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August 2024

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The Flame Still Flickers

August. Anticipation. Abundance. I spend most of my daylight hours seeking a respite from the heat. In the evening, I venture forth to pluck the first ripe tomatoes and cucumbers from the garden. The sunsets are frequently spectacular, as if the tilting of the planet is a harbinger of what is to come. At night I sit in my den, surrounded by mounted trophies and my favorite duck hunting

dreams do come true. As a young man, I searched for a lifestyle that would bring me a sense of belonging.

Looking back, my first exposure to traditional outdoor sports was receiving my Marlin Glenfield Model 25 .22 caliber rifle for Christmas in my 13th year. I had followed my father to his business meetings at a trout club in Chagrin Falls, Ohio, where I had been introduced to

all things hunting, fishing, and foraging would one day merge with my love of creative writing discovered

As the flickering yellow flame dances in my ritualistic “writing candle” beside my copies of Gordon McQuarrie’s “Old Duck Hunter’s Association,” I realize that this flicker of desire has grown to become my mortal flame.

prints by Chet Reneson. The double banded green-head hangs above my cherry rolltop desk I inherited from my father. My eight-point mounted on the wall reminds me that sometimes

flyfishing when I was just eight years old. I had no idea what I was doing. It was all just imitating the pros at the club. But my inner fire had been lit. Little did I know that my love for

in high school. That same flame still burns, 52 years later.

As the flickering yel-

low flame dances in my ritualistic “writing candle” beside my copies of Gordon McQuarrie’s “Old Duck

Hunter’s Association,” I realize that this flicker of desire has grown to become my mortal flame. Tonight, I will fall asleep dreaming of long lines of Canada geese flying down the valley, or that doe that slips under my stand without a sound. Perhaps my subconscious will transport me onto the lake, I’ll feel that cold north wind ripping off the tops of the waves and burning my face. As I drift off, the last sound I hear is the lonesome call of a goose navigating by the moonlight toward the darkened lake.

28,300 antlerless deer permits will be issued this year for the 2024 Muzzle-loader Hunting Season. To take advantage of this opportunity it is suggested

(Flame cont. pg 5)

Green Mountain Report

by Bradley Carleton,
Charlotte, VT



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Cover Photo:
Erin Merrill with
Vancouver Black Bear

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The Outdoor Paper For "Maine Folks"

The Northwoods Sporting Journal is the Northeast's most comprehensive and readable monthly outdoor publication. Published at the trailhead of Maine's sprawling North Woods, the Sporting Journal prides itself on being an independent voice for the region's outdoor community for more than 28 years. Some of our writers are seasoned and specialized outdoors people who will share their know-how and insights; some of our contributors are simply lifelong outdoor people with interesting stories to tell.

Our aim every month is to capture the essence of Northern New England's remarkable outdoor heritage by stirring memories, portraying outdoor humor, and sharing experiences and outdoor knowledge. We also keep our readers up to date with late-breaking outdoor news and hard-hitting editorials about fish and wildlife issues.

Anyone who loves to hunt and fish, or simply finds the Great Outdoors a treasured place, is more than likely to find some special connections amid the pages of the Northwoods Sporting Journal.



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Publishers - Victor Morin Jr. - V. Paul Reynolds

Editor - V. Paul Reynolds

Associate Editor - Donna Veino

Graphic Arts Manager - Gayleen Cummings

Subscription/Distribution Manager - Alicia Cram

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Webmaster - V. Paul Reynolds

Sales Department; Thomas Schmidt, Paul Hatin, Traci Grant,

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The views and opinions expressed by our monthly columnists do not necessarily reflect the views of this publication.



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Flame


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that you apply early. The drawing for the permits will occur in September and the winners will be posted on the VT F&W website. Deadline to apply is July 31. This year you must apply for a Permit Online (*there will be no paper applications available this year.*) Hunters must apply online for a permit through the online license sales system on the VT F&W website www.vtfishandwildlife.com/antlerless-deer-lottery, as if they were purchasing a license or a tag using their Conservation ID number, or CID#. **Landowners** who do not have a Conservation ID number will need to create a profile through the online system to apply for a landowner application even if they do not intend to purchase a hunting license. **Permanent and lifetime license holders** will apply through the online license system as well.

Waterfowl seasons have been set. A few significant changes have been made. For the first time in decades, the Interior Zone will run a split season. Several years ago, the Missisquoi Refuge in Swanton switched to the Interior Zone from the Lake Zone, and it will now be assigned a split season. The primary reason for this being the input of a majority of hunters wanting a "break" where migrating birds could build up and offer a second opener that will be more productive than the previous 60 days straight. We've gone back to four mallards (two hens allowed) and two black ducks. Lake Zone Bluebill (greater and lesser scaup)

season will be extremely specific, whereby the first two seasons will allow just one bird from Oct. 12 - Nov. 3 and Nov. 23 - Dec. 9, and the third season from Dec. 10 - Dec. 29 will allow two birds. Please read the syllabus carefully for the Interior and CT River Zones by visiting the VT F&W website at www.vtfishandwildlife.com/hunt/hunting-and-trapping-opportunities/waterfowl. Youth waterfowl weekend will be September 28th and 29th. On September 28 and 29, 2024, hunters 17 years of age and younger on those dates may hunt ducks, geese, mergansers, and coots within the Lake Champlain and Interior Vermont Zones according to the following provisions.

Youths must be 15 years of age or younger to participate in the Connecticut River Zone. Each youth hunter must be properly licensed to hunt in Vermont and must be accompanied by an adult, 18 years of age or older, who is also properly licensed to hunt in Vermont. Adults may not hunt waterfowl or carry a firearm while accompanying youth engaged in hunting waterfowl. Youths ages 16 and 17 are required to be in possession of a state duck tag and federal duck stamp.

 Bradley Carleton is the founder and director of Sacred Hunter LLC which teaches the public respect and empathy through hunting, fishing, and foraging.



Bill Krohn caught this big pike recently at Pushaw Pond



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Crossbows: The Purchase Decision



By V. Paul Reynolds

Recently passed, Maine has a new crossbow hunting law that, is not only sweeping in scope,

in Maine, all hunters are allowed to use crossbows during all archery seasons. This change means that hunters of all ages can now

do not need to take a separate course specifically for crossbows. An education program is required for an archery license, but this

In talking to an informed sales person, who can walk you through all the options, you need to consider the type of game you will be hunting, whether you will be in a ground blind or tree stand, and your own experience and physical strength.

but makes sense. Crossbows, the use of which has been very restrictive, are now *included in the legal definition of archery equipment*. This is a big deal! For it means that,

use crossbows to hunt deer and other game during both the Expanded Archery Season in September and the regular archery only deer season in October.

Additionally, hunters

license includes conventional vertical bows and crossbows.

Crossbows used for hunting must include a draw weight between 100-200 pounds. Pistol type crossbows are prohibited and broad heads must be at least 7/8 inches wide.

If you are planning to purchase a crossbow, you are best advised to do your homework. There is a vast array of crossbows to choose from in terms of price and function. The different types of crossbows each have their own features and advantages. All crossbows are known for their power, accuracy and ease of use.

This review of the different types of crossbows should get you started. For big game hunting, there are three basic types, each with a different mechanical design. To learn more about crossbows and help you in your purchase decisions, we talked with Andrew Carr and Seth Legere at the Kittery Trading Post (KTP). Legere is KTP's divisional manager for Shooting Sports. Carr is an assistant manager for the archery department. Here is some of what we learned from them:

These are known for their simple design and ease of maintenance. They

are simple, reliable and easier to maintain. They also tend to be lighter and quieter.

These bows use a system of pulleys and cams, which allows them to store



Recurve Crossbows

more energy and deliver more power in a shorter draw length. They can be more compact and easier to handle in tight spaces. like, say a ground blind. Both versions have cocking aids, entry level and high end models.

These bows have limbs that, unlike a com-



Reverse Draw Crossbows

pound crossbow, face forward towards the shooter. This shifts the center of gravity closer to the shooter's body. These devices can be more stable and balanced, and can have more speed due to a longer power stroke, which is the time in which the string has in contact with the bolt upon firing.

Legere says that Kittery Trading Post offers more than eight different brands of crossbows with a dozen or so different

(Crossbows cont. pg 25)



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EDITORIAL

The Great Moose Lottery

Every year more than 70,000 aspiring Maine moose hunters submit an application to the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife (MDIF&W) to have their names placed in an electronic barrel in hopes of being drawn for a fall moose hunting permit. After all is said and done, a tad over 4,000 permits are drawn and issued. So the odds are formidable: about 95 % of those entering do not get drawn.

No matter. Hope springs eternal. We all cross our fingers, and apply each year. Some of us have been waiting for more than 20 years for that lucky draw. When it happens it is almost as good as winning Power Ball, if not better. Octogenarians like me are in a race against the clock, hoping to hit pay dirt before being called up yonder.

The good news for old timers is that if you are 65 or older and have accumulated 30 bonus points, you are guaranteed a permit.

If you are a non-resident with lots of cash, you can buy as many extra “chances” as your wallet will allow.

This year, Diane and I, representing the Northwoods Sporting Journal, staffed a booth at the annual moose permit drawing in Fort Kent. The June day in the County dawned picture-book perfect, blue-sky cool and clear, and the turnout at the moose permit drawing

was mighty impressive. The folks in the St. John Valley are not only warm and welcoming, they know how to put an event like that together. We enjoyed good food, good fellowship and watching a number of moose permit winners walking about with grins from ear to ear. No kidding, the moose drawing, with the high anticipation level, the wishfuls all gathered around as each of the 4,000 plus names are read, is truly a “happening.”

After experiencing our first moose lottery drawing, we don’t plan on missing another. A couple of other thoughts struck us as we took it all in. Attractions of this sort draw big crowds, and not all attendees are aspiring moose hunters. Many non hunters told me that they were there just to take it all in and share the excitement. For any Maine town looking for a way to spike the local economy in June, the moose drawing has got to be helpful. The motels were all booked for the weekend, and the food vendors and booths were really busy.

How does a town get selected to host the annual moose lottery drawing? According to IF&W’s spokesman Mark Latti, any Maine town can submit a request to host the event. Latti says, “Each year we receive requests, sometimes its multiple, other times it is only one town. We review the requests to make

sure that they can accommodate the lottery including having the necessary infrastructure and then try and rotate it through different parts of the state, alternating between north and south, east and west. It is a shot in the arm economically, its always a fun time, but it is a big commitment as well.”

With the drawing behind us, now comes all the preliminary logistics and planning as the lucky moose hunters either sign up with a moose guide and outfitter, or put together a do-it-yourself- hunt with friends and family.

Maine’s annual moose hunt continues to be one of the most coveted big game hunts in the country. The first hunt was in 1980. The state issued 700 permits and hunters enjoyed a 91 % success rate that year. In 1983, an anti-hunting group, SMOOSA, tried to get the hunt stopped through state referendum. The effort failed, and thankfully so. Today, 44 years later, with the exception of winter tick kills, the Maine moose population thrives as hunters harvest a small percentage of the over all moose numbers and moose viewers continue to enjoy seeing these awesome wild animals in their natural settings.

-VPR



LETTERS



System Failure

To the Editor:

Many people in law enforcement knew Lew-

iston mass murderer Card was going to snap. As you will read below, similarly, law enforcement also knew Leein Hinkley was a “tick-

ing time bomb”. On Saturday Hinkley blew: He murdered a man (yet to be identified); burned down two houses and attacked first responders.

Just like with Card, once AGAIN, the State of Maine failed to protect Maine citizens. Below is an excerpt from a story published in the Sun Journal (13 years ago.)

Even though the victim was not in the court, (Judge) Worden apologized to her, saying the state of Maine legal system failed in its duty to protect her, knowing that Hinkley had a long criminal history that included a conviction for domestic violence assault and an accusation of rape.

“How Mr. Hinkley was not identified as the ticking time bomb that he is,” Worden said, is regrettable. “Someone in the court system should have been paying attention. We could have done better.”

In 2011, Hickley was sentenced to 20 years in prison for elevated aggravated assault (i.e. attempted murder with a weapon). Hinkley stabbed his girlfriend multiple times. I have a few questions:

1. This is only 2024. Why wasn’t Hinkley still in prison serving his 20 year sentence? (Apparently, he served only 12 years before being paroled!)
2. Hinkley was arrested, AGAIN, on Feb. 23,

2024 on two misdemeanor counts of domestic violence. At the time, Hinkley was out on parole! Why wasn’t he immediately returned to prison to serve the rest of his 20-year sentence?

3. How did Hinkley, a prohibited person, get a gun?

4. Would it have made a difference if Hinkley had had to wait 72 hours to buy the gun he used to commit murder on Saturday?

5. In response to the Hinkley screw-up, what new law will the legislature make that will erode my Second Amendment rights?

Randall Poulton
Winterport

(Letters cont. pg 21)



The Long Green Line

In a recent conversation with retired Warden Dave Georgia, a historian for all things Maine Warden Service, Dave told me about how he is currently researching every man and woman who has ever worn the Warden badge and his current list stands at around 3,000 names. That may seem like a lot, but when you put it into perspective that list goes back to only a decade post American Civil War, that is not many

other person who shares my last name that was also a Maine Game Warden. Bob O'Leary, my great Uncle, was a Deputy Warden who served with Game Warden Leonard Pelletier in the years following World War II. Bob O'Leary was the younger brother of my Great Grandfather Bert O'Leary, and upon returning home from his service in the US Navy during WWII, took the position of Deputy Warden in Allagash

the Caribou area for Maynard. Leonard had three sons, Leonard Jr. (Lenny), Roland and Gary, who all had distinguished careers as Wardens. Lenny worked the Enfield patrol for many years, Roland served as a Warden in the Houlton area and Gary lived and worked in Cross Lake for many years.

