

RCFF Board

President
Mark Johnson
dataplex@acd.net

Vice President
Rick Lewandowski
rlewandowski1951@gmail.com

Secretary
Tony Parks
richardparks72@gmail.com

Treasurer
Mike Grinwis
mgpro1@yahoo.com

Newsletter Editor
Terry Greiner
tgreiner12@gmail.com

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Tippets, Tapers & Tales

President's Message - June 2020

Well.....unfortunately again we have had to cancel our club meeting. Not much we can do with the current situation until things get better. We are going to see if it works out to move our picnic to the first meeting in September. It should still be warm and have adequate sunlight then, but we will see how things go. Even though our picnic is cancelled we are still going forward with our Annual Raffle drawing on the 9th. A few of us board members will meet, socially distanced, and draw the tickets for the various prizes. If you would like tickets please send a check asap made out to the Red Cedar Fly Fishers to my address that Terry emailed all members recently and I will fill out your tickets and get them in the drawing. If you have outstanding sold tickets, please get the money and ticket stubs sent in also so that they reach me before the drawing date.



Some time over the next couple weeks look for an email from Terry, the Newsletter Editor with the candidates for next year's Board Positions. Please reply promptly with your votes so we can move through this process and establish the Board of Directors for next year.

I hope all of you have had a chance to get out and do some fishing so far this year. I have been out a couple times but not had much success. The small stream I like to fish up north has been plagued with high water conditions which has made for some tuff fishing. I am heading up north again this weekend so hopefully water levels will be closer to normal.

Mark

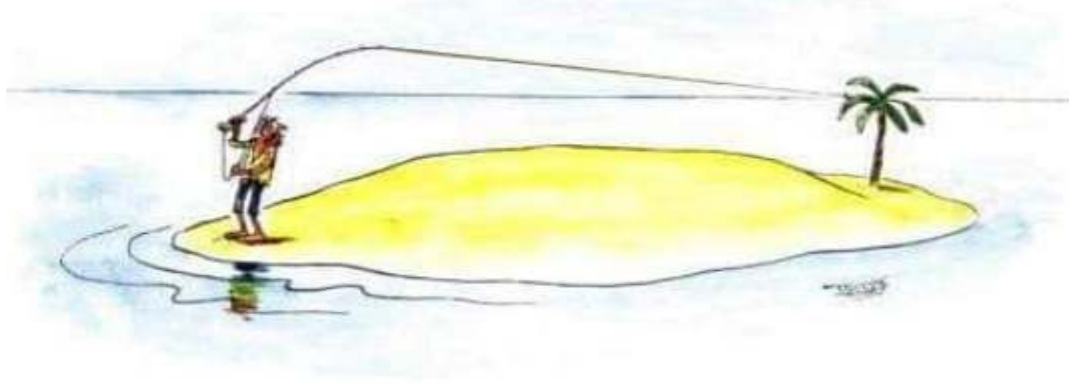


1981 McKenzie Cup Winners

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

Even with Social Distancing, Bunky still has casting issues!



The American Dream - A Retro Inspired Trailer With a Rooftop Boat:

<https://www.campana.com/magazine/boat-roof-american-dream-trailer/>

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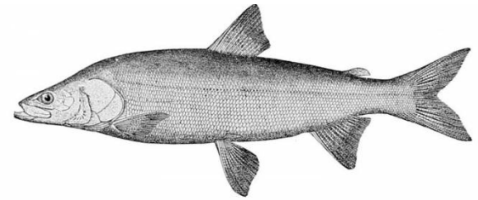
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5 Large and Unusual Freshwater Fish to Catch in North America

Sheefish: Alaska, Northwestern Canada

The sheefish is the world's largest type of whitefish, and this wild sucker can be found and [fished in Alaska](#), Canada, and Asia. It can grow up to 59 inches and 60 pounds.



Lake Sturgeon: Mississippi River Basin,

Great Lakes, Hudson Bay, Vermont

These behemoths can grow over 7 feet long and weigh up to 240 pounds. Males live up to 55 years while females can hover between 80 and 150 years.



Paddlefish: Mississippi River Basin

Called "primitive fish," they're basically the same fish that existed during the early Cretaceous Period. And that was only 120-125 million years ago.



