



## **October 2022 President's Message**

The season closes Saturday the 15<sup>th</sup> for Wisconsin and catch and release in Illinois. But there is still the catch and keep in Illinois beyond that date.

Our chapter is going to help the Mc Henry County Conservation District at the Hollows in Cary on October 22 at 9:30 A.M. We will be working with children, demonstrating fly tying, casting and fishing at their Halloween themed program. Please consider volunteering to help. If you can be there call me 847 284 4824 for more details.

The September outing was a tremendous success and staying together at Logan Mill Lodge is a pleasure. Ruth Grubb is so accommodating she even let us use her dryer for our wet clothes that got soaked during stile building in a soaking rain. Thanks to all the people that stayed and finished two stiles in a down pour. We have two more to do on Timber Coulee next year and already I have gotten a request for three more to do in Monroe County by their Soil and Land Conservation office.

Our speaker this month will be Jason Freund Ph. D a biology professor at the University of Wisconsin, Lacrosse. He writes a blog called The Scientific Fly Angler that is truly an educational and entertaining delight. He lives in the La Crosse and has firsthand advice and information that you will enjoy reading. His topic for our meeting is "Driftless Fly Box Through the Seasons"

You can join in on zoom if you are not able to make the meeting at 6:30 Oct. 20 at Village Pizza in Carpentersville in person. Please remember to mute your microphone and if you have a question type it on the zoom app.

Here is the link to the zoom meeting starting at 7:30

<https://us06web.zoom.us/j/83450982147?pwd=UWtycytSSWgrbmtYV1FMUUV2SUFuQT09>

Meeting ID: 834 5098 2147

Passcode: 172299

One tap mobile

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Dial 1 312 626 6799

Our Christmas Banquet will be December 10 at McGraw Wildlife. Please bring any items you want to donate to the October meeting so they can be inventoried.

At the October meeting the chapter will be voting on a new slate of officers. The proposed slate is:

Brent Burval, President

Jerry Sapp, Vice President

Scott Lammers, Secretary

Jerry Ward, Treasurer

I have enjoyed working with all of you over two and a half years as your chapter President and want to thank all of you for your support and patience through covid and zoom only meetings.

## **Bob Olach's Fly of the Month**

### *Red Ass Soft Hackles*

Decided to tie some other variations of this fly based on some pics I have seen on various sites. I used to tie the Red Ass quite a few years ago but have forgotten which dressing that I used.

The two flies with the peacock thorax and the green bead thorax were tied using red Pearsall Gossamer silk since I want the thread to darken when wet to highlight the red wire ribbing. (Silk threads tend to darken when wet).

The fly tied with a peacock body was tied with red Danville 6/0 Flymaster thread since I wanted

the red butt to show when wet and not to darken.

You'll notice some red thread showing over the green bead. When I tie any bead thoraxed dressing, I do a thread build up behind the bead; do a whip finish behind the bead and then pull the thread over the bead to tie in the hackle (I'm too lazy to cut the thread after the "behind whip finish knot").



Here's the info on three Red Ass Soft Hackles flies, as I tie them:

### ***Red Ass Soft Hackles***

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

Thread – Red Pearsall Gossamer Silk or Danville 6/0

Thorax – Peacock herl or a bead

Body – Green peacock with red wire ribbing or red Pearsall Gossamer silk with red wire ribbing.

Hackle – Grey Partridge



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

When my phone rang with the insistence of a fire alarm, I knew it was Schnoz. I don't know how my phone can tell that it's Schnoz, but it's probably something to do with entanglement in physics, string theory, or vibrational energy.

"The season closes tomorrow," he said.

"Yes."

"I'll pick you up in fifteen minutes."

"Um, well..."

Click. True to his word, Schnoz parked his fishmobile in front of our house in fifteen minutes.

"The fishmobile started," I observed.

"New battery," he said. "Rebuilt starter, adenoid, alternator, and oil pan."

"You needed a new oil pan?"

"Sometimes I run over stuff. You know, rocks. Bowling balls. Bicycles. Things just lying about."

"Did you pick a stream?"

"I thought we'd go out to Mueller's pasture. The grass isn't so high because of the cows, and the upstream runs have always held fish late in the season."

"Good choice," I said, and then realized my first mistake. I should never open my mouth when I'm sitting in the fishmobile. Besides its dubious record for dependability and its alterations to carry rods, waders, and gear, it smells like fish. Raw fish. Old fish. Carp. Even with a chill in the air, we drove with our windows open. To be honest, the smell has saved him from several tickets because local cops did not want to stand near the driver's side long enough to write out a ticket for speeding, and there wasn't a law on the books for fish smells emanating from a vehicle. Besides, they thought the smell came from Schnoz, not the car.

The ride to Mueller's Creek seemed to take several days, but eventually we got to the pulloff and were happy to see no other cars there. We decided we'd both go upstream because the runs were better than downstream and because we liked fishing together to finish the season. The first run we nicknamed "Cowknock" because a cow once sidled up to Schnoz in a friendly way and then bumped him into the water. Satisfied it had said hello, the cow then ambled off to join the herd. Schnoz earned the first casts because he was the driver. The Cowknock Run yielded nothing except a creek chub, a stubby, ugly thing about four inches long that took a scud from the bottom. At the second run, my foam grasshopper hooked only leaves. Schnoz threw a desultory cast with his scud and caught his second fish, a sucker, probably the only fish more ugly than a creek chub. At the next run, he snagged a shiner minnow, actually a fine one that was about eight inches long and looked like a miniature tarpon. I switched to a foam beetle and caught more autumn leaves.

