

Scarborough Fly & Bait Casting Association

23 Willowhurst Crescent, Scarborough Ontario M1R 3R7

Phone & Fax - 416/755-5663

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THE REEL THING

September 2000

I guess that by now you know that we have solved the dilemma tossed our way by the Toronto and District School Board and will be back in the gym next Wednesday. I hope that all our members show their appreciation for Jim's and my efforts by showing up at the school in decent numbers. We have a few new folks in the club who joined at Milliken in the summer and I know that they would like to meet the whole gang on their own first visit to the gym.

We will be bringing the fly tying equipment in case anyone wants to work on the fur and feathers and will attempt to determine how many folks want to work on the bamboo, building rods so that we can organise the time frame for that activity as well.

Also, on opening night, we will see how many folks are interested in a fall trip for trout and salmon - either a one day shot, or a weekend overnigher. Hopefully there will be more interest in this one than there was in the proposed Labour Day trip to A/B Lake.

***The fishing tackle auction scheduled for next Sunday afternoon (beginning at 1:00) should be the highlight in your week's activities. As we mentioned in an earlier notice, there will be major bargains to be had, along with a few laughs, drinks and snacks. It's an opportunity to get stocked up on a lot of basic equipment along with some of the big stuff. Please make a determined effort to come to my place at 23 Willowhurst Crescent. There should be enough seating for everybody, but if you want to bring a folding chair with you, it might be appreciated after all.

Despite repeated cajoling on my part of our members to send in a summary of their summer's fishing efforts, we didn't receive a single report! Come on fellows, was it really that bad. I have heard that Richard Sluce caught a beautiful four and a half pound bass near the family cottage, but that's all I have in the way of fishing reports other than our periodic assaults on the Ganaraska River with various club members. Jim, Paul K, Ray and I hit the Ganny a couple of weeks ago with Jim and Paul fishing the lower stretch, while Ray worked over the upper waters. Jim's team took a couple of bucks from our squad for the biggest brown, a gorgeous twenty-one incher that would have checked in well over three pounds, but was carefully put back in the swim. Our best was a seventeen inch brown, but I figure that the four of us probably caught around fifty rainbows and browns for another memorable Ganny day.

The highlight for us was that this was Ray's initial go at stream fishing for trout - with the Ganaraska River is notorious for putting a quick damper on one's first exposure to this type of fishing - but Ray, claims that he enjoyed every minute of the experience. He caught a number of trout and managed a couple nice enough for the pan as well. The proof of Ray's exuberance came a couple of weeks later when he called and suggested another jaunt to the fabled Ganny. I decided to really test Ray's mettle by taking him to one of the most difficult sections of the river to negotiate, the Allen Sheppard stretch and despite his disappearing into a variety of holes and cut-outs underfoot and on the stream-bank, he survived and is rapidly becoming as much of a nut about this type of fishing as I am. We saw a lot of really big trout on that outing but managed to catch only the little guys. Now if you folks enjoyed reading the previous fishing reports, you must see why we would really love to get a little more variety into the next Reel Thing with at least a few simple summaries of your own summer fishing adventures.

Ashok Kalle called to inquire if any of my bamboo rods were going to be included in the auction next Sunday and after a moment's thought I assured them that, yes, there would be some included in the sale.....perhaps there are others who would like to bid against Ashok.

See you on Thursday at the gym.....and Sunday at my place,

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THE REEL THING

November 2000

We would like to officially welcome our two newest members, Liz Atherton and Peter Harrison, both of whom are already hard at work learning how to become proficient fly casters. They both were also involved in their initial fly tying sessions, while Peter has begun work constructing a split-cane fly rod (The Ganny) along with the others involved in that activity, Jan, John, Monica, Maureen, Jaydee, Jim, Allan, Tom and Ray. If the number of folks making bamboo rods in the club continues to grow like this we may have to change the name of our association accordingly.

It was a real treat for all of us to have Richard Sluce presiding over our initial evening session of fly tying in the gym, when Leon Schwartz, our occasionally-attending resident teacher and expert failed to show as promised. Hopefully, Leon will be out for the next session, November 9th. Nevertheless, Richard seemed to enjoy the responsibility and did a great job in his first endeavour of this nature. The comments from those in attendance ranged from, "He's cute," to, "He exhibited wonderful patience with us," and "I was amazed that with Richard's help, I actually made my own trout fly!" And - not just any old trout fly, to boot! Because Richard had made and sold so many Despairs over the summer, I asked him if he wouldn't mind teaching and demonstrating his prowess to the others with this wonderful trout fly, which just happens to be one of the most difficult flies that we construct in the club. Thanks again, Richard, for an excellent job, superbly done.

It looks like our hope for another fall trip to Limit Lake with a group from the club is not going to come to fruition. Our resident trout fishermen all seem to have extremely busy agendas in November - or find the rigours of the hike in to the lake, along with five or six hours of fishing from a boat not particularly to their liking. However, there still are several who are considering the outing and it is to be hoped that we can muster a couple of folks to join us for another assault on the lakes big trout. We are now proposing Saturday, November 16th for this jaunt. Call as S.A.P. if you are interested.

Long-time fishin 'buddy and club member, Paul Quarrington is taking a break from his writing pursuits to play a little jazz with a few of his musical buddies at the Black Swan, a club on Danforth, just east of Broadview, on Saturday, November 11th. The last time I heard Q playing a musical instrument was while we sat around a campfire, a thousand miles north-east of here on the

Broadback River in Northern Quebec. He had won a mouth organ for having caught the best trout of the day! I wonder if the aesthetics of the Black Swan can possibly compare with the smoke and flames of our little campfire, the starkly black sky with its zillions of stars and brilliant flashes of Aurora Borealis, along with the sound of the rapids and waterfall adjacent to our camp. I know we will enjoy the evening at the Black Swan regardless, listening to Paul playing again!

Our in-house novice tournament is rapidly approaching. There will be dinner prizes for the winners, courtesy of the Mandarin Restaurant, the best Chinese and seafood buffet in Toronto. More good news for all our novice and new casters.....the best caster in the club over the past year, Jim Lloyd, has decided to move up into the "A" Class category, effectively removing him a probable third successive win in our novice club championship. Jim will be scoring and assisting our "B" Class and newer members who should all be vying for the honours amongst themselves. We hope that our EXCELLENT JUNIOR casters, Richard Sluce and Andrew Cockburn will be casting both the fly and plug targets along with the rest of our men and women. The beautiful All-Round Championship trophy is up for grabs to whoever produces the best combined score, while the two dinner prizes go to the individual winners of the plug and fly games. Circle Thursday, December 14th, our last day in the gym before the holidays, on your calendar and make this a must night for your attendance at the club.

*****Also in December we normally have a bit of a club Christmas party, an evening when it is to be hoped, all our members will come out - with their families - for a bit of good food, fun and frolic. We are asking for someone to come forward and offer to host the Christmas party, hopefully on either Saturday, Dec 16th or Sunday, the 17thof course, the club would pay for the food and drinks. But if anyone would like to contribute a plate of their own baked goods or whatever, it would certainly be appreciated as well. In order to properly plan for the party we must know how many will attend. Please call either Jim at 438.8540 or myself as S.A.P. In case my last e.mail memo didn't reach you, here is a copy for your consideration:

Hi everybody:

Here are a couple of things for you to consider.

First, I have had only one positive response to the Fall trip scheduled for Saturday, November 11th to Limit Lake and that was from Paulo Conceicao who asked if we could change it to a Sunday - so it is being re-scheduled to Sunday, November 19th. Perhaps the change of date means that others might be able to join us. If so please call me, or drop me an e.mail accordingly.

***SPECIAL NOTICE TO TOM SLUCE!!**

The "Hummer" as Tom refers to my Chevrolet Caprice, is for sale. Sheila and I have just purchased a new vehicle, a Jeep Cherokee Wagoneer and will sell the Chev to the first person who makes us a reasonable offer. As most of you know, the car will go almost anywhere the Jeep will go,

recently passed its recent emission test and has a great engine. Other than rusting on the body, it is in excellent condition and with its heavy-duty police option, would handle winter conditions far better than most of the vehicles sold today. It would make a fine additional auto for someone who has the room for a second vehicle, perhaps as a beginner car for their sons, or a very safe car for simply tooling around in, or going through the bush to fish the Ganny - or A/B Lake.

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THE REEL THING

September 2001

Don't know about you folks, but boy that seemed like an awfully short summer season of fishing and casting to me.

Rick Matusiak, Paul Kennedy, my son Ron and I just returned from a sensational fishing, canoeing and camping trip to the Broadback River in Northern Quebec. It was Paul's fourth to the Broadback, Rick's second, Ron's first and my twenty-first. The results were spectacular, over 25 Brook Trout in the 'mountie' class, i.e. specks over four pounds, or 22". Pickerel up to five pounds or so were also quite numerous and along with the trout provided splendid gourmet fare for our menu.

Rick, in between working with his camera and video equipment, starred, catching more than the rest of the crew, but Ron took top honours, releasing without fan-fare a gorgeous male brookie in the 27", 6 1/2 to 7 lb. Class. We are all eagerly awaiting the results of Rick's film making, having enjoyed his first Broadback film many times with our mouths agape.

My new book, BROOKIES, BROWNS and BOWS will be on the shelves October 6th. I've seen the advance copy and don't mind saying, it looks great!

We have good news for our members. For a little while back in the summer it appeared that the club might have to fold when the Toronto and District School Board informed us that all clubs and association utilising school facilities would have to maintain a liability insurance policy in order to receive their permits. This was in addition to the large rentals that we had to endure last year. The cheapest policy that we were able to come up with was \$750.00 annually, a little less than the \$1,000.00 average that was being offered. That was incomprehensible for our club, but after considerable negotiating and meetings we have been able to look after this for less than \$150.00.

However, the T.D.S.B. insisted that now our rental payment etc. be paid annually and right up front before we move into the gym. Therefore we have to change the date for annual dues payments from January 1st - to October 1st, to more or less coincide with the mid-September school opening dates. I know we are asking you to pay your dues a few months earlier this year, but they will still be good annually with the next dues date, twelve months later, October 1, 02.

This might not have been necessary if all the club dues owing had been paid, but unfortunately there are still a few folks who have not looked after them this year. Accordingly, I

have had to dip into my own pocket in order to get our permit for our opening night at the school next Thursday evening. For our newer members, a reminder, we meet in the double gym at the Robert Service Senior School on alternating Thursday evenings, commencing next week September, 13th, hours approximately, 6:00 to 9:00. (If possible, please bring your dues cheques with you)

Please make a real effort to attend the first evening as we have much to discuss about the season itinerary - and fishing trips, etc. Speaking of which, I am hoping to go up to Meaford to do a little rainbow fishing this weekend, either tomorrow or Sunday, if anyone would care to join me. Also, we hope to have a camping weekend in Haliburton on Thanksgiving weekend, either at Beanpole, Limit or A/B Lake. We will discuss these as well as other potential trips to the Saugeen River and the opening of the trout ice fishing season, January 1st.

The rod building sessions will begin on Tuesday, September 18th in my shop and if all agree, will alternate weekly with fly tying sessions (as suggested by Jaydee). This will all be discussed and hopefully finalised in the gym next Thursday.

Thanking you in advance for your co-operation,

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THE REEL THING

October 2001

Sorry we're a little slow getting the bulletin out this month, but I picked up a new laptop and it's taking a little time getting used to it. I would like to congratulate Sharon McIntyre on the progress she has made in such short order. Sharon is well on the way to completing a split cane spinning rod while also rapidly learning the intricacies of fly tying. Last night in the shop, worked on her spinning rod project for an hour or so, then tied a lovely Royal Coachman Streamer fly. Wouldn't it be great if more of our folks were as industrious as Sharon who, seems to find time to get out and fish several times a week as well. I hope that you don't mind my mentioning it, Sharon, but the amazing thing about this is that you have to fit in your club activities around the many hours you spend looking after your family who have been stricken with a wide variety of illnesses and disabilities.

I finally managed to drag Ashok from his office a couple of times to get out on the water with us to do a little trout fishing. However, the first trip to Meaford produced nothing for the pan except several baskets of huge meadow mushrooms, some as much as 12" across the caps. There were enough to share with some of our more ardent club mycologists. The second trip to A/B also produced a little frustration as the big brookies completely ignored our offerings, preferring to feast on the wiggling larvae of a huge hatch of giant mayflies. Regardless, we had a great day, both of us sharpened our somewhat rusty fly casting skills and once again hit paydirt in the fungi department with a couple of baskets of delicious honey mushrooms.

A week later Jim and I decided to make the long trek up the bush-road to Beanpole Lake. Whereas the temperature had been as high as 29 a couple of days earlier, it dipped close to zero with intermittent snow being driven sideways by fierce north winds all day long. However this time we were rewarded for our sado-masochistic efforts with a superb battling rainbow that engulfed my tiny E.G.B. wabler and another leaping beauty which was ultimately 'released' by Jim. Interestingly, although we were anticipating collecting more of the delightful honey mushrooms, none were to be found, but we did find – and carefully collect – an Amanita Verona mushroom, perhaps the deadliest mushroom on the planet. The 'Destroying Angel' as it is commonly known as, takes many lives around the world every year. It was carefully bagged and sealed in two plastic bags so that it could be frozen and its features studied by others in the club for their own protection on future fungus forays.

A few of us will be heading up to Southampton to test out mettle on the Saugeen's mighty salmon and rainbows this weekend, so hopefully we'll have more fishing news for the next bulletin. Speaking of which, Sharon has been hauling nice catches of jumbo perch out of Lake Simcoe recently.....it would be nice if more of our members would provide us with fishing tidbits for the Reel Thing a little more often. Perhaps some of our American friends who receive this bulletin

could also be kind enough to contribute news of their angling exploits for us all to drool over and share in.

We haven't seen much of Tom Sluce and his son, Richard, lately because of Tom's new position with Bell Telephone, so it appears that, at least for the moment, Hans Gulde is taking over the Despair Fly manufacturing department in the club. Hans has mastered the difficult job of tying the necessary knots in the pheasant fronds for this super fly.....he says he spent hours studying the illustrations and descriptions for its construction in my new book, Brookies Browns and Bows. I still have a dozen or so copies left here which I would be happy to send along to anyone who doesn't have one yet. Your cheque for \$29.95, made out to me and sent to 23 Willowhurst Crescent, Scarborough, M1R 3R7, will suffice as I will pay the postage and any the g.s.t tax. A special plea here to Leon, Jaygee and anybody else in the club who have yet to join us in the gym this year to work on their castingcome on out guys, we all miss you.

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THE REEL THING

March 2002

Winter is rapidly winding down and it has been a memorable one, but not for the usual reasons, but the exact opposite. Although it made our home heating bills a lot easier to take, it did little to instill enthusiasm in hard-water fishing for the majority of our club membership. Other than the hard-core few who rarely miss an outing, it was difficult to interest anyone, other than that segment of loyal adherents to the pastime. The perfectly correct warnings about the dangerous ice conditions in Lake Simcoe during much of January and February deterred any interest that the remainder of our crew might have had in joining us for an outing in Haliburton where the ice conditions were ideal for our purposes right from opening day, January 1st.

Although we had to work somewhat harder than usual to get a trout or two to take home for dinner the rewards were there for those of us who persevered. Heh, the rewards include far more than simply the fishing and catching! Beautiful countryside, challenging skidoo trails, wonderful shore dinners cooked over the coals from our day-long fires at lake edge, the pleasures of companionship with others who appreciate the same ideals of pursuing and conquering the challenges that often arise in a day spent in rough country with rough weather and occasionally, cantankerous machinery to test one's patience.

Having just written the previous paragraph, I realise there could be enough negatives in it to further prevent another sport from having a go at the hard-water next winter. Let me just finish this little soliloquy stating that a sense of accomplishment is always achieved in a day of ice fishing, practiced our way, that cannot easily be matched in any other form of angling. Oh well, you've got nine months to think about it while you're swatting mosquitoes and thrashing the streams and lakes this summer.

Our shop crew have been going great guns, rods being glued, flies fashioned and so on. One interesting thing happened in our cane rod-building group that I have never come across before in my 55 years of building bamboo rods. One of our chaps who shall remain anonymous began work last fall on what has developed into our most popular fly fishing wand, the two piece 'Ganny' model. By Christmas, he had the butt section, cut, fluted, fitted and ready for gluing. Opting instead, he decided to begin work on the tip section and the completed butt, wrapped with crochet cotton, was put aside on the shelf in the shop, awaiting completion of the tip section when both could be glued during the same evening.

Unfortunately, when work began in the shop once more a few weeks after Christmas, the gentleman was not able to attend as regularly as he had previously and the work on the remaining section lagged somewhat, nevertheless the butt was glued and placed aside once again. However, a week ago the second section was declared 'tout finis' and we were to glue it up last Tuesday evening.

When the newly finished and wrapped cane was placed on the gluing board for a final check, we realised something was not quite right. The first, already glued butt section was taken down off the shelf and placed alongside the *tip section*. Horror.....no that's too strong a word.....shock, immediately replaced our smiles and enthusiasm at the prospects of completing his first-ever rod building project.

The two sections were identical.....both were butt sections for his Ganny rod!

Somehow or another, with the time lapse over Christmas, he had mistakenly begun work on another butt instead of the tip. Now he has the dilemma of either building two new tip sections and owning two Ganny wands, or building just one and owning a fly rod with two butt sections. It's too bad the mistake hadn't occurred in reverse. Possessing a fly rod with a spare tip section is quite common and practical.....but *two butt sections!* *My oh my!*

Anyhow we are all commiserating with him - while he has taken off for Myrtle Beach to play a little golf and drown his sorrows in Mint Juleps! I'm certain the description of this exercise in frustration and patience will probably be repeated somewhere in the next fishing book that I write. One final note; I should add that his craftsmanship on the sticks was excellent!

We would like to take this opportunity to welcome William (Wil) Jin into our fraternity of anglers, casters, fly tyers and rod builders. Wil appears to be a quick learner and has already mastered the mechanics of producing a tight loop. His enthusiasm is contagious and appreciated by all of us.

Tomorrow will be the seventeenth consecutive appearance of our club's casters in the Canadian National Sportsman's Show and it is expected that once again we will be reaping the lion's share of the awards. Representing the Scarborough Fly & Bait Casting Association this year will be club champions, Paul Kennedy and Sheila, along with Ray Cockburn, Paul Quarrington, his daughter, Flannery and new members Sharon McIntyre, Paul Becker, Scott Owen, Brian Shannon.

For those who can't wait for the customary May 1st trout opening on all the streams, you should be made aware that virtually all the streams flowing into Georgian Bay and the Great Lakes are rapidly filling with rainbow trout in their lower reaches, most of which are already legally open.

Along with the entire casting fraternity, I lost a very dear friend in Allyn Ehrhardt who passed away a few days ago at home in Columbus, Ohio. When I got back into casting in 1974 after a sixteen year hiatus while my kids were growing up, one of the first men whom I met in the North American Championships was Allyn. The previous year, he had established a new (phenomenal at

the time) record in Salmon Fly Distance of 244 feet. When I had quit casting in 1958, distances of more than 200' in that game were seldom recorded. When I asked Al how he had been able to achieve such a remarkable distance, he simply replied, and I will never forget it,

“I had little to do with it actually. The wind just happened to blow like Hell on my back-cast, then turn completely around and blow just as hard on the front-cast.”

The remark was typical of Allyn Ehrhardt, one of the finest gentlemen in the game and one who was always willing to assist one of us when we encountered difficulties with our own games. He will be sorely missed by all of us.

Tight Loops,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

May 2002

All the trout streams are now open, the fiddleheads are popping up and the wild leeks are in prime shape. While I'm busy scribbling this bulletin there's a nice mess of trout in the smoker and fiddleheads and leeks bagged in the fridge. Sheila and I have been gorging on these prime greens for a couple of weeks already, along with a couple of feeds of grilled trout. The streams seem to be in the best shape that they have been in for several years which is good news for all our trout fishermen. The pike and pickerel lads can get into action next Saturday with season openings on several fronts.

