



RipRap

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

DECEMBER, 2011 VOLUME 5, ISSUE 4

Restoration, Improvements and Preservation through Research and Projects

PRESIDENT'S LINES & DECEMBER MEETING INFORMATION

BY KYLE AMUNDSON

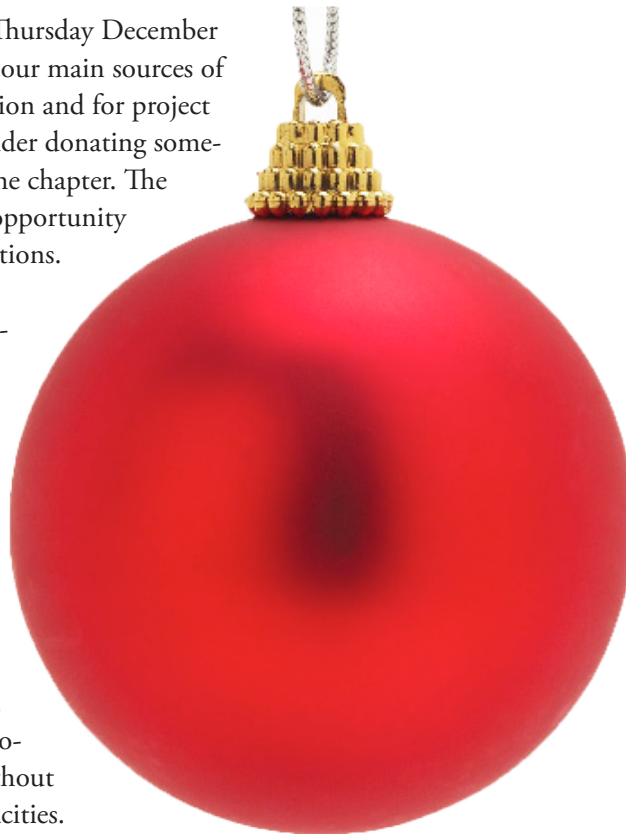
Our banquet is on Thursday December 8th, this is one of our main sources of income for operation and for project work. Please consider donating something to help raise revenue for the chapter. The silent auction will also provide opportunity to bid for some wonderful donations.

We are still trying to coordinate a funding request plan to start a long term Trimbelle River restoration project. If the funding is not there, we will shoot to start the project in 2013 and look at de-brushing efforts for 2012.

We have at least one board position that will be open in March. Please consider this position as we cannot function without member involvement in all capacities.

Welcome new members: Matt Anderson (Prescott); Charles Christiansen (Hudson); Richard Krumm (Roberts); Terry Plaehn (Roberts).

Winner
Bollinger Award
Best Newsletter
2010



**The Kiap-TU-Wish
Holiday Banquet
will be held at
Tartan Park in
Lake Elmo, MN on
Thursday,
December 8th.
Happy Hour at
6 PM, Dinner
begins at 7:30,
Program at 8:30.
Be there!**



HOLIDAY BANQUET UPDATE

BY DEB OLMSTEAD

Time is running out to reserve your spot!

The deadline to make a reservation for this year's SPECTACULAR Kiap-TU-Wish Holiday Conservation Banquet is **DECEMBER 5th at NOON!!!**

(Please do not assume that you can show up at the banquet without a reservation and get in!)

Call Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop @ 651.770.5854 to get your name(s) on the rapidly growing list.

In the last edition of Rip-Rap Jon Jacobs wrote a detailed piece about the upcoming banquet. The salient points to be made in this article are these: The cost is **\$35.00** per person – the same as last year. The banquet location is Tartan Park in Lake Elmo, and the banquet itself is **Thursday evening, DECEMBER 8**. The price goes up to \$50.00 after the registration deadline – and for walk-ins - **if there is room!**

Happy Hour and silent auction bidding begins at **6:00 PM**; dinner begins at **7:30**, at which time some awards will be given. The program, which you won't want to miss, begins at **8:30 PM**, and features **Rob McKim** of the *Nature Conservancy*.

Speaking of the Silent Auction, we have an incredible line-up of items! Some of the highlights are:

- *Western-style drift boat trip for one or two from Hayward Fly Fishing.

- *A one-night stay at the Mayfly Lodge in Viroqua, WI

- *A Dave Norling "Kinni Special" split-cane fly rod; 7'6" 5 weight.

- *A 13" x 19" glicee brook trout print, signed and numbered by the artist, Derek DeYoung of Livingston, MT

- *A Scott A2 fly rod; 9' 8 weight.

- *A Joel Pieper original "fly" oil painting.

