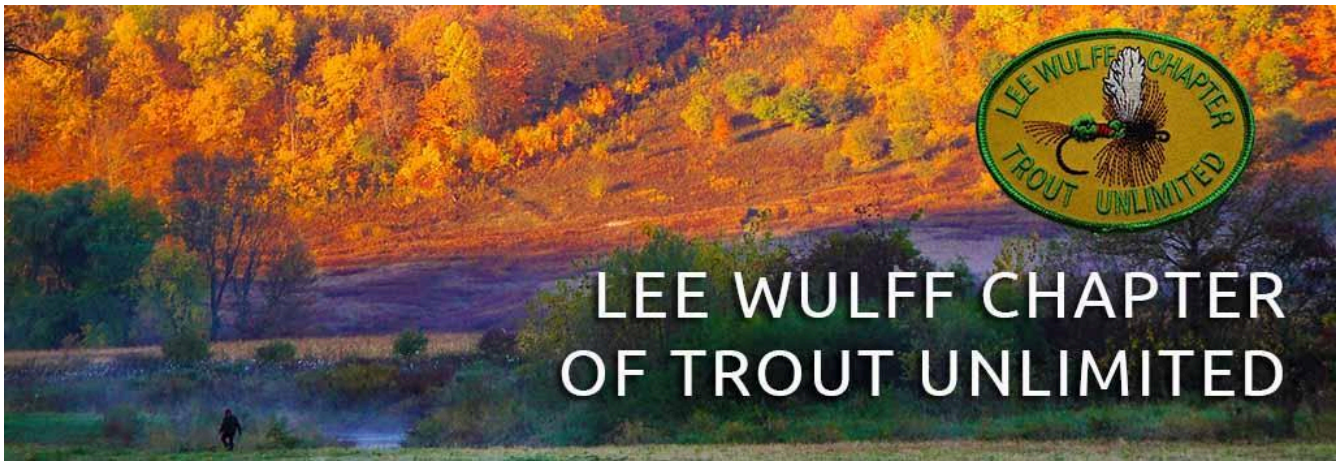


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President's Message & Upcoming Chapter Events

Greetings fellow LWTU members,

Our **October Monthly Meetup** will take place at Village Pizza & Pub (145 N John F. Kennedy Dr, Carpentersville, IL 60110) on Thursday, October 15th, 2026. Folks that attended the fall outing, this will be your chance to swap fish stories. Our program will feature a great friend of the chapter, **Jason Randall**. Jason is an esteemed fly fishing expert and author. He will present on "What To Do When Nothing is Working". If only this were prior to the Westby outing.

As always, social hour starts at 6:00PM Our book exchange program will once again be available at select in-person chapter meetings. Purchase books for as little as $5, and then optionally return them after reading for a $3 exchange credit. There will also be

prize-drawings! Tickets will be available to purchase at $5 each. Please consider joining us even if you live further out, tollway access is convenient.

The **Illinois catch-and-release trout season** opens on October 3th at select sites, with harvest season opening on October 17th (click here for details). Pine Creek within White Pines Forest State Park and Apple River within Apple River Canyon State Park being great places to try your luck fishing for Illinois trout.

The **Wisconsin Inland Trout Season closes October 15**. Fishing the coulees ablaze with fall colors is an experience not to be missed. Pro Tip - If you need to scratch an itch after that, remember that **Iowa streams are open year round**. There are many stretches of public access featuring less pressure than on the Wisconsin side.

It's almost time to think about **Lake Michigan tributary fishing** for big chinook, coho, steelhead, and brown trout. Rain drives fish into the tributaries, but be mindful of water flows and do not wade if levels are unsafe. If you need a few pointers, feel free to ask fellow chapter members for tips at our monthly meetings.

We will hold our **Annual Holiday Banquet on Saturday, December 12**. The event will once again be hosted by Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation. We're always seeking prizes for the fundraiser, so don't be shy. If you have a prize or two to donate, please contact Scott Lammers (secretary@leewulfftu.org) and plan to bring it to an upcoming chapter meeting.

Friends, as we move into autumn, I encourage you to **reflect on what the Lee Wulff Chapter means to you**. Think about the friendships and camaraderie, the fishing outings, the meetups, and the many ways this chapter brings us together. What we share is truly special, and it is made possible by the members who step forward with their time and energy.

In the coming year, **we will need your help** to keep that tradition going. This will be Scott Lammers' final year coordinating our holiday party, and we need someone to work alongside Scott this year and take the reins next year. Finally, the next election of chapter officers will take place in April 2027, so we will need members willing to step forward and help lead the chapter. Taking on a leadership role may sound daunting, but it really doesn't have to be. We have a great support cast, so no one person takes on every task.

