



March 2022 President's Message

It is almost here, spring that is. We can look forward to green meadows and babbling creeks once again.

We also have many more things that should grab your attention: like the *Catch and Release Spring Session* at White Pines and Apple River State Parks starting March 19 and continuing through April 1. On Sunday the 20th there will be members at White Pines after 9:00 to help you choose the right fishing spot and the best flies. If you would like some advice on what flies to use, you can call me on my cell phone 847-284-4824 before-hand or on that day look for my white Subaru with the Lee Wulff banner on it. I'll be close by. There will be other times that our anglers will be there if you cannot make it on Sunday. So, please call and let me know if you would like some help from fellow members on another day or if you are willing to help others on the day you are planning to be there. I will try to coordinate when possible. When you arrive, look for the parking lot that is the furthest one you can access after entering the park. More things:

We are starting our spring *Conservation Sweepstakes* this month to raise funding for our conservation donations and our stile program. This year the rod is an Orvis Helios 5 wt. This will be an online sweepstakes and details will be arriving in future emails. For the sweepstakes to successfully fund our conservation work and stile building program we are asking all members to generously participate as well as share the information on Facebook with their friends.

More good news: we are going to hold a "live" as in "together" meeting in April if no other Coronavirus variants show up. The program will be a Tie-a-thon with the flies going to *Casting for Recovery*, an organization that supports women recovering from breast cancer through fly fishing clinics. Those of you that are not tiers can participate too. There will be materials and vices to tie Squirimmie Wormies that require no special skills and you can keep a few for yourselves. Masks will be optional if you are fully vaccinated.

This month our meeting on March 17th is again on Zoom. Since it may be the last Zoom meeting our program will very special. Featured will be a couple of videos that explain how to use the Wisconsin TROUT website to scout streams, find easements, learn the regulations, and get directions to trout streams on your Google maps.

The chapter has also created an online map to all the stiles we have placed plus some information on the streams they access. Other places of interest are also on the map. It will be available to access with your phone so you can use Google maps for driving directions. Here is the link:

<https://tinyurl.com/lwgbstiles>

One other thing we will be looking at is a blog by Jason Freund that is chocked full of Driftless information that you will enjoy reading. Jason is a professor at the UW La Crosse and an avid fly fisher. Here is the link

<https://Thescientificflyangler.com>

I am looking forward to seeing all of you online for this informative March meeting and hope it helps you plan for your springtime getaways to the Driftless.

Jerry Sapp

Lee Wulff TU Meeting

[Join Zoom Meeting](#)

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/82298939724?pwd=SEVteWFwMHlmMlh1N2VEeTBPM0VGUT09>

[Meeting ID: 822 9893 9724](#)

[Passcode: 170737](#)

[Dial 1 312 626 6799](#)

[6:30 pm for meet and greet, 7pm the meeting starts](#)

[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](#)

March Spring Outings Update

Fennimore Outing (4/28-5/1): There are a few rooms left in the block being held at Napps Motel. We need to release the unreserved rooms at the end of March, so if you have not reserved a room, please call Mike at Napps (608-822-3226) and do so before then or you may not find a room available. Please notify Ralph if you are planning to come, as he needs a headcount in case the bratwurst supper is possible, and needs email information for attendees to distribute information

Exchange Outing, Westby/Viroqua, May 19-22: Deposit deadline extended to 3/20; if you have not sent in your deposit of let Ralph know you're coming, do so ASAP. We have had a great response for this outing, especially from members of the West Denver chapter, and the originally reserved space at Logan Mill Lodge has been filled, but we are seeking additional space there. We are still in need of "guides" from LWTU to assist the Colorado guests in finding good water to fish and driving, please contact Ralph if you are interested in signing up, or attending the outing without acting as a guide. A reminder that "guides" get preferred status for the return outing in Colorado if space is limited, and that the guys from Colorado already know how to fish, you just have to drive them to the stream and point at it 😊.

Exchange Outing Part 2, Colorado: The West Denver Chapter has tentatively scheduled the Colorado leg of the exchange for July 14-16 in the area around Frisco, CO. If you are interested, please contact Ralph to be put on the list for information distribution as plans develop further.

