

President's Lines

As I write this, our area continues to bask in another spell of Indian Summer (squared). With temps in the 70's and 80's, it's not too difficult to imagine caddis flies popping on the Kinn right now. But with the trout season closed, wetting a line cannot be done. However, good therapy for me in the off season is simply visiting my favorite spots without my tackle. For me, hunting, snowshoeing, or just running the dogs draws me to our rivers and creeks. I think there is a lot of therapy and enjoyment to be had, even when the trout season comes to a halt. I would encourage you to visit your favorite spots, and observe the little things as the season changes. And take some notes on your exploratory trips. Is there a bank that needs stabilizing, a structure could be placed, a bank of box elders that are tipping in the water? It definitely keeps me energized and invigorated to be in touch and in tune with our waters at all times of the year, and to work at keeping them as clean and cold as they ought to be.

Tight lines,

Brent Sittlow

VP to relate Yellowstone adventures.

The redoubtable Andy Lamberson, our chapter vice president, will guide us to Yellowstone National Park on a family camping, hiking and fishing adventure at our November meeting. Andy is a Yellowstone expert, having camped and fished there nearly every year for the past fifteen and he promises the inside scoop on secret places to fish and hike in solitude and safety. Join us at the JR Ranch east of Hudson at Hwys. I-94 and U.S. 12 on Wednesday, November 1. Dinner is available at 6:30PM and the meeting begins at 8:00PM.

Gratitude

Editorial by Jon Jacobs

Gratitude is a fitting theme, I think, for our November issue, considering that most appealing American holiday, Thanksgiving, lies near the end of it. Two of our regular contributors concentrate on it in this issue. Here's my story:

I'd like to report on my experiences when I spent a day helping the Wisconsin DNR with the Rush River Watershed Survey. It was a tremendous amount of fun. I met some fine folks and renewed friendships with others. I also learned a great deal that I could put to use on any trout stream. I relearned just how much trout love cover and I found out about the habits of the sculpin, a really neat little fish and a favorite trout prey. I saw a two foot long brown trout and, for the first time ever, a tiger trout, a stunningly beautiful hybrid cross between a male brook trout and a female brown trout. As I said, it was great fun for a day, particularly in the clement weather we had, but my friend Martin Engel and his colleagues in the DNR had been at it for weeks. They had been up and down the main stem of the Rush and into every brushy and alder choked little feeder stream. It's hard, demanding, physical work to wade for hours against the current while dragging a shocking boat behind or to push a net through the water all day and to lift that fish-laden net out of that water repetitively. While other volunteers and I rested between runs, however, the professional fisheries staff had to change water in the holding vessels to keep it well oxygenated, weigh and measure the fish and ready the equipment for the next run. Then, these folks would work just as hard or harder than the volunteers. This cycle repeated all day, just as it had for days on end. Of course, their regular work at the office doesn't disappear while they're in the field. It piles up and needs to be tended to. When they do get back to the office on a semi-regular basis, they put their academic training to use, compiling and interpreting the data they've collected. If there's anyone out there who thinks these people aren't grossly underpaid and underappreciated, they're dead wrong.

I have none of the scientific training to back this up, but judging from the numbers of tiny brown trout collected and released in this survey and considering that no fry stocking of brown trout is done in the Martell area, I think we had to have been looking at a fair number of stream-born fish (I believe the number of brook trout, which are all wild in the Rush, also supports this). It wasn't too long ago that this was considered totally unrealistic. There are other signs of improving water

quality in the Rush, e.g., smaller numbers of warmwater minnows and crayfish, less scum on the broken limestone substrate, etc.. Perhaps this is in some measure due to a federal agricultural policy that results in less acreage under the plow in the watershed or to climate changes, but a fair amount of credit for the health of the river must be given to the Rush River-Eau Galle Sportsmen's Club, which has labored long and hard for the Rush. The club supported a bag and size limit regulation that simply must have some influence on the reputed presence of over 800 trout over 12 inches per mile there. Considering the incredible popularity of the Rush as an angling destination, this is an impressive statistic. Also impressive is the amount of unfettered access anglers enjoy on this stream, which is largely without public easements or ownership of riparian lands. Credit the club's work with landowners and the extreme generosity of the landowners themselves for this.

