



September 2017 President's Message

Hello everyone. Here we are starting another wonderful year at Lee Wulff. Today I'm actually sitting in Ludington Michigan watching the famous S.S.Badger ferry leave the dock. It is the only one left of its kind. It is still steam powered and it's a casual four hour ride across Lake Michigan. Yesterday I was returning from Green Bay, having attended a certified casting instructor preparation course taught by the FFI. I decided to seize the moment and took the ferry from Manitowoc Wisconsin across to Ludington MI. It was absolutely the most delightful four hours I have spent in a very long time. There's something to be said for the old fashioned way of doing things, taking our time and enjoying the ride.

This is my last president's message to you all. Next month we will be having our business meeting and elections. I want to present to you the new slate of officers. I have the greatest confidence in their leadership and look forward to working with them. Please come in October and show them your support by voting.

President: Bob Becker

Vice President: Jerry Sapp

Treasurer: Yves Charron

Secretary: Beverly DeJovine

So this chapter president is going to stop and smell the roses for a while. I can't say enough about what the four last year's have meant to me and I owe it all to you, our chapter members. You all are a great inspiration to me and it has been my pleasure to get to know so many of you.

I was speaking about the old fashioned way of doing things. And except for the technology the fundamentals of fly fishing have not changed much in all these years. I think that's why I love it so, because it's very much back to basics. A timeless, wonderful sport.

So we're going to try a little something different this month. I hope everyone is looking forward to the garage sale that we are holding. Hopefully we will all find some great treasures. Hopefully everyone saw the eblast and the information is also here in the newsletter.

The board met this month and the new officers are ready to move forward. They have already managed to secure a place for our Christmas party. Max McGraw. There are some fabulous ideas on the table and we are really excited about what we will be doing in the next two years. Hopefully we'll see many of you in October for the outing. This is my favorite time of the year for trout fishing in the Driftless. The fish have matured and now are getting their spawning colors. So I hope many of you will come and experience it with us.
See you all at the meeting. Thank you, 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 by Tuesday Sept 19th so we know how many pizzas to preorder

No Speaker This Month.... Instead....

Lee Wulff Chapter's 1st Annual Garage Sale

Time to clean out your gently used fly fishing gear, apparel, fly tying materiel. Items should be in good working order or acceptable used condition.

Details: 20% of all proceeds will be donated to Lee Wulff Chapter TU or you can donate the entire proceeds.

Please label items with your name, phone number, and asking price so we can reimburse you appropriately.

Please be kind and avoid bringing undesirable or unusable items

The 2017 Lee Wulff Christmas Party is Coming!!

Put the annual Lee Wulff Christmas party on your holiday schedule. Saturday, December 2nd at Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation, 14N322 Illinois 25, East Dundee, IL. 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 around the end of October.

Conservation News

The baby Brook Trout were placed into Fox Bluff on two occasions in May. Happily trout have occasionally been seen throughout the summer and as late as September 9. They are very hard to spot and that is fortunate for them. The natural structures in the ponds are great hiding places. They appear to be 5 to 6 inches long now.

We will not be doing any work on the second stream, Pete's Run, this fall. There is a land use problem with the spring source of that stream. It is on private land and needs resolved before we start improvement downstream on the Conservation District's land.

On Saturday August 19 Bob Becker, Dennis Sullivan, Bob Meschewski and Jerry Sapp met with members of the Gary Borger chapter and placed a stile on the Little Lacross River South of Sparta. Lunch was provided by the Coulee Region TU chapter and delivered by its President, Curt Rees and his daughter. This cooperative effort was done so the Gary Borger chapter could learn stile building from our chapter. There is a possibility of building another stile during the October outing but plans are not complete at this time.

Stand up for clean water

If you fish, there is no law more important than the Clean Water Act.

Whether you fish or just simply understand the value of clean water, there is no law more important than the Clean Water Act. In 2015, the EPA developed a rule that affirmed Clean Water Act protections for “intermittent and ephemeral streams.” Protections for these streams had been threatened by two splintered Supreme Court decisions in the 2000s. These streams —the headwaters of our nation’s rivers — provide us the fisheries we cherish and the clean drinking water we require. **But this essential rule is now under threat of being revoked.** Nearly 60 percent of all of the stream miles in the United States are classified as small, intermittent or headwater.

