

## October 2020 President's Message

Hello Lee Wulff Members

Well the weather is cool; fall is in full swing and fishing is great. White Pines and Apple River State Parks are open to catch and release artificial only till Oct 16 then it is catch and keep any method. The fish are BIG this year and I encourage you to grab some pink Squirrmy Wormies and go fish them 4 ft. under a float. The end of trout season is October 15 in Wisconsin. Time for one more trip? Iowa remains open all year. Salmon and Steelhead fishing continues and is just heating up.

Our speaker at the October meeting is Matt Jennings with a timely program "Fishing the Tributaries." Matt's extensive knowledge of salmon and steelhead fishing plus his wonderful photography will make for an informative program that should be a delight to watch. You may even glean a few spots that are not on most people's radar. Matt is the conservation chair of Gary Borger TU and was part of the stile crew on the recent activity.

The conservation crews of Lee Wulff and Gary Borger completed stiles on Warner, Norwegian Valley and Citron creeks last month. The 6 stiles and crew were mentioned in the local paper and request for building plans have come from South West TU and Cooley Region TU so they can duplicate the model we have started with the swinging gate. We are looking for a wood shop where we can make stiles as a winter project for members. If you know of a facility let me know.

Our Christmas Party fundraising event will not be possible this year due to Covid, but we are going to have an online raffle and silent auction. I have already received a pair of pontoon boats from Woody and Jean Clark as well as two belly boats and a third is promised. We will have \$600 worth of gift cards from the Driftless Angler, the Winston custom 10' 4 Wt. and possibly many more items not yet inventoried.

Our trout in the classroom will continue this year in Belvidere in the hydroponic tank. More on that at the meeting as well as other reports from the committee chairs.

Gordon Rudd has organized outings for us for many years and thanks are in order. He would like to retire from that job, and we need a replacement to take over please consider volunteering for this and working with Gordon this coming year as we get back to normal.

Finally, please vote with conservation in mind as you pick your favorite candidate.

Jerry Sapp

## Lee Wulff meeting Thursday Oct. 15 at 6:30

Join Zoom meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/84380531734?pwd=STg0bmhuZTIWZW1YYTRlZTRbnNuUT09>

meeting ID: 843 8053 1734

Passcode:090807

Dial 1312 626 6799

Gerald Sapp

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### 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

### *Hare's Ear Flymphs*

Was watching a YouTube video today about tying "*Flymphs*", a term supposed coined by Vernon (Pete) Hidy on the fly dressings developed by James Leisenring for trout fishing in the waters of Eastern Pennsylvania.

Subsequently, Pete Hidy writing a small book, named "*The Art of Tying the Wet Fly & Fishing*

*the Flymph*”, giving credit to himself and James Leisenring for the information and dressings they both fished.

In the past, I’ve tied several variations of Hare’s Ear Flymphs using different colored silks and hen hackles. In *“The Art of Tying the Wet Fly & Fishing the Flymph”*, Pete Hidy recommends using different hackles depending on the waters being fished – soft, hen hackles for slow moving waters; cockerel (young rooster) hackles and dry fly / rooster hackles for faster moving waters.

In tying these flymphs, I first waxed the silk; wrapped the silk towards the hook bend in tight turns tying in the gold wire approx. half way down the hook shank; tied in a bunch of feathers for the tail; dubbed the silk with Hare’s Ear and wound the dubbing up to the thorax area; wound the gold wire rib up to and over the Hare’s Ear thorax; tied in the hen hackle near the hook eye; wound the silk back down the shank over the Hare’s Ear thorax; did 2 hackle turns at the hook eye and 3 turns behind the first 2 hackle turns; wrapped the silk over the 5<sup>th</sup> hackle turn over the thorax area; did 3 silk turns through the 5 hackle turns; did a whip finish and then trimmed the hackle stem and thread.



