



January 2020 President's Message

Hello fellow LWTU members!

I hope you all had a very blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year. Our Christmas fundraiser was a huge success again this year and we were able to raise a lot of money to fund all of the projects our chapter will be sponsoring this year. A big thank you to everyone who donated items to the fundraiser but special thanks to Arnie Dauksavage and Walt Johnson for their efforts to the cause.

Our trout in the classroom program is in full swing now with four schools involved now. We should be able to place 700-800 Brook trout fry into the ponds at Fox Bluff this spring. Fishing So Fly will start Wednesday April 29th and meet the next four Wednesdays until May 20. It's a great program teaching special education kids how to fly fish so please volunteer if you can. Jerry has nothing scheduled right now on the conservation front but look for something possibly in February at Fox Bluff. Gordon is working on dates for our outings this year and should have more in the next couple of months.

Our speaker this month is Bill Katzenberger from DuPage Fly Fishing. He will be talking about the great local smallmouth fisheries in the area and DuPage Fly Fishing's products and services.

See you all at the meeting!

Thanks,
Bob

January's Speaker - Bill Katzenberger

He currently guides on the Kankakee and Dupage rivers in his 15' Stealthcraft Skiff.

Winter Doldrums? – How About A Fishing Show

The Muskie Expo

January 17, 18, 19, 2020

Pheasant Run Resort

4051 E Main St, St.

St Charles, IL, 60174

<https://muskieexpo.com/chicago/>

Tinley Park Fishing & Outdoor Show

Sat, Feb 8, 9 AM – 5 PM

Tinley Park High School

6111 175th St, Tinley Park, IL

Chicago Outdoor Sports Show

Sat, Mar 21 – Tue, Mar 24

Donald E Stephens Convention Center

5555 N River Rd, Rosemont, IL

Chapter Meetings - 3rd Thursday of the Month

Village Pizza, 145 John F Kennedy Dr.

Carpentersville, IL (Route 25 north of Route 68)

Social Hour: 6:00 - 7:00 p.m.

Main program: 7:30 p.m.

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

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

“Frank Sawyer’s Killer Bugs”

Over the years, there’s been MANY comments and postings on various Forums regarding the yarns that can be used to tie a variation of Frank Sawyer’s “*Killer Bug*” that Frank Sawyer developed for Grayling fishing in the River Avon.

If I recall correctly, the fly was first called a “*Grayling Bug*” but was later renamed a “*Killer Bug*” after, I believe, a discussion between Frank Sawyer and Lee Wulff.

The original yarn used was a wool / polyester yarn called “*Chadwick’s 477 Darning Yarn*”, which now is probably one of the most sought after AND expensive fly tying materials in the world, if you can find it! At this very moment, there are a couple small cards of the Chadwick 477 wool available on eBay. One is listed for \$235.78 and the other for \$624.82 (both from England).

I think I’ll pass on these and use a substitute yarn that I located after reading several articles on a Tenkara fly called a “*Utah Killer Bug*” which utilized a Scottish wool called “*Shetland Spindrift #290 Oyster Wool*”. This yarn is also a wool / polyester yarn and when looked at closely, it is a tannish color with thin green and red fibers within the yarn.

There are many people that also prefer a Berroco Ultra Alpaca color UAF 1214 (Steel Cut Oats) color yarn; Lion Brand Wool-Ease #403 (Mushroom); and other substitute yarns being sold in the US and in the UK by Veniards and others. Whatever yarn is used, the desired result is for the yarn to change colors (when wet) and for the red / pink copper wire to show slightly through the yarn which then resembles a shrimp color nymph.

Oliver Edwards does a great video that can be found on YouTube, where he ties the Killer Bug **EXACTLY** as described by Frank Sawyer in Sawyer’s book “*Nymph and the Trout*”.

I tied my Killer Bug variations the same way as described in Sawyer’s book and in the Oliver Edwards’ video, using red colored copper wire and a “*Killer Bug Yarn*” on size 12 and 14 hooks. For a slight variation, I’ve used both a dark red or bright Pink colored copper wire, as shown on the enclosed picture.

The copper wire on the Killer Bugs is tied from the hook bend up towards the eye and then back down the hook shank towards the bend of the hook. The yarn is then wound three times on the hook shank, starting at the eye to the bend; back towards the hook eye; and then wound back to

the bend where it's tied off. From the information I can find, this is the same way that Frank Sawyer tied his Killer Bugs.



Sawyer's Killer Bug Nymphs

- Hook:** Daiichi #1550 or 1560 sizes 12 - 14
Wire (no Thread): Red or Bright Pink Colored Copper wire (fairly thick diameter)
Body: Shetland Spindrift #290 Wool Yarn (Oyster)
Weight: Red or Pink Copper Wire (Underbody)



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

"This Christmas, everything was pretty easy," Schnoz said. "After the debacle last year when Huldry said she wanted a vacation and I thought she said 'vacuum,' we decided to change things a little."

"How so?"

"Foolproof. When she figured out what she would really like, she wrote down only the name of the store where it was - this year Macy's - and that it would cost \$150.00 plus a \$50.00 penalty for last year's Dyson Powermax debacle, and I just went to that store and bought a couple of things I thought I could wrap totaling a minimum of \$200.00, some jewelry, a sweater, and some fancy boxes of chocolate and teas. The only requirement was that I had to pay full price. Then Christmas morning she opened them all, said they were lovely, and a couple of days later she put them in a bag and went to Macy's to return them at full price and get what she really wanted on sale."

