

# RipRap

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

VOLUME 1, ISSUE 2      NOVEMBER, 2007

## NOVEMBER MEETING INFORMATION

CHAPTER MEMBERS TO PRESENT PINE CREEK SUMMARY REPORT

Chapter and Board member Kent Johnson designed a study of the Pine Creek stream restoration project that began this past summer. The study is designed to measure a variety of pre- and post project factors that are unprecedented in past Kiap-TU-Wish projects. Andy Lamberson assisted Kent in the installation of equipment and taking pre project assessments for the study. Andy and Kent will be giving a presentation of their findings and detail the plans

for the future of the project at the November 7 chapter meeting. Kent Johnson is Manager, Environmental Monitoring Section, MN Met Council Environmental Services and has an MS in Aquatic Biology, Michigan Tech University; Andy is the chapter's web master, Vice President, board member and audio visual technology master. Andy and Kent have put in over 100 hours of their time into this project and presentation and have put together an exciting and interesting new

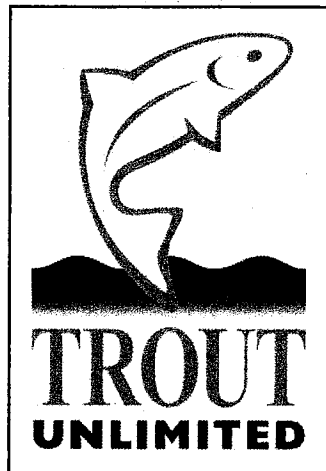
aspect to stream restoration projects in our area.

Please join us for this groundbreaking multimedia presentation by two of our chapter's most dedicated members.

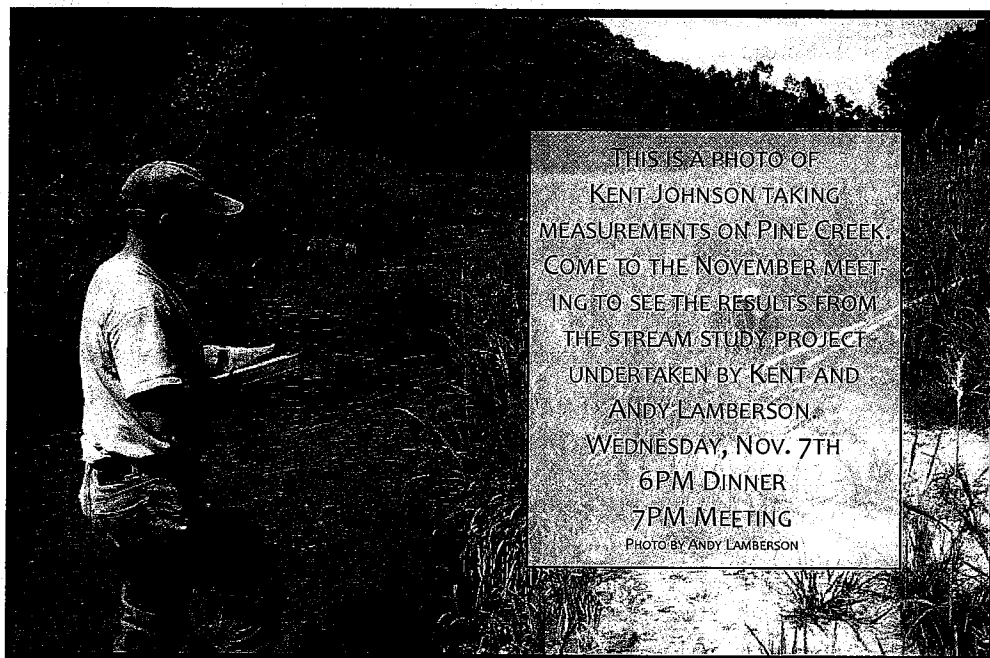
Bob Smith's Sport's Club, Hudson, 6 PM for dinner, 7 PM for presentation.