Another family of Wardens who came from my hometown was the Dumonds. Phil Dumond,

Another family of Wardens who came from my hometown was the Dumonds. Phil Dumond, a recent recipient of the legendary Game Warden award, worked the Escourt Station district for nearly 40 years before he retired in the mid-1990's. Phil had two nephews, Gary Dumond and James (Jimmy) Dumond who both became Wardens after their distinguished military service in Vietnam.

people that have ever been Maine Game Wardens.

Having a son of my own, who recently turned a year old, I often think about how I hope that one day he may follow in my footsteps and have aspirations to become a Warden. It got me thinking about the "Warden families", who have served throughout the years. This is not a complete list by any stretch, but encompasses just a few of the families that I know.

I know of only one

for a few years. Leonard Pelletier is also a relative of mine. Leonard was the brother of my Great Grandfather Louis Pelletier from my mother's side of the family. As far as I know, the Pelletier family has distinction as having the most family members to ever serve as Game Wardens with five. Leonard and his brother Maynard both served as Wardens, covering districts ranging from 9 Mile Bridge and Allagash for Leonard and

a recent recipient of the legendary Game Warden award, worked the Escourt Station district for nearly 40 years before he retired in the mid-1990's. Phil had two nephews, Gary Dumond and James (Jimmy) Dumond who both became Wardens after their distinguished military service in Vietnam. Gary flew for many years out of Eagle Lake and is known as one of the best pilots to ever fly for the Warden Service. Jimmy worked as a district



Warden's Words
by Game Warden
Kale O'Leary,
Ashland, ME



Leonard Pelletier and his family, including his three sons who became Wardens, Lenny, Roland and Gary.

Warden in Portage during his career and still lives there today.

Speaking of pilots, the current Warden Pilot in Eagle Lake, Josh Tibbets is the son of retired Lieutenant Doug Tibbets who served as a Warden and Sergeant in the central Maine area for nearly 40 years, before retiring as the Division E Lieutenant. I

recently served as a Cadre, or instructor for the 2023 Advanced Warden School training, where several new Wardens completed the training to become Maine Game Wardens. In this class was William Gormley, the son of retired Division A Lieutenant, Adam Gormley. Also serving as

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"A Hiker's Life"

By Carey Kish,
Mt. Desert Island, ME



In the northeast corner of Waldo County, on the east side of Frankfort near the Penobscot River, there's a cluster of low hills with interesting names like Downs and Treat hills, and Heagan, Mosquito and Mack mountains (the latter

and on top... views of the Penobscot River Valley to Penobscot Bay... to summit 1 mi."

From Tyler Lane, this route passes the brushy lower fields and then heads across the top of the upper, still active blueberry fields.

mit outcropping and you'll have also found several old carvings dating to 1876. The capitalized name "P. KANE" is clearly discernible, as is "LOON" preceded by what looks like the initials T, J and C. Just beyond, drink in the long view south to Mt. Megunticook and Ragged Mountain

In "The History of Mt. Waldo: Frankfort, Maine," author Ernestine "Pat" Lewis wrote that "the panoramic view from the summit of Mt. Waldo resembles a painting with Mother Nature as the artist. Many have said that on a clear day Mt. Katahdin and the White Mountains are visible in the distance."

just across the Prospect town line). In their midst is the namesake Mt. Waldo, which tops out at 1,064 feet and is the only one with hiking trails.

The trail on Mt. Waldo's north side has been a staple in the AMC Maine Mountain Guide. The fourth edition (1976) describes it thusly: "This attractive mountain with many open ledges... best known for its granite quarries on its east side... Walk up cart road... across open fields and ledges to the top. There are good views to the west all the way up

Climbing steadily over bedrock, expansive views open up to the north and west. On a good day you can see to the mountains along the AT corridor, including the peaks of the White Cap and Barren-Chairback ranges some 70 miles distant.

In "The History of Mt. Waldo: Frankfort, Maine," author Ernestine "Pat" Lewis wrote that "the panoramic view from the summit of Mt. Waldo resembles a painting with Mother Nature as the artist. Many have said that on a clear day Mt. Katahdin and the White Mountains are visible in the distance." That was in 1996, and the grand vistas are still there for hikers to enjoy.

Locate the bronze USGS marker on the sum-

mit in the Camden Hills and Islesboro in Penobscot Bay.

A hike on Mt. Waldo isn't complete without a visit to the old quarry on the mountain's east slope, designated a National Historic Landmark in 1974. From the end of Mt. Waldo Road, it's a steep half-mile trudge up an old road to the quarry pond and its graffiti-covered walls. Look for a rusting iron winch drum, cables and other remnants of the former quarry that operated from 1836 to 1966, excepting several idle stretches.

Mt. Waldo's gray granite was used in the construction of nearby Fort Knox, built between 1844 and 1864. Mt. Waldo granite can also be found in other notable structures in the United States, including the

Hiking and History on Mt. Waldo



Washington Monument, the United States Senate Office Building, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, the United Nations building, the Philadelphia Mint, the Empire State Building and the Brooklyn Bridge.

On the same route you hike up to the quarry pond, oxen teams once skidded the huge granite blocks down to a wharf on the Marsh River, where they were transported by schooner and later scows to Bucksport. The oxen were replaced by an ingenious incline cable railroad, and

the scows superseded by trains drawn by powerful locomotives. Only the wharf remains of the old riverside granite works, now a public boat launch.



Carey Kish of Mount Desert Island, ME is the author of *Beer Hiking New England*, *AMC's Best Day Hikes Along the Maine Coast*, and the *AMC Maine Mountain Guide*. Catch up with him (maybe) at maineoutdoors@aol.com, on Facebook, and on Instagram @careykish



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Passion for Bears

August isn't my most favorite month of the year. The heat and humidity can be oppressive and the trout fishing can be slow until water temperatures cool in a few weeks. If there is any one redeeming quality about August it is Maine's general bear hunting season opens. In case you're not up on this year's hunting season dates the general bear season opens **August 26** and continues through **November 30**.

From opening day of the general season through **September 21** Maine bears can be hunted over bait, by far

probably be close to 3,300 or so once all figures are added in.

As much as I love the fall deer and spring turkey seasons it is bear season that I get passionate about. It's been that way for years after killing my first bear on Coburn Mountain south of Jackman back in the mid-1970s. Since then I have hunted bears from Newfoundland across Canada to Alaska and several western states and whether over bait or still hunting the sighting of a bear never fails to get the adrenaline flowing. The initial catch of the breath and sudden rapid increase in heart beat

key hunting. I do as well but not on the same level as when a bear steps into view and gets within gun



The author has hunted bears from Newfoundland to Alaska but always looks forward to Maine's season opener.

or bow range.

So I understand why

As much as I love the fall deer and spring turkey seasons it is bear season that I get passionate about. It's been that way for years after killing my first bear on Coburn Mountain south of Jackman back in the mid-1970s.

the most popular and productive hunting method according to traditional harvest figures. Roughly 70 percent of the annual bear kill is over bait. In 2023 the early preliminary bear kill was 3,269 but will

is inevitable and it is that sense of excitement and unknown anticipation, of wonder and awe that made me and keeps me such an avid and enthusiastic bear hunter. Some hunters get that way when deer or tur-

literally thousands of hunters, both resident and non-resident alike travel hundreds or thousands of miles to the Maine bear woods at this time of year. There will be a small number of do-it-yourself hunters

who put in the time and effort to prepare for the season opener but the vast majority will have booked hunting with commercial hunting camps investing a fair amount of hard-earned cash on lodging and guides fees, meals or food and other associated expenses. Bear hunting in Maine is big business. Most will head to parts of Aroostook, Penobscot, Piscataquis, Somerset, Franklin

and Washington Counties, counties with the largest number of bears, where the largest percentage of Maine bears are killed each year and where there is a good selection of hunting camps and guides.

But right now, a few weeks before opening day I imagine those planning a bear hunt are starting to get things ready, make final arrangements and are getting a tad excited. Like I am. I don't like to wish time away. At my age there's only so much of it left but to be honest I can't wait until **August 26th** rolls around.

Al Raychard and his wife Diane live on 43+/- acres in Lyman, Maine that offer good deer and turkey hunting opportunities that they both enjoy. If the property has a trout stream it would be pure paradise. Al can be reached at al-raychard@sacoriver.net

Line

(Cont. from pg. 9)

Deputy Warden this summer is Ben Gormley, Will's younger brother.

Dave Allen, the former owner of Macannamac Camps, which is located in my district is a retired Game Warden Sergeant who's father, Charles Allen was the Colonel of the Warden Service. Dave's brother, Chuck Allen also served as a Game Warden in the Bangor area. There are many other examples of sons following in their father's footsteps as War-

dens. Dave Priest Sr. and Dave Priest Jr., Parker Tripp and Brian Tripp, Don Annis and Glen Annis, Colin Feeney and Glen Feeney are other father and son Wardens who I'm sure have shared many stories of their cases and experiences around a campfire or kitchen table!

The connection between father's being Wardens and their sons, also pertains to daughters as well. Retired Lieutenant Pat Dorian and his daughter both wore the red coat and served as Game Wardens. Recently, retired Warden

and current Landowner Relations Deputy Warden Doug Kulis' daughter, Dory Kulis, has been hired as a full time Warden and is completing her training in the current Advanced Warden School. Dory will actually be taking the Georgetown district, the same area her father patrolled for many years!

No matter the path that my son Finn decides to pursue in life, he will have a front row seat for the next many years of his childhood to life as Warden's son. From fawn deer that need to be nursed

back to health, to stories of interesting cases, and inevitably the many moments that I may miss in his childhood while carrying out the noble career and the sacrifices that come with it. It is an honor to be just one of the names on Warden Georgia's list.

Kale O'Leary is a Maine Game Warden who covers the Masardis/Oxbow district in central Aroostook County. He has served as a Game Warden since 2016 and lives in Ashland.

Muzzleloading Afield

**by Al Raychard,
Lyman, ME**



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**The Way Hunting
Should Be**

Outdoor News - August 2024

Edited by V. Paul Reynolds

Late summer offers many options in the Maine outdoors. It is also a time to prepare for the coming season. What's available to us now, coupled with the anticipation of what follows in the fall, will keep us very busy if we're to be part of it.

The July Hex hatch is a fading memory. Dog days of August lull us into lazy reverie. We lounge on the porch, waiting until evening to go out on the lake for a bucketful of perch, or to fish past sunset for smallmouth bass. Tomorrow, maybe a daybreak troll for salmon and togue. Sure. There's plenty of fishing left. But it's not too early to sight in a deer rifle or spend some time on the skeet range to get the cobwebs out of our shooting skills.

The anticipation of fall is tinged with a growing sense of urgency. The first August night that you need another blanket snaps you to attention. You drew

a moose permit this year? Have you started scouting where you'll hunt? Are you hunting bears? Is your bait supply rounded up? Are your stands in order? Still going to practice with the bow, before deer season, like you promised yourself last year?

When the September rains come, brookies and landlocks that have sulked in deep water will show up in feeder streams as they migrate to spawn. Then, like their fall spawning colors, they'll be gone. There are fall hatches of small olive mayflies to anticipate, and the woodcock often arrive when the autumn trout fishing is at its peak. How about a New England "Cast 'n Blast" with a partridge hunt in the morning and rising trout in the afternoon?

You didn't fix that leak in your waders yet? Better get to it. The water's gonna get cold again! Time to oil the guns, maybe tie a few flies, too. But don't take out the hunting vest yet. The dog will go nuts!

How to Apply to the Maine Antlerless Deer Permit Lottery

Apply to the annual Antlerless Deer Permit Lottery

Antlerless deer applications were available online only June 27 – August 1, 2024 at 11:59 PM.

If you do not have access to a computer or the Internet at home, we would suggest:

- Using a computer at your local library
- Using a computer at work during lunch or a break
- Asking a friend or relative with a computer for help in applying

There is no fee to apply for an antlerless deer permit. If you receive a permit you must pay the \$12 permit fee and \$2 agent

Apply for a Permit Online (*there will be no paper applications available this year*)

• Hunters must apply online for an antlerless muzzleloader permit, and will do so through the online license sales system as if they were purchasing a license or a tag using their Conservation ID number, or CID#.

• **Landowners** who do not have a Conservation ID number will need to create a profile through the online license sales system to apply for a landowner application even if they do not intend to purchase a hunting license.

• **Permanent and lifetime license holders** will apply through the online license system as well.

Rim Trail near the Jaws Waterfall in Gulf Hags with some friends when he slipped on a rock and injured his ankle at approximately 4:30 p.m. on Sunday, June 16, 2024.

One of the members of his group hiked out of the woods and called for help from the North Maine Woods gatehouse in KI Township. Wardens responded with several volunteers from the Appalachian Mountain Club and first responders from the CA Dean ambulance in Greenville, and the Greenville Fire Department.

By the time rescuers reached Steele, it was dark. Medical personnel stabilized the injury and the crew placed Steele on a "stokes litter" and then proceeded to carried him over rugged terrain for about two miles to a waiting ATV. Steele was then transported on a warden ATV for the last mile out of the woods to a waiting ambulance at approximately 4:30 a.m. Monday morning, 12 hours after the time of injury. He was then transported to CA Dean Hospital in Greenville for treatment.



fee to claim the permit.

To apply for an antlerless deer permit, you must possess a valid Maine license to hunt big game.

28,300 antlerless deer permits will be issued for the 2024 Muzzleloader Hunting Season. You are encouraged to apply early. The drawing for the permits will occur in September and the winners will be posted on our website.

Deadline to apply is: July 31, 2024

Man Injured And Carried Out Of Gulf Hags

The Maine Warden Service, with the help volunteers from the Appalachian Mountain Club, Greenville Fire and Rescue and the ambulance crew from C. A. Dean Hospital, rescued a 38-year-old Waterville man who broke his ankle while hiking with friends in the Gulf Hags area.

