

The Dogumentary

26th Year

The Waterdogs Fishing Club

September 2008

September Meeting ON Lake Minnetonka

By Farm Buoy

The highly anticipated September meeting is almost at hand. In the 26 years of Waterdogs history, we have never attempted such a feat – Going Fishing as our meeting. The idea has occurred to me numerous times as I have driven next to Medicine Lake on the way home prior to Waterdogs meetings. “It looks great out there. We should be fishing instead of going to sit in a windowless room and talk about what we could be doing.”

In an effort to build on the connection we established at last years reunion, we have invited anyone we had emails for to join us for our September “fish-out”. So far we have alumnus Hadji and Helium joining us, as well as, honorary member Jamie Reigle. Shorty and Little Angel are bring in ringers to attempt to out fish the membership. We are still waiting for some responses on whether a few members can make it and another email is going out to the past members with another invitation. If you know of any past members or others who you would like to subject to the club, let Farm Boy know.

When you are on the lake be sure to check in on channel 68 of your marine band radio. If you can't make it out to fish, join us at 8 at the landing for some general bragging and stretching of the truth.

Farm Buoy and Juan Valdez will also perform an exhibition of synchronized musky casting in a salute to this year's Olympic Games. They will be judged by the shore fisherman along the Maxwell Bay channel.

2008 Waterdogs Fishing Club Calendar

Sep 4	Monthly Outing & Meeting
Sep 13	Multispecies Tourney
Oct 2	Monthly Meeting
Oct 11	SM Bass Tourney
Nov 6	Annual Banquet
Dec 4	Monthly Meeting
July 18-25	2009 Rock N Roll Musky Tour

The 2008 tournament details are on the last page of the Dogumentary

About 1000 Days Until LOTW

Start saving \$25 a week in your sock drawer to pay for it!

Thanks to Waterdogs

From FD

I thank all the club members and friends who showed their support to me and my family during this time of incredible pain and stress following the death of my brother, Bill. I have now lost both of my brothers in just two years, and now have no siblings, but I do have a lot of good friends, which is real comforting. Thanks, Guys.

I fished with my brother more than anyone else in my life, and learned a lot from him. He was a Waterdog for a few years, but had not been in the club for almost 20 years, so I kept him informed about what was going on. I would always seek his guidance on how to approach each tournament that we had, including the ones year.

In recent years we only got out together a few times a year, and with him having a cabin in Wisconsin, he was only buying a WI license, so that is where we fished. The last time we were

out together was trout fishing on the Rush River early in March. The gears on my new Shiite-Mano reel jammed up right away that day, and I had no spare, so we spent the day walking the stream together, trading off the one rod each time that the other guy caught a fish. Our rule was if you caught a fish, you could take one more cast, then had to give up the rod. We had several two casts in-a-row fish, and by the end, Bill beat me 18 to 17. Here is a photo of Bill from that day, dressed in his Orvis best:



Remembering Bill Dickey by OF

I knew Bill as a club member back in the mid 1980's. I believe he was in the club from 1984 to 1988. Like his brother, he was fun, a great addition to the club and he loved to fish. He worked at Crystal Marine and we could always count on him for a few quarts of oil for banquet prizes. He had a Blue Fin boat with a scratch or two. Actually there were more scratches than paint on what was affectionately known as the bath tub. Later on, brother Bob let him use his second boat, a Yarcraft, which he eventually sold to Bill. I think of Bill just about every time I go fishing, because he gave me a little tip that I use all the time. When you have finished tying a Trilene knot, run the tag end back thru the eye so it extends down toward the bait and then trim it off. It does not pick up any weeds as it would if it stuck out to the side. A fitting legacy to a great guy. Bill passed away doing something he loved. May he rest in peace. OF

Helen participates in the MN Bound Invitational Bass Tourney on Gull Lake

by Helen

I had a few open days at the end of the month so decided to volunteer as an "Observer" at the Minnesota Bound Invitation Bass Tournament on Gull Lake. It was a last minute thing, but thought what the heck I'll go check it out and see what it's all about and "represent" the Dogs at this event.

