



A Publication of the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited
FEBRUARY, 2009 VOLUME 2, ISSUE 6

FEBRUARY MEETING INFORMATION



SHAWN SCHOTTLER & FRIEND

Shawn Schottler, Ph.D., is a Senior Scientist at the St. Croix Watershed Research Station, a field station of the Science Museum of MN. He received his Ph.D. in Environmental Engineering from the University of Minnesota in 1997. He has two principle research interests: 1) techniques for maximizing floristic diversity in prairie reconstructions, and 2) quantifying the impacts of land use on water quality and sediment erosion in agricultural watersheds using radioisotopes. Shawn's research takes him to many sediment rich, non-trout waters in the greater Lake Pepin watershed, which is ok because... "he is a below average flycaster and has a tendency to leave wooly buggers high up in willow trees".

Dr. Schottler comes highly recommended from chapter members so don't miss out. See you at Bob Smith's Sports Club, downtown Hudson, WI, 6 for dinner and 7 for meeting and presentation.



One hundred and fifty years of suspended sediment in the Lake Pepin watershed. Do you want to know where it has come from? Then don't miss the February 4, 2009, Kiap-TU-Wish membership meeting.

Shawn P. Schottler, Ph.D., will present: The story of suspended sediment over the last 150 years: Fingerprinting the sources of suspended sediment using radioisotopes. Where does all the suspended sediment come from and why do amounts and sources change over time? How have changes in land use driven the story of suspended sediment?

KIAP-TU-WISH CHAPTER



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**Editor's Note: See Greg's
President's Lines on
page 2 for additional
February meeting info**

PRESIDENT'S LINES

BY GREG DIETL

February Meeting Program Update

Casting for Recovery (CFR) is a national non-profit support and educational program for women who have or have had breast cancer. Kim Rasmussen will give a presentation on CFR and upcoming activities in our area at the February meeting. Kim's presentation will precede Shawn Schottler's presentation.

Chapter Booth at Great Waters Expo

The Great Waters Expo will be held March 5, 6 & 7, at the Bloomington, Sheraton Hotel, 494 and Hwy 100. The chapter will have a booth contiguous with TCTU and Hiawatha Chapters. We need volunteers to staff the booth. I will be going over Friday afternoon to set up and could use some help. We need staff on Saturday and Sunday. We will need someone to volunteer to be there Sunday afternoon to take down the booth and secure it. Please contact me at grdiel@hotmail.com if you want to volunteer or have questions.

Welcome to New Members

Ben Anderson Earl Fairbanks Frank Vruno

Trout Unlimited Turns 50

2009 is Trout Unlimited's 50th Anniversary. Check out the special website for information celebrating the anniversary: www.tu50.org

Remaining Meetings

The March meeting is the annual business meeting. April is the Dick Frante's Memorial Fly Tyers gathering. In May, Marty Engel, DNR Fisheries Biologist will give his annual presentation on the status of trout fisheries in western Wisconsin.

Volunteers Needed

The chapter has approximately 240 members. We have 7 board members, a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. We have a webmaster and newsletter editor. All of these positions are held by volunteers. Volunteers are the life blood of the organization; without volunteers we would not exist as an organization. So, I am asking for you to think about making a commitment to the organization by considering a board or officer position. We have an opening on the Board of Directors and will soon need a new president. Please contact me or any officer or board member if you are interested or have questions. We've been fortunate over the past few years to have members step up and assume board positions. We thrive on new blood and new ideas. Please give it some thought!

Brushing on the Kinni

I am anticipating there will be some brushing on the Kinni soon, like February soon. Sounds like 2000 feet downstream of the County J bridge. I'll get the word out as soon as we get the dates from the DNR.

Rush River Clean Up

The annual Rush River Clean Up is scheduled for April 25. If you would like to help with organization please contact Sarah Sanford. Sarah will welcome the help.

