



Editor's Eddy

This is the last issue that you will see until mid-May. Much of my ever-dwindling supply of energy has been put into getting the *Double Haul* assembled in time to be released at the Forum – so you can count that as your ersatz April *Single Haul*.

In the meantime, enjoy the Forum. Get caught up on schmoozing and gum-flapping. Buy that reel you've been thinking about all winter. And if you have yet to register, do so now!

At the very least, have a great trout season opener!

Speaking of openers, please read the West Nile article on page 7. I'm sure that most of you who don't live in Salamander City (i.e. under a rotting log) have been at least casually following the situation in the news. To be sure, there is a lot of hype; some folks perceive over-reaction, while others complain of under-reaction or inaction. But we can only hope that common sense will eventually prevail.

Having travelled and lived in the tropics, I'm familiar with the risks of a raft of diseases in warmer climes, particularly malaria. But while working with others in the Canadian bush over many years, no one ever gave any thought about the countless mosquito bites. Except for the irritation and the loss of a little blood and a lot of sleep, there was no problem. Well, not any more! While I don't feel overly threatened by West Nile Virus, there certainly is a new element of risk in being outdoors.

Mosquito-borne diseases are not unknown in this country. There are mosquitoes of the genus *Anopheles* (the ones that transmit malaria in the tropics) in many parts of Canada. In the early 1800's, malaria-infected British soldiers were transported from India to the Ottawa Valley to work on the Rideau Canal, causing a fairly serious outbreak of malaria which wasn't eradicated until about 1900. At present, immigration from and travel to the tropics is threatening to start another occurrence in our region. The other disease which we hear about from time to time is encephalitis.

So, when you're on your river, lake or pond, a little prudence will go a long way. As TV's Sgt. Esterhaus used to say at the end of each *Hill Street Blues* roll call: "Hey, let's be careful out there!"

Bob Kuehnbaum, March 13, 2003

*Single Haul*TM, the newsletter of the Izaak Walton Flyfishing Club, is published eight to ten times a year. *Single Haul* is provided free of charge to all club members, and is distributed to clubs, fly shops and other interested individuals.

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Quotable / Notable Quotes

Snazzy coffee joints are popping up in some strange places here in Colorado as well as in Montana, and although I'm a old caffeine addict from way back and dearly love the good stuff, I know that gourmet coffee is one of the first two signs that a place is about to go in the crapper. The other sign is a fly shop.

- John Gierach, *Standing in a River, Waving a Stick*

Three-fourths of the Earth's surface is water, and one-fourth is land. It is quite clear that the good Lord intended us to spend triple the amount of time fishing as taking care of the lawn.

- Chuck Clark

Organized? Yeah, Right!

(A treatise on over 30 years of collecting tying material)

Elliott Deighton

(Editor's note: I recently had a request for an article on tying material storage and organization, and Elliott's name came up in the conversation. I should have known better; when I asked Elliott, he laughed and not long after came up with this.)

Little did I know, all those years ago, that when my wife's (girlfriend's, at the time) best friend's husband gave me a little cardboard box containing

a slightly used fly tying kit, it would turn me into an unorganized, raving, gigantic pack rat.

Bob had bought the kit at the old Skinner's store on Queen St (I think); it consisted of a basic Thompson beginner's kit containing a Thompson "B" vice, the basic tools and a modest collection of hooks, fur, feathers, chenille and floss. The whole thing couldn't have been larger than a box of chocolates and provided your basic trout flies: perhaps a handful of dries, wets, nymphs and streamers - perfect for about 80 percent of fly fishermen. Bob was from Newfoundland and had relatives back home: salmon fishermen who tied their own salmon flies. He had picked up the tying kit thinking that it would be a snap to learn and would soon have a bunch of his own salmon flies for the next trip back to 'The Rock'. He quickly gave up on the idea as he found it just too hard to learn on his own and passed the kit over to me.

Being made of sterner stuff than Bob, I started lashing material to hooks and quickly went through the limited supply of hooks and feathers. I started making regular trips to Skinner's and before I knew it, my little cardboard box was stuffed and splitting its seams. Boxes or containers were a little harder to come by in those days and I settled on a plastic sewing box as my first dedicated fly tying box. It had a removable tray which sat inside and was perfect for threads and the limited number of tools that I had.

