



# RIP - RAP



Editor: Ken Hanson

## RESTORATION & PRESERVATION THROUGH RESEARCH & PROJECTS

MARCH 1994

KIAP-TU-WISH CHAPTER OF TROUT UNLIMITED

### FISHWORKS UPDATE

By Mike Alwin

After losing our first work date of the new season to the Rule of 20, eighteen dedicated trout workers showed up on January 29 to begin the new project. Actually an extension of the work accomplished on DNR land last year, the work area is showing off some spectacularly trout looking water. Also, a lot of work was accomplished using the Chapter's new stream work parameters, which limit chain saw use to the owners.

About 200 yards of the east bank were cleared of brush and offending trees (Marty hates box elder) and the work crew was just getting into the thickets about quitting time. Workers included: Marty Engel, Brian Spangler, Herb & Corrine Lundberg, Phil Vieth, Craig Mason, Steve Stenger, Chuck Goossen, Gary Horvath, Mike Alwin, Bob Bradham, Bill Hinton, Bill Zelm, Al Kiecker, Mark Dostal, Bob Christenson, John Sours, and Mike Trok.

Update from Gary: Workers attending the February 12 outing included Brian Spangler, Marty Engel, Corrine & Herb Lundberg, Chuck Goossen, Gary Albig, Bill Skinner, Dave Dorn, Bob Bradham, Chuck Bradham, Dan Bradham, Denny McGinn, Steve Stenger, Harlan Husmann, Dave Hendrickson, Mike Tork, Dave Kozovsky, Bill Lorenzen, Gary Horvath, Bob Christenson, and Paul Damholt.

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### MARCH MEETING NOTICE

**WHEN:** Wed. Mar. 2  
**TIME:** Dinner at 6:30  
Meeting at 8:00  
**WHERE:** Hudson House

#### Annual Business Meeting

This months meeting is our annual business meeting. We will have reports from Committee Chairs as well as the Treasurer's report.

There will also be a vote on By-Law changes (see note from Mike Alwin).

Please come to dinner at 6:30!!

### The D.F. Flote FISHING HAT CONTEST & REVIEW

First Annual  
(sponsored by the Righteous  
Board of Directors, Kiap-TU-  
Wish)

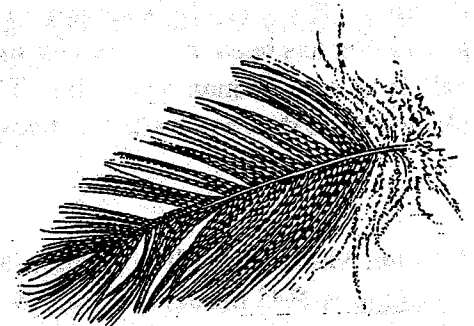
Wear your favorite (ugliest, cleanest, etc.) hat to the April Kiap-TU-Wish meeting and win a prize (amazement, ridicule, respect or condemnation) from your fellow fishermen. Even Ralph Cramden's Royal Order of Raccoons had a lodge hat, why not Kiap-TU-Wish?! No hat too dirty, studly, pretty, or colorful to enter this Spring fashion extravaganza. Decision of judges (The Chief) is final, must be present to win.

### BY-LAWS CHANGE PROPOSED

By Mike Alwin

At the March business meeting the membership will be asked to do a little house cleaning with the By-Laws. Currently, the President is only allowed a vote in order to break a tie, and only Board members may vote in executive session. However, it's possible for the President to also be a Board member, in which case the President would be allowed the tie-breaking vote. In other words, in the event of a tie, the President/Board Member would have two votes. I have never heard of the anomaly existing elsewhere.

The following changes, adopted by the Board and subject to your approval, will correct this irregularity. In Article IV, Section 1, the Board is proposing that Board members be excluded from holding the office of President or Vice-President. The offices of Secretary and Treasurer would be unaffected. In Article III, Section 4, the Board is proposing that language be amended to reflect these changes.



## A Bit of 'Olde England'

by Skip James

The wooden signpost at the crest of the hill said "The Wallops," and pointed to the right. The five of us—Earl and I, Gary, Herb, and Paul, drove our Vauxhall straight ahead, toward Stockbridge. It was just lunchtime, and we sought yet another British pub over five hundred years old to have a "ploughman's" in. Paul, the beer connoisseur, said there were two that met his highest expectations in the little town ahead. We were on our way from the Park Lane Hotel in London to a concert in Bristol, and had rented a car to see the sights along the way: Salisbury cathedral, Stonehenge, and Bath. I had an ulterior motive. Stockbridge on Test is the headquarters of the Houghton Club. Since 1820, the club has leased or owned fifteen miles of the best trout fishing in England. So I traveled with a few ghosts in the car as well as my musician colleagues as we descended into the valley: Halford, Skues, Lunn, Marriott, and Sawyer.

