

# Results & News

February 2007

## **LET'S GO FISHIN'**

by Andy Shands

Well, one more month to go and the 2007 Hawg Hawlers season will be under way. This year's first tournament and Memorial tournament will be held at the ever popular Lake of the Ozarks. Traditionally we have started the season at Clearwater Lake, but due to the size our club has grown to, that lake is just too small.

### **Tournament Location**

The tournament is coming out of Red Oak resort. Go to [www.redoakresort.com](http://www.redoakresort.com) for directions. For those of you who haven't been to Red Oak, it is located at mile marker 78 on the Osage arm. Remember that this will be a two day tournament, with Saturday's hours being 8:00 am to 2:00 pm and Sunday 7:00 am to 1:00 pm.

Last year we fished LOZ in April. For those of us that were there you will remember that JD and Darla Ketcherside walked away with all the money, first place and big bass for both days. For all the results on spring LOZ tournaments go to the archives page.

### **Tournament Directors**

Tournament Directors for Lake of the Ozarks will be:

Stanek/Treadway on Saturday

Love/Landis on Sunday

We still have openings for tournament directors. If you are interested in serving as a tournament director, please contact Ken or Mike.

### **Chili Supper:**

Don't forget that this tournament will also be our annual chili supper on Saturday night. If anyone is interested in volunteering to cook or help out, please contact Pam.

### **Tournament Entry**

As a reminder, please make sure your tournament entry form arrives to Scott no later than Wednesday, March 21st, 5:00 PM.

### **Bass Pro Shop**

On the 24th of this month Hawg Hawlers will have a booth set up at Bass Pro Shops Spring Fishing Classic in St. Charles. We will be handing out fliers and talking with people about the club. Be sure to come out and support the guys and gals who are working the booth.

## **From Cuz's Boat**

By Greg Shands

Have you ever fished in a place that was better off left to God's wild life creatures than man? Well, let me tell you about one of those places that I just happen to own. This lake, if you want to call it that, is part of an old river channel that's spring fed, covered with lily pads, and has a beaver hut right in the middle of it. Did I mention that it also has flooded timber throughout it? It's located about a quarter of a mile from the river so every time the river floods new fish get dumped into it. Speaking of fish, this lake is choked full of big bass, pike, and grinnel.

Sounds like a fisherman's dream place, right? Well, it would be except for one thing. SNAKES, and I don't mean cute little water snakes, I'm talkin' about gigantic cottonmouths the likes you have never seen before. They guard the lake and try to devour any fishermen that get to close.

The beavers that live in the lake are constantly trying to expand the size of the lake so all the ground around is like a swamp, perfect hiding places for cottonmouths. The only half way safe way to get a john boat in is to come up the drainage ditch and cross the beaver dam. If you haven't been eaten alive by the snakes at this point and you still have some ammo left, the fishin' is great. The problem now is to keep the snakes out of the boat. I used to buy 5/16 bullet weights to use as plugs from where I would shoot a snake with my 22 pistol that had gotten in the boat with me. A 12 ft boat gets real small when you are at one end and a 5 foot pissed off cottonmouth is at the other end. But the fishin' was great and so it was worth all the scary things that took place.

I remember one time I got the bright idea of leaving the boat back there. Picture me with 2 rods and a tackle box in one hand and my pistol in the other, nervously walking through knee high grass. There was a barb wire fence you had to cross if you walked in, I had just killed 2 snakes that were laying under the fence, so instead of going through the fence I decided to climb over it. There I am, teetering on top of this fence, hands full of stuff, surveying the spot where I was about to jump. As I made my jump and was in mid air I suddenly saw a huge snake right where my feet were about to land. Some how I managed to get my tackle box under my feet and on top of the snake. As I tried to balance on top of the box and keep the snake under it, I realized that there was another snake right beside the first one. As I fired the pistol at point blank range at the untrapped snake, the first snake managed to free its head from under the box throwing me to the ground. As I was going down, I got off one shot, which hit the snake squarely between the eyes. All this took place in a matter of seconds but it took at least 10 years off my life.

I don't go fishing back there any more, some things are better left to nature.