



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

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SEPTEMBER MEETING INFORMATION

RipRap editor Scott Hanson was so eager to get back to work that he decided do a September issue of RipRap instead of the usual post card reminder of the September meeting. You gotta love that enthusiasm. The first meeting of the year is Wednesday, September 3, at Bob Smith's Sports Club in downtown Hudson. There is no speaker for the September meeting. This is an opportunity to check in with chapter members, eat dinner, hear stories and catch up on chapter news. Please join us on the 3rd, 6 PM for dinner and 7 for the meeting. Bring a friend or two and introduce them to the chapter.



- Greg Dieltl



To the left is a photo of some of the stream work being done on Pine Creek by the DNR and volunteers from Kiap-TU-Wish

Photo by Gary Richardson

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

MEETING INFO	1
PRESIDENT'S LINES	2
SCOTT'S SCOOP	3
THE HORROR!	4
SEPTEMBER SONG	5
FLY TYING CORNER	6
AL FARMES MEMORIAL	7

PRESIDENT'S LINES

BY GREG DIETL

Pine Creek Update

We had the first work night on Pine Creek, Tuesday, August 5. Ten volunteers built 22 LUNKER structures and seeded and mulched a large area of stream bank. Work was planned for Aug 12 and 19. (I was scheduled to be out of town the week before press deadline and needed to get this to Scott). The project was delayed from the anticipated mid-July start because of weather delays on other DNR projects. I hope to be able to report good result from the project in the October Rip Rap.

Economy Hits DNR Hard

This summer saw a crisis in DNR funding. As fuel costs rose and the economy suffered, the WI DNR saw decreases in Trout Stamp funding and significant increases in equipment costs. The word I have is that hourly rates for heavy equipment more than doubled. FY 2009 Trout Stamp allocations for our area were severely reduced (FY being July through June, we are in 09). It appears Trout Stamp funding for projects for FY 2009 may be exhausted by mid-September this year until the new FY 2010, beginning July 1, 2009. This most likely will halt projects in mid September and is clearly bad news. I'm sure you are all aware that license and Trout Stamp sales are down in both Wisconsin and Minnesota. As trout fishers and cold water conservationists, we need to do all we can to keep the momentum of projects that has developed over the past few years.

I find a cruel irony in this situation because it appears there is heightened awareness of environmental concerns these days, yet funding for good solid stream projects is diminishing. The dollars in grants we worked hard to obtain just don't go as far as we need them to. Raising funds for projects is hard work and we always have to go back to the same wells over and over. This makes your volunteer time on projects all the more important. Every hour spent by volunteers on projects goes a long way to offset project costs.

On the other hand, great work was done this year by the trout crew on Elk Creek and other projects to our south. Wisconsin Clear Waters Chapter members Dennis VandenBloemen and Tim Meyer are masters at raising funds and organizing projects. Hats off to these guys! The Wisconsin State Council newspaper Wisconsin Trout chronicles other chapter projects in the state, also.

Bentley's Outfitters Closes

Bentley's Outfitters closed its doors this summer. The Eden Prairie and then Bloomington fixture will be greatly missed. Gordon, Andy, Brett and all the staff were always gracious and helpful hosts. They provided merchandise, shared knowledge, stream reports, tying and casting lessons, a gathering place. Gordon always supported Kiap-TU-Wish banquets with very generous donations. We will miss you guys and wish Gordon and all the staff the very best for the future. Andy Roth continues to provide services and has a website you should add to your favorites, www.graygoatflyfishing.com. Check it out and send Andy a note; Andy is one of the best ambassadors of our sport in the area.

Speaking of Websites

If you haven't checked out Mike Alwin's Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop website lately, you are missing out. This is another one you should add to your favorites: www.bobmitchellsflyshop.com. Mike's site offers philosophy, stream reports and you need to check out Lou Lavoie's essay "Two Roads to Heaven", under Mike's Musings. This is good stuff, thanks Mike and Lou. Get over to the shop and shop!

