



November President's Message

Fellow TU members,

My how this year has flown by! Here we are only 2 1/2 weeks away from Thanksgiving and it seems like we were just able to get out on the stream a little while ago. I hope you all had multiple opportunities to get out to your favorite stream this summer whether it was locally or at some foreign destination.

By the time you receive this newsletter the midterm elections will have past. I hope you were all able to vote for those candidates that align with TU's vision for the environment for generations to come.

Our speaker this month is Taylor Ridderbusch who will be speaking about the threat that Asian Carp could have on the Great Lakes ecosystem and other important Great Lakes issues. For those of you who fish for salmon, steelhead or brown trout this will be a very informative discussion.

Our Christmas fundraiser is just around the corner! We received a lot of positive comments on the change of venue last year to Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation so we're returning this year. Look for Yves Charron's Evite invitation in your email today! If you have any donations for the fundraiser please bring them to this month's meeting so we can catalogue them. If you have any late donations please contact me for pickup.

Eggs will be arriving pretty soon for our Trout in the Classroom program and our teachers and students are very excited. The fish from these tanks that have been

planted at Fox Bluff are doing very well. If you haven't been out there for a while take a hike to see them. They're BIG!

Jerry has many plans for conservation work in 2019. Hopefully you will be able to join us.

Happy Thanksgiving to all,
Bob

Our November Speaker – Taylor Ridderbusch



Taylor Ridderbusch is TU's Great Lakes Organizer

Taylor grew up fishing and hunting in Eagle River, WI, and graduated from Carthage College with a degree in Political Science. He works with TU volunteers and staff in Michigan and Wisconsin's portion of the Great Lakes basin to engage in advocacy with a primary focus on the Great Lakes Restoration Initiative and net pen aquaculture.

Taylor will speak about Asian Carp and other Great Lakes issues.

Conservation News for November Jerry Sapp

Not too much going on this month. Bob Meschewski and I have ordered the Brook Trout eggs for Trout In the Classroom. That will go into Fox Bluff next spring. We hope to get two healthy tanks of Parr next May to become our third stocking of the ponds.

Just a reminder the Midwest Regional Meeting of TU is being hosted by the Illinois Council on March 29-31 at Illinois Beach State Park resort in Zion. This should be a great meeting and a chance to talk to leaders from around the Midwest. More details will be coming soon. Since it is November and the month for Thanksgiving I would like to thank all of the chapter members that have come out for work projects. I am really thankful for the core group that answers the call every time I have asked, be it on the weekend or weekday these guys get there and work hard. They make my day every time.

Jerry Sapp

Christmas Party/Fund Raiser

Our annual Christmas Party/Fund Raiser is only a few weeks away. Join us for our annual Christmas dinner and fundraiser at the McGraw Wildlife Foundation's Pond Cottage on Saturday Dec. 1st, 2018 starting at 6pm

- Social hour and item viewing from 6pm-7pm.
 - Bring your own beverage.
 - Dinner will begin around 7pm (entree - to be announced)
 - Cost: \$45/person
 - Please pay by Friday Nov. 23rd, 2018
 - Payment options: On-line store, at Nov. 15th meeting, or send check to Yves Charron at 1414 New Haven Drive, Cary, IL 60013
 - Raffle tickets available on-site
- If you have any donations for the Xmas party, please bring to the Nov. 15th, 2018 meeting or contact Bob Becker at 847-997-4009 (mugsyb13@gmail.com) to arrange donation after our November meeting.**

See you all there.

McGraw Wildlife Foundation - 14N322 Illinois 25 Dundee, IL 60118

<https://www.yelp.com/map/mcgraw-wildlife-foundation-dundee-2>

2018-2019 Calendar of Events

Chapter Meetings - 3rd Thursday of the Month

Village Pizza, 145 John F Kennedy Dr.
Carpentersville, IL (Route 25 north of Route 68)

Nov 15th

Taylor Ridderbusch will speak about Asian Carp and other Great Lakes issues.

Saturday December 1st - Annual Christmas Party/Fundraiser

Jan 17th

2 Guys and a River

Feb 21st.

Tom Starmack (Zoetic Flies) will speak about "Anchor Fly Design"

March 21st.

Jason Randall will discuss "Seasonal Angling Strategies"

April 25th

Tie-A-Thon

May – Annual Picnic (date to be determined)

Check the newsletter

Sept 19th

Check the newsletter

Oct 17th.

Details in the newsletter

Chapter Outings

Early Spring Outing

Viroqua, WI
Apr 26th-28th
Details to follow

Fennimore Outing

May 17th-19th
Details to follow

Wa Wa Sum

Grayling, MI June 5th-9th
Details to follow

Salmon Outing Sept

Details to follow

End of Season Outing

Viroqua, WI
Oct 10th-13th

Meetings start at 7:30 with general comments and updates with a program to follow. Pizza and pop are served from 6-7:30 for \$15. This is a time for members to talk with others prior to the meeting. Guests are welcome anytime.

