



September 2020 President's Message

Hello Lee Wulff members:

It has been a long summer and I hope you all have had a chance to escape to a fishing destination somewhere. I know that driving to Wisconsin in separate cars and keeping at rods length from friends is not as much fun, but it is what we must do to stay safe. Until the pandemic has passed and there is a vaccine we are going to continue to meet on Zoom. The next Zoom meeting will be on September 10 at 7:00 PM. Dick Dragiewicz will be our speaker updating the chapter on the proposed mine on the Menominee River. A separate announcement and zoom information on how to join the meeting will be sent to you closer to the time so that you are reminded and have the code for the meeting.

At the meeting, the chapter needs to discuss several topics. Our Christmas Banquet is probably not an option this year. To raise funds, the board is working on several online options. Any suggestions you have will be appreciated. Also, at the meeting will be an election of officers. Anyone wishing to be considered for a position should contact me at sapp375@aol.com. The board has proposed the following slate:

-) Jerry Sapp President
-) Brent Burval Vice President
-) Meg Gallager Secretary
-) Al Faleskin Treasurer

This summer has not been totally a doldrum for the chapter. The conservation raffle rod blank was finally received and is at Coren's for handle and reel seat installation. Then it is off to Tom Faure for guide wrapping. This will be another beautiful rod, so get ready for the raffle in the fall. The conservation co-chairs have been busy getting the Warner and Citron Creeks stile installation days scheduled for September 16 and 17. They will give you more details here in the newsletter.

If you have not heard there is a large organic chicken facility being built at Olstad Road on Timber Coulee. I did write a letter on behalf of the chapter in protest; but it and many other protests had little effect. I visited the site last week and the chicken facility is above the normal flood plain but is close to a feeder creek of the Timber Coulee which could possibly be troublesome in the future. More about this in this newsletter.

Hope to talk to all of you at the September 10th meeting.

Jerry Sapp

Lee Wulff Trout Unlimited Zoom Meeting Sept 10, 2020

Time: Sep 10, 2020 07:00 PM Central Time (US and Canada)

Click to Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/85095816338?pwd=U3dqWDFwQXFjS0dYR3lBZlVyd0ZPd09>

Meeting ID: 850 9581 6338

Passcode: 610262

Dial 1 312 626 6799

From Gordon Rudd

I sent a message to Curt Rees president of the Coulee Region Chapter of TU asking about the chicken farm on Timber Coulee. His response may be of interest to several of our members and he's given me permission to use it in our newsletter, if we want.

On Mon, Aug 17, 2020 wrote:

This is a summary of what I heard on the chicken farm on Timber. The owners of the facility will live right on the property with their children, so it does not appear to be a ruthless corporation that does not care for the environment. These folks have had positive conversations with some of our leadership and I think the same with Mat from the Driftless Angler. From conversations with the crew at the Wisconsin TU Council it appears as though everything is in the hands of the local government and not much we can do as a TU group. Any future expansion of their operation would have to work with the DNR in addition to other governing agencies. For now, if you fish the area, be your normal friendly self if you run into the owners and let them know how much you appreciate the natural resources.

Thanks for keeping informed on this issue.

Curt

Also from Gordon

Next year will be my last organizing outings for the chapter. We're looking for someone to step up and fill the position.

Also, with a year's notice, if someone's interested they could work with me next year to get a feel for the how I've been organizing them. It's really not that hard, just good organizing and contact work.

Thanks,

Gordon Rudd

contact Gordon at mchenryflyfisher@gmail.com

Conservation News - Jerry Sapp

The Corona Virus Pandemic has wreaked havoc not only on our nation but also on the Lee Wulff activities. Our meetings, raffle, picnic, outings, etc. have all been postponed or canceled. Conservation projects have also been postponed . . . until now.

On September 16th and 17th, the Lee Wulff chapter will join forces with the Gary Borger chapter, to install five stiles on Warner Creek and Citron Creek. Given the 50-mile distance between the two projects and to maintain social distancing, the Lee Wulff chapter volunteers will install the 3-stiles on Warner Creek and Matt Jennings and the Gary Borger volunteers will install the 2-stiles on Citron.