It was around this time that I joined the Izaak Walton Fly Fishermen's Club (not to be confused with the Izaak Walton Flyfishing Club) and my fly tying acquisitions took flight. It is of some note that to this point I had complete control over myself, my new hobby and my tying stuff. Everything fit in the plastic box including the vice and I could find everything in a flash.

The Club changed all that, however, for on tying nights we all (and I do mean all) tied the two or three flies that the presenter demonstrated. (What a novel concept compared to today's meetings. No socializing until after the meeting; no doing your own thing off in the corner, no three levels of tying skills; just the whole room tying the same fly patterns.)

Of course, all those new patterns called for more and different materials and I was soon keeping stuff in shoe boxes. This marks the exact point in my fly tying career when, to paraphrase Jerry, George and Elaine: I lost control, I was out of control, and I had no control!

I could no longer tell what was in boxes without opening them and rifling through the

assorted envelopes and bags that I kept materials in. Well meaning mentors fuelled my inability to get a grip on my supplies by constantly giving me more. I worked with several hunters at the time and they were always bringing me all and sundry, and, like some kind of Queen St. bag lady, I took it all in. And the boxes grew!

I recall my first trip to Maurice How's place and his fly tying room which, I think, took up most of the basement. Maurice had his Sportspal canoe at one end and his tying bench at the other. His method of organization took the form of many cookie and chocolate tins; most of them British. His smaller items were kept in a bunch of tobacco tins which would now command a pretty price at any antique store. He never bought one of anything, for he could never be sure that when it was used up, he could find it again. Besides, it was always cheaper to buy in bulk. A couple of whole deer skins were unceremoniously tossed over the canoe and the walls were lined with shelves which bent with the weight of the tins. The How's dog, Ringo, a beagle named after one of the Beatles, would play in the tying room and Maurice had to toss him a rabbit's foot from time to time to keep him quiet. To Maurice's credit, though, he knew where everything was and at a moment's notice could put his hands on any material you could mention. After seeing Maurice's setup I felt a little better about my own collection, but not for long.

Situations come along in a fly tyer's life that are just too good to pass up on: a free deer skin here; a bag of snowshoe rabbit feet there; and a large box of closed cell foam that appeared at the door from a kindly gentleman that I had met at one of our Forums. It's all just too good to pass up. But where do you keep it all? I have enough material to last me for two lifetimes (maybe more) and it still keeps growing. I swear the stuff just breeds behind my back! To make matters worse, I tie just about every type of fly out there: trout, bass, pike, saltwater, and I have even dabbled in hairwing salmon flies. My son Sean is also a fly tier and, not content with his father's materials, is collecting his own! Something needed to be done to protect my sanity and my marriage.

The system (if you can call it that) I use now consists of many plastic boxes with airtight lids, made by Rubbermaid, that I get from Wal-Mart (the cheapest place yet). They are 6" deep by 11" wide by 16" long and cost around \$4 each. Yes, it's a little pricey if you are buying a lot but, honestly, I find that it is the best way to go. I buy a few at a time and it looks as if I need to get a few more as my collection has just hatched another batch of

young-uns. The boxes are clear so you can see most of what's inside and small enough so you don't have to do much rooting around in them. I have several of the larger blanket boxes (also clear) that house the larger and bulkier items in my collection: fox skins, deer skins, nameless and unmentionable bird skins and a ring-neck pheasant skin that Maurice sent me because I didn't have the necessary "church window" feathers to tie his Mrs. Simpson fly. The smaller boxes sit on a shelving unit that we inherited and this is what I mostly tie from at home. I rarely go into the bigger boxes and, when I do, I am always surprised to find "stuff" that I had forgotten about. My original idea was to keep all the same type of material in one box, for example: all the capes in one box, hooks in another, all the bucktails in another, and so on. Labels on the ends of each box would identify the contents at a glance but that's where I've come undone; I have yet to label them.

When I'm tying 'on the road' - at sports shows, club meetings and demonstrations - I have a tying bag (two, in fact) that I pack from my main collection and that constitutes most of the breakdown. I never put things back in place when I get back home. The damn stuff never seems to end up back in the proper box again and I end up rooting through every box to find what I want the next time I am tying. That's why, when I do find the materials I need for a certain pattern, I'm inclined to tie a lot of them. I can never tell when I'm going to see that particular piece of material again!