Jay Hackney and I had a great day of fun and fishing on Beanpole Lake a couple of weeks ago but we were a week too late to get the prime ice-out action. A couple of earlier trips with Paul Becker and Jay to the Saugeen and Bighead Rivers also provided a lot of excellent casting practice, but I did manage to sneak away by myself for a few hours a couple of days ago and lucked into superb fishing on our favourite old stream, the Ganny! The score on that one: hooked 9 rainbows, landed 7, kept 4.

Tonight and next Thursday we're in the gym then on the 16th weather permitting we will be outside on the pond at Milliken Park. With our tournament just weeks away, everybody should attempt to get as much practice in as possible. Scott Owen offered to paint and refurbish our floating ring targets for the pond and we all owe him a thank you for that. We have also had a number of folks confirm that they will be in attendance for the tournament and it appears we will have an excellent turn-out. In addition to the medals and trophies, there will be merchandise awards courtesy of Roger Cannon and Normark. See the story in today's Mirror Newspaper.

The long Canada Day July 1st weekend will be a camping excursion for those who would like to camp and fish A/B Lake for a couple of days. Please let me know if you are interested in joining Sheila and me for that outing. Also, anybody interested in hitting Lake Simcoe for Lake Trout on Sunday, May 11th? They should still be in shallow water where they can be caught with spinning tackle.

Now, here's a little fish story for you. A few days ago, Paul Kennedy and another gentleman who shall remain nameless decided to fish the headwaters of the Ganny for bows and browns. In minus 7 degrees F temperatures, they parked their car where the stream crosses the road then fought their way through 3 or 4 miles of dense bush before setting up their tackle. The idea was that

by the time they were finished fishing they would re-appear where the car was parked, saving the long struggle through the bush when tired after fishing for 4 or 5 hours.

The plan was okay, but shortly after they began fishing and had lost three big rainbows, Paul's buddy, attempting to negotiate a rather high and undercut stream-bank alongside a deep and cold (38 degree F) pool made the stupid and careless mistake of grabbing a branch for support as he worked his way backwards along the edge, about 4' above the water. The branch turned out to be dead!

It broke and he crashed in to the river, backwards, sank to the bottom and emerged frozen, completely soaked and sputtering profanities, never heard before. Paul dragged his sorry and waterlogged carcass along with his water filled boots up on the bank at the bottom of the pool and lifted his legs to drain the boots which of course promptly filled up again from the draining clothes. Fortunately, the pool was one of the deepest in the river, for if it had been shallow the fall could have broken his neck, back, shoulder and whatever.

However, with no bones broken, just a few muscle strains and a bit hypothermic, they made tracks for the car with the exhausted and near-frozen fellow painfully dragging his soggy, ice coated and sore body back through the densely tangled bush to the car.

Paul drove the poor chap home with only a brief coffee stop and after a hot shower and three cycles in the hot-tub, *I felt fine!*

Gord

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THE REEL THING

September 2004

Hi everybody:

Just a few months ago I wondered if I would ever be able to cast competitively again and just as important, even fish, especially on the Broadback River in Northern Quebec. Well, as you probably read in the last bulletin, Sheila and I did cast in the National Championships in Kentucky last month and my buddies, Paul Kentucky and Rick Matusiak and I just returned from another wonderful trip to the Broadback.....and yes we caught enough brookies and pickerel to eat, but we still haven't caught **Mister Big**.....maybe next year.

We know it's there and have visual proof in Rick's fabulous underwater movies, which if you haven't seen yet, give me a call and we'll arrange it for you. Rick also shot another couple hours of film on the Broadback which he will be editing and assembling before too long and hopefully we can all get together for an evening for a look-see.

Ray Cockburn and I had a nice outing on the Red River stretch of the Ganny a few weeks ago and had a few thrills with really big resident browns, but, alas, couldn't keep even one of them on the line. Only a couple of weeks left there before the Chinooks move upstream. Then the brownies go into seclusion until the salmon go back to the lake. Please give me a report if you get out to give it a go so I can spread the word to our other fishermen and gals.

A few days before we took off for the Broadback, I had the pleasure of wetting a line once again alongside Pat Walsh, the editor of Outdoor Canada. We worked over the waters of Limit Lake - thoroughly, with both feathers and tin, but the trout had lockjaw as the barometer was dropping out of sight, but as he had displayed on the Ganny on an earlier outing, this fellow showed he has both the aplomb and patience of a veteran skilled angler and is eager to try either Limit or Beanpole again later in this fall

When the steelies begin running the rivers in a few weeks I will be setting up my smoker and brine and you are all welcome to bring one or two of your fish over and I will do them along with my own.....preferably, trout between five and eight pounds, please. They fit in the coolers and smoker best at that size, as well as being more succulent to eat.

We do not know for sure yet, but more than likely next year's National North American Casting Championships (first week in August) will be staged right next to the giant Cabela's store in Michigan, about a half-hour drive from Toledo. This is our club members' chance to see some of the best casters in the world in action and test their own mettle against them. We definitely have enough good casters to put up a fine show and even field a team that could open a few eyes in some of the other clubs.

We have enough bamboo to get the rod building underway and if anyone would like to build an arsenal of rods like Jim Lloyd has in the last four or five years, please let us know soon so we can plan accordingly. The bamboo to build a couple of rods costs between \$35.00 and \$40.00; pretty cheap when you consider the finished product could be worth well over a **thousand bucks!**

If there are at least a half a dozen folks in the club who would like to participate in a weekend fall fishing trip we will make the arrangements and book a cottage or two. I would suggest, either the Haliburton, Georgian Bay or Saugeen areas, but if you are interested I will have to know fairly soon to be able to make reservations.

Just a couple of reminders; if you haven't looked previously, perhaps you might like to look at some of the early editions of the **Reel Thing**. My son, Ron, has affixed a link to our web-page pathcom.com/~coachman where you can go back to the very early years of our club. Reviewing the club's history makes for an interesting read. Also, for the folks in our club, annual dues are payable now (September).

See you soon,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

October 2002

Lots to talk about in this edition of the Reel Thing. Rick Matusiak, Paul Kennedy, Jay Hackney and I had a fabulous trip to the Broadback River to start things off. This was my 24th trip to this superb River and one of the best ever. We caught between 35 and 40 speckled trout with ten of them topping the 21" mark. We refer to those as mounties.....they weigh in upwards of 4 1/2 lbs. The largest, this year was a 27" brookie that Paul caught which would have tipped the scales at close to eight pounds if it had been kept. I was lucky enough to have also caught a 27" brookie, also released and weighing in a little less than Paul's brute. Paul was actually the star of the trip catching four or five mounties while Jay, on his first trip into those storied waters with us was right behind him with several beauties of his own, including a 22 inch male brought back for his wall and the biggest taken on a fly on this trip, another 21 inch mountie. We feasted on specks and pickerel on almost every evening of the eight day trip.

While we were in Quebec Paul Becker and his missus were on a two week camping and canoe trip in the British Columbia interior. Both enjoyed the trip although they report that it rained almost every day. Paul was able to put his new fly casting skills to work with interesting results, but no big fish. I should have a full report on his trip for the next bulletin.

Ray Cockburn and his son Andrew had a couple of fine outings to the Ganny with Ray taking browns up to 16" on one occasion and giving way to his son on another when Andrew took a 12", 14" and 16" brown while the old man was skunked. Ray also had a couple of go's at the Ganny fishing with Paul Becker and both caught their fair share of trout, but on the last weekend of the season, this morning, Ray caught a 15" and an 18" brown to wind up their Ganny efforts.

While they were working over one stretch of that wondrous water, Jim Lloyd and I were hammering another stretch a few miles away. Jim caught 12 and 14 inch browns and an assortment of small 'bows and I took one for the pan that stretched the tape to just over nineteen inches. Jim hooked and after a great battle, landed a fresh-run 29 inch, ten pound chinook salmon, his best ever. Paul Kennedy, not to be outdone by Jim's big salmon hooked over a half a dozen at the mouth of the Beaver River yesterday, finally taming a 30 inch twelve pounder.

Here are a couple of other fishing reports for your perusal. It's great to get these reports in so that we all can share and enjoy the fun and excitement of your trips and catches.

This from Jay Hackney:

Heh Gord:

I fished the Red River section this morning, but accessed from the Loyalist Road and fished downstream quite a long way i.e. from 6 am to noon. I got many tiddlers and one nice 15" brown. I did not see any 'bows. I did get another very nice 15-18" fish to hit my EGB, but I couldn't hook him and had to watch him retreat under a large fallen tree with numerous branches protruding from it. He sat there sulking as I dropped the EGB and then a Vibrax close in under the cover trying to tempt him out. He wouldn't budge. I had two other rather nice fish go for the bait, but they never bit, and retreated to deep cover thereafter. These fish certainly keep themselves very well hidden. I find it remarkable how deep and difficult is the cover they hide in. They certainly make it interesting.
Regards,

Jay

From Paul Becker:

Hi Gord,

I read your Ganny excerpt today while rebooting my PC; g.d. Windows operating system. I particularly enjoyed the section near the end in respect to "Why not just go Bass or Pickerel fishing?" as it described yesterday's outing with my brother-in-law Marshall who lives in Belleville. Karen (my wife) and her brother (Marshall) share the same birthday. Marshall and his wife Mary had invited us to Belleville for a celebratory dinner on Saturday and had suggested that we stay over so that Marshall could take me fishing. Marshall is a keen outdoors person and an avid angler, and with the Bay of Quinte on his doorstep, has the 150 HP bass boat with the electric trolling motor, etc. You really do have to sit on your hat, or lose it.

To give you the background for our fishing on Sunday, this weekend was the final event of the season for a bass fishing derby that our nephew was competing in. Graeme and his partner had done pretty well this year and were lying 1st for the weekend after Saturday's fishing and had caught the biggest fish as well. Graeme was pretty excited on Saturday night. So there we were Sunday morning, up at 5 AM to put lunch together, hook the boat trailer up and down to the Bay. We went down to the Belleville launch ramp to watch the competitors race off. It was foggy and calm so we launched the boat and went down the shoreline casting into the weedbeds, etc. I started with a bass bug on my Ganny fly rod but soon got fed up with the weeds fouling my supposedly weed free lure. I switched to my lightweight spinning rod and a #2 Vibrax; worse still. Then Marshall set me up with a "Bass Buster" jig rig: a device with a small spinner above a jig with an inverted hook and baited it with a plastic grub with a fluttery tail.

Fewer weeds but I still had to haul the jig out of the weed beds as I got used to throwing the mass of metal and plastic. Lots of weeds; after one cast, a middling sized pike suddenly appeared to following my lure in but then I realized that it had my lure in its jaws. It had attacked the jig as I retrieved through the weeds. As inexperienced as I am, I failed to boat the thing but it was still that life force on the other end of the line, as Q put it. Marshall caught and released a couple of bass. While we were doing this, the fog lifted, the bass boats raced off at high speed to get to favoured sites before the competition. And we motored ("sit on your hat") over to Cow Island where we crept around the shoreline casting jigs near the edges of the weed beds. Did I mention that the Bay of Quinte has weeds?

I was getting better at throwing the jig and not catching the weeds as frequently. I had learned from Marshall how to hold the rod tip high and then drop it so the lure would fall down the edge of the weed bed. At the end of the island, I cast the jig and I just caught the edge of the weed bed. I started to work the lure back to the boat. It was really snagged this time but I realized that

my line was moving down as well as towards the boat.

“Marshall: I’ve got something.” Holy cow! It was as if it was caught on a log except that this log was moving to deeper water. “Take it easy. Keep the tension on the line”, Marshall coached me as I brought a large pickerel to the boat and he netted it a few minutes later.

“We will have a few good meals of this”, I said. “Afraid not”, he said after he measured and weighed the fish in at 22 inches and 4 pounds. “There is a slot limit of 19 to 25 inches in the Bay”. Nuts! Big fish of the day and I couldn’t even keep it. But I do have a photograph of it. Marshall did catch a slightly larger slot limit pickerel later in the day as well as a few bass and another small pickerel. So, my apologies for the lack of a pickerel dinner for you and Sheila. Marshall says we will go again. I did have a good time but I have to say that a peaceful day on the water without scads of people and powerboats is more enjoyable.

Bye now,

Paul

Thanks for the stories, guys, now I have another one to put a wrap on this fishin’ stuff. Jim Lloyd and I tackled the toughest stretch of the Ganny a week ago, the Hepburn Stretch. Over the last couple of years, I’ve had two nasty incidents there, one when fishing with Roger Cannon, where I badly stretched a hamstring that took months to heal when I tripped over an unseen log beneath six feet tall, grass, ostrich ferns, goldenrod and vines and another while working the river with Paul Kennedy last April when a branch gave way that I was hanging on to while backing along the stream-bank about four feet above the water.

The branch broke and I plunged backwards into the water, fortunately although it was icy cold and the air temperature below zero, the water was deep, otherwise I could have broken my neck, back shoulder or something. Instead I damn near froze before I got back the 3 or 4 miles to our car and nursed a sore shoulder the rest of the summer. Obviously fishing this stretch of the Ganny is quite a challenge for all of us, nevertheless Jim and I decided to test ourselves on it last week.

I’m pleased to report here that I was able to survive this last encounter with the Hepburn stretch. But for Jim, it was a different matter. It was his turn to do a number on the river.....and did he ever!

Not far from where I performed my back-flip into the icy spring flow in April, Jim was attempting to negotiate a similar high bank around an awkward placed tree stump. He, too, while leaning over the river, used another large log for his support and balance. Fortunately for him his feet were firmly planted which is seldom the case in these situations, because the log broke the instant he leaned on it and he was faced with an instantaneous decision. Either fall straight down into the river while protecting his face with one hand and his nether region with the other and pray that there were no beaver sharpened stakes waiting beneath to impale him, or attempt to leap across over the nasties below to the other side of the stream where the water was shallow and the landing if he was successful would be comparatively gentle – on a muddy bank.

While I stood a few feet away from him, surrounded by six feet of grassy cover, I was able to witness a feat of athletic endeavour that I doubt has ever before been achieved. Without pausing, when the log broke Jim didn't simply jump, he launched himself across the water and landed on all fours on the opposite streambank with nothing bruised but his ego. He even held on to his rod throughout the episode. I swear that as he passed over the middle of the stream, his flight was in a higher plane than when he pushed off. He looked like he had been shot out of one of those circus cannons. With that kind of athletic and acrobatic ability, I suggested afterwards that he hire himself out to the Cirque de Soleil.

Anyhow, the rod building and fly tying fraternity are going great guns and there should be a half dozen or so new bamboo wands being waved around in the club by next spring. Jim and Hans are leading the way with instruction in the fur & feather department while Leon Schwartz assures me that he will be back shortly performing the same functions in our shop.

Jim Davidson (Jaydee) had his left knee completely re-built a week ago and is recuperating for the next month and a half at which time they'll be re-working his left knee. Sure put a damper on his fishing and golfing, but Jaydee promises that he'll be a new man and in a go position for the opening of the ice fishing trout season on January 1st. However, Jim Lloyd says if Jaydee is not in a position to operate his own skidoo, we'll tow the big guy into the lake strapped on a toboggan.

Other miseries: Scott Owen, scheduled to take his wife, Sheena and daughter Sarah, to visit relatives in Scotland on October 23rd was working hard to complete his own bamboo fly rod to take with him to impress the folks over 'ome, but that one is shelved. They will still be going, but no fly rod and barely mobile. Big Scott tore apart his achilles tendon playing soccer last week (*should have stuck to fishing the Hepburn stretch of the Ganny, Scott*). He will be many months on the mend with that one. Scott was kicking around going to San Francisco next year to compete in the National Championships, but that also seems rather far out for him now. Jay Hackney, perhaps our fastest rising, skill-wise that is, caster is also contemplating trying his hand at the Golden Gate club in California.

Rick Matusiak and I got hit with nasty bouts of Giardiasis, A.K.A. Beaver Fever, from drinking the water on the Broadback. Rick, probably because his immune system was down from all his recent operations got by far the worst of it and even had to be hospitalised and on intravenous for awhile, whereas I had to suffer through a few days of extreme abdominal cramps. Paul and Jay, the other two fellows on the trip apparently were lucky enough to have avoided it.

I think that is enough for this edition of our club bulletin.....easily the longest I've ever had the pleasure of assembling in our eighteen year history.

Gord

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THE REEL THING

November 2002

October and the first weekend of this month produced some fine fishing moments for the anglers amongst our club crew. As usual, Rick Matusiak lead the way with spectacular results fishing right out in the bay off the mouth of the Beaver River at Thornbury. Because the dam in the Beaver is being replaced with a new fish ladder the river level and flow has been affected to the point where the salmon (earlier) and the trout now, are staging in the lake itself.

The best fishing has been for those who are willing to risk life and limb by wading out to the tops of their chest waders, jumping when necessary as waves roll in towards them, and fishing the drop-offs out from the sand bars formed by the river currents. Jay Hackney and Paul Kennedy also had success on the bows and salmon there, while Sharon, Leon and I put in an appearance and practiced our casting strokes. Scott Owen and I worked the waters off the Bighead River for a couple of hours and Scott caught his biggest fish ever, a lovely 28" jack Chinook salmon. Scott, after tearing up his Achilles tendon in a fun soccer match, is on vacation with Sheena and his daughter Sharon visiting relatives in Scotland. Hans Gulde is also out of the country for a few days in Switzerland assisting his family there with funeral arrangements.

We would like to welcome a new member, Chris Whyte, about to join our club, although for one reason or another he has yet to actually appear in our midst. Hopefully, Chris will soon be actively pursuing one or more of the disciplines that the rest of us enjoy participating in from week to week, fly tying, rod building, casting and fishing, etc.

It has been a short but rewarding mushroom season for our mycologically interested members with many feeds of these tasty treats being coughed up by Mother Nature for us to take advantage of. We have Meadow mushrooms in abundance, along with delicious Coprinus Atrementarias (C.A.'s), Shaggies and others.....topped off last week by a find by Leon Schwarz and I of giant Meadows with caps as much as twenty-four centimetres in diameter.

Leon, Hans and Jim Lloyd have been hard at work passing on their fly tying skills to some of our newer members and the fruits of their labours are spectacular! Great work, guys! The bamboo boys have also been hard at work with several new wands nearing completion. Jay – a Ganny fly rod, Ray and Paul Becker – ultra-light spinning rods, Scott – a Broadback fly rod, myself – another tournament distance fly rod and so on. I believe Mike Johnson, Robert Beaudoin and one or two others are also starting work on new sticks of their own.

We haven't had the pleasure of Paul Quarrington's company in the gym for awhile, but he assures us that he will be in attendance for our annual Christmas kick-off party and competition on Thursday, November 14th. Paul will probably be bringing his youngest daughter along to test her hand on the fly casting targets. Speaking of the Christmas 'do', we have been given two lovely prizes of *dinners for two* at a couple of Scarborough's finest restaurants, The Mandarin and Frankie Tomatos. These prizes, along with several others, will be won on a lottery system.....everybody who throws at least one of the casting games throws their name in a hat and the winners are drawn at the end of the party. Of course, the club trophy will once again also be up for grabs to the best of our *novice and 'B' casters*.

We had an excellent fall club trout fishing trip to Haliburton, yesterday with ten lovely trout attacking our lures and flies and seven of them actually landed, including a wonderful 4 ½ pound rainbow falling to Ray Cockburn's rapidly improving angling skills. Ray also had an excellent summer on the Ganny this year. Paul Becker caught his best trout ever, a fine nineteen inch splake and Jim Lloyd and I also took home a nice feed of splake and bows. We had to break a little shore ice from the edge of the lake to launch our boats, but that, the snowy day and cold weather didn't seem to dampen anybody's spirits and if the weather permits we may be launching the Jeep into the bush up there for a repeat performance next week as well.

