



RIP-RAP

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RESTORATION & PRESERVATION
THROUGH RESEARCH & PROJECTS

NOV 1992

◆ DEC. MEETING

Christmas Banquet

It's not too early to start making plans for the Chapter's biggest event - the Annual Silent Auction and Christmas Banquet! This is our major fund raiser, so start searching for those treasures to donate. The items do not have to be fishing related - we will accept almost anything!

The auction items can be dropped off at Bob Mitchell's Flyshop in Lake Elmo or brought directly to the Christmas banquet. Please fill out a donation form so that we can give everyone who contributes due recognition (and a receipt for tax purposes!).

Please call Jean Mitchell to make your reservation at (612)770-5854

Location: Hudson House

Date: Wed., Dec. 2, 1992

Time: Social Hour at 6:30pm
Dinner at 7:30pm

All guests are welcome but you must have a reservation!!



NOV. MEETING NOTICE

WHEN: Wed, Nov. 4, 1992

TIME: Dinner at 6:30

Meeting at 8:00

WHERE: Hudson House

This month's presentation is a special Women in Flyfishing panel as described in the next column. This meeting would be a perfect opportunity to bring your significant other to a meeting. Don't forget to treat her to dinner at 6:30!!

◆ RIP-RAP

ARTICLES STILL NEEDED!!

As you can tell from this month's "jumbo" edition we received some new submissions but the Rip-Rap is still looking for more articles!!

Write about whatever you wish, what you know about best, or what you wish you knew about. Please send your articles to Craig or Andy on a 3.5" Diskette in any of the following formats: WordPerfect, Word for Windows, Word for DOS, Word for Macintosh, Wordstar or Windows Write. *Please include the version (ie:2.0).*

Short handwritten notices will be accepted but due to Andy's slow typing we request any articles to please be on diskette.

◆ NOV MEETING

Women in Flyfishing

From the sixteenth century, women have been involved in fly-fishing for trout. Dame Juliana Berners wrote a book in 1563 containing fly patterns still used in England. Mary Orvis Marbury did the same in Vermont in the last decade of the nineteenth century. Since World War II, fly tiers like Helen Shaw, Winnie Dette and Cathy Beck, great casters like Joan Wulff, and outdoor photographers like Kathy Fong have made major contributions to our sport. At the November meeting, Kiap-TU-Wish will feature a panel discussion featuring well-known local female anglers Cathy Dichary, Ellen Clark, Dorothy Bergmann and Karen James. Cathy, as most of you know, teaches classes in flyfishing for women at Bob Mitchell's Flyshop. Ellen is an officer in The Federation of Flyfishers Lew Jewett Chapter, and has worked for Scientific Anglers. Dorothy teaches flyfishing, builds rods, ties flies, and gives seminars all over the upper Midwest. Karen is familiar with equipment, particularly clothing, for women. If you would like to stimulate an interest in fly fishing with one of the female members of the family, this is the meeting for you. Ask questions that will help them select good equipment. So bring your favorite lady and introduce them to a non-competitive outdoor hobby that they can participate as ably as men. Do you have a problem with that? We'll talk about that, too. don't forget about dinner starting at 6:30 p.m. and make any evening out of it. Don't miss "Women in Flyfishing" on Nov. 4th.

Skip James

♦ SKIP JAMES

POST SEASON
BLUES

Last evening, when I left the Rush in almost total darkness, I had a backache. My partner, Mike Hipps, said something about what it would be like to fish with me ten years from now, wheelchairs, etc., but then he bought me a piece of pie to make up. I design vests to hold a lot of stuff, and to carry it in as comfortable a manner as possible, but do I really need to carry all these flies?

Each year, at about this time, (the last week of the season), I try to figure out just what flies worked for me, and which didn't. I usually come up with a list of about ten flies that caught about ninety percent of my trout for the year. I also carry tons of patterns and sizes that I thought were going to be killers that didn't cut the mustard for one reason or another. The unsuccessful ones weren't all duds; perhaps I never had occasion to fish with them.

Last April I tied about a dozen black Woolly Buggers. As most of you know, this is a terribly complicated fly to tie, and the degree of concentration necessary to do a good job really takes it out of you. I never fished a one of them. I know that it's Bob Mitchell's favorite fly, that lots of people swear by it, and it's responsible for respectable catches from Alaska to Florida. But I've never caught a fish on one. (This could be because I hardly ever get one into the water!) What good is it to tie a fly and never fish it? No good! So there's about two ounces of weighted Woolly Bugger contributing to my backache!

