



## **May President's Message**

Greetings fellow TU members! Finally Mother Nature has released us from Winter. Our Spring outing was a great success as we had great fishing great food and were able to install 2 stiles on Billings Creek and one on Bohemian Valley. LWTU is becoming well respected for all of the volunteer hours we are spending in the Driftless area.

Trout in the Classroom is drawing to a close this month as we have plans to release the fish from Dundee Middle School into the ponds at Fox Bluff on May 7th and the fish from Algonquin Middle School on May 16th so you have two opportunities to join the release.

Our end of the year picnic will be held at the pavilion at Fox Bluff on Saturday May 12th. Jerry Sapp is going to bring his world famous pulled pork and this will be a great opportunity to see firsthand how our Brook Trout are doing in the spring fed ponds. I hope you all have a fantastic fishing season this summer and that you can tell me about the monster that got away when we meet again in September.

Tight lines,

Bob

## **Our Annual May Picnic**

The picnic meeting will be held at the pavilion at Fox Bluff on Saturday May 12 from noon to 4. Jerry Sapp is going to bring his pulled pork and we will also bring burgers and brats. We are asking everyone to bring a dish to pass and a beverage of their choice. The address at Fox Bluff Conservation Area is simply Cold Springs Road in Algonquin. Simple directions are Rt. 31 north to Klasen Rd. Turn right and go to the stop sign at Cary Algonquin Rd. Make a left hand turn on Cary Algonquin Rd. And travel to Cold Springs Rd. And make a right hand turn. The park is a mile or so down the road. A map can be found here...

**<http://www.mccdistrict.org/rccms/wp-content/uploads/2014/09/Fox-Bluff-Site-Map-2014.pdf>**

## **Conservation News – Jerry Sapp**

The weekend work by our conservation corps was a great success. We had planned on placing two stiles on Billings Creek and with extra effort we did a third on Bohemian Creek that replaced a very dangerous and rickety stile before someone got hurt. Many thanks to Charlie Schmits, Bob Becker, Joe Stanley, Al Faleskin, Mark Reinhart and Yves Charron for all the help. Denny Sullivan deserves special recognition for ordering, cutting, handling, hauling and helping with the storage of the lumber for the stiles. Besides all that, he worked with us on all three installations. Thanks for a great effort Denny maybe next time you will get to fish a little. We were able to store the rest of our pre-cut posts in Paul Hayes's barn and we thank him for the space and his help. Dale Johnson of the Coulee Region Chapter helped us by pre-sighting and calling the diggers hot line to pre-check the site. He also was helpful with installation and brought lunch and beer. Thanks Dale and Coulee region TU.

There are more stiles to replace and we will be doing them around Timber Coulee on the next outing to Viroqua on Saturday June 23 starting at 11:00. The meeting place for that day is the Bob Jackson parking area near the junction of Timber Coulee and Bohemian Valley creeks on County P. There will probably be more replaced this summer so if you are interested in helping please send me your email and tell me so I will put you on the notification list. My email is [sapp375@aol.com](mailto:sapp375@aol.com).

Jerry Sapp  
Conservation Chairman



## Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited 2018 Outing Dates & Info

### **Fennimore Outing-Fennimore, WI May 18<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup>**

A block of rooms have been reserved at Napps Motel, 645 12<sup>th</sup> Street, Highway 18 East. This is on the east side of town on the south side of the street. Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making their own reservations. Make sure to let them know that you are with the Lee Wulff Chapter of TU. Their phone number is 608-822-3226. **Rooms are difficult to get this time of year and I must release any vacant rooms by the end of the day, May 14<sup>th</sup>.**

Friday night we will have a brat cookout at the motel. This will include brats, chips, potato salad and bottled water. BYOB for adult libations. A RSVP is required no later than May 14th to Gordon Rudd, [mchenryflyfisher@](mailto:mchenryflyfisher@) A block of rooms have been reserved at Napps Motel, 645 12<sup>th</sup> Street, Highway 18 East. This is on the east side of town on the south side of the street. Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making [sbcglobal.net](http://sbcglobal.net) or 815-245-2425. **Cost is \$7 per person paid by May 16<sup>th</sup>.** Approximate time 7-7:30.

Saturday, we are planning a group dinner and as soon as the details are known we will publish them.

