



Lee Wulff Chapter of Trout Unlimited - A local chapter of America's leading nonprofit organization committed to the conservation, protection, and restoration of North American coldwater fisheries and their watersheds.

See us at: <http://www.leewulfftu.org>

January 2014 President's Message

Happy New Year to all of our Lee Wulff members!

Welcome to 2014 everyone!! So far it's been incredibly cold and snowy, but think of all the great snow melt that will replenish our waters and the Wisconsin spring creeks for next fishing season. Only a couple of months to go for you early season enthusiasts! I'm curious to find out if we have any ice fishermen in our group. Please send your fishing reports, stories and photos. For those of us who prefer to stay indoors, check out the newsletter for information about upcoming fishing shows and events this winter.

Our Christmas party was a huge success. The room was gorgeous, the dinner very tasty, the prizes abundant, and income from ticket sales was excellent! Thank you all for making this occasion such a success! Thanks especially to Pete and Betsy for all the hard work they put into the raffle! We couldn't do it without them. Please make sure to thank them when you see them!

We are excited to announce several new changes this year! First of all, I'm delighted to announce we have a brand new agenda for our meetings. Please see the information below for details. FYI-Spirits will also be available for purchase separately. Make sure you RSVP as soon as you can to SCOTT ROANNE so we will have enough pizza for everyone. Please do not contact Matt Gregory!

Jerry Sapp has put together a great program for our January meeting. I am really looking forward to it because we will be featuring our own talented Lee Wulff TU members. Read all about it in this month's newsletter. Please come and show your support for their hard work.

Also, please check out our TU website. We have been working diligently with Curt Watts updating the web information and I think you'll be pleased to see the site is current. Also the photo gallery has been dusted off and is ready for business. I have sent in a few photos, but the success of the photo gallery depends on our member's involvement. Please send pictures to me, Pete Koenig, or Dennis Higham for the gallery with a brief description of the story behind them. Or just send pictures. Please resize the photos, if you are able, to email size or small file size if possible. But don't let that prevent you from sending them anyway.

I am looking forward to seeing many of you at the January meeting!

Meg

NEW MEETING PLACE, NEW LOWER DINNER PRICES, AND A NEW MEETING FORMAT!

We will be meeting at Village Pizza in Carpentersville, starting in January. This new location is not far from the Millrose and should be easy to find. Please see the information at the end of this newsletter for details. We will be changing the meeting structure in that we will have an extended social time from 6:00p.m. to 7:30 p.m. Pizza and pop will be available during that time to allow for more time to mingle and eat. Cost- \$15.00 per person. Other food choices will be available for purchase if desired.

It will be a much more casual environment that we hope you will like.

Typically our speaker will then start at 7:30 p.m. instead of 8:00 p.m. Our members can enjoy the program and be able to leave a little earlier than we have in the past.

Our January program is a different, new "home grown" event, organized by Jerry Sapp. We will be featuring informative stations around the room, hosted by our own members, offering many neat tips and other great information. Come check it out!! To find out more, you'll need to be there!

I want to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas as we venture into the year 2014.

January 16, 2014 Meeting Program

January's program is a night of our own Lee Wulff experts in a round table of clinics.

There will be six presenters, each at a different table, giving you advice on some aspect of fishing.

You can move from table to table at your own pace. Ask questions, learn skills and gain information for next season.

The Lineup Includes:

- **Bob Becker** -Colorado fishing and information about: *The Rocky Mountain Anglers Club*
- **Curtis Watts** -Tying flies
- **John Psomas** - Tying flies
- **Gordon Rudd** - Information about our 2014 outings, for those who may not have been before
- **Mark Domagalski** - New equipment for 2014 and items that are sold on his web site
- **Jerry Sapp** – Rigging with tippet rings, hatches in the Driftless area, and Wisconsin streams you may have overlooked

Enjoy some Pictures from our Christmas Party !









Bob Olach's Fly Of The Month

Cove's Pheasant Tail Nymphs

In 1986, a fellow named Arthur Cove wrote a hardcover book called: *“My Way with Trout”* that was subsequently reprinted in 1992 as a soft cover. I heard about this book from a fellow in the UK after a posting on *“The Classic Rod Forum”* and, since I like Pheasant Tails in many of the fly dressings that I tie, I found a signed (not to me) hardcover copy of the book in 2008.

