



Editor's Eddy

We have just passed the ides of January – an important date (for me, at least) since it roughly marks the nadir, or deepest half-way point, of the off-season for trout. It's all uphill from here. But will we all be ready when the time comes?

When I was a geology student when dinosaurs still roamed the Earth, a snow fence was put up in late winter around the soccer pitches in front of one of the colleges to keep hurried pedestrians from taking a shortcut across it during thaw periods and turning the turf into a quagmire. A campus legend had it that if you hadn't started studying for your final exams before the fence appeared, you didn't have a snowball's chance in Haiti of passing. There was more than a little truth in that – unless, of course, you were in Arts – even though it had every-thing to do with timing and nothing at all to do with the fence.

Nowadays, I get concerned each winter of passing some critical time after which, if I haven't started preparing, upgrading or replacing equipment, things may not be completely ready for Opening Day. I tie flies throughout the off-season and pick up specialty or hard-to-get items at the Forum, but, for me, a safe time to ramp up the other preparations is between the Spring Fishing Show and March school break, curiously around the same time when that fear-inducing fence used to go up.

As anglers, we are often asked the question, *Any luck?* If you believe that luck is the intersection of an opportunity and proper preparation for it, then you know all about being prepared. We've all encountered those who have cashed in on "dumb luck" - in fishing and fortune - but it is, regrettably, rarely repeatable.

Of course, in the real world, just as in school, there will always be "crammers." I have a strong feeling that many, if not most serious fly anglers spend a lot of April evenings frantically tying flies, gluing new soles onto their wading boots and patching holes in waders that haven't seen the light of day since October.

For those of you who want to get an early start, here's a partial list of other things to do: clean fly lines and inspect for cracks; lubricate and tune up your reels; check rod ferrules for fit and integrity; and examine rod guides for nicks or abrasion. The article on page 7 has some other very good advice.

Bob Kuehnbaum, January 12, 2003

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Quotable / Notable Quotes

We're all recycled history machines,
Cavemen in faded blue jeans.
- *Jimmy Buffett*

I am not against golf, since I cannot but suspect it keeps armies of the unworthy from discovering trout.

- *Paul O'Neil*

A Day's Fishing Gone to the Dogs

Bruce Roney

I really *do* like dogs, you know. But I draw the line at those large, mean-looking ones. You know the type: the dogs snarling at you from the dark behind the grimy windows of an auto repair shop as you pass by on an evening stroll; the ones straining at their leashes as they take their owner out for a walk. They seem to be found nearly everywhere these days, even on your favourite trout stream. And they have always frightened me.

Not far from the city, there's a wonderful stretch of trout stream that I regularly fished over many years. I could park in the dark shade by the old concrete bridge, gear up and fish upstream for nearly a mile. With its deep, dark pools, tumbling runs of faster water and its slow meanders, it was like a photograph from a fishing calendar. Here was pure solitude, good fishing and, best of all, no menacing dogs. It seemed too good to last all those years and, sure enough, it was!

Late one morning, I was wading around a bend in this stretch when, up ahead, on the far bank, I saw them. There they stood, two massive

dogs straining at their leashes, defying me to come closer with their deep, hoarse barking. Where had *they* come from? I'd never seen dogs in there before! As I stood frozen to the spot, it took a few seconds before I realized the dogs were not alone. There was a man with them and I was safe - at least for now.

"Any luck?" the man called across to me as he scolded the dogs to keep them at bay.

"Nothing yet. Just getting started, really," I yelled back. "Haven't seen you on the stream before. Do you live around here?"

"Sure do," he said. "I bought this property a month or so ago. Just getting familiar with the place. As soon as our house up there on the hill is finished, we'll move in. You can fish this stretch of stream today but, after this, you'll find a fence up across the bridge and signs'll be posted."

