

Kiap-TU-Wish Trout Unlimited November 2001

President's Lines

Opportunity:

How many times have you heard the saying "It's not a problem ...it's an opportunity ?" Normally I cringe and mutter unprintable expressions when I hear that buzz phrase, but maybe such a thing is possible.

Such an "opportunity" is our current stream improvement project on the Eau Galle River. The project, which is being lead by member John Koch and the Wisconsin DNR, has as its target a significant improvement to the Eau Galle River via a bottom draw from the Eau Galle Reservoir dam and substantial bank improvement along the river below the dam.

The chapter is currently constructing "lunker structures" that will be placed along the bank and then covered with rip-rap. This project will stabilize the banks and cause the river to flow narrower and deeper, substantially improving trout habit.

I strongly encourage you to attend one or more of the scheduled project workdays. It's a great opportunity to feel good about yourself and the Chapter and how we can make a difference that will be enjoyed for generations. I guarantee you that you will come away from the work day feeling much better!

You can find more information on our website at: www.lambcom.net/kiaptuwish

See you at the project!

Andy Lamberson
Chapter President

New Time and Place for Meetings

By Jon Jacobs

The chapter is relocating its monthly meetings to **Bob Smith's Sports Club** at 601 2nd Street in downtown Hudson. The Sports Club is on the northwest corner of the intersection one block north of the second stoplight as you drive north on 2nd Street (Exit 1 off Interstate 94). There is ample parking across the street in the municipal lot. President Lamberson will now call meetings to order at **7PM** on the first Wednesday of the month. This start time will get you home earlier and make it easier to attend meetings. For the time being we will meet informally for dinner at 6PM and will order from the regular menu.

South American Trouting

By Jon Jacobs

Our chapter's own Renaissance man, attorney-biologist Dave Ballman, will regale us with tales of his recent trip to the Argentine at our November meeting. Remember, in addition to wonderful scenery, crystal clear rivers and spectacular angling, Argentina has one more magnificent attribute: It's in the southern hemisphere, which means it's summer there when it's winter here. Join us at 7PM on Wednesday, November 7 and learn how Dave planned and executed this trip of a lifetime and you, too, will know how to become a year around angler. **Please note the new time and place for chapter meetings – see the article on page one of this issue for specifics.**

Gala Holiday Affair in the Works

By Jon Jacobs

The Chapter's holiday banquet committee is working overtime to assure that this year's event will be the best ever. First and foremost on the list of improvements is a change in venue. The banquet will be held at the **Tartan Park Clubhouse**, the 3M facility south of Lake Elmo, Minnesota at 11455 20th St. North on **Thursday, December 6**. **Note the one-time departure from our Wednesday schedule.** If you've ever attended any kind of function there, you know that it's a first-class operation. The management has graciously granted us the use of two rooms, one for our silent auction and another for dining. The meal will be served buffet style and will feature sliced round of beef and boneless chicken breast as entrees, with au gratin potatoes, vegetables, dinner rolls and a beverage as accompaniments. The second piece of wonderful news about the banquet is that **Tom Anderson**, a long-time chapter member, expert angler and flyfishing industry representative has agreed to speak at this event. Tom's program will entertain and delight anglers and non-anglers alike. The cost is twenty five dollars per person. Reservations may be made by calling Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop at 651-770-5854, or Jon Jacobs at 715-386-7822.

Remember that the silent auction is an integral part of the banquet. Donations to the auction may be dropped at Bob Mitchell's Fly Shop. We encourage everyone to get involved with the auction. High quality angling-related items, artwork and handcrafted goods of all sorts are particularly popular auction items. This is the chapter's only fundraising mechanism and is a heck of a lot of fun, too.

The Eau Galle Project: An Update

By John Koch

Recently, the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources solicited the Kiap-TU-Wish chapter for our assistance with the Eau Galle River Restoration project.

As many of you already know, the Eau Galle River is a river in need of help. A once first-class cold water resource that at one time rivaled both our fabled Kinnickinnic and Rush rivers for fishing opportunities, it was dammed by a large earthen impoundment above the village of Spring Valley in the late 1960's. Since that time, the river has deteriorated to a point to where it will no longer support the necessary cold water environment needed for sustaining a population of trout. Water temperatures downstream from the village of Spring Valley have been recorded as high as 85°F, lethal for trout, and beyond the comfort range for even rough fish species such as carp.

