



## October President's Message

Hello everyone and welcome to Fall. I say that with dual meaning, because that's exactly how my season is starting and abruptly ending. For any of you who don't know yet I met with an unfortunate fall in the Driftless . But I was doing what I love most, fly fishing in my favorite places on a beautiful fall afternoon. But now I am now the recipient of a fractured lateral tibia, translated, a broken right ankle.

I have blogged my story on our Lee Wulff FB page if you are curious. And I have received a lot of great tips and advice from readers that are worth taking a look. As a result of this unfortunate ordeal, I will be spending more time this year offering education to anglers about safety and first aid. This incident has motivated me to run with a brain child I have been thinking about for awhile now. We will all be fishing smarter and safer this year to come.

Details to follow.

Take into consideration to be extra careful if you venture up to the Driftless this week for that last minute fishing "fix". I can't emphasize enough to all is that currently the ground on land and in the streams, which we normally assume is stable, is not because of the extreme, torrential flooding they have experienced lately. It takes awhile for the soil, silt, river bottom, banks, etc to repack and settle. So everything is currently loosely distributed and not packed down. Its causing sink holes, deep sinking mud, unstable sand bars and unpredictable stream banks at present. Do not assume anything you typically think is safe to walk on is normal right now. I have seen and heard from many anglers this trip that they have encountered sinking mud and sand, almost quicksand in nature. Taking extra precautions is key.

Stay safe, using your wading staff even if things look normal, and by all means fish with a buddy right now. Leave signs on your car whether you go upstream or downstream. Make contact with someone exactly where and for how long you are going

to be fishing and a time you should be checking in. Use your wading staffs religiously and test the areas you are walking to assure stability. If you have a GPS tracking device, take it along. Cell phones with even the best reception don't always work. There are some other helpful details again on our FB page from people who have written in.

Gratefully I was fishing with a buddy, my hero, Susan Fishburn, that day and we were able to get me out of that valley. Susan thank you for everything you did that day to help me. Susan stayed with me the entire afternoon and evening and delayed her trip home as a result.

So on to chapter news. This month we are holding our chapter business meeting. This is an opportunity for our officers and committee chairs to bring everyone up to date on how our chapter is doing and our future goals. The meeting should be relatively short, but please attend. After there will be extra time to ask questions and then an extended social time.

The Christmas party is fast approaching, so I am asking anyone who is interested in contributing donations for the raffle to bring them to meetings if at all possible. I will need all items in by the end of the 3<sup>rd</sup> week in November. That way we will have time to organize things and have them ready .

If you have unusual circumstances and cannot bring them, please talk to me or Jerry Sapp about making arrangements for us to collect them.

The Christmas party will be held at Gino's Pizza, formerly the Millrose. Same place folks, same food . Don't let the name Pizza throw you. And I was able to procure our favorite room upstairs that we all know and love!!!

I hope many of you have been out fishing as I have. The salmon outing was a success and we all had great fun. The lodge was gorgeous, huge and had my dream kitchen! The weather treated us kindly and we saw a lot of Kings this time. Several of our guys hooked up with fish and what a thrill for them!

Our all important work day will be this weekend. Thanks to all who have volunteered to help . It should be a success. Please contact Jerry Sapp if you have any interest in attending.

I will continue to blog on FB as my recovery progresses.

Take care all and happy Fall. Our colors here are turning and it should be a beautiful month!

Meg

Where We Meet  
Village Pizza and Pub  
145 N. Kennedy Drive  
Carpentersville, IL

Social Hour: 6:00 - 7:30 p.m. with all you can eat 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 Yves Charron at [treasurer@leewulfftu.org](mailto:treasurer@leewulfftu.org) by Tuesday September 13<sup>th</sup> so we know how many pizzas to preorder.

### **Conservation Update – Jerry Sapp**

I am happy to announce that a tentative approval has been given to place brook trout in Fox Bluff. I am only waiting on permission to import brook trout eggs into Illinois. I have the source in Utah and when I get papers that certify these eggs as disease free we can raise them in Dundee Middle School for release in the spring.

This means that we will be doing some work in the Spring prior to their release. Fox Bluff has a fall hunting season and we cannot go there this fall. Gabe Powers is my contact at McHenry County. I am sure we will have several meetings with him over winter and I hope to involve as many of you as possible in planning work and work days. I look forward to your input.

### **Trout in the Classroom Update – Bob Becker**

Beth Harner and the kids from Dundee Middle School are raring to start. The eggs for Trout in the Classroom arrive the week before Thanksgiving.