That's all there is to it, really. You have to be disciplined enough to put everything back where it belongs each time, you have to like filing and be a neat freak to be able to keep control of your tying materials. I am not that way inclined, never have been and never will be, and the mess just builds up until I freak out and have to do one massive sorting job. Now where the hell did I put that bag of snowshoe feet?

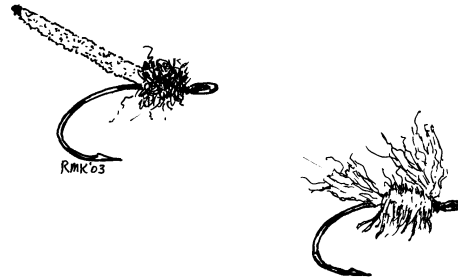
Gord's Non-Gordian Flies

At our January fly-tying meeting, Gord Lindsay demonstrated at our intermediate fly-tying table. His agenda was to do "easy-to-tie and inexpensive" migratory patterns, and he delivered. Despite his name, these flies are strictly anything but Gordian. He provided the following patterns and samples of each fly from which the sketches were made.

We'd like to welcome Gord as a new IWFFC member.

Viagra Caddis

Hook: Kamasan B420 size 10-12 for steelhead, 12-18 for trout
Thread: 8/0 black
Body: Erect piece of green vernille, burnt on tip
Thorax: Black rabbit dubbing

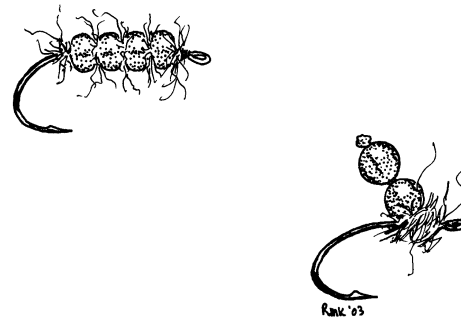


Nuke Egg

Hook: Kamasan B420 size 10-12 for steelhead, 12-18 for trout
Thread: Hot orange 8/0
Body: Ice dubbing (hot yellow, orange) Tail and sheath: Chartreuse Glo Bug yarn

Bead Egg

Hook: Kamasan B420 size 10-12 for steelhead, 12-18 for trout
Thread: Hot orange 8/0
Body: 3 small glass beads, small amounts of ice dubbing (yellow, chartreuse, pink) between each bead



Bead Egg #2

Hook: Kamasan B420 size 10-12 for steelhead, 12-18 for trout
Thread: Hot orange 8/0
Body: 3 small glass beads, attached to hook with 10-lb mono (knotted or burnt on end)
Thorax: Small amount of Pearl Brite in front of beads.

Do You Belize in Magic?

Bob Lundy

As we had arranged in Pollock's about three weeks before, Richard was waiting at the Belize City airport. We had time for a Belikin (the local brew) before hopping aboard the shuttle flight to San Pedro. Home sweet home was the lower floor of an over-under duplex that Rich was renting for the season, and which we got to by using one of the ubiquitous golf carts. Next to walking or riding a bike, the electric rental carts are *the* mode of transport out on Ambergris Caye (pronounced "Key").

We spent the first evening chatting, digging through fly tying material and swapping flies. Rich showed me the Toronto Maple Leafs spinner lure that someone had given him. You know the routine: "Oh, so you're into fishing...here's something that you might like." In this case, it was just so off-the-wall, how could even a diehard fly angler not have kept it?

The next morning was clear and beautiful as we walked over to the pier at the San Pedro Yacht Club. Omar showed up right on time in his 7-metre (23-foot) boat *Sea Swap*. We stowed our gear and took off.

I spent the first morning warming up, basically learning to cast all over again. Luckily for me, Rich and Omar are very patient, skilled teachers. We were a long way from my brook trout streams, and the 'big gear' took a bit of getting used to. After a couple of hours, however, I could manage a pretty decent single haul. We'd been drifting around on a tarpon flat between Ambergris Caye and the mainland, and saw a few fish, but they always managed to stay just out of casting range. Richard, who has been spending every winter down here for the past several years, couldn't reach them either. The three of us concluded that "even Lefty" would have had difficulty.