"Wow, Schnoz, what did she really want?"

"I don't know. I think it was some kind of juice making machine. Maybe it was a garbage disposal. When she plugged it in, it sounded like a mini chipper for branches or maybe a grinder for knife

blades. It seemed to make her happy, so I left her alone. It's too small for her to run me through it, so I think I'm safe. I thought about telling her I could adapt the Dyson vacuum cleaner, but I thought better of it. How did you do?"

"Pretty well. Annie usually clips pictures out of catalogues and gives them to me. She'll give me five or six things and I try to find two of them but I don't tell her which ones. The only problem this year was that one of them was some new kind of fleece, which I found and wrapped, but when she tried it on, it was too small. She needed a medium size. I told her I thought her slender, willowy figure would be a small, so she took it as a compliment, and I lucked out."

"Did she exchange it?"

"Yeah, and the medium size was on sale after Christmas, so she also got some jewelry and fancy chocolates and teas. Probably the same stuff that Huldy exchanged, but she was happy."

"What did you get me?" Schnoz said. We always got together, had a few drinks or egg nog, exchanged gifts, and talked about how lucky we and our wives were that no one was in jail, the hospital or rehab that week. Actually, our wives talked about how lucky they were that neither of their husbands was in jail, the hospital, or rehab that week.

"I got you a surprise," I said.

"I hate surprises," Schnoz said.

"That's why I got it. You kept dropping hints about a Regal Hardy vintage 5 weight reel, but that was \$500.00, and I only had four-ninety-eight so I got you something else instead."

"You didn't get me that wonderful reel because you were two measly dollars short of \$500? That's--"

"No, Schnoz. I only had four-ninety-eight. Four dollars and ninety-eight cents."

"Oh." He looked disappointed, but he knew I wasn't crazy enough to spend more on his gift than on Annie's, and when I gave him a crooked smile, he realized he would get an actual gift.

"So let's do this," I said to Annie and Huldy. "Schnoz can't wait."

Huldy opened her present first - some kind of wicker sewing basket or maybe a craft box. I don't know. She was in cahoots with Annie. Annie opened hers - a long, knitted scarf and matching mittens.

"You wanted those?" I said.

"She even picked out the colors," said Huldy.

I opened mine. It was exactly what I hinted to Schnoz about - a new kind of three-colored double taper fly line to mark the weighted tip, the running line, and when the line was near the backing. I know I beamed. I could see it in Schnoz's face.

Schnoz opened his present and looked confused at first. It was not what he expected, not that he really expected a \$500.00 reel. The book was old, very old and looked it. He read the title: Fins, Feathers, and Foma, a Flyfishing Guide for Fellows by Gordon Redd. The cover had two crossed

bamboo rods and reels that looked more like winches than anything else. A stringer dropped down from the crossed rods with a fine brace of trout.

"I looked it up," I said. "It's rare, not listed. Probably the only copy that still exists. At first I thought 'Foma' was misspelled, but it wasn't. It's an old word. The only modern use is in Kurt Vonnegut. It means harmless, little lies. I think Gordon Redd is a pseudonym. Opinionated fly fishers were not always kind to each other back then. Besides, who would actually have a name like a fish's spawning bed?"

"You gave Schnoz an old book?" Annie said. "What kind of gift is that?" I ignored her eye roll.

"1802," Schnoz read. "I forgot they had fishing books back then. Let's see..." and he read the introduction out loud.

"Fishing, especially fishing with the fly, is a paradoxical pastime, often successful only when the prey is sighted, whether by rise or holding in mid-depth safety, needing to be coaxed to the surface of our world, or, failing that, plied with a sleight of yarn, feathers, and wire into the depths themselves. The paradox is that it is often best when no trouts are seen at all, but the caster has faith they are there, hidden, bottom-blended with a remarkable ability to match the pied, mottled colour of the stream bed. We fish to see what comes up when it looks like nothing is there, and then we twitch with excitement or experience a sudden start at that moment of appearance of a fine trout from unfathomed depths. It seems to rise out of nowhere, like a little miracle. And so it is."

"I love this," Schnoz said.

"I knew I would," I said. "I found it at an antique store Annie dragged me to, and it wasn't even for sale. It was used as a prop to sell an old lamp table. I had to haggle with the guy for a price because he suddenly thought it was very valuable. It may be."

"More than four dollars and ninety-eight cents?"

"I paid a lot more, but you're-" then I stopped because I realized a guy shouldn't embarrass his friend in front of any wives.

Then Schnoz read on. "The paradox is also that fishing with the fly is a solitary art, best done alone, and at the same time, best done with a friend. The friend is necessary, for who else would listen to and appreciate the story of the rise, the take, the tug 'o war, and the release of a creature so admirable and wild? And who would listen to the foma later and appreciate the truth that rises unexpected from unfathomed depths. Flyfishing is not a sport of numbers, of inches, or of constant success. It must have failure. And so I dedicate this work to my life's friend, George Stillwell, who knows failure, and yet, has seen that rise. The season opens soon. Fish on, my friend."

"I love it," Schnoz said in almost a whisper. "We should work our way through this together, maybe over donuts and coffee."

"Or over scotch and a campfire," I said.

"It's just an old book," Annie said, "You gave him a dusty old book," and this time Huldy did the eye roll and said, "Men."

Schnoz just smiled.

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