



RipRap

A Publication of the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of Trout Unlimited
NOVEMBER, 2009 VOLUME 3, ISSUE 3

NOVEMBER MEETING INFORMATION BY GREG DIETL

A change of pace is in store for the November membership meeting. Chris Silver and Joe Paatalo are bringing their podcast show, fishingwithjoe.com, live to Bob Smith's Sports Club. Billed as "A Show about Fly Fishing, Music and Life", this will be a special evening of stories and song. Join us at Bob Smith's Sports Club, downtown Hudson, 6 PM for dinner, 7 PM for the presentation. Come early for a seat; we're expecting a crowd.



Photo by Rob Kolakowski

KIAP-TU-WISH CHAPTER



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Check out all the good things inside this issue of RipRap!



VICE PRESIDENT'S LINES

BY GREG DIETL

Pine Creek Update

This year's work on Pine Creek finished in September. A total of 2538 feet of stream was restored. Most of the work was above the bridge and half of it included work on a spring feeder. There were 380 feet restored on the lower portion just below the bridge. For the record, 8 structures were installed; 9 pools were created; root wads and logs were installed where appropriate. John Sours, Nate Anderson and the DNR crew did an outstanding job on the project. Get over there and take a look. There may be more work on Pine next year.

Parker Creek Update

Work on Parker Creek last winter, spring and summer included 3922 feet of stream and bank restoration. Sixty one structures were placed. Work on Parker this year was pretty intensive and included a lot of restoration of steep banks with hand seeding and mulching. It looks like there will be more work on Parker over the winter and into the spring and summer. Stay tuned for announcements about winter work on Parker Creek. We had excellent volunteer numbers on Parker.

Chapter Treasurer

Board member Tom Henderson has been elected to the position of chapter Treasurer. Please thank Tom for stepping up and taking over this very important position.

Welcome New Chapter Members

Sergio Pena New Richmond, WI
Cory Kissell Bloomington, MN

State Council Raffle

The Wisconsin TU State Council has approved the formation of a new land acquisition fund modeled after the very successful Friends habitat program. The new fund is named the Watershed Access Fund and money in the account will be used to secure permanent access to trout waters either through purchases or obtaining leases or easements. Initial funds for the Fund will come from a \$5000 lawsuit settlement in the Graul Farms case. All proceeds from the next State Council Banquet will go to the fund. In addition, Scott Grady, a well known bamboo rod maker from Appleton, has donated one of his rods for fund raising. Each chapter has been requested to try to sell 10 tickets for the rod raffle. Tickets are \$10.00 each. The rod is a 7 ft. 4 wt bamboo rod with two tips, rod bag and aluminum tube.

Tickets will be available at the November meeting and until the State Council Banquet in February. Contact me if you want to purchase tickets. The drawing will be held at the State Council Banquet in February. You do not need to be present to win.



HAP LUTTER PASSES

BY GREG DIETL

Chapter member Lowell ‘Hap’ Lutter passed away on Sunday, October 4. He had battled cancer for four years and died at home. Hap had been an active chapter member and volunteer at stream projects, was a past board member and was chapter treasurer. He was an ardent conservationist and was also a member of the Kinnickinnic River Land Trust board of directors.

Hap, always aware of the chapter’s need for fund raising, created the Kiap-TU-Wish Annual Spring Appeal fund raiser and nurtured the idea from day one. He organized the Spring Appeal and ran it with help from his family and some mailing help from board members. He wrote the letters, kept the lists, and kept track of all the business for the appeal.

Chapter board meetings were often held at Hap’s cabin on the lower Kinni. Hap generously opened the doors of his home to chapter business. I remember many Monday evening board meetings sitting on the porch or in the warmth of his cabin.

Hap was the former Chief of Staff at Gillette Children’s Hospital until 1997 and was the editor of the Journal of Foot and Ankle Surgery. He spent much of his medical career working with children with muscular dystrophy, brittle bone disease and dwarfism. He spent six weeks of every summer in Tunisia teaching about medical disorders. Hap retired from private medical practice in 2004.

He was a marathon runner. Well, that’s putting it simply. Hap participated in 26 marathons with 10 trips to the Boston Marathon. His personal best time was 2 hours and 40 minutes.

He was also involved in many other organizations and activities. October 2, 2009 was declared “Hap and Judy Lutter Day” by Minneapolis Mayor R. T. Ryback for their lifelong support and commitment to the silent sports community. On that day, Hap and Judy and friends were at Theodore Wirth Park in Minneapolis for the dedication of the Hap and Judy Lutter Trails. These trails will be used for the 2011 Junior Olympic Nationals. It is expected that this event will draw 500 young cross country skiers to the state.

