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Tippets, Tapers & Tales

February 4, 2025

President's Message

We will be meeting in person again this month at Coral Gables in East Lansing on the 11th at 6:30pm. We will have as our guest, Geoff Samples of Heron Outdoors doing a Zoom presentation for us about Scientific Anglers fly lines. This should be very interesting and helpful as many of us will soon be going over our gear, replacing lines and leaders in preparation for another fly fishing season.

I am starting to work on setting up our online Spring Fundraising Auction by going through the items we currently have and putting things together in lots if necessary to photograph and upload to the auction site. With that being said, I want to say a "Thanks!" to the many club members that have donated things for the auction this year. We certainly have a good variety of items this year and it should be a successful fundraiser for us.

Remember if you are braving this winter weather to get out and do some fishing, be sure and send me some pictures to put in the newsletter.

See you at the meeting on the 11th!

Mark



RED CEDAR FLY FISHERS

Okemos, Michigan

1981 McKenzie Cup Winners

The Red Cedar Fly Fishers is a Charter Club of Fly Fishers International.

It's purpose is to promote fly-fishing through Education, Restoration and Conservation

Scientific Anglers Presentation By: Mark Johnson

For February we will be having Geoff Samples of Heron Outdoors giving us a presentation by Zoom titled "The Right Fly Line for You: A Look into Fly Line Tapers and Construction with Scientific Anglers"

A short bio for Geoff is below. This should be a another great presentation.

Geoff has been fly fishing and fly tying since age five. The sport has taken him to some of the most beautiful rivers, lakes, and flats across the globe in pursuit of amazing fish and adventure. His journey in the fly fishing industry began early as a fly fishing guide in Utah. Over the course of a decade, he guided most of the pristine waters the Wasatch Range had to offer. After his guide career, he accepted a position at Ross Reels as a sales associate. An acquisition by 3M moved Geoff and his family from Colorado to Minnesota, where the Ross team joined 3M and Scientific Anglers. In 2013 he left 3M/Ross/SA to become an outside sales representative for YETI Coolers and after that, the C.C. FILSON Company. In 2021 he founded Heron Outdoors, which currently represents ORVIS, Scientific Anglers, Fulling Mill, Riversmith, and Bajjo Sunglasses for the Midwest and Great Lakes. With a busy travel schedule, Geoff still finds time to take his family to the river and chase birds afield.



Red Cedar River Cleanup By: Mark Johnson

Correction from last month's article. Note the date for this event has been changed to April 5th.

We will be having our club river cleanup of the Red Cedar River on April 5th as part of the Adopt a River Program with the Michigan Waterways Stewards (MWS). Just wanted to make club members aware of this now so you can plan on attending. We have adopted a section of the Red Cedar River from the Jenison Fieldhouse area on MSU campus down to Kruger's Lansing near Aurelius road. Bob Ceru is working on the details of this event and we will post other information for you just as soon as it is known but wanted to let people know so they can plan on attending. The proposed time for this event is 11 am to 3 pm.

THE SPORTSMAN'S BREAM CAR!

ONE TIME a trout fisherman from New England was driving through Georgia in his 1953 Nash Ambassador with Power Steering, Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive, Twin Beds, Reclining Seats and other Airflyte features. When he spotted a man sitting by a lake fishing, he stopped the car and got out. "Any luck?" he said.

"Not much," said the local fisherman. "Say, I see you're driving a '53 Nash! Shake hands, friend—I'm a Nash owner, too. That's my '53 Statesman parked back there in the grove. Gets so many miles to the gallon I keep thinking the gas gauge is stuck!"

"Gosh!" said the trout fisherman, wiping a tear from his eye. "It's wonderful, this feeling of fellowship among Nash owners—especially among us ones who fish. By the way, what are you fishing for?"

"Brim," said the local fisherman. "Brim?" said the trout fisherman. "Never heard of it. How do you spell it?"

