



## March President's Message

Fellow members,

Although it doesn't feel like Spring right now it's only 12 days away so it's time to put the books away, tie those last favorite flies and get back out on the stream and enjoy the outdoors again.

If you haven't been out there yet, a visit to Fox Bluff is well worth the drive. Our recent work project went very well last week clearing brush and building a limestone bridge below the last pond. And yes...there are holdover fish from last year's Trout in the Classroom release. And they are BIG. Our next release will be May 7th with a May 8th backup date in case of severe weather.

If you haven't done so yet, please sign up for the many chapter outings planned for this coming season. See Gordon at the meeting next week for more information. If you're new to fly fishing these are great opportunities to meet other members and possibly learn a few things along the way.

Our speaker next week is Jason Randall author, adventurer and fly fishing guru. Jason is a member of our chapter and resides with his wife Jo in Woodstock, IL. He is going to talk about Czech style nymphing and might even give us some insight into his experiences fishing with the masters like Lefty Kreh, Joe Humphreys, Bob Clouser, Gary Borger and others. Don't miss it!

Tight lines,  
Bob

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 [yvescharron@aol.com](mailto:yvescharron@aol.com) (847-596-0231) by Tuesday February 13th so we know how many pizzas to preorder.

## **Our February Speaker – Jason Randall**



Jason Randall has been an outdoor writer for the last twelve years with feature articles appearing regularly in American Angler, as well as Fly Fisherman, Eastern Fly Fishing, Northwest Fly Fishing and many other outdoor magazines. He is a veterinarian certified

in fish health and medicine. He is also a member of the World Aquatic Veterinary Medical Association and the Society for Freshwater Science  
Jason, a member of our Lee Wulff Chapter, will be speaking about his newest book, “Nymph Masters: Fly Fishing Secrets From Expert Anglers”. He will also talk about Czech style nymphing.

## **Conservation Update – Jerry Sapp**

The chapter has completed two days of work at Fox Bluff so far this year. The lower pond needed the outflow stabilized with large rocks. This was done with some limestone that MCCD hauled to the site for us. Placement of these rocks raised the water level about 5 inches as planned. We also cleared brush around the far side of that pond giving it a nicer appearance. While clearing leaf debris from the bottom of the second pond with a rake Yves Charron caught the first Brookie with the rake. It was about 6 inches long and beautifully marked. It was released unharmed, our first catch and release. The other area of our work was clearing the bench like area above the ponds and around the large oak tree there. This is a great spot to sit, relax and view the ponds. Lots of debris were removed and multiple buckthorns were cut down to expose the large retentive boulders placed along the hillside. This created a huge brush pile that will be burned by McHenry County at a later time. We will follow up through the year looking for areas that need our attention but for now, we have no other work days planned.

Thanks to all that came out and worked so hard. If you get a chance come out and see the wildflowers of spring that will begin blooming next month around the ponds and look for the fish they are very healthy and are easily spotted if you are still.

Our annual conservation raffle begins later this month we have lots of prizes this year including a custom 4piece 4wt. rod that is a really unique item. The specifics are:

Blank: St Croix 8 ft. 6-inch rod; medium action; perfectly suited for short casts in the Driftless

Grip: Custom made specifically for this rod, materials are burnt and natural cork to accent guide wrap and blank color

Struble nickel silver reel seat (very high quality)

Wood insert: spalted curly oak, custom turned by Eric Heckman of Corens Rod and Reel, to fit this rod; positioned on the rod so that the fisherman is looking at the darker, natural color of the wood that best accents the color of the blank

Hopkins holloway lightweight, snake guides

Fuji alconite stripper guide

The reel seat and guides were selected by Eric Heckman, of Corens Rod and Reel, to balance this specific blank

Guide wrap: Grapevine custom design wrap above the grip and at each of the other 3 sections



This is truly an heirloom piece. You will never see one like it on the river. The rod will be displayed at the March meeting at the March meeting. Look for your raffle letter and a complete listing of prizes in the mail later this month.



## **Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited Tie-a-Thon 2018**

During the month of April, fly tyers from various Fly Fishers International and Trout Unlimited Chapters will join together for the 12<sup>th</sup> annual Tie-a-Thon to tie and donate flies benefitting Casting for Recovery of Indiana and the Anglers of the Au Sable Youth Program. This year is a special milestone as tyers will surpass a total of 100,000 flies donated by individuals over the past 12 years.