Protecting these waters is essential to ensuring that adjacent or downstream waters remain clear, clean and healthy for fish, wildlife and communities. Trout Unlimited members work hard to protect our headwaters. We understand that keeping our waters healthy is much more effective than trying to repair a stream after it is damaged or destroyed. For more information on what you can do, see below.

http://standup.tu.org/stand-up-for-clean-water/?_ga=2.148357111.1596138408.1505225568-1104727106.1505225568

Upcoming Fall Events

GREAT LAKES SPEY FEST

AT HENNING PARK
SEPTEMBER 30th 2017

Hosted by:

The Great Lakes Fly Fishing Company

Saturday, September
30, 2017

10:00am - Pete
Humphreys

Pete is an FFF Certified Two Hand Casting Instructor, a Far Bank's, (Sage, Rio, and Redington), Ambassador and a Muskegon River Guide specializing in the swung fly. Pete's program will focus on casting and fishing Scandinavian style.

11:00am - Gary Kalinka

Gary is the West Michigan "Godfather of the Longbelly line", and Nextcast Pro Staff, will present on the transition from short heads to long heads, explaining the

Manufacturers
Representatives
for:

Fishpond
Heritage Angling
Products
Nautilus
Nextcast
Redington
Rio
Ross
Sage
Scientific Anglers
Scott
Simms Fishing
Products
Temple Fork Outfitters
Tibor/Pate
Winston

changes in technique required to be successful. Advantages will also be covered.

Waterworks/Lamson
And more ...

12:30pm - Pig Roast

Lunch, bring your own beverage.

Free Spey Casting
Instruction

1:00pm - Kevin Feenstra of Feenstra Guide Service

Kevin is a Muskegon River Guide, Fly Designer/Tyer, and Video host with unimpeachable talents. Kevin's demonstration will focus on "Fishing the Swung Fly", and is guaranteed to offer insights that will change the way you fish.

2:00pm - Introduction to Spey by Temple Fork Outfitters

For the true beginner. Discussion to include; rods, reels, lines and flies. Selecting appropriate equipment for your fishery. On the water casting instruction. 6 anglers per session. This seminar will be for registered participants only, not an open demo. Register by calling the shop, 616-866-6060, or day of event. Limited availability. Tackle provided.



An event not to be missed!

At The Convergence 2017

Where Art and Conservation Unite



Artist Bob White - Authors John Gierach and Victoria Houston - Photographer Michael Dvorak
Conservation Scientists Dr. Eric Anderson and Dr. Alan Haney

We are honored to have these distinguished participants as part of
At The Convergence 2017

Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum

700 N. 12th Street - Wausau, Wisconsin

Thursday, October 5 through Sunday, October 8
Held in conjunction with "*Birds in Art 2017*"

Join us as we experience art, writing, and conservation uniting in celebrating the natural world through:

- Art and Writing Workshops
- Gallery Tours
- Panel Discussions
- Book readings and signings
- Reception Saturday Night

No registration is necessary. Come any day and it's always **free** thanks to the generous support of Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum and the chapters of Wisconsin Trout Unlimited.

For more information and a detailed daily schedule of events go to:

www.attheconvergence.org

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 bused 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 last outing a few weeks ago.



Either program is really about one on one camaraderie and just having something interesting to do and getting out.

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

rscottroane@gmail.com

847-687-5856

Chapter Outings for 2017

End of the Season Outing Oct 13th-15th, 2017

The last WI outing will be on Oct 13th-15th. We will once again be in the Viroqua/Westby area and several will be camping at the West Fork Sportsmens Club in Avalanche along the West Fork of the Kickapoo. You must be a member to camp and the cost for membership is currently \$10 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent one of the two cabins they have.

A block of 5 rooms have 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.

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. Please keep in mind we will sit down as soon as our table is ready so if you're running late you may be on your own.

If you have any questions or would like to RSVP for dinner contact Gordon Rudd at mchenryflyfisher@sbcglobal.net or 815/245-2425.

THE TESTAMENT OF A FISHERMAN

Robert Traver 1964, (Judge John Voelker 1903-93)

I fish because I love to;

Because I love the environs where trout are found, which are invariably beautiful, and hate the environs where crowds of people are found, which are invariably ugly;

Because of all the television commercials, cocktail parties, and assorted social posturing I thus escape;

Because, in a world where most men seem to spend their lives doing things they hate, my fishing is at once an endless source of delight and an act of small rebellion;

Because trout do not lie or cheat and cannot be bought or bribed or impressed by power, but respond only to quietude and humility and endless patience;

Because I suspect that men are going along this way for the last time, and I for one don't want to waste the trip; because mercifully there are no telephones on trout waters;

Because only in the woods can I find solitude without loneliness;

Because bourbon out of an old tin cup always tastes better out there;

Because maybe one day I will catch a mermaid;

And, finally, not because I regard fishing as being so terribly important but because I suspect that so many of the other concerns of men are equally unimportant – and not nearly so much fun.