Banquet Planning Underway

The loose confederation of Kiap-TU-Wish banquet planners met this summer and plans are underway for the 2008 banquet. We got started early this year in hopes of an improved evening. We need your help in soliciting donations for silent auctions and raffles. Start early—if you want to help, please contact Mike Alwin, Jonathan Jacobs, Nick Westcott, Scott Hanson, Deb Olmstead, Shannon Nelson, or me. The banquet is scheduled for Thursday, December 4, at Tartan

President's Lines Continued on Page 3

SCOTT'S SCOOP

BY SCOTT HANSON, EDITOR

Hopefully you were pleasantly surprised to see an actual issue of RipRap in your mailbox this month, instead of the usual postcard which has historically been sent out in September. I had such a great time working on RipRap last year that I was anxious to get the next issue published this fall, and thought, "Why wait until October?" I feel that September is a perfectly good month that deserves its own issue of RipRap. In many regards, I like the month of September better than October. For instance, the weather is usually better, and some days are even still on the hot side, which is okay by me. The longer we can put off winter, the better, as far as I'm concerned. I've always been a much bigger fan of spring and summer than of fall and winter, and as you probably know, most of September is still part of summer, whereas all of October is in the fall. I've never met a fall that didn't lead directly to winter, so I've learned not to trust fall at all. Hence my dislike for October.

Another wonderful aspect of September is, of course, the fact that we can still fish for trout in Wisconsin and Minnesota. This is one of the best times of the year to fish in our local streams. The fish are usually much more cooperative than they have been in July and August, making for a much more enjoyable experience. Jon Jacobs takes a more in-depth look at fishing in September on page 5 of this issue. Make sure you check it out, along with all of the other articles in this issue. And make sure that you find the time to get out and spend some time on your favorite stretch of water before the end of the trout season. See you next month.



President's Lines continued from Page 2

Park Clubhouse. Scott Thorpe will be presenting part 2 of his Alaskan guiding adventures.

Randy Arnold Rebuilds DNR Mulcher

This is a great story and Randy tells it well. If his story is not in this issue I hope it will be in a future one soon. For those of you who have been on stream projects and worked with the old power mulcher you know it needed replacing or rebuilding. Randy rebuilt it using his own time and dollars, a lot of both. Again, he tells it better than I ever could. Thanks again to Randy for his outstanding volunteer efforts!



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THE HORROR! KAYAKS ON SMALL STREAMS

BY BILL STIEGER

I was fishing on the upper section of western Wisconsin's Kinnickinnic River last week, before the rains flooded it. It's the narrower section of the stream, where on weekends I can avoid the flotilla of canoeists that clog the larger section of the river, below the city of River Falls.

The trout weren't rising to any insect hatches, and my mayfly imitation seemed as attractive to the trout as Rodney Dangerfield at a supermodel convention. I clipped off the Adams and was about to tie on a Partridge and Orange when I heard a clunking from upstream. From around the bend appeared a vessel that resembled a fuchsia-colored elf shoe with a human torso sticking out of it. The torso was stirring the water with one end of a double paddle in the effort to avoid colliding with your correspondent, who leaped out of the stream.

"How's the fishing?" asked the kayaker as he paddled past me. He was gone before I could deliver my Brando imitation of Captain Kurtz, in *Apocalypse Now*.

I know that I seem uncharitable. I mean, why grouse? It's supposedly a free country, right? Freer for some than for other, admitted. But still free. And kayakers ought to be allowed anywhere they can float. In theory, that is.

But I am sulfuric in my attitude toward kayaks on small streams.

These miniature kayaks enable their owners to navigate streams that were impossible with canoes. Further, kayaks take less skill to maneuver, cost less, are smaller and more easily transported. These qualities have led to the explosion in kayak sales in recent years. And the smaller boats can float down a rain gutter.

So now, there is no refuge. No waterway free of mobs.

Canoes, which are a fact of life on larger streams and rivers, were merely an irritant to this fisherman. Canoeists were an irritant that my better half, over the years, worked to accept. I had disciplined my mind over the years to act courteously as an aluminum flotilla of teens boomed over the watery rocks, its passengers bellowing war whoops between swigs of Leinenkugels. Sure, a string of canoeists could ruin the fishing on a summer afternoon. But canoes were a fact of life, and had been for many years.