So we brought the rods in, and went looking for bonefish. The backside of Ambergris Caye is a seeming endless procession of bays and coves, just perfect for bonefish, from the south end below San Pedro, all the way up to the Mexican border. We found a few schools, and I even managed a quick hook-up on the first group we approached - and of course registered my first official Belize long distance release. After lunch we kept polling and I finally got into a good and proper bonefish. Fifty or sixty yards of line and backing disappeared in seconds as the fish headed north. Two more runs, each shorter than the previous, and I landed a nice 'three pounder'.

That set the stage for the next surprise. It goes by a couple of rude names, easily shared by three guys out in a boat for a day of fishing, but it should suffice to say that bonefish seem to have the most slime of any fish that I've ever encountered. They are almost disgusting to hold and their slime covers everything in site. I asked Rich and Omar about how this might harm the fish (thinking about my brookies), but they assured me that the bonefish regenerate quickly when released in a reasonable state of health.

We spent the rest of the afternoon polling the flats, Rich and I taking turns picking up bonefish. In this area, we were mostly casting to schools coming in from nearby, deeper water. And I was starting to learn how to spot the flash of these beautiful silver ghosts.

On the second day, we went up the outside of Ambergris Caye. With the surf pounding the largest barrier reef in the Western Hemisphere behind us, we poked around the beaches and coral heads for the entire morning and about half of the afternoon. This was the only time I pulled on my wading boots (actually, just some dive booties), as Omar and I stalked a school of about eight fish working along in less than 15 centimeters of water. I finally managed to spook the lot of them.

We went out to the reef for about an hour looking for jacks and barracudas. Rich and I both had a couple of followers, and Rich had something on for a few minutes. Not an overly productive day, but "it sure beat workin'!"

On Monday morning, the two of us were on the water taxi to Caye Caulker, about 35 minutes South of San Pedro. There we met up with young Parnell. In his smaller boat, we headed to Cangrejo. But before we left the cover of Caulker, Parnell pulled the boat to a halt, instructed us to tie on some tarpon flies, and showed us the fish. Big ones, too. How he saw them remains a mystery to me - but what the heck. I cast as instructed, and after about twenty minutes, one fish, well over a metre long, took the fly, and lazily started swimming away. I was told to strip the line in using full arm's-length pulls. I did that, and felt the fish turn. I did it again, and felt the fish starting to swim. I stripped one more time, felt only the fly and watched the fish swim away. We worked a few more tarpon, and then left for Cangrejo, planning to have a look for more tarpon on the way back later that afternoon.

Cangrejo is actually a set of small cayes, nothing much more than anchors for mangroves - all of which is perched on a few dozen square kilometres of flats. The flats themselves are punctuated by deep cuts (6 metres, or so) leading

out to the surrounding deeper water. We stumbled onto a pair of jacks in one cut, but didn't manage to get a proper cast to them before they headed out of the shallows, where they were apparently picking up lunch.

Parnell polled us through some low hanging mangrove into a picture-perfect lagoon, looking for baby tarpon; nobody was home, so we headed back out to the open flats. If (when?) I go back to Belize, Cangrejo is on my 'must do again' list. Both Rich and I managed to catch another few nice bonefish, and I picked up my first permit. It was relatively small; but a permit, nonetheless.

All of the bonefish were what I would describe as 'classic'. They were usually individual fish or travelled in pairs, at most. They were in impossibly clear, shallow water, typically right up under the overhanging mangrove. Our task was to drop a fly about 2 metres in front of their path, making only wild guesses about which way they were going to turn, if at all. Then, when the fish came to within a metre or so of the fly, we just twitched the flies (almost all of them crab or shrimp imitations of one sort or another). We had to do this without spooking the fish with the splash of the fly, and without lining them. Now that's good clean fun, and it doesn't always work out. But when it does...

It did come together a couple of times, and I think I will always recall the 'five pounder' that I played for about twenty minutes with several spectacular runs. Watching the diameter of the spool shrink so quickly, I really knew I was a long way from home. After a few more fish, and several more misses, we headed back to Caye Caulker.

