

2002

The crew was small this year, consisting of David “Darrell” Adamson, Dick Adamson, Dave “Hugh” Christensen, and Matt Christensen. Matt made a triumphant return after missing last year because he had started a new job and could not take time off.

Friday

On Friday Matt left Iowa City and met Dave in Des Moines. Matt joined Dave in the Suburban and headed to Dick’s in Fargo. They went through Minneapolis and got stuck in traffic when leaving the Twin Cities. They arrived at Dick’s at around 11:30 p.m. Darrell had been in Hawaii since the fall going to college at Kapio’Lani Community College. Later he is planning to attend the University of Hawaii Manoa after he gets Hawaiian residency. Darrell is now sporting a tattoo on his upper, right calf. It is a nautic star, which means “walks with a limp wrist” in Hawaii.

Saturday

Saturday morning the crew switched vehicles to Dick’s Suburban and headed north to Grand Forks. We stopped there to go to Cabela’s to look around. While in Grand Forks we saw signs for a Jon Christensen running for District Court Judge and also some strange human statues that lined the streets in front of Cabela’s. Darrell took some very impressive pictures with the statues, and Hugh and Matt took pictures with the Judge signs. Next we headed to the border where we ran into a small line at the only gate that was open. We were about six cars back, so it wasn’t much of a wait. They opened a second gate

while we were waiting, and four trucks with boats that were behind us immediately moved over to the new lane. Matt told Dave that we didn't want to go to the new gate anyway because the guard was new and he would be jumpy. Wouldn't you know it, we got through just fine, and all four trucks that went to the newly opened gate were pulled over for inspection. That Matt is really smart. After getting into Canada we realized that we only had about \$30 in Canadian money. The banks were all closed because it was Saturday afternoon. We ended up having to use U.S. money and credit cards for most of the trip. Way to forget the Canadian money, Dick!! We pulled into camp around 4:00 p.m. Dick right away made friends with a new group in camp this year, the Simpletons. This crew of about a dozen Minnesotans had parked one of their cars in the middle of the boat launch. Dick "kindly" asked them to move it. Now let me take a moment to introduce you to some of our favorite Simpletons.

Mama Simpleton: If she wasn't cooking on the grill or eating, she was asking stupid questions.

The Smoker Twins: This pear-shaped duo smoked like chimneys, and when they did, they smoked them in very feminine ways. We dubbed them Quasimodo (because of the way he walked) and Douche Bag (because – well, just because). When asked what kind of cigarettes they liked, they both replied, "Anything slim."

Another new addition this year was a sundeck built in front of cabin 3 which had a picnic table and community gas grill on it. One thing missing this year was the flowerbed where we suspected Duane's Cathy was buried. The

new theory is that people were getting suspicious, so he moved her under the new sundeck. Jim and Connie got in about 2:00 p.m. and came over for drinks that evening. Jim and a friend of his from his previous job had taken new jobs in Plymouth, MN. During the week they stay in a trailer in the Twin Cities and go back to Alexandria on the weekends. That night we had BBQ chicken and potato chips for dinner. While we were sitting outside with Jim and Connie, we heard down at the dock one of the Simpletons yelling "DAD! DAD! DAD!!!" Papa Simpleton proceeded to ram his rental boat into the shore. We all laughed subtly and went back to our drinking. Two seconds later we hear yelling again as Papa Simpleton proceeded to ram his rental into Duane's personal boat. These guys were real morons!!! That night we watched a movie and went to bed.

Sunday

This year we had two boats, Hugh's and a rental. We went north the first day and started at Poplar Point. Darrell and Dick went to get minnows and to see Christie. When they arrived, they saw a new addition to the bait shop. Christie was a new mother. She had a son named Greg who had a slight mustache and a receding hairline ... You do the math.

