in a formal proposal. This writer is very pleased to report that the proposals concerning the upper river actually exceed those of IWFFC’s original submission.

1. Upstream of Old Baseline Road (just below Inglewood) and in all tributaries within the Town of Caledon which enter the main stem above OBL: no-kill for all trout species. This would include the West Branch, Shaw’s Creek and the Little East Credit within Caledon.
2. In the area described in 1, the use of single point, barbless hooks and artificial lures (i.e. no organic bait).
3. Upstream from Eglinton Ave to OBL, a possession limit of two fish for all salmon and trout species.
4. From Dundas Street to Eglinton Avenue: open all year for migratory rainbow/steelhead, brown trout and Pacific salmon species.
5. In the area and for fish described in 4: a limit of one fish over 30 inches.
6. No angling for *any* species upstream of Eglinton Ave. (including the headwaters) from October 1st until opening day of the trout season.
7. No-kill for Atlantic salmon in all areas.
8. A reverse size limit for smallmouth bass (35 cm and under).

Mark Heaton will prepare a briefing package proposing the VO’s and OFR amendments. The process will then undergo a group review, followed by making the submissions. It should be noted that

there is no guarantee of success in any or all of these proposed items. It could be, for example, that the provincial government could approve a one-or two-fish limit for the area described in item 1. Now we must wait and see.

Quotable / Notable Quotes

Fishing is the most wonderful thing I do in my life, barring some equally delightful unmentionables, and not counting gluttony and booze. It’s in the top five.

- Jim Harrison

... fly fishing ... is the most beautiful way of trying to catch a fish, not the most efficient, just as ballet is the most beautiful way of moving the body between two points, not the most direct. Fly fishing is to fishing as ballet is to walking.

- Howell Raines, 1993

Fish Species of the Credit River

Club member and CVC Biologist Bob Morris, whom we all know as the walking dictionary of the Credit River drainage, prepared a field note manual entitled “Fishes of the Credit Watershed.” It is an interesting compendium of 36 species, from the resident and migratory salmonids, to bass, to the numerous ‘forage fish’ like dace and darters. For each species, Bob has listed its identifying characteristics, habitat, diet, range within the river and beyond, and breeding biology. Some of the species are downright interesting.

How many of our readers have ever seen an American brook lamprey? This fish lives in the main Credit between Terra Cotta and Cataract. It’s related to the sea lamprey (which lives in the lowermost Credit) but, no, it isn’t parasitic. The larvae actually feed on microscopic plants and animals; after five years, they transform into adults which do not feed and which expire after spawning.

Anyone who has ever participated in an electro-fishing survey will have found out how common the common shiner is. This is a really fast grower; it lives up to 8 years and attains the phenomenal length of 12 cm. One look at it and you can only think that its sole purpose is to be chow for a lot of other fish.

Whenever Bob talks about underutilized angling opportunities in the Credit drainage, he always mentions the black crappie as a source of flyfishing fun in Fairy Lake, near Acton. It was

introduced there and occurs nowhere else in the basin. The crappie can grow to 40 cm in length and weigh 1.5 kg.

How about the brook stickleback? This very small (less than 5 cm), highly adaptable fish is common throughout the Credit watershed, and is widely distributed across North America. It is most noted for its tunnel nest of grass, stems and algae – guarded by the male. The stickleback's diet consists of aquatic insects and it is excellent for controlling mosquitoes in stagnant waters – exactly what we need with the current West Nile virus pandemic.

The mottled sculpin is another one of those fish that the angler never sees alive (unless, again, through electro-fishing) but which is nonetheless very common in the upper Credit, particularly the West Branch. Its body shape and fins help it stay very near the bottom. It prefers brook trout waters, and consumes a variety of insect larvae. Its abundance is the reason for the success of the imitative muddler minnow patterns in many waters.

Just for your information, the other species are: Atlantic salmon; Pacific salmon (chinook and coho); brook trout; brown trout; steelhead and rainbow trout; smallmouth, largemouth and rock bass; yellow perch; northern pike; pumpkinseed sunfish; northern redbelly, redbelly, blacknose and longnose dace; bluntnose minnow; brown bullhead and stonecat catfish; carp; central mudminnow; creek and river chub; fantail, johnny, rainbow and Iowa darters; fathead minnow, and; northern hog and white suckers.

