



A Publication of the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited

APRIL, 2011 VOLUME 4, ISSUE 8

Restoration, Improvements and Preservation through Research and Projects

## APRIL MEETING INFORMATION

BY JONATHAN JACOBS

### *Dry Fly Dick tying event to feature streamers*

**O**ur April 6th meeting will feature fly tying demonstrations with a focus on streamer patterns. The styles of flies will run the gamut from classic Atlantic salmon flies to saltwater patterns to monster pike flies to strange creations like "Sex Dungeons."

We have an interesting and diverse group of tyers this year, ranging from youthful to, shall we say, "experienced." The youth movement is led by Hudson's **Cole Madden**, who is returning this year to tie more of his gorgeous Atlantic salmon flies. Joining him is Alaskan guide **Tom Carlson**, who promises to tie "big, nasty, articulated things." **Allison Jacobs** is coming out of retirement to show off an underutilized smallmouth pattern. **Gabe Schubert** will be on hand to wow us with some outsized pike/musky monstrosities. RipRap's own **Scott Hanson** will be tying his steelhead & smallmouth bass creation, the Skidmark. **Ron Kuehn** will be pushing the envelope with a pattern meant to make one of the smartest fish that swims in freshwater, the common carp, seem stupid. Chapter prexy **Kyle Amundson** is going to favor us with a demo on Kelly Galloup's "Zoo Cougar." **Mike Wemlinger** will show us how to get 'er done steelhead style. Last, but certainly not least, will be long-time chapter member **Jim Kojis** with a saltwater pattern or two.

We'll also find the time to swap a few stories about our man **Dry Fly Dick Frantes**, the man who originated and perpetuated this particular celebration of spring. We look forward to seeing you Wednesday, April 6 at Bob Smith's Sports Club in downtown Hudson. Dinner is available in the meeting room from 6 PM and the meeting begins at 7 PM.

**Winner**  
Bollinger Award  
Best Newsletter  
2010

**Kiap-TU-Wish meetings are held at Bob Smith's Sports Club, the first Wednesday night of the month. The April meeting is on the 6th. Dinner begins at 6 PM, Meeting to follow at 7 PM.**



# PRESIDENT'S LINES

BY KYLE AMUNDSON

The chapter has embarked upon a stream improvement project with the city of River Falls and the DNR regarding the Rocky Branch of the Kinnickinnic River. We are currently looking at obtaining federal grants to fund the project.

- Welcome new member Chuck Hisamoto from Woodbury, MN.•  
See you all at the April Fly Tying meeting!

## Save The Date!!!

*This year's Rush Clean Up is April 23rd. Sarah Sanford will fill us in on more details as we get closer. You can let her know if you can make it, but be assured we will have lots of work to do due to the flooding last year.*

# ROGER FAIRBANKS

BY JONATHAN JACOBS

Roger Fairbanks died on February 23 at the age of 88. He was the driving force behind the creation of the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited and served on its board and as an officer for several of its first years of existence. He was an extraordinarily effective leader in both organizational matters and in the grind of getting effective conservation work done. It was Roger who developed the acronymic name "RipRap" for our chapter newsletter. That stands for "Restoration, improvement and protection through research and projects," which, thanks to Roger's force of will and early guidance, has become the hallmark creed for K-TU. Roger helped develop our relationship with the Department of Natural Resources, in part simply by being a gentlemen whose ethics were apparent, but also by showing that the chapter could be counted on to back the scientific management of our coldwater resources and was itself capable of conducting science-based research. Roger understood the value of streamside work, too, and put hundreds of hours into brushing and rock-rolling projects. Trout Unlimited National recognized Roger's tremendous work in 1979 when the organization presented him with its Trout Conservationist of the Year Award at its annual meeting in Seattle.

Roger had an overriding concern for the environment and Wisconsin's natural resources. He participated in frog and bird counts and was one of the organizers of the Willow River State Park OWLS, a citizen support group.

Roger served as a bomber navigator in the South Pacific in World War II and graduated from the University of Minnesota Institute of Technology with a degree in mechanical engineering in 1948. He is survived by Ruby, his wife of 62 years, by his daughter Cheryl Fairbanks (Warren Wolfe), by his daughter Katherine Fairbanks, by his sister Phyllis (David) Gilbert and by nieces and nephews. Interment was at Fort Snelling National Cemetery.

