



Editor's Eddy

The 4-year Upper Credit River Rehabilitation Initiative partnership wrapped up at the end of 2003. In April, the Greg Clark Chapter of TUC ("GCC") and CVC sponsored an open meeting during which time it was decided to focus attention on the West Branch. This year, an interim study period, two biologists are compiling data to make recommendations for future work. Plans are already under way to contact landowners and do electro-fishing, invertebrate studies and spawning surveys. The new project has the acronym "WeCARE" (for West Credit Appreciation and Rehabilitation).

Except for the CVC lands in the Belfountain area, there is very little public access on the West Branch; in fact, the subwatershed is about 96% privately managed. This alone makes local participation paramount since landowner approval will be at the forefront. At another meeting organized by GCC and CVC in late July, initial discussions were held with some West Branch residents in order to encourage local participation on the project's management committee. Additional meetings are needed before detailed planning proceeds, so it is uncertain how the initiative will unfold – and equally uncertain to what extent and in what ways IWFFC will participate. Without doubt, however, long-term planning will have to go beyond traditional instream rehabilitation, and may include dam mitigation and storm water management.

On other Credit River matters: Some of you may have wondered why there have recently been vast numbers of vehicles in CVC's Ken Whillans C.A. parking lot off Highway 10. It turns out that the ponds have been stocked with 30-cm-sized rainbow trout – 3,000 in the fall and 3,000 this spring – as part of the "Urban Fishing Program." This is a favourable enterprise, especially since the recently expanded catch-and-release regulations over most of the upper Credit watershed preclude the taking home of fish. There is virtually no risk of escape into the Credit, and an added benefit may be decreased illegal taking of fish in the river.

In a similar vein, MNR has received permission from Caledon Sand and Gravel to stock several ponds in defunct gravel pits near Highway 10 just south of Caledon. There will be lake trout, brook trout, rainbow trout and walleye. This fall, fishing will be open to selected groups, such as kids and parents; and in the spring to the public.

Bob Kuehnbaum, July 30, 2004

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Quotable / Notable Quotes

Many men go fishing their entire lives without knowing it is not fish they are after.

– Henry David Thoreau, *Walden*, 1854

The real truth about fly-fishing is, it is beautiful beyond description in almost every way, and when a certain kind of person is confronted with a certain kind of beauty, they are either saved or ruined for life, or a little of both.

– John Gierach, *Another Lousy Day in Paradise*, 1996

Fall Meeting Schedule

The following program has been confirmed for the first few meetings this fall:

September 21st: Eli Garrett will present a couple of fly fishing videos. (Bring popcorn?)

October 5th: Club Tyer: Bob Kuehnbaum will demonstrate some variations of a few terrestrial patterns.

October 19th: Bob Morris of Credit Valley Conservation and Bob Kuehnbaum will review conservation activities on the Credit River.

Other meetings which have been confirmed for the fall are November 9th & 16th and December 7th & 21st.

Can You Give a Talk, Tie a Fly?

Don Arthurs, our Program Chair, is in the process of organizing our tyers and presenters for the 2004-2005 season. If you can contribute in any way – either by doing a fly-tying demonstration or by giving a presentation on, for example, a destination that you've been to recently – Don would love to hear from you. Contact him at 416-869-5494 or darthurs@casselsbrock.com.

If you're more into the written word, consider submitting a fly pattern, fishing tale or anecdote to the *Single Haul*. As a matter of fact, there is currently a dearth of material for upcoming issues, and anything you have would be appreciated. Contact the Editor, Bob Kuehnbaum (see page 1).

Conservation Workday Report

May 15th: Somewhat belatedly, IWFFC would like to thank the Ministry of Natural Resources for providing a \$1,000 CFWIP grant for a planting day. The work was done in the Melville Marsh adjacent to the Highway 10 crossing over the Credit River, in the general area where IWFFC has sponsored two previous plantings.

Dave Beaton of Credit Valley Conservation organized the entire event, including the delivery of trees and shrubs, and the assembly of volunteers – all Kiwanis members and family from Orangeville and Caledon.

The IWFFC-CFWIP grant contributed to 80% of the cost of 150 trees and shrubs, including cedar, ash, and several types of willows.