Banquet Wrap Up

This year's banquet raised \$4000.00. Ninety five people attended. Thanks to Scott Thorpe for his excellent presentation on guiding in Alaska. Thank you to all who attended and contributed. Below is a list of contributors. My apologies if anyone was missed

CORK LUNDBERG
NICK WESTCOTT
JONATHAN JACOBS
DUWAYNE AND MARY ANDERSON
RON ZAUDKE
ANDY LAMBERSON
JEFF PIERCE
CHRIS SPRAU
CHAD BORENZ
BOB HUME
BILL HEART
BILL HINTON
DAVE LUNDEEN
PERRY PALIN

TOM ANDERSON
SPORTSMAN'S WAREHOUSE/WOODBURY
TROUT LILLY STUDIOS/JOHN KOCH
DRIFTLESS ANGLER
THE RIVER BANK
KINNI RIVER LODGE AND OUTFITTERS
BATCHE'S BALDWIN CREEK LODGE
SHEER MADNESS/COLLEEN MANNING
THE BIRD HOUSE, TOO
KULACK ART COMPANY/WOODBURY
KELLY GALLERY/HUDSON
PATAGONIA
JUST FOR ME, A SPA
ROB PAETZOLD, NICOLLET JR. HIGH SCHOOL

RANDY ARNOLD
BOB TREVIS
BOB MAYRAND
TOM BATTEY
KYLE AMUNDSON
BRUCE ORENSTEEN
DON AUSEMUS
GREG MEYER
GARY RICHARDSON
CHUCK GOOSEN
GREG DIETL
SARAH SANFORD



I am a happy guy. I received a wonderful package via UPS yesterday that completely changed my outlook on life. For the past two months or so, life has been cold and dreary, making me want to stay inside and curl up in a little ball. There was nothing in the outside world that made me want to venture out in to it. Instead, every fiber of my being yearned to stay inside the cocoon that was my warm, non-threatening home, where things were always cozy and perfect. Every time I was supposed to go out in to the world, my wife had to drag me out in to it kicking and screaming. But that is no more. The package that I received yesterday changed everything. Now I no longer dread going out in to the world. There's nothing out there that causes me to worry any more.

What, you may be asking, could have been in the package that would have caused such a momentous change in Scott's outlook on life? I tell you, good people, that if you had the misfortune that I have had the past two months, and then you received the package that I did yesterday, your world would have been changed just as much as mine was. This was, by far, the best and most life-changing package that I've ever been lucky enough to receive. You see, a couple of months ago, right before the coldest part of winter was about to hit, a seemingly insignificant thing occurred as I was taking my coat off at work: the zipper became completely discombobulated. It was as stuck as stuck can be. The only teeth on the zipper that held were at the very top of the coat, so there was no way to close the coat to keep the cold out, but I had to put it on and take it off over my head each time I went somewhere. Thankfully, one of my coworkers knew that Columbia had a lifetime guarantee on all their outerwear; however I soon found out that I had to send it to Oregon and it would take 6-8 weeks to get it back. Oh, the horror! During the time it was gone, I was forced to layer 3 or 4 of my lighter weight jackets on top of each other in order to thwart winter, and even that wasn't enough when the temps hit -24 degrees last week. I was constantly cold whenever I went outside. It was miserable. But yesterday, I got my coat back from Columbia, and it looks as good as new. It's by far the warmest coat I've ever owned, and I feel like there's nothing that winter can throw at me that will get me down. Bring it on, winter!

On a less dramatic note, you may have noticed a slight change in RipRap this month. Since I've been spending more time indoors lately, I have been able to teach myself a new, more powerful publishing program. I'm sure there are some kinks I'll need to work out in the coming months, but I hope you like the way RipRap looks. Let me know what you think. Enjoy all the articles, come to the February meeting, and I'll see you next month!



