



DECEMBER 2020 President's Message

I hope you and your families are all safe and healthy as this pandemic continues to rage. Please wear those masks and encourage others to wear them too.

Unfortunately, meeting on Zoom as the chapter has been doing this year is certainly not at all like meeting in person. We are all missing the camaraderie. However, there are some things to be happy about. Emily Chambers from Belvedere North High School is raising 2400 Brook Trout eggs for our Trout in the Classroom project and the eggs have begun to hatch. Emily has posted on U Tube where you can see the tank and the hatchlings. If all goes well, there will be a lot of trout to stock our ponds at Fox Bluff Forest Preserve. Check it out at:

https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC44qqWj_uqeEUQqnPAaZ_HA/videos. And a big congratulation goes to Emily who has been awarded, Teacher of the Year, for her conservation work by the VFW Post 12014 where several of our members belong.

This month the Lee Wulff Chapter would traditionally be having its Christmas party and annual fund raiser. But due to the virus it has been cancelled. However, with the help of TU's endorsed affiliate, the chapter will be having a web auction and raffle instead. Jonathan Culli, one of our members, has volunteered to lead us on this important venture. It is scheduled for later this winter where you will be able to bid on some really great items. One of the raffle prizes will be a 4 wt. 10-foot boron III Winston blank custom fly rod. Watch for chapter email notices for more details.

The speaker this month, sorry to say is me. I have assembled a program with annotated maps showing where the stiles we have put in over the last 4 years are located. The stile crews have learned some new fishing spots. It is now time to share these easy access points and good fishing with all of you. The presentation will also include the best time of year to fish, the types of landscape i.e., pasture, wooded, easy or hard walking etc. you will encounter at each spot. I'll also make some suggestions on the best flies to use. I also will throw in a few good

spots to fish nearby that you may not know about. So, get out your Delorme Gazetteers or your Sportsman's Southern Wisconsin Atlas and Field Guide to make notes in and follow along.

The power point presentation will be pasted on our web page so it will be there for reference any time. I also will be calling on Mark Reinhart, our co-conservation chair, for additional comments about the areas and stiles. Mark has participated in every stile installation the chapter has completed. Additional information will be added to the website as new stiles are installed.

Merry Christmas and a safe and healthy New Year
Jerry Sapp

December Lee Wulff T U Meeting

Dec 17, 2020 6:30 PM

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82383109291?pwd=aEdvVVVxSC9ucTRRejEyVGVNYjQ3UT09>

Meeting ID: 823 8310 9291

Passcode: 088706

DIAL 1 312 626 6799

This is Jerry's file of his presentation so people can open it prior to the meeting and print maps to make notes.

[Lee Wulff TU Stile Presentation](#)

Outings Organizer

We are in need of a new individual to organize our chapter outings. After 30+ years of running outings Gordon Rudd has announced that next year will be his last.

If you're interested you could work with him next year and see exactly what's involved. It's well organized and he has all of the contact information available.

You can contact him at 815-245-2425 or mchenryflyfisher@gmail.com.

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

*T. E. Pritt's
No. 61 – Black Gnat*

I've been on a kick lately to tie more North Country Spiders based on the information stated in either T. E. Pritt's book "*Yorkshire Trout Flies / North Country Flies*" or Edmonds' & Lee's book "*Brook & River Trouting*."

In going through the 62 dressings shown in Pritt's book, I noticed a dressing that is so easy that even Grumpy or Schnoz could tie (hopefully, if they were sober).

The dressing is quite simple and uses only two materials – black thread and black ostrich herl.

Although Pritt's dressing doesn't mention it, when I wrapped the thread down the hook shank, I left a 6" – 8" tag of thread to use as a ribbing to make the delicate ostrich herl a little more durable.



Hook – Daiichi #1550 size 16 or 18 wet fly hook

Thread – Danville 6/0 black thread

Body – Black ostrich herl

Hackle – None

Here's the original dressing and description from Pritt's book:

No. 61. BLACK GNAT.

Hook O. Short.

WINGS. None.

BODY. A little black Ostrich herl.

The diminutive size of the natural insect and the consequent difficulty in imitating it is probably only one reason why anglers universally lament their inability to catch trout whilst the black gnat is on. As a matter of fact you may try trout with anything you like but they will rarely be diverted from the natural fly. The specimen here given will kill as well as any other imitation and it is quite big enough and sufficiently like a hackle imitation of the fly, without any attempt to add the wings.