Cove's Pheasant Tail Nymphs differ from Frank Sawyer's nymphs (in my opinion), in that Cove's dressings tended to be on longer shanked hooks; used thread for winding (Sawyer used only wire); used natural AND dyed peasant tail bodies; had a dubbed thorax; no tails; and were tied part way down the hook bend.



Original Dressing from his book for *“Cove's Pheasant Tail Nymph”*:

Hackle: None
Hook: Partridge wide gape down eye; size 8 to 12.
Rib: Fine copper wire
Body: Ten to twelve fibers from cock pheasant tail centre
Thorax: Blue underfur of wild rabbit

Pictured Dressings:

Hook: Daiichi #1710 2 X Long Nymph hook (Size 10 – 14)
Thread: Uni-Thread 6/0 - Black
Body &
Wing Case: Natural, green, black and wine colored pheasant tails
Thorax: Natural Hare's Ear
Ribbing: Copper Ultra Wire
Hackle: None

Note: On the Orange Nymph, orange seal or African Goat fur was used for the body with a gold tinsel rib.

Rod & Reel Maintenance by Bob Olach

Since it's too darn cold to do much in the garage on the old cars, I thought that I'd tie some more flies, clean my rods & reels, etc. now that I'm stuck inside.

One of the things I did in the past couple weeks was to research some information on cleaning and maintaining my fly reels and other fishing gear. In the past, I've used various oils, greases, sprays, etc. to lube my reels and clean my graphite rods but have decided to switch to using some other products based on info I've located and thought that I'd let others in on the stuff and get your comments if you've been using these products in the past.

For cleaning, waterproofing, etc. reels and reel seat hardware, I've ordered a product called "*Boeshield G2870 T-9*". For heavier dirt accumulations, I'll probably continue using "*CRC Electronic Spray Cleaner*", since it dries quickly and doesn't leave much residue.

I also put some *Boeshield* on a paper towel and used it to clean the reel seats and rod sections on 2 Orvis graphite rods.... couldn't believe the dirt that came off the rods even though they had been waxed previously and then rubbed / buffed outsides of reels & spools (Orvis & Hardy) with the *Boeshield*. Did wonders for all moving parts and outsides sparkle!

For my bamboo rods, I still use an automotive Carnauba-based wax to clean and protect the bamboo rod sections.

For oiling the pivot points, etc. on reels, I've switched to "*Quantum Fishing Hot Sauce Fishing Reel and Tool Oil*" and for the gears / teeth on reels - "*Quantum Fishing Hot Sauce Fishing Reel and Tool Grease*".

Here's a link to show some info on the places to put / use the "*Hot Sauces*":

<http://classicflyrodforum.com/forum/viewtopic.php?f=72&t=4430>

In addition, while ordering the *Boeshield* and *Quantum* products on Amazon, I saw a link on a book called: "*The Orvis Guide to Tackle Care and Repair: Solid Advice for In-Field or At-Home Maintenance*".

So, what the heck, I added the book to the order for the big sum of \$9.95. Once I received the book I immediately scanned through it. Boy, does it have a lot of info and tips that I never knew on maintaining and repairing rods, reels, waders, fly lines, etc. Very good info and, it is possible to teach an old dog / person some new tricks!

Since it'll still be cold and I'll be home bound for at least the next few months before the trout season reopens in March, guess I'll have time to play with my gear inside until the weather gets warmer!

CABIN FEVER???

LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO UNTIL FISHING SEASON BEGINS?
TAKE A LOOK BELOW FOR ALL KINDS OF EVENTS TO HELP BEAT THE
WINTER BLAHS----

Fishing Show Calendar for Jan-Feb 2014

This is a listing of fly fishing and outdoor shows in the Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin area that are available January and February 2014.

Check show websites to confirm dates, locations, programs, speakers, etc., before you plan your trip.

Ice Breaker – 31st Annual - Southern Wisconsin Trout Unlimited

January 18, 2014

Location: Promega Biotechnology Center, Fitchburg, WI

Speakers: Kelly Galloup and Pat Ehlers plus fly tying demonstrations, live aquatic insect identification by the Wisconsin DNR, and lots more.

<http://www.swtu.org/icebreaker.html>

Chicagoland Fishing, Travel & Outdoor Expo

January 23-26, 2014

Location: Schaumburg Convention Center, Schaumburg, IL

Fishing show with lots of exhibitors/vendors/programs, limited fly fishing materials/programs.

