



## **October 2017 President's Message**

Greetings to our Lee Wulff members!

I hope everyone is fitting all of their last minute local fishing adventures into their schedules, now that Fall is upon us. We do have an informal outing planned this weekend; however Gordon is unable to attend and has had to cancel dinner reservations. Those of you who plan to go may want to call the restaurant if you wish to eat dinner at the Old Town Inn. I know some folks still plan on attending. People might want to check on the fishing reports at the Driftless Angler web site for details.

Illinois smallmouth are still doing well and I'm told as the temperatures dip the Northerns should fish well too. And steelhead are due up north. Sue and I ventured out last Saturday and had quite an enjoyable day floating the Kankakee. Fishing was a bit tough due to the wind gusts, but each of us caught fish. The Kankakee is a beautiful clean river and a lot of fun to fish. There are a couple of excellent guides who float this river, so if anyone needs further information, let me know.

This month is our annual business meeting followed by one of our favorite "show and tell" skills and knowledge demonstrations. If anyone has a fly fishing related skill or destination they would like to share, we are still inviting folks to participate. Please contact either Bob Becker or Jerry Sapp ASAP though, so we can plan ahead. The more folks who participate, the better. It makes for a much more diverse evening.

We will be electing our new officers, but this should take only a short time. Then we can enjoy some of our chapter members' talents as we socialize.

I want to wish everyone a big thank you for all you have done to support me as chapter prez. It has been an amazing 4 years and most of all I appreciate getting to know so many of you! We have a wonderful year ahead of us.

Bob Becker, Jerry Sapp, Yves Charron and Beverly DeJovine will make fine officers. Please attend the meeting to show your support and wish them well.

All the best!

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 [yvesjcharron@aol.com](mailto:yvesjcharron@aol.com) by Tuesday Sept 19th so we know how many pizzas to preorder



**XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY XMAS PARTY**

Our annual Christmas Party is only a few weeks away! Mark your calendar for Saturday December 2th at Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation, 14N322 Illinois 25, East Dundee, IL. We will have lots of great items in the raffle. Time to think about donations for the silent auction!! More information to come.

### **Trout in the Classroom**

We have a new school joining us this year. A special Education class from Lakewood Middle School in Carpentersville will have a tank this year as well as Dundee Middle School and Rockford East HS. Tanks should be up and running in the next few weeks and the brook trout eggs delivered late November.

### **Conservation News**

We have received the permits to import Brook Trout eggs from Utah. These will be arriving in late November. Now that we have three Trout in the Classroom sites we can stock Fox Bluff with up to 750 fish this spring.

We will be burning brush piles this winter at Fox Bluff and continuing clean up of brush around the ponds, but now the hunters are using the property till the end of January.

There will be stiles to replace in Vernon County next spring at the early outing. We had to pass an opportunity to do one at the fall outing due to the fact that none of our experienced stile builders would be available to supervise. Have a great outing and do not forget to throw some streamers to those big hungry browns.

Do not forget catch and release fly fishing only is available at Apple River Canyon and White Pines State Park in Oregon Illinois till Friday October 20. Take some #16 or 18 Adams parachutes for the afternoon hatch. Squirmy wormmies in pink and turkey marabou jigs work all day. The bridge work at Apple River Canyon is not a problem just turn right at the bridge work and go up to fish under the other bridge. We did see some rising above the bridge where work was going on but did not fish there. If you cannot see the yellow Palominos swimming around in the water you are not in the right place. All these fish are hanging together and they are not spread out in Apple River.

## **Veteran's Programs – Scott Roane**

We have 2 great Veterans programs we can participate in and help the Vets.

- PHWFF (Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing) for North Chicago VA Vets.

This is being run by Jeff Reinke from the Gary Borger chapter.

This is a more traditional program. See <http://www.projecthealingwaters.org/>

They are based to Holy Cross Lutheran Church in Libertyville.

This is traditional fly tying and fly fishing at a local forest preserve when the weather permits.

Jeff is working on expanding this to outpatient Vets.

- Hines VA (in Maywood) Vets program run by DRIFT; Glenn Hazen and Gene Kazmark.

