

# The Dogumentary

28th Year

The Waterdogs Fishing Club

October 2010

“Nobody in fishing should be called a genius. A genius is a guy like Norman Einstein”

## October Meeting

The October meeting will be at Tuttle's Grill and Lanes in Hopkins on Thursday October 2. The meeting starts at 7pm, with earlier diners gathering at 6. Midnight Bowling starts at 12pm.

The October meeting will feature nominations for VP and other awards of distinction, and an early sign-up for next year's committees. So far, Griz has stepped up to be next year's tournament coordinator.

## 2010 Waterdogs Fishing Club Calendar

<b>Oct 7</b>	<b>Monthly Meeting</b>
<b>Nov 4</b>	<b>Banquet!</b>
<b>Dec 2</b>	<b>Monthly Meeting</b>
<b>Jan 6 2011</b>	<b>Monthly Meeting</b>

## Election Year for the Waterdogs

Every year is election year for the Waterdogs, but it's always the same old "More Big Fish" party that sends up all the candidates. The October meeting will feature nominations for next year's VP.

**If you would like to be the 2012 president, let someone know** so you can be nominated. And if you want to nominate someone, let them know beforehand so they can think about it before the meeting. There's nothing wrong with being president again even if you were already president at some other time during the past twenty years.

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



October is here, the tournament season has ended and we are preparing for the annual elections, year end banquet and the holiday season. Maybe I am jumping the gun just a bit on the holiday part.

The tournament series turned out to be one of the closest in recent times. There were eleven in contention for the top 3 places. The pairing format for the Mississippi Pool 2 multi-species tournament provided some separation in the top spots, breaking the three-way bottleneck for second place. Shatner and Greenstick took first place with six species. FD and Mama's Boy finished second with 4 species. OF and Juan Valdez came in third .039 points ahead of Helen and Griz and 1.239 points in front of Felix and OJ. All three teams caught 4 species. Seven different species were caught.

The breakdown by species for the ten teams went like this:

Northern Pike	7
Crappie	6
Walleye	6
White bass	5
Smallmouth	5
Largemouth	3
Sheepshead	1
Carp	1

The elusive catfish will have to wait for another day.

The final standings for the year ended up with **Shatner, Griz and Janitor** taking the top three spots. Congratulations to the top three for their performance, and to **Chips** for leading the Tournament Committee and to all of the club members for making this years' tournament series a memorable one.

Griz reviewed the club tournament history and came up with a few statistics. Here are a few of them:

Twenty seven different Waterdogs have finished in the top three spots over the years.

Five of the seven guys with 5 or more top three finishes are active club members today.

One of the club founders won the series 4 times and three others have 3 first place finishes. The details will be posted in the members only section of the web site.

The Board of Directors met to discuss the 30 member quota in the By-Laws. After some discussion it was decided to not change the By-Laws at this time, but to **increase the membership to 34 in 2011**. At the end of one year, this trial increase will be reviewed and a decision made about revising the By-Laws. There are a few names on the waiting list that may fill the openings, but if you have someone that is interested, contact Kojak to add their name to the list. The membership committee will be following the normal process of contacting potential new members in the month of December.

Based on the responses to the email sent asking for everyone to review their 2011 membership intentions, it appears that all current members intend on being in the club next year.

**Water Dog of the Year** will be voted on at the October meeting. The Board of Directors nominates up to three names and the club votes on them at the October meeting. Proxy votes are permitted. The criteria for Water Dog of the Year are:

- Participation
- Dedication
- Leadership
- Sportsmanship
- Responsibility
- Camaraderie

This year's nominations are: **Chips** and **Farm Boy**. If you will not be at the meeting and wish to vote, please contact Perp to place your vote. The nominations will be discussed at the meeting prior to the voting.

I'm looking forward to Bowling Alley Food and seeing everyone on Thursday October 7. Save a minnow or worm, try Gulp or Senko's.