An observer is a participant that rides with the competing pro. The negative is that you can't fish or assist in any way, but you can get a pretty good look at how someone approaches a large money tournament. I figured it could go one of two ways. One, like watching grass grow, or two, I might learn something interesting. I am glade to report I learned a few things.

This is how the event unfolded:

Day 1: I got to fish with a kid event, the goal being get more kids involved in fishing. I fished with 11 yr old Brock Kruze, a local "troubled" youth, and Mark Fischer, the Rapala rep. We fished 4 hours with the goal of filling a 24 spot card. If the kids placed, they'd win a trophy of some sort. We caught 25 fish, but didn't place. Brock did struggled for a while, asking when we'll be done several times, but in the end he caught his personal best LM bass and didn't want to leave the lake. I personally think Brock won his own victory that day.

Later that night, I went to the tournament banquet, which included most of the MN Fishing Hall of Fame anglers. The food was pretty darn good, in fact the resort also provide breakfast each morning and a free happy hour for the Pros and Observers after the first day's competition.

Day 2: I was teamed up with Al Lindner as an observer. I sat in his boat for 8 hours and watched him fish. He could tell it was hard for me to sit there and got a kick out of watching me pace.

He's a super nice guy and exactly like what you see on TV, what you see is what you get. He was pretty fun to talk with and really light hearted. We talked about everything from fishing to politics, a shared passion. One special note, every fish he caught was like his first; he was like a kid and always got excited. His

reaction surprised me a bit, but I realized he followed his life's passion and fishing was not a job to him.

Linder fished the big lake. He concentrated on inside corners on main lake breaks adjacent to the deepest water. He concentrated on big fish only; he didn't worry about his limit. He felt big fish spots are big fish spots and if you catch them your in the game, if not, you'll won't do well. He fished with a go for broke or go home attitude. He cranked with DT 6's and pitched Texas rigged "Hog" type baits and some wacky worms. He fished docks for about 10 minutes to cull one small fish and then went back to the main lake. He rotated spots, returning to some 4 or 5 times. In general, he had a game plan and kept to it. He was in 3rd place (of 45 boats) after the first day.

Day 3: I was teamed up with Cory Guttenfelder, one of the best bass fishermen in the Midwest. He's won events all over the Midwest, and is Tonka expert. He was another nice guy with kids about my age, so we exchanged the joys and frustrations of fatherhood. Cory had a different approach than Al. Cory started on a deep weed edge with crank baits and Jigs on Round Lake. He felt the average size of the Bass on Round were larger than Gull. He wanted to fill his bag with average 1.5 – 2.0 lbs fish and then hunt for size. After filling his bag, he began to concentrate on fishing pads with Scum Frogs and Jigs for that one big fish. He was in 7th after the first day (with no pre-fishing) and still in it hunt to cash a check. He would get frustrated quickly when thing weren't working and started to second guess his plan.

One thing I learned about fishing pads from Cory was if a fish blows up on your bait, keep fishing the fish, and don't pass on it. If it he saw a good fish, he'd spend 5 to 10 minutes working the spot and he almost always caught the fish. He culled several fish this way.

His pitching and casting skills were amazing. If he had to place the lure in a 6 inch spot, from 40 feet, it would go in the six inch spot. He rarely missed a cast I was dumbfounded

He'd always approach a spot in the same way. He'd cast the same fan pattern to locate fish then concentrate his casts. He caught a lot of fish, but Cory got more and more frustrated as time went on and let the pressure get to him. He tried to keep to his overall plan, but I think he started to go to areas he would not normally fish in order to get that "Big Fish".

In the end either approach would have worked, but I thought Al Lindner's was more polished and thought out, so he cashed a check.

