

RCFF Board

President  
Vacant

Past President  
Mark Johnson

Vice President  
Dennis O'Brien

Secretary  
Bob Bawden

Treasurer  
Mike Grinwis

Newsletter Editor  
Mark Johnson

Member at Large  
Dave Hovis

Member at Large  
Mark M. Johnston, DDS

# Tippets, Tapers & Tales

December 3, 2024

## President's Message

Here it is December already. The months seem to go by quickly. Seems like I just finish one months newsletter and it's time to start the next. We will meet in person again this month at Coral Gables in East Lansing on the 10th. Details about the meeting inside this newsletter.

Normally we start our winter fly tying nights in December and continue on until spring. The board has not decided yet what to do on this, last year the Sunday night tying get togethers were "sparsely" attended. If you have some ideas or suggestions on what to do for a winter evening tying event, please let a board member know as I know we will talk about this again at our December board meeting.

Hope to see everyone at the December meeting!

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

## December's Meeting

**By: Mark Johnson**

For December we will be meeting in person again at Coral Gables in East Lansing at 6:30pm on the 10th. This is our fun holiday gathering and you are encouraged to bring your spouse or significant other. We will have some door prizes to give away that evening.

As a bonus, we will have 2 guests that evening. We will have our Terry Greiner Memorial Fisheries Grant winner Justin Miller from MSU giving us an update on his project on the Au Sable River and we will have Cole from Nomad Anglers there to show us some new products and Christmas gift ideas from the store.

At this time, I am waiting to find out if Justin will be at our meeting in person or presenting by Zoom, either way plan on attending this always fun meeting.

---

## Michigan Anglers Base Camp

**By: Mark Johnson**

I just wanted to thank again Tim Guilfoile of the Northern Kentucky Fly Fishers for attending our meeting last month and giving us an introduction to the Michigan Anglers Base Camp that he has put together at Camp Rotary near Clare, MI.

For more information on the camp, you can visit their Facebook page or the Michigan Anglers Base Camp website at:

[Michigan Anglers' Base Camp](#)

---

## Odds and Ends.....

**By: Mark Johnson**

Just a couple reminders I thought I would put here. Send me your fall fishing pictures so I can put them in the newsletter. Everyone likes to see what other club members are catching.

Remember we are still looking for donations for our fundraising purposes. Bring them to a meeting and we will take them to use in our club raffles or online auction.

Don't forget to regularly check out our Red Cedar Fly Fishers website. Dr. J keeps it updated with current information. The address is:

[redcedarflyfishers.com](http://redcedarflyfishers.com)



## HISTORY OF SPEYCASTING - ALEXANDER GRANT



*If speycasting had a hall of fame, it would surely include many past and present names that have all made a tremendous contribution to the evolution of this wonderful discipline of fly casting.*

Individuals who have helped push the boundaries of casting ability and performance of rod and line technology to a higher level by sheer talent and in-depth appreciation of their chosen skill. Although the list would include some hefty names, there was one man who was the epitome of the above and the godfather of modern-day speycasting.

Ironically, one of the greatest ever exponents of the art of Spey casting was a man few present-day salmon anglers will even have heard of. Alexander Grant was a native of the Spey valley and through the course of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century set a standard in Spey casting, which has only relatively recently been surpassed by modern day legends like Scott MacKenzie. By combining an unorthodox technical approach to tackle design and unquestionable ability as a caster, in his lifetime, Grant took the art of Speycasting to an unprecedented level.

Born in 1856 at his family's croft at Battangorm near Carrbridge in the Highlands of Scotland, Grant began his illustrious fishing career in the silvery waters of the River Spey system. As a young boy he was also exposed to his other great passion in life – playing the fiddle. So much was his early interest in the acoustic properties of these instruments that he once refused to attend fiddle lessons from the local school teacher because he disliked the tone of his tutor's fiddle. This early appreciation of tone and vibration was something he used in later life to outstanding effect in the design of his famous 'Grant's Vibration' range of fly rods.