If you wish to get a copy of Bob's manual, contact him through Credit Valley Conservation.

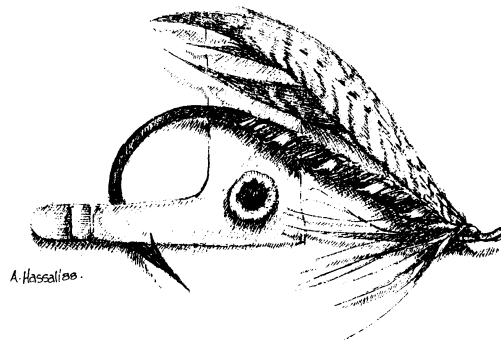
Return of the Fugitive Fly

This pattern, an Al Hassall drawing, was used in previous years as a sort of unofficial logo for the club. It has been put on the "Wild Trout" signs on the upper Credit River, and on the club-sponsored Special Regulations signs in Forks of the Credit Provincial Park. Both times, the image was of poor quality, reproduced from a digital file. A while back, the drawing was needed for yet more signage connected with the Upper Credit River Rehabilitation Initiative, but we needed a better quality image – hopefully from the original. The problem was that no one knew where the original was.

Your editor launched a search about two months ago, contacting everyone who might have been associated with it – including Al Hassall. Only

recently, a single photocopy of the original was located in a file box containing a raft of paperwork, including all the artwork that has been used in the *Single Haul* over the last ten years or so. A needle in a haystack!

It's reproduced here simply because no one has seen a decent copy of it in quite a while. Al Hassall recently called it one of his best.



Cast-iopeia – Night on the Bowmanville

Sharon Cook

We checked Jackmans at dusk for any salmon that may have passed the Goodyear Dam. Finding none, Ken said that we should try below the dam. We arrived in the dark, and a little way along the path to the water, we met up with a salmon angler. After talking at length about his expensive salmon rod, he told us that there were some fish in. Where? At the clay pool? At the Bass pool? He didn't say.

The darkness was humid and the air still. From sporadic beams of my flashlight, mist curled up from the water. As I entered the water, I could not see one foot in front of me. Ink black it was and the water could have been twenty feet deep or just two. I switched off the flashlight for good. It would not help me now. Feeling my way along the bottom with each sliding step I thought about the wading staff in the truck.

Ah, but sometimes it is just going to be this way. In complete darkness, you will find yourself wading an unfamiliar part of the river.

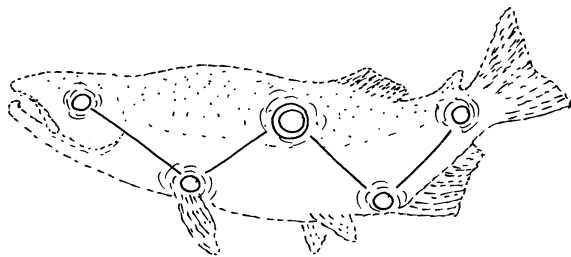
Faint stars were overhead on this absurdly dark night and the lush forest undergrowth on the banks was more a scent than seen. The dim shadows of great goldenrod and grasses towered over the banks wherever there was a break in the forest. A vaguely reflective surface pinpointed the stream and of course the sound of its rushing of water offered minor clues and guidance.

At the next bend we saw the pulsing glow of a cigarette. Then we saw two phosphorescent floats enacting a comic looking puppet show, bouncing around as they portrayed pathetic casts. Or, we surmised that there may be some illegal snagging of fish occurring. We heard the salmon making their way upstream.

Here we started to fish. I felt at a disadvantage for not being able to see any of the features that would normally determine where I should cast the fly. The precious eye-to-water dialogue was painfully absent, but Ken who knew this stretch perhaps too well made some suggestions.

"Cast about fifteen feet in front of you. There is a hole there," he said.

Without thinking that there might be anything abnormal about this method of fishing, I made a few casts, using the sound of the fly hitting the water as the only means of judging depth and length. I could feel that there was hardly a drift. So I moved upstream, again using the sound of rushing water as a guide. There I felt the tug of two fish - briefly. These were not, however, the mighty fresh-run Chinooks we sought. Maybe some stream chub.



