

THE FISHIN MISSION JOURNAL

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*** Western Edition ***

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Breaking News!

Your Fishin' Mission Foundation Board of Director's has been moving ahead in the planning of a kick-ass fund raising event over the Labor Day weekend in Bridgeport!

Based on your vote—the FMF has continued planning the event— a Western BBQ and Concert—to be held on Saturday night, September 4th at the Bridgeport Barns and Terrace!

This coincides with Founder's Day celebrations and the Ranch Rodeo weekend in Bridgeport—and our event will feature BBQ by the famous Billy Ruiz of Cowboy Flavor—and a western concert from Richard Elloyan.

Net proceeds from the event will benefit the Bridgeport Fish Enhancement Foundation!

More information in June!

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Bill Reid Will Be Missed by ALL!

With the 37th Annual Fishin' Mission Expedition and Extravaganza starting in just a few weeks—it's time for the FMJ!

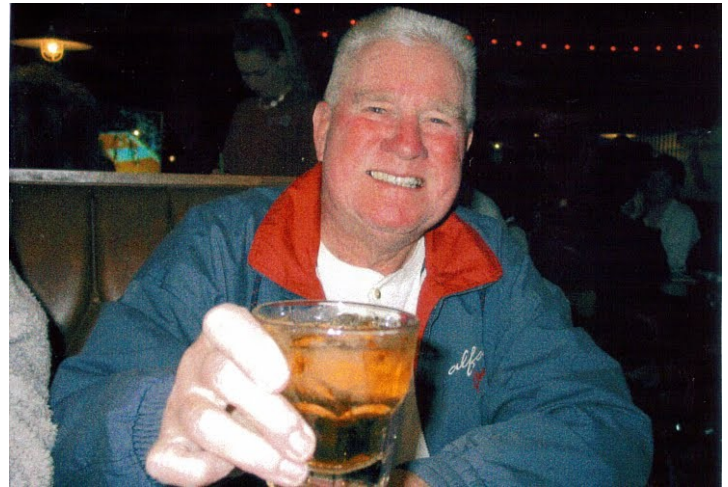
Each time your Commish writes this FMJ—he starts by reading notes from the clipboard—a chance to re-live the past years event—and a chance to determine the "lead article".

I believe this year however—all of the activities from the 36th pale in comparison to the sad passing of Bill Reid this past October.

Maybe it's just the mellowing that comes with age (hell—we are coming up on the 37th annual) but I find myself asking "What If"?

"What if" back in 1974 those four boys from BofA had decided to go somewhere other than Bridgeport to fish?

"What if" the Bill Reid family



We will miss you Bill—and we will remember you —and celebrate life—from a barstool as you would prefer! Here's lookin' up your kilt!

had chosen somewhere other than Bridgeport to move their family?

Well, neither was the case, and I believe that the Bill Reid family, and yes....even the Fishin' Mission...have been permanently woven into the fabric of the commu-

nity...and we will continue to celebrate that fact!

This year—let's celebrate Bill Reid's life and the inevitable fact that we are in Bridgeport once again!

See you there for the celebration!

The 36th—Well Attended!

The 36th Annual started again like so many from the past—lots of promises! I'm hear to report that some of them actually delivered!

It was an early start as Red, Backwards Bob, and a blast from the past **Mighty Joe Young**—showed up in town on Tuesday—without Ernie?

A ton of usual suspects—T, LTR, CR and Omar's gang—Kyle and Christopher, Doc and Christopher, Brian, Dave, Aidan, Rick and Malina came on Thursday.

Maybe Thursday is the new Friday because Carm Boy, Tommy Boy, and Sparky

also made it Thursday!

On Friday—Walkbucks (no HFTB) and OD and POD (no Lewd) Smilin' Jim, Sperm, Hands, John and Johnny K, BEV, MARS, Greener, Tambo, 3D with Tom, the Mayor, Oregonism (without Morgy)

(con't on Page 2)

Brian Berry—Rides for FMF! “We do good things!”

As we move into the 2010 fundraising season for the Fishin’ Mission Foundation—it’s important to recognize those that have taken the initiative to develop a program of their own—and delivered!

Maybe it’s the fact that Brian is Omar’s nephew and will always be in his shadow (literally depending which way the sun is coming from) or maybe it’s because he has aspirations of a three-peat on the Derby this year—but Brian likes to ride his bike and working with a bank partner in Dallas—developed a program where they would ride to 36



Brian and Neil leaving another bank branch on their 130+ mile trek to raise fund!

branches (130+ miles) in one day—and stop at each branch to raise funds for their favorite charity. The branches supported the effort with bake sales and other activities—and when the ride was over—Brian had raised \$1,055 for the FMF! With the bank’s matching funds—his total contribution was \$2,110—the single largest individual contribution yet!

If you have a fund raising idea—or have contacts you would like us to approach—let us know.

The Rest of the Attendees on the 36th.....

