

The Dogumentary

28th Year

The Waterdogs Fishing Club

June 2010

June Meeting

The June 3 meeting will be at **Tuttles Grill** and bowling alley on Shady Oak Road. Don't forget your ball and shoes if you would like to bowl after the meeting. Our speaker will be Tim Ohmann from the DNR who will talk about the good and bad things regarding aquatic vegetation. Let's keep him focused on the fishing angle and not the enforcement part.

2010 Waterdogs Fishing Club Calendar

June 3	Monthly Meeting
June 5-6	Walleye Tournament
June 18-19	Bass Tournament
July 8	Monthly Meeting
July 24-31	Rock n Roll Musky Tour .
Aug 5	Monthly Meeting
Aug 28	Multispecies Tournament
Sep 2	Monthly Meeting
Sep 18	Multispecies Tournament .
Oct 7	Monthly Meeting
Nov 4	Banquet
Dec 2	Monthly Meeting

See the last page for 2010 Tourney Details

Fishing for Life Events Calendar

Opportunities for community involvement with fishing is possible with the Fishing for Life organization that has several events that we can participate in. The fishing dates for the FFL kids, in which boats and volunteers are needed are:

- **July 24th.** Medicine lake
- **August 7** Lake Marion
- **Aug 21st** White Bear Lake

Indications of attendance to any of these events will be taken at future meetings.

*From the Desk of the President,
Brian Karsjens – 'The Perp'*



Wow, it is almost June already. Two very successful tournaments are history and two more will be gone before we know it. Hope everyone had a safe opener and has a safe Memorial Day weekend. Several of us attended the Fishing for Life fund raising banquet and have some stories to tell about that. If your schedule allows, participating in one of their fishing outings would be worth while. Since there are lots of fish stories to tell that are more interesting than my rambling, I will keep this short.

I hope everyone has a great time on the St Louis River and again in Carver County. See you Thursday.
Perp



Dogs at the Fishing for Life Banquet had the honor of meeting the Keynote Speaker, Ron Lindner

Rub-A-Dub Crappies

For the first time ever, tournament teams were made up of three anglers in a boat instead of the usual two for this year's crappie event on Lake Minnetonka on May 1. Twenty-One Waterdogs attended the event, which luckily divided up evenly into 7 boats. The weather was sunny and relatively warm, but the wind was howling, which made getting to your spot and holding there a real challenge.

Pre-fishing was the key to finding crappie locations, as Kirk again demonstrated in leading his team of Nasty and Meat to first place. They found the majority of their fish in shallow channels, often in a foot of water. Their first spot off Brown's Bay gave them a boat-limit of 30 fish by 8:15 in the morning. As a result, they were able to cull fish for the rest of the day and raise their converted weight up to nearly double that of the second-place team of Kojak – Janitor – Griz. Shatner and team caught fish both on minnows, but also did well on plastics. The largest crappie caught in the tournament was a 13" by Nasty.



Fishing Reports:

The Fishing was for the Dogs

By Helen

The family and I went up to Whitefish opener weekend. I didn't get the chance to fish that much and was unsuccessful at catch any walleyes. The fish were not in any of the traditional early season spots, nor were they found at my early June locations, which never miss.

There were a lot of boats out, mostly fishing early summer bars and reefs, but I did not see one fish caught while I was out. It was very slow. I suspect the fish were in transition and scattered all over the lake.

The water temps were colder than I expected. The main lake was 52°F. The warmest water and the muddiest back bays was only 56°F.

As a result, I took the kids out Crappie fishing. The Crappie fishing was hot a few weeks prior to the opener, so most of the area's hot spots were heavily pressured and perhaps fished out. It was so slow, our neighbor who lives on the lake and to fish Crappies on opener weekend decided to skip the Whitefish chain, heading to Vermillion instead.

Because I couldn't fine and crappies either, I took the kids out (Annika 7, Sam 6) to "spy fish" in very shallow back bays. My Dad would take me out to do this when I was young and got bored. We'd see big pike and bass which would get the juicing following again.

The kid's and I saw tons of bass, no pike and several dog fish laying in the muddy weeds.

