



November President's Message

Hello everyone ! I hope some of you are still taking advantage of the beautiful weather to fish just a little longer. I've heard various reports including the small mouth fishing is pretty good right now.

I am able to walk, sort of, on my right foot with partial weight. It's just a joy to be able to put that foot on the floor after 4+ weeks of being on 1 leg only. I can now go up and downstairs more often and am getting around much better. I hope to make the meeting next week if at all possible. My message is relatively short because our newsletter editor, Dennis, has done a great job of making sure you all are up to date on upcoming events.

I wanted to acknowledge our wonderful team of leaders for their seamless work conducting our October business meeting. Thanks, Bob and everyone who helped out!!

The holidays are here and our Christmas party is around the corner. The date is Saturday December 3, 2016 at 6 p.m.

I just confirmed our menu for the evening and will include it in the party information in this newsletter. Please read on to get all the details. It's going to be a wonderful evening. Please sign up now! We have made it especially easy by offering ticket sales on our online store. Please call me or Yves Charron if any questions or concerns.

Those of you who are still collecting donations for the raffle prizes need to make arrangements to bring them to the meeting or to meet Jerry Sapp or I to deliver them. We need everything in by November 18 in order to have time to sort, mark and inventory. Items offered after Nov 18th without advance notice will be returned or kept

for next year's raffle, depending on the donating party's choice. So if you know of something you will have for us but it might be late, please call either Jerry or I to give us a head's up. I appreciate everyone's assistance and generosity.

Dennis Higham will be doing a presentation next Thursday evening on the History of Fly Fishing in America. It is a very nice program and quite enlightening . Please join us as this should be a most enjoyable event.

I look forward to seeing everyone very soon !

Meg

Where We Meet
Village Pizza and Pub
145 N. Kennedy Drive
Carpentersville, IL

Social Hour: 6:00 - 7:30 p.m. with all you can eat pizza and pop served for \$15.00 per person

Main program: 7:30 p.m.

Other menu choices, cocktails and spirits are available for purchase.

Please RSVP to Yves Charron at treasurer@leewulfftu.org by Tuesday September 13th so we know how many pizzas to preorder.

November Speaker – Dennis Higham



Dennis will be presenting a program on the history of fly fishing in America. His program will trace the development of fly fishing tackle from Colonial America thru the industrial revolution and on to the development of modern tackle

XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY



Now is the time to mark your calendars for Saturday December 3rd and to reserve your place at the Annual Lee Wulff Christmas Party!!

Our annual Christmas Party is only a few weeks away and still a great deal at \$35.00/person. We will have lots of great items in the raffle, and more, more, more great stuff

At the Millrose Inn (Gino's East), 45 S. Barrington Rd, Barrington, IL, 6pm for cocktails, 7pm dinner with the raffle after.

Menu:

Cash bar as usual

Soup: Chicken Orzo

Entre: ½ Chicken Vesuvio

Veg: Green Bean Almondine

Starch: Vesuvio Potato Wedges

Dessert: Apple Pie.

Gluten free and other dietary restrictions contact Meg at perez@leewulfftu.org

Please make your reservations early!!! **TICKETS:** Must be purchased **in advance** by November 23, 2016 and are NON REFUNDABLE. Tickets may be purchased through our online store OR by contacting Yves Charron (treasurer@leewulfftu.org) to arrange payment

RAFFLE DONATIONS: All raffle donations will be accepted **no later than** November 18 unless special arrangements are made in advance. Donations received after this date will be accepted, but not used until next year's raffle.

We will be accepting donations at our monthly meeting November 17. If you are unable to make the meeting, you will need to contact Meg Gallagher (prez@leewulfftu.org) or Jerry Sapp (SAPP375@aol.com) to make arrangements to get them to us for pickup.

Trout in the Classroom Update – Bob Becker

Beth Harner and the kids from Dundee Middle School are raring to start. The eggs for Trout in the Classroom arrive the week before Thanksgiving.

Youth Program 2017 – Volunteer Today!

