



RIP - RAP



RESTORATION & PRESERVATION
THROUGH RESEARCH & PROJECTS

FEBRUARY 1996

KIAP-TU-WISH CHAPTER OF TROUT UNLIMITED

FEBRUARY MEETING NOTICE

WHEN:	Wed. Feb 7th	Tom Helgeson, editor of
TIME:	Dinner at 6:30 Meeting at 8:00	Midwest Flyfishing, will give
WHERE:	JR Ranch	a presentation on steelhead
		fishing on Kodiak Island in
		Alaska.

Fishworks Reminder

Fishworks 96, the Chapter's annual winter stream brushing project, continues on the Upper Kinnie. The remaining dates are:

February 10, February 24
March 9, March 23

Skip's Loose Threads

by Skip James

Some of you may disagree with what I'm about to say, but good arguments pleasantly fill some of the time between the end of the last season and the beginning of the next. So here goes. For the last ten years or so, reel manufacturers have been riding a wave inspired by a very few facts and a lot of hype. They have convinced most of the market that the most desirable flyreels are those made of 'bar stock' with disc drag systems. Even conservative House of Hardy has been pushed to offer a Lightweight reel with a disc drag. The use of bar stock and the inclusion of a disc drag has allowed manufacturers to raise the average price for a fly reel about 300%, creating windfall profits and encouraging new makers, Lamson and Abel, among others, to get in on the action. Let's take a hard look at these two developments in reel technology.

First, a little physics: 1. It is easier to turn a reel spool from its outside edge than from twisting its axle, or spindle. That's the old speed for power formula. Move the circumference three inches and the edge of the spindle moves one inch or less even though both move through the same arc. 2. When a fish pulls out line on a long run, the pressure on the fish (and on you) increases incrementally with his distance from you. There are at least four factors contributing to this effect. First, as the line melts from your reel, the outside edge of the line moves toward the spindle, increasing the amount of work necessary to pull out each additional inch of line. (see rule 1.) Next, line weight in the water increases as the fish pulls it out. (This is the same effect that you feel when pulling in garden hose. Stretched far out over the lawn, the pulling force needed to retrieve those first few feet is lots more than the last few feet.) The third factor concerns the bend in your rod, and the effect of friction in the guides. If you point your rod directly at the fish, you minimize this friction; if you bend your rod, you increase it. The fourth factor is, of course, the reel's drag, or whatever force you apply to the line to slow its departure.

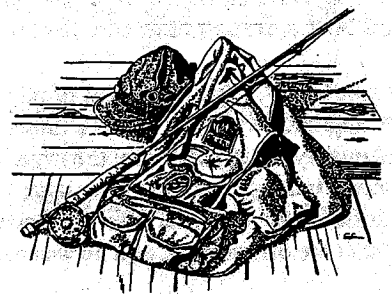
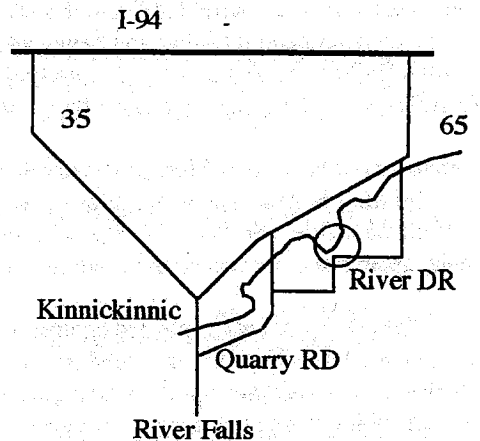
Given the fact that the actual pressure on the fish (and fisherman) increases proportionately with the fish's distance from the angler, let's consider the design of disc drag systems. Most are mounted close to the reel's axis, unfortunately, which means they apply the least pressure when the spool is full, and the most

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Reels and Reality

Hours are from 9:00 to 3:00 and workers are reminded to bring warm clothes and a lunch. We need people in waders and volunteers with chain saws. Remember the Kiap-TU-Wish Rule of -20. At 8:00 AM listen to WCCO radio and if the temperature or wind chill is -20°F or lower the work day is cancelled.

FISHWORKS MAP:



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when it is almost empty. In theory, in order to equalize the pressure on the fish, one must increase tension when the fish is close, and slack it off on a long run. Consider your auto; why are the pads on disc brakes as close as possible to the rim of the wheel?

I've never seen a flyfisher change a drag setting while fighting a fish. I've often seen tippets break on long runs. Who has the extra hand to reach the drag control while fighting a fish? I much prefer a super light click drag, one designed only to prevent backlashes. How do you manipulate the pressure on the fish?.. by changing the angle of your rod, and palming the reel rim.