Alligator Gar: Mississippi River Basin and Gulf

Coast States, Primarily

The world-record gar was caught on the Rio Grande on a rod and reel in 1951, and it weighed a whopping 279 pounds. It's a good-eating fish that's worth the effort, and they've become a prized catch for bow-fishers. They're the second-largest freshwater fish in North America, only beat out by the monstrosities that are white sturgeon.



Flathead Catfish: Texas, Gulf of Mexico, Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri River Basins

A flathead can grow up to 5 feet long and weigh up to 60 pounds. This prolific fish can survive in all sorts of water, from small rivers to the brackish inlets and reservoirs. They prefer live bait and will often hang in submerged wood cover.



.....from Gearjunkie.com

We received a very nice note from one of our MSU graduates the other day, John Heneman who will be moving on to pursue his next level degree. If any member is heading out to that area this year, stop in and congratulate him on his green & white university degree.

"Wanted to thank you for your guidance and welcoming me to the Red Cedars, as my 4 years at State come to an end I look back on those late night Tuesday meetings as some of my favorite times on campus. I'm sad about not seeing everybody in the club in the near future, but feel very lucky for being able to experience the club and absorb the wealth of wisdom shared at the meetings. I will be driving out to Craig Montana in a couple days to work at CrossCurrent fly shop for the summer which is an opportunity that I learned about from the last Red Cedar presentation at Coral Gables, so thank you again for everything you and the club do!

Hope you stay safe and hopefully I can come back for a meeting down the road a bit!"

John

Little Manistee – Syers Lake Dam Removal Project 2019

The Little Manistee River originates from several swamps in eastern Lake County and flows through Lake, Mason and Manistee counties. The Little Manistee watershed drains 145,280 acres which includes approximately 63 miles of river and ultimately flows into Manistee Lake which empties into Lake Michigan. Syers Lake Dam was a 6' tall by 125' long earthen berm dam on a tributary to the Little Manistee River. The artificially high lake level caused by the dam had flooded riparian wetlands on the lake's margins resulting in extensive shallow-water flats which further exposed the lake to solar heating in addition to inundating 2/3 mile of the original channel. The deteriorated condition of the dam's water control structure had created a situation in which water did not flow through the dam during periods of low water, resulting in approximately 1/4 mile of Syers Creek downstream to go completely dry. The primary associated risk of the dam was imminent catastrophic failure during periods of high water when the water control structure was not able to accommodate flood flows (there was no spillway, auxiliary channel or otherwise to handle overflows).

Contributors:

- U.S Fish & Wildlife Service – Fish Passage Program, Great Lakes Fish and Wildlife Restoration Act
- USDA-NRCS-Regional Conservation Partnership Program
- Grand Traverse Band of Ottawa and Chippewa Indians
- Little River Band of Ottawa Indians
- Little Manistee River Watershed Conservation Council
- Great Lakes Council of Fly Fishers International
- Fly Fishers International
- Patagonia
- Michigan Fly Fishing Club
- Trout and Salmon Foundation
- Adjacent Landowners
- CRA River Care Program- Supported by DTE Energy Foundation
- The George Fund

Location:

Pearack Twp.
Section 1
Lake County, MI
N 44.0633°
W -85.8097°



Best Management Practices:

- 95" x 67" x 55' pipe arch culvert installed
- Fieldstone placement for slope stabilization
- Grading & re-vegetation
- Channel restoration

Project Benefits:

- Aquatic organism passage upstream and downstream of the dam location
- Restoration of perennial flows to Syers Creek below the dam
- Restoration of native channel above dam
- Restoration of natural sediment, nutrient, and wood transport regimes
- Reduction of water temperatures
- Restoration of riparian wetlands



Photo 2. Placement of rock structure looking upstream toward the dam.



Photo 4. Placement of stream bottom material inside of pipe arch, looking upstream.



Photo 5. Propping raft for short pile removal.



Photo 6. Propping for short pile removal, note the downstream structure at left of pipe arch outlet.



Photo 7. Upstream view of pipe arch.



Photo 8. Outlet, looking downstream. Free passage upstream and downstream for non-jumping fish (first time in 60 years).

Note that two of the contributors were the Great Lakes Council and Fly Fishers Intl. Your contributions to both make these conservation programs happen.

