

Hatches & Rises



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In Memoriam: Joe Kline

On Tuesday, March 8th, 2011, Penn's Woods West Chapter of Trout Unlimited lost a dear colleague, friend and mentor – Joe Kline. For many of you who did not know him, he was the grey haired gentleman with the Andy Rooney style eyebrows and the broadcaster's voice. He served our chapter in many capacities, among them Board Member, Membership Chairman and Publicity Director. He also was instrumental in orchestrating the Annual Great Fly Sale, Cabin Fever and numerous other activities held by the Chapter. He was also a member of the Pittsburgh Fly Fishers. Joe was the gentleman's gentleman - respected by everyone in the fly fishing community. He had the terrific knack of having you volunteer to help the Chapter without you even knowing it.

The Penn's Woods West Chapter of Trout Unlimited would like to extend our sincerest condolences to his wife Judy and family. Joe's dedication, guidance and spirit of volunteerism will be missed by every one of us at PWWTU and the fly fishing community. -Written by Bob Bukk

A Poem for Joe (Written by Judy Kline)

*All of us will surely miss Joe
The nicest guy you'll ever know.
Grandpa, brother, cousin, dad
He's the best you could have had.
Though fate gave him some nasty blows
I never saw him blow his nose,
cause he was crying in his beer.
To all who knew him it was clear
that he was honest, caring, sound,
A better man could not be found.
In thirty-three years of being his wife,
I never once heard him rail against life.
In fact, I don't think he once raised his voice
in anger, frustration. He just made the choice
to accept what was dealt with patience and grace
to be nice to people I'd smack in the face!
"I've had a good life," he said near the end
and everyone tells me that he was a great friend
who helped, shared, encouraged - completely legit.
The kind of a person they'll never forget.
His only vice? The fly tying vise
Where he would spend hour after hour
when he could have been scrubbing the shower.
Wrapping up feathers and fur for the fishes,
when he could have been drying the dishes.
But those in the know
said all his flies show
the touch of a true master tyer.
Now if only he had found
a millionaire buyer!*



A Remembrance of Joe *By Jim Hoey*

Near the end of his life, someone asked Joe if he was ready to meet his Maker. His simple response was, "Yes, I think so. I've lived a good life." That is what I think of as a "Joe Kline" answer - a pilot's answer - words that seem to take in the whole situation and speak with a calm dignity.

That was how he was and is still in my memory, where he stands as big and snow-capped and steady as Kilimanjaro. Joe Kline was a gentleman and a man of kindness. He wrote really well, he tied great flies and he was my friend.

It's been said the true places are not on any maps. Joe told me a story once about a place called Rainbow Bridge, where, after we die, we go to meet beloved pets we once knew. I know there was an appointment he was hoping to keep there. I choose to think that he did.



A Man Who Gave Us So Much *By Bob Bukk*

Although the exact date escapes me, the moment that I met Joe Kline hasn't drifted through this memory that is steadily becoming a sieve. It was at a board meeting that I met a man who it is my privilege to say would take his place on my list of the great ones crossing my path. Since he became involved, Joe cheerfully served Penn's Woods West in many capacities. He was membership chairman, publicity wonk, Great Fly Sale coordinator and contributor, Cabin Fever volunteer and unknown to him – Special Projects Coordinator. For the Chapter's annual Fly Fishing Seminar and the bus trips to be the successful requires publicity. I would always lean on Joe to make sure that the word "got out" in the press. Pro that he was, he would always put together a press release that would be sent to every print media outlet in the area. He would embarrass me by asking if I would proof his release. Joe could write rings around me and most people that we read in the media today.

My cousin's son was serving in Iraq with the "All American's" (the 82nd Airborne). He mentioned to me that the guys were getting into fly fishing and tying and could use some materials and things to keep them occupied. All that was needed was a call to Joe. It wasn't long before I came to a meeting to pick up the "stuff" that was donated. There were hooks, vices, materials, reels, fly lines that amounted to three boxes that were shipped overseas. Joe was instrumental in making that happen.

When a group of breast cancer survivors formed a local chapter of Casting for Recovery here in Western Pa, they partnered with PWWTU. Knowing my disgust for this curse of a disease, it was Joe who called me and asked if I would serve as liaison. How could I say no to

a man who never said no? Being involved with CFR fills a void for me and brings me great joy. Joe made that happen.

I've only seen Joe angry twice. Once at a Board meeting years ago a suggestion was brought forward about serving beer at chapter meetings. After about two minutes of supportive banter from some present, Joe spoke. "If you approve serving beer at chapter meetings, I'm out of here!" End of conversation. The motion was tabled and never discussed again. After I began going prodigal from monthly Chapter meetings, Joe began to call, asking if I would start attending again. After 3 months of prodding phone calls, I decided to stop by.