Please think about the joy this chapter has brought you and consider giving a little of your time and talents back. We'd love to have you join us.

Upcoming Events

- Wisconsin Inland Trout Season Closes - Thursday, October 15
- October Chapter Meeting - Thursday, October 15 - Village Pizza
- November Chapter Meeting - Thursday, November 19 - Village Pizza
- Holiday Banquet - Saturday, December 12 - Max McGraw Wildlife Foundation
- Winter Fly Tying - Beginning in January on Tuesday evenings - Village Pizza

Watch your email for **Evite** invitations to upcoming events. I hope to see all of you very soon.

Tight Lines!!

Jonathan Culli

ACTION CENTER

765 Line

Two multi-billion-dollar, 765,000-volt transmission lines are proposed to cross much of southern Wisconsin including the Driftless Area from Bell Center to Genoa. Two routes are on the table, primary and alternate. Across nearly their entire length they run through cold-water trout streams and karst bedrock — because that is what the Driftless is. There is no low-impact route here. Learn more here.

Tell Congress to Reauthorize the Great Lakes Restoration Initiative

Great Lakes advocates know that Great Lakes Restoration Initiative (GLRI) investments mean major conservation wins for the region's freshwater resources — from reconnecting 9,000 river miles to restoring over 529,000 acres of habitat since its inception.

However, this successful program is set to expire in September 2026 unless Congress acts soon.

Bipartisan legislation reauthorizing the GLRI has advanced through Congress, which would put the program on solid footing so that the GLRI can continue to support healthy fish and wildlife habitat, prevent the spread of invasive species, boost clean water, and more. Click here to take action.

Protect Public Lands

Efforts to sell, dispose, or divest public lands undermine our outdoor traditions and threaten rural economies. These lands belong to all Americans and provide vital access for hunters and anglers. Click here to take action.

Tell your Members of Congress to Pass Comprehensive Mining Reform

Congress is considering a number of policy options to streamline the permitting process for mining on public lands and provide greater certainty for the mining industry. As Congress weighs these policy options, it is imperative that legislation also includes updates to the outdated 1872 Mining Law. Currently, there are no royalties paid on hardrock minerals extracted from public lands and public land managers lack the authority to say "no" to the wrong mine in the wrong place.

A responsible path forward for domestic mining should include dedicating revenue from public lands mining to abandoned mine cleanups, as well as discretion by local public land management professionals to determine – upfront – public lands that are incompatible with mining, such as sensitive fish and wildlife habitats, community drinking water supplies, or sacred sites, for example. Comprehensive mining reform should address these issues alongside policy options for permitting new mines. Read more about balancing responsible mining and conservation. Click here to take action.

Soil and Water Conservation District Funding Slashed

The 103rd General Assembly of Illinois has finalized the FY25 budget. Sadly, this budget was signed into law with a roughly 48% decrease in Soil and Water Conservation Districts (SWCD) operational funding. Illinois' 97 SWCDs experienced a substantial funding shortfall in the FY 2025 state budget. SWCD operations funding was reduced by $4 million from $8.5 million in FY 24 to $4.5 million in FY 25. The shortfall will lead to the loss of trained and qualified Soil and Water Conservation District employees which will take years of training to replace. Without sufficient funding, employees, much like unprotected soil, will erode away. Help petition to restore state funding here.

Additional Action Links

Trout Unlimited is not just about trout angling. The national founders committed to conservation and preservation when they incorporated in 1959. In this spirit, please consider taking a few minutes to explore additional ways to take action:

https://standup.tu.org/ & https://www.tu.org/conservation/action-center/

https://www.federalregister.gov/



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

On the last outing of the year, our chapter had a real treat. Ghost Mary's brother is a guide out west who has a friend who is one of the famous experts who has an article on wisdom and fishing expertise in every issue of every fly fishing magazine. He's also published four books: *Big Water Fly Fishing, Spring Creek Fly Fishing, Scientific Fly Fishing, and Intuitive Fly Fishing.* Not only did he speak to our chapter, but one of us was lucky enough to fish with him on the second day of our outing. We all put our names into a hat, and I cheated by writing my name bigger on the strip of paper we were each given, which told the intuitive world we live in that I wanted to win more than anyone else, so it was my name that was drawn out of the hat. I also licked the edge so that it would stick to any hand that went into the hat. It wasn't exactly cheating; it was Approximate Cheating, which among us professionals, is a category between Little White Cheating and Your Mother Is Ugly, Dirty Bastard Cheating.

