



April 2021 President's Message

Well, the Trout Lilies are blooming so it must be time to fish and to install stiles in Wisconsin. We have had some wonderful days fishing at White Pines this year the trout were very large and the stream was stocked with a lot of Palominos to test our skills. Palominos are a West Virginia rainbow mutant that are the color of goldfish. Pretty easy to spot and but hard to catch. We will be placing stiles on Dutch Creek north of Viroqua on April 22 and possibly on the 23rd just before the outing in Viroqua. You can read more about this in Conservation News in the newsletter.

The Viroqua outing officially starts April 23 and ends April 25. Gordon Rudd has some rooms reserved at The Vernon Inn. So, if you call mention Lee Wulff Chapter. Saturday morning, we usually have a buddy system for people that are not familiar with the area. If you need help finding someone to fish with call me at 847 284 4824 and I will arrange a partner for the morning. Volunteer buddies call me also and let me know you are willing to help someone else. The TIC programs in Illinois will no longer be putting Browns in the Kinnikinnick Creek because an endangered mottled Sculpin has been found in the creek. Browns will eat them. TIC Browns will be going into Lake Michigan, but our Brook Trout will still be placed in Fox Bluff, hopefully sometime early in May. Take a walk there soon the wildflowers are quite a sight. The Spring Conservation raffle has started. Look for the email about entering. This is the Conservation Fund raising raffle for the year and we have three great prizes to offer. Top Prize is a great custom rod built on a Winston Super 10, boron blank which is extremely well suited to the Driftless area. It comes with an Orvis Battenkill II Reel and two fly lines one 4 wt. regular and one Euro nymphing line with a Euro nymphing leader attached. Also being offered is a \$250 gift card from the *Driftless Angler* in Viroqua to the second prize winner, and the third-place winner will receive a signed copy of John Gierach's book "Dumb Luck and the Kindness of Strangers". Please feel free to pass this information along in Facebook and Messenger to your non-TU friends, anyone can enter.

P.S. I test casted the rod and it will cast distance and work as a nymphing rod equally well. The wood for the reel seat comes from a beautiful piece of spalted curly oak from my property. I

hope you all will buy some chances to win and support Conservation. The money goes toward stiles and supporting the stream restoration throughout the Driftless area.

This Month's Speaker

"Our speaker this month will be an interview with Duke Welter. We will have an opportunity to ask questions about what is going on in the Driftless Area this summer and learn more about Phosphorus Mitigation. Duke will also be filling us in about the dam removal on the Kinnikinnick in River Falls. So have your questions ready."

April Lee Wulff T U Meeting

Topic: LWTU Meeting

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/87842875904?pwd=WFFSQXA3ckIJNUIYS2d4cXh6MGhPUT09>

Meeting ID: 878 4287 5904

Passcode: 803358

Dial 1 312 626 6799

Conservation News – Mark Reinhardt & Jerry Ward

On April 22nd, just prior to the Spring Viroqua Outing, the Lee Wulff chapter plans to install three stiles on Dutch Creek in La Crosse County, WI. Dutch Creek parallels WI-162 south of Bangor,

The sites for the 3-stiles are:

1. South of the WI-162 bridge over Dutch Creek.
2. At the County **II** bridge over Dutch Creek and
3. At the Schroeder Road bridge off of County II



A 10:00 AM start time is planned to allow for travel time for those driving up that morning. The fastest route is to follow I-90 and take Exit-15 Bangor, WI I62. Lodging can be found at The Vernon Inn in Viroqua, as well as Old Towne Motel, Logan Mill Lodge and Central Express in Westby.

The order of installation is dependent upon this date being convenient for the landowners – both are supportive of the project – and weather conditions.

All volunteers should wear long pants, long sleeve shirts, along with caps or hats and gloves. Six to eight volunteers should be sufficient.

To volunteer, contact:

Mark Reinhardt reinhar66@comcast.net (630) 247-1028

Jerry Sapp sapp375@aol.com (847) 284-4824

Jerry Ward jaydubdub63@gmail.com (847) 867-1533

Additional stile installations for 2021 are being identified Bohemian Valley, Tainter Creek and Norwegian Valley. The exact locations and dates for these projects will be announced in future newsletters.