<http://sportshows.com>

Spring Opener – Badger Fly Fishers

February 8, 2014

Location: Radisson Hotel (West), Madison, WI

Featured speaker is Davy Wotton. Davy Wotton's interest in fly fishing started in the 1950's when he watched his first trout caught by a fly fisherman. His professional career began in the early 1960s as a professional fly tier. Davy has developed and manufactured both fly tying and fly fishing products. Davy is a professional guide on the White River in Arkansas and one of the top experts on this river.

http://www.badgerflyfishers.org/newsletter10_13.pdf

Cabela's in Hoffman Estates - Sunday, February 16th at 1pm.

Schmidt Outfitters will present program on fishing on the Big Manistee.

The 8th Great Lakes Fly Tiers Symposium

February, 2014

Location: Summit on the Park Conference Center, Canton, MI

Dozens of well known and creative fly tyers demonstrating their tying skills.

<http://www.huronriver.org/symposium.html>

TroutFest '14 – Central Wisconsin Trout Unlimited

February 22, 2014

Location: Fin 'N Feather, Winneconne, WI

Speakers: CWTU's TroutFest '14 includes 10 mini-seminars, raffles, fly tying demos, artisans, water monitoring and stream work day volunteers, youth fly tying instruction, guides, outfitters.

www.cwtu.org

Madison Fishing Expo

February 21 -23, 2014

Location: Alliant Energy Center, Madison, WI

Big outdoors/fishing show with some fly fishing vendors/programs.

<http://www.madfishexpo.com>

2014 Chapter Outings

Early Spring Outing

April 25th-27th This is our annual outing to Southwest WI in the Driftless area. Our Chapter will gather at the Vernon Inn in Viroqua, WI. For reservations call 800/501-0664. Let them know you are with the Lee Wulff Chapter of Trout Unlimited as a block of rooms have been reserved. Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making their own reservations.

Some will be camping at the West Fork Sportsmans Club in Avalanche, WI. You must be a member to camp and the cost for membership is currently \$10 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent one of the two cabins they have.

This area includes the famed West Fork of the Kickapoo, Timber Coulee and Elk Creek to only mention a few. The early WI season is open only to catch and release.

We offer, to current Lee Wulff members, an opportunity to spend some time with an experienced member. So, if you're new to the area, new to fly fishing or would like to hook up with, and spend some time with, an experienced member this is the trip for you. **You must RSVP to Gordon Rudd at 815/245-2425 or McHenryFlyFisher@sbcglobal.net no later than April 18th for the Buddy System.** If there is a work project scheduled the Buddy System will be rescheduled. The Buddy System takes place Saturday morning until noon.

Dinner is scheduled at the Old Towne Inn, located northwest of Viroqua on Route 14 in Westby, WI. Dinner reservations are at 7:30 PM for Friday and Saturday and individuals are responsible for their own meals and libations.

There is a great fly shop in Viroqua called the Driftless Angler owned by Mat Wagner and Geri Meyer, www.driftlessangler.com 608/637-8779. Guide service is available from the following;

The Driftless Angler www.driftlessangler.com 608/637-8779

Rich Osthoff*Signature Flies*** www.richosthoff.com 608/847-5192**

Silver Doctor Fly Fishing (Bob Blumreich) www.silverdoctor.net 608/637-3417

Some books of interest for these outings include: *No Hatch to Match* by Rich Osthoff, *Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks* by Ross Mueller, Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-*The Angler's Guide* by Steve Born, *Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa* by John Motoviloff and the *Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer* by DeLorme.

May Outing & One Fly Contest

May 16th-18th This outing will take place in the same location as the Early Spring Outing. Our Chapter will gather at the Vernon Inn in Viroqua, WI. For reservations call 800/501-0664. Let them know you are with the Lee Wulff Chapter of Trout Unlimited as a block of rooms have been reserved. Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making their own reservations.

Some will be camping at the West Fork Sportsmans Club in Avalanche, WI. You must be a member to camp and the cost for membership is currently \$10 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent one of the two

One Fly Contest Rules

- J You must be a member of the Lee Wulff Chapter of TU
- J Fishing must be done on public water, or open to public fishing. No pond fishing allowed.
- J Only one fly may be fished and it may be modified, trimmed but no additional material may be added.
- J Strike indicators are permitted, but it may not be another fly.
- J Fishing time will be 9:00 AM until noon on Saturday. In case of incumbent weather the alternate day will be Sunday.
- J There will be two anglers to a "team".
- J There will be one "Judge" to accompany the anglers who will record the fish by species, length and time. Only trout will count.
- J Only one angler will fish at a time. Time not to exceed 15 minutes per slot.
- J Entry fee is \$5 per person and must be paid by 8:00 PM Friday night prior to the event.