Let me turn away from the Rush for a moment to mention that at the October meeting Tim Popple of the Kinnickinnic River Priority Watershed Project and Rick McMonagle of the Kinnickinnic River Land Trust gave great updates on their respective organizations activities. From the Project's positive influence on the stormwater management plan of the new River Falls High School to the Land Trust's role in the DNR's acquisition of the Swinging Gate property, there was abundant evidence that both are doing fine work.

I know that my Thanksgiving prayer is going to express my gratitude for the lives and work of all the people I've mentioned and for everyone who loves rivers, trout and our natural heritage enough to work so hard and so effectively on their behalf. How about yours?

Tom Helgeson headlines Holiday Banquet on Dec. 6:

Tom Helgeson, publisher of Midwest Fly Fishing, a premier regional publication dedicated to fly angling and conservation, is the speaker at our annual holiday gala. The banquet is scheduled for Wednesday, December 6 at the JR Ranch. The evening will begin with a social hour at 6:30PM. This hour will give you an opportunity to examine the goods and put in your first bids at the silent auction. Dinner will be served at 7:30PM. The program and the auction finale will follow. More details on ticket pricing and menu will appear in December's RipRap, but the cost is expected to be in line with last year's and the menu will

be improved. is not too soon to begin thinking about the Kiap-TU-Wish Holiday Banquet.

Jon Jacobs (715/386/7822) and Mike Alwin (651/770/5854) will again take reservations and serve as drop-off points for donations to the silent auction. The banquet committee wants to do a better job of attracting interesting and high quality items for the auction. As such, it needs your help. Please consider how you can help us do a better job for you and for the chapter.

Trout Stocking Activity

Chuck Goossen reports that Kiap-TU-Wish volunteers assisted the St. Croix Falls DNR Hatchery with stocking 10,500 brown trout fingerlings in the lower Willow River. This was the 29th consecutive year of cooperative stocking for the chapter. Chapter volunteers were Bob Bradham, Ted Mackmiller and Chuck Goossen.

On October 5, Chuck Goossen stocked 25,000 rainbow trout fry from the Osceola DNR Hatchery in the lower Willow River and Race. These were "swim up" fry which averaged .5" in length and weighed in at 4,500 per pound.

May both the browns and rainbows live long and prosper.

Thanks, Perry!

by Jon Jacobs

For the first time in fifteen years of attending Kiap-TU-Wish meetings, I won a door prize, a half dozen trico spinners tied by Perry Palin. Man, these are some flies! Compared to Perry's, my attempts at trico spinners more closely, as Tom McGuane once wrote, "imitate the effect of a riot gun on a love seat." So, I'm thanking Perry personally and on behalf of Kiap-TU-Wish, too, because I think my half dozen make it an even one million flies that Perry has donated to the chapter.

Clinic a Success

by Michael Alwin

Kiap-TU-Wish hosted yet another group of aspiring anglers at our annual River Falls Fly Fishing Clinic. Students worked on casting, stream strategies and

entomology before devouring a hearty supper and attacking the river for an evening's fishing.

Key in the continuing success of these clinics are the folks who volunteer to work at them and this year's crew was no exception. Led by lead teacher Jon Jacobs and casting instructor Bill Hinton, the group of people who served as guides/mentors were exemplary in their devotion to the cause. Many thanks to Dan Conley, Gary Horvath, Bill Lovegren, Ross Nelson, Brent Sittlow, Jim Rees, Paul Wiemerslage, Steve Parry, Dave Ballman, Ron Kuehn, Ken Scheurman, Steve Stenger, Carol LeBreck, Dr. Dean Hansen and Ed Wojcik. Special thanks to Joan Bruski for lining up the food (supplied by the fine people at Subway in River Falls) for this crew and to Renata and Ted Mackmiller for getting the whole supper organized for us.

Michael Alwin of Stillwater, MN is the proprietor of Bob Mitchell's Flyshop in Lake Elmo, MN. Mr. Alwin holds the dual rank of Curmudgeon, junior grade, and Luddite with three oak leaf clusters.

