



October 2015 President's Message

Hello Lee Wulff Chapter Members:

September was a whirlwind month of fishing for many of us. So much so several key members including myself missed the first chapter meeting. I want to thank Gordon for covering for me while I, Scott Roane, Matt Gregory, Yves Charron, Pete Koenig and a few others all slipped away to Michigan for the salmon outing. Plus, we had a last minute cancellation from our speaker. Gordon and I literally were scrambling the day before I was leaving to reorganize the meeting. Thanks to all of you who attended and helped out in spite of the challenges. Kudos to all for a job well done! I am truly grateful to be able to lead such a fine group!

The September outing to Viroqua was peaceful and a great week to enjoy the near end of season. The pressure on the water was lessened since we had the outing a little earlier this year. I enjoyed visiting the Farmer's markets and other local events as well. One of my favorite places is a place in Coon Valley. It's a market that sells bulk food items and some of the biggest pots of flowers I've ever seen for reasonable prices! I want to share with all of you that sometimes on these trips I find the little things that happen, the people I meet, and the friendships that form are the best part of the trip. I have a couple of photos to share with you that reflect the smallest detail but the greatest beauty I took away from that outing. The timing of the outing was such that many members returned again for the last week of fishing as well.

Several of us were fortunate enough to be able to meet for the Fall Salmon Outing on the Pere Marquette River. It was held at the famous Barothy Lodge in Wahala Michigan. (www.barothyloodge.com/). The facility is beautiful with plenty of room for all and equipped with a pool table, a hot tub and all the conveniences of a first rate lodge. This trip, the pool table was used to stack up all the food we brought, hang waders and other various items; and the hot tub remained unoccupied. Everyone was outside all day and the temperatures were warm. The guys cooked up some spectacular meals in our fully equipped kitchen. The salmon failed to make a showing, but I understand that's part of the journey and the odds with salmon fishing in general. But there are hundreds of other trout in the same water to enjoy!

The season seems to have been a little “off” all year this year with reports of “tough fishing” from many locations from Wisconsin to Michigan. So it was in Wahala as well. We only spotted a few stray salmon along the way. But that’s nature’s ebb and flow.

But as always thank goodness for fellow anglers, new and old friendships, fishing stories, tall tales, and great memories. The time passed too quickly. The weather was beautiful, the waters tranquil, and we were all filled with the anticipation of a new opportunity to fish the big waters of Michigan every day. Thanks to all who made the trip so worthwhile. I am delighted to have met some new friends and look forward to next year. And we have a brand new breakfast dish we fondly nicknamed “Steelhead Lodge Hash”. Thank you to Martin Stacey (Marty) for his inventive last day, use everything in the fridge leftover, creation!

This month’s meeting is dedicated to our annual requirement for our business meeting. This year is election year for officers. The slate is as follows:

President: Meg Gallagher

Vice President: Bob Becker- Bob will continue to chair the Youth Program and Trout in the Classroom programs.

Treasurer: Yves Charron

Secretary: Matt Gregory

Please attend to show your support and welcome our new officers. Bob and Yves will be doing great work in their new roles. Also our former V.P., Jerry Sapp has been selected by our IL State Council as our National Leadership Council rep. Please take a moment to congratulate Jerry. Jerry will continue to chair our conservation committee. We appreciate having so many talented, dedicated members in our chapter!

Also at the meeting we will be welcoming our guest speaker, Mike Moline, who will be bringing some new fun Tenkara items and provide us with a short program on the basics of Tenkara fishing. It’s pretty cool and we have proof it works as evidenced by Woody Clark’s amazing catch last spring. I wouldn’t be surprised if Woody has many other success stories.

Don’t forget the Christmas party is coming soon! It is to be held December 5 at the Millrose Restaurant. Begins 6 p.m. with dinner at 7 p.m. Same location as last year. Details to follow.

Those of you who have volunteered to collect **DONATIONS FOR THE CHRISTMAS PARTY**, please follow up with either MEG or PETE THIS MONTH! (Pete Koenig - pkoenig1942@hotmail.com) We need to begin the task of inventory and labeling of all items so we are ready to go by the 3rd week in November. *Anyone still wishing to provide a donation should contact Meg or Pete as soon as possible so we can make provisions for you.* Thanks to all who have already been hard at work this year soliciting and gathering items to make this year’s party/raffle a memorable one!