Teams will be determined by pulling names out of a hat at 8:00 PM Friday night. You will not know who your teammate is until then. You may change or replace your fly up to two times during the contest at a cost of \$2 per fly. The money will go to the "Judge" of that team.

Please note; you do not have to participate in the One Fly event to enjoy this outing.

We will have a brat cookout at 7:30 Friday night at the campground. Cost for the cookout will be \$10 per person which includes brats, hot dogs, potato salad, condiments and soda. You are responsible for any other beverages you desire. **Your RSVP to Gordon Rudd is required by April 18th.** Dinner Saturday will be at the Old Towne Inn, located northwest of Viroqua on Route 14 in Westby, WI. Dinner reservations are at 7:30 PM and individuals are responsible for their own meals and libations.

There is a great fly shop in Viroqua called the Driftless Angler owned by Mat Wagner and Geri Meyer, www.driftlessangler.com 608/637-8779. Guide service is available from the following;

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Some books of interest for these outings include: *No Hatch to Match* by Rich Osthoff, *Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks* by Ross Mueller, *Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-The Angler's Guide* by Steve Born, *Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa* by John Motoviloff and the *Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer* by DeLorme.

[Annual Chapter Outing to Wa Wa Sum-Grayling, MI](#)

June 4th-8th This is an excellent outing to the historic rustic lodge owned by Michigan State University and situated on the banks of the "Holy Waters" of the famed Au Sable River. This location is a short walk upstream from the very spot upon which Trout Unlimited was founded. The outing includes four nights lodging, catered meals and fabulous fishing opportunities on the Au Sable and Manistee Rivers. The lodge is located just east of Grayling and it takes approximately 7 hours to drive there from the Chicago area. Dinner will be served Thursday, Friday and Saturday; breakfast Friday, Saturday and Sunday and a sack lunch will be provided Friday and Saturday. The cost for this outing is estimated at \$325. A **non-refundable deposit is of \$50 is required** to reserve your spot and the balance due by May 15th. As stated, **this is a rustic lodge**, and you need to bring your own bed linens (sleeping bag & pillow) along with towel and washcloth.

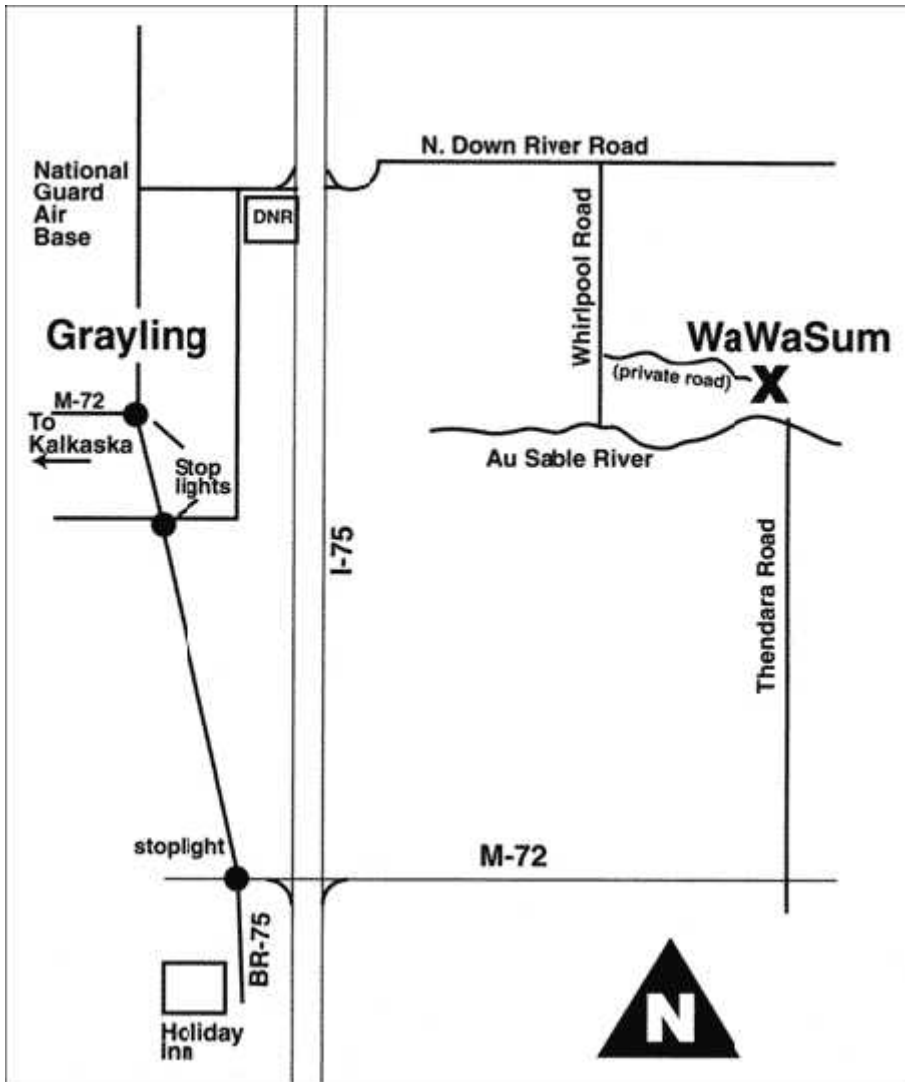
Guided float trips are very popular, but hard to get this time of year. So, if you think this is something you'd like to do make your reservations early. Some fly shops to consider;