-Greg Dietl

President of Kiap-TU-Wish



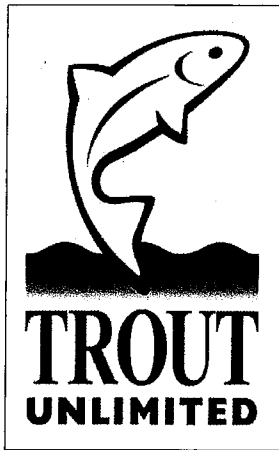
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THIS IS A PHOTO OF KENT JOHNSON TAKING MEASUREMENTS ON PINE CREEK. COME TO THE NOVEMBER MEETING TO SEE THE RESULTS FROM THE STREAM STUDY PROJECT UNDERTAKEN BY KENT AND ANDY LAMBERSON. WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7TH  
 6PM DINNER  
 7PM MEETING  
 PHOTO BY ANDY LAMBERSON

## PRESIDENT'S LINES

BY GREG DIETL



Trout Unlimited National has mandated that all local Chapters be evaluated annually and assessed for rechartering every four years. The form and process is called the Chapter Effectiveness Index (CEI). The process involves evaluating chapter communication with members, newsletters and websites, membership meetings and attendance, board meetings and attendance, chapter volunteer activity and participation, fundraising, annual treasurer's report and financial statements. There are categories for educational activities and other member participation activities. The evaluation is based on a point system and a healthy active chapter must score well in a number of areas in order to be rechartered. Kiap-TU-Wish has been rechartered this year. We had fallen a few points short the last couple years but our CEI was right on this year. This means we are good for four more years. We were not at risk for being dechartered; we have an active productive chapter. Part of the process was learning to capture and report many of our member volunteer activities and hours that are less visible than others.

I think the CEI process is valuable. It is a good evaluation tool for chapters, state councils and the national to gauge organizational effective-

ness in pursuit of Trout Unlimited's mission. Chapters need to be active, involved and productive. The process gives the board and officers the tool to see where we excel and where we fall short; where we can do better.

Kiap-TU-Wish is your chapter. The chapter's future and the future of our trout streams and coldwater resources depend on all of us, including you. We need to be prepared to do the work on the ground and maintain the work that has been done. Our volunteers are very active and involved. However, participation in volunteer activities is still a small and very reliable percentage of membership. Please consider becoming a volunteer in some area of activity and especially give some thought to becoming a board member or officer at some time in the future. Besides the very critical on-stream work there are other areas to get active with such as assisting with banquet planning, fund raising, membership recruitment, assisting with RipRap production, recruiting (or being) a speaker at a membership meeting, working with municipalities. We've seen recently how rich our chapter is in member resources with Hans Jung's October presentation and Andy and Kent's upcoming November presentation. Our banquet presen-

tation this year will be chapter member John Koch. We have recently had members step up for banquet planning and monitoring activities and it has been very beneficial. In the words of past president, vice president, board member and web master (you get the picture) Andy Lamberson, "...just pick one thing and do it..." Don't sell yourself short, there is plenty to do.

### The Banquet

The annual conservation banquet is Thursday, December 6, Tartan Park Clubhouse, Lake Elmo, MN. It is time to think about raffle and auction donations. It's time to seek donations from merchants. If you have questions please contact Jonathan Jacobs, Mike Alwin or me. Tickets are \$35 with advance reservations, \$45 walkup. The meal will be outstanding, again. John Koch's presentation will be memorable. The socializing can't be beat and there will be some award presentations. This is a great opportunity to meet your fellow Kiap-TU-Wish chapter members. For reservations call Mike at Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop, 651-770-5854. You can drop off donations ahead of time at Bob Mitchell's or with Jonathan Jacobs.



# SCOTT'S SCOOP

BY SCOTT HANSON, EDITOR

My dad was pretty sick this spring. I don't want to go in to too much detail about it, but it was one of those things where he went in to the hospital to get cured, and instead he got sicker than a dog. No offense to any dogs out there. It all happened about a month before the catch-and-kill trout season was going to open in Wisconsin. As my dad laid there in his hospital bed, feeling absolutely awful, I told him that he had to get better soon so that I could take him out on opening day. That seemed to cheer him up a little bit, but it surely didn't make him forget the pain he was in.