Ralph Lessor, LWTU Outings Coordinator
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Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

Carey Special
A Great Canadian Trout Fly

As much as possible, I try to stay with the original dressings for many of the old flies that I tie, with the materials I have available.

Recently, an old Canadian wet fly came to mind called "*The Carey Special*", so I decided to see if I could find a video and / or information on the original dressing.

For a couple days, I must have watched almost every YouTube video on how to tie The Carey Special, but almost all of the videos were variations of the original dressing. These variations used various materials (chenille, peacock herl, etc) for the bodies and also various hackles.

Finally, I found a YouTube video (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7VK_FlvHZpE&t=2s) that supposedly used the original / correct materials and also gave a few words about the fly's originator (a retired British soldier named Colonel Carey) and a reference to Roderick-Haig Brown's book "*The Western Angler.*" (Producing one of the straggliest flies I've ever tied!)

After a little further research, I found an old link to a "*FlyAnglersOnline*" article that was part of a "*Our Man in Canada*" series of articles. (<http://flyanglersonline.com/features/canada/can142.php>)

Finally, information as to the history (quite humorous) and the original dressing, as follows:



Hook: Number 6

Tail: A few fibers from a ringed-neck pheasant's rump feather.

Body: Ringed-neck pheasant tail fibers, deer hair or marmot fur.

Rib: Black linen thread.

Collar: Ring-necked pheasant rump feathers extending well past hook bend.

Originator: Colonel Carey.

Intended Use: Wet fly for rainbow trout.

Since I don't have marmot fur, I opted to use approx. 10-12 rooster pheasant fibers for the bodies of the pictured flies and I used black silk thread instead of linen thread. The iridescent, greenish rooster pheasant rump feathers were used for both the tails and hackles



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

Early March had come, the time for our spring ritual ever since our friend Ben Waverly had left us the title to a small plot of land that bloomed with a sweetwater spring covered with watercress and flowing into a deep pool at a rock ledge that held the largest brown trout we have ever seen. That fish was a descendent of large trout beginning with Big Johnny 1, 2 and 3, then Big Pappy 1 and 2, and then the trout we call Old Ben.

The morning began when Schnoz picked me up first at daybreak, then Ghost Mary, who became part-owner a year ago. Our first stop was the donut shop for plenty of coffee and a dozen donuts. There was a time when we dropped a few off at the home for Old Ben, then for a few years we dropped them off for the staff who cared for Ben, but as fewer people remembered him, we kept the donuts and ate them in his honor.

We drove on Highway P for three miles, then turned left on Owl Trail at something red and grey that was once a barn, and then a lean-to, but this year had become a pile of weathered lumber. We crossed two bridges and followed a tractor path by the stone outcropping that looked like a sitting Buddha. The rest is still secret. I couldn't really see the old path that led to Ben's Pool, but I knew it was there and we stopped as close as we could get without bogging down in the muddy field not too far from the black walnut Ben's grandfather had planted near some oaks and maples.

"Okay," Schnoz said when he stopped and turned off the engine. "Grumpy, would you read the oath?"

"Raise your right hands. Upon pain of losing important anatomical appendages, I solemnly swear that this 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 ... uh, sixth generation. First was Johnny Lepp, then Old Ben's granddad, then Old Ben, then us. According to Old Ben's rules, we put on a size 18 zebra midge, hope we hook Old Ben, descendant of Big Johnny 1, Johnny 2, Johnny 3, Pappy 1, Pappy 2, and then Old Ben. Then after he breaks off, we salute him and head out until next year. If someone is lucky enough to beach him, we salute him and put him back and head out until next year." And so we vowed.

"Okay, let's do this," said Schnoz. He was eager because it was his year to cast the rod. We got out, struggled into our waders and boots and watched Schnoz string up his rod. I handed him a size 18 zebra midge with its shiny silver bead head, and he tied it to his tippet, adding a chartreuse strike indicator halfway up the leader so even our aging eyes could follow it.