"B-r-e-a-m," said the local fisherman. "You



must be mistaken," said the trout fisherman.

"B-r-e-a-m doesn't spell 'brim'. It spells 'bream'!"

"Around these parts, buster," said the local fisherman, "it spells 'brim'."

"That's absurd!" said the trout fisherman. "And be careful who you call 'buster', bub, or I'll teach you some manners!"

"You don't say?" said the local fisherman, clopping the trout fisherman over the head with a large piece of lumber. Just then a cop came by, and said, "What's the trouble?"

"This man," said the trout fisherman, "hit me with a bim!" "A what?" said the cop. "A bim," said the trout fisherman. "Spell it," said the cop. "B-e-a-m," said the trout fisherman.

"Aha!" said the cop. "Any durn fool can't pronounce 'beam' is a mighty suspicious character!" So he hauled the trout man off to the clink, and if the judge hadn't been a Nash owner himself the poor guy might still be there.

MORAL: *When in Rome (Ga.), pronounce it 'brim', like the Romans.*

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit 32, Michigan.

No. 56 in a series of *Nash* ads by Ed Zern



NOW IN BOOKLET FORM—17 OF THESE "AIRFLYTE ANECDOTES"—FREE AT YOUR NASH DEALER'S!

FIELD & STREAM AUGUST 1953

3

The above courtesy of Bob McKeon of the Desert Fly Casters

A Breakup Letter/Email/Text from Me to Big Stuff

by Bob Kren, RCFer and Mr. Flyfishersonguy

My Dear Big Stuff:

This is hard for me, your biggest fan, to write, because I love you *so dearly*, and we've been together for *so long* that I can barely imagine life without you. But I feel that our relationship has become toxic and that you've been manipulating me for years.

When I've tried standing up to you, you've said that you'd stop coming up with new stuff so often. And I LOVE NEW STUFF! I DO! It's what gets me out of bed in the morning. You really need to love new stuff if you're going to be at your best at flyfishing. But we quickly arrived at a point where I can bear it no more!

Really, I'm almost unable to stand up, much less move, under the burden of forty pounds of stuff!

I see now that your behavior for the past half-century has honestly been sort of insane. Like, there were so many red flags from the beginning.

I should have left you after the first big change – fiberglass! I told myself, "This is an aberration, there's no way he's gonna keep 'improving' flyrods, that would be crazy." Alas, you just kept finding newer materials, first graphite, then boron. And the number of rod variations – one weight, Spey, switch, 7.95 foot 4.58 weight ultra-fast, . . . my brain hurts just thinking of how I was tempted to buy one after another, in a frenzy!

And how I yielded to temptation time and again.

Sure, it wasn't always bad.

I remember my first rod, the standard nine-foot six-weight, an Eagle Claw. Whoosh!, whoosh!, I loved that little thing. And I and it caught a lot of fish! But I just had to buy more stuff. Flytying started out with a simple vise and a few Mustad hooks. Sewing thread worked well enough, as did materials from JoAnn's, well, until I discovered flytying books, and flyfishing books, and magazines about both. And TU and FFF. It seems like a century ago. Lines – sinking lines with floating tips, floating lines with sinking middles – reels with teflon© disks; lamps for daytime, lamps for nighttime, lamps for dusk; waders with leaky zippers, waders with zippers that worked.

Then you started inventing new brands and models of hooks, with Japanese steel, and shorter, short, standard, extra long shanks, weirdly-angled eyes, odd shapes, kinks in the points, . . . Onstream wars broke out between flytiers who used only natural materials (well, except for thread, and hooks, and beads) and those who were addicted to synthetics.

God, all you Big Stuff Pushers are the same.

So that's it. Here are my conditions if you want to stay with me and make this relationship work: STOP "INNOVATING" NOW! Or, like, as soon as you can. Pretty please? I'm not totally unreasonable. I know I can't regain the bundles of dollars I have invested in you, overnight. So, if you absolutely think it's necessary and you really need to make changes and invent new, marginally useful stuff, I get it. Change is hard! But if you don't change you will literally bankrupt the entire flyfishing race. Just do the math!