It did make me remember some of the opening days of my childhood, before I even knew what fly fishing was. I remember that I could hardly sleep the night before, usually falling

asleep around 3 AM or so, only to be wakened from my sleep at 4:30 by my dad so that we could start fishing as soon as it was legal. We usually went to one of a few special places on the Eau Galle, since it was right across the road from my grandparent's farm. We would sit along the bank, lobbing our worms out in to the swirling current, and catch dozens of chubs. If we were lucky, which happened maybe 4 or 5 times a year, we would catch a trout along with the all the chubs. I think those few trout that would appear on the end of my line helped me to become the trout fisher I am today. Just knowing that, if I could put in enough time on the river, I might catch a trout every now and then, made it all worth while.

Well, slowly but surely,

my dad started to recover from his illness this spring, and, sure enough, by the time that opening day rolled around, he was able to get out and do a little bit of fishing. Over the years, things have changed around in our relationship, so now I take him out on fishing trips instead of the other way around. Well, I thought it would be fun to go back to the Eau Galle, where he had taught me how to fish many years ago. We had a great time talking about past opening days, seeing how the river has changed, and even catching a few fish. It was the best opening day I've ever had, and I'm looking forward to many more with my dad in the years to come.



Photo by Scott Hanson

Scott's dad, Steve, on the banks of his favorite trout stream.



## PINE CREEK PROJECT 2008

BY GREG DIETL

The chapter is preparing for more work on Pine Creek in 2008 in continuing partnership with Twin Cities TU. TCTU has committed to continuing to work with Kiap-TU-Wish on Pine Creek. Work is planned for 3,600 feet upstream from the 2007 project. Funding is being pursued through Embrace-A-Stream, DARE/NFWF, Trout and Salmon

Foundation and Friends of Wisconsin TU. We are very pleased to have TCTU's continuing support for projects. Funding is always tentative. We need to have grants to continue the work and will pursue them with our best efforts. I'll keep you posted...



## KIAP-TU-WISH COMMITTEES

**Fundraising committee:** Hap Lutter, chair; Greg Dietl

**Membership committee:** Vacant

**Conservation committee/Habitat Project coordinator:** Greg Dietl

**Banquet Planning Committee:** Mike Alwin, Jonathan Jacobs, Nick Westcott, Scott Hanson, Deb Olmstead, Shannon Nelson, Greg Dietl

**Education Committee:** Mike Alwin

**River Restoration Committee (Willow River and Apple River):** Ted Mackmiller, Chair; John Carlson, Dan Bruski, Bob Diesch, Chuck Goosen

**Web master:** Andy Lamberson

**Rip Rap Editor:** Scott Hanson

**Rip Rap Print Coordinator:** Bob Bradham

## REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS CAST- "THE CRICK"

BY NICK WESTCOTT

Nick Westcott was born and raised in Minneapolis. He is currently a Kiap-TU-Wish board member.

This is his second article for RipRap.

"LIKE EVERY  
KID, I  
COULDN'T WAIT  
FOR SUMMER  
TO BEGIN"

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.

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 shooed 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 it was 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 the "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 dis-

mounted 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.

"Crick" continued on Page 5

## "CRICK" CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

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.



## THE FUTURE OF RIPRAP

BY BOB DIESCH & GREG DIETL

During the budgeting cycle and throughout the year, the board makes decisions on generating income and managing expenses. Practically speaking, we do not realize any income from the national organization. Income is generated from our own fund raising efforts. In recent years the chapter has taken on significant projects for stream improvement and fish management. Leveraging our dollars has become increasingly important given such important opportunities as participating in the purchase of land access easements on our local streams.

In assessing our expenses, one of the largest ongoing expenses the chapter faces is the publication of the monthly news letter at a cost of over \$1200 per annum. The topic has always raised rigorous discussion within the board because the news letter is the communication line within the chapter. In the past there has not been a reasonable alternative to getting the word out. However, given the proliferation of internet access, it may now be feasible to put the news letter on line which, at present, would cost very little. However, there are those that would wish to continue to receive the news

via post. We have discussed various options such as continuing to incur the expense of sending the newsletter to those that do not have internet access or simply continuing to ask for donations to cover the expense of paper publication.

We would like to hear from the membership for some direction on such an important issue. Please provide your feedback to any board member or officer.