Joshua Steele, 38 of Waterville, was hiking the

Man Dies While Fishing The Kennebec River


A New Hampshire man passed away in June after he was swept into the Kennebec River while fishing with his son.

At approximately 8:00 a.m. June 16th James Wescott, age 56 of Fremont, New Hampshire and his son Jarod Wescott, age 34 of Norridgewock, Maine were fly fishing (News cont. pg 25)

FLY PATTERN OF THE MONTH

Sponsored by

Eldredge Brothers Fly Shop
<https://eldredgeflyshop.com>



ROBBIES Tied by Ora Smith

Body Rear ½ burnt orange floss with flat silver rib. Front ½ embossed silver tinsel

Wing Sparse golden yellow imitation bucktail over which 4 saddle hackles the color of which can best be described as faded medium blue dun with a lavender tone

Throat Sparse white imitation bucktail to bend of hook

Comment Originated by Forrest Robertson who preferred having the rear hook ride upward. A very effective fly.

All patterns reprinted from "Trolling Flies for Trout & Salmon" by Dick Stewart and Bob Leeman.

What's New ICAST 2024

Expecting to be inundated with deluge Forward Facing Sonar (FFS) designed baits, I was quite surprised to discover there were indeed some unique additions available for any angler's arsenal. Strike King's lineup of Hardbaits was very impressive!

If you thought Kevin VanDam's retirement from

Deep Diving Crankbaits have Kevin VanDam's competitive modification approval for serious competitive and tournament bass anglers. MSRP 3XD Elite at \$9.99, 5XD and 6XD Elite at \$10.99, 8XD Elite at \$16.99 and 10XD Elite at \$18.99 ea.

If there was one bait design most major vendors

Additionally, anglers will be excited to view all of the New Strike King Craw Color Extensions within the KVD models and Red Eye Shad Craw Color schemes.

competitive competition was over? Think again, KVD has continued to design and modify his ever-popular line of Strike King KVD Elite Squarebills and XD Elite Deep Diving Crankbaits! This time VanDam's Elite Squarebill and Deep Diving Crankbait modifications are targeting serious bass anglers as well as the avid tournament anglers with higher quality and higher price points. Additionally, anglers will be excited to view all of the New Strike King Craw Color Extensions within the KVD models and Red Eye Shad Craw Color schemes.

Strike King KVD Elite Squarebills: New, approved KVD color schemes, upgraded hooks in sizes; 1.5, 2.5, 4.0 and 8.0. (Note: 8.0 Elite is replacing the standard 8.0 Squarebill.) MSRP 1.5 and 2.5 at \$9.99, 4.0 at \$12.99 and the 8.0 at \$16.99 ea.

XD Elite Deep Diving Crankbaits: New, designed Pro influence color schemes, Mustad Triple Grip Hooks increasing the quality and durability Strike Kings bait XD Elite

offered, it was a soft plastic swimbait. Strike King offered two models, **Homing Minnow Swimbait** pre-rigged sizes 3 in. and 4 in., 1/8, 3/8 oz. four baits/package, available in ten colors, MSRP range \$6.99 to \$8.99.

Strike King Final Copy Swimbait: Available in 10-colors and 2-sizes, 4.75 in. and 6 inch, this pre-rigged swimbait is something special! Having the ability to swim true at any-speed without rolling over a forwarded weighted design ensures realistic enticing action! Designed with a heavy plastic body the Final Copy will swim faster and deeper than any other swimbait, states Strike King. A magnet statically placed within the Final Copy secures the treble hook to the belly of the bait. MSRP 4.75 in three pack \$9.99, 6 in three pack \$10.99.

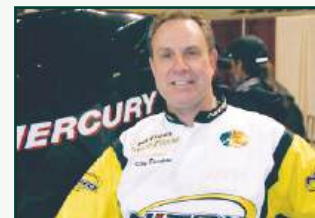
Strike King Evader 70 & 90: A multi-functional Hardbait designed with an upward facing bill. The Evader retrieves as a top-water or can be retrieved below the surface. In essence the Evader retrieved

underwater can be retrieved as a rising jerkbait! The Evader has an elusive action when retrieved on the surface. Available in ten bass enticing colors. MSRP 70/90 \$13.99 ea.

One of the most unique concept baits I

Best Bassin'

by Bill Decoteau,
Hampden, MA

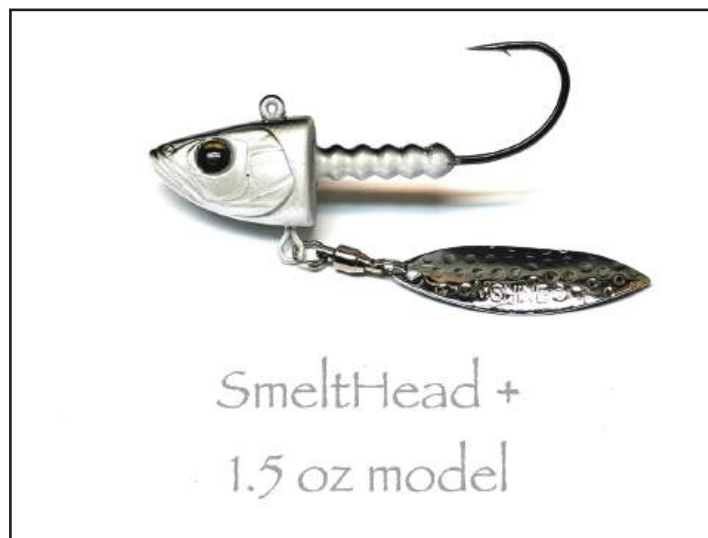


blade on the bottom, have become more and more popular every year...And, for good reason! Attaching a soft plastic swimbait to

ing distance, ability to fish deeper habitat, and super sharp hooks increase your hook-up ratio.

Master Japanese Lure Designer Hiroshi Nishine spends countless hours methodically testing and fine tuning his Nishine Lure Works products to unprecedented perfection. I was overwhelmed to discover Hiroshi has added three super-sized Smelt Head Designs to his Nishine Lure Works product line.

Nishine Lure Works SmeltHead Plus: The SmeltHead Plus comes in three weight sizes and colors; 3/4 oz., 1 oz., 1.5 oz. all paired with a 4/0 super sharp hook and Nishine



Master Hiroshi Nishine's 1.5 oz. Smelt-Head Plus

Photo By: Nishine Lure Works

found at ICAST!

Under spins or jig heads with a spinning

one of these creative products adds flash, additional vibration, increasing cast-

(ICAST Cont. Pg.25)

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The Bird Perch

by Karen Holmes,
Cooper, ME



In August, when bird song in the woodlands is waning, many birders turn their attention to the coast of Maine. This is because in early July the southward migration of shorebirds begins. Shorebirds, like sandpipers and plovers, can be hard to identify and differentiate. One species you are likely to find is the Black-bellied Plover.

Inexperienced birders can be confused as they appear in three different plumages. Some may still have the bright breeding plumage, while others are in the dull winter plumage. Then they

may be fresh-feathered juvenile plumage. One thing that you notice in all of them is a plover's typical stocky shape and a short and thick bill. Sandpipers have longer bills in comparison.

Another challenge for birders is the possibility of Lesser Golden Plovers be-

underparts. They are slimmer in body than Black-bellieds and show wide and more conspicuous pale eyebrows. Their bellies are brownish and are vaguely barred with brown. Both species spent the spring and early summer months nesting in the Arctic tundra.

In August they split

they will often be blown against coastlines and being exhausted, rest briefly before continuing their long journeys.



In the last century during this migration, they were shot down in great numbers because hunters considered them good eating. Now there are laws protecting them and they have proliferated enough so birders can practice their identification skills on both Black-bellied and Lesser Golden Plovers mixed flocks.



Karen Holmes lives in Cooper, Maine with her husband Ken. She is a retired teacher who taught in public and private schools and organizations in Massachusetts and Maine. Now she enjoys writing and volunteering for various organizations and programs in DownEast Maine.

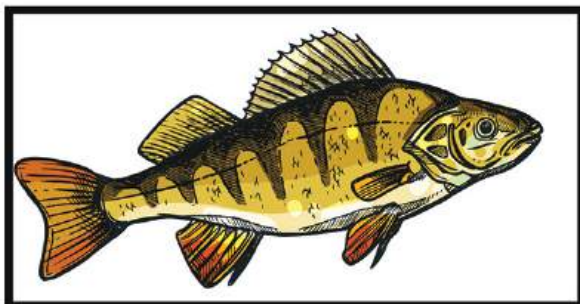
I have always admired both plover species because each only weighs about six ounces when they are full grown. Yet some manage to fly an astounding 10,000 miles, cruising over vast stretches of open sea.

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ing there too. Close scrutiny is absolutely necessary. Black-bellied Plovers have larger and heavier bills and have a more bulky appearance. In spring the adults had black faces and breasts, white undertail coverts and mottled black and white upperparts. Fall adults are mottled gray above and have white bellies and underparts and there may be dark streaks on the chest. Lesser Golden Plovers in the spring have black faces and underparts. Their backs are mottled with brown and yellow. Fall birds are dark above with whitish

into two flocks to undergo the long southward migration. Some fly east and then follow the Atlantic shoreline before breaking out over the ocean to destinations as distant as the pampas of Argentina. Others head for the Pacific coast and ocean with some even flying to far-off Australia. I have always admired both plover species because each only weighs about six ounces when they are full grown. Yet some manage to fly an astounding 10,000 miles, cruising over vast stretches of open sea. In open gales

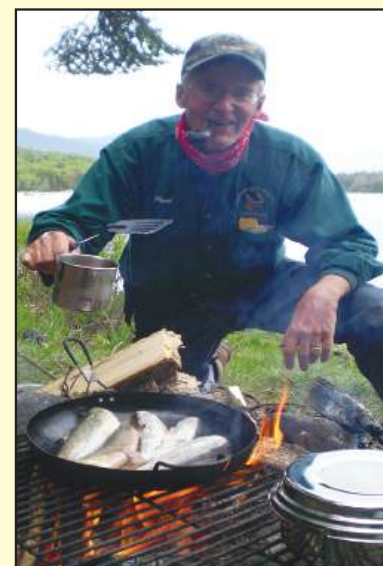
Send Us Your Favorite Game and Fish Recipes!

Most outdoor folks like to eat what they bring home from the woods or the waters. And you like to cook it yourself, too right? So what is your favorite culinary lashup with fish or fowl? The Northwoods Sporting Journal would like to know. And we invite you to help us share your proud concoction with all of our readers. Our Northwoods Sporting Journal website: www.sportingjournal.com has a new addition: Outdoor Connections, which includes "Sporting Journal's Top Shelf Game & Fish Recipes." It has become a popular spot for visitors to find some great outdoor recipes, not from TV cooks, but from folks like you who live it.

Email us your favorite outdoor recipe to editor, V. Paul Reynolds, at vpaulr@tds.net. We won't send you any money, or give you a new boat and motor, but we will list your recipe with all the others, along with your name.

If your recipe catches on and goes viral, we'll figure out some kind of reward - say a new fry pan, a crockpot, or maybe a dutch oven?

So get crackin'...



Musings

This month I thought I would follow up on many of the previous articles with some updates and news that I promised but never get around to doing.

If you missed White Nose Pete Day in Rangeley this past June make sure you block off time to attend next year. It is always a great day and there is a lot to see and learn at the show.



My friend Leslie Hilyard did a great presentation on Carrie Stevens Gray Ghost Streamer. It is 100 years old and considered the most popular streamer fly in New England.

I spent a few days fishing before the show with Chuck. We did the pond, river trolling tour. The pond fishing was amazing. Casting streamers were hot. Chuck was nursing an old Ora Smith streamer I tied for him several years ago and I was afraid we would need a grief counselor in the boat if he lost that fly. Good news is I had brought

a few extra with me, but I did not divulge that making him sweat it out.

The Androscoggin River fished well the day we spent on it. The Alders were just starting to come off. Most of the trees were filled with these flies and, because of the warmer weather, they were on the underside of the leaves. My experience with fishing

during the hatch is that in this early stage most of the fish are caught within 10-15 yards of shore. My second cast was a 15" brown and Chuck answered shortly after with a 17" brown, otherwise it was all squaretails.

With mixed weather predicted, we decided to troll the third day and one of my new streamer patterns found a 19" landlocked salmon in 15' of water. New patterns often don't produce, but this one did and I will write about it in a future article. I left one with Chuck and he and Bruce caught a 16" LLS on

the same fly.....validation is a wonderful thing!

The fly fishing class I taught at Colby Sawyer College was great. Two days of fly tying, a day of casting and two days of fishing out of float tubes was well received. Many of the class caught fish even though the first day was one of those hot ones that come in late spring, but really should be a mid August day. Swick, who has taken fly tying with

The Androscoggin River fished well the day we spent on it. The Alders were just starting to come off. Most of the trees were filled with these flies and, because of the warmer weather, they were on the underside of the leaves.

me before, caught a fish on a pattern we worked on in the winter, and he was very excited.

I've been very busy writing for several journals. The American Museum of Fly Fishing Journal will feature a story on the Nine Three Tandem streamer. There is a lot of history with this pattern and it may come in second place behind the Gray Ghost as the second most popular streamer in Maine. If you are not a member of the Museum I would encourage you to become one. They have a great Fly Fishing Festival on August 10th in Manchester, VT that is worth attending. If you attend stop by and say hello and plan on watching



Slipstream

by Scott Biron,
New London, NH

my 3 p.m. demonstration/live webinar on the Nine Three. Their website will have information on the webinar shortly if you cannot attend. Their journal has excellent articles and I'm hoping to write a fly related column for all the future issues.

If everything falls into place, the winter edition

bought it from Fran Betters who made rods in his fly shop in the Adirondacks. Fran was a character and I will share more on him in a future article. He had some excellent fly patterns and I have some interesting history on them.