In partnership with the Northern Illinois Special Recreation Association (NISRA), Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation and LL Bean, our Chapter created the award winning Fishin' So Fly program for at-risk youth. This unique program brings local needy children together with Lee Wulff TU members to create valuable and life-changing experiences to both the children and members. Fishin' So Fly includes 4 weekly fly fishing instruction and conservation clinics and a day trip to the streams of the Driftless Area of Southwest Wisconsin during the month of May. Consider sharing your love of fly fishing with children who would otherwise, never have this opportunity. Consider volunteering today....you will be hooked on this rewarding experience!

Fishin So Fly Dates for 2017

April 26th, May 3rd, May 10th and May 17th. The Wisconsin trip with the kids will be held on June 5th with a rainout date of June 6th.

Veteran's Programs – Scott Roane

We have 2 great Veterans programs we can participate in and help the Vets.

- PHWFF (Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing) for North Chicago VA Vets. This is being run by Jeff Reinke from the Gary Borger chapter.

This is a more traditional program. See <http://www.projecthealingwaters.org/>
They are bused to Holy Cross Lutheran Church in Libertyville.

This is traditional fly tying and fly fishing at a local forest preserve when the weather permits.

Jeff is working on expanding this to outpatient Vets.

- Hines VA (in Maywood) Vets program run by DRiFT; Glenn Hazen and Gene Kazmark.

The Vets are associated with the Hines Blind Center. They are mostly low vision ladies and gentlemen.

They are either residents or attend school for a few weeks to learn computer skills, etc.

There is a fly tying program and also a fishing program.

This is not strictly fly fishing. It's spin casting or whatever works. See the picture from the last outing a few weeks ago.



Either program is really about one on one camaraderie and just having something interesting to do and getting out.

You don't have to be a Vet to help out. It's just one on one conversation and building a relationship.

Anyone interested send me an email and I can fill you in on more detail and which program may be better depending on your interest and location.

Thanks,

Scott Roane

rscottroane@gmail.com

847-687-5856

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

Pink Collared Nymphs (Variations)

Probably the most famous, and most fished, fly in the Driftless Area is John Bethke's Pink Squirrel Nymph, which most of us in the Lee Wulff TU Chapter successfully fish throughout the Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota trout seasons. Some of us, including me, also fish the Pink Squirrel nymph on local ponds for bluegills, crappies, bass, etc.

A couple years ago, I tied some Pink Squirrel nymphs on larger sized hooks that a friend took to Alaska. He subsequently told me that those nymphs worked quite well on Alaskan fish and that when he used two of the Pink Squirrel nymphs, it was sometimes easier to land two fish at the same time, instead of one, since the two fish's actions were often in opposite directions.

I've sent some Pink Squirrel nymphs to fly-fishers in various parts of the world including England, Wales, Africa, and New Zealand plus to quite a few fly-fishers throughout the USA – all who have reported good results.

Quite a few years ago, John Bethke showed me how he mixed his Pink (gray) Squirrel dubbing and how he tied his nymphs – that he's also demonstrated at several of our past Lee Wulff Chapter's meetings.

Prior to the end of the 2016 Wisconsin trout season, Curtis Watts and I were able to have dinner one evening with John and a coffee with John and Sue the following morning. We then learned that John has made a few changes to his personal dressing, including making the Rainbow Krystal Flash tails a little longer and also adding a “*new / fourth material*” to his dubbing mixture.

Although Curtis and I promised not to divulge the “*new / fourth material*” to others, once we got back home, we quickly re-mixed our packages Pink (gray) Squirrel dubbing!

That being said, for at least 10+ years, in addition to tying the “*standard*” Pink Squirrel nymph, I’ve personally made dubbing mixtures and tied nymphs using the Pink Squirrel materials but substituting natural, dark and olive hare’s ear; black squirrel and black beaver furs in lieu of the gray squirrel fur used in the “*standard / normal*” Pink Squirrel nymph. All have fished well for me at various times of the fishing season.