There are still several folks who haven't got their club dues in as of yet, but I would like to specially thank all those who made the effort to get their dues in early this year to assist us with the club's expenses, permits and so on.

I hope that everybody has marked a big circle on their calendars around Thursday, November 14th, our annual party night at the school. We will be getting underway at 6:15 that evening as we expect there will be a fine turnout. There will be snacks and drinks supplied, but if others would like to bring along any other treats, I'm sure they would be well received by all of us. This would also be a fine evening to bring a friend or relative along with you to meet the rest of us and see what we are all about.

One of our newest members, Robert Beaudoin, is re-working our club web-page and so far it looks fabulous. However, moving into new quarters has slowed him down a little and it's not quite finished. As soon as it's completed, you'll all be notified, accordingly. Jaydee (Jim Davidson) is re-cuperating from his knee replacement surgery and hopefully will be able to make it to the party, but assures us that he will definitely be mobile for the up and coming ice fishing season. I would like to invite Wil Wegman, one of the most popular men in our Ministry of Natural Resources department to come out as a guest and give us a little talk on alternative species to fish for other than the trout which we all so ardently pursue most of the time. Wil is a renown expert an Lake Simcoe, small and large-mouth bass, crappies, lake trout, whitefish, pickerel and perch fishing and I am certain could give us some exciting tips and information on fishing for these in Lake Simcoe and elsewhere.....he might even include pike in his discussions.

However, although the Reel Thing is being sent to Mr. Wegman, I won't officially invite him until I receive at least a dozen confirmations of attendance from our folks to assure that his participation is a worthwhile one for him as well. Please get back to me as S.A.P. accordingly.

Tight lines and loops to all,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

September 2004

Hi everybody:

Just a few months ago I wondered if I would ever be able to cast competitively again and just as important, even fish, especially on the Broadback River in Northern Quebec. Well, as you probably read in the last bulletin, Sheila and I did cast in the National Championships in Kentucky last month and my buddies, Paul Kentucky and Rick Matusiak and I just returned from another wonderful trip to the Broadback.....and yes we caught enough brookies and pickerel to eat, but we still haven't caught **Mister Big**.....maybe next year.

We know it's there and have visual proof in Rick's fabulous underwater movies, which if you haven't seen yet, give me a call and we'll arrange it for you. Rick also shot another couple hours of film on the Broadback which he will be editing and assembling before too long and hopefully we can all get together for an evening for a look-see.

Ray Cockburn and I had a nice outing on the Red River stretch of the Ganny a few weeks ago and had a few thrills with really big resident browns, but, alas, couldn't keep even one of them on the line. Only a couple of weeks left there before the Chinooks move upstream. Then the brownies go into seclusion until the salmon go back to the lake. Please give me a report if you get out to give it a go so I can spread the word to our other fishermen and gals.

A few days before we took off for the Broadback, I had the pleasure of wetting a line once again alongside Pat Walsh, the editor of Outdoor Canada. We worked over the waters of Limit Lake - thoroughly, with both feathers and tin, but the trout had lockjaw as the barometer was dropping out of sight, but as he had displayed on the Ganny on an earlier outing, this fellow showed he has both the aplomb and patience of a veteran skilled angler and is eager to try either Limit or Beanpole again later in this fall

When the steelies begin running the rivers in a few weeks I will be setting up my smoker and brine and you are all welcome to bring one or two of your fish over and I will do them along with my own.....preferably, trout between five and eight pounds, please. They fit in the coolers and smoker best at that size, as well as being more succulent to eat.

We do not know for sure yet, but more than likely next year's National North American Casting Championships (first week in August) will be staged right next to the giant Cabela's store in Michigan, about a half-hour drive from Toledo. This is our club members' chance to see some of the best casters in the world in action and test their own mettle against them. We definitely have enough good casters to put up a fine show and even field a team that could open a few eyes in some of the other clubs.

We have enough bamboo to get the rod building underway and if anyone would like to build an arsenal of rods like Jim Lloyd has in the last four or five years, please let us know soon so we can plan accordingly. The bamboo to build a couple of rods costs between \$35.00 and \$40.00; pretty cheap when you consider the finished product could be worth well over a **thousand bucks!**

If there are at least a half a dozen folks in the club who would like to participate in a weekend fall fishing trip we will make the arrangements and book a cottage or two. I would suggest, either the Haliburton, Georgian Bay or Saugeen areas, but if you are interested I will have to know fairly soon to be able to make reservations.

Just a couple of reminders; if you haven't looked previously, perhaps you might like to look at some of the early editions of the **Reel Thing**. My son, Ron, has affixed a link to our web-page pathcom.com/~coachman where you can go back to the very early years of our club. Reviewing the club's history makes for an interesting read. Also, for the folks in our club, annual dues are payable now (September).

See you soon,

Gord

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THE REEL THING, June 1, 2007-05-30

Hi y'all.....Boy that was a heck of a long, but beautiful, spring up in these parts and did our gals and guys ever reap the rewards from the great fishing as a result of the steady weather and cold water. There were great reports from Rui Medeiros and Ivan Renton. Here are their results for your enjoyment.

La Reserve Beauchene

May ' 07

Some friends and I wanted a fishing trip this season and I was asked to investigate some suitable locations. With-in 5 hours drive, good fishing, American plan lodge, good boats and services. Pete Bowman, Fish'n Canada crewmember, was asked to consult. You have probably watched their fishing programs. They know lots of good spots.

Pete recommended 4 locations as being good fishing locations. One was Beauchene. At the same time a friend loaned me a copy of Outdoor Canada. There was an interesting article on the Despair Fly by Gord Deval. On the very next page was an article on La Reserve Beauchene. The author was raving about the fishing and listing the reasons for the good fishing. The management control the fishing and maintain the stock with trout from the reserve. Yes, brook trout. Large brook trout in large numbers. Bass are fully protected by enforcing catch and release.

Then I noticed other magazine articles on the reserve, how and where the reserve was formed, the management, the operation and finally website. My friends wanted walleye fishing and opted for another location. So I booked for 5 days in May. Reports from a reliable guide indicated black flies are absent until the 24 May. Well they beat me there by 3 days.

However the fishing was good and I caught 2 pound trout on woolly buggers, black and olive colours. They fought like tigers and earned their release. 5 weight 9-foot rod, floating fly line. More and bigger trout were available in 10 to 15 feet but I was getting what I wanted. Several cold days kept the mouche (black flies) away. Two separate fishing writers were there gathering information. This is an all wheels up location.

Ivan

Rui also sent along a written report of his fabulous opening day of trout fishing, but I somehow or another manages to lose or delete it, however I think I can remember basically what he said. He began his day, fishing for steelheads on Bronte's Sixteen Mile Creek and caught more than twenty prime steelies, but soon got bored and headed for the upper reaches of the Credit River where he took a few small specks

and a gorgeous four pound brown.

Rick and Alex Matusiak, his son, headed for their annual opening-day secret spot up in the Blue Mountains and caught their usual number of fine 12" to 14" brookies, but before leaving for home, Alex left his dad on the bank to explore waters further up-stream. As his old man dozed awaiting his return, Alex was cautiously playing the trout of his life, a twenty-inch beautiful male speckled trout, decorated in glorious colours. You can see this fish in a picture on the club's website. Rick almost fell head-first into the icy creek when his son with a grin a yard long showed up, gently towing the leviathan down-stream to show it off to his dad and get it photographed for posterity before being released.

Paul Kennedy and I, on our tenth consecutive opening day outing together, also had a great day, hooking fifteen or so giant steelies up to fourteen pounds in the upper Ganaraska River and managing to land about half of them with the others using the logs and cover to escape under and break off. Paul stated matter of factly that it was the greatest day of fishing (I think he meant catching) that he had ever experienced.

Ray Cockburn and I followed that up a few days later on a different stretch of the Ganny and both took nice fish, I, a fifteen-inch brown and he, another lovely steelie pushing ten pounds. The Ganny continued to produce great trout when Paul and I, joined this time by Outdoor Canada editor, Pat Walsh, hit it again and caught a few browns and Pat, another big fresh-run silver steelie. George Monroe, hearing all these early reports of the fabulous May fishing up here drove up from Rochester, N.Y. and once again the Ganny provided us with a splendid day of fishin'.

In the middle of the month we had a fine fishing and camping trip to Jurgen Brech's formerly secret lake when he broke down and invited the club to partake in the pleasures of the location on the far north-easterly edges of Algonquin Park. Nine of us took him up on the offer and no one regretted it at all, despite the numbing cold temperatures of the weekend. Almost an inch of ice formed on all water surfaces in camp at night when the temperature dipped well below freezing.

It made for interesting casting until the sun rose and warmed things slightly with fly lines and monofilament being hung up on the ice in the rod guides. There were a dozen or so nice brook trout caught with Tas and Paul catching the biggest, seventeen-inchers and Jurgen close behind, but Rui starred on this one catching a half a dozen nice specs. All in all, the trip has to rank as one of the best club trips we've had in the recent past. To round up the month, Sheila, Paul Kennedy, Jim Lloyd and I finally got around to having a go at our wonderful Limit Lake in Haliburton last Sunday.

Unfortunately, it poured all day long, thoroughly soaking our clothes, despite all wearing raingear, but not dampening our spirits. There were a number of little guys raised, but for the first time in quite awhile, the Old Guy, won the fishing bet for the biggest taking five bucks from everybody for a wonderful 22" rainbow. Half of this has already been devoured after grilling it on the b.b.q. Jim figured that in fish bets with me over the past couple of years he is still in the good more than a hundred bucks.

Sheila and I took our 24' house trailer down to Lexington Kentucky a couple of weeks ago for the

Bluegrass Championships and as always in those parts had a wonderful trip staying in the campgrounds adjacent to the Kentucky Horse Park, the largest in the world. Sheila did better than her old man though, taking a couple of firsts in 3/8th and 5/8th bait accuracy while the best I could do was tie Zack Willson for 3rd in salmon fly distance. It was good to see Bill Burke and Dave Roberts do as well as they did, monopolizing the distance plug games, as they worked awfully hard to put on another fine tournament.

Our club's biggest event of the year, coming up next weekend is our 25th consecutive Scarborough Open Casting Championships at Milliken Park. We are expecting a record turnout for this one including folks from below the border, as far away as Chicago. I trust they'll appreciate our beautiful Milliken Park as much as we do and I hope that we will be able to put on a show comparable to that which we experienced last week in Kentucky. In our tournament it is expected that Harvey Beck, Toronto, a perennial winner in our tourney and John (Zero) Seroczynski, Chicago, will again fight it out for the All Round Championship here in Scarborough.

One of the most cherished trophies up for grabs will again be the Best Sport award, last year won by Maria Voltsinis for her tireless work on the club's tourney in '06. We are hoping that Maria, Paul K and George will be accompanying Sheila and me to one or both of the next two tournaments here in the east, the Ohio State and the Michigan State, both being held in Dundee, Michigan at the lovely Cabelas Lake set-up. This will be a fine workout for the National coming up afterwards in Cincinnati.

Cheers for now, folks and, oh yes, I should tell you because most of you already know about my condition, I begin treatments for my cancer on June 14th.

Regards,

Gord

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The Reel Thing – March 2007

A special thank-you to all you well-wishers out there who encouraged me to stick with the exercise therapy prescribed for me after my total hip replacement operation and not rush into anything stupid. I did that and am now pronounced fit as a fiddle and stronger than I've been in quite awhile because of all the strengthening exercises and ready to renew all my outdoor activities.

Next weekend will be our initial ice fishing excursion of the season, obviously quite a bit later than our normal hard-water getaways. Maria Voltsinis, Tas Candaras and hopefully someone else from the club will round out the excursion to our favourite trout lake in Haliburton, aptly named by Jim Lloyd as Limit Lake. As far as I know, none of our folks have been up north as of yet this winter, apparently waiting for the 'Old Guy' to recover and lead the way.

Meanwhile, our gym and shop activities were looked after efficiently in my absence by Jim, Jurgen and Ray and the club never missed a step. Bo Tanaka, being so pleased with the bamboo fly rod he built last year has his next project, our Trout bamboo spinning rod well underway, why Jurgen has been teaching and tying his special nymphs and an assortment of other flies in the shop.

Our ice-out spring fishing trip will be to a 'secret' speckled trout lake, where jurgen swears the brookies run as big as seven pounds. This one will be a camping trip on the weekend of May 26th a week after the year's first casting competition, the Bluegrass Open in Lexington, Kentucky and a week before our own tournament, the Scarborough Open in Milliken Park.

We are hoping to take a couple of other casters from the club along with us to Kentucky for this one. It will be good practice for us all before our tourney and they have a great bunch of folks down there in that neck of the woods who always assist us any way they can. For example last May when I could cast the distance games, but barely make the long walk to retrieve my plugs, Bill, David or one of their other folks would make the walk and reel it in for me. Fortunately, now they won't have to do that this year for the 'Old Guy'.

I have been lucky enough to have come into possession of a couple of Luxor spinning reels in excellent condition and am putting them up for auction with the bidding to end on March 8th, our next casting night at the gym. So far I have two bids - Maria Voltsinis and Paul Kennedy of \$35.00 equalling the starting bid. Surprisingly, I still have several copies of the special Collector Editions of my MEMORIES OF MAGICAL WATERS left in case someone out there hasn't picked one up yet.

If you didn't get a chance to read Maria's account of our scary and exciting Ganny trip last September, my son, Ron has re-installed it on the home page of

our web-site www.pathcom.com/~coachman along with pictures. Just click the link on the home page to bring it up. Thanks Ron.

While fumbling around on my computer looking for something or another I came across this old Reel Thing bulletin and with the tournament season just around the corner thought I would copy and insert it in here as a little incentive for some of us in the Scarborough Fly and Bait Casting Association.

The Reel Thing
July 2001

*Not a lot to say in this bulletin except we're proud of the results achieved by our casters in the Canadian Championships a couple of weeks ago! **Paul Kennedy**, in probably his last tournament as a "B" Class caster, continued right where he left off after the Scarborough Championships. Paul won just about everything that he could in this one: five gold and one silver medal in the accuracy events. Obviously he also collected the All-Round Fly Accuracy, All-Round Plug Accuracy and the overall Canadian "B" Class Accuracy title as a result. He needed assistance to carry all his medals and trophies to his car afterwards.*

*Paul was not alone in the medal department. **Ray Cockburn**, in his first Canadian Championships, won a silver and a bronze in "B" Class Plug Accuracy, while **Sheila** also collected a silver and a bronze in the "B" Class Plug Accuracy (casting against the men). Our new "A" Class caster, **Jim Lloyd** in his first Canadian "A" Class entry, beat some of the much more experienced casters to win a couple of bronze medals in the accuracy flies. For an old fellow, I had a rather good tournament as well, medalling in eight of the twelve disciplines in the all-round and winning the All-Round Plug Distance Championship. All in all, that makes 20 medals out of the total 54 presented, to go with 4 all-round trophies collected by the Scarborough Fly and Bait Association in Pete Edwards' version of the Canadian Casting Championships. Way to go gang!*

Tight Lines everybody,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

March 2003

Well it's been a long tough and very cold winter, but Spring's definitely on its way. The sap began to run in my Maples the other day and yesterday I hung thirty-two buckets up to collect it. Sheila and I consume a lot of maple syrup and of course the guys who go to the Broadback River with me each year insist on pancakes and crepes with our syrup and Maple spread on their toast with bacon and eggs. Never mind the ten thousand calories!

Skidooing and fishing's still pretty good this winter with more snow and more ice to work with than we've had in years. It all augurs well for a bang-up spring and summer season as well as the water levels in the streams and lakes should be back where they were a couple of years ago. Perhaps the highlight of the hard-water season to date was the lovely twenty inch trout that Sharon caught, jigging, while the rest of us sat around moaning that our minnows were all being ignored.

On one other day, Jim skunked me with four great trout of his own while I basically relaxed by the fire on shore.

We had a super evening in the gym a couple of weeks with a fly accuracy competition limited to bamboo rods that we've all made ourselves, none of which could exceed 7 1/2 feet in length. These are little, but fast and powerful sticks that we build for stream fishing in tight quarters, yet they are good enough to still produce fine accuracy results. As expected, Jim Lloyd fired a great 96, just eking out the win over Paul Kennedy's 95. Paul's score was remarkable when considering the fact that his work has prevented his coming out to the gym for practice more than a couple of times.

It was a treat to see twelve different folks working with the cane sticks in this one. It's obviously one of the big advantages in being a member of the S.F. & B.C.A. Jay Hackney, Paul Becker, Bob Tanaka, Rob Beaudoin, Scott Owen have all either finished their rods or are close to completing them. Jay and Paul have built several beautiful wands already this winter.

Our fly tyers have also been busy learning how to create their feathered handiwork under the expert supervision of our master tyers, Leon Schwartz, Hans Gulde and of course, Jim Lloyd. Sharon MacIntyre's results have improved dramatically in this department along with her skills on the targets in the gym. Her hard work is paying dividends in her techniques with fly and spinning rods.

Sheila should have a bang-up year if her gym results are any indication of where she is headed. Nobody works harder at improving their stroke than she. We held a twenty-point knockout game in the gym last week and although we handicapped Jim Lloyd with a score of fifteen to begin with he still finished first, knocking out Sheila, then Ray Cockburn after an interesting fight. Next time we'll start him out with eighteen instead of just fifteen.

One of the club's greatest supporters, Jim (Jaydee) Davidson has had his two knee replacements and finally been given permission to get around a little, but still is restricted to being on his feet for no more than ten minutes at a time.....pretty tough for a guy who loves his fishing and his golf, but as always, Jim retains his sense of humour and determination to become mobile once again before too long.

The club owes new member Robert Beaudoin a big thank-you for the splendid job of re-creating and revising our rather redundant web site. If for some reason or another you haven't had a look at his work, give it a look-see.....it's even got pictures of Paul Becker and Robert with bass and pickerel on it to break the monotony of all the huge trout picture there.....just kidding, guys.

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Perhaps the finest distance and accuracy fly caster that I have had the pleasure of watching over the past fifteen years, Rene Gillibert of the Oakland Fly and Bait Casters club has accepted an invitation to conduct clinics for myself and the rest of our fly casters who would like to see fly casting poetry in motion along with as much personal instruction as we can squeeze in during the couple of days of his visit with us. Rene will be here for the weekend of April 19th.

Not too many weeks left to hone your techniques in the gym before we pack things up there to await the ice leaving the pond at Milliken so we can get to work on the floating targets. If you haven't done so yet, please mark the dates of our annual *Scarborough Open Championships, June 7th and 8th* on your calendars. This is the highlight event of the year for our club, so it's to be hoped that all our members along with the other clubs' casters all support this one.

We would like to have a half a dozen or so new members before we complete our winter indoor casting season, so here's a little incentive for our existing members. Bring out a guest for an evening in the gym and you will be rewarded with a superlative fillet of Gravaadlaxed trout as a thank-you from me. Should they subsequently join the club, I'll give you your choice of one of my special Crocodile lures or a couple of special Despair trout flies.

That's all for now,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

May 2003

Well that was some kind of a winter we finally seem to have concluded up here, although many of the lake are apparently still covered in ice. My maple trees decided they had held on to their sap long enough and eventually surrendered about 200 gallons of sap, enough to make almost four gallons of lovely maple syrup. A few of us managed to escape from household chores long enough to get out for the trout opening the other day and I asked the folks to give me a few lines describing their results for inclusion in the Reel thing.

I don't have time to edit them or anything, so I'll just copy the ones I've received so far and put them in the bulletin. Thanks to those who sent me the info and when I receive a note from the rest of you lads and lassies, I'll send them along for your enjoyment as well.

gord,
nothing to report this weekend as I did not go out. however, I did got two weekends ago to cobourg creek and got 3 hits, but didn't land them - using nypmh patterns-size 12-14's. I did see some fishing being landed. I'm planning to head out this up coming weekend. hope all is well on your end.