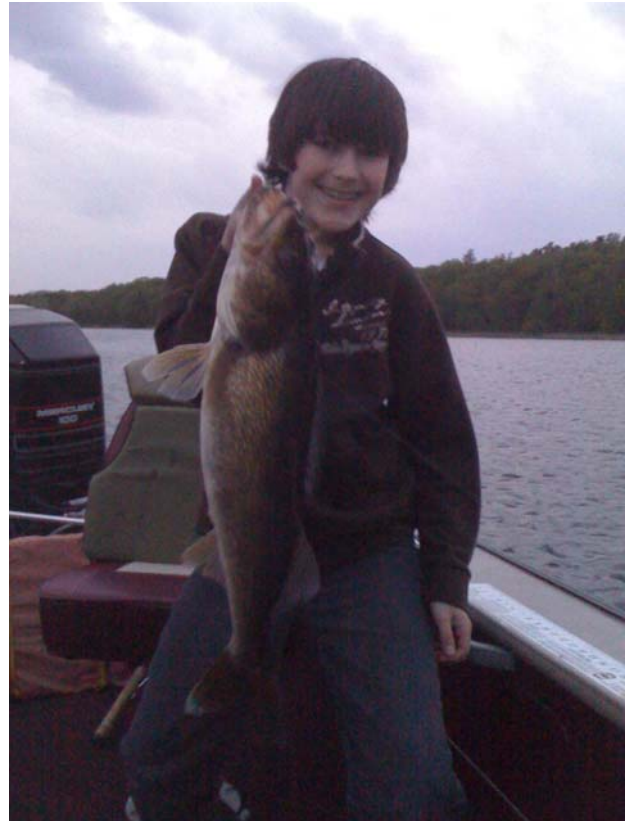
For the fun of it, I decided to try to catch the dog fish. Once we'd spot on, I'd place a small jig with a gulp teaser in front of it. You could see the fish actually "smell" the bait and "wake up", then slurp it in (a testament for gulp). We caught several, boated a few and had a couple of broken lines. I'd estimate the weight range of those we caught between 5 and 15lbs (perhaps 20lbs for one). They put up the best of fights, diving under the boat, splashing water (the kids even got wet), tail dancing, digging in the bottom. It was challenge, especially on 4 lb test line in shallow water. It surpassed any game fish fight I ever had. It was great sport.

The kids had a blast and will remember that outing for a long time. I learned a lesson too, be flexible and look for fun.

Analists Report:

Fishing opener was pretty slow. Cold wet temps seemed to push the bait out of the shallows and put a damper on the bite. Due to our success last year on Twin Lake near Menagha we tried for a repeat on Saturday night. Weather was great and 13 boats surrounded us on our little "hot spot". True to form the lake gave up some nice fish. From 8-10 pm we boated 12 or so Walleyes, including a 24" & 25"—both which were let go. Caught a bunch of pike on Sunday making it a pretty good opener.

The following weekend I brought my 12-year old son Justin with me for a boot camp for the 2011 fishing opener. The boy passed with flying colors. On Saturday we went back to Blueberry Lake and caught over 20 pike; the two largest were over nine pounds (31-32 inches)—both pulled in by my son. Bummer was I forgot my camera... In the evening we went back to Twin and the old faithful spot gave up her spoils again: 20 plus walleyes, the largest of which was 27 inches—which I let my son pull in. I had my camera for this one! My son gladly let her swim so she could grow big enough to get him a catch and release patch from In Fisherman. I also had a MONSTER Muskie on for a couple minutes. The fish grabbed a 2 lb walleye as I was reeling it in. She dropped the fish before getting close enough to the net. Still very exciting for my 12 year old (for me as well...).



On Sunday we went back to Blueberry for pike. Another 15 or so pike were duped by our technique—snap-jigging a yellow jig and sucker minnow. No monsters today, the largest was 28 inches. Just before departing for the day my son wanted to go shallow to see if he could see any carp (there was a carp fishing/spearing contest going on and he couldn't figure out how they shot carp with bow and arrow). As we were cruising through the shallow reeds we found two areas where some large black crappies were hanging out. We gave it a few minutes and went sight fishing for them. We ended up catching two nice ones—1 ½ lb'ers. I think I got the boy hooked!

