

Dave “Hugh” Christensen
Dick Adamson
Matt Christensen
Mike “Bigg” Christensen
David “Darrell” Adamson

The crew was again small this year consisting of David “Darrell” Adamson, Dick Adamson, Dave “Hugh” Christensen, Mike “Bigg” Christensen and Matt Christensen. Bigg made his return after missing last year. Mike A. and Joey could not make it this year because of prior engagements. Bob, Nick and Tony did not make the trip because Nick and Tony did not get out of school in time. Craig missed because he had recently returned to his old job.

FRIDAY

On Thursday after work Matt went to Des Moines and stayed with some old college friends so that he could meet with Hugh early Friday morning. The plan was for Hugh and Matt to meet early in the morning in Des Moines and head up to Fargo together in Hugh’s Suburban. Hugh left the house at 6:00 am headed to Des Moines. He was near Osceola when the first of his problems occurred. His voltage light came on and was only showing that it was charging 11 amps instead of 14 amps. He made it to Osceola at about 6:30 am and had to wait until Trager Motors opened at 8:00 am. He found out that he had to replace the alternator. Luckily, after some smooth talking he was able to get them to replace it right away and made it to Des Moines at 10:00 am to pick up Matt. They proceeded to Sioux City and had lunch. After lunch they got back on the road and continued battling a major 50 mph head wind out of the North. They made it 40 miles south of Sioux Falls when the next problem happened. Smoke and oil began to blow out from under the hood of the Suburban. After many phone calls and a little help from a state trooper, Matt and Hugh finally got a hold of a tow truck. The tow truck finally arrived after 2 hours and Hugh and Matt got to enjoy a wonderful ride in the cab of the tow truck all the way to Sioux Falls. The Suburban was towed to Lithia Chevrolet in Sioux Falls and made it just before 5:00 pm. Hugh and Matt found out the transmission was going to have to be replaced and they would have to spend the night so that the shop could replace it in the morning. The transmission and the tow would end up costing a whopping \$2,500. Matt and Hugh went across the street and stayed at the Ramada Limited Hotel. To make the time pass they went to a movie in a nearby theatre.

SATURDAY

Saturday morning Hugh and Matt spent the morning watching fishing shows until the hotel finally kicked us out at noon. We then had to wait in the dealership until 2:30 pm until the Suburban was finally finished. After it was done we proceeded to Fargo and arrived at about 6:00 pm. There they met up with Dick and Darrell. They all quickly ate and switched vehicles from Hugh’s Suburban to Dick’s new SUV. Dick had recently purchased a black Cadillac Escalade. Can anyone say MIDLIFE CRISIS???? They loaded up, hooked the trailer on and got back on the road. To make the time pass we listened to Dick’s *Bob and Tom* comedy CDs. Also Darrell was nice enough to keep us entertained

with some of his stories. One story he shared was about this amazing discovery he made. He was at the country club and they had this great food, Sugar Bacon. First everyone was in shock b/c we could not figure out how the hell Darrell was allowed into a country club and second that they all had just had a 30 min. conversation about Sugar Bacon. By the way has anyone ever heard of this new cable station call Home Box Office? Is that kind of like HBO or something? Anyway they all made it to camp at about 12:30 Sunday morning. They unpacked some things and went to bed to get ready for their first day of fishing.

SUNDAY

Everyone got up early, but it felt like they had forgotten something. Where was Bigg? Matt immediately blamed Dick. But seriously, Bigg was coming up later on his own because he had a wedding to go to in South Carolina. He flew in to Minneapolis and was going to be at camp late Sunday night. After Matt stopped blaming Dick for forgetting Bigg, they got the boat in the water and headed out on the water. Dick and Matt took the rental and Darrell and Hugh went in Hugh's boat. Because of the delay on the road, the crew did not have time to get their licenses the day before. They got their licenses at Minaki Marina and minnows at Paradise Park Bait Shop. Duane finished new cabins at the old Holst Point location and included a new marina and repair facility with the project. The new cabins were nice, but there was a big hill going to the docks and the wind on the point was terrible. We decided we would stay with Paradise Cove. After getting the licenses and bait we decided to go to Big Sand. That was where we had heard the Walleye were biting and also it was calm so there wouldn't be any large waves to battle. There was a contest for the first fish caught. The winner was a bald eagle. On the way up to Big Sand, Dick and Matt saw a bald eagle swoop down and snatch a fish right out of Hugh and Darrell's wake. Of course Darrell tried to take credit for the first fish because it came out of his wake. The crew finally got their lines wet at about 9:30am. We fished the Sand Beach and Trapper's Cabin all morning. Matt managed to get his line caught in the trolling motor within about 5 minutes of putting his line in the water. For shore lunch we went to the Sand Beach. This year we had a new addition of a propane grill. It worked great and was stylish with the carrying bag Dick sewed for it. After lunch, Darrell signed his name in the sand while yelling "Look guys, no hands!!!" He must have been practicing in all that sand in Hawaii, because his penmanship had improved greatly since last years name signing. After lunch we stayed up in Big Sand and then worked our way back to camp. We had a good day bringing 1 Bass, 2 Northern, and 4 Walleye. That night Hugh tried to make Fricadillies, but Dick forgot the green peppers. Connie came to the rescue and supplied us with one. After dinner we sat around in front of the cabin with Jim and Connie, Decorah Dave and Adam, and Peggy and her family. You may remember Adam from a few years back. He is Decorah Dave's nephew who came up in 1988. After all these years Adam is still fascinated by the Fooey Stick. Peggy and family were our new neighbors in cabin one since the old farmer had an emergency and couldn't make it this year. Dick was also in charge of the booze.....BIG MISTAKE. He bought (now say it with me, with a lisp) Captain Morgan Parrott Bay and Tropical Sprite. These drinks became know as Foo Foo Drinks. We also had some cats that liked to hang around with us in front of the cabin. They all seemed to like Hugh, but hated everyone else. One cat had a bulls-eye pattern in its fur. It gave Darrell and Matt some ideas, but Dick and Hugh stopped them before they did anything stupid. That night Darrell showed us his new fairy