Useless information quiz this time that has “nothing to do with fly fishing”

Answers on page 15

- A. Which is longer?
 - 1. The length of the line that the average pencil can draw
 - 2. The distance that the average office chair on wheels will travel over the course of a year
- B. Which is faster?
 - 1. The top speed of a falling raindrop
 - 2. The top speed of a honeybee in flight
- C. Which are there more of?
 - 1. Dimples on a golf ball
 - 2. Sesame seeds on a Big Mac bun
- D. Which has more grooves in its edge?
 - 1. A quarter
 - 2. A dime
- E. Which is saltier?
 - 1. The Atlantic
 - 2. The Pacific
- F. Which activity will use up more of your life?
 - 1. Waiting at red lights
 - 2. Looking for misplaced objects
- G. Which is more potent?
 - 1. Rattlesnake venom
 - 2. Black Widow spider venom
- H. Which product icon is older?
 - 1. Tony the Tiger
 - 2. The Jolly Green Giant
- I. Which would more Americans rather listen to, after being put on hold?
 - 1. Music
 - 2. Silence
- J. Which is taller?
 - 1. The Statue of Liberty
 - 2. The Eiffel Tower
- K. Which is more important to the average American taxpayer?
 - 1. Taking as many deductions as possible
 - 2. Avoiding an audit
- L. Which grows faster?
 - 1. Fingernails
 - 2. Toenails
- M. Which lasted longer?
 - 1. The Roman Empire
 - 2. The Mayan Empire
- N. Which is higher?
 - 1. The amount of money that the average American dog will cost its owner
 - 2. The cost of an average wedding
- O. Which group comprises more people worldwide?
 - 1. Drinkers of cow's milk
 - 2. Drinkers of goat's milk
- P. Which is longer?
 - 1. The longest recorded bout of hiccups
 - 2. The longest recorded bout of sneezing
- Q. Which contains a higher percentage of water?
 - 1. A Watermelon
 - 2. An apple
- R. Which cost more when first introduced?
 - 1. The game of Monopoly
 - 2. The Barbie Doll



The Hex Ultimatum ~by Billy Vail St. Joe River Valley Fly Fishers

I walked into the house after my “Barnes and Noble” shopping trip for books to read while on my annual Ausable excursion with the SJRVFF gang. My wife, Coleen, remarked, “First of all, this house is overflowing with your hard cover books! And, if you don’t stop reading all that espionage stuff you are going to start seeing conspiracies behind every tree!.. I have to admit, I love my books and I really lean towards the David Baldacci, Vince Flynn, Michael Connelly, and Robert Ludlum stuff. I dig all the twists and turns and the ways they really take down the bad guys.

I decided this year up in Grayling I was going to take some of the advice I had gotten from club members and fish later in the evening when the Michigan hatches were at their best. If the Isonychia hatches and the famous Hex hatch were going on at night, then that is when I had to be on the water if I wanted to whack some big browns.

My first night, I had some limited success as sulphurs and stones were coming off while I waited for the iso’s and hopefully a hex appearance. This was my fourth year now on the AuSable in June, and I must admit that I have never seen a “hex” either on the water or off. Well, I sat on a log and waited, and waited, and waited. No bugs and no fish were rising. It was about 11:30 pm and I decided to pack it in and go to Spike’s for the first time and try one of the famous “Spike burgers” I had heard so much about.

I went in and sat at the bar and ordered a root beer and a burger. As I was waiting on my order this big tall drink of water came in and took the stool next to me. He seemed friendly enough, gave me a toothless grin, stuck out his huge hand and introduced himself as Neldon. I told him my name was Billy and asked him how he was. I just got out and thought it would be great to get a Spike burger. It seemed a little weird that he said he “just got out” but I assumed he was just getting out to eat and then he was going to fish the Hex hatch later that night. I asked him if he was from around Grayling. He said, no, that he was from Missouri area and had come up to fish the Hex. I mentioned that I was in town for a few days and it would be neat to fish with someone who was experienced chasing the famous Michigan monster bug. I was pleasantly surprised when he invited me to go with him and a couple of buddies the next night to chase big browns. “meet us at Gates at 6:00pm and we will get us some hell trout”!. Alright, I thought this is going to be great!

