

The Dogumentary

27th Year

The Waterdogs Fishing Club

December 2009

December Meeting at Hopkins VFW

The December meeting is the 'All-Members' meeting, where members who plan to be in the club next year should attend, or at least let someone know of their intentions if they can't make the meeting. Voting for the 2010 VP and board members will also take place, along with a discussion about the events that are scheduled for 2010. The pre-dinner meal will consist of edible welcome mats with cheese, starting at 6pm, with the meeting beginning at 7pm.

2010 Waterdogs Fishing Club Calendar

Dec 3 '09	Monthly Meeting
Jan 7 '10	Monthly Meeting
Feb 4	Monthly Meeting
Mar 4	Monthly Meeting
Apr 1	Monthly Meeting
Apr 10	Trout Tournament (4/17 alt)
May 1	Crappie Tournament (5/8 alt)
May 6	Monthly Meeting
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

From the Desk of the President, 'Helen' Tom Keller



Another year has past and if your recall, things looked pretty bleak 12 month ago. But since my administration took over, we've experienced a stock market rebound, falling gas prices and return of a fellow Dog. Things look a little brighter for 2010 and as President I take full credit.

We do have continuing unemployment, affecting some of our fellow Dogs, an on-going war and we've all been being soundly defeated by Shatner. Those are problems I attribute to the last administration.

Actually and more seriously, I hope I added some value to the club as President this year. My goal was to get club involved in some new volunteer activities. We had Dogs participate in four volunteer events this year, with the most notable being the Governors fishing opener. Thanks to those who took the time to represent the club.

For good reasons, the club also decided not to get involved in a few other activities, such as the Star Tribunes Outdoors blog. Even though we wanted to participate, the time commitment and requirements made it just too difficult.

Looking forward, I am already excited for next year. Brian and crew have already got the club set-up with the 2010 schedule. The Rock & Roll Musky week is booked and all we need to do is "survive" another winter of hard water fishing. What a great state we live in!

Thanks for the opportunity,
Helen

Elections 2010

The December meeting will feature the election of the VP and board members for 2010. Nominations were held at the October meeting and the following candidates were called out:

For VP:
Dr. Meat
Banana Boy

For the Board:
FD Felix
Spanky Nasty

The VP candidates who are not elected also become board member candidates.

If you cannot make the December meeting, you can still vote your choices through Perp prior to the meeting.

Banquet 2009

Thanks to Farm Buoy and the rest of the Banquet Committee for another great year-end celebration for the Waterdogs and their families. The food and facilities were great at David Fong's Chinese restaurant. The highlight of the evening was the Waterdog movie put together by Greenstick, which allowed us to relive the fun times we had together this year. And everyone got a copy to take home and watch during the upcoming winter months. Way to go, Dave!



Waterdogs and their Families Enjoyed the Spread at David Fong's

Captain Kirk Rules

Not only did Kirk Duholm win the tournament series for 2009, but he was also awarded the honor of Waterdog of the Year at the banquet for his dedication and involvement with the club since he joined four years ago. Kirk probably fished with more different club members than anyone last year, by frequently inviting guys to fish with him in tournament pre-fishing situations and at other times. He was also generous in sharing the information that he learned, and at the same time keeping the edge needed to win tournaments. He really captures the Waterdog spirit in his actions and participation every year. Congratulations, Kirk!

Weenie Exploits

In the hotly contested run for the weenie award, there are always so many contenders that it takes a committee to sort it all out. It also takes a little bit of luck just to not be one of the nominees each year, with so many willing observers at each Waterdog event. This year, Juan Valdez pulled out a last-minute boat scuttle to snatch the honor from the other weenie wanna-be's, and his year also prompted a new Rod Safety device to be designed and built by his sponsor, Blind Squirrel Enterprises. The Weenie Trophy is now proudly displayed on the fireplace mantle of Laun's new home.

Recycle Old Tires

When old Waterdogs become new again, they receive the Green Retread Tire to take home for a trophy. This year the spare tire was passed from the Analyst to Bud Miller on his successful re-entry into the club. He should

keep the tire in a handy place, as it seems to be finding a new home every year or two.



The Forgotten Champions

Some of the awards from the banquet are soon forgotten, probably because they are so awesome that it hurts your head just to think about them. But consider that Farm Boy won the award for Captain of the Year for the constant encouragement that he gives his fishing partners. He's been known to forgo figure-eighting a following musky so that his partner could have a shot at it. Or, at least it seems like that.

The Swabbie of the Year was won by Greenstick, for his Extreme Net-man abilities and the overall support that he gives to his partners and the club in general. And let's not forget the winner of the Photo Contest, which this year was won by Father Bertha for his rendition of 'Waterdog Sunrise'.



Pink with Envy

FD thanks the club for the special pink rod and reel and matching cover. It has created quite a controversy in the FD household, with both daughters laying claim to the rig, but it has been established that it is the sole possession of FD and available for short-term loans only. You'll see it out on the tournament circuit next year, as soon as I get the matching jumpsuit. Now, who will be my partner?

