



January 2022 President's Message

Happy New Year to everyone! We are continuing with Zoom meetings for now due to the virus. I know from firsthand experience that triple vaccination, being careful, and mask wearing is not always protection enough to stop the virus. It was a mild case thanks to vaccinations.

The fly-tying group will also be Zoom only also starting January 18 at 7:00 PM. and meeting every Tuesday through March. All are welcome to join on Zoom. Please send me your email if you wish to join in and I will respond with the information you need. Sapp375@aol.com

We had a loss of Brook trout eggs in the Belvidere classroom over the holidays. A student removing dead eggs forgot to turn the air bubbler back on and the eggs suffocated. Our other two classrooms are doing fine.

I hope some of you are thinking about the exchange trip with the West Denver chapter in Colorado. Next month I hope that we can have a speaker from Colorado talk about the fishing there. Ralph Lessor has arranged for lodging at the Logan Mill Lodge in Westby for our segment of the exchange. That outing is May 19-22, 2022. We could use a few more volunteers to act as fishing hosts to our Colorado guests. Please let Ralph know if you are interested. r_lessor@msn.com

Our guest speaker this month is Augustus Knickmeyer from Saint Louis Missouri he will be speaking to us about Trout and smallmouth fishing opportunities in the area near St. Louis. Augustus runs a guide service, *Missouri Fly Life Guide Co.* and can be contacted at his web site.

missouriflylifeguideco.com I am looking forward to learning about another opportunity to fish for trout and smallmouth.

Please get vaccinated and wear your masks so we can meet in person.

Jerry Sapp

Lee Wulff TU Meeting

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82298939724?pwd=SEVteWFwMHlmMlhlN2VEeTBPM0VGUT09>

Meeting ID: 822 9893 9724

Passcode: 170737

Dial 1 312 626 6799

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Join the audio by calling in or using the computer audio

Do not use both a phone and the computer audio. Doing that will create feedback distortion

The Spring Outing calendar for LWTU for 2022 has been tentatively set as follows:

Early Spring Outing (Fennimore, WI) April 28-May 1

The year's first outing will be to the Fennimore area, with fishing available on the Little Green River, Big Green River, Castle Rock Creek, Blue River and a variety of other tributaries and creeks. Details on reservations and activities will follow early in 2022.

Spring Outing/Colorado Chapter Exchange (Viroqua/Westby, WI, May 19-22)

Our spring trip to the Viroqua/Westby area (May 19-22) will include a new wrinkle; we will be joined by some anglers from the Colorado West Denver TU chapter that our former LWTU President, Bob Becker, has joined. We envision this as an exchange program, with a reciprocal visit to Colorado for interested LWTU members, to be scheduled sometime during mid to late July (after the spring runoff has ended).

We're looking for individual LWTU members who will volunteer to guide visiting anglers on Driftless area waters around Viroqua/Westby on a 1:1 or 1:2 basis, on one or more days of the

outing. If interested please contact Ralph Lessor (new LWTU Outings Coordinator, email (r_lessor@msn.com) by the end of this year. Volunteer guides for this outing would have preference for inclusion in the reciprocal outing to Colorado, with members of the West Denver chapter acting as guides to their local waters, if that outing ends up with space limitations. If you're interested in fishing in Colorado with the group, whether you will be able to guide anglers in May or not, please let Ralph know.

Accommodations for this outing will likely be at the Logan Mill Lodge in Westby, which offers better opportunities for socialization and exchange of fish stories than the Vernon Inn, but to reserve these rooms we will need a preliminary headcount, so if you're interested let us know ASAP.

Late Spring Outing (Wa-Wa-Sum replacement, late June)

Due to declining attendance by LWTU members and decreased fishing quality, the Board has decided not to renew our window at Wa-Wa-Sum in Michigan, to allow other groups that can more fully utilize the facility a chance to experience it. Instead, we will likely organize a second outing to the Viroqua/Westby area if there is sufficient interest. Details to follow early in 2022.

