

# THE FISHIN MISSION JOURNAL

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## 30th Annual was HUGE!

***This Journal was "on hold" due to circumstances of relevance—but it is now being published for your reading enjoyment—and it is based solely on notes from the now infamous Commish Clipboard!***

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There are always expectations surrounding a milestone event, and the 30th Annual Fishin' Mission Extravaganza was no different.

As usual, there were discussions about who would attend, who would get a new nickname, and even debate about which particular event would end up defining the 30th—and steal the front page of the Journal!

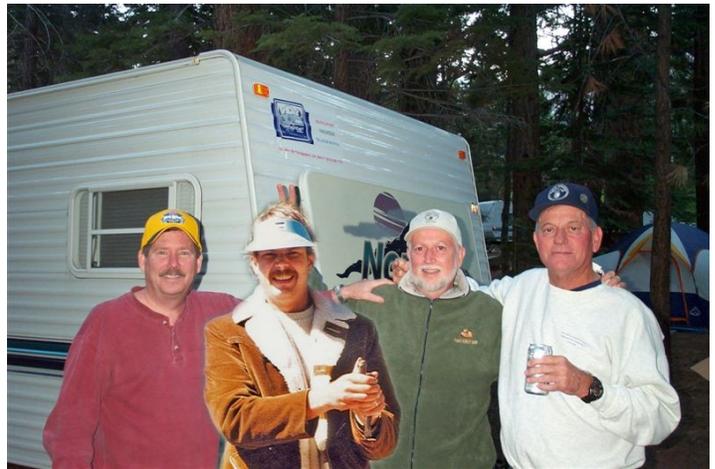
"It was an easy choice" according to the Commish, in a private interview with the FMJ. "Having CARM BOY back on the Mission signifies everything we stand for....friendship, camaraderie, and of course....cocktails!"

The event was also marked by commemorative coffee mugs, bearing the Fishin Mission logo and the simple statement, One Year At A Time, as well as collared shirts, hats, and even window decals!

The 30th Annual brought folks like Carm Boy back from the past—but most attendees were predicted—and **all have seemed to take the FM4L Oath—**

### **Fishin Mission For Life!**

On Thursday there was a group heading north as usual: OD, POD, Lewd (kinda) Quiet, Bucks, Omar



After holding out for over twenty years, one of the four original Fishin' Mission attendees—CARM BOY—was reunited with Walkbucks and OD, with only Chinnny missing from the group that first started things back in 1974! Chinnny was there in "spirit" — unfortunately the "spirit" was from 1974!

With Carm Boy back, many of the old stories were told, passing down legend after legend to the new generation—to ensure our legacy and the continuation of this fine event well into the future!

There were certainly a few

distractions on this trip, the details of which will not be covered in detail by any FMJ reporter—and if they were covered—it would only be to say .....

"Thank *your* GOD that all are safe and sound!"

**See you all soon!!**

## FM4L Rocks Attendance on the 30th!!

and his boys, as well as Aidan, Nicholas, and Rick, all hooking up in Lone Pine for breakfast on Friday morning, before making the last leg to B-Port! Sparky was comin' from Reno, Smilin' Jim and Sperm were comin' from the river, and BT, Gerry, Carm Boy, Bonfire, Jason, Marko Porno, and Pat were already in

44D—waiting. There were also rumors that 3D and the Slomax were checked-in at the WRL.

On Friday, as the group made the trek up from Lone Pine, POD managed to talk a CHP out of a speeding ticket (passed us at about 90) and turn it into a fix-it ticket!

# Fishin' Mission continues to fight Leukemia.....

Kathie Reid started her fund-raising campaign late this year, so rather than starting after the 29th in 2002, she kicked it off in February 2003.

She had to skip the Fall Season, and schedule her ride in Lake Tahoe in June. Because of the difficulties brought on by "over-training" while in Bridgeport during the Fishin' Mission, she was unable to ride in Lake Tahoe, and moved her ride to Arizona—and completed the El Tour de Tucson on November 22, 2003.

