

October President's Message

Greetings fellow Lee Wulff TU members! I hope you all get a chance to fish the Driftless area of Wisconsin one more time before the season closes this weekend. After that it's salmon/steelhead season.

We had a very busy year with our work projects this summer. Stile building in Wisconsin, clean up projects at Fox Bluff and others. Our Trout in the Classroom program is going strong as is our Fishn' So Fly work with special ed children in School District 300. We can always use more help so please contact me if you're interested.

This month's meeting is traditionally our business meeting but I'll try to keep it short. Expert fly tier Bob Olach has agreed to do a presentation on traditional fly tying, its history and special materials.

The date for our annual Christmas fundraiser is Saturday December 1st. It will again be held at Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation. It's never too soon to help obtaining donations for the raffles.

It's been a challenging year weather wise all over the country. Floods in the Driftless, drought and fires in the west and hurricanes in the south have stressed fish populations everywhere. Recent scientific studies have suggested that unless global warming can be curtailed soon we could reach a point of no return. Our mid-term elections are coming up fast so please investigate your candidate's environmental record and any other issues close to you before you cast your vote.

Enjoy the season,

Bob

Conservation News – Jerry Sapp

The fish are swimming happily at the Fox Bluff. Seven of our members spent a recent Thursday morning clearing fallen trees out of the ponds that had come down in a recent wind burst. We also attended to removing some regrowth that came over the summer. The waterfalls had become clogged and channels needed attention from the crew members. The ponds are now ready for winter. If you visit please do so before hunting begins November 1. If you are careful and quiet you will see 10 inch Brook Trout in their fall brilliance. This year's young are smaller of course and you may see them too.

There have been many changes to the Coulee area since the August floods. Some streams are not going to look or fish the way we remember them. Bohemian Valley had a lot of damage but the silver lining is that it can be restored in the newer style of vortex weirs and root ball sticking out from the banks. This style withstands the floods better as is evidenced by Weister Creek sustaining little damage in the recent deluge. Some things will change in the name of flood control. Jersey Valley Dam that breached sending debris down the West Fork in August was repaired six years ago at the cost of 3.1 million after another breach. Will county commissioners find the money to do it again or give up on a bad idea? There are many changes to what had been planned. Tainter Creek is an example the TUDARE team is rethinking what had been planned for next year. The floods have reduced the numbers of the young of the year making a deficit of numbers for next year but the older trout seemed to have survived the flood. The bottom is scoured and much gravel and rocks are in the pastures and flood plain. This will also mean more gravel in the creek bottoms for spawning areas this fall. Things change but the stream life will recover. Go fish and do not forget about climate change when you are voting in November.

2018 FLY FISHING FILM FESTIVAL

Once again the Elliot Donnelly Chapter of Trout Unlimited is hosting the annual Fly Fishing Film Festival. Like last year, this year's festival promises to bring us some fine and exciting fly fishing films.

Details:

Date: November 6, 2018

Time: Doors open at 6:00 p.m.

Films start at 7:00 p.m.

Location: Wilmette Theatre

1122 Central Ave.

Wilmette, Illinois

Tickets: On line at info@flyfilmfest.com

In person: Chicago Fly Fishing Outfitters

Orvis on Michigan Ave, Chicago.

The following two articles courtesy of Kevin Gardiner of the WaWaSum Lodge

Anglers group will take over Au Sable fish hatchery after legal battle

From the Kalamazoo News Sept. 28th

By **Winter Keefer**

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GRAYLING, MI -- The four-year legal battle between a fishing group and a fish hatchery on the East Branch of the Au Sable River has been settled.

The Anglers of the Au Sable announced Thursday, Sept. 27, that a settlement was reached in its case against Harrietta Hills Trout Farm LLC. As a result, the Anglers group will assume operation of the hatchery in 2019 and pay \$160,000 to take over the current lease.

The group is trumpeting the legal settlement as an important victory that eliminates a serious threat to the Au Sable, while the hatchery's owner says fears over his business' impact were unfounded.

"The state's issuance of this permit was a green light for a commercial fish farm operation to pollute the Au Sable River, plain and simple," Anglers of the Au Sable President Joe Hemming said in a statement.

Harrietta Hills owner Dan Vogler argues aquaculture is not the "hairy scary monster" that it has been painted as by groups like the Anglers of the Au Sable.