FINAL SPRING/SUMMER APPEAL NUMBERS

BY HAP LUTTER

\$0-49		\$50-74	\$100-500	
ALBERTS, VERN	HUMPHREY, JIM	BALLMAN, DAVID	ANDERSON, BRUCE	HOVARTH, GARY
AMUNDSON, KYLE	HUPPERT, MIKE	BEHRENS, PAUL	AUSEMUS, DON	KAEMMER, ART
BATTEY, TOM	JACOBS, JON	BRISTOL, GERALD	BAUER, RICHARD	LORENSEN, ROBERT
BIERAUGEL, ROBERT	JUNG, HANS	JOHNSON, KENT	BRADHAM, BOB	LUTTER, HAP
BUMP, JEFF	KAPLAN, JOHN	LANGFORD, WM.	CARR, JOHN	MADSEN, STEVE
CUMMINGS, MIKE	KENNEDY, STEVE	LUNDBERG, HERB	CARVER, LOREN	MAIRS, COREY
DAVIS, PETER	KOCH, JOHN	NICHOLS, HUDSON	CHRISTENSEN, JEF F	MEYER, GEG
DIESCH, BOB	KRUMWEIDE, DAN	SCHNADT, TOM	DIETL, GREG	NELSON, PAUL
DUNDER, KEITH	LOIDA, BARB	STOCKMAN, WAYNE	GRANT, COLLEEN	O'KEEFE, EUGENE
EBENSPERGER, GARY	MACKMILLER, TED		HANOUSEK, DICK	SCHOENWETTER, JIM
FERRARO, KENT	MAHER, BRUCE		HANSON, PAUL	SOURS, JOHN
FORWARD, ERIC	MANION, MARIA		HANSON, KEN	TORRES, BOB
FROSETH, DAN	MANOR, ROBERT		NELSON, TRACY	
GERARD, GREG	NEARY, PAUL		WESTCOTT, NICK	
GOOSEN, CHUCK	TREVIS, BOB		WEISNER, BOB	
HAINES, GERARD	WRIGHT, PAUL		ZAUDKE, RON	
HALAND, TED	GREGG, DAVID			
HENNESSY, TIM	NELSON, JERRY			
HICKOK, CLINE				
HIPPLE, DOUG				
HOPEMAN, ALAN				

WINTER REPAIRS

BY ANDY LAMBERSON

Now that the holidays are over and the trout early season is a small light at the end of the dark winter tunnel, it's time to start preparing for trout season! Here are a few of my fly gear "best management practices" that I'm starting.

Fly Lines: As the price of fly lines goes up and up, my regiment of care has increased. My first practice is a result of my aversion to wasting money (I don't mind spending money....I just hate wasting it...more on that later). For my 4 wt and under fly lines I buy double taper fly lines which I cut in half...and get two fly lines! Although I'm sure it is obvious, the way I do it is to unwind the entire fly line on the basement floor and then match the two tips. I run my hand down the two lines (keeping them even) until I find the middle of the fly line and cut it in half. I IMMEDIATELY tie an overhand knot on the "bottom end" of the fly line to keep track of butt vs. tip (you obviously would not tie a knot on your tip end and ruin the tip...and therefore you can remember that the knotted end is the butt section!). I mount one line on my reel and the other goes back on the line spool, butt taped to the center of the spool and the tip out. This hopefully gives you a nice straight tip section the next time you need a new fly line.

Now I know you can supposedly flip a full double taper around and use the "new end" but I've had poor results with this method. I always seem to end up with a tip section with permanent coil memory that never quite lays out flat. The only way I've been able to get rid of the memory is to soak the fly line in hot water and then stretch it straight and keep it under pressure for a couple days.

The other advantage of having only ½ a fly line on your reel is that it forces you to maintain a realistic distance from the fish! Our sport is called fly FISHING...not fly CASTING! If there is one major tip I could give to a new angler it would be learn how to get closer to your fish, NOT how to cast further! There is NO way you can control your presentation effectively after a long cast. Even worse, as you get older it does you no good to make a long cast because you can't see your fly!

Flies: Throughout the season I put my used flies into a small fly box that I have drilled VERY small holes into (for ventilation so the flies dry). I also add some fly drying powder to the box to draw the water quickly out of the flies. This process will result in no rusted hooks which create a wasted fly. Into the box I also put all the flies that have come apart due to (hopefully!) catching dozens of fish or, unfortunately, due to a poor tie.

Throughout the season I rotate most of the dried flies back into their boxes, except for the severely mangled and broken ones. This leaves me with a box of cripples that need repair.