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

It was a brilliant idea. After most of the summer fishing had been ruined by floods and the spreading pandemic, and then after suffering the ultimate disappointment when our chapter Christmas party was canceled, we needed something. Even though most of the raffle prizes usually went to Billy Bob and Fat Henry, who bought hundreds of tickets at the party, leaving the rest of us to win a packet of foam indicators that were no longer sticky or boxes of donated tarpon hooks, we needed to get together somehow, to share laughs, spread good cheer, and celebrate in a way that would raise our spirits while keeping us all safe. I had just learned how to do a Google Meet, so I invited all the usual suspects to a meeting to introduce my Christmas party alternative, something sure to raise our spirits and make us look forward to the days when we could fish together again.

"Here's my idea," I said when everyone had checked in on their computers.

"I hate technology," Schnoz said. "If it weren't for Huldy setting this up, I wouldn't even be here."

"Is this going to be a phishing expedition?" Wet Curtis joked.

"Is it a pipe dream?" asked Roy the Plumber.

"I can't see anybody," Ghost Mary said.

"Turn your camera on," Wet Curtis said.

"Okay," said Ghost Mary. "There you are. Wow, all you guys look old on camera. You should put some makeup on."

That silenced everyone for a full ten seconds, then Roy asked, "Grumpy, was this idea yours or Schnoz's?"

"Mine," I said.

"I'm in," said Dewey.

"Me, too," said Wet Curtis.

"But you haven't even heard it yet," I protested.

"It doesn't matter," said Ghost Mary. "If the idea didn't come from Schnoz and is intended to make up for this rotten fishing year, count me in too."

"Hey, I'm offended," said Schnoz. "I come up with good ideas sometimes."

"Be honest," Wet Curtis said, which was fitting because he was the most honest of all of us. "Your good ideas usually involve the police, the fire department, one or more tow trucks, bail money, tetanus shots, mud, Ipecac, or temporary disorientation. Some involve more than one of the above."

"That's not -" Schnoz said.

"Just tell us about it," Ghost Mary said. "We're all willing."

"Okay," I said. "Saturday morning we all meet at the Donut Shop parking lot at 9:00 AM. I will have a dozen donuts and six large coffees on the hood of my car for each of you to choose from, one at a time to be safe."

"I like it so far," Schnoz said.

"Then we will each draw from a hat. In the hat will be the directions each of us will contribute to his or her favorite secret fishing spot. If you draw your own paper, you pick again. To be fair and even out the travel time, the directions should include six steps, and have a description of the site to be sure anyone could find the right place. Allowing for time to get out and find the access, look over the stream, and mark it on his GPS or phone, we should all meet back at the donut shop around noon. All the spots should be written down anonymously. What will happen next spring is that you have shared one favorite spot, but because we all fish with different partners, you'll gain five really good fishing places."

"Okay," Wet Curtis said, "but I recommend that we each drive out to our secret spot before Saturday and write down the directions carefully because we can't always trust our memories. I would also appreciate a risk factor written down to address the problem of slippery rocks, mud banks, or fast water that would cause-"

"Agreed," I said.

"Nine AM on Saturday," Schnoz said. "The Donut Shop parking lot."

"Agreed," said the others four times.

It was one of the most brilliant plans I ever had, and boded well for a good season. It would build closer bonds for all of us through sharing something we cared about. It would give us all something to look forward to when the season opened, some spark of hope, some appreciation of our fellow anglers, and it would remind us the best gift isn't really a thing like foam strike indicators, it's trust and connection to other people.

On Saturday morning I was so excited, I got up before my alarm woke Annie. Waking your wife with an alarm on a Saturday morning is not a good thing. Because it was just below freezing in mid December and I would be in the parking lot the longest, I put on long underwear, a winter coat, knit hat and gloves before driving to the donut shop. I got a dozen donuts, making sure to get at least one that everyone liked, and a six coffees, black for Wet Curtis, Roy the Plumber, and Dewey, lots of cream for me and Ghost Mary, and one of Schnoz's concoctions with cream, honey and four teaspoons of sugar. It would keep him buzzed the entire morning, which is not always a good thing.

Everyone was on time, enjoyed the coffee and donuts, laughed until we began to shiver, and put the directions to a favorite secret spot in an old felt hat I brought. We drew in turns and everyone said the directions made sense, though no one recognized where any favorite secret spot ended up.

"Okay, men and women, start your engines," I said. "Don't try to read the directions and drive at the same time. It's not a race."