One of Paul's famous pubs was The Grosvenor Hotel. The clubroom of the Houghton Club is on the second floor of this old inn, complete with stuffed leather chairs, a fireplace, a long dining table where all members take their meals when they're in town, and the leather bound fishing logs, kept by the river keeper and the most senior member present; recording the details of each fish's capture since 1820. Of course we didn't go upstairs. I read about the clubroom in a new book celebrating the career of Mick Lunn, the third generation of Lunn's who have served the club as head keepers.<sup>1</sup> Mick retired last year. As a matter of fact, the river keeper himself can't enter the clubroom without being invited.

After a pint of bitter and lunch, we walked along the stream for half a mile or so. The river is much like the upper Kinni. It has the same gravelly bottom, the same trailing weeds, and the flow and temperature are the same. But it is a little strange to tread the banks of a river that has been manicured for over a century and a half to be a sportsman's paradise. The trees have been cleared from the bank so that no backcast is threatened.

<sup>1</sup> Lunn, Mick; with Clive Graham-Ranger; A Particular Lunn, A & C Black, London, 1990

There is no brush to catch your fly. The open areas have been selected so that the angler doesn't have to mend his line, cast curves, or even get in the water. In fact, wading is not allowed. Benches are strategically placed so he can watch for rising fish. The water weeds are cut several times a year by hand, in such a way as to produce feeding channels between islands of weed, and the banks have been stabilized by rock and wire so they don't crumble and wash away. Of course, this is a spring creek, and it doesn't flood even after the heaviest rains.

As I strolled along, I could see many fish. Most of them were large trout, browns and rainbows, over two pounds. There are grayling as well, but they are considered rough fish. The sun was behind me, but my shadow didn't seem to bother them. Even when I approached to within three feet, they didn't spook. You had to stomp on the bank to make them swim slowly away from you. I found out later that the fish are raised in the Houghton Club's private hatchery, in "stew ponds," where they are fed pellets for at least two years before they are netted and placed in the stream. These fish have no experience with stream life, and they are unafraid of men. If you catch one, and it's over a pound, you must kill it. When I asked why this was, I was told that the fish might learn not to rise so freely if it were released. In fact, the fish are not wild, are very easy to catch, and can't learn from experience. The "gents" don't have to be skilled flyfishers to catch these dummies.

Of course, the members have help when they're fishing. Each member has an attendant (or guide) that ties on their fly, tells them where to cast, spots fish in the stream, and finally nets and creels the catch. Each "rod" draws a beat on the river at breakfast in the clubroom, and fishes there until tea, about five o'clock. Then, the members assemble for cocktails and dinner, and draw again for a different beat for the evening's fishing. The fishing clothes worn by these sportsman are interesting. The two I saw had identical outfits. A wool cap, tweed jacket and white shirt with tie, heavy woolen knickers, bright colored knee socks, and wing-tip shoes. No vest or waders. Of course, the ghillie carries the gear, (and the rod), and wading is not allowed.



Fly patterns for sale in the Orvis store in Stockbridge were not very sophisticated. When I was there, (late May), the famous "mayfly" was on the water. This is Ephemerella Danica, a large (size 10) insect that resembles an Easter Green Drake. However, the shop was selling White Wulffs and Royal Coachmen, and the big rainbows took them just fine. Nymphing is still not considered quite sporting, and the "rod" is not supposed to fish the water, but cast only to visible, feeding fish. Of course, the trout are extremely gullible, and will often come up for an attractor dry fly even if they have been feeding underwater. I saw no fly patterns in sizes smaller than #16, and the dry flies were all in the standard upright wing, hackled variety- no thorax or no-hackle ties, no emergers, (although there were some soft-hackles in large sizes). There were Pheasant Tail nymphs, and a shrimp pattern or two, but nothing that looked like a Caddis imitation or a Stonefly. In other parts of England, there is a lot of serious midge fishing, and sophisticated, imitative patterns. In London, at The House of Hardy, at 61 Piccadilly, there were wonderful patterns by the score. But the "gents" of the Houghton Club don't need sophisticated flies to catch their hatchery fish.