## HOW THE NEW RIPRAP CAME TO BE

BY JONATHON JACOBS

RipRap is looking and reading better than ever, which is attributable to Scott Hanson's sharp layout and quality editing and to Bob Bradham's color printing. The process of converting several million ones and zeros to type and four-color illustrations on paper in a reader's hands is an arcane one to many. Here is Bob's explanation of the production sequence:

"Scott sent me a PDF file that he exported from Microsoft Publisher. He also sent me a spreadsheet of the membership roster from National which I combined with the "Friends" list which I got from Greg. I created a document in PrintShop Mail, a Variable Data Program (VDP), and imported the PDF file as static artwork. I then made a link in the program to the mailing list spreadsheet. Instead of typing the individual addresses, I simply created a text block that contained codes that linked to the appropriate fields in the spreadsheet (name, address, etc.) Finally, I printed the file to one of our digital printers, in this case a Konica-Minolta C6500 with an EFI Fiery controller. The file contained two parts, one which held the static data and a second part which held the variable data names and addresses. Using the EFI Fiery client software, I was able to impose the pages in the required order and define how they were to be folded and stapled. Up to this point there

was probably less than a half hour production time on my part. Once everything was defined, I simply had to click "Print" and make sure blank paper was loaded in one end and that I removed the completed pieces from the other end. The completed piece was the eight page newsletter stapled and folded to standard letter size. The only thing remaining for me to do was to fold the pieces in half again for mailing. Since I do not have a folder that will make this second fold, I had to do it by hand, so I got out my trusty folding bone and had at it (A flat board with raised edges on two sides helped align the pieces). At this point I passed the newsletters to Scott who handled the stamping, tamping and mailing."

Bob and Scott are splendid examples of the kind of volunteers with which K-TU is so richly blessed. Both are incredibly busy in their everyday lives, yet they find the time to put their skills to use to enrich the culture of the chapter.

Scott is a young guy, recently married, a college student with a full-time job and a house to remodel, but he's finding the time to master Microsoft Publisher so that he can produce a classy Trout Unlimited newsletter.

Bob is an old fashioned ink-stained wretch, having begun his career in the graphic arts back in the days when printer's devils washed

cylinder presses with gasoline. However, he's worked hard to keep his skills abreast of current technology – while raising a family, engaging in woodworking hobbies and, by the way, volunteering at K-TU fishing clinics and stream improvement projects. His effort on RipRap is detailed above, but in his typical modest fashion, he neglected to include one detail: He's furnishing the paper on which the newsletter is printed at his expense.

Now here's the problem: There's a distinct danger that the chapter could lose the benefit of Bob's noble volunteer efforts. Even with free printing and donated paper, there's a real expense associated with RipRap: Mailing expense that runs over a hundred dollars per issue. The word is that some members of Kiap-TU-Wish' board believe that's an unjustifiable expense and would like to discontinue production of the hard copy version of the newsletter. The sense is that these gentlemen feel the money would be better spent on something else. If any chapter member disagrees with that, there are two things he or she can do: Speak to the board in an expression of support for the printed and mailed version of RipRap and mail a generous donation to the chapter's publication fund at P.O. Box 483, Hudson, WI 54016. Move quickly before RipRap becomes another lost tradition.



# THE ONE BOX

BY JAMES HUMPHREY

Imagine that you are marooned on one of the minor Islands or atolls of the 1200 mile Hawaiian chain. This one, too small to have been stolen and colonized by pale interlopers and pineapple growers, points sharply at the sky and is decorated by a mountain freshet that looks like a trout stream, speaks like a trout stream, and even smells like a trout stream. The climb to the summit would be a useless adventure, but before you were abandoned to your fate, one of the pirates let slip that many years ago brave scientists from the Hawaiian Department of Land and Natural resources (DLNR) had planted rainbow trout in headwaters of some mountain streams, perhaps even this one.

The climb will challenge the stamina of a

young goat, and even the patience of an old one. But you have to find food until rescue; besides, you are a Wisconsinite, a badger, if not quite a beaver.

(Yes, Virginia, I have received sworn testimony from two Hawaiian DLNR officers that rainbow trout were planted in the high streams of Oahu. We were fishing for deep sea stuff out of Honolulu, not in some dark bar where tall tales are common currency. Remember, Virginia, the Brits planted trout all over the world during the last 150 years, and the activity was catching with other anglers and fish managers.)