.....as well as Evil Eye and Eric, and Bonfire who showed up with Moose in tow—Gary, Troy and Craig (but no BT, Lucky, Jules) all on Friday.

On Saturday we also caught up with the Slomax, another blast from the past Lynn Baack, Dakster, Professor, and the Mayor even brought Billy Snow by for the festivities! Ranger Chuck was last to show up—on Wednesday.

You can read about all the activities in the Chronicles—and I apologize if I’ve left anyone out who attended—or failed to call out some of the hacks we expected to see but didn’t!

All in all—well attended—and that adds to 47! COOL!

It’s NOT about the fishin’ derby....or is it?

This derby started as a “shell game” to get everyone to kick in a few bucks knowing that they would get it back at the bar on Monday!

It’s turned into an egotistical endeavor to get one’s name on the plaque—and the drinks are now just an added benefit!

Records are kept and braggin’ prevails, but the real issue is now getting your name on the plaque.

The 36th started as usual: Those that arrive early talk about how a Thursday catch should count (it doesn’t) and those that arrive later whine if a big ‘bow or brown is already in the freezer!

Those that have attended the most but never won constantly bring up the Susan Lucci comparison—in a weak ass attempt to make themselves feel better!

Why all the pontification you ask? Well—if you were there you know!

The fishin’ was great on the 36th—the catchin’ however.....

So with no Big Fish to record—the winner was really determined by who had the guts to put a two pounder in the freezer!

And since Brian had won on the 35th—he had the motivation—to drop a 1 lb 13 oz’er in the freezer—and it held!

Congratulations! I Guess!



The Friday hook-up.....a huge win for Big D? This rollover was a follow-up to his Derby win on the 35th—and his near-miss on the 34th!

*“Shit—I had a two pounder that would have won but I ate it for dinner”
- Smilin Jim*



The winner! Omar accepting for Brian Berry with the Commish trying to get in the picture—having NEVER won the derby! Size apparently doesn’t matter—I lb 13 oz?

Rhino's 13th Annual "WIDE OPEN"Closed?

The 13th Annual Rhino's "Wide Open" started a little different—some thought maybe we could leverage the tournament as a FMF fund raiser by including some outside folks. We did have two new golfers—who had fun and did contribute—but after all was said and done—everyone felt like the **Wide Open should stay closed**—just for FM and selected locals. (BT-you were right)

We met at Rhino's for breakfast, and then carpoled out to Hawthorne, and waited for the starters gun to fire!

The teams:

Land Sharks - Walkbucks, Carm Boy, Tommy Boy, and Sparky.

Pig Humpers - Slomax, 3D, Dak, Professor.

BTCL (don't ask) - Hands, Smilin', Mayo, Sperm (is that redundant?)

Old Bastards and Bastards in

Training - JR, Marcus, Wayne and another New Guy

New Vols - OD, POD, Quiet, and Morgy (MIA)

And the winner



The NEW VOLS win the 13th Wide Open—even though their 4th player—Morgy—is not yet there—since he thought the Fishin' Mission was the next week. WTF?

was.....It rained on and off—no biggie—we received WRGC's finest food, drink, and service!

After 18 not-so-grueling holes—it wasn't even close! Morgy's contribution was made by his absence! :)

Other notables:

Longest Drive #4—Hands (minutes after HGH injection)

Closest to Pin #3—Hands (huh?)

Closest to Pin #8—Wayne the Guest

In a act of solidarity—everyone—including our guests—donated their prize money back to the FMF!

After cocktails and awards, we headed to Bill Reid's house for a Kathie Reid fundraiser for her bike ride!

We raised \$515 at the golf tournament to get us started in our 2009 FMF fund raising efforts!

The "Chronicles of Fishin" for the 36th...

Thursday May 28th: As mentioned in other places—the usual suspects were in town on Thursday. LTR, T, and CR came into B-port on Thursday again, perhaps to justify their leaving on Sunday? At least they could drop by 44D for a dinner—at least once—maybe on the 37th? More folks were in B-port by Thursday than ever before.

A little fishin' and a lot of Rhino-in' made for a great kickoff evening!

Friday May 29th: Another big batch of the boys were arriving—all day long—and we were therefore forced to keep the reception party at Rhino's open for what seemed like—forever!

The weather was so-so with some rain and some lightnin' - and there was a story going around about Sparky trying to set up camp but screamin' like a girl with the lightnin' say "I'm too tall".

Some were fishin'—but none were really

catchin' - so no contenders were booked! Big D did drop a less-than-two-pounder in the freezer.....WTF?

Saturday May 30th: It was about 50/50 as to who answered the bell Saturday morning to fish. Rhino's had held serve the night before and paybacks were inevitable. Those that had a slow start though quickly caught up with those that were fast out of the gate because the fishin' was way-slow.