The nymphs pictured above were all tied on size 12 Daiichi 1550 or Mustad 3906 hooks with pinched down barbs and with the appropriate variations of dubbing mixtures.

Hook – Daiichi 1550 or Mustad 3906 wet fly hook (sizes 10 – 16)

Thread – 6/0 Black Danville or Uni-Thread

Bead – 1/8” gold Cyclops on size 10 & 12 hooks, 7/64” and 3/32” on smaller (14 & 16) hooks

Body – 4-part dubbing mixtures (various furs mentioned above)

Ribbing – Medium to heavy red copper wire

Tails – Krystal Flash, Rainbow w/Pearl

Collar – Hareline Medium Fl. Shrimp Pink Chenille

As an added note, I’ve put together a selection of these Pink Collared nymphs as one of the items to be available at the Lee Wulff’s Annual Christmas dinner plus I’m sending a set of these nymphs to “*The Desert Fly Casters*” in the Tempe / Chandler, AZ area. The DFC, when short of info, sometimes uses a few of the Old Bohemian’s write-ups to take up space in their monthly newsletters! :>)

It's my understanding that few, if any other fly-tier, uses ALL the four-part dubbing squirrel, hare's ear and beaver mixtures. So other than Dennis Higham's new bamboo rod, which I'm going to win since an Old Bohemian can NEVER have too many bamboo rods, you fellow Lee Wulffers might want to take a look at these nymphs at the December 3rd Christmas Dinner or head down to Tempe / Chandler, AZ when the DFC hold their Annual DFC Banquet on February 8, 2017!



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

It was a beautiful week in June, partly cloudy with a mild breeze that wouldn't disturb the settling of a 16 Adams on a gurgling riffle. Temperatures were in the low 70's; caddis hatches had begun, and the swallows swooped to feed. The trout had moved into their predictable summer lies, and some had joined pods that would allow a careful flyfisher to land a dozen or so from a single pool. Daffodils bloomed; robins nested; puffy clouds drifted by like dolphins, whales, elephants, pillows and old men's faces. Life was good – better than good. It was Edenic.

I was a little surprised when Schnoz said he would meet me at the campground rather than follow our usual practice of stuffing enough gear for an expedition into one car, but soon his reason became apparent. His arrival, as five of the usual suspects were cleaning up after lunch, came in a cloud of dust, a screeching halt, and enough shouting to scare turkeys into the next county.

"You said-" "No, I didn't-" "But you promised-" "I'm going to tell your mother-" "Go ahead-"

Simultaneously, two car doors opened, then slammed. Schnoz folded his arms, took a deep breath, and began to rip gear out of his trunk, throwing waders, a tent, sleeping bags, cots, and fishing vests into a heap. On the other side of the car, a boy of 7 or 8 folded his arms, turned, and kicked the front tire. We all looked at each other. Wet Curtis's master, a black lab named The General, slinked away under his camper. Wet Curtis, being Wet Curtis, went into his camper and came back with two candy bars, giving one to the boy but holding on to it until the youngster said "Thank you," and then tossing one to Schnoz, unwilling to get too close to the mumbling, grumbling curmudgeon.

"What's your name?" Roy the Plumber called out.

“Charlie,” said the boy. He looked like a Charlie – towheaded and skinny in sagging jeans, a T shirt with a skateboard on the front, dirty sneakers with one untied and another knotted in a way that would never come undone, and kind of sad-faced like a young version of Schnoz.

“That’s a fine name,” Roy said. “There have been kings named Charles, then there’s Charles the Great or Charlemagne, Charlie Lindberger, Bonnie Prince Charlie, even Charlie Chaplin, one of the finest little tramps to roam a movie set.”

“What’s a tramp?” the boy asked.

“It’s another name for a flyfisher,” I said. No one disagreed.

The General came out from under the camper when he saw the danger had passed, trotted over to the boy and began to lick his hands. Then The General took a stick from our pile of kindling, carried it to Charlie and began to nudge him with it.

