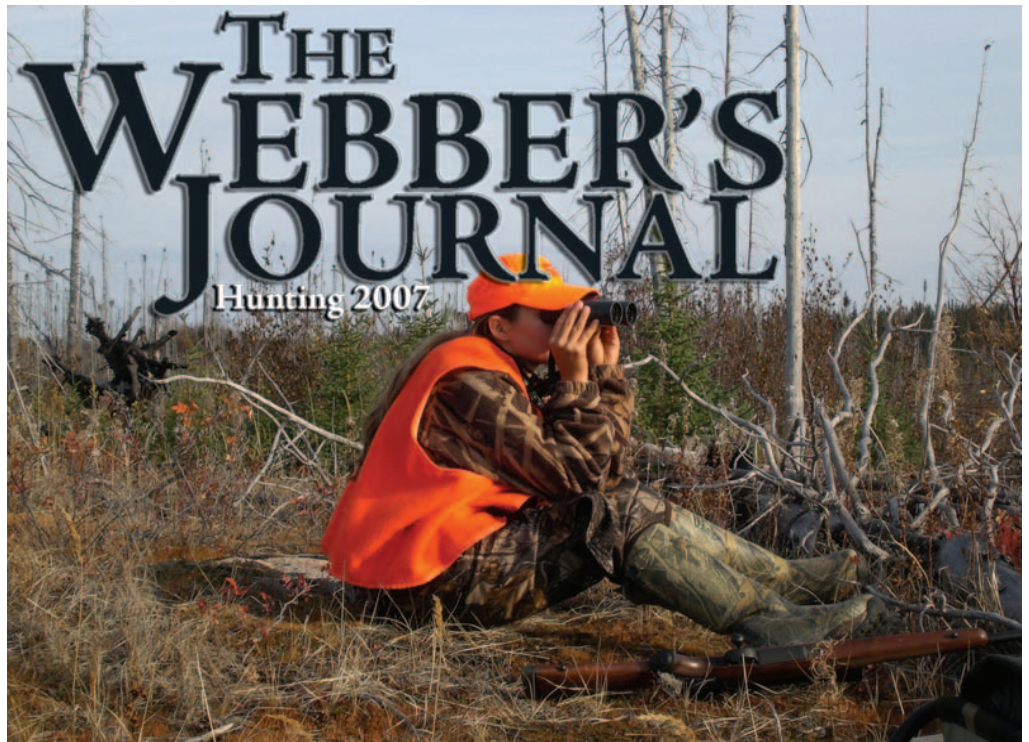




Volume 4 Winter 07/08



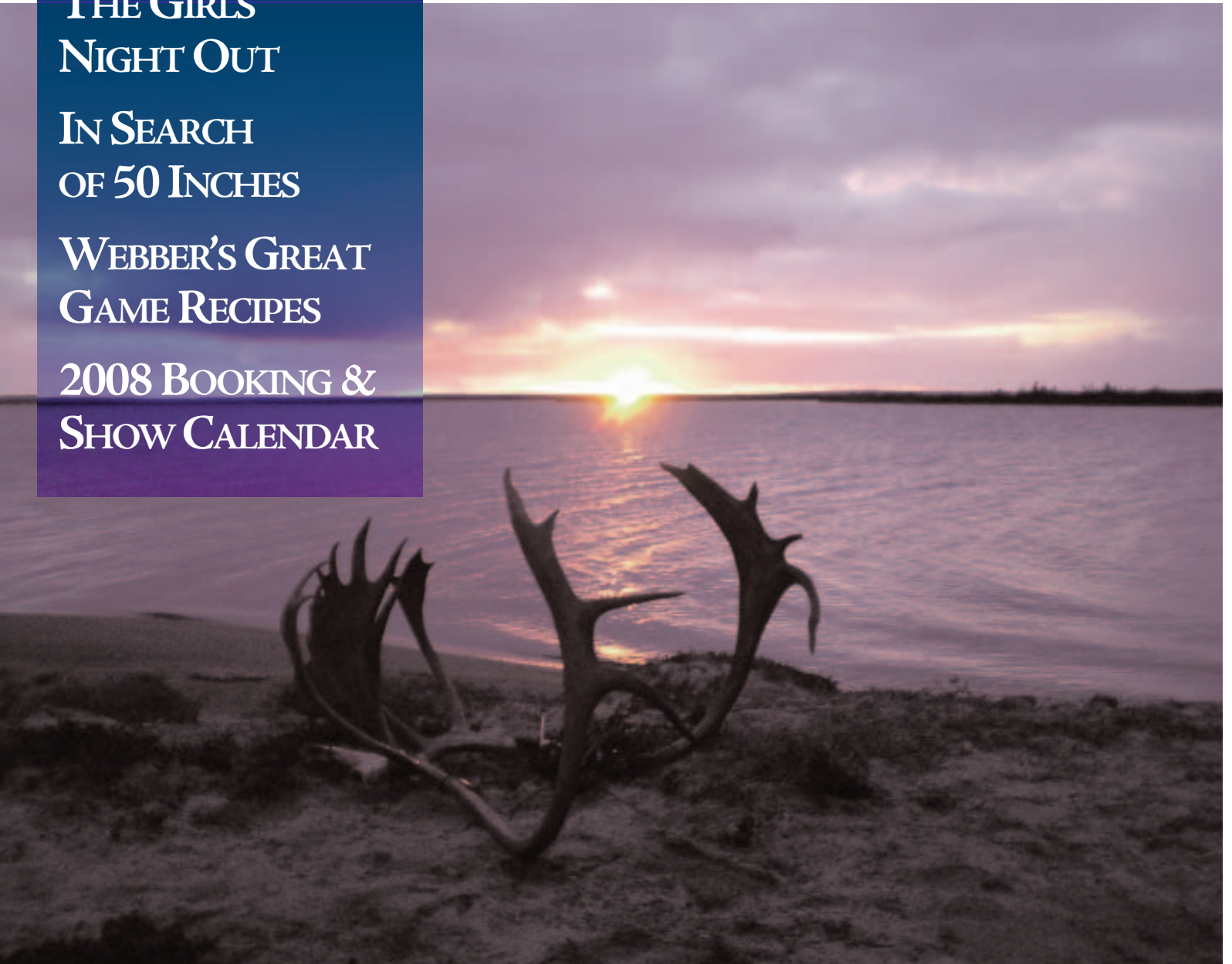
A WING  
SHOOTER'S DREAM

THE GIRLS  
NIGHT OUT

IN SEARCH  
OF 50 INCHES

WEBBER'S GREAT  
GAME RECIPES

2008 BOOKING &  
SHOW CALENDAR



# A Wing Shooter's Dream

by Doug Webber



Well folks, another spring goose season has come and gone and just when I thought we had those flying white rats figured out they go and turn my nicely organized world upside down or should I say back and forth, back and forth. Those of you who joined us for spring goose know what I mean when I say back and forth. The crazy critters couldn't seem to make up their minds on which way they wanted to go this spring. One minute they were highballing it north and the next they were booting it back south. I had to go look at the calendar every day to figure out if it was spring or fall! Of course that may have had something to do with my age too, but I won't get into that.

Our first trip started out a little slow due to the sunny and high skies we experienced during the first few days, but towards the end of the first week the pace had picked up and the birds were falling like snow. The old timers, and our loyal repeat customers Paul, Gord, Ralph and Mark frequented our closest hunting spots and they all had their limits literally drop from the sky into their laps. The Anderson group pretty much took over our legendary "Hamburger Hill" location and the coastal flats behind, and in spite of it being their first time at Dymond, they all did a very respectable job of fulfilling their civic duties as waterfowl hunters and putting a dent in the over populated flocks of snow and blue geese. And I can't forget to mention our far roving friend Brian French and his buddy Jim who tactically kept the southern extreme of our hunting area free from a feathered attack. It didn't take them long to get into the swing of things and they all made a very substantial contribution to our total of 2100 harvested snow and blue geese over the 10 day period. We literally saw over a million birds pass us by; the shooting was steady and sometimes even fierce. Everyone experienced steady action and an impressive empty shell collection, with over 50 cases being spent over the ten days. It was truly and wing shooters dream.

The second trip was when things really went nuts. With the warm south winds blowing the birds north then the cold north winds with a sidekick of blowing snow and rain pushing the birds south, it was absolute mayhem. You could not believe how many of these seemingly normal birds were committing suicide!!!! Terry Dineen and his friends from the West coast, along with the Levy bunch and John and Mike did an amazing job of protecting the lodge from the



# The Girls Night Out

by Ryan Suffron

I think it would be safe to say that most of us who are married, have a girl friend, raised daughters or grew up with sisters have experienced or witnessed our better halves, children or siblings take part in what's widely known as "the girls night out." This expression is so vague in description and detail that it really limits one's imagination of what can be made of a girl's night out, which isn't fair, to women that is.