Perp

### Trash Talking on the Mississippi

The final tournament of the year was a true test of the multispecies theme of the club with the tournament open to all kinds species that could be included on the tally card. A problem may have been that minimum size limits prevented some species from being counted.

Twenty Dogs fished the tournament on Pool 2 of the Mississippi from the Ford Dam down to Hastings, although no one went further downstream than the slow zone in downtown St. Paul. Much of the fishing was up by the dam for many species, and also in the current and backwaters downstream. Many fishing methods caught fish, with some of the more common ones being a jig and minnow, crawlers, and casting crankbaits and spinnerbaits.



**Some of the Hot Spots were Very Popular**

Only two “non-gamefish” specie was caught, however, with no really cool “trash” fish showing up, except during pre-fishing. So much for the “mega-trash” - and not even one measurable catfish was weighed in. Part of the problem was that many of the fish on the river ran small, and even though some other species were caught, they were under the minimum scoring size.



**Many of the Fish ran a Little Small**

The bigger fish and more trash fish were caught while pre-fishing, including this missing link, a “fish with feet”, caught by Kojak.



**Hellbenders like Fuzzy Grubs**

The largest fish of the tournament was a 16.5” White Bass caught by Mama’s Boy off a rip-rap area using a jointed #5 perch Shad Rap. It was a surprise to find out that the fish was such a big one for the species.



**The Big Striper**

The tournament was won by the team of Shatner-Greenstick, who were fishing their second tournament in-a-row together. They turned in a card of fish with six species anchored by a 17” Smallie caught by Dave. They were also the only team with a sheepshead, which is hard to believe given the number of those pesky critters in the river. They caught their fish in a big variety of locations and using many methods which they talk about later. Kirk says that many pre-fishing days were key in helping him to locate the various specie hangouts.

In second-place was the team of FD and Mama's Boy with 4 species topped by Doug's White Bass. They also caught 3 LM, 5 NP, and a Sunny that all failed to meet the minimum size, but did have SM, W, and Crappie that counted.

Less than half an inch separated the next 3 teams, each with 4 species but a different mix. Third was OF + Juan, Fourth was Helen + Griz, and Fifth place was the team of Felix and OJ. Perp and Meat rounded out the top six teams with 3 species including a 16" Largemouth caught by Dr. Meat.

Other notable catches were 32" Northerns each caught by Banana Boy and Felix. A 22" carp was caught by Juan using a gob of nightcrawler on a bass hook on the bottom.



**Juan with his Carpelunge**

### **The Mega-Trash Event**

#### **A view from the back of the boat...**

by Greenstick

Slightly more than a week before the Mega-Trash event, Shatner and I weren't even partners. So we had really no plan whatsoever when the pairings were reset and we discovered we were partners again. We had fished the previous first multi-species event at Lake Alexander together and had found a way to finish near the bottom of the pack, so both of us felt a little desperate as we launched *the Enterprise* into the river at the Lilydale landing...

Now Shatner has fished Mississippi River pool 2 many times over the years, so he already had a few ideas in mind about river fishing

techniques. I had fished it only once – the Monday before when my son Ben and I ventured out for a few hours – we caught a walleye, a sauger and a catfish that day. But I found it really helpful just to get a lay of the land – or more correctly – the lay of the current. It's hard to describe what that's like to someone who's never experienced speed-fishing at 5-6 mph without a motor of any kind. So from my perspective as Shatner's swabbie, prefishing the river was quite a valuable learning experience.

We formulated the core of our fishing plan the night before over a phone call. Shatner's experience was most welcome in that he had a few ideas where certain kinds of fish were and what rigs we might use. We set up nearly identical rigs: bottom bouncers followed with small, floating Rapalas, weighted jigs, spinner baits, buzzbaits, and Lindy rigs.