“Up North” Fishing Opener By Shatner

With a wedding to attend on Saturday afternoon of the Minnesota Opener I did not have a lot of time to get out, let alone travel to a lake. This left me with the option to drive 10 minutes “Up North” on 35E from my home in Eagan to fish Pool 2 on the Mississippi out of Lilydale, MN. This is also the location our fall multi-species event so call this the start of my pre-fishing.

I met a friend from St. Paul at about 7 AM for about five hours of non-stop action. Our catch included 4 walleye, 9 SM, 1 crappie, 15 white bass, numerous sheephead, 10lb carp and a northern was lost near the boat. We also saw another boat land a catfish. That is 6 species we caught or saw caught not including the carp. This was accomplished with no live bait or as FD would say no pets and with the river level running a couple of feet above normal from the recent rain.

The Analyst and I revisited the River again for a few hours one evening last week and again found the walleyes and SM to be very active. I anticipate a lot of action here for our club's event this fall. Don't overlook this close-to-home fishery if you want some easy action this summer.

Waterdog Sightings:

I Should have Bought a Lottery Ticket.

By Helen

I got a call from our east coast sales team explaining the need to help with a customer issue. I make similar trips about 5 – 6 times a year, usually when our sales teams get themselves in a bind trying to fix issues and confusing customers (they're really looking for a target the customer can vent frustration upon).

I made last-minute flight arrangements, guaranteeing a pricey ticket (\$2,000+) and a less than desirable seat. I packed and headed to the airport. I was hanging out at gate G22 at MSP, waiting on a 2 pm flight to Hartford CT.

Waiting, watching CNN and lamenting my center seat location, I noticed a guy in a grayish brown suit walk by. Looking up I thought he looks familiar, so I got up and followed him. Low and behold - it was Rocky.

Rocky was heading to Hartford on an Otis Elevator boondoggle. I slapped my ticket down and to our surprise I was sitting next to him. Rocky had the window and I was in the center seat.

It was a great 2 ½-hour flight. We talked a lot about fishing and the island cabin he

purchased on LOTW in January. The new cabin understandably excites him and it sounds like the perfect retreat.

Rocky's doing great and is very busy with his business and setting up the new cabin. He sends his best wishes to all current and former Dogs. He always looks forward to the Dogumentaries every month.

Mushrooms can be Hazardous

By FD

I was out hunting morel mushrooms on an early Sunday morning on the Trimbelle River where I had noticed some possible good spots while trout fishing earlier in the year. I spent an hour in one area and found some, and was driving south on county road O looking for another spot, when I went by a bridge with a truck parked by it and a Waterdog sticker on the back. It was my trout tournament partner Buick, and he was just coming up from the stream after spooking a bunch of Browns. I told him what I was doing and he decided to join me for a walk in the woods in another location. We found enough morel mushrooms so that he could enjoy them with a meal and we headed home. I left a few minutes before Buick, as he had to change out of his waders. On the way back, Buick's truck was t-boned off highway 61 by a girl who ran a stop sign while talking on her cell phone. The accident damaged all 4 panels on the right side of his truck but Buick was OK. At least Buick and Lynne got to enjoy some wild mushrooms with dinner, but boy were they expensive.

Second Annual Waterdogs Tarpon Fantasy

Five Waterdogs joined Shorty at his estate in Florida for his second annual tarpon fantasy trip for four days of unbelievable fishing for giant fish. The guys on the trip were: Felix, Nasty, Fluffy, Janitor, Carmen and Shorty. The six Dogs were guided daily by three guides, who they rotated partners and guides daily. Everyone caught several tarpon and many other species for one of the best trips that Shorty has put together. Besides the great fishing, there Shorty's great hospitality and gourmet cooking were also enjoyed by all. Here are some of the stories from the trip:

From Nasty:

Day 1 Sunday:

Today starts with much anticipation as I head to the airport for the trip to Shorty's Florida home and Tarpon fishing. After an uneventful flight I meet up with Fluffee and the Janitor at the Ft. Meyers airport. Shorty picks us up for the official start of the trip. My hope is to catch one Tarpon at 100 pounds or more.

I would like to thank Shorty for putting together a great trip. As it turned out, the fishing was second only to Shorty's hospitality. This is a trip that none of us will ever forget!