Memorials may be made to Kiap-TU-Wish, the Prairie Enthusiasts St. Croix Valley Chapter or another environmental group.



# FISHIN' FOR FUN

BY EDWARD M. MOERSFELDER

## *A Reminiscence of Earl R. (Roger) Fairbanks*

In the spring of 1976, Tom Waters of the University of Minnesota asked me to give a presentation at a trout symposium that he was coordinating at the U. That day I stood before an assemblage of trout enthusiasts and spoke about trespass and access issues for trout waters in Wisconsin and Minnesota. After the presentation this guy comes up to me and says in a voice pebbled with a mile of class one trout water: "So, you're a lawyer." "Yup." "And you like to trout fish?" "Yup." "Well..." he growled, "You're gonna be doin' some pro bono legal work for the Kiap-Tu-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited!" And so I met Roger Fairbanks.

Roger lived in a different time zone, partly because he worked the late shift at 3M, but mostly because the cigarettes and coffee didn't kick in until sometime in the mid afternoon. About the time I was ready to bag it for the day, Ol' Dad would call and it was "Game On." For the first while we were going after a gravel company that mined an oxbow in the Rush River. A gully washer had blown through the banks and cut several hundred yards of the ox-bow out of the river's course. Dad and I would strategize about this and I'd end up at meetings with the Wisconsin Public Intervener, and the gravel company's lawyer and the judge who approved a settlement of the matter. Sometimes I'd meet Dad at his home overlooking the St. Croix. Ruby would have cookies and Roger would be nursing a cup of coffee and a cigarette. We'd look at fly patterns, talk about birds, test fly rods—and figure out how to protect the Kinni and the Rush and the Willow. Dad was the soul of all of them.

And Roger loved to fish. On a stream I can't now name (not because it's a secret—but because each stream looks alike when you're wading down its middle at midnight) Dad and I waded after dark to catch the Hex hatch. The river was running at a pretty good clip so here we were, holding hands to hold each other up in the current and working our way down one of Roger's favorite holes. I don't recall catching many fish when I fished with Dad, and that night was no exception. But I do remember hearing about trout streams and prairies, wild flowers and B-24s...and frogs. It was Roger who tossed a tape at me across the table and croaked: "Here. Listen to this and you'll be able to identify the ten species of frogs and toads in this part of Wisconsin. Then find ten ponds to listen to three times a summer and send what you find out to the DNR. Now, get to it." "O.K. Dad," I said (when Roger asked—well not really asked, told you—you really had no choice) and ten more ponds in Polk county are now annually accounted for, courtesy of Earl R. Fairbanks.

Yup, Roger could get things done. Somewhere in the early 80s Roger helped organize a trout fishing expo with fancy authors and merchandise reps and workshops, etc. He recruited Judd Anderson and Bob Christenson and me to come help do whatever. The way he asked, we knew there was little choice. So at the appointed hour we showed up to take tickets, answer questions, fill in at booths. When we arrived, Roger was at the ticket table and as Bob and Judd and I filed past Dad said: "Hold it boys. Before you go to work you have to buy a ticket!" From that point on Bob, Judd and I would quote Roger whenever our wives or someone else who could not be ignored made it clear that there was a task and we were to do it: "You will attend, you will have fun, you will pay at the door!"

From time to time Roger would talk about the new products that were coming out for catching trout—graphite rods and weighted fly line and knotless leaders—and the guys who sported this stuff. One night Roger was talking about the spate of junk that trout fisherman couldn't do without and growled: "You know Ed, I'm really tired of reading about soft-hackled wet flies and weight forward fly line and strike indicators, hell, those are just glorified bobbers. Nope, someday I'm gonna write a book about fly fishing and I'm gonna call it 'Fishin' For Fun.' That's what we're doing this for isn't it? For fun!"

