



A Publication of the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited  
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## FISH TALES BY ANDY ROTH

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BY GREG DIETL

**A**ndy Roth, formerly of Bentley's Outfitters and presently of Gray Goat Fly Fishing, is the guest speaker at the January membership meeting. Andy's presentation is titled "Fish Tales". The presentation is Andy's 2009 year in review with pictures, places, stories and a little video. If you know Andy you already know why you should join us. If you don't know Andy, you should, and that's the other reason you should join us. This is guaranteed to be entertaining and informative. Check out Andy's website: [graygoatflyfishing.com](http://graygoatflyfishing.com). Come early, we could fill up.

Wednesday, January 6, 2010, Bob Smith's Sports Club, downtown Hudson, 6 PM for dinner, 7 PM for the meeting and presentation.



KIAP-TU-WISH  
CHAPTER



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Happy New Year from the  
Editor of RipRap!



# VICE PRESIDENT'S LINES

BY GREG DIETL

## *Banquet Report*

The 2009 Kiap-TU-Wish Banquet was a success in all respects. The Tartan Park staff and the food were outstanding once again. Cathy Wurzer and Denny Behr gave a lively and informative presentation of their book "Tales of the Road: Highway 61". Thank you Cathy and Denny!

While attendance was down this year at 82, the chapter netted over \$4000.00. These are vital funds for chapter projects and commitments. Thank you to all who attended the banquet and generously opened their checkbooks.

Thank you to the banquet committee for their behind the scenes planning and organization: Jonathan Jacobs, Mike Alwin, Deb Olmstead, Tom Henderson and Greg Dietl. And special thanks to Jonathan for providing his talents as MC.

## *Thank you to all the donors who provided merchandise and art work for the raffles and silent auctions:*

Andy Lamberson	Jonathan Jacobs	Near North Fly Fishing Co.	Mike Colling
Tom Helgeson	Perry Palin	Kyle Amundson	Vern Alberts
John Koch	Tom Schnadt	Anonymous	Jeanne Kosfeld
Kulak Art Company	Duane Anderson	Janelle Schnadt	Gary Horvath
The Cellars Wines & Spirits	White Fish Studio	Bradley W. M. Benn	Chad Borenz
The Bird House, Too	Cork Lundberg	Sarah Sanford	Deb Olmstead
Just for Me, The Spa	Kinni Creek Lodge	Hans & Karen Jung	Herb Lundberg
Kyle Vance-Bryan	Dave Johnson	Shear Madness Salon & Spa	Alan Hopeman
Chuck Goosen	Greg Dietl	Don Ausemus	Gary Richardson
Cottage Chic Botique	Bibelot Shop	Ron Kuehn	Mike Alwin
Tom Henderson			

Thanks again to everyone who attended, presented, donated and helped plan this year's banquet. Emily Wemlinger has joined the banquet planning committee for the 2010 event!

## *Fly Box Raffle*

Chad's fly box raffle got a good start at the banquet. The goal is to sell 100 tickets at \$20.00 each. Thirty two tickets were sold at the banquet. The remaining 68 tickets will be available at chapter meetings and the Expo. If you bought a ticket, HOLD ON TO IT. The winning number will be drawn at a chapter meeting when we reach our goal. The box contains an outstanding collection of flies; don't miss out.

## *New Webmaster*

Greg Meyer will be assuming the duties of chapter webmaster. Andy Lamberson will be stepping away from that role after many fine years of service. More to follow as the change occurs. Thank you Greg and Andy...

## *Upcoming Meetings*

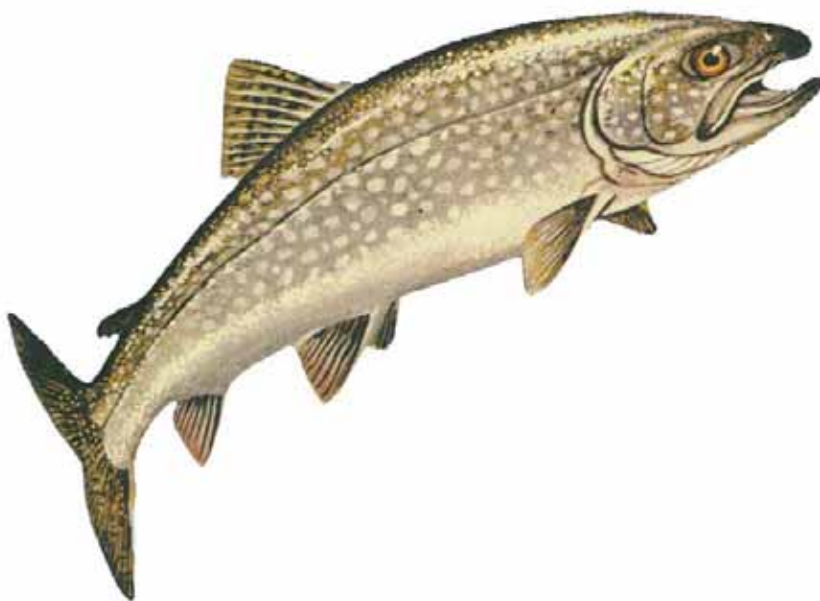
Andy Lamberson will be the guest speaker at the February meeting. March will be the business meeting and possibly Bob Diesch will be in town to present his New Richmond dam update. April will be the fly tying extravaganza and May will bring Marty Engel's annual presentation.



