

The Dogumentary

30th Year

The Waterdogs Fishing Club

December 2012

Next meeting - Thursday Dec 6 at Tutttles

2012-13 Waterdogs Fishing Club Calendar

Dec 6	Monthly Meeting
Jan 3	Monthly Meeting
Feb 7	Monthly Meeting
Mar 7	Monthly Meeting
Apr 4	Monthly Meeting
May 2	Monthly Meeting

*From the Desk of the President,
Greenstick – Dave Haberle*



In the past January edition of the Dogumentary I offered a \$25 prize to the first member to catch an Asian carp and \$50 if you didn't throw it back. I didn't hear from any members this year who caught one, so I guess I'll just have to spend the money at Gander Mountain myself! WIN-WIN!!!

I also had a goal this year – to finish higher in the points standing than I did in 2011... where I was beaten by only 33 fellow Dogs... This year I finished tied with Fluffee for twelfth! I can't take the

credit though – that has to go to the captains with whom I had the pleasure of fishing this year: twice with the Janitor, and once each with Analist, FD and OF. It's the captains who devise a plan to find the fish and who fight to hold position with the trolling motor to keep the boat on them. So the secret to finishing higher on the points list is... getting lucky in the pairings! I'll have you know that my good fortune continues – as I won a whole \$7 in the recent \$500 million Powerball jackpot. So I'm on a roll! Watch out for me next year!

I've spent a lot of time out in my garage recently – working on my Christmas lights mostly, but as they're hanging on walls and all around my boat, I'm constantly reminded that... I need to finish winterizing it. But that thought sends me back to the start of this year and Steve Chesky's presentation at the January meeting when he talked about boat/engine maintenance. If you recall, he spent most of the time talking about fuel issues and how they affect your boat's performance. In particular he mentioned that the fuel filter should be replaced *annually*. Looks like I get to make yet *another* trip to Gander Mountain!

I'll put in a plug for Dr. Meat and his administration. If you haven't already signed up to help him run the club next year, please drop him an email or at least come to the December 6th meeting and sign up for something! And don't forget that you have a duty to be present at the meeting to vote! Running for VP are Banana Boy, Puddin' Man and Juan Valdez; for Board Members at-large, we have Farm Boy, Duper, Boo-Boo (Todd Bollig) and the Janitor. Come listen to the always-stimulating stump speeches -- and will somebody please bring a stump this year so they can stand on it?!

Lastly, those of you who weren't present at the Annual Banquet, be sure to pick up your copy of the annual wrap-up video. Kojak has all the extras. See you all on December 6th at Tutttles!

-gs

My Dear, Most Esteemed Waterdogs,



As your new First Lady, I feel it's important to give you insight as to what you can expect from your new president. My husband, your very own President 'Dr. Meat,' has been a member of your organization for several years and has managed to avoid nearly all positions of responsibility until this important election year. It is my personal opinion that he has much to offer the club and will serve you well, but that is in large part due to how well the Waterdogs club has served him these many years.

My husband is not unlike so many members of the club who work long hours at a job where it's hard to leave the stress of the workplace at the office. Having the monthly Waterdog meetings and fishing events to look forward to is incredibly important to John (that would be Dr. Meat's actual name, lest you become confused.) Along with his office and on-call schedule, the Waterdog events are the first ones to go on our calendar in the new year. Several Lake of the Woods fishing trips have usurped our own anniversary in importance! But, sensing that I would one day be called to higher duty, I have always sent my husband north with my blessing. It is with my support that your new president will serve the club with unswerving dedication and focus. You know the saying, "Behind every good man is a woman who needs him like a bicycle-riding fish."

President Dr. Meat has the finest minds in the club assisting in the decision making process and his Party Cabin(et) will also serve you well. Particularly if the club has need of suggestions for meat/beer pairings. He comes to you with years of experience of finding creative ways of balancing a budget to include an obscene amount of spending on fishing tackle, gear, and clothing. President Dr. Meat will lead the Waterdogs with a sound foreign policy in regard to all things Canadian and can quote virtually any line from Bob and Doug McKenzie's album, "The Great White North." Don't get him started. And if you do, don't say I didn't warn you.

It was suggested to me that, as your First Lady, I should undertake some special project or campaign to better the Waterdogs. Improving literacy, perhaps, to extend beyond reading the Dogumentary, Field and Stream, and Outdoor Life. But I decided to focus on zebra mussels. The poor, displaced zebra mussel; so misunderstood and so far from its' homeland of Eastern Europe. It is my hope that through education and awareness of the plight of these poor creatures that I can establish "Clam Up - The Zebra Mussel Adoption Agency." Our motto: "Bye-Bye, Bivalves -- Hello, Friends."