"The concerns that they raised have been unfounded from the start," Vogler said. "We never posed a threat to the river."

Anglers of the Au Sable filed a [lawsuit](#) in March 2017 against Harrietta Hills Trout Farm, claiming the farm's plan to raise up to 300,000 pounds of rainbow trout at the 104-year-old state hatchery. The group argued the company's plans would pollute the iconic river and ruin the downstream fishery, particularly a beloved stretch known as the "Holy Waters."

The hatchery is located on the east branch of the Au Sable, about 1,200 feet upstream from the river's main branch. Water flows directly into the hatchery and through eight north-to-south raceways before exiting.

Once owned and operated by the state, Crawford County purchased the property in 1995. Vogler's company, which also operates a fish farm in Wexford County, began leasing the property in 2012. In 2014, Harrietta Hills and Crawford County signed a 20-year lease.

Vogler's company releases fingerling rainbow trout into the raceways and harvests them when they reach a weight of 1.25 pounds, selling them to restaurants and a grocery distributor.

Harrietta Hills' plan to raise 300,000 pounds of trout would have been a significant increase from the current production level of 70,000 pounds of fish.

Opponents contended that expanding the operation would send huge volumes of feces and uneaten fish food into the river, potentially exposing wild trout to illness and boosting phosphorus levels.

The Anglers of the Au Sable and Sierra Club brought two legal challenges after the Michigan Department of Environmental Quality issued a revised permit to Harrietta Hills in 2016.

DEQ gives Au Sable River trout farm expansion permit

One of those challenges was argued in 2016 before state administrative law judge Dan Pulter. The judge ruled the new permit be upheld, but that Vogler should conduct additional testing for pollutants and the hatchery should add 'quiescent zones' where fish poop can be vacuumed out of the water.

The group also brought a lawsuit against Vogler in Crawford County Circuit Court, where Judge George Mertz said last year that Vogler's use of former state and county property violates deed restrictions and state law.

Under a mediated settlement in that case, the Anglers group will buy out the lease for \$160,000 and operate the hatchery as a tourism and educational attraction, under a new nonprofit entity, Grayling Hatchery, Inc. Visitors will be able to see and feed trout but no commercial fish farming will take place there. Harrietta Hills will shut down its operation by the end of the year.

Vogler said the settlement, reached after years of litigation, took a toll on his small family business.

"We do believe that if we were financially able to see this to the end we would have been vindicated," Vogler said.

Shutting down the hatchery at its current capacity impacts local demand for locally produced food, he said.

"If you don't want fish farms producing locally, where do you get fish locally?" Vogler asked. "I feel like we've been booted out of something that is good. I just spent my day telling people they'll be losing their jobs."

Two full-time and two part-time staff members will lose their jobs as a result of the settlement, he said.

Hemming argued that the fish hatchery should be operated as a historic landmark and tourist attraction, not as a higher-volume production business.

"Such permits, and such operations, have no business being located on one of the most popular wild trout streams in the world," he said. "Today is a new chapter in the life of this historic facility."

Let's make it wild

The Michigan Department of Natural Resources, in partnership with the Little River Band of Ottawa Indians, announced a proposed initiative in June 2016 that aims to bring back an extirpated species to the state – Arctic Grayling. The Michigan Arctic Grayling Initiative seeks to establish self-sustaining populations of Arctic Grayling throughout its historical range in Michigan. The initiative now has more than 45 partners collaborating on the reintroduction.

The next steps include identifying interest and abilities of partners, collecting baseline data, initiating the building of broodstock, and stocking efforts. The Manistee River watershed, once known as a premier grayling river, will be the first location for reintroduction.

The DNR will work closely with partners as the proposed Arctic Grayling initiative moves forward. The Little River Band, located in Manistee County, has been engaged in extensive research for potential Grayling