Fellow Dogs:

My work schedule the past year + has kept me from attending many of our meetings, tourneys and other organizational functions. I know I've been taking a lot more than I've been able to give back over this time. My wife Ann and I are in the process of completing the purchase of a cabin located in Whitefish Bay on LOW outside Sioux Narrows. As we "mature" our hope is to have more time to enjoy this beautiful area (and fantastic fishing) with our family, grandkids and friends.

With our time and funds diverted to this focus at least for the next couple years I've decided to suspend my active WD status to allow a new member the opportunity to enjoy and contribute.

I'll certainly miss visiting with the friends I've made but hopefully can still hitch a ride for some local outings. After getting settled I'll be looking for some help exploring the Southern stretches of the Bay I'm not familiar with. If you're ever in the neighborhood: (49d 23' 14.23"N ; 94d 09' 49.5"W) and see my boat at the doc please stop in. WD's are always welcome!

Rocky / Otis

Old Man River

Several Waterdogs have enjoyed a day on the Mississippi River with Kirk Duholm this fall, catching a multi-species smorgasbord in pool 2 on jigs and minnows. Species caught included walleyes, saugers, white bass, smallmouth bass, catfish, northerns, crappies, and an assortment of rocks and sticks. Kirk has been out with Felix, FD, Janitor, and Farm Boy, with the biggest fish being a 26" walleye caught by the Janitor, but that was pre-season in May. Pool 2 is a year-round open fishery with catch-and-release for most species, and the site of

one of our tournaments next year. It's an exceptionally easy spot to fish and get to.



Kirk holds a Sauger caught below the Ford Dam Lock in Pool 2

Furry Fish Reports:

From Nasty Boy:

Our group of seven had five deer after opening weekend. We were in a bucks-only zone, with does by permit only. We had four doe permits. On opening weekend it rained for half of the hunt. Three of the guys stayed and hunted the whole week, but they didn't even see a deer. The second weekend, on Saturday, it snowed and I saw two does, but I didn't take a shot at either one. Finally on Sunday morning we cleaned up Bambi and family by 8:30 am. All together we got a total four bucks and three does. All were big deer except for one. The biggest was a ten point buck.

From Janitor:

Hunting at our Park Rapids area was slow the first weekend (we hunted only the first weekend). I passed on a pronghorn at 7:05 Sat morning. Unfortunately, it was my only deer sighting all weekend. Beatty and Craig also passed on does early Sat morning and also saw no more deer the rest of the weekend. Covert was the only hunter of our six that connected - a large Sunday doe. We found out that the second weekend about 60 local hunters do a massive drive just south of our area. They were researching stands and hunters the first weekend and plotting GPS coordinates for the drive. Next year we may consider the second weekend. Apparently the drive forces a lot of deer into our woods.

From Chips:

I am in agreement with Janitor as far as the opening weekend being a slow hunt. We had 13 hunters at Taylor Lake by Hill City. There was a nice doe & a pronghorn buck shot at around 7 AM on Saturday, but that was it for the weekend. We had 6 doe permits & it seemed that those who could shoot bucks only saw the does on Sat. Sunday we released the doe permits to anyone who sees one & there were very few seen. We did one large drive on Sunday about noon but no deer were driven out to the posters. So it was a pretty quiet weekend at Taylor Lake Camp.

From Father Bertha:

This deer opener, I had a great hunt and a wonderful time in the woods hunting for four days up by Wadena. Here are some highlights.

The night before, my buddy told me the neighbors had been seeing a 12 pt hanging around the area. Opening morning at 7:00 am the place came alive with deer, I had them coming from every direction. I had a six and an eight point sparing and a couple of four points roaming around along with countless does. Out of my left vision, I could hear something big chasing a deer, I got a chance to see it travel about 50 yards in front of me, it was massive (twice the size of the others) and had a big rack. The next time I saw him, he was in an open field chasing does about 200 yards out. I kept trying to pick him up on my binoculars. He was looking like he was trying to yard up some does. But it look like he had chased them into the Aspen slough and I thought that I had missed my chance. But then everything stopped - all the fighting and the other deer grazing and they all looked off into area where I had last seen him in the field. I knew he was coming in. I was waiting and kept searching for where he would come out of the thick cover. I was pumped, the adrenalin was soaring. Then he came in straight down, right down barb-b-q alley, were I have shot a lot of deer. He was walking in like a champion up to a doe, he was facing me (not a good shot) and all that I remember is that he was in my cross hairs facing me chest first and I let her fly. The smoked settled and I looked back though my scope and he was still in my scope, he did not move, I almost expect him to roll over dead. I thought what the heck, (probably

a different word but as priest I am not suppose to use them). So I tried to pump another round into the chamber all real nice and quiet, and in doing this did not pump it back hard enough and just jammed up the gun. I was in a panic and finally got a shell in. I tried to square him again in the scope but I could not hold still, and finally settled down to watch him in my scope walk into the woods. I was so juiced up with adrenalin that I could not function. It was like I was on drugs. I still get excited thinking about it, it was a great hunt.