Within the last two years, our chapter has been involved in a series of meetings with the DNR, representatives from the Army Corps of Engineers, and area sportsman's clubs to determine what needs to be done to bring this resource back to "life." An action plan was drawn up, and the first in a series of steps was initiated last year with an alteration of the discharge flows coming from the impoundment. With cooler water coming from the dam for the first time in years, results thus far have been dramatic. With these encouraging results, further plans can now be put into place. These plans include habitat restoration and stream improvement within the village of Spring Valley and surrounding feeder streams. This work will serve a major role in improving the conditions of the Eau Galle far downstream.

Our chapter has been asked for its assistance with this project in two ways: working volunteers and cash donations.

VOLUNTEERS: our chapter has shown in the past that we can be counted on by the WDNR when it comes to getting our hands dirty. We will be building trout habitat structures this fall; a schedule of work dates, with times and locations, will be coming soon. Volunteering greatly reduces the need for actual cash dollars that will be required for a large project such as this. Please make every effort to give a helping hand.

CASH DONATIONS: a large amount of money is needed to see this project along.

Several cost sharing grants have been applied for, both with the State and Federal governments. The key is that these grants are cost SHARING - the more money we put into the project, the more we can get done. Kiap-TU-Wish has created an Eau Galle Restorations Fund to facilitate and keep track of the dollars donated. Your donations will pay for materials used in the project: oak planks and posts used to build habitat structures, and native limestone that is used to hold the structures in place once they are installed in the streambed. Checks can be made out to Kiap-TU-Wish. A cash donation is a great way to contribute to any project in lieu of volunteering."

After ironing out a few logistical problems, we now have a firm schedule of work dates for this season. We will be working with the DNR to build habitat structures for the Eau Galle River project, to be staged this year, and put into place starting next spring.

To "ease the pain" of volunteering, the chapter will be randomly giving away a number of prizes to the volunteers who show up and help out at this year's work dates. Names will be thrown into a hat on each work date; at the end of the season, we'll draw names for the prizes - the more dates you show up for, the more times you can get your name into the drawing.

At the top of the prize list is a top-of-the-line rod tube from Stone Legacy. Stone Legacy is a local company (presently building in Spring Valley), and manufactures rod tubes for such rod companies as Sage and Scott. Generously offered by co-owner and member Jan McMasters, this high-quality tube will give your valuable fly rod years of protection. The chapter is working to add more prizes to the list.

The staging area/work site is located just east of the village of Spring Valley, just off Hwy. 29 on Eau Galle Road. This is directly across the highway from St. John's Lutheran church (which burned last year and is being rebuilt) and east of Handy Andy Park and the wastewater treatment plant. There is a large iron trestle bridge sitting there right now. If you would like a map, please e-mail me at wis_flyfishing@hotmail.com and I will send you one.

The schedule of work dates for this year (it's easy to remember: there is one every weekend starting October 13, 9:00 a.m.) is below. Due to Saturday work schedules, there has been a desire to schedule some Sunday dates; I've included a couple. Please try to plan on attending as

many of these dates as possible - we want to try and build as many structures as we can this fall/winter:

Saturday, October 13
Sunday, October 21
Saturday, October 27
Sunday, November 4
Saturday, November 10

If the weather holds, we'll extend these dates out. Also, we've got our brushing project on the Kinni to resume in the early part of next spring.

John Koch, a resident of rural Spring Valley, is a Kiap-TU-Wish board member.

The Humpless Casemaker

By Clarke Garry

Many Kinnickinnic River visitors are familiar with the small (~10 mm), dark, tube-shaped cases commonly seen attached to rocks on the river bottom. Although these cases may be vacated, they are an unmistakable indication of high quality water in our river. These tubecases are fabricated by a caddisfly known as the humpless casemaker, *Brachycentrus occidentalis* (Trichoptera: Brachycentridae), an extremely common benthic (stream bottom) organism in our watershed.