Well let me let you all in on a little something, especially those husbands, boyfriends or fathers who think that the girl's night out only applies to an evening dinner, movie or bar hopping adventure with your loved one's or daughter's female friends. Guys, come on, get with the program, it's the twenty first century and there is just simply more things to do and see, especially if they have an interest in hunting!

I personally experienced the new meaning to "the girl's night out" this fall, while I was guiding for Caribou in my home province of Manitoba and at my present place of employment, Webber's Lodges. Now any one who has been on hunting trips or has been in the outfitting business for any length of time has certainly seen their fair share of husband and wife or father daughter teams, and for the most part you probably assumed that the men organized the trip, right? Well, what if? Hmmmm. Now that I have you thinking, imagine that "the girl's night out" wasn't one night out at all, but 7 days with 5 days of hard core hunting for the Central Canadian Barren Ground Caribou. That's a mouth full in its own and something unimaginable to most, but this is reality!

I was at the annual SCI Lake Superior banquet in April of 2007, while sitting in my booth, admiring the displayed taxidermy work, I was suddenly approached by a woman, "Hi, you must be Ryan, I'm Karin Benson and I will be coming up with five others to hunt Caribou with you this fall." I must admit, I was a little taken back by how naturally those words were spoken, with such confidence and experience. As I continued to talk with Karin I came to realize that hunting can be anyone's passion, especially when you have harvested everything from Alaska Yukon Moose to Africa's most dangerous game as she has. As the night progressed I had the privilege of meeting and conversing with four other accomplished female hunters that would be joining Karin on their search for the Central Canadian Barren Ground Caribou. Each of them had shared their unique hunting experiences with me and asked numerous and all the right questions about their upcoming hunt. "What caliber should I shoot?", "what grain of bullet would be best?", "how far are the average shots?", "do we have to pack the meat out a long ways?", "should we dress in layers?" and so on and so on. There was obvious excitement expressed by each and everyone had already set achievable goals that they would like to meet during their 5 day Caribou hunt.

During this time I couldn't help but smile and laugh as if it was some kind of joke. I was simply overwhelmed by the immense level of excitement, professionalism, motivation, proper planning and true hunting knowledge that these ladies possessed, it was impressive. I was so excited for them; the anticipation for their day of arrival was killing me. Its just one of those things you don't see everyday, to be in the company of such an accomplished and amazing group of women. With those thoughts and experience fresh



in my mind I left the next day and began to prepare for our hunting season.

It seemed like an eternity before our Caribou season started, four months to be exact, I guess when you build your self up and look forward to such a special occasion its really never comes fast enough. My staff and I just finished our first trip with great success, all our hunters got impressive animals, the weather was great and everyone was extremely happy. A perfect trip all in all. Now the day has come, the SCI ladies are an hour away from landing and we are all rampant with uncontrollable anticipation. My colleagues and I were finally rewarded with the sound of our Turbo Beaver floatplane touching down on the clear crisp water, the day had come and the ladies have arrived safe and sound.



After a quick meet and greet we made our way to the mini lodge, gave a quick orientation, handed out licenses and assigned everyone their guides for the next five days. Karin, Pat, Kristy, Jen, Brigitte and Marie were all anxiously awaiting to start their hunt and were all well prepared. All of us guides stood in awe, as we glanced over their gear and weapons of choice. It was like standing in the hunting section of Cabela's, the best of everything from head to toe, what a treat. "Well, first things first ladies," I said "Lets sight in those rifles and bows and make sure everyone's dead on." So we all made our way up to the rifle and bow range, one by one the ladies sighted in their firearms and bows. "Bulls eye, bulls eye, bulls eye," amazing, everyone's weapon of choice was on and



numerous suicidal attacks of the blizzards of white and blue birds. We had so many geese that even the guides were pressed into service to help the pluckers keep up. Needless to say the elders of the community of Churchill were overjoyed at the generosity of the hunters who left behind their limits for us to distribute. There are a couple of dozen individuals and several families who are not able to hunt any more and who do not have anyone to bring them in the wild game they grew up on. With the increased limits we have due to the explosion in snow goose populations, our hunters were concerned that the birds they were not able to take home not be wasted. What we have here is a win-win situation that helps everybody. And let's not forget our four legged furry friends, the foxes, wolves and even the occasional polar bear who like to drop in during the hunt and get a leg up on their annual grocery bill.