And this year Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited Chapter will be participating! On April 19<sup>th</sup>, during our chapter meeting, we will have our own "Tie-A-Thon."

### ***So how does it work?***

We will be tying 3 flies in various sizes:

- ) Pheasant Tail Nymphs
- ) Griffith's Gnat
- ) Woolly Buggers

You'll have the opportunity to tie all three patterns or stick with one pattern all night – your choice!

There will be contests (and prizes) for the ugliest fly, the most beautiful fly and other tests of our talent.

Materials and fly patterns (recipes) will be provided – come and enjoy the action and learn from our seasoned pros. Many thanks to **DuPage Fishing Company** for providing materials at cost.

YouTube Video Instruction:

<http://intheriffle.com/fishing-videos/fly-tying/pheasant-tail/>

<http://intheriffle.com/fishing-videos/fly-tying/griffiths-gnat/>

<http://intheriffle.com/fishing-videos/fly-tying/woolly-bugger/>

### ***What if I don't tie?***

There are still many ways to contribute:

- ) Volunteer to be a table “Materials Wrangler” or a “Fly Counter”
- ) Give tying a try – we will have extra vises and tools for you to learn alongside our talented chapter members
- ) Get a jump on your donation and tie the flies at home and bring them to our meeting

**If you enjoy fly tying – we need your talent to be a table “Fly Master” – please let Bev know - [secretary@leewulfftu.org](mailto:secretary@leewulfftu.org)**

Additional specifics about the event and about the recipients of our flies will be in our next newsletter.

## **Announcement from Illinois Council of Trout Unlimited**

Hello Illinois TU Members,

We are now recruiting campers for the 11th annual edition of the Illinois Council of Trout Unlimited Youth Camp. The camp is open to boys & girls aged 13 to 18 and will be conducted from Sunday, July 22 thru Friday, July 27. As in past years the camp will be held on Michigan's Au Sable River, the birthplace of Trout Unlimited. The camp delivers an intensive introduction to fly fishing for wild stream trout. Campers also conduct field studies of the pristine cold water environment and conservation issues. The following links provide more information:

1. A one page camp flyer suitable for printing: [2018 IL Youth Camp Flyer](#)
2. A camp presentation including pictures from camp: [2018 IL Youth Camp Presentation](#)
3. An application form: [2018 IL Youth Camp Application](#)

Please circulate this information to anyone who may be interested. We request that you invite your youthful friends and relatives to consider attending the camp. Rest assured it is an outstanding experience for young men & women.

Don't hesitate to contact me for more information.

Thank You,

Willie Beshire  
Illinois Council of Trout Unlimited  
Youth Camp Director  
(630) 200-2532  
[wbeshire@aol.com](mailto:wbeshire@aol.com)

## Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited 2018 Outing Dates & Info

### Early Spring Outing-Viroqua, WI April 27<sup>th</sup>-29<sup>th</sup>

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 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 \$15 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent one of the two cabins they have. [www.westforksportsmansclub.org](http://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 only mention a few. The early WI season is open only to catch and release.

We offer, **to current Lee Wulff members**, an opportunity to spend some time with an experienced member. So, if you're new to the area, new to fly fishing or would like to hook up with, and spend some time with, an experienced member this is the trip for you. **You must RSVP to Gordon Rudd at 815/245-2425 or McHenryFlyFisher@sbcglobal.net no later than April 20th for the Buddy System.** If there is a work project scheduled the Buddy System will be rescheduled. The Buddy System takes place Saturday morning until noon.

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 Friday and **7:15** PM Saturday and individuals are responsible for their own meals and libations. We will be seated as soon as our table is ready.

There is a great fly shop in Viroqua called the Driftless Angler owned by Mat Wagner and Geri Meyer, [www.driftlessangler.com](http://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](mailto:dbarron@wicw.net)

Jim Bartelt, Spring Creek Specialties, 608-206-5651 [jimbartelt@yahoo.com](mailto: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 2 hours northwest of Madison, WI on Route 14.

## **Fennimore Outing-Fennimore, WI May 18<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup>**

A block of rooms have been reserved at Napps Motel, 645 12<sup>th</sup> 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 14<sup>th</sup>.**

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 is required no later than May 14th to Gordon Rudd, [mchenryflyfisher@](mailto:mchenryflyfisher@) A block of rooms have been reserved at Napps Motel, 645 12<sup>th</sup> 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 [sbcglobal.net](http://sbcglobal.net) or 815-245-2425. **Cost is \$7 per person paid by May 16<sup>th</sup>.** Approximate time 7-7:30.