As well as being a gifted caster, he was also an accomplished fly dresser and in 1884 started a large-scale fly making business in his hometown of Carrbridge. This was to prove a challenging way of making a living and the following year he took up the position of fisherman to Lord Burton of Glenquoich Forest on the River Garry. In 1887 Grant moved from Carrbridge to Inverness to start up another tackle business and at the back of the premises, a hairdressing shop. To subsidise his income he also continued to ghillie for Lord Burton and during the same season became a member of a very small group of anglers that can lay claim to landing an Atlantic salmon in excess of 50lbs. Whilst fishing the River Garry in September at the outlet of Loch Quoich, Grant hooked this creature of the deep on a Thunder & Lightning. After much heart-pounding runs and a titanic struggle, the fish finally gave in to the greenheart and his prize lay at his feet – the salmon weighed 55lbs.

It was at his tackle shop in Baron Taylor's Lane in Inverness that Grant began crafting his famous 'Grant Vibration' rods. Many anglers believed that the notable performance of the rods came from the revolutionary lap joints, which he applied for a patent (Patent No 10,385) on the 28th

of May 1894 and was accepted on 4th of May 1895. Each joining section of the rod was shaped to a point, and the touching surface planed flat to allow a close and tight fit. The sections were then overlapped by about 6-8 inches depending on which sections were being bound and strapped together using linseed-treated leather lace (the leather lace was eventually replaced by insulating tape). This lap joint system allowed the rod to flex as one unified spring, with none of the dreaded 'flat spots' that have plagued rod builders throughout the course of fly rod making history. His intention, and indeed his achievement, was to make a rod behave like a newly cut sapling before it dries out – in other words, to distribute the load of the fly line evenly throughout the course of the rod. The inspiration for the lap joint is thought to have come not from the front of his tackle shop, but from the back room where he practised his trade as a barber. Although there is no documented evidence to suggest this, it is believed that the concept of the jointing system was conceived whilst Grant was a making a diagonal cross-section cut through the length of a customer's hair.

Another unique feature of the 'Vibration' rods were the 'Drop-Down' rod rings, which folded as the rod was lifted from the horizontal into the backcast. As the rod tip neared the vertical, the oscillating rings clasped against the rod, thus trapping the fly line and preventing any little bellies of line forming between each ring. Grant argued that as the rod completes the backstroke of the spey or overhead cast, the caster momentarily loses tension with the line as gravity tries to kicks in. With his folding rings the line was held close to the rod and as the rod was flexed forward, no valuable energy from the rod spring was wasted straightening any pockets of slack. Bearing in mind that Grant never shot slack line into his forward delivery, this meant the line was always under tension resulting in no loss of power on the forward stroke.

The real secret to success of the greenheart rod however, was the rod's specific taper, which was worked out acoustically, rod by rod. As a talented musician, Grant also handcrafted his own fiddles and in doing so began experimenting with the principles of vibration frequencies. The information he learned was applied with great effect to his rod making room. He realised that as a natural product, the density of wood varied. This meant that two rods made to the same length, diameter and specifications different actions. Grant tuned each individual rod section as such that he could produce a rod that flexed in total unison. This meant that instead of each section 'springing' slower or quicker than the others, the rod's action was totally married, resulting in a very powerful through-action.

Like many great inventions, the 'Grant Vibration' rod was born out of necessity. Grant's home water was his beloved River Ness, which runs from Loch Ness, through the town of Inverness. The Freeday on the Ness was open to residents of the town every eighth day of the season and like all town water, had many anglers of notable casting skills. To cut the mustard on a river like this, you had to be able to throw a long line, not only to cover as much of this immense river as possible, but also to cast farther than fellow anglers. At this Grant excelled.