It is said that "Peter himself couldn't get a day on the Test." There are twenty-two members of the Houghton Club, and fourteen beats averaging over a mile each. Most of the members come down from London, and stay a day or two. Their season runs from April 1 to November 1. I have no idea what the membership fees are, but my guess is that if you have to ask, you probably can't afford it. Membership is by invitation only, and no member may sell his place to another without the club's approval. These "sports" would not do well on the Kinni. Being a sportsman means that you learn from challenges, and that you fail every once in a while. It would be very hard to fail on this river. But just before I left, I knelt and had a drink of it, and thanked the Great Fisherman for rivers, and trout, and fly fishers, and particularly for the Test, the birthplace of the dry fly.



## SMALLMOUTH FISHING

Those of you who have been attending K-TU meetings for a while may recall when Tim Holschlag, a writer/guide and a driving force in the conservation organization, The Smallmouth Alliance, came to talk to us. I called Tim seeking his expert advice late last summer after having been largely humiliated by that game fish while on an exploratory trip to..... Well, let's just say the Driftless Area.

Tim reported that smallmouth fishing on the Mississippi in the special regulations section above the Twin Cities had been excellent, or even better than that at times. The river should produce well this year, too. After you've rid yourself of a winter's worth of pent up troutfishing lust, you might like to give this fishing a try. This is big water and a boat is just about mandatory. You can assume that knowledge of the river is important, too, and Tim can provide both for a reasonable guiding fee. You can contact him at 612/789/2713.

As an aside, there are far more miles of smallmouth water under special regulation in Minnesota than there are miles of trout water with such regs. The Smallmouth Alliance has been effective in its efforts in lobbying for better regulations, to be sure, but one still wonders exactly what is going on in trout management in the Gopher State.

*Jon Jacobs*

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## Thank you Note

Many thanks to **Perry Palin** for the donation of beautiful flies so that we may resume Dry Fly Dick's tradition of door prizes at monthly meetings. Several of our members are excellent tiers, and their donations would also be greatly appreciated, especially their "specialty" patterns.

*Chuck Goossen*

## NINETY-THREE

By D.F. Flote

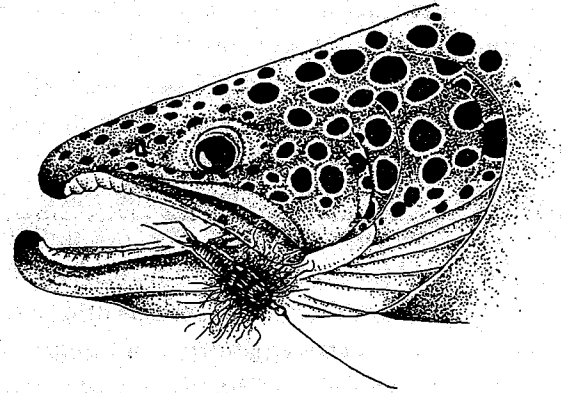
What can you say about a wasted year, a trout season that petered out before it really got started? These things are painful for middle aged fly fishers to endure, and leave them with no momentum, no satisfaction to carry through the winter. Thank God for the time required to sustain this habit with cheap, hand-made fly patterns. Imagine what it must be like to have as a sole passion bait fishing, or golfing! A lot of those guys suffer clinical depression during the off season, usually because of backed up adrenaline, unexpressed emotional response to real live stimuli, and unrecognized lethargy resulting from too much televised football. Go out and give passionate expression to your sport in that state, and you could POP! So we tie flies.

Well, you say, tying is OK, but you can't anticipate it, really, not like an opener, or a long weekend, or a reliably reported actual HATCH. No, tying is just there, an alternative to home maintenance, something to occupy your hands and replace all those flies we lost last year. A common mistake here, actually, is thinking of tying as preparation for the NEXT season, when really it's the replacing of what was lost LAST season. A perfect time to review the hard drive, so to speak, and initialize the files of the season. We can't organize, label and store the data while it's happening, and we don't. Open season is anticipating, directing, participating in the present. We tend to think of winter as waiting and preparation, but this is unhealthy. Scout in particular gets despondent as the season ends because of this. As long as there are flies to tie, we should be in the review mode.

Hey, review is crucial. Without it we're just like those other one-dimensional psychotics. Tie, tie, tie. Review, review, review. Once the review ends the anticipation starts, and the depression. We need to give focus, perspective and order to the action of the past season. It's a pain in the ass, I know, but think of those golfers! So, in review, the 1993 trout season.

