



## **November 2019 President's Message**

Greetings fellow LWTU members! As I sit here this morning watching the snowflakes fall, I realize just how unpredictable Mother Nature can be. With temperatures normally seen in the middle of January, it looks like fishing season has come to an end. Time to plan a trip to warmer climes.

Al Faleskin has agreed to take over Yves duties as Treasurer when he leaves in December. Thank you so much Al!

Our guest speaker this month is Duke Welter TUDARE outreach coordinator. For those of you who fish the Driftless area, Duke will provide his insight into the past, present and future of the area. December 7th is our annual Christmas fundraiser at Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation so please let Yves and Al know your coming by answering their Evite invitation sent out last week. Also, please bring any donations you have for the fundraiser to the meeting so we can categorize everything. We have some great speakers planned for 2020 so check it out on the website.

Stay vigilant on issues concerning our environment. The current administration along with the head of the EPA is constantly attacking protections set in place by previous administrations.

Contact your representatives to let them how much these issues mean to you.

See you all at the meeting!

Bob

## **November's Speaker - Duke Welter from TUDARE**



Duke will be speaking about the Driftless Area

## **Conservation News November 2019– Jerry Sapp**

### Conservation news

The conservation committee placed two stiles on Billings Creek on October 11. It was a cold, windy and nasty day for October but the crew stuck it out. We caught some fish there too. Billings now has four of our style stiles. This is probably tenth or eleventh stile we have placed in the area. Well guess what the DNR placed a stile on a property, I think on Tainter, with the swinging middle board and a spring to close it. The style we came up with and now they are copying us. Something we can be proud of developing. We have more boards cut and sites ready for next year. I hope the ground is not frozen when we are ready.

Mc Henry County wants to video the whole process of Trout in the Classroom from egg delivery to pond placement next spring so they can document it for their use. It will be another way of getting the word out about Lee Wulff chapter.

For those of you asking about fly tying, I have secured Tuesday nights at Village Pizza in Carpentersville as our new home. Cabelas could not give me a for sure answer and I made the move based on the fact they are increasingly non co-operative as Bass Pro took over. Besides tying is more fun with beer! We start January 7 at 6:30. There is a TV and we have electric plugs for lights there also.

## **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.



**XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY**

Our annual Christmas Party/Fund Raiser is only a few weeks away. Join us for our annual Xmas dinner and fundraiser at the McGraw Wildlife Foundation's Pond Cottage on Saturday Dec. 7th 2019 starting at 6pm

- Social hour and raffle item viewing from 6pm-7pm.
- Bring your own beverage.

- Dinner will begin around 7pm
- Cost: \$50/person. Please pay by Nov 22<sup>nd</sup>.  
Pay via our On-line store accessible thru our website, at the Nov. 21<sup>st</sup> meeting, or send check to Yves Charron at 1414 New Haven Drive, Cary, IL 60013
- If you have any donation for the Xmas party, please bring to the Nov. 21<sup>st</sup>, 2019 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>

## Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

### *“Bead Thoraxed Hare’s Ear & March Brown Soft - Hackled Nymphs”*

Earlier today, I posted a few pics on the “*Flymph Forum*” of some “*Bead Thoraxed Soft Hackled*” Nymphs that I tied quite a few years back. I then realized that I did a previous write-up on a couple of these nymphs TEN YEARS AGO. I didn’t know that I’ve been tying and fishing these dressings for such a long time.

As I mention 10 years ago, “*for some reason, having the beads behind the hackles have made the flies attractive to fish and I’ve even caught a few bass and bluegills on a friend’s pond using them.*”

Personally, I feel that the gold bead in the thorax area might look like an air bubble in an emerging nymph and one of the reasons why these dressings have worked so well for me in the past.

Although I’ve tied and fished these dressings in various sizes (12 - 16) I think that I’ve had the most success in using size 12 and 14 hooks in all the flies that I tie with the beads behind the hackles. In addition, to make the nymphs look buggier, I “*touch dub*” the hare’s ear dubbings to the waxed threads. Since these nymphs get lots of hits, I use *at least* three turns of hackle, sometimes four, so that the fly can be used over and over again after each time a trout hits the fly.