Another note, all of the guys would share what they were doing. After the first day, the competitors would tell each other what was working and what didn't, which I found surprising. They were all confident enough with there skills, so generally willing to share information. But the unwritten rule was pretty clear; you never fish another guy's spot, it is up to you to find your own. If some one beat you to a good spot, it's seemed to be theirs for the duration.

There were a total of 45 boats, with the top 10 in the money, \$20M to the first place guy. Al Linder finished 4th for \$5000. Cory was just out of the money and remained frustrated. Either way I got to attend a nice banquet, fish with Mark Fischer, Observed Al Lindner and Cory Guttenfelder all for the cost of gas. I wonder what it would cost to get any of those guys as guides for a day?

In the end, the tournament was short of observers, so I suspect they are going to reevaluate the event for next year, but if they maintain the observer format, it might be something the Dogs should consider volunteering for in the future. I will keep track of the tournament plans and let the club know if we can get more involved as a group next year.

Cotton Lake Bassin'

By James "Griz" Ferstenou

I had the opportunity to get out fishing with a co-worker (Jason) one evening after work on a recent trip to the Detroit Lakes area. We fished Cotton Lake which is just over 1,000 acres and is located about 10-15 minutes out of Detroit Lakes. It was a warm evening with no wind. There were three mid-lake reed islands that looked promising due to their proximity to deeper water, so we started there. Jason was using a jig and minnow on the deep weed edge and caught a rock bass on the first cast. I started by running a Rattlin' Rapala over the top of the submerged weed bed.

We fished the first reed bed and surrounding submerged weeds fairly quickly. I could feel many bluegills hitting a Senko, but we catch anything else there. On to the second reed bed island about 150 yards away, nobody home. Approaching the third reed island (the largest and more complex of the three) I said to Jason that there had to be bass in this one since everything looked right about it compared to the previous two islands. I also mentioned that we may want to slow down a bit and work this area for a while, especially if the fish were in there.

We finally got within casting distance and I threw my Senko off of the reed point. Bang, fish on. I had my first largemouth of the night, a 13"er. I threw in again, not two feet from where my previous cast landed, and the lure didn't even hit the water before another 13" largemouth came out of the water to grab it. At that point I commented to Jason that the fish were definitely here and that I was going for three in a row. Another cast within three feet of the last one. Bang, 14"er on the line.

We continued to work the edge of the reeds until dark, with one side in particular being more productive than the other. A few fish were caught on spinner baits and the jig and minnow, but the majority of them came off of the 4" Senko (smoke with large black flake). Jason had never worm fished before, so I enjoyed sharing my lures and knowledge with him throughout the evening once it became apparent that they were biting best

on the Senkos. He caught on quickly and landed several largemouth bass over the course of the evening.

In all we fished about between 2.5 and 3 hours that evening before calling it quits. The majority of the time was spent on that one reed bed, but it was productive. In all we landed 3 rock bass, two bluegills, a pumpkinseed, a northern pike and between 18 and 20 largemouth bass (I lost count at one point). Most of the bass were between 13" and 14" with a few nicer fish mixed in. The biggest bass of the evening came near the end of the night when I managed to land a fat one that was just under 19" long. I figured that we didn't do too badly for that short of a time period. It was made even more rewarding for me since I considered it a "bonus" fishing trip while out of town for work.



Sturgeon Bay Salmon

By Mama's Boy

As most of the Dogs were preparing for the LOTW trip in mid July, I managed to get out doing some salmon fishing. A couple of High School buddies of mine asked me to join them on a trip to Sturgeon Bay. We headed out on a Thursday morning at 6:00AM and planed on fishing till Sunday AM. The guys I fished with bring there own boats that they had setup with down riggers, and had all the rods/tackle so I'll I needed to do was show up. The boats were all 18.5 – 19' footers so we didn't have anything fancy.

