



The Drift: Words from our President.

Gary Horvath photo



Mike and Susie Holst, land owners along the Trimbelle, were recognized at the January chapter meeting with a watercolor by long-time chapter supporter, Judy Lutter. In addition to the easement on the Trimbelle, they have let us use their heated garage for chainsaw safety training.

Maria Manion photo



Chapter member Berry Holz on one of the coldest project work days. Still smiling.

Great Waters Expo: The Expo will be held at Hamline University on March 16th-March 18th. There are several improvements planned this year: 25% more booth space, a 75' pool for spey and roll casting demonstrations, and improved free parking on campus. We need volunteers to staff Kiap's conservation booth, which is a fun activity and a great way for Kiap-TU-Wish members to get involved. No experience required! If you're interested in staffing the booth, please contact me: thschnad@hotmail.com or 651-245-5163.

Wilson Creek: Kudos to all of the hearty souls that have been brushing and burning on Wilson Creek. Subzero temperatures have not deterred volunteers from getting out and helping with this project. A big thanks to Randy Arnold, Loreen Haas, Steve Cox, John Skelton and Peter Kilibarda who dedicated extra time during the week to get fire pyramids prepared for the weekend work. The reward for this effort—beyond the camaraderie around the lunch fire and roasted hotdogs—will be fishing this fine stretch of stream for brookies sometime in the future.

River Falls Dam Position Statement: On January 8th the Kiap-TU-Wish Board of Directors sent a letter to the Kinni Corridor Project Committee outlining the chapter's position on the benefits of removing both the Powell Falls Dam and the Junction Falls Dam. A detailed appendix was included outlining the ecological benefits of removing the Kinnickinnic

River dams. Members can read the position statement by going to our website, www.kiaptuwish.org, clicking on the **Conserve and Protect** tab, selecting **Advocacy** and then selecting **River Falls Dam**. There is one final Kinni Corridor Committee meeting scheduled for January 25th. The Committee's recommendation goes to the City Council on February 25th and then the Council takes action on the 27th. Watch for more information by email, Facebook and our website.

—Tom Schnadt

The KIAP-TU-WISH CHAPTER's
almost monthly publication



**TROUT
UNLIMITED**

Volume 11 | Issue 6
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Please join us at our February 7th chapter meeting in River Falls. Rich Osthoff, a local guide and author, will be speaking about techniques and strategies for fly fishing the Driftless.

Junior's Bar & Restaurant
414 South Main Street
River Falls, WI 54022
715-425-6630
www.juniorsrf.com

Photo above:

Fifth-grade students at Rocky Branch Elementary inspecting their newly delivered trout eggs. See inside for more details about this years "spawning run" and progress of the trout eggs.

DON'T FORGET:

- Visit the K-TU website & Facebook page for news, announcements & updates.
- The next RipRap deadline is Friday, February 16.
- Send info to: manion.maria@gmail.com

RIPRAP: Restoration, Improvement & Preservation through Research And Projects

River Falls Fly Fishing Clinic

The date for this season's Fly Fishing for Trout Clinic is Saturday, June 2nd. The goal of this clinic is and always has been to help connect the citizens of River Falls with the trout stream that runs through the city. We've always been lucky to have outstanding volunteers to help in this effort as well as a superb resource like the Kinnickinnic River as a classroom and playground. Let me know if you want to be a part of it; it's a load of fun.

Last year I promised to do a better job of naming all of our wonderful volunteers. I am embarrassed to note that in September's article thanking all of the volunteers, I once again forgot a couple of people. First of all, our chapter president, Tom Schnadt, who along with all of the other details of his office (it's a lot of work to be president here) regularly assists with this clinic by being a superb volunteer. Second of all, Brian Smolinski deserves a huge shout out for all the work he does behind the scenes. Brian orders all the food for the clinic supper, gets it all organized so all we have to do is set it on tables in the park shelter for our students. Mea Culpa, —Mike Alwin

Upcoming Board Member Election

Kiap-TU-Wish elects board members at its March chapter meeting. This year two board members, Loren Hass and Allison Jacobs, are running for re-election. Suzanne Constantini has been nominated to run in the open board position created by the retirement of the current president, Tom Schnadt. Based on Kiap's bylaws the immediate past president shall be an ex-officio member of the Board of Directors for the term of his or her successor.