You'll all recognize the name because he's so well known to anyone who has fly fished, read about fly fishing, or scanned a magazine about fly fishing. His real name is Phil Pose, but everybody knows him by his nickname Addie, which is not only a pun with his last name but a nickname based on a chapter in one of his books where he tells how to know what rising fish are eating by your ability to see the fish's adipose fin or not. He told me his friends have another nickname they use, but he wouldn't say what it was, so I assumed it was something like Your Mother Is Ugly, Dirty Bastard, which his friends probably shorten to "Yo Mo."

Anyway, we ate a leisurely breakfast with too much coffee at the lodge the chapter rented because Addie, being the expert that he is, insisted that the spring creeks we were to fish would not reach Feeding Active Rising Temperature until 24 minutes after the sun would shine on them, which in our coulee region, would be 10:37 AM, give or take a minute or two. I admit I was in awe of his expertise. He said he had heard about a run called Castle Bluff from Ghost Mary's brother, and I told him I had it marked on the fishing map saved offline on my phone and I'd be glad to take him there. He seemed a little taken aback that I didn't know how to get there from memory and would actually use GPS maps, but he didn't say anything. I just got a side eye. He might as well have called me a rank amateur.

Anyway, we left the lodge and I got a fascinating lecture on how brown trout were originally stocked into Michigan's Baldwin River in 1884 (Addie assure me he was not there but his studies made him sure it happened), he explained why brook trout, *Salvelinus Fontinalis,* were in the Driftless Area much earlier, even though they are not trout. I asked him how he knew brookies were not trout, and he said brown trout were *Salma Trutta*, and even the names are totally different. I've never thought it wise to argue with someone who speaks Greek, so I let it go. By then we had reached the lower stretch of the Castle Bluff run, and we were anxious to gear up.

Addie had everything: the finest waders made by NASA, a tailored fishing shirt, a custom-made vest with leather tabs, a Patagonian Merino wool drying patch, a sharp houndstooth hat woven by Irish monks, lightweight boots made out of teflon fibers, titanium eyelets, and pressurized Vibram soles. He put a vintage Hardy reel on an eight foot bamboo rod with silk wrappings,

nickel silver fittings, and his name scrolled in purple ink. He noticed my admiration; it might have been the sudden drop of my jaw, but he reassured me with only two words, “Mostly gifts.”

I told him it was customary for guests to begin, and we’d switch after he caught the first fish, then switch back after I caught one. He nodded and reassured me with two more words, “Midwest Nice.”

“I just want to learn,” I answered.

He nodded appreciatively and said, “Then I’ll just think out loud and you can remember what you like.”

“No risers yet,” he said and looked at his watch. “It will be another twenty minutes or so, maybe 25. They may still take terrestrials such as grasshoppers, but of the four main dietary staples of *Ephemeroptera, Tricoptera, Chironomidae, and Plecoptera,* I’m thinking the best action might be had with a BWO beatis, probably one of the *Serratella* tiny crawlers with maybe a black ant or buzzer dropper. What do you think, Grumpy?”

“I agree,” I said.

“If that doesn’t work after three good drifts, I’ll switch to a layered foam grasshopper with a Chironomid, maybe one of the all-year ones, a white or black midge.”

“Good plan,” I said. I planned to tie on a #16 pheasant tail, because it could imitate anything or nothing.

His knots and tippet rig seemed to magically tie themselves in less than a minute, and his first cast was a true thing of beauty, a firm back cast followed by an exact pause and then an accelerated forward loop only a foot high that sailed from the tip of his rod into a ruler-strait length before landing without *plashing* the surface. His gentle rising mends disturbed nothing, not even the butt of his leader and resulted in long tight-lined drifts. Nothing took. Two casts later, he switched to a grasshopper and a midge pupa. Three casts later, he moved upstream and fished the top of the first run. After three more casts, he stopped and looked into the water like he had dropped his wedding ring in.

“Still no risers. That means the run is probably empty, not surprising this close to the parking spot. Let’s go to the next run, and if I don’t see a riser, I’m going to go deep, a bead head nymph with a soft hackle emerger, maybe a North Country spider.”

His tippet and flies seemed to tie themselves by magic again. With great stealth we sidled up to the next run and he made another perfect cast, this time raising his rod tip at the perfect time to force his nymph into the water and sink quickly. After three casts, he rubbed his chin and changed the soft hackle to a prince nymph, then a caddis larva, then a Perdigon. No fish showed itself.