I don't represent all club members' wives when I express my love for the Waterdogs. I imagine there are a few wives who are not entirely happy with the hours their husband spends away from home or the dollars spent on more fishing gear. In solidarity with my fishing-widow sisters I offer this sentiment: if they didn't have the Waterdogs club, we would be the ones kissing all the fish in the highlight reel that they show at the banquet. Do we really want that? And furthermore, if all of us wives were our husbands' fishing partners, can you imagine the nicknames they'd have to come up with? Hot-Lips Halibut? Shad Rap Sheila? Crappie Crotch? Really, ladies. Some things are best left to the boys and we should be relieved that we don't have to put up with it. Speaking of nick names, I'd like to be very clear on this point: I'm not entirely comfortable being known as 'Mrs. Meat.' So, if we could all agree on something more suitable for your First Lady. 'Lady of the Lake', perhaps?

In closing, and with all silliness aside, I'd like to thank all of the Waterdogs for the camaraderie my husband has found with you during his years in the club. Serving as your president is, I know, an honor for him that he may not quite adequately express. So, like any good wife, I'll just go ahead and put words in his mouth. I truly am thrilled that John has all of you. His time on the water with the Waterdogs keeps him grounded. In the wise words of Stephen Wright, "There's a fine line between fishing and just standing on the shore like an idiot." Thank you, Waterdogs, for helping my husband across that line.

Fish on!

Most sincerely, Your First Lady of the Lake,

Denise, Mrs. Dr. Meat

Deer Patience

By Griz

On Saturday, November 17, 2012 my dad, uncle, cousin and I headed into the woods for the opening day of the Wisconsin gun deer season. We hunt on an 80 acre piece of woods that my parents own near Sand Creek, WI and anticipation was high as we had many pictures of deer from our scouting efforts and the start of the season this year was early enough to catch the tail end of the rut. It turned out to be the best opening weekend of hunting that we've ever had.

My 15 year old cousin Zach shot an adult nub buck around 8:00 AM on opening morning (only his third deer ever) to get things started. My uncle was up next, shooting a small doe (that he thought was bigger when he shot at it) around 1:00 PM. By 3:00 PM it was my dad's turn to take a nice sized doe. They had all seen multiple deer throughout the day and passed up several other does and a few bucks.

I had been in my stand on the opposite side of our land since 6:00 AM. I was watching a cut in our pine trees where three deer trails cross in front of the stand within 100 yards. This stand offers a limited view and a very small window/short time to shoot in since you never hear the deer coming through the pine trees before they appear in the opening, but it does offer easy broad side shooting if you are ready when they come out. One deer passed through before legal shooting hours started at 6:45 PM and it was too dark to identify it as a buck or a doe. I passed up three small does at around 8:00 AM and two more at about 9:30 AM. I would later find out that I saw a lot fewer deer than the other three guys but that doesn't surprise me since I'm watching such a small area compared to them.

From 9:30 AM on, the hours just kept ticking by without seeing any deer. I was entertained by the occasional grouse, turkey or squirrel crossing the opening and a group of nuthatches that kept landing on my stand, gun barrel, arm, shoulder, hat, etc. in the mean time. I ate a sandwich around 12:30 PM and debated about moving stands. A trail camera set up not far from my stand had shown a few nicer bucks in the area in the late afternoon within the previous few weeks, so I decided to

take my chances and stay put. After all, I still had another eight days to hunt plus a muzzle loader season if needed and this was only day one. Again I waited. One thirty PM, 2:30 PM, 3:30 PM and still nothing. I was beginning to question my decision since there was just over an hour of shooting light left to go. Then at 3:40 PM a buck finally appeared suddenly in my shooting lane at about 30-35 yards. I didn't have time to size him up like they do on TV but I instantly recognized him as one of the better bucks that we had photos of, so without hesitation I pulled up and fired, dropping him instantly in his tracks. He was not a monster, but still a very respectable buck with 12 scoreable points (five on one side - plus a small split in his brow tine that I'm only counting as one point, seven on the other side - two irregular points off of the brow tine). It's one of my best bucks to date and I was glad that I stayed airborne in the stand and quiet for the 9 hours and 40 minutes that were required to get this buck on the ground.



The hunting continued on Sunday, November 18, 2012 with nearly the same success. We all saw multiple deer again. I saw two smaller bucks and passed up three small does before taking a fat doe around 9:30 AM. Jeff and Zach passed several deer up before eventually bagging a seven pointer and a five pointer respectively (Zach's largest racked buck to date). They shot their bucks within moments of each other and within sight of each other (their stands are relatively close together) around 11:00 AM when the neighbors started to make a deer drive and these two bucks and a doe squirted out ahead of the drive before they could start their push. Due to the warm weather we quit hunting at noon in order to

take our deer to the processor, but that still left us with seven deer (two of which were donated to the food pantry) for four guys hunting in a day and a half. Not a bad weekend at all. As of the writing of this article dad is still looking for one of the other nicer bucks on the land, but other than that (unless I decide to chase another doe using my pistol or muzzleloader for the challenge of it, and to donate) we are pretty much done hunting for the season already. It was an opening weekend to remember and may not be repeated for some time!