Angler's view of "Cassiopeia"

Then, directly below the hazy constellation of Cassiopeia, it sounded like a large salmon was splashing forward upstream. Afterward, there was rustling in the bushes on the stream bank as two more anglers made their way towards the sound. They too heard the fish. We froze and listened, then slowly backed up to the bank as the water drone buried our footsteps. We remained motionless, almost breathless, knowing that even at only twenty feet away these two could not see us and had no idea we were even there. We both wondered if they were planning to fish according to the rules. One angler cast a line. To my relief, everything was in order, but I wondered what Ken would have done if it were not. He would have definitely done *something*. Something to thwart a salmon rustler.

Christmas Story

Peter Caverhill, Osprey Flyfishers, Vancouver, B.C.

The river and its valley were a serene change from the mayhem I had hurried to leave in the city. Christmas time does bring out the best in people - and the worst. The shuffle, chatter and angry auto noises of this seasonal infirmity faded quickly from my head and were replaced by sounds of my own deep breathing as I trudged toward the river, scattering soft snow to either side. Beadlets of perspiration dappled my forehead and my glasses occasionally misted over - a sure sign that I had spent too much time seated on the interior lakes and not enough time stretching the old waders.

There wasn't a sign of any other fisherman, probably because of the new deep snow and because Christmas was only a few days away. The afternoon was shortening quickly and I could increasingly feel the descent of the late day chill. There would only be time to work my fly part way down the run. Hurrying the best I could, I finally broke out of the trees. My heart was thudding rapidly - as much from anticipation of steelhead as from my exertion. The river lay dark and seemingly motionless under a sinuous low-lying wisp of frigid mist. The mountaintops down the valley to the west were now almost black, crowned by a rose hue that faded into pale yellow as I looked skyward. If this beauty was to be my only reward for the walk, no matter.

When I looked back to the run, I was astonished to see an angler there. Between my befogged spectacles and the river's mist I could only make out that his garb was dark - and that his extraordinarily long fly rod was bent into a lovely arc! "An early winter fish, and in 'my' run," I mused. The angler was too engrossed to notice me as I moved closer for a better view.

Despite the failing light I could see that this was no ordinary angler. He certainly handled the fish with a touch that few men had, but it was his appearance that was astonishing. His legs were tightly clad in dark cloth- -breeches I think. A tailored coat, of the same dark material, hung almost to his knees. His short brimmed fishing hat was round and very, very tall. Straining my eyes, I could see a hatband of green and red, the only color on his person. Surely it couldn't be! But it was - a ring of holly! Just then he breached the fish and as he reached down to unhook it I could just hear his voice across the stillness, "To you the river I give back this gift."

At that moment, an owl flapped in a tree beside me, diverting my gaze. When I looked back to the dark river the angler had vanished. I made my way to the river's edge hoping to find the angler's trail so I could catch up with him and congratulate him on his generosity and Christmas spirit. I was shocked! There were no prints. There was no trail leading away from the river. Nothing had disturbed the snow along the river's edge.

A small dark object on top of the white caught my eye and I picked it up. Dumbfounded, I realized that what I held in my palm was the most brilliant and exquisite salmon fly that I had ever seen.

Merry Christmas to all!

(Courtesy of the FFF ClubWire Email Newswire)

Getting the Bug – Part II

Bob Kuehnbaum

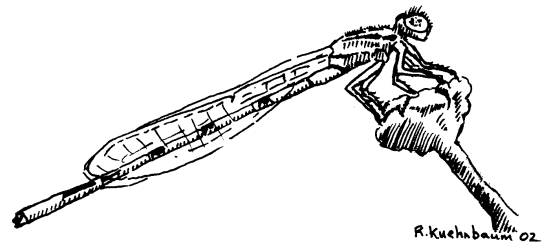
Do you recall the event, or series of events that brought you into the realm of flyfishing? For some, angling begins with a fly rod, perhaps with an introduction to the sport by a parent, a co-worker or a fly shop. For most, however, flyfishing evolves from some other form of angling, such as float fishing for Great Lakes steelhead or salmon, or spin- or bait-casting for all sorts of quarry, perhaps even occasionally drowning worms. I know a number of people who made the migration when they started using nymph patterns while float fishing, and later bought a fly rod. We have each made little journeys of discovery and personal growth.