His words hit me with a thud. One by one, my favourite fishing spots were falling to the same fate; rural properties on trout streams were being bought up by city people. Many of them wasted little time in making it clear that they wanted "NO FISHING", "NO HUNTING" and "NO TRESPASSING" on their properties. I fished the rest of that day troutless and cheerless but, at least, dogless. Back at the bridge later that evening, I gave one long, last look upstream at the dark, clear water winding its way out of the thick woods towards me, then packed up my gear and drove home.

Afterwards, on fishing trips to other stretches on this same stream, I occasionally drove the familiar, gravel road and stopped at the old bridge for a moment or so just to enjoy the view. Each time, the heavy wire-mesh fence across the stream and the signs on the trees reminded me just how off-limits this stretch of water now was. Yet, in behind the fence could still be seen the stream with its deep pools, tumbling runs and its slow meanders. God, it looked good!

There just *had* to be some way to get back onto this stretch of stream again - if only just once for old time's sake. Scramble under the fence? Sneak on? Chance the dogs? Drive up the steep hill to the house and ask permission? But, then, each time, I would only shrug, return to the car and head off to some other 'open' spot farther upstream.

One mid-summer morning a year or so ago, I could stand it no longer. I just had to take the plunge (figuratively, that is) and ask permission from the landowner. All he could say, really, was, 'No!' The morning was perfect. The sky was a clear, cloudless blue. There was a light breeze and the humidity was low. The unseasonable coolness

earlier in the morning was giving way to what promised to be a delightful summer afternoon. The local streams had, by now, plenty of chance to clear off from the rain we'd had a couple of days earlier. The water would be crystal clear again; and, best of all, the trout would be ravenous and ready to snap at anything - at least, so I hoped.

I had just taken the road over the bridge and saw, straight in front of me, the gravel driveway leading up to the house on the hill. It was now or never. I stopped the car and sat at the bottom of the driveway, rehearsing what I would say when I reached the house.

After what seemed like an eternity, I finally put the car into gear. It rumbled and laboured its way up the steep hill, spinning out gravel and dust behind and rattling stones underneath. The driveway twisting among the trees was all new territory to me. When I reached the house at the top of the hill, the view of the valley was wonderful.

My immediate concern was, of course, for the dogs running up and snarling at the car and jumping up to the window. Just in case, I kept the windows closed for a few minutes and suffered the near-noon heat which had rapidly built up in the car.

As I drove closer to the garage, I noticed that there were several cars parked close by. I rolled down the window and watched and listened. No sound except for the buzzing of the occasional bee. Certainly no dogs. I carefully got out of the car and quietly closed the door while listening for any hint of the slobbering beasts I expected at any minute to make a leap for me. But still nothing; all was clear. What could have happened? Well, it *had* been a few years since that incident on the stream, so maybe they didn't have the dogs around anymore. Maybe now they had just a little pup that might enjoy a friendly scratch and rub around the ears. This would have been much more to my liking at this moment. Wishful thinking for certain!

I was about to head for what looked like the main door of the house when I heard the sound of voices - women's voices - coming from the other side of a cedar hedge close to the driveway. With my words already carefully chosen, I followed the walkway through the hedge at the side of the house.

The area beyond the hedge was a pleasant surprise. It was a very large tiled patio area bordered with shrubs and flowers. Immediately beside this was a swimming pool looking very cool and inviting on what was becoming a warm early afternoon. At a patio table near the pool several ladies sat in the shade of the patio umbrella chatting, laughing and enjoying lunch. The deck

chairs, potted plants and other objects scattered around the pool hadn't had time to register on my mind before one of the ladies, presumably the owner, spoke in a voice mixed with surprise and annoyance at my unexpected arrival seemingly from out of nowhere.

"Can I help you?" she said acidly as the other ladies looked up to see who in the world she could be suddenly talking to.

"Well, yes, ma'am. I understand that you own the property right down to the river at the bottom of the hill. Well, for years, I've fished that stretch and found it to be really great. And then a few years ago, it suddenly got closed off after you bought the property," I said.

"Sure did," said the lady. "My husband didn't want to close it off but then he started to see more and more trash along the riverbank and even some beer bottles - some of them broken."