Big Bertha II

By Father Bertha

With my duties at the parish, I was not able to get out into the woods on the opening of deer hunting until Sunday afternoon. When I arrived, my friend, who I hunt with, had already shot his buck on Saturday. He told me he had seen even a bigger buck, a big eight point buck, the last two weeks around the property and also on opening morning. However, like most of the bigger ones, you see them and they quickly disappear. So he never got a shot at him. He said he was not feeling well and was going to take a nap (Sunday afternoon), and it ended up to be food poisoning. I went out to the stand and saw about 8 deer that evening, all pretty much coming and going from one exact spot in the tamarack slough. I did not want to shoot any of them because it was right around sunset and I was hoping to see the big buck.

Monday morning, my friend was on the toilet all night, so he is not going out. I went out alone, and as I was heading into the wind walking very slowly and stopping about every five steps, like a deer. When I got to my stand, I was challenged by a deer. It would stomp and snort and seem to run in a circle. This went on for about a good half an hour as I slowly walked to the stand. It was still pretty dark and I was thinking maybe I should load up, just in case he charges me. I was not sure what to do because usually when I would walk in and have an encounter, they would generally just high-tail it out of the area. This game of cat and mouse went on about 7 or 8 times and I was thinking of hiding in some brush and loading up and shooting him when sun came

up. If you're a deer hunter, you are probably laughing and I also thought that idea is never going to work. So I just waited him out and finally made it to my stand. I know that was the bog guy, and I blew it. Why did he have to be right under my stand? And of course, the sun comes up and I am looking around, and see nothing. I sat until 8:30 when a small fork-horn wanders through the area. He approaches the far wood line and quickly turns around and heads back from where he came, in the same spot that the deer came out last night. I was not sure what made him change his mind, I was hoping he was spooked by the bigger buck. Then about 20 minutes later, a doe wanders through the area and also leaves in exact same spot all the deer where coming and going last night. So, realizing that I probably and going to get my best chance at deer as it crosses the field road into this "honey hole." I get all set up to fire right down that lane. And it paid off. At 9:27 am, as I looking at the honey hole lane - out of nowhere, there was the big guy. I pulled up my gun, and he turned sideways, I put the cross hairs on him just as he was entering into dense cover....**boom**. This took all of two seconds. After I pulled the trigger, I thought that it all went too fast, so I hoped and prayed for a mortal shot, since he was headed into some real thick stuff. It ended up being a 157 yard shot.



I planned on waiting 30 minutes, ate some food and drank some water, got packed and headed after him in 20 minutes. I found him about 10 yards from where I shot him. I called my buddy's cell and told him to get off the toilet and come out to help. He was real excited and said that it sure was the same buck when he saw him, my Lifetime Best.

FB

2012 Fishing and Hunting Draws to the End
By Shatner

We traveled to SD for our annual pheasant hunt the first weekend of November and found good numbers of birds. With all the crops being harvested early this year they were pretty well concentrated in the switch grass fields and the dried up cattail sloughs making them easy to locate. The 9 of us hunting with 2 dogs filled our 2 day limits which we brought home.



Walking thru the fields where the grass is often neck high you never know what is going to appear within an arm's length from you. Often times it is a deer, raccoon or a coyote that was hoping you would walk by. This year one of a number of coyotes we roused from its cover made the mistake of entering an open field about 20 yards from me and succumbed to one 20 gauge 3" magnum load of 5 shot. According to our hosts there is now one less varmint eating their birds on their land.



Kirk nailed his buddies dog "Wiley" with one shot

I have also attached a picture of a decent 7 pt buck that I shot in my backyard with my Lumix TS4. This guy was trying to stay warm and protected from the wind the day after Thanksgiving. They often seek the sunny protected hillside in our backyard during the most uncomfortable weather.



Before the boat was put away last Saturday I had a chance to fish Pool 2 and a favorite Carver Co lake a couple more times. The river fishing was relatively slow but we found some nice sized LM and dozens of eating size crappies in the lake. Fishing the crappies in the lake was something new for me. The crappies were found suspended in the deeper part of the lake and relatively easy to see on the electronics.



It's been another great outdoor season and especially great to have shared many of these experiences with you Dogs.

"One thing becomes clearer as one gets older and one's fishing experience increases, and that is the paramount importance of one's fishing companions."
John Ashley Cooper

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