Our board was able to meet once before the first chapter meeting and discussed many plans for the chapter’s future. So we look forward to bringing these plans to all of you

as we move the chapter forward! Thanks to all! Keep coming to the meetings. Checkout our web site and Facebook pages often! It will be another successful year for Lee Wulff!

Meg

I arose early our last day of our September outing at Avalanche and had no idea what awaited me until I started walking with my camera..... I found beauty in the simplest of things..... Enjoy! Meg



Kind of “fishy” looking isn’t it?



STEELHEAD LODGE HASH



As mentioned, the ingredients are relatively rough measurements. So it may frustrate the culinary perfectionists out there a bit. But with a little creativity and imagination this may just become one of your favorite breakfasts! We will look forward to enjoying more of Marty’s creations in the future!

½ LB BACON , CUT INTO SEGMENTS
½ c DICED ONIONS
4 LARGE DICED POTATOES, PREBAKED
MONTREAL STEAK SEASONING TO TASTE
VERMOUTH TO TASTE

SHREDDED CHEDDAR CHEESE

Brown bacon with the onions in a sauce pan large enough to accommodate all ingredients. Add potatoes. Add Montreal steak seasoning to taste and mix. Add a splash of Vermouth, or to taste! Stir to blend all ingredients well. Cover with melted shredded cheddar cheese. Serve with scrambled eggs, muffins, toast, fruit, and other favorites.

Thanks, Marty!



October Speaker

Following the elections/business meeting there will be a short presentation by Mike Moline on the basics of Tenkara fishing.

Mike's Bio

I started fishing around 5 years of age or so. I started with a cane pole; then onto the usual spin cast, spinning and bait casting. My Dad and Uncle started teaching me the art of fly fishing when I was 10. I don't know who was more frustrated at first, them or me.

At 12 my Dad taught me how to furl leaders. To me it was almost as much fun as fishing! I fished mostly ponds and small lakes / reservoirs most of my life. I made furred leaders for myself, friends & family. Around early 1998 a friend who was stationed in Japan for a number of years stopped by and brought a fly rod with him to show me. It was a 12' 11 pc rod, all bamboo. It was heavy but extremely limber. I loved the action the rod had and I have always loved ultra-light fishing. I offered to finish the rod for him as it had no guides or reel seat. He just laughed and took me outside and set the rod up. I

was really amazed and hooked on Tenkara! I started my business as a part time home based to help me pay for my fishing addiction in 2002.

In May 2013 I had a catastrophic accident with my semi-truck. Thanks to a pair of angels, a good seatbelt and the Man upstairs I lived to joke about it. As a result of the accident I am now unable to drive a truck anymore, so my Wife Kathie and I decided to try and make Streamside Furred Leaders a real business. So far we are doing OK.

We have the largest selection of colors/materials for making leaders on the market.

In late 2012 we decided to jump into the Tenkara rod market. In early 2015 we introduced our first rod and have added 2 more since. Our goal is to provide a nice selection of Tenkara rods that most people can afford.

Where We Meet

**Village Pizza and Pub
145 N. Kennedy Drive
Carpentersville, IL**

Social Hour: 6:00 - 7:30 p.m. with pizza and pop served for \$15.00 per person

Main program: 7:30 p.m.

Other menu choices, cocktails and spirits are available for purchase.

Please RSVP to Scott Roane at royalwulff01@yahoo.com by Tuesday October 13th so we know how many pizzas to preorder.

EXTEND THE SEASON TO OCTOBER

Want to fish for trout in October but don't want to drive to Iowa. Try Apple River State Park Illinois. Less than two hours away, the Apple River is stocked with rainbows and Palominos, a cross between golden and rainbow trout that is the color of a goldfish. The artificial-only catch and release season opens October 3rd and runs till the 16th. After that it is live bait, catch and filet till the fish are gone.

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Now is the time to mark your calendars for Saturday December 5th and to reserve your place at the Annual Lee Wulff Christmas Party!! Our annual Christmas Party is only a few weeks away and still a great deal at \$35.00/person. We will have lots of great items in the raffle. Including Norwegian hand painted jewelry, Amish hand woven baskets, ½ day and full day guided fishing trips, golf outings, fly tying bench, free nights at the Vernon Inn, Fenimore Motel, Fullers B&B in Grayling and more, more, more great stuff!! At the Millrose Inn, 45 Barrington Rd, Barrington, IL, 6pm for cocktails, 7pm dinner with the raffle after. Please make your reservations early!!! Let Yves Charron know you're coming by email (yvesjcharron@aol.com) no later than Wednesday, November 25th.