Suzanne grew up in a family that enjoyed trout fishing. Her dad and husband were faithful trout fishermen and always looked forward to opening weekend. Suzanne now joins her husband Ed fly fishing on local streams. Suzanne enjoyed a long career in the nursing profession and held a number of managerial positions during her career. Her skill and talent will be a great asset for the chapter.

Background Information: Positions on the board are three-year terms elected by the general membership at the March chapter meeting. Officer positions are one-year terms elected by the new board at the first March board meeting. The only limit on officer re-election is a maximum term of three years for the treasurer and president.

Kiap Board Member Candidates

<u>Name</u>	<u>Term</u>
Suzanne Constantini	3 year
Loren Haas	3 year
Allison Jacobs	3 year
Write in nomination(s)	



Gary Horvath photo

Kent Johnson Appointed to WDNR Trout Stakeholder Group

Long time Kiap-TU-Wish chapter member Kent Johnson, was recently selected to be on a newly formed WDNR Trout Stakeholder Group representing the Western portion of the state for Trout Unlimited. This team will help the state Department of Natural Resources develop a plan to guide trout management over the next decade. Issues addressed will be trout habitat, stocking and other management issues in Wisconsin.

The advisory team will meet on three Saturdays this winter beginning January 27th at the Dreyfus Center at the University of Wisconsin Stevens Point. The WDNR is hoping to brainstorm issues, set broad goals, and define needs, according to Joanna Griffin, the agency's trout coordinator. Other TU representatives are Tim Fraley, Tom Lager and Laura McFarland from the South, East and North portions of the State respectively. If you would like to provide input to Kent he can be reached at: d.kent.johnson@gmail.com

2018 EVENTS CALENDAR

Here's an overview of activities thus far. We'll update the list each month with details — location, time, etc.

• Chapter Meeting

Wednesday, February 7, 2018

Speaker: Rich Osthoff, Local guide and author

Topic: Flyfishing the Driftless; Techniques and Strategies. One hour presentation with some video excerpts

• Chapter Meeting

Wednesday, March 7, 2018

Annual business meeting. Elect new board members

Speakers: Nate Anderson, WDNR Topic: 2018 Habitat work

Barb Scott, WDNR

Topic: Fish Survey Results

• Great Waters Fly Expo

March 16-18, 2018

Hamline University St. Paul, MN

• Chapter Meeting

Wednesday, April 4, 2018

Fly Tying Demonstrations

• Amery Meeting

Monday, April 9, 2018

• Chapter Meeting

Wednesday, May 2, 2018

Speakers: Heath Benike, WDNR Fisheries Supervisor & New Fish Biologist, WDNR

Topic: Review WDNR programs supporting coldwater conservation

Trout in the Classroom: Spawning Run 2018

This year's spawning run on January 3rd was quite uneventful, weather-wise. No blizzards to contend with or extreme cold. Also, I had a co-pilot with me this year, board member John Kaplan, to keep me pointed in the right direction and to help me answer the tough questions from the kids. We picked up four batches of 300 eggs from the Seven Pines hatchery in Frederic — three batches for our programs and one for the Menomonie program that was picked up from us in River Falls. We upped the egg amount from 200 to 300 this year because of high mortality last year for some reason. We were told to expect the eggs to hatch within a week. Indeed, the eggs seemed ready to pop, the kids were delighted to see the embryos moving around within the eggs, which was a new experience.

The Amery Intermediate School, under direction of Jeremiah Fisk, again has their tank set up in a central, common area in the school, so all can share the experience. One of his students came up with the interesting idea of adding mussels from the nearby Apple River to

aid in filtering the water. Great idea!

Rocky Branch Elementary in River Falls has followed suit and has the tank set-up in the entryway of the school. Since most of Joe Young's students went through the program last year, these responsible 5th graders are in total charge of monitoring and tank maintenance. They will also be teaching the rest of the school about TIC, while giving presentations to all the grades.