I would sincerely like to thank you all so very much for joining us for the 07 spring goose hunt and making it one the best seasons to date. If you are thinking of experiencing another hunt of a lifetime on the coast of Hudson Bay, c'mon up and see us. We guarantee the food; the hospitality and the shooting will give you many happy memories. And, last but not least and definitely most importantly, just remember folks, if you don't pull the trigger, the birds ain't gonna fall!

Take care and we hope to see you in 2008.

Doug Webber



confidence was high. All the guides agreed, "These ladies can shoot, let's go hunting!"

So we were off, everyone got into their assigned boats and headed out for the day. Day one brought instant success and three monster bulls were down for the count, it was an excellent start. Brigitte, being the least experienced of the group, was the first to connect that day which made everyone absolutely ecstatic and truly happy for her and her accomplishment. As every one headed in for the day we all congregated around the harvested animals and congratulated those who waited so long for this day to arrive. Our camp was gleaming with excitement, everyone had smiles from ear to ear and the stories of a successful day ran into the evening. Everyone had experienced the best of what the tundra has to offer that day, breathtaking scenery and landscapes, hundreds of animals in sight, heart pounding stalks and a real life account at one of Canada's most unique destinations.

Day two soon came around, the smell of fresh coffee, bacon and eggs and the sounds of early morning laughter filled the air. These ladies were pumped and raring to go, everyone was dressed within minutes after breakfast and all us guides were astounded by their motivation and sheer focus on what they came to do. "You girls ready to get some Caribou?" one of the guides shouted, and that's all it took, there was hooting and hollering of all types and nothing short of pure adrenaline. It was enough to make even the most seasoned guide reevaluate his perfect model of a hunter. This day brought much the same as the first; everyone had their first Caribou down and all with impressive racks to say the least. The pressure was off and success was written in stone. The Caribou were passing by the hundreds and it couldn't have worked out any better. There were animals everywhere and the opportunity was sincerely endless.

We were blessed with great weather the first two days, and with a blink of an eye the clear sunny days turned to wind, rain and snow. The tundra never fails to present a hunter with unpredictable weather and unfavorable conditions. The animals continued to

tagging out and they all had impressive reminders for their hard work. Great mass, double shovels, excellent tops and a little bit of everything. They all proudly held perfect examples of the Central Canadian Barren ground species. Pat and her guide Les decided to walk the extra mile to a few far wondering bulls that were noticeably silhouetted against the tundra landscape. Their silhouette blatantly displayed what us guides call, "a chocolate rack" which guarantees a mature bull that has been out of velvet for some time. Well time is always a great teammate of antler growth and "el jumbo" was carefully picked out of the small heard. Karin and Marie past up a number opportunities and decided to hold up until their last day to meet their goals of getting that once in a lifetime bull Caribou. Marie, being a bow hunter, was focused on getting within 50 yards of a Pope and Young class bull and earlier in the week saw her close



to make the decision to move on towards higher ground with the intent of spotting something in the distance. "Are you ready to do some walking Marie?" "Let's do it!" she replied with out hesitation. We began walking through the lowlands on towards the next visible ridge which had about 500 yards of pure muskeg guarding its gates, that's like walking on a water bed over five football fields long, but I was sure there would be a reward on the other side.



As we crept up to the plateau we could see a few small bulls and cows moving in our direction but with only 200 yards of visibility determining what were behind them and how far away they may be was nearly impossible. And at that moment, through the thick fog, Marie spotted antlers moving over a far ridge directly toward our original position. The fog began to lift like a curtain and it gave us the opportunity to get a good look at what was heading our way. "It looks like there's one good bull Ryan!" Marie whispered, as

they started to move steady but angling away from us. I took a quick look to confirm and there he was a huge mature bull with red antlers and huge tops. We instantly both looked at each other and new exactly what had to be done. Back across the swamp we went but this time we had to pick up the pace to cut off our chosen bull. At a quick step we slopped and struggled through the tundra sponge, taking only quick breaks to ensure that our bull was a trophy and to anticipate his next move. After a long mile and pure exhaustion we were at our destination and right in the path of our selected quarry. But he was moving fast and the wind started to switch to our disadvantage leaving Marie no opportunity for a shot with her bow. So out came her 308. and with a steady rest the exhausting pursuit came to a successful end.