From 1988 to 1992, I made five consecutive, annual treks to the Kenora area in north-western Ontario to work with my partner on our mining claims. On the trips up and back, usually in mid August to late September, I took breaks from the long, lonely drive by doing prospecting of a different sort – investigating rivers and streams which looked to be likely trout havens. And, with 2,000 km of tarmac between Lake of the Woods and Mississauga, there are quite a few bridges!

On the way home in 1990, the northern leg of the Trans Canada route between Longlac and Smooth Rock Falls was tempting for two reasons. Firstly, I had never been there, and that was reason enough. But, even more importantly, the highway crosses northward-flowing tributaries of the Albany River (noted for brook trout) and the Moose River,

both of which flow into James Bay. Those waters have mysterious-sounding names: Pagwachuan, Nagagami, Otasawian, Shekak, Kabinakagami, Missinabi and Mattawitchewan. The region around the highway lies near the margin of the Canadian Shield where it merges into the Hudson Bay Lowlands, so the terrain is fairly featureless boreal spruce and poplar forest, and a bit ominous when a cold, damp wind blows in from Hudson Bay.

The footings of the Hwy. 11 bridge over the Nagagami River rest on a foundation of firm Precambrian bedrock which forms deep riffles (rapids) and ledge pools for, perhaps, several hundred metres. One look and you think: *brook trout water*. While probing with my spin-casting gear, I worked my way upstream to a lone fly fisher and, out of curiosity, approached him. He introduced himself as the flyfishing editor of an American outdoors magazine - *Field & Stream*, I think he said – and explained that he and his partner, fishing some distance upstream, were warming up while waiting for clearer weather for a float plane flight into the Sutton River. With a bamboo rod, he was accurately flicking a dry fly into likely lies, but it was clear that he just wasn't into it - not with the world-class brook trout fishing of the Sutton on his mind. Although I knew virtually nothing about flyfishing, I was nevertheless impressed with his obvious skill.



I don't recall if I caught any fish that day, but the next year I was back at the same spot. That time, I worked quickly up to the head of the fast water where I landed a very feisty 14- or 15-inch brook trout. Without further success, I sat down on a rock for a rest and, no doubt, a smoke. While gazing around enjoying the sunshine and the atmosphere of the place, I noticed that upriver, above the break in the rapids in the near-glassy flat water section (*see photo*), some pale blue damselflies (similar to those we often see in southern Ontario ponds) were engaged in mating and egg-laying. Once in a while, perhaps every half-minute, one or a pair would fall to the water and drift helplessly towards the fast water, doomed like the powerless boat in the film *Niagara*. But they never made it. The insects were being gently pulled under, perhaps 15 feet above the break in current. Because this activity was far

off, the angle of light poor, and the currents near the break a bit confusing, I couldn't - without Polaroid glasses - make out the outline of any fish, or easily discern the subtle swells and rings of rising fish. But they were certainly there.



Nagagami River, view south from Hwy. 11 bridge.
From <VentureNorth.com>

What to do? I recollected catching a walleye many years before on a living mayfly tied to a hook, and managed to catch one of the delicate damselflies. But there was clearly no way of getting a light hook out the 50 feet or more to the feeding lane. The water was too deep and the current too heavy to wade, so the only recourse was to retake my boulder seat and ponder in frustration.

It occurred to me, partly on account of my previous encounter with the Sutton-bound angler, that the right pattern would have given at least a good chance at those fish. *So this must be what flyfishing is all about: getting a near-weightless imitation fly out to surface insect-feeding fish!* That simple realization of the most fundamental concept of flyfishing made all the trout angling I'd been doing for so many years seem crude, almost pointless. I began the remainder of my trip with a mission: to equip myself and begin learning the mysteries and technical aspects of flyfishing. Since the day of my arrival home, all of the paraphernalia of my former angling life has either lain idle and dust-covered in the basement or has been given away.

Like the caddis pupa popping to surface and becoming an adult, this transformation was not so much an evolution as it was a metamorphosis. It felt like stepping directly from elementary school to university. The most succinct way of expressing it is that one minute I was a spin fisherman; the next I was not.

