

2001

This year the crew consisted of Dick, Hugh, Bigg, Mike, Joe, Craig, Bob, Nick, and Darrell. As you can see, we are missing one of the regulars, Matt, who graduated from University of Iowa and has now joined the work force. Matt is on a three-month training program in Minneapolis, and he felt that taking this week off might not sit well with his new company. Good choice, Matt!

To make Matt feel he is still loved, Bigg called him in Minneapolis and bought him dinner between flights to Fargo. What a nice guy that Bigg is!

Mike, Joe, and Bigg flew into Fargo on Friday, while Hugh drove up by himself. Bob, Nick, and rest of the family drove up to Minneapolis Friday night and stayed at the Bryan residence. Early Saturday morning (9:00 a.m.) Bob, Craig, and Nick departed The Cities. The traveling weather from Fargo and Minneapolis was uneventful for both, but Bob had a long wait at the border, which is normal when you leave so early!!!!

On Friday evening Dick had his new love "Liz" and her kids over for dinner. We feasted on burger links and cheese brats to the delight of all. After dinner, we made a road trip to the liquor store for a bottle of rum, Diet Coke, and cigars. Dick made the fatal mistake that night of asking us (after we had a few cocktails) what we thought of Liz. Well, the comments were mostly good, and some described her anatomy in detail. My guess is Dick won't be asking for our thoughts anymore.

One thing we will be missing this year is the 62 degrees laser gun, which we are all sad about (NOT!!). But thanks to Darrell, the group does now have the fart sign so we do know who the guilty party is.

So here it is Saturday, and the Fargo group arrives in camp around 1:30 p.m., and finds the water level to be up 42" and rising. The early risers from Minneapolis will arrive sometime after dinner. What's new at the cabin is cable TV, so now we don't have to watch what Duane is watching. Sorry guys, still no channels that offer nudity. But thanks to Matt, we have "Lollipop" to read. Hugh, Dick, and Mike head out to Funk's Boathouse and other areas to check out the fishing. Well, the fishing was bad, but we did see a BIG BLACK BEAR (estimated 600-700 lbs) swimming in the water. Hugh motors close to the bear and pisses off the bear to where he starts snorting at us. What a beautiful sight it is to see the wild animals in their natural habitat.

Sunday morning was a lovely morning as we get ready to head out. The teams are "Dream Team" (Bigg filled in for Matt), "Triple Threat" a/k/a "GAY THREAT" (sporting name headbands) and the "Gruesome Twosome plus Nick." We start at Funk's Boathouse and pick up a walleye, thinking "This is good." The fishing then slows down, so we continue to move and pick up fish here and there. Darrell somehow falls off his boat seat and hurts his thumb (poor baby). We end up having lunch in Lost Watch Bay. Guess what, Matt forgot the grills! So back to the basics of cooking on rocks, which works out okay, but we still miss the grills. We were able to get by with only three grease fires, which we considered a success.

Just before lunch Bigg hooked into a four-foot muskie that probably would have been the biggest fish for the week, but the netter loses it. Due to the size of this fish, a gaff was needed. But guess again who forgot the gaff – right, Matt! This may not seem important now, but as you read on, it might become apparent why the fish was not landed.

That night we feast on Iowa chops with fries. Guess what, Matt forgot the ketchup! Seems that Matt is having the same problem Dick had a few years ago. That night Nick tricks Hugh into thinking he was eating his fat-free Pringles. Nick was so proud of himself.

It's Monday now, and we head south for the day with the weather being beautiful. Fishing was slow, but we had enough to eat a good, hearty lunch with Dad in Adamson Bay. While preparing for our lunch, the ticks thought they were in heaven having their lunch on us.

That afternoon we saw two incredible things: the first was eagles swooping down and catching fish and the second was Darrell reading a book. According to Darrell, he read more pages that day than he had read in four years of high school.

It's turkey night tonight, and Bigg was enjoying injecting and rubbing the big, raw, firm (sorry, I got carried away) turkey. What a feast, as usual.

Now it's Tuesday, and we head north again. The weather was hot, then cold and windy, then hot again. Joe and Darrell are so proud of themselves as they land the first-ever "Perch Double" in the boat called the "Ship of Fools," captained by Mike "Bigg" Christensen. Bob lands a 3 lb., 10 oz walleye in West

Harbor where we also land a good number of smaller walleyes. Today's shore lunch is great, and we have three nice walleyes to bag that night.

Tuesday night is "nut" night, which means Jim and Connie join us. After a great feast of nuts, fries, cheesecake, and Bob's funnel cakes, we had our awards night. Once a person has devoted himself to 20 plus years on the Canada trip, it is only appropriate they receive the 100 shore-lunch award.

This year Mike and Bigg roasted Dick and Hugh for their 20 years with readings. They received plaques (Mike nearly got the dates correct on the plaques) and a personalized version of Red River Valley sung by Craig. Well, not really sung, but close enough. Bigg did the background music with his new-found talent (please don't give up your day job, Bigg) of harmonica playing.

Wednesday can best be described as great weather, bad fishing. Highlights include Darrell's bass in Dam Bay and Nick's northern in Lost Lake. Nick's northern weighed in at 9 lbs., 15 oz. and was 34 inches (can you say "illegal") and was successfully brought in by Mike's expert reeling directions and Bigg's netting. Nick thinks he is entitled to 100% credit for this fish, but when it breaks down to Mike's lure being responsible for 40% of the catch, Bigg's netting being responsible for 40% of the catch, Nick only gets 20% credit. Now, if you remember back to Bigg's muskie, it was lost due to Bob's netting job. So let's think this through. Bob misses Bigg's fish, and his son, Nick, now has the biggest fish for the week. You make the call!!!

We had shore lunch in Mine Bay on a great ledge overlooking the water. Of course, we again had to share lunch with the Army worms, which are supposed to be on their final three-year cycle.

We head in early today, around 3 p.m., as Darrell was finished with his book. That night we feasted at Jim and Connie's on duck, potato dumplings, sauerkraut, stuffing and kolaches.

Now it's Thursday, our last day of fishing. Craig is so excited about cooking breakfast, he's up at 5:15 a.m. banging around the kitchen. Dick decides to join him in the banging around, so we all get up. What a feast (does it sound like eating is a priority with us??) as we have French toast, hash browns, sausage, and Pig's Eye beer (we finally got it down to one can remaining).

Craig did a great job cooking breakfast, but really stunk when it came to landing two BIG northerns. Better luck next year, Craig. Darrell does get a BIG hook-up, but it turns out to be the prop on the BIG engine. That day we had shore lunch on Raspberry Island, and Joe got his initiation into cooking hash browns. Now he realizes how hot it gets around the fire. Nick will also, this day, lose the Dardevil spoon he caught his 20% northern on. After a good final shore lunch and a couple more hours of fishing, we decided to call it a week around 3:30 p.m. That night we dined at Paradise Cove 2 to cap off a great week. For some reason it was pick-on-Dick night, but then remember, he's an engineer.

Other highlights of the week are the guys from Minneapolis who say they caught 75 walleyes on the last day. Ricky and his buddies fished again by anchoring and caught some nice walleyes up to 30". Maybe next year we will try

this method, as it will save on batteries. Our neighbors from Decorah, Iowa, were there again. Jimmy brought some smoked salmon.

AND HUGH YELLS, "Dick, you stupid sucker" (word left out) and "GD it, Joe, you ate four pounds of jerky yesterday." Man, Hugh is sure getting sensitive since he lost weight!!!