We headed back to camp with Marie's trophy and anxiously waited for Karin and Evan's return. A few hours later their boat arrived but without the bull of a lifetime. Karin had passed on a few smaller animals and decided to delay her pursuit for another day. The noblest and probably the hardest decision a hunter could ever make. But in the end she was leaving with one impressive animal and everyone enjoyed another successful day in more ways than one. That evening, everyone reflected on the time they had in the tundra, discussed their most memorable stories, deliberated on how they were going to mount their animals and shared the common bond among all hunters. The common bond that you would only experience amongst friends in a 20 x 20 hunting lodge in the middle of the barren grounds.

Day five was on our doorstep and that step needed to be swept because of the snow we received late that evening. Again, the unpredictable weather paid us a visit that morning and brought along some friends named fog and rain. But we all pursued through the rain and fog towards our choice locations for the day with the hope of lifting weather and steady moving animals. Marie and I

received late that evening. Again, the unpredictable weather paid us a visit that morning and brought along some friends named fog and rain. But we all pursued through the rain and fog towards our choice locations for the day with the hope of lifting weather and steady moving animals. Marie and I

moved into position at a natural crossing that brought us steady action and a successful harvest earlier in the week. Karin and her guide Evan situated themselves at the south end of the lake at another hot crossing within the Caribou River valley in hopes of seeing the steady migration of animals they had experienced over the last few days.

It wasn't long after landing on shore that Marie and I started to see some animals, but unfortunately they were all short of those magnificent antlers we were looking for. Cows were streaming through our position and we both sat eagerly for what may come staggering behind them. With the fog banks rolling in one after the other, our goal of spotting Caribou at a distance was becoming nearly impossible and we had



move steady until the fourth day, when something unknown happened. Those majestic creatures of the far north always have a way of becoming as unpredictable as the weather and for some reason just held up. Luckily four out the six hunters were already tagged out and they enjoyed some of the added activities available at Caribou camp. Fishing for Northern Pike and Lake Trout was on the agenda for a few and relied upon for a traditional camp shore lunch for supper that night. The fishing was great even know the weather made it sometimes unbearably cold. But despite the weather everyone was still full of energy and thoroughly enjoying every minute of their time at Caribou camp.

Kristy, Pat, Jen and Brigitte were all successful in

This was a trip that all of us at Webber's Lodges will never forget, it was an honest success story, a hunting experience like no other and one that should set an example and encourage any other group of avid sportswomen to take a chance and a different look at "the girls night out."

Thank you for the memories ladies!

# In Search of 50 Inches

By Jim Hood

My good friend Mickey and I enjoy hunting all across the US & Canada but 2007 brought us one of the best hunting experiences we have ever had.

We booked our second big game hunt with Webbers Lodges just as soon as we returned from our first, a 5 day hunt for the Central Canadian Barren Ground Caribou. Mickey and I always wanted to hunt Canadian Moose...so we thought what better people to do it with. So after almost a full year of anticipation, there we were, driving out of our home state of Florida in my Ford F350 on the 26<sup>th</sup> of September on our way to Thompson, Manitoba, Canada, in search of the 50 inch bull. After our lengthy drive we arrived in Thompson and were flown out the next morning to our Moose hunting location, Etawney Lake. When we arrived early that Saturday afternoon, we were both in awe, the whole east side of the lake was carpeted with an old forest fire burn and was saddled with high peak ridges and valleys, the habitat was perfect. Not to mention the beautiful mini lodge that we would be calling home for the next seven days.

After we got settled in, we grabbed our rifles and rain gear and headed off with our guide Les straight to the woods to do some scouting. After loosening our legs and getting a good feel of the land for several hours we headed back to camp to plan our hunt for the next day. The following morning came early; we awoke at 5:00 a.m. long before the sun rise to execute our plan from the night before. We ventured out amongst the darkness to our chosen location, a long creek channel directly adjacent to an old burn ridge. Les, with his hand made moose call, delivered an enticing cow call which immediately brought in our first bull. He was coming in steady and grunting with authority, and before long he appeared and offered us a perfect opportunity. Mickey was able to get an incredible shot with his .300 Win. Mag, which dropped the massive bull without hesitation. We took pictures for about 30 minutes and admired this amazing animal before the real work started.