Greenwood Elementary in River Falls, has a new teacher in charge, Steve Papp. His whole class was very engaged and asked great questions.

Both Hudson and Amery High School are taking a year off.

On schedule, the eggs have hatched, and with very low mortality (maybe we had a "bad" batch last year?). Amery only had five to ten eggs that did not make it!

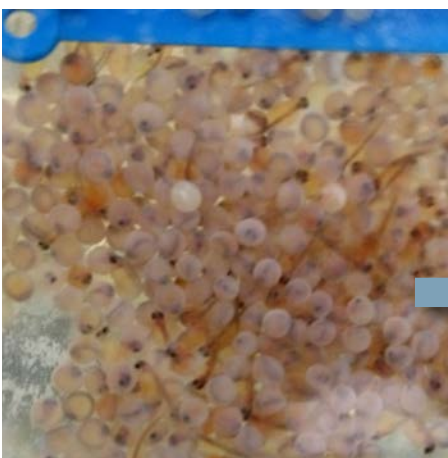
The kids have been very excited in all the classes and rush in to check on the alevins every morning. They are looking forward to when they have consumed their egg sac and they can begin feeding them. — Greg Olson



And from Steve Papp's Greenwood Elementary class on January 17th. . .

The majority hatched! They're hanging out in the nursery basket right now. Students are pretty excited to stop by each day. We look forward to them starting to swim and make that transition to the big tank. Thanks again for the opportunity!

. . . and the photos below show how the eggs have progressed.



Steve Papp photos

ABOVE: Students in Joe Young's class at Rocky Branch Elementary in River Falls.

BELOW: Students in Jeremiah Fisk's class at Amery Intermediate School.

A Discovery in the Paha Sapa By Jonathan Jacobs

But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love. — 1 Corinthians 13:13

Dr. Dean Hanson's wonderful presentation at the chapter's recent holiday banquet caused me to reflect on the many fine presentations we've had over the years, many of them by chapter members such as Sarah Sanford and Emily Bjorn who told us about their trip to British Columbia; John Koch who related tales of his trip of a lifetime to Chile; and Scott Thorpe who told us about his experiences guiding in Alaska. But the one that had the most direct impact on me, and on my family, was Charlie Johnston's presentation on Spearfish Canyon in the Black Hills. I had some of my earliest trout fishing experiences in those hills; they were delightful and helped set me on a path that I follow to this day. But Charlie's gorgeous slide show, coupled with his superb story telling skills, convinced me that I had to get to the Northern Hills as soon as possible.

My wife, Karen, and our daughter, Allison, made our first family trip there in 1993 and annual trips thereafter through 1999. It was a first-rate vacation destination for us for several reasons. First, the scenery in the canyon is spectacular. The crenellated limestone spires of the canyon walls stand hundreds of feet above the valley floor. The bottom lands and lower hillsides are typically covered with aspen, while on the steeper, higher slopes grow conifers, so dark as to appear nearly black, giving the Black Hills their name. Second, there are limitless family and traditional tourist destinations available in the area, not the least of which are Badlands National Park, Mount Rushmore National Memorial and Devil's Tower National Monument. Third, there is the trout fishing.

At the time of our visits there were abundant populations of feral brown and brook trout throughout the northern hills, a smattering of feral rainbows and, immediately over the Wyoming border, introduced cutthroats. The fish mostly ran to modest size, but the consistently cold temperatures and the quick downhill pace of the waters in which they lived invested them with extraordinary vigor. They were sometimes relatively easy to catch, too, and my daughter had the pleasure of intro-

ducing two of her friends to the magic of trout on a fly there.

For the first two or three years we stayed at Rimrock Lodge, a location that Charlie had featured in his presentation. The most salient feature of the cabin in which we settled was that it, in part, extended over the edge of the cliff on which the lodge was situated. The cabin's "back porch," a screened-in area that served as dining quarters, projected out into space. One could hear Spearfish Creek murmuring below while watching showy western tanagers flit about in the tree branches that surrounded the porch. Trout fishing was no further away than a quick walk down the lodge's driveway to Spearfish Creek.