Wil Jin

Hi Gord.....I went to Duffin's Creek for a couple of hours on Saturday. Hooked one Brookie and it was kind enough to release itself before I had to land it and do the job myself and had a couple hits at another spot. I ran into 4 guys flogging the water with worms who had some success (4 fish) but that was it.

Gordo:

On my return from Quebec at about 4 pm, I fished Shelter Valley creek, which looked quite appealing from the road. Several fishers were gagthered at the bridge where #2 crosses the stream. They were dangling gtheir roe bags, all standingg almost shoulder to shoulder. A couple of fish were snaged but I saw none caught. I fished with my new cane spinning rod, throwing a old lure from mong those you sold me from the donated collection. The cane worked very nicely. Shelter Valley creek is rather small. A couple of nice pools should have held trout but it seems the stream had been worked over pretty well. I cast to a couple of bows I could see & twice had a fish take a run at the lure as though they were just trying to scare off an intruder. Not one bite. The creek could be nice, but quite a bit of it is private club land & I was invited not to fish where I was hapilly fishing. A couple of hours of fishing, quite pleasant, but no fish.

Jay

My trout opening weekend

I had to take Deb downtown on Saturday so I reserved Sunday morning for fishing the Ganny. I arrived at the corner parking lot for the picnic grounds at 6:00 just as the sun was coming up into a

clear sky and no wind. I took the route due east across the field to the Hydro lines and down the slope to the river by 6:30. I fished the larger deeper pools as I worked upstream. There were lots of trout in the river mostly on the gravel beds redding and not at all interested in feeding. I spent some time casting down stream to the fish holding in the current and would wave the lure back and forth in front of their noses but they totally ignored all offerings. In the large pools I cast upstream as usual hoping to find a fish watching for food coming downstream with the current. The first few pools had nothing. As I came up to the next pool I was thinking this is going to be tricky. I was on the outside of a sweeping curve with an undercut bank caused by some stumps and gravel bars upstream and there was also a small cedar tree just downstream which had partially fallen over so some of the branches were in the water. I first cast across the stream and let the current sweep the meps down and under the cedar branches... nothing. I then cast across and upstream to the back of the stump on the other side of the river...nothing. Next I cast upstream past the stump and twitched the meps down the centre current past the stump. Wham... the fish hit the lure hard, rolled and headed for the shelter of the stump. I set the hook twice just to make sure and tried to move a bit to my right – up stream and away from the cedar tree but I didn't have much room or time. The fish quickly decided there was better cover down stream and went for the tree. I could feel the line rubbing in the twigs and by occasionally releasing pressure on the fish I could coax the fish to move. After about 15 – 20 min. I managed to lead the fish back to the pool and over to the bank where I grabbed it with my Hand-I-Gaff and lifted it to the bank. It was a very clean 24" 6 lb. rainbow hen. I dispatched it with a blow to the back of the head with the edge of the Hand-I-Gaff, put it into a plastic bag and slid it into the back of my vest. The rest of the morning was very pleasant with lots of the usual Ganny obstacles, and a few small browns and rainbows which I released to grow and hopefully to be caught again.

Jim Lloyd

I guess I'll just round this out to report that Paul Kennedy and I hit the Saugeen River about 2:30 Saturday afternoon (the differential on my Jeep had blown up during the morning drive north). We fished until four-ish and Paulie took a buck from me for the longest trout, 28" and most, 3. I had the first a 27" eight pounder, the heaviest of the day. Not too shabby for a couple of hours fishin'! I hit the Ganny with Hans Gulde yesterday morning for another go at the bows and he took two lovely fish, 25" and 26". I managed another 27", 8 pounder and a small brown for Sheila's brecky. As soon as I can pick up a couple more bows they'll all go in the brine then into the smoker.

Heh, everybody, don't forget the Scarborough Casting Championships and fun day coming up, June 7th and 8th.

We will be beginning our Wednesday outdoor practice sessions at Milliken Park Pond in a couple of weeks. We'll get back to you with the date soon.

***To all our friends below the border: The SARS scare up here is pretty well over and certainly contained to very specific areas. I hope it doesn't deter you from coming to Scarborough for our tournament. The baseball teams are coming up and mingling with the autograph seekers and so on. Rene Gillibert came up to spend a couple of great days here assisting me with my feeble casting efforts and survived, so let's hear if you're coming to To. and Scarborough for our tournament in June.

Thanks,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

September 2003

Hi everybody:

The biggest news that I have to report is the arrival of our newest club member, a baby brother for Keon Jin. Congratulations to Kim, Wil and Keon. Nothing new to report on the fishing front except Robert Beaudoin and I took a crack at Limit Lake a few days ago. The sum total of our 'catch' was two.....giant bullfrogs, that is. The trout had lockjaw, never the less, the frogs' legs were delicious sautéed in a shallot, parsley and butter sauce with a dash of lemon juice in the French manner. We normally use an electric thermometer to find the trout this time of year, but carelessly left it in the shop, after showing it to Robert before we left – at two in the morning, I might add.

Paul Becker is in Algonquin Park this weekend and Ray should be back from his cottage. Hopefully we'll have more fishing success to report in the next bulletin. Oops, almost forgot, Sharon caught, filleted and fried up a three pound smallie after fighting off a couple of hundred rock bass. Jim, back from his vacation in Northern Ontario managed to catch a few small lakers and a pike of two, but little action in the way of brookies. Rick Matusiak reports that the brookies he's growing in his mini-pond in his back yard are approaching four pounds, over 20" and probably getting ready to spawn.

Maybe we should either all go fishing in Rick's back yard, or head for Upper Michigan, where good friend and fellow tournament caster, Jim Chapralis, reports he is having a field day fly fishing at night for *large resident browns*. I have yet to have the pleasure of wetting a line together with big Jim, but have seen him cast over the last couple of years and if he's as good on the streams as he is in competition, I'm sure it would be a pleasure to partner him on the water.

I have been sending out memo after memo to our club members attempting to get back my favourite *killer* spinning lure, the Stoplight, all to no avail. I have made all kinds of offers without a positive response and here's the final offer: I'll pay the annual club dues of the kind soul who returns the lure, preferably before mid-September. If you do not wish to admit that you have the lure and are willing to forfeit the offer of payment of your club dues, why don't you just remove the split rings and hook, wrap it a couple of tissues and mail the damn thing back to me – without your return address on the envelope!

Once again, I would like to thank Mike Johnston, Sharon McIntyre, Paul Becker, Ray Cockburn, Hans Gulde, Sheila and Jim Lloyd. These folks supported our program at Milliken Pond on every chance that they could, rain or shine and it is much appreciated by all of us in the club. We will be moving into our winter headquarters in a few weeks and commencing activities in the shop in mid-September as well. An itinerary should be forthcoming shortly. Don't forget our offer of a \$25.00 discount on your club dues (coming up in September) if you introduce another party to the club and they come aboard.

If you're interested in joining a few of us for a Thanksgiving weekend fishing trip, please contact either Paul Kennedy or me as S.A.P. so that we can book a cabin or two and get it organized. For those fine folks who have been commiserating with me over my medical problems over the past year, I wish to thank you all for your encouraging comments and wishes of good luck. Unfortunately, now a recent M.R.I. has the doctors convinced that an operation is necessary if I am to get the thumb on my casting hand back to normal – probably late in the fall. If anyone out there happens to know if Kevin Carriero is holding his tournament in Buffalo this fall, please get back to me so that we can muster a few casters to attend. Kev. always runs a nice show and it's only an hour and a half drive for us in Scarborough.

I'm still awaiting word from a few of the folks as to who wants to do what in the shop when we get underway in a couple of weeks.

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THE REEL THING

October 2003

We are already a month into our fall & winter season in the club, with rod building and casting evenings well underway. Our first fly tying night will be next Tuesday, October 7th, with our second night in the gym the following week, Thursday the 16th. Hopefully we will experience good attendance for these evenings. If you are unable to attend for one reason or another, a call or e.mail note would be appreciated.

We must take this opportunity to welcome our newest member, Harold Higdon, who joined the club on his first visit to the gym to toss a few flies with the rest of us. Harold appears to be a quick learner and should be giving some of our hot-shots a run for the money by the time our first tourney rolls around during the Christmas 'do'.

Not a great deal to report on the fishing front this month, but I should mention that the club's most avid angler, Sharon McIntyre, who when she realised that her favourite trout streams were about to be closed to her assaults with the September 30th season closures, fished every piece of water within fifty miles of the city in September. She caught a number of trout to go with some jumbo Lake Simcoe perch when she gave the streams a rest one day, but her best story took place on Duffins Creek while looking for a steelie. I think her report to me on that outing went something like this,

"You won't believe what happened to me this morning, Gord! I was fishing Duffins hoping for a rainbow and just having missed one moments earlier was kind of jumpy for what happened next. I hate to tell you this but I was fishing with a worm and float and had just tossed the rig out again when there was a furious splash beneath an overhanging willow tree branch that had looked like a good spot to me. Then I immediately saw a huge snake that had leapt out of the tree about to grab my worm that hadn't sunk beneath the surface yet. I screamed, threw the rod down on the ground behind me, jumped back, picked it up then quickly reeled in and got the Hell out of there."

Great story, Sharon! Thanks. Ray Cockburn and Paul Kennedy have been working the Ganny over pretty good recently with excellent results on the browns along with a few 'bows. I think Ray is leading that contest with fifteen and sixteen-inchers to his credit in September. The Ganny was kind to me, too, in September producing browns up to 20 inches. Haven't heard from Rick lately about his exploits, but he is probably having a heyday on the Georgian Bay streams he frequents for steelies – that is when he can force himself to break away from ogling the bath-tub size pond in his

back yard resplendent with three or four brookies and a brown that are all over twenty inches and approximately four pounds. If you haven't had the pleasure of seeing this remarkable Rick Matusiak project you should contact him soon and arrange a visit as the trout will soon be spawning and Rick's threatening to turn them all loose – no he won't say where. Sorry.

We managed to drag Paul Kennedy away from his time consuming current project (he and Tressa bought a lovely, older house and are quite busy fixing it up in their spare moments) for a day of fishing the Bighead and Beaver River area. Nothing to bring home but mushrooms and puffballs, but we both had momentary thrills with big 'bows. Mine was knocked off by a careless toss of another *fisherman's* rig on top of the taut line while I was playing the big steelie. Paul's was on for two or three seconds before it jumped and returned the lure to him.

I have heard little from the troops about the proposed Thanksgiving weekend trip so that one will be history if we do not have some positive response in the next few days. However, several folks have already begun making plans for an assault on Beanpole and Limit Lakes before freeze-up, so if you're interested in participating on these with us, please let Jim or me know as S.A.P.

Earlier I mentioned that Paul and I scored a few baskets of delicious fungi on the way home from Georgian Bay last Sunday. Although there have been very slim pickin's on the fungal front in the past couple of months, they are now popping up all over the place. Sheila and I are enjoying the fruits of these labours almost daily now. There are still a number of folks who have yet to get their dues in. With the increased operating costs facing us this year it would be appreciated if this oversight can be attended to as S.A.P.

On behalf of the rest of the folks in our club I would like to offer any of the other casters in our area who may, or may not have a place to practice now for one reason or another and that includes any and all existing clubs in and around Toronto the opportunity to work out with us as our guests in our facility several times this winter at no charge to them at all. We know that they would do the same for us if the situation were reversed.

Gord

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THE REEL THING

November 2003

First we would like to welcome our newest 'about to become' new member, George Monroe. George lives in Rochester, N.Y. and with no casting clubs in his area was told by Steve Rajeff to get in touch with us up here on the other side of Lake Ontario where he would be able to work on his desire to become a proficient fly caster. With his head office in Buffalo, he believes he will be able to join us in the gym on the nights when we are working over the targets with only an hour or so's drive across the border. George also professes to being interested in the tournament side of things and we are looking forward to assisting him in polishing his skills and technique. George joins our other new member, Harold Higdon who also came aboard recently in order to improve his fly casting mechanics. Thanks, Steve, for the referral!

With Jay Hackney commuting from Peterborough, Hans Eckart driving from Hamilton (although he hasn't been around lately) and now, George, coming up from Rochester, there really should be no excuse for our other members, living within a stone's throw of the gym, to miss an evening of the casting activities.

Our fall schedule is moving along rapidly with Bob Tanaka, Scott Owen and Paul Becker all in various stages of completing their bamboo wands, while the fly tyers are adding to their creative arsenals on their own nights in the shop. Hopefully, Leon and others, who been missing lately will also soon be plying their skills with cane, fur and feathers on our Tuesday evening shop nights. Our new schedule seemed to produce the desired effect of increased attendance in the gym for our casting practice, probably because, with fewer evenings to work on their games, folks did not want to miss out on their chances to improve their casting prowess. Please keep in mind, folks, that the next evening in the gym, Thursday, November 13th will be the last chance to sharpen your strokes before our annual Christmas 'do' and club competition on December 11th.

**Please make every effort to attend on that evening, Nov. 13th, to welcome our new members and to get your own games sharpened up.*

Fishing has been wonderful for those of us who have been able to break away from raking leaves and planting bulbs in the past few weeks. Starting things off, Robert Beaudoin and I had a fine day in Haliburton. Although not too productive, we did see enough trout feeding and teasing us with follow-ups to refute our suspicions that the lake was getting 'fished out'. However, that was followed by a super day of fishing the same waters a week later, when four of us, Jim Lloyd, Ray

Cockburn, Paul and I all caught trout, with several in the four and five pound class. This trip also produced a couple of remarkable fish story highlights for the four of us to relate down the line when comparing 'fish stories' with other fishermen.

Somehow or another while tinkering with his tackle bag, Paul had managed to elbow his rod and reel overboard and although he made a futile lunge for it, the tackle went for the 'deep six' to the bottom in about six to eight feet of weedy water. At the time a stiff breeze had come up complicating factors without an anchor to stabilize our position, but fortunately we quickly triangulated our location visually with trees on the shoreline, about fifty yards away. Scrounging in our tackle for large, heavy lures in order to drag the bottom produced one an old Ruby Eye Wiggler in Paul's kit that was fastened to my spinning line, but by the time it had been found and tied on, we had drifted at least a hundred yards down the shoreline.

Meanwhile Jim and Ray were summoned from their position further on down the lake to assist in the 'recovery operation'. The triangulating procedure worked perfectly and fifteen minutes or so after Paul sculled back and held the boat in position, three of us scoured the bottom with heavy lures. The 'lost' rod and reel soon broke the surface after it was snagged by my lure raking the bottom. This was definitely not just *luck*. It was a result of the immediate visual triangulation of the location, something to remember if a similar incident to should ever occur to you

Here's another one for the 'fish story' collection: the largest trout caught on that outing, a twenty-inch long, five pound 'bow, was caught at ten in the morning and not cleaned until back home at ten in the evening. I counted seventeen crawfish in its stomach along with the usual assortment of minnows, nymphs and the customary single leech. Unbelievably a half a dozen were still alive. This, after being in the trout's gut all day long! They were thoroughly rinsed and kept alive for a couple of weeks to display to the folks in the shop and so on. A couple of the well-travelled crustaceans lasted two weeks before they finally departed as well.

Not to be outdone and encouraged by the reports of our previous outings, Paul Kennedy joined me for another assault on our 'not so secret' lake in Haliburton, yesterday. Another wonderful day of fishing! With a little more luck Paul could have landed at least a half-dozen trout, with one of the fish he 'released' almost leaping into the fold-boat during its frenetic efforts to get away. However despite all the missed strikes and so on, he did catch one of the prettiest Brook Trout, we've ever seen from those waters, a gorgeously coloured twenty-inch male brookie in full spawning colours. A four and a half and another five pound 'bow also fell to my efforts. While I'm certain Paul's brookie will be providing him and his wife, Tressa, with a couple of excellent cooked meals, mine are already being processed into Gravlaax for our future enjoyment.

We would like to take this opportunity to express our admiration for the wonderful job Jim Chapralis, the new editor of the American Casting Association's bulletin, The Creel, is doing with its new format. In conjunction with his buddy, John Seroczynski, the association's new president, these men are shaking up the somewhat dormant old casting body and breathing new life into it with their efforts. Congratulations, gentlemen and please keep up the great work.

***A few folks have yet to get their club dues in to us for one reason or another.....it would be greatly appreciated if this oversight were looked after at your first opportunity, gentlemen**

Thanks and tight loops,

Gord

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May 2004

The "REEL THING"

Well we missed getting our bulletin out for a couple of months, but I think you all know why.....thanks primarily to a great job of filling in for his old man by my son Ronnie. It seems like he kept the whole world informed on what happened to me along with, of course my wonderful wife, Sheila and our right hand man, Jim, also kept the phones and e-mails busy. However, as you know I checked out of the hospital Saturday and am rarin' to go..... well almost.

I don't have much to tell you except tomorrow night is our first night of the summer casting season at Milliken Pond and rain or shine we'll be there to welcome back the gang and maybe even toss a couple of shots at the targets myself. With the Scarborough Open Championships only a few weeks away (June 5th & 6th) we had all better hone our skills whatever level they may be, because it seems we will have a big turnout for this one including casters from Quebec and below the border. Fortunately for most of us there are two categories in this tournament, Class "A" and everybody else, Class "B".

There will be medals awarded to all the winners, plaques in the combined championships and an assortment of goodies for the runner-ups.

I hope you're looking forward to the event as much as I am. One of the best things about these tournaments is meeting some of the wonderful folks who participate in our sport and not just to win a trinket or two. Every year we have one or two folks who enter and give it a go just for the fun, kibitzing and sportsmanshipas well, of course, to support their club. By the way, in case you're wondering the entry fees are \$3.50 per event.....six accuracy and six distance games. If you try your hand in all six accuracies, we'll knock a buck off and the same for the distance games.

There is an interesting A.C.A. rule change in place now for the fly casters: In the Trout Fly Accuracy, the rod length maximum has been increased to nine feet from eight and a half.....should make the roll casting easier if you can match your rod to the maximum allowed – six weight line. We will try to get casting underway both days by 8:30 A.M. and it is hoped that some of the 'veterans' attending will assist with the scoring etc.

Fishing-wise the only report I've had (my son might have more to add) was a good workout by our Peterborough contingent, Jay Hackney on the Ganny, resulting in a fine spring dinner of sautéed brown trout fillets, accompanied by a dish of steamed and buttered fiddleheads and wild leeks. Come on folks, we all like to share in who's doing and catchin' what. Let us know before the next Reel Thing so we can give it a mention for all to enjoy please.

That's all for now.....I'm tired and my fingers are sore.....I think the finger tips were punctured over three hundred times in the hospital. One last thank you to all you beautiful people who assisted Sheila and spent a moment or two to wish us luck and speed my recovery. See you all soon,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

October 2004

Hi:

In case you haven't heard, the 2005 North American Fly and Bait Casting Championships will be held on the first week of August in Dundee, Michigan, about a half-hour west of Toledo, Ohio, or if you wish, about an hour's drive from Detroit. This is the premier casting event in North America and draws some of the finest casters in the world to test their mettle against each other.

Just watching some of these gals and guys, like Alice Gillibert, Steve Rajeff, Henry Mittel strut their stuff makes attending this event worth the effort. But – and it's a big but – every now and then they get knocked off their perch by one of the lesser lights, such as at least a half a dozen of the folks in our own Scarborough club. Along with many of the smaller clubs in the States and Canada, I know for a fact that we have a few skilled members who could rise all the way to the podium in these championships.

However, even if they didn't medal, just finishing in the top ten or so in North America in any competition should be considered a real 'feather in their cap' and I firmly believe that we have a number of folks who could easily be in that position. Here's something for all the folks to think about: Sheila, even with all her problems, has won a number of bronze, silver and gold medals, along with at least a dozen plaques for finishing in the top six in the ladies plug accuracy events.

If she could do it, you know darn well that you could, too! So let's see a concerted effort by all the folks in our club to take their games (casting games, that is) to their highest level between now and next August and go to the 'National' with confidence and determination to do well – and have a good time while doing it.