Hap was 70 and is survived by his wife Judy, daughter Wendy, sons Reid and Parke and four grandchildren.

Hap will be greatly missed by the chapter as a friend, volunteer, board member, and officer. We were extremely fortunate to have shared in his life.

A service will be held on Sunday, November 1, 10 AM, at the Macalester College Chapel, St. Paul.

SCOTT’S SCOOP

BY SCOTT HANSON, EDITOR

It’s hard to believe that it’s time to start thinking about the Annual Holiday Banquet. Weather-wise, it’s cold and dreary outside today, and has been for the past couple weeks, but before that we were having a beautiful, warm autumn. So, for me, I can’t believe that Christmas is just over two months away, and the Banquet is just a little over a month away. This year’s Banquet is sure to be a wonderful evening, and you can read all about it in Deb Olmstead’s article on page 5. Two articles from the Jacobs family grace our pages this month: the Fly Tying Corner is being filled by Jon Jacobs, and his daughter, Allison, writes about some of her fishing memories on page 6. Skip James writes about some of the rare trout fishing opportunities that are still possible at this time of year on page 7.

Getting back to the Holiday Banquet, we are planning on showing some photos of some of the wonderful items that will be up for auction in next month’s issue of RipRap. If you are donating a piece of artwork or other item that you’d like people to see ahead of time, take a photo of it and send it to my email address, scott@yes-tech.com, and I’ll try to get it in next month’s issue.

See you next month!



FLY TYING CORNER: AMERICAN MARCH BROWN

BY JONATHAN JACOBS

A common rubric in the genre of learn-to-fly fish literature is that trout take mayfly spinners with a “quiet, sipping rise.” That’s not wrong, but there’s the implication that that’s the only way they feed on the imagoes, and that’s utter nonsense. I think the disconnect arises because with many species of mayflies (*Tricorythodes*, for example), the females collapse flat on the water to deposit their eggs, or both sexes so exhaust themselves in the mating flight that they soon collapse lifelessly on the surface of the stream. Trout seem to sense that the flies are incapable of escape and conserve energy while ingesting them with, sure enough, a quiet, sipping rise. However, the females of other species jettison their egg sacs by dipping their abdomens to the water repeatedly. That ovipositing behavior can induce the trout to make what Ernest Schwiebert called a “pyramid” rise, a “particularly vigorous activity ... a vertical rise form that rather violently displaces the surface.” Dr. Schwiebert includes American March Browns in the group of mayfly spinners associated with this rise.

Go out on a summer evening to fish the Sulphur hatch and you’ll occasionally see a much larger mayfly come rumbling by. It’s likely an American March Brown. Angling texts mostly associate this common name with the scientific name *Stenonema vicarium*. The insects tend to hatch sporadically and irregularly through the daytime hours. Because the flies emerge in daylight and because trout seldom see the duns in large numbers, it’s not common to see fish feeding on them. The sexually mature imagoes are, however a different story. Caucci and Nastasi wrote in their book *Hatches* that “the spinner flights are very impressive, even on streams with marginal dun activity, as the sporadic duns which have hatched over several days make their brief, compact appearance as spinners just prior to dark.” This is key, and for an embarrassing number of years, I failed to pick up on it. I’d be out fishing the Sulphur hatch when, in the last, tiny glimmer of light, fish would begin to rise most vigorously in the near-darkness. I’d presume a caddis hatch might be under way, but couldn’t figure out why the fish showed no interest in my imitations. Finally, one night a few years ago, I was in exactly the right place to see an impressive number of big mayflies swarming overhead, backlit by the slightest glimmer of orange in the western sky. Perception is one thing; taking action is another. I had no effective imitation with me that evening, but I was back a week later with the fly pictured here. Most spinner patterns are designed to float flush in the water’s meniscus, but I leave the wound hackle full on this one, which allows the fly to skate around a little when cast across and a little down stream on a not-quite-tight line. The hackle, I’m guessing, also imitates the beating wings of the natural. It’s not the handsomest thing, but in the dark, it works passably well and has provided me with some really nifty fishing.

The American March Brown

Hook: Tiemco 100, size 10

Thread: 8/0 in Tan

Tail: Moose Body Hairs

Ribbing: Brown size A Nylon rod-winding thread, or anything similar (Maxima Chameleon monofilament in an appropriate diameter would be one good option)

Abdomen: Tan dry fly dubbing

Hackle: Silver Badger or similar, wound in dense turns



2009 KIAP-TU-WISH HOLIDAY BANQUET

BY DEB OLMSTEAD

FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS . . . YOU ARE IN FOR A GREAT RIDE!

