

# Bow Wow

## January Meeting

**When:** Wednesday, Jan. 7  
**Where:** JR Ranch, Hudson  
**Dinner:** 6:30  
**Program:** 8:00

**Speaker:** Marybeth Loriebecki, author of "A Fierce Green Fire," speaks on the legacy of Aldo Leopold. A Hudson resident, she is President of the Wisconsin Prairie Restoration Project.

### President's Lines:

I was extremely pleased with the way the Banquet turned out this year. The food and drink were excellent, Bob White presented a tremendous slide show, and everyone I spoke with had a very enjoyable time. In addition, the Banquet raised more money for the chapter than any other in recent memory. All those who contributed to its success deserve a big round of applause. My wife Karen wishes to thank all those that helped her with arrangements, particularly Rich Lindholm, Jon Jacobs, Mike Alwin, John and Karen O'Malley, Brent and Julie Sittlow, Chuck Goossen, and Paul Walker.

The video project is right on schedule. Cathy Wurzer and Kent Johnson are preparing the script. Good luck to Andy Lamberson, and prayers as well, as he begins to submit applications for grants from foundations interested in the environment that will allow us to finish the project. We may also get financial help from the Embrace-a-Stream educational fund. A complete description of the video project was submitted to National TU in early December.

Mounds Dam removal project is well under way and for the first time in seventy years the stream can run freely in its ancient bed. Much of the broken concrete has been removed, and a beautiful deep gorge is beginning to emerge. For now, the river seems confused in the sediment of the old impoundment, and rip rapping the old lake bed and monitoring water quality at Little Falls dam will be priority projects for Kiap-TU-Wish in coming years. Contact me if you are interested in working on this.

There will be no brushing projects this winter, but some experimental brush removal techniques will be tried this spring in conjunction with the DNR. We need some new ideas for winter projects, but we also need chapter members to participate.

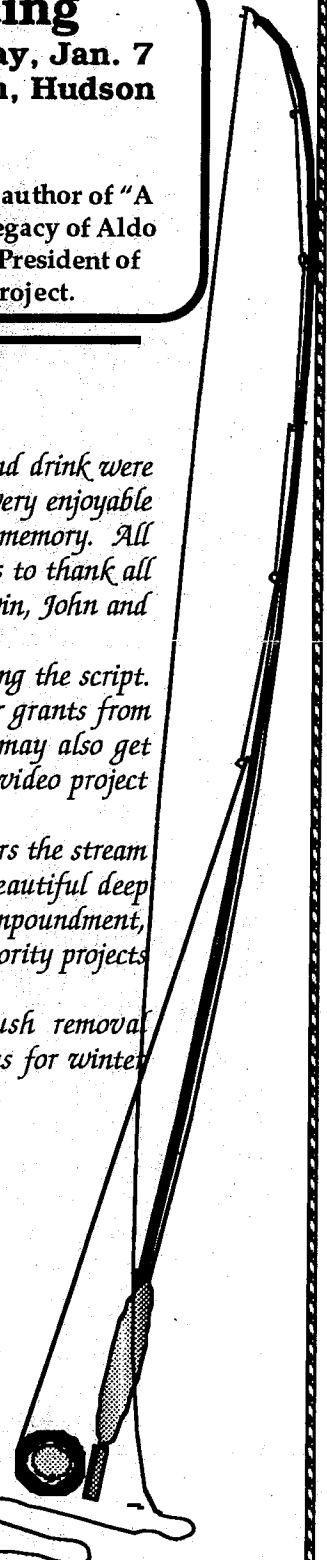
Sincerely,  
**Tony Stifter, President**

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### Lines from The President's Dog, Trudy:

The only drawback to the Annual Banquet was that all those delicious leftovers went to some cat that lives at the JR Ranch. Chapter dogs were largely ignored. I'd also like to express my opinion on Buddy, the other President's dog: Right breed, but can he fish?



## **Kiap-TU-Wish Bulletin Board...**



### **No Brushing Project this Winter...**



**Moose spent many arduous hours carrying brush to the pile**

Even though some members were willing and able to help out in past years, and quite a bit of stream restoration work was done, it was decided that in order to preserve the forests still standing near the Kinnickinnic that no brushing would take place. It seems that a few members let things get out of hand and the chapter lost support from landowners as the following photos show.

Without proper supervision, a few members decided to have a little fun. Unopened cans of Ken-L-Ration were thrown into the fire to see if they would explode. Two or three played fetch with a Kong Toy. A contest was held to see which member could carry a lighted stick the farthest without putting it out. An unnamed few decided to play a game of musical stumps. To accompany this, someone produced a recording of Steve Cannon's Iron Range Singing Dogs which was played on a boom box. As the party grew hotter and wilder, some more timid and sober members, those who had come to do serious conservation work and who were not amused by the antics and splashing in the Kinni, left the scene to inform Marty Engle and the authorities. Lacking fire fighting skills, those that were left high tailed it when it appeared that the conflagration was out of control and the fire trucks began to arrive.



