



RIP - RAP



Editor: Ken Hanson

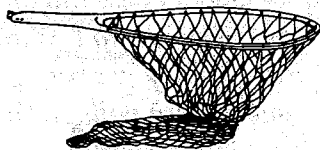
**RESTORATION & PRESERVATION
THROUGH RESEARCH & PROJECTS**

OCTOBER 1994

KIAP-TU-WISH CHAPTER OF TROUT UNLIMITED

New Stream Improvement Co-chair Named

Chapter member Mike Trok has stepped forward to replace Mike Alwin as Stream Improvement Co-chair from Minnesota. Those of you who attended last winters project should recall that Mike was the guy serving up some outstanding meals, on a few of the work-days. Mike will serve along with Mark Dostal from Wisconsin. Their first order of business will be working with DNR Fish Manager Marty Engel on finding a suitable project for this winter. If you have any suggestions for a project contact Mike, Mark or any chapter officer. A sign-up sheet will be available at chapter meetings for those interested in stream improvement along with other activities.



OCTOBER MEETING NOTICE

WHEN: Wed. Oct. 5th
TIME: Dinner at 6:30
Meeting at 8:00
WHERE: Hudson House

Chapter Members Slide Show

Enhance the quality of your fishing stories or regain your credibility by showing slides of this past season. Its your chance to brag or to critique others.

Please come to dinner at 6:30!!

BROWNS STOCKED IN WILLOW

On September 22, chapter members scatter-planted 10,000 Brown trout fingerlings on the Lower Willow River. The average length was 5.1 inches, and they had been raised at the St. Croix Falls hatchery. Most were planted in the Main Branch, since a DNR electrofishing run on September 8 indicated very good natural fingerling production in the Race branch. Helpers included Jim Caspers, Dave Dorn, Roger Fairbanks, Chuck Goosen, Ken Hannah, and Bob Howard.

Technical Publications Available

Urban stormwater management is the topic of the publication: Wisconsin Stormwater Manual. The emphasis of this manual is water quality management instead of water quantity. Part 1 is available now from DNR Document Sales, P.O. Box 7840, Madison, WI 53707. The cost is \$4.65 plus tax. Specify publication # WR-349-94.

The proceedings of the May 1994 Workshop entitled, "Wild Trout and Planted Trout: Balancing the Scale" is now available. Participants in the workshop represented state, and federal agencies, angler interest groups, and commercial fish producers. You can obtain a copy of the proceedings at a cost of \$20.00/copy by writing: Robert W. Wiley, Workshop Co-Chair, Wyoming Game and Fish Department, 525 South Adams, Laramie, Wyoming 82070.

A PARABLE

by Denny McGinn

The last day of the season has a feeling of finality that gets you motivated to get out, come what may. That feeling was strong enough to get me to rearrange my schedule to go fishing. Normally this isn't a problem, but we were in the middle of building a house. That made taking off a really big deal.

When the calls were made to fishing partners, I found that their schedules were full. Both claimed that work was getting in the way of fishing for the day. There are things worse than fishing alone, so I made my plans for a solo trip to the Rush (telling my wife where I would be, when I would be back and all of that).

It was a glorious day, the kind of day that is perfect to do anything but work. It was so nice that I decided to try a section of the Willow that I had never fished before. After a short drive, a quick rigging (by my standards) and brief consideration, I headed downstream to the top of the old dam. My plan was to walk down and fish up. I headed off downstream like a man on a mission.

Thirty minutes later, I was well into the canyon, walking on the bank. The footing was awkward at best. The bank was composed of silt, loose limestone and new plant growth.

I was doing fine working my way down the bank until my right foot caught in the roots of some plants. Then the silt and limestone under my left foot crumbled. This left me in a difficult position with my right foot trapped behind and above me, and my body sliding down the bank. Did I mention the pain? So many parts of my body hurt that I didn't know where to start looking for broken bones.