Mike and I had plans to fish with Dave Whitlock in Arkansas last Spring. We'd planned the trip for two months. The White River, and the

Norfolk were just waiting for us. In addition, Bob Nasby called the Fly shop one day from Mountainhome, Arkansas to rave about the fishing. He'd stood on one rock and caught twenty-some trout nymphs, (you guessed it: Woolly Buggers.) Anyway, Mike had a sudden recording session with the Minnesota Orchestra, and we had to cancel. Of course, we decided to fish Southeastern Minnesota that week, instead. Remember the four inches of rain during the second seek of the season? Even though every stream we found looked like melted Snickers bars, I really did make up my mind to get a rain jacket to fit over my fishing vest. So I bought a nice jacket to carry in the back pocket of my vest, in case I ever run into another "forty days and forty nights" situation. The rain vest only weighs about twelve ounces. I haven't worn it since, and it, too, is another reason for my backache!

My wife Karen and I just returned from a trip to the Bighorn, and I guess I tied four dozen or so flies for that trip. Pale Morning Duns, Black Caddis, Black Midges, San Juan Worms, (another really difficult pattern), and a few Humpies for the freestone stream on the Bench Ranch property in Fishtail. When we arrived, we discovered that there weren't any PMD's, and no one was fishing San Juan Worms. We had great dry fly fishing to Pseudocloeon duns, the day Great Falls got six inches of snow. I was lucky to have appropriate imitations that I had tied a few years back for the Kinni. The Black Caddis patterns worked great, as did the Black Midges, but I guess I'll carry them all around in my vest until next year's trip out West.

Karen has long hair - very long hair! She built her own vest, and stuck an old landing net of mine on the D-ring behind her neck. I have been using a very nice, lightweight net I bought in

Pennsylvania a couple of years back. The one she has weighs at least twice what mine does. Every time she reached for her net, she grabbed a handful of hair along with it, and noticing this, and being a gentleman, as well as a dutiful husband, I offered to trade nets, since mine had an enclosed French clip which eliminates the problem, but I'm stuck with my old, heavy net once again. Maybe the extra weight will balance the eight fly boxes in the front.

The bottom line of all this is that I carry too much stuff, and I rarely use most of it. I really ought to cut down, but it's really hard to decide what must go. Do I really need to carry the Borger Color System chips in my vest, or the collecting vials, or the stomach pump, or three different kinds of lead sinkers, or four varieties of strike indicators, or the extra spool with the sink-tip that I've used once in five years? I think I'll begin with the flies. What are the patterns I really catch fish on? Elk hair Caddis patterns in dark, medium, and light; sizes 16-18; a few Mothers in sizes 10 and 16, Little Green Things and Little Yellow Things in 16 and 18, some Trico spinners and Pseudocloeon spinners in 22's, and G.R. Hares Ears 10-18. I bet I could put all of those in one fly box that would fit in the front pocket of my waders. Some 5x-7x tippet material, a nipper, and sunglasses, and I'd be all set. But what if the Isonychia's showed up, or the Giant Orange Caddis, or a tremendous flight of cinnamon ants? I'd just have to stand there and watch. So I guess I'll continue to carry my heavy vest. Know a good remedy for lower back pain?



♦ ACERBIC ANGLER

TIPS FOR
TENDERFOOTS

On Nymphs: Nymphs (cheat flies) are permissible if you have been skunked for over two hours or at any time in bad weather...or if you shoot ducks in the decoys & grouse on the ground (but corks?). Carry the following flies:

1) The Gold -ribbed Hares Ear in quantity from #18 to #14 or #12

2) Stoneflies- a couple of largish, darkish, and perhaps a gold, well weighted. The wingpad, a antenna/horns, and front legs are important.

3) Two or three weighted scuds/shrimps.

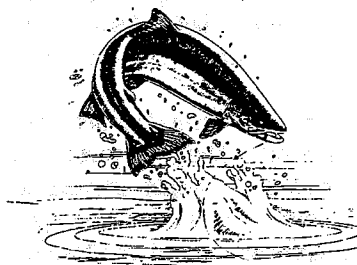
4) A couple well-weighted sculpins.