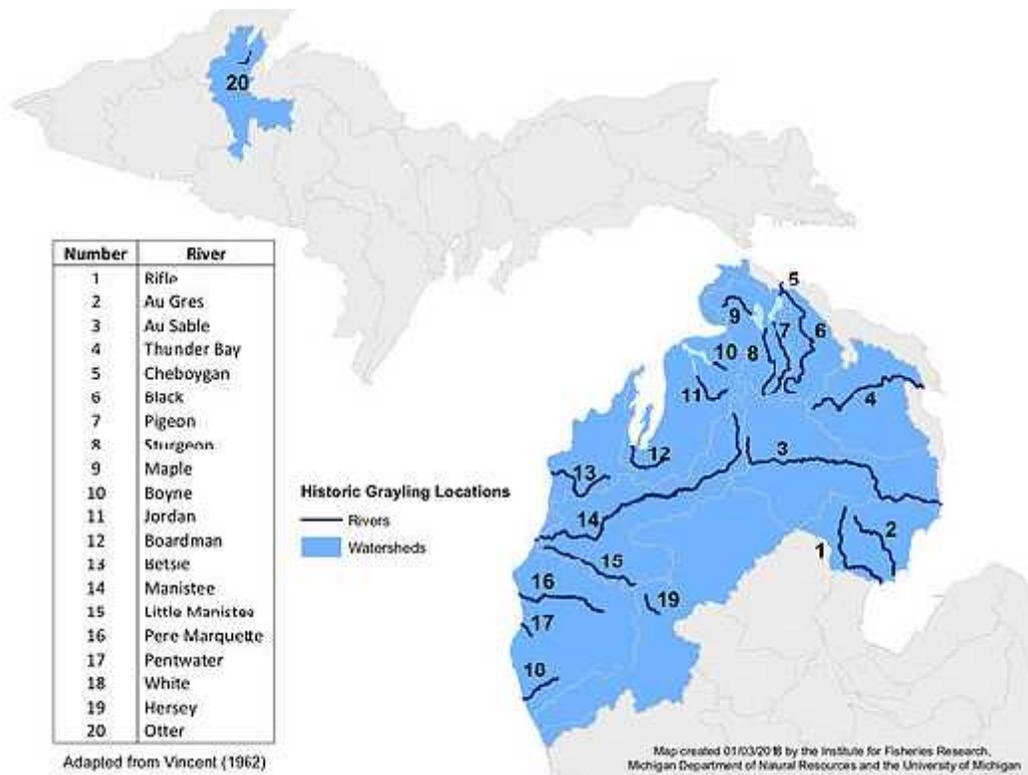
Arctic Grayling History: Then and Now

The Arctic Grayling, *Thymallus arcticus*, (Grayling) was historically found in many coldwater streams throughout the Lower Peninsula of Michigan and in one Upper Peninsula stream. Large populations of Grayling flourished in the Manistee and Au Sable Rivers, commanding such importance that one community adopted and bears its namesake. Over a few decades in the late 1800s, the Grayling played a prominent role as both a commercial food fish and as an attractive game fish, and the species is recognized as an important part of Michigan's history. However, habitat destruction, unregulated harvest, and predation/competition with introduced trout species led to the demise of one of Michigan's iconic stream salmonids, resulting in Grayling being extirpated from Michigan by 1936.

Watersheds to be Considered for Reintroduction

We are prepared to receive your recommendations for potential watersheds. Ideally, interested parties would seek others in the partnership to team up with and solicit community support (at the local and county government level and with other local organizations). The Manistee watershed has been nominated.

Submit your watershed nomination by September 1, 2018. We will then develop a process for partnership engagement and recommendations for consideration.



If you wish to discuss watershed nomination for Arctic Grayling reintroduction, contact Jay Wesley at wesleyj@michigan.gov.

For more information..

https://www.migrayling.org/?utm_campaign=showcasing%2Bgrayling&utm_medium=pr&utm_source=govdelivery

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

Although not a North Country Spider or Soft Hackled fly dressing, I thought you might be interested in this dressing / pattern. (Sorry for the lousy hand-held pic).

There's a YouTube video where Jim Bartelt ties an Ice Dub Scud that got my interest recently, so I decided to tie a few to see how well I could duplicate Jim Bartelt's dressing and "how-to-tie" procedure.

I tried to do it exactly like done in the video but I had trouble getting the Ice Dubbing to make good enough "legs" after rubbing the dubbing with a piece of Velcro, so I "touched dubbed" instead of how it's shown in the video (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eDXxU1BiejY>).

Also, I used "Shrimp Pink" Ice Dubbing and because I was using 6/0 Yellow Danville thread, I had trouble covering the lead-sub wire without doing LOTS of thread wraps, so I initially covered the lead wire with Lemon Yellow Pearsall Gossamer thread, which is a little thicker thread than the Danville thread.