Monday:

Janitor and I are teamed for day one with our guide Randall. Janitor and I call him Randy all day which we later learn he hates. Sounds like a gay waiter he says. The weather conditions are warm and windy. We turn away from the public access to experience rollers coming over the bow. We are soaked within minutes. I am sitting on a seat cushion on the bow platform and have rollers hitting me in the middle of the back. As we head out to a deep water spot, Randall meets up with the OZ. The OZ is heading into the sound behind Sanibel Island looking for calmer conditions. Randall says this is fishable so we will try it.

During set-up Randall tells us not to fish off of either the front or rear platform due to the conditions. Instead we will fish from the middle and lower part of the boat. Janitor gets the first opportunity with a Tarpon smashing his bait. The fight is on. The Tarpon takes the drag, and the Janitor sets up for the long fight. The

Tarpon comes out of the water, Janitor bows, the fish is still on. This goes on for a while when all of the sudden the fish come out of the water directly behind the boat. The fish snaps the line. "Gotta bow" says Randall and the Janitor. After a few minutes we discuss the situation. Janitor says he is spent. What will we do if we get a big one. That first-fish was estimated at 50 pounds. A pea-shooter, according to Randall.



Sometime around 9:15 am after rocking and rolling for a couple of hours, we get a Tarpon bite close to the boat. It misses the bait turns around and hits the bait hard coming full out of the water 20 yards on the starboard side of the boat. My line starts to sing. Fish on! This fish takes a long run taking well over a hundred yards of line. I'm hanging on for all I'm worth as line continues to peel off my reel. I am powerless to stop or turn the fish. The fish jumps, Nasty bows. Randall turns the boat and we give chase. I am pulling as hard as I can and we are making up little ground. After approximately a hour the fish is within 30 yards of the boat. We can see the fish coming to the surface to gulp air. Each time it does this the Tarpon takes another 20-50 yard run. I am hurting with sore shoulders and biceps. I have sore shins from bracing against the bow platform. I am also feeling the effects of dehydration. I seems like the next half an hour or so is spent fighting over 5-10 yards of line. I make headway, the Tarpon takes the line back. I make headway, the Tarpon gulps air and makes a run. I am still suffering from dehydration and muscle fatigue. Janitor takes the rod giving me a break to recollect myself. Janitor experiences the power and tenacity of this fish. After taking a break, I am back on the rod. Unexpectedly, the Tarpon takes a run left to right and under the boat. The line is headed

directly across the trolling motor. The trolling motor is too far out in front for me to reach the rod around it clearing the line. I sprawl head-first onto the front platform extending the rod and clearing the trolling motor. I'm not going to lose this fish! I caught my fishing partners by surprise, as they thought I was going over the side. The wind and rollers were still with us. We are now close to the public beach on Sanibel Island. I remember seeing people standing and watching us fight this fish. Randall puts on his gloves thinking we are close to landing the fish. I have been within six inches of the leader knot several times which signifies a confirmed catch. Randall starts the motor to position the boat in preparation to land the fish. Upon sensing the motor, the Tarpon take a long run somewhere between 100 and 200 yards of line leave the reel. "Guess he didn't like that" Randall says. Janitor gives me another break. I am very dehydrated and am spent. After a short break, I am back on "it" to land the fish. After 2 hours and 40 minutes we have finally landed my first Tarpon....140 pounds. I hope I don't catch anymore today. It is evident that we do not know how to catch these fish. Our techniques are ineffective.

Tuesday:

Today I am teamed with Fluffee and have drawn the great and powerful OZ as a guide. I spent last night recovering from dehydration and soreness. I feel fine but still have sore biceps and bruises on my knees and shins. Today's weather is much better with calm conditions. We start fishing in the deep water area where we were yesterday. No luck. The OZ doesn't waste much time if fish are not in the area. Fluffee and I are getting as much information out of OZ as possible. I know that I have to figure this out or I won't catch much. We head over to the beach area near Redfish Pass between Sanibel and Captiva Islands. This is shallow water fishing. OZ is cruising at 30-35 mph and all of the sudden stops. I saw a triple tail he says. Fluffee says "what's that?" We don't have a clue. OZ says it's a fish. Turns out to be a preferred eating fish. OZ rigs light tackle and hands me the rod. Cast to the buoy he says. The buoy had crab pods fasted on either side. I was hesitant to cast too close to the buoy. After three short casts, OZ says "cast right to the buoy". I did, figuring that I would snag the crab pod ropes. The triple tail took the