The flies that are mangled and gummed up from fly floatant, fish slime etc. are easy to fix with steam from a tea kettle. Just hold the fly in your forceps in the stream of steam coming out of the kettle and watch the magic begin! The hot steam will clean the fly and magically all the hackle and other materials steam back straight. This process is especially good if you have mashed the posts on your parachute flies and any fly using elk hair. It is really amazing to see how an Elk Hair Caddis springs back to life! Make sure the flies are completely dry before you put them back in your box!

Waders: Now is the time to glue that felt back on the bottom of your boots using shoe glue, and even wash those breathable waders that smell like....well....butt! First, gently rub off any dirt, sand, etc. with a dry cloth, then use a wet cloth to clean off as much as possible WITHOUT driving the dirt into the fibers of the wader! You do not want to poke micro holes into your previously waterproof breathable waders!

Then, wash them in warm water and Woolite either in a utility tub or on slow/gentle in the washing machine. HANG dry your waders for a few days until dry. Then apply a breathable wader refurbishing spray like TECTRON DWR available from Dan Bailey's Fly Shop or your local establishment. One word of warning, this is really nasty stuff (all water repellants are) on your respiratory system. Make sure you are in a well ventilated area (outside if it's warm enough). I use my bathroom with the fan on and ALWAYS wear a face mask! Even the cheap little white shop masks are better than nothing! If you don't you will be coughing for weeks!

You can also wash your vest if you are so inclined (although a vest needs to develop a certain "air" to be effective!) and give it a light spray of the wader water repellent.

There you go! Enough to keep you busy through one more cold weekend while you daydream of days to come.



FLY TYING CORNER:BLUE DUN EMERGER

BY MICHAEL ALWIN

Bob Mitchell favored traditional flies and the fly bins were always properly stocked with Adams, Blue Quills, Light Cahills, Dark Hendricksons and the like. More than once, when pressed by a customer about a fly to fish, Bob would respond with “Blue Wing Olive” but another of his choices was a lovely little Blue Dun. This traditional dress fly doesn’t resemble anything that I can think of but it was one of Bob’s favorites and seems to have legs in the fly trade.

Whole books have been written about emergers, the substance of which have all indicated the trout’s preference for them, so naturally I’ve tied and fished many suggested patterns with varying degrees of success. But finding one that worked consistently was kind of the holy grail for me. In pawing through Bob’s notes I found so many references to the Blue Dun that its importance became obvious and I reasoned that it might make a good candidate for conversion to an emerger.

The new fly’s first iteration consisted of wood duck flank fibers for the tail, muskrat dubbing for the body and a wing of wild turkey marabou. It was tied on a 1-XL nymph hook, had a slim profile and worked pretty good fished down and across. However, when I turned it over to my friend, Tracy Peterson, the innocent little fly morphed into an entirely different and altogether deadly pattern.



BLUE DUN EMERGER

HOOK: #8 DRY FLY HOOK

TAIL: WOOD DUCK FLANK FIBERS

BODY: DUBBED MUSKRAT OR
MUSKRAT WITH ANTRON

WING: 3 OR 4 CDC FEATHERS

HACKLE: 2 TURNS OF LIGHT BLUE
DUN HEN HACKLE

Tracy kept only two elements of my original creation, the tail and the body. He changed the hook to a dry fly hook, the wing to CDC and added a couple of turns of hen hackle to complete the look. Now the fly not only looked better it fished better. Besides fishing even better down and across the angler has the option of fishing it upstream and with a couple of false casts it floats beautifully, a complete package.

We’re on track to tie two gross of the Blue Dun Emerger this season and there are many customers who tell us it’s the most effective fly in their fly box.



HOW IT ALL BEGAN

BY JONATHAN JACOBS

Scott suggested that I might write about my first trout, or most memorable trout or a memorable experience this month. While I do remember my first trout, I find that what stands out most vividly about my first couple of years of trout fishing is that something seemingly simple was incredibly frustrating.