"...the best way that we as individual members could honor this great man is to become more involved with the Chapter."

As I walked up to the entrance of the VFW at 7:25 pm, there was Joe standing near the door, satisfying the vice that would eventually take him from us. "It's about damn time you showed up for a meeting," he scolded. He also informed me that the meetings start at 7:00 pm, not 7:30 pm as I thought. The speaker for the evening was well into his presentation, when Joe walked to the front of the room and interrupted him. "I have an announcement to make," he said. It then hit me why he was calling me. He presented me with the Lively/Aiken Award for service to the chapter – an award that I certainly did not deserve. I would bet my Bob Lancaster Baettis bamboo fly rod - that Joe made that happen, too.

I'm sure that Penn's Woods West is going to honor Joe in a very fitting manner. In my opinion, the best way that we as individual members could honor this great man, is to become more involved with the Chapter. How fitting a tribute that we give a little bit as a tribute to a man who gave us so much!

Tying at Joe's Bench By Christian Shane

Sometimes, people come into your life like the seasons...

...they enter in for awhile, and then they're gone.

I knew Joe Kline for too few of fishing seasons, but I had the privilege to tie with him at his tying bench many times over.

Almost every Thursday night during the last few winters, Joe invited me into his home and led me up to his tying table. From Judy, his wife, shouting up funny comments at us from downstairs to his many cats jumping up on the tying bench, I looked forward to Thursday night tying at Joe's house.

Joe was as meticulous with his fly tying equipment as he was with his *Hatches & Rises* articles. Every hook type, dubbing material and tying supply had its place in plastic containers and labeled boxes. Each week, we would tie up a pattern that Joe tied so many times before: Royal Coachmans, Midges, Woolly Buggers and Parachute Adams (his favorite). As I watched over his shoulder, I was always impressed with his attention to the small details of fly tying: the way he carefully wrapped a marabou tail, the selection of a certain hackle, the spreading of a wing. He was not only a faithful student of fly tying, but an excellent teacher as well. Joe took pride in his flies the way that he was proud to be a member of PWWTU.



When my son Aaron was born prior to his due date, Joe's sense of humor helped me through a tough time at the hospital. In those "Great Fly Sale" plastic fly boxes, he tied me up some flies with a note attached. It read, "*Christian, these flies are for Aaron, but you're allowed to use them.*" Lost on most, only a true fly tyer understood the underlying wit. Written in his distinctive architectural handwriting, Joe labeled them "**Aaron's Midgelings**" - he had tied up some tiny #20 midges! I have to smile now that my son is two years old and growing taller by the week. Someday, I hope to share the story with him about my Trout Unlimited friend named Joe.

In our lives, we can only hope to share our talents, knowledge and ourselves with others. Thanks Joe, for giving us your friendship, your time, your talent and your wisdom. I will, as will many other members of PWWTU, miss your friendship and camaraderie.

"How You Doin'?" By Bill Hayes

About 15 years ago, I bought a box of flies from TU national just because it came with a membership. About two weeks later I got a nice letter from the membership chairman, Joe Kline, inviting me to a TU dinner. Until then I had only been to Ruffed Grouse dinners, so with that in mind I got dressed up. Went to the bank, got a couple hundred dollars to buy tickets that I was sure would be on sale at the TU dinner.

With great expectations of winning fly rods and many other things, I went to Monroeville and walked in the door of the Palace Inn; there sat Joe Kline. With a big smile he said "**How you doin'?**" At every meeting I went to after that, Joe was there and he always said "**How you doin'?**" with that big smile. Most of the things about fly tying that I know I learned from Joe. Joe was always the conscience of the chapter. He always kept us on the right path and was the one that questioned our goofy suggestions about how we wanted to spend the chapter's money. I will miss that big smile and the "**How you doin'?**"

Trout in the Classroom: From Our Tank...



When I told my students and families of **McKnight Elementary** to prepare for rain, snow or sunshine during our Trout in the Classroom Release, I didn't expect that on a chilly Saturday morning we would experience all three!

On **Saturday, April 2, 2011**, students, staff and families from **North Allegheny** met at the North Park Boathouse to participate in the annual **Trout in the Classroom Release**. Over 300 students, siblings and parents braved the chilly temperatures to release their little finny friends into the upper pond at North Park.

Upon arriving at the school to move the brook trout from our classroom tank to the temporary transporter, a 10-gallon aerated bucket, I was surprised at how many trout we actually had in the tank. Over **350 Brook trout** were on their way to be released into the upper pond at North Park. This is always a tenuous time for the trout as we have to provide an aerator for them on the way to the release site and also temper the water from our tank temperature (50 degrees) to the upper pond water (a chilly 39 degrees).