Ray and Jim had a wonderful wrap to the Ganaraska River season a week ago, with brown trout and Chinooks. They both caught a number of browns with Ray catching, landing and releasing one of the best browns we've heard of from the Ganny in several years, a twenty-four incher, pushing the scales past the four pound mark. They both had tussles with the salmon, but using the ultra-light equipment we normally do on small streams found it almost impossible to prevent the big Chinooks from 'busting' their tackle, although Jim did manage to land several up to fifteen pounds or so.

Meanwhile, Pat Walsh and I had another great day of casting practice on a trip to the Saugeen River which was also full of Chinooks. It was difficult, but we both

managed to avoid hooking the salmon in order to concentrate our efforts on the rainbows in the river.....the trouble was there were none! Oh well, Patrick has proven to be a fighter and patient and hopefully he and I will break out of our fishing funk when we hike our butts up to Haliburton in a few weeks to do battle on Limit and Beanpole Lakes.

Speaking of which, who would like to join us for one of these jaunts to Haliburton? Paul Kennedy and I both have Jeeps now and Harold and Jim have canoes to go with my two Instaboats, so we could mount a serious challenge to the trout up there on one of the up-coming Saturdays. Just get in touch with Paul, Jim or me and we'll set it up. I have the photos from our recent Broadback trip, mine and Rick's and if you haven't seen them yet, come out to one of our shop nights for a look-see. Mine are okay, but Rick's are sensational. I can't wait to see the new video movie he is working on.

Robert Tanaka and Paul Becker have got the bamboo flying in the shop and Hans Gulde, just back from Switzerland, will get the feathers flying for those wishing to learn how to fashion their own trout, bass and pickerel flies, next Tuesday. We are back in the gym on Thursday October 14th, so let's give the targets a shellacking that night. Bring your own equipment or use ours, but most importantly, bring yourself.

Almost half our membership dues have already come in and I thank you all for that.....hopefully the remainder will be coming along shortly as well. Here's something else for your consideration: bring a friend, relative or whomever out to one of our meetings as our guest and if he or she joins the club, you're invited to join us on our next trout fishing trip at no cost. We'll provide lunch and pay for the gas.

My newest book, **MAGICAL WATERS AND MEMORIES** is rapidly nearing completion and I'm looking for either a publisher, or an agent. If anybody has any personal contacts along that line (nudge, nudge, Paul Quarrington) please get back to me soon. This is by far the best work I've done so far and a great read!

*A reminder; I have supplies, purchased from the A.C.A. in Kentucky, accuracy flies, plugs and leader kits that are for sale on a first-come-first-served basis.

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THE REEL THING

November 2004

Not a great deal to report this month, but there was one adventure that took place that you may not have heard about. Six of us went in to Limit Lake a couple of weeks ago in my old Jeep and Paul Kennedy's bright new one. The air temperature when we arrived was, Brrhhh, minus 2C! After slogging through the mud holes and swamp, his is beginning to look like mine, now. Sharon McIntyre, Bob Tanaka, Paul, Ray, Sheila and I hit the lake on one of those rare days when the trout were quite receptive to our offerings.

Paul, in his still new canoe, caught five or six (all on the Deval Crocodile) and reported that he lost just as many, while Ray fishing with him caught four or five. All their trout were splake except one beautiful big rainbow that Paul caught and luckily fastened to a stringer. He says he had another 'bow that was just as big, but 'released' it. Sharon had several follow her Crocodile to the boat then change their minds. Didn't like her perfume, I guess. She did manage to hook a couple but they, too, got away. Bob simply got in a lot of casting practice, but Sheila had her usual good luck and boated three nice trout and 'released' a couple, while the Old Guy almost got skunked, but was saved at the last minute with a nice sixteen-incher.

However, while Sheila and I were on shore enjoying a brief respite from all that action, Paul reported on the walkie-talkie from their canoe that they almost had their limit, nine on the bottom of the canoe and if I wanted a picture while they still look good, that I should get of my butt and come on out. Sharon, Bob, Sheila and I were using my Instaboats. While they paddled, I fortunately had brought an electric motor which I was using as it was quite windy.

We headed out to take pictures of their catch, but even though I had cut the motor, the wind continued to push the little Instaboat towards the back of their canoe where Paul was waiting. Unfortunately instead of warding us off with his paddle, he reached out to push us away.....ooops! He reached too far. His canoe, et al, flipped. Ray and he had a few very unpleasant moments in the frigid 43F water, but eventually regained their composure and holding on to our boat were taken in to shore then Paul and I went back, righted the canoe and retrieved whatever we could.

Once on shore we discovered that their lines had become entangled in their legs and their rods were recovered by carefully pulling the lines in until the rods and a pile of weeds appeared. However, Paul's pack with all his equipment, tackle and our second walkie-talkie radio went to the bottom along with seven of their trout before they could be photographed.

Obviously with a chance of hypothermia we could not fool around trying to hook his

pack with jigs and our spinning rods, so we hustled to shore and between the rest of us and a change of clothes that Ray had wisely brought along they got into warm clothes and warm Jeeps then we took off for home. The next morning I was able to contact a Scarborough scuba diving club, the Super Turtles and a gentleman, Bill Crich, volunteered to go up to the lake with me to search for Paul's pack. Bill is now our newest member.

Four days later I anchored the boat where the canoe had tipped and Bill began scouring the bottom for the pack. He worked his butt off for about an hour before the cold water got to him and he had to call it quits, but did manage to locate and retrieve seven of the trout that had gone to the bottom. The two others had been retrieved when the canoe tipped, the big 'bow on the stringer and one caught under a seat. Bill swears that he now thinks he will be able to Get Paul's pack for him and is already making plans to go back for another go.

We have been getting fine turnouts in the gym so far and the casting prowess of our folks is improving by leaps and bounds. Jim Lloyd, especially is burning up the targets. There's one more night, Thursday November 11th, to practice before our Christmas party and casting 'do' on Thursday December 9th. We have great prizes, including a dinner for two at the Mandarin, for that one and it is to be hoped that all our club members will be out to join in the fun.

The shop has also been busy every Tuesday evening with fly tying, rod building, story telling and so on. Scott Owen and Paul Becker both glued up tip sections to their sticks and will now begin turning the cork handles on the butts, while Sharon is hard at work building a new tip section for her little cane trout spinning rod. Also Bob Tanaka is patiently and carefully well into building his first cane wand, a Broadback seven-foot fly rod. Jim and Ray churned out a dozen or so practice dry flies for use in the gym by anyone wishing to use them instead of pieces of wool.

Hans is back from a trip to Switzerland and we hope that both he and Leon Schwartz will be out now to give Jim a hand with the fly tying instruction.

NB: This will be the last Reel Thing bulletin sent out to any members who have not paid their dues by the end of the month!

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THE REEL THING

March 2005

Is this winter flying by, or what! I hear some folks saying that it's not going fast enough for them. As far as I'm concerned, however, it's going by much too quickly for me. I've somehow managed to get out seven times ice fishing up to now but there's only three or four weekends left before the ice starts rotting around the edges.....oh well....I guess we could always move further north.

All kidding aside, it has been a fine winter of hard water fishing so far with nice catches all round for our crew, Sharon McIntyre, Ray Cockburn, Paul Quarrington, Paul Kennedy, Jurgen Brech, Lee Pantridge and Outdoor Canada Magazine Editor, Patrick Walsh. Jim's normal winter activities have been substantially curtailed though, because of a surgical procedure that's left him laid up substantially for a month or two. He's on the mend nevertheless and chomping at the bit to have a go at the lake he put the moniker to in Haliburton, Limit Lake, before the rest of us deplete it of all its gorgeous trout.

February saw a fine turn-out for our casting exercises, with new members, Lee Pantridge and Angelo D'Souza working hard on their fly casting fundamentals, while George Monroe coming all the way from Rochester, N.Y. and braving our winter weather continues to show how much he has improved since he joined the club a year ago. We would also like to take this opportunity to welcome another new member Lloyd Porter who has been working hard on his casting skills while learning rod repair skills in our weekly bamboo and feather classes.

Lee and Angelo, with only two or three sessions on the fly tying vices, have already learned how to tie Royal Wulffs, Brown Hackles, Bi-visibles, Deer Hair nymphs, Caddis nymphs, Muddlers, Muscarovitches and the mighty Despairs. Excellent work, guys! Jim, Jurgen, Ray and Hans Gulde have been helping them fashion these wonderflies. One treat for the gang last week - and probably again this week - was the appearance and participation of Paul Quarrington in the shop to work on his fly equipment. Q is getting ready to do battle with tarpon and bonefish in the Carribean in a couple of weeks. By the way, I have a number of various colours of squirrel tails that are free for anyone just for the asking.

Only one of the bamboo rods underway this winter, Scott Owens's, has been completed so far and it's a beauty, but Jurgen's, Bob Tanaka's, Paul Becker's and Sharon's are all moving along nicely and should be finished in time for the trout opening in a couple of months. Our next casting session in the gym will be in a couple of weeks, March 10th and with only a couple more indoor nights to polish techniques before we move outdoors to the targets at Milliken Pond it's paramount that all our fly and bait casters take advantage of the remaining opportunities to enhance their skills.....especially those folks who are considering going to Michigan in August for the North American Casting Championships.

We have every reason to believe that we could have as many as seven or eight of our casters placing in the top ten or twelve in one or more of the disciplines in this one. Wouldn't it be nice to be able to tell your friends and working associates that you are rated in the top ten athletes in North America in any sport – and especially, our sport. It could very well happen with a little effort and practice over the next few months.

I should mention that some of you folks may be wondering why Rick Matusiak's name hasn't been popping up regularly as has been the custom in the past and it's because, like Jim, he, too, had surgery scheduled for February, a serious spinal fusion, but he opted out in lieu of extensive physical therapy. It has put a damper on his fall and winter fishing, but he reports that he appears to be improving by leaps and bounds and may no longer be a candidate for surgery.....in fact he's even considering a fourth Broadback River trip this year with us....amazing!

Sharon had an exciting day at Lake Simcoe a couple of weeks ago. Opting for a two-hole ice-hut as her shoulders were sore from having to drill holes through almost thirty-inches of ice, she hooked a basket-full of perch then got into one of the lake's legendary, brute whitefish. Using only four- pound line, she still managed to wrestle it in, through the hole and into the hut, just as her line broke. Pouncing on the slippery two-foot or so of flopping fish, she eventually put the grab on it with both hands, only to have it squirt out of her clutches and disappear down the second hole in the hut, back from whence it came. Like I keep telling everybody, Sharon, the memory is even more important than the fish and you'll always have that one.

Speaking of 'memories', my fifteenth book, **MAGICAL WATERS AND MEMORIES**, has been purchased by Natural Heritage Books and is scheduled for publication early next spring. The initial one-hundred printed copies will be numbered and personally signed by the author.....who knows, they may be worth a few extra bucks some day. We've already received almost two-dozen requests to be placed on the "MAGICAL 100 ORDER LIST".

Please let me know as S.A.P. if you would like to have your name on that list (obviously, no money required until the book's published and available). Interestingly enough the first request we received was from Paul Quarrington, one of the country's best known authors and recent short-list nominee for the Giller prize Canada's biggest book award (for his last work, GALVESTON).

I'm still thrilled and haven't got over the excitement of having almost forty people here a few weeks ago come from all over the place to help us with our SURVIVAL CELEBRATION and SEVENTY-FIFTH birthday party. I would like it known already that you are all invited to my eightieth 'do' in five years, hopefully without the *SURVIVAL PARTY* appendage.

That's all for now, folks,

Gord

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The REEL THING,

May 2005

It seems like we're finally getting a nice long spring for a change instead of the one or two weeks we usually get after the snow and ice disappear before the hot weather takes over. Our winter season in the gym and shop this year was excellent with several new split-cane rods completed and enough flies tied to fill most of our fly boxes to do the rest of the year. One of the most rewarding aspects of the past six months was the superior work done by our newer members along with the expected professional efforts of our longer-term folks.

Lee Pantridge led the way with the former and Jurgen Brech would get the nod amongst the older fraternity, with fine work also turned in both in the gym and the shop by Hans Gulde, Jim Lloyd, Angelo D'souza and really, the more I think about it, the entire crew! Great work, folks. It's a wonderful feeling to be in a club like ours with such a terrific group of men and women who whenever required, pitch in to assist each other with whatever is necessary. Entering our twentieth season since the club was formed it's no wonder we're proud of our club when we look around and review what's been accomplished so far. To all our members, both past and present, a great big thank-you from Sheila and me.

With the shop packed away until next September, our efforts for the next few months will of course be concentrated on applying the fruits of our labours to both the practice targets on the water at Milliken as well as on the streams and lakes chasing down finny quarry. We do have five nights at the park to sharpen our skills before the first tournament, our own Scarborough Championships on the weekend of June 4th and 5th. We know now that we definitely will have a team representing the club, Scarborough, Ontario and Canada at the North American Championships in Michigan in August. The only unknown is how many of our folks will comprise the team.

Oh yes, fishing! With the trout season now open on all fronts, last Saturday, the opening, saw a number of our guys and gals doing battle, or at least hoping to do battle

with our finny quarry. Rather than attempting to describe the results in my colourful and artistic manner, I asked for reports from several quarters and here they are in their own words:

From Jay Hackney:

Ray Cockburn & I had a great time fishing the Hepburn stretch this morning. We arrived in Kendal at about 5:15 in a light rain and we were fishing at 5:45. We could see the odd large rainbow but nothing was tempted to take our Mepps. We had fished our way through about 3/4 of the stretch when Ray finally hooked into a really nice rainbow. It first came out to inspect the lure without taking, but Ray gave it a perfect second presentation and the fish was on.

A great fight ensued for the next 10 minutes and just after I got a couple of pictures of the action the 'bow gave a tremendous struggle and broke free. We could see the Mepps dangling from the side of its mouth so we followed it upstream. While Ray was busy casting to it, I hooked into a big bow myself and fought it into a shallows where I could grab it by the gill opening and lift it out. By this time, Ray had re-hooked his fish and was into another serious combat with it some way downstream. I was anxious to get a picture of my fish, so I hiked it down to where Ray was and let it back into the river while I watched Ray at work. Ray's fish had taken him under a couple of branches and soon managed to snap off the line - another hook in the fish's mouth.

Meanwhile, my 'bow was now considerably revived and provided a renewed struggle and some difficulty to land again. After a round of pictures, we measured it at 28" length and 13.5" girth. How many pounds would that be... (6.4 pounds according to the calculator at <http://www.hotspotfishing.com/learn/fishweight.asp>). Quite a nice fish, which I returned to the river. We returned to the pool where I hooked my fish and there were 2-3 more waiting. Ray fished those while I chose an adjacent pool. There I hooked a beautiful 16-18" rainbow that put up a hard fight. Just as I was imagining how nice this would taste and was about to land it on a muddy bank, it somehow slipped free. I stayed within reach however so I grabbed it and almost managed to hold it long enough to land it. Almost, but not quite.

By the end of the morning (we fished for 5 hours) Ray had lost 2-3 more lures and hooked at least one more big trout and I had one more big trout on for 5 minutes before he wrapped the line on a deep snag and was gone with my lure. Expensive outing for lures, but some excellent fishing.

Hope others had equally good outings!

From Jurgen Brech:

Hi Gord. Was up at the Big Head on Saturday with Kyle and got lots of small bows and

lost one good sized one thats all. Sunday went to the picnick grounds,landed one about 11lbs and one about 6lbs.Also landed small brown about 1lb,all on my stone flies.At 10:00am went to Wimont Creek at Hyw 2 and fished down stream lost one and landed two more nice bows one about 12lbs the other at about 8lbs,again on flies. All in all had two good days of fishing and a very good time with my son, Kyle.

From Rick Matusiak:

A telephone report.....It seemed like every place my son, Alex and I visited already had a gang of guys beating up the water. It was very frustrating, they were even banging away at some of the spots that I thought nobody even knew about, where Alex and I almost always limited out on opening day. Nevertheless, we did manage to catch a few brookies all small except one lovely fourteen-incher that Alex caught. I think we'll go back in a few days after all the 'opening day' fuss is over and try it again. How did you and Paul do, Gord?**Paul Kennedy and I:**

Paul and I have fished together on opening day for the past seven or eight years, usually on little brookie streams, but this year opted to try our hand on the Georgian Bay steelies that run the Bighead River at Meaford. We got there early enough, but like Rick, ran into a traffic jam of automobiles where we would normally park the Jeep to walk down to the river. We took one look, made a U turn and took off for the Saugeen River at Southampton where we had heard that the dam was wide open, so believing that would most likely be our best bet drove for another hour, threw the boat in the river and fought the current up-stream to fish off the little island at the first rapids.

We had it all to ourselves, but to no avail. Nothing. Fished it for almost four hours then turned back down the river and drove around to fish near Denny's dam about four miles up-stream. For us anyhow, it wasn't any better and the dozen or so guys already fishing there weren't doing much better, but like I always say, "Heh, it's the fishing we go for eh, not the catching."

This morning, two days later I got up at 3:45 and struck out for the Ganny where Ray and Jay had burned up the river last Saturday. The river was teeming with fish, but most were spooky after being blitzed all weekend by an assortment of 'fishermen' and anglers. Many of the steelies displayed a variety of snicks and wounds laid on them by the sports on the river who do their best to literally snag trout instead of trying to lure them to their bait. I did manage to catch five rainbows and four browns and kept a couple of the browns for the pan along with a couple of the 'bows, a thirty-incher and a thirty-one incher, unfortunately too big for Gravaadlaax or the smoker, but good for freezing then cutting into one-inch steaks.

I had hoped to catch 'bows in the five to eight-pound size for the smoker, but the ones that filled that bill just didn't look that appealing with their assortment of snicks and snags. One had several lamprey eel scars as well. Oh well, the steelies will be back in the lake in a couple of weeks, the snaggers will be off the river chasing pickerel and we'll have the river to ourselves once again to fish for its beautiful resident browns, specks and

rainbows.

*

As you can see from the above reports, folks, it's obvious that Jurgen Brech is wearing the crown for the time being as the best angler in the club, but heh, we're only a couple of days into the season so we'll see if he can hold on to that title for the rest of the season.

Ciao

Gord

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The REEL THING

November '05

Oh, did we have a great trip to Haliburton a couple of weeks ago. There were six of us on this one and the plan was to head north in Paul Kennedy's Jeep, Jack Walmsley's big truck and my old Jeep on the Friday afternoon, have a bite to eat in beautiful downtown Fort Irwin then take the hydro road that heads to Dwight in Algonquin Park, eventually cutting through the bush to Beanpole Lake. A great trip with the gaudy Fall colours gorgeous in the bright sunshine against the background of a cobalt blue sky with its fluffy, white clouds, looking more like giant meadow mushrooms, or popcorn than the hidden threat therein.

The Jeeps and Jack's big new truck negotiated the hydro road with its swampy, underwater sections and awkward corduroy log portions without problems, arriving at the lake just in time to set up camp, three tents and loo before dark. With sky full of sparkling stars and a full moon we should have suspected that that was a portent of what was to come the next day. However the evening, although quite cool with the temperature hovering a only few degrees above freezing was spectacular as we all scrunched down around the great fire that Paul had blazing away to warm things up a little.

Sitting around the fire yacking away about who was going to catch what the next day, we hardly noticed that the stars and moon had disappeared and a subtle rain had begun. It was not enough to dampen our spirits though, so with an early start planned for Saturday, we all hit the sacks, leaving Paul to take care of and extinguish the campfire.

It was easy to quickly fall asleep after such a lovely start to the trip, but somewhere around two in the morning, what had been a gentle rain - not even a drizzle – morphed into a deluge causing mutterings from all four tents. Jack had elected to set up a small tent in the back of his truck. It had been gifted to him, just for that purpose by his son. Tass (Candaras) and Paul were in one tent, Lee (Pantridge) another and Sheila and I in our big Eureka 11' x 11' cuddled up to each other on top of doubled-up cots, large air mattress, a three star down bag beneath us, with another three star down bag on top.