bait right away. It took some nice runs on the light tackle. I landed the fish using correct form and technique. I'm making progress. The triple tail weighed in at 6 pounds and is like a large pan fish. No Tarpon today but we did catch Black Fin Sharks, Hammerhead Sharks, Triple Tail. and Blue fish. A great day. Back at Shorty's place, we relaxed by the pool and experienced another one of Shorty's gourmet meals.

Wednesday:

I am teamed with Shorty and Miles who is a new and untried guide. We head right out to the deep water fishing area where fish were caught during the previous days. We are the last ones out so we don't have to search for the Tarpon. Miles heads right to where the other boats are located. We find ourselves in a large school of rolling and jumping Tarpon. This school contains thousands of fish. Within minutes I get a hit. Line sings and the Tarpon becomes airborne. Nasty bows. Another run and another bow. I know this a large fish. Miles immediately gets the boat orientated to chase the fish. The Tarpon is several hundred yards out in front of us. Other waterdogs and guides said "There goes Nasty back to the beach". I use my new found technique to fight the fish with great success. The fish takes many long runs and each time I successfully respond. Miles and Shorty are working on boat position so that Shorty can get photos of the sunrise. It's only 7am. In about an hour of fighting and a mile of distance the Tarpon is near the boat. Miles is up front reaching for leader touch. Each time he reaches for the leader the Tarpon, seemingly in slow motion moves it's tail and goes to the bottom. Shorty says tighten the drag. It's all ready tightened all the way down. After several attempts the Tarpon is landed and is weighed in at 180 pounds. Let's get right back and get another one.



Miles motors right back to the original spot. Tarpon are all around us. I say to Shorty "I need a break. What if I catch another big one?" About that time and within five minutes of returning to the spot, my line starts to sing. The Tarpon Takes to the air. Nasty bows. All in unison we say "Holy @%\$* that's a big fish. The fight is on. This fish doesn't go as far and I have it near the boat in short order. Near the boat the fish comes out of the water, nasty bows. Shorty is now videotaping the fight. All we could hear was Shorty yelling "I got it, I got it. That jump is on film." This Tarpon then goes right under the boat. Miles is driving in circles to try to create distance between the boat and the fish. The official catch is recorded. We decide to make short work of this one so we can get back in the mix for more fish. Shorty has fresh arms and is next on a fish. Shorty tightens the drag to 100% and palms the reel. Shorty lifts with all of his strength. No movement...stalemate. This one weighs in at 180 pounds. Later in the day another fisherman boated towards us asking if we landed that fish. That was a really big fish!

We're back to the original spot. Tarpon all around. Shorty says "We have fished for ten minutes this morning and watched nasty catch fish for two and a half hours." After ten minutes I say to Miles "What's up? Ten minutes and no fish?" As soon as that is out of my mouth, a Tarpon explodes next to a nearby boat. It's on my line! This fish is a flyer, jumping about a dozen times. Nasty bows each time and does not lose the fish. This is a 90 pounder that seems light, and I land it in less than an hour. This one put on quite an aerial exhibition. What a day.

Thursday:

Today is the last day. I have caught the three largest fish of my life. Today I am teamed with the Janitor and Chris Rush as the guide. We go right back to the spot of the previous day. Many boats are present, but no Tarpon. After several hours, we move north into the sound and shallow water. Janitor connects. We catch Sharks and Mackerel. We end the trip in deep water watching Rays jump all around us and notice one Ray swimming upside down white belly facing up. Every once in a while it would turn over and jump.