The Kiap-TU-Wish 2009 holiday banquet committee is delighted to announce the program and speakers for this year's banquet: Emmy Award winners CATHY WURZER and DENNY BEHR will take you on a journey down HIGHWAY 61, as they recount their experiences in creating the public television documentary, TALES of the ROAD: HIGHWAY 61. The documentary – and the accompanying book, written by Cathy – focuses on the historic 440 miles from Grand Portage to La Crescent, Minnesota.

You may remember that the TU documentary, STORM on the HORIZON, the effect of storm water run-off on trout streams, was written and filmed by Cathy Wurzer and Denny Behr a number of years ago, and highly acclaimed. Both Cathy and Denny are avid fly anglers and stream conservationists, so we are thrilled they will be joining us on the evening of December 3.

DENNY BEHR is a professional videographer, who just earned an Emmy Award for his film work on Tales of the Road: Highway 61. Denny has worked extensively for TPT – Channel 2, WCCO, and KSTP. Denny grew up in the Twin Cities metropolitan area.

CATHY WURZER, born and raised in Minnesota, is one of the Upper Midwest's premiere broadcast journalists. She is the host of "Morning Edition" on MPR, and has won numerous Emmy Awards for her work as co-host of Almanac on Twin Cities Public Television. She recently received the Midwest Book Award for Tales of the Road: Highway 61.

BANQUET DETAILS

The Holiday Banquet, with a silent auction, will be held on December 3 at the lovely Tartan Park in Lake Elmo. The "social hour" will begin at 6:00 P.M., with plenty of time to consider all of the silent auction items and place your bids. Dinner will begin at 7:00, with the above-mentioned program beginning around 8:00. The cost this year will be \$35.00 for a single ticket, and \$30.00 for a spouse/significant other, which is a fabulous deal! The banquet committee has chosen an excellent menu, consisting of carved baron of beef, chardonnay chicken, vegetarian pasta salad, a salad of fresh greens with strawberries, roasted baby red potatoes with rosemary, ratatouille, dinner rolls, and coffee. Desserts will be available via the silent auction venue. Reservations for the banquet can be made by contacting either Jon Jacobs at 715.386.7822 (Wisconsin) or Mike Alwin, Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop, at 651.770.5854 (Minnesota). DEADLINE to register is MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30. We suggest you make your reservations as early as possible as the evening promises to be an extra-special one and we have a reservation limit!

Questions regarding silent auction items should be directed to either Jon or Mike at their numbers listed above.



MEMORY STORY

BY ALLISON JACOBS

It's a Saturday morning in late fall. I am eight years old and my dad is gently shaking me out of my dreams. Drowsily, I open my eyes. It's still dark outside, but it's time to go. I reluctantly leave the warmth of my bed and dress quickly in the cold of my bedroom: flannel-lined jeans, wool socks, turtleneck, and sweater, followed by jacket, hat, mittens, and boots. It's still dark outside when we leave, and I can see my breath in the dim light of the truck cab. We drive through McDonald's for breakfast; a rare treat. The smell of dad's coffee helps to wake me up and I watch the sunrise, transfixed by the colors. We pull into the hatchery around 8 am. Although I have been here before, I am eager to get inside, the whole place fascinates me. We walk by the fish kept outdoors in long lanes of water separated by concrete walkways. The water is glassy in the still morning air and, pausing, I can see my reflection, as well as the slick backs of the trout as they swim. We enter the hatchery, an old, dimly-lit barn, and I blink as my eyes adjust. The smell is damp and I can feel the humidity on my skin. The five-gallon buckets that I have carried from the truck bang against my shins, and I hand them to my dad. The hatchery keeper greets us, makes a little small talk. He is a quiet man and he quickly sets to work, first lining the buckets with sturdy plastic bags, then filling them with cool water and trout fry, which he scoops from their tanks. There seem, to me, to be thousands in each bucket. I try, unsuccessfully, of course, to count them while I carefully wrap rubber bands around the tops of the bags. I watch as the keeper uses a narrow metal rod to fill the bags up with oxygen; they expand like balloons.

