

RIP-RAP

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LAYOUT: ANDY LAMBERSON

RESTORATION & PRESERVATION
THROUGH RESEARCH & PROJECTS

MAY 1992

◆ FISHWORKS '92

Fishworks Finis

March 28th marked the last day of Fishworks '92. It was a lovely day for it, too. The workers showed up to burn brush piles, clean up the site, eat lunch and trade insults...not necessarily in that order. We even stood around and watched the trout rise in one of the runs. All the piles got burned and everyone seemed to agree that this was one of the chapter's best projects, based on what was accomplished and how people felt about it. We're sorry if you missed the whole thing, but don't worry, you'll get another chance when Fishworks '93 rolls around.

Workers on this last day were: Roger Hile, Bob Sillman, Gary Horvath, Al Roy, Craig Mason, Rod Simonson, Orv Johnson, Marty Engel, Jon Jacobs, Bob Bradham, Brian Spangler, Gary Albig, Tony Stifter, Mike Woolley, Bill Hinton, Chuck Goossen, Mark Dostal and Mike Alwin. Tom Battey showed up for lunch.



MAY MEETING NOTICE

Marty Engel, Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources Fisheries Manager for the Willow, Kinni and surrounding areas will be speaking to Kiap-TU-Wish. Marty will be reviewing the results of the recent electro fishing on the Willow and Kinni and the apparent impact of the new fishing regs on these waters.

WHEN: Wed. May 6, 1992

TIME: Dinner at 6:30

Meeting at 8:00

WHERE: Hudson House

Special Inserts

Enclosed in this month's Rip-Rap:
Membership List
New Member Flyer.

Please save the New Member Flyer someplace handy (like your fishing vest) so that the next time your telling someone about our Chapter you can give them all they need to know to join. More forms can be had at Mitchell's Fly Shop or by calling any Kiap-TU-Wish Officer or Board member.

◆ Hatches

Blue Wing Olive Mayflies

Many of us call just about any small "green" mayfly a "Blue Wing Olive". These little mayflies, most commonly between size 16 to 20 seem to hatch year 'round and those of us who venture south for either Wisconsin's or Minnesota's early season dream of seeing the tiny (size 18) "olives" hatching and bringing the seasons first dry fly action. Through out the season a variety of different species and genera hatch but all of the "olives" can be matched with just a few flies tied in sizes 14 through 22 with emphasis on sizes 16, 18 and 20. Listed below are some of my tried and true favorites for whenever an "olive" is hatching.

Nymph: Pheasant Tail size 16 (3906)

Emerger: Soft Hackle Pheasant Tail sizes 14 and 16

Dry: Compara Dun with either bleached elk for extra visibility or deer hair wings. Try using about 4 dark Moose Hairs for the tail. They are very durable, easy to tie and help make the fly look like an emerger. Another popular tailing material is a dark dun synthetic yarn to represent the tail.

Spinner: Size 16 and 18 in a rust color and size 20 and 22 in a tan. I've become very fond of the Beckies sparkle yarn for the wings (very sparse!)

Andy



◆ History

TYING TIMES

Being one of the senior members of the club, you find as you grow older that recollections of past events and experiences become an important part of your life. I've thought of making a literary contribution to the Rip-Rap for some time. I wanted to come up with a timely subject. How about fly tying in the fifties and sixties, with some recollections and remembrances gleaned from forty years of memories?

I started with a box set of equipment and materials that was put out by a company called Woods-lore and was sold by most sporting goods stores. The material was very limited and was only adequate for the basic panfish flies. At this time in history, we weren't blessed with a shop like Mitchell's for supplies. Kennedy Bros. and Calenders in St. Paul and Corries in Minneapolis carried some basic hooks and materials at inflated prices. To obtain the materials that were needed to tie some simple trout patterns, it was necessary to order by mail or visit Herters--what a place that was! Panfish hooks were fifteen cents a hundred and English Dry fly hooks were thirty-five cents a hundred. I purchased the *Fly Tying Handbook* written by George Leonard Herter which served as my bible for my first years of fly tying. I tied for ten years before I ever saw another individual tie a fly.

My fly-tying really took off when I was introduced to the St. Paul Fly Tiers Club by a great old fisherman and premier tier by the name of Carl T. Johnson. The club maintained a supply of material which was sold to the members at cost. The Mustad Hook Company hadn't set up a wholesale distribution system in the US so in order to get quality hooks at a fair price

we were forced to order direct from the factory in Oslo, Norway. It was a hassle as well as a long wait to get a hook shipment from over seas

During the years that I was associated with the St. Paul Fly Tiers, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with some great individuals. The only one that I will mention at this time is the founder of the St. Paul Fly Tyers--the legendary, Ben Egger. What a dedicated fisherman he was! One season, he fished fifty-eight consecutive days, mostly on the Willow and Kinni.