We rounded a horseshoe bend, and at one of our favorite pools, one we nicknamed "The Sixteen Pool" because we'd each caught sixteen-inch browns there, we were surprised to see a fisherman knee-deep at the bottom of the pool. He was an older guy with a tweed, narrow-brimmed hat, a white goatee, and a brown wool sweater over a white shirt. He cast a fine, honey-colored bamboo rod with perfect timing that sent tight loops wherever he wanted on the pool. We watched in quiet appreciation as three trout rose to take his slate-winged dry. After the third release, he stretched, shook a cramped right hand, and noticed us.

"Hal-low," he said.

"We're sorry," I said, "but we didn't see a car at the pull-in, so we thought we'd be the only ones here."

"My friend dropped me off and went to flail uselessly at the Gobey Run even though I told him the fish there had moved up to the headwaters. He's going to pick me up at noon at the County Y bridge, and then we'll have a beer and meatloaf sandwiches."

"We saw you land three," I said. "It was very impressive."

"Oh, well," said our new friend. For some reason, he reminded me of Santa Claus. "How have you done?"

"I caught a Brown Grand Slam," Schnoz announced.

"I don't know what that is," our friend said.

"It's a creek chub, a sucker, and a shiner minnow. It's rather difficult to do. Trout sometimes spoil everything."

"Congratulations," our friend said. "I don't believe I've ever accomplished that kind of slam."

"I caught an Autumn Slam," I said. "It's a kind of dry fly achievement. You have to hook a willow leaf, a maple leaf, and an oak leaf. Fish don't count."

"Congratulations," our friend said. "I suggest you both have a go at this pool. There are quite a few in it, maybe a hungry pod, and then we can work our way upstream. There are three very fine runs before the bridge at County Y, and we can each take one and sweet talk the fish into eating."

"Sweet talk?" I said.

"Of course," he said. "The fish have been through a lot by the end of the season, so you have to sweet talk them a little. Come here, and I'll prove it to you."

Schnoz looked at me, sniffed, and waded slowly next to the old gentleman.

"Just talk to them the way you would your wife when you first see her in the morning. Say it loud enough so they can hear you."

Schnoz looked at me as if one of us was crazy and it wasn't him.

"Well, Huldy, Dearie. How crabby are you this morning?"

I did the only thing I could do. I buried my face in my hands.

"That's what you say to your wife the first thing in the morning?" the gentleman said.

"Well, you see, Huldy and me made an agreement a long time ago to tell each other the truth."

"And you're still together," he said.

"Well, sure. Nobody else would have either of us, so we're good. Sometimes she goes first and says, 'Schnoz, please don't do anything stupid today. My mother's in town and you know whenever she hears a siren, she thinks it's because of you.'"

Our friend smiled in a kindly way. "Try this," he said. "Just repeat after me, and make it sound like you mean it. Hello, Darling. I'm sending something you like and then we can dance a little."

"Hello, Darling, I'm sending you something and then we can dance a little." He sounded like he was talking to a three-year-old.

"Well," said our gentleman. "That might be kind enough. Now cast."

Schnoz flipped his rig and strike indicator over the pool. It splashed and drifted through the pool with no dancers.

"Aw, sweetie-pie," our gentleman called into the pool. "Don't be shy. I know you like to waltz. One, two, three, here we go. Around the pool. You know I love you."

Schnoz cast again, and as soon as the rig hit the water, his New Zealand wool dipped below the surface and he danced with a fine brown trout in full spawning colors shimmering on a background of gold. After a quick release from a barbless hook, our friend looked at me. I waded next to him and did my best.

"Oh, Snookie-wookims, let's polka," I said. You know I adore your enchanting eyes and spots like dimes. It's love, pudding-pie, love, only love."

I cast my foam beetle and luckily it landed between two floating leaves. In three seconds, the beetle disappeared and left the ring of a rise. Before a polka would actually end, I landed a beautiful brookie, its fall colors as bright as neon and white fin edges gleaming in the net.

Our friend just smiled at us then moved on.

"I'll take the last pool just below the County Y bridge," he said. "Snookie-wookims, oh Lordy. Fishing will never be the same. By the way," he said. "It's not just about sweet-talking the fish. Take some time to admire the trees and the water and the late season flowers. Color and life are everywhere." Then he disappeared around the next bend.

"I'll skip a pool and take the second one," Schnoz said. "We'll all meet at the bridge."

I cast once more before moving up, but Snookie-wookims had no jealous friends, so I moved up to the next pool, calling out Snookie-wookims, promises of snuggles after a dance, bon-bons, soft caresses, and whispered nothings. I caught three nice browns on my foam beetle, all prompted by magic sweet words that would have made my Annie laugh.

A half an hour later I met Schnoz at the bridge, sitting on a rock.

"Snookie-wookims was magic," he said. "I caught three nice ones."

"Same with me," I said.

"Look," he said and pointed behind me. I turned, and as with new eyes, I saw the glint of silver and blue water rippling and dancing in rays of sunlight as it slipped downstream. To the right, I saw the red fire of a maple in its full autumn regalia, and farther down, the yellow gleam of an old ash, a single tree that had somehow avoided the borers by living alone, protected by willows, maples, and oaks. No borer ever learned it was there. The banks were lined in purple, with occasional crimson sumac dotting the berms bordering the sparkling stream. Our gentleman was right. Light and color were everywhere.

"Where's our friend?" I asked.

"I don't know. No one was here."

"Did you hear a car?"

"No."

"That's weird."

"The whole morning was weird."

"Are you going to practice your sweet-talking?"

"Maybe," Schnoz said. "It might be a good thing if it gets Huldy confused."

"It might be a good thing if we catch more fish."

"Snookims."

"Pootie-pie."

Sometimes fishing is not about fishing. It's about something else. It's about being with an old friend, maybe a new friend, and things that surprise you. It's about color, life all around, and sweet nothings spoken as if you mean them. Trout apparently love sweet nothings.

## Chapter Officers

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