She rode in memory of Christopher Conklin, a family friend who had died from leuke-

mia at 17, and Rochelle Freeburg, a church friend who lost her battle with leukemia in April 2003.

Kathie was able to raise \$4,630 in donations for her ride—\$1,820 of which came from you generous Fishin' Mission dudes!

As we continue each year in the celebration of life during the Fishin' Mission—it's nice to know that we are also helping find a cure to a dreadful disease, and maybe allowing others to enjoy their own Fishin Mission's in the future.



Kathie and Missy discussing a new training program.....

**Hats Off to Kathie Reid for allowing us the opportunity to help!!**

## FM4L on the 30th.....con't.

Oregonism was there as was his brother Morgy. The Professor (aka Sybil) showed up, but was MIA before Rhino's closed on Friday night! HFTB got in late, but caught up by pounding Malibu's. The Mayor made the drive over after work! When BT showed up at Rhino's he also brought Steve Mullins who brought Dean. Marko Porno brought Shane Caldwell. Dennis and Kevin Bernard showed up, and Jules and Robbin were there too. Chunks, Andy, and Sunil showed up, as did DJ with his boy. Red, Scratch, Backwards Bob, Bowen (with his wife and 2 guests we won't count) were also in town.

On Saturday, CR, Greener, Rocko, BEV, and new guy Bill Orr showed up after golf in Bishop. Chris Thomas (Bonfires other son) showed with Allan and Tony too.

**That's 52 Attendees Buddy!!**

# Fishin' Derby: Life after a "Roll-Over"?

There was a desperate calm in the wind! After last year's ROLLOVER (c'mon—you know I mean the Derby Trophy!) everyone was looking to make good on the concept of fishin' - and more importantly—the concept of catchin' !!

Backwards Bob put some life in the Derby with a Thursday lunger—giving hope to all that the "ROLLOVER" would be a thing of the past.

Fish were being taken everywhere—

unfortunately, they were all under two pounds! Things were looking grim, and the Commish actually started thinking maybe a small tweak in the rules so as to log Backwards Bob's lunger—NOT!

On Sunday, one of the rookie newbies, Tony Edwards, came back to camp with a 2 lb 5 oz'er—so we knew we'd have a winner—but also felt like there were bigger fish waiting! No one else managed to book anything of size for the rest of the day.

So, it was down to Game 7—Monday morning before the City Hall buzzer went off at noon! Everyone was out early. There were rumors that Backwards Bob's catch was put on eBay, and everyone was looking for a place to get online to bid!

As the sun went highest in the sky, and cast very little of a shadow on City Hall—the bells rang loud—and nobody showed up to top Tony's fish!

**Congratulations to Tony!!**



OD confuses fishing with a DIRT NAP—and obviously isn't a factor in the Derby!!

*"I was sure the derby started on Thursday"*  
-Backwards Bob  
(after catching a 4lb 8 oz'er on Thursday)



Anthony Edwards, newbie, rookie, first timer, wins the 30th Derby with a 2 lb 5 oz'er out of the Res.....seen here with sponsor—Chris Thomas.....

# Rhino's is "WIDE OPEN" again—for the 7th Straight Year!

The 7th Annual "Wide Open" started a little different than most others. Yes, we grabbed an early breakfast at Hays Street (time for a carbo reload) prior to the Hawthorne bullet run as usual. But we also took a moment to check out BT's car—and I think we all quietly reflected—and gave thanks that all were safe and sound. Then we made the bullet run.