This insect is one of the twenty species of caddisflies I've collected as larvae from the Kinnickinnic River. I presently estimate this species as the second most common caddisfly in the system. Of caddisfly larvae collected to date 23% (491 specimens) are *B. occidentalis*; the more common netspinner, *Ceratopsyche slossonae*, composes ~33% of total caddisfly larvae. The humpless casemaker has been collected as larvae at all 17 collection sites established along the length of the Kinni from Kinnickinnic River State Park to sites north of I-94.

The common name of this caddisfly comes from the fact that larvae of this species lack both the dorsal and lateral spacers (humps) on the first abdominal segment. (These adaptations play a role in water flow into and out of the cases of most caddisflies.) The observer will likely notice the dark head and thoracic plates, unusually long middle and hind legs, and green body. Technical identification requires observation of (in addition to the absence of humps): 1) small, widely separated plates on the third thoracic segment, 2) a strong furrow across the first thoracic segment, and 3) the presence of four dark setae (hairs) on the ventral (belly) side of the first

abdominal segment. Useful keys for technical species identification are Hilsenhoff (1985) and Flint (1984).

Caddisflies (order Trichoptera) are close relatives of butterflies and moths (order Lepidoptera) and as such spin silk that is used for a variety of purposes. One of the major uses is in formation of the case in which the larva lives, which varies in size and composition in the humpless casemaker. In the first instars (early summer) the cases are assembled from small fragments of vegetation which are attached, using silk secretions, transversely; these cases are square in cross-section. As subsequent instars develop (later summer and fall), case enlargement occurs with a mixture of mineral and silk (Gallepp 1974) and lesser amounts of vegetation; at this time the cases become progressively rounder in profile. As the larva begins transformation to the pupa, larger sand grains are added to the case rims (Gallepp 1974). Silk is also used by larvae to do a tethered drift as well as to make cases and attach them to rocks or plant substrate.

Brachycentrus larvae ingest diatoms, algae, plant detritus, and other insects (Wiggins 1998). They feed both by filtering and by grazing. In the first approach, with the case attached to the substrate, they extend the middle and hind legs to extract food particles from the current. The grazing approach (case unattached) is based on scraping of algae from elements of the substrate.

Hilsenhoff in his 1985 summary of the Brachycentridae of Wisconsin records five species of *Brachycentrus* in the state. He notes, "All of them tended to be absent from streams that had been subjected to even small amounts of organic pollution, and probably for that reason they were mostly absent from agricultural counties in the south and east." *B. occidentalis* has an assigned tolerance value of 1 (based on a ten point scale, 0=excellent, 10=very poor) (Hilsenhoff 1987) which supports determinations of high quality water when biotic indexing is carried out. *B. occidentalis* is an inhabitant of cold streams, "... mostly in those with a significant flow from springs." (Hilsenhoff 1985).

My survey records indicate that mature *B. occidentalis* larvae disappear entirely from the river in late March (the latest record I have is 20 March) and reappear as small larvae in early June. This suggestion of adult emergence (hatch) agrees well with Hilsenhoff's (1985) emergence record of 13 April to 27 May, given a pupal duration of 31-34 days (Gallepp 1974).

Some additional behavioral aspects of *Brachycentrus* life are of interest. Borger (1980) discusses the availability of cased caddis larvae, including *B. americanus* to trout during daytime drift. This, of course, is in direct contrast to

the classic nocturnal behavioral drift phenomenon. Waters (1972) references a report of brook trout feeding on day-drifting *B. americanus* larvae. Gallepp (1974) in laboratory studies of *B. occidentalis* demonstrated that, as pupation approached, filtering behavior ceased and individuals began moving about. With this movement came increased drift in his laboratory stream. An additional curious symbiotic relationship was discovered by Gallepp in studies of wild-collected *B. occidentalis* pupae from a trout stream in central Wisconsin. Thirty-two percent of these pupae were infested with a larva of the chironomid midge, *Eukiefferiella*. It appears that if the midge larva is small, it does no harm to the caddisfly. If it is larger, however, it may kill the host by crowding the case or changing the flow of water necessary for respiration.