Saturday, we are planning a group dinner and as soon as the details are known we will publish them.

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

Some books of interest for these outings include; No Hatch to Match by Rich Osthoff

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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 6<sup>th</sup>-10<sup>th</sup>**

Details to follow.

## **Early Summer Outing-Viroqua, WI June 22<sup>nd</sup>-24<sup>th</sup>**

This is the fourth outing of the year. It takes place in one of the finest trout fishing areas of the Country known as the Driftless Area. A block of rooms has 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. Also, there's the



Old Towne Motel in Westby, no association with the restaurant 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 \$15 per year. The campground does not take reservations unless you are going to rent one of the two cabins they have. [www.westforksportsmansclub.org](http://www.westforksportsmansclub.org) for more information

This area includes the famed West Fork of the Kickapoo, Timber Coulee and Camp Creek to only mention a few.

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.

There is a great fly shop in Viroqua called the Driftless Angler owned by Mat Wagner and Geri Meyer. Guide service is available by calling 608/637-8779.

Some other guides to consider are:

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Flyfisher's Guide to Wisconsin & Iowa by John Motoviloff

Wisconsin Atlas & Gazetteer by DeLorme.

Viroqua is located approximately 2 hours northwest of Madison, WI on Route 14.

**End of Season Outing-Viroqua, WI Oct 12<sup>th</sup>-14<sup>th</sup>.**

Details to follow

## **Bob Olach's Fly of the Month**

### *Ginger Pheasant Tail & Golden Olive Partridge Soft Hackle*

Three or four weeks ago, I purchased four partridge skins from Dave Roberts at the Feather Emporium in Madison, WI. Two of the skins were grey – one female for smaller hackles and one male for larger / more hackles.

In addition, Dave had recently dyed some smaller hen skins a Golden Olive color, one a lighter shade and the other a darker shade.

Once I received the skins dyed Golden Olive I thought about tying a few with natural pheasant tail (tails & body) but then I noticed a pair of pheasant tails dyed a ginger color that look great with the darker golden olive partridge hackles.



Although I only tied a couple of these soft hackles, by the time I go fishing this season, they'll probably be a dozen or so of these soft hackles in one of my Wheatley fly boxes.

Might also do a few with a dyed red hare's ear body, kind of like a March Brown soft hackle. Probably would also make a very nice dressing using a gold bead head on a Daiichi 1710 hook (with a larger shank).



Here's the dressing for the pictured fly:

**Hook** – Daiichi 1550 or 1530 wet fly hooks (sizes 12 - 16)

**Thread** – Uni-Thread 6/0 – Orange

**Tails** – Dyed Ginger Colored Pheasant Tail fiber

**Body** – Dyed Ginger Colored Pheasant Tail Fibers

**Rib** – Small gold wire

**Thorax** – Peacock Herl

**Hackle** – Dyed Golden Olive Partridge

**Head** – Uni-Thread 6/0 Orange



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

“Do you have the coffee and the donuts?” Schnoz asked as I slid into the front of his old fishing car.

“Yes,” I said. “I wrote out a note this time. I don’t know if anyone at Hysteria Ledge will remember Ben, so I printed TO THE FINE PEOPLE OF WISTERIA LODGE. A DEAR FRIEND OF OURS NAMED BEN WAVERLY USED TO LIVE HERE AND YOU TOOK GOOD CARE OF HIM. WE ARE GRATEFUL. ENJOY THE COFFEE AND DONUTS FROM HIS FRIENDS SCHNOZ AND GRUMPY. I WOULD TELL YOU OUR REAL NAMES BUT THEN IF THE POLICE CAME AROUND, YOU MIGHT HAVE TO TESTIFY, AND THAT PROBABLY WOULD NOT BE FUN.”

“Why did you tell them about the police?” Schnoz said. “It would be better for everybody if they didn’t know anything.”

“It was just a joke, Schnoz. The police like you, and you haven’t started a fire in almost a year.”

“That wasn’t a real fire, I would remind you. It was just a fog machine, and the fire department needed the practice.”

“Well,” I said. “Did you bring Ben’s card with the directions?”