tattoo on his back. He says it is an eagle, but it sure looked like a fairy to us! Along with the Foo Foo drinks Uncle Mike had also overnighted us some cinnamon and hazelnut flavored cooking oil. Bigg finally made it to camp a little after 11:00pm.

MONDAY

On Monday we went north again and hit Roughrock and Funk's Boathouse. That morning Bigg got his line caught in the trolling motor. We had lunch at Roughrock and took home 3 Walleye and 2 Northern. When we got back to camp we found out that the Chicago Crew had some motor trouble and had to take the boat all the way to Kenora at 8:00am that morning because Minaki Marina did not have a computer to find out what the problem was. That night we had left over Fricadillies and shredded BBQ pork and chicken sandwiches. While we were eating Bigg starts telling a story about his friend from Boston that runs a restaurant in South Carolina called, "Only Breakfast", and they make the best stuff ever, it's called Brown Sugar Bacon. Matt thought he had been talking to Darrell and was trying to make a joke. He did not want to get drug into another 30 min. conversation about bacon so he rolled his eyes and said, "Whatever Bigg!" Bigg could not figure out why Matt was being a bigger jerk than usual because he had no idea Darrell was talking about the same thing in the car on the way up. What a strange coincidence. You know what they say weird minds think alike!! Later that night Dick was sitting on the sun deck drinking a Foo Foo. Connie said to Dick, "Why don't you sit in this chair? I'm going to Bed." Dick replied "Real men sit on wood!" We are all still trying to figure out what that means. Dick was getting married after the trip this year to his fiancée Liz. Darrell and Matt wanted to do something for Dick's last week as a bachelor. Matt had bought an oversized blowup doll called, "Fatty Patty". They blew it up and put it in his bed. Dick saw it and wasn't surprised at all. He told Matt that he saw it in his bag the day before. Matt replied, "What the Hell were you doing in my bag????!!!" The doll disappeared and we aren't sure where it went, but we all suspect it made its way into Darrell's duffle bag.

TUESDAY

We headed north again Tuesday because it was very calm and smooth, plus we were having pretty good luck and not hearing too many good things about the South. We hit Roughrock, West Harbor, The Entrance and Lost Watch Bay. Matt got his line caught in the trolling motor. We were in Lost Watch right before lunch throwing into shore just to see if we could pick up a few extra fish for our lunch feast. Hugh caught 3 Northerns with 5 casts. A little later Matt brought in a 32" Northern. Hugh took a few pictures and then they let it go. That night we had Jim and Connie over for dinner. We made pork chops, stuffing, corn, salad, and garlic bread. Wait....let me rephrase that. Everyone, but Hugh had pork chops. Dick only brought 6 chops, so Hugh had fish. After dinner was quite possibly one of the biggest events since this trip started in 1978. Young Matt got his Ten Year Award. Dick presented Matt with a framed picture of the infamous Coors-cigar-bible picture from his rookie year. Way to go on 10 years Matt, it's good to have you and your awesome fishing skills that kept all these guys fed at shore lunch all these years. While we were sitting and relaxing after our meal, Darrell jumped from his seat screaming and no one could understand what he was saying. We all thought he had found religion and that he was speaking in tongues. Turns out he is just a wussy and was stung by a bee. Later that night, while sitting around in front of the cabin, Darrell explained to everyone, young and old, what "The Shocker" means. I'm just going to leave it at that. Later on Darrell convinced a small crew of us to go down to the bar. Hugh, Matt, Bigg, Darrell,

Decorah Dave, Peggy and her brother Mike all went to the bar. Adam wanted to go too, but we thought he went to bed, but really he was just changing clothes so he could go with us. We sort of left him behind. Sorry Adam!! While at the bar Darrell met some crazy nomad hippy named Jamie. She was working at the bar that summer and had the night off. She had a hard time keeping her pants up over her leopard thong underwear. Darrell and Matt thought it was cool, but Peggy didn't like the competition too much. We decided to calm Peggy down with shots of tequila. (Notes for next year's trip: NO TEQUILA FOR PEGGY). Jamie took Darrell and Matt out to her car to show them her newly acquired boy replacement toys and by the end of the night Darrell had a date with her for the following evening,, (that was unless he got beat up by the guy at the bar who has the hots for Jamie and had to be restrained by Bigg and Hugh that night.)