Eventually, from wherever they were—everyone meandered (love that word) **back to CAMP for a group dinner!**

32 for dinner—and thanks to Mayo—we had a great new barrel BBQ and Sparky riled up about 12 chickens and hung them in the barrel—SHIT IT WAS FANTASTIC! In addition.... we had Matt

doing Chili, Smilin' doing Tri-Tip, Tom and 3D doing a hand made Shrimp Gumbo, Eric doing Cowboy Taters, Slomax doing lamb (not doing a lamb) Mayor (thanks to Sandi) doing about 12 pounds of Macaroni Salad, and we also foiled bakers, onions, and garlic! DAMN!

It rained—but we were not rained out. Four tables were sitting empty while 32 guys hovered under the trees for protection—sissy boys!

We also did some FMF fundraising and merchandise sales and then drank long into the night—but the bears stayed up later than we did and trashed camp after we

crashed!

"Hey—I'll do the T-Shirts for the 37th....."

-Mayor

[continued on Page 4]

4th Annual Mini-Mission was ON!

For the 4th straight year—several Missionaries returned to Bridgeport later in the fishing season to see if their luck would change!

At one point this past year there were about 12 confirmations of “I’ll Be There” but as the date approached—it was a challenge for some of them.

It was also a great opportunity to conduct some Fishin’ Mission Foundation business. In addition to scheduling a Board Meeting while most director’s were together—the members had already voted (nearly unanimously) to provide financial support to the Bridgeport Fish Enhancement Foundation (BFEF) and this was great opportunity to have someone in person to present the \$3,450 check!

When all was said and done—there were 4 on the 4th—CarmBoy, Sparky, Mayo, and the Professor had to “represent” - and they certainly did!

The Bridgeport Fish Enhancement Foundation was pleased to receive the check and will use it for maintenance of their growing tanks including electrical and filtering systems.

By the way—the fishing was good too! A 5th Annual after the 37th is already in the works!

Labor Day Weekend with the Western BBQ and Concert!



All cleaned up with no where to go—where’s Mayo? Oh yeah—he had some issues and didn’t answer the bell. He’s thankfully okay!



Eric and Michelle Gehrung from Paradise Shores (where the BFEF project was initiated)are pleased to accept the \$3,450 donation from the Fishin Mission Foundation which was presented by the CarmBoy himself!

“Clipboard Chronology” (con’t)

Sunday May 31st: Early to rise—even with hangovers and whatever! With no contenders in—a derby match was still afoot!

Some of us pounded Lattes (triple shots) to jump-start the engines—and then hit the Res with a vengeance. Weather came in—more rain and lightning—we called it at noon—for safety reasons! :))

Rhino’s for lunch—some tried to go back out—without much luck!

Others headed back to CAMP for some poker at the HANDS HOTEL! Tommy Boy fired up some BBQ chicken and we dined.....again!

Monday June 1st: Last chance for BIG FISH! Everyone hit it hard—trying to displace that pathetic trout in the freezer. But it seemed hopeless! As we gathered in front of Ken’s at noon—and the City Hall bells rang out—NO ONE HAD A CONTENDER! SHIT! Brian went back-to-back with his rollover!

We still took the party to Rhino’s none-the-less and drank the pool-money as usual. Jason was our man behind the bar! Also had a FMF Board meeting, planned the golf, and watched the Moose boys fly fishing in the gutter outside Rhino’s as the rain poured down.

Went back to CAMP later—and feasted on barrel tri-tip, macaroni salad (the last 6 pounds) and pies from Red and Backwards.

Tuesday June 2nd: 13th RHINO’S WIDE OPEN REPORT on Page 3.

Wednesday June 3rd: For those left—breakfast at Hays Street. CYA to Smilin’, Hands, Tommy Boy, and Sperm.

Those still left (now Sparky, Walkbucks, Dak, Mayo, CarmBoy) toured the BFEF facilities at both Paradise Shores and Virginia Creek. Value to the community is evident! CYA to CarmBoy!

Lunch with JR—then on to Virginia’s to fish! SNOWIN’ DAMMIT! Had to hole up

at Virginia Lakes Resort—where they had SNPA on tap! Back to Rhino’s where the Ranger joined us!

Thursday June 4th: Hot breakfast at MAYO HOTEL! Eggs, bacon, biscuits/gravy to start the day! On to the Twins to fish—action—but nothing big. Went to Eastern Sierra to present scholarships (story on web site) and then went back out to fish the Upper and Lower. Dak leaves and we end up at Rhino’s (weird) again.

Friday June 5th: Broke camp in rain, then breakfast at Café, Ranger leaves and Walkbucks/Sparky/Mayo head to Coleville for scholarship presentation. Back to Rhino’s for Cowboy Night and a hard crash at Bridgeport Inn.

Saturday June 10th: Traditional breakfast at Hays—then Sparky and Walkbucks leave—thinking about the 36th and wondering when Mayo will check out of the Bridgeport Inn....”Hey—I just need a little more sleep!” CYA