



## **April 2020 President's Message**

Greetings fellow LWTU members,

First and foremost I hope that all of you and your families are doing well. This is certainly not how most of us had envisioned 2020 turning out when we rang in the New Year on January 1st. It's been a very challenging year for all of us with COVID-19 running rampant throughout the US.

Be assured that your LWTU board and I have had to make some agonizing decisions about cancelling our March and April chapter meetings, the April outing and work projects due to this devastating virus. I'm totally indebted to them for their dedication and concern for everyone's safety. Most medical experts are saying that because we've been following the shelter in place rules that we might be showing some signs that we are reaching the apex of the "curve" so let's hope so.

If you still have the itch to get out and go fly fishing, like me, please be careful out there and please don't put yourself in harm's way. Hopefully May will bring more opportunities for us to get together for our picnic and May outing,

Tight lines,  
Bob

## Conservation News - Jerry Sapp

Well there is not much good news in the conservation front this month. There was no rod raffle started in March because the rod blank from Winston has not been delivered. Ordered in January it was to be here by early March and then end of March. Calls to the factory bring recorded messages that have no room for response recording. They are shut down. They have been paid but we have no rod blank to build the rod. In other encouraging news I spoke to Tristan Whitlow at the Illinois DNR about the stream shocking on Fox Bluff. He replied that he was at home and not working in the field. Possibly the shocking could be done in May.

I did speak to Duke Welter and he has some sites identified for stile placement near Viroqua and I want to talk to the people who own the pasture on Blue river road near the new bridge about replacing the downstream stile that was removed by the new fencing around the bridge. These projects are all on hold till we get the stay at home order lifted. The state parks are closed, but the fish were stocked in the White Pines and the Apple River parks. If there is a lifting of the closure I will try and get a fishing day organized quickly and get us out there before the fish are gone or perish in the heat. This may be a time to see what can survive in the Apple River tributaries. If anyone hears anything please let me know.

For now stay at home, tie flies and support Whitetail Fly Tying who will be featured in September's issue of Trout Magazine.

Jerry Sapp  
sapp375@aol.com

### 2020 Fennimore Outing Fennimore, WI May 15th-17th

This area includes the Little Green River, Big Green River, Castle Rock Creek, Blue River, Borah Creek and Platte River. Fennimore is located approximately 1 ½ hours west of Madison, WI on Route 18.

Friday night we are planning on having a group dinner at the Hickory Grove Golf Course.

Saturday, we are planning a group dinner, details to follow.

There are no fly shops in the area so make sure you have what you need prior to arriving. Some guides and books to consider:

- ) Jim Romberg, Fly Fisherman's Lair, 608/822-3005-local guide
- ) Dave Barron, Jacquish Hollow Angler, 608-604-6690 [dbarron@wicw.net](mailto:dbarron@wicw.net)
- ) Jim Bartelt, Spring Creek Specialties, 608-206-5651 [jimbartelt@yahoo.com](mailto:jimbartelt@yahoo.com)
- ) Rich Osthoff - 608/847-5192
- ) No Hatch to Match by Rich Osthoff Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks by Ross Mueller

- J Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-The Angler's Guide by Steve Born Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa by John Motoviloff
- J Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer by DeLorme.

A block of rooms has been reserved at Napps Motel, 645 12th Street, Highway 18 East. This is on the east side of town on the south side of the street, 608-822-3226. **Make your reservation by April 30<sup>th</sup>.**

Another block of rooms has been reserved at Fennimore Hills Motel, 5821 US 18, Fennimore and is located on the west side of Fennimore, 608-822-3281. **Make your reservation by March 30th for a 1<sup>st</sup> floor room or April 30<sup>th</sup> for a 2<sup>nd</sup> floor room.**

Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making their own reservations. **Make sure to let them know that you are with the Lee Wulff Chapter of TU when you make your reservation.** Rooms are difficult to get this time of year as it's prime trout fishing time and Spring turkey hunting season. Don't hesitate as you can always cancel your reservation if your plan should change.