During this period, I acquired a large quantity of material that I suppose is somewhat dated or useless with the prevalence and usage of all the synthetic material that is in vogue today. In the sixties, it was extremely difficult to obtain grizzly necks. So I conned a fellow that worked on one of our crews, who owned a small farm, to raise some roosters for me. I ordered fifty, day-old barred rock chicks from a hatchery in Iowa. The birds were raised until the next January, at which time there were about thirty-six roosters to neck out. I killed, skinned-out and cured the necks. The biggest part of the project was trying to get rid of the meat and the capes that weren't all that good. Another venture that didn't pan out.

To illustrate what lengths we went to in acquiring material, one of my fishing buddies purchased an old polar bear rug for forty dollars which we cut up into various sizes and sold to the members of the club. After we had flooded the market with white polar bear fur, we spent a Saturday dying hunks of fur and hide all hues and colors of the rainbow. We were able to get rid of about 2/3rds of the skin in this manner. I am still the owner of a three foot piece of white polar bear skin.

One point in time, I guess it was after reading *The Streamside Guide* by Art Flick, it seemed every fly I

tied contained wood duck flank feathers. I contacted all of my duck hunting associates to save the lemon barred flank feathers from the male wood ducks. Most of the hunters forgot what kind of feathers I needed so I ended up with bags of mixed feathers, wings and because they are so beautiful and colorful--the heads. For my diligent efforts I have boxes of wood duck feathers in my basement.

One of my long time friends was a butcher in a shop that did custom butchering during the fall hunting season. He was my pipeline to a supply of bucktails, antelope, deer and elk skins that were cured with borax. This leaves the hides in a more pliable state than a salt cure.

It would seem that although my main hobby was tying, at times, the quest for material became as important and time consuming as the actual tying of flies. Much of the material available in the supply shops today is the result of observant and innovative tiers seeing a material or product that they could and did use in the development of new patterns or improvements on old patterns. I remember one 3M employee brought sheets of mylar to the club. He thought it would add some flash to the flies. This was long before this material was packaged in its various forms for the fly tying trade. Mylar tubing was purchased from fabric stores and hobby shops to be used on Silver Minnow bodies. Plyfoam insulation was turned into popper bodies and floating bugs long before it was sold for tying.

I am of the opinion, that fly tying adds a whole new dimension to trout fishing. I don't think there is a greater thrill in fly fishing than when you catch your first trout on a fly that came out of your vise. I still remember on a early morning on the Willow when I caught my first trout on a #14 Black Gnat that I tied. One can guess how long ago that was by the fly and size of the hook!

Vern Alberts

◆ D. F. Floate

Lil' Drag

The invitation said fishing tackle reps and private water. Everyone knows Drag has a weakness for good stuff, and it already had been a long winter with no fish. That day on Hay Creek in January had produced a few chubs but no real fish, so that didn't help much. And of course the Trout Club had been merciless, even threatening to show that "Hog Hole" tape. But "private" water!

Drag figured he could hold his own with these guys, especially if he took Little Drag, his 10 year old daughter who was usually up for a little adventure on a Sunday afternoon. "L.D." was pretty excited about the miniature flyrod her dad had made out of an old Fenwick spinning rod, and still listed "fisherperson" as one of her life goals. Drag knew that fishermen, and maybe men in general, are respectful of all fatherhood stuff, and particularly with daughters, so he probably wouldn't have to prove anything.

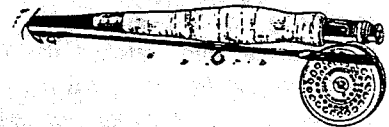
Well, they strolled on in to that Seven Pines Lodge, and into a different age. The screen porch had a moose rack against which an assortment of flyrods leaned, all shiny and expensive. Inside, a moose head mount dominated the mantle over a field stone fireplace, and in the cozy light, more antiques and trophies loomed casually, some hung with fishing tackle or supporting more elegant rods. A four foot Fredrick Remington bronze sculpture had a Guide's lanyard hanging off it, and a buffalo kept his eye on the coffee pot. A giant Brown hung over the mantle in the library; this place was a real "fishing camp" right out of L.L. Bean! The traditional log building was a

perfect setting for the guys in field pants and Pendelton shirts who were representing Orvis, and Winston, and The House of Hardy. The traditions were not just generations, but centuries old! What wonderful and amazing Stuff! Drag was fondling and studying and staring, mostly trying not to get fingerprints on those Hardy reels. He could have spent the rest of his life, but L.D. had another agenda. "Pop, let's fish", she said.