**A scene of devastation caused by partying to excess. (Unnamed member caught in the act of playing musical stumps)**

## **Trudy's Loose Threads...**

### **How to catch fish in still waters**

I couldn't wait to get out of that car! They'd put me in the back, behind the rear seat, with almost no room to turn around. My bed was somewhere else, and the combination of the fumes from the gas tank and the screams of the youngest child from the car seat just ahead of me was almost too much to bear. I tried to sleep, but the drone of the exhaust pipe made that impossible. It was also hot, and no one had thought to put my water dish in with me. So, when the car finally stopped, and the tailgate was opened, I made a mad dash for the water. The family often stays a week at Snail Lake, and I'd sniffed out at least three of the cottages. My nose told me of other dogs, other children, but there were outdoor odors, too: pine boughs, ferns, cool moss, decaying tree trunks, the smell of water. The shoreline was full of interesting things: sticks that could be thrown, the occasional frog, dead tree limbs to climb on and, if I were lucky, a dead carp or raccoon dirt to roll in. So, after drinking my fill and pretending not to hear the calls of my master, I went farther out into the water. It felt cool on my legs, and I discovered that if I looked past my own reflection, I could see the mud and rocks on the bottom. There were snails moving around, and some sort of caddis larva, pulling their cases and making tracks in the sand. Then, I saw them. Tiny, silvery fishes, a whole school of them, flitted by me. When I raised my head, they were gone in an instant.

That night, I spent a lot of time thinking how I could catch one, and it seemed to me that the important thing was that the water must be calm and I must be as immovable as a stone. The following day was windy, but the one after that was calm. In the mist of early morning, before anyone else was up, I waded carefully out until my belly fur was just wet. Then, heron like, I waited for my prey. After awhile, my legs started to feel numb, and I was getting cold, but just as I was tempted to give up, a minnow tipped down and picked something off the bottom. I plunged my head in the water with my mouth open, and almost drowned myself. I came up sputtering and coughing water. No minnow.

Later that day, the kids were swimming off the end of the dock, and I was supposed to be the lifeguard. I looked into the deeper water and saw larger fish, sunnies and two perch, swimming by the pilings. It was hot, and one of the children was out a bit far, so I thought I could make a try for a fish without embarrassing myself. I took aim at the nearest perch, and dove into the water. I caught my first fish! I was as surprised as I was proud. I swam around to the beach with that perch in my mouth. It was still flipping around as I held it.

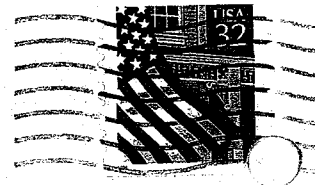
The kid's mother screamed something. It sounded like "Oh, Yuk." I put the gasping perch down in the grass, and watched it until it stopped moving. Then, I ate it, head first. I've caught many fish since that time. I have even tried to catch them in large puddles after rainstorms, but I haven't had any luck with that technique yet. Now, if I could only catch a trout! That's my next goal.



**Another useful technique, pictured here, is to get out over the water by climbing on downed branches or rocks. You can see farther into the water too, although your aim has to be extremely good. Try this only if you're very experienced in fishing.**



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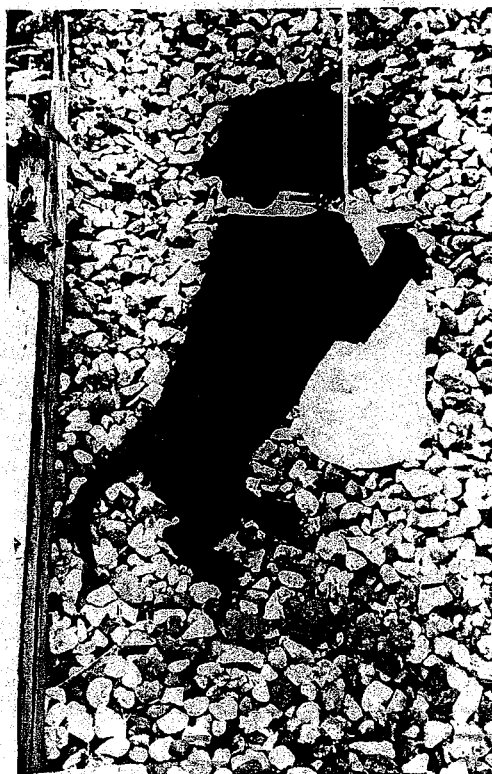
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## **Exercises for Fishing Dogs...**

**by Java**

The various movements, skills, and strengths needed to be a competent fishing dog are somewhat different than those required of a more land-based canine. Swimming is a prerequisite, and the ability to read currents in streams and rivers is more important than sheer physical power. Mike Alwin's dog Stevie, is an expert at ferrying, the art of swimming upstream at a diagonal to the current. Balancing on slippery rocks calls for the use of the pads of the feet, instead of claw extension, which would be instinctive in most dogs. Learning how to use objects to shade the eyes in order to see well off glaring water is another skill. Most important of all is learning how to be a good companion to a fly fisher without disturbing his/her fishing water. Retrieving game is discouraged by most humans, even though most of us could help land fish if given the chance. All these things require coordination and attention to developing muscle groups. Also, good nutrition is invaluable in producing a superior fishing dog. You may send for my book, outlining an exclusive system of fishing dog exercises, and a catalog of the equipment necessary for the program.



**Here I am, working out with my  
patented suspended weight system**