Colorado Exchange Outing (July)

Details will follow once we've worked them out with the Colorado chapter

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

“Three Pheasant Tail”

Soft Hackle

Approx. 15 or so years ago, a German fellow who posted on “*The Classic Rod Forum*” sent me an e-mail with a picture of a soft hackled nymph dressed with a pheasant tail body; gold wire ribbing; a Hungarian partridge hackle and a gold bead that was placed **BEHIND** the partridge hackle.

All the gold beaded nymphs I had seen previously had the bead situated right behind the hook eye, at the front of the dressing or hackle.

I tied a few of this new fly and took them to the Driftless Area waters and immediately caught quite a few trout. For many years, my (and a couple fishing Amigos’) go-to soft

hackled nymph was this fly that I called a “*Bead Head Pheasant Tail Soft Hackled Nymph.*”

For many years, when I got streamside, I immediately tied a Crackleback to the end of my leader / tippet, added a couple feet of new tippet attached to the Crackleback’s hook bend and tied this soft hackled nymph to the end of the added tippet.

Gradually, I started tying other pheasant tail and partridge hackled flies using peacock herl, various colored dubbings in the thorax area while omitting the gold bead in the thorax. Many of these modified dressings worked well for me and, to this day, I still fish MANY soft hackles and nymphs with pheasant tailed bodies.

Here’s a picture of three pheasant tail and partridge dressings using a bead, peacock herl or a bright colored dubbing between the fly’s body and the partridge hackle.

Bead Head Pheasant Tail Soft Hackled Nymph; Peacock Herl Thorax PT Soft Hackle; and Hot Spot Pheasant Tail Soft Hackle

HOOK: 10 – 16.

BEAD: - sized according to the hook used.

THREAD: - Danville 6/0 Orange (you can also use different colored threads, if desired)

BODY: - Rooster Pheasant Tail (4 – 6 pieces depending on hook size).

TAIL: - Rooster Pheasant Tail, same as the body.

RIB: - Small or X-tra Small gold wire depending on hook size

THORAX: - Gold bead; peacock herl or a bright nymph / wet fly colored dubbing.

HACKLE: - 3 turns of Partridge





Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

When Schnoz and I were in fourth grade, a young teacher named Dorothy Kindheart (not her real name) came to our school to reform us. She had learned new ways of teaching, and was as enthusiastic as a newly-adopted puppy. She suffered from the misfortune of being very pretty, which meant that all the boys adored her and all the girls, who were much better students than the boys, hated her. On one of the first days of school, she planned to teach us a practical lesson in math by showing us an enormous watermelon, and telling us we were going to learn about volume, weight, circumference, and geometric shapes. After the lesson, she promised we could all eat watermelon. She placed the watermelon on a large table behind her, and while she started to explain volume measurements, the watermelon began a slow roll. It felt like that watermelon rolled for a minute and a half while we watched and she talked, but it only rolled about two feet. Finally, one of the boys called out, "Miss Kind-" but it was too late and the watermelon went over the edge, fell to the floor, and smashed into juicy mess of red pulp, green rind, black seeds, and watermelon stew, thus ending the shortest math lesson in grade school history.

That feeling of slow-motion doom is the same feeling I get every time Schnoz calls and says, "Hey, Grumpy I have a great idea."

This time his idea was a party on his heated patio (alarm, alarm, - fire hazard) in which the usual Trout Unlimited Disaster Chapter suspects would each bring a fly fishing white elephant, the most useless piece of gear, to trade or steal in a round robin of hilarious mirth and good cheer.

"Um, okay," I said stupidly.

On the night of the party, we assembled and wondered whether we were about to experience a calamity, a tragedy, or a fiasco. Ghost Mary had sensibly brought a large first aid kit, along with her wrapped white elephant. I saw that Schnoz had installed four large electric heaters at the corners of his patio, each mounted on a tripod and aimed toward the center in what looked like a ray gun focus. I checked the electric meter attached to the side of his house and saw that the round plate inside was spinning like an old vinyl 78 LP record. I called up the speed dial list on my phone just to be ready.

"Since I'm the host, I get to go first," Schnoz said, holding up a green box about as long as a toothbrush but obviously much heavier. "In this box is one of the wonders of fishing engineering, a tool to end all tools. It is a spring-loaded knot tying tool, a hook

disgorger, a bottle and can opener, a tippet snipper, a knot needle, a hook sharpener, a pencil sharpener, a magnet for picking up dropped flies, a needle and hook threader, a toothpick, and a plumb bob you can attach to your line to find the depth of a pool before you step in over your head.”