“Throw the stick,” Wet Curtis said. “He likes you.”

The game of stick throwing and retrieving went on for a solid twenty minutes while Schnoz and I put up his tent, stowed his gear, and set up cots for him and Charlie.

“Huldy made me bring him along,” Schnoz mumbled. “If I didn’t, she said our daughter and her husband were going to get a divorce and then our daughter and the kid would move in with us, and that would be the end of my bathroom privileges and my den, and I’d have to go to church every week. Worst of all, I couldn’t fart, drink, tell a dirty joke, eat ice cream, or watch scary movies for the rest of the summer, maybe for years.”

“Ouch,” I said.

“Yeah, and you know what they consider a scary movie? Sherlock Holmes. What the hell. I couldn’t even watch Sherlock Holmes any more because it’s too scary? Sheesh.”

Wet Curtis interrupted us and said, “Do you have waders for Charlie?”

“Yeah,” Schnoz said, “in the trunk. Just so you know, he doesn’t want to be here; he hates fish, and he’ll ruin your fishing.”

“The General ruins my fishing, so I’m used to it. I’m going to take them to the riffle behind the campground. I don’t think either one of them could drown back there.”

While Wet Curtis dug the waders out of Schnoz’s trunk, Charlie came around the side of the tent with The General licking his hands again and said, “I like the dog, but can we go home now? I hate camping.” The General quit slobbering on him and tugged at his pantsleg, trying to lead him toward the water.

“You can’t go home until you get wet,” Curtis said. “It’s a rule of the Men and Women of Trout Fishing Club, which you’re about to join.”

“What kind of club?” Charlie asked.

“Well,” I said. “We get into trouble a lot, and then we sit around a campfire and talk about it, and we make up stories and sit around a campfire some more and eat food we’re not supposed to.”

“You ever pee on a tree?” Wet Curtis asked the boy.

“No. I live in Chicago.”

“Well, it’s kind of fun. We do that a lot. Here, put these waders and boots on.”

“What for?”

“So you can get wet like the rest of us and be in our club.”

It took two of us to get his waders and boots on so they would stay up and by then, Curtis was geared up as well and had a fly rod rigged. The General jumped and wagged in excitement. Off they went.

An hour later they were back. Curtis was wet. The General dripped and smelled. Charlie was dry.

“He’s a natural,” Wet Curtis said. “He didn’t fall in once, and he can cast better than Schnoz.”

“Well, that’s not necessarily-“ I said.

“Shut up,” Schnoz said.

“Any fish?” Roy asked.

“Fish?” Charlie said. “There are fish in the river?”

“Tomorrow you’re going with me,” I said. “I’ll show you fish. Wet Curtis scares them away.”

“Why do you guys do this?” Charlie asked innocently.

We all looked at each other, but no one answered. All our answers seemed absurd.

“Come over here,” Roy called. “Drink some soda pop and eat some chips to get ready for supper, and I’m going to tell you a story. It’s all true.”

Whether it was the lure of a story or the pop and chips, we weren’t sure, but Charlie settled in a camp chair next to Roy. He looked at Roy with a question on his face and then said, “You’re old.”

“Brilliant, my boy. Charles, it has taken me a long time to get this old. Some people get mean when they get old, but not me, I just get smarter and older. Not mean. Do you know who was the meanest, worst American who ever lived?” Charlie shook his head.

“Well, Charles, I’ll tell you so you can remember it. It was Thomas Edison. He was the meanest, orneriest man who ever lived, and do you know why?”

“But he invented electricity,” Charlie protested. “That’s not mean.”

“Well, Charles, he didn’t invent it. It already existed. He just made it into something terrible. You see, Thomas Edison never slept much, maybe two hours a night. His mind kept churning all day and all night, and it made him nasty to everyone. Then he figured since he couldn’t sleep, he wasn’t going to let anyone else sleep either, so he got electricity to light a light bulb, and pretty soon people were going to bed at ten o’clock or eleven, or maybe even later. Then they started getting up at five o’clock. It was an awful thing, but that wasn’t the worst of it. Do you know what else Thomas Edison invented?”