There are no fly shops in the area so make sure you have what you need prior to arriving.

Some guides and books to consider;

Jim Romberg, Fly Fisherman's Lair , 608/822-3005-**local guide**

Dave Barron, Jacquish Hollow Angler, 608-604-6690 [dbarron@wicw.net](mailto:dbarron@wicw.net)

Jim Bartelt, Spring Creek Specialties, 608-206-5651 [jimbartelt@yahoo.com](mailto:jimbartelt@yahoo.com)

Rich Osthoff - 608/847-5192

Some books of interest for these outings include; No Hatch to Match by Rich Osthoff

Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks by Ross Mueller

Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-The Angler's Guide by Steve Born

Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa by John Motoviloff

Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer by DeLorme.

Fennimore is located approximately 1 ½ hours west of Madison, WI on Route 18.

### **Wa Wa Sum-Grayling, MI, June 6<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup>**

Details to follow.

### **Early Summer Outing-Viroqua, WI June 22<sup>nd</sup>-24<sup>th</sup>**

This is the fourth outing of the year. It takes place in one of the finest trout fishing areas of the Country known as the Driftless Area. A block of rooms has been reserved at the Vernon Inn in Viroqua (Toll free: 800-501-0664). Let them know you're with the Lee Wulff group when you make your reservation. Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making their own reservations. Also, there's the Old Towne Motel in Westby, no association with the restaurant and Central Express in Westby. Only the Vernon Inn has blocked rooms.

Some will be camping at the West Fork Sportsmans Club in Avalanche, WI. You must be a member to camp and the cost for membership is currently \$15 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent one of the two cabins they have. [www.westforksportsmansclub.org](http://www.westforksportsmansclub.org) for more information

This area includes the famed West Fork of the Kickapoo, Timber Coulee and Camp Creek to only mention a few.

A group dinner is scheduled at the Old Towne Inn, located northwest of Viroqua on Route 14 in Westby, WI. Dinner reservations are at 7:30 PM for Saturday and individuals are responsible for their own meals and libations.

There is a great fly shop in Viroqua called the Driftless Angler owned by Mat Wagner and Geri Meyer. Guide service is available by calling 608/637-8779.

Some other guides to consider are:

Dave Barron, Jacquish Hollow Angler, 608-604-6690 [dbarron@wicw.net](mailto:dbarron@wicw.net)

Jim Bartelt, Spring Creek Specialties, 608-206-5651 [jimbartelt@yahoo.com](mailto:jimbartelt@yahoo.com)

Rich Osthoff - 608/847-5192

Some books of interest for these outings include; No Hatch to Match by Rich Osthoff  
Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks by Ross Mueller

Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-The Angler's Guide by Steve Born

Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa by John Motoviloff

Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer by DeLorme.

Viroqua is located approximately 2 hours northwest of Madison, WI on Route 14.

**End of Season Outing-Viroqua, WI Oct 12<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup>.**

Details to follow

## Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

Bob is fishing – enjoy this article from earlier times

### Yellow Soft Hackle Spiders



Last year, while fishing with a cousin in Western Pennsylvania, I tried many of the flies that I often use but few trout seem to be interested in my offerings. Finally, later in the day, I went downstream to where my cousin was fishing and found out that just about the only flies that were working that day were small yellow flies, of which I had none in my fly box (although I will when I go there again this summer!).

Several months later, I watched an Oliver Edwards' video called "*Wet Fly Fishing on Rivers*" where he tied and fished several soft hackled flies including Edmonds & Lee's March Brown, Snipe Bloop, Dark Needle, Greenwell's Glory, Stewart's Black Spider, and the *Oliver Edwards' Yellow Spider*. Oliver Edwards' dressing for his spider called for the use of a Partridge L3A hook, a white hen hackle dyed a light yellow, Pearsall's Primrose yellow silk, and Fly-Rite's number 38 dubbing – Pale Watery Yellow.

Although I have some of the Pale Watery Yellow dubbing, I also have several cubes of the Oliver Edwards / Davy Wotton SLF Masterclass dubbings and thus decided to use some of the Oliver Edwards' #7 (HEPTAGENID Sulphura Dun & Emerger – Yellow May) dubbing.