## **Youth Program 2017 – Volunteer Today!**

In partnership with the Northern Illinois Special Recreation Association (NISRA), Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation and LL Bean, our Chapter created the award winning Fishin' So Fly program for at-risk youth. This unique program brings local needy children together with Lee Wulff TU members to create valuable and life-changing experiences to both the children and members. Fishin' So Fly includes 4 weekly fly fishing instruction and conservation clinics and a day trip to the streams of the Driftless Area of Southwest Wisconsin during the month of May. Consider sharing your love of fly fishing with children who would otherwise, never have this opportunity. Consider volunteering today....you will be hooked on this rewarding experience!

### **Fishin So Fly Dates for 2017**

April 26th, May 3rd, May 10th and May 17th. The Wisconsin trip with the kids will be held on June 5th with a rainout date of June 6<sup>th</sup>.

### **Check out the video - Caddis Larvae make cocoons out of gold**



[https://journal.amberjack.com/2015/12/blinged-up-caddis-larvae-make-excellent-trout-food/?utm\\_content=bufferc4031&utm\\_medium=social&utm\\_source=facebook.com&utm\\_campaign=buffer](https://journal.amberjack.com/2015/12/blinged-up-caddis-larvae-make-excellent-trout-food/?utm_content=bufferc4031&utm_medium=social&utm_source=facebook.com&utm_campaign=buffer)

## Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

### Starling Hackled Spiders (Variation)

We see starlings virtually every day and many of us may think that the “*common starling*” is a bird that is native to North America.

In fact, the “*common starlings*” we see are not native to North America but, in fact, are descendants of the 60 European starlings released in New York City's Central Park in 1890 by a fellow named Eugene Schieffelin who imported the starlings from England and subsequently released another 40 more starlings sometime in 1891.

Little did anyone realize that those 100 starlings would be the basis of the millions (billions?) of starlings now inhabiting the North American continent.

But, for fly tiers, this little bird can supply a treasure trove of small feathers to use as hackles for tying soft hackled / North Country spiders. In addition to using the natural-colored feathers, dyed starling skins and wings are available in various colors to take the place of endangered / controlled bird species such as the Dotterel, Blackbird, etc.

In “*Yorkshire Trout Flies*,” T.E. Pritt has a dressing for a Starling Bloa and specifies starling wing quills and / or hackles in nine other North Country Spider dressings:

#### **No. 51. STARLING BLOA**

*Hook O.*

*WINGS. Hackled, with the lightest feather from a young Starling's wing.*

*BODY. Straw-coloured silk. Some anglers prefer white silk.*

In Edmonds and Lee's book “*Brook and River Trouting*”, starling feathers are used in the Spring Black, Broughton's Point / Dark Bloa, Dark Needle, Light Needle, Yellow-Legged Bloa, Dark Watchet / Iron Blue Dun, Dotterel, Pale Watery Dun and Light Silverhorn dressings.

Personally, I use starling feathers as hackles (both natural and dyed) in quite a few soft hackled dressings. Using various silk colors, dubbings, peacock herl, etc. a fly tier can have available quite a few different flies to match many conditions and hatches.



**Hook** – Daiichi 1550 wet fly hook (sizes 14 – 16 – I used #14 for the above flies)

**Thread** – Pearsall Gossamer silks (various colors)

**Body** – Pearsall Gossamer silk (various colors)

**Dubbings** – Hare's Ear, Seal, African Goat, SLF, etc.

**Hackle** – Black, Green Black and Gray Starling wing and body feathers



## Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

Sometimes the last outing of the season is a sad time. Geese honk goodbye as they head south. Streams turn gray, and fields look tired. Dead leaves fall on the surface of the water like flotillas of tiny rafts. It caused Schnoz to announce, "Look at this one, Grumpy. I caught an aspen leaf this time. They're not as plentiful as the maples in this stream, a lot harder to hook, you know."

"I like catching maples," I said. "They're bigger than aspens and a lot more colorful. Look at the orange and red on this one. It looks like it's ready to spawn."

"But there's something about the curl of an aspen that causes it to drag more in the current. It's more like catching-"

"An actual trout?" I said.

"Yeah," he said sadly.