“Yes, but before we head out, I think we should repeat the oath to remind ourselves. Raise your right hand and put your left hand in your lap, then repeat after me. Upon the pain of losing important anatomical appendages... I solemnly swear that the information along with its customs will be held in secret as an inheritance until such time that I am too shaky to tie on a size 18 midge or too unsteady to wade... when I will pass along this secret to a carefully chosen, worthy heir and make him or her swear under penalty of bodily disfigurement...to pass along this sacred tradition to the fifth generation honoring Old Johnny Lepp, Grandpa Waverly, Ben Waverly, and now us.”

“I swear,” I said.

“Okay, let’s see if Old Ben is still in that pool.”

“It’s your turn,” I said. “Did you bring a rod and a size 18 zebra midge?”

Schnoz nodded, but didn't say anything. We stopped for only a moment at Hysteria Ledge to drop off the coffee and donuts. The young girl behind the receptionist's desk couldn't have known Old Ben, but we explained things to her and said we hoped someone there would remember our friend and think kindly of him today. Then we headed out of town on County P for three miles, left on Owl Trail past the remains of what was once a red barn, across two bridges and over a tractor path by the rock outcropping that looked like a sitting Buddha.

We looked out over the boggy field and saw that the black walnut planted by Ben's granddad was still there, and it seemed to be wearing a greenish halo because it had actually started to leaf out when the spring thaw came early and other trees were already green.

"I brought waders this time," Schnoz said. "Not that it will make much difference, but last year I got wet up to my waist and it was cold, and we couldn't land that giant brown anyway."

While I waited for him to put on waders and get his rod strung, I looked around and was shocked into an awareness of how beautiful the spring morning was. A pair of red-wing blackbirds screeched at us from some of last year's cattails in the ditch by the side of the trail. From somewhere off beyond the old walnut I heard the trilling song of a meadowlark, and then from far above us, mere specks in the sky, came the honking of a platoon of sand hill cranes. Schnoz, usually unaware of anything beyond the scope of his nasal direction finder, paused to look up and search for them. The first daffodils of the year peeked at us from bent grass on with side of the fading path toward Grandpa Waverly's spring. Grass was already turning that brilliant green that could only be described as Irish green, almost neon but deeper and richer. A thin breeze wafted over us as if some angel had merely breathed on us with sweet, minty sighs. In a tiny Quonset of bent-over grass and some thorns, a rabbit doe watched us, unmoving, and she looked so fat with unborn young, I thought maybe she couldn't move. Then I saw that Schnoz was nervous and having trouble getting his tippet through the eye of the zebra midge. I thought almost automatically about saying something relating to his age, his inability to see around his nose, or his general ineptitude, but something, maybe the memory of Old Ben's kindness, stopped me and I just waited. The cranes called again, farther away this time, heading off to the northwest. The mint was almost overwhelming, and everything smelled - green.

In time, Schnoz got his midge on his tippet, although I thought that Schnoz, who was a slack knot-tier even on a good day, probably left the fly barely clinging to his tippet point with a single overhand loop and some spit. When I thought of the power I felt last year from the giant brown, I figured it probably wouldn't matter.

"Ready?" Schnoz said finally, and I nodded.

We took our time heading across the field toward the old walnut, partly because the unused path soon disappeared and not even deer followed it and partly because we just felt solemn. Old Ben had been a good friend and we respected him and his memory. We got to the overgrown spring eventually. It still ran, its foot-wide clear, cold water gurgling toward the pool we hoped Old Ben the fish still haunted.

Schnoz stopped at the gravel beach at the head of the pool and looked toward the limestone ledge at the deep part of the pool.

“You know, Grumpy, everything changes, and I’m going to be sad if that big old trout isn’t still in this pool. I mean, I know Old Ben our friend is gone, but if the trout is still here, then our friend is too. One of these years we won’t even hook him, or else we’ll hook some little skippy. I think I’d be sad.”

“Well, Ben told us there were several big ones before the latest he named after himself. It’s a good pool for trout, so I feel okay knowing there will be another one. Hopeful.”

“What if we don’t catch anything and the pool is barren?”

My stomach went taut at the thought of that possibility. A barren pool was the ultimate in sadness.

“Schnoz, I’d fish it anyway, and I’d keep fishing it every year until I caught a trout. Some brave one would get back here somehow.”