A 10:30 AM start time is planned for Warner Creek on Wednesday the 16th to provide travel time for those who would want to drive up that morning. Warner Creek, near Valley, WI is approximately 20-miles east of Westby, WI on Crawford County Road **P** or 8-miles SE of Ontario, WI. Lodging can be found at the Driftwood Inn in Ontario (Mark Reinhardt said "it is small but comfortable") and several sites in Westby and Viroqua.

The plan is to have the materials at the stile sites prior to the start time. Face masks and shields will be provided by the chapter. All volunteers should wear long pants and long sleeve shirts along with gloves and hats or caps.

Six to eight volunteers should be sufficient. To volunteer, contact:

Mark Reinhardt reinhar66@comcast.net (630) 247-1028

Jerry Sapp sapp375@aol.com (847) 284-4824

Jerry Ward jaydubdub63@gmail.com (847) 867-1533

Bob Olach's Fly of the Month

“Little Winter Brown” North Country Spider

In 1886, T.E. Pritt wrote a book called “*Yorkshire Trout Flies*” subsequently renamed several years later as “*North Country Flies.*” As far as I can find, it’s the same information in both books but was simply renamed, probably because some of the fly dressings “may have” come from beyond the Yorkshire areas.

Within the book(s) there are over sixty (60) North Country flies that are shown with hand painted pictures and detailed dressings plus, the best times of the year to fish the various flies in the North Country waters.

There’s a YouTube video done by Robert Smith that shows how he ties this fly and the video can be seen at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ervxh7TW-80&t=290s>

Little Winter Brown



This is the description of Pritt's dressing in "*Yorkshire Trout Flies*"

4. LITTLE WINTER BROWN; or LIGHT WOODCOCK.

HOOK – No. 1

WINGS – Hackled with a feather from the outside of a Woodcock's wing.

BODY – Orange silk, with a spare dubbing of Hare's ear.

This is the description of the materials I used in tying the above fly.

Hook: Daiichi #1550 hook, size 14
Thread: Hot Orange Silk
Body: Lightly dubbed hare's ear taken from the area between the ears
Hackle: Barred English Woodcock



Grumpy's Page by Kurt Haberl

From the insistent honking outside our house, I knew it was Schnoz. I looked out our front window but didn't see the police or a firetruck behind him, so I figured it was reasonably safe to go out and see what he had planned and whether it was illegal or just crazy. He unloaded four large boxes from his car and stacked them on the sidewalk.

"Who is my best friend?" I heard him call out.

"Well, Schnoz, sometimes it's your lawyer. When you need bail money or food, it's Huldy. When you've cut or burned yourself again, it's Doc Watters, and when you want to go fishing, it's me."

"Very funny. As a matter of fact, this is about fishing. I've been doing a lot of research and reading lately-"

"Oh, no."

"-and I've finally got this whole thing figured out. When did we have the most fun fishing?"

"There were lots of times. The last time we went out to Old Ben Waverly's secret spot and hooked the big brown was one. Every campout last year was fun, except for the one where you got too close to your tent with the Coleman lantern and it went up in flames-"

"I mean pure joy. It was when we were kids. We had cane poles and caught bluegill and an occasional bass or yellowbelly."

"You're going back to panfish and worms?"

"No, just the simplicity, the minimalist tradition. Look, over the years we've acquired way too much stuff, and my vest became a 40 pound expeditionary pack. It's no wonder I get so tired, not to mention what would happen if I slipped on a rock and went under. Even whales need air. I am committed to fishing that is fun and minimal. I am certain you will follow suit after our next outing tomorrow. Voila," he said, and opened the back door to his fishmobile. In the back seat, I saw a short rod tube, a hat and a chest pack the size of a cigar box.

"Haven't you gone through this before?"

"Not really. Not with this commitment."

"What are these boxes?" I pointed to the small wall he had created on the sidewalk.