But kayaks on narrow streams were NOT a fact of life. That is, until recently. In my view, kayaks seemed to have flourished during the reign of George Bush II. Solace denied. Serenity ruined. Mission accomplished.

And the modern, polyethylene kayak is an ugly, vulgar artifact, unlike its Eskimo forbearer. Why is it that kayak manufacturers choose to manufacture their products in the most eye-frying shades of the color wheel? Day-glo orange. Fuchsia. Swimming Pool Aquamarine. Yellow. Pink. The damn things come in the colors of bath toys.

And I'm supposed to sanguine to kayakers? Today's mantra is that all must be tolerated. Perhaps I'd be more convivial to the small-stream kayakers if there were some restorative justice in the offing. If kayakers have the right to intrude on my solitude and ruin my sport, why am I not allowed to do the same? Wouldn't it be fair, that having frightened away the fish, and having forced me out of the stream, that I be awarded the right to capsize one or two of them? I mean, if kayakers have the right to ruin my sport, might I ought to have the right to ruin theirs? I believe so.

Ah, modern life! I work to tolerate its daily insults. But its stresses sometimes cause me to morph into a gibbering orangutan.



SEPTEMBER SONG

BY JONATHON JACOBS

In as many years as possible, I've spent roughly the last week of September on a *Westconsin Trout Tour*, fishing the waters of St. Croix, Pierce and Dunn counties. I hold the trout tour dear for a number of reasons, some sentimental and some exceedingly practical.

On the sentimental side, I love the fall. To some, the end of summer is a melancholy thing, but my rural roots tell me it's the time of the harvest, with another year brought to the barn, silo and granary. It begins very close to the start of the tour and at our latitude you can easily see it arrive. At the start of the tour, the leaves are mostly green, but by the close of the trout season on the 30th, the trees here on the northern edge of the Driftless Region may be aflame with fall color. It can rain heavily in the last half of September, but my main memories of the weather then involve low humidity, crystal blue skies, crisp overnight temperatures and pleasant daytime highs. I read once that being out in fine fall weather is like biting into the most flavorful and crispest apple you've ever eaten. That's a pretty good simile. The rivers are often as low and clear as they ever get. The trout in them seem even more gorgeous than usual. Their annual Big Dance is just a few weeks away and the lady trout are putting on their rouge and lipstick while the boys are doing their best Beau Brummel imitation.

On the practical side, the fishing can be spectacular. The fish shake off their summer doldrums and get after it. The common wisdom is that the fish sense that both hard weather and the spawn are approaching and that they'll need extra calories for the rigors of both. As Donald Rumsfeld might have said, I don't know if we know what a trout knows, but I do know that trout respond well to flies at this time of year. Hatches are surprisingly strong. Tricos hatch and form spinner swarms well past the end of the season. With fall's generally cooler weather, the spinner fall moves back to a reasonable hour, with the insects hitting the water at noon or even a tad later. The one downside for an angler is that the fish have seen untold thousands of the natural insects by then and they know precisely what the bug looks like and how it acts, which can make for some awfully exacting fishing. The tiny *Plauditus* (formerly *Pseudocloeon*) mayflies hatch in phenomenally large numbers through September, usually at mid-afternoon. These miniscule flies represent an enormous biomass and the trout take good advantage of their presence. This hatch can produce confounding fishing conditions with almost shockingly large trout making themselves completely visible as they laze about slurping down the tiny critters while pointedly ignoring your fly, which, even when tied tiny and sparse, may look like a feather duster on the water next to the naturals. The best imitations I've seen have long, well divided feather barbule tails, thread bodies and Cul de Canard wings and are tied on size 26 or so hooks. The CDC wings require a lot of maintenance, but no other material seems to adequately imitate the "wiggle" in the prominent wings of the emergent insects. Our friend Jay says that if you're really a glutton for punishment, you can even fish the spinner fall with a tiny, tiny yellow-bodied spinner pattern.

Terrestrial insects abound in the fall, too. A grasshopper pattern tossed close to the bank can generate a slashing strike. Ants and beetles remain active, too, and an imitation of either can work well all day long. Most anglers regard the Royal Coachman dry fly as an attractor pattern, but its profile makes it a pretty fair ant imitation. Fall can provide you with a chance to take nice trout on this showy, highly visible, classic pattern.