Hook:        Size 12 & 14 Daiichi 1640 (also use

Daiichi 1550 wet fly hooks – long shank  
Thread: Pearsall's Primrose silk  
Hackle: White or creme hen hackle dyed in  
turmeric spice  
Dubbing: SLF Masterclass #7



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

### ***Kurt is fishing – enjoy this Grumpy from earlier times***

“It’s all about the scientific method,” Schnoz said as I parked off the road near a low field we called “the swamp.” We didn’t usually fish there because it was known for such nasty critters – skunks, rattlesnakes, mosquitoes, and some weird beetle we simply called “that vampire stinker.” As we got out, he added, “You’re going to be what we call the ‘control,’ which means you’ll get the standard treatment.” He handed me a bottle of repellent, mostly deet, slime and methyloleocrynolinemysterymeatarsenine added specifically to burn whenever you wiped sweat away from your eyes. “After we’re done fishing, we’ll each count how many bites we have. Just to be fair, leave a spot on the back of your hand bare so we can count a ‘no treatment at all’ area.”

“What are you going to use, Fermi?” I said.

He held up another bottle. “Formula 17,” he said, “the exact nature of which I’m keeping secret until we make our first million on it. I will tell you it’s everything pests don’t like – garlic oil, onion juice, cayenne, lemon oil, jalapeno extract, and dead beer in a base of hand lotion with some honey added as a preservative. Honey never spoils, you know. It’s a scientific fact. Here take a whiff.”

He held out the open bottle for me to sniff. “What do you smell?” he said.

“Well, Archimedes, I smell garlic, onions, cayenne, lemons, jalapenos, and dead beer.”

“Okay. Let’s slather up and catch some fish. You fish the upper run and I’ll go closer to the swamp where the most bugs are. That way it will be a good scientific test.”

We oiled ourselves, grabbed our rods and tramped out through the field. The first run looked very promising, so I let Hippocrates go by, put on one of Ed Story’s cracklebacks with a John Bethke pink squirrel dropper. On the first cast, a pretty brookie

took the dry, and within a half an hour I had landed six on both flies and lost four or five more. The fish were very active, fought with spring vigor, and kept me so involved that I didn't even notice the two bites I got from vampire stinkers. One beautiful white-finned ten-incher leapt three times before sliding into my hand. When I held him to revive him, he seemed reluctant to leave. I hadn't heard anything from my friend Lavoisier, so I eased my way out of the stream, and up the bank to a slight berm where I could get a look at him down by the swamp.

Surprisingly, it looked like his casting had improved over the winter, and his usual low windmill backcast with a buggy-whip forward cast had become a relatively smooth double-haul, but then I saw that he wasn't really casting at all, he was trying to pull a snarl out of his reel while swatting bugs. Then it looked like the sun had suddenly gone behind a cloud directly over Einstein, only I saw it wasn't a cloud, or rather, yes, it was a cloud – a gray fog of bugs that had gathered around him like he had been burning sparklers on the Fourth of July. Pasteur yelped once, then twice, bounded out of the stream, stopped, dropped, and rolled around on the bank where he probably killed a few biters and picked up some replacement vampire stinkers, then ran off through the field, dodging every few steps like a GI under machine gun fire. Even fifty yards away, I could see the gray swarm following him, every once in a while catching up after a misguided turn, causing him to yelp again, and then bounding off in another direction. After a minute he raced by me and yelled, “The keys! Throw me the car keys.”

By the time he made his third pass, I had dug the keys out from the plastic bag in my vest and tossed them to him. He dropped his rod and ran for the car as I had never seen him run. There was a kind of hierarchy to his pursuers. The speedy black flies seemed to make the most strafing runs, followed by half a hive of honey bees, some slower bomber wasps, and pursued by a rear guard of mosquitoes. The hum was so loud it sounded like a radio on no station. At my feet, I could see half a dozen crawly vampire stinkers suddenly turn and lumber off toward the car. Being a loyal friend, I made only one more cast and landed a pretty brookie before picking up his rod and heading for the car, which was now enveloped in a brown mist of insects and diving birds. I saw that besides not repelling bugs, his concoction had turned his fly line into a goopy, syrupy snarl on his reel. Rather than tempt fate and nature, I took our rods apart away from the car, slipped out of my waders, and held out my hitchhiker's thumb by the side of the road. My friend Pythagoras started the car, zoomed toward me, slowed just enough for me to open the door and slide in, and then hurried off back toward town.