Charlie shook his head.

“Homework. It was the most terrible thing. Before Edison, everybody went home after school, did their chores, ate some supper and sat around the fireplace to tell stories because it was too dark to do anything else. Candles are bad for reading and oil lamps stink. After storytime, everybody went to bed and had a good night’s sleep. Then came the light bulb, and all of a sudden, every kid in the world had homework.”

“Edison was a very bad man,” Charlie said. “I don’t like him.”

After that, things went downhill rather quickly. Roy had stories to illustrate how books were more important than food; taxes should be used only for roads and schools; the army should be replaced by robots, and the real heroes in America were all plumbers. After a while, Charlie said, “Uncle Roy, I like your stories. They remind me of Santa Claus.”

Bright boy, Charlie.

The next morning I took him to my favorite run. Wet Curtis was right; Charlie was a natural at casting, but line control was another matter. Trout rose to take his Cracklebacks five times, but we didn’t land a single one. I thought he might get frustrated, but it only made him more determined, once even suggesting he switch flies to something they really want to eat, not just spit at.

“I don’t like the way trout spit,” he said.

In the afternoon, Wet Curtis, Schnoz, Roy, and Dewey got into a fight over who was going to take Charlie fishing so he could land his first trout. Charlie said he’d like to go with Grampa Schnoz and save Roy’s stories for later when he was tired and wanted to listen. After two hours they returned. Schnoz was wet from trying to net a trout that got off the hook, and Charlie was dry and tired. Pop and potato chips revived him.

After burgers and more chips, we all led him back to the stream, and Schnoz came up with a brilliant plan. While Curtis leashed The General to keep him out of the water, Schnoz put a wooly bugger on Charlie’s tippet and had him swing it downstream. On the first cast, a fish hooked itself. All five men cheered and three of us jumped into the water with nets. Schnoz managed to land the twelve inch brown, a brilliantly spotted, healthy native. Charlie studied it, eyes wide.

“Can I take it home?”

The silence was painful.

“Trout don’t live very long in a little aquarium,” Schnoz said sadly, as he unhooked the beautiful creature.

Charlie reached into the net, cradled the trout carefully, and admired it. The trout seemed to sense it was in loving hands. A few seconds later, Charlie held the trout under water, loosened his fingers, and the trout swam slowly away.

"I'm in the club now," Charlie said, "ain't I?" He held up his wet hands.

We all nodded, but no one said anything. That night, even Roy didn't seem to have any more stories to tell, so Charlie told the story of catching his fish over and over. Each time, the fish got bigger. Then he named his fish "Edison." In the last version, when he let the fish go, Edison said, "Thank you."

The next morning, Schnoz and Charlie were fighting again because Charlie didn't want to go home. He just wanted to play with The General, eat chips, drink pop, tell stories, and catch brown trout. Schnoz promised he could come back on another trip, and Roy said he'd rather have Charlie come and Schnoz stay home, and then Schnoz began to fight with Roy and forgot that he was upset with Charlie.

Maybe Thomas Edison isn't the worst man in America. Maybe we are - Schnoz and Dewey and Roy and Curtis and me. Roy says we aren't, but he just makes stuff up. I worry about Charlie turning out like Schnoz. Schnoz worries about him turning out like Thomas Edison. We're pretty crazy - this club we're in - Schnoz and Curtis and Dewey and Roy and me - and Charlie.

Chapter Officers

President **Meg Gallagher**
 prez@leewulfftu.org

Vice-President **Bob Becker**
 viceprez@leewulfftu.org

Secretary **Matt Gregory**
 MGreg53862@aol.com

Treasurer **Yves Charron**
 treasurer@leewulfftu.org

Newsletter Editor

Dennis Higham
dennishigham@sbcglobal.net

PS: Any grammatical errors spotted in
this newsletter were purposefully put
there to keep you on your toes.

PPS: You Are Welcome.