Any questions contact Gordon Rudd, [mchenryflyfisher@gmail.com](mailto:mchenryflyfisher@gmail.com) or 815-245-2425.

## Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

### *Orange Partridge Variations* (Variations)

In 1496 or thereabouts, Dame Juliana Berners, a nun and the Prioress at the Sopwell Nunnery near St. Albans, England wrote one of the earliest known books on fly fishing called: “*A Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle.*”

In Dame Berners' book, a soft hackled fly now known as a *Partridge & Orange* (also as an *Orange Partridge*) was described and is often accepted as one of the first documented soft hackled trout flies known.

The most generally accepted dressing for this fly is the use of a silk thread and a brown-barred partridge hackle, but variations of this dressing can be made and successfully used in trout fishing waters.

Also, in many of the modern books and articles written on tying soft hackled dressings, there's an opinion that the hackle windings should be slim and sparse, sometimes with only a dozen or so hackle barbules showing. But, in reviewing pictures of flies tied in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, the hackles tend to be noticeably longer and heavily wrapped than tiers tend to do today. In the flies shown below, I used 3 hackle turns of the brown-barred feathers from a Hungarian Partridge.

Additionally, there's also a difference in opinion as to what silk is used and whether this dressing should be tied with Pearsall's #6a (Gold) silk thread or Pearsall's #19 (Hot Orange). My personal preference is to use Pearsall's #6a silk for this dressing and to use the #19 silk when tying a *Grouse & Orange* dressing.



<b>Hook:</b>	Daiichi #1550 – Size 12 – 14 wet fly hook
<b>Body:</b>	Pearsall Gossamer 6a – (Gold) Silk
<b>Thorax:</b>	Hare's Ear or Peacock Herl (Optional)
<b>Ribbing:</b>	Gold wire or tinsel (optional)
<b>Hackle:</b>	Brown Partridge Feather (from back of bird)



## ***Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl***

### **First Outing - Part Two - Old Ben Waverly's Pool and King Ben - April 2020**

Glub. Where have zos pesky leettle Brookie fish come from? Invaders when the snow up there is gone. Now they're here. Vot was that? A scud. I love scud. Geschmeckt goot. Those Brookie fish are such pests. Get out of here. Schnell. You, too. Scat. Another scud. I love scud. Kleine though. There was eine moon last night. Good vor eating chubs. Eins chub, eins dace, und eins sculpin are a fest . Too early for hexes at night. I love the hexes. They shmecht like candy. Glub.

There are zwei of the Uglies up there now. They were here before. One has a big schnozzle. The other fidgets. There used to be only one, a different one. Older. Now two. How do creatures breathe without water? It makes no sense. They don't swim. They strut on fat legs. Glub, they're ugly. No fins, no spots. They wave their Schtick.

Ah, here comes a midge. Should I? Ach, you pesky Brookie fish, that was my midge. What? A hook in the midge. I hate hooks. So that's what they're up to, those zwei Uglies. Let them wave their Schtick and try to fool me with a midge. Posh. Glub. Ha ha, another Brookie fish takes a midge. Stupid brookie fish. Eat them all, you greedy little Brookie fish. I'll get chubs with the moon tonight. Glub.

Now there are the black creatures with wings up there. I like the red spot each one has, some lined with yellow. Not as nice as my spots. At least they have some color. Not like the Uglies, all brown. How can the Wingies dart about so fast without fins and without water? Ha, there are many of them. Attack, you Wingies. Go after those two stupid creatures. Dumkopfs. Ha, one falls. Ha, one loses part of its head. It floats. One lands in mud. Get them, Wingies. Ah, a snake. The Uglies kicked a snake into the water. Well, it's too long to eat. I like the smaller ones, the ones after water falls. Worms, that's them, worms. Big brown ones, Little red ones. All good after water falls and the stream rises. There hasn't been any water falling lately. No worms. I'll wait for the dace in the moonlight tonight. The Uglies will be gone by then, along with the Wingies.

This is my pool. Ist goot to be king. Glub.