"This is pathetic. Cover me; I'm going in." It only took a minute for me to reel in my last maple leaf, unhook the shiny, colorful schoolie, and tie on a heavily-weighted Czech nymph. I watched the flotsam slide down the run, and timed my cast to avoid hooking maple leaves in their last drift. Keeping my line taut, I followed the entry point of the line, concentrating like a chess player near an endgame, and was rewarded with a solid hook set near the bottom of the run.

"Finally," Schnoz said excitedly when he saw the arc in my rod and the quivering line that slowly gave in as I cranked it downstream. "How big?" He asked.

"Can't tell. It's got its nose in the moss and is bulldogging me."

A minute later, I eased the mass of moss into the shallow riffle, pulled away the green end-of-season ribbons, and found my hook solidly embedded in the jaw of a willow branch, a good two feet long.

"Did he get off?"

"No," I said, and held up my long, slender trophy with mock pride.

"That's a beauty," Schnoz said. "I'm switching to a tungsten pheasant tail."

Two casts later I saw his line go taut, and then roll to one side, as a dark shadow twisted in the water and swam past Schnoz.

"That's a real hog," I said. "I saw him."

"He's a fighter, all right." A few seconds later he beached the twisting gray slab and pulled it out of the water by its lip to show me a heavy, dripping, felt sole that had apparently been sucked by the mud off some poor wading boot.

"Should I take a picture?" I asked.

"No, it's only an 11-incher, probably only an 11 DD."

"I'm going to change my angle and put on a wooly bugger." I moved near the top of the run, cast down and across and began my sweep-strip retrieve. In the middle of the pool I was

rewarded with solid "take," and I knew right away this one was different. It throbbed, headed across stream and then upstream. When my line reached the breaking point, I gave it some slack and it slid back into the middle of the pool.

"Wow," Schnoz said. "That may be the lunker of the season."

"It feels that way," I said. "I think I may need your help on this one." For five minutes, I played the monster, three times working him up to me, and then giving line when he turned sideways in the current and tested my tippet. Each time he fought his way back to the center of the pool and hunkered down until I could feel a slight slip and then I'd crank him part way in until he'd stubbornly turn with the current and refuse to come any closer or raise his head.

"I'm going around the pool on the steep side," Schnoz said. "I'll be on that rock jutting out, and if you can work him back up one more time, I think I can net him."

"Be careful," I said, excitedly. "It feels like I've got a real trophy here. What a great way it would be to end the season."

I worked him back up to the top of the pool near Schnoz, who leaned out over the water with his net, and then slumped as if I'd punctured the tires of his car.

"Let it go, Grumpy," Schnoz said.

"What? Are you serious?"

"Let it go."

"No way," I said. "If you won't net him, I will."

I worked my way to the top of the pool, waded across the riffle to the flat rock where Schnoz knelt, and raised my rod to lift the great fish's head. When I looked for it down in the water, rod in one hand and net in the other, I saw that my woolly bugger had hooked an underwater cable that ran diagonally up the pool, and when I pulled hard, the bugger would jerk and slide up the cable till it hit a loop of rebar embedded in a piece of concrete. When I let him run, the bugger would slide in the current back down the cable where it disappeared in the center of the pool.

"Want me to take a picture?" Schnoz said.

"Don't bother. This has been a terrible end to the season. We got some moss, a willow branch, someone's felt sole, and a steel cable. Do you even see a fish down there?"

"No, I think they've all headed into spawning beds. Maybe they're staging in really deep pools downstream. They're not where they should be." He shook his head in disgust.

Then a thought came to me, a really important idea, not because it was new, but because it was a thing I just noticed, or maybe a thing I just remembered. "You know," I said, "every time we hooked something today, the moss, the felt sole, even the cable, I felt that same thrill as the first trout of the season and the first take on a dry fly, and the first better-than-average fish brought to the net. That's something."

"I guess it is," he said. "Just stay there for a second." He took his waterproof camera out of his vest, balanced it on a stump, aimed it at me, and set the timer. Then he hurried to the rock where I was still kneeling, put his hand on my shoulder, and smiled. When I heard the camera click, he retrieved his camera before the breeze, now carrying its fall chill, blew it off the stump.

"I'll send you a copy next week," he said. "It was still a great season. We had fun."

"Yes, we did." I knew that when the file came, I would blow it up, print it out and frame it. Some things are worth remembering, not because they were great, but because they happened when your best friend was there.

## Chapter Officers

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## Newsletter Editor

**Dennis Higham**  
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PS: Any grammatical errors spotted in  
this newsletter were purposefully put  
there to keep you on your toes.

PPS: You Are Welcome.