5) A couple smallish orangeish crayfish, well weighted, perhaps tied keel style or with a keel hook. A very mean, miserable fly to tie properly.

6) A few caddis fly nymph/larvae-black heads, cream, light olive and gray bodies.

7) As for soft hackles, I recommend switching every fifteen minutes (not every half hour because feeding periods can be brief) with smallish feather -wing wets, or reversing the dropper and end fly and then eventually deciding whether the soft hackle is worth carrying. Or use the Sid Gordon 'rounder' fly, used at least thirty years before the softer hackle imitation was invented.

8) Tiny nymphs #18 and #20- Carry Sawyer or pheasant tail, or brassie or copper, and needle midge, miracle nymph, and a couple of Chironomids (in the brighter colors). Remember, Chironomids are relatively pollution resistant and bait fishers on inland lakes do quite well with Eurolarve.



On Steelhead: I believe fluorescent spawn flies in reddish/pink, orange and chartreuse are used the majority of the time by successful 'steelheaded' fishers. You carry a few ounce box of flies and lead by the poundage. Beyond that, ask others- I have never got a nibble or follow while steelheading.

Fall Inland Lake Fishing: While the woolly bugger is the big favorite, backswimmers, damsel and dragonfly nymphs, small woolly worms, and small brightish streamers like the black-nosed dace and Jim Loga series of black nosed daces are worth carrying.



Caution: While there are many lesser known and non-standard (secret?) ties that are equally effective, there are more and more (especially underwater) lousy flies. In this era of instant everything (you don't become an expert tier and material judge after six lessons) there is a new breed of tiers long on imagination but short on experience and unwilling to take the time to tie a good fly. What makes it tough to judge is that with the new materials (like swanendaze) the skilled tier can tie "display" flies that are twins of the real thing, but can be ineffective fish catchers and heartbreaking to lose. On the other end are garish concoctions that are nearly as bad as the Japanese flies of 45 years ago that couldn't catch a starving perch!

♦ D. F. FLOTE

BUCK SNORT

It was one of those Friday deals early in the season, where you can't wait for Saturday, so you take Friday off, and still leave early so as to get in that extra half day of trout fishing. Drag and the Scout had hooked up the Rolling Ranch at daybreak and started south into Minnesota bluff country. Now, Scout can't talk or even think much until he's had two cups of coffee, so the first 50 miles were pretty quiet. But eventually, like an old trout to the first hatch of spring, he roused himself and rose to Drag's babble about Mitchell's "Peeking Caddis", which he had originally taken for an Oriental adaptation, and only later realized it had nothing to do with Peking Duck, which is usually thought of as Muskie bait, and is hard to imagine on the end of a 5x tippet pulled by a 3 weight Steffen Bros. Drag had taken the fly tying course over the winter, but clearly hadn't gotten very far.

Scout indicated that a Sparkle Pupa in cream/tan (hard to find, the color of water) was his favorite emerger, yet seldom used because by the time you figure out they're hitting emerging caddis, you're out of daylight. No, he'd probably start with a Black Leach until he caught something to prove there were fish, then go to a Hare's Ear until a hatch started, and then on to an Elk Hair Dry. OK, nothing new there. Scout was still a three fly fisherman, notwithstanding his boxes crammed full of an infinite variety of patterns. Even Chief would be hard pressed to claim more than four if you threw in the Blue Wing Olive they had used on the Big Green in February, but let's deal with that later. Drag's selection process consisted of begging one of whatever Scout was using off him, and so far hadn't gone too far wrong. Still, he had tied a few Peeking Caddis, felt good about them and hoped Mitchell was right about early spring trout. With Scout feeding rhythmically on the surface, the conversation carried them swiftly to the camp ground.

Shady Oak Camp; you just gotta stay there, right? The telephone had been answered by someone at city hall; you can't make a reservation, and it's three bucks a night with electricity. Seemed this bureaucrat answered phones, ran the campground, sold building permits, and owned Jon's Place, a cafe offering less than average food. It turned out Big Jon didn't recommend the campground, but did offer directions to the Buck Snort Dam ("You'll have it all to yourselves") along with the lowdown on local streams, bait, TU, turkey hunting (big males are called "Jacks") and the mayor's wife. Scout thought this fountain of information was an asshole, mostly for recommending Jon's Place, which was really bad.