I moved off to the side of the beach to give Schnoz room to cast. He was rusty, but he managed to get his midge close enough to the ledge where Old Ben could see it. It seemed to sink for an eternity.

“Anything?” I asked.

“No.” Schnoz pulled in his line, false cast a few times and sent his midge out over the water. It landed mere inches from the limestone ledge and then disappeared into the dark depths. We waited.

I didn’t see anything, and I don’t think Schnoz did either, but then he said, almost as a warning, “Grump?”

“Is he there?”

He whispered, “I feel...” and then the line went taught and zipped off to the side near the snag that had ruined our first contest. When I stared down, I couldn’t see the enormous fish, but I could see that the snag was gone, rotted, or pushed downstream by high water, and for a moment I thought we might land this giant fish. Then I remembered the second time when I had him on the line and led him away from the snag, and then he ran right at me until he got off.

I don’t know what got into me, not inspiration exactly, but when I saw the line go slightly slack and Schnoz began to pull line as fast as he could, I pointed at his feet and yelled, “Snake! Snake!” Schnoz turned and ran up the gravel beach until he reached the muddy bank behind the top of the pool, his rod bent and pulling him back as he slipped in the mud and face planted, and then threw his rod to the side so he wouldn’t fall on it, and then he rolled over and cursed the mud and cursed me and then just cursed the world in general. His face looked like some native had painted it in war paint streaks of brown and black. He spit gravel and cursed some more and said, “There was no snake. That’s the meanest thing you ever did to me.”

That's when I saw the rip of his rod move on the gravel bar, and when I followed the line, I saw the old, kipe-jawed trout beached, panting and eyeing us like we were naughty kids. A single tail flop kicked it even further up the gravel.

"Schnoz," I said, and then he saw it too. I went down to the beach, touched the great fish, and wrapped my hand, barely wrapped my hand, around its tail. "Did you bring a camera?" I said.

"No, I never thought we'd land it. Do you have your phone?"

"Yes," I said, "but..."

I didn't know how to explain what I felt. Schnoz said it. "I don't think we should take any pictures. We should just look at him and remember like we remember Ben."

I nodded. Schnoz crawled down the gravel bar, his face, vest and waders a splotched mess of camouflaged mud and gravel, old leaves and one silly yellow daffodil clinging to his chin.

"You should do this," I said.

We looked at the great fish; it was at least 30 inches long and heavy, heavy like the leaning arm of our old friend Ben who last walked back to the car with us on rheumatic knees. We both studied the trout, brushing the brilliant spots on its side in admiration. Then Schnoz took the tail from me, lifted the fish over the gravel, and waded knee deep into the pool, holding Old Ben with the kindness of a grandfather for a time that seemed forever, until the fish curled once, splashed us with a powerful swish of a tail as big as my hand, and sank back into the depths.

We looked at each other in disbelief of what we had just seen. Schnoz put his arm around my shoulder, and then started to laugh. I pointed to his face and laughed too. He rubbed mud from his face and smeared me even though I ducked. When he couldn't get any more mud off himself to smear me, he took a step back, got a mud ball from the bank and threw it at me, hitting me square in the chest. I'd never been in a mud fight before, but it was great fun, a laughing time until Schnoz almost stepped on his rod, and then we stopped when I pulled him away from the thin carbon wand.

"You smell terrible," he said.

"So do you."

"We should just walk through the car wash before we get home."

"Right," I said, laughing, and knowing full well that neither wife would let us in the house, and I could not imagine either of us outside on the porch in spring air stripping down to underwear, and - well, you get the idea, and it's not a good image to call to mind, but the trout, the trout, that giant, powerful creature with golden sides and red spots the size of dimes and that strong, curved jaw, the trout, that fish that was still in this world where there are good things among the mud and weeds and water. There are friends and memories and trout, and they are all better than photographs.

## Chapter Officers

<b>President</b>	<b>Bob Becker</b> <b><u>mugsyb13@gmail.com</u></b>
<b>Vice-President</b>	<b>Jerry Sapp</b> <b>vicepres@leewulfftu.org</b>
<b>Secretary</b>	<b>Beverly DeJovine</b> <b><u>secretary@leewulfftu.org</u></b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>Yves Charron</b> <b>yvesjcharron@aol.com</b>

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## Newsletter Editor

**Dennis Higham**  
**dennishigham@sbcglobal.net**