

RIPRAP

• Restoration • Improvement • Preservation through Research And Projects •

May 2006

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Trout fishing

"There is no substitute for fishing sense, and if a man doesn't have it, verily, he may cast like an angel and still use his creel largely to transport sandwiches and beer."

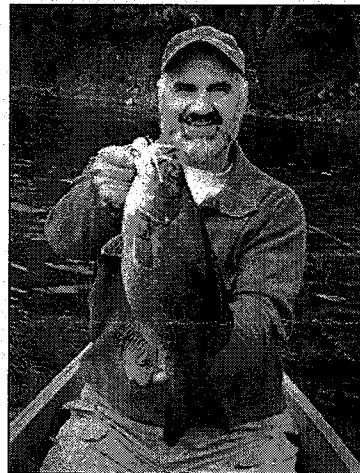
Robert Traver
Trout Madness

Engel to discuss Willow River

By Jonathan Jacobs

Senior Fisheries Biologist Marty Engel of the Wisconsin DNR will offer his annual update on western Wisconsin coldwater fisheries at the Wednesday, May 3 Kiap-TU-Wish meeting.

Mr. Engel's focus this year is a review of the Willow Race history and current management and a look at other management information on the other segments of the Willow River.



Marty Engel

The Willow Race has been an important fishery for over a century and K-TU's involvement in its management dates back to the foundation of the chapter. Please make plans to attend this important and interesting meeting.

Kiap-TU-Wish meetings are held at Bob Smith's Sports Club at 601 2nd Street in downtown Hudson. Meetings begin at 7 p.m.. Dinner is available in the meeting room at 6 p.m.

Hearings held on trout limits

By Jonathan Jacobs

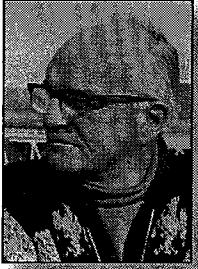
The Wisconsin Conservation Congress Spring Hearings were held on Monday, April 10. New at the hearings this year was a machine readable ballot that allowed for secret balloting. This system sped up the meeting (Officials no longer had to take hand counts on questions) and it allowed voters to vote their conscience without peer pressure. A potential downside arises in this system because attendees can vote on the questions without hearing the discussions about them.

While most of the evening's debates centered on questions involving deer feed-

ing and deer baiting, the Congress' Trout Study Committees question 72 which asked, "Would you support the standardization of a statewide trout regulation that would allow for a 3 bag limit with a 7 inch minimum size restriction?" was probably the most interesting question for trout anglers.

The statewide answer on this question was a narrow "No" with 35 counties in the yes column and 37 in the no column. Statewide there were 1,950 yes votes and 2,074 no votes. "No" votes carried in Pierce (14 yes, 17 no) and St. Croix (14 yes, 34 no) Counties. Polk County voted "Yes" on the question 31 to 20.

San Salvador



By James R. Humphrey

Jim Humphrey is the co-author of *Minnesota and Wisconsin Trout Streams*. He lives in Oak Park Heights, MN and is a featured contributor to *RipRap*, whose readers are getting a pre-publication look at "Figments and Fragments", excerpts from Mr. Humphrey's forthcoming book, which he says will be "anecdotal, discursive and far ranging."

For 400 years there has been an argument as to Columbus' true landfall. In 1942, the naval historian Samuel Eliot Morison, following the notes in the Admiral's log, sighted San Salvador exactly as Columbus did. Read more in Morison's "Admiral of the Open Sea," 1942.

San Salvador, later Watling's Island, again given its original name in 1927, is but a dot on the map of the western hemisphere. It is but 12 miles north to south and five miles wide, with reefs and a broken shoreline of coves and sand beaches. It is 385 air miles southeast of Fort Lauderdale in the outer Bahamas.

It was covered with trees when Columbus landed. A colony was planted and the natives were enslaved or exterminated. Later the trees were felled; eventually the land was divided into farms for wealthy men, many of them Loyalists who were driven out of the American colonies after the Revolution. African slaves were imported and Cockburn Town settled. The farms failed, cotton plantations were tried, and failed; and at last in the 1970s an inn and a dive school were established. In the 1980s developers moved in with a plan for hundreds or perhaps thousands of vacation homes and a golf course on the south end of the island. The grids of pock marked road remained when we were there but housing construction had not begun. It appeared to me that the project had been abandoned.

We rented Honda scooters and crash helmets and had the road to ourselves. Once I cut a swath through the brush when I missed a corner. At that moment I was glad that there were no trees. What larks! The

beaches were gorgeous, littered with a hundred varieties of shells and clumps of black gelatinous oil, probably jettisoned from tankers when ballasts were changed. Our end of the island was a baked wasteland covered in ugly scrub unfit for any use, with the high points of the island scarred by the ruins of the eyeless plantation houses and roofless storehouses.