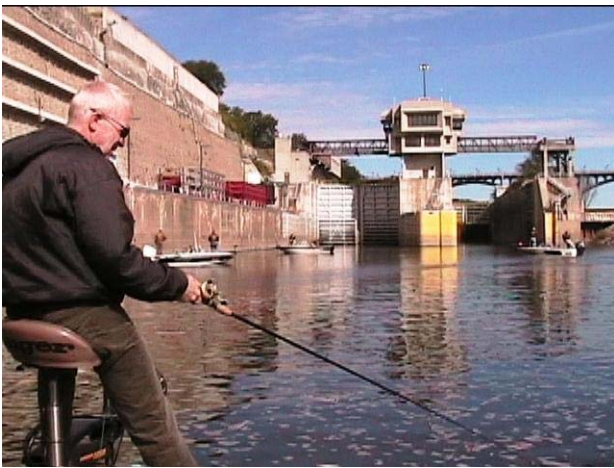
When early Saturday morning arrived, I watched as Felix and OJ pulled into the Clark gas and bait station down on Old Cedar Avenue, and we selected nearly identical sets of bait: fatheads, regular and green crawlers. But I also selected a can of regular, smaller/thinner common worms. Those worms turned out to be the winning ticket for us.

Now as I understand it, the ideal theory for a multi-species event is to go to specific locations for specific kinds of species and catch them. This is a little more difficult in the fast-moving water of M.R. pool 2 because while there's structure, trying to hold a boat over it isn't such an easy task. I take my hat off to my partner for his adept boat management skills! But the concept of "targeting fish" is what it's all about and we were able to target four of the six species we caught. For me, it was a truly amazing example of what can happen when you're able to combine basic knowledge about fish, bait techniques, reading a sonar graph, and just plain experience on that stretch of water – none of which I had, by the way... But I'm trainable... Now back to the story...

After racing all the way up the river and almost to the falls, we spent the first hour or so trying to pick up what we thought would be the easiest fish to catch: a northern. We followed the east side from just north of Hidden Falls Regional Park down to the Watergate Marina –

Shatner caught a couple of them but none large enough to qualify. At the marina, we agreed that the point by the marina entrance might be worth looking at quickly for bass because we knew we probably wouldn't be very welcome in there for any dock fishing... and a long cast with a white spinnerbait into the calm water between the docks and the rocks right behind the point yielded an 11" largemouth. **High-fives - one down - we're on the board!**

"Let's go get a crappie," Shatner said. **VROOOOOOM!** Up the river we went, all the way to the quiet water just below the locks. We trolled ever-so-slowly using the bottom-bouncers with floating Rapala trailers. Another twenty minutes went by and Shatner hauled in a sweet 10-1/2" crappie! **High fives - two down!** And both were rather challenging fish to catch in the river! *We're feelin' gooooooood!*



**Joining in the Crowd at the Lock**

**VROOOOOOM!** Shatner thought it'd be a good idea to burn some more gas and down the river we went, this time looking at some of the eddies along the west shore, targeting walleyes with a Lindy rig where the current was reversing back upstream. Bingo - twenty minutes later and after pulling in 3 or 4 small walleyes, Shatner pulled in a 14-incher. **High-fives - three down!** We hung around a bit just to see if we could upgrade our size a bit, and he pulled in a nice 12" white bass! **More high-fives! Four down!** Moments later, I upgraded it to a 14" white bass, also using a modified Lindy rig and a minnow.

So far, we'd targeted five species and caught four, and it wasn't even lunchtime yet! Feeling

confident, we decided to try once again for northerns and while we landed a couple more of the slimers, none was large enough to qualify, so we beached *the Enterprise* at the park for lunch. What a feast! Kudos to Felix and Juan for organizing yet another outstanding lunch! As Shatner and I eyed the leftover bones on our plates, we contemplated using some of the scraps for a catfish... and we actually took one of the ears of corn along just in case...

Now back in the boat, Shatner said, "I know where we can catch us a sheephead!" and **VROOOOOOM!**, down the river we sped.