Although the change from the tranquil precipitation into a driving rainstorm woke us all up, the sounds of the deluge spattering on the tent became another form of soporific sedation and we once again drifted into never-never-land.

Things weren't quite so ideal, however, with the rest of our party. Tass discovered that his bag and rollup mattress had been placed in a depression and too close

to the wall of his tent where it unfortunately wicked up a substantial amount of water. In the truck, Jack's tent wasn't much better as his air mattress deflated, leaving him lying next to the cold, metallic floor. Lee and Paul reported that they, too, had difficulty sleeping, probably from the excitement and anticipation of the next day's activities.

We did manage to drag our carcasses out of the warmth of our shelters the next morning to get things underway and compare notes on how we had all fared during the night. The world's biggest pot of oatmeal, along with stacks of toast and maple butter, courtesy of the maple trees on our property, were consumed by everyone while wearing rainwear as the rain, although somewhat milder, was still coming in short squalls every now and then.

Two canoes and my Instaboat had been launched the previous evening, so it was off to the wars to see who was going to eventually collect the reward for the biggest trout of the weekend. From past experience on these club trips, we all suspected that the victor would be my lovely and skilled (but lucky) wife, Sheila. We were the last to push off, having to make several trips back and forth from the camp, loo and so on, but it didn't take Sheila long to prove what we had all been anticipating.

On only her fifth or sixth toss of her lure, casting her *Gord Deval Crocodile*, while I flailed away in the wind with my nine weight fly rod and Despair, she quietly announced, "I think I've got one," just as a lovely five-pound silver rainbow began cavorting on the surface a hundred feet away from the boat. One – two – three leaps then it dashed right at the boat with Sheila desperately trying to keep up to it retrieving the slack line.

As you all know, in order to wind line in she has to turn the entire rod while the reel handle is anchored in a brace on her left wrist. Difficult to do at the best of times, but with a trout rushing straight at her it became almost impossible for her to gather in the slack line without its tangling around the tip of her rod. Before I could reach forward to free the line off the rod-tip, the lucky trout, apparently still well hooked, reversed direction, shot away and broke off twenty feet of line and her precious silver *Crocodile*. Oh well, the thrills of those moments remain, although the reward for the biggest would have to wait for another go-around.

With walkie-talkies in each boat, all on the same channel, I reported all the details of the titanic struggle as it developed, but by the time we headed into shore for lunch, it seemed that Sheila's battle with her trout was the sole fruit of all our combined labours for the morning.

The rains had eased off a little as Tass, still chilled from his nocturnal emissions (rainwater, that is) cooked up a storm on the coals from Paul's revived campfire. Four

dozen lamb kebobs, specially marinated and seasoned then dunked in tzatziki sauce were willingly devoured by all, while being washed down with pots of tea and other libations.

There seemed to be no hurry to head out into the weather on the lake again, but eventually six lines were thrashing away at the mini-whitecaps rolling down the mile-long lake.....all to no avail. Supper-time was a simple affair after the noon-hour feast, *HeaterMeals*, but with a combined wiener and marshmallow roast planned for the evening as well, were all that was needed.

Paul's fire was cranked up again, although Lee and Jack kept trying to add their own touch when Paul momentarily looked away, threatening to kill the thing before the coals were ready for the roast smorgasbord. Throughout it all, the rains never completely ceased, but amazingly it seemed everyone was enjoying the overall camaraderie and ambience of the trip despite the absence of fishing success with the barometer obviously falling right off the wall.

We decided to load the boats, tackle and so on before we retired so that we could get an early start on Sunday. The plan was to drive back through the bush, pick up the other trail to Limit Lake where we were certain more action awaited us despite the bad weather. We would fish til two, or so then go back to Beanpole, pack camp and head on home.

At least that was the way it was planned. However it was not to be. The trail into Limit is strictly an overgrown skidoo trail, fraught with deep pools of mud, huge rocks and boulders and other pitfalls that really should only be attempted by A.T.V.'S, Jeeps and comparable vehicles. Jack, however, had insisted that his big G.M. truck could handle anything that Paul's and my Jeep could handle.....although he admitted later that he had never tried to attack anything at all like the trail into Limit Lake with it.

After an enormous pile of my special pancakes, drenched with our home-made maple syrup and gallons of coffee were consumed, we struck off full of renewed confidence in the direction of Limit just as the drizzle stopped and the sun began to fleetingly peak out between the low-flying clouds racing by. All went well, or seemingly so, as Sheila and I in the lead Jeep, followed by Jack and Lee, with Paul and Tass bringing up the rear, were about halfway into the lake when I realised that Jack was no longer visible behind us.

I slowed to a virtual crawl hoping he would catch up but soon decided that I had better stop and wait for a few minutes. Fifteen minutes later, it was obvious that Paul, or more likely, Jack, had run into trouble on the trail well behind me. I got out but with the deep mudholes the trail proved impassable by foot and I had to hike through the bush almost a half a mile where I discovered that Jack who had been able to get through the first mile or so on the trail finally had to succumb as his truck became hopelessly stuck with one wheel right off the trail while the rest of the vehicle was buried in muck.

Paul had meanwhile driven his Jeep around him and was attempting to pull him out with a heavy rope, but either it was too light, or the truck was too heavy. I hiked back to my Jeep, bigger than Paul's, managed to turn around, go back then turn around again by aiming the thing right at the bush and hooked up a heavy tow cable that I carry for just such a purpose. We hooked the cable to Paul's Jeep which was still fastened with the rope to the truck then easily pulled both vehicles up and out.

By the time all the smoke had cleared, however, Jack finally admitted that his truck was not up to the task and it was decided by all that discretion was the better part of valour. We would lick our wounds and call it a day. After all, Jack still had to manage a hair-raising manoeuvre, backing his truck all the way out to the hydro line on the difficult trail.

Nevertheless, he managed the tricky job in fine style and we went back to Beanpole, packed camp and headed home. There is an interesting addendum to this little story: Jack mentioned while the fly tying and rod building were going on in the shop last night that he had gone out and bought a Jeep Grand Cherokee similar to mine a couple of days earlier. Perhaps I should attempt to sell this little tale to the Daimler Benz – Chrysler people who make these wonder cars!

It wasn't my intention to turn the report of that club trip into a lengthy story, but there it is and I hope you enjoyed the read.

We're going great guns in the gym lately and the shop action is progressing right along with it. Some evenings we have twice as many folks working on feathers and bamboo as we have working on the targets in the gym. Last night, Hans Gulde did us all a big favour by tying up another dozen flies for use in the gym. They don't stand up that well there, banging away at the ceiling and the floor – and occasionally the targets – and the lovely flies we buy from the A.C.A. are expensive and really only suited for casting on water. Thanks, Hans.

Sharon finally has her rod finished and is putting the guides in place after determining their positioning with help from Jurgen. Jurg by the way has fascinated us all with some of his creations on the fly tying table lately especially a Caddis nymph emerger, partially out of its case, but still attached. Extremely life-like in the two versions he fashions, one a stream caddis, the case, fine gravel and the other a lake version, the case, minute twigs, etc. Great work, Jurgen.

Haven't heard much from Rick lately, but I understand he's putting the finishing touches to his best Broadback River video yet and it should be available shortly for a club movie night.

It appears that our annual club Christmas party and Novice casting championship will be moved up a week to December the eighth as Sheila and I are going to Panama for a couple of weeks over Christmas. We'll keep you informed if the party and casting are separated into two evenings as we have been kicking around with some of the folks.

We want to welcome Leon Schwartz back into the folds of the S.F.&B.C.A. Leon is one of our original members and brings a wealth of experience – and colour – to the club.

Just a brief note in ending, a few of us are heading back up north to finish what we started a couple of weeks ago.....another go-around at Limit Lake and its daunting trail in through the bush, next Sunday.

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THE REEL THING

November 2004

Not a great deal to report this month, but there was one adventure that took place that you may not have heard about. Six of us went in to Limit Lake a couple of weeks ago in my old Jeep and Paul Kennedy's bright new one. The air temperature when we arrived was, Brrhhh, minus 2C! After slogging through the mud holes and swamp, his is beginning to look like mine, now. Sharon McIntyre, Bob Tanaka, Paul, Ray, Sheila and I hit the lake on one of those rare days when the trout were quite receptive to our offerings.

Paul, in his still new canoe, caught five or six (all on the Deval Crocodile) and reported that he lost just as many, while Ray fishing with him caught four or five. All their trout were splake except one beautiful big rainbow that Paul caught and luckily fastened to a stringer. He says he had another 'bow that was just as big, but 'released' it. Sharon had several follow her Crocodile to the boat then change their minds. Didn't like her perfume, I guess. She did manage to hook a couple but they, too, got away. Bob simply got in a lot of casting practice, but Sheila had her usual good luck and boated three nice trout and 'released' a couple, while the Old Guy almost got skunked, but was saved at the last minute with a nice sixteen-incher.

However, while Sheila and I were on shore enjoying a brief respite from all that action, Paul reported on the walkie-talkie from their canoe that they almost had their limit, nine on the bottom of the canoe and if I wanted a picture while they still look good, that I should get of my butt and come on out. Sharon, Bob, Sheila and I were using my Instaboats. While they paddled, I fortunately had brought an electric motor which I was using as it was quite windy.

We headed out to take pictures of their catch, but even though I had cut the motor, the wind continued to push the little Instaboat towards the back of their canoe where Paul was waiting. Unfortunately instead of warding us off with his paddle, he reached out to push us away.....ooops! He reached too far. His canoe, et al, flipped. Ray and he had a few very unpleasant moments in the frigid 43F water, but eventually regained their composure and holding on to our boat were taken in to shore then Paul and I went back, righted the canoe and retrieved whatever we could.

Once on shore we discovered that their lines had become entangled in their legs and their rods were recovered by carefully pulling the lines in until the rods and a pile of weeds appeared. However, Paul's pack with all his equipment, tackle and our second walkie-talkie radio went to the bottom along with seven of their trout before they could be photographed.

Obviously with a chance of hypothermia we could not fool around trying to hook his

pack with jigs and our spinning rods, so we hustled to shore and between the rest of us and a change of clothes that Ray had wisely brought along they got into warm clothes and warm Jeeps then we took off for home. The next morning I was able to contact a Scarborough scuba diving club, the Super Turtles and a gentleman, Bill Crich, volunteered to go up to the lake with me to search for Paul's pack. Bill is now our newest member.

Four days later I anchored the boat where the canoe had tipped and Bill began scouring the bottom for the pack. He worked his butt off for about an hour before the cold water got to him and he had to call it quits, but did manage to locate and retrieve seven of the trout that had gone to the bottom. The two others had been retrieved when the canoe tipped, the big 'bow on the stringer and one caught under a seat. Bill swears that he now thinks he will be able to Get Paul's pack for him and is already making plans to go back for another go.

We have been getting fine turnouts in the gym so far and the casting prowess of our folks is improving by leaps and bounds. Jim Lloyd, especially is burning up the targets. There's one more night, Thursday November 11th, to practice before our Christmas party and casting 'do' on Thursday December 9th. We have great prizes, including a dinner for two at the Mandarin, for that one and it is to be hoped that all our club members will be out to join in the fun.

The shop has also been busy every Tuesday evening with fly tying, rod building, story telling and so on. Scott Owen and Paul Becker both glued up tip sections to their sticks and will now begin turning the cork handles on the butts, while Sharon is hard at work building a new tip section for her little cane trout spinning rod. Also Bob Tanaka is patiently and carefully well into building his first cane wand, a Broadback seven-foot fly rod. Jim and Ray churned out a dozen or so practice dry flies for use in the gym by anyone wishing to use them instead of pieces of wool.

Hans is back from a trip to Switzerland and we hope that both he and Leon Schwartz will be out now to give Jim a hand with the fly tying instruction.

NB: This will be the last Reel Thing bulletin sent out to any members who have not paid their dues by the end of the month!

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THE REEL THING

September 2005

This will be one of the shortest Reel Things we have sent out over the years as we just came back from another great trip to the Broadback River in Northern Quebec and although very tired, still have a lot of work to do putting things away and so on.

Suffice to say that the four of us, Paul Kennedy, his seventh trip, Gary Benson, his fifth, George Monroe, his first and I, my twenty-fifth, all caught big speckled trout but still no world record. The biggest were in the 24" to 26" class, certainly worthy of being termed mounties. That's the term we apply to brook trout over 21", that is what we deem to be suitable as trophies to be mounted for the wall. When we get the photos developed, I'll try to send along several of the better shots for your perusal.

Our club's shop and indoor casting activities will be commencing shortly with the fly tying and rod building session underway next Tuesday, the thirteenth and the casting in the gym, the following week on Thursday, the twenty-second. I trust we will have a fine turnout for both functions and would like to invite anybody from other *functioning* clubs* to join us and participate in our regular sessions, the shop, weekly on Tuesdays and in the gym every second week on Thursdays.

*A note to Peter Edwards: if you would like to get together (just you and I) to discuss our burying the hatchet, etc., and a smoother functioning of our respective clubs and the overall picture of casting activities in Canada – please respond and we will make it happen.

I just heard from Rick Matusiak that there is a tremendous run of lovely silver Chinooks in the rivers up Georgian Bay way for all you eager anglers. If you want to use roe bags, you're welcome to drop by and I'll give you enough roe to get you started. A couple of fellows have indicated that they will be working on building bamboo sticks, but before I order any more cane please indicate if you, too, want to be involved in this activity because we have only a limited supply of cane left at the moment.

If any of our club members would be interested in a weekend fishing trip at the end of the month, either camping or cabins, please let me know as S.A.P. so we can begin making the arrangements. Some of us may be going to Cincinnati for the weekend of the 24th for the Great Lakes Championships and if any others are interested in

participating, I have to tell you that their club puts on a fine show and have a terrific group of folks who will be there.

As soon as I can find time, I'll be writing a short story about our recent trip to the Broadback. If you would like to see this drop me a note accordingly and I'll send it along for you to look at.

*A note to our club members; last year was the best in memory in terms of our getting club dues (now due and payable) paid and it is to be hoped that this year will be every bit as good. The club dues are payable annually as of September when we begin our Fall and Winter activities, so please send a cheque along as S.A.P. or drop it off in the shop or gym when you come. Thanks for your cooperation.

Tight Lines - and Loops,

Gord

p.s. If anybody out there hasn't got a copy of Jim Chapralis's newest book, drop him a note and get it as soon as you can. It's a great read!

G.D.

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The REEL THING May '06

Our club fishing trip to Kennesis Lake last weekend was a resounding success. The ice was all off and the sparkling, clear blue water was a treat to see and fish in after a rather disappointing ice-fishing season. Ten of us made the trek to test their skills and luck on the lake's speckled and lake trout and the brookies co-operated nicely with a half a dozen beauties taken by six of the crew. One of our newest members caught her first speck, ever, a gorgeously coloured thirteen-incher.

There were several lunkers hooked - and lost - by Paul Kennedy and my son, Ron, as is so often the case, right by their boats. The lakers were either in hiding or simply had lockjaw. Windermere Lodge on the shore of Haliburton's Kennesis Lake, where we stayed in a couple of their excellently equipped cottages, was the perfect setting and even if the catching wasn't quite what we had hoped for, certainly offers an outdoor ambiance that's hard to beat.

Two of the more interesting 'catches' on the weekend were Ronnie's spotting, latching on and delivering with Tas Candaras's help a couple of the lodge's docks that had been carried off when the ice went out a few days before our arrival. They had to be carefully towed a couple of miles from where they were discovered. Less important, except perhaps to Bob Tanaka, was my retrieval with a lucky cast of his errant hat blown off when Tas put the hammer down in his big boat. As it developed, his hat was the only thing I managed to catch on this one. However, the streams are now all open to legal fishing so the Ganaraska is about to feel the wrath of my frustrations left over from the weekend.

We begin our outdoor casting season in a couple of days, Thursday evening and we will be sharpening our skills on both the fly targets and the plug course every Thursday until mid-August. We will be at Milliken Pond from approximately 5:30 until 8:30 (rain or shine) and it is to be hoped that all our members will be taking advantage of the lovely location along with our instructors, Jim, Jurgen, Ray, Sheila and yours truly to get ready for our Scarborough Open Casting Championships on the weekend of June 3rd and 4th at the same location.

George Monroe came up from Rochester for a few days to take in my Book Launch, a little fly distance practice and our last evening on the targets in the gym before moving outdoors. He's in great shape and we're looking forward to his making waves on the tournament circuit over the summer with our initial jaunt taking us to Lexington Ky. for their Bluegrass Championships. Perhaps, Paul, Jim, Ray and some of our other fly and plug casters would like to join us for that one. Even our newest casters, like Maria, Lee and so on would find the trip to be a more than worthwhile experience.....the Kentucky folks are probably the most hospitable on the circuit, other than our own club, of course.

Things are pretty well winding down in the shop, with only Lee and Maria still working on their bamboo. I still have a number of the special Collector Editions of my book, MEMORIES OF MAGICAL WATERS (Marked and numbered first 100 off the press) left that are not accounted for if anyone hasn't notified me as of yet. I will be taking them to the tournaments to save postage costs for some of you folks, but if you just can't wait until then to read the book, simply send me your address and cheque and they'll be in the mail to you right away. The U.S. dollar cost is \$24.95 and \$7.00 postage (I'll eat the tax). In Canada the Collector edition is \$29.95 & postage also \$7.00 (No tax) If anyone would like regular copies (Not the Collector editions) they are \$3.00 less.

Our June tournament at Milliken Park is on the weekend of the 3rd and 4th while the tournament in Kentucky is on May 20th & 21st. The Neptune's Cove Restaurant, probably the best seafood restaurant in Toronto through their fine owner, Peter Koumaris has already offered us *Ten Dollar Discounts* for all the participants in our Scarborough Open Championship event, a wonderful offer worth more than the entry fee to participate, so it is to be hoped that we will have a record turnout for this always popular event. Remember there are both "A" & "B" classifications so all our novice members don't have to worry about trying to beat Jim Lloyd or Harvey Beck.....just each other.

Ciao,

Gord

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THE REEL THING

March 2006

We're a little early once again with The REEL THING, because Sheila and I are off in a couple of days to Costa Rica for a little R&R after a very busy last couple of months. We might even do a little fly fishin' for tarpon while there. They look just like a big herring so shouldn't be too hard to catch on a Despair. Speaking of tarpon, Paul Quarrington left this morning for Cuba for a repeat of his bonefish and tarpon experience there last summer. We also heard awhile back that Jack Walmsley after driving his big RV all the way down to Mexico got into some heavy saltwater fishing down that way. Paul Kennedy is in New Brunswick for a few weeks on business, but was planning on doing a little hard-water angling down there.

Back up here in God's country, the ice fishing's been spotty, but Jim Lloyd managed to take brook trout on a couple of trips up to Harburn Lake in Haliburton and old buddy, Leon Schwartz and his grandsons took a fine catch of jumbo perch from Lake Simcoe, several of which they gave me for breakfast as payment for showing them how to prepare a perch for the pan in less than one minute. Tas Candaras took a nice lake trout from Lake Joseph near his Muskoka cottage. Sharon McIntyre is back from her trip to Southern California so we should have more fishing info for you in the next bulletin.

We welcomed our newest member, Maria Voltsinis, in our last bulletin although he had yet to meet her. Maria is a young lady who says she is a fishin' addict and wants to learn everything she can about her first love from all of us in the club. Maria has already shown she is an ardent pupil and is well on her way to perfecting her casting technique and has the cane split, measured and staggered to build her first fly rod, the popular Broadback model, all this in less than a month with our club. Bob Tanaka has his cane fly rod glued up and ready for the ferule, guides and handle while Lee Pantridge, after he and wife, Dawn, bought their first house – and dog – finally got back to work on his bamboo and along with Maria, should also be able to get their sticks finished in time for the trout opening in May.

