

**Victor Huge** is quoted as saying, “...*there is no grandfather who does not adore his grandson.*”

I had some time to kill before picking up my wife from her office so I did what I normally do. I found a body of water and took out my fly rod. In this instant I happen to be near the Anneberg City Park in Manhattan, Kansas and because it was only about five minutes from my wife’s office that’s where I ended up.

That’s where I met Dale Wolcott and his five and half year old grandson Jake.

Dale is an old Viet Nam war veteran who currently works in aviation out at the old Manhattan terminal near the new airport.



I had barely started throwing my popper into the lake when Jake hung onto what seem like a big fish; of course I dropped my rod and walked over to watch the little fellow play his fish. Playing the fish turned out to be quite a job for the young fisherman on what was light tackle but Jake was determined and he held on tight all the while reeling it in. Dale stood by for moral support and to lend his hand lifting the monster from the lake when Jake got him to the shoreline.

Over the years I have witness this event many time with my own boys growing up and with my own grandchildren; it always seems like a first experience. The excited sounds that the young angler makes as he/she strains to reel in their catch and the look of excitement in their eyes. Dale was pretty excited himself and need I add proud.

Both Dale and Jake were kind enough to allow me to take a picture of his moment and to write this account for my web site and for that I am appreciative; to Jake I want to say GOOD JOB; keep fishing and keep your rod high and your line tight.

Your fan... *David McNeal*