Annual Christmas Party-Fund Raiser

Saturday December 1st.

Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation

14N322 IL-25 (Rt 25 north of I-90)

Dundee, IL 60018

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

*T.E. Pritt's
#4 – Little Winter Brown*

A long time ago - in a far away land : >) – sometime in the late 1800s, a fellow named Thomas Evan Pritt wrote a book called “*Yorkshire Trout Flies*”. For some reason (possibly that not all the fly dressings in his book were strictly from the Yorkshire region of England) the title of the book was later changed to “*North Country Flies*”. In his book(s), Pritt detailed the flies’ dressings, pictures of the flies and sometimes even stated the best times of the (UK) trout season to fish some of the flies.

Pritt’s book plus “*Brook & River Trouting*” by Harfield H. Edmonds and Norman E. Lee are probably the two best known books and are often referred to as two of the “Bibles” of North Country Spiders / Flies.

Since the original book’s copyright has been expired for quite awhile, a *.pdf version can be downloaded from the internet. Alternately there are also new and used copies of subsequent reprints available, including a newer paperback edition that lists for \$9.99. Alternately, if you’re only interested in the 62 fly dressings, drop me an email and I can send you the fly dressings in a *.pdf file.

In tying these flies, I first waxed the Pearsall silk and started thread wraps near the hook eye; wrapped the silk towards the hook bend in tight turns; dubbed the silk

(maybe a little too heavily?) with natural / light colored Hare's Ear and then wound the dubbed thread towards the hook eye, leaving enough room for the woodcock hackle. I then tied in the light colored English Woodcock hackle near the hook eye (tip first); moved the thread in front of the hackle; did 2 or 3 hackle turns and a whip finish; trimmed the hackle stem and thread.



In the above flies, I used Pearsall Gold (6a) silk thread and Hareline's Natural Hare's Ear dubbing on size 14 Daiichi 1550 wet fly hooks. Here's the actual dressing for the flies as shown in T.E. Pritt's book:

No. 4.

LITTLE WINTER BROWN OR LIGHT WOODCOCK.

Hook 1.

WINGS. Hackled with a feather from the outside of a Woodcock's wing.

BODY. Orange silk, with a spare dubbing of Hare's ear.

Jackson recommends for the later dressing a feather from a hen pheasant's wing, but the above is quite as good.



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

Annie poked her head out our front door and said with barely disguised disgust, “Schnoz called and said he’s going to pick you up in five minutes. Were you two going somewhere?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Where?”

“Um, I don’t know.” The door shut with even more disgust, and I couldn’t help doing the Kirk Gibson home run fist pump winning a World Series game in 1988. The leaves in our yard would have to wait, perhaps until April, and by then I hoped they wouldn’t be leaves any more.

In less than five minutes, signaling that Schnoz was excited about something, he skidded to a stop in his beat-up fishing car. Chrissy, our dowager neighbor who makes the neighborhood watch signs merely redundant, poked her head out her front door with the same barely disguised disgust I had seen a few minutes before and called, “Should I call the police now or wait until something is on fire?”

“We’re leaving,” I called back. “The police will catch up out on the road somewhere.”

Schnoz got out of the car and opened his trunk with a flourish that bespoke some latest project of which he was especially proud, and I should prepare to show over-the-top admiration.

“Um, where are we going?” I said.

“Scouting, but not just scouting, scouting with real purpose, targeted scouting, scouting like it has never been done before.”

“Schnoz, every time we go scouting, we end up in a ditch and have to call Herbie and his tow truck to pull us out. Remember that day when he just spent the afternoon following us around because Huldy called him, and he gave us a cut rate for multiple tows in a single afternoon?”

“That won’t be necessary because...” and then he popped the lid off an orange five gallon bucket. The smell which sailed out of that bucket knocked me back several feet and made me think I would faint, and then Chrissy would have to call an ambulance instead of the police.

“Holey moley, Schnoz, what is that?”

“Enhanced fish food, a combination of slow-sinking Purina fingerling pellets which I fortified with ground up anchovies, dead bugs from inside my garage, minced worms that I aged for a week, Limburger, and since trout are carnivorous, hamburger from last week.”

“It’s illegal to kill trout after season,” I said.

“Not kill, Grumpy, old man, chum. It’s illegal to chum during the season, but now that fishing season is over, we’re just going to help them get through the winter... and find out where they hide. Here, your job is to take notes.” He handed me a fancy Moleskin notebook and ultra-fine point pen in permanent ink. “Let’s go.”

He pounded the lid back on the reeking bucket. We got in the car, and he revved his engine excitedly, but even through the smell of burning oil, I could detect the stench of his fish food through the five gallon bucket, the closed trunk, and the closed windows of his rambling wreck. I figured I’d be able to smell it through next week as well.