There will also be spa/salon items, jewelry, a bird house, a wine event, books, flies, and many, many more items to choose from!

NOTE: If you are planning on donating any items to the silent auction, please bring those items to Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop a few days before the banquet if at all possible!

WE ARE STILL IN NEED OF A FEW MORE VOLUNTEERS!

If you would be willing to help us out at the banquet, please call Jon Jacobs @ 715.386.7822. The jobs are easy – and we could use your help.

Remember, this IS the Social Event of the Season! Reserve a spot TODAY!



Oh man, I am starting to get really excited for the Holiday Banquet on Thursday, December 8th at Tartan Park. The food is always delicious, and this year's menu should be no different. Whenever I know I am going to a buffet I try to limit my food intake beforehand, in order to get the maximum caloric benefit for the money. I wouldn't suggest that you try not to eat anything the whole week leading up to the Banquet, because that might have the wrong effect of requiring you to make a visit to your local Emergency Room, and then you would miss out on all of the fun of the Banquet. But you could limit yourself to a light lunch on the day of, and then pack it in at Tartan Park like I do. There you have it: how to get your money's worth.

This issue of RipRap is packed as full as my stomach will be on the night of the Banquet. Deb Olmstead goes into more detail about the Banquet, as I'm sure you have already read on the previous page. There are also a couple shorts by Greg Meyer, a book review by Tom Henderson of Chapter member Perry Palin's new book, and a blurb about what's happening at the Kinni Creek Lodge & Outfitters, by Paige Olson. All of this is bookended by a wonderful essay by Nick Westcott that ran in RipRap a few years ago, but I felt needed to be dusted off and read again. I think you will enjoy it very much.

Now, on to some personal stuff. And, really, I think we can all agree that there hasn't been enough of my personal news in RipRap over the past few months. Some of you were probably thinking to yourself, "What's up with Scott? He hasn't mentioned his two kids for a long time!" Well, there's only so much a guy can write about his two kids, but when there's THREE kids in the picture, that's a whole different story. Yes, my beautiful bride is pregnant yet again, and we are expecting our third child in March. I will do my best to keep the kid talk to a minimum, but I can't guarantee that a photo won't pop up in the April issue next spring. Just thought I'd warn you ahead of time. Have a great month, a wonderful Christmas Season, and I hope to see you all at the Holiday Banquet on Thursday the 8th.

KIAP-TU-WISH BOARD MEMBERS & CONTACT INFO

Kyle Amundson	President	kdamundson@gmail.com
Greg Dietl	V.P./Conservation Chair/Board Member	grdietl@hotmail.com
Gary Horvath	Secretary	magshorvath@comcast.net
Tom Henderson	Treasurer	tomhenderson136@comcast.net
Randy Arnold	Volunteer Coordinator/Board Member	rarnold@augbiomed.com
Bob Diesch	Board Member	bob@etestinc.com
Hans Jung	Board Member	jungx002@umn.edu
Jonathan Jacobs	Board Member	turiprap@hotmail.com
Greg Meyer	Board Member/Webmaster	kiaptuwish@hotmail.com
Scott Hanson	RipRap Editor	scott@yes-tech.com



FLY SWAP IS BACK!

BY GREG MEYER

We will again be featuring our monthly fly swap for Kiap-TU-Wish members and friends in the months of January through May. Each swap will have a theme that participants will tie flies for. Representing the best “secret” flies for our local waters (and favorite destinations) as tied by our chapter members and guests.

Basic Overview

We typically tie a baker's dozen (13) flies of one pattern. In return, you will receive 12 flies that were tied by other swap participants. The extra fly will be donated to Kiap-TU-Wish to help with their fundraising activities. Swaps are limited to the first 12 people that sign up each time.

For example, our first swap may be “winter nymphs.” Participants will tie 13 flies of one pattern of their favorite winter nymph, send it to the swap master (me), and get 12 different flies back in return. We will post photos and recipes of each participant's flies as they are submitted. Suggestions from participants will determine the next featured fly theme to swap.

Please contact me if you'd like to participate in this year's fly swaps, or have any questions, at: kiaptuwish@hotmail.com



LOOKING FOR SOCIAL MEDIA VOLUNTEERS

BY GREG MEYER

Starting in January, Kiap-TU-Wish will have a presence on facebook and LinkedIn.

Are you on facebook or LinkedIn? Always wanted to volunteer with Kiap-TU-Wish, but weren't sure how to be involved? We need your help! We are currently looking for chapter members to serve as editors/contributors to help with our social media presence.

We'll be including information on current chapter projects, volunteer opportunities, environmental issues and whatever is relevant and timely.