Note: Tickets will need to be pre purchased and are non-refundable. Payment can be to our Squareup account with a credit card. That link is- <https://squareup.com/market/lee-wulff-chapter-of-trout-unlimited> or at a meeting to our treasurer as cash, check or credit card. Walk-ins are not guaranteed a seat and/or dinner. Please call Meg Gallagher at 630-668-5573 if any questions

Conservation News by Jerry Sapp

Each year we donate funds to stream projects in Wisconsin or other states that are doing the work of restoring and improving streams. This is Trout Unlimited's mission. We have very limited ability to start and supervise our own projects because of distance. Mainly we contribute funds and work days on streams some other chapter or organization starts.

The Driftless area is our focus for fishing but if you have noticed things can become a little busy on the weekends. Other people have found the popular streams too. This is why we must help increase the areas that are fishable. Weister Creek is a case in point. It is choked with box elder. Although the stream had some improvement done before it was inadequately done and floods washed it away.

The Kickapoo Valley Reserve started a three year project to restore 2.6 miles of this creek within the Reserve. It will all have public access. Dave Ventrano is designing the work. He is retired from the DNR and the inventor of the LUNKER structure. Dave has the knowledge to make this a good project. We are building for the future population. We can leave a larger legacy of trout filled streams for our kids, grand kids, and trout.

The pictures below were taken on Sept. 30th.

I stopped at county road P and Weister Creek to check on work progress. I ran into the work crew and the project manager Paul Hayes. After introductions we discussed the work and the Lee Wulff chapter's involvement. The chapter was warmly thanked for its contribution.

The first picture is looking up stream at last years work. Recently 18 and 17 inch Browns were caught there. I hope you all get to fish the stream next year. Thank you all for your support of this project.

Up stream – last year's work



Active work section below the bridge







A little something extra

Would like to know the story behind the Salmon fishery in Lake Michigan and the surrounding rivers and streams? Take a look at this....

http://www.mlive.com/outdoors/index.ssf/2011/04/the_salmon_experiment_the_inve.html

Bob Olach's Fly Of The Month

“F” Fly

Recently, I was watching the latest YouTube video called “*Sandpipers*” by Luke Bannister, a bamboo fly rod maker in the UK

(<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=62NVgr-Qisw&spfreload=10>).

In the video, Luke Bannister fished a dry fly called the “*Rackelhanen*”, a dry fly tied with only two materials – thread and a poly yarn used as the body dubbing and wing – which was demonstrated several years ago when we had the evening fly tying in Crystal Lake.

Shortly after viewing the “*Sandpipers*” video, I was looking through an old issue of the Fly Dressers’ Guild’s *Winter Flydresser 2012* magazine when I spotted an article about the late Marjan Fratnik, the inventor of the “F” Fly, that is also tied with only two materials for the body and wing.

The article mentions that the color of thread and CDC should match the natural being imitated and that 3 CDC plumes should be used for sizes 10 – 12; 2 CDC plumes for sizes 14 – 18; and 1 CDC plume for sizes 20 and smaller.

I’ve tied a few using size 14 hooks and 2 CDC plumes for the wings. Since CDC plumes might have a tendency to lie flat of the hook shank at times, on a few of the flies, I did 3 wraps of peacock herl to make a small thorax area behind / under the CDC wing.



Here's the dressing for the flies shown:

“F” Fly (Marjan Fratnik) (1919 – 2012)

Hook – Mustad #94840 dry fly hook (sizes 10 – 20)

Thread – Black UNI-thread 6/0

Body – Two layers of Black UNI-thread 6/0

Wing – Natural gray CDC (or other colors, if matching the natural)

Thorax (optional) – Peacock Herl



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

Strange things happen around a campfire sometimes, and a fight starts when it's least expected. At the last outing of the season, most of the regulars were there, Schnoz, Dewey, Ray the Plumber, Mary, Wet Curtis, Billy Bob, who always bought anything new, and Calamity John, who only fished with old, broken gear. This time Mary started all the trouble rather than Schnoz or me.

"Any of you guys ever hear of Plumlicko Creek?" she asked innocently.

There was an awkward pause while we searched our deteriorating memory files, and then Ray, ever the gentleman, said, "I believe I've fished it. Lemme' think for a minute."

"I didn't know you could do that." Schnoz said.