Time to get out and fish with Chuck again, we will be testing a handful of


of the Atlantic Salmon Federation's Journal will feature an article I wrote in their, Fit to be Tied column. A little history on one of Canada's favorite salmon fly patterns, the Cosseboom.

For the past few weeks I have been setting up all of my streamer teaching class and HMH Vise Bar Flies events. This is more of a juggling of schedules with fly shops and the breweries. I promise to give an update on where these will be held this fall and winter. Everyone is always asking about these and I expect to have everything locked up by early fall.

A fellow swung by the house to give me a fly rod and reel he never uses. He

new patterns and I promise to report back in a future "musings".

New London, NH Biron learned to tie flies and fly fish back in the 1960s in the North County of New Hampshire. He has fished many of the streams north of Route 26 in NH and his favorite the Androscoggin River. He is a Master Artist in the NH Traditional Arts Program and instructs fly tying both nationally and internationally. He is on the Ambassador Pro Team for HMH Vises, The American Museum of Fly Fishing and Partridge of Redditch. Ewing has come out with a signature series line of feathers under Scott's name.



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The Adventures of Me and Joe

by Bob Cram,
(Alias T.J. Coongate)
Medway, ME

Joe pulled the Jeep to the side of the dusty road and we both looked out over the small beaver pond on Keeper Brook.

"It's right beside the road," I said.

"Yeah, an' most folks jist drive right by on their way to good fishin' water," Joe replied. He climbed out and reached behind the driver's seat, where his little 3-weight, 6-foot fly rod was always standing, already strung. Tilted just right, its tip didn't quite touch the rear curve of the cab roof.

"We need two more trout to make a decent meal," he continued as I slid from my seat and eyed the dark water behind the dam. "Oughta be a couple in here that jist wanta jump into the fryin' pan."

behind the dam. Joe did just that, the number 16 Adams drifting down to touch lightly onto the dark surface.

It was late April, and the ice still hadn't left the larger lake in the region. Small, shallow ponds and beaver flowages, however, were ice-free, although patches of snow still lingered along the shorelines and in the deeper woods. Given the cold temperatures and high water, coupled with the easy fishing access to Keeper Brook, I didn't expect much from Joe's fishing attempt. But he gave one small twitch to the fly, and it instantly disappeared in a swirl of water. Just beneath the surface, the bright sides of an eight inch trout flashed in a series of pulls and tugs.

the surface and swung it, squirming, over the low railing of the bridge.

Smoothly, Joe eased

"It's comin' on spring. I got guidin' to do, an' a whole lot of fishin'. I jist ain't got the time. An', besides," he looked Lawsuit straight in the eye. "I don't like you."

The dam lay just a dozen feet from the upstream side of the bridge. Standing on the bridge, it was a simple matter to drop a fly into the still waters

The slender tip of Joe's rod flexed and bent. Then he reeled in line, lowering the tip of the rod toward the dam. With a slight flip, he lifted the trout clear of

the hook from the trout's lip, broke its neck, and slid it into the old wicker creel by his foot. As he carefully dried the fly for another cast, the sound of an ap-

proaching vehicle made us both look up. A shiny black Lincoln Navigator rolled onto the bridge and stopped. Claude Lawsuit stepped down from behind the wheel.

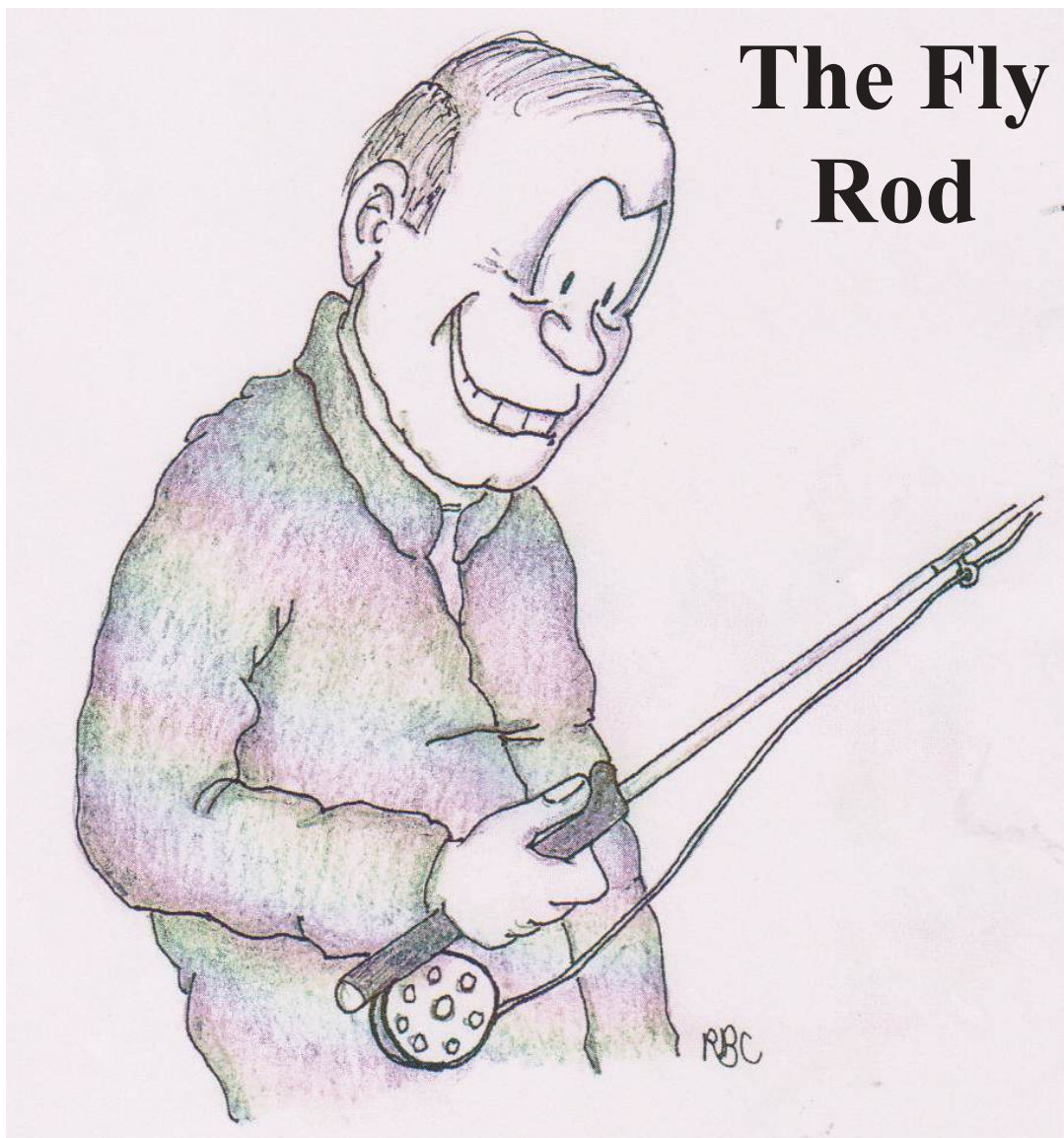
Claude was a medium sized man with a strong jaw, a careful comb-over on his balding pate, and a perpetual smile that never quite seemed to reach his eyes. He was clad in North Face winter gear, with L.L. Bean boots on his feet. A lawyer from Fort Kent, Claude had just recently purchased Edgemont Wimp's old place next to Joe's cabin. He was in the process of tearing down Edgemont's tiny camp to replace it with a large, modern summer home. His construction crew had already built a big, three car garage near the edge of the property. He was always slightly condescending in

his attitude to the local populace and I got the impression that he'd really like to have Joe's land to broaden his waterfront holdings on The Lake Where the Woman Drowned.

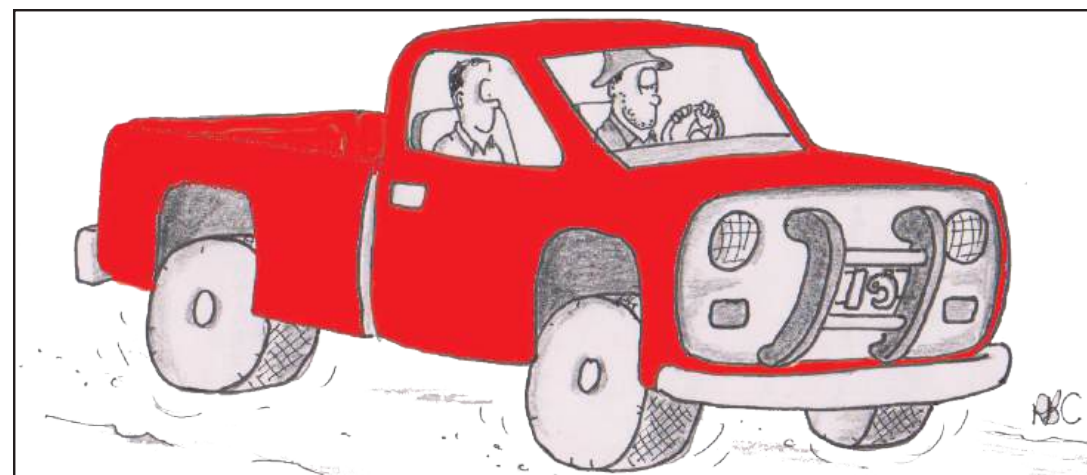
"Afternoon, boys," Claude said jovially. "Doing a little early fishing?"

"Yeah, just trying to get a few trout for a meal," I said. "I thought it was too early, but Joe doesn't seem to be having much trouble."

But Claude Lawsuit ignored me completely. His eyes were fastened on the fly rod Joe held. Claude reached out and snatched it from Joe's hands. He lifted the rod and flipped it carefully back and forth. Joe just had time to release the fly to avoid it hooking into a finger. He frowned slightly at Lawsuit's rudeness. (Me & Joe cont. Pg 17)



The Fly Rod



If you just can't get enough of reading our Me & Joe Adventures, check out the All Outdoor section of our new Northwoods Sporting Journal website: www.sportingjournal.com You'll find an ample supply of Me & Joe stories to keep you checking for a long time.

Me & Joe

(Cont. from pg. 16)

But Claude was staring at the rod he held. "I have a large collection of some of the best rods. This is a beautiful, perfectly balanced fly rod. Wherever did you get it?"

"I made it," Joe replied.

"Made it?" Claude stared.

"Well, I say I made it. I bought the blank. Don't like how most of them store-bought rods balance or cast. I taped eyes on it an' kept tryin' the rod for balance and casting, movin' the eyes an inch or so til I got 'er just how I wanted her. Then I wrapped the eyes an' finished the rod."

"But the handle and reel seat! They're all one piece. And what is this exotic wood?"

"It's cherry. From a burl I cut down on Mooseleuk Stream a few years back."

"The handle...it's not round. It's carved in curves. Why...it almost fits my hand!"

"It's carved to fit *my* hand," Joe said.

"But how did you do that?"

"Not that complicated," Joe said, carefully taking the rod back from Claude's clutching fingers. "I wrapped some modelin' clay around the butt. Then I jist gripped it like I was gonna cast the rod and squeezed a little. Left the impression of my grip in the clay. Then I slid the clay off the rod stem an' stuck it in the freezer for a few hours. Once it's frozen, the clay stays stiff for a long time. I set it up on the work bench beside the piece of burl, an' then carved the wood jist like the clay."

"Imaginative," Law-

suit murmured, still staring at the rod. "I must have one just like it. Name your price."

"Nope," Joe replied.

"What?" Claude scowled. "I'll give out \$500 dollars for a rod like that carved to fit my hand."

"Nope."

"Seven hundred! And that's my last offer!"

"I ain't makin' you a fly rod, Mr. Lawless."

Claude's face darkened. "Why not?"

"It's comin' on spring. I got guidin' to do, an' a whole lot of fishin'. I jist ain't got the time. An', besides," he looked Lawsuit straight in the eye. "I don't like you."

Lawsuit turned beet red. Sputtering he jumped into the seat of the Navigator and slammed the door. Through the open window, he glared at Joe. "I don't like being thwarted! You haven't heard the last of this! And, by the way, you've got some firewood piled on my side of the property lane. I'd suggest you move it." Dropping the shift into drive, he spun the tires on the weathered planks of the bridge and tore off down the road.

I stared after him, thinking it probably wasn't a really good thing to antagonize a lawyer. But if any lawyer needed antagonizing, it was Claude Lawsuit. I glanced at Joe.

"What are you gonna do?"

"Do?" Joe said, working out line. "I'm gonna ketch us another trout."

A week later Joe was splitting up the last of the firewood we'd brought in last fall from his wood lot on the side of Mooseleuk Mountain. As he split it, I carried the pieces of wood over and stacked it in the roofed-over, open rick near the property line.

From the corner of my eye I caught sight of Claude Lawsuit walking through the trees from his lot. If Joe noticed him coming, it didn't stop him from chopping wood. Lawsuit stood and watched for a moment, a smirk on his face.

"A lot easier done with a wood splitter," he said.

Joe stopped and wiped sweat from his face with one forearm. "I *am* the wood splitter."

Lawsuit was quiet for a moment. "Are you sure you don't want to be reasonable and build me that fly rod?"

Joe squinted as sweat irritated one eye. "Nope."

Lawsuit gazed into the distance. "A few years ago you purchased a piece of land on Beagle Pond, just outside town."

"Yep."

"From what I've learned, you camp there

once and a while and have built a wharf out into the pond. You also allow the Boy Scouts to camp there from time to time."

"That's right." Joe put another junk of rock maple on the chopping block.

"There seem to be some legal problems with the land," Lawsuit continued.

Joe lifted the splitting maul and glanced at the lawyer. "Don't think so."