We swung out of the current and in-between the huge barge pylons across the river from the Lilydale launch. Kirk asked, "What'ya fishin' with?" and I replied that I thought I'd try a crawler on a hook with a split-shot weight. He did the same but he said an interesting thing... it was just kind of a casual conversation to himself, really. He said, "I think I'll break this one in half... these sheephead have such little mouths..." and dropped his jig down into the murky water. That comment struck this swabbie like a two-by-four to the forehead - it was dead-solid logical, common sense information, and I hauled my lure up, broke off more than half of the green crawler I was using, and dropped it back into the water. Moments later, Shatner pulled up a nice 12" sheephead. Not quite large enough to qualify, but exactly the kind of fish we were looking for so we knew we'd found them. Then he pulled up another one, about the same size. Then I hooked into the one we needed: our 14-1/2 incher. **High fives - five down!**

"Let's go back and see if we can upgrade our walleye," Kirk said. And in no time, we were shooting up the river at a galactic speed... We stopped at one of the calm water areas in the main channel near a side slackwater area and threw the Lindy rigs over the side again. We tried crawlers and minnows without much luck, so I decided to try one of the small worms instead of a crawler. **"FISH ON!"** and moments later we netted our 17" smallie. "We're in the money now!" Shatner said as we high-fived again. **Six down!**



**Big River Smallie**

**VROOOOOM!!!** and we're off again! I'm sure glad that Shatner's Ranger has a 500 gallon fuel tank – I'm absolutely certain we burned more fuel than anyone else out there! We saw FD and Mama's Boy at the mouth of a narrow tributary that flowed down to the Minnesota River and stopped for a bit. After heckling each other appropriately, we went down the quiet water of the tributary looking for a northern or maybe an upgrade to our largemouth. After a half-hour of trying, we turned back toward the main river when Shatner caught a 12-1/2" largemouth – so the sojourn was successful and we did manage to upgrade our largemouth a bit.

We went back onto the main river for the remaining hour of the day looking for catfish and northens but were unable to land either of them. Returning to the Lilydale launch, we high-fived one last time and said "Well, we tried hard – we sure gave it a good run."

While placing first in a tournament certainly isn't new for Kirk, it was a new experience for this swabbie and actually, a bit of a surprise to both of us as the scores were announced. For me, there were two personal "best" parts of the day: one was the experience of successfully targeting and catching various species just like they do on TV, and the other was having just another great day on the water with my brother-in-law.



Perp makes a Bold Move towards Captain of the Year by using a Daredevil to rescue Mama's Boy's rod from the Dark Depths of a Mississippi River Backwater.

### **FLY FISHING in ALASKA**

by Janitor

I have long been a skeptic on Fly Fishing. I know it works, but our early season Trout successes in Minnesota and Wisconsin have been built around spin-casting with a variety of baits. A friend of mine, Scott, has fly fished the Rush and Kinni with me several times. Last year, I landed 25 to his zero...pretty normal.

In late August, Scott, myself and our wives went on a cruise to Alaska which was overall, fantastic. The highlight of the trip for me was Juneau. Scott and I took a small float plane on a 20 minute flight through the mountains and passes. Visual candy! We landed on a small lake near the ocean and walked about a mile to a small stream about the size of the Rush. Our guide put on a short how-to demo for the four fisherman. Two of us had never fly fished before. After 10 minutes of practice, we walked to the edge of the woods which was the hot spot. The Salmon had just started to return to their streams of birth to

spawn and complete their 4-year cycle of life. We hit it just right as they were still in good shape and feeding aggressively. A pink fly was deadly for the Pink Salmon which averaged about 8 lbs. After catching 20 -25 Pinks, the guide taught me how to catch the Silver Coho's. They were lower in the water column. I used a green and black fly with a small split shot which the Pinks ignored. The goal was to get the fly within 3" of the Silvers sight-line. This was a test of my newly developed fly rod (8 weight) ability. The first Coho hit and flew around the area with the attitude of a mini-Tarpon. He actually jumped out of the stream, rolled on the bank and then back into the stream and eventually got off my barbless fly. I did manage to hook and land two Coho's later on. Again, their fight mimicked a Tarpon. Just when you thought you had them beat, off they would go on another run and do a few more leaps and flips.