Borger (1980) relates that trout scrape caddisfly larvae from the river bottom, ingesting case and all. Certainly the pupae, as they escape their cases and swim to the surface to emerge from the pupal skin, are highly vulnerable to predation. And as in all caddisflies, when females return to the water to lay eggs, yet another life stage of the caddisfly is subject to the attention of feeding trout.

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Dr. Clarke Garry is a professor of biology at the University of Wisconsin - River Falls.

Last Summer

By John Koch

The rivers I fish speak to me of many different things, all of which combined make up a part of my being - my most fond, and most painful, memories that always return me to the environs surrounding the moving water of the river. The faint aroma of burning leaves takes me back to smoky campfire mornings along it's banks; the gray days of fall return lost friends to hunt with me one final time in the surrounding hills and valleys.

A week of hot, humid weather has led me to the river's edge to fish its hatch of tricos. The sun is just starting to appear over the wooded hilltops as I make my way upstream. Unidentified perfumes fill the wet, cool air, threatening to overtake my senses. Illuminated by the early morning light, the ancient river meanders on the course it has held since the giant elk and the woolly rhinoceros wandered across Wisconsin at the end of the Pliocene, when the last of the great ice sheets retreated from the Midwest. Leaving behind a cracked and tortured landscape, broken from the great weight of the ice flows, the river valleys and coulees are the evidence we see of their passing.

I pause at a likely looking spot, a gravel bar that leads into the river to become a riffle. Transported from the far north, the stones have been tumbled and ground into the gravel and sand deposits we now find along the stream. Closer inspection will lead the lucky finder to red and gray-striped banded-iron formations from northern Minnesota, beautiful agates from Lake Superior, and even a rare amethyst crystal from the Canadian Shield. An interesting paradox of area geology: curly-cued snail impressions of Cambrian gastropods found next to Cretaceous petrified wood exposed out of Pliocene glacial deposits; each in it's turn formed millions of geological years apart from the other.

Wading across the stream stirs up sediments that at once reek of foul, secret things long dead, of sweet new life, of cold winter nights giving way to bright sunny days. Amid the raising trout, a bright green leaf falls into the current, gradually sinking to the bottom, adding itself to the nutrients already there. The leaf is rendered into the surrounding sediments by the nibblers and the shredders of the stream: mayfly nymphs, caddis larvae, scuds. These deposits in turn swirl in the current, gradually mixing their way further down the stream. Eventually the sediments make their way to a larger river, which in turn eventually reach the largest of all: truly, a river of life.

The trout continue to feed on something invisible: five steps to the right and a different angle of view reveal a

golden cloud of *Tricorythodes minutus*, illuminated now by a shaft of early morning sunlight filtering through the trees, hovering over the surface of the water. From time to time a black-and-white female descends to the water to deposit her single green egg sac. The black male, his mission accomplished hours before, is swept downstream as a lifeless spinner.

As it happens sometimes with heavy hatches, it seems as if every fish in the stream is gorging itself at the surface. A little experimentation and a trimmed poly-winged spinner pattern is selected. In the mayhem of feeding trout, indiscriminate casting results in only a very few strikes. By picking a fish, timing it's movements, and then casting to it specifically, my success increases substantially.

On cue from one of the intangible forces, the clouds of mayflies disappear, and the trout sink back into the depths of the stream. I am left to revel in its coolness for a few last moments. Hundreds of previously unseen spider webs, heavy and dripping with dew left by the swirling morning mists, show the only traces left from the morning's frenzy. These traces, too, will shortly disappear, as the web's inhabitants make short work of the entrapped mayflies. Unseen currents in the air whip and swirl the mists above the water until finally, as the sun reaches with it's full force into the river valley, they disappear. The shrill "eeeeeeent" of a tree frog rings through the woods, and the cool, wet morning transforms within minutes into a thick, hot day as the river returns to its quiet meandering ways. (August, 2001)

Skip's Loose Threads:

Fathers and Sons

By Layton "Skip" James

For generations, it has been a fact of living that one's sons would learn their father's craft, whether it was shoemaking, trading, or even singing. These days, in a time of dramatic change, it's a wonder that the next generation finds anything useful in the older one. I remember trying to instruct my two sons in the skills of fly fishing with minimal success. The older one, then in his early teens, imagined himself gifted at just about everything, and couldn't imagine that something as simple as fishing might involve some significant effort on his part. The younger one, on the other hand, looked at fishing time as "quality time with Dad," and although much less adept at the physical skills than his brother, he tried to learn some of the secrets of knots, bugs, and casting. I have to admit that as a divorced, non-custodial parent, my chances to teach the subject were sporadic, and the necessary review of the day's lessons that normally occurs while driving

home from a trout stream was often co-opted by other things my boys wanted to talk to me about: primarily girls. Given my state of matrimony, I felt myself a less than perfect sage on that topic as well.