“Hey, Oppenheimer,” I said, “could we stop by the drug store? I got bit twice by vampire stinkers and I need some of that bug bite stuff.”

“Good idea,” he said. He was nothing but welts and bites everywhere there was bare skin and probably in many places there wasn't. In between the bites, a rash was beginning to develop.

“Science is a great thing,” I said as consolingly as I could.



“Science is a pain in the ... everywhere,” he said like Frankenstein driving a car.

It was a frosty, early-season morning as we sat around a pathetic campfire someone had re-lit, drinking coffee and daring each other to be the first to wake up and put on cold waders to go fishing.

“Hey, Mary,” Schnoz mumbled to Mary Compson, the one among us who at least looked like she was awake, “would you consider fishing with Grumpy and me this morning? I want to do an experiment, and to make it scientific, I need a control group to measure the results. I’d use Grumpy, but he only catches fish by luck or mistake.”

“What kind of experiment?” Mary said, a question which proved she was awake.

“Well, you see, we’ve all spent a lot of time learning about hatch charts, insect identification, reading streams, tippet size, kinds of casts, kinds of drifts, emerger patterns, colors, and all that stuff. Now that I know all that, my experiment is to do everything exactly wrong and compare it against someone like yourself who knows what she’s doing and see if expertise actually makes a difference.”

“Your experiment is to do everything exactly wrong?” I said. “How is that any different from what you usually do?”

“Do you see why I need a control group besides Grumpy?” Schnoz said. “Anyway, we were thinking of fishing Spring Creek from the bridge to the big pine. There are a lot of good runs there.”

“Well,” Mary said, “if you two go upstream, I’ll go downstream. I can run a woolly bugger through the deeper pools and fish a sinking nymph on the way back. I can’t imagine there would be much of a hatch this early, maybe little black caddis or some blue winged olives, but not likely unless it warms up a lot. My brother tells me that midges are as good as anything in the early season.”

“That’s what experience says you should do,” Schnoz said, “so I’m going to start with a big dry fly and a short tippet, and then switch to a grasshopper and then maybe anything else I can find in my box that would be wrong.”

I said, “So the experiment is to see if trout are really just like Schnoz – contrary, unpredictable curmudgeons with a stubborn streak and an insatiable appetite for stuff that isn’t really food.”

“We already know that,” Wet Curtis said and everyone nodded. It took us a few moments to catch up to ourselves, realize Wet Curtis was right, and then laugh.

“I have three walkie-talkies,” I said, “so we can check in with each other.”

“Can I have one?” Wet Curtis said. “I’d like to watch and listen to this disaster unfold.”

“No,” Schnoz said. “I don’t want someone splashing around and spoiling my experiment. I’m doing a kind of public service here.”

“Well, it’s a public service if you and Grumpy fish somewhere far from the Middle Branch where I’m going,” Uncle Roy said. “You two scare fish away. I think they smell you coming.”

“I already have one advantage,” Mary said. “Schnoz, if you wear that new floppy white hat you’ve got on now, the fish will see you before you leave camp.”

“The experiment is to do everything exactly wrong,” Schnoz said, “and this is a great hat. If I had something pink or red, I’d wear it.”

Eventually the sun came over a hill, warmed us enough to stir, and we drove out to Spring Creek so Schnoz could do his experiment. We got our gear on, tested the walkie-talkies, and followed a short path to the stream.

“Let me know how you’re doing,” Schnoz said to Mary, who smiled at the beautiful morning, wished us luck, and walked along the bank downstream. I watched Schnoz tie on something that looked like a molting sparrow on a short, ten-pound tippet, and fling it upstream into a pretty run sure to hold trout. He waded into the current, stomped around on some gravel, slapped his net on the surface a couple of times, and waited for the stupidest fish in North America to take his road-kill sparrow. The stupidest fish in North America must have been in the next run, so Schnoz sloshed up to the next run and tried to do other things wrong. I made a few casts into the first pool with a weighted midge, but the fish were hiding. I decided to help out by pulling a softball-sized rock from the bottom and tossing it into the pool in front of Schnoz.

“What the heck are you doing?” he complained.

“I’m helping you do everything wrong,” I said.