Wait, gulp, no. It's so easy to fall back into old patterns with you. . . . The last time I did that, and welcomed back your enticements, all four of my credit cards exceeded their limit, at once! Even the one at Macy's. No more innovations! I really mean it this time. We all make mistakes. If you don't stop then I am absolutely gonna be pissed and circle back to this conversation in ten to fifteen years. Or maybe twenty.

The thing is, I've been talking about moving away from an economy based on stuff for more than six decades. That's longer than we've been seeing "Fast and Furious" sequels.

We're up against a bigger existential crisis than flyfishers have ever faced. Because of you, and our gullibility, there are only a few regions worldwide, like Borneo and parts of Australia, plus most of the Sahara, that are still not under your spell. And I get it. Those places aren't top priority to me, either, but at least I have to pretend to give a @^*%, don't I? don't YOU?

Call me a starry-eyed romantic, but I want my kids to be exposed to ancient things like bamboo flyrods and wicker baskets with grass in them. Oh, that's right, I don't have any kids. Too busy flyfishing.

The thing I really can't get over is that you knew about this the *whole time*. In the seventies! And yet not only did you ignore that information but you literally spent millions of dollars to gaslight people into believing that they were imagining it. That's sociopathic, toxic behavior!, in the name of corporate profit, and "progress."

You know that I have a soft spot for you. But our relationship is ruining lives.

Play nice, let me off the hook. Oh, wow!, a new kind of ferrule. Gotta have it! Ignore the above. Bob K

Arctic Grayling Reintroduction By: Mark Johnson

See below on the link provided about information on the May 12 reintroduction of Arctic Grayling to Michigan.

[Save the date! Arctic grayling reintroduction event May 12](#)

Midwest Fly Fishing Expo By: Mark Johnson

I wanted to mention that coming up in March again on the 8th and 9th is the Midwest Fly Fishing Expo at the Macomb Community College Sports and Expo Center located at 14500 E. 12 Mile Road, Warren, MI 48088. This is always a great show with lots of vendors booths and speakers throughout the weekend. The Great Lakes Council will have a booth again this year there so stop by and say "Hi".

For more information, visit the Expo website at midwestflyfishingexpo.com

Steelhead Rescue By: Mark Johnson

An interesting article about rescuing Steelhead in a creek in California devastated by the wildfires.

[As L.A. Wildfires Burn, Fish Rescuers Use Buckets, Backpacks to Save 271 of the Last Remaining Steelhead in SoCal Creek | Outdoor Life](#)

Pharmaceutical and Other Cures for Ailments Your Flyfishing Likely Doesn't Have, and Other TV Ads by Bob Kren, RCFFer and Dr. Flyfisherpersonguy

It seems, and it's probably true, that half the ads on television are about prescription drugs that you should tell your physician you really really need. And, if you haven't noticed, almost all of their fancier names end in "-mab," or "-inib." In retaliation for this medicinal insult, what follows is a partial list of drugs – remember "Flyfishing is a drug, and trout is the cure"? Me, neither – to treat various flyfishing maladies, real or imaginary, plus a bunch more ads that are there only to keep the medicinal ads from bumping into each other.

Ozempia is for happy people to use for a condition they had before they were rescued by Ozempia, a name that sounds like a Greek hero, or heroine. Ozempia has all manner of warnings, none of which refers to tailing loops, or wrong fly choice. Doesn't anybody get owies/splinters/bites/boobos nowadays? Hangovers?

FiveImprint is willing to put out products with your own brand on them, for you to pass out onstream, so people will assume you're a famous flyfisher they just heard of. Their loss. Notoriety has a high price.

Skyritzi is so useful and memorable that I can't remember what it's supposed to cure, or treat, or prevent. But I'll try to get my sawbones to give me a lifetime supply, just to be on the safe side.

