

The Dogumentary

31stYear

All the News That's Fish to Print

December 2013

2013 Waterdogs Fishing Club Calendar	
December 5th	Monthly Meeting at Tuttle's
January 2nd	Monthly Meeting at Tuttle's
Jan. 11th-12th	St. Paul Sportsman's Show

From the Desk of the President,

Well here it is, December and my last presidential column. All I can say is that the year seemed to fly by. I had high hopes of writing about the trophy buck I was able to get this year but alas, it was not meant to be. For me this year off hunting could be compared to muskie fishing. Picture going to the Lake of the Woods for the week with weather consisting of temps in the single digits and 20 mph winds. Couple that with not seeing any follows but finally catching one in the 20 inch class size.



A lot of work without much to show or brag about but at least it wasn't a skunk week! I look at deer hunting as 75% luck, 20% work, and 5% skill. Comparing it too muskie fishing it would be more like 1000 hours vs 10,000 casts. If only we could hunt on prime land like we are able to fish prime waters like LOTW.

It has been mentioned to me that this is my "swan song." Others have stated that I am now a "lame duck." Since we are a fishing club it should really be more like I am a flounder or something to that effect. Although not much happens from a presidential standpoint in December, I now have to think about my upcoming board duties. Since we didn't have much in the way of controversy this year I will open the door to any and all requests to be hashed out by the board. Bring IT!

Thanks to all of the committee chairs this year as I think you all did a great job! I hope that everyone steps it up this year to help Banana Boy as well. Here's to a great year and another great year to come!

Dr Meat

Fall Fishing



Felix and I fished Pool 2 for an afternoon this fall. We caught a few Walleyes and one nice SM on Fatheads and a jig. Fish were just downstream of the Lilydale launch in 15-20 fow.



On the Vets day Monday I met up with Hillary to fish a small Carver Co. lake for crappies. We brought home our limits for dinner after culling thru 60-70 fish in about 3 hours before the rains came.



Most fish were suspended in 15-25 fow and came on artificial as well as minnows. The key was to not move your bait too much. This was a good way to finish the 2013 open water season.

St. Paul Sportsman Show:

Ron Schara's Kids Fishing Clinic at the St. Paul Sportsman Show is coming up in January. Saturday Jan 11 at 11AM and Sunday, January 12th at 12PM are the scheduled times. Please check your schedules so Mama's Boy can get an accurate count at Thursday's meeting.

Shorty's Corner:

Caught the slam; Sea Trout, Snook and Redfish all on top water in the back bay off Captiva Florida All three species are out there all winter. Light tackle in less than 2 feet of water. It doesn't get any better than that.



Come on down guys, looks like we have a crew coming down for Tarpon: Meat, Fluff, Sticky and Janitor.

Ron Boudreaux (Shorty)

November's Banquet:

Thanks to Kojak for again putting on a great banquet. Great slide show. Great food. Gifts for our wives to get them to come. What more could we ask for.

The award winners for those who missed out on the privilege of being there were:

Captain of the Year: Perp

Swab of the Year: Puddin' Man
Wienie Award: Kojak
Photo Contest Winner: uan Valdez

Election Day 2013:

Don't forget to bring your rain gear to protect yourselves from the mud that's sure to be flying as we elect our new leaders for the year 2014 at the meeting this Thursday. It's sure to be a lively debate.

Bio of the Month: Greenstick

Who brought you into the club and what's your relationship to that person?

Kirk Duholm invited me to join. He had been a member for only a year or so when he issued the invitation and I immediately accepted it. Kirk and I are brothers-in-law – we married two sisters and I've known him for more than 30 years. He's just a wonderful guy, and while I'm obviously a little biased here, it's always fun getting together with him and other times when our families get together.

What's your profession?

I'm a software guy and principle architect of our company's custom accounting software products. The advertising guy in me says I'm also supposed to mention that it encompasses a full general ledger-based accounting system with an exceptionally strong receivables and customer contact system, powerful payroll system and completely integrated point-of-sale, catering/event management and employee timeclock modules. It also has options that can be distributed via the Internet such as a complete golf tee time management system for managing up to four golf courses simultaneously and other custom web-based tools.