Here’s the dressing for the flies shown:

## *Hare's Ear Flymphs*

Hook – Daiichi #1550 wet fly hook (sizes 12 - 16)

Thread – Pearsall 6a Gold Gossamer Silk (waxed with clear beeswax)

Under Thorax – Hare's Ear

Body – Pearsall 6a Gossamer silk dubbed with Hare's Ear and ribbed with gold wire

Rib – Small gold wire

Hackle – Ginger colored hen (2 tight wraps near hook eye and 3 additional turns towards body)

Tail – approx. 10 -12 pieces of hackle taken from the same hen skin as the front hackle



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

The last campout of the season is usually a bittersweet time, sometimes a miserable time as we shiver ourselves into our tents and campers early because imbibing some version of potable antifreeze doesn't really help. This year, however, Mother Nature probably felt guilty for ruining the season with late spring snow, cold winds, two floods, and then two weeks of searing heat that put fish at risk and kept fishers away from the streams. It was also a banner year for gnats, nettles, tall grass, and wild parsnip. Mother Nature finally gave us a few beautiful days, 50's at night, nearly 70 during the day, and mostly clear skies. We deserved it.

Most of the usual miscreants and ne'er-do-wells shuffled into camp on the last day after various levels of success on the streams. Some who stumbled across pods of fish did well if they managed to get a midge or small bead head pheasant tail down to the level of the fish schooling in deeper runs. Others might pick up a slashing take or two on a grasshopper or beetle plunked near an undercut bank or moderate run in a meadow. We usually gauged the day by waiting for Roy the Plumber to amble in to camp and ask him how he did. On this last day, he did better than average.

"Two!" Roy said excitedly. "I caught two and landed them both." His infectious joy made all of us feel better. At the other extreme, Ghost Mary, who is rather good at finding pods, and has had some otherworldly old guy show up to give her advice, probably caught twenty-two, but she wouldn't say, no matter how much prodding she got from Schnoz.

"I did okay, considering it's the end of the season," she finally said.

"How many? Any big ones?" Schnoz said, beginning a cross-examination.

"Schnoz, you know I don't count fish."

"More than ten?"

"You know I can't count to ten."

"Imaginary numbers," Roy said. "Didn't you guys study imaginary numbers in college?"

"Hemingway," I said. "I studied Hemingway. I thought he would teach me how to fish."

"Did he?" Schnoz said. "I haven't seen any evidence."

"No," I said. "He taught me about war and bad women and drinking and bullfighting. I had to go to confession every time I finished one of his books."

"You know," Roy said kneeling over the fire ring after he finally coaxed his wooden tepee into several impressive tongues of flame, "I was just wondering why we fish at all. What does it mean?"

"Roy," I said, genuinely wondering, "I know you retired from the plumbing business, but what did you major in when you went to the University of Chicago? I couldn't even get in to that school."

"Philosophy," Roy said. "It was good preparation for plumbing. I learned in my major that everything seeks its lowest level."

"Everything? Always?" Schnoz said.

"Um, look around," Roy said. We all looked at each other, and having been friends for many years now, all we could do was admit his point and laugh.

"To answer your question," Ghost Mary said, "I fish with you guys because Grumpy is a pretty good cook and it's nice to have a break since I do almost all of the cooking at home."

"Pork loin, sauteed carrots and potatoes with bacon left over from breakfast. That's what we're having in half an hour, and when I picked up Schnoz two days ago, Huldy gave me a box with an apple pie she made as a thank you for taking Schoz away from their house for a few days. I kept it hidden."

"So that's why The General has been sniffing around your car since you got here," said Wet Curtis.

"Wait," Schnoz said. "Huldy gave you an apple pie?"

I shrugged. "Why do you think we let you fish with us?"

"Did you know about this?" Schnoz said to Wet Curtis.

"The General told me. It was doggy slang. You wouldn't understand."

"I don't understand dogs, but I like talking to fish," Dewey said. "Sometimes I can coax them into taking my fly."

"I'm fishing with you tomorrow," I said.

Our last dinner turned out well. I didn't tell them that the main reason I like to cook is that we follow the sensible rule that the cook doesn't have to do dishes. It's a good rule.

By the time we had eaten, cleaned up, and had an after dinner scotch, bourbon, wine, beer, or sparkling water, the campfire had grown to respectable strength, and the first early autumn stars appeared.

Ghost Mary, who remembered everything, pulled her camp chair closer to the fire and said to Roy, "Why do you camp and fish?"