Here's how I tied these scuds:

1. Crimp the barb on a size 12 Daiichi #1120 or #1130 wide-gape scud hook and clamp it in the vice jaws.
2. Instead of the .020" lead-free wire stated in the video, I used .015" lead-free round wire (since I only had .015" and .025" wires on hand) and then did tightly wound wire wraps from half way down the hook bend up to approx. 1/8" from the hook eye, then cut off the tag ends of the wire making a wire underbody.
3. Using Pearsall Lemon Yellow silk thread, wrap the thread from the hook eye, over the lead-free wire wraps, down the hook shank and bend until the wire is covered with thread and slight "ramps" are visible at both ends of the wire wraps.
4. After winding the Pearsall thread back up to the hook eye, do a 4 or 5 turn whip finish with the Lemon Yellow silk thread and then cut off the thread.
5. Using Danville 6/0 Yellow thread, do additional tight thread wraps down the hook shank to the end of the wire underbody and let the thread / bobbin dangle from the hook bend.
6. As shown in the YouTube video, take some Ice Dubbing (I used Shrimp Pink Ice Dub), and make a small "noodle" approx. 2" – 3" long.
7. Tie in the Ice Dub noodle at the end of the yellow thread / wire underbody, then wrap the thread approx. a 1/2" or so to secure the "noodle" and make a tail.
8. Take some dubbing wax (I used Overton's Wonder Wax) and rub the wax approx. 2" – 3" down the thread on the top and bottom sides of the yellow thread.
9. Taking small, thin pieces / clumps of the Shrimp Pink Ice Dub, "touch dub" the Ice Dub onto the waxed thread.
10. Do several wraps of the "touch dubbed thread" from the hook shank curve up to the hook eye, leaving enough space to do a whip finish close to the hook eye.
11. Do a 5 or 6 turn whip finish behind the hook eye.
12. You will now have a huge ball of Ice Dubbing that looks nothing like a scud. (as shown in the video)
13. Pluck off as much of the loose dubbing as possible being careful not pull off the "tail noodle".
14. (Awhile back, I took a clean popsicle stick and glued a piece of Velcro to it and now use it as a dubbing brush tool, when necessary).
15. In the video, Jim Bartelt now scissor trims the top of the scud. I DID NOT do the scissor trimming at this time when tying the scud as I had trouble getting close to the hook and kept cutting the dubbed thread.
16. Using the dubbing tool, then brush the Ice Dub from the top of the dressing down each side, during which you'll form lots of legs at the bottom of the scud.

17. Using your fingers, then pull off more of the excess Ice Dub from the scud.
18. After pulling of the excess Ice Dub, then (using scissors), trim the top and sides of the scud as much as possible.
19. Remove the scud from the vise and then use scissors to trim the top and sides of the scud as much as possible without cutting into the thread wraps.
20. As shown in the YouTube video, using the scissors, trim the tail at an angle and then cut the legs to be even with the hook gape.
21. Using any type of Super Glue (I prefer a super glue gel instead of a “standard, free flowing Super Glue), put a bead or two of the gel on the top of the hook and spread the Super Glue evenly over the top of the fly. Then set the scud side to have the glue dry.

Once the Super Glue dries and penetrates the dubbing and thread, the scud now has a hard, crusty back and should be a very durable fly.

As an added note, the only reason I didn't tie the tan-colored scud as shown in the video, is that I don't have any Tan colored Ice Dubbing. In the future, I'll probably do a few with Gray and Olive Ice Dubbings and Tan (once I get the tan dubbing.)

Enjoy and let me know if you have any questions.

Cheers

Bob



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

People are all so different, even those in a sub-cult like fly fishers who camp. Take an early morning last June, for example. The sun had not yet risen over the ridge at the campground we frequent because its location is central to many spring creeks and because the other campers put up with us. I was up first because I heard the lowing of cattle in the meadow across the stream who were

impatiently waiting for us to gear up and hit the pools so they could step in, scare the trout, and block all casting lanes except for the short steeple casts afforded by willows and some thorny bushes the devil planted around every good stream. It sounded like they were calling my name, “Gruuuuuuum-py.” One insufferable cow in particular would celebrate her victory over you by stepping into the steam to nuzzle you until you petted her forelock. It was either the mooing that woke me or the buzzing and dive bombing of two mosquitoes that had entered my tent during a late night visit to my favorite tree. One mosquito is a nuisance, but two is a squadron.