The next day, in my excitement, I got to Gates’ shop early. I was getting my gear together and starting to lather up with bug goo when this Ford Escape pulled up next to me. The passenger window rolled down. I could see Neldon in the driver’s seat, but the passenger barked at me “Hey, what the hell are you doing!” He shot Neldon an irritated look and turned back to inform me that “You don’t tack up in Gate’s parking lot. Pull your jeep way over to the end of the lot in that isolated spot and we will transfer your gear over”. I thought to myself, wow this dude is pretty uptight. Oh well, no problem, we are just going fishing, right?.

I repositioned my jeep and Neldon and the two others got out. He introduced me to “Mad Dog and Glam”. I said those are cool nicknames, what are your real names. Glam looked right through me and coolly told me “It’s Glam and Mad Dog to you”. “No problem”, I said. Hmmm, this can’t get much weirder. Wow, was I wrong. Just as I finished stowing my gear, somebody came up behind me and through a hood over my head. Then the three of them started spinning me around in circles and then they threw me in the car. I was so disoriented I couldn’t tell which way they had exited Gate’s parking lot and which way we were going. As I started to protest Mad Dog said “Shut your trap. Glam, sweep all his gear and his clothes for GPS or listening devices”. I thought to myself this is a nightmare. I thought I was just going fishing!.

I was sitting there in shock with this hood over my head and Neldon seemed to be driving in circles. Glam was giving Neldon directions in some sort of encryption that they all seemed to understand, but I had no clue what they were talking about. The only thing I followed was when Mad Dog said “When we get close we need to start looking for red rooster emblem nailed to that tree”. We finally stopped and, of course, I had no idea where we were. They made me stay in the car as they were getting their gear on and were messing with my stuff. They finally let me out, took off the hood, and told me to put my gear on. I shouted “What the hell, is going on! For God’s sake, I thought I was just going fish I”. Mad Dog removed his sunglasses and looked at me with his penetrating, beady eyes and

asked "Have you ever fished the Hex hatch before, newbie?. I answered no and he continued. "Rook, this is serious business. We do this every year. If you want to fish with us and learn how it's done, then I would suggest you be quiet, pay close attention and you might learn something.... although I doubt it. Here put these tiny ear buds in. We also installed a transmitter into the Dr. Slick on your vest. This is how we communicate with one another. It is vital to the success of our mission. You are under radio silence, unless it is an emergency. Do you understand, Newbie? This could be a great experience or it could go horribly wrong for you. Let's roll".

"OK, let's recon. Neldon you take the point. Glam you stay with Newbie and make sure he doesn't fall behind" said Mad Dog. We started hiking down a path and finally arrived at the river. Which river, I had no idea. As we started to cross it became apparent Neldon was a fearless wader and the official "hole" seeker. We stopped briefly and Glam pulled me aside, "Take a look around Newbie. Notice the landmarks from where we came into the river. Fix in your mind's eye those bleached out logs, the stairs behind us and that island. Remember the structure in the water and the differing depths. In the dark your world is going to get very small and will look eerily different. Your ability to remember these things will have everything to do with you getting back to the car at the appointed time. And if you don't you will be sleeping in these woods, got it!." We kept wading and hiking passing what seemed like good water to fish. Neldon had waded into some deep holes, stuck his leg under some undercut banks, and found plenty of structure. The hardass Mad Dog seemed gleefully transfixed. "Oh F&*^ yeah. This is awesome. Glam you will secure the low end here. Neldon, Newbie and I will continue upstream. I want to lock down this entire area." We went around the next bend and Mad Dog took up a location and we carried on. Neldon and I finally stopped and he told me that I was to maintain the upward perimeter. "What the hell do you mean by maintain the perimeter?." "You heard Mad Dog. We want to lock down this entire area. We let nobody and I mean nobody penetrate our perimeters! Now look you are in a good spot here. There is nice structure and some good holes. Start casting until you find a good radius of spots that you can reach and then keep your line at that length. The last thing you want is to foul your line up in the middle of the hatch when you are trying to cast to a rising hog! What size leader are you using?" I said 3X. "Newbie, that may be OK for some dinks before the big boys come out to play. But, when they do, cut the leader back to 1X or 2X. You don't want to go through all this work to get that trophy, only to have it break you off! If somebody tries to break through your perimeter break radio silence and we will walk you through what to do. Now, we just wait for the bugs." He handed me this big, beautiful hex emerger pattern to try and waded downstream. I wondered what the hell I had gotten myself into. This seemed more like a black ops mission than Michigan night fishing.