Lawsuit smiled a shark-toothed grin. "Oh, my friend...take my word for it. It's my business to know. We'll talk again." With a casual wave of his hand he sauntered back toward the property line.

I looked at Joe. "What do you suppose that was all about?"

Joe watched Lawsuit walk off through the woods. "Don't have a clue."

"It sounded like he might try and make trouble."

Joe turned back toward the chopping block. "He's a lawyer. That's what they do."

Joe seemed unperturbed, but I began to sweat as days went by and we saw little or nothing of Claude Lawsuit. The two-

acre parcel on Beagle Pond had come into Joe's hands some ten years before when Hugo Frostbite decided he just had to move south to get away from the cold winters. He'd sold his modest house in town to Eben Ramdown and had sold the Beagle Pond lot to Joe for a song. Then he'd moved south to the town of Lincoln, where, presumably, the winters were milder.

The little pond had a healthy population of both white and yellow perch and also pickerel. It was a great place to get out of town occasionally and pitch a tent in warm weather. A fish fry with perch or pickerel from the pond as the prime ingredient made things about perfect.

Joe had let the Boy Scouts use the parcel for camping and the occasional jamboree right from the start. I couldn't really see what trouble Lawsuit could cause, but the lawyer was devious and had already made a negative name for himself around Fort Kent for representing out of state interests bent on buying up wild land and banning the public from access.

(Me & Joe cont. pg 23)

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Robert Rose Jr.
(Marty was found
on pg 13)

Entries must be
postmarked by
8/12/24
to be eligible for
this issue.

I found Marty on page _____

Outdoor Sporting Library



by Jeremiah Wood,
Ashland, ME

He was a Swiss immigrant with a successful small business in New York City and a seemingly stable future when it all changed one day. His bride-to-be called off the marriage, and suddenly the city didn't appeal much to Hardy Trefzger.

There was a gold rush going on out west, and Hardy sold his business and took off for Alaska. It

was an exciting time for a prospector, roaming the hills looking for the right rocks and panning for gold in the streams. He joined up with partners, hunted and fished to keep fed, staked claims, hauled in material for assays, and hoped for the best. Like for most people, prospecting wasn't profitable for Trefzger, but once hooked, he couldn't seem to kick the habit.

You couldn't prospect much when snow and ice blanketed the north, so Hardy ran traplines for several furbearing species during the Alaska winters

Yakutat Bay, in a small native village with ocean on one side and glacier-capped mountains on the other. With a keen interest in their customs and history,

He joined up with partners, hunted and fished to keep fed, staked claims, hauled in material for assays, and hoped for the best. Like for most people, prospecting wasn't profitable for Trefzger, but once hooked, he couldn't seem to kick the habit.

to earn income until the next season. He settled at

he learned and shared a great deal about the Yakutat

Indians.

Hardy Trefzger pretty much did it all. In addition to the prospecting and trapping, he was a taxidermist, commercial fisherman, U.S. Commissioner, big game hunting guide, and even tried his hand at fox farming on a couple of the islands. His adventures included being stranded for weeks at a time with nothing to eat but clams, battling a raging storm that almost sunk his boat, being believed drowned and written off for dead, and surviving a severe mauling by a bear.

Just one turn of events led to half a century of wild living in the frontier of Alaska, and if he were still around to tell us, I bet Hardy would maintain it was all worth it. And heck, he even found a partner who gladly joined him in the north and they raised a family.

Although the original is an expensive, rare find, "My Fifty Years in Alaska: Hunting, Fishing, Prospecting, Guiding, Trading and Trapping" has been recently published as an ebook and audiobook. I listened to the audiobook version, which was read by a computer, but it sounded so realistic you could hardly tell. How the world continues to change!



Jeremiah can be reached at jrodwood@gmail.com. For more on Alaska adventure check out his book, "More than Wolverine: An Alaska Wilderness Trapline".

Hardy the Prospector



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Salmon Stories

Many years ago, while ice fishing alone at Seboeis Lake, I caught a mystery fish through the ice. It was a salmon, sort of. But it looked nothing like the fat, sassy landlocked salmon that I had come to know from my winters at Seboeis Lake. It was a big, kype-jawed male, but

the lakes and quickly got very skinny and most died within a few months. A few lasted into the spring and anglers caught some but they had the shape of a smelt."

I never did solve the Seboeis Lake riddle, nor did I ever catch another one like it at Seboeis Lake.

cinating sub-surface video of Atlantic salmon vying for spawning rights with some smaller landlocked salmon at the lake outlet in November. (Check out his Utube footage at Maine Freshwater Exploration).

If you are a curious sort like me, all of this begets the question: How

If you are a curious sort like me, all of this begets the question: How many of these Atlantics are actually getting up the Penobscot River tributaries and into Maine lakes? Historically regarded as an anomaly or a fluke, is this fisheries event more commonplace than we once thought?

a malnourished fish with more head than body.

Hmmm, I wondered to myself. "Could this be

Looking back, in context of what we now know, my mystery fish may well have been an Atlantic salmon

many of these Atlantics are actually getting up the Penobscot River tributaries and into Maine lakes? Historically regarded as an anomaly or a fluke, is this fisheries event more commonplace than we once thought? So far this year, a little over 200 Atlantic salmon have been counted at the fish passage counting station on the Penobscot River. When you think about it, isn't it a wonder of Nature that these spectacular fish can make it so far from the sea and bridge so many barriers, natural and man-made, and wind up in



The author and his wife Diane on a salmon river in Newfoundland

Photo by: Fred Hurley

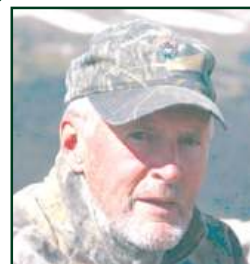
an old broodstock fish that the state put in the lake just to get rid of, which had been done before in some other bodies of water?" According to state fisheries biologist Greg Burr, "In the 1990s the Atlantic Salmon Commission gave IFW some captive broodstock that they were not going to use any more for egg production. We then stocked a number of waters with these retired brood Atlantic salmon in late fall. Waters like Branch, Eagle, Mopang, and a few others received them. They did not do very well in

that had somehow migrated its way up the various waterways into the lake. A few years later, an ice fisherman on West Pond of Ebeemee caught a fish that was confirmed by a fisheries biologist to have been a bona fide Atlantic salmon.

Then, just this winter, a woman fishing at Schoodic Lake caught a large salmon through the ice. That fish was also later confirmed to be an Atlantic salmon by the Enfield fisheries biologist. And interestingly, Jason Smith, an underwater drone hobbyist from Milo, has some fas-

Outdoors In Maine

by V. Paul Reynolds,
Ellsworth, ME



one of our northern inland lakes?

Another question that came to my mind was: "Will Atlantic salmon breed with landlocked salmon?" Why not? DNA wise, they are identical fish. Greg Burr again. "Landlocked salmon and Atlantic salmon can spawn with each other, but

usually Atlantic salmon spawn earlier than landlocks. Usually Atlantics spawn around mid September and landlocks spawn at the end of September and into November. This is why Atlantic salmon biologists always worry

(Salmon cont. on pg 30)

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Aroostook Woods & Water

by Mike Maynard,
Perham, ME

My new favorite pastime: whacking illegal immigrants. It's perfectly legal to kill an illegal. Doesn't matter how big or how small they are, just whack em' and go look for another one! It started out as a minor vengeance tour thing, but quickly escalated into a full-blown Jihad after my first whacking. Now I'm a convert to piscine ultra-violence. There is a compelling historical context for this behavior, one just needs to do a little digging. In fact, it was Pope Urban II who called for the eradication of all illegal immigrants in a speech he gave at Clermont in 1095. History has falsely implied that Urban's speech was about freeing Outremer from the Saracens, it wasn't. Read between the lines, people;

it was a call to arms to go forth and kill the invasive white perch wherever you found him.

It's true! I read a lot of weird stuff from that

These things were sooo easy, it was like shooting fish in the proverbial barrel. Find a pod of them and every single cast would pay off. And it was obvious when a whitey would take the 'fly'.

period so I've got a pretty good handle on what they really meant to say. Honest, you can trust me on this. It happened like this...

It actually hit 80 degrees up here the other day. That's like, hotter than the surface of the sun for us County folk. It was all we could do to struggle out onto the deck and drink cold beer while watching the surface of the lake ac-

tually boil (from heat, not fish). No self-respecting trout or salmon would have been caught dead high up in the water column that day, so we decided to take out our miseries on a bunch of illegal immigrants. We grabbed a couple of 4wt.s, some goofy looking bead-head, marabou, soft-hackle

...jig things, and jumped into the boat.

We motored up to the head of the lake, a spot where the illegals were known to congregate in their attempt to convert this once pristine cold-water fishery into a low-rent den of degenerative, low-class, warm water habitat (now that may sound like a dig at warm water fishermen, but I don't think it is; but I

may be wrong).

These things were sooo easy, it was like shooting fish in the proverbial barrel. Find a pod of them and every single cast would pay off. And it was obvious when a whitey would take the 'fly'. They hit like a ton of bricks and fought like Mike Tyson. The bigger ones actually taking line and running away with it. Great fun. When a yellow perch would bite, it was like towing in cordwood; no fight whatsoever. Chub, same thing. If a fish could be classified as a 'milque-toast mauler', it would be the chub. There's no limit on whiteys so we caught buckets of them. The smaller one we just whacked on the head and fed to the Eagles that were watching from a big pine on shore. The bigger ones, and there were plenty of eleven-to-twelve-inch fish, were filleted and consigned to a couple of big Ziploc bags until we have enough for a proper fish fry later

this summer.

Early morning and in the evening were the best times to catch whiteys. During the heat of the day they, too, would disperse, only to reform into family groups as the water temperatures moderated. It was almost like a school of piranhas'. You felt like if you fell in you were a goner.

Even though they don't have any teeth to speak of, they could probably gum you to death. They're vicious little creatures. Dead, coal black eyes that held no emotion, only signaling a lethal intent. Or, maybe they'd just stab you to death with their ungodly spines. These things make the pig-stickers on horn-pout seem trivial by comparison. Trying to wrassle a monster, 12" whitey into the boat took two of us. One to distract him while the other guy snuck up behind him and whacked him over the head. If you

(Whitey's cont. pg 25)

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Letters

(Cont. from pg. 8)

The Solar Farms

To the Editor:

I was glad to see your article, the Solar Farm Paradox. My first job was as a coal miner in Virginia and last one as a developer of a natural gas power plant in Birdsboro Pa, just outside Reading Pa.

I also worked for BP developing wind farms on previously mined coal property. I have a good idea about what the optimal power plant solution is for lowering CO2 and emissions while maintaining the baseload power we need. You really hit home talking about the disruption

solar plants have to nature, animal corridors, not to mention they displace trees that capture CO2 and sequester carbon.

This week some Next Amp sales guys came buy and signed my 93 year old mother up for their solar power project, promising 15% on her bill. Knowing that it would be interesting she sent them to my house. I gave them a blast for preying on a senior and sent them packing. I called Next Amp and undid what they did. This is the same scheme, different operators, in my home state. They sign you up promising savings and months later they jack your bill above what Versant is currently charging. It's all

legal but it's wrong. Its been going on in Pa for over 10 years.

If your interested I would be happy to chat with you about power on any other Maine topic. I am a Pa native, but I love Maine and want to see the best outcomes for its natural habitat and citizens.

Your power bills are growing and they don't need to be.

Ted Leisenring
Berwyn, PA



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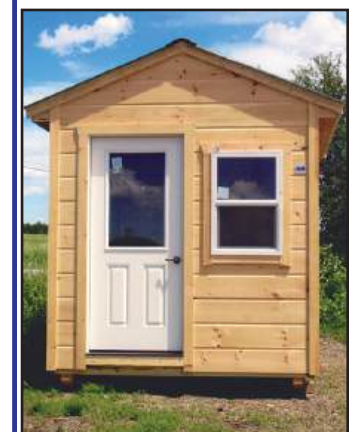
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Maple Country Outdoors

by Ben Wilcox,
Essex, VT

In 10 years of owning my guide service, I've had the privilege of guiding thousands of wonderful anglers of all ability levels. Many anglers come to me

portion who are simply on vacation and want to give fly fishing a try. Three common mistakes anglers of all ability levels struggle with are approach, line control,

Three common mistakes anglers of all ability levels struggle with are approach, line control, and accuracy, regardless of skill level.

specifically to help them up their game, often in Euro nymphing, another solid portion hire me because they are new to the area and have not quite figured out trout fishing in the northeast. Some want to be shown around new rivers and explore new areas, and then there are a

and accuracy, regardless of skill level.

The first mistake I want to cover is in the approach. I could write articles for days just on different aspects of approach, but the most common issue is that anglers of all abilities will forever want to cast to the other side of the

river. The grass is always greener on the other side right, or in this case the trout are always on the far bank? It seems like this attitude is baked into the human DNA.

I encounter very very few anglers who don't fall into this trap. If I let my clients, 90% of them will walk right through the inside seam or stand in the pocket that once held fish in order to cast the good looking water on the far bank. The result is trout swimming for their lives, thus, often spooking the next trout. Suddenly the whole pool or run is on edge before a cast is even made, making them a little tougher, tho not at all impossible to catch. Try looking at the water and asking yourself, if I was standing on the other side of the river, would I want to cast to this side? The answer is often yes. The same thing happens on a lake, the people in boats all want to cast to the bank and the people on the bank all

want to cast to the middle of the lake!