The movie "Wacked" seems to involve green persons, and blondes, and too many special effects to list here. Why not a zero-weight rod instead of a magical wand? We need special effects in flyfishing – fish appear at least twice their actual size, our casts are perfect, every knot holds, accidental knots are un-knotted in ten seconds or fewer, cussing is replaced with "shucky-heck!" or "goldurn it." Where's Steven Spielberg when you really need him? Instead of special effects, we flyfishers could use what we've always used:
LYING.

CarpFax will tell you whether a fish has been previously caught, and how often, so you don't get trapped into thinking that that monster is a first-timer, that's been waiting all its life just for you to fool him.

One more expensive thing I don't need on the river is a cellular 'phone! Service is usually not too good in the isolated places we tend to fish, and if we're in more crowded waters, there's plenty of other people to keep us from drowning: make a note that a 'phone drowned is a 'phone that can't be dried out using rice, but still will have too many functions. If not rice, potato chips, maybe? On the other hand, a new flyrod with every new cellphone is an untapped marketing scam. Guess which one you'll forget when you drive away?

Clinique has as many different products as there are dry flies in all my flyboxes, combined. Other than sun-screen, why does any of us need this stuff? Now, maybe that skin cream is a good floatant, or the oily-skin treatment a good flyline cleaner? And why fancy spelling? Why not just "Clink," and be done with it?

Unifide Health Care is an insurance company bigger than Saturn, maybe even Jupiter. Can they insure you'll have a good day on the water? What's the deductible when I'm skunked again? Are there copays?

PayPals has Will Ferrule as their spokesperson. Maybe they need Kelly Galloper, just to attract us flyfishers? Kelly and maybe somebody much younger, like none of us RCFFers? Whom am I kidding? Arthritis pain relief, rubbed on or taken, is a much better set of ads, considering our aging bones and elbows.

Model A beer, from our neighbor to the south, seems to be taking over from Budd and Miler, light and heavy. I don't understand the attraction of a beverage whose label is in Spanish or some other foreign language. Flyfishing, on the other hand, makes perfect sense in every language, so "rod" is "flyrod," unless it's in Sicily.

Then, we have some insurance companies and their "entertainment" value. Who cares about an ostrich (except maybe feathers for flytying), much less a lizard with an aussie accent, or is it cockney? The Statue of Liberty as a spokestatue? A person named "Mayhem?" These companies stick in my mind, not in a good way. Couple them with the ambulance-chasers ("Sharks Whine!," "Call Samuel," "Don't Truck Around with Me," and suchlike) and you get some idea of America, today. By the way, whom do we sue when we're going fishless, Poseidon? If we're injured on a guided trip, can we get our money back?

A "Whopper" is a sandwich, I guess, if you let the meaning of "sandwich" stretch a bit. By us flyfishers, a "whopper" is NEVER! a lie, it's a fish, according to our malleable recollections. If time passes quickly enough, inches and ounces multiply and blur.

StarryBucks, known for expensive coffee, could be an ad for flytying, easily. Show all the steps in making the fly, from harvesting (buying) the ingredients (plucked from the jungle in some very foreign-looking place), to handling them lovingly, to using them to create something scrumptious. Of course, there's always the problem of losing the fly, and the loss of hours of labor, and inventing volumes of cursing.

Speaking of "volumes," were there ever any TV ads for books? Just askin'. Bob (for real, not AI) K

**RED CEDAR FLY
FISHERS**

P.O. Box 129
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www.redcedarflyfishers.com



Steven A. sent me this picture of his view as he ties flies on the balcony of his suite while on a recent cruise through the Hawaiian Islands.

Refrigerator Reminders

February

11th: RCFF Monthly Meeting, 6:30 P.M. At Coral Gables in East Lansing.

This month's meeting will take place in the Sun Room in the front of the restaurant.

March

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