The climb will be debilitating, the end dubious, but you happen to be carrying a pack rod and reel, three weight, and a box of trout flies small

enough to fit in a T-shirt pocket. You must shed weight for the climb so you discard surplus stuff for the ascent. You won't need the eight weight and accoutrements that you brought for the later trip to Christmas Island.

So, here's the question: What minimal collection of flies will you include in a tin Sucrets box? Let us call it the "One Box." One fly? Three? 10? 200? Your fly boxes are stuffed with flies you will never use, regardless of the provocation. Which three or four, or more, will keep you alive? I carry an Elk Hair Caddis and a Brown Bi-visible, and....the others are secret. Heh, heh.



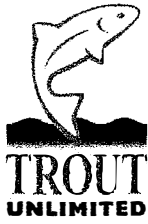

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Jim Humphrey lives in Oak Park Heights, MN. He is the co-author of *Trout Streams of Wisconsin & Minnesota*. He is a regular contributor to RipRap

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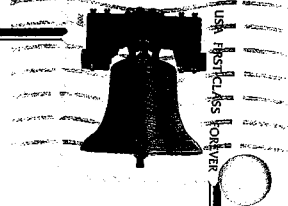
## KIAP-TU-WISH OFFICERS

|                   |                 |                |                             |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|-----------------------------|
| President         | Greg Diel       | (651) 436-2604 | grdiel@hotmail.com          |
| Vice President    | Andy Lamberson  | (715) 441-3535 | andrewlamberson@hotmail.com |
| Secretary         | Gary Horvath    | (715) 425-8489 | magshorvath@comcast.net     |
| Treasurer         | Brent Sittlow   | (715) 386-0820 | bsittlow@presenter.com      |
| Board Member      | Nick Westcott   | (612) 869-3201 | nicwestcott@comcast.net     |
| Board Member      | Gary Richardson | (715) 248-3699 | baddog@presenter.com        |
| Board Member      | Hap Lutter      | (651) 646-6639 | ldlutter@yahoo.com          |
| Board Member      | Kent Johnson    | (715) 386-5299 | jjohnson@presenter.com      |
| Board Member      | Bob Lorenzen    | (952) 431-4987 | blor2006@comcast.net        |
| Board Member      | Kyle Amundson   | (715) 549-5326 | kamundson@mmm.com           |
| Board Member      | Andy Lamberson  | (651) 261-8277 | andrewlamberson@hotmail.com |
| Webmaster         | Andy Lamberson  | (715) 441-3535 | andrewlamberson@hotmail.com |
| Newsletter Editor | Scott Hanson    | (651) 343-6837 | scott@yes-tech.com          |



KIAP-TU-WISH

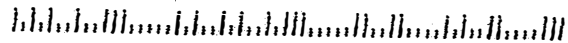
PO Box 483  
Hudson, WI 54268



WE'RE ON THE WEB

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KIAPTUWISH/

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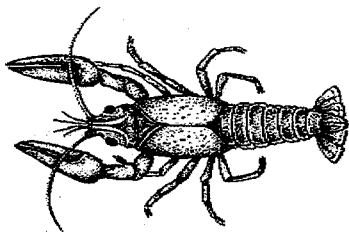


**Don't miss the November meeting, where Kent Johnson and Andy Lamberson will present their Pine Creek Summary Report**

**Wednesday November 7th, 2007. Dinner begins at 6 PM Meeting at 7 PM**

**Bob Smith's Sports Bar  
Downtown Hudson**

As Greg mentions in his President's Lines, the annual Holiday Banquet is coming up soon. It will be held Thursday, December 6<sup>th</sup> at the Tartan Park Clubhouse in Lake Elmo. Tickets are \$35 if reserved in advance, or \$45 if not. If you have attended previous Holiday Banquets at Tartan Park, you know the food is always delicious. Our speaker this year will be chapter member John Koch talking about fishing in Chilean Patagonia. We still need items for the silent auction, so get out and hustle up some donations. For reservations, or to drop off donations, stop by Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop in Lake Elmo and talk to Mike. Or you can call the shop at (651) 770-5854 or talk to Jon Jacobs. See you at the Banquet!



If you would like to see your name in print you should make a submission to RipRap! The Editor would love to get a monthly fly tying column started soon. He would also love to get photos, articles, recipes, or anything else you might like to submit. Deadline to make submissions for December RipRap is November 22nd, 2007