As far as I could tell, Roger Fairbanks never let up. He was an environmentalist before it was de rigueur and continued to be in the face of business and politics that didn't "believe" in environmental problems and that professed it interfered with profit. Roger spoke for the birds, the frogs, the prairies and, above all, the trout. I don't envy the active members of the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited. With him up there, you'll all be getting calls in the middle of the night and that growly voice will be telling you to get off your butts, lay down those \$800 fish poles and get to work protecting what is precious. Keep up the good work, Dad. And while you're at it, now that you've got all the time you need, do a little fishin' for fun.



# NEW BYLAWS TO BE ADOPTED AT THE MAY MEETING

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Kiap-TU-Wish has posted a set of draft chapter bylaws on its website for your review. TU National has instructed chapters to review their bylaws to ensure they contain language which protects TU's tax exempt status. A set of model bylaws and a comparison guide which shows mandatory and alternative language provisions were developed to assist chapters in bringing their bylaws into compliance. All chapter bylaws need to be updated with the mandated language by late fall 2011.

Chapter Secretary Gary Horvath has merged our current bylaws with the model language and the new bylaws were reviewed at the February 21st Board meeting. Please take the time to review the new bylaws posted on the website at: <http://www.kiaptuwish.org>. A vote for adoption of the new bylaws will occur at the Chapter meeting on May 4th.

## FLY FISHING THE FILM FORUM

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BY GREG GERARD

It was the day before Valentine's Day 2011 when a group of members from Kiap-TU-Wish gathered to discuss "fly fishing the film". No, it wasn't a bunch of old guys meeting to discuss fly-fishing photography. If you're looking for information to support your interest in film photography this was not that kind of conversation. Nor was it about digital photography. If that interests you then you might try logging on to [www.catchmagazine.net](http://www.catchmagazine.net) or [www.thecontemporarysportsman.com](http://www.thecontemporarysportsman.com).

It should also be noted that this was not a meeting of old guys, either - at least, not by my definition. These were fly fishermen of some distinction and considerable experience who continue to be young in their quest for learning and knowledge. It was the fifth time in as many years that many of the group had gotten together at this time of year to seek wisdom of other like-minded people holding different points of view.

So if it wasn't about photography then what was the purpose of this gathering?

They had gotten together to ask what each knew about working the film on moving, coldwater fisheries. It was also an opportunity for other topics of serious fly fishing conversation, some libation, and giant bowls of the best homemade chili this side of the San Juan River. By some accounts the libation enhanced the serious conversations. Others might say it was an inducement to offer hyperbole about the size of fish and circumstances. Any way you account for the afternoon it was fine hospitality laced with the best of subjects - fly fishing.

And in this case, fly fishing the film: before, during and after a hatch. There was talk of a column within the film. How high, low, or wet should the fly be in different conditions and stages of an insect's life? How much grease, what kind of putty, and what length leader and tippet were part of the banter. Up stream, on the swing, in the eddy, on the outside, and depth of water also made the success equations complicated. Furled and braided leaders were discounted but peacock herl, partridge and orange, how much hackle, and of course, whether you've got a red horse in your stable all became important considerations as the discussion progressed. It seems no fly fishing conversation would be complete without each participant hauling out some reference to an obtuse pattern tied in a particular way. Advantages of the Raggle Bomb, Arrowhead, Humpty, and Redhorse were brought forward. As well, some of the more common cures to a trout's reluctance were discussed. Traditional artificials were referenced as a film fishing solution and they, too, got good airing during the four hour conversation.

As the sun started to set on the afternoon, so did the discussion of spinner falls after dark. Someone tried to get the conversation going again with reference to Jim Leisenring's 1940s fishing technique called "flymph". The amiable host brought forward Dave Hughes' authoritative and helpful book - Wet Flies. All were to no avail, though, for the host's gracious spouse showed up to take charge of dishwashing and cleanup. And this reporter heard the departing guests remark - she's not only as beautiful as an angel but she's a saint for having given up her afternoon so the boys could talk smart under the guise of "fishing the film forum".

PS. Next year one of the participants is sure to talk about the advantages of the "sweet little" Sheila pattern when enticing reluctant Wisconsin Brookies. Or at least her advantages as patient spouse of a host whose fly fishing knowledge and culinary skills are superb.