“I could use that last thing,” Wet Curtis said, “So I’ll trade you.” He handed Schnoz a flat box and took Schnoz’s tool.

“Geez, this is heavy,” Curtis said. “If I clipped this to my vest and slipped, I’d be better off with an anchor around my neck.”

“Weight is all relative,” Schnoz said. “With that tool, you’re less likely to be swept away.” Schnoz opened the box and took out a small pamphlet. “What is this?” he asked.

“It’s a map of known Wisconsin trout streams in 1939. That’s so long ago, it qualifies as a white elephant. I got it in an antique store.”

“Wait a second,” I said. “Let me look at that.” I took it from Schnoz and scanned the names of some of the streams. “Butler’s Spring, Johnstown Shut In, Plato Creek, and Colonel Parker’s Coulee. Anybody heard of any of these streams?”

Their blank faces told me they hadn’t. “I want that map,” I said. “I’ll trade you.”

“Are you crazy?” Wet Curtis said. “It’s from 1939.”

“Exactly,” I said. “Everybody knows about all the same streams from the DNR’s latest map, but nobody, not even the DNR, knows about these streams, and they may not have been fished for 75 years. Can you imagine the lunkers that could be in them? Even if only one is fishable, it’s worth it.”

“What will you trade me?” Schnoz said.

“Here,” I said, giving him my package before he changed his mind.

He opened my white elephant and unfurled the three foot flyline.

“What is this?” Schnoz asked.

“It’s called a lead head. It’s a short double loop connector you put between your leader and your tippet. It’s a 500 grain lead core inside a plastic fly line and will sink your leader like a one ounce pyramid sinker, about ten feet per second.”

“But Grumpy,” Ghost Mary said, “the spring creeks we fish are almost never more than five or six feet deep, even in pools.”

“Heh, heh, heh,” I said. “White elephant.”

“That’s cheating,” Schnoz said. “I want my 1939 maps back.”

“Wait a second,” Roy the Plumber said, “I’ll trade you for that lead head leader.”

“Roy?” Schnoz said. “But why?”

“Because of math. Look, you fuzz brained plebs, if I cut up that three-foot leader into ten pieces, I can tie a piece through a tippet ring, and each three-inch piece would only sink my leader about a foot, and then I could get snagged a dozen times before I’d run out of lead to drown my nymphs. And if only the tippet snagged, it would break off at the tippet ring and I’d still have my lead tied on. It’s perfect.” Roy took the lead leader and handed Schnoz his package, although Schnoz took it rather doubtfully.

Schnoz opened the package Roy gave him and found a small disk that looked like a spring-loaded zinger with a loop of velcro attached.

“What is this?” Schnoz asked Roy.

“It’s a tape measure that you attach with the velcro to your landing net, and then if you catch a fish, you can measure it right in the net to see how long it is.”

“That’s a terrible thing to give to Schnoz,” I said. “Every fish he catches is eight inches long or less. When he gets back to camp, how can he tell us he caught six fourteen-inchers if he’s actually measured them?”

“Hey,” Schnoz objected.

“Don’t blame me,” Roy said. “I never used it. It doesn’t work unless you land a fish in your net. If I catch any it’s usually a skippy that flies straight past me when I set the hook and after it wraps around a branch four times, I can see it’s a fingerling of five inches. There’s no way to measure it with that white elephant tape attached to my net.”

“You have a point,” I said.

“I’ll trade you for it,” Dewey said.

“Gladly,” Schnoz said and handed it to him. “I knew you’d like to be able to tell us exactly how long the fish are that you catch.”

“Not really,” Dewey said. “My grandson was playing with the tools in my toolbox and tied up his sister with my tape measure, which made it - uh- kinked, so now I need a tape measure, and here’s one that just fell into my possession. It’s destiny.”

Schnoz looked at the badly-wrapped package Dewey gave him and opened it to find a pink loop of some stretchy material that could have been an athletic bandage in a former life.

“What is this?” Schnoz asked.