Second is poor line control. Poor line control is responsible for more missed and lost fish than maybe anything else and

retrieving line. Common issues are inability to manage fly line when casting, failing to properly transfer fly line from line hand to rod hand, too much slack on the water, mending,



The author with a trophy wild VT brown trout. No mistakes can be made with fish of this caliber.

is one of the harder things to master. While beginners struggle mightily, experienced anglers brief loss of line control cost them opportunities at fish very often. What do I mean by line control? The act of managing slack, tension, leader positioning, and fly line both when casting and

and poor stripping of fly line during the retrieve or while fighting fish. Every one of these issues requires concentration and good mechanics. Practice until muscle memory takes over. Poor line control effects the most important aspects of fly fishing; presentation, strike detection, hook setting and fighting the fish. Long story short, if you cannot manage your fly line, you cannot successfully fly fish. It is as important as fly casting.


With an emphasis on line control in the back of your mind, and your approach spooking fewer fish, the last issue is accuracy. Rivers and lakes are dynamic environments and being able to put the fly in front of fish is paramount. I often start on a bigger pool, or wide riffle with clients. In these situations landing your fly within 10'

(Mistakes cont. pg 41)

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Me & Joe

(Cont. from pg. 17)

My fears seemed justified a few weeks later when me and Joe drove into Mooseleuk to pick up some roofing nails at Houndstooth Hardware. We were re-shingling Joe's woodshed and had run out. It was payday at the saw-mill and people were walking the boardwalks and entering stores all along the street.

As we stepped up onto the boardwalk in front of the parked Jeep, I saw Claude Lawsuit approaching from up the street, a much smaller man in tow. The two men stopped a few feet away and Lawsuit grinned, a look of triumph on his broad face.

"Well, Joe, it really pains me to have to do this," he said, although a smile gave the lie to his statement. Along the boardwalk, people stopped to stare and listen.

"You really should have made me that fly rod," Lawsuit continued.

"Couldn't," Joe said calmly.

Lawsuit bristled. "Why not?"

Joe eyed him thoughtfully. "I don't do no work fer a man I cain't respect."

The lawyer seemed to swell up, flushing to the ears. He got control of himself with an effort. The empty smile returned.

"Well, it's too late anyway. I mentioned to you before some problems with your land on Beagle Pond, but you just brushed it off. I'm afraid the problems have come home to roost." He waved a hand at the small man beside him.

"The town clerk and I have been going over the tax records."

Abner Hackle waved

a hand feebly. "Hi Joe..."

Besides his part time job as town clerk, Abner ran a small fishing tackle shop out of his house.

"Howdy, Abner," Joe nodded at him. "Got them brown grasshoppers tied for me yet?"

Abner brightened. "Yes I do, an' I also got some variations on a green drake that I think you'll..."

"Mr. Hackle!" Lawsuit interrupted. The little man stopped abruptly and swallowed. The lawyer smiled again.

"As I was saying, we were examining the tax record and, guess what?" He spread his hands in a 'what can you do' gesture. "You haven't paid taxes on that parcel of land for nearly seven years!"

Around us, people on the boardwalk stared, then glanced at Joe with looks of compassion. In rural Maine, paying taxes was often difficult and nearly everyone had been late on property taxes a time or two. But seven years was a long time.

Lawless continued to smile benignly. "Now, usually, some agreement can be reached about payments over time, but, unfortunately, there's another little statute in town regulations." His smile broadened. "It seems that when a tax bill isn't paid after three years, the property is acquired by the town. Then they, in turn, can sell the property. In my own generosity," he looked around at the people on the street. "I've agreed to pay the back taxes and take ownership of the property, in order to prevent hardship to the town."

I was appalled. I stared at Joe, but he just looked at Lawsuit thoughtfully. The lawyer continued, his smile

turning nasty.

"If you have anything left on that property, I would suggest you remove it forthwith."

And, as for the Boy Scouts...well I'm afraid they'll have to find somewhere else to hold their little camping trips. I have plans for that lot; plans that include a series of very expensive summer homes for some of my friends.

Joe eased out his sheath knife, and Lawsuit took a hasty step back. But Joe simply carved a split fingernail. He looked at the result with satisfaction, before lifting his gaze to the two men before him. Abner squirmed uncomfortably, while the lawyer openly gloated.

"Now, less me git this straight," Joe said thoughtfully. "Jist because I wouldn't make you a fly rod, you're threatenin' to take that land as punishment? That about it?"

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way," Lawsuit said soothingly, "but I'm not just threatening... I'm already doing it."

"Nope," Joe sighed and slid the knife back in its scabbard. "Yer not."

"I'll have you know, this is all perfectly legal! All that's necessary is..."

"I don't blame you, Abner," Joe interrupted. "You ain't use to these legal shenanigans. I guess

my mistake was thinkin' Lawsuit, here, was a better lawyer than he actually is."

Lawsuit scowled ominously. I'm one of the finest lawyers in northern Maine. My reputation is irreproachable..."

"You'll likely have a different reputation after this," Joe said, "at least, around here." He sighed. "You checked on my purchase o' the land. You checked on my tax records. Tell me, Mr. Bigshot Lawyer, did you ever check on land transfers?"

A look of concern finally showed in Lawsuit's eyes. "That doesn't pertain to this issue."

"Fraid it does." Joe glared at the other man. "If you'd bothered to check, you'd have seen I give that land to the Boy Scouts eight years ago. Nice folks that they are, they let us camp on it time to time." He turned suddenly to Abner Hackle.

"Abner, the Scouts own a couple of land parcels here'bouts. They late on any taxes?"

Abner beamed. "Oh no, Joe, they're all paid up on everything."

Joe turned his stare to the lawyer. "I think that about takes care of the situation, don't it Lawsuit? Or you got somethin' else you want ter share with the crowd."

Claude Lawsuit swal-

lowed nervously as he glanced around at the people who were now looking at him as though he were something that had crawled out from under the boardwalk.

"Well, I...that is..." He finally straightened and frowned again at Joe. "You may have won this round. But I'm not done." He started to turn, "And I told you before, to move that wood you have piled on my land. If I have to see the county sheriff..."

"Oh, yeah, about that lot line," Joe said. Lawsuit stopped and looked at him.

"What about it?" "You have a survey done?"

The lawyer smiled. "I didn't have to. It had already been done and is on file. Oh," he waved a deprecating hand. "Old Edgemont Wimp took me around and showed me the boundaries...the big maple by the water...the rock pile near the road...rather quaint, really."

"Yeah, that was ol' Edgement, all right. Quaint. But he was a little loose with his definitions of the boundaries. Didn't matter much when it was jist me an Edgement." Suddenly, Lawsuit's face lost all expression.

"You shoulda asked to see the actual pins. They're

(Me & Joe cont. pg 30)

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Young Blood

by Jake Guay,
Phillips, ME

I was in the woods, out behind my house. It was almost sunset, on a warm day sometime shortly after turkey season. Earlier that day, I was out in the woods hunting for squirrels when I saw a massive, brown bird silently gliding through thick trees while being chased by a horde of angry crows. I was so intrigued that I had to step outside again after shooting light, to see what was afoot among the trees.

Bats were flitting almost uncontrollably in the air, squeaking and flapping along with the annoying sound of newly-hatched mosquitoes. The sky was a vivid shade of pink, and it was changing rapidly. I sat down on a nearby rock under a softwood tree. All was quiet. I took a deep breath, and made the very best barred owl call I could muster. I was proud of it. At the end of the whoo-cooks-for-you cadence, I rolled my uvula against my tongue to finish the sound

with a rumbling growl, just like the real thing.

Before I called again, a response was issued from near me, on the other side of the field that I could barely see from my rock. I waited longer than I would have liked (a skill honed by years of turkey hunting), and then I loosed a lonely, two-note hoo-ah with the same growling finish. In the fading daylight, I thought I saw a flicker of movement between some birch trees in my periphery. When I moved my head to catch a glimpse, the huge, winged shape moved once more, and the mysterious bird was revealed to be a barred owl in flight, lit by a dying sun. It slipped through the trees on wings with brown and white barring, so quiet that one would be oblivious to its presence had they not first seen it on the wing. It found a tree and perched close to the ground, with its silhouette dark against the now reddish sky. We watched each other from afar. For a solid 10 minutes, I watched the owl

cautiously twist its giant, nightmarish head and move its body somewhat like a chicken, if I ignored the enormous mask of feathers and almost entirely different bone structure.

After a few more minutes I hooted again, suddenly becoming acutely aware of the massive softwood bough directly over my head. The bird waited for the appropriate time gap to pass before its im-

After a few more minutes I hooted again, suddenly becoming acutely aware of the massive softwood bough directly over my head. The bird waited for the appropriate time gap to pass before its impressive form convulsed as it leaned forward and began a drawling series of hoots.

pressive form convulsed as it leaned forward and began a drawling series of hoots. The source of the chanting sounds that kept me awake all through the month of May was before my eyes, making sounds that frequented nightmarish dreams and early-morning turkey hunts. A short while later, it flew closer to me. So close, now, that I could see its alien facial disk, boasting two inter-rotating eyes that favored

shiny black stones washed smooth by a river. Its lemon-yellow beak peeked through just below its two massive eyes, on the only part of its face where the feathers faced each other. Where they met, the feathers formed a peak down the lower portion of the owl's face. Greyish crescents made up of small feathers radiated outward from the two soul-piercing orbs, giving way to a mainly

white, with thick, brown barring angled horizontally. For several minutes, it stared at me through the screen of fir needles, flexing the bones in its skull and positioning its uneven earholes to better detect the sound of my breathing.

I knew what it was, but despite all its naturally developed advantages, I was a puzzle to the majestic bird. Eventually the novelty wore off, though I don't quite know how. I waited until I couldn't resist, and then I started wiggling my foot like a mouse. The owl turned its head acutely and looked at my foot, and then, with no forewarning, flew off to trees unseen, leaving me stunned. Now I was just a dude sitting alone in the woods, at night, feeling a bit ridiculous. Needless to say, I went home quickly.



Jacob Guay is a homeschooled teen who loves creation as much as he loves to write. In 2020, he made the MASTC record books with a spring tom scoring 68.375. Curious readers can learn more by emailing him at jag-uay26@gmail.com

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Fishing writer John Punola, who has appeared in the Northwoods Sporting Journal, passed away on June 3rd in his home state of New Jersey. Punola was in his nineties. He wrote many fishing books, gave fishing lectures, and appeared on outdoor TV shows and on the radio program Maine Outdoors, hosted by Sporting Journal Editor V. Paul Reynolds. Because shad fishing was one of his favorite angling pursuits, Punola came to be nicknamed "The Shad Man." Punola was a member of the Veazie Salmon Club.

Crossbows

(News cont. pg 6)

models within each brand. Prices run the gamut from about \$200.00 all the way up to \$2,500.00. Legere says, “You can obtain a reliable compound crossbow, such as Killer Instinct for \$300.00. Some of the brands of crossbows carried by the Kittery store are Excalibur, PSE, Bear, Wicked Ridge Raven, Killer Instinct, Mission, and Ten Point.

Carr says that among the three choices of crossbow types, the compound crossbow is the biggest seller.

According to Carr, there are two standard methods of cocking a crossbow. The most common is the rope method for cocking the bow. The other is the mechanical cranking device, which is available in some fashion for most crossbows.

As a rule, compound crossbows, which tend to have draw weights in the middle 100s, will send an arrow, or a so-called “bolt,” much faster than a conventional bow, sometimes in excess of 400 feet per second.

Carr does not buy in to the popular notion that crossbows, unlike conventional bows, don’t require a lot of practice. “Good hunting ethics dictate that even crossbow hunters practice, and get to know their bow and their own individual shooting capabilities,” says Carr. “As a rule, crossbows, with their higher energies, can give a practiced shooter an option to take game at longer distances. But the increased speed of a crossbow is not

enough to beat a spooked deer’s senses, resulting in a poor shot and wounded game. Similar ranges to that of a vertical bow are always best.”

Legere makes the point that smart crossbow buyers will give their decision a lot of careful thought and homework, just as though you were buying a hunting rifle. In order to make the wisest purchase, with so much to choose from, visiting a sporting good outlet is advised. In talking to an informed sales person, who can walk you through all the options, you need to consider the type of game you will be hunting, whether you will be in a ground blind or tree stand, and your own experience and physical strength.

With Maine’s new crossbow law, that now allows most any archer to hunt any archery season with the crossbow for the first time, sporting goods stores in Maine, like KTP, are expecting a lot of buyer interest in the possibility of buying a crossbow before the fall hunting season.

Finally, both Carr and Legere emphasize this point to anyone who purchases a crossbow: “It is imperative that all new crossbow owners follow the bow’s operation manual to the letter. The warranty is only good if buyer’s do so.” For example, if something goes wrong, even with a new crossbow, the warranty is only good if you adhere strictly to the manual such as the use of factory bolts as recommended by the particular manufacturer.



Whitey’s

(Cont. from. pg 20)

didn’t tag team them, they drew blood, every time. If I’m going to keep trying to reduce the surplus population of whiteys around here, I’m going to have to buy one of those medieval chain mail looking gloves so their dagger-like dorsal fins don’t shred my hand.

These fish are ridiculously accommodating; virtually any small, slightly weighted fly will get their attention. The flashier, the gaudier, the better. These things are such a cheap date. A little glitz, and you score. There’s a name for fish like this, but since this is a family magazine I won’t write it. This is where I can see not being embarrassed to have a handful of bead-head, #12 mop flies in my box. Well, I mean, they would be in a separate box, not the boxes with the real flies, and mostly hidden under the seat of the truck lest some other self-respecting fly fisherman saw them. But yeah, weighted mop flies, in chartreuse, are deadly.

One side benefit to catching all these illegal immigrants is that I get to work on my filleting skills. Which, are not all that great on these small fish. First I had to dig out a smaller filet knife. Then I had to put a razor’s edge on it. Boy, that drew blood, too. I kind of made a hash out of the first few fish, but what hell, enough beer batter and a couple of tasty beverages, and no one will see my work. Anyway. If you’re looking for fun in the summer doldrums, go find a school of white perch and catch them all!