The Vets are associated with the Hines Blind Center. They are mostly low vision ladies and gentlemen.

They are either residents or attend school for a few weeks to learn computer skills, etc.

There is a fly tying program and also a fishing program.

This is not strictly fly fishing. It's spin casting or whatever works. See the picture from the outing a last week.



You don't have to be a Vet to help out. It's just one on one conversation and building a relationship.

Anyone interested send me an email and I can fill you in on more detail and which program may be better depending on your interest and location.

Thanks,  
Scott Roane  
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847-687-5856

## **Mark Your Calendars!!**

### **Illinois Smallmouth Alliance Early Show**

**Sunday Nov 12 10:00 AM - 5:00 PM**

#### **Mayslake Peabody Estate**

**1717 W 31<sup>st</sup> Street, Oakbrook, IL**

The Illinois Smallmouth Alliance and Dupage River Fly Tyers invite you to come out to Chicago's only all fly fishing & tying show, at Mayslake Peabody Estate in Oak Brook. Experience the splendor of its grounds and learn about fly fishing & tying inside the mansion at The Early Show.

Sit with the area's best fly tyers as they demonstrate their talents on a wide variety of fly patterns. Kids will enjoy the free fly tying & entomology programs.

### **Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited 2018 Outing Dates**

**Early Spring Outing**-Viroqua, WI April 27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup>

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

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

**Early Summer Outing**-Viroqua, WI June 21<sup>st</sup>-24<sup>th</sup>

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

Details for the above to follow.

# Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

## *Black Magic Spiders*

About three years ago, I did a write up on an old English soft hackled dressing called “*Black Magic Spiders.*” Since then, I’ve successfully fished this fly quite often. Whether it’s the small, dark shape of the fly, the hackle or the shimmer of the peacock herl, something makes this a very good dressing that attracts lots of trout.

Recently, I received a request from a friend living in Montana who wanted a few more Black Magic Spiders as he was getting strike after strike – fish after fish – in his Montana waters every time he used a Black Magic Spider.

Because of this, I thought that it would be worthwhile to repeat the November 2014 article from a previous Lee Wulff newsletter, as follows:

*“There are many North Country Spiders / soft hackled fly dressings that use little more than a thread (silk usually) and a hackle. Several partridge hackled dressings, including the Partridge & Orange, Partridge & Yellow, Partridge & Green, Woodcock & Orange and last month’s write-up for the Dotterel Dun are all examples of easy-to-tie, but effective North Country Spiders that use only a thread and hackle.*

*Quite a few years ago, I posted a picture on a bamboo rod forum on some soft hackled flies that I tied with nothing more than black thread and a black soft hackle, a hen hackle, if I remember correctly.*

*Shortly thereafter, a fellow from the UK sent me a note about an old North Country dressing called A “Black Magic Spider” that was also tied with a thread and a soft hackle but with two differences. Namely, behind the hackle was a thorax using green peacock herl and underneath the peacock herl was a built-up area made with thin wire.*

*The wire wraps under the peacock herl thorax provided some weight to make the fly sink quickly while the peacock herl thorax kept the hackle from folding back onto the thread wrapped body and also added a little “flash” to the dressing.*

*Although a black hen hackle can be used, I prefer to use starling hackles and to leave a little of the gray, fuzzy part of the starling hackle on the hackle stem.*

*Variations of this fly can be made by using a heavier hook (like a Daiichi 1530) to make it sink even quicker or by using a dry fly hook (like a Daiichi 1990) and a black, dry fly saddle hackle to make a dry-fly Black Magic Spider. My personal favorite is the following dressing:*



***Dressing:***

***Hook:*** - Daiichi #1550 wet fly hook (sizes 14 - 18)

***Thread & Body:*** - Black Danville 6/0

***Hackle:*** - Black Starling or Hen”

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## Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

It had been a good fishing season. It began with a late, wet summer, and we were worried about the terrible flood that hit this year, but mostly it just washed silt out of the streams and bent over the high grass that usually made casting difficult from July on, but this year the flattened grass was not a problem, even for Schnoz. The trout moved to new runs, but they were still around, and a few places that had been barren gravel beds were now riffles. Late in the summer the fish were harder to catch, wiser, and probably not as hungry because of all the bugs swarming at night. At least that was Schnoz's theory when we got skunked in August. Even grasshopper and beetle patterns were ignored, and the smart fish insulted us by bumping strike indicators or splashing them out of the water. The color of our indicators made no difference; nor did the little hooks Schnoz had attached to some indicators. It's frustrating to go fishing when you know the trout are just teasing you.