As promised, we stopped to hunt tarpon. Parnell polled us into another hidden lagoon, where we found some runts of no more than twenty pounds. Did I say "runts"? Unfortunately, we couldn't entice them into taking the flies. Hmm, I was *that close* to the Belize version of a Grand Slam. Finally, it was time to head back to the pier.



As we waited for the water taxi back to San Pedro, the sunset over Caye Caulker was beautiful.

We took Tuesday off, and I wandered the streets - both of them! - of San Pedro, and just generally relaxed after three days of fairly intense fishing.

Wednesday and Thursday saw us back with Omar. We mostly worked the islands on the inside of Ambergris Caye, looking for bonefish, and taking a few shots at an occasional tarpon or permit. I did manage my second (and last) permit, another small 'schoolie'.

Thursday was actually quite a dramatic day, considering I was leaving for home (and the snow) the next day. At one location, Omar and I saw a fast moving shadow heading our way. Given the speed, Omar concluded it was a large permit, so we geared up some crab flies. Once the fish got close enough, however, I tuned to Omar and said, "Looks like a tarpon." Sure enough, it was, and he all but laughed at the Merkins (a crab pattern designed for permit) that we were dropping in front of it. A couple of hours later, I did get a shot at some large permit (certainly over a metre in length), but once again we were all geared up for bonefish. One big permit did stop to look at my little fly - first from this side, then from that side - but apparently the fish thought that it wasn't worth expending the energy.

We wound down the late afternoon working a huge school of bonefish on the backside of Ambergris Caye again. Finally it was time to go in, rinse the salt off of the gear for the last time, and pack up. We enjoyed a great dinner, another Belikin or two, and some laughs.

As Rich dropped me off at the airport, he asked if I would ever come back to Belize. "You bet!"

Knickers

Bob Bates and Chad McPartland

This pattern by Chad McPartland, San Luis Obispo, CA, has a proven track record. It is responsible for hooking fish in dozens of waters. There were always people around his tying table at the 2002 FFF Show in Livingston, MT. One of the reasons was the great bug he was tying with a good dialogue of how to do it. Another, he gave out a printed materials list and tying instructions, which makes reporting on his fly easy.

There are several ways to fish this fly. In lakes some anglers use a full sink or sink tip line, cast and let the fly sink to where the fish might be.

Then use a slow hand twist retrieve until a fish hits or you are ready to cast again. Some say that if you don't drag up a few weeds once in a while you are not letting it sink long enough. However, you don't want too many weeds and the fish might not be on the bottom, so the key is to experiment when necessary. Another way is to fish it on a strike indicator called "chironomid fishing" by some and denigrated by others as "bobber fishing." Decide how deep you want to the fly, attach a strike indicator to the leader at that distance, cast, let the fly sink and relax while you watch the strike indicator. Most of the time when a fish hits the indicator goes down forcefully, and you can set the hook with a sweeping arm motion. Sometimes it goes down an inch and pops up; then a quick set as the indicator starts down is worth a try. Fluorocarbon is a popular leader material because it sinks fast and is almost invisible in water. The strike indicator may be yarn; stick-on, flexible-foam patches; a variety of hard foam floats with or without tooth picks or a little corky with a tooth pick.

Streams provide many opportunities to use Knickers. If fish are occasionally taking bugs on the surface, double team them (where legal). Attach a dry fly to the main tippet, and suspend a Knickers under it. Dead drift the flies as long as you can. If the fly does anything strange (stop, move sideways or sink) strike. It could be only a rock but it also could be an 18- to 20-inch brown. At the end of the dead drift let the flies swing, lower the rod and lift up. Spend a little time with the flies hanging below you. Sometimes fish will hit after the fly hangs there for a few seconds. If there is no hope for a surface take then use a strike indicator. The usual rule for length of leader between the floating fly or indicator and the wet fly is: Use a leader that is twice as long as the desired depth for the wet fly.