Fishing's done. A pretty awesome trip. Here's what I caught:

1 80 pound Tarpon
1 140 pound Tarpon
2 180 pound Tarpon

Black Tip Sharks
Hammerhead Sharks
Blue Fish
Triple Tails
Spanish Mackerel
Sea Catfish

Nasty Boy

Tarpon Madness

by The Janitor

The days repeated themselves - 6 tired Tarpon anglers with various aches, loads of stories, and the same comment "WHAT A DAY"! This year's trip to Fort Myers to hunt Tarpon exceeded expectations in every way. First, there was the impeccable lodging with host Shorty. Great place - outstanding food. Then there were four incredible guides, the OZ, Catfish Hunter, Gay Waiter, and Miles. And then there were the Tarpon and general pandemonium. Doubles happened the first day as Felix and Fluffy hooked up. 140 pounders were beaten (but not without first kicking some butt).

Day one - 7 fish landed. Day two - 4 fish landed. My partner Carmen fought a 200 lb class fish for over 1 hour. Our captain got a little paranoid when a 14 ft Hammerhead showed on the scene. He tightened the drag which popped the line about 6 ft short of a legal catch. Day 3 saw Felix and I paired with the OZ who was the first to find an amazing school of thousands of surfacing Tarpon. Felix and I landed a double (Oz was playing orchestra conductor as we ran around the boat dozens of times). Shortly after, we headed north to cork the beaches. Daisy-chaining fish greeted us. First Felix and then myself hooking and landing twin 150 lb fish. Describing the battles is too difficult, you had to be there. 10 fish for Day 3.



Day 4 - the action slowed, the fish were finicky. The guides resorted to dead-sticking. Fortunately, I connected on a 120 lb acrobat. Flying through the air numerous times and making 200 yard runs shortened the fight to just over 20 minutes. For the group, 23 fish were landed on 38 hook-ups, a very good ratio. All of the rookies were on a steep learning curve. Nasty ended the week 4 for 4 and I was 4 for 6. So we proved to be teachable. It was THE FISHING EXPERIENCE OF A LIFETIME for this lifetime fisherman. I also caught 9 sharks of different species, Spanish Mackerel, & Sea Catfish. Rays were all around us most days. What a week!



From Felix:

Wow! What a difference a year makes! Tarpon Fishing in the Land of OZ was phenomenal for the 2010 trip! We landed 23 Tarpon for 38 hook-ups. The size ranged from a 40# baby to a 180# behemoth. Bigger fish were hooked but lost. All came with interesting stories.

Shorty was his normal, graciously amazing host with comfortable places for everybody to sleep and gourmet meals and sandwiches! Liquid refreshments were plentiful and the "Jag" was ceremoniously disposed of!

Not sure, but I would guess that each of us caught the largest fish of our lives on this trip. It is a much more involved fishing experience than trolling for Sailfish or Marlin. A bit like Walleye or Bass fishing in that you have your finger in contact with the line to monitor your baits activity. The hook up is different with no need to "set" the hook. Just reel as fast as you possibly can. Rod position is critical, when the Tarpon picks up the bait and you start reeling you need to be pointed at the water. As you reel you need to slowly raise the elevation of the rod to a 45 degree or steeper angle in preparation for the Tarpon to do his best imitation of an ICBM being fired by a submarine! As the fish jumps you need to bow reverently or risk losing the battle instantly.

A lot of things to think about in a very limited amount of time. My longest battle was one hour and 30 minutes with a 160# brute while Nasty battled a 180# fish for two hours and 40 minutes. It's a battle to see who or what breaks down first.

The guides we have used have all been wonderful with their own unique personalities and techniques.

What a wonderful opportunity Shorty has presented to the Waterdogs, I am very happy to have taken advantage of it these last two years!



Fluffy Comments:

Tarpon fishing's similarities to Walleye, Bass and even Muskie end quickly once you've tied in to one. The fights that Felix describes are not just long, but strenuous. Imagine bench curly heavy weights for an hour straight. There is little opportunity to rest your arms and shoulders but for the occasional swapping of hands and just holding on while they make a run. Coming home after catching a triple digit fish you feel it. Coming home after two and you feel like you've been going 10 rounds with Mike Tyson. I have no idea what its like to come home after three but from the looks of Nasty I would say its probably something akin to greco-roman wrestling a rhino.

