



## **October 2019 President's Message**

Hello LWTU members,

Isn't fall the best season in Illinois?! Cooler days, less humidity and cool temps at night making for great sleeping weather. And the fishing! Trout feel the seasons changing and are starting to gorge on anything that passes their way to fatten up for the long winter. Make sure to get out on the stream soon.

This month is our annual business meeting and planning for the coming year's projects. Yves Charon is moving up to Minnesota in December so we still need someone to step up to take over the treasurer duties before he leaves. Please think about volunteering so we can make this a seamless transition. Jerry Sapp is going to demonstrate how to tie some of the new innovative patterns he's run across this season and also show everyone the new rigging strategies he's learned during his travels this year. We are also going to run the documentary Decoding the Driftless in the background for those that haven't seen it. Please come and share your fishing stories with us too.

We have much in store for everyone coming up this year. Trout in the Classroom, Fishin' So Fly, planned fishing outings, fly tying and many opportunities to work conservation projects throughout the year. Pick the one that appeals to you and stay involved! We also have a great list of speakers for our meetings this year that we think you'll enjoy. See you on the 17th!

Tight lines,  
Bob

## **No Speaker This Month Chapter business meeting and fly tying**

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

The conservation committee extracted a fallen tree from the middle pond on September 25. with much back power assisted by tugget and chain saws we took out a tree that had fallen in the best spot on the pond for fishing. Fish were sighted swimming in the middle pond before the work began. They are looking bigger all the time. The area is now closed (Oct. 1 till the end of Feb.)for hunting so please stay away for your own safety.

We will again be placing Brooks in the ponds next spring and hope to have a large amount to place due to the increased capacity of the Belvidere High school's hydroponic setup.

I have just received word that there is going to be some work done at Lake Le- Aqua- Na in Stephenson county. This is to provide habitat for Rainbows in the stream that feeds the lake. This is the first break towards getting some permanent habitat for trout in recent years. Jeff Hastings is going to be consulting on this and it may require workdays or money.

On October 11 the conservation will have placed two more stiles on Billings Creek weather permitting. This will be our third stile of the year.

### **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.

November 21<sup>st</sup> - Duke Welter from TUDARE

### **XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY**

Our annual Christmas Party is only a few weeks away! Mark your calendar for Saturday December 7<sup>th</sup>! More info in next month's newsletter.

## Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

### **Aussie Possum & Partridge *Soft Hackles***

Quite a few years ago, a fellow in New Zealand sent me a package of Australian Possum fur in various shades of grey. The possum fur seemed quite bushy and thicker than the normal hare's ear dubbing I had been using in the past.

Since I think that a Hare's Ear and Partridge soft hackle is one of my favorite flies to tie and fish, I decided to tie a few using the Aussie Possum dubbing.

Quite simple to tie, just like a Hare's Ear soft hackle, except I tended to use "at least" 3 full turns of partridge hackle to make the fly somewhat fuller to make it float a little higher than my normal soft hackles. Four or five turns of a gold or copper wire ( I used gold in the enclosed pic)

Here's the info on the Aussie Possum & Partridge flies, as I tie them:

#### ***Aussie Possum & Partridge Soft Hackles***

Hook – Daiichi #1550 wet fly hook (sizes 12 - 16)

Thread – Orange Danville 6/0

Body – Medium to dark grey Australian Possum gold wire ribbing.

Hackle – Grey Partridge (at least 3 hackle turns)

Tail – a small clump of grey partridge hackles





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

It was the last outing of the season, almost the last one PERIOD. I'm not sure why, but I agreed to go out with Schnoz, even though he was crabbier than usual. I guess it was because Ghost Mary said, "Well, Grumpy, he's YOUR friend."

So we had put our waders on, had rods in the car, and just before he got in, I saw him do a double-take.

"What?" I asked.

"Indigestion. It must have been your crappy eggs."

"My eggs were fine. What does it feel like?"

"My chest feels tight. Hm. Weird. There, it seems to be passing. Let's go."

So we got in the car and I drove past three of our favorite streams, headed into town, and pulled into the emergency circle of the local hospital. I admit it was partly to aggravate him.

"What the hell are you doing? I'm not going in there. A little tightness that passes is not a heart attack. I'm staying right here."

So I got out, still in my waders and went in to the receptionist. She looked at me like I was crazy, which I am, and said, "Um, can I help you."

"I was going trout fishing with my buddy. He's in the car and refuses to get out. He's having chest pains."

"Okay," she said. She pushed some buttons on her computer and then spoke into her headphones. "Can I get Tom down her to help with transporting a patient?" Then she smiled at me.

Tom came through some double doors. He was young, at least 6'5" tall, massive like a tight end, except for the long black braid falling down his back. He came over and shook my hand with a fist like a boxing glove.

"Hi," he said. "My friends call me 'Tommy Hawk.' It's a joke. I like it. My people are Ho-Chunk. Where's your friend?"

"Out in the car."