### **BT Hare's Ear Soft-Hackled Nymph**

- Hook:** Daiichi #1550 or 1560 sizes 12 - 14
- Silk:** Pearsall Gossamer Silk – hot orange or Danville 9/0 orange thread
- Body:** Natural Hare's Ear dubbing
- Ribbing:** Gold Ultra wire
- Thorax / Weight:** Gold Cyclops bead head
- Hackle:** Natural Gray Partridge – save the V-shaped stems for use as tails or beards for other tyings



## **BT March Brown Soft-Hackled Nymph**

**Hook:** Daiichi #1550 or 1560 sizes 12 - 14  
**Silk:** Pearsall Gossamer Silk -orange or Danville 6/0 orange thread  
**Body:** Dyed Red Hare's Ear dubbing or Natural Hare's Ear dyed with a red Pantone pen  
**Tail:** 4 or 5 Natural Gray partridge barbs  
**Ribbing:** Gold Ultra wire  
**Thorax / Weight:** Gold Cyclops bead head  
**Hackle:** Natural Gray Partridge

I first started tying these dressings with a bead thorax using natural pheasant tails for the bodies, also wrapped with gold wire ribbing since the pheasant tails can unravel after a hit or two. Alternately, using copper or red wire ribbings have also been effective for me and I'll have to do a few more over this winter season. Cheers and enjoy - Bob



### ***Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl***

“Annie, do we still have the envelope with bail money?”

“Yes, it's in the top left drawer of my desk. It says ‘Schnoz’ on it. Did he call you?”

“Just now and he has that tone of excitement in his voice that usually means big trouble.”

“Okay, I'll keep my phone with me. Try to prevent anyone from getting hurt. It was only a couple of years ago he cleaned the snow off his sidewalk with a flamethrower.”

Annie really is a good wife, even if she remembers every little faux pas. Who else keeps an envelope with bail money handy?

When I got to Schnoz's, there wasn't a police car outside, although that wasn't necessarily a good predictor. The front door was open, but I knocked anyway, in case he had talked the local shelter into a Doberman. He had talked about getting a guard dog in case someone would try to steal his collection of flies, but I reminded him he was married to Huldy and no one would mess with her, not even for a collection of expertly-tied flies.

"Come in," I heard Schnoz call. "I'm back here in my den."

"Of thieves," I heard Huldy call from the kitchen. Then she added, "No fires, okay?"

I raised both hands as I walked by the doorway to show her I was clean.

Schnoz sat at his fly-tying desk, his vise in front of him, and behind it, three computer monitors with different sites on each screen.

"What's going on here?" I said, rather innocently.

"Science, Grumpy, my friend. This is what science looks like."

"Are you going to explain this to me?"

Schnoz turned in his swivel chair, took off his reading glasses like he was a doctor filming a commercial for arthritis drugs, and said, "I'll try."

At least I didn't see anything that would start a fire or get either or both of us arrested.

"Tell me, Grumpy, what is the ultimate goal in our trout fishing?"

"To drink strong coffee, eat as many donuts as possible, and pee – in that order."

"No, really."

"Um, to be out in nature, enjoy good company, and tell lies without consequences."

"Well, Grumpy, those are important secondary goals, but I'm talking primary here."

I tried hard to avoid the obvious, but finally I had to give in. "To catch fish in the most sporting way and with the lightest, most appropriate rod on flies we tie ourselves."

"Bingo. To catch fish. And are there experts who are better at it than others?"

"Yes. There are also those like Dewey and Calamity John who just get lucky sometimes. And then there's you and me."

That confused him.

“What do you mean, ‘And then there’s you and me?’”

“Well, Schnoz, think about it. We’re not experts like Ghost Mary’s brother who’s the kind of guide who can catch trout in a rain puddle on a sidewalk and has passed some of that skill on to her, and we’re not like Dewey and Calamity John who sometimes catch trout with kinky, knotted ten-pound tippet, on flies that look like dust bunnies, after drifts hampered by tree branches they’ve pulled down with bad backcasts. We’re in-between fisher-guys.”

“Fair enough. But I have harnessed the expertise, not just of one guy like Ghost Mary’s brother, but the top experts in the whole world.” Then he turned back to his three computer monitors, opened his palms like he was coming clean, and said, “Ta-daaa!”

“Science?” I said doubtfully.

“Looky here. Monitor number one is connected to Huldy’s old computer that can only do one thing at a time and takes five minutes to download a single web page, but I have set it up to go to only one page when I un-sleep it, which means I never turn it off, and look at the site.”