Another midge. Eat it, stupid Brookie fish. It has a hook. Why do the Uglies put the Brookie fish back in my pool? They are mere pests. The Uglies are so stupid. Another midge. Eat it, stupid Brookie fish. I don't know why the Brookie fish can't tell that the midges today have hooks?

Now vas ist los? The Uglies are standing together, now that the Wingies are gone. Look at them, no spots, no fins, all muddy. Now they are glubbing at each other, but only one has a schtick. Look at the flail. Ha, a fight. I love to watch the big Uglies fight. Lots of noise, but none of it makes sense.

Dumkopfs. Now they are looking my way, but I know they're so blind they can't see midges or me. It's a wonder they can keep from starving or suffocating without water to breathe. They'll leave soon, probably for another season. Maybe there's time for one last insult before they go. Closer. Just a little closer. Now do you see me, you great, stupid Uglies? Here, take this. I so love splashing things. Haha, their faces. They look like turtles, they are so slow and dumb. Ach, there they go, so clumsy walking through the water. They flail and their schtick waves in the air. I hope they both come back next year. They are so ugly and stupid, but they do a goot show and it's goot to laugh at them. I felt their hook once and let it stay to get close and look at them. It didn't hurt. I let them hold me once in their warm fins, not fins, useless things in water. That was the first time I splashed them. It felt goot. They didn't fight that day. The big Uglies are interesting, but I wouldn't want to be one. Is better to be king.

Goot enough. Ist time to chase the Brookie fish away from my favorite lie and take a nap. Tonight will be a big night, a fest night. First the white circle rises with the softest, gentlest glow ever. It shimmers on the water. It's perfect to see the dace. They are small, smaller than the Brookie fish, but they school up, so it's easy to get eine maw full und zey schmecht zehr goot, so fresh and sweet. Den ven Der moon comes, just over the water's edge, the little Schwartze caddis drop back down and lay eggs. Schwartze caddis returning are wonderful. There are so many of them. It's worth it to get near the surface and feast. The Uglies should try them some time. Even the Uglies could catch a few to eat. I like the legs the best. There's nothing to the wings, no taste, no substance.

There's another scud. Ha, I got that one, you stupid Brookie fish. You can have what's left, just stay out of my way or I'll nip your fins and you'll look as beat up and crinkled as the big Uglies.

Ist goot to be king. There was a time when I watched King What's His Name - King Jaws - before me. He got so lazy. Even the stupid Brookie fish got as close as they wanted. I couldn't believe it. Then one morning he was gone, just floated away, leaving the pool to me. Maybe he went on to some bigger pool. I've heard there are some way downstream. Two Rainbows brought it up, but you know Rainbows, you can never believe anything they say. They've even had jumping contests. What kind of stupid fish gets into a jumping contest? I'm glad there haven't been many Rainbows in my pool, just a few that appear out of nowhere, just splash in and then move on in a day or two. You can't trust Rainbows. They're so conceited and flighty. They say stripes are better than spots. And they talk with such an odd accent. "By golly, Mister Brown, ain't this here run big enough for the likes of all of us?" Who talks like that? Even stupid Brookie fish know that spots are better than stripes. They are pests but they show some respect.

Well, one slow inspection around the pool. It's been in zehr goot shape, but I miss that goot snag we used to have near the middle. I've always loved a goot snag. It's cover, and it gives eine Herr something to swim around. Ach, that was a time! The big change time. Dangerous times. Everything came down the river then. Dirty water, rocks. Ach, how many rocks to dodge. Then the tree came down and tore away the snag. Many fish went down with it. Nothing to do but hunker down. Take care. Watch. Stay away from even the leetle rocks. It was a hard time. But now it is goot again. Everything passes. Ach.

Yes, ist goot to be king in your own pool. Eine kleine nap will be perfect to get ready for tonight. I can taste those dace and schwartze caddis already. Ach so... Oh, those big Uglies make me laugh, especially the one with the large schnozzle.

## Chapter Officers

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