"Ah," Roy said. "I do it for the night sky. I'm in love with the night sky. Cassiopeia, to be exact. There she is now. Do you see that 'W' of five stars almost overhead? That's the shapely form of Cassiopeia. Poseidon put her up there as a punishment for her vanity because she thought she was as beautiful as a goddess. As punishment, she has to hang upside down for half the year. If you look closely, you can see her brushing her hair."

"Imaginary numbers, Roy, an imaginary woman brushing her hair. That's a lot to imagine from just five stars," Schnoz said.

"Most love is based on things unseen," Roy said. "Don't argue with someone who majored in philosophy."

"Or plumbing," Wet Curtis said.

"Why do you do this fishing and camping?" Ghost Mary asked Wet Curtis.

"Two reasons," Curtis said. "The first is that The General insists, and the second is that I really like the feeling of coming back to camp and changing into dry clothes."

No one could argue with that answer.

"Why do you do this?" Wet Curtis asked Schnoz.

"Me? Well, I like fiddling with the equipment and trying new things, and I like beating Grumpy at something, and I like being out where there are no police, at least not until someone calls them. I like apple pie, and I like fooling fish and surprising them."

"Did you surprise any today?" Wet Curtis asked with exaggerated innocence.

"Have you been talking to Grumpy?" Schnoz said.

"I don't have to," Wet Curtis said. "When you come in to camp, and your line is tangled around your rod and two or three flies are hanging off that tangled mess, I can predict with some accuracy how many fish you caught today."

"Ha. Why don't you ask Grumpy?" Schnoz said.

They all looked at me.

"Well, I caught two. One was a creek chub, a very beautiful thing it was, and the other was a brown trout about four inches long, which pleased me a lot because it means somewhere in the stream they are breeding, not stocked. I love four-inch fish. What about you, Dewey? Why do you fish and camp with us?"

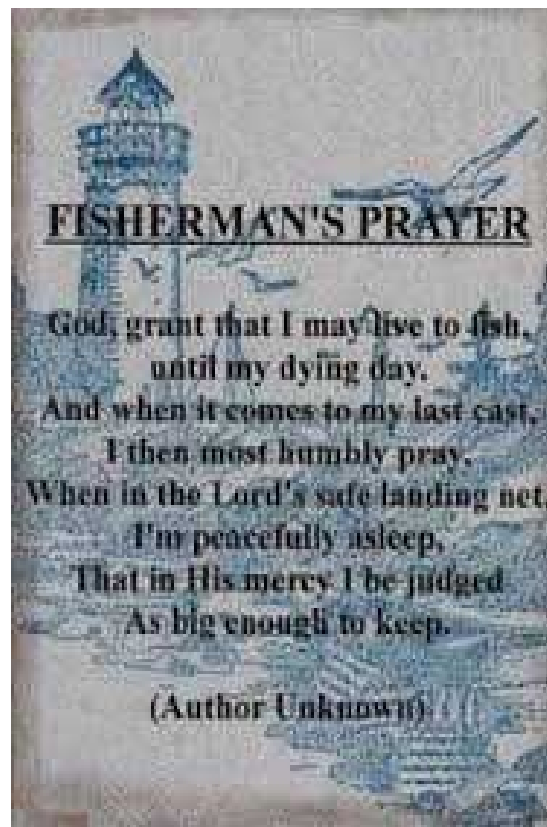
We all looked at Dewey, who never really said much, which is why he was a favorite in our group, since everyone imagined he was best friends with whoever he was fishing with.

"Well, uh, I like things that are unpredictable and funny sometimes, kind of quirky and beautiful in their own way and every one is unique and seems to put up a fight, but not really. I like that there's always something that comes up out of the deep that you didn't see before, and it's surprising. And they're nice, and I like talking to them."

"Dewey," Ghost Mary said, "are you talking about fish or about us?"

Dewey didn't say anything. Then we got it. Dewey spoke the fewest words among all of us and said the most.

It was a beautiful way to end the last outing of the season. The fire crackled; Cassiopeia looked down on us and probably smiled, and in the stream behind camp, there were fish rising to take a late hatch. They came out of the deep, fish we never saw during the day, but they were there. Roy was right. Most love is based on things unseen, unless someone like Dewey, quiet, simple Dewey helps us to see. We are the fish.



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