Next up and out was Wet Curtis because The General roused him for his morning Labrador dash through wet grass to ensure he began the day with the musty wool smell he liked so much. After Curtis, Ghost Mary arose, her bright, chipper “Good morning, all,” the practice of many years as a nurse, and her cheerfulness making the rest of us feel like the grumpy old men we were. I usually started the coffee pot before Mary could get at it because she made coffee according to the directions, and I have known for many years that good camp coffee requires two scoops for each cup, and when the coffee is brewed, if you can see through it or a spoon won’t stand up in it, it’s not really camp coffee. Dewey was next, always looking like he had slept in his clothes, which he probably had. Dewey was not a man to waste any energy on superfluous things like changing clothes when camping. Schnoz was usually next, his remarkable sinus cavities telling him that coffee was hot and bacon was sizzling in the pan. Calamity John was next, usually emerging with a moan and wet shoulder from the leak in his tent seam he had been trying to seal for several seasons. Last of all was Roy the Plumber, who was always late. Did I mention he was a plumber? It usually worked out because Roy would come to breakfast late and eat whatever was left over, cold, congealed, stuck to the iron pan or re-warmed.

This morning turned out to be a disaster. A dozen eggs and a package of bacon later, Schnoz said, “Who made the coffee?”

“I did,” I said. “Isn’t it strong enough?”

Ghost Mary almost choked. She had already watered hers down with a pint of water, half a carton of Half and Half, and several packets of Stevia, which she swears in her informed research is much better for you than sugar.

“It’s ... in need of a little flavor,” Schnoz said.

“I’m glad you think that,” I said. “I’ve been holding back.” I rummaged through my food box and found my secret ingredient - chicory. “Annie and I honeymooned in New Orleans, and the second most wonderful thing every day was breakfast at the Cafe du Monde with chicory coffee and beignets.” I kissed my fingers.

“I’m surprised you remember anything about that time,” Roy said. “Especially coffee. Weren’t there any ... distractions?”

“Annie told him about the coffee and beignets,” Schnoz said. “She didn’t experience any distractions.”

Rather than reply to any such indignities, I opened my box and spooned two tablespoons of chicory into the coffee pot - twice the recommended dose I think, but I believe the principle that if something is good, double that something is better.

“Ha,” Roy said. “You have no idea what makes coffee palatable.” With that, he produced a flask and poured in a careful dram of Amar-something. “It will put hair back on your heads, except in Mary’s case. It will sweeten her breath and soften her complexion.”

“What’s wrong with my breath?” Mary complained and laughed because she knew Roy often quoted advertising jingles and no one should believe anything he said.

“If you really want tasty coffee, you need the ingredient most prized by Aribica Majorca traders,” Calamity John said, and produced a small jar to sprinkle in a good dose of his favorite powder. “Cinnamon,” he said proudly.

“And now for the finishing touch,” Schnoz said, somehow finding a tin amid a jumble of supplies he brought that looked like things from his grandmother’s attic. “Just a touch of the wonders of modern chemistry - powdered hazelnut, dark chocolate, and several other chemical substitutions. Let’s see... corn syrup solids, hydrogenated coconut oil, sodium caseinate from milk, dipotassium phosphate, mono and diglycerides, maltodextrin, cellulose gum and silicon dioxide.”

“I don’t really like silicon dioxide,” I said. “It tastes like plastic.”

“That’s just a preservative,” Schnoz said. “You won’t even notice it.”

In ten minutes, we all filled our mugs, circled our campfire still smoking from the night before, and raised our cups in a toast. “To a great campout, outstanding fishing, and the best artisan coffee in the world.”

We drank, and then, Schnoz, Dewey, Calamity John, Wet Curtis, Roy the Plumber, and I simultaneously spit the poisonous brew into the dying embers.

“Aw, man, that’s like WD-40,” I said.

“Sludge.”

“Motor oil. Not even synthetic motor oil.”

“Bilgewater.”

Then we all noticed Ghost Mary had not spit into the fire like the rest of us.

“You like it?” I asked her.

“Of course not. While you gentlemen were concocting this disaster, I made myself a good cup of English Breakfast Tea with a touch of lemon and honey. I’m not stupid.”

I don’t like it when someone isn’t stupid when the rest of us are. Within five minutes, two more camp stoves had appeared and six pots of individually crafted coffees were brewing in six variously dented, stained, blackened pots, watched by individuals who dared anyone to mess with his brew.

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