

1993

This year is dedicated to Gene Adamson, the man responsible for getting the Canada trips started and continuing for 16 fantastic years. To those who have shared these trips, he was our dad, father-in-law, grandpa, brother, and relative, but most importantly – our LEADER.

Dad passed away from cancer on April 21, 1993, at the age of 67 years young.

Even though the 1993 fishing trip was cancelled, we have vowed to continue the Canada trip in 1994, as we feel it would be what he would have wanted.

Dad will be missed, but never forgotten. He has taught us the importance of hard work and the enjoyment of life to the fullest. He has taught us to laugh. He has taught us to enjoy nature. But most importantly, he taught us to cook and clean FISH!!

Dad, we love you and will miss you. You will forever be in our hearts.

WE LOVE YOU

Mike Adamson

We all have many fond memories of Gene Adamson, but I would like to share with you one of the special aspects of his life.

It started in 1977 when he invited Dave and me to go on separate fishing trips to Canada. We were as green as grass as far as fishing goes, and my first tackle box was a cigar box that Dave shared with me. The trips were a success, and the next year Bob made his first trip, and then Mike.

About the third year we all started going together, rather than separately. We did not know how to do much, so Gene did most of the fishing, all of the fish-cleaning, and most of the edible cooking. As I think back, I cannot believe the patience he displayed, because he did not have the reputation of being a very patient person. Each year as we were going home, he would say, "Now, I know you are all giving up time with your families and your vacation, so if you can't make it next year or don't want to go, I'll understand." Each year we decided to try it one more year. Between trips we would decide what Gene needed for Father's Day that would make our trip more enjoyable. Gene always got what we needed and never complained.

As the years went on, we did more and more of the work and the cooking. Later we found out that he would tell Elaine that "They don't always cook everything right, but they do okay." The trips continued, and eventually the grandsons were old enough to start going. It was a very special experience to see him teaching the grandkids how to fish and how to enjoy the outdoors. Gene would out fish us every day, but would never mention it when we got back to our camp.

We discovered many new things with each trip because Gene had an unquenchable thirst for adventure. We would portage into lakes just to see what was in them. If the map showed a lake and there was no entrance to it, we would find one. One time we moved floating islands to get into a small lake and barely got out because the wind came up and moved the floating island. We found a landlocked lake called Adamson Lake, and it did not take us long to portage in and find huge smallmouth bass and northern pike, which added lots of fishing pleasure after that.

Our favorite shore lunch was in the bay outside of Adamson Lake. The perfect spot with a great view and lots of smooth rocks to lie in the sun after the perfect meal of fresh fish, beans, bread, plus a dessert bar. The meal was perfect if we remembered the bread, beans, and cooking supplies, which we did forget one time and were then taught how to improvise. There was a special pride in going out in the morning with no food except the bread and beans and having to work hard to be able to eat at noon. In 16 years, we never went hungry at lunch. One day someone caught a large sucker fish. In spite of our protests, Gene cooked the fish just so we could see if it was edible – just in case we were ever stuck without any walleye or northern pike.

Gene loved to eat, so we always feasted in the evening and had his famous sugar popcorn at least once or twice during the trip. Then we would play cards and have lots of fun. The grandsons brought a special joy to him as he would teach them buck Euchre and share in their laughter. He would laugh so hard sometimes that he would cry.

There were many special memories of Canada, but one of the classics happened in West Bay on Little Sand Lake. The lake is huge, and we rarely saw anyone fishing the same areas we fished each day. However, one day we were doing well and another boat from Iowa started fishing right next to us. Gene did not say anything for a while and eventually trolled over close to them and asked the people how they were doing. Then he said to us in a loud voice, "These small lakes sure get crowded!!!!!!!!!!" Soon the other boat drifted away and left the area to us.

I don't know if reincarnation really happens, but if it does, Gene will be back as a Big Northern Pike in Canada, the one that always takes your bait and always gets away. So if you are fishing and the big one gets away, make sure you look closely, and if it appears to be smiling, say, "You got me again, Geno!"

Dick Adamson

My Grandpa Never Met a Stranger

His most wonderful legacy to us is his tremendous zest for life. He loved people, he loved seeing new places, he wanted to know how everything worked, and if it didn't work, how could he fix it.

He and Grandma provided a good family life for us all. He educated all his children and most of them learned to fly. When my mom was in Scottsdale, he introduced her to a visitor in the hospital as "one of his pilots." He was proud of his children and grandchildren.

Grandma and Grandpa did a lot of traveling. They saw Alaska, Europe, Mexico, and most of the United States by trailer and motor home. There was never a shortage of friends to travel with them.

He had many interests – golf, hunting, fishing, and cards. He was a wild card player. He taught me everything he knew, and we laughed a lot.

We grandchildren feel very lucky to have had a Grandpa like Grandpa Gene.

Mike Christensen