“I don’t need any help,” he said. It was so true and so obvious that I didn’t comment.

Our walkie-talkies crackled for a second and Mary said, “Fish. Pretty small, maybe eight inches. It’s a brown.”

“Good for you,” I called back. “Schnoz is really great at doing everything exactly wrong. His experiment is working beautifully.” I saw a half dozen frightened fish scurry past us downstream, so I decided to let Schnoz ruin everything upstream, and I’d go back to the first run, let things settle, and actually fish instead of experiment.

“Fish,” Mary called again. “A little better.”

I sat on the bank and listened to a red winged blackbird warn me that I was in her turf. It was a glorious morning with buds just beginning to appear on trees, and tufts of green appear everywhere the sun could touch. I could hear Schnoz somewhere upstream, only this time his shuttlecock-sized sparrow must have settled in a tree because the sounds he made were more like expletives. A minute later, a broken branch the size of a kite floated past me, so I thought Schnoz might have saved his dessicated sparrow.

“Fish,” Mary said again, but I could tell she was already getting embarrassed by Schnoz’s experiment, so there was no report on size or species.

After fifteen more minutes of grunts and splashes upstream and eight or more reports of fish from Mary downstream, I ran my midge through the peaceful run and brought up my first fish of the year, a hungry, eight-inch brookie. It was a wonderful fish because I hadn’t caught a brookie on that stretch of water for several years.

“Brookie,” I called proudly into my radio.

“Fish,” Mary answered. “A brown.”

I heard more rantings upstream and decided to follow the path downstream and see what Mary was using. When I came around a bend, I saw her unhook a fish, stretch, and then wade over to a sunny bank, and lounge. She pulled out some kind of energy bar and drank from her bottle.

“Fish,” she called over her walkie-talkie. I heard nothing upstream.

A minute later, she called “Fish,” again. That’s when I laughed, and she heard me. In response, she said, “Fish,” again into her walkie-talkie and smiled at me. I followed the trail down to her and watched her say, “Fish,” again. By then I was snorting with laughter.

“How many did you actually catch?” I said.

“I don’t know,” she said. “It’s been a very good morning, maybe a dozen. I don’t count fish. I was sitting on this beautiful bank, and it occurred to me that Schnoz had set himself up for some great fun, and I wondered if I would just start calling out ‘fish’ if it was my brother doing this crazy experiment instead of guiding a client, and I realized I would. I like my brother a lot. Did you really catch a fish?” she asked.

“Yes, in the first run on a midge.”

“Midges are good today. Fish!” Mary called again into her walkie-talkie and took a sip from her bottle.

“Fish,” I called into my walkie-talkie. That’s when we heard a crashing in the underbrush upstream headed our way. Mary waded back into the pool and cast her midge upstream. Her line went tight and she was on to another trout just as Schnoz appeared at the head of the pool.

“Mary’s got another one,” I called into the walkie-talkie, pretending I hadn’t seen Schnoz.

Mary landed the trout, a fine, fat brown and called to Schnoz, “How’s your experiment?”

“Over,” Schnoz said. “It was a great success, exactly what I set out to prove. What are you using?”

Mary thought for a moment and then said, “Well, mostly this big ugly thing that looks like a bird, but I switched to a midge a few minutes ago.”

“What’s wrong with you,” Schnoz said to me.

“I have to pee,” I said, and headed off upstream to find a big tree, but actually to avoid ruining everything.

“Fish,” Mary called again a minute later over her walkie-talkie, and so went a memorable morning. I couldn’t wait for the gathering around the campfire that night. It would be almost as good as the fishing.

## Chapter Officers

**President**            **Bob Becker**  
                              [mugsyb13@gmail.com](mailto:mugsyb13@gmail.com)

**Vice-President**     **Jerry Sapp**  
                              **[viceprez@leewulfftu.org](mailto:viceprez@leewulfftu.org)**

**Secretary**            **Beverly DeJovine**  
                              [secretary@leewulfftu.org](mailto:secretary@leewulfftu.org)

**Treasurer**            **Yves Charron**  
                              **[yvesjcharron@aol.com](mailto:yvesjcharron@aol.com)**

---

## Newsletter Editor

**Dennis Higham**  
**[dennishigham@sbcglobal.net](mailto:dennishigham@sbcglobal.net)**