"I wouldn't do anything like that," I assured her. "I just want to spend one afternoon on the stream for old time's sake, if that's alright with you."

By now, all eyes were focussed on the lady as we awaited her answer.

"OK," she said. "You can fish down there today, but you be sure to park your car around the corner from the bridge so nobody will know you're on our property."

"Yes! Thank you," I blurted. "Thank you very much." All of us seemed quite relieved that the decision had been made.

At that point, I was really anxious to get going but stayed long enough to chit chat about how nice a day it was, how lovely the river was, how beautiful the garden was, how great the pool looked and ...

Suddenly, I noticed them lying by the edge of the swimming pool, not moving at all like they were cast in stone: two of the biggest dogs I'd ever seen. One was just beyond the table not more than a few paces away; the other at the far side of the pool. They'd been right there all the time! *They were asleep! They were fast asleep!*

If I could only get out of there quietly and back to the car, I thought, I could get down the hill, over to the bridge and fish for the whole afternoon knowing that the seat of my waders would stand a much better chance of staying intact. Was this a lucky day, or what? Not only did I have the owner's permission to fish the stream but the very menace I feared the most would be out of the way, back at the house sleeping the afternoon away. It was perfect!

I almost made it back to the car when I heard them coming, one dog at first and then both, great prehistoric paws pounding on the gravel driveway. Then the barking - that hoarse, raspy barking. They were right behind me now! Car door open! Inside! Door slammed! Safe!

Outside the car, the dogs, by now, had reached the window and were barking and leaping at the door and getting in each other's way frantically trying to outdo each other. Inside, my heart was pounding like a hammer but I was safe.



Few seconds were wasted getting the car into gear and moving down the hill with the dogs in noisy pursuit. I kept telling myself that they would soon tire of their game and, eventually, would give up the chase. They would stop in the wake of dust from my car, and, in a final victorious flourish of barking, would eventually pant and snuffle their way back up the hill to resume their afternoon nap by the pool. *We showed you, mister intruder, now get off our property!* But that's not how it happened!

Those two followed me all the way down the hill to the gravel road, barking and leaping at the car door every foot. They were not going to give up - no, not those two!

As I sat at the bottom of the hill, I considered the options. I could turn one way to the bridge and hope that the dogs would end their game right here and leave me in peace. Or, I could turn the other way and drive much farther upstream where the dogs could not follow, and where I could at least make a part of a day of it.

It's interesting how things work out like that. I had a beautiful day. I had consent to fish a wonderful stretch of water I hadn't fished in years. And I had it all to myself! All I had to do was go

there. But with the dogs still yelping outside the door, the undeniable truth of the moment became crystal clear. The owner of the property had given me her personal permission but there was no way on earth the dogs were ever going to give me theirs.

I turned the other way.

One day, I'll try again. Maybe.

The Fly Fisher's Classification Scheme

Judy Lehmborg, from "Introduction to Fly Fishing"

As you have probably realized by now, fly fishing can be a rather technical sport and the majority of fly fishers are of an intellectual nature. But they have a sense of humor, too. Nowhere is that more obvious than in the following classification scheme devised by expert fly fisherman and renaissance gentleman, John Hannah. I first saw his classification scheme posted on the wall of the Nature Conservancy office at Silver Creek near Picabo, Idaho. It brought me a much-needed smile after a day of fruitless fishing on that difficult stream. I have since had the pleasure of catching some of Silver Creek's inhabitants, and have gotten to know John, as well. He has set a fine example for the rest of us to strive for, and although he insists he is stuck in Class 4, I know for a fact he is at least a Class 9.

(The following originally appeared in the September, 1983, *Fly Fisherman*, and is reprinted here with permission.)

Class 1: Has some fly equipment in his (or her, and that is the last time I'll say or her) and has fished with it.

Class 2: Usually fishes with flies; has taken fish with two of these: poppers, streamers, nymphs, dry flies. Belongs to a fly fishing organization. Is on the mailing lists of lots of tackle mail-order houses.