What a wonderful time of year, isn't it? The Christmas season and the impending New Year just seem to make life that much more enjoyable. December started off with a wonderful Kiap-TU-Wish Holiday Banquet, with delicious food, some great camaraderie, and an excellent presentation by Cathy Wurzer and Denny Behr. The chapter was able to raise a nice amount of money, so I would say the evening was a success. This holiday season also brings together family members that are spread great distances apart during the rest of the year, which always means some fun times in the Hanson household. I'm especially glad that the relatives are all coming to us this year, so we won't have to be doing any traveling. Although, last year, when we traveled to Oklahoma for the Christmas week, I was able to spend New Year's Day on the golf course. I don't think I'll be doing that this year here in Minnesota. Unless, of course, I get some cross country skis under the Christmas tree. I don't see that happening, though, since I'm not a fan of skiing. Another thing that makes this time of year exciting for me is the fact that I am writing this on the eve of the winter solstice, which means that the days will start getting longer, and springtime is right around the corner. The November and December doldrums will quickly be replaced by, first, the really frigid temps of January, but then, secondly, the February thaw that seems to occur every year, and finally the muddy mess that is March in the Upper Midwest. I tend to embrace the mud, though (figuratively, not literally) because the mud signifies the end of winter, and the beginning of the best season of them all, trout season!

Since we do have to wait a little while longer to go out and catch some fish, at least in Wisconsin, why don't you spend some of that time reading through the pages of this issue of RipRap! For this month, and this month only, I've done away with the Fly Tying Corner. I've run out of flies that are worthy of writing about, and I had already received two excellent multi-page articles that I wanted to make sure I had room for, so I decided to excise the Corner for this issue. It will be back next month, though, and I already have a fly or two that I think are worthy of publication, so be ready. I am always open to suggestions for flies, though too, so if you have an idea, let me know. Or better yet, write up an article yourself and send it in. Submissions are always welcome!

Speaking of submissions, the two articles I mentioned earlier were submitted by loyal Kiap-TU-Wish members Dave Gilbraith and Jonathan Jacobs. Dave writes about his run-in with celebrities while in Montana, and Jon writes about some of his favorite places on earth. Make sure you read both of these excellent essays. Maybe they will inspire



you to send in your own essay? I would be cool with that. I'm always happy to get articles submitted from chapter members. Maybe you could even make it a New Year's resolution to jot down a favorite fishing story or two and send it in. Speaking from experience, it is very fun and rewarding to see your own written words published for all the world to see. Give it a thought!

Okay, that's enough browbeating for one month. Make sure you head to Bob Smith's on Wednesday, January 6th to see Andy Roth's "Fish Tales" presentation. It's sure to be a great evening. I hope you have a great January, despite the guaranteed cold weather, and I'll see you next month!





# FAVORITE PLACES

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I read two books by Wisconsin freelance writer and author Michael Perry this fall - *Truck, A Love Story* and its sequel, *Coop*. The books are a blend of essays, diary and memoir. I enjoyed them because the setting for both is western Wisconsin and because they are well written. In *Coop*, Perry writes that a magazine asked him to write about his favorite place in the world. He says, "The question is unanswerable (There's a mountain in Carbon County that pulls at me like the moon; there is a pine tree near here that fits the curve of my back; once I stood in a ruined Welsh castle and felt a thousand years old..." He didn't write about those places however. He chose to write about culverts that carried water under the roads near his family's farm outside New Auburn, Wisconsin. Perry is right – the question is unanswerable, of course, but I would like to tell you a little about three of my favorite places and why I regard them that way.

