



September 2022 President's Message

Welcome back to live TU meetings at Village Pizza in Carpentersville. Yes, that is correct. We are going live for the next few meetings and are even planning on a Christmas Banquet at Mc Graw.

Our speaker this month will be one of our own members. The nationally known author and lecturer, Jason Randal. He will be debuting his latest program about the skills needed to be in the top 10% of successful fishermen. This will be a great evening and I hope you can attend.

Our chapter has been asked to help with a fishing program sponsored by Mc Henry County Conservation District at The Hollows Conservation Area in Cary off Route 14. This is a program for children with a Halloween theme. We can dress up as fishermen! The chapter will be demonstrating and teaching fly casting and fly tying. We'll also assist them as they catch fish with spinning gear and flies both. The session begins at 9:30 on Saturday October 22 at the Hollows. The session is limited to 40 kids so that means we will need lots of hands-on time especially with the fly fishing. Please consider giving a little of your time to help. Call Jerry Sapp 847 284 4824 or Bob Meschewski 847 323 5493 for more details and to volunteer your time. This is a great way to improve our community relations!

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The fall catch and release season in Illinois should open Sat. Oct. 1 but I have not seen any news announcement yet. Stay tuned we will schedule a fishing date for the chapter some time before that. I am hoping the fish are larger than the spring stocking.

By the time you read this some of the chapter volunteers will have installed 3 new stiles, two on Timber Coulee and one on Berge Coulee. This was done during the fall outing, and we were helped by the Gary Borger Chapter. Many thanks to those who turned out with their helping hands.

We stayed at Logan Mill Lodge, our headquarters for the spring outing with the West Denver Chapter. That outing was very successful, and they want to do it again. Our chapter's outing to Colorado was limited in numbers but we had a great time and caught lots of fish including the elusive Green Backed Cutthroat. We had a wonderful facility to stay at which was Bob Becker's children's cabin. There will be a chance for someone to win a guided trip and stay there at this year's Christmas Banquet.

Those of you that participated in the Tie-A-Thon have a great t shirt coming and you can collect it at the September meeting.

See you at the meeting,

Jerry Sapp

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

*Black & Green
Soft Hackle Nymph6*

About a month or so ago, I was looking at various YouTube videos for some new soft hackle dressings and found a fellow tying a simple soft hackled nymph using little more than a black hen hackle and a green body.

For the past two days, I've tried various search methods to see if I could find the actual video so I could provide a link. But a no-go for this old guy!

So I went through my dubbings and found a package of a Caddis Green color of STS Trilobal dubbing. Note: the STS dubbing is REALLY SPIKY and quite difficult to use and putting a little bees' wax on the thread helps "somewhat" ! In the future, I think that I might use some bright green floss !

Have never fished this fly before but will try to do a few casts with it "Up North" before the season ends.

Here's a pic and materials for the Black & Green Soft Hackled Nymph:



Dressing for above pic;

Hook: – Daiichi #1710, size 12 or 14

Under Body – 5 or 6 turns of lead (sub) wire

Thread – Black Danville 6/0

Body – STS Trilobal Caddis Green Dubbing

Hackle –Black Whiting Hen (at least 5 or 6 hackle turns)

Tails – a clump of the Black Hen Hackle

Cheers

Bob



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

Schnoz and I pulled into the campground for the first outing last spring and got out of the car to begin what we expected to be the best outing ever, although we were last because Schnoz couldn't find his new fishing hat for fifteen minutes until Huldly finally admitted she had thrown it in the trash bin. It was a ridiculous wide-brimmed thing modeled after a Gloucester fisherman's wet gear that made Schnoz look like a lobster. No matter, Schnoz retrieved it, ignored its stains and newly-acquired odors, and held it in his lap as I drove. At the campground, we were excited to see our usual friends, Wet Curtis, Roy the Plumber, Ghost Mary, Dewey, Calamity John, Andy "Hook, Line and Sinker" Hinkeler, and Johnny Fessup, the only rich guy among us who yearly showed up with whatever new gear was available. Schnoz proudly put on his prized lobster hat, but before Ghost Mary could say, "Schnoz, you look..." a great gust of wind took his hat off and sent it rolling across the ground, chased by Wet Curtis's Black Lab, The General. The hat skittered all the way to the stream behind the campground, and by the time we got there, it had disappeared. No longer interested, The General trotted back to the campground. Schnoz walked downstream aways, but the hat was too embarrassed to appear again on Schnoz's head. I couldn't blame it.