"All my old stuff that I no longer need. I'm bequeathing it to you. You can carry it around from now on, not me. There is a spring fishing vest with boxes of early season flies, mostly emergers and midges, and the usual gear, hemostat, tippet spools, floatant, disgorgers, strike indicators, measuring tape, head net, bug spray, sunscreen, and so on. Then there's my mesh summer vest with summer terrestrial boxes, and big nymphs, and the usual gear, hemostat, tippet spools, floatant, disgorgers, strike indicators, measuring tape, and so on. And the last bequeath is my late season vest, mostly foam beetles, scuds, blue wings, and the usual gear, and so on. There are also landing nets-

"You're not using a landing net anymore?"

"Nope. Don't need them."

"Well, I suppose if you don't catch any fish...."

"Very funny. If it's a small fish, I'll just hand land it and turn it upside down so it is disoriented and I can get the hook out and let it go, and if it's a big fish, I'll just beach it. I'm also giving you my backup fly boxes. You can sell the flies if you're willing to put in the time. Most are expertly tied-

"By whom?"

"Ha ha, very funny."

"One of the boxes contains all the reels I used to use, and I grouped all the unnecessary rods with velcro straps."

"Even Ole Betsy? You're giving away your favorite rod?"

"Not Ole Betsy. She has sentimental value, so she's up on the wall of my den to remind me of where I've been. Besides, Huldry gave that rod to me once for Christmas, and if I ever got rid of it, well, um, you understand."

"I do. You could leave, but the rod better stay."

"Exactly."

"Schnoz, as your friend, I have to tell you I don't think it is going to end well."

"I'll show you. Just wait."

So I did. I carried his large cardboard boxes into our house, marked them "Return to Schnoz," and left them by the front door for easy access.

The next day began as most of our trips did, with an early stop to the donut shop for coffee and carbs, and then a reasonably quick drive to Sterrit's Run, one of our favorites. Schnoz made a big show of putting on ultralight waist high waders and some kind of strappy-looking sandals a guy might wear going from his tent to the showerhouse. Then he did this ceremonious opening of a rod tube and took out a telescoping tenkara rod about 15 feet long with another 15 feet of multi-colored monofilament knotted to the tip and no reel. He strapped on his chest pack, which looked more like a shaving kit than a fishing pack, and then tapped his techy sandaled foot impatiently while I put on waders, boots, a back brace, my vest, wading staff, net, a neck gaiter in a brown trout pattern, and strung up Lucky Louie, my eight foot, four weight, and attached the expensive machined aluminum reel with brass fittings he used to envy. We both wore our lucky hats, one smelling as bad as the other, so we were equal there.

I was outfitted pretty well. Schnoz shook his head at me in pity, and said, "I see you've taken up weight training in your old age. With the oversized polarized glasses, you look like a cockroach."

"The better to fool fish," I said.

Off we trudged through late summer high grass. I put on a hopper and a buzzer dropper, and Schnoz put on some fly that looked like part of every fly ever designed. It had a fluorescent bead head, a slate wet fly wing, a soft hackle collar, a pheasant tail body with some tinsel wrap, and a long tail, part Cock Y Bondhu and part flashabou.

"What do you call that thing?" I said.

"It's an "Everything fly", the only fly I'll need. I can dap it if caddis are hatching, twitch it just subsurface for emergers, or let it run deep like stoneflies if we're in fast water. I have six of these, and that's all I'll need."

When we got to the stream, I let him go first since he was so excited and all, and I thought he probably wouldn't fish out a pool. On his first cast, he let his back cast drop a little too much so the Everything Fly snagged in a wild rose bush and his forward cast snapped it off. He tied on another Everything Fly, made a more careful cast, and landed it only a few inches from an undercut bank. A hungry brookie came from nowhere and took the fly, but with the leverage of a 17-foot rod, he set the hook and launched the little skippy over his head and into the grass behind him.

"Success! See, I told you," he shouted with glee.

"I see why you don't need a landing net," I said, and walked over to the quivering grass to unhook the beautiful 7-incher and get him back in the water as quickly as possible. Schnoz began to ply the water, cast after cast with no other takers until I noticed another problem. Each cast was accompanied with swats with his free hand, and soon his head began to twitch. I was afflicted too as dozens of pesky gnats began to swarm. It took a few minutes, but I found my black mesh head net, put it over my wide-brimmed hat and felt instant relief. Schnoz was not so lucky, and his head twitches, offset by the mass of his nose that changed his center of gravity, almost caused him to dunk himself.