We eventually moved our vacation headquarters to a nineteen-thirties vintage log cabin at Wickiup Village, a modest grouping of cabins at the confluence of Hanna Creek and Spearfish Creek near Cheyenne Crossing. One of the nearby draws is called "Icebox Gulch" and for good reason — on our June trips we generally awoke to frosty mornings. The cabins featured sleeping porches with heavy canvas drapes that partially warded off the chill night air. Allison and her friend would sleep under multiple plies of wool blankets in the twin beds on that porch. Allison says that to this day, if she's restless at night, she thinks back to the wonderful night's sleep that the combination of cold mountain air and the warmth the woolens provided to help her fall asleep.

The Hills made a deep impression on me and as my fiftieth birthday approached in the fall of 1999, I began to have vague thoughts about making another trip there, my second of the year, but I thought I ought to go alone. I don't want to think I that was having a mid-life crisis, but there were some strata of accumulated psychic crud present after a half century. When my sainted wife asked me what I wanted for my birthday, I blurted out my plan. Not so amazingly, if you are fortunate enough to know my Karen, she readily accepted

the idea.

On Saturday, September 11, I pointed my Chevrolet pickup west and headed for the Hills for a week-long stay.

I motored posthaste to Spearfish and turned south up Spearfish Canyon. Fall had arrived in the Hills. The aspens were beginning to yellow and the air had a hard bite in it. I arrived at Recreational Springs, the business that was then managing Wickiup Village, to pick up my key to the little cabin, the "Prospector," that I had rented for the week. I learned there that there was snow in the forecast, a bit of news that embarrassed me a little, as I'd not thought to bring heavy footwear or to equip the truck with any sort of winter gear.

Fortunately, the snow held off and the weather, while bitter and gray on Sunday, improved thereafter and I celebrated my week of self-imposed hermitism under high, blue skies accompanied by brilliant sunshine and calm winds.

The details of the fishing, the flies used and the fish caught that week were typical of mountain fishing for that time of year. Looking back, I am struck by just how much fishing I did. After a lei-

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surely breakfast, I'd set out on all-day adventures, often fishing several different stretches of one creek or fishing two or three creeks in a day. In addition to exploring extensively on Spearfish Creek, I fished Hanna Creek, Rapid Creek, Spring Creek, Whitewood Creek and Sand Creek. Motoring between destinations was part of the charm. I mostly used Forest Service roads that carried me through spectacular scenery seldom seen by the typical tourist.

After driving and angling all day, I'd return to my little cabin for dinner, which one night was comprised of roasted potatoes and three brown trout fresh

from Hanna Creek. The fish were delicious after having been dipped in pancake batter and fried to a golden-brown perfection. After dinner every night I would tie a few flies to replace those left in pine boughs. Before collapsing into bed, I would stand under a starlit sky and call Karen from a pay phone affixed to a post in the yard, letting her know that I had, indeed, survived the day.

On Wednesday, September 15, after fishing Rapid Creek below Pactola Reservoir, I drove to an access on Spring Creek downstream of the dam that impounds Lake Sheridan. I found the creek a little odd. It had the extensive weed beds of a spring creek where I first approached it, but there was a tint to the water, strange considering that there had been no precipitation in some time. I caught some fish as I moved upstream by fishing a nymph in the channels between weed beds. Upstream, the weed beds faded as the water got deeper and, oddly, even more colored. It was here that I learned a hard lesson about the awful costs of not checking one's terminal gear with sufficient frequency. I was fishing a nymph under an indicator when the indicator shot forward. I lifted the rod, which bent deeply and throbbed in my hand. The fish I'd hooked owned that pool and used every inch of the underwater topography as it bore around it. I got the fish high enough once to see that it was a brown trout of a size I'd not associated with fish of that species. I thought that raising it in the water might mean that I'd gained the upper hand, but it sounded again and made a long, dogged run. It was then that, even though I'd not added any pressure, my rod went straight. My shoulders slumped. My chin fell to my chest. My breath went out of me. I stood there a few moments, a pile of disorganized cellular whatnot. Once I gathered my wits, I looked at my leader and discovered that the tippet had parted right at the improved clinch knot. The weighted nymph had "hinged" the tippet, working to harden and weaken it. I replaced the tippet, tied on a new fly and proceeded to whip the water to a froth in the utterly vain hope that the fish would return for round two, or that another beast of a similar size would take up the battle. It was a long drive back to Wickiup Village that night.