A second gust of wind took down Calamity John's tent, and sent the rain fly sailing back to the road where a manure spreader ran over it, paused at our pointing and shouting, backed over it, and then ran over it again at Calamity's fist shaking. Calamity dragged it back to his tent and pinned a corner of it under a cooler while he rebuilt his tent with its unmatched aluminum poles, graphite poles, and a hiking stick he had found on an earlier trip.

"Maybe you should rinse the rain fly out in the stream," Schnoz said, partly because his nose was larger and more sensitive than any of ours.

"I don't want to risk killing the fish," Calamity said. "The wind should air it out some."

Hook, Line, and Sinker, and Johnny Fessup decided to pull their tent pegs and move their tents up-wind of Calamity.

The rest of the morning was spent tying everything down that might blow away, putting fire logs over the tops of the upwind pegs on our tents, replacing the plastic garbage bag clamped on the end of the picnic table every five minutes after its disappearance,

filling our tents with gear to keep them from sailing away, and negotiating which partners would fish which favorite streams after lunch. We expected it to be the best outing ever.

Our planning was interrupted when Roy the Plumber banged two pans together and announced, "Taco salad, ready as promised." Roy had stacked enamel plates for us, but as we lined up, a great gust of wind caught the enormous aluminum bowl full of taco chips and sent them flying *en masse* into the only muddy puddle still in the campground. The General trotted to the chips, sniffed once at the stagnant water, and turned away.

"Maybe they're not so bad if they're just a little wet," Roy said, hopefully.

"I'm not eating anything The General won't eat," Wet Curtis said. We agreed that The General was smarter than most of us and switched out our enamel plates for bowls and mugs. Roy doled out ladles of refried pinto beans, dollops of salsa, and pointed to the table where he had barricaded bowls of shredded cheddar, sour cream and sliced black olives.

"Taco stew is pretty good," Ghost Mary said, and we agreed. Who needed taco chips? This was going to be the best outing ever.

After lunch, Schnoz borrowed a Mercedes automotive hat from Johnny Fessup, and we headed out to Sterrit's Run, one of our favorite meadow streams. We found out almost immediately that trying to fish a meadow pool was an act of futility on a day measured by storm categories. My first cast upstream was blown back at me, causing me to duck and landing my caddis in a wild rose bush behind me, never having touched water. I lifted an empty tequila bottle lying at my feet and put it in my net.

"I guess it blew in this morning from Mexico," Schnoz said.

Schnoz's first casts similarly landed in the meadow, in a willow tree, and in a stately elm across the river.

"How much tippet did you bring with you?" he asked, rebuilding his leader for the third time in five minutes.

"I have a new spool."

"Only one? That might last us for half an hour."

I sat down on a rock to re-think my fishing strategy. We could either move to a more shaded stream where the wind would not blow our casts so much, but would probably blow the branches of any trees around to reach out and grab our flies, or we could call

it a day, or we could fish without casting. While Schnoz shortened his leader to two feet and flailed his way upstream, replacing tippet and fly every second cast, I went downstream. At the first pool, a slow, deep stretch, I put on a heavy bead-headed soft hackle, fed out some line, and let the stream carry it down and away. Nothing happened. On my third drift, I felt some weight, the rod bent slightly, and I reeled in a beautiful, golden creek chub. At 10 inches, it turned out to be the fish of the day. The only fish of the day.

By mid-afternoon of what we had hoped would be the best outing ever, we were tired, frustrated, out of tippet, hoarding our last leaders, and robbed of so many snagged flies, we saw that January and February had been a waste of tying time. It was a silent ride back to camp. Once again, we were the last to arrive, but only Ghost Mary had caught a trout. One trout. One six-inch brown she said had just been released from some treatment center where the primary treatment was fasting.

Two hours later, after we had battened down our gear, tied the legs of our waders into a knot over our drying line, and eaten bowls of chicken soup garnished with willow leaves, spring flower buds, and bird feathers, along with dusty slices of bread and cheese, we sat around a campfire built by damp logs and two cans of coal oil. As soon as the sun went behind the western hill, the wind grew completely still, and an early spring chill settled in. We layered up, and Ghost Mary retrieved her sleeping bag from her tent and balled herself up in it like a cocoon. Cold beer was replaced by hot chocolate and hot toddies with various spices, nutmeg, cayenne, and cinnamon. No one said much until an hour later, when Dewey stared up into the night sky and said, "Look."

Diamonds glittered at us, some forming imaginary pictures of great gods, heroes, animals, and wood nymphs changed into heavenly lights. Two shooting stars streaked across the dark bowl.

"Wow, a double," Wet Curtis said. "It doesn't get any better than this."

He was right. Tomorrow would be the best outing ever.

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