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# FROM THE WEBBERS

Greetings from paradise! This is how all Doug's correspondence and conversations begin when he's at home at North Knife Lake Lodge.

"Mom, what's your favorite place in the whole world?" comes from Max, Doug's youngest grandson. "Ooooooh, I don't know Max, what's yours?" asks Mom. "North Knife Lake" replies Max. "When are we going back?"

Coming from the patriarch (Generation 1) and the youngest grandson (Generation 3), we know that what we have closes that infamous gap.

We've spent Christmases, Thanksgivings, Easters, even New Years (40

below, don't necessarily recommend it) at North Knife Lake.

Regretfully, no weddings, because we have more family and friends than beds. No funerals either, though eventually, Doug may change that.

North Knife Lake Lodge is a family legacy. We found it, we built it and we live it. We know its come to mean almost as much to many of you, our friends and guests, that come to bond with family, friends, colleagues and associates. Of course we know you come for the fishing and the food too.

Thank you, the success you've made of North Knife Lake Lodge has ensured that our family can continue to call it home.

Until next year, from paradise,  
warm greetings from the Webber Family



## 2008 SEASON RECAP

Fish, fish and more fish was the average norm for our anglers during the 2008 season. We started a little slow this year with an extremely late ice out and variable weather during our first trip in June but our luck quickly changed a few days later and we were blessed with one of our best angling years to date. We experienced text book water levels and temperatures for our spring presentation and our trophy Pike numbers simply exploded. Every bay had suckers, shiners and whitefish inhabiting their layouts and the big gators just wouldn't stop feeding.



Our customers managed to catch and release numerous Pike from 44 to 48 inches and they all displayed the perfect North Knife Lake specimen; healthy, thick, fat and aggressive. Our fly fishing anglers obtained an impressive portfolio of monster Pike and Arctic Grayling

throughout June and July and the steady action never stopped.

The late ice out and variable water temperatures made our Lake Trout a little sluggish this spring and drove them down to deep water which made shallow water presentations almost non-existent. The first two weeks of July however, did bring the trout into a feeding frenzy and we did manage to land consistent trophy numbers and a few Lakers in the 40 inch range.

Late July brought some extremely hot weather and declining water levels which seemed to affect consistent action throughout an entire day. But productive weed beds were in full bloom everywhere and the early mornings and late afternoons always offered plenty of surprises in the form of long, toothy critters. Many lucky anglers managed to catch and release some of our biggest Pike of the season during this time and they ranged from 45 to 47 inches.

Again, each season has outdone the previous and our trophy totals were nothing short of phenomenal. Our 130 guests accounted for over 350 Master Angler fish caught and released from June 10 to July 31<sup>st</sup>, not bad for a slow start. The 2008 season must also be noted for the increased number of mid sized fish as well. There were more 33 to 40

inch Pike caught then ever before, many of which displayed enormous girth measurements, this is truly a sign of a healthy and sustainable fishery. This just goes to show what an efficient and effective resource management plan can do and the results it offers to our anglers.

We would like to congratulate all of our customers who beat their personal best or who caught their biggest fish to date. We would also like to extend our thanks to all who joined in 2008 and we hope to see you all in 2009. Until next time.

Tight lines!



# 48 ON THE FLY

Bill Howard

I've been taking my sixteen-year-old son, Parker, fishing since he was three years old. I still have the picture of his first "catch" - a 3-inch bluegill - in my office. Back then I used to dream of the day when I could take him on a real fishing trip, the way fishing was meant to be, to Canada. He used to listen in disbelief as I told him countless stories of monster-pike, lakers and walleye, non-stop action, and the beauty, peace, and magic of fishing in Canada. Thanks to our trips to North Knife Lake Lodge, his disbelief has turned into ear-to-ear smiles, uncontrollable laughter, and his own stories of fishing that, while true, simply sound too good to be so. As fall approaches, we are both in awe, as the experience we shared this summer is truly almost unbelievable.

This summer was our second trip to North Knife Lake Lodge. During our trip last year we caught hundreds of pike, lakers and walleyes - including several trophies. In fact, on our very first cast last year we caught a 38-1/2 inch trophy lake trout. We were in disbelief. We had such a good time last year that we booked

another trip for this year, starting last August, we began counting-down the days on the calendar on the fridge. It was a painful, yet pleasant, reminder of how many days we'd

have to endure until we returned to our little slice of heaven. Last year's trip was simply amazing - this year was epic.

Prior to this summer's trip, I had been fly-fishing for a decade, but never for trophy pike. This year, our guide Ryan, showed my son how to fly-fish. Within an hour, Parker was out-casting me, double-hauling and false-casting like a veteran. I used to tell Parker stories about getting a strike "on every cast." The stories he used to listen to have turned into his own.