In Memorium: Jean Mitchell

by Michael Alwin

I was the second customer through the door after Bob and Jean bought the shop from Dick Johnson in 1978. She was calmly sitting at the desk answering the phone and serving as greeter, a job she held for sixteen years. Over the years she befriended thousands of folks and told me repeatedly that the best part of the fly fishing business were all the wonderful people she met. When my Mom died in 1979 Jean became my surrogate Mom. I called her Little Mother.

Jean died on Thursday, June 8th of this year at Bob and Jean's home in Belgrade, Montana. Besides being active in her church, she also served Kiap-TU-Wish in various capacities, including a couple of terms as president. I've often thought that the expression, "There are no strangers on a trout stream, only friends you haven't made yet," was at least partially inspired by her.

The chapter has established a memorial fund in Jean's honor. If you would like to contribute, send your check to The Jean Mitchell Memorial Fund, c/o Kiap-TU-Wish Chapter, Trout Unlimited, P.O. Box 483, Hudson, WI 54016.

Skip's Loose Threads:

by Layton James

The dead drifter learns a lesson

I know this month's column was supposed to be the second part of a Short History of Hackle, but I've learned such an important lesson in the last week of the fishing season I feel I should write it down before I forget how significant it was and go back to my old ways. There aren't many trout fishing books that spend much time on fishing a fly with action. Leonard Wright's **Fishing the Dry Fly as a Living Insect** advocated the "sudden inch" of movement imparted to a floating Caddis imitation to stimulate the fish. Ernest Schwiebert mentions imparting some motion to *Baetis* and other swimming-type nymphal imitations if the tried and true dead drift technique doesn't seem to work. Gary LaFontaine's tome on Caddisflies suggests movement for pupal imitations, and most authorities advocate using tying materials that "come alive" in the water (soft hackle, loose dubbing, etc.). On a more immediate and local level, I'm sure every one of us has had the experience of letting a floating fly drag in the currents behind us as we prepare for a new cast and being surprised by a slashing strike from a fish.

On Tuesday, August 29, I awoke from a good night's sleep at Chico Hot Springs, showered and dressed, and walked downstairs for breakfast. I had a date with my old friend Paul Dubas to fish Slough Creek at 9am. Formerly a Bighorn guide, Paul is now a golf pro in Billings. He'd driven out to meet his high school buddy John Foster in Livingston, and the three of us were going to hitch up at the first parking lot at Slough. It's hard for Paul to break those old guiding habits, like bringing along an enormous cooler of sandwiches, pop, water, raisins, fruit, vegies and dip, even a few L'il Debbies for dessert. John and I looked at this collection of food with dismay, since we, too, had also brought some snacks. The three of us put on our waders, and hiked over the ridge so we could fish the serpentine lower meadows of Slough just above the canyon. I took the farthest water. It was a bright, beautiful, sunny day, with the temperature about 65 degrees. Although there were fires all over Montana, this corner of Yellowstone had absolutely clear skies, no sign of smoke or haze at all. There was also no sign of trout. As those of you who have fished Slough Creek know, the large Cutthroats and Cutbows seem to materialize out of nowhere when insects appear, and disappear just as fast

when the food is gone. There is little or no current, so the fish cruise, hunting for food, and the fishermen, likewise, must sight-fish for the cruisers. There is little point in fishing the water. I was astounded, as I am every time I fish there, at how quiet it is...no road noise, no planes overhead, no voices, just the wind moving the high grass and riffing the water's surface. By 10am, I hadn't spotted a fish, or seen a bug other than the a solitary tan Caddis that flew erratically past my hat brim. A little while later, a few PMD's began hatching in a rocky-bottomed shallow flat. Just then, I noticed a trout swimming lazily into that shallow water. It opened its mouth to eat something I couldn't see and swam out of my field of view. I changed to a small Pheasant Tail with a strike indicator and fished for the next hour or so to no avail. During this time, I saw the occasional rise form, so I changed again to a PMD emerger and managed to catch a fish on the surface. Well, at least I wasn't skunked! The emerger failed to entice any more trout.