From Gordon Rudd - 2021 Lee Wulff Outings

Because of COVID 19 there will be no restaurant group meals.

Because we will not have a signup sheet for attendance, please notify Gordon Rudd if your plan on attending any or all of the outings. McHenryFlyFisher@gmail.com 815-245-2425.

Early Spring Outing April 23rd-25th-This is our annual outing to Southwest WI in the Driftless area. Our Chapter will gather at the Vernon Inn in Viroqua, WI. For reservations call 800/501-0664. Let them know you are with the Lee Wulff Chapter of Trout Unlimited as a block of rooms has been reserved. Members are responsible for finding their own roommate, if they want one, and making their own reservations. Also, there's the Old Towne Motel in Westby, no association with the restaurant, Logan Mill Lodge and Central Express in Westby. Only the Vernon Inn has blocked rooms.

Some will be camping at the West Fork Sportsmans Club in Avalanche, WI. You must be a member to camp and the cost for membership is currently \$30 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent the cabin they have. www.westforksportsmansclub.org for more information.

This area includes the famed West Fork of the Kickapoo, Timber Coulee, Bishops Branch, Tainter Creek and Elk Creek to mention only a few. The early WI season is open only to catch and release.

There is a great fly shop in Viroqua called the Driftless Angler owned by Mat Wagner and Geri Meyer, www.driftlessangler.com 608/637-8779. Guide service is available from them as well as from the following guides.

-) Dave Barron, Jacquish Hollow Angler, 608-604-6690 dbarron@wicw.net
-) Jim Bartel, Spring Creek Specialties, 608-206-5651 jimbartelt@yahoo.com
-) Rich Osthoff - 608/847-5192
-) Some books of interest for these outings include; No Hatch to Match by Rich Osthoff
-) Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks by Ross Mueller
-) Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-The Angler's Guide by Steve Born
-) Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa by John Motoviloff
-) Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer by DeLorme.

Viroqua is located approximately 4 ½ hours from the Chicago area and 2 hours northwest of Madison, WI on Route 14. If you have any questions or need additional information contact Gordon Rudd, 815-245-2425 or mchenryflyfisher@gmail.com

Fennimore Outing May 21st-23rd- 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.

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. Their phone number is 608-822-3226. **Rooms are difficult to get this time of year and I must release any vacant rooms by the end of the day, May 14th.**

This area includes the Little Green River, Big Green River, Castle Rock Creek, Blue River, Borah Creek and Platte River.

Friday night we will have a brat cookout at the motel. This will include brats, chips, potato salad and bottled water. BYOB for adult libations. A RSVP **and payment** are required no later than May 8th to Gordon Rudd 1303 Hillside Lane, McHenry, IL 60051. **Cost is \$7 per person paid by May 8th.** Approximate time 7-7:30.

There are no fly shops in the area so make sure you have what you need prior to arriving including your fishing license. Below are some guides and books of interest for the area.

-) Jim Romberg, Fly Fisherman's Lair, 608/822-3005-**local guide**
-) Dave Barron, Jacquish Hollow Angler, 608-604-6690 dbarron@wicw.net
-) Jim Bartel, Spring Creek Specialties, 608-206-5651 jimbartelt@yahoo.com
-) Rich Osthoff - 608/847-5192
-) Some books of interest for these outings include; No Hatch to Match by Rich Osthoff
-) Fly Fishing Midwestern Spring Creeks by Ross Mueller
-) Exploring Wisconsin Trout Streams-The Angler's Guide by Steve Born
-) Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa by John Motoviloff
-) Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer by DeLorme.

Fennimore is located approximately 1 ½ hours west of Madison, WI on Route 18.

Wa Wa Sum, Grayling, MI-June 2nd-6th

This outing is limited to 10 this year. RSVP and payment is on a first come basis.

This is our annual trip to the fly fishing only, catch-and-release section known as the "Holy Water" of the famed AuSable River in Grayling, MI. Wa Wa Sum is located just downstream from the birth place of Trout Unlimited. TU was formed at George Griffith's home, The Barbless Hook, in July of 1959.