Let me give you some background. While I first fished with a fly rod fifty years ago this summer, I have fished for trout only about half that time and think of myself yet as a rank beginner. In 1981, my wife, Karen, and I visited friends who had moved to the Black Hills of South Dakota. I had not angled by any means for a long time, but while we were there we did some spin fishing in the man-made, but still lovely lakes and ponds in the mountains. That experience reignited in me a childhood desire to fly fish for trout. Over the next winter, I read everything I could get my hands on about the sport. I built an eight foot, six weight Fenwick fiberglass rod from a kit and acquired most of the equipment and accoutrements that I thought a fly fisherman ought to have.

We visited our friends again in June, 1982. At my friend's direction, one afternoon I fished Rapid Creek right in Rapid City and caught my first trout on a fly. It was a nine inch brown trout and it took a small gold ribbed hare's ear fished on a dead – or as close to dead as I could make it – drift. What I had read to that point had stressed dry flies and methods for fishing them, so I thought taking a trout on a nymph was an incredibly exotic thing. A few days later, we fished a tiny little brook trout creek a few miles from Mt. Rushmore. My friend had grown up in the area and he used his local knowledge, a primitive Forest Service road and a four wheel drive pickup to get us to this incredibly beautiful little stream. Quick to develop an orthodoxy, I started with my nymph. I caught nothing and thought the creek might be barren, but when I switched to a light elk hair caddis, the brookies raced to be the first to gobble it. The beauty of the setting and the fish coupled with the pace of the fishing convinced me that I had found my sport.

Strained finances and family matters allowed me little fishing through the rest of that year. Two or three outings in southeast Minnesota were dismal. 1983 was a new year, though, and I was determined to fish more and to learn to do it well, but my experiences that year were nearly my undoing as a trout angler. I purchased a Wisconsin license for the first time (I lived in Minneapolis then) and participated in an on-stream seminar held on the upper Kinnickinnic River in June. I saw some rising fish that day and watched the instructors catch a few. I knew essentially nothing about western Wisconsin's trout streams or access to them, so I was quick to adopt this stretch of stream as my home water, the place where I'd soon master the sport. Among the many things that I didn't know at the time was that this part of the river was, and is, one of the most confoundingly difficult places on the planet to catch a brown trout. I was heavily smitten with the dry fly, particularly the iconic Adams. I'd drive the thirty five miles to the river and fling an Adams at non-rising fish. When that didn't work, I'd cast a size 24 cream midge to random risers. When that failed, I'd switch to a grasshopper – yes, a grasshopper – and get skunked with that, too. Actually, I didn't always get blanked. Often enough to give me a tiny glimmer of largely false hope, a crazy little brown would impale itself on one of my bizarre offerings.

One night, near sunset, with the river boiling with rising fish, I watched a young man fishing down and across catch fish after fish while, as usual, I did next to nothing. I presumed that since the fish were rising, they were taking mayfly duns and pounded the water with an Adams. Back at the parking lot, I asked the fellow what he'd been using. He said it was a wet fly that he had developed himself. He called it a "Teal" because it had a swept back quill segment wing from a teal. It was about a size 12. I was undone. To think that this kid could hammer the fish with such a thing caused me to think seriously about casing my rod for good. I didn't, though. I struggled continually through the year, wondering what I'd got myself into.

The season ended, mercifully, and winter came. In the depths of snow and cold, getting skunked on a trout stream seemed like a relatively pleasant thing and by the next spring I was more than willing to submit to further torture. In April, on the second weekend of the Minnesota season, we drove down to Trout Run east of Chatfield. There a miracle occurred. A short distance upstream from the historic round barn, I saw a fish rise and when I cast my little Adams above the ring on the water, a nice brown rose immediately and took it. Soon, another and another and another did the same thing. It was if I'd passed through a golden portal. My spirits buoyed, we fished the South Branch of the Root River the next day. There was a nice hatch of what I thought then were

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

It is easier than you may think to succumb to hypothermia, a death by loss of body heat.