The Scout and Drag made the Minnesota opener on Trout Run, and found muddy water and no surface

action at all. It usually starts that way in Minnesota and there are far too many images of eroding banks and dead trout on the stringers of baitmen. You come away with the feeling that if the Minnesota DNR had even a mild clue, they could revive a very nice resource. Of course, it had snowed three inches the day before, which should have been an omen, but you always hope for more than a few 8 inchers hitting the leech, and some kind of red nymph Scout thought matched . . . well, you know.



The Kinni actually had an excellent sulfur hatch, that occasional occurrence that coincides with the Wisconsin opener. This had everyone so optimistic that the Chief decided to indoctrinate his 7 year-old son A.J. one Friday evening at Glen Park. Well, Drag had started early at the Farm by himself, and because the afternoon hatch was so sparse and the water so cold, he gave up before the evening hatch began and showed up at the Park with his boots off, and very little to report. So there's 'ole Dunn, the Chief and A.J. just raking 'em at the riffle, a trout on every cast. Now you can say what you want about starting a kid off on a super hatch and the disappointment to follow, but A.J. is gonna' remember his first dry fly trout as the nite he out fished the Drag 5 to 1! That, and his first visit to a saloon afterwards.

Things had already started to get tough the nite Scout and Drag descended the Cliffs for the first time in June, a sort of homecoming where you stop a minute to take in the scenery and renew your appreciation of the serenity and beauty. Drag stalked a riser from 100 yards away and then took two 14 inch browns with a sulfur compara-dun. Nothing else was moving, and Drag trusts that it's bad when Scout comes up dry. That nite seemed to be the start of a long dry spell.

Half of June, July and August featured that unique quality of the Kinni, which seems to require two weeks for the fish to start up after each muddying rainfall. Height, color and temperature don't seem to matter, it just takes two weeks! And 1993 featured the two week rain event like clockwork. The finicky trout they all expected to be 16-17 inches by fall never got caught. Oh, there were a couple caddis hatches at the work site, all little fish, and Scout lost his 17 incher trying to hand Dunn his camera instead of landing it first! But no sustained good fishing.

Was it any surprise that Scout went looking for "Big Fish" on the Brule and White in September, and was so bitterly disappointed? Except for DNR Marty's big fish which wasn't actually landed, we understand, and therefore doesn't count (except to Marty, who handles so many fish his distinction between landing or not is pretty vague) There just weren't any good fish. It got so bad the Wit took to fishing small secret creeks and only talking to a couple guys about it. (And Drag wasn't one of them). Maybe that's where the paranoia and secrecy starts, with a couple tough seasons and people getting selfish. Who could blame them?

Then Chief let a raccoon out of a trap, got the boys kicked off the Farm hole, and wound up the season fishing to 8 inchers with a tan spinner at the Park. All right for him, but where have all those slot fish gone?

OK, a few possibilities here. #1: The fish all ran down stream during high water and hid out in all that great water you can't get at by walking. We'll catch them in the spring. (call that one the "Wait 'til next year" response, or "the grass is always greener somewhere else" syndrome.) #1a: We're all be hiring river rats to guide us down the Kinni in McKinsey boats. (Western fishing comes to Wisconsin.) #2: Maybe we'll have to take this nymphing seriously, learn how to do it and insist we enjoy it as much as dry flies. (In other words, grow up!) #2a: Of course it's easier when you see the fish you want to catch. Rough (reads: bass/walleye) fishermen are trying to return to that youthful fantasy by using fish locators. (Call it overcoming the Peter Pan complex.) #3: Electro-shocking really does kill the fish. (Oops!) #4: Big pike or sharks come up at nite and eat 12-16 inch trout. (Basic food chain theory) #5: Hondaman has all of 'em in his freezer.

(Godam spin fishers) And #7: The wife ate 'em all. (As in "I just take a couple for a meal 'cuz the wife likes them.")

Well, hey. We were just going to release 'em anyway, right? RIGHT?! I move we dedicate the 1993 season to "Dry Fly" Dick Frantes, who was famous for prowling every little creek and pond, and not saying much as to where. Even his secrets were secret. Must have had a couple bad years in there somewhere. We release you to a fishin' hole in another place, Dick. Dry flies and tight lines, 'ole buddy. And to Ivan "Willow" Schloff, whose love and passion for that river forced the DNR to do the right thing and reclaim the Burkhart section after the dam was removed, so that now the old pond is two miles of viable trout water. I hereby christen it "Ivan's Run. Thanks, and God bless you, good friend.