Turning it over to the Commish of Golf—the honorable Smilin' Jim—to take charge:

The teams: (some named after play):

- Mud Sharks** - Walkbucks, Rocko, Sparky, and Oregonism
- One Too Many** - POD, 3D, and Gordo (BT was MIA)
- One Unders** - JR, Bill, BEV, and Ryan
- No Jobs** - Smilin', OD, Morgy, and the Mayor
- Triple X** - Hands, CR, and Slomax
- Grants Pass** - Greener, Bob, and Sperm (Lewd was a no-show)

This was the first year the Walker River Golf Course wouldn't allow us to BYOB, but they had ice chests and beers, so we were good to go!

Competition was tough, and everyone had a sense that whomever had an eraser would win!



Always willing to let it "hang out" at the Rhino's Wide Open, this group of golfers is probably more qualified to be WalMart greeters.....

**In the end, it was the One Unders, who named themselves as they claimed their victory—who won at one under!**

Other than the \$100 we had set-aside for the Leukemia Society, we had a Victory Beer in the Clubhouse, and then most headed back to Rhino's to spend the rest of the money on a Pizza Feed as usual—but five guys laid back and spent the night at El Capitan before heading home the following day.

**Other notables:**

Longest Drive—Rocko-HUGE DRIVE [but not as exciting as the one the night before]

Closest to Pin #15—Solo—6 feet away on the 182 yard hole—sunk the birdie putt!

After the pizza, back to 44D—small, quiet campfire (are they ever loud?) and then .....lights out, Baby!

## "Clipboard Chronology" of the 30th

**Thursday May 29th:** Let the games begin—folks start the trek from places far, far, away. They're coming from Arizona, Nevada, and Oregon—as well as California suburbs. Most plans and timelines are developed to insure arrival by 12:00PM NOON on Friday at Rhino's, where the beer chests are stocked and the Red Bull orders have been placed.

**Friday May 30th:** After breakfast in Lone Pine, one group assembles for the final trek up the hill to B-port! POD was delayed arriving—seems he had to have a roadside discussion with a CHP—something about deciding between a fix-it ticket or a citation for 85 on 395! **Wild reunion at Rhino's**—some folks who have missed a few years showed—Chunks, Andy, Sunil—and Bonfire corralled his whole damn family to show this year!

*"When the CHP asked me whether I wanted a speeding ticket, or a fix-it ticket, shit—I wasn't sure" -POD*

**Saturday May 31st:** We waited until CR, Greener, Rocko, BEV, and new guy Bill Orr finished playing golf in Bishop to go fishing today—yeah, right! There was some early action at the Res, but HFTB and a few others missed it. We headed back to 44D for a hootenanny! (what the hell is that?) Anyway, Gordo showed up with a gas-powered blender so we cranked margy's (no—not Morgy's) with Fish Taco appetizers, and chips and salsa! Main course for 30—Halibut (15 pounds from Evil Eye) and Tri-tips (from the Mayor) with Beans, Taters, and of course salad—trying to at least give our arteries a fighting chance!

**Sunday June 1st:** Desperate for big fish—Mayor, Hands, Gerry, BT and Sparky head for Kirman at 4:30AM—shit! The rest of us sleep a little



Gordo makes the trip to 44D to party with the boys.....and drags his gas-powered blender along for margy-mania!

longer—and then hit the Res. At one count—14 poles in the water—but action was limited to smaller fish! Moved to Upper Twin in the afternoon, except for some of the NASCAR shits—who went to Rhino's. So.....half the guys went back to camp to play poker, and the other half stayed in town! Thank your god we live in a democracy where people can do what the hell they want, right?

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## Late Gift to Not-So Newlyweds!



Finally, after years of anticipation (okay-probably not) we had the chance on Monday during the private party at Rhino's to finally present a collage to Missy and JR, with some pictures taken at their wedding of which no other copies are available. Sperm was heard commenting to Missy, "do you know the people in those pictures?"

## Errors/Corrections/Quotes

Looking out the window of the trailer early on Saturday morning, after a long Friday night, Here For The Beer was heard to say, "What a beautiful day—too bad I won't see it!"

Sperm was at Rhino's, and as usual he was in the bag. When new guy Bobby Orr started talking smack, all he said was, "he's just a fat guy with a bad knee!"

