

1995

The crew this year consisted of Dave (Hugh), Dick, Mike A., Craig, Mike (Bigg) and Dick Lahr. Dick Lahr is Mike A's father-in-law, who is on his first fishing trip north of the border. And who better to go with than the Dirty Half Dozen?

Matt (Flyswatter Boy) will be missed this year due to a school trip to France and Italy. Bob has decided to take this year off and join up in 1996.

Dick is in the process of moving to Fargo and was working there, so we decided to all travel a little further on Thursday. It worked out great with Mike flying into Minneapolis and riding up with Craig. Dick Lahr drove to Atlantic and jumped in with Dave and Bigg. They stopped in Sioux Falls to pick up groceries at Dick's and continued on to Fargo, arriving around 7:30 p.m.

The trip up was uneventful until St. Anne's, where we stopped to buy some Club beer, which was recommended by Bigg's roommate, Mike Parenteau. Well, at this small-town pub it was mentioned that Bigg's roommate at the U. of Iowa recommended buying this beer. Well, the bartender replies, "Not Mike Parenteau, was it?" Damn, what a small world! Mike Parenteau lives on the west side of Winnipeg 100 miles away, but it so happened his sister worked for the bartender in the past.

But that's not the end of the beer story. About 30 miles from the Ontario border, the highway patrol has a roadblock set up, which we found out later was to help curb cigarette smuggling. Anyway, they ask Dave for his driver's license, and his radar detector goes off. They are illegal in Canada, so Dave gets a \$66 ticket. So now we are on our way again, right? No! The patrolman gets to looking around in Dave's Suburban and finds the unsealed Club beer box (it seems Bigg and Dick Lahr enjoyed the Canadian suds) and now we are faced with a \$99 fine for open container!

After stopping at the Tempo station and gassing up the boat and vehicle, plus buying our fishing licenses, we arrive at Paradise Cove around 4 p.m. We are again in cabin 2 and expect nothing out of the ordinary. But lo and behold, we have new couches. This may not seem important to the common man, but after sinking to all-time lows with the old couches and having to roll onto the floor to get out, these new couches were great.

As you probably noticed in the first paragraph, Dave has been given a new name. You probably also noticed Mike doesn't go by "God damn it, Mike" either. Well, on this fishing trip Dave lets his hair down and uses the "F" word, but only when necessary. So from now on, but only on the Canada trip, will he go by the name "Hugh" (F-Hugh).

Ah, the weather! Well, the first four days were hot, sunny, and fairly calm, which meant slow fishing. On Tuesday the fishing was sooooo slow we decided to go in at noon, clean up, and have lunch at Jo's (but ended up at Paradise Cove II because Jo's was closed in the afternoon). Around 3 p.m. the wind changed from the southwest to the northeast, the temperature dropped 40 degrees in 30 minutes, and a thunderstorm set in. Well, so much for evening fishing.

However, the next day was rainy, cold (39 degrees), and 20-40 mph winds. We headed down to Adamson Bay because we had a feeling the fishing would be great. It was!! We were able to finish out our limit of walleyes, plus had plenty for lunch, and it still only took four hours. Dick Lahr commented that it seemed to warm up fast when he started catching all those walleyes. It was also good that Craig had with him his 15-foot stringer in case we really got into the fish.

Almost every day we started and finished at Poplar Point because that's where we were able to catch the most walleyes. Our other regular honey holes just didn't seem to pan out like they had in the past.

To add insult to injury, when we came in on Wednesday, a game warden was at camp. He asked about fishing and asked to see our fish, which is no problem because we keep a running total during the week. But we somehow miscounted and were two fish over the limit! The end result a \$70 fine, and they took the two fish. Total fines for the week: \$235.

Let's see, who's new at camp? Well, Art is back again and, of course, Jim and Connie. There was one new person, and that was "Doctor Death." The good doctor was a 21-year-old kid who wore a black, hooded sweatshirt during the day, and all you could see was his face. Art told us he was the cleaning lady's son and was thought to have possibly a skin problem, but Art thought he was just weird.

We had another great feast at Jim and Connie's, consisting of duck, potato dumplings, Frank's kraut, corn, and kolaches for dessert. Due to high demand, Hugh was not able to get nuts this year, and instead we dined on Iowa chops when Jim and Connie came to our cabin.

AND DAVE MOANED when Craig put on the Skin-So-Soft!!!!