If you'd like to help or have questions, please contact Greg Meyer at: kiaptuwish@hotmail.com.

FLY FISHING BOOKS & DVDs FOR SALE

All books are in like-new condition and priced to sell.

Fly Tier's Benchside Reference, Barr Flies, Tying Emergers, Gierach, Borger, Trout Bum Diaries and many more!

Email me for a full list today.

Conveniently located in Cottage Grove, MN.

20% of proceeds will be donated to Kiap-TU-Wish.

Call, text or email.

Chad Borenz

651.261.8277 or

chadborenz@gmail.com



BOOK REVIEW: KATZ CREEK AND OTHER STORIES

BY TOM HENDERSON

In the 1950s and 60s, the innocence of youth was not lost if a 13-year-old boy on a bicycle did a little bit of poaching. In this collection of self-contained stories/chapters, Perry Palin describes a young man's lifestyle that too few of our children and grandchildren will experience. Even as an older adult, I envy the fishing adventures that he describes. It was easy to identify with him as he describes fishing small streams, working in a dangerous job as a teenager, fishing in beaver ponds, shy social interaction with girls who enjoy fishing, and hiking through the woods to secret streams to go fishing. Not all stories are written from a teenager's viewpoint; several describe activities of unique characters that one occasionally meets in rural areas.

The book is easy to read and well-written with short declarative sentences in a style that was very successful for Hemingway. When it appeared in the book rack at Bob Mitchell's, I thought it would last for a couple of weeks in my pattern of reading a chapter a day...but it was too enjoyable to stop, so it lasted only a couple of days. Highly recommended.

The author is a long-time member of Kiap-TU-Wish. He ties excellent flies that are typically door prizes at chapter meetings.

KATZ CREEK AND OTHER STORIES BY PERRY PALIN
2012 WHITEFISH PRESS, CINCINNATI, OHIO



THE FLY SHOP ON THE KINNI

BY PAIGE OLSON

A History of Kinni Creek Lodge and Outfitters.

It was back at the turn of the century when I created Kinni Creek Lodge & Outfitters. It was a humble beginning but my dream was intact and I was off to a good start. I started out with three guest rooms, bed and breakfast style, along with six canoe rentals. It wasn't long and the fly fishermen started coming along and they wanted guides. The guides wanted a fly shop and the guests wanted to rent the whole lodge, without breakfast, and be able to have full use of the kitchen. The drought came and the canoes were too big for the skinny water, so the kayaks came next. The fly shop that had been a convenience shop for the guests and guides became popular with walk-ins on their way to the river. So the fly shop had to grow too. My intention was to renovate and expand a year ago, but with my old golden retriever being sick with cancer and passing away and then getting divorced two weeks later, I opted for a winter of fly fishing in New Zealand. So here I am, ready for a new beginning and ready to renovate once again. The pre-season orders are in with a lot of great new products on their way for the 2012 season. So as I write this from Grandma Link's parking lot at deer camp (there's internet access at Link Stop) I realize there is much to do yet this winter to prepare for all of you, and to make my fly shop the best it can be for everything you need. The products I will continue to carry and add on next season include greats like Redington, Umpqua, Temple Fork Outfitters, Ross, Montana Fly, Buff, Croakies, i-Gogs, Scientific Angler, and many more. Of course you can get your license at my fly shop too. Be sure and bring a good fly fishing story when you stop in and why not just book a night so you can completely relax and not have to drive back home. I will also be offering a complete lodge plan with all meals for half or whole week. So if you have clients flying into the Minneapolis and St. Paul area don't book them a sterile hotel room, impress them with a stay in the Northern Driftless Area at Kinni Creek Lodge and Outfitters! Enjoy hibernation season. Sweet dreams of great fly fishing. Best to you. Cheers!



REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS CAST

BY NICK WESTCOTT

I don't know if it's because I just turned fifty, but I find myself doing a lot more reflecting these days. Now, it's not like there is an owl outside my bedroom window hooting a death knell, anyway I don't believe there is. Most of this contemplation seems to center around my youth, especially the times my brother and I would go fishing in the summer.



This may or may not be an actual photograph of the author with one of his beloved bullheads from his youth.



Like every kid, I couldn't wait for summer to begin; they were long days filled with adventure. Growing up in the sixties, one didn't have the imagination-robbing computer games that today's kids can't be pulled away from. Most of us in the neighborhood had one black and white TV per household, but you weren't allowed to sit and watch it all day. No, you were shoed outside and left to your own devices. That was just fine with us.

