

1999

THE CREW:

David "Darrell" Adamson

Dick Adamson

Joe Adamson

Mike Adamson

Craig Bryan

Dave "Hugh" Christensen

Matt Christensen

Mike "Bigg" Christensen

On Friday afternoon (June 4), Joe and Mike A. flew into Fargo, and Hugh and Matt arrived about 6:30 p.m. Hugh was delayed because he and Matt had to stop in Des Moines to pick up the new fishing coats. He ordered them on February 15th, but they had to be overnighted from Stearns since the scheduled truck delivery did not make it to Floyd's Sporting Goods as planned. On Friday night all the gear was loaded, and departure was scheduled for 6 a.m. on Saturday morning. Joe and Darrell took in a late viewing of *Star Wars: The Phantom Menace* on Friday night. Bigg arrived in Minneapolis about 10 p.m. He and Craig were also scheduled to leave at 6 a.m., but their clocks were set on Mountain time, so they did not leave as scheduled.

Saturday

It was a fast trip to Canada. We drove through some rain and had no problems going through Customs. They are remodeling the Customs buildings and only had two lanes open. Luckily, there were no other trucks or cars there when we arrived. We arrived at the Pinewood at about 11:40 a.m. for gas and lunch. We all got our fishing licenses. There was a great cap for Craig because it is obvious the manufacturer was referring to Craig (remember the whole Christy Brinkley incident?). Unfortunately, Joe took it. Hugh yelled.

We arrived at camp at about 1 p.m. and started unpacking. Hugh had the great idea of bringing large water containers and to get clean well water instead of boiling or using iodine pills. Darrell and Joe went in search of well water and befriended a stranger. The stranger was the owner of the Blue Heron gift shop, and he gave them permission to get water from his well. He doesn't usually let people use his well, but there was something about Darrell's long hair and tight butt that made him say "yes." The water was very good.

Rick Lahr (Mike A's brother-in-law) and his friend, "Mr. Know-it-all," brought three more friends and 18 cases of beer this year. They were staying at Paradise Cove II again. The duty on the extra cases of beer was \$10 per case, so the beer at the duty-free store went up from \$12.50 a case to \$22.50. We couldn't figure out why we didn't see much of them until around the fourth day, and then they were at our cabin all the time. Turns out they were running low on beer after four days (82 beers per person) and noticed we had some.

The Minaki Lodge did not open this year. Last year the prospective owner found out the generator used for fire control would cost him \$40 to \$50,000. The American who leased the golf course (\$10 Canadian for 9 holes) is negotiating for the lodge in the 2 to 2-1/2-million-dollar range.

This year Dick actually remembered almost everything. He remembered the rod rack, which holds all of Hugh's rods and a couple more. The only thing that Dick did

forget was Stove-Top dressing. He mixed up "salad" dressing and "turkey" dressing. It could have happened to anyone, but since Dick did it, we gave him a hard time. On Saturday night we made brats, but Bigg and Craig did not arrive in time for dinner. They were stuck in a 3 to 4-mile backup of cars at the border. The rest of us loaded up the boats and went to Funk's Boathouse and caught 10 fish. Bigg and Craig arrived about 7 p.m. and were sent to bed without dinner.

Sunday

On Sunday there were no triples. We went north around Funk's Boathouse, the Brush Pile, the Entrance, and caught walleyes for lunch. We added hash browns at lunch this year. We used the old skillet for the hash browns, but we will have to get a new skillet for them next year because Hugh slipped at shore lunch and dropped and broke the skillet. The new radios worked really well for communications as long as Darrell did not sing into them. Their range seemed to be about two miles. The much feared and highly respected "Dream Team" was missing a crucial member this year. Even though they had a great replacement, it was apparent that Bob cannot be permanently replaced. Next year the Dream Team will reunite and have every fish in the lake fearing them (and every woman wanting them). Darrell got very sunburned and had to use Hugh's Solarcaine. That night Joe cleaned his first nuts under the supervision of the master nut-cutter, Hugh. He almost got sick, but later cleaned them and ate them. He actually did get sick later when he had to assume the rookie duty (not the barrel, that's Tuesday) and check Hugh for ticks. Mike brought some awesome pumpkin cheesecake. After dinner we watched a movie classic, *Animal House*. That night a big thunderstorm rolled in. The water was already higher than last year, but the electric outlet that worked so well under water last year was still a couple of inches above the surface.

Monday

On Monday there were no triples. In the morning we had the worst fog ever. We could only get past the first island outside of camp before the fog prevented us from going any farther. We fished there until 9 a.m. and then headed south to normal haunts. Hugh was giving a fishing clinic with a bottom bouncer and caught lunch. Joe out-fished his dad for the first time. Joe caught three walleyes and a northern, while Mike just got a cigar northern. It was a good fishing day at Adamson Bay and a great shore lunch, even though it started raining when Hugh and Dick were done cooking and ready to eat. After lunch Darrell got out the famous airplane jig to see if he could catch a big one. After spending 30 minutes tying it on the line and putting on the four hooks, he gave it a cast. The lure snapped off the line and the airplane jig ended up in the trees. That was the end of the famous airplane jig. That evening there was some tension. Darrell found a great place to trap gnats in his long hair and get a lot of bites on his neck. Hugh was getting the turkey ready and asked Darrell to take the Solarcaine back to his room. Darrell bent over and farted in Hugh's face. Needless to say, this angered Hugh. Hugh chased Darrell into his room with the turkey injector in his hand. We almost had two turkeys injected with seasoning. Luckily, Mike captured the discussion on video, so the world can decide what really happened. Later that night the Euchre game was revived. Bigg, Matt, Darrell, and Mike played and Joe helped. Bigg thought he was being smart and bought some cheap beer for himself so no one would drink it. Unfortunately for Bigg, Matt and Mike found a new favorite cheap beer: Pigs Eye beer. Later we had to explain to Joe how to softly turn the pages of the Bible (Genesis) when in the bathroom.