A little bit about your family

My wife, Sue, runs her own public relations and marketing company (Haberle Communications), specializing in the health care industry. Most of her clients are based here in the Twin Cities, which makes it nice because she doesn't have to travel outside the state very often. We have two sons, Nick (age 29) and Ben (age 27). Nick is currently managing the creation of several software products for RCI, an adjunct support company of Wells Fargo Bank. Ben is currently looking for his next job – previously he worked

at Signature Concepts, a company that manufactures customer logo'd sportswear for teams such as the Wild, Vikings and Golden Gopher teams.

What's your handle and the story behind it?

Okay, I'll tell you the whole story. My first club outing was the 2007 Trout tournament, and at the pre-event gathering to finalize teams, Bud and I hooked up together. I had never fished for trout before, and I was looking forward to a great day – bedecked in my brand new boot-foot chest waders, and all the proper gear for a fledgling trout angler. Bud and I fished all over the place and had a great time, even though neither of us was terribly successful at catching any trout. But not quite two hours before quitting time, I ran into a little trouble with gravity. I had been carefully walking along a flat, muddy/weedy area about 20 yards from a segment of the Rush river and I stepped in a place that broke through into a washed-out hole underneath and I found myself knee-deep in the hole with my foot stuck deep in the bottom. I said some nasty things, then extricated my foot after a few minutes and determined that I could no longer fish. However, I thought I could at least make it back to the car, which was about 150 yards away, where I'd wait for my fishing partner to return. I started hobbling in that direction, and after a couple hobbles... I stepped on another area that broke through into probably an extension of the previous washed-out area, and again fell knee-deep into the hole. This time there was a loud <craaaacckk> associated with it, immediately followed by a great deal of pain and the angry uttering of many, many more very nasty words... After about 5 minutes of carefully extracting my foot and leg from the hole, I noticed that the foot no longer was pointed in the proper direction for a human foot. And it would wobble, clearly indicating that the foot was no longer connected to the leg. Now realizing that hobbling to the car was no longer an option, I crawled toward the car across the mud, rolling under a barbed wire fence, and finally, with the assistance of a passerby, made it to the car, where I sat on the back bumper and patiently waited for my fishing partner to come back. About an hour later, Bud came tromping up through the weeds, took one look and said, "Uhhh... you don't look too

good...” He loaded me into the back of the Dodge SUV and I decided to leave my waders and boots on thinking that they would help keep swelling down. I propped my foot against the side wall of the SUV to stabilize it and off we went. He phoned-in our score to the others who were collecting at the “weigh-in” spot, and off we went... directly to the Abbott/Northwestern Hospital emergency room. After registering I was put in an exam room, and the clothes started coming off. They took the waders down to my knees and saw that the left leg of my jeans was wet with blood all the way up to the knee – “Uh oh...” said the attending physician... and everybody put their hazmat gear on. I suggested that rather than cut everything off, they might remove it and I told them how – the right leg came off the foot very easily, and the other leg would do the same. When they took off the other foot, all the blood that had collected in my waders spilled out, splashed on the floor, walls, the curtain – and everybody scrambled. As it turned out, I had suffered a compound fracture for they could see the bone protruding from my leg. About six hours later I was in surgery, and I’m still wearing the steel plates and screws that the surgeon put in that night.

So how does this relate to my handle? At the next meeting, I think it was Dr. Meat who suggested that my handle should forever be “Greenstick” because I had suffered what was medically referred to as a “green stick fracture.” Where did you grow up and what’s your history with fishing?

I’m born and raised in Minnesota, except for a few years when I was very little when my dad served in the U.S. Army and was stationed in Texas and South Carolina. We moved to south Minneapolis in 1954 and a few years later, moved to Edina, which was then referred to as Edina-Morningside. My dad bought a boat in 1960 and would take the whole family camping a couple times every summer. He was a physician and not really very well versed in outdoor sports, so his concept of fishing was “go to the middle of the lake, where it’s the deepest and that’s where you’ll find the biggest fish.” So we’d be sitting in 40, 50, maybe 60 feet of water and our lines dangled over the