Anyway, after a two-year absence, Matt started off his comeback year with two walleyes in the boat within 45 minutes of putting his line in the water. Being the only member of the Dream Team this year, he had to put forth extra effort to keep the "Dream" alive. Throughout the day we hit Brush Pile, the Rock Fence, the Entrance, Rock Wall Island, and Lost Watch Bay. We saw an otter at Poplar Point, and the gulls were so big this year they looked like they were on steroids.

We ran into Ricky and his crew at the Entrance. He only had two buddies with him this year. Unfortunately, Mr. Know-it-all could not make it. We had a slow morning, but picked up enough fish in Lost Watch to have a good shore lunch there. Matt made the hash browns Cajun style; i.e., blackened. The fishing was very slow this year for everyone, but we managed to have a great shore lunch every day. This year Aunt Judy made Special K bars, which were great, and we also had Hot Neighbor Chick bars made by Dick's hot neighbor, Tammy. That night we made Fricadillies. Dick forgot the charcoal, ketchup, and cheese. We borrowed ketchup and cheese from Jim and Connie and used the gas grill. This was not a problem, except the Simpletons were always eating, so they were always on the sundeck using the grill and the picnic table. Dick asked them to leave the grill on because we would use it when they were done. Two hours later they were still using it!! Finally we got our food on the grill. Mama Simpleton had earlier seen Dick and Matt cleaning some walleye and northern. She asked Dick, "You caught all those fish, and you're eating hamburgers?" Dicks says, "Well, you're eating hotdogs?!!!" Then they started talking about limits, and she said, "So since I caught two walleye today, I can't catch any more all week?" Instead of trying to explain, Dick rolled his eyes and said, "Yep." We ate and Ricky stopped by and said hello. He dropped off some cigars for Dick. That night we sat around and talked with Jim and Connie and a few others. Dave, the monument guy from Decorah, IA, was our neighbor in cabin 3 again this year. He and his friend Nick both brought their wives this year. We still don't know what they were thinking. Also, the crew from Chicago that we have spoke of

before were back this year: the Bueschels. Dick, the fireman, and his two sons (Dan and Mike), daughter (Peggy), and grandson (Michael) all came this year. Peggy came over, and so did Decorah Dave. We sat on the lawn and had some drinks and a lot of laughs. That night we watched the end of Game 7 of the playoffs. Lakers beat the Kings in overtime.

Monday

Monday we went south. Dick and Matt went together and noticed that that day there was very little wind but whenever they would move, the wind would pick up and was always blowing in their faces. We started at the High Lines and didn't catch much. Then we went to the opening to Adamson Bay and fished the ridge. Then we went down to a bay off of Adamson where we always caught quite a few, but this year we only got a few. We then threw into shore for a while to see if we could pick up some fish for lunch. We caught some northern and bass. Dick was casting in and turned to Matt and asked, "Did you see that cast?" Matt said, "No." Dick had cast into shore, and the lure landed about two inches from the shoreline. Dick said it was the perfect cast. Matt told him it wasn't perfect yet, because there wasn't a fish on the line. Wouldn't you know it, right then a bass hit the lure, and Dick pulled it in with his perfect cast. Way to go, Dick, first he was part of the infamous "Triple," and now he caught a bass with the perfect cast!!! Now if only he could read his own lists and remember everything for the trip.

We ate and said hello to Grandpa in Adamson Bay. We fished some more and went in early. Matt had to make a call to work to make sure they

weren't screwing anything up while he was gone. Everyone took a nap, and then we made steak and potatoes for dinner. That evening Dick, Hugh, and Jim went out fishing for a little while. Darrell was invited by Peggy from Chicago to come up to their cabin and have a drink. When Dick and Hugh came back, they joined Darrell and Matt up at Peggy's cabin and had a few drinks and even more laughs, mostly from Dan's Kentucky red-neck story. Peggy convinced Darrell to go down to the bar with her and Dan, so Matt went along to make sure Darrell had a chaperone. Darrell and Matt got home late. Darrell went to bed, and Matt had a PB&J and went to bed.