Most flyreels are designed to minimize weight, while still having large capacity for line. This is why Charles F. Orvis invented the ventilated spool, and also why reels are manufactured of lightweight materials, like aluminum. To maintain ideal balance with super lightweight graphite flyrods, experiments have been made with titanium and graphite reels. Now we have 'bar stock.' For some reason, some of us have been convinced that starting out with a hunk of metal, and machining it away produces a stronger, better reel. Have you ever seen a reel deformed by the pull of a fish? I haven't, and I expect my rod would be a shambles before the reel got into the act, and that probably my tippet or line would break long before that, even if I could hold on that long. Why do high performance cars like Ferraris and Porsches run on 'cast' aluminum wheels? Wouldn't you expect that 'bar stock' wheels would be stronger? They're not. Bar stock does add weight, though. That's because you can't machine aluminum side plates as thin as you can cast them. You have to leave enough metal to screw other parts to them, and that adds weight. Furthermore, some strength in aluminum casting is created by the way the atoms of metal align themselves. With bar stock, the atoms are arranged to create a strong bar, not necessarily a strong reel. Consider the Orvis CFO. Before bar stock, the CFO weighed 1/8 oz less than the equivalent model does today.

I prefer not to pay a premium price for additional weight in my flyreels. I also refuse to be hoodwinked into the false promises of disc drags. I'll stick to my old CFO's, Hardy Lightweights, and JHL's and hope the present trend ends soon.

THE SHORTCUT

by N. Irv S. Waters



Stifter, dressed in a tan, wrinkled Columbo-style trenchcoat, dark sun glasses and a turned down, wide brimmed 1920's-appearing hat, materialized from behind the bar and began addressing the Kiap-TU-Wish meeting. "I was really concerned for awhile," he said. "Old Man Bittern smirked at me real queerly the other day. I began to wonder if Bittern was reading my mind. His look reminded me of Reynolds when he's dealt a straight flush, until I remembered, Reynolds smirks like that when he's passing gas."

The members of Kiap-TU-Wish, especially Stifter, were desperate for an easy access to Nirvana Pool, one of the finest pools on the river. Old Man Bittern, the owner of property on both sides of the river, posted his land with trespassing signs spaced as closely as the billboards inside a St. Paul City bus. His trespassing signs, based on his personally-designed, bloody, skull-and-crossbones insignia, appeared as threats approximating death.

Bittern's land was not only protected against trespassing, it was formidable enough to stop an Iraqi invasion. The local security agency, Don's Delta Defense, provided Bittern with Razure™ fine-honed, ultra -sharp, barbed wire; a snarly Great Dane, named Crocodile, with a volcanic, spittle-spewing mouth the size of a grizzly bear's; and a monstrous pair of Swarovski Optik night-vision binoculars which were mounted on a tripod with a four-way, ball-bearing-swivel.

Mere mortal fishermen never thought of trespassing. Some with mental infirmities considered crossing Bittern's land but were usually discouraged by saner minds. Others parked at the nearest bridge and trudged the long, treacherous mile through the mosquito-infested, tag alder swamp with mossy apparitions hanging like 40 foot pythons among the trees. Most, however, allowed the trout in Nirvana Pool to live a life of corpulent leisure.

All except Stifter, whose thoughts of mortality were transcended by thoughts of the largest trout in the river. The mere possibility of a rapidly approaching afterlife was a minor deterrent for Stifter, a mere detour in the pursuit of a quality life, as Stifter's quality life needed quality trout, especially the trout in Nirvana Pool. While the thoughts and dreams of other members of Kiap-TU-Wish vacillated from monetary gains, to large houses, to fast women, to faster cars, because they knew their decrepit bodies wouldn't keep up with fast women, Stifter was singularly focused on the large trout in Nirvana Pool. It had been eight years since he caught the four pounder at the bridge pool, and he was desperate for a repeat performance.

The meeting audience waited for Stifter to continue, knowing they were about to view the war of the titans. "Here is the plan," said Stifter, as he began to lay out his battle strategy to the troops "I need some time to sneak across Bittern's back forty. Goossen, you need to coerce Doc Bob to prescribe new glasses for Bittern. Threaten Doc Bob with those pictures of the trout that he is claiming to be 22 inches. Doc Bob needs to conjure up a reason to convince Bittern about the new specs: light conditions, reflections, the forthcoming eclipse in six years, whatever, it doesn't matter. Just make the glasses real fuzzy from 150 to 200 yards, the precise distance of Bittern's hedge line"

"Lamberson, you need to hide a remote speaker system just beyond his bird feeders. With his bird fetish, the right bird sounds will have him gazing out his kitchen window for hours. Of course, it is even better if you can break in and hide his bird registration book and bird sound tapes."

"Johnson, you need to get your secretary to call Old Man Bittern. Pretend that she found his name on the Internet stud-and-wild-women discussion group. A strategically timed telephone call could tie him up for hours."

The troops felt like they were observing the reincarnation of General Custer's Last Stand and sat in stony silence, until James finally asked, "What about the dog, Crocodile? What are you going to do about the dog?"