Materials List

Hook: Dai-Riki 135, or equal, sizes 10-16
 Weight: Brass bead
 Thread: Black Uni 8/0
 Rib: Medium amber v-rib
 Body: Gold mylar tinsel
 Dubbing: Olive brown, Hairline Ice Dubbing
 Herl: Brown ostrich
 Hackle: Hungarian partridge
 Collar: Peacock herl

Tying Steps

1. Pinch barb
2. Put on bead. An easy way to do it is hold the hook in pliers, and scoop it through the beads
3. Attach thread on front third of hook, wind thread base rearward to half way around bend and spiral thread forward stopping a bead's width back from bead.
4. Attach v-rib on top of hook tightly, pull v-rib to stretch it and wind thread over it to past the bend.
5. At back of hook tie in ostrich herl, dubbing loop and tinsel. Wind thread forward stopping a bead's width from bead.
6. Wrap tinsel forward, secure and trim. Make a sparse dubbing loop and spiral it forward in wide open turns. You only want to tone down the flashy tinsel. Trim excess material.
7. Pull ostrich herl forward; make one wrap of v-rib behind herl and one in front of it to lock herl in. Spiral v-rib forward leaving space between wraps. Secure last wrap with four turns of thread. Trim excess. Leave plenty of room behind bead for more material.
8. Spiral ostrich herl forward in the gaps of v-rib, secure and trim excess.
9. Prepare the hackle by pulling off any fluffy fibres, and secure to hook by the stem so barbs curve toward rear of hook when wrapped, make 1-1/2 turns of hackle, secure and trim excess.
10. Attach peacock herl, wrap forward a turn or two against the bead, secure and trim excess.
11. Whip finish head, trim thread and add a drop of head cement if you want the added security.

Now is a good time to start practicing with this pattern. If you are in the northern areas, midges will

hatch any time there is open water. Sometimes that is why there is such good catching just off an ice shelf. If you are in a more moderate climate there might be enough activity for some real fishing. This is the kind of pattern that will work almost anytime and anywhere. (We say "almost" because, thankfully, there are no absolutes in fishing.)

If you have questions or comments, contact Bob at:

flyofthemoth@fedflyfishers.org

Courtesy of FFF Website & FFF Clubwire

This fly seems to have been designed primarily for western fish in mind, but I tied up a few and it looks like a great general searching nymph. If I were a trout, I'd eat 'em. – Ed.

Living With the West Nile Virus

Bob Lundy

We're all waiting for spring to arrive. For some, the cold and snow of a real Canadian winter last just a bit too long. Most of us, I suspect, await the promise of the upcoming fishing seasons, with the attendant excitement of "Opening Day", or perhaps that first run of bright steelhead on the Ganaraska.

But let's not forget to prepare for the risks associated with our activities. And it seems that no risk is getting more attention than that of the West Nile Virus. As we all know, this potentially lethal infection is carried by mosquitoes that we're all likely to encounter while wading our favourite streams, or drifting in our favourite back bays. If the summer is anything like last year, we can expect 4 or 5 months of exposure to these critters that have now become more than pests to us Northerners.

For millennia, residents of tropical countries have faced the possibility of a mosquito bite carrying any of a number of potential killer infections, including malaria and yellow fever. Now, it seems that changing weather patterns, global travel, or incidental transport have brought one of these to decidedly non-tropical climates. (As I write this, it's -25°C outside with a wind-chill cutting that by another 10°!)

It is important to protect ourselves and our families which, for most of us, means long-sleeved shirts (if we weren't already doing that to cover up from the sun's UV) and enough bug repellent on exposed skin on the back of the neck, the ears and the face. For my money, the responsibility lies with me to protect myself and my kids by lathering up.

I recently read in the *Mississauga News* that city council is considering a couple of proposals to blanket spray. They say we shouldn't worry because, if they go ahead with their plans, they'll spray in the middle of the night. Oddly, I am not comforted with that news - and I hope no one else is. Similar proposals abound in all of our municipalities.

May I suggest, before it's too late, that we individually give our local councillors a quick call, small note, or email expressing our concerns. You might even consider a letter to your community newspaper or other media outlet, if you feel it's warranted. I suppose the time to start making a bit of a fuss about this is now, before the machinery gets warmed up, and the budgets get allocated.

So what's wrong with spraying?