The last October campout of the season usually meant we spent more time around the campfire making fun of each other or going to streams where we knew a pod or two might school up, but catching a lot of fish might just be due to luck.

There were a few exceptions. On our first morning, Billy Bob, who had amassed the best of everything, the newest, most expensive rods, reels, realistic flies, waders that cost as much as a boat, and a fishing vehicle designed for an African safari, asked Ghost Mary to go with him, not because he wanted to see the old man no one else had seen who told her about the 6 pound brown at the Old Mill pool on Waukee Creek, but because he had learned over the summer that Ghost Mary caught more fish than anyone in our group. We knew Mary could take care of herself and might just lead him to some barren, warm water runs where there would only be creek chubs. She was too nice to do that, but we thought it was a possibility.

Schnoz said he wanted to explore Fat Bear Creek with Wet Curtis. Mostly I think Schnoz wanted to fish with Curtis's black lab, The General, who had gotten pretty good at spotting fish, especially ones no one else could see with our weak, human eyes. Schnoz apparently didn't remember that The General also had a tendency to jump into the water in a counterproductive attempt to help land a fish.

"Let's you and me go," I said to Dewey. I always liked Dewey, but hadn't fished with him at all this year. He was a quiet guy, but he laughed at everyone's jokes, even the bad ones.

He never seemed to catch many fish, and most things about him were patched-up: his tent, his waders, a shortened fly rod with a broken-off tip and a new glued-on guide, and the same kinked, 12 pound test leader year after year. Even his car, an old, scratched-up mini-van seemed like it was on its last - uh - treads. I liked Dewey.

"I'll drive," he said. "I was thinking about going to Mud Creek. The flood probably did it some good, and I bet there are some fish in there."

I almost winced. Mud Creek was known for its aptly-named water, rough banks that required some bushwhacking, and lots of line-grabbing willows. I had never fished it. Too intimidated, I guess.

My first surprise was when Dewey opened his mini-van. The inside was certainly old and well-worn, but spotless, and he had built a rod rack to keep rods safe, built-in wooden hangers for our vests and even large plastic bins for our waders and boots. When he started the engine, it purred like a well-oiled electric shaver. Dewey listened for a moment and then smiled. "Two hundred thousand miles," he said, "and I think she'll make it to three."

The drive to Mud Creek was long and confusing. I could never have found it again on my own. When we got there, I winced again. I couldn't even see the water because of the swaying willows with brambles and vines underneath. We geared up, and Dewey said, "Follow me."

He went upstream a ways and then pushed his way through a weak spot in a Maginot Line of bushes, then down a dry gully to a pretty run with willows only on one side. The water was tea-colored from the tannin of decomposing leaves, but not muddy at all. I was surprised.

"There are fish in there, if you want to start here," he said. "I think I may go downstream a little." That was nice of him. If I didn't catch anything here, I could go upstream as I usually did to fish fresh water. He crossed over a rocky wing dam and disappeared into the jungle on the other side. I could hear him crashing and breaking branches as he worked his way downstream.

Nothing was rising, so I put on one of my favorite flies, a peacock-bodied soft hackle with a bead head and red wire wrapping. I let out a length of line, made one false cast, and sent it over the pool where a breeze caught it and wrapped it around a willow limb. I snapped off the tippet, said some words that were not exactly a prayer, and re-rigged. The next soft-hackle apparently was best friends with the first, missed her friend terribly, and joined her in a nearby branch. The third fly tangled on the back cast before landing in a different willow. This time I yanked too hard and my rod splintered two feet from the tip. I said some more words that were not a prayer and stumbled across the stream to follow Dewey and watch him. It was a tough slog, and I could see why Dewey's waders were patched. I caught up with him after working up a good sweat, but he was so intent, leaning forward and concentrating to study a downstream pool that he didn't hear me. The pool

was impossible. It looked fishy, but willows guarded both banks; two snags jutted out of the left bank, and leaning a few feet above the pool was an evil willow branch. I couldn't see any way he could even cast. Undeterred, Dewey stripped out some line, made his rod into a bow, and sent his fly out over the willow branch.