Things were pretty quiet for the next 90 minutes as the sun was setting and it started to get darker. All of a sudden I noticed another fisherman upstream from me and heading my way. "I have a fisherman approaching" I whispered into my Dr. Slick. Immediately Mad Dog's voice came into my ear buds. "Do not break mission protocol. NOBODY penetrates the perimeter newbie! You tell that clown that we have this entire area locked down and he needs to turn around and wade back upstream." I thought to myself that he must be kidding, right? As the fisherman approached, Neldon spotted him. "Newbie, send him packing. If he won't listen we placed a taser in your vest pocket. It is set to disable. You need to take him down if you have to." Holy crap, this is crazy.

Well, this age 60 something guy nicely walks up and asks if I minded if he waded through. I didn't have the heart to tell him, no. What harm could it do? I let him through and just as he got past me all hell broke loose. Neldon started screaming in my ear "Perimeter penetrated on the north end!" Mad Dog went ape. "Newbie, TAKE HIM DOWN! If you don't I can take out either one of your eyes with a cast from 50 yards and you won't even know it is coming!" I can't believe what I did next. I tased the dude. He fell onto the bank, started convulsing, and then he stopped moving. "Oh my god, I think I killed the guy!" Mad Dog calmly said "You didn't kill him a**hole. Roll him into the river. The cold water will revive him. When he comes to, tell him you saw him get struck by heat lightning. Let him know he will probably be OK, but he should get checked out at the local hospital. Neldon, get up there. If he doesn't come to....well, you know what to do.

It turned out just the way Mad Dog said. The guy came to and I told him he got hit by lightning. He thanked me and shakily waded back up stream and out of sight. I thought I may need to clean out my underwear and I really wanted to escape these maniacs myself. But, it was about pitch black and I had no idea where I was. So, I went back to waiting. I don't remember what time it was, but all of a sudden through the darkness I could hear and see new fish rising. Next thing I hear Glam in my ears "We have sailboats on the water! Fish rising everywhere. Engage, engage!" Suddenly, fish started exploding

through the surface all around me. I was so excited I just started blindly casting. I finally calmed down and started observing the rising fish. I concentrated on a few in the grid in front of me. I began to cast and drift Neldon's emerger selectively. Wham! First, one nice 15 in. brown, followed by a couple more. This is awesome I thought to myself. This is what this is all about. I don't know how long this continued, but the rises started slowing. I was mentally fried and ready to call it a night. However, there was this one big, rising fish that seemed to be antagonizing me. OK, a**hole you are mine. I cut back my tippet and began casting to that fish in a rhythm that I hoped would coincide with his feeding. By this time Neldon had moved up and was nearby. He told me that the hog was playing me and it was my duty to whack it. I carefully timed my cast, adjusted my drift and....CRASH. I never had a fish hit a fly like that! My rod was shaking and my line was screaming upstream. "Hog on" Neldon advised the team. "Moving in to help the newbie land the hell trout." As Neldon showed up to my side I was making some progress on the beast who had taken me into my backing. I was shaking and praying that it wouldn't break off. Ten minutes later I got him close enough for Neldon's long arms to reach out and net him. Wow, a 25 in. Michigan brown on a hex! By far the biggest trout I had ever seen, no less catch. Neldon took a picture and we released the monster back into the river to fight another day.

We got back to the car and the mood had calmed noticeably. I didn't fear for my life anymore and I volunteered to put the hood back on. I was allowed to take it off when we got back into Grayling. We wound up at Spike's before last call and in time to order a Spike Burger. Glam was the last to order. He ordered his Spike burger medium rare and asked for a bottle of Penfold's Bin 707. The waitress gave him a vacant look. He realized she didn't understand and ordered a 1998 Robert Mondavi Reserve Napa Cabernet Sauvignon instead and told her to make sure it was served at 63 degrees. The waitress backed away and disappeared. The manager showed up. He said he was worry, but we don't carry that kind of stuff, whatever you asked for. Glam glared at him, just shook his head and ordered a beer.