Weather in these parts this winter has been weird to say the least; last Thursday afternoon, even though it's still very early in the Maple syrup season, I had a hunch the sap would be running and hand-tapped the big maple on my front lawn. The sap literally ran...not dripped. I knocked in a spigot, hung a sap pot then took out an extension cord and drill and hung eight more buckets before heading for the gym for casting practice. By the time we got home in the evening most were from a quarter to a half, full.

Yesterday the temperature never got above -5 and the taps shut down, leaving the pots all containing a few inches of frozen sap.

Jane Gibson, the senior editor at Natural Heritage Books, the publisher of my **MAGICAL MEMORIES AND WATERS** *note the slight title change, and I, have spent a great deal of time working on the photographs and their captions for the new book which should be arriving from the printer in a few weeks now. Quite a few of you folks who asked to have your name put on the list of those wanting one of the first 100 Collector editions of the book will be pleased to discover your own picture - or pictures - in the book.

There are still a dozen or so of these very special editions unaccounted for. I heard an interesting story from good buddy, Jim Chapralis, that another friend of his, also an author, had one of his similarly marked and signed Collector editions of his own book selling on E.BAY for several thousand dollars. There you go folks, here's your chance to make big bucks! (Jim didn't say if the fellow's name was Steven King, or what)

How about three cheers for all our Canadian Olympians, especially the gals - record breakers all.

If you haven't seen it yet, get hold of the March copy of Outdoor Canada Magazine.....there is a great photo of editor (and club member) Patrick Walsh, with a gorgeous lake trout pushing forty pounds, that he took on casting tackle in Northern Saskatchewan last summer. The April edition of the same magazine has a couple of pieces from my pen in it as well, one on Gravaadlaax, the other on the Despair Trout Fly. Not sure if the magazine is available on U.S. stands, but they could probably be obtained by contacting them in Toronto at editorial@outdoorcanada.ca .

Big George Monroe came up from Rochester to work with us on his fly accuracy this week. I suggest that this fellow is going to surprise everyone with his competitive skills this year. Not only is he dedicated, but is in terrific shape working as a basketball referee this winter. George will be making waves in the distance games as well as his accuracies.

We have eight folks booked for the ice-out trout-fishing trip to Kennesis Lake on the last weekend in April. We could take as many as four more, providing we are told by March 15th. We would then utilise two cottages instead of the one big one. This should be an excellent fun and fishing trip and produce a few really big brookies if the weather's good. We will be fishing two lakes, Kennesis and Burdoch.

Tight Lines,

Gord

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The Reel Thing – September '06

We're a little late in getting the bulletin out because a few of us have been fishing trout in Northern Quebec for the past couple of weeks and just returned. It was a great trip, but I won't go into all the details except to say that Paul Kennedy caught the trout of his life, a magnificent twenty-seven inch, seven and a half pound male speckled trout. The great fish was all decked out in its most vivid spawning colours and fell for a Muscarovitch streamer fly that Paul had tied expressly for the purpose. I shot half a roll of film of the capture, the stunned looks on the faces of our crew and the careful release.

Tas Candaras also starred on this trip, catching the most fish and providing us with plenty of pickerel for the evening meals. He also took a pike which would have tipped the scales around fifteen pounds, three pounds less than another one that fell for the tiniest lure in my kit, a #0 E.G.B. Lee Pantridge tied a Despair in camp without the use of the vice then went out and caught his first brookie ever on a fly, the Despair. Paul and I both took a few other mounties as well, specks over twenty inches.

Casting begins again in the gym on Thursday the 21st with the shop activities preceding that by a couple of days, Tuesday the 19th. Hope to see all our members out for the opening nights of the Fall and Winters season, as we have to further discuss the possibility of our hosting the National next year and having another Haliburton fall fishing and camping trip in a few weeks.

That's all for now.

Gord

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The Reel Thing – October '06

Some real exciting fishing for a few of the folks in our club since our last bulletin. We told you about Paul's big brookie caught on the Broadback, but haven't reported Jurgen Brech's exploits and Sharon McIntyre's thrilling battle with a huge rainbow. Jurgen reported that he and Sharon had a nice outing to one of his *secret* streams for speckled trout and between the two of them produced specks up to 12" with Sharon starring.

A week later Jurgen, fly fishing on Wilmot Creek, won a titanic struggle with a magnificent ten pound brown trout. Unfortunately it was one of the few times that he hit the streams without his camera, but when this fellow says he caught and landed a ten pound brownie, unlike some of the rest of us, he has to be believed. Then Sharon making a solo trek to fish steelies on the Bighead River, had the thrill of her fishing life with another wonderful fish. I'll let her tell her own story.

Hi Gord:

Had to report on my afternoon on the Bighead. First I fished the roe you gave me but that was much too sedentary so I switched to a shallow lure. After about a dozen casts, I hooked a huge rainbow. All of a sudden there were so many people cheering me on - I have no idea where they all came from. The fish was tearing up and down the river making wild runs and leaping into the air - very exciting.

I kept my rod tip up and kept pressure on the line. Several men started running all over looking for a net - finally they found two. I managed to bring the fish close to the net after about 15 minutes - I thought it'd break my little bamboo rod or 8 lb line. The fish got away when one of the men tried to net it for me. Like you've said, Gord, I should have landed it myself, just beaching it in the shallows.

Everyone was disappointed and upset except me - I was thrilled!!! The fish was well over 2' long and very fat. I had a real good look at it and it was absolutely beautiful. It is even more beautiful now in my memory that it has my lure stuck in its mouth. I'm looking forward to getting it back again - soon.

Sharon

Thank you, Sharon for the nice account of your exciting outing on the Bighead.

Paul Quarrington, Pat Walsh, Sharon and I then hit the 'Picnic Grounds' on the Ganny and had a lot of fun with the salmon and a few small 'bows, but no browns. I did have a nice seven or eight pound Jack nail a Muscarovitch Streamer and put on a fine show for almost fifteen minutes. Pat donated several Mepps to a couple of the big Chinooks that he was unable to hang on to, while Paul also tussled with several big salmon.

But I suppose September really belonged to the gals, as Maria then proved. Maria

Voltsinis joined our club last winter, made great strides in building her first split cane rod, our Broadback model then won the Best Sport trophy in our June tournament. On her first stream fishing venture she captured a fish larger than many of us can ever even imagine in our fondest dreams. Although I sent along her story already, I'm including it here as some may not have seen it the first time and it's a fine account.

There's a photo of her catch in the attachment. Here's her story (and, no, I didn't write it):

THE GOLDEN BROWN

By Maria Voltsinis

My alarm clock started to go off at 3:30 a.m. on that Friday morning in late September. Not my customary time to wake up. I usually awake at 5:30 to get started for a day at the office. Today was different. Instead of putting on a stuffy crisp suit and shoes that echo with each step, today I had a sweater, a pair of long johns and jeans neatly folded awaiting me. Today I was going on my very first trip to the Ganaraska River or the "Ganny" as I have heard it called lovingly by some. And I was going with a man who probably knows the river better than any living being. Mr. Gord Deval. And I was his student. A privilege.

As I pulled up to Gord's house at 5:15 a.m. the garage door began to open before I exited my truck. I was early. Gord said to be there by 5:30 a.m. I did not want to be late. He was in the garage putting on his boots.

"Good morning, Gord" I said.

"Oh, good morning Maria. I wasn't expecting you to be early. Usually people are late and I am sitting in the Jeep waiting for them."

"I couldn't wait", I said, "shall I get my gear". Truth is I could have happily been there at 4:00 a.m. waiting in my idling truck for the adventure to begin. And what an adventure it would be.

I went back to my truck to get my knapsack, lunch and and tackle, including my newly purchased 5' ugly stick. I also had my other rod, a 7'6" medium action rod with a reel that I was going to transfer to the ugly stick and lastly my chest waders. I locked up the Toyota and made my way back to the garage, where Gord took one look at my 7'6" rod and put it to the side of his garage. It was not welcome on this trip. I flinched a bit. I knew that Gord wanted me to use a manual retrieve reel. But I thought that I would have difficulty with that set up alone, and would be able to fall back on my spinning outfit with bail intact. For some reason or other, I didn't say anything. I let him put the rod to the side. And that was that.

We climbed into the Jeep and made our way north on Warden Avenue to the 401 and then east to Port Hope where the Ganaraska River runs through it. I was on my way to the Ganny! Before long we made our way to a farmhouse where we had special permission to use the backroads to make our way to the Ganny. Dawn was just breaking as we approached the farmhouse. I was excited. We pulled into the drive and made our way past the main house and into the back where a huge silo loomed before us.

"This is where you are supposed to park if you come here on your own, beside the

silos. But we are going to drive in to get closer to the river.” Gord said.

He began to drive to the far right of the huge farm field. To our right there were trees and signs everywhere. No Hunting. No trespassing. To the left, open field. He drove slowly, peering out the driver’s side window looking for mushrooms.

“This is where I found the giant Puffball Mushroom the last time I was here,” Gord said.

He pointed out a few other Puffballs, but declared them to be too old to be any good he said. So we kept on. We continued to the bush. The Jeep wound through the forest on a tiny bush-trail. The trees created a cavern. Leaves and branches brushed against the truck. The sun was just rising and the light was filtering in through the leaves. It was surreal. After what seemed an eternity we came to a small clearing.

“We’re here” he said.

As I opened the door, I was vacuumed out of the car and into the pureness of the day. It was 6:45 a.m. I looked around. The Ganny was there before me. I didn’t know what to expect other than a few hours on a river that was foreign, but looked welcoming. We put on our boots and waders. Gord fitted my rod with one of his own manual reels then attached a Blue Fox Vibrax to the line using a double improved clinch knot. From my tackle box he picked out a few more lures and off we went.

We walked about 5 or 10 minutes and then came to the bank of the river. He began teaching me with great patience how to use the manual retrieve. While teaching me he hooked a small rainbow. He gently removed the rainbow from his lure. He is an excellent teacher. I still have a lot to learn. But a solid foundation was gained. We were ready to move on after about an hour.

“Ok, now the fun begins, lets go fishing” said Gord.

I had seen fish unlike I have never seen before. Big Chinook Salmon... browns and rainbows. It was really like a dream. The ultimate fishing dream. In a way I wish I had been able to take advantage of practicing casting with the club at Milliken Pond during the summer to hone my skills so that I was not so distracted by the beauty of the Ganaraska River and the size of the monstrous fish that kept swimming by during this lesson. But I was distracted. Who wouldn’t be?

Gord was very kind. He knew which fish would probably hit. He always asked me to cast first. He wanted me to get a fish.

“Cast in front of that fish,” he said. “It’s a small jack”

So I would try to cast accurately. But would get flustered with the excitement. The patience on my teacher’s part never wore thin. Gord may be known as the “Old Guy” to most. But to me he is a teacher, a patient teacher. A teacher who gains only from the gain that his students make. Unselfish and very giving.

As the morning marched forward, I observed him with great admiration. I watched him cast with extreme accuracy. I watched him work his lure as though a butterfly were swimming in the water only to be lifted out and immediately cast into the slow moving current again. This beautiful day, sun shining, wind minimal, current swift but forgiving. I was happy.

Gord was about 20 meters ahead of me. He was casting over and over again in the same spot. At one point he looked back at me and said "I see a beautiful Brown". I stayed where I was. I did not want to spook the fish. I continued to cast where I was and waited.

"Did you see that?" he asked.

"See what", I said.

"The most beautiful Golden Brown Trout, about 4 to 7lbs." he said.

His eyes were as bright as I had ever seen them.

"Sorry Gord didn't see it" I said.

He looked disappointed and said he must have cast about 20 times and the fish wouldn't take his lure. But the colours of this fish. A beautiful gold. Colours he would never forget. We continued on up river.

At one point Gord stopped and said "this is my favourite place". I absorbed this point in the river. It was the most beautiful spot we had been to as of yet. A gravel bed separated the river. Trees hung over the right of the river almost as hands trying to scoop the gravel bed from where it was set. I took out my camera and asked Gord to pose for a picture. As soon as he took off his hat and held it near his heart, I knew. This was the spot. He became a bit quiet as we moved on up river. So did I.

Gord continued to cast. I continued to cast just behind him. We made it to a bend in the river and I decided to move ahead. Gord was covering a pool and I decided to climb up a slight embankment to cast a bit. I wanted to perfect my newly acquired skill. I wanted him to know that his instruction was not in vain. So I cast out into the pool.....he did not see what I felt was a perfect cast, and a perfect working of the lure, as per his instructions. The cast felt good as soon as it left my spool. Then I worked the rod tip like a pro. I thought if only Gord or someone could see how perfect this cast was. I wasn't even thinking about the fish. Then it hit...

"GORD", I said.

"GooooooooooooooooooooORDDD... I'VE GOT ONE ON!" I screamed in a quiet drawl.

I couldn't believe it. Fish on. Not a small one either.

"Come over this way, Maria, closer to me so you can play it from the bank here," Gord shouted.

So I made my way towards him. It was a fish I was sure I would lose. Beautiful silver flashed in the water as I worked it towards the sandy bank where Gord was standing. The look on Gord's face will forever be etched in my memory. The smile is there, frozen in the walls of my brain matter. Freshly painted. I tried to bring the fish in. But she had a lot of fight left in her. I didn't know if I would ever be able to get her in with my 5" rod and my 6 lb test line. But with Gord's instructions I guided her to the shore and soon tried to tail her.

The slime made it very hard to get a good grip. She slipped out of my hand, fighting, and back into the water again. I worked her back close to the bank. I gripped her again just above the tail and literally dragged her onto the sandbank. I had her. A beautiful Chinook salmon. Later measured to be 30" in length and weighing in at just less than 11lbs. I had trouble holding her properly. She still had a bit of fight left in her. Gord took

some pictures of me literally holding the fish as though it were a newborn. Cradled against my chest. Very funny the dance I had with this fish. At least Gord thought so.

After that, we walked back to the car, fish in tow. We took a few more pictures by the car with the fish after she was measured and weighed. Then to the bank of the river to clean her. I have never cleaned a fish this big. Gord pulled out a knife out of a sheath made of leather. The blade glistened. It was engraved with something I couldn't make out. The knife was a gift to Gord from an admiring fisherman from Europe. I was pleased to use it.

"Do you want to try to clean the fish?" Gord asked.

"For sure" I said smiling.

I cut as Gord instructed only to discover a huge amount of roe in the fish. Approximately 2 lbs according to Gord. We bagged the roe, removed the rest of the innards and then bagged the fish. Then we were off again. We still had some more fishing to do. Let me tell you, I think I was now high. There was nothing that could disturb this happiness and exhilaration that had overcome me.

We waded upstream the opposite way we had been. I was still reeling from the excitement of my fish. I was content just to make my way a couple of meters behind Gord. He wanted to bring his wife, Sheila, a brown trout home. Something not too big, just enough to make her a meal that she would love. I think Gord was still thinking of the golden brown trout that had escaped him earlier. I don't think he had forgotten about that fish. It was in his mind, and he wouldn't let it go.

Gord hooked onto a huge fish not 100 metres into our walk. I immediately took out my camera. I knew that I was witnessing what was and is my teacher actually doing what came naturally to him... to fish. It didn't take long as he was actually concentrating on what he was doing whereas before it was about me and my learning. I was content. I pulled out my camera and set it to video. Even though I was observing, I was still an ardent pupil learning. I watched as he played the fish. It was twice the size as the fish I had just landed. He played it. Then the hook was out of its lip. I have this on video, as my digital camera will prove.

Again, just down the river, Gord hooked another monster he called Big Mamma! My god, this fish was at least, the very least, 3 feet long. Gord said between 25 and 30 pounds. He hooked the fish at about 12:15 p.m. and played the fish, walking upstream about 300 metres until it cuddled up into a bank.

"Maria," he instructed, "please throw some rocks over there to see if we can scare it loose. If it goes around that big stump, and fouls the line on it, it's game over for sure!"

I threw rocks.

Big Mamma broke free. Gord managed to bring her around again. She was a monster. Big Mamma, all right! It was a while that Gord fought the fish, at one point handing the rod to me and saying, play her awhile. I tried to play her. She was huge. I could feel her head jerking from side to side probably trying to get the hook out of her mouth. I think that I must have put too much twist in the line by reeling against the slipping clutch while trying to play Gord's monster. He was still teaching me when he was trying to get this monster in.

After about 45 minutes of fighting the line broke when the line, badly twisted fouled on his rod tip as the salmon made a final lunge for freedom. Big Mamma made her way down the river to a spot where she sat with all her might in the current. Gord and I made our way to where she was situated. I think big Mamma was laughing, because when the air bubbles popped as soon they broke the surface of the water, I heard the 'ha ha' rise above the water.

We were done. It was around 1:00 p.m. and we needed to get back to Toronto. I don't think Gord was upset with losing Big Mamma. Not at all actually. What he was truly upset with was the Golden Brown, that elusive Golden Brown that was spotted earlier. This is all he talked about after the giant salmon finally took off downstream. This Golden Brown was what he hasn't stopped thinking about the whole time since he had seen it just before 10 a.m. that morning.

We climbed into the truck, pulled out our lunches and began to eat.

Gord began to back the Jeep up..... and then the embankment gave way... we were too close to the side of the embankment and with the rainfall up until that perfect day the front right tire slipped, causing the front end of the car to drop scarily over the edge. We ended up perched at a 90 degree angle on the embankment, eight feet above the water. This was too much for me.

The rushing water of the once venerated Ganaraska was now a menacing sight below my window...four feet deep and eight feet below. I didn't see my life flash before me, what I saw was me moving swiftly out of the passenger seat, as per Gord's quiet instructions and out the half-opened left rear window headfirst. Gord's door opened and he exited.

"Shit!" Gord swore.

"Shit!" said Maria.

This continued for a short while. The exchanges of "oh shits".

As terrifying as the ordeal was, when I looked at Gord, I did not see fear, what I saw was a Golden brown trout still dancing in his eyes and I know he saw... a big Chinook in my eyes. And I was waltzing with the salmon. Everything was going to be alright.

It was after a long hike to the farm where we borrowed an enormous come-along winch and with help eventually managed to extricate Gord's Jeep from the potential disaster so it could be ready to take him to do battle on another day.

Thank you, Maria, for a lovely and very complimentary story on your very special day.

With two shop nights and one in the gym in September, it seemed that everyone was still away at their summer cottages, as attendance was far below last year's averages. Hopefully, it picks up this week, with an up-coming club fishing trip coming up in a couple of weeks to put the finishing touches on. I'm sure that will pick up now that the kids are back in school, freeing up the parents a little. With our membership now standing at twenty-eight, we are now the biggest and certainly the best all-round fly and bait casting club in Canada and looking forward to a bang-up 2006-7 fall and winter season.

This was a long Reel Thing, but I hope it was enjoyed by all. If you want to send any comments regarding Sharon's and Maria's stories, I'll be happy to pass them along to the ladies.

Gord

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The Reel Thing – November '06

Well after those exciting stories from Maria and Sharon in our October bulletin this will be a rather tame Reel Thing. However after much discussion as to where we should go for our Fall fishing trip this year and be under canvas, in trailers, motels or cottages, we opted for a weekend in the Land O' Lakes area and cottages on beautiful Mosque Lake. I am sure many of you folks must have read some of the stories in my MEMORIES OF MAGICAL WATERS book on Mosque and the surrounding area.

There were nine of us on this one and although the catching left a little bit to be desired, the fishing was fun and it was agreed by all that the weekend was an enjoyable one. There were few trout caught as we were in an extremely low pressure zone there for almost a week, with on and off sleet and snow flurries throughout the weekend. There were tons of tasty perch caught though with Paul and Maria starring in that department, but as usual, Sheila won the trip's fish bet, five bucks each, with three pan-sized splake. Nevertheless, Jurgen, Lee and Dawn all reported hard strikes from rainbows. Jurgen reported that according to his fish-finder all the trout were stacked up on the lake bottom, obviously with lockjaw – to boot.