Wa Wa Sum is a historic lodge dating back to 1880 and was originally owned by the Stranahan family from Toledo, OH. Michigan State University acquired it in 1982 and uses it primarily as a research center. They rent the lodge to various organizations throughout most of the year and our chapter was grandfathered in in 1983.

ACCOMMODATIONS: The Wa Sum Lodge is a historic log building with a great porch overlooking the Au Sable River. Arrangements are dorm style, so bring your own bedding or sleeping bag, towels, washcloth and soap.

Guide trips are very popular this time of year and if you think this is something you'd like to do, please make your reservation as soon as possible so you're not disappointed.

Your reservation days and full nonrefundable payment is due by May 15th. Make checks payable to Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited c/o Al Faleskin, 301 Harwich Place, Rockton, IL 61072.

Wednesday Arrival time after 4:00-With people arriving at different times, or not at all, everyone is on their own for food.

Thursday-Breakfast-Continental style; coffee, tea, some assorted fruit, toast, cold cereal.
Lunch-Make your own sandwich, water/pop, chips and a snack.

Dinner-Brat cookout similar to what is done at Fennimore. Chips, potato salad, condiments and snack

Friday-Breakfast-Continental style; coffee, tea, some assorted fruit, toast, cold cereal.
Lunch-Make your own sandwich, water, chips and a snack.

Dinner-Hamburgers, chips, condiments, water and a snack.

Saturday-Breakfast-Continental style; coffee, tea, some assorted fruit, toast, cold cereal.
Lunch-Make your own sandwich, water, chips and a snack.

Dinner-Everyone on their own.

Sunday-Breakfast-Continental style; coffee, tea, some assorted fruit, toast
Lunch-Make your own sandwich, water/pop, chips and a snack

If you have any special food requirements, you're responsible for your personal needs.

The cost for this outing is based on the nights you're there and are as follows;

Wednesday-\$45 per person

Thursday-\$65 per person

Friday-\$65 per person

Saturday-\$55 per person

This is a remote location and Grayling is about 8 miles from Wa Wa Sum. There is a community refrigerator with limited space for some ice and items that need to be kept cold.

If you have any questions please contact Gordon Rudd at mchenryflyfisher@gmail.com or 815/245-2425.

The Beginning of the Lee Wulff Chapter of Trout Unlimited

Narrated by Mr. James Davis, Kingsport, TN in a letter to Gordon Rudd

“Let me give you a lesson on the beginnings of Lee Wulff Chapter. The company I worked for (Eastman Kodak's Chemicals Division) transferred me to Chicago in May 1979. After the move I wanted to get involved with trout fishing so I visited the Trout & Grouse shop in Wilmette to try to find trout fishing friends. The owner told me the only chapter of Trout Unlimited that was ever in Chicago was not active. So, I wrote to

headquarters which was in Denver at that time and asked them how I could activate the Elliott Donnelly chapter? They sent a print out of active TU members in the Chicago area with over seven hundred names. From this list I mailed post cards to the list announcing Elliott Donnelly Chapter was open again for business with the first meeting at the Berghoff Restaurant. Around ninety showed up for a meal and program by the owner of Blue Ribbon Fly Shop in West Yellowstone who was touring the east to build business for his guide program. Great program which included a lively casting demo.

After the meeting many volunteered to help reorganize. From this we grew rapidly to over 300 at each meeting. But many in that group asked why we couldn't start chapters in the suburbs, so we organized a group in the south Chicago area and a group in the Carpentersville area which met at the Max McGraw Club. This group became the Lee Wulff chapter and grew rapidly into two-three hundred members. We met for dinner in McGraw's dining room with a program by such speakers as Carl Richards, Rex Harrison (publisher for fishing New Zealand), Gary Borger & son Jason, Len Cordell (who was starting a company to make sinking fly lines) and Lee Wulff himself (who was hired by Miller Brewing Co. to promote their beer. This resulted in him visiting Milwaukee several times each year and he would schedule his visits around the chapter's meeting dates). We also picked up members who belonged to the McGraw club. Mike Ditka and Jim McMann attended one meeting when they were duck hunting at McGraw.