WE enjoyed our burgers and shared stories and pictures. The three "Trout Whacker's" took me back to Gates and I unloaded my gear. They then apologized for some of their tactics, but said that is just the way the stealthy, Hex hunt works. I said I now understood and thanked them for the most unusual fishing experience of my life. I walked again to my car and turned to say goodbye and their car was already screeching out of the parking lot.

As I drove back to the house I was staying in I reflected on the night and thought maybe, Coleen was right. I better stick to reading John Gierach and The Drake for awhile.

All characters besides myself, are fictional....sort of, as is the 25" brown, unfortunately.

Gary Nye, a physician assistant in the emergency room at the Adirondack Medical Center in Saranac Lake for more than 20 years, has treated numerous anglers who've come in with the treble hooks from fishing lures stuck on their thumbs, arms or legs, ears, noses, eyelids, lips, the side of their necks, the back of their heads – nearly every body part.

He said he's taken lures off several patients' penises and scrotums, adding those incidents occurred when the individuals were fishing with small bathing suits, or skimpy, loose-hanging shorts with nothing on underneath. **"Usually alcohol has something to do with it,"** he added.



‘Enjoy a day on the river with your best friend’



Well, it was way back in late '16 that this was published – Gawd! have I been writing this (bad word) that long? Anyway, I've added the things I had observed, that provoked the original article, based, as it was, on AA's Twelve Steps to sobriety. My recollections are at the end of each item. And if they aren't right? It's been over three years! Chalk it up to writer's block. -- RRBK

Twelve Steps to Embracing and Improving Your Flyfishing Addiction

Presented by the Right Reverend Bob Kren, a.k.a. Mr. Flyfisherpersonguy

1. Admit you are powerless over flyfishing, that because of it your life has become unmanageable, but oddly, much more satisfying. Explanation: The season had effectively ended, and I ain't one to go out and get cold just to get skunked. But that didn't keep me from tying, ordering books from the library and from Amazon, and re-re-rearranging equipment. And buying more books. We are the readingest fishers, but I've said that before. Good for us.
2. Come to believe that Powers greater than yourself can raise you to sanity. Or not, you choose. Explanation: Just as fear can be a powerful laxative, daydreaming can either drive you nuts, or to greatness. Why, some of my best inspirations come at my most relaxed times. Often, but not usually, they involve flyfishing in some exotic fishing venue, trout, if you can imagine. And you can, you can.
3. Make a decision to turn your will and your life over to the care of Dorothy Schramm, as we can understand Her. Explanation: My TU Chapter had just started talking about a Women in Waders (now it's Women 'n Waders, the other title having been taken by a more, um, adult-oriented endeavor. Wow!, but I digress) course and the woman who was in charge was looking for advice, so I steered her toward FlyGirls, Dorothy's brainchild, her other child being Jim.
4. Make a searching and fearless moral and tackle and "stuff" inventory of yourself. Then, misplace it in your piles of stuff. Explanation: Personally, my inventory of stuff only got as far as actual "stuff." An inventory of my personal luggage of hang-ups (hangs-up? whatever) and strong points would fill a Psych 101 text.
5. Admit to Lefty Kreh, to yourself, and to other flyfishers the exact nature of your longings to flyfish, and to buy even more "stuff." Explanation: This involved end-of-season gatherings, with their grunts, nods, alcohol, laughter, lies, and our collective ethanol-driven need to keep up momentum by participating actively in events.
6. Be entirely ready to have Joe Humphreys approve all these necessary toys. Explanation: I had met a gent who, in retrospect, I just KNOW was Joe Humphreys, fishing on Phil's favorite Arkansas tailwater, late that October. I didn't demonstrate my lack of casting ability, or fly choice, but just had a pleasant conversation.
7. Humbly asked Gary Borger to remove your shortcomings, like tailing loops. Good luck. Explanation: He was at a Midwest Show, and, come to think of it, he's a kind of a self-serving (bad word). It's just that he's, so, . . . visible, due mostly to his own efforts. Not that I'm self-promoting, no, never, I'm far too shy and modest.
8. Make a list of all persons you have harmed in honing your addiction, and become willing to make amends to them all, or at least some of them. Maybe. Explanation: I'd just realized, having finished a season of harassing innocent people on the water, that maybe unwanted advice, as valuable as mine is, ain't always appreciated. Then again, everything I say is valid, if embarrassing, and sure gets me a lot of nice water all to myself.
9. Make direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others, in which case just go fishing and forget about it. Explanation: I can't possibly remember all those people, although they certainly remember me!
10. Continue to take personal inventory, and when you are wrong, promptly put off admitting it. Explanation: Nothing wrong with a good dollop of self-denial, as long as you don't act it out in public. I got to thinking about remorse, once, but it passed. Maybe alcohol was involved, maybe not, I can't remember.
11. Seek through e-mails, letters, and 'phone calls to improve your contacts with Archie Best, as you understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for you, and the power to carry that out, despite any restraining orders. Explanation: I'd met a gent from Iowa, down in Arkansas, and he and I hit it off, despite his political persuasion. He was willing to give me advice – both there in person, and long distance -- about that tailwater, and Iowa streams, and suddenly nada. He blew me off! Imagine that happening for the fourth time in a month! Maybe a change in Party would help. Never happen.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these Steps, carry this message to other failed addicts, and practice these Principles in all your affairs, preferably onstream.
Explanation: I met somebody onstream, who acted like ME! For shame! What a drag. I left.