I discovered the canyon of the Kinnickinnic River more than twenty years ago. The fine fishing it offers drew me there, but in the last two decades the place has drawn a hold on me that transcends angling. It's a geological and scenic wonder with rare plant and animal species scattered along its banks, cliffs and benches. There's a stretch of river along a rock wall below a little feeder creek near the bottom of Glen Park that Jim Humphrey and Dick Frantes named Jacobs Run a long time ago because they never came there without finding me standing in it. You can clamber up the coulee of the feeder creek and circle back to stand atop the cliff above the run. There's good elevation there and in the fall with the foliage gone you can look downstream and get a sense of how deep and narrow a swath the river cuts through the uplands. Nowadays I more frequently hike up from near the lower end of the canyon. I pass by the famous Weeping Cliff. Water seeps out between rock strata for over a hundred yards there. In the summer months this encourages the lush growth of ferns, grasses and forbs. In winter, fantastic ice formations arise as the water freezes before it reaches the river. You will find remnants of them as late as May. Upriver, the river runs hard along a dolomitic limestone cliff for several hundred yards. In the middle of this stretch a huge block of rock has tumbled down off the cliff and into the river. Every time I pass it I wonder if it has been in the river for fifty years, five hundred years or five thousand years. Then, when I get



Photo courtesy of [kinniriver.org](http://kinniriver.org)



to thinking that the limestone itself is millions of years old, none of the spans of time that I can grasp seem very significant. Much further upstream, a spring discharges about twenty five feet above the river from a notch in the cliff. Over the millennia a kind of pyramidal apron has formed below the spring. Falling water cascades in steps over layers of limestone on its way to the river. You can climb those steps and see a limpid pool of springwater that lies outside the mouth of a small cave. Whenever I'm there, I think that perhaps I like the spot so much because in a way, we're similar, both being comprised of water, oxygen, carbon and a few minerals.

As I drive north out of Brule, Wisconsin on Highway H I am in the midst of a thick forest of pine, birch and aspen that nearly induces a feeling of traveling through an undulating trench. Then, suddenly, just south of Douglas County FF, I break out into the open. I recognize that I am at a point of some considerable geographical significance. I drove here from further south and crossed the continental divide about thirty miles ago. Now I have crossed the Copper Range and the land falls away in front of me toward the world's great freshwater ocean, Lake Superior. A mile to the west, the magnificent Bois Brule River is making a more and more rapid descent to its terminus, where its water will spill into the lake on its way to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the North Atlantic. Depending on the weather, the lake, which lies some miles to the north, will appear as a shimmering blue wedge or as a foreboding steel gray slash. Beyond the lake, the Sawtooths, an ancient volcanic mountain range, stand sentinel duty in perpetuity. On a clear night I will see the lights of hamlets strung out along the lake's north shore and perhaps, above them, if it's autumn, the dancing waves of the northern lights.

My third favorite place now exists only in memory. When I was a boy my family lived on a farm northeast of the tiny village of Buckingham, Iowa. A perennial creek tributary to Rock Creek, which in turn was tributary to Twelve Mile Creek, entered the farm through a culvert under the road on the east side. The creek meandered southwesterly across the farm, picking up a tiny ditched tributary and the outflow of several old tile runs as it went. I spent countless hours exploring along that creek, especially in the big sheep pasture where the creek first entered the property. I once – and only once – saw an enormous turtle in the pool downstream of the culvert and I constantly scouted for signs of fish. I often spotted little minnow-like fish, probably dace and chubs, but in another one-time occurrence, I saw a sunfish in a little pool that formed when the creek ran up against a boulder erratic. I think I tried to fish the creek a time or two with the classic stick, string and worm on an open safety pin setup, but if I did, I'm certain I never caught anything. There was a big willow tree that stretched out over a bend. My older sisters had established a climbing route up the tree that allowed one to perch above the creek, lean against the tree's trunk and watch the water flow. The creek was wilder on the west end of the farm where it ran through soil bank land and lower ground. There were pheasants in the marsh grasses and muskrats in the creek. I loved that creek for many reasons, but chiefly because it was dynamic, something on the move. The Preacher says in Ecclesiastes, "All the rivers run into the sea; yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers come, thither they return again." That nameless little creek gave me physical evidence of that huge concept.

There must be some sort of moral lesson in the creek's demise, something to learn about our society in the choices we make and the things we value and the things we discard. The people who bought my parent's farm were good folks whose extended family had successfully farmed in the area for generations, but they got swept up in the rush toward industrial efficiency and productivity in modern agriculture. They installed the latest in drainage systems and bulldozed in the creek's channel. They converted the sheep pasture to row cropping. They put the low ground under the plow. They also went bankrupt.