So, I guess you can say the Elliott Donnelly chapter was the source of interest in expanding TU in the Chicago area, but their leaders took no interest toward fathering the chapters at Butler and Carpentersville. In fact, the Lee Wulff chapter organized the first banquet in Chicagoland. It was a great success with Lefty Kreh as speaker. Those were the days of many wonderful members, but remarkably you are the only member of the Lee Wulff chapter I still enjoy contact with.

Let me digress here with the history of Lee Wulff chapter at Wa Wa Sum. Back in about 1983 I attended the TU conclave in Grand Rapids, MI. There I met the president of a chapter somewhere in Michigan. She told me she had just made reservations for her chapter's outing at a lodge owned by Michigan State University. The pictures she had of the lodge motivated me to call and reserve a weekend in June. We had eight members show up the fee for room plus two meals each day prepared by Bear's Restaurant in Grayling was \$30 per person, what a weekend! The next summer I reserved the same June weekend and we immediately got reservations from twenty members which was capacity at Wa Wa Sum. One member who was late calling for a reservation begged to be included if he could bring his own bed. I relented and he slept on a cot in the living room. The reservation for a weekend at Wa Wa Sum soon spread into a full week which eventually include females. The first female was the famous Nancy Rose (who promoted shows featuring rock stars such as the Rolling Stones, Beatles, etc.). She rapidly became the highlight of the outing with her first-hand stories.

Later, she would get our members tickets to concerts which were impossible without her help, and she could fly fish with the best of us. Over the years Nancy brought in maybe twenty female members to the chapter, plus some first-class entertainment at our Christmas Party (but that is another story).

Hope I didn't bore you with this bit of history, maybe I can speak at future meeting with stories about the Lee Wulff's history" January 21, 2021

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

"Half Stone Variant" *North Country Spider*

Within Robert L. Smith's blog called "*The Sliding Stream*", he has an posting titled as "*Trout Fishing on Hill Streams*" (<https://www.theslidingstream.net/richard-clapham/>) and within that posting, an article called "*Three Fly's for Hill Streams.*"

He lists three of his favorite North Country Spiders: "*Lee's Favourite*", "*Ella's Fancy*", and a "*Half Stone Variant*" for fishing the fast flowing waters of the North Country streams.

In the past, I've tied a few of the Jim Leisenring's / Pete Hidy's "*Half Stone Nymph*" as follows:

He lists three of his favorite North Country Spiders: "*Lee's Favourite*", "*Ella's Fancy*", and a "*Half Stone Variant*" for fishing the fast flowing waters of the North Country streams.

In the past, I've tied
HALF STONE NYMPH

HOOK: 13, 14.

SILK: Primrose yellow.

HACKLE: Very short blue dun hen's hackle, 2 turns or 3 turns at the most.

TAIL: None.

RIB: Very fine gold or silver wire.

BODY: Primrose yellow buttonhole twist.

THORAX: Mole's fur dubbed fairly heavily.

.... so, Robert Smith's "*Half Stone Variant*" became a "*must tie*" fly.

If you look at the picture in the above link, you'll see that a thorax should be made using Pine Squirrel Fur. I tied a few with a distinct / separate fur dubbed thorax before I realized that (to me) the picture showed the hackle being wrapped through the thorax area, making a fly that many in the USA would today call a "*Flymph.*"

Here's the dressing for the pictured flies:

North Country Half Stone Variant

Hook – Partridge Capt. Hamilton L2A wet fly hook (size 14)

Thread – Yellow silk

Body – Yellow silk floss

Thorax – a mixture of Pine and Grey squirrel fur

Hackle – Light dun (grey) hen hackle (approx. 5 or 6 turns)



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

The first outing of the year is very unpredictable. We have had snow storms, flooding, high winds, unusual heat, sleet, fog that hovered like cigar smoke filling entire valleys, and absolutely perfect days with light clouds, forsythia and daffodils that sprang up like inspired poems. Often we've seen water that changed from murky winter black to summer gin overnight. We have not experienced glaciers or forest fires - yet. We have pulled up tents and moved them to higher ground. We have gone to bed in trailers parked on flat, dry ground and woken up to trailers sitting in the middle of a we were sure a fish kill had ruined everything and then gone back in the afternoon when the sun warmed the water two degrees and the fish ate everything that drifted at them. It is an exciting time. We don't dare bring it up, but amid the craziness and our own creaking joints and rusty casts, we appreciate the absence of gnats, no-see-ums, black flies, mosquitoes, and ticks. Spring is glorious.