July 24th: UCRRRI silt trap repairs. According to CVC's Dave Beaton, the volunteers for the silt trap construction day were a "small but industrious group" who "built an amazing structure" on the Credit River. The work was done on CVC's Charles Sauriol property upstream from Charleston Sideroad. Including Dave, there were ten folks, two of whom (Pat Kelly and Len Yust) are IWFFC members.

We thank Dave Beaton for organizing both of the above events, and to all the volunteers who helped to make the Credit a little better.

2003 Conservation Workday Schedule

August 8th (Sunday): IWFFC Workday: Logjam installation around Forks of the Credit

August 14th (Saturday): TUC installation of garbage kiosks

August 28th (Saturday): IWFFC Workday: Logjam installation around Forks of the Credit

September 25th (Saturday) Open workday, to be selected later

October 31st (Sunday): CVC-sponsored brown trout spawning survey

November 7th (Sunday): CVC-sponsored brook trout spawning survey

For more information, please call Bob Kuehnbaum at 905-276-6684.

Credit River Electro-fishing

Each year, Credit Valley Conservation monitors the populations of fish (with other vertebrates) at various stations throughout the length of the Credit River by electro-fishing. There are plans to resume the survey in the "meadow" of Forks of the Credit Provincial Park after a hiatus of 11 years.

The surveys are led by CVC staff, but volunteers are needed for this important work. All of the workdays are during the week and will continue through the end of the summer. The next days are on **August 12th** (Forks of the Credit, 9 am) and **August 13th** (Erindale Park, 9:30 am); if you are interested in helping out on other dates, please check CVC's website at www.creditvalleycons.com, or phone Dave Beaton at 905-670-1615.

Forum

This is a reminder that the **29th Canadian Fly Fishing Forum®** will be held on **April 9th and 10th** at the Holiday Inn in Burlington.

Volunteer positions are available for a wide variety of duties, and your help would be greatly appreciated. In particular, a Co-Editor is needed to help out with the assembly of the 2005 *Double Haul*, and assistance is required for local and regional promotion of the event. Please get a hold of Mike Rowan, Forum Chair, at flyfisher@castle.on.ca.

Community Events

The **Urban Fishing Festival**, organized by Peel Region Police, was held on July 10th at Lake Aquitaine in Meadowvale (Mississauga). Bass Masters ran a casting clinic, and Canadian Tire provided a large number of prizes. Pat Kelly estimates that about 200 youngsters and a similar number of parents came. Pat set up a small booth and instructed at least 35 attendees and a few police officers in tying their first flies. *Well done, Pat!*

Phil Kettle's Stream Diaries – Part III

This is the last of three of Phil Kettle's articles reprinted from The Globe & Mail. – Ed.

Fly-fishermen need patience (1985)

The long summer heat wave has put smallmouth bass down deep in waters of southern Ontario. For the fly-fisherman, depths of over 15 feet eliminate the use of surface poppers or sinking tip lines. Bass will not rise through that much water to take a fly. Fly-fishing becomes a deep, slow prospect in mid-summer.

Dave Whitlock, the nemesis of small mouth bass, recommends a high-speed, sinking, shooting head combination for this kind of fishing. The shooting head is a 30-foot section of level fly line designed to sink rapidly to the bottom. The use of high density materials in the line increases the sink rate. The Whitlock shooting head system consists of three major parts: shooting head, running line and backing. The fly line is attached to 100 feet of 20-pound test monofilament running line and the whole system is backed by 100 yards of 12-pound Dacron line. A short 7-foot 2x tapered leader completes the unit.

"The whole point of the outfit is to make 60- to 100-foot casts," explained Whitlock. "On a short cast over deep water, the sinking head may be dangling vertically instead of riding the bottom. The longer the cast, the greater time the fly is at the bottom where the fish are."