It was recorded that the rod's maiden voyage on the Ness, Grant out-cast his fellow anglers by at least ten yards. This additional water coverage resulted in several salmon falling to his fly and his reputation as a caster and an angler grew with each cast. After that day, he became renowned for taking salmon at extreme distances and would often be summoned to the river by fellow anglers unable to reach a repeatedly rising fish. On one occasion, Grant summoned to the 'General's Well' on the town water to cover a fish many of the local worthies had unsuccessfully tried to hook. The salmon was still rising from the same lie as he arrived at the river and as word of the challenge spread among the town's angling fraternity, a healthy crowd of spectators began to gather. As Grant began lengthening his line, words of both encouragement and ridicule echoed from the riverbank. With a long length of line hanging straight on the 'dangle', he lifted the rod, switched the angle of the line and belted out a huge cast, with the 4/0 double iron landing just above the rising fish. As the fly began to swing, the line jumped tight as the salmon intercepted the 2" double. The fresh fish was swiftly landed and



## History of Spey Casting Continued

dispatched and stretched the scale to 8lbs. Afterwards the distance from Grant's stance to the backwater where he hooked the fish was accurately measured and recorded as 47 yards.

In 1895 Grant was invited to participate in a local casting competition organised by the local magistrate and angling author, Mr J.H. Corballis. Mr Corballis, whose best-known work was *Forty Five Years' Sport*, was a keen sportsman and resident of Moniak Castle on the River Beaully. His intention was to invite a selection of notable casters from across the Highland region to take part in a competition to be held from an anchored boat on the River Ness. There would be no switching of the line involved and the cast would simply be executed straight downstream alongside a measuring board, which had been specially constructed for the event. Using a 21ft rod, Grant's main competitor took his turn from the suspended boat and with a colossal effort, roll cast the great distance of 56 yards. One by one, each remaining competitor took his turn until finally Grant was rowed out to the suspended casting platform. With his trusty bonnet turned back to front (his trademark), he stripped the entire fly line from his reel and made the first of his allocated casts with his 21ft 'Grant's Vibration'. It would be fair to say that not only did he win, but he blew the competition clean out the water. His longest cast was officially registered at a staggering 65 yards and was his longest ever recorded cast. What makes his achievement that day on the River Ness so unbelievable was he lifted the entire 65 yards clear from the water and returned it onto the dangle without shooting a single inch of fly line on the forward delivery – pure genius!

Such was the increasing interest in Grant as a caster and his revolutionary Vibration rods, the following year he was invited to London to demonstrate on the River Thames in front of a selected audience of angling journalists. The setting was Kingston-on-Thames and the audience included Mr Crawshaw and Mr Wilson from the "Rod and Gun" and the angling editors of the "Land and Water" and "The Field". The night before the exhibition, Grant attended a pre-arranged appointment with a selected panel of these journalists, for what was basically an interrogation about the casting qualities of his new rods. He asked the distinguished panel "What has been the longest recorded cast ever made?" Mr R.B. Marston replied "Forty nine yards and one foot." (The record held by the then world record holder John Enright from Castle Connell and was overhead in style) Grant suggested for a rod to cast that length in a practical fishing situation, should have a lifting power of twenty yards or more on grass. Mr Marston then said "Do you mean to say you can lift and throw 70 yards of line? Grant replied "I mean to say that, if I can cast practically 49 yards 1ft, I shall certainly lift and throw 20 yards more". The following morning the challenge was set. After a brief warm-up, the line was laid out on the grass and lifted into the backcast. Without shooting any line on the forward delivery, when the end of the line touched the grass again, it was 74 yards away from where Grant stood. He asked if an official would walk to the end of the line to find how taut it was. The official duly obliged and on pulling the line, found there to be only six inches of slack line!

John Enright witnessed this amazing spectacle and Grant's subsequent demonstrations over the three days. The next time they met was three years later at a casting tournament in London. On asking Enright why he was not competing in the event, he informed Grant that he had not cast competitively since witnessing his demonstrations at Kingston-on-Thames. He further asked if he could come to Scotland to learn more about Grant's methods and also if he could be an agent for selling the 'Vibration' rods. Unfortunately Enright was never able to make the journey north to Inverness as very soon after their meeting, the big powerful Irishman succumbed to a fatal illness and died shortly thereafter.