A road trip seemed in order the next day. I drove to Beulah, Wyoming, and purchased a one-day non-resident li-

cense at a gas station. The lady behind the counter looked at my driver's license and wished me a happy birthday. Western hospitality at its best, I thought. I drove south from there on the county road that paralleled Sand Creek. The riparian areas along the creek formed a ribbon of green in the semi-arid Wyoming foothills. Sand Creek is where I caught the first cutthroat of my life. I caught one or two that day, too, but brown trout dominated the angling day. After finishing up late in the afternoon, I drove to another access point and peeked down into the pool below a little bluff with the hope of spying on the trout that fed lazily there. I intended to leave immediately after that, but I was hot and thirsty and I sat instead on a fence rail and drank in both some soda and the vast expanses of the Wyoming landscape. I stayed until the sun touched the horizon.

Earlier in the week, after a supply run to the city of Spearfish, I drove through the valley of Spearfish Creek to its confluence with the Redwater River. One doesn't hear much about angling in this stretch, but the water looked inviting at every bridge crossing. On the downstream side of one bridge where the creek looked particularly trouty, there was a sign that warned "KEEP OUT." Below that, however, it continued, "Call first," which was followed by a phone number. I called that number from a pay phone on my way back and received permission from the pleasant lady who answered the phone to fish there the next day, Friday, my last day of angling.

That night, I drove back up the canyon in the gloaming, went through my evening ritual, and went to bed. I awoke the next morning, September 17, and I was fifty years old. After a quick breakfast, I put my camera on a little tripod, set the camera's timer and took a self-portrait so that posterity might know what I looked like at fifty. I then climbed into my truck and drove down Spearfish Canyon. Everything about the day seemed brilliant—the sky, the canyon walls, the shimmering creek alongside me. As I drove I listened to Jimi Hendrix' astounding version of the national anthem. I felt good. I felt even better when—though the creek generally fished indifferently on the private prop-

erty—I caught the fish of the trip, a fat, butter-colored, brilliantly spotted male brown trout that gobbled my grasshopper imitation when I drifted the fly tight to a grassy bank.

"After we said our goodbyes, I fished for an hour or two and caught fish and enjoyed myself, but something had changed. For the first time all week I was lonely rather than alone."

I climbed out of the water back at the bridge, ate some lunch at the truck and decided to fish one more spot up in the canyon that had looked intriguing. As I was rigging up there, a car bearing Florida plates approached and stopped. Inside were a man and a woman that I thought of as elderly, but today I remember as a vigorous older couple. The gentleman asked if I was fly fishing, a sport that intrigued him, though he'd never engaged in it. The lady had questions, too. They both spoke with a dulcet southern accent that sounded nothing like I'd heard on trips to Florida. I said to them, "Your car has Florida plates, but you are not Floridians." This served as reason enough for the lady to fully engage her southern charm as she asked with a flirtatious smile how I knew. "Your accents," I replied. She told me then that they were Mississippians, but had lived in Florida since the nineteen fifties, which gave me some idea how long they might have been married. As we talked, it became apparent that they were deeply attached to one another and were comfortable and happy in one another's company. After we said our goodbyes, I fished for an hour or two and caught fish and enjoyed myself, but something had changed. For the first time all week I was lonely rather than alone. I thought about that couple and their obvious love for one another and I realized that, while all the angling I'd done and all the scenery I'd seen were a part of my identity and a necessary one at that, the thing that made me whole was my life in Wisconsin with my darling Karen and our precious child.

I packed eagerly that night and readied myself for the drive home. The trip, in telling me how much that home meant to me, had served its purpose, one that I didn't know existed at its outset. 🐟

Newsworthy! Twice!!