Fishing from our boat in an idyllic setting, in a bay so quiet all you could hear

was your line passing through the air, your fly settling on to the surface of the water, and the line passing through your fingers as you stripped your retrieve. . . and then all hell broke loose. Fish hit our flies literally every cast. It seemed the pike couldn't resist. We had monster-pike bending 9-foot fly rods in half. With "double-header" after "double-header," our reels were buzzing as the drag whined while the pike made run after run after run. We were laughing and cheering and repeating over and over, "I can't believe this, I can't believe this."

Our intimidation of fly-fishing for northern quickly changed to confidence and then almost an addiction. We never put the fly rods down. We couldn't, it was too good. This was the once-in-a-lifetime fishing experience I used to dream about sharing with my son. He was here, we were here, it was actually happening. Even as I write this note, I still can't believe how I was blessed with being able to share such an awesome and unforgettable experience with my son.

When things seem too good to be true, many times, something happens, and your luck changes for the worse. Well, this time, our luck got even better. We had probably caught a couple of dozen fish each when all of the sudden, I looked down 5 feet to the side of the boat and saw what looked like

a submarine. My guide Ryan saw it too and immediately yelled, "side of the boat, it's a least 47 inches!" I quickly casting my line passed its face and starting stripping fast. As soon as the fly swam into the kill zone our submarine engulfed the fly and the hook was set. I couldn't move the line, I couldn't raise the rod. My line starting moving slowly left to right in the water. Still, I couldn't gain any line. Then, we saw it. A large dorsal fin and tail emerged quite a distance from

my line. I yelled to Ryan, "what is going on, it must have wrapped me under a log."

I've been fishing with Ryan for years. The more quiet he is, the bigger the fish. He was very quiet, until he whispered under a slight chuckle, "Oh Billy . . . she's a pig." He was right. There were forty-eight inches of monster-pike between my line and that huge tail. I looked upon the biggest freshwater fish I have ever seen in four decades of fishing . . . and it was on the end of my line. I looked at Parker,

he watched the fish with an open mouth and a smirking grin that implied, "Dad, you're never gonna get that thing in." I told him, "this was it, this was what we were looking for, this is a freak of nature."

I can't even try to describe the fight. It lasted for what seemed an hour but

was certainly under 5 minutes. She ran and ran, over and over. She leaned nose-down on a 45-degree angle, that monster tail slowly moving back-and-forth propelling her body downward. I gained line, I lost line. My mouth was dry, my heart was pounding, my bicep and forearm were cramping.

After our tug-of-war, she was finally close enough that I could actually see her on the surface. I told Parker, "take a good look, we may not get her in the boat and she's a one-in-a-million-casts fish, you could fish your whole life and never see another fish like this." She was perfect. Not a mark on her. Her back was so wide we could never pick her up out of the water. Awe-struck and raw-nerved, I was finally able to finesse her to the cradle. She must have heard my repeated pleas of "Just let me touch you, just let me touch you." The silence of that quiet bay was broken with hoots and hollers, knuckle-and-high-fives, hugs, laughter and face-breaking smiles. She was in! What a beast... what a natural wonder.

We handled her gingerly and quickly took a measurement and a picture or two, but they don't do her justice. Beauties like this never look as



# THIS ONE'S FOR THE KIDS!

I am sure that most of us who have fished since our early ages can vividly remember our first encounter with those underwater swimmers at the end of our fishing line. The childhood or mid teen memories of casting a lure for the first time or going to that secret spot with Mom, Dad or Grandpa in search of the big one or just something to peak your angling interest.

I personally remember, as a young kid being picked up from school almost every afternoon by my father during the late spring or early fall, and I still recall the overwhelming anticipation I had knowing that we would be heading down to our favorite river to fish until dusk. These are the memories and a unique level

of excitement that every kid should have the opportunity to experience and enjoy, the first cast, the first fish and quality time in the outdoors.

I have had the pleasure of working in the sport fishing industry for over 13 years know and have had countless angling experiences with kids coming to fish in



northern Manitoba with their family. I always seem to be rewarded with an ear to ear grin from an eager youngster who just caught their first, most or biggest fish of their lives. I can honestly say that particular feeling is nothing short of addictive.

Our family following at North Knife Lake Lodge has become quite diverse over the last few years; I feel that we are very fortunate to have such dedicated family customers who believe and focus on spending time in the outdoors and fishing with their kids. I truly believe that nothing educates more than positive outdoor experiences. Fishing in general allows our youth to enjoy something at their own pace; there



are no overwhelming expectations to be met and it's an activity that usually encompasses many aspects of a positive outdoor experience or encounter.