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

Flashback Pheasant Tail Nymphs (Variations)

During the last week in August, I fished several of the Driftless Area waters using various flies, including a couple dries, several soft hackles and nymphs.

Although a few fish were caught on some of the dry flies and soft hackles, probably 90% were caught on a variation of Frank Sawyer's Pheasant Tail nymph, namely a Flashback version with copper bead heads and copper wires.

In the past, many of the nymphs that I tied utilized gold beads and wires but lately, I've changed to using copper beads and wires maybe Frank Sawyer hit upon something when he decided to use copper colored wires in his dressings.

Most of the fish that hit the PT nymphs were in the shallow riffles or directly below the riffles and equally hit the flies when fished normally upstream and also when fishing "down and across" like I often fish soft hackles and North County Spiders.



The nymphs pictured above were all tied on size 16 Daiichi 1710 2X Long nymph hooks with pinched down barbs and with natural colored pheasant tails and green Mylar flash materials.

Hook – Daiichi 1710 2X long nymph hooks (sizes 16 – 18)

Thread – 6/0 Black or Olive Danville or Uni-Thread

Bead – Copper colored Cyclop beads

Body – 5 pieces of Natural Pheasant Tails

Flashback – Size 12 Peacock / Orange (reversible) Mylar

Ribbing – Uni – Small copper wire

Tails – Approx. ¼ “ long PTs

As an added note, I’ve also tied additional variations using dyed black, red, yellow and olive pheasant tails and different colored Mylar for the flashbacks. Using black pheasant tails and pearlescent Mylar makes a very nice, and effective, nymph.



Grumpy’s Page by Kurt Haberl

Schnoz should probably be in jail. The problem is that he could only get there by going through the local constabulary, and they don’t want him. They stop by his house once in a while to be sure he hasn’t fired up a flamethrower again or charged tolls to the local kids for skateboarding on the sidewalk he just swept, but other than that, they leave him alone, comforted by the knowledge that his neighbors have begun video recording anything suspicious on their phones.

When he called this morning and asked if I wanted to come over, I asked if I should bring bail money. He assured me that wouldn’t be necessary, so I asked if Huldy was home. He said no, she had gone to the hairdresser, so I decided someone had to keep him out of trouble and if Huldy wasn’t there, it probably fell to my lot. He opened the front door when I got there and said, “Follow me. Wait till you see what I’ve been working on.”

“Is it your new strike indicator fly to catch trout that take your strike indicator?”

“No, I finished that. I’ve glued hooks to both pink and orange, whichever the fish would prefer.”

“You realize it’s rather pathetic when trout take your strike indicator more than your actual nymphs.”

He grunted dismissively and said, “A hooked fish is a hooked fish.”

“So what are you working on?”

“A stroke of genius. I’m working on a stroke of genius.” He led me to his back room, a den Huldy called “Iniquity” for short, and there I saw what looked like a mini-projector, the kind speakers use when giving a Power-point presentation. It was hooked up to his phone, and next to it was a small, black box with a funnel sticking out of it looking like something he would rig to shoot death rays at a UFO.

“Tell me, Grumpy, my faithful sidekick, when do fish bite best?”

“Um, after a flood and the water clears so they can see worms and drowned mice.”

“Well, yes, but that only happens after a terrible flood, and we can’t count on that except for maybe once a year, and sometimes not for five years. I’m talking about when they go on an absolute feeding frenzy.”

“When there’s a big hatch on.”

“Exactly.”

“Are you breeding bugs again? You know chumming is illegal, and the police are not happy about you breeding-“

“Of course it’s illegal, but this isn’t.” He waited and said nothing in a barefaced attempt to create anticipation.

“Well?” I said when I could bear it no longer.

“Ta-da,” he said and turned on the projector. In a moment I saw on the far wall a projection of some video loop of bugs, probably caddis fluttering up and down by the thousands, if not millions.

“You’re going to make fish hungry by showing them a video of a caddis hatch? Like a Pavlov’s dog thing? You can’t project something like that on the broken surface of the water.”

“I don’t have to. I tried it, but that didn’t work. Just watch.” He flicked on the switch on his death ray box, which began to hum and moments later spew out fog, the kind of acrid, fake stuff theaters use to recreate the ghost scene of Macbeth or the moors of The Hound of the Baskervilles. “And it’s all battery-powered,” he said.