To cast the unit, pull the shooting head from the reel until 2 inches of monofilament running line is beyond the tip. Strip sufficient running line from the reel and drop it loosely at your feet. Hold the running line firmly with the left hand until ready to

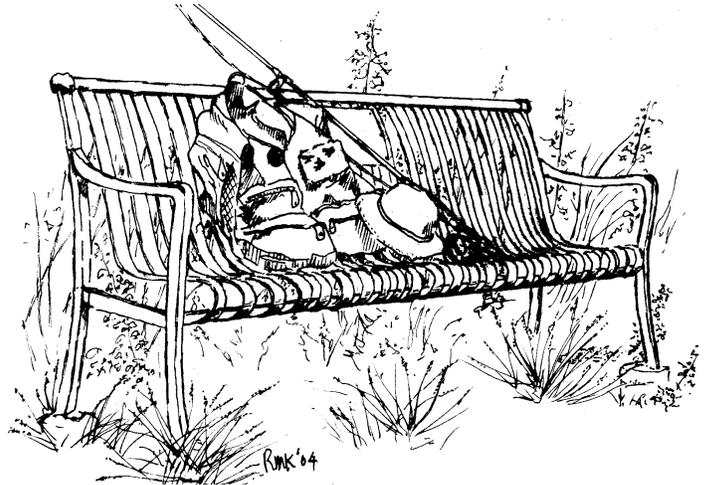
release it. Roll cast the shooting head to get it airborne, false cast without releasing any more running line and then on a strong forward cast, let go. The shooting head will pull all the released line in a distance cast.

Long casts put the line out and down for the fly-rodder to work the deep holes. A favorite pattern is the rabbit hair leech; a 3- to 5-inch monstrosity made with a narrow strip of black rabbit fur still on the skin. It undulates like a leech when retrieved slowly. Size 4, 6 and 8 hooks are ideal.

The key to success is to fish slowly. A 5-minute retrieve is not too slow. Point the rod tip at where you think the fly is, and maintain a tight line between the fly and the rod.

Allow the fly to sink, let it sit for a few moments then twitch by gently pulling the line. A foot-long steady pull is followed by a 10-second pause. Repetition and variance of the retrieve imitates a natural leech.

The take can be very delicate and difficult to detect. Keep the hooks sharp and strike at any indication of fish.



Phil Kettle Bench – Forks of the Credit Provincial Park

Fly Fishing: Pastime or Mania?

Sheldon Seale

In winter, there is practically no circumstance that will take me willingly outside. But I go fishing in the worst of winds, when the line freezes in the guides. I've dodged pieces of ice as they flow past, just to get a cast into likely holding water. In summer, I fish in the brightest of sunshine,

in the most stifling of heat and in the worst of the bug season. Am I some kind of raving lunatic? Of course! I'm a fly fisherman!

But why fly fishing? If I hate the cold and bugs and heat and wind, why do I persist? It isn't in order to catch fish; I've been "skunked" enough times to prove that. It isn't because I crave companionship, because I often go fly fishing alone. What is the attraction?

A few years ago, I found myself the unwilling patient of a surgeon due to a rather nasty dispute with my appendix – a dispute I could have easily lost because of my stubbornness. After such an incident, a gentleman of middle years becomes philosophical about life. While I'm not entirely sure that is the correct description of me, it did give me an opportunity to examine the things I find important about life. I resolved then and there to enjoy myself more – and I don't mean party 'til I drop. I decided that I would "work to live" more than "live to work," that what I did in my own time would become more relevant than before. One of the things I examined is the attractiveness of fly fishing.

I came to fly fishing well after I turned 30. Until then, I had fished extensively with spinning and casting rods, using live bait and all manner of lures. I fished mostly from a boat (in fact, I believed you couldn't fish effectively without a boat) for walleye (or pickerel, as they are called in Ontario), perch, bass and pike. I kept most of what I caught to eat. There were some glorious days when my Dad and I could have filled his 15-foot aluminum boat to the gunwales with walleye or perch. There were not-so-good days as well. All in all, though, my Dad and I were considered better than average fishermen and lots of people wanted to go fishing with us.

All of that changed when I came to Toronto. Perhaps as a method of filling the void left without my usual fishing partner, I started to seek alternatives. I liked to fish – a lot. I tried getting into the salmon fishing around the lower Credit River, but the crowds turned me off. Then I found a pamphlet about the Izaak Walton Fly Fishermen's Club and – wouldn't you know it? – I lived around the corner from where they met. That introduction to fly fishing has made a great change in my life.