## FISHWORKS

continued from page 1

Remaining dates for Fishworks '94 are:

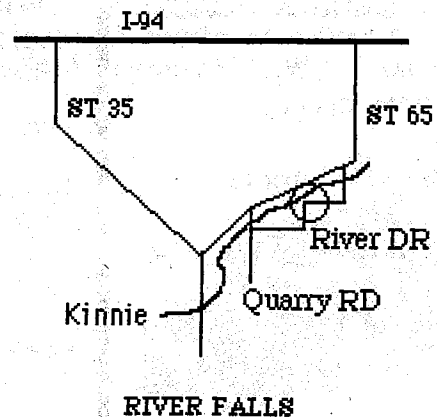
February 26

March 12, 26

Hours: 9:00 AM - 3:00 PM

Directions:

- Take ST HWY 35 south from I-94 (to River Falls)
- Turn LEFT on ST HWY 65 (just before the new HWY 35 bridge over the Kinni)
- Proceed approx. two (2) miles to QUARRY RD.
- Turn RIGHT on QUARRY RD.
- Proceed approx. 3/4 mi. to RIVER DR.
- Turn LEFT on RIVER DR to work area.



# BLUE BUGGER

By Jay Paulson

Last fall, I was introduced to a great fly for fishing low-light conditions. My fishing partner, Ryan Smith, and I were float-tubing a small lake near my house here in Washington state. The day had been warm, driving the fish deep and we eagerly awaited the cooler hours of nightfall. Trolling around a small bay, Ryan connected with a nice 15" rainbow. Ok, I thought, good for him. In a few more minutes, Ryan had another nice one in and released. A few minutes later it was getting darker and I could just see that he had another nice one in and released.

A few minutes later it was getting darker and I could just see that he had another one on. Now I'm not very competitive, but this was getting ridiculous and I hurled a few derogatory comments his way. When we reached the landing, I got a chance to see the fly he used. It was a wolleybugger tied with blue Flashabou (these are also called Flashabuggers). Ryan explained that blue is the secret ingredient because it is the last color in the spectrum to disappear in the dark.

Since then, I've used the fly in low-light situations with good success. While not an earth-shaking advancement in fly design, you may want to give it a try! We tie the fly in all black with 4-5 strands of blue Flashabou (#6910) in the tail and one strand ribbing the body. A good trick is to tie in one long strand of Flashabou when attaching the tail strands and use this for the ribbing.

*Jay Paulson is a former Minnesotan and TU newsletter type who, for some reason, moved out to Seattle a few years back. Jay sent me this article on E-Mail via Internet (A.K.A. Information Highway). If I ever run low on stories for RIP-RAP, you will probably see more "Adventures of Jay & Ken". For those with E-Mail, Jay's address is jayp@eskimo.com. Also, mine is hans0217@gold.tc.umn.edu.*

Ken

### 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

### BOARD OF DIRECTORS

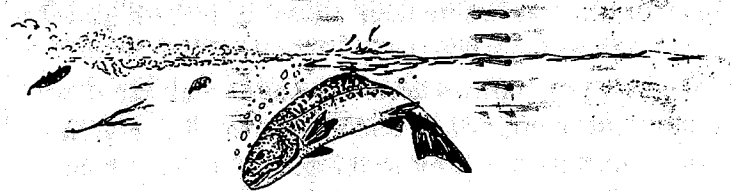
Jon Jacobs (715) 386-7822      Kent Johnson (715) 386-5299      Gary Horvath (715) 425-8489  
Craig Mason (715) 425-2282      Mike Alwin (612) 439-8159      Skip James (612) 436-1565

### NOTE FROM THE EDITOR:

I am very happy to report that since I've taken over as Editor of RIP-RAP, the articles and stories have been flowing as steadily as the Kinnie during spring thaw. Thanks to all you creative people for putting you trout thoughts and ideas to disk or paper. I hope you keep them coming. If you have a particular item that is time sensitive, please get them to me by the following deadlines:

Issue	Deadline
March	2/18/94
April	3/25/94
May	4/22/94
September	8/26/94
October	9/23/94
November	10/21/94
December	11/25/94

Send articles to:  
Ken Hanson  
696 E. Larpenteur AV  
Saint Paul, MN 55117-2528  
612-774-8807



Kiap-TU-Wish  
1994 Meetings

Mar. 2: Business Meeting  
Apr. 6: Fly Tiers  
May. 4: Marty Engel WI 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**