It was a great fishing experience in one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen. And yes, I did find myself visiting the fly rods on my next trip to Gander...just checking it out.

### **Quest for an Antelope**

By The Analyst

I was unable to make the final Waterdog tournament of the year as my father in-law (ex-Waterdog member Ed Jurva) and I were on an Antelope hunt in Wyoming. We applied for tags last year, but were not drawn. We were successful in the lottery this year.

### **A Solid Game Plan**

I have been doing work in Wyoming for a number of years at a refinery in Sinclair. One of the engineers is an avid hunter and has been suggesting for several years that I apply for a tag as he would help me gain access to some private ground. So shortly after receiving the news from the Wyoming Fish and Game (several months prior to the hunt) I called my contact and began making plans. Ed and I couldn't wait.

### **No Game Plan**

Several weeks prior to the hunt I began calling my "local" in order to develop a game plan for our hunt. As the days and weeks went by it became obvious that my "insider" was having

difficulty getting us access. My final conversation with him was two days prior to the hunt--midway on our drive to Wyoming. He said he had a nice property we could hunt that was chock full of antelope, but the catch was that the landowner had promised it to several other hunters first. "Once they fill out you are welcome to hunt the land" he said. "It could take a week though". "When are you planning on coming?" I said we are on our way and that due to the fact that my wife was having surgery the following week that we only had several days to hunt. We were obviously on our own... Ed was a bit disappointed in "my" setup.

### **Striking Gold**

Upon arrival in Saratoga, WY I suggested we visit the local taxidermist (and retired guide) so we could get some insight into the attributes of a trophy animal. Even though we didn't plan on being picky, we were truly clueless on what to look for. I decided to bring in my BLM maps (map showing Federal Land) in hopes he might offer us a tip. We explained to him our situation and low and behold he pointed to two single squares (1 mile square pieces of public land) on the map located between two mountain passes and seemingly in the middle of nowhere—with very little additional BLM land around. He said one of the squares in particular was very good, but only on opening morning. We thanked him for his information and took off scouting for our hunt the next morning.

We took some back roads on the way to the magic square that led past a lot of public land. While we saw several animals, we were not too confident in them. After winding our way through the mountain pass we arrived at our destination: a 1 mile section of rolling Sage Grass near the base of Elk Mountain with a small creek winding through one of the corners. Antelope were all over it! We spent an hour or so scouting the lay of the land in order to develop a game plan for our hunt. Ed had decided to sit near the NE corner of the property where a group of Antelope were hanging out—two of which were shooter bucks. I had decided on taking up residence on the edge of a knoll overlooking a shallow draw leading to the creek—water is scarce in Wyoming and is a magnate for the animals. We spent some time scouting several additional locations (which were ok), but our

plans were set for a pre-dawn arrival at the magic square.

### **Don't Blink**

We arrived at the land at 6:30 am and were relieved that we had the property to ourselves. We grabbed our gear and parted ways at around 6:45 am, just as it was getting light. As I came over the top of the rise I spied a dandy buck Antelope in the valley. My laser rangefinder said 380 yards, a bit out of my comfort zone. With only knee high Sage Grass a stealthy stalk was out of the question. So instead I put my head down and simply started walking towards him to cut the distance down—I came up with this fantastic plan all my own. Unfortunately he matched me step for step and after “stalking” 75 yards I had not gained any ground. Suddenly 3 does appeared moving up the draw below me. I sat still as we were in the middle of the rut and I thought a buck might be in tow. Sure enough a nice buck waltzed into view and stopped broadside while giving me the once over—big mistake. My range finder returned “252”. Not exactly a chip shot, but one I thought I could make. I held the crosshairs about 3 inches above his boiler room, squeezed a shot off, and watched in amazement as he tipped over instantly. My hunt was over. Time: 7 am.