Tuesday

On Tuesday there were no triples. We went north to our normal haunts without much luck. The day started out bad when Duane asked how we were able to get back to camp without any gas in our tanks. Dick explained we used the extra (you get one tank per boat) for Hugh's boat. Duane was a baby about it and took the extra tank out of the big boat. A slight misunderstanding that was resolved. When we were going into Lost Lake, we saw a red fox. We went back to Lost Watch Bay and fished there awhile. We couldn't believe how well you could see the moon even during the day (refer to the video). We then had shore lunch in Lost Lake. Mike and rookie Joe had a bad fishing day that they blamed on their guide, Craig. Craig said, "You can't teach a pig to sing." That night Jim and Connie came over for dinner. We had a great turkey dinner. There weren't any drumsticks (Dick's favorite part) because Hugh cut them up. If you ask me, that wasn't an accident. Craig played the harmonica and was joined by our new harmonica player, Dick (Joe is supposed to learn the harmonica for next year so we can have a trio). This brought cheers and tears to the audience, especially Darrell. You have to watch the video to get the full effect of this performance.

Wednesday

On Wednesday there was a triple!!!
The following is a quote directly from Dick Adamson, a member of the famous triple team, which will most likely make the history books as one of the most inspiring quotes ever:

"There are days in history where you always remember where you were: JFK being shot, men walking on the moon, Pamela Anderson's breast reduction, and now the triple. The triple is when all three members in a boat catch a fish at the same time. Like a hole in one, a 300 game in bowling, or an honest lawyer, the odds are next to impossible. Today Joe, Mike, and I beat those odds."

After wiping back his tears of joy, Dick gathered the statistics. The triple happened at 11:32:45 a.m. in the bay by Adamson Bay (now called Triple Bay, go figure) in a rental boat from Triple Lodge (Duane has yet to approve the name change). This was the first triple in the history of the trip and the only cool thing that Dick did all week, so the rest of the crew let him have his day in the spotlight. The rest of the crew were very supportive and gave the "you're number one" signal to the "triple threat" (they gave themselves that name). Rain pounded the camp all night, and at 4 a.m. there was a lightening show. We didn't get out on the water until 9:30 a.m., and in Triple Bay we killed the walleye. We had 14 walleye, 2 bass, and 3 northerns by lunch. Darrell got bored, so he decided to cast into shore. He cast in four times and brought in three fish: two northern and a nice bass. When he caught the second northern, he caught a branch as well, and if that wasn't bad enough, the northern clamped onto Matt's coat and wouldn't let go. Joe hiked the portage to see Adamson Lake. He also picked up four ticks, which he threw in the boat instead of the water when he found them. There was a big snapping turtle sunning itself, which provided the wildlife shot of the day. That night we went to Jim and Connie's for dinner. It was great, like usual. We look forward all year to see what Jim will bring us from his hunting and for his dumplings and Connie's great desserts. This year it was duck, sauerkraut, dumplings, Spanish rice, and kolaches.

Thursday

On Thursday there was no triple, thank God. We were getting sick of Dick talking about the first one, we didn't need another one. Good fishing weather that day, cool and sunny. Since we needed only three fish for limits, we tried new areas in the south. Hugh and Dick found a bay on the way to Adamson where we haven't fished since 1986. I think if you ask Joe, he remembers the last time we were there. They radioed for help, and we ended up with 16 walleyes. We had a great shore lunch and sat around for an extra long rest and talked about the great trip. After lunch we fished in Throat Narrows for catch and release. Dick was bringing in a walleye, and a northern attacked it. The northern released the walleye when it saw the boat, but it was a strange experience for Dick. We went to see the Iowa Tiger Hawk in the rock moss, and the trip was over. After dinner at Jo's with Jim and Connie, we packed and got ready to head back on Friday morning.

Friday

We left camp at 6 a.m. and stopped for breakfast at McDonald's in Steinbach. We arrived at Fargo at 12:30 p.m., and Hugh and Matt headed to Lenox. Matt went back to Iowa City on Saturday, and Mike and Joe flew out early on Saturday. Bigg and Craig went back to Minneapolis, and Bigg flew back to Boston from there. When we got to Fargo, Darrell had gotten his report card while we were in Canada. Dick wasn't happy. Overall it was a great trip, and next year will be even better. Next year we will have ten members, when Bob returns and Nick makes his first trip. Next year with the Dream Team back together, Matt is predicting two triples.

AND HUGH YELLED, "Damn it, Joe, we bought that hat for Craig!!!"