Class 3: Has taken fish on flies he tied. Can tie a nail knot on the first try. Can tell species of fish from one another and can identify a mayfly from a caddisfly from a stonefly. Has fallen in a river or a lake.

Class 4: Fishes with fly only wherever possible and is pretty snobbish about it. Most of the flies he uses are ones he tied. Has fishing library of 20 books. Has given advice (helpful) to other fly fisherman. Owns a split cane rod. Has had a hook in him.

Class 5: Can double haul. Has built a fly rod from a blank. Can tie most salt- and freshwater patterns. Dyes feathers. Has fishing library of 40

books and has read them. Usually fishes barbless. Hones his hook points. Knows Lefty Kreh and Ernie Schwiebert on sight.

Class 6: Can identify 10 species of fish and 10 aquatic insects by their Latin names. Has caught a five-pound fish on a 5X tippet. Has tied a thousand flies and released a thousand fish. Has been a director of a fly fishing club. Can cast 100 feet with a 5-weight line. Can spot a rise in white water.

Class 7: Has lost most of his snobbery. Can roll cast 35 feet. Has caught most of these fish on flies: tarpon, bonefish, Arctic char, steelhead, smallmouth bass, Chinook, grayling. Owns a Jim Payne rod or equal. Uses a line dryer.

Class 8: Has built a bamboo rod from the cane culm. Has published articles or given lectures on fly fishing. Can tie classic feather wing Atlantic salmon patterns. Can tie flies without a vise and cast without a rod.

Class 9 (World): Has fished most of these rivers: Tongariro, Gacka, Chimehuin, Test, Laxa I Aldadal, Kulik, Alta, Restigouche, Spey. Has written, or edited, or done an introduction for a book about fly fishing. Has caught a 20-pound fish on a #20 hook. A fly pattern that he originated is in general use.

Class 10: Ernie Schwiebert and Lefty Kreh know him on sight.

From FFF ClubWire Email Newswire Service

Credit River Brown Trout Telemetry Study

Michael Zimmer

Michael gave a presentation on this study at our December 17th general meeting. The project is the basis of his Master's thesis in biology at University of Waterloo. His work has been supported in part by The Greg Clark Chapter of Trout Unlimited Canada, and by IWFFC, TUC and Credit River Anglers Association through CFWIP grants from OMNR. This work stems from the Credit River Fisheries Management Plan which requires that any potential barrier to prevent movement of migratory species into the headwaters not interfere with the seasonal movement of resident brown trout. Before this very revealing work, almost nothing was known about their seasonal migrations. If you have any questions, you can reach Michael at m.zimmer@sympatico.ca, or 519-763-9994. – Ed.

The Credit River brown trout telemetry study started on May 15 with volunteer efforts from various conservation groups to help capture candidate trout by angling. High water and cool temperatures did little to provide ideal conditions for capturing the number of trout needed to cover the 350 mm or the 500 gm minimum size, and only five suitable fish were angled out of the 30 required for the study. Therefore, it was decided to change tactics; electrofishing via punt and backpack quickly provided the remaining 25 trout. As of June 14, the required 30 candidate trout had been successfully radio tagged. Ten fish were tagged from each of three sections: upper, from Cataract to McLaren Rd.; middle, from McLaren Rd. to Boston Mills Rd.; and lower, from Boston Mills Rd. to Norval Dam. Tracking of the first batch of implanted trout began on May 28 and was continued through the late fall by walking and wading sections upstream of Grange Sideroad and floating the remainder of the river.



Brown trout ready for release. Note sutures and antenna.

Twelve temperature monitoring stations were set up throughout the study area from the Forks of the Credit River to Norval, including the lower reaches of the West Credit River, Little East Credit River and Silver Creek. This was done to help determine any possible relationship between trout migration and water temperature.