Schnoz and I chose to start at a little-used pull-off on Gorham Creek, and I started by heading downstream to explore some deep pools with wooly buggers and swing soft hackles with small emergers or midges on a dropper. Schnoz waded upstream where there were classic riffles, runs and pools. We stayed in touch using the new radios Huldy had given him for Christmas, but I noticed immediately that he had somehow locked his radio to the "talk" position, and I soon heard long strings

of cursing I cannot quote here, except to say his expletives involved unusual bodily functions, female dogs, the Supreme Being in ways no religious dogma or prayer was involved, family heritage, and various flora and fauna that somehow moved in front of every cast.

"Schnoz, how you doing?" I called over the radio, and he answered, "Fine so far," followed by another string of foul words that told me he still didn't know how to turn his radio off.

As I went downstream, I found one pool below a riffle where fish were apparently still in winter quarters, and after a few slashes at my olive wooly bugger, I switched to an attractive pink squirrel with a midge dropper and began to take fish, mostly ten-inch browns that looked like they were ready to feast on anything that moved. After half an hour of good fishing, I was worried by the continuing string of gutteral (literally "from the gutter") expressions with Medieval etymologies that grew in vehemence, rapidity, and volume. When I heard one expression well enough without the use of the radio that condemned some willow branch to Dante's lowest level of hell, I decided it was time to check on my friend.

I followed the trace of an old path that paralleled the stream, sometimes veering around downed willows, muddy sinks, and clumps of wild rose just beginning to bud. Two bends upstream I came to a rocky gully, followed it back to the stream, and caught my first glimpse of Schnoz about twenty yards upstream. He was wavering precariously in water nearly up to his waist, his wading staff stuck in mud three feet downstream with the lanyard pulling at every twist he made to free himself. His rod was bent almost double and the flyline disappearing into a clump of nettles ten yards upstream on the far bank. As I watched, his last twist to free the staff and fly at the same time did not go well, he lost his balance and went down on one shoulder, surely filling his waders. I heard many more Medieval expressions of disdain, but none of them came over the drowned radio. Having given up on staying dry, he did a kind of side stroke down to his staff and pulled it out of the mud, in the process, breaking off his fly. I saw the fly line and a few feet of leader float down to him. An untethered strike indicator floated by and kept going down toward its eventual home in the Gulf of Mexico, possibly to end its days in the gullet of some curious redfish. Schnoz crawled up on the bank, no longer in any immediate danger, and some god took pity on him and opened up the clouds so a warm sun could shine down on him as he took off his waders and emptied them.

That's when I decided it was time to get out my camera and start taking pictures. What are friends for? First he took off his socks to wring them out, then his wading pants. I didn't know anyone still made red underwear. He put his clothes back on, then his muddy waders and boots, and reeled in to examine the damage done to his leader. My guess is that he had about four feet left. More Medieval expressions followed. He searched the pockets of his vest for another leader or more tippet, but either he had forgotten where they were over the winter, or his short swim had swept them out of his vest to follow the strike indicator to the Gulf of Mexico. He muttered something like "Gotterdamerunk Faust schleppen mit schieste muhlberren." That's not what he said, but that's what it sounded like. He was apparently too preoccupied to notice the electronic clicks of my little waterproof camera.