# PINE CREEK FISHERY AREA IS NOW STATE OWNED

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A settlement between the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources and the West Wisconsin Land Trust has resulted in the fee title ownership of 233 acres of the Pine Creek Fishery area.

The Department has reached agreement with West Wisconsin Land Trust, with concurrence of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, to settle an accounts receivable due to the Department in the amount of \$551,000. As settlement, the Department will receive 1,528.17 acres of land meriting protection and needed for conservation projects with a total value of \$3,154,000.

The circumstances leading to this settlement are as follows: In 2006, West Wisconsin Land Trust (WWLT) signed an agreement to act as a grant sponsor for federal North American Wetland Conservation Act funds (NAWCA) from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) to protect wetlands and provide hunting opportunity in the Lower Chippewa River basin. Under terms of the 2006 federal funding agreement, DNR served as a partner to acquire land in support of the effort. The Department acquired the parcels and, based on the WWLT 2006 federal funding agreement, anticipated federal funding as indicated:

WWLT billed the FWS and received federal NAWCA funds to provide DNR with the \$551,000 in match. However, rather than reimbursing the Department, WWLT spent the federal funds elsewhere, primarily on other land purchases. Two independent audits indicate that WWLT, while holding land assets, has no financial capacity to pay the Department the \$551,000 to which it is entitled under the NAWCA grant agreement. Clearly, WWLT mishandled the funds. FWS investigated the matter and issued a final report setting a deadline for resolution of the matter by January 10, 2011. WWLT has changed its management personnel and has made significant and constructive progress on improving its accountability and business practices. However, there will be no way to recover the cash owed to the Department in the foreseeable future. If the Department pursues re-payment in cash, WWLT will in all likelihood be forced into bankruptcy and a bankruptcy court will allocate its remaining land assets.

To arrive at this settlement, DNR land managers reviewed all of the land holdings of WWLT. The parcels identified as suitable for state ownership have high natural resource and recreational values. Additional significant values include blocking with existing Department ownership, improved public access, Ice Age Trail continuation, enhanced restoration and management capacity, and expanded representation of state owned sites deemed important for inclusion in the State Natural Areas system.

Therefore, the Department proposes to accept 1,528.17 acres of land as settlement for the \$551,000 owed to the Department. While some of the land was acquired by WWLT with Stewardship and NAWCA assistance, the aggregate fair market value is \$ 3,154,000, substantially more than the amount of public funds used (\$1,943,250) to acquire the 1,528.17 acres. Thus, the Department will receive \$659,750 more in equity than the \$551,000 owed. With approval of this settlement, the accounts receivable of \$551,000 will be charged to the Stewardship fund. As indicated in their letter of December 15, 2010, the FWS is in agreement because all of the land will be protected and managed by the Department in accordance with the provisions or tile NAWCA grant.

The parcels obtained in the settlement are:

Statewide Fish Habitat - Pine Creek, Pierce County - 233 acres  
Western Prairie Habitat Restoration - Simon Prairie, St. Croix County - 5 acres  
Statewide Wildlife Habitat - Alabama Lake Parcel, Polk County - 11.5 acres  
Lower Chippewa River State Natural Area - Kiel Birch Creek Parcel, Dunn County - 28 acres  
Statewide Fish Habitat - Red Cedar Cutoff Parcel, Dunn County - 157 acres  
Ice Age Trail- Larabee Lake Wetlands Parcel, Chippewa County, 125.67 acres  
Statewide Natural Areas - Maiden Rock Bluff parcel, Pepin County 248 acres  
Statewide Natural Areas - Cedar Creek, Wetlands parcel, Chippewa County - 720 acres

For a complete description go to the WDNR website at: <http://dnr.wi.gov/org/nrboard/2010/December/12-22-10-2A1.pdf>



# ANGLER'S APOCALYPSE

BY DAVID GILBRAITH

*“And I looked, and behold, a pale horse. And the name of him who sat on it was Death, and Hades followed with him. And power was given to them over a fourth of the earth, to kill with sword, with hunger, with death, and by the beasts of the earth”.*

## Revelation 6:8

I took many fishing trips to western Wisconsin this past trout season that I could later describe to friends as pleasant or relaxing or tell them I really hammered the fish. But unless the fly fishing magazines you read start writing about fishing in Hades instead of Montana, you'll never experience the destination I'm about to describe.