About 1pm, I noticed that several fish were cruising in that shallow flat area in water barely deep enough to cover their dorsal fins. They'd lunge this way and that, feeding on something. Now, I must tell you that I had anticipated a hatch of *Siphonurus Occidentalis*, the big, size 10 Gray Drakes that hatch from late August to late September on Slough and the Lamar. The nymphs of this species hatch in shallow water and migrate towards the shore, eventually crawling out on rocks and sticks and hatching where the trout can't get at them, unless there's a strong breeze to blow the duns back into the water. A light bulb went on in my head... Suppose these cruising fish are hunting the Gray Drake nymphs as they migrate. I quickly changed to a big G.R. Hare's Ear with no weight, wet it with saliva to make sure it sank, and cast near the biggest fish I could see. (At this point in the story, you expect me to announce that the trout gobbled up my offering and I had a great day, catching fish after fish, right?) Unfortunately, my fly was totally ignored. Back to the drawing board. How would I react to this situation if it occurred on my local waters, not out here in the Golden West, on supersize trout, in Yellowstone Park, with Bison grazing a few hundred yards away? I'd think the trout were feeding on Caddis pupa, of course. If that were the case, though, how could I drift a fly past those feeding mouths without benefit of current? Then, I remembered casting a shrimp imitation for Redfish on the Florida flats last Winter. I tied on a Tan Caddis pupa, which was slightly weighted with copper wire ribbing. The fly sank to the bottom in about five inches of water in plain sight of my casting position. There were no trout near it at the moment. I waited until a fish moved toward the place where my fly was resting, and jerked it off the bottom

with short strips of line. The Cutthroat rushed, mouth open, to the fly, sucked it in, and I was fast to a very surprised trout of 23 inches, who found itself in water too shallow to maneuver in. The splashy wake of the hooked fish spooked the rest of his colleagues, and when I eventually released him, I waited almost fifteen minutes before I saw another feeding fish. I caught 7 more large trout using the 'jumping pupa' technique. I was just like fishing for Redfish. Cast ahead of a cruiser to an unoccupied area, let the fly sink to the bottom, wait for the fish to arrive, then quickly strip in line, making the fly leap from the bottom. It gave me some satisfaction that neither Paul nor John had figured out the Caddis hatch, but we all had some fine PMD action later in the afternoon.

The second incident happened on the Rush River, September 27, from 4:30pm until about 6pm, in the pool just below highway 72, near the Ellsworth Rod and Gun Club. I had spent the previous days moving my fiancée's household goods to my home, in preparation for our wedding on September 30. Trip after trip to St. Paul, carrying boxes of books, art work, furniture, kitchen stuff... tough duty in a week of beautiful weather as the ticker on the trout season wound down to zero. Linda left about 3:30 to visit with her family, and I felt that I could get in an hour of fishing without feeling too guilty about it. I piled my junk in the car and took off before I could change my mind.

When I got to the Rush, it was obvious that the water had been recently stocked... it was full of little 5 inchers picking #26 *Plauditis* duns off the surface. But the day was so beautiful, the water so clear, the air so fresh, that I just knew I'd get a good fish or two. A tan Caddis flew by my head, but it was the only one I saw. I put on a Caddis pupal imitation after catching a few of the little ones on a floating pattern, and managed to seduce a foot long trout. Things were looking up! I cast again and again, with diminishing confidence, as the trout refused the pupa. In frustration, I stripped in the fly to change it. Bang! a good fish hit as soon as the fly moved. Same fly, only the fish wanted it to move quickly, not to just lie there. I caught fourteen more nice trout in that pool on the quickly moving Caddis pupa without moving my position. What a way to end the season!

Lessons learned: In Caddis hatch situations, I will always try a moving fly when the more conventional dead-drift approach doesn't work. No, that's not right. I'll probably try the moving fly technique first!

Angler, raconteur and bon vivant Layton James of St. Mary's Point, MN is the former editor of RipRap and a keyboardist with the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra.

Postcard from the Edgerly

by Mike Edgerly

I'm a lucky man. I ask a lot of rivers and trout and they always deliver the goods.

For me the pursuit of trout in our cold northern streams is respite from work, traffic congestion, television and other trappings of civilization.

Casting a fly and wading streams beneath hills and tall trees; the rotation of the seasons; the eagles, osprey and heron; sunrises and sunsets and wildflowers and that most perfect act in sport, the hooking, landing and release of a healthy wild trout, have created for me a series of moments that are now memory and leave me with something like mental health.