Spring was late this year, and we trudged through brown weeds toward the pool past the walnut tree Old Ben's grandfather had planted, so far completely bare. It was a solemn walk, a quiet walk in air still holding a winter chill that kept the birds south somewhere. When we got to the pool, we saw that it ran low and relatively clear, although we couldn't quite see to the bottom. That is one of the joys of fishing. You can't always see what will come out of the depths. The sand bar had grown and the dark water line on the rock ledge had slipped at least a foot lower.

"Well, here goes," Schnoz said, and cast his line into the pool. I looked at Ghost Mary, who smiled and ate another bite of a chocolate donut. We watched the strike indicator like children watching the cutting of a cake, leaning forward with our whole bodies alert. The indicator drifted to the end of the run without so much as a tic. Unlike last year when we caught a few brookies before Old Ben finned upward to take a look at us, nothing appeared. We felt empty, as empty as the pool seemed to be. Schnoz cast again and again, slowly working his way across an imaginary grid toward the rock ledge and the deep below it. We looked at each other sadly, not only because Old Ben didn't eat, but there seemed to be nothing living in the pool at all. Schnoz shifted his position, changed the depth of his strike indicator, and finally waded to the bottom of the pool to cast his midge upstream. Nothing appeared.

"Should I switch files?" Schnoz wondered aloud.

"It's against the oath," Mary said.

In desperation, Schnoz took the strike indicator off, and let the midge drift wherever the current would take it until the midge finally snagged on something on the bottom and broke off.

"It's early in the season," I said. "Fish may come up from wintering downstream and repopulate this pool. It's the best one for miles."

"This looks like a pool where fish winter," Mary said. "It's deep, spring fed, and rich with insects from the watercress and rocks."

The barren pool did not bode well for the season. Schnoz reeled in his line and we waded back up to the top of the pool, gazing once more into its depths, seeing nothing, and then looking at each other. Mary shrugged. We turned to go, then Mary paused and said, "I wonder."

As if without a thought, she tossed the last quarter of her donut high in the air. It landed at the top of the pool with a *splat* and began to drift in the current and sink. Then it happened. A surge of water like the pulse of a torpedo came up from the depths, and the piece of donut disappeared.

“Whoa,” Mary said. “Did you see that?”

“See what?” Schnoz said.

“That,” Mary said, pointing to the expanding ring of a porpoising rise that drifted downstream and faded into the riffle.

“I saw it,” I said. “It was big and brown.”

“Old Ben,” Ghost Mary said. “I saw the nick in its adipose.”

“I didn’t see it,” Schnoz said, and then added some words with obscure Medieval, sexual, and anthropological origins.

Mary chuckled. She knew those words but would never say them.

Schnoz’s shoulders slumped in disappointment and the tip of his rod dragged on the ground. Then, inexplicably, he brightened, straightened up, and marched off at a quick pace.

“Let’s get home,” Schnoz said, urging us on.

“Wha?” I said. “What’s the hurry?”

Mark chuckled again and said, “Sooo, Schnoz, are you really going rush home to tie a dry pattern to imitate a quarter of a chocolate donut?” Her question was accompanied with as perfectly performed eye roll as I have ever seen.

Caught, Schnoz frowned, and said, “Well, yes I am, and I’m going to call it ‘Mary’s turd.’”

“No you’re not,” Mary said.

“I am.”

“If you do, I’m going to tell Grumpy about the last time we went fishing and you had to pee but there were cows in the field and a farm dog, and once I tell Grumpy, the whole world will know.”

“You wouldn’t,” Schnoz said.

“Watch me.”

“Okay, I’ll call it ‘Grumpy’s Piece of - and then I’ll put a pause in and say - fly.’”

“I like it,” I said. “See, Mary, that’s one difference between me and you. I don’t have any reputation to protect. Besides, if it comes from Schnoz, everyone will know why he named it that.”

“Why is that?” Mary said.

“Because of the time he had to pee but there were cows in the field and a farm dog.”

“But you can’t tell a story you don’t know,” Schnoz said.

“Watch me,” I said. “I’m pretty good at making stuff up. I might be coaxed into silence if you give me one of your new chocolate donut flies.”

Mary did another eye roll. How did women get so good at that?

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