



May 2021 President's Message

Well finally, we can meet in person and tell fishing lies, or I mean stories. The restrictions on outdoor mask wearing have changed and we are going to have a picnic at Fox Bluff near Cary. The area is where we have been releasing Trout from the Trout in the Classroom program. To get there take old 31 from Algonquin to the top of the hill, turn right on Cary- Algonquin Rd. Follow it to Cold Spring road and down to the park. Coming from Cary turn south west from rt. 14 by the Walgreens on to Cary Algonquin Rd. and go to Cold Spring Rd. The picnic begins at noon Saturday May 15. Please bring your own food and grilling utensils, there will be a Weber kettle available. If you have not been vaccinated, please wear a mask and sit separately while eating.

The raffle winners have been chosen by computer; the winners are Frank Smith 1st prize Joe Gow 2nd and 3rd. Joe Svoboda. Thanks to all for your participation and we are taking a break before the next auction.

The next outing is at Fennimore and we are staying at Napp's motel. Thursday the Conservation Committee will be placing two stiles. There will be directions later in this newsletter. I hope to see you all Saturday.

Jerry Sapp

Conservation News – Mark Reinhardt & Jerry Ward

On Thursday May 20th, The Lee Wulff chapter plans to install two stiles prior to the Fennimore Outing. The first will again be on Dutch Creek in La Crosse County, WI. near the **Russian Coulee Road Bridge**. Russian Coulee Road is approximately 1- mile south of the I-90 Exit #15 on WI-162. The start time is set for 10:00 AM to allow for driving that morning. The fastest route is I-90 West through Wisconsin to Exit-15 Bangor / WI-162.



After this installation, we will have lunch during our drive southwest to Norwegian Hollow to install the second stile. The afternoon will then be free to wet-some-lines as we meander south to Fennimore.

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:

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On April 22nd five members of the LWTU Chapter were joined by two officers of the Elliott Donnelley TU Chicago Chapter for the installation of three stiles along Dutch Creek. Those stiles are all south of the Russian Coulee site. The EDTU were there for a *hands-on learning experience* on how to assemble and install the gate-type stiles that allow the user to step through the fence instead of requiring a climb over the fence.

Additional stile installations will be announced this summer.

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.

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.

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

“Pheasant Tail & Golden Olive Partridge” Soft Hackle

Several years ago, I received word that Dave Roberts of the “*Feather Emporium*” (in Madison, WI) was in the process of dying some Hungarian Partridge skins in a couple shades of a Golden Olive color. Sounded good to me, so I ordered two dyed skins, one in a lighter shade and another in a darker Golden Olive shade.

A few days ago, while packing for a week's visit with relatives, I decided to take some fly tying materials with me, including several Partridge skins and Rooster pheasant tials.

Normally, when I tie a soft hackle or nymph dressing using pheasant tails, five or six pieces of pheasant tail is usually enough if either peacock herl or hare's ear dubbing are used for the thorax.

Since I wanted a tapered – semi-cigar shaped body, approx eight pieces of pheasant tail were used to tie these pictured flies. The extra pieces of pheasant tail allowed me to do another four or five wraps as a thorax before doing the wire ribbing, adding the hackle and then doing a whip finish.

Here's the dressing for the pictured flies:

Pheasant Tail & Golden Olive Partridge Soft Hackle

Hook – Daiichi #1550 wet fly hook (size 12 or 14)
Thread – Danville 6/0 or 8/0 RustyBrown Thread
Body – 8 strands of Natural Rooster Pheasant Tail
Thorax – 4 to 5 extra turns of the Pheasant Tail
Ribbing – Small Gold or Copper wire
Hackle – Dyed Dark Golden Olive Partridge (3 turns)



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl



Sometimes it's amazing what person can learn about fishing when sitting around a campfire. Here's what happened at our last outing. It had been an amazing day, beginning with mists and clouds in the morning, which gave way to clouds breaking up and enough sun to start insect hatches in most spring creek valleys. Because it was early in the year we saw a few blue wing olives in the morning, followed by swarms of little black caddis once the water warmed past some mysterious trigger temperature. Fish were feeding.

In the late afternoon I saw wonder beaming in the faces of our usual campers coasting back into camp. Wet Curtis, for once, was perfectly dry, and boasted he did not have to step in the water once because fish were everywhere. Dewey said it didn't matter that he broke off his tippet on a bush and fished with an eight pound test leader the rest of the day. Ghost Mary said she had never seen

anything like it and when she used a dry and a dropper, she had several doubles. Even Roy the Plumber had a good day, his best ever, he said, ten fish, and only stopped when he realized he left his flyboxes back in camp and hungry trout mangled his last two flies.

I was with Schnoz, sometimes fishing the same run or pool, and often we had fish on at the same time. After he came back to camp, he wrote down everything he could remember about this remarkable day, the best we could expect in any season. He noted the hourly atmospheric temperatures, cloud cover, barometric readings, moon phases, water levels, what flowers were blooming streamside, water temperature, clarity, something he called azimuth that represented the angle that the sun would register on an astrolabe if he had one. I think he just made all that up. I thought an astrolabe worked on star constellations, but Schnoz said I should go back to grade school science class.