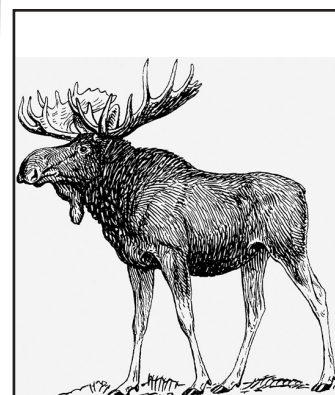
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(Cont. from. pg 13)

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(YouTube video @ Nishine Lure Works Fishing Tips)



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Winners**

News

(Cont. from. pg 12)

on the Kennebec River in Embden.

James was attempting to walk out to a gravel bar out in the river, when he lost his footing and fell into the rushing water. James’ waders quickly filled with water as he was not wearing a wading belt, and the swift water washed him downstream.

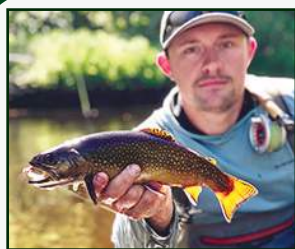
Jarod removed his waders and jumped into the water in an attempt to save his father. He was able to get to James, but the added weight of the water-filled waders and swift current made it impossible to get James back to shore. Jarod was forced to swim to shore and eventually made his way to an ATV trail where he was able to get a passerby on an ATV to call 911 at about 8:30 a.m.. Anson, Solon, Madison, and Skowhegan Fire Departments all responded to the scene and quickly located James, but he was unresponsive. James was taken to Dan and Scott’s Funeral Home in Skowhegan.

New Hampshire Moose Permit Auction

The annual moose hunting permit auction helps fund Fish & Wildlife Department educational programs, such as the Green Mountain Conservation Camps for youths.

Three (3) permits will be auctioned for Vermont’s moose hunting seasons (Archery Only and Regular). The permits are valid for hunting in Wildlife Management Unit E in

(News cont. pg 38)



Angling, Antlers & Artifacts

By Jake Scoville,
Machiasport, ME

Myron 'Duke' Johnson Jr. was born on May 14th, 1915, in the small fishing town of Bucks Harbor, Maine. His parents were Harriet Hodgdon, a descendant of the founders of Boothbay Harbor, and

called Grampie. From the '20s to the mid-80s, he was an accomplished hunter, angler, trapper, and expert outdoorsman. Grampie was a larger-than-life figure who only stood about five foot eight inches tall.

Myron's early life was marked by a deep passion for trapping, but it wasn't all fun and games. As the Great Depression set in, trapping became a means to a livelihood. He would set and check traps before heading to school, with the cash from his furs helping to support his family.

Myron Johnson Sr., a ship captain and former officer in the Coast Guard. Myron Jr., my paternal great-grandfather, was a figure I only knew for the first eight years of my life. I knew him as a soft-spoken storyteller, but it wasn't until after he passed in 2001 that I truly understood the legacy of the man we affectionately

He was the epitome of a Downeast legend.

Myron's early life was marked by a deep passion for trapping, but it wasn't all fun and games. As the Great Depression set in, trapping became a means to a livelihood. He would set and check traps before heading to school, with the cash from his furs helping

to support his family. I'm lucky to be in possession of his school project from 1929. The project was a binder filled with cutouts of articles, illustrations, instructions, and notes on hunting, trapping, catching, or shooting nearly every North American mammal, fish, and bird. The binder provides a unique glimpse into the world of a 14-year-old kid growing up at the onset of the depression in rural Maine.

As I mentioned, Myron's early life was consumed by living as a trapper, and that dedication continued well into adulthood. After he passed, my father filled his 'man cave' with memorabilia and heirlooms left behind by Grampie. The room was loaded with guns, antlers, and hundreds of old traps that I could barely keep my eyes (and hands) off. A museum of times gone by, if you will. The crown jewel was a Winchester Model

1894-30 WCF (now known as a 30-30). The rifle was

bought new by Myron Sr. in 1926. The Duke acquired



Photo of Myron, the author's grandmother when she was about three years old, with the family hound and his beloved Model 94 at the Peaked Mountain Cabin in 1946.



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the rifle one Christmas break after he trapped two mink. Each mink pelt was worth about 25\$, equivalent to one month's pay. He traded his father one pelt for the rifle. Myron Sr. sold the mink pelt and used the 25\$ to "live it up" as Grampie described. After years of adventures, that rifle still functions as smoothly as it did in 1926 and hangs proudly in my home office as one of my most prized possessions.

During the 1940s and early 50s, Grampie manned a fire tower on Peaked Mountain, located west of Wesley and north of the

(Duke cont. pg 27)

Duke

(Cont. from pg 26)

Airline Road (Route 9) in Township 24 MD. Only a 40-minute truck ride from Machias today would take hours in 1945. Every summer, Myron would load his wife Elsie, two daughters, and his hound into their Model T Ford and head to the small log cabin at the mountain's base. The family would spend the summer in the remote Downeast wilderness as Myron took daily trips to the fire tower to watch for smoke. During those summers, he participated in a bounty hunt for black bears. Individual counties could set bounties on bears with no bag limit or season length from 1941 to 1957. My grandmother recounts unforgettable encounters with bears while walking to and from the tower with Myron. Bears of all sizes were taken if the chance presented itself. Not only did they encounter bears on the trail, but often, bears would end up at their cabin and sometimes without Myron being home. Elsie and their hound played the "hero" role on several occasions. Elsie fired at bears, attempting to paw their way into the skinning shed, and the family hound would tree problematic bears, allowing Myron to bring the girls back to safety after a run-in. They lived in a different time, a different world, in fact. Surrounded only by nature with little comfort from the modern world.

My family is fortunate to have a collection of photographs showing Grampie posing with deer, trout, and small game. He is often pictured near a small log

trapping cabin, usually in the winter, boasting his fur and beloved Model 94. That cabin's location is a mystery, only adding to his mystique. The stories and romance are what consume me. I wish I could have listened to Myron chronicle his pursuits for myself. Everyone who met Myron agrees that he could tell a tale with the best of them, and since he isn't here to share them, I'll try my best to carry the torch. Stay tuned for more on the legend of Duke.



Jake Scoville can be reached at jacobysco@gmail.com or on Instagram at @jacobysco



In 2019, 12 year-old Logan Sousa chocked up this grand slam.



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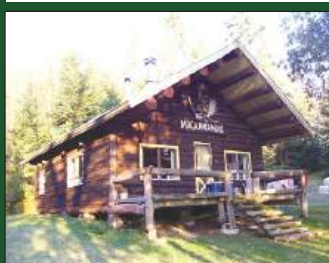


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Women In The Woods

by Erin Merrill,
Portland, ME

In October, I met Jim Shockey during his stop at Cabela's on his book tour. We talked writing, the outdoors and hunting. He invited me to come up to his Pacific Rim Outfitters on Vancouver Island and hunt spring black bears. I

my bags and change before my guide R.J and cameraman Ryan, whisked me off to sight in the rifle that I would be using. It was Jim's father's Remington 700 300 Win Mag with a Leopold scope. Empty shells littered the ground,

He turned and ran up the next hill. R.J made loud huffing noises in an attempt to peak his interest and get him to stop. And he did. The bear turned broadside for a moment at 48 yards, to look behind him and I squeezed the trigger.

couldn't say no.

The gray, rainy weather reminded me of working in Bar Harbor with fog obscuring the spectacular views. I had only a few minutes in camp to drop

evidence of past shooters.

R.J placed the target at one end of the gravel pit then joined me and Ryan.

"It is not sighted in so don't worry if you're off" R.J said to reassure me.

I found the target in the scope and squeezing the trigger. I watched the top right corner flutter.

"I think I'm high and to the right," I replied, lowering the gun.

R.J paused looking through his binoculars, "I think it's a bullseye." I just laughed. I don't hit that well when I am aiming at animals. The three of us walked to the target and in disbelief, there it was. One shot. In the center of the bullseye. R.J smiled, "Looks good to me. Let's go hunt."

It was almost 6 p.m. as we turned off the pavement and on to the dirt road. The rain had stopped and the clouds were clearing. Bear hunting on Vancouver Island is spot and stalk, a method that I had never done before. I was not sure what to expect but quickly realized it was a



Once the rifle was zeroed, we were off on the hunt.

cross between the way we moose hunt and interact with deer; drive the roads

looking for bears and when you see one, they will either stop and look at you, take a few steps before stopping to look at you or hightail it far away from you. We saw three bears and some stunning country before returning to camp that night.

The next morning, we headed to the opposite side of the island to hunt. The dirt roads, high in the

(Bears cont. pg 29)

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Bears

(Cont. from pg 28)

mountains, were narrow with nothing stopping us from plunging over the edge. A few times, I had to look inside the truck to get my mind off the sharpness of the cliff next to me. Parts of the terrain reminded me of the novel "The Great Glorious Goddamn of It All" by Josh Ritter, which highlights the lives and deaths of the early lumberjacks attempting to cut massive trees from the sides of the mountains.

Ryan, R.J and I saw one bear in the morning and decided to glass from the top of one of the mountains. Fog and rain set in as we reached the peak so we ate cold turkey and cheese sandwiches in the truck and planned our afternoon. We would hunt down by the water as the tide went out and then slowly make our way back to camp.

I was grateful for all of the permethrin clothing I had on! Black flies and no-see-ums hovered all around me as we sat watching for a black mass to appear in the grass. I took it all in; the large forest and ferns that we walked through to reach our spot and the open, beautiful meadow that we watched for hours. It was about 4 p.m. when we decided to move on to the next spot.

As we came around one corner, there was a bear in the road. It turned and ran but not fast enough for us to think he might be in a full on run. R.J parked the truck and we decided to walk a bit. Perhaps we could sneak up on it and get a shot. Paw prints along the side of the road showed that the bear had gone a ways before it slipped into the thick brush. Ryan asked

us to continue walking so that he could take photos and videos of us. The sun was almost in our eyes as we crested the first hill. In the same way you can hear a deer walking, we could hear a bear.

R.J and Ryan knew that I didn't care what sort of bear I shot. It could be half bald from rubbing off its winter coat and I would still shoot it. R.J had me stop and we set up for the bear to walk out into the road. We could hear it behind a berry bush 20 yards away. Ryan stood off to my left, recording the entire thing. I took a big, deep breath and looked through the scope. An all-black face appeared. Completely black.

He turned and ran up the next hill. R.J made loud huffing noises in an attempt to peak his interest

and get him to stop. And he did. The bear turned broadside for a moment at 48 yards, to look behind him and I squeezed the trigger. Through the scope, I watched him jump sideways and spin into the thick landscape. Nine seconds. From the time that I saw him poke his head out to the time that I shot him was just nine seconds.

Ryan and I waited while R.J walked back to get the truck. We celebrated and watched the video. Thirty minutes later, they were taking more photos and skinning the bear out in the woods and cutting off as much meat as we possibly could to bring back to camp. The wonderful thing about having guides is that I hauled the guns and extra gear out of the woods while Ryan carried the bear hide and R.J carried a pack

filled with almost 100lbs of meat. I tried the pack on before we loaded it into the truck; had I been the one to haul that out of the woods, I would have ended up like a turtle on my back unable to move. Three cheers for capable guides!!

The entire camp celebrated, toasted the hunt and watched the video. R.J, Ryan and I shared our perspective of how it happened and enjoyed the fact that my tag was punched and we could relax. It will truly be a trip that I will always remember!

For more details and more photos, visit my website!



Erin is a member of the Professional Outdoor Media Association, Outdoor Writers Association of America and the New England Outdoor Writers Association. She is a senior writer for Drury Outdoors' DeerCast. You can read about Erin's adventures and contact her at www.andstrongcupofcoffee.com

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Me & Joe

(Cont. from pg 23)

there.” Joe held up a finger. “Wait right here a sec.” He walked over to the jeep and reached in the back, drawing forth a large rolled-up paper. A look of trepidation came over the lawyer’s features. Joe walked back and began to unroll the paper.

“This here’s a copy of the actual survey. I got it from the town office, didn’t I Abner?”

“Yessir, Joe, you surely did! ‘Bout a month ago,

it was!”

Joe shoved the unrolled plot copy in front of Lawsuit’s face. “If you look close at the actual boundaries, you’ll see they’re a might different. In fact,” he pointed closely to an item on the map, “it looks like about nine feet o’ yer new garage is on my property.” Lawsuit went deathly pale. Joe rolled the plot map back up.

“I figure to give you about ten days to move that buildin’, or I’ll have it torn down an’ charge it to you.

That’s also part o’ the town ordinances, if you care to check.”

Lawsuit appeared ready to blow a gasket. He seemed about to speak, then clenched his fists at his sides, turned, and stalked off down the boardwalk. As he passed, one bystander clapped his hands together once, then twice. Others began to join in and shortly a thunder of applause echoed down the street, where Lawsuit began to hurry away faster and faster.

I scowled at Joe. “You might have let me in on

your little secrets.”

He grinned slyly. “Aw, heck... it was as much fun watchin’ you as it was watchin’ Lawsuit.” He eyed me closely. “‘Cept the lawyer seems to have higher blood pressure.”

“Listen here...” I began. But Joe had already turned toward the door to the hardware store.

“Let’s git them nails,” he said shortly. “Enough of this fun. We got work to do.”



Salmon

(Cont. from pg 19)

about landlocked salmon superimposing their redds over the top of the Atlantic’s redds.”

We know that the ancestors of Maine’s landlocked Sebago salmon once lived at sea. If you watch Jason Smith’s video footage of the Schoodic Lake spawning ballet, the largest of the male leapers is a



fin-punched Atlantic who is competing with male landlocked for the spawning rights. This means that possibly in a few years, the salmon you catch at Schoodic Lake, could be the mixed progeny of a landlocked fish and a sea run Atlantic.