It was mid-March or perhaps early April on the lower Kinnickinnic at the end of that long riffle/run which lies upstream of the elbow. Al had entered the river below the island. I had gone downstream to fish the edge of the riprap at the elbow. The day was clear, cool but not cold, with a light breeze. Truly, a wonderful day to be alive on one of the best of trout streams. I suppose the water temperature was somewhere in the lower fifties; certainly not inhumanly cold. I didn't take air or water temperatures, and because I don't keep a journal, I'm not certain of the exact date. Following the long suppression of winter, early season fly-fishers are optimists.

After I had teased the browns for a decent interval and had changed flies a couple of times, I heard a splash, a loud one like maybe a cow or a human had fallen in. Hm? Could it be my old pal stepping off the riprap above a bank cover and going A over teakettle? Nah. There weren't any bank covers up there around the corner that was screened by low-hanging trees. Maybe I should go look. There was more splashing like somebody trying to move with waders full to the belly button.

Al struggled into view, a blue halo around his face. I couldn't make out his words because he was also spouting clean, clear, pure, pristine, precious, Kinnie water.

I must have been laughing, but for Al it was no laughing matter. By the time he crawled out of the river and regained his balance, he was already trembling. Even his cap was dripping water; so he had gone in over his head.

He shucked his waders and pulled off his shirt and I wrung it out. By then he was shaking, in the classic palsy of the early stage of the dreaded and much described hypothermia. We weren't about to test the outcome. We had to get his clothes off and wring them out or make a race to the car. I didn't think we could get him warm on the riverbank, no matter what we did. We raced uphill to the car, got Al stripped and the heater revved up. Later, we dried his clothes in my dryer at home.

Al recovered. It really was touch and go down by the river. Do not let blue skies fool you on early season or fall days when the water is cold but the sun is shining, and a pleasant breeze lulls you into a sense of serenity.



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Paraleptophlebia mayflies. Thinking back on it, they were more likely Blue Winged Olives, but who cares? Not me, because I caught fish steadily on a Little Blue Quill.

I drove home a changed man. Even though I had an enormous amount to learn, I had proved to myself that catching trout on a fly could, now and again, be a simple and pleasant thing. More relaxed and more confident, I drove to Wisconsin that year determined to take things as they came, to learn the lessons that the river and the fish had to offer and, most importantly, not be so hard on myself. That worked out well for me. If you are a beginner, or if your fishing doesn't seem to snuff, that attitude may help you, too.

Here's a little more random advice: Read everything you can about trout fishing, but don't accept any of the information as an article of faith. Work on your casting. This is critical. Confidence in your casting will help build overall confidence. Learn to read the water. Knowing where the trout are and how to make the best presentation to them is far more than half the battle. Learn about bug life. It's a fascinating subject in its own right, but a basic knowledge of it will improve your angling. Don't become a slave to one style or method. Dry flies, wet flies, nymphs, emergers, spinners and streamers all have their place in this grand sport.

Lastly, form friendships with other anglers, both inexperienced and experienced. Fly anglers have a reputation as loners and cranks, which may be well-earned, but most love sharing their knowledge with others. My family moved to Hudson in late 1985, in no small part because of its proximity to trout water. I attended my first Kiap-TU-Wish meeting in January of 1986. I joined because I liked to think of myself as a committed environmentalist. K-TU is a great place for such a person, but I've received far more in friendships formed and knowledge received than the little I've given to the environment.

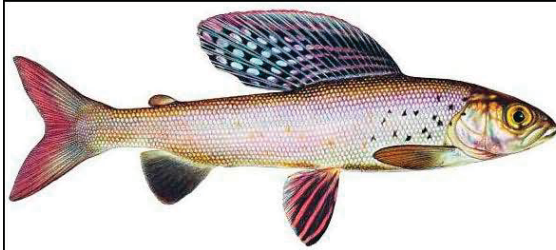




KIAP-TU-WISH
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CHECK US OUT ON THE WEB:

WWW.LAMBCOM.NET/KIAPTUWISH/



DON'T MISS THE FEBRUARY MEETING!!!

Shawn Schottler, PhD, will be discussing suspended sediment in our local waters.

Wednesday February 4th, 2009
at Bob Smith's Sports Club

Dinner starts at 6PM
Meeting begins at 7PM
See you there!