Gates Au Sable Lodge, www.gateslodge.com 989/348-8462

Old Au Sable Fly Shop, www.oldausable.com 989/343-3330

Fuller's North Branch Outing Club www.fullersnboc.com 989/348-7951

To RSVP or for more information on any of these outings, contact Gordon Rudd at 815/245-2425 or McHenryFlyFisher@sbcglobal.net.



Wa Wa Sum is a Michigan State University research and conference facility located on the Au Sable River six miles east of Grayling.

The name Wa Wa Sum means “Plain View” in the Ojibwa language and was given to the camp in 1905 by Chief David Shoppenagon, an Au Sable guide and woodsman. At that time, because of the extensive logging of the region’s pine forests, the view from the high bank on which the camp is built was unobstructed for miles to the south. Since then, the forests have regenerated, slowly obscuring the view beyond the river.

Chief Shoppenagon built the first building at the camp, now known as the Dining Room, in 1880. In 1897, Rubin Babbit, an Au Sable woodsman who later became Michigan’s first wildlife officer, built a second structure, now the Administration Building. These first buildings were constructed of red pine and tamarack logs and used as a fishing camp for a group of Toledo businessmen. Other cabins of various sizes were added in later years: the Bullpen (1907); the Big Camp (1921/22); the Barn and the Guide’s Cabin (early 1930s). The buildings and 251 acres of land were deeded to MSU in 1980 by owners Virginia Secor Stranahan and Frank Bell, descendants of two of the camp’s six original owners. Kevin Gardiner, a descendant of Rubin Babbit, is the camp’s present caretaker. He is the third generation of his family to perform these duties.

[Unofficial End of Season Outing Sept 26th-30th](#)



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

I thought that for once when Schnoz called, there would be no trouble. After all, it was after Christmas, trout season wouldn't open for 72 days and 11 hours, and it was a beautiful winter day in the mid thirties with no snow or ice in the forecast.

"How about if I pick you up in half an hour?" he said. "It's a beautiful day and your wife called my wife to ask me to get you out of the house."

"Hm. My wife said the same thing to me. Okay, half an hour."

"It's a perfect day to scout out some new fishing spots. Everybody knows all my old secret spots. I've got my DNR maps, a GPS that still works, and ... drumroll, please, a new smartphone Huldy got me for Christmas that can mark locations."

"Hey, that's the same I got."

"Yeah, but mine also has this great new feature. You know how I lose things? Well, with this gizmo, there's a 'find-my-phone' option. If I can't remember where I put it, I just look on my computer, open up the file, and it shows me where my phone is. I can also talk to it, and it will tell me where I am if I ever get lost."

"If?"

"Okay, when."

He pulled up in front of my house like an anxious teen, horn blowing, engine revving, and door locks clicking open and closed and open.