"What the—" I couldn't help but say. With a deft flick of the end of his rod, he sent a loop out towards the willow branch. The fly hanging over the branch slipped down to the water. Dewey twitched it up off the water. It looked like a very real caddis skittering up and down over the water's surface with each flip of his rod tip. Then I saw the swirl, a great whoosh of water like a torpedo as a big fish took it and dove down to the bottom. I watched in awe as the great fish pulled the tippet off the willow branch and Dewey put the fish on the reel. Then he quickly stomped through bushes to the right bank to get away from the snags. It was a great tug of war, which Dewey won slowly, a foot at a time. I started to cheer, but I don't think he heard me, not even when I trudged to the bottom of the pool, left my broken rod on the bank, and eased my way into the water, my net out in front of me, a target for Dewey I hoped would be large enough.

When he saw me, he called, "I'll lead him to you. Just don't grab the line." I held out the net, and in another ten minutes, he lifted the fish's great head and skated it over the surface into my net. We laughed like little kids, and then I remembered I had left my camera back at camp. I apologized pathetically, but Dewey said, "It doesn't matter. It's all up here," and tapped his forehead. He lifted the wonderful brown out of the net, held it up to his rod and said, "Twenty-three inches, probably four pounds." I would have claimed five pounds, maybe six, and by the time we got back to camp, I would have claimed thirty inches. Then he saw my rod and his shoulders slumped.

"It's okay," I said. "I wanted a new rod." He laughed. He laughed at almost everything.

"There's another pool," he said. "Follow me." I did, but the second pool was even worse than the first. Willows leaned out over both banks and a fallen tree had formed a bridge across the entire pool, its root wad forming a tangle of snags no one, not even Dewey could avoid. He studied the pool, its depth and difficulty promising something great. Dewey looked at me and grinned. He gathered his oversized leader, took off the caddis, and replaced it with an olive wooly bugger. Then he found a stick, almost a piece of driftwood and laid his tippet over it, leaving several feet dangling off the end. Then he put the stick into the water and let it drift down below the willow bridge. When his fly got to the deepest part of the pool, he pinched the line, twitched it several times, and the fly slipped off the driftwood and then sank into the deep pool. A few twitches later, the line went taut and Dewey raised his rod. This fish was even bigger, and there was no way for me to help. When it bulldogged, Dewey held his ground. When it ran, he leaned. When it rested, he gained line and worked his way along the bank away from the root wad. A half an hour later, he beached the enormous brown, a dark, angry fish with a kipe and spots the size of dimes.

"Eight pounds?" I said.

"Maybe," Dewey said. Even he was shaking. Finally it all made sense - his broken and repaired rod, his patched waders, and even his twelve-pound kinked leader. Dewey was truly an expert. Eventually, the fish revived and we bushwhacked our way back to his van. We spent the rest of the day exploring and found places I'd never seen and no one but Dewey could fish.

At camp, the fire had already been lit and drinks poured. Schnoz could barely contain himself.

"At least two dozen," he said. "Browns and brookies. It was a great day. The General is a fish finder."

"You landed two dozen?" I said. There was a long silence, and then Schnoz said, "Well, long releases. What about you?"

"I broke my rod." Everyone groaned. A broken rod meant that temporarily no one would make fun of me. It would be too painful.

"What about you, Dewey?"

Dewey looked at me with a crooked grin that said, "Please don't throw me under the bus." Then he said, "I caught two. They were real pretty." Nobody said anything. They thought two fish was a good day for a poor fisherman like Dewey.

"Dewey, where are we going tomorrow?" I asked. Dewey just grinned. I think he knew more than one Mud Creek.

**This from Scott Roane...**

Your newsletter editor claims **NO** responsibility for this!!



## 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.