"I have a Farmer's Almanac at home, so I can check what it says about good fishing and planting when we get home," Schnoz said.

"I think you should also read the Book of Revelations," I said. "You know, symbolic language and all. It would do you good. Then get a copy of Nostradamus. He wrote a lot about future fish, sheep, hornless cows, giant birds flying overhead, and floods. Yep, Nostradamus," I said. "Explains everything."

Schnoz just gave me the evil side eye.

After a great pot of stew and biscuits concocted by Curtis under the watchful eye of Ghost Mary, we sat around a crackling campfire, each with his own favored drink, a sated appetite, and smug smiles that came from great success. I saw it on all our faces.

"Well, I finally cracked the code," Schnoz said.

"What code?" I said.

"The code. You know, the confluence of conditions, fish behavior, and the perfect fly presented in the perfect drift to ensure the great success of today. I quit counting after two dozen brown trout."

"Two dozen," Roy the Plumber said. "You only caught two dozen? I would have caught twice that if they hadn't destroyed the fly I already had on my tippet from the September trip and the last one stuck to the brim of my hat so I wouldn't lose it."

"I'm claiming credit for exact, scientific observation," Schnoz said. "I have it all right here in my journal." He held up a ratty, black notebook, which looked like something that had gone through the washing machine several times, which it probably had. He read through his notes, a confusing, disordered series of observations on atmospheric temperatures, cloud cover, barometric readings, moon phases, water levels, what flowers were blooming streamside, water temperature, clarity, and the estimated angle of the sun, which he would have checked more accurately if he had an astrolabe.

"I thought an astrolabe charted star positions on a yearly calendar," Curtis said.

"Nonsense," Schnoz said. "In the hands of an expert, it could calculate anything."

"But what could it calculate in your hands?" I asked as innocently as I could., fearing that Schnoz's notes would come up at least twice more before the fire went out.

"Fish," Schnoz said. "When coupled with my other observations, a pattern emerged. And then, based on that pattern, I made the most productive decision of all."

"What was that?" Dewey said.

"Which fly to use," Schnoz said "Using the right fly is the code cracker. Without it, you would probably end up with nothing, a goose egg for the day."

"What fly?" Curtis asked.

"An elk hair caddis," Schnoz said. "That was the secret."

"Schnoz, I fished with you," I said, "and I caught all of mine on a Crackleback."

"I caught at least two dozen, maybe three," Ghost Mary said, "and mine were on a little black caddis. They were all over the stream."

"Copper John," Dewey said. "I used a Copper John that Mary gave me last year."

"Size 16 bead head Pheasant Tail," Curtis said. "I had a take on almost every cast."

We looked at Roy, the last to speak up.

"Well," Roy the Plumber said, "I'm not sure what fly I caught mine on. I think it used to be a Royal Coachman, but it was in pretty bad shape so it probably represented either a Zug Bug or an Adams. I'm not sure. I mean, after fish tear a fly apart, its components don't look like any recognizable pattern. Maybe a spiral leech or a broken-back minnow."

Schnoz looked at us in disbelief. "Are you all trying to tell me that the fish didn't care what you threw at them? That's crazy talk. I'm telling you, maybe some of you were lucky today, but tomorrow, if you want to catch fish, depend on the clear winner, an elk hair caddis."

Rather than argue, we drank. In the morning, rather than argue, we all considered going back to our favorite fly. It was a twin to the previous day, cool and damp in the morning, giving way to breaking clouds and a warm sun hitting the water.

We all straggled back into camp late that afternoon, our faces drawn with the frustrations we experienced during the day.

"Anyone catch anything?" I asked. I thought if I asked the question, I wouldn't have to own up to being the only one who caught nothing.

Schnoz, Wet Curtis, who had fallen in the stream twice while trying to get positioned for a perfect drift, Roy the Plumber, and Dewey just shook their heads and looked at the ground in shame.

"I caught one," Ghost Mary said. "I tried every fly in my spring flyboxes, every fly anyone mentioned yesterday, and a few old reliables I inherited from my brother. I caught one six-incher."

"At least you got one," I said. "That's something."

"It was a sucker," Mary said. "The hook came out in the net, but I might have foul-hooked it. I wasn't sure."

We all looked at Schnoz, the Code-cracker.

"Don't look at me," Schnoz said. "I cracked the code yesterday. It was someone else's job today. I'm disappointed in the whole lot of you."

"This is a terrible sport," Roy the Plumber said. "Philosophically, it's just a terrible sport. It's sad what getting skunked after great success does to a person."

"Yeah," we all agreed.

"Tomorrow I'm going to start with Grumpy's Crackleback," Schnoz said. "That will entice them."

"Maybe," Ghost Mary said. "I'm going to use Dewey's Copper John."

Everybody picked something different, and then we sat around the campfire and drank something we liked and planned for great success tomorrow. It could happen. We just knew it. It's all in the point of view. Fly fishing isn't really a sport. It's a disease, a wonderful, fascinating, lifelong disease. Thank God, there is no cure.

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