It was cold as hell, but he had to do it for the kid, so he strung up that Fenwick and tied on a black leech, only later realizing it was one she had tied herself. Almost as an afterthought, he strung up his own rod and tied on a more respectable soft hackle hare's ear. It was a pretty little creek, and they were enchanted by the sculpture of an Indian child sitting on a rock in mid-stream. Just above was a nice riffle and run that was shaded by a high bank. Drag put her to casting a few feet of line into the riffle and following it down into the run, then up again. After L.D. got started, Drag moved down a ways and started casting. It wasn't long before he hung up and broke off on a Balsam behind him. His fingers were too cold to tie on another fly, so he moved back to see how L.D. was doing, figuring it wouldn't be too long before she was frozen too. "I'm stuck on the bottom", she said, handing over the rod. That's what kids do, of course; hand over the rod when they get in trouble. But no! Drag gives it a jerk and a nice rainbow jumps out of the riffle and runs down. "Here, this is yours, Honey," he says, and hands it back. "I can't with my mittens," she says, and drops the tip in the cold water. Drag grabs the rod to tighten the line, and the rainbow jumps again. Jeeze, that's a nice one, he thinks, helping with the mittens and dropping the tip in again. L.D. takes the rod and starts cranking,

but now the leader is frozen in the tip top and it just bends over, not taking any line. Drag is laughing and running up and down, giving confusing instructions and trying to keep the line tight. L.D. finally hauls the fish over and lands a beautiful 12 incher.

Now, the beauty of this day was the iridescent color of the fish, the crisp afternoon on an idyllic stream, and the gleaming eyes of a 10 year old. But Drag couldn't help contemplating, as they stood amongst all those Hardy Perfects on Winston bamboo rods, Sage RPL's and Marryat reels, that a kid with a cobbled up rod and a simple fly had caught as nice a fish in 20 minutes as he had in a whole summer of fishing.



◆ Kiap News

20th Anniversary Picnic

WHEN: WED, JULY 15, 1992

TIME: 6:00 PM

WHERE: WILLOW RIVER STATE PARK PICNIC AREA BY THE DAM

*Pot luck Dinner
(bring a dish to share)

*Bring your own meat, utensils, plates and beverages

*Casting Contest with Prizes!
*Rod Raffle for a Fenwick Royale 8'6" 6 wt with special Kiap-TU-Wish Anniversary Inscription
*Games for kids of all ages
*Fishing contest for the kids

◆ FROM THE PRESIDENT

THANKS FOR THE SUPER YEAR!

Kiap-TU-Wish's Board of Directors and Officers would like to thank all the members of Kiap-TU-Wish for a super year. Meeting attendance in 1991-92 was at an all time high and we look forward to seeing you all again next year. Please find below, a tentative schedule for next years meetings. We hope to have solid plans for our speakers by our first newsletter this fall.

Fishworks '92 was again a super success due to the efforts of Mike Alwin and Gary Horvath. Attendance was

strong as well as participants lower backs, and a lot of work was accomplished. Please keep track of how the fishing was if you get a chance to fish the stretch this season.

I would also like to remind every one to please take a few slides of your fishing adventures this summer. We will have another "What I did over my summer " slide show at the October meeting. And unless you want ME to talk the whole time you better bring a few slides!!

Any member that fishes the Kinney is requested to please drive by the bridge construction on Hwy. 35 each time you fish. If you see anything that you feel is amiss, please call Gary

Horvath or myself immediately. We would like to keep our contact with the construction company down to just Gary or myself and try to maintain what has started to be a good working relationship. So please, don't yell at the guys at the site, give Gary a call.

Again, Thanks for the super year and I hope you have a great season!

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	
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



Kiap-TU-Wish
1992-1993 MEETINGS

July 15: 20th Anniversary Picnic!
 Sept. 2: Mayflies with Mike Alwin
 Oct. 7: Member's Slides
 Nov. 4:
 Dec.: Xmas Party
 Jan. 6: Russian Salmon Odyssey
 Feb. 3:
 March 3: Business Mtg.
 April 7: Fly Tiers
 May 5: Marty Engle Wisc. DNR

Dinner at 6:30 Meeting at 8:00
 All meetings are at the Hudson House.
 (Except the Picnic)

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