Fishing with a fly rod is different – not only in the physics involved in getting your artificial bait in front of a fish, but also in its approach. For one thing, I initially found it to be inexpensive compared to my previous fishing experience (boy, was I in for a shock!). After all, a \$50 pair of chest waders sufficed as boat, motor, gas and oil, which can run you at least \$5,000 used, and you still might need to get a trailer for the boat. I spent about \$50 more for

my first rod and reel. The line was expensive (about \$25) but the flies were fairly cheap; besides, when it came to flies, IWFFC members turned out to be very generous to newcomers like me.

That, of course, was just the beginning. I spent six or seven "trips" before I caught my first fish, about 10 cm. long. It took a dragging Light Cahill in about 5 cm of water. Sheer accident, perhaps, but I'll never forget the beauty of that tiny, wild brown trout.

My first "real" catch occurred shortly thereafter. Everything came together. I matched the fly on the end of my tippet to the flies in the air. For once, the "cast" was right on the money. The fish, a 20 cm. brown trout, took the fly without hesitation. When I released it unharmed, another fly fishing convert was hooked for life.

Other rods, reels, lines, flies, fish species and innumerable other things followed. So much for *inexpensive!* I took up fly tying. Now I have so many feathers, furs, flosses, threads – you name it – I could open my own store. (Hmm. Not a bad idea. I could buy more stuff with the proceeds.)

However, it's not the purchasing, tying or fish that is the reason for fly fishing, although they all play a role. There's something else about it that I find attractive. It's the kind of thing where you can say, "If you don't understand, I can't explain it to you; if you do understand, I don't have to".

To say that it's special is to introduce clichés. But, of course, it *is* special. To say that it's elitist is to insult the angler. It differs from almost any other outdoor activity. Male or female can do it equally well – and the female often does it better! No great physical strength is required, and anyone can learn – and at almost any time in his or her life. It's unending. You can't learn or experience it all. You can get good at it, but you don't have to be good at it to enjoy it.

It has all of the anticipation of a good mystery novel, all of the excitement of the hunt and yet, after your success, you almost always have the opportunity to release your catch perhaps somewhat "inconvenienced" but unharmed. A quick picture and back it goes. That's not to say that keeping a fish or two for a meal is "bad," but something happens to fly fishers. They seem to appreciate the things around them. They develop a sense of stewardship for the fish and its environs. It's kind of like the "great white hunters" of Africa becoming staunch conservationists when they realize what they have and what they are losing.

I'm not sure why this sense of stewardship happens. It could be a form of greed, after all – a

desire to keep it for yourself. Yet, I feel that it's related more to the single most important skill a fly fisher can develop: observation. That skill, mixed with healthy doses of inquisitiveness and ingenuity, is the key to success and, I believe, to the sense of stewardship that develops in an angler. We quickly realize that without protection, the natural things that attract us and keep us fly fishing will disappear. Then there's the challenge of placing your fly in just the right current tongue to reach that potential record-breaking brook trout, the camaraderie of your fellow anglers or the never-ending search for the perfect fly pattern.

These and much, much more we would sorely miss if we weren't mindful of the environs of the fish. Keep this in mind when next your rod arches under the weight of a fish. The great spirit gave mankind the ability to destroy all life and the intelligence to preserve it. No matter how busy or how purposeful our lives, we all need the sanity that fly fishing can provide. That sanity is further enhanced if the environs in which it is conducted are natural, clean and appreciated.

These are some of the reasons I fly fish. They certainly aren't all of them, but suffice it to say that I fly fish because I can, because I must, because it reaches a part of my essence like nothing else, not love of my wife and family, who are precious to me, or any other pastime I've known, and because as long as it's possible to fly fish in places that make fly fishing worthwhile, there is hope for our species and the little blue planet we call home.

The Casting Lane

Getting the Fly to Land First: Tuck Cast

The most obvious question is not "how?" but "why?"... well there are two situations where I'll use this cast:

The first is when fishing 'pocket-water'. Boulder strewn rivers often contain so many varying currents that they present a bewildering puzzle. A simple solution to give ourselves that little bit more drag-free time is to land the fly before the line. So long as we can get fairly close to the pockets (and we can often get right up behind them) we can chuck the fly into position and attempt to keep the line off the water - of course the line will land eventually, but hopefully drag will have been delayed long enough for the deception to have been completed.

