



Up and Running !!

Greetings to all our old and new customers and friends for the 2009 fishing season.

The new season started with the usual mixed bag of weather. We had a few inches of snow on May 14, just 2 days before opener but it was all gone when the big day arrived. The lake ice was pretty much all gone a week before opener.

Kingfisher resort was up and running by opener and we had our usual assortment of guests and relatives enjoying the early spring Walleye bite.

The first few weeks of the season saw quite a few very nice Walleye, either caught & released or kept for supper. The majority of Northern & Walleye caught were still full of eggs & "milk" and this has contin-

ued into June.

As of May 30 the water temperature was hovering around 50 F. Despite the wide fluctuations in the air temperature the fishing contest front-runners are setting an impressive pace. See the inset.

Fishing Contest Leaders	
Walleye 25"	Chuck Osborne
Smallmouth 20" 5 lb	Chris Matthews
Northern 40"	Jim Bourne
Perch 12 1/4"	Jerry Janda
White Fish: 20", 3 lb. 2 oz	Steve Schmalfeld
Muskie 36" 13 lb 14 ox	Chris Dietrich
Lake Trout 40"	Scott Travers

Camp improvements:
We had intended to work on the fish house walkway & cribbing this season but were obliged instead to work on the foundation of cabin #2.

Thanks to our good friend **JIM JACKSON** for once again sharing his carpentry knowledge on this project.

Thanks for your past and future patronage at KINGFISHER RESORT. We'll talk again in the fall.

Happy fishing,
Gerry & Linda Lester & Dianne.

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Father and Son Traditions—A Dad's Perspective

My son, JT and I have been coming to Kingfisher together for 10 or more years. We have only missed one year and only because I was physically unable to even get out of bed most of that summer.

My father and I never really had any father-son traditions. Sure, he took me fishing a few times but it was rarely just the two of us. Our relationship was not very close until much later in life. It has always made me kind of sad to think of all the missed opportunities to get to know my dad better.

When my son was born, I made a commitment to myself that I was going to be a better father to him than my Dad was to me. Despite my good intentions, I missed way too many soccer games, baseball games and other events because I was busy working. I just didn't have my priorities straight.

JT was growing up fast. I knew that I needed to get my priorities in line quick or I would forever miss the opportunity to enjoy the close relationship with my son that I had always wanted with my dad when I was young.

I had come to Kingfisher once with a friend who introduced me to Wabaskang Lake and fishing in Canada.

I was an instant fan and absolutely loved the trip. All the while I was there, I kept thinking, "wouldn't it be great to be out here with my son, enjoying the outdoors, catching tons of big fish and getting to know each other?"

The next year I brought JT for the first time. Well, he was hooked (pun intended) as was I.

I got to teach him how to fish, how to manage the boat, how to help out in the cabin, and so many other things. We spent many hours at the first narrows. We say eagles together. We have a secret fishing spot.

Best of all, I got to have his companionship for an entire week all to myself. We were never to turn back after that trip, we both understood that we would come back every year and that this was going to be uniquely our tradition.



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Over the years we always look forward to our time together at Kingfisher.

No matter what kind of turmoil we were going through with each other, there was always that commitment that we would put aside our differences and troubles when we went to Canada. I swore that I would not let work or anything short of near death to keep me away; I even lost a job in order to keep my commitment. Nothing was more important to me and somehow, we have managed to keep that tradition every year.

My reward is a bond with my son that is unshakably strong and that is more important to me than anything in this world.

He, of course, always manages to catch the most and the biggest fish. I actually enjoy when he beats me, he is becoming better than me in so many ways. Now as a man he is big, strong, smart and a wonderful per-

son who makes me so very proud every single day, the shining light of my life.

On the way home this year he said something to me that made every sacrifice I made to keep my vow more than worthwhile. We were sitting in a restaurant together, just the two of us. I looked at him and said, "JT, someday you are going to be a great dad." JT looked me right in the eye, and without any hesitation said "It's because I have a great dad to look up to."

How could he have known that those were the exact words I have always wanted to hear? That moment will be burned in my memories forever.

As Father's Day come closer, I know that someday we will come to a time when he will not be able to make it up for the trip. It will be a job, or his own family or some-

thing else that will keep him from being able to make it. Life is that way.

I do not look forward to that day, but I know that I will treasure and remember every trip we had to together out on that lake.

My sincerest hope is that JT remembers how important this tradition was to both of us. When he has his own family he can establish some traditions with his own children. Finally, I hope that he will remember all those wonderful trips we have taken, and will take yet another trip to our secret fishing hole at Kingfisher Lodge and Wabaskang Lake.

Happy Fathers Day to all the dads out there.

Steve Schmalfeld

Father and Son Traditions—A Son's Perspective

There are very few things in life that are constant. Friends come and go, junior high turned to high school turned to college, and I grew from a boy into a man. One constant in my life throughout those times though, has been going to Kingfisher Camp every summer with my dad.

For around ten years we have almost unfailingly spent a week every summer fishing around Wabaskang Lake by day and hanging out in the cabin bonding as father and son at night. It is on that lake and in those cabins that I really learned about my dad. He was always a great father, but it was on that lake that our relationship transcended that of a mere father/son bond into a bond that exceeds words. He became not just my dad, but my best friend, and most trusted confidant.

Even when I went through my teen years when my parents were enemies in my eyes there was an un-spoken truce, a sacred rule that when Canada time came around we put aside our differences and we had fun fishing. Sometimes this truce lasted months after Canada and sometimes it didn't, but in the end there was always a shared respect gained on the trip that would never be lost.

As I grow older I find myself looking forward to these week long excursions more and more. On Wabaskang even when the fishing is "bad" you catch more than you would just about anywhere else. But this isn't what makes the thought of going on our trips so

great isn't the fishing, it is knowing that the trip will be one week of just me and my dad. Me and my best friend.

Over the years we have made adjustments. We go earlier now so I don't have to take off from my summer job. We have had to leave a day or two early in the past to accommodate our busy schedules, but we have only missed on trip. The summer we missed my father was bed ridden for most of a summer I spent at home helping him back to health.

That summer I learned, you can't take things for granted. At any time our loved ones can be un-expectedly taken from us. You have to take the time we have with those closest to us and treasure them. The memories I have made on our trips to Canada are ones I will treasure for my entire life. I hope someday I can be as great a dad as I have had, I hope I can create traditions such as ours that my son will look back upon fondly.

To all the father's out there, Happy Father's Day. Enjoy your time with your sons if you have them, and give them something that my father has given me with our trips to Canada: a father, a role model, and a best friend.

-JT Schmalfeld