# FISHING WITH TED & JANE

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I was 23 years old when I came home to Montana. I left Fargo on a mission to float the Yellowstone River through Paradise Valley from Tom Miner Bridge, on the downstream side of Yankee Jim Canyon, to Livingston. I had read that evil men proposed to flood Paradise Valley and the Yellowstone behind Allen Spur Dam and I wanted to see the valley before it became the Hetch Hetchy of Montana. I stopped at Dan Bailey's Fly Shop in Livingston to arrange a vehicle shuttle but was too shy to introduce myself to childhood hero Dan Bailey, whose advice on the trip I had requested by letter. I floated the river for five days, stopping to fish for trout and whitefish as I pleased.

I now realize that watching the movie "Night of the Grizzly" is why I got so spooked out there. The prospect of a large grizzly bear descending from the nearby Absoroka-Beartooth Wilderness Area at night to dine on a meaty, snoring tender foot from Fargo didn't appeal to me. To protect myself, I camped only on islands flanked by deep channels of the river. I reasoned that at least I'd hear the grizzly splashing before it attacked. As a bonus, the islands contained huge log jams of pine and cedar carried out of the mountains by spring runoff. Each night, I stockpiled insane quantities at my campsite. When darkness descended, I built infernos dwarfing Viking funeral fires and visible from space. I began to question the wisdom of camping by myself in dark, primitive areas. My last night on the river, I again made camp on an island. When it was dark, I saw in the distance a neon beer sign from a tavern I hadn't noticed in the light. Lonely for human contact, I risked a river crossing in the dark to reach the road house and order food and beer. The attractive female bartender asked where I was from, sized me up and suggested that "Maybe it's a good thing you'll reach town tomorrow".

When I was younger, I lived in a different Montana town on a different river. We moved to Hardin to live with my father while he built a stretch of Montana Interstate Highway 90. Inquisitive and a voracious reader of outdoor magazines, I discovered fly fishing. I taught myself to fly cast with my first decent fly rod, a glass Fenwick I purchased from a tiny mail order company in Nebraska named Cabela's. Our parents showed my two sisters and me the splendor of the west on weekend car trips to Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks and destinations throughout the northern Rocky Mountains. With no wheels of my own, I pleaded for rides to blue ribbon waters from Rock Creek near Missoula to the nearby Bighorn River. I formed an emotional attachment to Big Sky Country. With the highway completed in 1969, fate carried me back to our permanent home in pool table flat Fargo, North Dakota. I served a 4 year sentence of high school followed by 4 years of college at North Dakota State University to earn a degree in Fisheries Biology. I lived a full life but I never forgot Montana.

Another decade down the river since the Yellowstone and a Master's Degree in Fisheries later, I was back in the Midwest, working in the DNR coldwater hatchery near Duluth. Weary of scraping fish poop from hatchery raceways and frustrated by limited career advancement, I rekindled an interest in film as an art form. I took classes in film history and acting at the University of Minnesota-Duluth. That led to discovery of Film in the Cities, an independent film school in Saint Paul, and more classes in film production and screenwriting. I took another step forward in film when I auditioned for and won a small non-speaking part in the 1990 Disney movie "Iron Will" filmed mostly near Duluth. I found that the film school at Montana State University (MSU) in Bozeman offered courses in the Business of Making Movies and screenwriting in the summer of 1991. I could return to Montana and I could both fly fish and rub shoulders with Hollywood. I scraped together all my annual leave and registered. Meanwhile, far from Duluth, Ted Turner, founder of CNN and the largest private landowner in the United States married Jane Fonda, Academy-award winning actress and daughter of film icon Henry Fonda. That summer of 1991, they lived on their 113,000-acre ranch, the Flying D, in the Gallatin Valley near Bozeman. The lives of Ted, Jane, and I were now on an inevitable collision course in western Montana.