“Solunar tables for Midwest, Northern Latitude Watersheds. Animalia propensity charts in corresponding modes predicting behavior, migration, feeding and breeding,” I read. Below the header were color-coded monthly calendars with individual days in green, yellow, and red. In small print, I read, “Copyright John Alden Knight, 1926.”

“Huh?” I said.

“The moon, Grumpy, my friend. This site follows the cycles of the sun and moon and their effects on creatures, specifically fish, whose behavior is affected by gravitational pull, night light, and piscatorial sensitivities.”

“Schnoz, you do know where our word, ‘lunacy’ came from, don’t you?”

“You’re missing the point. This is just one predictor of fish behavior. Look at this second screen. It’s hooked up to my nephew’s old laptop, ‘old’ being relative because he’s a nerd who gets a new laptop every two years and gave me this one. The site permanently assigned to it is a wider scope than the Solunar tables. It’s in narrative form, a paragraph for each day of the year relating to fish feeding tendencies, and it tracks a kind of fishy astronomical correlation.”

“‘Fishy’ is the key word there, I think.”

“Astronomy, my friend. Haven’t you ever heard of the craziness in the world when Mercury is in retrograde? It’s very well documented. This one predicts fish behavior on the same astrological principles. This science is thousands of years old, and look, it’s broken down into



sub-categories for trout, panfish, salt water fish, and migratory species. Best of all, it lists what they will be eating on that day. Here, look at April 11. Trout will be feasting on little black caddis.”

“Feasting? I mean, feasting? Everybody knows little black caddis hatch in the early spring. How is that useful?”

“It matches the food source availability and the feasting. You’ve seen trout feasting. And now look at the third screen. This is my regular desktop, which usually works when Huldy isn’t already online, not sure why, same IPO or something. Anyway, this one is directed to a site that tracks the historical record – you know, actual experience, kind of like a farmer’s almanac for fish, on such and such a day looking over the record for the past one hundred years, this has been a good day for trout fishing in the Northern Hemisphere.”

“Really. A farmer’s almanac for fish?”

“Exactomundo, my friend.”

“And you’re going to follow this for our fishing.”

“Of course. I mean, we’ll go fishing whenever we can, but this will mark the days I’m most sure we will do well. Look here, the bottom line, a three computer correlation on April 15.”

“April 15?”

“Yes. April 15<sup>th</sup> 2020 is the day all three sources converge to predict the best fishing of the season. When we go out on that day, we will kill them. I envision dozens. On caddis. My computers agree. Caddis, 9 AM until noon. Science is a wonderful thing, Grumpy.”

“Schnoz.” Even my voice sounded deflated.

“What?”

“April 15 is tax day. For the past 20 years you have to stay up all night on the 14<sup>th</sup> and work all day to untangle your tax problems and meet the deadline so you don’t get some kind of penalty.”

There was a long silence.

“Well, I guess I’ll just file for an extension a week before.”

“To go fishing. You’re going to file for an extension because you’re going to go fishing on the 15<sup>th</sup>.”

“I guess I’ll have to. I mean, a man has to have priorities.”

I didn’t say anything about it because he’s my friend, but I remembered he complained that last year his biggest deductions were under the category of fines and penalties. How much trouble do you have to get into for that to be your biggest deduction?

“So Schnoz, what did this computer array and access to these scientists cost you?”

“Nothing for the computers and tech. It’s all outdated stuff, you know, single use dedication with everything else cleaned off the hard drives. There were some fees to register for the sites and download the data. Nominal fees, mostly.”

“How much?”

He turned and leaned close to me. “Forty bucks,” he whispered. “Science is expensive.”

I didn’t really think about it. I just got a twenty out of my wallet and gave it to him.

“Just wait,” he said. “You won’t regret this. You’ll see.”

“Schnoz, every once in a while I buy a Powerball lottery ticket just for the hell of it. This is the same thing.”

“Ha” he said. “I’ll buy you a donut and some coffee if you’ll drive. It seems the old troutmobile is having trouble starting again.”

When I got home, Annie could hardly wait for my report. She seemed relieved there was no blood but a little disappointed there were no fires or police involvement. I told her about paying my share for the “scientific data” too.

“Okay,” she said. “But record twenty dollars in the new budget we’re trying to keep.”

“I will, but I’m not sure of the category. It doesn’t seem fair to put it under hobbies and fishing.”

“Of course not. It has nothing to do with fishing. Put it under ... hm ... entertainment.”

Did I marry the right woman or what?

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