So it was with some surprise and disbelief that I received, two years ago this past June, an e-mail from my younger son Matt, inquiring as to the nature of the Mayfly hatch he'd witnessed coming off a mountain lake on a recent hike. I guess the bugs were so thick they couldn't be ignored. Matt, now thirty, is a videographer who loves to hike in the Rockies. He has a circle of friends who climb the peaks, follow the trails, take photographs, and share stories with one another. He has become somewhat of a naturalist, learning the plants, the geology and the fauna of his adopted home. He'd just discovered there's living things in the water of those high-country streams and ponds.

On a visit home to Minnesota about a month later, I gave him my ultralight spinning rod and reel. Back in Denver, he bought a few Mepps spinners and caught a trout or two. Later that summer, I took part in a trout-fishing competition held on a lake near Leadville, Colorado. My host invited me to stay an extra day to fish, and I asked my boys to visit me there. My older son Evan, an Air Force officer, was stationed in Denver at the time, studying electrical engineering at University of Colorado. From float tubes we cast dry flies to cruising rainbows with moderate success. I noticed that Matt's casting technique had improved, and afterwards, at dinner at a Mexican restaurant I call the "Heart-burn House," he peppered me with questions about flies, reading water, and the timing of a Callibaetis hatch. At the conclusion of that trip, I gave each son a trout fishing outfit. I'm pretty sure that my older boy has never fished since then, perhaps from lack of opportunity, but probably because fishing is for him a low priority activity. Matt, on the other hand, has taken up fly fishing for trout with great enthusiasm.

Like most novices, Matt doesn't actually catch fish. He wades in streams, including the South Platte at Deckers, he visits his local fly shop, asks questions, and makes mistakes. I get e-mails on various subjects: Baetis emergers, why he couldn't catch a trout when the entire river was boiling with rises, what to do when the river seems lifeless and troutless. I am both thankful that my son has been bitten by the trout fishing bug, and rueful that I'm not there to share his successes and failures.

In August, my family made a vacation trip to Chico Hot Springs, just north of Yellowstone National Park. I invited Matt to drive up from Denver and stay with us for four days. My older son was in training in Louisiana and couldn't make it. We planned to fish together at least two

of those days, on Slough Creek and the Lamar, if it was clear enough. I stocked my flybox with hoppers, Green Drakes, Gray Drakes, Baetis imitations, ants and beetles. Enough flies for two...actually enough for a dozen! I tied new leaders, bought an expensive new rod and reel. That turned out to be fortuitous, since Matt called to say that he'd broken the tip of his fly rod and could I bring an extra one for him. I reminded him that the broken rod was a Sage LL with a lifetime guarantee, and he took it to his fly shop and they sent it in to be replaced. Matt arrived at Chico after a long, solo drive, and after greetings and supper, he went to bed.

The next morning was bright and clear, and as we drove to the Park, his anticipation was contagious. In his haste and excitement, he'd forgotten to bring his hat, his sunglasses, a long-sleeved shirt...all left back at Chico with his hiking gear. I happened to have an extra pair of clip-on polarized sunglasses in my chestpack, but I could only offer a bandanna for his head. We arrived at the Slough Creek turnoff about 10am. As we got into our waders, with the sun already high in the cloudless sky, I hoped that my son wouldn't have a terrible sunburn after a day on the stream.