### **Not pretty, but Effective**

After placing a blaze orange vest over my animal I went to my truck to unload some of my gear and prepare for retrieving my quarry. Ed was only a short walk from the truck so I decided to walk up and give him my shooting sticks and his binoculars that he had left on the passenger seat. About half way up the hill I figured I better check the corner of the property to see if there any animals afoot so I didn't spoil his hunt. To my surprise a group of Antelope were a short distance from where he was sitting and a nice buck was heading straight for him. I was watching the big guy through my binoculars when the first shot was fired. The buck was still on his feet and surprisingly heading his way. A second shot and the buck was still afoot and proceeding towards Ed. A third shot and the buck ran over the hill unscathed. As I sat and watching Ed

through my binoculars (I was waiting for additional gunfire) I saw him raise his arms over his head and begin to execute his celebratory “jig”—no contest winner I might add. Turns out that his initial shot was a 200 yard off-hand shot at a smaller buck—a solid miss. His second shot killed the smaller buck on a dead run at around 120 yards, but he missed seeing the animal fall due to the recoil from his 7 mm. His 3<sup>rd</sup> shot was at the bigger buck, but fortunately he missed. Time of kill 7:15 am.

### **The Final Score**

5 years of thinking; 2 years of planning; 30 hours of driving (to/from Wyoming); 8 hours and 200 miles of scouting; and 30 minutes of hunting. We were both elated and are making plans for next year.





## 2010 Waterdogs Tournament Series

<b>Date</b>	<b>Species</b>	<b>Location</b>	<b>Dogs in Charge</b>
√ 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

### Banquet Sign-up

The annual banquet will be Thursday, November 4th at the Embassy Suites on American Boulevard in Bloomington.

Social Hour starts at 5:30 PM and dinner at 6:30 PM, with the Waterdogs Picture Show and awards to follow.

Attached to the newsletter is a banquet sign-up form. Please complete the form and bring to the October meeting. If you are not able to make the meeting please complete the form and mail to Scott Hennessy by October 15th. Make all checks payable to the Waterdogs. It is your choice to submit your check with the sign-up form or just bring it to the banquet.

# 2010 Waterdog Annual Banquet

Thursday, November 4, 2007  
5:30 PM Cash Bar  
6:30 PM Dinner and program to follow

*Embassy Suites hotel  
2800 American Blvd. West  
Bloomington, MN 55431  
952-884-4811*

Please sign up for you, your spouse and if your kids (10 & under) are coming below & **return to Scott Hennessy by Friday, October 15, 2010.**

## Dinner Selections

Grilled Salmon  
served with a balsamic Glaze

Chicken Chandelaise  
Sauteed chicken breast with proscuitto and sliced mushrooms in a light zinfandel sauce

Grilled 8 Ounce Sirloin  
served with garlic mashed potatoes and and vegetable

Kids Meal (Age 10 and under)

Chicken Tenders and French Fries

Please fill In Below

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Waterdog \_\_\_\_\_, Spouse \_\_\_\_\_, Kids \_\_\_\_\_,  
\_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_

Salmon-----\$25.00 X \_\_\_\_\_ persons = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Chicken-----\$25.00 X \_\_\_\_\_ persons = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Sirloin-----\$25.00 X \_\_\_\_\_ persons = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Kids Meal-----\$15.00 X \_\_\_\_\_ kids = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total = \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**Make your check out to Waterdog Fishing Club & bring it to the Banquet, the price above includes gratuity & sales tax**

**You can mail your sign up sheet to me:**

**Scott Hennessy, 12315 - 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue North, Plymouth, MN 55441**

**or email it to [kojak47@comcast.net](mailto:kojak47@comcast.net)**

**Any questions, call me: 612-418-8181**