"Sure I can," Ray said, "it's just a minute and a half that causes me problems. Let's see, Mary, you turn left out of the campsite, cross the bridge, and at the intersection with the big elm that looks like Grumpy, turn right, and keep going until you see a big red barn with its door hanging open-"

"Kind of like Grumpy's trousers," Wet Curtis said. I made a quick check to be sure Curtis was only joking.

"-a big red barn with its door hanging open, then turn right down this gravel road until you get to an old oak split right down the middle on account of lightning. Then you turn right, and at the next bridge, you're at Plumloco Creek."

"Okay," Mary said. "Turn left, Grumpy's elm, big red barn, gravel road, split oak, right to bridge."

"That's not how you get there," Dewey said, "and it's not Plumloco Creek. Its real name is Pemmican Creek. It's an old Chippewa name. Listen, Mary, you turn left out of camp, go down to highway PS, turn right till you reach Hassel road, turn right again, until you get to County road Q, then turn right till you see a sign that says 'one lane bridge ahead,' and that bridge goes over Pemmican Creek."

"Don't listen to him," Billy Bob said and pulled out one of his new gadgets. "I just happen to have my new personal GPS and it's all synced up with the one in my car and on my computer at home. I just called it up. It's actually called 'Plumasaukee Creek' and its coordinates are 90 degrees, 45 minutes west, and 91 degrees, 32 minutes north. Put those coordinates into the GPS I saw in your car, and that will get you to within 25 feet of Plumasaukee. Guaranteed."

While Mary wrote down the numbers Billy Bob gave her, Schnoz said, "I volunteer Grumpy to go with you tomorrow. He's used to getting lost. I'd go but I promised to chaperone Wet Curtis on White Riffles tomorrow and I'm bringing an extra set of towels for him."

"Very funny," Wet Curtis said.

"I'm not being funny," Schnoz said, "I'm being practical. And realistic."

"Good luck," Ray said. "Mary, I hope you and Grumpy find it. I hear the Plumloco is a special place. I think I've fished it. It's one of the places where I've caught two fish on a trip."

"Well, how many have you caught on this trip?" I asked innocently.

"Including the one today?" Ray said.

"Of course."

"One."

The next morning started out well when we agreed to turn left out of camp. After that, things got confusing real fast as we followed a combination of turns at bridges, county road PS and SP, red barns with sagging doors, an old elm or two, County roads Q, R, and S, several split oaks, at least one set of GPS coordinates that led us to an abandoned rock quarry, several gravel roads that were hassles, and finally a sign that warned of a single lane bridge ahead. At the bridge we saw a pretty little rock-bottomed creek, but no signs, not even a DNR sign sometimes hidden by locals who wanted to disguise a favorite run. I haven't seen him, but I've heard Billy Bob plants blueberry bushes on either side of a DNR access sign on favorite streams.

"I should have brought my walkie-talkies," I said. "Then you could go upstream, and I'd go downstream."

"Hm," Mary said, "if it's okay, I'm going to make an observation here. I've noticed whenever I fish with one of you guys, you don't want to talk about anything, no family, not even kids, no friends, no good stories, only what fly you're going to try. You talk more to the fish than you do your fishing partner."

"That's rather astute," I said. "Now that I think about that, it seems most fly fishermen like to fish alone - with someone."

Mary just shook her head.

"I guess we're pretty boring," I said. "Actually we like fishing alone. It's like meditation. If we go with someone, it's mainly so he can drag our drowned ass out of the stream and call the next of kin."

"Can I have your rod?" Mary asked.

"Mary, you are now officially one of our select group. That is the correct comment in this situation."

"I've fished with you guys before. I've heard it a dozen times."

"All you need now is a nickname. I'll see what I can do."

"Besides, none of you is boring. Maybe you are until you get back to the campfire, and then the talking and crazy stories begin. I've fished with Schnoz, and when we got back to the campfire, nothing he said about the day even vaguely resembled what happened or what he caught."

"Well, there's a formula for Schnoz's fishing reports," I said. "Take the number he gives out around the fire, divide by three, and cut the length of the fish he claims by half, and you'd be close. It's the Schnoz algy-rhythm."

Mary just smiled. "Let's fish," she said.