The present Riding Inn resort and marina included cabins and condos and an extensive diving school. Other amenities were clustered in and around Cockburn Town. During the World War the British RAF used it as a listening post and the U.S. Navy maintained a base. During our stay there was also a College Center of the Finger Lakes, an American educational campus devoted to environmental studies.

Early morning on the flight to the island, in the dim and cavernous private terminal north of the Fort Lauderdale airport, we engaged in conversation with a German gentleman who volunteered that he owned a residence and an oceangoing yacht on the island. I asked him about fishing from the shore with spin or fly rods. "Impossible!" he said. I had to have a boat and troll offshore. I admit to having been discouraged, so I stuffed the thought of wade fishing with a light spin rod and Mepps spinners into one of the dark recesses of my mind. But on Friday, the last day, when I had exhausted all other amusements, I walked the beach until I found a reef extending out into clear water. I waded thigh-high and cat over the reef. Within minutes I had two "running jacks," one of the 140 species of Jack or Jack Crevalle, each likely to have

(See San Salvador, page 7)



Gary Richardson photo

Rush River Clean-up cleans up

Event organizer Sarah Sanford stands with the harvest from the second Rush River Clean-up held April 22. About a hundred volunteers joined in the effort. The Eau Galle/Rush River Sportsman Club served a pork chop dinner afterwards.

Clinic at KinniFest set

By Michael Alwin

The Education Committee has agreed to deliver a one-and-a-half hour fly fishing segment at the KRLT Kinni Fest on June 3.

Ninety minutes is just long enough to teach a casting sequence and cover imitations and stream strategy and falls within the goals of the committee: 1) To educate the community and 2) to inform and involve the membership.

We're expecting in excess of thirty students for this segment so we'll need volunteers and expect to solicit you at the May 3 meeting. This will be easier duty than past clinics due to the short time frame and there is no guided fishing involved. We'll start at 10:30 a.m. and finish at noon so you'll still have time for chores or a little personal fishing.

Kiap-TU-Wish board report



Gary Richardson photo

Kiap-TU-Wish president Greg Dietl presents a plaque to Dennis Potter of the Laughing Trout Club who granted a DNR easement on the Rush River.

Laughing Trout Easement on Rush River

The Laughing Trout Club has become the first easement on the Rush River.

The club owns land on the Rush in Martel; they have worked out a deal with the DNR for 500 feet of river easement. This will

be the site of the work project in July.

Kiap TU Wish presented a plaque in appreciation of their sharing the river land at the Rush River Clean-up.

Kiap needs a vice president

The chapter needs a vice president. For more information contact any board member. You only need to want to get involved with

chapter business and you need to know how to shoot straight.

Thank you, from Kermit's boy

Editorial by Jonathan Jacobs

This is my last issue as editor of RipRap. It's now in the capable hands of Rod Hanson, who has already done a great job of modernizing the appearance of the newsletter and has greatly streamlined and improved the production process. Please give Rod all your support. The newsletter always needs improved funding and it always needs contributions; see what you can do.

RipRap has had a steady stream of fine contributors these last five years. I thank this year's contributors - Vern Alberts, Michael Alwin, Greg Dietl, Clarke Garry, Gary Horvath, Jim Humphrey, Allison Jacobs, Andy Lamberson, Hap Lutter and Sarah Sanford. Dan and Joan Bruski deserve thanks for their contribution, too; they stamped, addressed and mailed RipRap for many years.

It has been a particular delight to work with Jim Humphrey on his "Figments and Fragments" series. What a man and what a writer Jim is!

I thank those who have served as officers and board members while I edited Rip-

Rap. Their support never wavered and not once was there a threat to boot me from the editor's chair, despite my frequent instances of malfesance, misfesance and nonfesance on the job.



Kermit Jacobs, age 16, 1925.

I owe all of you my gratitude, too. Your frequent expressions of approval and support for what you've seen here have been heartwarming to me.

I'd like to tell you why editing RipRap meant so much to me. It was the opportunity to work with words and, one hopes, to turn those words into cogent thoughts. My admiration for language and its uses comes to me through my father, Kermit Roy Jacobs. In most ways he led a life that was, while admirable, mostly unremarkable. What is

most memorable about him to me, in addition to his fierce respect for integrity and honesty, was his love of the English language. My father was an avid reader of everything from the newspaper to the works of Shakespeare with stops in between for *Farm Journal* and essays by H.L. Mencken. He had a particular fondness for the sound of the language as well

(See Thank You, page 7)

Kiap-TU-Wish Projects



From the Booth at the Expo. Left to right Jon Jacobs, Greg Dietl, and Chad Borenz. During the three day event we sign members, lined up guest speakers, got donation for the banquet and sold \$1,200 in raffle tickets. Several other members and I work there. Gary Richardson

Kiap TU Wish hosts booth at Great Waters Fly Fishing Expo

The Kiap TU Wish booth was a busy place at this year's Expo in Bloomington. Many visitors stopped to view the drift boat and discuss trout and conservation. The Expo appeared to be a success with a steady crowd of visitors all three days.