He tossed a map at me, and I saw that he had marked three locations not too far away with florescent sticky notes and yellow highlighted lines marking the access roads. I couldn't help pounding the dash and pointing ahead and saying, "Go, go!" like we were a getaway car, which in midwinter-cabin-fever-stage, we were.

The first one was near the end of a blue stream line with a note Schnoz had penciled in his barely readable scrawl: BROOK TROUT HEADWATERS, PROBABLY NARROW BUT NEAR STREAMHEAD AND GOOD ON HOT JULY DAY. The route was circuitous, past farmers' houses, unmarked woods, over two gravel roads, and down a crooked lane mostly used by tractors, if the ruts were a true sign. It took us half an hour, each minute increasing the anticipation as if it were Christmas morning again, with the childhood hope that somehow one parent managed to talk the other into a real Red Ryder BB gun. I double checked the map, looked at a bent, rusty crossroads sign, and pointed to a small bridge ahead.

"That has to be it," I said. "We just crossed Lost Lane, and we haven't come to Dead Pine Hill."

Schnoz slowed the car and stopped just before of the bridge. I was out before him, hurried to get the first look, slipped in one muddy rut after another, but managed to get to the bridge first. I looked over the right side of the crooked, wooden guardrail, while Schnoz took the left.

"Grumpy, my side's dry," Schnoz moaned.

"Mine too. Dry as sandpaper. The rocks don't look like they've had any moss since the Crustaceous Period. The road has more water in it than this gully."

"I don't understand. The DNR map says-" Schnoz said, but didn't finish. I looked up ahead, and things got worse. A piece of heavy grading equipment was parked squarely in the middle of the rutted trail. It looked like it had been there for two years. We slouched back to the car, too disappointed to care about the mud and lost time. Schnoz took a quick look at the map while I drew a skull and crossbones on the place where the road crossed the blue line. Schnoz started to back up, but after twenty yards or so, lost patience and veered toward a fence post so

he could turn around in four or five tries. I knew we were in trouble when I felt the car drop as if it had gone down a stairs, and instead of the sound of wet gravel, all I heard was a tire slurping. I got out to look. It was bad - mud up to the lugnuts.

"Can you rock it?" I shouted.

Schnoz tried, but all he did was dig in one spinning wheel deeper than before.

"Push!" he said.

I went to the back, lifted the bumper half an inch, and pushed as much as my Christmas weight would afford. The result was a spray of mud that splattered me a camo brown from the waist down. After a few Biblical words beginning with a "d" and some non-Biblical ones beginning with an "sh" or "f," I looked ahead to the farmhouse at the top of the hill. It was obviously abandoned, probably in the Dust Bowl days. No help there.

We argued for twenty minutes about whose fault this was, the planner, the map-reader, the driver, or the pusher, and then wondered how we'd get out of this mess.

"Use your new wonder-phone to call a tow truck," I said.

"I haven't learned how to use the directory or find numbers. Do they still have operators? I don't want to call 911 because of what happened the last time."

"Oh, yeah," I said. "Don't call 911."

Just then, miracle occurred. I heard a rumbling from the other side of the hill, and in a moment, an actual tow truck bore down on us, its old rustiness as welcome as cold beer.

"Need some help?" the driver said, and then without waiting for a response, pulled ahead of us, got out, and hooked a tow line to the car's frame. In thirty seconds he had us back on the rutted trail. Schnoz found an old blanket in his trunk and covered my seat and the footwell so the mud that wasn't dripping off my pants and into my shoes would have somewhere else to go.

"Now just keep backing up the road until you get to that gate. Then you can turn around," the driver said. He was a young guy and looked like a linebacker with a bad beard.

"How much for the help?" Schnoz said, worriedly.

"No charge. You see, I've done real well on investing and I own my own island down in the Keys. I just do this for the fun of it, you know, helping people, and I check this road every day. You know what fishermen and hunters are like."

"Yeah, we know," I said.

A few minutes later we headed back to the last crossroads. We turned left to follow Schnoz's marked treasure map, while the tow truck driver just pulled into a farmer's gateway, stopped, and put his phone up to his ear.

"Okay," I said, "this next one says, 'Classic trout water - meadow, riffles, pools, runs, open for casting, and a DNR easement with the farmer.'"

In twenty minutes and two turnarounds, we were there, and the stream before us truly looked like a gem. Schnoz pulled to the side of the road and we looked down a steep embankment to a gate and fenced meadow, and beyond it, a riffle and pool alongside a single old oak that made it look like a postcard.