“First we’ll begin where we’re pretty sure of our success and then do the actual scouting.” He drove out of town toward Granger’s pool, a safe bet if you were looking for a lot of fish that were difficult to catch because the pool was so deep and riffles on either end guaranteed they were already well fed. Before we were there, we came to an unspoken agreement that tolerating the fall chill through open windows was preferable to the assault on our sinuses by the enhanced fish food Schnoz had concocted. With his overly developed nose, I wondered how he could tolerate the smell even with the windows open at 50 miles per hour.

He came to a stop above the short path that led to the stream, and opened his trunk to lug the bucket down to the head of the pool. I opened his notebook and saw that he had already made a spreadsheet with the names of five target pools with boxes for rises per minute, rises multiplied by two for feeders just below the surface, an estimate of large fish, and final notes and observations. He put on a latex glove, reached into the bucket, and flung a fistful of chum out into the pool. Nothing happened.

“We have to wake them up,” he said, flinging another flurry at them. For another minute, nothing happened, then all hell broke loose. I couldn’t count the risers because the surface churned as if someone had turned on the jets to a hot tub in a spa. I saw one fish that had to weigh at least three pounds surface like a whale and send spray several feet into the air. Schnoz began to laugh hysterically and said, “Did you get that? Did you see?”

“Yes,” I said, and simply made up some numbers. 50 risers seen. 100 slashing below the surface. One trophy fish. Notes: Two fistfuls of chum were needed to wake sluggish fish.

“This is where we start on opening day,” Schnoz said. “They simply can’t resist. We know they’re out there, and if I can match this stuff with a fly....”

“Are you sure the stench isn’t so bad that they’re churning the water to get away from your concoction?” I said.

“Humph,” he said, took two single pellets, and flung them into the pool. Several fish charged at them, fought each other, and were pushed out of the way by a larger fish that devoured the nearest pellet.

“Okay,” I said, “they like it.” He was still laughing hysterically when we made our way back to the car and he took the added precaution of pounding the lid on the bucket with a hammer, putting the bucket in a black contractor’s garbage bag and twisting the bag shut with a twist tie. He took his latex glove off and put it in two freezer bags, then closed the trunk. We drove to the next pool and noticed that the bucket, lid, and contractor’s bag made no difference. Open windows were required.

The same thing occurred at target pools two, three and four. The water churned, the fish slashed, fought each other, created long torpedo runs in chase of the godawful chum, and I made up numbers to document what we saw, each time with Schnoz saying, “Here’s where we start opening day. And, I think I know how to tie an imitation of this chum and soak it over the winter to get it to smell correctly.”

Then it happened. Having been Schnoz’s friend for so long, I should have predicted it, although I would have expected Herbie the tow truck driver or the police to be involved somehow, but this disaster was unforeseen. The fish in pool four rose and slashed and fought just as wildly as the fish in the other three pools. I wrote down made-up numbers just as before, including a note about the bronze slab side of a large fish that pushed all the other contenders out of the way. Everything was going great, until Schnoz carelessly threw a fistful of his disgusting chum too far down to the end of the pool, and some of it drifted, not just to the riffle where fish continued to slash, but also to a strip of sand that was only a few inches deep. Three fish, all different sizes, followed the chum all the way onto the beach until they themselves were beached.

The horror was immediate. “Oh, my gawd,” I said. I thought Schnoz was going to cry. He froze mid-throw of another fistful of chum.

There before us, flopping and helpless on the sand were three large creek chubs, their pouty, sucking mouths gasping for water.

“Schnoz,” I said.

His shoulders slumped; his jaw dropped, and he blinked as if someone had shot him with pepper spray. Without a word, he dumped the remaining chum at the head of the pool, filled the bucket with water a couple of times and rinsed it out.

We didn't talk as we trudged back to the car. He pounded the lid back on to the bucket, wrapped it in the garbage bag, and stored it in his trunk. It was also a silent drive back to town, and there wasn't anything to say when he went a few blocks out of the way to the town recycling center and put the garbage bag with his bucket and gloves into a recycling dumpster with the hope that a professional would bury it somewhere far away without injuring himself.

With unspoken agreement, he drove with windows still open, to the donut and coffee shop. We went in and ordered extra consolation donuts and large coffees, but the owner sniffed the air once and said he was sorry but we couldn't stay.

We drove around some more with the heater on and our windows open, until Schnoz looked sadly at his last donut and mumbled, "Like chum to chubs." Then he reached over and patted my shoulder.

"You're a good friend, Grumpy," he said.

"You know I'll do almost anything for donuts and coffee," I said.

That did it. He began to laugh, and soon we were both in hysterics, which ran through several cycles, including a realization that when we got home, we'd both have to run into the bathroom, take scalding showers, rub ourselves with whatever scented body washes our wives had, and then gather, double-bag, and bury our clothes.

We would have all winter to figure out where to go on opening day.

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