Summer 1991 was a good time to live in Montana if you made movies or fly-fished. I lived in a coed dormitory for little or nothing on the MSU campus and took classes five days a week in filmmaking and screenwriting. Robert

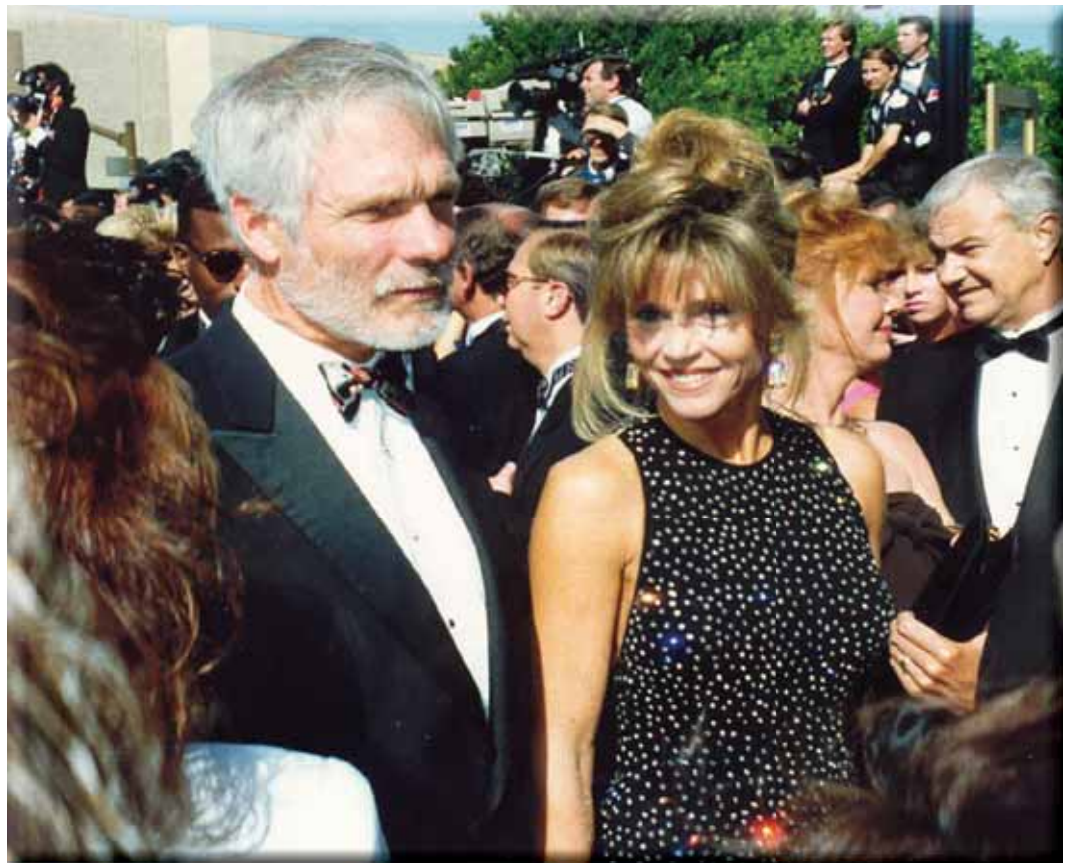


Redford was nearby shooting “A River Runs Through It”. My film class was supposed to meet Redford at the school but he cancelled when he had production problems with his film. I drank with celebrities, including Peter Fonda and studio executives, at a Hollywood-style reception held in Bozeman.

After classes one hot day, I needed to get away and fish in a cold, clear stream. I found a public access on the Gallatin. I was not alone; I shared the access with three gentlemen I’ll call cowboys. We struck up a conversation and soon I was offered a paper sack containing a bottle. I was told it was distilled locally and I drank. We talked about the California-cation of the west and they pointed out that it was Ted Turner’s fence which separated us from some very nice water. With courage reinforced by the contents of the bottle, we decided it was our obligation as Montanans to jump the fence at the new NO TRESPASSING sign. One of my friends did catch a nice rainbow trout. Later, I bid farewell to the cowboys and returned to campus.

The following day, I passed Ted Turner and Jane Fonda, strolling like royalty through the MSU Student Union. I was feeling some shame about the day before. I gazed into their eyes and realized they didn’t know that I had trespassed against them. I returned to Duluth and never again set foot on land owned by Ted Turner. The moral of the story, if there is one, is not to glorify trespass on a celebrity’s ranch but to try to find meaning in the random encounters and opportunities that come our way and allow us to form lasting memories of our own river which runs through it.

**Ted & Jane at a Hollywood-style extravaganza. The author may have been nearby; I guess we may never know.**







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CHECK US OUT ON THE WEB:

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



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

Andy Roth will be presenting his "Fish Tales". Sure to be entertaining, come to Bob Smith's Sports Club, Wednesday, January 6th, 2010. Dinner starts at 6PM, meeting begins at 7PM. See you there!

Deadline to make submissions for the February issue is Wednesday, January 20th. Have a great month!