To allow the kiddos to see the fish more clearly, we took a large cooler and placed an aerator at the bottom. The kids really enjoyed seeing the fish they would eventually have a chance to release.

Earlier in the week, students from grades Kindergarten through Fifth Grade received their "Trout Tickets" and were eager to release a native brook trout from our TIC project.



...To Transport...to Trout Release *By Christian Shane*



This year, we added a little twist: the students named their finny friends, and we posted them throughout the school. Variations of the name of **“Bob”** seemed to be a favorite as well as fish-related names such as *Finn-Finn, Gil, Finz, Chummy, Munchy, Brooke, River and Squirmy*. Some other more interesting names were *Dr. Pepper, Lightning, Camo, Tater Tot* and *Kiwi*; two of my favorites were *Phineus* and *Finnessa*.

When everyone was ready, we discussed the importance of cold, clean water for trout as well as the techniques to releasing them safely into the water. The crowd ended the ceremonies with reading *“A Poem for the Trout Fry.”*

Lastly, Trout Tickets were called by their trout colors, and students lined up to receive their trout in plastic containers. Then they could walk down with their families to release their little trout. It was cute to hear so many of kids using their fish names and waving good-bye to their finny friends. The smiles signified that the kids learned a lot and had a terrific time.

Near the end, we even named one of the fingerlings **“Joe”** after our friend Joe Kline. He was the last brook trout released as the chilly, snowy day turned into a blue sky, sunshine day!

Next year, McKnight Elementary will begin their fifth year for the Trout in the Classroom project.

Thanks to the following contributors to our pictures from the event: John Bauman, Bill Kroll, Vincent Colaizzi, Amy Solman, Christian Shane, Jennifer Saitz.



Big Browns on the Little J

The PWWTU Annual Bus Trip on *Saturday, May 21, 2011* is headed to a new location - the *Little Juniata near State College, PA.*



An air-conditioned Lenzner Motor Coach will depart from two convenient locations in the Pittsburgh Area: *The Lenzner Mt. Nebo Terminal (6:00 am)* and *the Beulah Presbyterian Church near Churchill (6:30 am).*

Cost for the trip is **\$55.00 (\$60.00 after May 7, 2011)**. PWWTU members and non-members are welcome, so feel free to ask a friend to join in the fun. Space is limited.

For reservations contact, **Bob Bukk** at **412-521 0714** (evenings) or email at pwwtubustrip@gmail.com.

Dan Wagner Memorial Kid Fishing Day

(Ages 2 - 12)



Rochester Grove, North Park



Saturday, May 14, 2011 - 7:00 am to 12 noon

Registration 7:00 am to 9:30 am

Fish Measuring until 11:00 am

Lunch for participants and accompanying adults

Hot dogs and beverages served from 11:45 am to 12 noon

All kids ages 2 - 12 catching a fish will receive a prize @ 12 noon

Door prizes to be awarded at 12 noon until all are given out



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May Meeting *By Peter Ten Eyck*

May 9th, 2011 – Alaskan Salmon, the Greatest Migration

Thousands of ocean miles. 900 miles inland. 7,000 feet in elevation. Salmon make a journey that is truly one of a kind. As a continuation of last month's speaker series, **Christian Shane & Peter Ten Eyck** will share their salmon experiences on the waters of the Kenai & Russian Rivers in Cooper Landing, Alaska.

Following their presentation, we will view an exclusive *EP Film* called "**The Greatest Migration**," where we will follow the return journey of the Snake River salmon from the coast of Alaska to Idaho's Sawtooth Valley. These salmon migrate farther inland and higher in elevation than any other on Earth, along the way touching the lives of everyone and everything in the ecosystem.

View the trailer at <http://vimeo.com/15041410>.

For more information on salmon, visit the "Save Our Wild Salmon Coalition" at <http://www.wildsalmon.org>.



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Come join us on Facebook!

Stay up-to-date with chapter news and events, or even share a fishing story by visiting and "liking" our new Facebook page.

Access the page by visiting www.pwwtu.org and clicking the "Join us on Facebook" link.



Penns Woods West Trout Unlimited

There are two easy ways to obtain this special introductory membership offer.

Online - Visit www.tu.org/intro

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Make sure you select 042 Penns Woods West as your chapter of choice.

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No PWWTU Meetings for June, July or August! See you September 12th!



**Become a Member
 of Penns Woods West
 Trout Unlimited**

**\$17.50 special
 introductory offer**



See reverse side for details.

*“Hook” a new member!
 The future of cold-water fisheries is up to you!*

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