We load the now-heavy buckets into the bed of the truck, securing them with stretchy black bungee cords, and bounce slowly along back roads to reach the small tributaries that feed the Willow River. Occasionally, I crane my neck around to look through the back window of the truck to make sure all the buckets are still right-side up. They are, and I return to watching the now-leafless trees pass by. Dad parks the truck in a small gravel parking lot; it's really nothing more than a clearing in the dense woods. As Dad pulls on his hip boots, I carefully lug one of the buckets filled with fry to my old red Radio Flyer wagon, dusty from disuse, and am happy to see it used again. Dad pulls the wagon by its black metal handle; loaded with buckets, it's too heavy for me. Its wheels creak and clatter down the bumpy dirt path and I walk behind, steadying the buckets and breathing in the cool, crisp fall air. The ground is littered with once brightly-colored leaves; they're turning yellow and brown now. We reach the river's edge and Dad carefully wades into the water with one of the buckets. I stand at the edge and cautiously dip my hand into the water. It is icy cold and, shivering, I quickly put my hand back into my mitten as I watch Dad slowly tip the bucket and release the tiny trout into the stream. We repeat the process several times and, as we do, Dad explains that we are helping by giving the little fish a chance to grow in the small Wisconsin streams where, not so long ago, their wild ancestors flourished. It is hard work, trudging down the sometimes-muddied paths, and I am tired at the end of the day. As we cruise home, darkness falling, I bask in the warmth of the truck's heat and smile contentedly.



PHOTO COURTESY OF AQUATICBIOLOGISTS.COM



IT AIN'T OVER YET

BY SKIP JAMES

Now that the stream trout season has closed locally, some of us will be cleaning, repairing, and storing our fly fishing gear until next Winter Season opens. But wait! There is trout fishing to be had right here in St. Croix County as long as the water hasn't frozen. I'm talking about two lakes, Perch and Glen Lake, which were formed by the most recent glacier retreat which gouged deep holes in the land, and built up steep shores from the crushed rock. Although their character is slightly different, both lakes are outstanding two-story fisheries. Let me explain.

The smaller of the two, Perch Lake, is the centerpiece of Homestead Parklands on Perch Lake. It's just north of Willow River State Park, off County I. It is over seventy feet deep, is a spring fed seepage lake stocked with rainbow trout every spring, but when the surface water warms in June, the trout go deep and hold just above the thermocline while bass and bluegills inhabit the shallows. That's what is meant by a "two-story" fishery. When the lake "turns over" in the fall, trout can be found once again in the shallows. The trout, which are catchable when stocked, grow fast in the rich lake environment. There's a lot of food to eat: damsels and dragons, Callibaetis mayflies and a few Hexes, as well as scuds and leeches. The aquatic vegetation is thick because sunlight can penetrate to at least ten feet because of the clear water.



PHOTO COURTESY OF WIKIMEDIA.ORG

Glen Lake is larger than Perch, and on the other side of the county, just south of Glenwood City. It has the same water characteristics, flora and fauna, but is only 38 feet deep. The deepest water is near the dam. Because it's shallower, the water temperature changes more quickly. Glen Lake is stocked with spent brook trout brood stock each fall, about the third week in November. There's a photo of a proud nine-year-old angler holding an 18 inch trout, caught last spring on opening day, hanging in the office of the park. The prime trout season for both lakes is the two months before ice forms, and the month after it leaves.

Both county parks are beautifully maintained, with picnic tables, benches, beaches, trails and other amenities including both canoes and rowboats for hire. No motorboats are allowed on either lake. A county park sticker, good for any of the parks, costs \$25/year, and the day-use fee is \$5/vehicle. In addition to the standard features found at both parks, Glen Hills Park has campgrounds, a golf course and a disk-golf course as well.

If you don't want to rent a boat, or you don't have a galley slave to row it while you fish, you can easily employ a float tube to access all the nooks and crannies in either lake. Standard fly gear works well, although you may want to add a sink tip line to your inventory in addition to your floater. I use an 8 1/2 foot 5wt. Flies are not complex, either. A #6 olive/black Woolly Bugger on 3X will interest not only trout, but bass too. And if you cut the tail short, it looks very much like a dragonfly nymph. So, if there is a beautiful, warm Indian summer day, and you're just itching to go trout fishing, give the local lakes a try. Of course, on the Minnesota side of the border, there's Square Lake. Another plus to fall lake fishing is, of course the gorgeous foliage and the fact that you'll probably have the whole place to yourself.





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CHECK US OUT ON THE WEB:
WWW.LAMBCOM.NET/KIAPTUWISH/



DON'T MISS THE NOVEMBER MEETING!!!

Chris Silver & Joe Paatalo are bringing their musical podcast show, FishingWithJoe.com, to the November meeting. It will surely be a night to remember! Wednesday November 4th, 2009 at Bob Smith's Sports Club
Dinner starts at 6PM
Meeting begins at 7PM

Deadline to make submissions for the December issue is Wednesday, November 18th. Have a great month!

