

## 1994 (June 3-9)

This year's trip started on a reunion atmosphere, as we all met in Fargo. But we all were somber deep down as this would be our first year without Gene Adamson (alias Dad, Father-in-law, and Grandpa). Even though he was not with us in body, we knew he was there in spirit.

The crew this year consisted of Dave, Dick, Mike A. Bob, Mike C. (Bigg), Matt (Flyswatter Boy), and our new addition, Craig. Mike A. flew to Minneapolis, Bob drove to Minneapolis, and both rode up with Craig to Fargo on Friday morning. Dave (with his Suburban and Lund boat) and Dick, in his van, along with Bigg and Flyswatter Boy, met the rest of the crew at 10 a.m. at the Border States Electric headquarters. From there we piled in with Dave and Dick, arriving at the cabin at 6:00 p.m. We knew this because Matt brought his conversion calculator!!

The weather was sunny and hot on Saturday and Sunday. A Sunday evening rain brought a cool, cloudy Monday in the 60's and a cool, sunny Tuesday and Wednesday.

Our first day of fishing took us down to Adamson Bay where we had shore lunch in our usual spot. At 1:00 p.m. we held a short memorial service in the middle of the bay and spread some of Gene's ashes over the water. This would be the toughest day this group would ever experience.

Over the next five days of fishing, we caught over 100 walleyes in the one-to three-pound range, which means we ate quite well. To our surprise, we only got a handful of northerns and even fewer bass. In South Bay we saw a four-foot

northern on two different days. The second day it followed the big boat around but wouldn't hit any bait put in front of it.

Speaking of fish stories ... Matt caught a bass and walleye off the dock on Friday night, but not everyone saw them. What fish, Flyswatter Boy???

But wait, did you hear about the 30 to 40 pound musky caught by Canteen Boy? If you didn't, just ask around camp, because everyone else did.

We had a few "firsts" this year. First, we want to welcome Craig to his first of what we hope will be many years. Craig was always the first to get lucky enough to wear the hat (fish hat) every day. "Yes, he was!!" After spending the first day ripping the tonsils out of the fish by oversetting the hook, Craig did a great job catching walleyes, northerns, bass, and perch. Craig's first walleye was also appropriately caught in Adamson Bay on a jig. From jigging he later moved on to casting to shore with a deep diver, picking up northern and bass. Another first would be an official frying pan spitter, which Craig volunteered his services.

Another fist was Dave getting his first tick .... Wait a minute, I think we heard this story before.

How about the first year for the "new" Berkeley pee tubes. Only Craig had problems with the size, and we'll leave it at that.

And how about those overdeveloped queens in the playing cards.

Matt (Flyswatter Boy) again managed to keep the trip lively. When Matt wasn't sleeping (just 3-4 naps a day), he would just nod his head and smile when spoken to.

Mike C. (Bigg) (Sergeant Slaughter), standing 6' 4" and weighing in at 245 pounds and sporting a buzzed head, was our body guard. He did experience periods of gas, to all of our delight, and it was brought up that a butt plug might be necessary in the future. Flyswatter Boy seconded the motion by rolling on the floor.

On Sunday we met Natalie, who is a Native American and artist that airbrushes rocks. Dick and Craig took her out fishing Sunday night and found her to be a quite colorful person but very sincere. Had she not been called away because her daughter was expelled from school, she was going to go to Adamson Bay and find a rock to paint a picture of Gene for us.

Jim and Connie again had us over for a feast of duck and potato dumplings. This year Connie surprised us with some homemade kolaches for dessert.

Animal stories include two bald eagles around Hatrack Bay who were watching every move we made. Also, on the way home a moose was standing in the ditch just south of Minaki and took off trotting as we drove by slowly. What a grand sight that was!

AND DAVE ROARED when Canteen Boy got locked out of his cabin!!!!