With breakfast consumed in lightning speed, we would fly out of the house, the screen door straining at its hinges, returning only when we got hungry or for dinner, another eight plus hours away. Our fishing attire was simple: t-shirts, cut-off jeans and a pair of Keds. Those who were fortunate or conniving enough, or both, had a pair of Jack Purcells on their feet. The trademark blue stripe that wrapped around the high grade rubber toe signified to all around that you were cool. That is until those "bumpers" went wet wading for a few days, they then looked (and smelled) like any old overpriced tennis shoe. It was out to the back shed where the bikes were stored. My younger brother grabbed his copper colored Schwinn Sting Ray, and I grabbed my older brother's J.C. Higgins hand-me-down. Yet, my bike was revamped; it was spray painted a metallic magenta and sported high handle bars, and had a tiger patterned banana seat with a modest sized sissy bar. This two wheeled wonder was set to cruise. A container of garden-dug worms, an absconded can of corn and strips of bacon were the bait of choice (note: my brother and I now frown upon such fishing methods as backward and redneck). We took our fishing rods, also in the shed, and straddled them across the handle bars, tucked the worms and corn between the legs, and shoved the baggie of bacon in a pocket. Away we went, tearing down the alley, pedals a blur, gravel spitting out from under our rear tires.

We were pretty lucky as city kids go. The creek, or "crick" as we called it back then, was only about a half mile away, so travel time was minimal, especially with ten and eleven year old legs. There was one busy street we had to be careful of; it didn't matter what color the traffic light was, as long as there were no cars, we sped across. By the time we reached the creek, our two-wheeled transports would still be rolling, we having already dismounted with rods in hand. Hearts pounding, chests heaving and gasping for air we looked at each other and smiled. Before us lay the waters we came to know very well over the years. The part of the creek we usually fished had about a four foot drop or so, an area which we called "the rapids." The fast moving water went under a street bridge and then leveled out as it made its way downstream. Above the gradient was slower moving water, almost placid. It was here, on a flat grassy area, that we would make the first cast. With bait attached and bobbers set at proper depth, we would, in unison, make an arcing motion, trying to get as much line out as possible, hoping to reach the deepest water. That feeling of anticipation and wonder has never left me. Whether watching a bobber dip as a kid or, as an adult, a dry fly disappear, the excitement of witnessing the initial take is as strong as ever.

City creeks are a far cry from the truly pristine streams of Wisconsin. Somewhat murky, usually dark green, they held no trout; yet at some time in their past they probably did. You got what you got, be it small scrappy northern pike, crappie, sunfish, sucker, or the dreaded ("be careful of your hand so you don't get stung") bullhead. But still, they were our waters, and we learned from and appreciated them. If the fishing was slow, we would simply recline along the bank and talk, or like so many times, not say anything but just look and listen. Upstream a ways, the grassy area gave way to an inaccessible part of the creek, muddy and studded with various tall weeds and cattails. Every day we fished, red-winged blackbirds would watch beady-eyed, precariously perched on this vegetation. Seemingly annoyed, they would puff out their bodies, exposing the brilliant crimson badges on their wings and let forth with a raucous throaty trill as if to say, "This place is ours, leave!" To this day, when I hear their call, I am drawn back in time.

We usually caught something on every trip, and usually let it go. But as the years went by my brother would consistently catch more fish. I don't know how to explain it other than he had this innate skill. He became much more serious about his fishing, going without me when I would have rather played baseball or ride bikes with the neighbor kids. Just in time for dinner, he would pull into the backyard with three or four fish on a stringer, his skin brown and hair bleached from the sun. His routine stayed the same through his early teenage years, fishing alone almost every day, obsessed. My mother must have had the most naturally fertilized garden for blocks around.

Many, many years have gone by and I haven't returned to our fishing hole. Oh, I have driven past occasionally, but I won't stop. It isn't the same, time will do that. It is smaller and less adventurous looking than I remember, the rapids no longer running fast and turbulent, the weeds and cattails long gone and my brother a thousand miles away. What are memories but distant images to keep in one's heart? I close my eyes and see the time, some forty years ago, when the riffles were full of suckers, running like salmon and slipping from the hands of two young, gleefully shouting boys.

This article by Mr. Westcott has appeared in a previous issue of RipRap, but the editor thought it fit perfectly in this December issue, when we all think about warm summer days and old fishing memories.





CHECK US OUT ON THE WEB:

WWW.KIAPTUWISH.ORG



DON'T MISS THE DECEMBER MEETING!!!

HOLIDAY BANQUET!!!

Thursday, December 8th
@ Tartan Park

The deadline to make submissions for the
January issue is Wednesday, December 21st.
Thank you!