Shorty Wraps it Up:

This years trip was everything I had hoped it would be. Multiple fish caught by each waterdog and a gaze on the faces of each dog after an extraordinary battle. The experience of watching incredibly large fish surfacing around the boat and the anticipation of hooking one of these large behemoths is something stories are told. In this instance each one of us experienced it. Truly priceless!!!! Trying to explain how a 100 pound + fish will provide you

with an aerial show similar to fish dick's airborne ballet with a rock at LOW just can't be put into words. To get a feel similar to the drag screaming as a tarpon takes one of their multiple runs would be much like hooking your line to the bumper of my M3 while I'm motoring past 60MPH at 7000 rpm in under 5 seconds. Its simply exhilarating.

Most of the fish were caught within eyeshot of the beach on Sanibel island and in most instances the three guide boats were in ear shot of each other. Water depth range from no more than twenty feet to less than 4 feet. Weather each day was bright sun and hot with little to no wind 3 of the four days. The conditions were about the best we could hope for.

Could you imagine the stories Nasty told his kids about the multiple fish he caught that weighed more than he did? How many times had a Toby had to give a captain a drink of water during a one hour fight with a wimpy Muskie? Its true guys - ask Felix!!!!

On Friday, after the guys had left, I spent the day with Oz attempting to catch a tarpon on the fly. At our first stop as we were getting set up, within twenty yards of the boat we spotted a group of tarpon daisy-chaining. I put the fly in exactly the right spot and watched as one of the fish went for the fly. It missed and I almost %^\$# my pants. Unfortunately after a couple of hours with no fish in the mood for a fly we reverted to traditional spinning gear on the beach.

Cruising the beach with Oz on his trolling motor we saw a small pod of 5 fish approaching. I casted the bait in perfect line with the approaching fish and all at once all five appeared to crash the bait. The largest of the group won and a 7+ foot behemoth went for the sky, I bowed gracefully and the fight was on. The fish made another huge leap I again bowed to its gracefulness and the race was on. The fish decided it was time to motor out of there for deeper water and the spool began screaming. This is when the Chinese fire drill began. Oz raced to the console to start the big motor and I started to get in a better fighting position in the bottom of the boat to begin the onslaught. Well, both of us made our moves at the same time. As Oz engaged

the motor I was stepping off the casting deck. I made a spin in mid air all the while keeping the rod pointed at the fish while the reel continued to scream as fish spooled about 300 yards of line and backing and then that awful sound PING. That's equivalent to three football fields. Oz commented that in all his years of Tarpon fishing that's only the second time he has been spooled. Why me %\$\$#%^?!

The Gay Waiter, one of the other guides, watched the whole event and his other clients thanked me for the entertainment. I begrudgingly thanked them.

Well, we're booked for next year 5/16 to 5/20/2011. I have two guys committed and will book the number of guides we need based on who is coming. Due to late cancellations this year, a full non-refundable deposit will be required by 1/15/2011 to secure your spot in the 2011 Waterdogs Tarpon Fantasy. The cost is \$325 per person per guide per day. Once I book the guides, they expect to be paid, so the deposit is unfortunately necessary. It would make a great Christmas present, so start dropping your hints early!!!!



Ode du Shorty

A fellow from South Philadelphia
 Came to Minnesota and found Utopia
 He hunts, he golfs, he fishes
 In the kitchen, he's the master of delicious

From Africa to Argentina
 His boondoggle trips are legendary
 For most of us
 The would be just imaginary

Since 2005
 He's been after his friends
 To visit the Land of OZ
 Tarpon fishing is the plan
 Catch them if you can
 And in 2010 we thrived

2010 was also the year
 That Life gave him a ripple
 Few would have thought
 That a drug meant to cure
 Would turn his skin dark purple

Like jobs around the house
 His generosity is endless
 As long as I'm around
 Shorty will never be friendless.

2010 Waterdogs Tournament Series

Date	Species	Location	Dogs in Charge
√ Saturday, April 10	Trout	WI Rivers	Fluffy, Caveman
√ Saturday, May 1	Crappie	Minnetonka	Banana Boy
Sat-Sun, June 5-6	Walleyes	St Louis River	Chips
Fri-Sat, June 18-19	Bass	Carver Co Lakes	Nasty, Felix
Saturday, August 28	Multispecies	Lake Alexander	Janitor
Saturday, Sep 18	Multispecies	Mississippi Pool 2	Suzy, Shatner