The Slough Creek trout were finicky as always. We stationed ourselves at either end of a large eddy, where cruising fish sipped both tiny Baetis and large Green Drake duns from the quiet side of a current seam. I gave Matt the position with the least glare, and with an upstream delivery to the feeding fish, while I practiced my slack line casting at the head. I fished with a Baetis emerger on 6x, while Matt tied on a large Drake on 4x. After about an hour, I had pulled my fly out of the mouth of three fish without hooking any, and Matt had struck too fast on a big cutthroat that had turned on his dry fly. We both moved downstream a little way, and I offered Matt my hat, which he gratefully accepted. Of course, the shaded brim made a huge difference in what he could see in the water. I stayed on the bank and coached my son, feeling very proud of his casting, which was hugely improved from the previous year.

There was a quiet backwater near the head of the pool, where I noticed a fish that swam around sluggishly and occasionally took a dun from a line of foam that had collected there. I pointed out the fish to Matt, who cast to it immediately. It was a good thing that the cast was short, since his delivery had cut across several faster currents and his fly was immediately pulled this way and that. I suggested he come to shore, where he could cast over bare rocks and eliminate drag. When he got into position, we studied the fish for about twenty minutes, timing its rises, watching from which direction it intercepted floating food, trying to see whether it was taking Green Drakes or Baetis.

After watching the third big dun disappear, we lengthened Matt's leader, changed the tippet to 5x, put on a fresh fly, and moved to within about thirty feet of the fish. We measured out the necessary line and let it lie on the ground in loose coils. Just before the fish was expected to rise again, Matt made one false cast, and delivered the fly to the foam. The cast was purposely made over dry land so that only about six feet of leader was actually in the water. That fly could have remained dragless for an hour or more, or until it got waterlogged. It sat there for about a minute before the fish made a lazy turn to its left, rose, and stuck its nose out of the water and casually took the fly. We had discussed striking techniques, and he had already lost a fish by striking too hard and too fast. He tightened at just the right moment, the fish dashed into the current, and the fight was on, accompanied by a whoop of excitement from my son.

It turned out to be a Cutbow, one of those Slough Creek hybrids that have the pulling power of a Cutthroat combined with the acrobatics of a Rainbow. Moreover, it was also the biggest trout Matt had ever been attached to. He played it carefully, keeping its head up, and using side pressure to good advantage. After a couple of minutes it was ready to land, and after removing his fly, he held it briefly so I could take its picture. The photo captures not only the fish, but the look on Matt's face. It clearly shows another full-fledged member of our fraternity, smitten for life with the love of bright fish and moving water, with the feel of a fine fly rod in the hand, with the caress of the breeze on your cheek and the murmur of water around your waders. My son had become a fly fisher.

Layton James of St. Mary's Point, MN is a keyboardist with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Letter to the Editor:

We're in danger of losing Rip-Rap. Since the chapter was founded in 1972 Rip-Rap has been the chapter's voice, informing and entertaining the membership. It reaches every household to deliver meeting notices, chapter business and state and local trout news. How many of you know that RIP-RAP stands for Restoration, Improvement & Preservation through Research And Projects? The masthead delivers the Chapter's mission every time you read receive it.

When Rip-Rap originated it was produced with a hand-lettered masthead and was copied on a mimeograph machine. About 1980 or '81 the newsletter switched to a paste-up format and was printed in a print shop. Today the camera-ready copy is produced on a computer and produced in a print shop using the latest in print technology. In earlier days we had about 120 members and postage was less than 15 cents a copy. During the last decade three things have happened to change the finances surrounding the newsletter. First, the chapter has increased its membership to over 200. Second, postage has more than doubled to 34 cents a copy. Third, Rip-Rap has taken a decidedly literary turn, transforming itself from a bare bones newsletter to a four to eight page magazine.

Even though the membership eagerly anticipates the arrival of the next issue, these three factors have dramatically raised the cost of producing and delivering Rip-Rap to your door. For the past ten years or so we've

funded the Rip-Rap through the proceeds generated by the silent auction at the Holiday Banquet. The problem is that the auction doesn't generate the excitement that it used to. So, while the Rip-Rap costs have risen our funding source is declining.

A board, which sets policy and objectives, and an executive committee, which is charged with executing the board's directives, manage our chapter. Faced with the prospect of rising costs and declining revenue our board showed its mettle and decided to cut funding for the Rip-Rap. Sending you a postcard is easier than raising the money to fund your newsletter, so it's up to you to save Rip-Rap by working on the issue of providing funding.