In the early 1900s, Grant sold the patent rights to the 'Vibration' rods to Charles Playfair of Playfairs of Aberdeen for an undisclosed amount, with a royalty payment for each rod made. During the crafting process, Playfairs did not utilize the acoustic principles with each individual rod as Grant did. With the characteristics of greenheart being fairly consistent, the company's rod makers simply copied with great accuracy from a master version of each size of rod. During the first half of the last century, Vibration rods became

the must-have salmon rod, and sales continued to grow steadily until the advent of man-made fibres for fishing rod construction in the early sixties. The 'Vibration' rods simply became too heavy and too expensive to make as rod technology advanced and rods became lighter and cheaper.

From an angling point of view, the underlying principle of Grant's fishing techniques was the desire to present the fly through a pool with the minimum of disturbance to a holding fish. In other words, his intention was to try and keep the distance from his position to the salmon as great as was possible, hence his desire to cast such distances. To do this, he used almost exclusively his Grant's switch cast. A detailed description of this cast can be found in Jock Scott's excellent book 'Fine and Far Off' where actual cinematic footage of the great man demonstrating the cast was used to show its correct execution. It would be fair to say that the Grant switch cast was the forefather of what modern-day anglers would recognise as a Single Spey cast, but unlike our modern version, Grant shot no slack line on the forward delivery. He kept a uniform length of line through the pool and did not believe in induced taking techniques like hand-lining. He preferred to utilize the stream to present the fly by using mending techniques

Another foundation of his fishing technique was the desire to at all times control the swim speed of the fly through the stream by keeping the fly line dead straight from his reel to the fly. His intention was to have the fly under control and fishing as soon as it pitched on the water. As a result, many fish fell to his fly early on as it swept through the pool.

It's also worth noting that Grant rarely, if ever, struck into a salmon, rather allowing the fish to take up the tension in the line to hook itself. He strongly believed that the fly, when fished on a long line, presented slower to the fish than a shorter line, resulting in a firmer hook-hold. In the vast majority of cases, he basically allowed the salmon to hook themselves. He is reported to have said "The surest-hooked fish, all being equal, is with a long line and none of this nonsense about "Hitting a fish on the rise!"

He was also very critical about the effectiveness of greased line fishing, believing that a floating line put the fish down. He argued it was alright if only the fly came within the fish's optical window, but in his own words "no fish would like to see a big, black snake floating over its head as the line would look dark to a fish looking up at it against the light"

Known to his family and friend as simply 'The Battan', during the course of his working lifetime, Alexander Grant was a ploughman, a draper, a hairdresser, a forester and a tackle maker. During his lifetime he found fame in two walks of life – music and salmon fishing. His fiddle making and playing drew high acclaim around Scotland and in addition to being a top class soloist, he led the Highland Strathspey and Reel Society from its founding in 1903 to his death in 1942.

But his immense contribution to the progression of modern day spey-casting is what we must remember him for. This modest Highlander lived during the greatest era of salmon fishing history and through his ability as a caster and his innovative tackle making, played a major part in the development of our sport. Alexander Grant lived the rest of his life as a farmer at Tomnahurich farm and died at the ripe old age of 85 on 6th of July 1942 at Inverness Royal Infirmary. That day saw the passing of one of the most gifted individuals to ever put two hands on a fly rod. Living in a world of lighter, faster, stronger, it's a humbling thought to think how much this angler achieved during his long and illustrious fishing career and for my mind, there's one question begging to be asked – what distance could he throw with modern tackle!