Three radio transmitters which had become separated from fish were recovered in early summer: one in the upper section and two from the middle section. Many fish were showing little movement, so attempts were made to determine if fish were still alive by snorkelling in the deep pools. Because the signals were coming from deep pools with abundant wood cover, there was no reason to suspect that the transmitters were no longer implanted in fish; it was therefore a great disappointment to recover many more transmitters, including four in one day. Other transmitters were

recovered up to 500 m from the river and in varying condition. By the end of September, seventeen transmitters were confirmed not to be attached to fish. Of these, two were likely due to angler harvest (one confirmed); seven were found on land and were likely due to some kind of predator intervention; and eight were found in the river, mostly in deeper pools. Two transmitters were unrecoverable and one was chewed beyond repair. The number of apparent losses is of concern, yet interesting.

Other radio telemetry studies often discuss the phenomenon of "transmitter expulsion". This is thought to be a reactive process of the intestinal tract which encapsulates the foreign body and ultimately expels it via the alimentary canal. This phenomenon is more common, and is accelerated at temperatures above 20°C. Temperature loggers deployed throughout the study area confirmed that daytime water temperatures regularly exceeded 20°C during the summer months and touched above 25°C as early as the beginning of July, even in the upper section. Although it cannot be confirmed that expulsion was the cause of the large number of losses, it cannot be discounted as a factor since environmental conditions were appropriate. An angler-intercepted fish had only 5 cm of the 30 cm antenna exposed, adding some credibility to the expulsion theory. The apparent predator interventions are also interesting and may be linked to the very low and clear water levels causing fish to stack up into smaller spaces and making them more vulnerable to predation by mink or herons.

All but one (i.e. thirteen) of the usable, recovered transmitters were re-implanted after the angling season in early October, when daytime maximum water temperatures decreased regularly below 19°C. Cooler water temperatures were needed to maximize chances of recovery from the surgeries. Also, males were targeted since the spawning period was about to start. This increased the tagged fish count to twenty-six. To date, there have been no mortalities from the October re-implants. A transmitter was recovered, however, from a victim of predation from the original batch; and another transmitter, as yet not pinpointed, has been lost high on the hills of the Niagara Escarpment in Forks of the Credit Provincial Park. That leaves as many as 24 viable tags.

The range and habits of movement are varied. The fish from the lower section have shown the most extensive movement patterns. Even in late May when the tracking began, trout captured in the lower section (Ferndale / Cheltenham / Terra Cotta)

were already on the move and had positioned themselves 1.5 – 2 km upstream in a matter of days after capture. One fish remained behind, taking up a summertime position at Cheltenham Dam, while the five others from the area and those from Ferndale moved upstream and distributed themselves in Boston Mills, Inglewood, Sligo and even up to below the Forks of the Credit Road, a distance of 20 km. Two of the fish from Terra Cotta moved to summer positions 15 km upstream and have since returned, with one subsequently taken by an angler. Similarly, a Ferndale fish moved 8 km upstream for the summer and returned in the fall to its capture location. Much of the upstream movement seems to coincide with the onset of daytime high water temperatures in excess of 20°C in early July.

The fish in the middle section (Inglewood) have shown three types of movement to date. Some fish have remained in the same summertime holding position to which they moved immediately after release from surgery. The others have showed significant upstream movement of up to 4 km upstream. Of the group showing movement, some later returned to original holding positions; one fish showed movement 8 km upstream and returned in early summer. Several fish in the middle section that were part of the re-implant sessions have shown significant downstream movement. Fish from this area that have moved have migrated up to 19 km downstream, possibly triggered by a large rain fall event that occurred in November.

The fish in the upper section (Forks of the Credit Provincial Park) showed next to no movement after release after surgery and next to no movement in daytime holding positions; all fish but one have remained in the same pool or habitat feature through to late fall, while the active fish moved only 100 m. The onset of ice-up conditions in the upper section has triggered significant downstream movement in this group. Some fish in this group have now moved up to 3 km during the ice-up and subsequent thaw events.