We geared up, then struggled upstream through some tough brush, the remains of a beaver dam, a downed willow, and then two hundred yards of the prettiest drop pools, thigh-deep runs, and riffles I'd ever seen. I'm not a fish-counter, but we did well - all browns that chased and slashed and darted after flies, When hooked, they ran and bulldogged and jumped and ran again. It was as wonderful a morning of fishing as I could remember. We saw monarch butterflies on milkweed pods, sand hill cranes screeching overhead as they flew toward staging areas for their long migration, and several new-of-the-year deer unafraid of crazy humans waving graphite sticks in the air. Leaves had begun to fall; some turning into golden sailboats as they floated downstream. I learned about Mary's children, her brother the fishing guide, her husband's love of bass boats, her mother's pie recipes, and what it was like to go to college in Iowa. She also knew a lot more about fishing than I did at her age, maybe even more than I do now at twice her age.

Then came the most remarkable thing of all.

At the top of the last run there was a giant willow with branches that spread like a shimmering umbrella all the way to the ground. I had just caught and released another chunky brown when Mary came alongside and I heard her say, "Hello."

I turned, but she was not talking to me. Under the branches of the willow, half-hidden by their sway, sat an old fisherman on a rock the size of a beach ball, his bamboo rod leaning over his shoulder and his grizzled face half hidden by an old, misshapen slouch hat.

"I'm sorry," I said. "We didn't mean to poach your pool and we didn't see you."

He brushed my apology off with a wave of his hand. "I've already fished this run," he said, "many times. You're welcome to it. I'd heard there were women taking up the sport, and I enjoy seeing that happen. You cast well," he said to Mary.

"Is this the Plumlico?" Mary asked.

"Or Plumloco or Pemmican?" I added.

"Nope," he said. "Those are all names made up by locals to confuse outsiders. This here is the Piscawaukee. It's been a long, long favorite of mine. I'm willing to share... with true sports," he added. "You're okay. Do you see that big rock near the far bank?" he said to Mary.

"Yes."

"Put a nymph just to the left of it."

Mary went down on one knee like she was genuflecting before something sacred, let out a little line downstream, false-cast once, and put her pheasant tail exactly upstream and to the left of the rock. Her line went tight, and then streaked off upstream to the top of the drop pool. Then the giant trout ran right at her. She stripped line like crazy, backed up, and waited for the fish to turn. He went back to the rock, and she managed to guide her line around its sharp edge. Ten minutes and three more runs later, she urged its kipe up and led it into my net. I guessed 24 inches and six pounds at least. We just looked at each other, and then I fumbled with the net while I got my camera out. She took the net, unhooked the panting fish, a mature brown in spawning colors, and waited for me.

"Um, Mary, my batteries are dead."

"Here, take mine."

While she held the fish and smiled, I snapped three pictures. Then she put it in the water and pushed it back and forth until it swam off with a tail flap that wet both of us.

That's when we remembered the old man and turned to thank him for the tip. He was gone.

"Well, that was strange," she said.

"After that, I think I'm done for the morning. Everything else would be anticlimactic."

"Lunch is on me," Mary said. "On me and the Piscawaukee."

After lunch we fished a good stretch of the North Fork, but I don't remember much about it. I think we caught a few. Maybe not.

Back at camp for some of Dewey's excellent stew, which he seasoned with bourbon, as he did with beans, chili, coffee, and once even eggs, we could hardly wait for the evening campfire. It was ruined, though, when Mary pulled out her camera and grunted at me.

"How many pictures of that fish did you take?" she said.

"Three."

"There's nothing on here. The counter says three pictures, but they're all black. Did you have your finger in front of the lens?"

"Of course not," I said. I was pretty sure.

When Wet Curtis finally got the campfire going with the aid of a pint and a half of charcoal starter, Mary started another fight.

"Any of you guys believe in ghosts?" she said.

That's when the next fight started. I waited for the first truce and then began to tell Mary's story, but without pictures, even Schnoz would have none of it.

"What was the name of the stream?" he said.

"I... can't remember," I said honestly. It felt different than not remembering because I was old.

"The Waukee-something," Mary said.

"Do you know how many Waukee-somethings there are in Wisconsin?" Billy Bob said.

"This story by Ghost-Mary here is unbelievable," Schnoz said. "You got no pictures; the old man disappeared, and you can't even remember the name or location of the stream. I hope she at least paid for lunch, Grumpy."

At that, the truce was over, and the fighting began again with volleys of big fish stories, old men with bamboo rods, lost honey-holes, and tales told second and third-hand that made Ghost Mary's story seem perfectly reasonable. If there had been a reward for the best story that night, Ghost Mary would have won. It was a memorable end to the season.

Happy Halloween, everyone.

Chapter Officers

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PS: Any grammatical errors spotted in this newsletter were purposefully put there to keep you on you're toes.

PPS: You Are Welcome.