## Au Sable River Redd Surveys

By: Mark Johnson

Below are fall redd surveys of the North Branch of the Au Sable organized by Terry Lyons of the Anglers of the Au Sable and the South Branch of the Au Sable organized by Howard Johnson of Cedars for the Au Sable. Since many if not all of us fish the Au Sable system at some point I thought you would like to see the results of these surveys. These surveys are done by volunteers so be sure and watch next fall for notices for volunteers again for these two worthwhile projects. Thanks to Bob Kren for alerting me to the results and thanks to Terry Lyons and Howard Johnson for allowing me to print these here for all of you.

### North Branch of the Au Sable

Saturday

#### Upper Dam 4.....8

Chris.

Dick

John

#### Lower Dam 4.....5

Larry Tippett

Jo Johnson

Lucas

#### Jackson Hole-Bradford's.....27(?)

David

Joyce

Brad

#### Bradford's-Kellogg.....29

Chris

Mike

Sunday

#### Twin Bridge-Powerline.....22

Chris

Mike

Chris G

#### Powerline-Tavern.....14

Dick Buss

Larry

Jo Johnson

#### 612-Lyons'.....21

David

Lucas

Brad



## Au Sable Redd Surveys Continued

By: Mark Johnson

### South Branch of the Au Sable

Greetings South Branch Redd Survey Volunteers,

Attached you will find the worksheet for the South Branch Redd Survey findings for 2024 and historical data. The number of redds surveyed on the south branch in 2024 was 112. This is the highest number since the beginning of the south branch surveys and represents a 15% increase compared to the last four-year average.

There was a substantial increase in redds within Potter’s Landing – The Swamp reach. The middle sections of the Mason Tract have been maintained, while the lower sections – Downey’s Wall to Smith Bridge ... continues to provide the greatest number of redds.

DNR Senior Fisheries Biologist for the Au Sable Matt Klungle has reviewed this information and expresses his appreciation to the volunteers for their efforts to complete this survey annually.

The South Branch Redd Survey was conducted on November 8th this year. Several volunteers noticed some of the redds seem to be past their peak on the day of the survey. Consideration will be given to completing the survey earlier in November next year.

Thanks go to the sixteen volunteers that surveyed the south branch: David Batchelor, Natalie Guenther, Steve Loudon, Ralph Rucinski, Robb Tunney, Kathy VanderKolk, Tim Weiler, Bob Lafferty, Mike Rogers, Chris Abbott; and especially our **Group Leaders**: Mike Schmitz, Joyce Haxton, Mark Rais, Larry Brown and Dave Fisher.

I will contact each of you next year when we plan the redd survey on the south.

regards/howard

#### SOUTH BRANCH REDD SURVEY

South Branch Redd Survey\_POST - 2024

Leader	code name	miles	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	more or less than last year	
redds found																
Joyce	T1 - AM/PM	Chase Bridge to 2nd access	CB-2nd	0.5	training			6	too deep			4	3	7	More	
Joyce	T1 - AM/PM	2nd access- potters landing	2nd - PL	0.5		8	3	11			6	4	0	1	More	
Mike	T2 - AM/PM	potters landing - swamp	PL-S	1		15	13	5			27	25	5	17	More	
Mike	T2 - AM/PM	swamp - daisy bend bench	S-DBB	0.6		8	6	10			9	7	7	6	Less	
Mike	T2 - AM/PM	daisy bend bench - hanger	DBB-H	0.6		13	4	7	5		6	7	8	5	Less	
		hanger—upper H/B stairs	H-UHS	0.8												
David	T3- AM/PM	upper H/B stairs -lower H/B stairs	UHBS-LHBS	0.5								13	7	10	More	
		upper H/B stairs—below lower H/B stairs	UHS-BLHS	0.75		14	9	10			too deep					
David	T3 - PM/PM	lower H/B stairs - below lower H/B stairs	HB -BHB	0.3							4	6	6	7	More	
		upper baldwin—downey wall	UB-DW	1.1		15	14	2	Too covid							
		lower baldwin—downey wall	LB-DW	1					Deep							
		downey stairs—downey wall	DS - DW	0.5							2					
Mark	T4 - AM/PM	downy wall - leland lot	DW-LL	0.8		9	1	10	No	no	12	5	3	12	More	
Mark	T4 - AM/PM	leland lot - dogtown	LL-DT	0.5		12	9	8	3	Survey	survey	8	11	2	16	More
		dogtown—canoe harbor	D-CH	±		3										
Larry	T5 - AM/PM	canoe harbor - Tim's dock	CH-TD	0.75		8	12	8			16	13	13	17	More	
Larry	T5- AM/PM	Tim's dock - smith bridge landing	TD-SBL	0.5		8	10	13	15		11	9	18	14	Less	
		smith bridge landing—D-Schmidt bench	SBL-DSB	0.6			12	7			too deep					
		schmidt bench—truettner landing	DSB-TL	1				3								
						100	98	89			101	104	72	112	More	