As part of the study, redds were located and measured during the entire brown trout spawning period. Redds occurred between just upstream of the meadow in Forks of the Credit Provincial Park and just above the Georgetown trestle, but 366 (91%) of the 402 redds mapped were above Boston Mills Road just downstream from Inglewood. One of the radio-tagged fish was observed on a redd. Most of the spawning activity, however, probably occurs at low light periods, most likely at night. Several redds, however, were located within meters of holding locations of radio-tagged fish. Spawning activity densities in each section and

the various location attributes of each redd will be analyzed to determine if there is a preference for certain types of spawning habitat.

Despite unfavourable conditions of icing up and thawing on the river, tracking will continue through the winter months. Wading and floating are hazardous, and tracking will be done by walking the banks of beats with known last locations. There is little information on the post-spawn behaviour of the Credit River brown trout. Where do they go in winter? What habitats are critical? I will attempt to answer these questions over the next 3-4 months, and will provide an update in late winter to early spring. Please note that I will be giving another presentation at the Forum in April. Until then, thank you for your continued interest and support of this study.

The Quiet, Contemplative Pastime

Sheldon Seale

Some people go through life incessantly chattering a lot of tripe, never learning to shut up. I, for one, have never been accused of being quiet. But there are times and places for voice and there are times and places for quiet.

Flyfishing belongs with the latter. There is a special feeling that comes when you're with a good fishing buddy and you're working a flow. You know the next steps, taking turns or hunting for another location. You nod or exchange a quiet word or two. You hear the water rushing, the breezes in the trees, the birds singing, the insects chirping or humming, and even the frogs adding a lilt.

This is quietude.

Have you ever just sat down and listened to the tap-tap-tapping of a woodpecker? To the whirring of the wings of a ruby-throated hummingbird as it passes over your head? To the haunting cry of a loon in the twilight? To that wondrous sound – neither a cry nor a scream - from an eagle?

Have you ever heard the whine of a mosquito – a pesky thing, but food for fish? The far off rise of a fish? The buzzing of bees as they move from flower to flower? The funny mewling or purring sounds of a contented beaver feeding next to you and totally unaware of your presence because - for a change - you're quiet?

Have you ever noticed the scurry of a mouse at your feet and its startled look when it discovers your presence? Have you ever seen

water dripping from the nose of a deer as it looks up from drinking and then flees in mistaken fear through the bush with its white tail flashing? But you're not there to hunt deer.

Have you ever just sat there absorbing your surroundings? Have you ever noticed how acute your senses can become? Hearing, eyesight, sense of smell and taste all improve substantially if you give them a chance. Your mind clears and your thinking deepens and broadens. Your capacity for forgiveness of others increases. Communication occurs on a different frequency; speech is unnecessary.

Don't you wish you could bring that back with you when you return to your "modern" world?



Izaak Walton window, Winchester Cathedral

January Flyfishing Guide

Dick Rock, Pikes Peak Flyfishers of Colorado

Winter is definitely here. At this writing it's about 25 degrees (F) with a stiff wind blowing. For many this kind of weather signals an end to fishing for the year. So, what about your gear? Have you properly stored it so it will be ready when spring springs?

Waders are a big investment and shouldn't be left all balled up in your wader bag. Folding them can cause cracks or seams that will weaken over time and leak. It's best to hang them (I like to use one of those hangers ladies use to hang lingerie, you know, the ones with the slots near the ends that you can put the suspenders in) in a cool, dry place where the sun will not get on them. Also, don't store them near a furnace or other place where ozone is produced; ozone is hell on waders.

Fly line has a memory; that is, if you leave it tightly wrapped on your reel it will be curled up in the spring and will take a while to straighten. It's best to remove it from the reel and store it in loose coils, or at a minimum stored loosely on the plastic spool it was on when you bought it. It should be cleaned with a good line dressing like Glide, that protects the line from cracking and makes it real slick for that first cast in the Spring.