He got a wheelchair from a hallway and followed me outside. I opened the car door to show Schnoz sitting resolute as a rock with his arms crossed on his chest.

“Come on, Schnoz. Get in the wheelchair,” I said. “Just to get checked out.”

“We’re wasting fishing time, you idiot,” he said. Then Tommy Hawk stepped forward, maneuvered the wheel chair, reached in with his right arm, grabbed Schnoz by the shirt front, pulled him out of the car and plopped him in the wheel chair.

“Are you comfortable, Mr. Schnoz?” Tommy said.

“You’re not allowed to do that,” Schnoz protested.

“Probably not, but there are special laws regulating natives and the tribal leader is my cousin. I’ll apologize to him later.” Then Tommy knelt down, took off his wading boots, unbuckled Schnoz’s waist-highs, and took them off.

“What about my shoes?” Schnoz said.

“You won’t need shoes where you’re going. We usually give babyhead whiners a onesie, but someone your age will probably get booties and a hospital gown. It’s designed to cover two-thirds of your body vertically. You can decide which two-thirds, but I suggest you cover the ugliest parts.”

While Tommy wheeled Schnoz in, I took off my waders, found my shoes, and parked the car someplace legal. When I went back in, the receptionist smiled at me.

“Isn’t Tom great? We’re checking his vitals now and then we’ll do an EKG.”

The waiting began. In twenty minutes, Schnoz came out, spitting mad, still in his street clothes, but now he had hospital booties on.

“They ripped half my chest hair off for some stupid test thanks to you,” he fumed, “and then poked me for a useless blood test to look for some marker enzyme that won’t be there. Some fishing buddy you are.”

“They’re fishing,” I said. “If there’s anything there, they’ll catch it.”

We sat for an hour while Schnoz accused me of kidnapping, torture, general meanness, which was probably partly true, and sado masochistic perversions for which he would eventually have me committed if he lived to get out of this. He was sure my wife would agree with him and sign the papers.

Then Tommy came back and said, “We’re going to get you a room for a little while because we want to take blood tests at least an hour apart. A nurse will talk to you. Please Mr. Schnoz, get in the wheel chair - now.”

Schnoz shot me a stabbing look and got in the chair.

“I’ll get even with you eventually,” he said to me.

We went down the hall to a room where a nurse was waiting with a needle and two vials. Schnoz exaggerated terrible pain. The nurse smiled at me. She’d seen this before. Like most nurses, Nurse Tara was old beyond her years.

"We need at least two draws an hour or two apart. Next up will be a stress test. I'll be back as soon as the doctor is ready. You're lucky. She came from home just to test you and brought her two children."

"Ha. A piece of cake," Schnoz said. "I know about treadmills."

An hour later after the stress test, Nurse Tara wheeled Schnoz back into the room and handed him a hospital gown. He looked shaken and just glared at me.

"Green is in, this season. Very stylish for hospital gowns." Then she looked at me. "His stress test showed some blips. Abnormal."

"He's always been abnormal," I said.

"If I could get up," Schnoz said, "I'd come over there and kick you in the ... shins."

"Not that kind of abnormal," Tara said. "They also did a dye and CT scan. It looks like a single blockage in one artery. He's scheduled for a stent tomorrow morning."

"I'll call his wife," I said. "She'll be happy to know someone found a heart."

"You're a very lucky man," Tara said to Schnoz. "We think you caught this early because the EKG was normal and the blood tests did not show the enzyme we see with damage. We think the blockage is about 60%. They won't know for sure until the procedure tomorrow, but you can be fixed. At least this problem can be fixed."

"Can I get a guarantee," Schnoz said. "I want a Porsche stent."

"Sorry," Tara said, "we don't stock Porsche stents. You'll get one from Ikea like everyone else."

"I don't get it," Schnoz said. "How many episodes have I seen on TV? There wasn't really any pain, no stabbing, no weak arm, no dizziness, no sweating, not even any tingling."

"Those may come later - or not," Tara said. "Someone was looking out for you."

Then she left us and I called Huldry. She panicked for a second, but when I reassured her, she said she'd be there in an hour.

"Don't speed," I said. "He's not going anywhere. Call Annie. She'll probably drive out with you."

"Well," said Schnoz, "you may have been looking out for me, but you're still a jerk."

"Idiot."

"Moron."

"Ingrate," I said.

"Half-assed, stinking alley rat." It seemed to please him that he thought of something out of the ordinary. We sat in silence for a while, then he let out a big sigh.

"When does trout season open?"

“January first, but it will probably be too cold. I’d wait until the temperature gets above 40. It might be the beginning of March.”

“Will you call me?” he said.

“Yeah.”

“Will our first trip out be at the secret spot Old Ben Waverly left us?”

“Of course.”

He let out another sigh, then said, “Jerk.”

“Idiot.”

“Yeah, well just wait until I get to take you to the emergency room.”

“Ask for Tommy Hawk,” I said. “I like him.”

“Well, me too.”

Good times.

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