He looked upstream, sighed a great chest heave, and pulled a fly from one of his boxes, apparently sticking himself on its barbless point, which resulted in repeating the "Gotterdamerunk" sentence, tied it on, but didn't bother to clip the tag end, having apparently lost both his hemostat and nipper. He cast upstream into the same clump of nettles, this time landing the fly line over several branches. I saw his fly, probably a pink squirrel, dangle over the water, and as he yanked on it, the fly alternately rose a few inches over the water, and then dapped into the surface, drifted, and then was yanked out of the water a few more inches. This went on for about a minute.

That's when two red wing black birds started to attack him. He swatted his hat at them, lost his balance again, went down in three feet of water, lost his hat, and yanked on his rod, which danced

the fly in and out of the water. Then it happened. Something that looked like an alligator came up out of the depths, took the fly, and pulled the fly line and one of the branches of the thistle back into the depths. Schnoz shrieked, and the fight was on. I made sure my camera clicked every few seconds as the line zipped back and forth on the pool, then up to the ruffle, then down into the depths again. Schnoz tried to grab his net from his back, but it was hopelessly tangled in the lanyard of his wading staff. I managed to snag his hat as it drifted downstream with a perfect cast, and reeled it in to the tip of my rod - the largest catch of the day for me. Then I turned back to Schnoz, snapping pictures whenever I could see anything. The great fish finally tired, and Schnoz led him to the gravel at his feet. He threw his rod into a mudbank and grabbed the giant brown with both hands, one hand barely going around the fish's tail. It must have been at least two feet long, probably six or seven pounds, even in winter weight. I clicked as many pictures as I could, zooming in to get just his hands and the fish, steadying the camera on my knee because my hands were shaking.

"Grumpy! Grumpy!" I heard him call in great shouts, having given up on his drowned radio.

"I'm right here," I said calmly.

"Look! Look!"

"I see."

"Take a picture!"

"I tried to but my camera is full."

"Maybe we should take him back to camp. No one will believe me."

"If you want," I said.

He hesitated for a moment, admired the great fish, and held it back in the water, so it could revive, gently rubbing its belly and moving it back and forth in the clear run.

"If you're going to take it back to camp, there's no sense reviving it," I said.

With that, he paused for a second, considered, and let the fish go. It splashed him with a flip of a tail the size of a whisk broom before disappearing back into the depths.

"No one will believe me," Schnoz said, "but I'll know. You saw it. No one will believe you because you are my friend, but we'll know."

"Know what?" I said and made my face go blank.

"About the fish."

"What fish?"

That's when he said more guttural words with Medieval origins.

We were the first ones back in camp for lunch with enough time for Schnoz to change clothes, hang up his waders inside-out to dry and put on a new leader. Lunch was leftover bacon sandwiches from

breakfast, good Wisconsin cheese, and some kind of Tex-Mex soup Schnoz had found in a can that probably expired months before, which simply meant it aged.

When the others came back, Schnoz just sat with them and beamed.

"What's wrong with you?" Ghost Mary said to Schnoz. "The only time I've seen you this cheerful is when something terrible happened."

"I caught, no, I landed the fish of the year. A brown. Ten pounds."

That caught me off guard and I spit up my coffee.

"Pictures," Wet Curtis said. "I love you like a brother, Schnoz, but I want pictures."

"Well, that's a problem," Schnoz said. "Grumpy here is inept, you know, the typical incompetent sidekick."

Mary squinted her eyes at Schnoz. "Maybe you caught one and maybe you didn't. Look me right in the eye and tell me the truth."

"I caught a big brown," Schnoz said, defiantly.

"I believe you," Dewey said. He believed anything.

"I want to," Wet Curtis said, "but...."

While Schnoz told the whole story, including embellishments like an attack by a flock of birds, two angry geese, a duck, a snake wrapped around his legs, and a brown so big it pulled him into the water, I got out my camera and called up the pictures. I thought for a moment and then deleted the first five, including the red underwear. I had four pictures of the trout coming toward the gravel, and three pictures of Schnoz holding it. It almost looked ten pounds big.

"Here," I said to Curtis and handed him the camera.

He flipped through the pictures, said some words with Medieval origins but without the emphasis Schnoz put on them, and then passed the camera around.

"I landed Moby," Schnoz said. "I'm naming him Moby. I think I'll just stay in camp this afternoon and savor the

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