A couple of years ago my wife faced a serious health crisis. We needed a break from a frightening diagnosis and the prospect of a long, painful haul toward wellness.

It was a gorgeous day, warm and breezy under a bright sun. But we couldn't sit. We had to go someplace, do something. We drove away from our home and instinctively, I pointed the truck toward a stream. We sat for a long time on the banks of the Kinnickinnic River. We sat and held each other and blubbered a bit and looked out at the water and watched trout rise and race the dragonflies for the occasional mayfly.

We listened to this little river as it headed toward the St. Croix and the Mississippi and ultimately the Gulf of Mexico, and it showed us that life goes on, that fish swim and birds fly and the planet still spins on its axis and that we are a part of this and that we would have a tomorrow. We were embraced by a trout stream.

My wife's health crisis has passed. Now when I head to the Kinni, it's with a fly rod and some homemade flies. I go looking for rising fish and sometimes I find them.

But I always find some peace.

I can't believe my luck.

Angler/flaneur Mike Edgerly, of St. Paul, MN is the managing editor of Minnesota Public Radio news.*

**Yet another phrase copped from the writings of Edgerly hero Tom McGuane*

Ed. Note: RipRap is proud to publish the following article for several reasons, not the least of which are that Clarke is a great guy and a chapter friend who's written an interesting piece. Beyond that, we anglers can find out something about fishing scud imitations and some important things about the ecological health of the Kinnickinnic. Lastly, I think this is a wonderful example of how precisely scientists work, think and communicate. Read it; you'll learn something.

The Abundant Scud

by Clarke Garry

It's typically a warm fall day when I'm leading my entomology class down to the Kinnickinnic, D-nets in hand, for the collecting portion of our riffle-based biotic indexing lab series. Many of these students have heard about the mayflies, stoneflies, and caddisflies they might encounter, but they don't yet appreciate the fact that the greatest percentage of any single species or group they will be collecting will be scuds. The idea that scuds can be "... unbelievably abundant" (Pennak 1978) or "... startlingly abundant" (Borger 1980) is accurately descriptive for a large part of the Kinni watershed year around.

This uniquely common macroinvertebrate in the Kinnickinnic River and its tributaries is *Gammarus pseudolimnaeus* (Crustacea: Amphipoda), commonly known as the scud, sideswimmer, or freshwater shrimp. The species was named by Bousfield when he revised the freshwater amphipods inhabiting previously glaciated regions of North America (Bousfield 1958). *G. pseudolimnaeus* is widely distributed throughout the Great Lakes region and it is likely that our location in west-central Wisconsin is near the northernmost edge of its distribution.

G. pseudolimnaeus appears to be the single species of scud in the Kinni, as supported by examination of ~800 specimens acquired in my 1999 macroinvertebrate survey of the river. All 17 river collection sites sampled over a nearly complete calendar year from Kinnickinnic State Park to north of Interstate 94 yielded specimens of this species. Additionally, in biotic indexing sampling that I carried out in the South Fork between March and May of 2000, this scud composed up to 90.2% of macroinvertebrates collected (Garry, unpublished data). By the way, for use in his biotic indexing (BI) protocol,

Hilsenhoff (1987) provides *G. pseudolimnaeus* with a tolerance value of 4. On a ten point scale (0=excellent, 10=very poor) a hypothetical BI collection of 100% of this species would rate as "Very Good" and be representative of water with only "possible slight organic pollution."

As an amphipod crustacean, this creature appears quite different from the many and diverse insects of the Kinni. The shrimp-like body is arched (when not swimming) and laterally-flattened. Two pairs of antennae extend forward from the head, and nineteen serially-arranged, paired appendages are apparent. These include six pairs of mouthparts, two gnathopods (grasping legs), five pereopods (crawling legs), three pleopods (swimming legs), and three uropods (more-or-less-fixed abdominal legs). Technical identification of this species requires, among other things, enough magnification to see the concave posterior margin of the base of the 5th pereopod (crawling leg) and long setae (bristles) also along this margin (Holsinger 1972). Scuds appear in a variety of colors based on gray or tan; sometimes they are subtly orange, purple, blue, or green. Pennak (1978) proposed that color may be dependent on diet, temperature, or age of the individual.