The next morning we traveled to a far ridge which we visited the first day we arrived. There fresh sign all over the place, we walked and called but to no avail, we didn't see anything and had no responses so we headed back to camp for a quick bite to eat before heading back out for the evening.



Shortly after lunch we took off again to a far ridge we spotted earlier that morning. It was about a 1.5 mile walk in from the lake, up, down and through heavy dead fall and burned timber. As Les called, we glassed the slopes and draws below. All of a sudden, Les spotted two cows being followed by a huge bull about 400 yards out, heading away from us. We urgently took off towards them with a sure plan to cut them off and get in front of them, as Les continued to call. About 10 minutes passed and we were finally at our marked destination and we



obtained a much better view of the on coming bull...a very, very large bull. He continued to head away from us until Les got his un-divided attention with an aggressive bull grunt. This was it, he started heading away from his cows and directly towards us. It's a very uneasy feeling when an animal that large wants to fight and is walking straight for you. He started advancing towards us with a fierce presence and blatant mission, and in the process began to rip six inch poplar trees clean out of the ground and sling them around like they were toothpicks. With nothing to use as a rest for my .300 I was forced to prepare for a free handed shot. It seemed like an eternity but the bull finally eased broadside and I took a 100 yard shot with ease. It was a perfect shot through the lungs and the bull took about 6 steps and dropped. That is when the excitement set in. We walked toward the downed bull and instantly realized what we had accomplished. He was absolutely gigantic! We took out the measuring tape and pulled it across the widest point, as the tape unraveled our numbers stopped, but not at 50 inches, it was at 55! "WOW" was the only thing I could say,

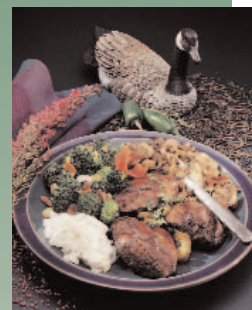
I was still feeling the effects of an enormous adrenaline rush, fatigue and sheer excitement. It was a long awaited dream come true.

Mickey and I both had a great time and again, we experienced a hunt of a lifetime. We would recommend Webbers Lodges without hesitation. Our third trip will be booked very soon!

## WEBBER'S GREAT GAME RECIPES

### Jalapeno Goose Breasts Supreme

Young goose breasts  
Soya sauce  
Fresh garlic cloves, crushed  
Pickled jalapeno peppers  
and juice  
Bacon drippings



1. Use approximately 3 breasts per person. Put a single layer of goose breasts in a glass or plastic dish.
2. Spread with 2 crushed garlic cloves and pour over ¼ cup of soya sauce.
3. Add another layer of breasts, crushed garlic and soya sauce until all breasts have been used. Be sure that the soya sauce almost covers the meat.
4. Marinate the breasts over night.
5. About an hour before serving, remove breasts from marinate and put a small slit on each side of the breast with a sharp knife. Into each slit stuff a small slice of pickled jalapeno pepper.
6. Pile the breasts back onto a tray. On the tray put a small dish of melted bacon drippings and a dish of jalapeno juice from the pickle jar. You will also need a pair of tongs, pastry brush and a small knife to check for doneness.
7. Barbeque breasts over medium-high heat, brushing bacon drippings and jalapeno juice until medium (still pink in the middle), about 4 to 6 minutes per side. Do not overcook.

Check out this recipe and more in the *Blueberries and Polar Bears* cook book series at [www.blueberriesandpolarbears.com](http://www.blueberriesandpolarbears.com)

# DYMOND LAKE 2008 BOOKING & SHOW CALENDAR



## HUNTING DATES

Spring Goose May 11-21

Fall Goose September 1-11

Caribou September 10-28

Moose September 29 - October 6



The Sport Show circuit has been an important part of our business for many years and 2008 is no exception! Come and see Ryan, Nelson, Toni, Doug and Helen at any of the following shows:

### 2008 Sport Shows

Chicago All Canada Show – Chicago, IL

SCI Show – Reno, NV

FNAWS – Salt Lake City, UT

International Sportsman's Exposition – Phoenix, AZ

Toronto Sportsman's Show – Toronto, ON

Minneapolis Northwest Show – Minneapolis, MN

SCI Lake Superior – Hinckley, MN

January 10-13

January 23-26

February 6-9

March 7-9

March 12-16

April 2-6

April 11-12

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