

Ole' St. Mary's

Here's one angler's response to the news of pool closures on Nova Scotia's St. Mary's River. This is one of those times that a poem can best convey our innermost feelings.

Ole' St. Mary's

Ole' St. Mary's so cold and clear
Your runs and riffles I love to hear
Through country and hill oh so near
It's in your waters silver fish appear

The moose, the bird and white tailed deer
Of many a fly was tied with cheer
To seek the salmon that have no fear
That jump and run, through pools so clear

Of men and fly, came far and near
To chase your fish with fancy gear
The scream of Hardy is to the ear
Your museum memories are sincere

If only those men could ever steer
Away from damage of saw, gaff and spear
Unbelievably savage and severe
How many of Salar's lives ended here

The East, The West split and veer
Separated by Silver's, only to disappear
Through hills and valleys so frontier
It is your loss I so desperately fear

The news came quick, my eye to tear
Like knife through heart, In my brain it sear
The word I have so much come to fear
Closure, of St. Mary's pools I hold so dear

Roland Pentz, July 20, 2011

Roland has since move to Wabush, Labrador, where he's found lots of fine fishing. He's still in touch with his St. May's friends.

Here's an entry from the 2011 River Magic Fly tying Championship. This one, a wet salmon fly by 16-year-old Brett Murphy of New Glasgow, is one of my favorites

- Bill Carpan, Stillwater NS

Silver Doctor Hairwing

Thread: Fluorescent red 6/0

Hook: Partridge Single Low Water, size 2-4



Tag: Fine oval silver tinsel and pumpkin floss
Tail: Golden pheasant crest
Butt: Red wool dubbing
Rib: Small oval silver tinsel
Body: Flat silver tinsel
Throat Hackle: Silver Doctor Blue
Wing: Red, blue and yellow bucktail
Head: Red