1. The sprays are poisons, and these poisons are not safe for humans, pets, and wildlife. Yes, there are "safe guidelines" for the use of these poisons; but do you trust the guidelines - not to mention the operators? Many of the poisons in use for this purpose are also known carcinogens.
2. The poisons are general in their nature and impact more than just mosquitoes. They will kill many other insects in and near the aquatic habitats which will be targeted for spraying. Disrupting the insect base of the food chain will have dire effects on all life in the area.
3. Spraying eradicates neither the virus nor the mosquito. It is an ineffective approach, and cannot be considered anything like a solution.
4. The cost of spraying could be better spent on public education programmes, and on developing blood screening tests for early detection and treatment. Given the very low (human) mortality rate attributed to West Nile Virus, this might actually produce some positive results, such as further reducing human mortality.

Editor's Note: Here's a little more information that CVC provided:

- i. *In Peel this summer, it's almost certain that methoprene, a slow-dissolving larvicide, will be put into catch basins which feed our streams; a natural bacteria (BTi) may also be used;*
- ii. *In Mississauga, Caledon and Brampton, contact Region of Peel councillors;*
- iii. *The mosquito carrier for WNV doesn't emerge until mid to late summer;*
- iv. *Information is available from CVC, either as a fact-sheet or at www.creditvalleycons.com.*

More on *Ephoron leukon*

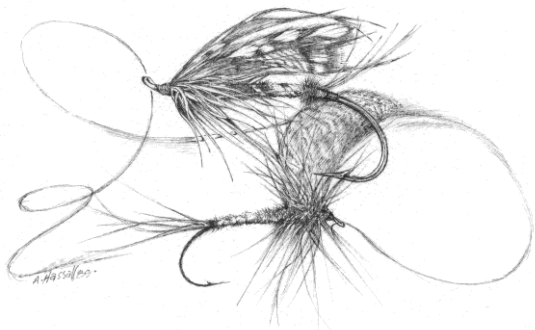
Bob Kuehnbaum

If you were inclined to read the previous article (September, 2002, *Single Haul*) on the Credit River's little known but intense *Ephoron* hatch, you may remember that it was uncertain if the species had never been identified. Actually, it has been; the first (and only?) reference and positive identification of *E. leukon* in the Credit River was by F.P. Ide (1935, *Canadian Entomologist* vol. 67) from specimens collected in 1934. Interestingly, Ide's study area was near the village of Erindale, where Dundas Street crosses the Credit River, now within Mississauga at the southern end of Erindale Park. This is the southernmost point where I found *Ephoron* remains last summer, and it is promising that this insect has survived in great numbers through the last 69 years of development and urbanization. Ide also described three species of *Potomanthus* from Erindale, one of which (*P. rufous*, a still-recognized species) was quite sizeable; I wonder if they're still around.

Ide recorded night-hatching *Ephoron* from July 30 to August 12. He noted that the nymphs are negatively phototropic; that is, they detest light. They stay in the deeper part of their burrows during the bright of the day, and come up only in the evening to feed.

Those of you who flyfish the Humber River should take note that Ide also reported *E. leukon* in Woodbridge. It could be worth checking out.

Entomologist Henry Frania kindly provided me with a copy of Ide's article. Henry probably knows more about aquatic insects, particularly mayflies and stoneflies, in the Credit River than anyone, but he has never seen the *Ephoron* hatch; he assures me that this will change next summer.





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Mentions: Meritorious Members

Sara Paznar is a charter board-member, representing IWFFC, of the recently-formed Humber River Chapter of Trout Unlimited Canada. We thank Sara for taking on this responsibility. Her position complements the one that your humble editor has occupied with TUC's Greg Clark Chapter for several years. TUC and IWFFC have been working closely together on the Credit River for about 25 years.

Upcoming Meeting Schedule

April 1. Fly tying. Guest tyer: Ken Collins from Grand River Troutfitters, patterns TBA. Intermediate tyer: Sharon Cook will do some gar flies in preparation for the next meeting.

April 5 & 6. The Forum

April 15. General meeting: Ken Geddes & Sharon Cook on flyfishing for gar.

May 13. Fly tying. Guest tyer: Elliott Deighton will wow us with the Bassman Asshair. Intermediate tyer: Ken O'Brien plans to lash up some of his favourite trout flies. *Note this is the 2nd Tuesday of the month.*

Contacting IWFFC

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