Elsewhere in this issue you'll find a letter from Gary Horvath regarding this funding dilemma. Since we get no financial help from National TU it's up to us to cover our operating expenses. Please use the enclosed envelope to mail your contribution to us. Your donation should be marked (Rip-Rap) so the funding is dedicated. Thanks for your help. Let's keep Rip-Rap.

Michael Alwin
Stillwater, MN

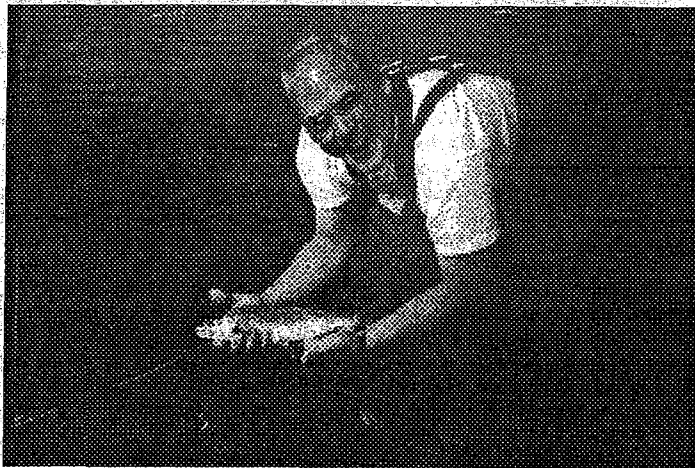
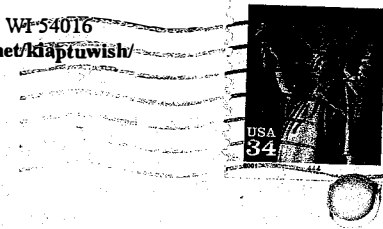
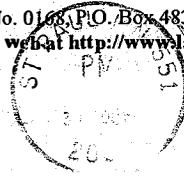
Editorial

By Jon Jacobs

As you can see by the enclosure and Mike Alwin's letter in this issue, the future of RipRap weighs heavily on Kiap-TU-Wish this month. Gary Horvath explains the facts, Mr. Alwin delivers an appeal and now I'm begging. I believe that a copy of RipRap mailed to your door is the single best way we have of delivering information to all our members. I further believe that it provides our chapter with a certain sense of unity and cohesion that we would miss greatly were RipRap to cease regular publication. Beyond that, on a purely personal level, I've come to love this little rag and the process of producing it each month. Please don't throw me out of work. Mr. Horvath's letter includes a form that allows you to determine what RipRap is worth to you personally – what hearing from Mike Edgerly, Sarah Sanford, Jim Humphrey, Skip James, John Koch, Clarke Garry or any of our other fine writers means to you. Remember, the "challenge grant" mentioned at the end of Mr. Horvath's letter will double the value of any contribution you make. Please think long and hard about this.

New Board Member Signs On

Ted Mackmiller of rural Hudson, a veteran Kiap-TU-Wish member who has previously served on the Wisconsin State Council of Trout Unlimited, has joined the Chapter's Board of Directors. He fills a vacancy created by the departure of Steve Parry, who resigned citing other time commitments. Mr. Mackmiller was elected by the board at its October meeting in accordance with chapter by-laws. The Chapter thanks Mr. Parry for his service and wishes Mr. Mackmiller well in his new role.



Matt James and Cuttbow – see article on page 5.

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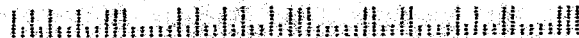
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Ted Mackmiller	715-549-6775

RIPRAP EDITOR:

Jon Jacobs	715-386-7822
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MEETING AND PROGRAM SCHEDULE:

NOVEMBER 7: Dave Ballman on Argentine Troutng

DECEMBER 6: Holiday Banquet

JANUARY 2: Clarke Garry on Kinnickinnic Entomology

FEBRUARY 6: Bonefishing in Cozumel

MARCH 6: Annual Business Meeting

APRIL 3: Dick Frantes Memorial Fly Tying Extravaganza

MAY 1: WIDNR on local conservation issues

DEADLINE FOR DECEMBER RIPRAP: FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24.