That area beckoned me back for the next two years, one time for a four-day canoe trip down about 30 km of that rugged Nagagami River. That's another story, but I did learn that it's not uncommon for the brook trout to feed just above the breaks of fast water, where there is a supply of food, and where they are safe from predatory pike which reside in the slower water. I also found out that, each year, those northern rivers see only a handful of adventurous humans paddling along their mostly very remote reaches. They are almost untapped sources of excellent angling possibilities – but only for the sturdy of limb and stout of heart.

IOBO Snowshoe Humpy

Sheldon Seale

At the November 5 tying meeting, Sheldon Seale filled the Guest Tyer's table on very short notice, and created a bunch of micro patterns – down to size 32. Yikes! This is one of them. "IOBO" stands for "It Oughta Be Outlawed"



Hook: Any small dry fly hook, sizes 16-22
Thread: 8/0 or smaller, to match body
Body: Snowshoe rabbit foot hair enveloping hook shank
Back: Snowshoe rabbit foot hair pulled forward
Wing: Snowshoe rabbit foot hair tips tied out over hook eye

Tying notes: Any colour of dyed Snowshoe rabbit foot can be used. The original pattern used CDC, the longer feathers that normally have very little use.

1. Select a small tuft of hair at least 2.5 to 3 times hook shank in length. Brush out some of the underfur. It will take a little practice to leave just the right amount. Trim the butts even.
2. Start your thread just back of the hook eye. Put down a bed of thread to the hook bend and return. Tie in the tuft of hair by the butts, tips towards the hook bend, immediately behind the hook eye with just 2-3 overlapping tight wraps of thread. If there is too much underfur in the tuft, it will be difficult to tie in with just 2-3 wraps. Remove a little more underfur, trim the butts even and try again.
3. Hold the tuft up and wind thread back to hook bend. Lay the hair down along the hook shank and secure at the bend with 2 tight wraps of thread.
4. Palmer the thread forward over the hook ensuring that the hair envelopes the shank completely.
5. Pull the hair forward again forming the back (the "humpy" part). Secure at the eye with 2 wraps of thread.
6. To form the wing, wrap 2-3 turns of thread around just the hair right at the hook shank.
7. Tie off in front of the wing with a 4 turn whip finish or some half hitches. Trim the excess thread and lacquer. If the wing seems a little long, pinch the fibres off to the desired height with your thumb nail.

Fishing notes: Fish as any dry fly. You can use floatant on the wing.

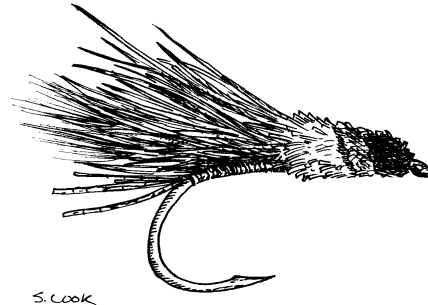
The Buckskin Special

Ken Geddes

This pattern was demonstrated by "Kenny G" at our intermediate section at the November 5th meeting. The fly is of Ken's invention, and he claims to use it for all types of fishing, although, in a size 4, it would probably not do on 8-inch brook trout.

Hook: Mustad 3399 size 4
Thread: Black
Tail: Gold metallic thread

Rear third of hook: Gold metallic thread
Underwing: Reddish-brown squirrel tail
Overwing: Natural deer body hair, stacked
Body: Red deer body hair, spun
Head: Black deer body hair, spun



Light Heavy Metal?

This article, which I received in a mass emailing, has absolutely nothing to do with angling in any way. But how can you not love it? – Ed.

A major research institution recently announced the discovery of the heaviest element yet known to science. This new element has been tentatively named "Administratium."

Administratium has one neutron, 12 assistant neutrons, 75 deputy neutrons and 111 assistant deputy neutrons, giving it an atomic mass of 312. These 312 particles are held together by a force called morons, which are surrounded by vast quantities of lepton-like particles called peons.

Since Administratium has no electrons, it is inert. However, it can be detected as it impedes every reaction with which it comes into contact. A minute amount of Administratium causes one reaction to take over four days to complete when it would normally take less than a second.