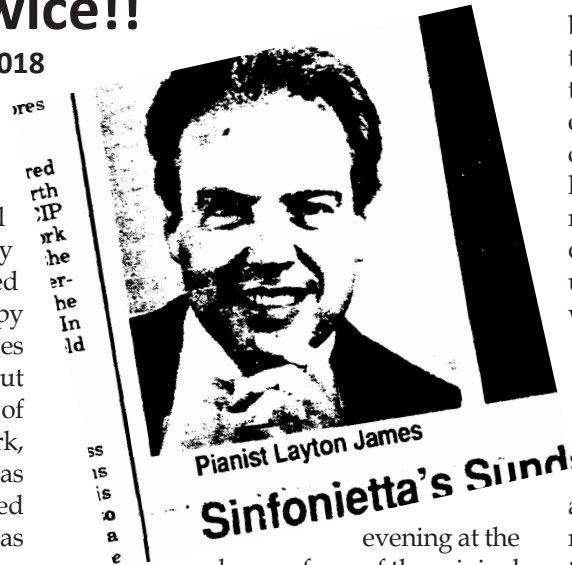
Skip's Loose Threads, January, 2018

As many of you are aware, my professional career as a classical musician with the Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra took me to many places I would not have imagined visiting on my own; but, by happy coincidence, many of those same places also welcomed me with fabulous trout rivers as well as concert halls. One of those places was Lake Placid, New York, where the chamber orchestra known as the Lake Placid Sinfonietta summoned me for two weeks every summer, as harpsichordist and conductor. Home of the 1980 Winter Olympic Games, the resort town sought to burnish its reputation as a summer haven for the arts. The Sinfonietta presented two concerts each week during the month of August, one in the gazebo in the park overlooking the lake, where the audience slurped ice cream cones and sat on the grass; the other in the Lake Placid Center for the Arts, a more serious, high-brow experience.

Just down the road from town, the valley of the Ausable River flowed through a canyon, whose mountainsides displayed ski jumps, slopes with lifts, luge runs and other signs of winter sport. Every half mile or so on the highway that ran along the river, there were places to pull off and park, to picnic or simply enjoy the Adirondack scenery. Jones' Orvis Shop in Lake Placid offered fly fishing supplies, guide service, and updates on hatches and river conditions.

In 1983, I was on my second trip to the area, so my preparations were not only musical, but included packing my fishing gear. In those days, I took my 8-foot harpsichord on an open trailer, hauled behind a VW two-seater sports car. A few years later I discovered that the harpsichord would fit inside a Chrysler Grand Voyager. Not much room left for fly tackle with the sports car, with two weeks worth of clothes, and musical equipment.

I arrived about 3pm, after a two-day drive, and loaded the harpsichord into the Art Center, ditched the trailer at my host's home, bought a New York license at Jones' fly shop, and headed to the river. I had been invited to dinner that



evening at the home of one of the original musicians of the Sinfonietta, a bassoonist who taught at Eastman. It was to be a get-acquainted affair, and dinner would be served at 7pm. It was now almost 5, so there would be little time to wet a line. I drove down to the bottom of the 'flies only' stretch, where there was a parking spot directly across the river from an enormous cube of a boulder. I pulled on my vest and set up my rod. The water was low and clear, and much too warm. My stream thermometer said 75 degrees. No waders necessary. The previous year, I had discovered that a cold spring entered the Ausable from under that house-sized rock.

At the parking lot, a young couple were pawing each other eagerly. He was from the nearby airbase, and she was a local girl. They paused just long enough to ask me what I was doing. I explained that I was only going to make a couple of casts, under the edge of the boulder, because if there were any trout to be caught, they'd be in the cooler water where the spring was, and that I had a dinner date and couldn't stay long.