Tom Helgeson allowed us to display the drift boat next to our booth and that work of art brought a lot of visitors. A good number of raffle tickets were sold. The booth was worked by Jon Jacobs, Gary Richardson,

Chad Borenz, Bob Lorenzen, Gary Horvath, Hap Lutter, Clarke Gary and Greg Dietl.

Thanks to Jon for taking responsibility for getting the boat to and from the Expo and to Bob Weisner and John Koch for helping get it in place. Gary Richardson obtained a booth that enabled us to display photos of stream projects.

This is a worthwhile event that we will continue to participate in so consider a stint staffing the booth next year.

Stream Project Update

No dates are set yet for upcoming projects. There will be work on the Rush River near Martel in July and South Fork of the Kinni work will probably begin in May. Both projects will involve structure building as well as seeding and mulching. Gilbert Creek work will resume in July, also. Keep an eye on the web site for project dates. We may get short notice so check often.

Thank you, from page 5

and relished hearing the variations in regional dialects. He actually got a kick out of the political speech of orators like Senators Everett Dirksen, Estes Kefauver and Sam Ervin. In what was definitely a triumph of style over content, he even found the worst imbecilities of radio preachers entertaining if the clergymen could turn a phrase. He wrote and spoke precisely, too, with a clarity of expression and a gift for storytelling that I envy.

My father, in his spare moments, read the dictionary. I don't mean that he looked up a word or two – he *read* the book. As a consequence, he had as large an everyday vocabulary as anyone I've ever met, with the possible exception of Jim Humphrey. When I was young and he used a word I didn't know, I'd ask what it meant. His answer never varied. "You can look it up," he'd say. As a point of stubborn pride, I would. I wasn't smart enough to understand what a gift he was giving me.

This could go on for a very long time, but allow me one story and I'll wrap this up. It sounds sad in the telling, but I was there and I can tell you that remembering it today gives me great comfort. We were visiting my parents the summer that lung cancer stole my father from me. My mother came out of their bedroom and told me that my father wanted to talk to me. She seemed very serious and I went in to see him with a sense of foreboding. My dad, weakened and pale, in a voice barely above a whisper asked me, "Is there such a word as *spelunking*?" "Yes, there is," I replied. "What does it mean?" he asked. Not for one millisecond did I consider telling him that he could look it up. I proudly told him that it was a term for the act of exploring caves. "Maybe I'll go spelunking one of these days," he said with a smile, obviously pleased by the

sound of the word.

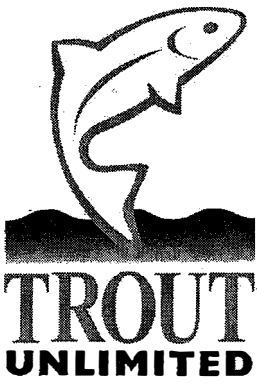
A few years ago my daughter Allison and I went to a reading and lecture by author Tom McGuane. As part of an answer to a question from the audience, McGuane said something about the "daily conversation every man in this room has with his father, whether his father is living or not." I've never had a shortage of topics for my daily conversations with my dad, but I like to think that he's had plenty to say about RipRap. For that, gentle reader, I thank you, as my dad used to say, "from the bottom of my dutch heart."

San Salvador, from page 2

lunch they proved to be, lightly broiled with lemon juice and spices sprinkled, and with the mental sauce of gratuitous advice having been proved wrong.

San Salvador is still there, a white pearl in an ultramarine sea. Red and black snapper, grouper and parrot fish hang around the reefs. One afternoon under blinding light sun I peered into a bay from an elevation. Fish to yard long were suspended as if in clear air. One huge buster looked like a muskie. A promotional pamphlet mentioned a flat for "splendid" fishing for bonefish a few minutes walk from the Riding Rock Inn. The inn and dive school have expanded. The developer of the leisure homes, Columbus Landings, has at latest report, 95 properties for sale. There are more beautiful islands in the stream, but never one more historic for wanderers.

(In 2005 a replica of the Nina, Columbus' flagship, docked in Hudson, Wisconsin, having come up the Mississippi River and the St. Croix by Coast Guard required motor. The caravel was only 94 feet long and 17 feet wide.)



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RIPRAP is a publication of Kiap-TU-Wish chapter of Trout Unlimited, No. 0168, PO Box 483, Hudson, WI 54016.
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Deadline for May RIPRAP is Friday, September 22.