Administratium has a normal half-life of three years; it does not decay but instead undergoes a reorganization, in which a portion of the assistant neutrons and deputy neutrons and assistant deputy neutrons exchange places.

In fact, Administratium's mass actually increases over time, since each reorganization causes some morons to become neutrons, forming isodopes. This moron-promoting characteristic has led some scientists to speculate that Administratium is formed whenever morons reach a certain quantity in concentration. This hypothetical quantity is referred to as "Critical Morass." You'll know it when you see it.

Careful. The Fly Bites!

Bill Spicer

The fall is my favorite time for fishing. That's because the big fish are in, and the anticipation of the first runs of salmon and steelhead makes my blood race. This past September, I was fishing the first run of Chinook in the Nottawasaga with my friend and also my cat's vet, Dr. Julian Van Gorder. We had found an awesome run with plenty of willing and extremely aggressive fish. Fishing the traditional down and across method, we were doing quite well. All of a sudden, I saw something big, bright and silver - a huge steelhead sitting just upstream and across from the main school of salmon. My heart leapt, and without thinking, I made a cast before planning it properly. Casting upstream from downstream, I crossed the line and suddenly felt an immense stinging in my cheek. I thought at first that I had hit myself with the piece of split shot on my leader but, no, I could see the leader hanging from my face. I had impaled a size #8 hair-wing in my cheek, and it was beyond the barb!

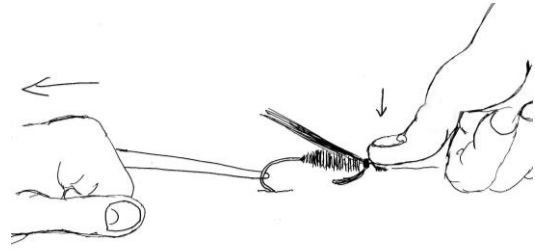
I showed Julian what I had done. He snickered a bit and asked me, "How did it happen?" I said, "It was the wind. That's my story and I'm sticking to it!" After all, he was at one time a student of mine, and I couldn't let him think I made this beginner's blunder, could I? He laughed and said, "Let's try the monofilament trick for removing hooks." I figured that since he had "Dr." in front of his name, he should know how to do this. He took a piece of about 10 lb test and looped it around the hook bend; he then pressed down on the eye of the hook with his right thumb. While holding the monofilament with his left hand, he pulled sharply - directly opposite the angle the hook pierced the skin. I felt a little sting and the hook was out. If this doesn't work after one try, you should seek medical help (*if you're still conscious - Ed.*)

When I got home I put a little antibiotic cream on it and it healed quite well. Julian said he would send me his bill.

On a more serious note, this could have been worse, so please take the time to plan your cast properly. Don't let seeing a fish make you rush your cast and make a mistake. I certainly learned my lesson; fortunately, the hook only penetrated my skin. An eye surgeon friend told me that, in all his years of practice, he has not seen an eye survive a hook penetration. Please be careful.

Sunglasses and a broad-brimmed hat are generally recommended for lessening the chance of a hook in an eye or ear, respectively. They're good

protection from the sun, too. Hands and fingers are another story.



Drawing by Bill Spicer

Search for Storage

The club rents a locker in Oakville where we store our booth, casting lanes, chainsaw, and Forum and club materials. We are seeking to reduce our currently high costs by paying a local club member or members to store the items. Terms are negotiable. Access is quite infrequent - mostly around the time of the Forum. If you have or can make available some room (perhaps 2.5m X 2.5m, heated or unheated) in your basement, garage or other location, and are interested in helping out the club, please call Bob Lundy, IWFFC President, at 905-828-2222.

Upcoming Meeting Schedule

January 7. Fly tying. *Guest tyer:* Rob Heal, from Grindstone Angling & Outfitters. *Intermediate tyer:* Gord Lindsay from Winter Hatches will do quick and simple spring steelhead patterns.

January 21. General meeting: Steve Copeland, President of Ontario Streams, on Flyfishing at Lac Beauchene, PQ, and in Montana.

February 4. Fly tying. *Guest tyer:* John Pawlowski will do his favourite *Isonychia* patterns. *Intermediate tyer:* TBA.

February 18. Swap & Shop Night. Bring your un-favourite stuff and strike a deal!

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