I waded in and crossed the river, getting in position to cast so that my fly swept under the boulder and my strike indicator ran along its edge. I was fishing with a Sage 4711LL, CFO reel, and I tied a #16 olive bead head Caddis pupa to my 5x tippet. My first cast didn't go where I intended, but its course showed me where the next cast needed to be, and I watched the indicator float along the rock edge for a couple of feet before it slowly sank. I tightened and was surprised by a sullen weight. I thought I had snagged an underwater obstruction,

but then there was a surge, and out into the current swam the biggest Rainbow trout I'd ever encountered. The fish, encountering the warm water, was quickly winded, turned sideways and let the current take it downstream, with me splashing after it. There wasn't much of a fight, and I netted the trout, which, unfortunately, was beyond saving. It was dead in the few minutes it took to catch it. The young people on the bank were now clapping loudly, and I took the fish and waded over to my parking spot. The kids took a photo of me holding the great fish. I got in the car and quickly drove back to the Acme market in Lake Placid, where I knew there would be a scale. With wet pants, and the fish still in the net, I ran into the store, found a plastic bag to put the fish in, and a scale. This drew the immediate attention of the manager, who came over to see what was up. He said that the newspaper office was in the same mall, and he'd call over there to see whether a photographer/reporter was available to come over to the store. My fish weighed 6lbs, 4oz. Soon the reporter appeared, got my name, where I was from, and took another photo of the fish. I asked the manager of the Acme whether he would keep the fish for me in his freezer, and he agreed. Then I went to the dinner party, with an amazing tale to share and wet pants.

Here's the fun part: The newspaper appeared on Thursday. On page 3, there was a photo of me in concert dress with the announcement that "Layton James will be guest conductor of the Lake Placid Sinfonietta at Sunday afternoon's concert at the Art Center" There were additional details about the program and that I'd brought my own harpsichord to perform on. On page 7, there was another photo of me, holding a huge trout, taken at the Acme market, with text: "Visiting fisherman from Minnesota catches largest trout this season from the Ausable." The editor of the paper didn't catch that the well-dressed harpsichordist and disheveled fisherman were, in fact, the same person.

The fish was retrieved from the freezer, and taken to a local taxidermist for mounting. The following summer, I picked it up, and for many years it hung over my fly tying bench. I gave it to Bob Mitchell's fly shop several years ago. 🐟

FLY TIER'S CORNER: Egg Sucking Carey Special

Recipe & Photo: Brian Smolinski / Fly tied by Ron Kuehn



Hook: Daiichi 1720 size 6

Thread: Uni 6/0 136 Denier Rusty Dun

Tag: Oval Tinsel – Silver

Rib: Oval Tinsel – Silver

Body: Peacock Herl

Thorax: Blend of Hot Orange Rabbit & UV Shrimp Pink Ice Dub

Hackle: Pheasant Rump

- 1) Start thread on the hook and wrap back until about even with point of the hook.
- 2) Tie in a long piece of Oval Tinsel and wrap it back to even with the barb of the hook, then forward again 4-5 touching turns.
- 3) Tie off the tinsel and tie in 6-8 Peacock herls. Wrap them forward, putting in a slight twist with each wrap.
- 4) Stop the herl about two thirds of the way forward, tie it off, and trim excess.
- 5) Counter-wrap the rib forward and tie off in front of the body.
- 6) Create an egg or ball-shaped thorax with a several turns of the loosely dubbed orange dubbing blend.
- 7) Strip off the fuzz of the butt of the pheasant rump feather. Tie in feather by the butt and make 3 full turns of the feather, pulling back the hackle fibers after each wrap.
- 8) Build a thread head and finish.

Kiap-TU-Wish

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Jonathan Jacobs is a longtime chapter member and de facto, monthly columnist. He's also the guy who introduces everyone by name at chapter meetings.

Skip James is a long-time chapter member and former editor of RipRap. Retired from his position as keyboardist with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, he is currently the music director at Bethel Lutheran Church in Hudson, WI.

Questions? Stop in at Lund's Fly Shop or email Brian at brian@lundsflyshop.com



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February 7, 2018
Chapter Meeting

Junior's Bar & Restaurant
414 South Main Street
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www.juniorsrf.com



**Flyfishing the Driftless:
Techniques and Strategies** by
Rich Osthoff, local guide and author

Please join us on February 7th!

Dinner starts at 6pm (your dime).
The meeting starts at 7pm.