Congratulations to Brian for John Wylie award from the



the 2020 recipient of the Red Cedar Fly Fishers.



Always looking to bring in the largest fish? Well, in this area of Japan, the challenge is in the smallest size. Check out this video that shows the gear, etc. <https://www3.nhk.or.jp/nhkworld/en/ondemand/video/3019096>

Congratulations also to **Jacob Sawecki** who is this year's Red Cedar scholarship winner. Here's a bit of info on his studies at Michigan State University:

"I am enrolled as a first-year doctorate student in the Department of Fisheries and Wildlife and working under the guidance of Dr. Brian Roth. The focus of my research involves a comprehensive evaluation and comparison of food webs between lakes Michigan and Huron using predator diets. The goal of the current study is to establish feeding behaviors of salmon, trout and walleye within each lake on a spatial and temporal scale. Spatial sampling and temporal sampling will be accomplished by collecting 30 fish of each predator species from every management district of Lake Michigan and Michigan waters of Lake Huron on a monthly basis. The contents of the stomachs from these fish will be analyzed in the lab to estimate the per predator consumption rate of various prey items. These data will then be used to construct predator-prey ratios for both lakes, which will be important for updating models and making management decisions involving the stocking and maintenance of these valuable fish populations."

Tie One On—Grayling, Michigan Style ~ <https://www.flytyer.com/tie-one-on-grayling-michigan-style/>



Discovered a new species of Koi running upstream in the Chernobyl nuclear plant region of Russia. Not sure what size fly rod, reel and tippet you'll need to land one of these but could be a club road trip in the future to get one of these to the net!