It all began on a warm spring afternoon when I made one right turn and merged onto a sun-bathed freeway. I had escaped the office and I was traveling east. I felt pretty good about myself. After all, my team and I had just invented another profitable business using sticky note technology and I was about to become a big man on the corporate campus.

I prepare for fly fishing with the same ritual every time. First, I load Duran Duran's Rio album into my CD player. If my timing is good, the shimmering St. Croix appears just as Simon Le Bon belts out “Her name is Rio and she dances on the sand, just like that river flowing through a dusty land”. On this day I was distracted instead by an urgent-sounding narrator on Minnesota Public Radio and turned up the volume. The commentator and a panel of experts were discussing the stalled Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START) with Russia, a recent story about nuclear weapons transport drivers sometimes getting drunk while hauling nuclear weapons and a story about the time Bill Clinton lost the nuclear launch codes in Monica Lewinsky's little black dress. I was troubled by these examples of mankind misbehaving in the presence of doomsday weapons.

You may be surprised to learn that nuclear weapons could be woven into the fabric of a life. Take mine for instance. There was the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile (ICBM) in a silo on my grandfather's farm in North Dakota, ¼ mile from the house I lived in every summer as a boy. The U.S. Air Force called that missile J44 and marked it with a little green sign at the Highway 2 corner. Meanwhile, activists at Nukewatch nicknamed the missile “Cleopatra” when they mapped the locations of all ICBMs in the United States. I smiled when I remembered my trip to Missouri in 1992 to take part in an act of civil disobedience at a nuclear missile silo near Kansas City. Judging by the fast response with helicopter gun ships, the U.S. Air Force was very possessive of its nuclear missiles. Finally, my thoughts turned to the silo I stumbled upon while trying to find a trail access into Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness Area via the Dearborn River. Military police looked as surprised as I was when I topped the hill on that lonely road far from their base in Great Falls.

The road turned south and I thanked god that I was finally in Wisconsin. I glanced at my reference library in the passenger side door panel. It consisted of a copy of “Dr. Strangelove”, subtitled “How I Stopped Worrying and Learned to Love the Bomb”; required reading for all baby boomers, no pun intended. There was also a copy of Lafontaine's “Caddisflies”, still in shrink wrap, and a worn paperback copy of Norman MacLean's “A River Runs through It”. To be brilliant, you've got to surround yourself with brilliant writing.

I took the second exit into River Falls and continued the ritual. At the light, I hung a left and drove to the bridge over the South Fork. Rats, it was still tightly posted with no reasonable excuse to trespass. Back on the highway, I figured I may as well swing through the UW campus on a warm spring day. It comforted me to see strong, viable populations of this year's offering of western Wisconsin beauties. I wished I was nineteen again. After a right turn onto Main Street, I pulled over, parked and entered the fly shop. I poured a cup of coffee and absorbed poignant words of wisdom from the bearded proprietor, my friend. I left with a refill of coffee. Back in the car, I drove north on Main Street, to my last stop; the McDonald's drive through. What an incredible offer: two hot cherry pies for a dollar. Pie and gourmet fly shop coffee; the perfect reward for a corporate climber like me.

There was a reason I was in no hurry to get wet. I had perfected the use of nymph and dun so that I always caught fish on this reach at any time of the day. But they were small; a twelve inch fish was a trophy. I longed for big brown trout and big brown



trout feed in the dark. Several hours later, with a rising moon, I bookmarked what I was reading, eased into the current and carefully shuffled into casting position 30 yards from where the crest of a fallen oak joined the depths of a pool. In my excitement to catch a monster, I threw a sloppy loop which hit my rod tip and tangled the leader. There was a small vegetated island nearby. I carefully waded over and found a spit of sand to support my aching back and verdant growth of vegetation to sit on and attack the snarl. Alone in the dark, with only the soothing murmur of the river, I was suddenly aware how fatigued I was, lay back in the cool sand and dropped the leader. I would only close my eyes for a minute.