The 2008 season brought us many success stories in relation to our family customers who included young kids in their fishing vacation to North Knife Lake Lodge. Big fish was usually always the most popular topic of conversation with many impressive Master Angler size fish being caught by our first time and seasoned angling youngsters. But not far off were the tales of local sights and sounds; cow



and calf moose, hovering eagles, howling wolves and the unforgettable sunsets that displayed colors unimaginable to some. Fly fishing lessons, banana boat rides and evening walks down our winding sand trails were often the pinnacle of the young one's outdoor adventure. I think it really comes down to our youth having the opportunity to experience something different, something that's outside of their everyday life and what may not be readily available or accessible to see, experience and enjoy. These opportunities are usually a sure way in developing and sustaining lasting memories and a true appreciation for the simple things in life.

I would like to thank our customers for bringing their kids to North Knife Lake Lodge and giving them the opportunity to experience and enjoy a unique angling and outdoor adventure. I hope that they enjoyed their time with us as much as we enjoyed having them. May they cherish those

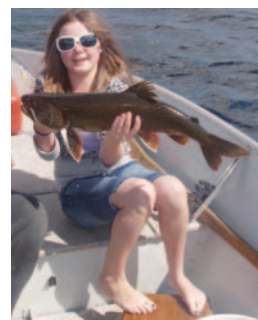
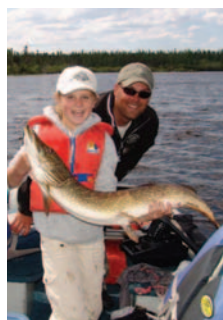
memories for many years to come and carry on the tradition in the future.

And most importantly, always have fun!

This one's for the kids.....

majestic in pictures as they do in person. We got her back to the water quickly and admired her as I nurtured her prior to her release. I knew I may never have the privilege of touching such a masterpiece-of-nature again in my lifetime. We took a picture of her release. She's back in the water to pass-on her trophy-genes for generations of fishermen to come.

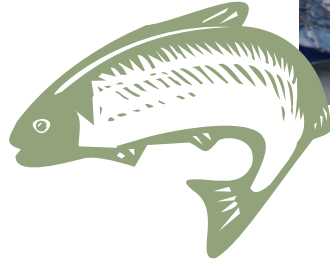
The magic continued as we pulled in another eight trophies in the next two days. Not to mention hundreds and hundreds of quality high-30's and 40-inch beauties. I'll never forget that fish, this experience, or my memories of this trip with Parker to North Knife Lake Lodge. To all at North Knife Lake Lodge, I can't thank you enough for this trip and these memories - they'll stay with us always.



# WEBBER'S FAVORITE FISH RECIPES

## Salsa Baked Fish

2/3 lb. Pike or Lake Trout Fillets  
3 tbsp Butter  
2 tbsp Dymond Lake Seasoning  
3 cups Medium Salsa  
½ cup Diced green onion  
½ cup Diced green pepper  
½ cup Diced red pepper  
1 cup Sliced mushrooms  
2 cups Grated mozzarella cheese



- (1) Cut two pieces of tin foil 30 inches long.
- (2) Spread approx. 1 tbsp of butter on the bottom piece of tin foil.
- (3) Place fillets on top of butter covering entire sheet of tin foil but allowing for approx. 3 inches of foil border around the sheet.
- (4) Cover fillets with Dymond Lake Seasoning.



- (5) Pour salsa on top of fillets.
- (6) Add vegetables on top of salsa.
- (7) Add remaining 2 tbsp of butter on top of vegetables.
- (8) Spread grated mozzarella cheese on top of the vegetables.
- (9) Take second piece of tin foil and place on top, crimping the foil around the edges to make an air tight seal.
- (10) Bake over hot coals for approximately 10 minutes or until the foil pouch begins to rise. Once it rises, poke a small hole in the pouch and let it steam for approx. 1 minute.
- (11) Cut open tin foil pouch, serve and enjoy.

Serves 4 to 6



Our disclaimer:

While these recipes will taste great, you can't duplicate our fresh fish prepared right on the lake.

# NORTH KNIFE LAKE 2009



June 2009							July 2009							August 2009						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S	S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6				1	2	3	4							1
7	8	9	10	11	12	13	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
28	29	30					26	27	28	29	30	31		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
														30	31					

Come and see us at one of these Sport Shows in 2009

## 2009 Sport Shows

Chicago All Canada Show- Chicago, IL	January. 8-11
SCI Show- Reno, NV	January 21-24
Madison All Canada Show- Madison, WI	January 26-28
FNAWS Show- Salt Lake City, UT	February 5-8
Minneapolis Northwest Show- Minneapolis, MN	March 12-15

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