Tuesday

Tuesday it was sunny and hot. We got up about 7:00 a.m. Darrell and Matt opened their eyes about 9:30 a.m. They were struggling a little after the long night before with Peggy. We went to Poplar Point for awhile and then the Entrance. Darrell wasn't having very much luck catching any fish. Finally, we figured out what was wrong. You see, you have to have your line in the water to catch a fish. We fished more in Lost Watch and then had lunch there. We took our time at shore lunch. After we ate, we relaxed in the sun on the rocks and told stories. We worked our way back to camp and picked up a few more fish along the way. That evening we made dinner for Jim and Connie. We made pork chops and stuffing. After dinner, Dick, Hugh, and Jim went back out to fish and Darrell and Matt stayed in and relaxed.

Wednesday

Wednesday we went south again. We hit The High Line and then Adamson Bay. Darrell was the man today. He caught a lot of fish. Gee, look what happens when you put your line in the water! Dick attributed Darrell's catching fish to Dick's guiding skills. We had lunch at Adamson Bay and had a great shore lunch. Darrell cooked, and it seems going to Hawaii for a year didn't make him any tougher. He cried like a little girl because the fire was too hot. I don't know why, but after our great Cajun hash browns on Sunday, we kept on getting sub-par golden brown hash browns. It looks like we should have Matt cook all the time. We saw two deer drinking down by the water on the way out of Adamson Bay. We fished some more in the afternoon and then headed back to camp. When we got back, we went down to the gift shop. We didn't buy anything, but we tried out a lot of things. That evening we went to Jim and Connie's for dinner. They made roast ducks, stuffing, coleslaw, dumplings, sauerkraut, and kolaches (apricot and apple). It was great, as usual. Darrell said about the duck, "Yo, Jim, for being so cute, they were good." We then went back to our cabin and sat around like usual and chatted. We heard that a lot of people were catching fish at the entrance to Rough Rock Lake, and we decided to try that on Thursday. Then to Matt's delight, Peggy came by for awhile too. Monday night at the bar came up in conversation, and we found out that they had a late morning on Tuesday, also. They didn't get up and onto the water until 11:00 a.m. Hugh made the point that he was surprised that Darrell was erect when he got home that night. We all had a good laugh.

Thursday

Thursday Darrell and Matt went to Poplar Point while Hugh and Dick went to get minnows. We then decided to go to the entrance to Rough Rock. After Hugh and Dick went ahead, Matt and Darrell left and hit their boat wake awkwardly, and it almost threw Matt from the boat. He didn't go in, but did fall and break his rod. The crew went to the entrance to Rough Rock and fished by the buoy. We then worked the island by the entrance to Rough Rock. We caught seven walleyes and two northerns. Matt caught a 29-inch northern that had to be put back because it was in the slot. Darrell and Matt managed to get their lines caught in the motor four times that morning. Darrell was hacking on Matt that his driving caused the line to go in the motor. Matt got mad and made Darrell drive the rest of the day. We went to Lost Watch to have lunch, and we wanted to have Jim and Connie meet us. Hugh had put a new radio in the boat. We used it all week to listen to Duane and see where he was catching fish. We called Jim on the radio, and then he and Connie met us for lunch. It started to rain a little at lunch, and we headed back to camp. It didn't start to rain hard until we started to go in, and then the rain seemed to hit harder and right in our faces. It was really weird. We got back in at around 1:00 and were packed and on the road by 2:00 p.m. While packing we noticed that we had lost a net somewhere. We decided to leave a little early this year so that Dick could get back for Laura's graduation.

It was a good year even with the small group. Actually, it was great. There was even some talk about not telling everyone else when we were going

next year. Seriously, it wasn't the same without everyone there, but we had the Simpletons to make up for the guys that couldn't make it.

AND HUGH YELLED, "God damn it, Darrell, where'd you get that faggot tattoo?"