The second has nothing to do with overcoming drag; rather it is all about creating attractive 'plop' noises. If we cast our fly to land first it is quite easy to overpower the stop and get a nice 'plop' sound. Just like little bugs dropping off branches in high summer.

In order to get the fly to land first, the technique used is to cast the fly straight over the top of the rod with a slightly overpowered overhead cast, so that when the fly line straightens the extra energy causes the fly to flick downwards. There is an important refinement on this technique; it is how we apply the extra power: instead of stopping harder, stop the tip normally and just as the line is unfurling on the forward cast, lift (or pull back) the rod tip.

Although you can shoot line with this cast, you will have to feed the line through your fingers so that you can stop the line before you lift the tip.

Obviously you don't follow through immediately with the rod tip to the surface as this would negate all we have set out to achieve.

Courtesy FFF ClubWire Newswire Service

Unintentional Curves

Gary A. Berger

One way to make a curve cast is to roll the wrist inward or outward at the end of the casting stroke so that the rod tip describes a "J" pathway (straight for the first part of the stroke and then hooked at the end). It's an effective and easily learned casting method. However, many casters unintentionally make curve casts on both the back stroke and forward stroke, robbing the cast of energy and directing it along a path not desired by the caster. This unintentional curving results from turning the wrist and/or arm outward on the back stroke and then inward on the forward stroke. The line curves to the angler's left (for a right-handed caster) on both back stroke and forward stroke.

Not only does this casting error reduce casting efficiency (and often tosses the fly into a tree situated well off to the angler's side), but it can be dangerous as well. Just try throwing shot with this tactic, or a big tarpon fly, or an epoxy minnow for pike, or a bass popper. Not fun when that big imitation digs a deep furrow across the back of your neck or imbeds itself firmly in your scalp.

A sloppy arm can be cured by having the student stand with the casting arm next to a wall and running through the casting motion in

pantomime with the arm moving parallel to the wall. While a smoothly finished wall is ideal, a rough brick wall works great because it only takes one casting stroke (and a bunch of medical and legal bills) to cure the bad habit....

If the student twists the wrist only (a highly unusual situation) then have the student cast and watch his/her wrist—not the rod, not the line, not you—the WRIST. Have them say, “straight back “ (such vocalization aids in the learning process). Very quickly a student can learn to control the movement of the hand and arm and correct the unintentional curves.

Originally printed in The Loop, Fall 1997

Courtesy FFF ClubWire Newswire Service

Out Fishin'

A feller isn't thinking mean -
Out fishin';
His thoughts somehow are mostly clean -
Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow-men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when -
Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor -
Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure -
Out fishin';
The urchin with his pin and string;
Can chum with millionaire and king;
Vain pride is a forgotten thing -
Out fishin'.

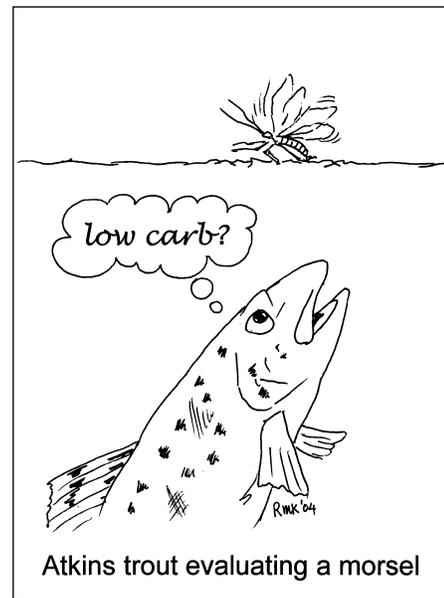
A feller gets a chance to dream -
Out fishin';
He learns the beauties of a stream;
Out fishin';
An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care
An' relish plain and simple fare -
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend -
Out fishin';
A helpin' hand he'll always lend -
Out fishin';
The brotherhood of rod and line
An' sky an' stream is always fine
Men come real close to God's design -
Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plotting schemes -
Out fishin';
He's only busy with his dreams -
Out fishin';
His livery is a coat of tan
His creed to do the best he can;
A feller's always mostly man -
Out fishin'.