"Jackpot!" Schnoz said as we got out and slid down the embankment to the barbed wire fence.

"Should we go over?" he said. "Maybe we'll see something in that pool."

"No," I said, pointing to a dozen large, dark masses slowly wending toward us out of the shadow of the oak. It was a herd of Black Angus, hulking, mean-looking beasts.

"Well, there's no bull," Schnoz said hopefully.

"Yeah, but in the spring there will be moms with calves. Do you know why there are no Black Angus in petting zoos? Because they like to trample people."

Schnoz sighed and we turned back to the car and stopped again. At eye level up the embankment, the right side of Schnoz's muddy car was sinking as if his two right tires were going flat at the same time.

"It looks like you parked on a shoulder made out of oatmeal," I said.

Schnoz crawled up the bank, slipping in mud and grass until he looked almost as dirty as I was.

"Push!" he said, getting into his car and starting the engine, but I had learned my lesson. The right wheel spun and dug in and spun again until tire smoke covered the back of his car. Schnoz's head slumped into his arms wrapped around the wheel until his loud horn startled him.

"Use your horn to tap out an SOS," I called. "Three short beeps and three longs and three shorts again, or maybe it's the other way around. Boy Scouts, remember?"

"Nobody knows Morse Code anymore," he called back. Since I was already dirty, I sat down on the embankment and watched the cattle. Several snorted ominously. The horn had not bothered them at all. Before the winter chill bit into me, I heard a rumbling and another horn. It was the same tow truck headed toward us. When he pulled alongside, his window rolled down and the young, grizzled man called, "You guys are lucky I'm on my way home. You could be stuck out here until Memorial Day."

As he had done before, he pulled ahead of us, ran his tow line, and winched us out of the rut. Then he disconnected his hook and let us go, Schnoz called, "Hey, what's your name?"

"Herbie."

"You're a good guy, Herbie," Schnoz called. With a wave, Herbie rumbled on down the road.

"We should go home," I said.

"We're not going home until we find a new secret spot."

"If Herbie knows about them, they can't be secret spots," I said.

Schnoz got his stubborn look, which means his jaw jutted out until it almost matched his nose. He slammed his car door, grabbed the map from me, and spun away. I realized why Huldy is so good at getting Schnoz angry. When he gets mad, he's like a cartoon character, and you can't help but chuckle, but not too loudly. A mile down the road and two lefts later, he found his spot. It looked promising, but I refused to get out of the car. Schnoz scrambled down another embankment, tiptoed close to a small stream, turned to me with his hands up, and said, "Ta-Da!"

I just shook my head. He walked around a broken stump to look at another run, and then he simply seemed to disappear. I heard three short whistles, three long ones, and three short ones again. I went down the embankment and saw that Schnoz appeared to be sitting down, only he wasn't sitting down, he was up to his knees in mud.

"Herbie!" I called a couple of times, but there was no Herbie, and then five minutes later I heard the familiar rumble and saw him snaking his tow line down the embankment to pull out another derelict. He was laughing hysterically.

It was a silent, muddy ride home. Huldy had spread a tarp and a change of clothes for each of us on the back porch. We could hear our wives inside laughing, not exactly laughing, more like snorting, more like Black Angus moms. It was quiet for a moment, and then Huldy called out, "How's Herbie?" and then they snorted some more.

"You go in first," I said.

"No, you." I dug into my muddy, wet pocket for a coin to flip. Marriage is a hell of a way to go through life, even if you have smartphones.

Lee Wulff Chapter of Trout Unlimited

(McHenry County, Western Lake County, Northern Kane County and Western Cook County)

OUR NEW MEETING PLACE!!!

BEGINNING JANUARY 16, 2014

We will be meeting at

Village Pizza and Pub

145 N. Kennedy

Carpentersville IL. 60110

Near the intersection of Route 25 and Helm Road

Time: 6:00 p.m. to 7:30 p.m. - Social time

Pizza and pop will be served

Cocktails and other spirits will be available for purchase

Cost- \$15.00 per person

Other food choices will be available for purchase if desired.

Program begins at 7:30 p.m.

Please RSVP to Scott Roane no later than January 11, 2014
at royalwulff01@yahoo.com.

Chapter Officers

President **Meg Gallagher**
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PS: Any grammatical errors spotted in
this newsletter were purposefully put
there to keep you on you're toes.
PPS: You Are Welcome.