We had 3 boats on the trip with 10 guys split up between the boats. The first couple of days we managed about 3-6 fish per boat so fishing was a little slow. Fishing picked up a bit on Saturday

afternoon and I think we came in with 20+ fish that evening. I managed to land a 25lb king as getting close to sunset. The fish put up a great fight as it almost spooled the reel so we had to start backing the boat up. As soon as we did that it ran back in front of the boat, so I reel as fast as I could to try and keep the slack out of the line. We took a group picture at the dock before we started cleaning the fish, and the charter captains were wondering what we were doing as we out fished most of the boats that night anyway. Sunday we had 20-35 mile winds so we didn't get much fishing in. I ended up being the captain that morning as I caught the last fish the night before. I also managed to cross the downriggers on opposite sides of the boat together. That move caused all 9 rods to get cross, so it was a major cluster to end our fishing early that morning. So much for me being a future trolling captain!



The Salmon Haulers
(MB is the one in the Purple Jacket)

There's Gold in Them Thar Hills By Father Bertha

After hearing of all the reports of the Gold Rush on Mille Lacs, Captain Kirk and Fr. Bertha ventured out on Monday, August 25th to see if they could pan up some of those big nuggets. Of course they were excited, with Fr. Bertha, yelling patch fish, patch fish, give me a patch fish. After 17 years in the club, Fr. B is without a smalley patch, and with numerous 18.5 inch smallies, he was looking for a 19 minimum. Captain Kirk in his usual calm assurance said, we would score big with the smallmouth and story books will be written.

At 7:00 am, off they went from the Cove Bay Landing, fishing like wild men possessed with the fire of gold in their belly, smallmouth gold. The day was beautifully calm and the lake translucent, perfect for seeing the hills that held that gold. Rock reefs long and narrow, the only problem being, how do we dig out this gold. For five hours, the boys dug and dug, they casted, changed baits, talked strategy and casted more, and nothing.

Finally, our poor boy, Fr. Bertha was all tied out and sat down on his boat chair and sighed, where is that gold everyone is talking about, they're all liars, dirty rotten liars. He thought of Steve Carney's article in Outdoor News, yeah right, how about Larry, he talked it up, talked about those stupid chompers, the bait that has not caught a bass for Fr. Bertha in five different lakes. Well, Fr. Bertha, thought it could not hurt, cast and cast the four inch watermelon chomper (crayfish), and finally in discuss he sat down again and just trolled behind it the boat. Fr. Bertha was meditating; some people would call it sleeping. All of a sudden Fr. B no longer felt the chomper dancing slowly across the bottom of the lake and bam...a 14 inch slab of gold was in the boat.

Well Captain Kirk, is no dummy to fishing, and after five hours of non production, he quickly decides to match the hatch and started to tie on a 4 inch rootbeer colored yamamoto crawfish. Before he had it tied on the line, Fr. Bertha, yells there is another one, and screaming out of the water 4 or 5 feet was the patch fish. After hooting and hollering and yelling that we are in the money, they land a 19.5 inch smallmouth. Kirk quickly gets in his bait and catches a 19 incher and Fr. Bertha gets his picture taken with his fists full of gold.



The Golden Double

After, they figured out the pattern, (sometimes the best patterns are found by mistake), they went to other reefs looking for inside turns that drop from the top of the rock reef of two feet down to about five foot. Tossing the 4 inch crayfish with a rocker jig up on top and slowly, slow being the key, brought it down into the hole. The smallies would pick it up and usually, it was nothing more than a different feel or more weight, none of this hammer the crawdad stuff that they talk about, but more like a walleye bite. All these fish gave an electrifying 10's on the fish fighting Olympic Scale, with fantastic one and ½ back summersaults, followed by a belly tuck twist, and a reverse spin, you did not know what to expect next, each one out scoring the previous.

It is fun fishing the rock reefs on a calm day because you can see the lay out of the rock reef and it is like fishing a weed bed. After you start figuring out the pattern you can pretty much pick out the spots that the fish are going to hang on the reef. Both Captain Kirk and Fr. Bertha were amazed at the quality of the fish that came off the reefs, three 19.5 inchers, a 19, 18.5, 18, and 17 and various midsize fish. It was definitely world class smallmouth fish and worth the trip. As for the other species that they caught, I am sworn to secrecy and not allowed to tell you about method or their location. This you will have to figure out on your own. Have fun.