IWFFC member Mike Retallick ran across the poem, by an unknown author, at a flea market some years ago. Framed and under glass, it was distributed as a promotion by a Fenelon Falls men's store – almost certainly prior to WWII if one can judge by the look of it and the store's two-digit phone number. It's interesting that essentially the same poem was printed in the December 2001 issue of *Fly Fisherman* magazine; in that version, however, the last stanza had been replaced somewhere along the line with the following admonishment:

P.S. A feller ought to see the light
Out Fishing
There is no room to start a fight
Out Fishing
This silent world has truths to tell,
There are no rainbow trout in hell,
So treat your fellow anglers well,
Out Fishing



Maurice How Remembered

Elliott Deighton

When Bill Christmas presented me with the Maurice How Award in 1990, I blathered like a baby. Of all the IWFFC awards I have received through the years, this one still is the most endearing to me, simply because Maurice was such a special person and to be associated with him in this manner is a real honour.

In the mid to late '70s, Maurice asked me to film a slide show for him. The fishing scenes were shot at Rainbow Ranch one cold late fall day. This was my first time there and we marveled at the large trout that came out from under the dock on pond #1 and inhaled the Belvedere cigarette butts he tossed into the water. Maurice broke the filter off a new cigarette and stuck it on a bare hook he happened to have in his vest. Sure enough, one of the trout came out, grabbed it and bolted under the dock. Maurice was so shocked that he struck the fish like a bass, snapped the leader and nearly broke his rod. I later filmed a close-up of the filter fly which appeared in Maurice's presentation to the club as the "Belvedere Fly." By that time, he was already developing his Styrofoam bass bug which he based on our experience that day at the Ranch. His rod, by the way, was a 7-weight Hardy Richard Walker Reservoir series – a real heavy, soft stick by today's standards. He let me try it that day but I couldn't do a thing with it. Maurice, however, could make it perform miracles, laying out most of a line with one false cast. He told me: "It's the fly on the water that catches the fish, not the fly in the air." Still a good maxim.

Maurice was a voracious fly tier. He called me one February, early in the month, to tell me that he had just finished his 1,000th fly. I joked, "What, in your lifetime?" He said, "No, this year buddy." Every newcomer was Maurice's buddy. He gave his flies away regularly to newcomers or people that he wanted to try one of his new patterns. And when he did sell them, they were ridiculously cheap. He always put great stock in his "floies" (as he pronounced it) but it was his method of fishing them that made him so deadly on the water. I stood side by side with him on several occasions (mostly club clinics and demonstrations) and, although we would both be using the same "floy" – one of his, of course – he would out-fish me big-time. I watched him once literally catch fish on command using someone else's rod but on one of his flies, handing the rod back to the gentleman each time saying, "There you are, sir. You've caught a fish." It was the retrieval

method Maurice used that was so effective. He called it the "Gaspero Twitch," described as "rubbing your stomach and patting your head at the same time" – and performed by gently bouncing the rod tip while slowly retrieving line with a figure-8 retrieve.

Maurice created many patterns but none more famous than the Hamill's Killer Canadian style that Don Moore unwittingly helped create [see *note below – Ed.*]. It is still the fly most known and sought-after in the private fishing clubs around Toronto. I used to tie them for Wilson's but they sold out as fast as I could tie them and it got to be a bit of a hassle.

When my family and I were last out on Cape Breton in 1999 we stopped in at the Margaree Salmon Museum. I knew that the curator knew Maurice because he had fished there and had stopped in many years before. She still had many fond memories of the time they spent together and the numerous letters they exchanged. She then pulled out one of the last pieces of mail that she got from Maurice, opened it for us and inside was a mint condition Hamill's Killer tied on a salmon hook. He had sent it to the Museum to be included one of the many fly displays but it had not yet made it. Sharon and I were first in the Museum some 25 years prior when it was much smaller, and in one of the cases was the nymph on which Maurice had caught his first Margaree salmon. It was tied on a salmon hook with a body and head made from the wool of the socks his mother had knit for him many, many years before. He said that when they got holes, he hadn't the heart to throw them out so he turned them into tying material! I still have the postcard that he mailed me from that first trip which tells of his catching that salmon on the nymph made with his mother's sock wool. Like us all, he was the consummate pack-rat, figuring that a particular material would never be there when he went back for more – so why not just get a lifetime's supply now.