As they do year around, the trout respond well to nymphs fished deep, but I think the big dog of underwater patterns at this time of year is the good old woolly bugger. I like them in black or olive with a gold conehead and plenty of .035 lead wire on a size 8, 3XL heavy wire hook. (However, an utterly unweighted bugger, which goes into the water quietly – when cast well – and runs shallow, can generate some real interest in shallow, glassy flats). This fly just seems to get the fish going. Maybe it represents a big meal, or perhaps pre-spawn fish see it as a threat.

Regardless of weather or water conditions or the potential for a hot bite, it's important to get out there for one more reason: The curtain comes down on the inland season at the end of the day on September 30. Get out there and generate some memories to carry you through to 2009.

Jon Jacobs is a frequent contributor to, and former Editor of, RipRap. He is a resident of Hudson, Wisconsin.



FLY TYING CORNER: THE KLINKHANSON

BY SCOTT HANSON

I had spent several years without having a totally reliable mayfly emerger pattern that worked as consistently as I hoped for. I had several patterns in my fly boxes that worked well some of the time, but were awful the rest of the time. I tried patterns with CDC wings, soft hackles with polypropylene and antron wings, and I even did several experiments on patterns with snowshoe hare wings. All of these patterns worked some of the time, but they just weren't as consistent as I was hoping for. Some of you might insist that I should probably work on my presentation skills instead of changing flies every five minutes, and that if I did so, my fish catching abilities would probably improve. I would tell you to mind your own business. Being as hard-headed as I am, I finally was able to produce an emerger pattern that works as consistently as any sane person could hope for.

This pattern I came up with is closely related to the Klinkhamer Special that was designed by Dutch fly tier Hans van Klinken. However, I changed things to make it more appealing to my own eyes. First of all, I'm not a fan of using Tiemco hook model 200R in any size under 14. I think the hook gap is too small in the smaller sizes, which discourages good hook-ups. Because of this I switched to a light wire scud style hook. The body is not as long on this hook, but I would choose the added hooking capabilities over the longer body. Secondly, the original Klinkhamer uses peacock herl for the thorax. Although peacock does look nice, it can be hard to work with, and I think it makes the thorax too dark. My version uses pale yellow or olive dubbing for the thorax, the theory being that the front of the emerger should be the color of the adult mayfly as it's crawling out of its nymphal husk. Lastly, I changed the abdomen from the various colored dubbing of the original to pheasant tail fibers ribbed with copper wire. I think the added weight of the copper wire helps to ensure that the back end of the fly hangs down below the front of the fly, much like an emerging mayfly appears while it's trying to break through the water's surface film. All these theories might be crazy, but this new fly of mine does work well, so that's all I need to know. I hadn't officially named this fly before writing this article, but in homage to the original pattern, which I transformed in to my own concoction, I will fuse the names Klinkhamer and Hanson, and call my new fly the KlinkHanson. It's really an easy fly to tie, which is something this time-deficient writer really likes. I usually use light or medium dun hackle on my KlinkHansons, but grizzly would probably look pretty good, too. I have some grizzly that's been dyed medium dun that has a great buggy-looking appearance, as well. Here's the recipe:



The KlinkHanson

Hook: Tiemco 2487, or any other light-wire scud hook, Sizes 14-20

Thread: 8/0, color to match the thorax

Rib: Fine copper wire

Abdomen: Pheasant tail fibers

Thorax: Pale yellow, olive, or tan Superfine dubbing

Wing/Post: Light gray antron yarn

Hackle: Light or medium dun dry fly hackle



Editor's note: The Editor is running out of patterns to write about in the Fly Tying Corner. Pretty soon he will have exhausted all of his secret flies, and he currently doesn't have enough time on his plate to devise any more. So, consider this your first warning of the year that he is begging you to think about writing an article for the Fly Tying Corner. You don't need to divulge your secret patterns; old stand-bys are cool, too! All submissions are welcome, and the Editor will be happy to photograph your flies for the article. Contact him at scott@yes-tech.com if you have an idea for a fly-themed article. Thank you!