They agreed and we set off in six different directions. Mine looked easy, head ten miles out of town on Mineral Point Road, turn right on Sterrit Road and cross Sterrit's Creek until I got to a red barn with a big hole in the roof, turn left on Painted Trail Road and go 11.3 miles to Widner Valley Road, turn right, go over two hills past an abandoned stone house, which somehow looked familiar, go slow around a sharp curve, down a long hill, and there would be an unnamed dirt road with a pull-off and a DNR access sign at the bottom of the hill to an unnamed stream. Chance of falling in: 3. I had no idea what that meant. I thought Ghost Mary had written my directions, which made me feel good because she was really good at picking streams. I was laughing when I got to the pull off and saw a car parked there. I pulled up behind it and got out, just as Dewey came over a berm from the stream and waved.

"I love this spot," he said. "Upstream is a riffle that becomes a quick run, then a slower pool, then another riffle, a run full of boulders, and another pool."

"Is this the one you wrote down in your directions too?" I said.

"Yes. You?"

"Yes, although I've never known the name of it."

That was when Roy the Plumber came down the hill in his old rusty Suburban, and Wet Curtis drove around the bend from the other direction, followed by Ghost Mary in her SUV. They all pulled off at the side of the dirt road and started laughing.

"Where's Schnoz?" I asked. "Is he the only one who got a different secret spot?"

That was when we heard his old clunker come down the hill with screeching brakes. He was going very slowly since he was being tailed by a police car, its lights flashing in multi-colored drastic alarm.

"What the hell?" Schnoz said as he got out.

"Hi, Jake," we all said to the officer, who got out of his police car behind Schnoz.

"Busted," Officer Jake said. "I knew there'd be trouble when I saw Schnoz driving out of town, but I didn't think there'd be a drug deal going on."

"It's worse than that," I said. "It's a gathering of fly fishers exploring a secret stream."

"You're not buying drugs from each other?" Jake said.

"I have some cough drops," Wet Curtis said. "Does that count?"

"I have some aspirin in my purse," Ghost Mary said. "Do you have a headache, Officer Jake?"

Jake looked at us in disgust. "You're the worst mess of druggies I've ever seen. Whoever heard of anybody dealing in cough drops and aspirin?"

"I saw some trash down there by the stream," Dewey said. "One big pile is better than six little piles, so rather than bring that one up, we could throw ours down. Would that count?"

Officer Jake shook his head, got back in his patrol car, turned off the flashing lights, and drove off. We all just looked at each other. It's disappointing when even the local law enforcement is disgusted with you.

"Anybody know the name of this stream?" I asked.

"Magic Creek," Mary said. "At least that's what I call it."

"That's not it," Dewey said. "The closest road is Widner Road, so it has to be Widner Creek."

"That's not listed on any map," Wet Curtis said, having gotten out of his car with a well-thumbed DeLorean atlas. "I don't see that name on the map."

"I know," Schnoz said. "Let's take the first letters of each of our names, M G R S C D and name it Major Scud Creek."

We looked at each other for a long time, but only Wet Curtis was honest enough to say, "That's a terrible idea. What the hell is a Major Scud? Even Grandma's Cud is better and that would still be a terrible name."

"We all thought it was a secret," Ghost Mary said. "Why don't we leave it at that. Secret Creek. It's on No Name dirt road."

"I like it," I said.

Just then a white DNR truck came over the hill and stopped next to us. A window rolled down and a game warden looked suspiciously at us from under his wide-brimmed Smoky Bear hat.

"Whatcha- all doin'?" he said.

"Nuthin," Dewey answered.

"Schnoz, is that you?" said the game warden.

"The game warden knows your name?" I asked Schnoz.

"Nothing bad," the game warden said. "We all just sort of keep an eye on him. You know, we don't want any fires or anything."

We understood.

"We thought we were giving each other directions to a great secret spot," I said, "but everybody had the same place in mind. We're just scouting."

"It's a great place to fish," the warden said. "When the season opens."

"Does this creek have a name?" Wet Curtis asked.

The game warden thought for a moment and then said, "Well, yes, it does. But that's a secret." Then his window rolled up and he drove off. We could hear him laughing. That was how game wardens joked, we figured.

"Well, at least no one got arrested or injured," Ghost Mary said.

"Exactly," Schnoz said. "See you all back at the coffee shop. I'm buying. Huldy gave me bail money so it's sort of free."

I still think my idea was brilliant, even if it turned into a warden's joke. Besides, coffee and a second donut make up for almost any disappointment.



**Last: From Bob Olach..It's not a "Wishing Tree"
but a "Fishing Tree"**

May all your fishing wishes come true!

MERRY CHRISTMAS !!



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