I waited it out to see him for four days, he never showed again. A nice four pointer came in the last day. He was the only deer I saw that last morning, and was wandering around in what looked like a deep hunger to breed and travel. I was watching him traveling in and out of fields, and finally he came straight down a field road and walked right up to me at about 60 yards. He turned side-ways and stood there and said "shoot me", I dropped him in his tracks. It was good to know I can still drop them. He will be a better eater. And hopefully, the other lived to come in again next year. It will certainly make me jump out of bed faster next year.
Fr. Bertha

From The Analyst:

Opening weekend of the MN deer hunting opener found me sitting in a tree on the property that we are STILL in the process of buying (getting close) near Lake City, MN. The rut was subdued due to warmer than normal temperatures, but some activity was still taking place. Opening morning (11/7) started out slow as I only saw 1 doe by 11:30 am. I decided to switch stands (to the spot I shot mine last year) which turned out to be a good idea. Around 1:30 pm, with the sun shining brightly and the un-seasonably warm temperatures (mid-60's), I got caught unprepared as I was put on alert at the sound of a breaking branch. I look over to see a toad of buck (broad sweeping beams and body built like a tank) 60 yards away. By the time I got my gun off the hook—big mistake to have had it there—he was in thick cover and I didn't want to chance a shot. I was hoping he would return...he did not. By day's end I saw 3 additional bucks and 8 or so does. None of the bucks were bigger than the one I shot last year so I passed.

Day 2 found me in the same stand. Lot's of activity again. At around 12:15 pm a ruckus arose as two bucks came chasing a doe. They all ran up and down a deep drainage near my stand and when they paused to catch there breath the larger of the two bucks caught a terminal case of lead poisoning. He was the 4th buck I saw that day. A fifth buck came under my stand when I was cleaning my deer. Because we still do not have an access road to the land I spent the next 2 hours dragging him out solo. In a way it was actually enjoyable.



Second Weekend:

With a yearning to get back into the woods, and my tag filled, I decided to take my 11-year old son Justin out for his inaugural hunt. The MN DNR just this year offers a free tag to kids under 12 and as long as they sit with an adult they do not need firearm safety. I bought him a shotgun on Tuesday & took him to the firing range on Wednesday. Despite all my instructions, he was scoped by his first shot—the recoil caused the scope to hit him above his eyebrow. A little bruise but fortunately no blood. Although he really didn't want to shoot again, he took 2 more shots and with no problems. He was ready.

Or first day on the stand was Friday afternoon. He took a shot at a doe at about 65 yards, but missed (this took place at 12:15 pm). Day 2 saw no shot opportunities (our sits were usually from 10 am – 4 pm). On our final day we switched stands to where Ed had been sitting as he had been seeing more activity (he had gone home by now). At 12:15 (exact time I shot my deer, and the same time he shot at his doe) I heard a deer down below us. A nice little 8 pointer was coming up the trail following a

scent trail I laid out with my drag rag (doused with Code Blue Standing Estrous). Justin, my son, was shaking so badly that as the buck walked broadside at 35 yards his first three shots sailed over his back causing chunks of dirt to fly up upon impact. The deer NEVER reacted! The buck just kept slowwwwwly walking up the hill as my son frantically explained to me that he was out of bullets. I grabbed my back pack hanging below me, zipped open one of the pockets, removed the two remaining bullets, grabbed the gun from him, pulled back the forearm and saw there was an unspent shell still in the gun, I gave him back the gun, (all the while the buck is simply walking slowly up the hill in front of us) and he prepared for his final shot. According to my boy he used the short down time to devise a plan—a mini-analyst in the making! Here' a recount his plan...**Step 1-** he kicked his legs together as hard as he could in an effort to stop shaking; **step 2-** he took a deep breath to calm himself down--he says this is what his Grandmother had taught him about how to relax using yoga; **step 3-** he then held his breath--he says he learned this from his X-box games where the sniper stabilizes the target in the scope when he holds his breath; **step 4-** he then recalled my advice to pick the EXACT spot on the deer you want to hit and pretend to burn a hole through that spot as if you had a laser beam—aim small, miss small I told him; **step 5-** just as the buck was slowly walking out of our lives he squeezed off the shot and at impact we knew

he had done it. I will never forget his reaction—a combination of sheer excitement and surprise that he actually hit the deer. The buck died 20 yards in front of the stand. I actually have a photo of my son sitting in the stand with the buck lying in the background. I told my son that now he knows what it looks like to be “love struck”. I told him to remember this in his later years, that thinking from other places than his brain can get a person in trouble. Guess we'll see if he listens...



2010 Waterdogs Tournament Series

Gentlemen, Mark Your Calendars!

Date	Species	Location	Dogs in Charge
Saturday, April 10 (4/17alt)	Trout	WI Rivers	Fluffy, Carmen
Saturday, May 1 (5/8 alt)	Crappie	Minnetonka	
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