Flies stored in the foam in your boxes can ruin them. Storing them loose in plastic boxes keeps the hooks from rusting and the feathers from being smashed. If the feathers are already smashed just hold them (with a pair of pliers) over the steam coming out of a tea pot and viola the hackle will straighten out. Just remember to dry them thoroughly before you store them to prevent the hooks from rusting.

If you store your fly rod put together it's a good idea to take it apart and store it in its tube or at least laid flat out of danger. A guy came into the shop recently with a fly rod that was destroyed. He stored it put together, but there was a little water in the ferrule when he stored it. The water had eroded the finish on the female ferrule and caused it to split. Another guy put his rod away wet in the metal tube. The finish on that rod was ruined.

This is the perfect time to refinish your wooden net. Gunstock finish will do the trick. I use TRU-COAT. I think most gun shops will have some type. A thin coat will renew the finish, add life to your net frame and make it look brand new. You can also replace that net bag too; you know, the one with the gaping holes in it. New ones are available at your fly shop and it's quite easy to replace them.

This is also a good time to clean out that vest. Go through it and get rid of those old flies, strike indicators and other things that have outlived their usefulness. It's also a great time to inventory your stuff, get new for the spring, and get rid of anything in the vest that you didn't use this year. I don't know about you, but my vest is full of stuff I thought I'd need, but never did. This is the right time to lighten that load. Remember, too, that leaders and tippet have a shelf life and after a time will weaken due to exposure to sunlight or ozone. You may have some old ones that ought to be replaced before you lose your championship, 24 inch rainbow.

So, take a few minutes, go through your stuff, and you will be rewarded in the spring.

From FFF ClubWire Email Newswire Service

Mentions: Meritorious Members

In the last while, a number of people have stepped forward to fill vacancies. **Robert Cristant** has wrested from this editor the duties of looking after our venue; obviously an important task which requires some forward planning to ensure our tenure at the excellent Cawthra Community Centre. Otherwise – next meeting at CC's, anyone?

Pat Kelly, a new member, has offered to re-organize and look after name tags for club meetings. Now, instead of identifying someone with, "He's over there, the tall guy in the red shirt," we'll be able to say, "He's over there, the tall guy in the red shirt ... with the name tag." In truth, it's a very useful system, particularly for newer members, which we haven't had functioning for at least six years. Pat has also been very busy volunteering on field activities.

Pierre Turgeon, in cahoots with his wife, has taken on the critical function of Forum pre-registration. Pierre is a very cheery fellow, but will he still be smiling after the show? (We think so.) The previous "pre-reg couple," the also amiable and much-appreciated Andrew and Sophie Roberts, retired due to something called *offspring*.

Don Arthurs has assumed the equally vital task of securing the wide variety of donated prizes for the silent auction and raffles at the Forum dinner, traditionally the main source of proceeds for conservation. We humbly thank Vic Cairns for his many successful years of devoted service to this task.

Don Archibald, the other 'Don,' will be coordinating seminar speakers as well as volunteers for the Forum.

On behalf of the club, thanks are due to the above-mentioned members for taking the plunge. Your efforts are much appreciated.

Reminder: Digital Single Haul

So far, only 15 members have opted to receive their *Single Haul* issues in PDF format by email. If you wish to be included, send in your email address, or sign up on the club web-site. You can try it once and, if you don't like it, revert back to a paper copy.



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Members may insert short ads selling or looking for personal items, such as the one above, at no cost. No business-related ads, such as guiding or fly tying services, please.

Upcoming Meeting Schedule

February 4. Fly tying. *Guest tyer:* John Pawlowski will do his favourite *Isonychia* patterns. *Intermediate tyer:* Terry Allen will do some flies for Great Lakes migratories.

February 18. Swap & Shop Night. Bring your un-favourite stuff and strike a deal for someone else's un-favourite stuff. Beauty is in the eye

March 4. Fly tying: *Guest tyer:* Michael Jeavons will prepare some rabbit fur flies. *Intermediate tyer:* TBA

March 18. General meeting: Southern Ontario trout foods, by Bob Kuehnbaum.

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