**Me, and Some of the Easier Artificial Intelligences**  
by Bob Kren, RCFFer, and Mr. Flyfisherpersonguy

Never one to be outmoded (well, not always, just frequently) in technology (how does one put an “app” on one’s phone? – haven’t figured that one out, yet, but give me a few more years), I went through some self-paced (translation: very very slow) learning in “artificial intelligence,” namely, ChatBobs or somesuch, just to see what AI might do to lighten my creative load. UofM (Hale! to The Victors!) offers several different flavors of writing programs, so I chose two, and gave each one the same instructions: write funny story bob fly-fishing. The two programs came up with completely different products, as below. That is NOT! a joke!

**ChatGPT**

**Bob and the Fish Who Couldn’t Stop Laughing**

Bob was a man of many hobbies, but fly fishing was his true passion. He loved the stillness of the river, the crisp air, and the meditative nature of casting his line, hoping for that glorious tug of a big fish. But, like most things in Bob’s life, it rarely went according to plan.

One bright Saturday morning, Bob made his way to his favorite spot on the riverbank, rod in hand, ready to conquer the water. He set up his gear with precision—because, after all, Bob had watched *three* whole YouTube videos on fly fishing. He tied his fly with the care of a surgeon, even though he wasn’t entirely sure what part of the fly went where, but he trusted his instincts.

Bob cast the line. It flew through the air like a majestic bird, twisting and turning, before it landed with a *plop* in the water. Bob grinned, proud of himself, but then he noticed something strange.

A fish—no, it was more like a small school of fish—had surfaced and were staring directly at his fly. They didn’t seem interested in biting. No, these fish were *laughing*. At first, Bob thought it was just the wind or his imagination. But then he heard it: a high-pitched, unmistakable sound of fish giggling. It wasn’t a splash or a ripple. No, these fish were cracking up.

Bob blinked, unsure if the air had gotten to him. Was he hearing things? Was he about to have a heatstroke-induced hallucination?

The fish continued to snicker. One of them—an especially large one, who Bob later named Steve—was practically rolling on his back in the water, his fins flapping with laughter.

Bob shook his head. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

But Steve, clearly not done, poked his head out of the water and said, “Oh, you *think* you’ve got skills, do you? That’s *adorable*.”

Bob froze. “Did... did you just talk?”

“Yeah, you got a problem with that? You’re the one who’s trying to trick us with that fancy little fly. It’s so obvious, dude. We can *totally* see it.”

Bob’s mouth hung open. The other fish started snickering again. One fish even wore tiny sunglasses, which Bob could swear had not been there a second ago.

“Listen,” Steve said, flapping his tail dismissively, “you want a challenge? Come back when you’ve got a *real* fly, not whatever that is. You call that a nymph? That’s more like a *wet sock*.”

Bob was now completely unsure of his reality. He stared at the fish, wondering if he’d accidentally stumbled into some kind of fish comedy club. Was this a dream? Or worse—was he the punchline?

“Alright,” Bob said, deciding to lean into the madness. “I see how it is. I’ll show you a *real* fly.”