Scuds are fast swimmers often seen dashing from place to place in shallow water. The very name "scud" (*v. i.*, to move or run swiftly) suggests this quick movement. Scuds inhabit benthic vegetation and debris in shallow water and are therefore readily collected by kick sampling. Pennak (1978) comments that as a group, "... the amphipods are cold stenotherms, strongly thigmotactic, and react negatively to light." This translates as adaptation to a narrow, cold temperature range, an instinctive need to be in contact with a substrate, and hiding behavior in vegetation, debris, and stones during daylight. When collected live and brought into the lab, they readily position themselves under any cover present, and only occasionally are observed darting from one hiding location to another. They are active at night in the stream and their presence as part of the nocturnal behavioral drift phenomenon has been well documented (Waters 1972). Scuds are occasionally observed with the males carrying the females on their backs, a behavior recognized as pre-copulatory pairing. This is, of course, a great conversation starter when samples are brought in to a local 4th grade class as part of an aquatic biodiversity demonstration!

Scuds are omnivorous scavengers. They are, in turn, preyed upon by insects, amphibians, birds, and fish with the latter being their chief predators. McCafferty (1981) notes that scuds are an important food source for fish and

Borger (1980) comments, in reference to their large numbers, that it's "... little wonder they're fed upon by trout."

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Dr. Clarke Garry is a professor of biology at the University of Wisconsin - River Falls. This is the first of what we hope will become a regular series of articles on entomology and ecology from Dr. Garry.

Wisconsin Fishes 2000: Status and Distribution

This is the title of a new book which, according to the publishers, brings up to date the current status and abundance of all fish species in Wisconsin. It's available for ten dollars (Make checks payable to "UW Sea Grant") from the Sea Grant Institute, 1975 Willow Drive, Madison, WI 53706-1177. For more information, call (608) 263-3259 or visit this web site:

<www.seagrants.wisc.edu/greatlakesfish>

One night in fish camp

by Sarah Sanford

Late one night at Fishcamp, this prayer was overheard:

Dear Lord:

We know we are unworthy, and fritter away our time on this earth in pursuit of trout. But our hearts are gladdened and we sing your praises whenever we do catch one.

Grant that we may avoid the sharp end of the hooks ourselves, and if we may not, that the hook be small and barbless.

We ask also that if the fly we spent one hour tying should hang up in a tree that you would see fit to let us remove it, along with the flies of others, from your beautiful greenery, that we may add them to our fly boxes. We are not averse to collecting Rapalas, should it please you.

We pray you will guide and protect us, though we walk through the valley of barbed wire and cow patties in our pricey Gore-Tex(TM) and Helly-Hansen(TM). Deliver us, Lord, from punctures and pungency.

We are by nature sinful and unclean but we beseech you that it NOT be with icy river water that we do cleanse ourselves.

And at day's end, when we are miles from civilization, grant us the joy of a car that starts.

And we thank you Heavenly Father, that the effluvia of bug spray and Macanudos which precedes us into our homes, is not repellent to our loved ones. -Amen

Sarah Sanford is a Twin Cities Trout Unlimited member and a frequent and faithful contributor of stream reports to the Kiap-TU-Wish web page.

On the margin of the river, washing up its silver spray
we will walk and worship ever, all the happy golden day.

Ere we reach the shining river, lay we every burden down;
grace our spirits will deliver, and provide a robe and crown.

Soon we'll reach the shining river, soon our pilgrimage will
cease;
soon our happy hearts will quiver with the melody of
peace.

from *Shall We Gather at the River*, a protestant hymn



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MEETING AND PROGRAM SCHEDULE

NOVEMBER 1: Andy Lamberson, Fishing Yellowstone
with your family.

DECEMBER 6: Holiday Banquet: Tom Helgeson of
Midwest Flyfishing, Speaker

JANUARY 3: OPEN

FEBRUARY 7: OPEN

MARCH 7: Business Meeting

APRIL 4: Fly Tiers

MAY 2: Rush River Survey Results

DEADLINE FOR DECEMBER RIPRAP: NOVEMBER 21