I watched as the room filled with the chemical reek of theatrical fog, and then the fluttering caddis seemed to be everywhere in the room, not by the thousands but by the millions.

“Now just imagine the fish looking up and seeing this hatch of all hatches and every time they come to the surface, there is nothing there - nothing except my one elk hair caddis. I will hook a fish on every cast.” He tapped his head in reference to his remarkable brain, which I believe was remarkable, but not for the reasons he thought. I looked again at the foggy projection, which soon began to fill the room, and I didn’t know what to say, and if I had thought of something, I wouldn’t have been able to say it because the fog was beginning to make me cough, and my eyes were tearing up as if campfire smoke had followed me 360 degrees, no matter where I position my camp chair, which campfire smoke always does.

“Can we open some windows?” I said.

“If you’re that weak,” he said, “go ahead.”

I opened all the windows of Iniquity that were not permanently jammed while his death ray machine continued to pump out fog and his projector filled the air with fluttering caddis. He beamed more and more proudly while I coughed and cried.

I’m not sure I can explain what happened next. I think it began with a far-off siren, but because of the smoke and Schnoz’s humming death ray machine, I can’t be sure. All of a sudden the siren, actually two or three sirens, seemed to converge on his house, two in front and one in back, and then there was a lot of yelling and banging and someone tore through his back door with an ax, and then these hulking guys rushed around in full battle gear, helmets, visors, and suits marked by neon reflective tape. The more I coughed and cried, the noisier and more chaotic it got. One of the aliens began spraying water all around the room. Someone hoisted me up over his shoulder and ran out the back door with me until I hit my head on the door frame and then everything went black.

I woke up after what seemed a day or so later on my back with my head throbbing and some alien who had not been injured by Schnoz’s death ray holding a vial of truth serum or ammonia under my nose while another one held my wrist and counted in muffled English. The truth serum did not mix well with the theatrical fog I had inhaled and I wanted to throw up. Huldy was screaming something incoherent in the background and Schnoz was sitting on the grass next to me, shaking his head and saying, “But, but, I can explain everything.” No one seemed to be listening to him, but Huldy kept screaming, and two or three aliens were trying to calm her down and they almost succeeded, but then she saw the back door with an ax still sticking in it and smoke pouring out of every window, some of which had been broken by more aliens, and water seemed to be dripping everywhere - off the roof over the clogged gutters, out a few of the windows, and and down Huldy’s head and shoulders as she had apparently saved Schnoz’s life by standing in the way of the aliens’ water cannon. She looked like the hairdresser had simply thrown her into a pool and called it a day. A small gurgling rivulet ran out Schnoz’s shattered back door.

Behind Huldy were two of Schnoz’s neighbors with their phones recording everything in HD video to show at their next party.

“You okay, sir?” one of the aliens said to me.

“If you don’t stop trying to revive me with that ammonia, I’m going to throw up all over you,” I said.

His alien partner said to him through his visor in muffled English, “Not very thankful that you saved his life, is he?”

“It wasn’t really a fire,” Schnoz protested to anyone who would listen, but no one did. “It was just fog from a fog machine, the kind theaters use. I was projecting caddis flies, the kind trout eat-”

“Who would pretend to set his own house on fire?” One of the aliens asked.

“Leave him alone,” another alien said, raising his visor to show a good human disguise. “He’s a fly fisherman.”

“Oh,” said his partner. “That explains it.”

Huldy came over and batted Schnoz along the side of his head. “This is going to cost you,” she said. “New furniture, new drapes, probably new appliances, and now I’m going back to the hairdressers to get my hair redone.” Then she stormed off.

“Maybe you’ll need a new TV,” I said with as much consolation as I could muster. “You wanted a new TV.”

Then a boss alien with a different colored helmet and visor came over and announced, “I think we’re done here. Good job, men.” They started to gather their stuff and coil hoses. Two of them pried the ax out of Schnoz’s back door.

I looked over at Schnoz, half expecting him to be sobbing, but he wasn’t. He had a kind of sheepish grin on his face, the same one I’d seen regularly since we were eight and broke a school window.

“I’ll bet the projector and smoke machine still work,” he said. “Let’s set them up outside and see. Maybe that would save the day.”

“That, and a new TV,” I said.

“Yeah, I always wanted a new TV.”

I guess I should take it back. Schnoz doesn’t belong in jail. He belongs out here to entertain the rest of us when nothing is on TV except summer reruns. Just ask his neighbors.

Chapter Officers

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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.