Haven't heard much from Rick Matusiak lately, but I'm sure we will soon as he enjoys fishing the steelies in the late fall up Georgian Bay way. Sharon, Patrick Walsh, Paul Quarrington and I had a fun day chasing the Chinooks around the Ganny until I finally teased one big galoot into hammering my Despair. Fishing with my tiny, cane, five and a half foot Ganny fly rod made for some exciting action for twenty minutes or so before it was released. Paul and Pat went back a few days later and Pat tied into a twenty-five pounder that he managed to lick in fifteen minutes even though his rod broke part way through the battle.

For some reason or another, we seem to have a dearth of interest in our shop activities so far this autumn. Compared to this time last year when we were regularly getting ten or twelve folks out to work on the feathers and bamboo, we are averaging fewer than a half a dozen weekly in the shop this year.....so far. Another problem is with our membership dues payments. Almost half the folks in our club have not remitted their dues yet. If their dues are not forthcoming before the end of this month we will have to remove their names off our membership and mailing lists. It costs money to operate our club efficiently and our dues structure barely covers the entire cost factor. Please get them in to us soon, folks.

[Tight Loops,](#)

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October 2008

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First: a little summary. We did receive a lovely long letter from one of our dearest and long-time buddies, Jurgen Brech, who had a difficult abbreviating his letter to us, but simply to say, he is extremely pleased to have learned that things have returned to normal in the club. Although Jurgen had a tough time in the last six months or so with his wife`s illness and being out of work for awhile, he still easily led the parade in the parade in the casting and fishing department. Jurgen won medals in every tournament that he participated in this summer and caught almost unbelievable numbers of trout right from `opening day` until the season ended. On his last outing, wetting a line with Ray Cockburn, he and Ray both caught and released a number of lovely trout and salmon.

We also did get one other reply to our queries from Brian who did report several good outings on the streams, but not a lot to tell us about though in the catching department. Bert Colp éx also chimes in with another tale about what he swears what had to be the biggest fish in the universe. The brute boiled on the surface then took off in

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The Reel Thing

March 2008

This REEL THING is going to be fun to write, but then aren't they all when you folks find moment you read about them. I should begin mentioning where you are....were....and about to be again soon again shortly. This is occasionally called going from the *sublime to the ridiculous and back again*. Bear with me for a moment while I try to explain.

After going from our surroundings, The Barcelo Tambor Beach, a beautiful resort after another hour's flight in a considerably smaller plane, it was mostly just much needed 'R&R', snorkelling, fine dining and renewing a few friendships, before we back on the big jet. We could hardly wait to get back on the plane, get home, un-pack, get readied to get up north again to challenge, Jim and Paul's angling skills and supremacy once again while the ice was still good Then it was time to pack up and hop on a jet two days later and fly to Costa Rica for huge change in enough for two or three more forays into God's country. Many folks would consider all this bouncing around back and forth, of in other words, GOING FROM THE SUBLIME TO THE RIDICULOUS.

Just a week ago, Jim and I had one of those blue ribbon days that rarely occur when we see those compared with most often. With four ice fishing forays to date since the lake tightened up sufficiently to safely get up and out on the hard water, the sum total of our catch is one lovely big brookie, a nice rainbow and a couple splake, one of which matched Paul Kenned's brookied in size with that one also being a splake. As usual, The Old Guy, caught *'likedy split' or 'zilch'* or whatever. But that and the preceding few nevertheless provided us with enough adventures to keep us entertained. Those, however, included enough of those trials and tribulations to provide a few interesting memories for Sharon McIntyre and Marie Voltsinis on those first trips up north accompanying us. Nevertheless it was left up to, as it so often becomes left up to be, Jim was obviously enjoying one of the best days of hard-waterfishing we have had together in several years fishing together.

Now back to reality: things are really moving along well with all our club activities since the Christmas annual club tournament and party, especially since I finally broke out of the hospital and learned that I might actually be able to write or even understand what had happened to me. That took some doing but although most of the doctors said I may not write again....here where we are....and hard at it. Just we had before Sheila and I had that little respite in South America, Maria told us that she had a little fishing news to give you.....a nice and tasty feed of perch, a few of which were of the jumbo variety proving her with meal. Oh well, they can't be all trout, Maria! Paul Quarrington also casually mentioned that he was off again for another crack at the tarpon and bone-fishing that he and another buddy, Jake McDonald, had had such a great trip a couple years ago. Like P.Q., also a fine writer recently wrote, an excellent story for another of the coterie of fishing authors, writing for Outdoor Canada Magazine. Jake wrote about the re-birth of the fabled sport-fishery on Atlantic Salmon on the Miramichi River.

Tid-bits: while I happen to think about it (these thoughts occur quite regularly when I talk about superb fishing) I think that good buddies, Paul Kennedy, Rick Matusiak and I have pretty well agreed that in lieu of our regular annual trips the great Broadback River for its fantastic speckled trout fishing, that we will be striking out for new and as yet to be explored waters. After more than twenty-five wonderful fishing trips there it appears that we will seek new waters to continue our search for Doctor Cook's venerable, and ancient world record, held by the good doctor. Although we will be on the same general watershed, we will be working over a very and as yet to be explored section of the river.....we will continue to keep you informed with the results of our efforts. As I will soon be in my eighties, there are only so many chances left to obtain the record on behalf of our crew. We will soon be looking at yet another of our other past crews. *Who will be the lucky one to join us this year?*

I've been leaping around all over the place with this bulletin, THE REEL THING. Normally we reasonably adhere to the usual format, fishing, casting, club stuff and so on, but the *helter-skelter* this effort that it seems to becoming this time (we've been told) actually has no *format at all*. Apparently some of our long-time readers find just throwing everything into the pot together find it less boring than having to simply just read 'another story'. Speaking of fishing, we have been spending most of our efforts so far this year have been directed towards Limit Lake and trying to capture one of the lake's 'biggies'. Perhaps it's time to give it a rest and work some of the other *waters* in Haliburton.

Paul K and I have been kicking around the idea of doing a two-day, overnigher like some that we have been on several times. The Land o' Lakes area would provide the perfect respite for Limit then perhaps we could chase down one of the hundreds of others in the area that provided excitement for us in the past.....maybe we could make another attempt to breach the seemingly unassailable Sullivan Lake and Mcready mountain, the highest in the area. We only managed to succeed there twice on a couple of the previous nine or ten efforts. Then there are the mysterious Quinn Lakes, three of them, West, South and North Quinn all three of them with filled with fat brookies just waiting for us to work them over.

Or perhaps we should simply return to one of our former real winners where Jim Lloyd took one of his six-pounders from A/B Lake. That one provided us with a great story in a chapter from one of my books, *Memories of Magical Waters*, where had I described an hour-long story. Another chapter from a different book, the first I ever wrote, *Fishin' Hats*, details a similar hour-long story where another good buddy, Pete Pokulok and a seven-pound brookie that permanently hangs on his wall now, participated in a remarkable true fish story. Of course, Beanpole Lake, not far from Limit, is also ready and willing, hopefully, to produce other episodes for us to talk and write about. Sheila has always done well fishing there in the spring, her favourite time to fish there for the big rainbows that she always seems to have little trouble catching. As I have mentioned several times, Limit Lake has been for our 'catching' mainstay for some time now and where we still continue having reasonable success but our minds aren't completely closed to a little experimentation.....at least that's what we're saying.

We're still waiting for Rui Medeiros, another of our newer members and Brian Farugia to become more active in the angling department of the club, but we're sure the, too, will soon giving the hard-water fishing a shot. What we all are really waiting for is Jurgen Brech's wife, who is gradually getting over a rather serious illness, so he can resume his former terrific success working all those brown and rainbow trout streams so, Sharon, Maria and the rest of us can see how he does it. After all, winter won't last forever, or it seems so sometimes then we can get back to spending all those wonderful mornings that we enjoy fishing my personal favourite trout stream, the Ganny.

The American contingent of our club, the Scarborough Fly and Bait Casting Association, George Monroe, has been hard at work polishing his fly casting in anticipation of another chance at the medals again he won last year in the Scarborough Championships. We expect that George will improve his results from last year's National when he moved up into the top ten and we are still hoping that Ray Cockburn will clear his way to go with us. His work on the targets this year has become exemplary with consistently top results. Popcorn-meister, Brian Farugia, just getting his teeth (so to speak) has committed to going to his first National with our team this year. Having won his first (indoor) club championship, that should stand Brian in good stead when he goes up against the big boys in San Francisco in August. Casting both his plug and fly games, we are rooting for his chances and believe he will to put on a fine show.

Our bamboo and feather brigade led by Bert Colp and some of his contemporaries, Jurgen, Paul K., Ray and others, are well on their way to putting together their first bamboo wand, while Sharon and Maria are displaying their work for all our various 'critics'. Absolutely no criticism is being directed towards Hans Gulde though. The flies that he ties and supplies us with in the club are quite an asset to the club and save us a lot of money to boot. *Odds and ends*....Although good buddy, Lee Pantridge, has only popped up a couple times, I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot of 'Yung Lee' him before long as has already shown that he is one of our best casters and has also indicated his intentions to join our team to San Francisco.

If you have not had the opportunity as of yet to check out our new E.BOOKS then perhaps if you do, you may discover one or more of the other nineteen that I began writing almost twenty-five years ago. They include a potpourri of my work and contain an assortment of my writing efforts containing everything from fishing books, that some folks would rather have me deem *angling literature*, to novels and children's literature....that one I am particularly proud of.

See you all soon,

Gord

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The Reel Thing

May 2008

We don't have a lot to tell you about in this issue of "The Reel Thing" because we haven't accumulated enough information for you since, although the trout season opened last week, all the reports are not in from the rest of the club. We can tell you however that the club's best trout fisherman (that would be Rick Matusiak) did manage, despite a great number of medical difficulties, as he has always done on 'opening day' take a nice feed of brookies. His son, Alex, didn't manage to top the gorgeous speck he took from his favourite stream last year, but the two of them caught enough to put several feeds on the table for them and Rosemarie to grill to enjoy the rest of the week.....until he can get back to the creek.

Paul Kennedy and I continued our string of fishing almost all our trout 'opening days' together ever since we fishing together . He connected with a highly coloured male steelie that put on an credible show for him, but due to Paul's well practiced skills in landing big trout, quickly surrendered to the big fellow's initial power. Paul nailed the trout on his very first cast. Then, after doing the gentlemanly thing, as always, he then left the next, second, third, fourth and so on for me but I was having an absolutely horrible time just getting my lure in the water. It would fall everywhere but the water, the bushes, the other shore, behind me and so on. It was because I hadn't fished since I had the stroke, almost six months earlier. It seemed hard to believe that the stroke and lack of practice for so long could have dulled my "*former superior skills*" so much. But Paul managed to avoid breaking into laughter after what was becoming a real challenge.

Nevertheless, after Paul finally brought the show to a grinding halt I passed the torch back to him and took a breather. We proceeded on up-stream and sure enough I soon began hitting intended targets once again occasionally. The reward then came to me in about an hour or so when a properly placed cast was finally made and the fun really began. A huge and powerful silver of bolt of lightning surged into the middle of the stream and the trout took off powerfully downstream. Somehow or another the trout avoided all the snags, logs and so on and we held on although it only took moments for the fish to force me to regain almost two hundred feet of line even as it continued to rip off more line every time I managed to regain a few feet. Then I eventually was able to lead it into a quiet pocket of water where it was finally subdued. Paul and I simply knelt in the shallows while the fish, finned gently as it recovered and neither a word was spoken in silent admiration at the thirty inches, or so, of the great fish as it was led carefully back into the main current.....words were unnecessary as we exchanged high fives then continued on up-stream where Paul was finally able to continue fishing after I had finished my own half hour of fun with my own trout where he promptly landed a more appropriate catch, a colourful stream brownie that was quickly dispatched and crealed on a little greenery to keep it fresh for the pan.

After we poked around an hour or so, simply enjoying the enormous number of steelies, one of the largest runs we had ever observed in the Ganny, decided to move on and check out several of our other favourite fishin' holes in the river.

Fifteen miles upstream from our own whereabouts on the Ganny, Jurgen was threatening to soon have to check into a hospital after hooking and landing one after another giant rainbow of his own, as he reported he had already taken more big steelies in a couple of hours of fly fishing than he, too, had ever seen on that wondrous watershed. Jurgen estimated that he saw more than a hundred that took his fly in a couple hours of fishing.

The rest of the gang are getting pretty restless waiting for our spring trip in a couple of weeks. We would have lots to report on the fishing front after that one, the lake trout opening and the first few weeks of working over the Ganny. Other news; Bert finished and glued-up his Broadback butt section and I'm happy to say that it turned out splendidly, despite the false conjecturing

in some quarters about his rod building skills. Hans, Maria, Robert and all have also contributed to the efforts of our feather and bamboo production in the club.

The next big news on the home front however, is that the ice is finally off the lake and we are about to resume our casting activities. The dock will be in place this week at the pond and we will be able to cast in earnest now as our SCARBOROUGH FLY AND BAIT CASTING CHAMPIONSHIPS WILL BE IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, ON JUNE 7th. and 8th.

We are hoping that the enthusiasm shown over the last few months will continue now that our shop activities have come to an end until we resume in September. It is very important to the success of our club that our fishermen and casters continue to participate in our weekly casting practice and competition. Our club charter and permits can only continue to function if we have reasonable participation. Okay then, we'll see you at the pond.....next Thursday. We will try to be there by 6:00 o'clock.

Tight lines and narrow loops.....

Gord

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The Reel Thing

November 2008

G'day to all our wonderful friends, casting and fishing buddies. I have to tell you folks a little about the last few fishing trips that my buddies (and I, she and I, also a buddy, of course) had several rather remarkable fishing excursions in the last few months. First, was the story about about our search and return to a different set of waters and watershed itself, when we returned to Quebec's wonderful Broadback River a couple ninths ago. That turned out to be another exciting trip for the fellows who were the crew for this year's adventure, Paul Kennedy, on his 8th, Lee Pantridge, his second, while Brian Farugia's first and I on my 30th.....probably the last in the new territory that we had hoped to discover Mr. Big swimming in those in new waters waters that we had been contemplating for several years now. As it developed, that trip produced two very memorable moments and memories for us but for substantially different reasons which are best left closer to the end of the story where the next few paragraphs conclude.

As for now, October and November, they certainly provided us with an entirely different spot of writing for me to write about. During that little hiatus between these trips here and there, Jurgen continued to record for us all that he continued right up to the moment with exciting tid bits for us to observe. Jurg took browns, rainbows and salmon right up now and well into the beginning of the winter. Bert, his current fishin' buddy,

also took fish from a number of local streams and rivers, including the Rouge River, Cobourg Creek, Wilmot Creek, the Ganaraska River and a couple that Jurg prefers to be left un-named.

While all this was going on, Paul, Lee, Sheila and I decided it was our turn to see what we could produce ourselves, so although the mercury had plummeted well below zero, we bundled up and struck out for the wilds of Haliburton. This time though, we elected to take our 24' house trailer as far as we could drive where the road ends before it goes into Algonquin Park and the bush and frozen trails and ponds as far as we could get.....after first, of course unhitching the Jeep to continue the excursion after breakfast. Stepping outside a few minutes later was a bit of a shock to our constitutions but leading the way good soldier, Sheila struck out with the rest of us for the deep bush.

Breaking through the inch-thick ice didn't pose and insurmountable problem for us and in about another half an hour or so, we pulled up close to the shore which we luckily discovered was still ice-free. Before that however we had to remove an enormous tree which, because was on the roofs of both our folding boats preventing any further access. Fortunately, Paul had received a chain saw as a Christmas present last year and it had been judiciously tossed in our Jeep before leaving Toronto. In less than another half an hour the tree became history. Tackle was unloaded, boats readied and with Lee and Paul's assistance, Sheila and I pushed off.

Within minutes while she and I were stringing up our rods and Paul who was paddling just far out enough to clear the weeds, yelled, "Fish on." Then the fun really began. By the time we had finally decided to call it a day, all four of us had caught trout ranging from four-plus pounds and eighteen-inches or so in length. We estimated that more than two dozen had already been caught, all released except three or four of the largest. It was dark by the time we got back to the trailer, all of us with stories to kick around with each other and tired, but satiated with the day's results we all hit the sack early with grins on our respective faces. Even I, the Old Guy, had managed to catch a couple nice bows' myself, with Sheila as always showing how it's done.

The next day the onslaught continued and by the time we decided we had had enough it was mutually agreed to call it quits and simply savour the rest of the day's results and efforts, more than thirty or so magnificent trout. This trip, it was agreed by all of us was easily one of the best we had, only topped by a fabulous day that had there a few years earlier when another old buddy, Jim Lloyd, was with there with similar

results. That was the day that because of the fantastic fishing he suggested that we call it Limit Lake and of course I concurred completely. It has been Limit Lake ever since.

Because several things had prevented our rushing back up north to Haliburton for a few weeks the next trip was slow to get underway, but this time with only two others able to make the 160 mile-hike north this time, Outdoor Canada Fishing editor, Patrick Walsh and of course, I and the Old Guy. Nevertheless, the three of us to see if we were going to be able to duplicate the previous trip's super results.....wondering though if the heavy, wet snow that was falling continuously throughout the entire drive up north was going to allow us to even get there with the horrendous conditions we were facing we were driving in. Fortunately though, the old Jeep did its job and we managed to keep from ditching it. When we finally turned off into the bush trail we discovered it had become so narrow due to the heavy, wet snow load that the trees almost prevented our passage. Pat had to get his winter boots on, walking on and off while we used the car to shake the dashboard, I looked skywards, as least as much we could see anyhow, and muttered, "What the Hell and bump off the heavier branches to keep from snagging them on the boats fastened on the roof. It was slow and laborious work, but with the potential prospect of another great fishing - and catching - trip, we pushed on....Pat doing most of the work, lifting the heavier ones that we couldn't just drive through. It's rather amazing what we will go through just to put a couple of fish in the pan, isn't it? Two newly fallen trees had fallen, forming a huge, perfect 'X' across the trail completely obliterating our access. There was no way that we could proceed.....unfortunately we had neither Paul's chain saw or old Swedish saw, both which had been forgotten. Less than it would have been to reach the remaining half-mile, or so, we were forced to accept the inevitable, no fishing for us this time. We both agreed though that it had been an interesting an adventure and a great trip driving the old Jeep through the *almost* impenetrable bush and conditions in the deep snow. After bearing with our Reel Thing's readers patiently through to the end of this story, the folks still awaiting the conclusion of the November Reel Thing, will find that, although perfectly true, it could be for many too difficult to believable.....*now back to the Reel Thing and its conclusion.*

This will be an abbreviated REEL THING, because unfortunately as so often happens we do not have much to tell you about in this bulletin. We probably should give you an up-date on the medical front though. We have had a number of medical situations occurring with the folks in our club that has been the reason attendance in the shop and so on has dropped off, but the word is that all is well and thinks will be back to normal in short order shortly.

Currently, our fly-tying and bamboo rod building program is suffering a little, due to the absence, or about to be, absence, for several of our more consistently regularly in attendance in the shop and gym. Fortunately though, there was a fine turnout for the casting session in the gym a couple of weeks

ago. Bolstered our numbers were helped by George's coming all the way from Rochester to join us as he does as often as he can get away, along with a fine turnout from a few of our other less regular attendees.

With permission just received from Patrick Walsh's Outdoor Magazine's editor, I can also send along a copy of what I think is the best story I have ever written. We were awaiting to hear from Pat in the hopes that it may appear eventually in both the magazine along with pictures to back up the proof, accordingly. I trust you will enjoy this one and hope to hear and see your reaction. Returning to our old territory on this fabled river proved to be another amazing situation..... [CLICK HERE FOR THE STORY](#)

Tight lines and narrow loops.....

Gord

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