LOTW 2009 Rock 'n' Roll Musky Tour Update

By Suzy

Preparations are already underway for next year's Rock 'n' Roll Musky Tour. As of this issue, 28 Dogs and guests have signed up for next year's trip, triggering the need to reserve another cabin. Many old faces missed last year and are planning to return in 2009, including: Chips, Juan, Helen, Fluffee, Bagbalm, Chainsaw, Lilfart, and Glenn "Mayo" Sturchio. Next year's booklet is already being edited, and will feature print-outs of various parts of LOTW so that all Dogs are aware of various spots, and the names of key islands, reefs, etc.

In addition, six Dogs have signed up to go fishing with Doug Johnson, which will further enhance our overall knowledge of the lake.

Membership Notes

from Perp

August brought some changes to the Water Dogs membership. Kevin "Bud" Miller resigned. Kevin had been a member of the club since 2004. I had an opportunity to fish with Bud on Sylvia this summer. Even though we didn't catch a limit and place, we had a great time fishing and trying multiple spots and techniques.

With Kevin's resignation, an opening was created and the club welcomes Stu Pagel as the newest member. Stu is a retired friend of Shorty's. Stu and his wife Gayle live in Mound on Lake Minnetonka and winter in Florida where he enjoys off shore fishing for Grouper, Snapper, Kingfish, Bonita, Permit and Tarpon. He has a pleasure boat on Minnetonka but is in the market for a used fishing boat. So if any Dogs are upgrading, keep Stu in mind as a potential buyer.

The waiting list is down to one name, Glenn Johnson, the friend of the Griz's who has joined the club at LOTW the last few years. So if you have a friend who would like to be part of the club, now is a good time to get their names on the list.

Presidential Election Notes

The Presidential election was too close to call. Neither the Republican candidate nor the Democratic candidate had enough votes to win. There was much talk about ballot recounting, court challenges, etc., but a week-long ice fishing competition seemed the sportsmanlike way to settle things.

The candidate that caught the most fish at the end of the week would win the election. Therefore, it was decided that there should be an ice fishing contest between the two candidates to determine the winner.

After much of back and forth discussion, it was decided that the contest take place on a remote frozen lake in northern Minnesota. There were

to be no observers present, and both men were to be sent out separately on this isolated lake and return at 5 P.M. with their catch for counting and verification by a team of neutral parties. At the end of the first day, John McCain returned to the starting line and he had ten fish.

Soon, Obama returned and had no fish. Well, everyone assumed he was just having another 'bad hair' day or something and hopefully, he would catch up the next day.

At the end of the 2nd day John McCain came in with 20 fish and Obama came in again with none.

That evening, Harry Reid got together secretly with Obama and said, 'Obama, I think John McCain is a low-life, cheatin' son-of-a-gun. I want you to go out tomorrow and don't even bother with fishing. Just spy on him and see just how he is cheating.' The next night (after John McCain returns with 50 fish), Harry said to Obama, 'Well, tell me, how is John McCain cheating?' Obama replied, 'Harry, you're not going to believe this, but he's cutting holes in the ice!'

Experience. It might make a difference.

2008 Waterdogs Tournament Series

Date	Species	Lake	Dogs in Charge
✓3/15	Trout	WI Streams	Helen, Perp
✓5/3 Cancelled	Crappie	Pokegama by Pine City	Griz, Banana Boy
✓5/31	Walleye/SM	Green Lake (Spicer)	Farm Boy, Bud
✓6/20	Bass	Sylvia by Annandale	Lil Angel, Chips, Fluffy
9/13	Multi	Mille Lacs	Mama's, Greenstick, Otis
10/11	SM Bass	Rum River	Suzy