And so, Bob changed flies. He tied on a fresh one with the determination of a man who had just learned that fish could roast him. He cast again. The fish surfaced, glancing at the new fly.

There was a moment of silence. Then, one fish shook its head. “Dude,” it said with a sigh, “this is like... *fish-ing 101*. Come on, get it together.”

Bob slumped, defeated.

Steve, ever the ringleader, swam up and gave Bob a sympathetic look. “Look, I get it. You’re trying. But we’ve seen better. You might want to try your luck with *actual* fishing gear, like a bucket or something.”

Bob, however, had had enough. “Fine,” he said, standing up, grabbing his rod. “I’ll take my talents elsewhere, you smug little aquatic comedians.”

But as he turned to leave, he heard Steve call out one last time: “Hey, Bob, just so you know, we were *all* rooting for you. But next time, try some *better* bait. Maybe something with, like, *flavor*?”

Bob, however, had had enough. “Fine,” he said, standing up, grabbing his rod. “I’ll take my talents elsewhere, you smug little aquatic comedians.”

But as he turned to leave, he heard Steve call out one last time: “Hey, Bob, just so you know, we were *all* rooting for you. But next time, try some *better* bait. Maybe something with, like, *flavor*?”

And with that, Bob walked away, muttering under his breath. “If you ever want to know what real fishing is, you’re welcome to join me at *my* barbecue.”

But Bob never went back to that spot again. Because, sometimes, the fish really do have the last laugh.

**UM chatbot (proprietary with UofM, Hale! etc. No title, just launched straight into writing.)**

Once upon a time in a small, quirky town named Fishville, there lived a man named Bob who was known for his peculiar hobbies. Bob loved to combine activities that, in all likelihood, shouldn’t be combined. One such favorite was flyfishing while dressed in full superhero costume. His reasoning was simple: “Fish need heroes too.”

Every Saturday morning, Bob would don his bright blue spandex suit, complete with red cape and mask, and head to the local river. He called himself “Captain Carp,” though his actual success rate in fishing was, well, less than heroic. Bob didn’t care though; he wasn’t in it for the fish, he was in it for the fun and the reactions from passersby.

One particular Saturday, as Bob was out on the river, something unusual happened. He was just casting his line and practicing his best “FOR JUSTICE!” pose when he felt a tug. A strong one. He yanked on the rod, expecting another branch (he had a collection of “monster branch” stories.

Instead, this time the line tugged back – hard.

Bob wrestled with the rod, his cape fluttering in the breeze like a red flag of determination. Onlookers began to gather, watching as Captain Carp fought what was obviously the fish of a lifetime. They cheered, they laughed, they took videos with their ‘phones.

After what felt like an epic battle spanning many “Wham! Bam! Moments, Bob managed to reel in his catch. Everyone gasped as a large, shiny object emerged from the water. But it wasn’t a fish – it was a bright yellow rubber duck.

The crowd erupted in laughter and applause. Bob lifted the duck over his head in triumph, his smile visible even through the mask. He bowed, winked, and said, “Sometimes, folks, when you’re fishing for carp, you catch something even more quackers.”

From that day on, the legend of Captain Carp and his incredible rubber duck spread throughout Fishville. Bob became a local hero, not for the fish he caught, but for the joy and laughter he brought. And every Saturday thereafter, you could find him at the river, still in his cape, still casting his line, still proving that even if the fish don’t always bite, a good laugh always does.

Back to reality. It’s pretty obvious that each of these programs has a different set of examples to draw on before composing. Next, I’m going to see whether they can access my existing articles, absorb them, and write something like I would. You’ll never know what’s coming next, Bwahhahahah! Bob K



RED CEDAR FLY  
FISHERS

P.O. Box 129  
Okemos, MI 48805

[www.redcedarflyfishers.com](http://www.redcedarflyfishers.com)

**S**EASONS  
**G**REETINGS



### Refrigerator Reminders

#### December

10th: 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.

#### January

14th: 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.