I could sense his agitation. It showed in the clumsy way he opened two more fly boxes, licked his lips, and tied on a Frenchie and pink foam egg. Nothing took.

“Have you fished here before,” he asked.

“Not lately,” I said. “There are usually other fishers here when I drive by. It’s a relatively popular spot.”

“What did you put on?”

“A pheasant tail. I like its generality.”

He pulled in his tippet and tied on two different-sized pheasant tails, which again magically tied themselves. His cast landed perfectly into the seam of the next run and drifted its length with no takers.

That’s when I saw them. Near the top of the run where a ledge jutted from a sandy bottom I saw a pod, dozens of fish all finning lazily upstream, their torpedo shapes ranging from six inches to well over a foot.

“Addie,” I said, and pointed with my rod.

“My heavens,” he said. “That explains everything. There must be an underground spring that keeps the water temperature at 62 degrees.”

For the next hour, three casts at a time, Addie emptied his fly boxes until his Merino wool patch looked like a bird’s nest of feathers, dubbing and tinsel. The fish avoided his offerings one by one. He switched to the smallest of tippets and the most sparsely tied flies. Then he put on a wooly bugger, which frightened them. After they recovered, he put on a squirmy wormy, then a bumblebee, then a mylar minnow, then a bronze crayfish, then a leech made of pine squirrel fur, and finally something that looked like an olive Soylent Purina fish pellet I had once seen in a Missouri trout stock pond, one of those concrete runs with thousands of trout in it, all exactly the same size.

They evaded everything he threw at them. His shoulders slumped. He sighed. I thought he might cry, but he didn’t. His face simply looked confused.

“Do you still have that pheasant tail nymph on?” he asked.

I nodded.
“Throw it at them.”

“Why would I do that?” I said. “They’ve seen everything there is, and your drifts have been perfect.”

“Then maybe you can snag one of the bastards. Teach them a lesson.”

I must have looked even more ridiculous than he felt because we both began to laugh, taking turns to guffaw at each other until tears came.

“I think we should head back for some lunch and regroup,” I said and he nodded.

It was a silent ride back to the lodge with Addie alternately furrowing his brow and then chuckling to himself. Back at the lodge only Schnoz and Dewey were around, both munching happily on chips and sandwiches, with open beers on their table.

“How’d you do?” I said as cheerfully as I could muster.

“I caught a few, but Dewey killed them. I lost count after a couple dozen.”

“Where did you go?” I said.

“Not too far from you. The top end of Castle Bluff. Where the red barn is.”

“We didn’t go up that far,” I said.

“Would you show me what you caught them on?” Addie said.

Schnoz started laughing and said, “You won’t believe it.”

Dewey went to his rusty truck and came back with line dangling from his old rod and at the end of it was - how can I describe it - something that looked like a peacock herl soft hackle that had somehow unwound. The herl trailed loosely behind the bend and about half of the soft hackle had unwound and tangled with the herl.

“You’re a genius,” Addie said. “A pure genius.”

“Just lucky,” Dewey said.

“No, genius. Look.” Addie led Dewey to the kitchenette, filled a glass with water and dunked Dewey’s scraggly fly. “This is a perfect imitation of a caddis emerger with a trailing peacock shuck and a malformed wing case. It’s genius, I tell you. And now I have my next book, *Accidental Flyfishing.* God, I love the surprise of fly fishing.*”*

Schnoz, Dewey, and I looked from one to the other with disbelieving, shaking heads as we silently asked each other, “What just happened?”



When moving between bodies of water while fishing please be extra diligent in cleaning and drying your gear. Read this recent press release about *Previously Undetected Parasite Discovered In Wild Wisconsin Trout* to learn more about why this is so important.

Upcoming Non-Chapter Events

- *International Fly Fishing Film Festival (IF4)* screenings
- *Fly Fishing Film Tour (F3T)* screenings
- *Project Healing Waters Fly Fishing* (PHWFF) - Ongoing (click here to get involved)

Chapter Officers

President: **Jonathan Culli**
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Vice-President: **Ken Bruckner**
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Secretary: **Scott Lammers**
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Treasurer: **Marty Jandura**
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Join Trout Unlimited

When joining Trout Unlimited (TU) at the national level, TU automatically assigns you to a local chapter based on your Zip Code and this chapter boundaries map.

If not already a TU member, click here to join TU for as little as $17.50 for your first year.

Already a TU member but not assigned to the Lee Wulff chapter? Call TU customer service at 1-800-834-2419 and make the switch to the Lee Wulff chapter (#448) today!