side of the boat about 8-10 feet down, baited with a worm, of course. The answer to the obvious question is “No, we never caught anything.” To this day, I think that my dad just didn’t like cleaning fish so he deliberately put us out there in the middle of the lake. His strategy worked. So I never saw the point of fishing because I never caught anything. Jump ahead about 25 years... and I was invited to speak at a spring sportsman’s banquet and talk about golf (I was a golf pro at the time and had played the PGA Tour for a few years). I was to share the dais with a fisherman, Tackle Terry Tuma, whom I’d never heard of. So I did my talk and was, of course, very impressive. Then it was Terry’s turn and what he said was so simple, and so logical that I was dumbfounded. He said, “If you want to catch fish, you have to go where the fish are, and that means you have to fish where the weeds are because that’s where they live.” Wow! Instant epiphany! It was like those commercials for the juice where the actor slap himself in the forehead and says, “Wow, I should have had a V-8!” All those hours and years spent out in the boat with dad – in the middle of the lake – it was fun to be with my dad, but it sure would have been more fun to catch something. So I immediately understood that my whole impression of fishing was based on faulty experience, and I decided it was worth another try. Not long after that, I married into a family of fishermen and fisherwomen – Sue liked to fish, and her dad loved it, and of course, there was my new brother-in-law Kirk, who seemed to me to know a whole lot about it – and he also had a boat! One thing led to another, and now after having watched Kirk for 30 years, I think I’m almost a competent angler. As long as I stay away from trout, that is...

What’s your favorite species to fish? Why? What’s your favorite technique?

I like fishing for bass because it seems they’re the easiest to catch. It seems as though they’ll bite on anything and it’s a rare day when you go bass fishing and don’t catch anything. I think crappie fishing is fun but only when you can locate a school of them and they’re hungry. Otherwise you can’t seem to locate the darned things.

What’s your most memorable fishing experience?

Hmmm... most memorable... Well, the time I broke my let trout fishing is certainly hard to forget, but in terms of “successful” fishing experiences, it’d have to be a day when Kirk and I were paired together in the final Waterdogs event of 2010 – a multi species tournament on Pool 2 of the Mississippi River. Kirk had an idea in mind of where to find various species of fish, and except for not landing a northern of suitable size, wherever we went, we caught exactly the species we were looking for. It was a tremendous lesson in knowing enough about both fish and environment to put the two together and go get ‘em. We won that event pretty handily and Kirk won the Angler of the Year honor that year. Here’s a photo that Shatner took during the final 2010 multi-species event – that smallie was our 6th specie and put us over the top in points.



Another memorable time was also with Kirk – we went out one morning to Rietz lake in Carver County and found an unbelievably great spot for some big bass. We must have pulled in a 10-15 in the 20+” size in the span of twenty minutes in an area about the size of a bedroom. That was a real hoot!

What do you like about being a Waterdog?
It’s fun watching others who are so intent on doing their best – and trying to do your best as well to help out the team. You always feel that your efforts will help the team – and of course, when you don’t catch anything, you know you’ve dropped the ball on your partner, too. Everyone in the club has been genuinely friendly to me and for one who doesn’t make friends easily and who is still working on

becoming a competent angler, it’s quite pleasing to come to one of our regular meetings and sit down next to any of the members and strike up a conversation. I don’t know how many more years I’ll be able to be an active member, but the first six have been very, very rewarding. It’s been fun serving on the board and of course, the photo committee, and I hope that as the years go by, any efforts I’ve put forth to try to further members’ enjoyment of the club will be remembered in a positive way. Please attach a digital photo to your response if you have one.

There aren’t a lot of photos of me in Waterdogs settings, mostly because I’ve been the one taking them and secondarily, I rarely catch anything that’s worthy of a photo.



This photo is one is a photo that FD took last year in the 3rd multi-species event on Lake Pepin – one of the two targeted species we caught that day which, surprisingly, put us in 3rd place! Same jacket – different hat...

Tackle Tip of the Month

Forceps are for Fly Guys

This month’s tip is compliments of the venerable Fish Dick:

This one applies to trout fishing: Bring a 4” needle-nose pliers for hook removal rather than using a forceps. It’s a lot easier to handle on larger lure hooks, as the forceps is mainly used for small flies.

Bob (Fishdick) Dickey

Photo of the Month



2013 Tournament Schedule

Date	Species	Location	Dogs in Charge
TBD	Trout	In the water	TBD
TBD	Fish	In the water	TBD
TBD	Fish	On the water	TBD
TBD	Fish	On the water	TBD