So they followed the county road, uuuuup the big hill, oooooover the ridge and downwwwn the ravine, took a hard left at the turkey farm, and on to the Buck Snort Dam. This one backed up 300 yards of stream, warmed and silted it to the exclusion of trout, and had but one socially redeeming value, which comes later.

A cold drizzle had left the grassy slope slippery, and Drag spent an extra half hour setting up the Ranch, which slipped, and fell, and rolled wherever he didn't want it. And it didn't help that Scout was strung up and casting before the engine died. But the leech took that first brown, and suddenly the new stream was glowing with potential. They explored above the dam (way above!), saw an incredible Blue Wing Olive hatch with no rises (forgot all about those emergers), and after a couple brews decided on Jon's and headed off for a late dinner.

The party around the bonfire was going strong when they got back to camp. Actually, to call it a party sounds a bit refined, while the name of the place better describes what was going on. See, in every small town, there is a group of post-high school guys who haven't figured out a damned thing, but even so, they can brag continuously, repeatedly, and endlessly about their exploits, lubricated by the beer and ignited by the peppermint schnapps.

Ordinarily, this would be called bullshit, but here, by local convention I suppose, it's bucksnort!

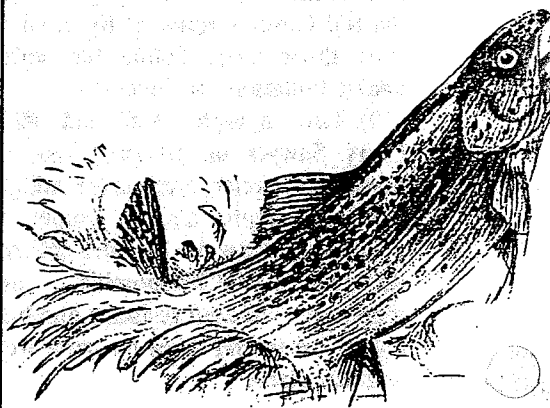
The quiet camp had become Animal House! Drag figured a little diplomacy might prevent a lot of vandalism, so the two gentle fly fishermen joined the bucks. Scout's war stories matched up pretty good initially, but Drag's reserve and skepticism seemed to require bigger and better lies, and soon it was stories of 400# whitetails, 40# jacks, and big Ghandi (?) trout. When the schnapps started 'round, it was just "Yah, Ghandies" and something about a 'coon falling on the old trapper's head and killing him stone cold dead.

Having nothing to top that, the gentlemen slipped off to bed, with no great illusions about sleep. But in this outpost of simplicity and ignorance, an unnatural wonder was about to prevail. Camped as they were just ten yards from the dam, the drone of rushing water masked the snorting bucks and they managed to get a reasonable night's sleep.

On the second day, on some ripples hard up against a limestone bluff, the Peking Caddis outfished the Sparkle Pupa, and flyfishing hooked a young man as sure as the Black Leech had hooked a nice brown trout the day before. It was about noon when they drove up, a family outing of three generations, lead reluctantly by a grandfather in hipsters with a Mitchell 300, a father in a Mad Bomber with a pushbutton something, and a marvelous young man with an 8' flyrod, the line wound on the reel backwards, and a fluorescent flybox from Target! With the unerring instinct of the truly naive, he ignored his elders (who seemed embarrassed by him), and Drag (obviously a fool), and presented his flybox to Scout (obviously a buck). "What should I use?", he asked, not which pattern of the 8 gazillion out there, but what

one of the three in his box. Drag realized that the father who had tied them had quit the class early, after only three of the usual six or eight flies.

Now, providence has a way of directing these moments of incredible clarity, and fortunate it was for Scout, for there between the #8 Adams(?) and the #10 Royal Coachman(?) was a reasonable #12 Black Leech! "That one, I believe, Sir", he said, and watched as the lad tied it on. "Now throw it in that riffle below the island. I caught one there yesterday." Then he and Drag settled back to enjoy a petulant little orange pekoe of recent vintage, or perhaps it was that humble yet colorful blueberry rosehip discovered the day before in the cupboard of the Rolling Ranch. At any rate, as they watched the young man from up on the bank, the egos were full and the world seemed in balance. So, this story is over, right? I mean, you know the kid comes running up the hill, squeezing the guts out of an 8" brown between his grubby hands, his face bright with an enormous victory, perhaps his first, in full view of his father and grandfather (who were fishless), and presented himself to the mentor. Scout, who could have kissed him, only smiled broadly in a proud and delighted way, congratulated him and suggested he rewind his line when he got home.