I don't know how much time had passed when I found myself staring into the blinding beam of a flashlight. "Could you get that damned flashlight out of my eyes please", I spit into the darkness. "Sorry" was the quick response. "Who are you?" I inquired. He replied, "General Jack D. Ripper at your service, base commander of Turguldson Air Force Base, Ellsworth, Wisconsin. Son, don't you know that even as we speak, commies are compromising our precious bodily fluids? I became aware of this during the physical act of love, when I experienced a profound feeling of fatigue and loss of essence". I said, "Well general, I do try to stay hydrated". "Son, as you made that first cast tonight, the 3rd and 5th armies of North Korea were crushing resistance in the demilitarized zone and unleashing a hellish missile attack on Seoul" said Ripper. "Do you know what that means?" I responded, "That it's going to be a lot tougher to find new parts for my Hyundai." Ripper responded "No need for sarcasm son. I'm talking about nuclear retaliation. The safest place to be during thermonuclear combat is in a trout stream. Commies don't target trout streams. Stay here; you're going to need all the friends you can get when this night is over".

I don't know what happened but my next recollection was that I was miles from the river and General Ripper, driving my car west with my friend Owen in the passenger seat. That was odd because Owen died on me twenty years ago. I was still wearing my wet Dan Bailey chest waders. As we reached the top of the hill, I slowed my car and pulled over onto the shoulder. Owen handed me a cold beer, a bottle of Rush River Unforgiven, and said "Old buddy, never forget the fun things in life; fishing, hunting, dreams, and chasing women. The trick with women is you can chase them but don't let them trick you into catching them; ha,ha,ha!" We drank our beer as twenty six miles to the west, an immense reddish cloud grew from unknown origins to what I imagined was a height of eight miles. We were spectators in a silent movie of black and white and red. As the blast heated up the atmosphere and the cloud mushroomed, I felt my waders again and they had dried nicely. I contemplated taking them off but I was distracted by a flaming Freightliner truck flying by within casting range. I wondered if McDonald's would continue to offer those delicious little pies at reasonable post-apocalyptic prices. While I wondered about the pies, Owen yelled "duck" as the "Welcome to Minnesota" sign passed overhead. He slowly walked down the highway toward the river and I just watched him go.

I was yelling "Ripper" as I woke from my nightmare. At least, I thought I was awake because I could feel the cool water of the river on my hand. I sat up just as a large fish splashed and rolled in the pool. I wasn't thinking about big brown trout anymore. All I could think about was home. An eight foot bank of gravel rose like a great wall in front of me. I kicked and clawed like a madman until I reached the top. Along the way, I dropped my Sage rod and a fly box with the Sparkle Duns I tied the night before in the cut; they didn't seem very important. Likewise the GPS unit I brought to find my way back to the car in the dark. I could just see the tops of the golden arches over the forest canopy and that was the only waypoint I needed to make it out.

There was plenty of traffic on the freeway now. Ignoring the 65 mile per hour speed limit, I buried the accelerator and was home in no time. My house was dark as I unlocked the door. I removed my muddy clothes in the bathroom, showered, then slid into bed beside my wife. It was 2:30. She woke and asked why I was back so early, mumbling something about "if my mistress was tired tonight?" I said "No, she was still running strong and clear". That's when I said, "Let's make up our mind to move out of this state like we talked about before". My wife replied, "What's the worst thing that could happen by staying here in Woodbury". I said, "Honey, you'd be surprised".

This story is dedicated to the memory of my friend Owen G. Hayden, airman and B-52 nuclear bomber mechanic at Grand Forks Air Force Base, North Dakota, during the Cold War, and to the memory of nuclear physicist Samuel Day, founder of Nukewatch, Madison, WI.





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CHECK US OUT ON THE WEB:

[WWW.KIAPTUWISH.ORG](http://WWW.KIAPTUWISH.ORG)



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## **DON'T MISS THE APRIL MEETING!!!**

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April brings us the  
annual Dry Fly Dick Frantes Fly  
Tying Meeting. Come see some  
outstanding streamers being  
tied by great local tyers.

Wednesday, April 6th

Dinner at 6PM

Meeting at 7PM

The deadline to make submissions for the  
May issue is Wednesday, April 20th.  
Thank you!