"No problem," replied Stifter, "You borrow the DNR's tranquilizer gun."

"What do you mean me? Why me, and even if it is me, what if miss? Their gun is only a single shot."

"No problem," replied Stifter, "You simply need some practice throwing a tranquilized sirloin steak over your shoulder as you hurdle fallen logs."

"Yeah great, but what if the tranquilizer is slow acting or Crocodile likes the challenge of running down a fleeing object, like me?"

"No problem," replied Stifter, "You can use my tree climbing boots."

"No Problem, my buttski," blurted James. "Major problem. I find my arms quite useful in my work. One fall and snap, the dog has dinner for a week; I have unemployment compensation for life. Besides, wouldn't find fly casting be more difficult with one less arm?"

"Hold it, hold it," bellowed President Horvath. "As president of Kiap-TU-Wish, I can't allow this. What you are planning is illegal. I can't condone this discussion. This must stop. The only thing that we can do is solve this the great old American way. We'll sue the bastard! Hire an attorney. Take him to court. Take everything but his socks, then we'll buy his land. Nothing illegal, just the standard American way!"

"Great idea," exclaimed Goossen, "but on what grounds? We need some legal basis to sue him. The fact that we can't cross his land to get to the river is hardly adequate grounds to sue him."

"How about alienation of affection," answered Horvath. "Just think of Stifter's poor wife. He comes home all scratched and mosquito-bitten after crossing the tag alder swamp, and he is so tired that he just wants to collapse in bed, and his poor wife wants to go out to a movie or go out dancing. What do you think that is doing to their relationship? It's amazing that she has put up with him for so many years. Any day she might just say the Hell with it."

"Good point," said Goossen, "but Bittern's attorney would claim there were hundreds of reasons that Stifter's wife might say the Hell with it, and, Lord knows, we wouldn't have a leg to stand on."

Reynolds finally stood up with a smirk on his face, as some of the members started to move to the back of the room, and he addressed the group, "We need to look at this problem differently. We need to apply some basic business principles to solving it. We need to be more creative. We need persuasion. We need to convince him to let us cross his land."

"Right," said Goossen, "And while we're at it, we need to convince Congress to reduce the budget, the Queen of England to move to Northern Ireland and the Iraqis to have a love-in with the Iranians and Israel."

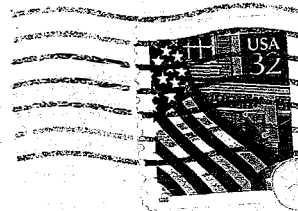
"I didn't say that it would be easy," said Reynolds, "but what else can we do? Think of poor Stifter? What's going to happen if we don't get him some help. Only a little creativity is required. All we need to do is get Old Man Bittern to join Kiap-TU-Wish. Maybe we'll take him fishing, even show him some of our secret spots."

"Just what black magic do you suggest," Goossen sarcastically asked, "Do you propose using David Copperfield to transform Bittern into Cinderella?"

"No," replied Reynolds. "We need a long term plan, but let's take a first step. Let's invite him to our party next week. What can we lose?"



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DEADLINES

MAR 2/23
 APR 3/22
 MAY 4/19

“Not a bad idea. I’m willing to try,” said President Horvath. “All those willing to invite Bittern, signify by saying, Aye. OK, the resolution to invite Bittern has passed.”

Much to everyone’s surprise, Bittern accepted the invitation and seemed to be having a really good time at the party, as he was quaffing down hors d’oeuvres and multiple gin and tonics. With some trepidation, Reynolds approached Bittern and asked how he was doing. “I’m having a wonderful time,” replied Bittern. “Just a wonderful time. Ha. Ha. But I know why you invited me to the party. Ha. Ha. You want, Ha. Ha., for me to let you cross my land. Ha. Ha. This is a great party. By the way, can I have a doggy bag for Crocodile? Ha. Ha.”

As the summer progressed, the dismayed members of the Kiap-TU-Wish chapter continued to fish in their old spots, and Stifter became more and more scratched, mosquito bitten and blurry eyed, as he continued the treks across the tag alder swamp. One day in late summer, however, as Stifter approached Nirvana Pool, he spotted Bittern releasing a nice 18 inch brown. “Nice fish,” said Stifter. “Thanks,” said Bittern. “That’s the smallest of the five that I took this morning. It was real hot first thing this morning, but it seems to be slowing down now.”

Stifter, in desperation, finally decided to get right to the issue, and he asked Bittern the sixty-four thousand dollar question, “You seem like a nice guy. Why don’t you let anyone cross your land?”

“Because,” Bittern answered, “Ha. Ha. No one has ever asked me? Ha. Ha. Say, when you’re done fishing, why don’t you walk up and I’ll buy you a beer? Ha. Ha.”

“Sounds great, but I can’t. I have too long of a walk to get back to the car.”

“Ha. Ha., laughed Bittern. “I know that. Ha. Ha.”