Join Trout Unlimited

Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter

Chapter # 0168

The Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter was founded in 1972 for the purpose of restoring, improving and protecting trout habitat in western Wisconsin. We derive our name from the local rivers of particular concern to us: The Kinnickinnic, Apple, Willow and Rush. Over the years we have worked closely with private citizens, local governments and the Department of Natural Resources on various projects such as trout stocking, population surveys, streamside trash pickup, bank stabilization, erosion control, stream temperature surveys, placement of in-stream habitat structures, stream bank debris removal, fishing clinics and water quality issues. Conservation minded persons can find rewarding volunteer work within our chapter ranging from preparing mailings, to streamside projects requiring heavy lifting.

There are pleasant social experiences within Kiap-TU-Wish, too. We hold regular meetings from September through May on the first Wednesday of the month. Meetings are held at the *Hudson House* located off south access road, adjacent to I-94 in Hudson. Meetings begin at 8PM, with dinner available at 6:30. Our meetings feature presentations on angling, flytying, stream ecology and water quality. Of course there are the usual fishing stories and tall tales and we would be very interested in hearing yours at the next meeting! Please join us!

Membership includes a subscription to the national magazine *Trout* and the state council newspaper *Wisconsin Trout*, both published quarterly. The chapter also produces a newsletter, *Rip-Rap* published monthly, September through May.

For more information call: _____ ph. _____

Or write: Trout Unlimited
Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter
P.O. Box 483
Hudson, WI 54016

YES! Please begin my one-year membership to *Trout Unlimited*.

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* Make checks payable to *Trout Unlimited*

◆ FROM THE PRESIDENT

Miscellaneous News and Other Stuff!

Clifton Hollow Township recently passed an ordinance against commercial development on the Lower Kinni. This ordinance was aimed at prohibiting a commercial tubing or canoeing enterprise on the lower river. Those of us who fish the river, and have lived in dread of a onslaught of rafts and canoes ruining the river are happy to see that Clifton Hollow Township Board have the vision to help protect this valuable resource. Even the relatively

few canoes that do use the river have often had a very negative impact on the fishing and have created some relatively severe bank erosion in take out spots around the plentiful snags in the river.

On another note: The Willow River Committee headed by Ivan Schloff have made some impressive progress on restoration of the "New Willow River", a.k.a.: "The Burkhardt Section". There will be another meeting with the Committee, Kiap Board and Officers and the DNR on Monday

night Nov. 30th at 6:30pm at the Willow River Nature Center. Please call me if you would like to attend (so we know who and how many to expect). There will be an update at the next meeting and at the Xmas banquet.

Don't forget your donation for the silent auction. It can be darn near anything . . . somebody even bought my donated flies last year!

Andy

Kiap-TU-Wish

President: Andy Lamberson (715)386-7568

Vice President: Gary Horvath (715)425-8489

Secretary: Don Ausemus (612)636-0625

Treasurer: Tom Battey (612)559-3370

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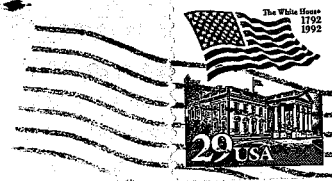
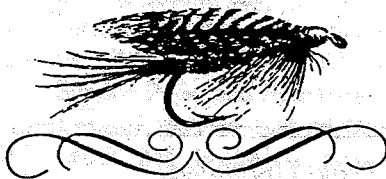
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Skip James (612)436-1565



**Kiap-TU-Wish
1992-1993 MEETINGS**

- Nov. 4: Women in Fly Fishing Panel
- Dec. 2: Xmas Party
- Jan. 6: Russian Salmon Odyssey
- Feb. 3: Local Fly Patterns with Skip
- March 3: Business Mtg.
- April 7: Fly Tiers
- May 5: Marty Engel Wisc. DNR

Dinner at 6:30 Meeting at 8:00
All meetings are at the Hudson House.

**KIAP-TU-WISH
TROUT UNLIMITED
P.O. BOX 483
HUDSON, WI 54016**