Maurice was also a prolific writer, not just in the *Double Haul* but in letters and postcards to friends, people in the business and fly fishers he had heard about through other people and who, he thought, "Might like some of my floies." He had many buddies in the UK and Canada to whom he mailed flies - and it paid off, for he was never at a loss for somewhere to stay or a private club to fish.

Maurice came from Birmingham, and fought in the home guard in England during WWII. When I joined the club in 1974, there was a standing joke between him and another old club member, Heinz Bernt. Maurice had been on the ground shooting an

anti aircraft gun up at Heinz, then a Luftwaffe pilot, flying overhead trying to bomb Britain. They later became the best of friends through fly fishing and tying.

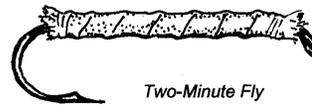
Before I met him, the doctors had already taken out much of Maurice's insides and he was functioning with a colostomy bag. While in hospital recovering, he tied flies to pass the time and to take his mind off things. He even got his surgeon turned on to fly fishing from his hospital bed. He was a tough old bird, and after his surgery he would still fish in all kinds of weather. He had a little Sportspal canoe which he used to take to ponds and lakes in the Bancroft- Bracebridge area (I think, as he was very secretive about this aspect of his fishing). He told us once that he was out on a lake and caught many "specks" when someone hailed him from shore and told him to come in. It was the game warden about to issue Maurice a fine for catching more than his limit when Maurice pointed out that he did not have any fish in his possession and was letting all his fish go. "Crickey," he told us with a laugh, "Imagine a game warden not knowing about catch and release!"

Even when he was almost blind and being taken into the hospital towards the end of his life, he was arranging with his family to make sure the hook samples from his friend Allan Bramley from Partridge got to the Forum Committee to be handed out. That last act for IWFFC typified Maurice How: always putting others before himself. And that is why the award is so special.

Editor's Note: Don Moore wrote that Maurice How, "a real gentleman," was one of the first IWFFC members; he joined after being a guest speaker sometime around 1972. He had to create his well-known version of Hamill's Killer from memory because he loaned the original, sent from a friend in New Zealand, to Don who failed to return it for some years. He never forgot to remind Don about that, but Don counters, in his defense, that Maurice's great version of Hamill's Killer would not otherwise be around today. Maurice How also originated the Simple Simon, Two Minute Fly, Lister Avenue Special and Wet /Dry Fly. Typically, his flies were not complicated in design, exemplified by the two patterns below which are modified from Don Moore's "Fly of the Week" email distribution.

Two Minute Fly

This is an effective chironomid pattern that can be tied in two minutes, or even less, and like many simple patterns it catches fish. Maurice's



Two-Minute Fly

uncomplicated fly is tied by stripping the fabric coating from a Gladding lead core line then

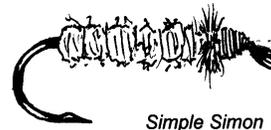
sliding the empty sleeve onto a hook shank. It is secured fore and aft. The tying thread is used for ribbing, giving the fly a segmented look. A bonus is that the lead core can be used later for weighting flies.

For reason(s) unknown, Maurice heavily lacquered his imitation. The lacquering does, however, give the fly a glistening sheen which is found in the natural insect.

Simple Simon

In describing the Simple Simon, Maurice wrote in a 1983 letter to Don Moore: "I first tied it to resemble a caddis emerger, yet when I fished it closer to the surface during the summer months I believe the trout take it for a small emerging nymph or midge pupa. Once out at the White River, it took fish up to 21 inches whilst a hatch of sulphurs was taking place. Not bad for a size #16 fly."

In another letter to Don, he wrote: "Hook size #14, 16, 18. Body yellow or green wool. No tail.



Simple Simon

Head a few winds of darkish ostrich herl. This is a very simple fly to tie, can be worked fast or slow or drifted. I have tried other

materials but for this fly the wool body seems to be the one that the fish prefer, and their preference is my choice. It took me four nice fat rainbow trout out of one deep clear lake last month, all over twenty inches in length."

According to Don, Maurice coated the head of his flies with orange shellac instead of head cement; he felt that it was absorbed into the tying thread and, to some extent, into the body materials.

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