Why Modern Fishing Is a Catch-and-Release Game

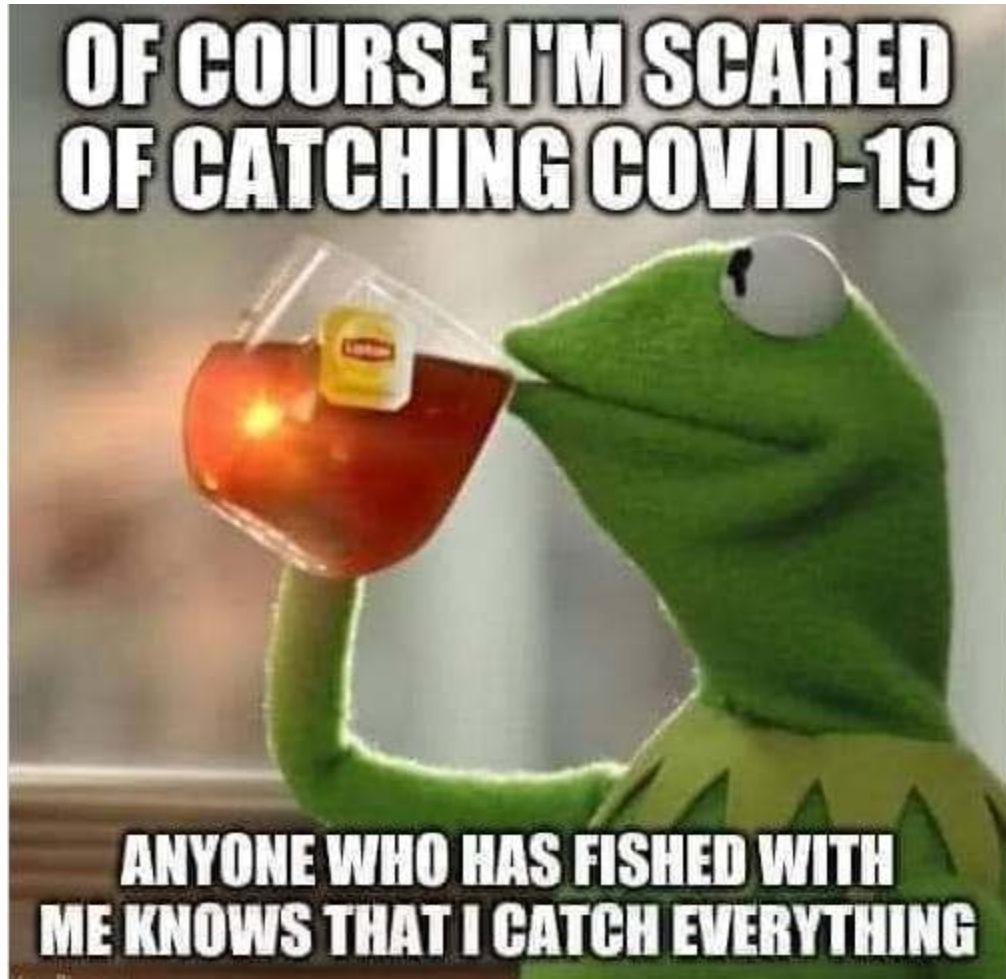
When you talk to a fisherman, a real fisherman, you are talking to a steward of the water. He is a lover of fish. He is angry about the vast islands of plastic poisoning the sea, and about ruinous overfishing and fishery mismanagement. Most of all, a real fisherman wants fishing to survive into the next generation and beyond. That's partly why catch-and-release practices have gained popularity in recent years: saltwater fly-fishing, a fast and athletic catch-and-release sport that seems more like hunting than fishing, is what fuels interest today.



It's an idea of fishing that would have seemed as foreign to my grandfather, peacefully bobbing for catfish on the banks of Moonda Creek, as it does to the thrill-seeking suburbanite who plays out his Hemingway fantasy wrestling swordfish on a rented day boat. It's an idea of angling that favors skill, care and craft over chest-thumping bravado, and here in the water under the hot flat sun.

For the complete article paste this link into your browser:

<https://gearpatrol.com/2020/05/03/catch-and-release-fishing-belize/>



Greg Carr with a nice steelhead from the Muskegon river last month. They boated 4 out of 12.



Mark Johnston and Bob Ceru with a Muskegon grand slam last month: Smallmouth, Steelhead, Brown & Rainbow trout



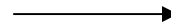
Field Notes:

- One more fishing vehicle.....made especially for one piece fly rods.



- "Kill the hens you kill the river" ~ Hardyreels
- The term "Don't give up the ship!" (or drift boat, raft, kayak, jet boat) etc. is coined by Captain James Lawrence, U.S. Chesapeake. (1813)
- Quiz answers: A - 1, 35 miles; B - 2, 30mph to 22mph; C - 1, 350-400 vs 178; D - 1, 119 to 118 E - 1; F - 2, 1 year vs 6 months; G - 2 H - 2, 1928 vs 1955; I - 1; J - 2 by 3 times; K - 1; L - 1; M - 2; N - 2; O - 2; P - 1, 65 years vs 978 days; Q - 1, 92% vs 84% R - 1, \$4 vs \$3

- Dennis O'Brien with a large catfish from a recent trip



- The game warden and the Yellow Drake
content.govdelivery.com/accounts/MIDNR/bulletins/28b6e7e



Refrigerator Reminders

June

6th - Find a veteran to thank

9th - Club picnic at Vahalla Park in Holt has been **Cancelled**. Delhi Township has closed the pavilions at all their parks till this virus issue is over.

18th - National 'Go Fishing' day, no kidding around on this one. Found it in the Constitution on page 76 in small print.

18th - The first American fly-casting tournament was held in Utica, NY. (1861)

24th - National 'Swim a Lap' day and hopefully not in your waders.