## "Clipboard Chronology" (con't)

**Monday June 2nd:** Well, it's everyone's last shot. Other than Bob's 4 1/2 pounder from Thursday—there ain't shite in the freezer—except Tony's "barley over two pounder" - so folks are out early, trying to beat it! What can I say? Zilch, Nada, Zero, Nuttin...you can read more about the fishing in the Derby Report, but let me tell you...it's boring! So we moved from Ken's at high NOON, to Rhino's after NOON to get high, spending the \$225 prize money, and much, much, more. ALMOST everyone went back to camp after the private party—and with service for 18—we dined on lamb, tri-tip, corn, and taters—and then fired up the 'gars and opened the hard likker, getting ready for golf on Tuesday...not knowing what darkness loomed just over the ridge in the dark.

**Tuesday June 3rd:** Golf—and fund-raising, and you can read the details in the Rhino's Wide Open Report.

**Wednesday June 4th:** Folks start departing, and for the first time we notice how many trailers that were rented from

Mike this year. COOL! Only 8 left, but we cooked b-fast in camp, grabbed some showers, and went fishing! Probably more details than you need, huh? Good luck on the Upper Twin—Bucks and OD limited, so we went back to 44D for a good ole fashioned fish fry! And then headed to Rhino's for Game #1, except HFTB, who had an attack of the GOUT and guarded camp.

**Thursday June 5th:** Oregonism, OD, and Solo leave, so it's now up to Morgy, Sparky, Bucks and HFTB to represent! Without a plan, we quickly shift to Hays Street for breakfast, take a last shot at the Virginia's, and catch some nice ones, and then throw a few beers back in the lodge, before heading for 44D, and yet another fish

## POLICE ADVICE—PAY ATTENTION !!

Police are warning all men who frequent clubs, parties and local pubs to be alert and stay cautious when offered a drink from any woman.

Many females use a date rape drug on the market called "Beer" to target unsuspecting men. The drug is generally found in liquid form and is now available almost anywhere. It comes in bottles, cans, from taps, and in large "kegs."

Beer is used by female sexual predators at parties and bars to persuade their male victims to go home and have sex with them. Typically, a woman needs only to persuade a guy to consume a few units of Beer and they simply ask him home for no strings attached sex. Men are rendered helpless against this approach. After several beers, men will often succumb to desires to perform sexual acts on horrific looking women to whom they would never normally be attracted. After drinking Beer men often awaken with only hazy memories of exactly what happened to them the night before, often with just a vague feeling that "something bad" occurred.

At other times these unfortunate men are swindled out of their life's savings, in a familiar scam known as "A Relationship." It has been reported that in extreme cases, the female may even be shrewd enough to entrap the unsuspecting male into a longer-term form of servitude and punishment referred to as "Marriage." Apparently, men are much more susceptible to this scam after beer is administered and sex is offered by the predatory females.

If you fall victim to this insidious Beer and the predatory women administering it, there are male support groups with venues in every town where you can discuss the details of your shocking encounter in an open and frank manner with similarly affected, like-minded guys. For the support group nearest you, just look up "Golf Courses" in the yellow pages.

fry (back-to-back) with some rice pilaf with a vintage merlot and some char-donnay—obviously aged in French oak for the perfect amount of time!

**Friday June 6th:** Slept in—and then did the Café for breakfast, trying to



The Commish calls an emergency Fishin Mission planning meeting, and addresses the crowd informally while seated on a lawn chair!!!

muster the energy to break camp (takes more energy than breaking wind) and shift the game to the Walker River Lodge—and Rhino's for Game #2! Nice to close the bar and walk home! Safer too!

**Saturday June 7th:** Met JR, Missy, and Kathie for breakfast at

Hays Street (new tradition starting) - stopped at Ken's for some shopping—and headed out of town...**already with thoughts about the 31st!!!!!!**