"If you go under and the stream carries you down, can I have your new 20 foot rod?" I asked, but he ignored me.

"We have to keep moving," he said eventually, and I saw red spots and a welt or two where he had slapped himself beginning to grow on the back of his neck.

"Move on up and I'll follow you," I said. "I don't think you've done much damage to the pool."

"Very funny," he said. There was a left dog-leg ahead and he waded up around it while I stepped into the run and began to cast. Near the opposite bank, something nosed my foam hopper, and a moment later it went under as the small dropper took a prettily spotted brown. Three more came to the net before I went upstream to rescue Schnoz.

Schnoz was sitting on the bank, alternately trying to unwrap a terrible snarl from the top of his 22-foot rod and slapping himself in the face.

"How many" I called.

"Including the first one you saw?"

"Yes."

"One."

We loved to quote our friend Roy the Plumber whenever it was appropriate. One fish seemed to be Roy's daily limit.

Finally, Schnoz simply cut the fly free. I saw the fly drop into the water before he could catch it because the long rod slipped off the bank and slid downstream while he held the tip and a knot of line. A 21-foot rod is not a very balanced thing, and before he knew it the tip cracked in his hand and bent at an awkward angle. He managed to grab the rest of the rod but was left with no choice except to cut the line free, string it through the single eye of the dangling tip and re-tie it in some kind of blood knot a foot or two down the 23-foot rod. Still being his friend at that point, I didn't say anything. He tied on another fly, ignored the rat's nest tangle a foot off the tip of his crooked rod, and began to cast again. I waited for him to move up around the next S-curve before casting. I took three more trout from the nearly fresh pool.

And so the morning went. Around noon we trudged back to the car. It had been a good morning, and I'd caught a dozen or so, very good for late season, including a few that came up from undercut banks to take the grasshopper, but most on the small dropper.

I had made wraps for us with cold cuts, cheese and tomatoes from Annie's garden, with chips, an apple, a chocolate bar for each of us, and cold beer.

"Any luck at all?" He asked eventually.

"I caught a few," I said. "Nothing big. How about you?"

"Including that one you saw me catch?"

All I could do was laugh. Then I noticed.

"Schnoz, what's wrong with your left foot?"

"Nothing," he said, and then looked down. His sandal was gone.

"Someone stole my Insta-tech sandal," he said. "I hate river gnomes. It isn't even their size."

I remembered the muddy bank where the sandal was probably buried with very little chance of finding it.

"Why don't we drive into town and stop at the fly shop?" I said.

"Okay. By the way, do you have any duct tape?"

"Am I a man?" I said, getting one of several rolls from my trunk. He took it and wrapped the top of his new 25-foot rod so it only canted about ten degrees off line instead of thirty.

Halfway into town, I heard the biggest sigh that had ever come from my friend, and then he said, "You know, let's just go back home. I need to get some salve for my bites."

"Okay," I said. "It's getting too hot for the fish to recover easily." It was a lie, but I've lied a lot to Schoz over the years, and he usually lets it go. We've achieved this unspoken understanding if one of us says something that is so obviously a lie, then it doesn't count.

When we got to my house, I pulled up behind his old car, and while he put what was left of his rod, his shaving kit pack and maybe a fly or two in his trunk, I retrieved his boxes of gear, vests, rods, and collections of flies rumored to have been tied by an expert, and put them back in his car.

There was nothing to say, so I didn't say it.

"How about Thursday?" I said. "It's supposed to be cooler on Thursday. Maybe a little cloudy."

"Perfect," he said. "I'll drive. You buy the donuts."

"Done," I said. It wasn't the best day we'd had, but the local police, fire department, EMTs and farmers' dogs were not involved, so that was a good thing. It doesn't take much for us. Coffee, donuts, and duct tape is about as minimalist as I want to go. After that, I want a choice of rods, a fancy reel or two, and a vest with at least twenty pounds of stuff in it, including a head net. Band aids. Lots of tippet. More than six flies. 300 flies is minimalist. Did I mention chocolate?

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