WEDNESDAY

Wednesday morning was a little rough for Darrell and Matt, but they made the best of beautiful sunshine and 70 degree weather. We had heard that the walleye were biting under the railroad bridge so that is where we started the day. Matt got his line caught in the trolling motor. For most of the morning we brought in a bunch of 12 inch Saugers in 40' to 50' of water. We had plenty for lunch, so we decided to go down to Adamson Bay to say "Hi" to Grandpa and have shore lunch at our favorite spot. The fishing was pretty slow in Adamson, but we fished there before and after lunch and then hit the Railroad Bridge one more time looking for some big ones on the way into camp. That day we ended up bringing in 3 nice sized walleye. We ran out of propane so we needed to get the tank filled so we could use it on Thursday. Dick took it in and was told that there was only one man that could fill it and his name was Gary. He was told that Gary would be back in 2 hrs and should have it filled by 9am on Thursday. So we left the tank and paid in advance. We also saw Christie at the bait shop with her 18-month-old Cheech Marin look-a-like baby. She kept asking where Craig was and every time she said Craig's name the baby would say "Da-Da". It was very strange. That night we had dinner at Jim and Connie's cabin. This year they were in one of the front cabins. We had Duck, Stuffing, Kraut, Dumplings, Carrots and Apple & Apricot Kolachies. As usual the meal was excellent. We did notice a strange phenomenon this year; Jim wasn't drinking as much beer. Just when we thought the end of the world was coming, we realized he had just switched to Southern Comfort Whiskey. So that night Darrell had to go back to the bar to meet up with hippy Jamie. Matt and Adam went with him and Hugh was going to drop them off and come back and get them in a few hours. As they pulled up close to the bar Matt saw Jamie standing outside. Darrell and Matt yelled at Hugh to pull around the curve and drop them off so Jamie wouldn't see them getting dropped off by their Dad/Uncle. The guys hung out and watched the NBA final game and waited for Jamie to get off work. They had a few drinks with her when Hugh returned to take them back to camp. Well if turns out Darrell told this airhead Jamie that he had a cousin who was movie star and she believed him. She wanted to go out to her car and get her camera and take a picture of him. We decided to wait inside for a few moments to give them some time alone. We then went outside and we see Darrell with this girl in a headlock. Hugh yelled "Darrell, what the hell are you doing?" Darrell said "She started it!"

THURSDAY

On Thursday we fished in the morning and were planning to leave camp after lunch. We hit the Railroad Bridge to get shore lunch and to get our limit for the week. Matt got his

line caught in the trolling motor. We stopped over to get the propane tank and it was not filled because Gary would not be back until Friday. It worked out fine because Darrell wanted to have a traditional wood fire shore lunch, anyway. Hugh and Bigg went back to camp to get the grill and Darrell, Matt and Dick went to Funk's. After Hugh and Bigg got back we all went to the entrance to Roughrock and then went on into Roughrock. For shore lunch we went to the site where years back we saw 2 guys from Carbondale, IL had set up camp. These were the guys who pulled us over and asked us to identify the mutant fish they were catching. Grandpa Gene told them they were called Saugers. We had a great final lunch and feasted on all the fish we had caught that morning. After lunch we were relaxing, taking in the sights and looking back on a great trip. Every year Hugh is amazed at how much Darrell matures physically, mentally and emotionally from year to year. He was telling Darrell how mature he was and he would look even more mature he didn't have a line of snot and a booger hanging out of his nose. Before Hugh could finish his sentence, Darrell took his tongue and slurped it up. After Hugh regained his composure after almost puking he said, "Forget everything I just said!!!" We made it back to camp by 1 pm and were packed and on the road by 2 pm. We all drove to Fargo and stayed the night at Dick's house.

FRIDAY

Now this year's trip was even more special than usual. As mentioned earlier Dick was getting married. On Friday Bob, Judy, and Grandma met us in Fargo and Dick's wedding was that night. It was a beautiful wedding and a great reception at Dick's home afterwards. Matt drank a little too much at the reception and was charging Liz's cowgirl friends for the beer in the cooler, but that's another story.....

And Hugh yelled, **"GOD DAMN IT, DARRELL, I'M GOING TO PUKE!!!!!!!!!!"**