“It’s a neck gaiter,” Dewey said. “You put it over your head to keep your neck warm and it keeps you from getting a neck sunburn and it’s pink to support women’s equality.”

“Women’s equality,” Schnoz said. “Haven’t you met Huldy? The day I get to be equal in her eyes is the day she gets drunk, falls down a stairs, and suffers an amnesia attack. I can’t wear this.”

“Of course not,” Ghost Mary said. “You look terrible in pink. I want it, and I can wear it with pride. Here, trade me,” and she took the gaiter, put it on to prove it looked pretty good on her, and gave Schnoz another package.

He breathed a deep sigh of frustration and opened the package to find a kind of diary with an embossed fish on the cover and a locked clasp holding it shut.

“It’s a fishing diary,” Mary said. “You write notes in it for every day fishing, you know, what you caught and what worked on that day, hatches, weather conditions, and anything else that would document your outing.”

“But Schnoz wants to forget what happened on most days,” I said. “That’s how he keeps a willingness to go out again in a week. Actually, I want that journal.”

I snatched it from Schnoz, opened the clasp, found that a nice pen was included in a loop inside, and turned to the first page.

“May 12, 2007,” I narrated as I wrote. “Schnoz and I went to Sterrit’s run and he got skunked while I caught four sixteen-inchers, all browns caught on a size 16 Adams, totaling about eight pounds of fish.”

“That’s not true,” Schnoz said. “You can’t write that.”

“I just did and years from now when my grandkids find this completed journal in my personal effects, they’ll believe I was a legendary fisherman who took a poor, hapless buddy along every time because I was a nice guy. This journal is gold.”

I gave my 1939 pamphlet of trout streams to Calamity John who had been quiet because he always expected the worst, and he passed his neatly wrapped package to Schnoz. Schnoz unwrapped the box and looked quizzically at a spray bottle with a propeller attached.

“What is this?”

“It’s a personal cooling device for a hot summer day,” Calamity John said. “It’s full of water and has a little motor you turn on, and you aim it at your face or your neck if it doesn’t have a pink gaiter around it, and the propeller is supposed to turn the spray into a cooling mist. The only thing is, I tried it and it doesn’t work.”

That’s when the watermelon I mentioned fell off the table. Actually, Schnoz aimed the sprayer at me and let fly, but I ducked and a wicked stream of water flew past me and landed in one of the electric heaters he had set up just under the eaves of his house, which sputtered, sizzled, flared enough to set his eaves on fire, and then blew out all the electricity in his house, including the other three heaters. At that exact moment, I heard Huldý call from inside the house, “He’s on the back patio!” All of us pulled out our phones and speed-dialed the fire department but we all got busy signals. Ten seconds later, two firemen came around the corner, aimed their fire extinguishers at the smoldering corner, and said, “You’re lucky we were parked out front.”

“Wha?” Schnoz said.

“Your wife called us when she saw you plugging in four patio heaters, so we came right over. What started the fire?”

“That sprayer in his hand,” Roy the Plumber said. “It’s just filled with water, but he shouldn’t shoot it into a patio heater.”

“Give it to me,” the fireman said, and Schnoz handed over his white elephant. The rest of us were rather satisfied, but Schnoz grumbled at not having a white elephant as a prize.

“You can have my pink neck gater,” Ghost Mary said in a semi-kindly way, which made the rest of us chuckle. If Schnoz hadn’t given up his sprayer, he would have turned it on Mary.

“Thursday, January 4, 2022,” I wrote in my journal and narrated. “It was a decent January thaw so we all met on Schnoz’s patio to exchange gifts, and Schnoz set his house on fire again, but we were saved by the timely arrival of the fire department who-

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“Give me that sprayer,” Schnoz ordered, but the firemen had already left.

“It’ll you what,” Calamity John said to Schnoz, “I’ll make a copy of of the 1936 stream map and give it to you.”

“I’ll give you a couple of the three-inch pieces of my lead leader,” Roy said.

“I’ll never show you what I write in my fisher’s journal,” I said. “That’s the best I can do.”

“Thank you,” Schnoz said to us.

“And you can borrow my pink-” Mary said.

“Nevermind,” Schnoz said. “I’m happy.”

Flyfishers are nice people - eventually.

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