My mind was racing with a combination of pain and fear. While still sliding I wondered, how long it would take me to crawl back to the truck? How long would it take for someone to find me? Is there a shorter way out? Will I ever walk or fish again? This is a bad way to start a day of fishing. Did I mention that it hurt?

After I stopped sliding and freed my leg I sat and took stock of the situation. A few long minutes later the pain eased and nothing seemed to be broken. It looked like I could fish after all.

The rest of the day turned out almost as well as I had hoped. The little stumble gave me a chance to consider the advantages of going out with a partner or telling someone where you are going.



"Think I'd try a different fly..."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

from the editor

I found this caption, along with a beautiful photograph of the Firehole River, in an article entitled "Our National Parks" in the October 1994 issue of National Geographic:

"Come rain or shine - or steam - anglers descend on Yellowstone's Firehole River every summer to test the waters for trout. Because of heavy fishing pressure, the park has imposed a catch-and-release policy. One study suggests that cutthroat trout in the nearby Yellowstone river get hooked, on average, 45 times during their five-year life span."

Post Season Blues

by Skip James

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 well 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 that 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 in 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 months. The White River, and the Norfork were just waiting for us. In addition, Bob Nasby called the Flyshop one day from Mountainhome, Arkansas to rave about the fishing. He'd stood on one rock and caught twenty-some trout on 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 week 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.

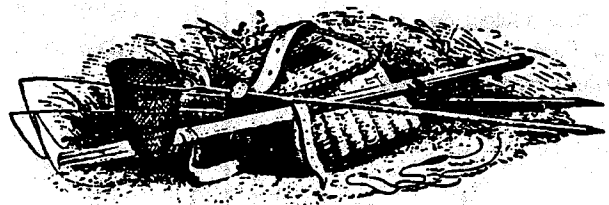
Karen has long hair- very long hair! She built her own vest, and stuck an old landing net of mine on the D-ring behind her neck. I have been using a very nice, lightweight net that I bought in Pennsylvania a couple of years back. The one she has weighs at least twice what mine does. Everytime she reached 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 didn't foul the hair as easily. Now, she puts her hair braid inside the vest, and eliminates the problem, but I'm stuck with my old, heavy net once again. Maybe the extra weight will balance the eight flyboxes 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 line 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? Elkhair 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. Hare's Ears 10-18. I bet I could put all those flies 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?



Notes From the President:

My first involvement with the chapter came as a result of wanting to get my hands dirty on a "fishworks" project. I was immediately impressed with the number of people willing to turnout on some very cold days to perform hard labor. Having participated for the last six years, I have come to believe that the great success of these projects is due largely to the efforts of outgoing Stream Improvement Co-chair Mike Alwin. Mike tirelessly called, cajoled and convinced people that this was the right thing to do. As a consequence, I believe that the "fishworks" projects have become the backbone of our chapter. And while he will be missed on Saturdays, Mike Trok and Mark Dostal will no doubt fill the void admirably. And besides, it was time to move on. For as most fly fisherman follow the progression from worm, to spinner, to fly, so Mike has made the transition from worker, to straw-boss, to fly shop owner. This is indicated by the increasing amount of talking required to perform each subsequent function. Thanks Mike for a job well done.

On another note, the chapters Christmas banquet is fast approaching, and we need items for the silent auction. People with items can contact any chapter officer, or drop them off with Mike Alwin at Mitchell's Fly Shop.

And finally, this months program is the annual chapter member's slide show. Come early for dinner, bring your slides and show off.

Gary



Kiap-TU-Wish

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Treasurer: Tom Battey (612) 456-0889

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Mark Dostal (715) 749-3205

Mike Alwin (612) 439-8159

Skip James (612) 436-1565



Kiap-TU-Wish

1994 Meetings

Oct 5: Member's Slide Show

Nov 2: To be announced

Dec 7: Holiday Banquet

1995 Meetings

Jan 4:

Feb 1:

Mar 1: Business Meeting

Apr 5: Fly Tiers

May 3: Marty Engel WI DNR

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TROUT UNLIMITED

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