AL FARMES: 1915-2008

BY JAMES R. HUMPHREY

Al Farmes may have been the most optimistic of men. He bought a lifetime membership in Trout Unlimited for \$1,000 at the age of 88.

He was also tough minded. I ran into him at an ad hoc meeting of environmental organizations gathered to discuss strategies needed to promote the Minnesota lottery. If you remember, a portion of the proceeds was to be dedicated to the rescue of our natural landscapes and flora and fauna. Al was very vocal, and I guess I thought he had powerful opinions. To some extent he took over the meeting, enough so that I said to myself, "Who is this guy?!"

At meeting's end Al came over to find out who I was. I think Al represented the bow hunters; I was from the Twin Cities Trout Unlimited chapter. Somehow we managed to become close friends and fishing partners for trout. We fished for trout in the San Juan of New Mexico where Al stood like a pillar under cold sleet while John Schorn and I implored him to return to the motel. We fished the Wolf River of Wisconsin, the White River of Arkansas, and the Big Horn, which I think is in Montana. We fished the Kinnickinnic at the Swinging Gate, at Highway 35 with John Schorn, and often on the Rush River at the gravel pit where Al would also plant his waders in one spot and embarrass us by taking trout, one after another. It was there that he introduced me to his creation, the D.B, dubbing brush trout fly, which I christened Dumb Bunny.

About the Swinging Gate, a long time popular place at River Falls where the local farmer allowed us free access to the Kinnickinnic. At last the farmer needed to sell. Without going into the complications necessary to acquire the property and transfer it to the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources, the net was that the Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter of TU had to come up with \$10,000 to close the deal. Al produced \$7,000 of the price, and Wisconsin now has one-half mile of the Kinni under perpetual easement.

We pounded Minnesota and Wisconsin trout streams with Dick Frantes and John Schorn, enjoying sharp banter and sometimes slow fishing. One day on the lower Kinni I dropped Al at the head of the island and I went down to the elbow that I think of as the spot where a huge No-Trespassing sign used to make me grind my teeth. Anyhow, I mooched around the corner and released a couple of brown trout. Then, beyond a screen of trees I heard a humongous splash. Sounded like a cow falling in. Could that have been Al going A over teakettle? More heavy splashing, like a wader up to his belly-button in waders filled with ice water. Al appeared, the air blue around him, water draining from under his cap and over his eyes. I was laughing, enjoying every moment. He had flipped forward and submerged. By the time he struggled to the bank he was already beginning to shake with the classic palsy of deadly hypothermia. We dumped his waders and wrung his shirt, then dashed up the steep hill to the car, cranked up the heater and Al stripped to underwear. Later at my house we dried his clothes in the dryer and enjoyed a tot of single malt scotch.

Al was a staunch friend, an environmentalist of the first order, and a frequent contributor to the good works of Trout Unlimited and the respective Departments of Natural Resources. At the last we fly fished the gun club pool on the Rush River, Al from his seat on a collapsible stool and I with my weak knee, John Schorn keeping an eye on us, three old friends still plotting a brighter future.

(Here is another anecdote that reveals another facet of his personality. Sometime in his late seventies or early eighties Al switched from a recurve hunting bow to a mechanical bow with pulleys, easier to draw. Most bowhunters have drifted to the tech bow with gunsights and lazer somethings. But Al, deep into his eighties, junked the tech bow and returned to the recurve, because it was closer to true sport, the Robin Hood tradition I suppose.)

(When Al was no longer able to tackle the trout on their home grounds he donated his fly tackle to Kiap-TU-Wish for the annual banquet.)

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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WE'RE ON THE WEB

[WWW.LAMBCOM.NET/
KIAPTUWISH/](http://WWW.LAMBCOM.NET/KIAPTUWISH/)

Don't miss the September meeting!!

Come to the September meeting to get back in touch with old friends and find out what's been going on around our local trout streams during the summer months. The meeting starts at 7 PM, but you can join us for dinner at 6 PM. See you there!
Wednesday, September 3rd at Bob Smith's Sports Bar in Hudson.



SUBMISSIONS WANTED!!

Let us know if you have an article you'd like to submit.
Deadline to make submissions for the October RipRap is September 17th, 2008