Who would a thunk it?



The author is editor of the Northwoods Sporting Journal. He is also a Maine Guide and host of a weekly radio program “Maine Outdoors” heard Sundays at 7 p.m. on The Voice of Maine News-Talk Network. He has authored three books. Online purchase information is available at www.sportingjournal.com Outdoor Books.

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The Mighty Thresher

200 million years before the first dinosaurs ruled the land, sharks were hunting the ancient oceans. Early sharks appeared on Earth during the late Ordovician Period, 450 million years ago, but it wouldn't be until the Carboniferous Period, 359 million years ago, when diversity in the shark world blossomed. The "Golden Age of Sharks" faded with the close of the Permian Period, 250 million years ago,

of the Gulf of Maine. August is shark month. By late summer, toothy pelagic predators have returned to our waters - blue sharks, shortfin makos, porbeagles, great whites, and common threshers.

Blue sharks are scrappy, curious, and more than willing to take a bait. Providing fast action on charters, they are an accessible introduction to big game fishing. Makos, relatively less common than blues,

el sharks. Interestingly, Lamna stems from Lamia, a feared half-woman half-serpent predatory creature of ancient Greek mythology. The order encompasses many families, including Lamnidae (porbeagles, makos, and great whites) and Alopiidae (thresher sharks). In geologic time, Alopiidae are newcomers to the oceans, appearing in the fossil record 55 million years ago. With their hallmark tail, one can only imagine the fear and wonder of early mariners upon witnessing the narrow, serpent-like "whip" of a hunting thresher slashing and slicing the surface.

Thresher sharks are harmless to humans, feeding upon mackerel and herring. They often hunt along contours and favor proximity to a "hard bottom" like porbeagles, rather than a "mud bottom" like blue sharks. Once a thresher eats a bait, the shark will typically sound towards the bottom similar to a gi-



Maine Tails

By Jonah Paris,
Ellsworth, ME

ant bluefin tuna. If the 16/0 circle hook is still firmly lodged in the corner of its jaw after the deep plunge, and the line has not parted, the thresher will employ its next trick. The rod will abruptly unload, and the

but this time it is scoped out horizontal off the stern rather than vertical. This is when I suggest any onlookers reach for their cameras. The thresher will race to the surface, splash, whip its tail, and reload for another



A thresher shark nears the boat before being released.

Photo By: Jonah Paris

Occasionally, a spirited thresher hooked on the line will completely clear the water like a marlin. (Free-jumping threshers are another sight to the lucky fisherman.) If the angler remains attached to the fish after the surface show, the thresher will then dart to the boat and swim towards the bow.

when a mass extinction killed off many species. Enduring five mass extinctions over the past 450 million years, sharks as a group have persisted and adapted in a dynamic marine ecosystem, allowing them to evolve into one of the planet's top predators.

For as long as humans have taken to the sea, they have recounted stories of great leviathans. Beasts of the depths became legend and lore to generations of wide-eyed mariners. Even today, many would argue that we continue with an innate fascination for large fish.

For an offshore charter boat in Maine, ground-fishing is the "bread and butter" fishery throughout much of the season. However, as the blueberries ripen DownEast, another offshore fishery cracks wide open in the warming waters

provide great sport, blistering runs, and aerial acrobatics. A mako charging into the chum slick will scatter any blue sharks. Like makos, porbeagles are powerful denizens of the deep, more than willing to peel drag and test an angler's back and arms on stand-up gear. The big brother of the porbeagle and favorite of the media, the great white, roams the Gulf of Maine and pays little attention to recreational anglers. An 8-foot white shark unexpectedly swam into our drift last season while groundfishing, and appeared more interested in inspecting the boat than the haddock coming over the rail. Thresher sharks, a physical anomaly, are especially unique.

Most sharks in the Gulf of Maine belong to the order Lamniformes - known as the macker-

line will come slack. Most anglers initially assume the tackle has failed or the shark has shaken the hook. After being instructed to reel as fast as they can, the line will come tight again,

run.

Occasionally, a spirited thresher hooked on the line will completely clear the water like a marlin. (Free-jumping threshers (Threshercont. Pg 38)

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Basics Of Survival

by Joe Frazier,
Bangor, ME

Here in Maine we have blackouts/power outages often, usually in winter. By planning and organizing before it happens, you and your family will be better able to take it in stride.

Start with a “Storm box”; a shoe box sized plastic container with your basics that you keep on a bookshelf. You should have a couple flashlights, a camping headlamp for hands free working, some spare batteries, and a checklist you have made of supplies you have and things you want to remember to do. Glow sticks are handy as well, especially for kids.

Assuming you don’t have a generator, the first 24 hours are pretty easy. Your house will retain heat and the only thing you need to worry about is food in your refrigerator. Refrigerator food should be fine for one day without power, if you don’t open and shut it. Your freezer should be good for 2-3 days depending on how full it is. A chest freezer should be good for several days also.

Each person in the house should have their own small flashlight. You will want a battery oper-

ated lamp, and some board games, books, or art supplies to pass the time. Keep in mind if you have a well, you also have no water with no power.

If you have kids who don’t adapt to change easily you should have a “No Light Night” once a month or so. To get them used to blackout conditions. Shut off all electronics and lights and act the same as if there was a total blackout. This is also a good time for blanket and pillow forts in the liv-

Carbon monoxide is colorless and odorless, you will not know it is building up until you are in serious danger. That is why you need a detector in what ever room you are in. Symptoms of CO poisoning are headaches, dizziness, weakness, confusion, vomiting, and chest pains.

ing room.

You will want to have a battery operated radio that has am/fm as well as weather band. Be sure any battery packs you have for phones are charged up now, before the blackout. It is easier if all your lights, radio, etc. run on the same batteries. AA is easy to find and one large pack will last a long time.

Basic hygiene is important. Keep hand sanitizer and baby wipes available for washing. If you have

baby bottles, keep dish soap and bleach available to clean and sanitize.

Take inventory of all your camping gear and where it is kept, that is your blackout gear as well. Sleeping bags will help keep you warm and a propane cook stove or BBQ grill will heat water and food. Hot water bottles will keep you warm most of the night without flame or active heaters.

If you are using a flame heater be sure to have a fire extinguisher and a carbon monoxide/smoke detector in the room where you are using it. Whether

you have a kerosene or a propane heater, be SURE it is designed to be used indoors. Never leave a heater going when you are asleep. The same goes for candles and oil lamps, never leave a flame going unless it is in a fireplace.

Always read the owner’s manuals for your heaters and equipment. If you have a generator it has to be a MINIMUM of 5 feet from any window or door, the farther away the better. It is best if it is installed

by a professional. Your generator should be able to run your furnace, your refrigerator, and your well pump if you have a well. Never run any kind of engine inside your house or garage.

Carbon monoxide is colorless and odorless, you will not know it is building up until you are in serious danger. That is why you need a detector in what ever room you are in. Symptoms of CO poisoning are headaches, dizziness, weakness, confusion, vomiting, and chest pains. If anyone experiences any of these symptoms every-

work as well. Purify this water before you use.

In a worst case, you should know how to drain all your water pipes and have RV antifreeze for your sink and tub drains. This will protect your pipes from freezing and cracking if you don’t have heat for a few days. YouTube can explain this in greater detail.

Look after any medication, especially if it is temperature sensitive. Keep your first aid kit handy as well.

Be sure to remember your pets, they need food and water as well.

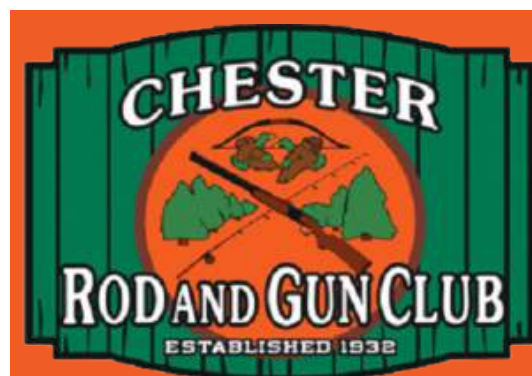
You can conserve supplies (heat, light) if everyone moves into one large room, such as the living room.

If power is out long term, you will need a small amount of cash on hand. ATMs will not work and stores may only accept cash. Keep small bills because it may be hard for the stores to make change.

With proper planning, a blackout can be just another day.



Joe is a husband, father, author and Marine. JoeFrazier193@gmail.com



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Sighting In the Old Deer Rifle

Well, it's that time again. Time to head to the gravel pit and sight-in your hunting rifle. I would like to offer some tips or

or good binoculars and a solid rest. I like bean bags or sandbags under the front and under the pistol grip.

Some people prefer a lead sled or similar apparatus. I personally do not, especially with wood stocks. These devices put the entire recoil pressure on the contact points between the stock and action. This could

shortcuts that could help simplify the process and even save some precious and costly ammo. Like so many other things, a little preparation can make the activity a smooth experience.

First on the list is to make sure you understand the adjustments on your scope. Most scopes are calibrated in inches. Scopes are calibrated based on 100 yards. The adjustments are 1/4 inch clicks at that distance. In other words, if you wanted to move your point of impact 1 inch higher, it would require 4 clicks in an upward direction based on the graphic on the adjustment knob. Equipment needed would be a flat blade screwdriver, optics like a spotting scope

cause wood cracks. Further, the rifle is designed to operate with the flex interaction of a human shooter. Point of impact can be significantly different between a rigid rest and shooting the rifle by hand. Hearing protection is also critical to protect your ears and safety glasses to protect your eyes. Targets with one inch squares and highly visible bulls-eyes are also part of the plan. A large target board to mount the target to is a real plus. It should be white or spray painted white for visibility.

Now that you have all the materials, the process can be very simple. For most modern hunting rifles a 100 yard zero is recommended. Start the process at 25 yards. If you

are shooting a bolt action rifle, remove the bolt. Place the rifle securely on the bags. Look through the barrel and align the bore with the bulls-eye on the target. Now carefully look through the scope and adjust the crosshairs to the bulls-eye. This should get

Now that you have all the materials, the process can be very simple. For most modern hunting rifles a 100 yard zero is recommended. Start the process at 25 yards. If you are shooting a bolt action rifle, remove the bolt. Place the rifle securely on the bags. Look through the barrel and align the bore with the bulls-eye on the target.

you close. The next step is to take a shot at 25 yards. Adjust as needed to bring the point of impact about 2-1/2 to 3 inches above the bulls-eye at 25 yards. When this has been completed, you should move your target to 100 yards. You should be pretty close. Fire one shot. Once you have found the hole with your scope or binoculars, secure the rifle once again in the shooting bags. Focus the crosshairs on the bulls-eye now without moving the rifle. Move the crosshairs until they are on the bullet hole you just made. Do this carefully and deliberately and your second shot should be a bulls-eye; or at least very close. For most modern hunting rifles, like .308, .30/06, .270 etc, sighting about 1-1/2 inches high at 100 yards will allow you to aim dead on a deer from the muzzle out to about 225 yards.

If you are taking shots beyond that range, you should have practiced and know your rifle's trajectory at those extended ranges.

Guns & Ammo: A Guide's Perspective



by Tom Kelly,
Orient, ME



There are a couple of cautions here. Sight your rifle in with exactly the same ammo that you are hunting with, same brand, same weight and same bullet style. This makes a big difference. Always shoot your gun before the season. Just

Tom is a Registered Maine Guide. He is the owner/operator of Shamrock Outfitters in Orient Maine with his wife Ellie. He is a retired police officer as well as a retired manager from two major

firearms manufacturers. He is an NRA Certified Instructor as well as a Hunter Safety Instructor in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts. You can reach Tom at Shamrock Outfitters (207) 694-2473. Please visit our Facebook Page: Shamrock Outfitters and Properties and come visit us on East Grand Lake.

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The Maine Woods

Matt LaRoche,
Shirley, ME

Eagle Lake is one of the true gems of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway. The lake offers outstanding fishing for brook trout, lake trout (togue) and whitefish. Beautiful, remote campsites are scattered along the shoreline of the lake. These sites offer outstanding opportunities for quiet and solitude.

Big Eagle- as it is called by the locals, is

My personal favorite campsite is Zigler, located on the eastside of the north basin of the lake. There are two camping cells nestled within towering pine trees that dominate the site, trees that are hundreds of years old.

9,500 acres in size and has a maximum depth of 124 feet. The water quality is ideal for togue and brook trout. The many tributaries that flow into the lake provide extensive spawning and nursery habitat for brook trout. It has a large volume of deep cold water with abundant dissolved oxygen throughout the hottest part of summer that is a perfect environment for lake trout. Brook trout over 20 inches in length and 10- pound togue are not

uncommon.

The one of the largest togue that I have ever caught was taken in the north basin of the lake in 1980. That fish weighed 10-pounds and was 31 inches long! I can remember that day like it was yesterday. I was trolling with lead line off the north shore of the lake, but the wind blew me off course and I ended up out in the

middle of the lake.

When I hooked on to that fish, I knew I had a good one. It came in pretty easy as I reeled the fish along the bottom. When I started bringing him up, the fight was on! Several times, I would reel up a color of lead line, then the fish would take it back down. This went on for about half an hour before the big togue finally gave up- and came to the boat. When the fish saw the boat, he went all the way back down to

the bottom and we started all over again. It was quite a struggle, but I eventually netted my prize togue. Little did I know that this would be the biggest togue I would catch for the next 35 years!

The campsites on Eagle Lake are some of the nicest sites on the waterway. On Thoreau's third tip to the Maine woods in 1857, he made it as far north as Pillsbury Island. The campsite on the west side of the island is named for the famous naturalist.

My personal favorite campsite is Zigler, located on the eastside of the north basin of the lake. There are two camping cells nestled within towering pine trees that dominate the site, trees that are hundreds of years old.

There is a beautiful spring at Zeigler campsite that overflows with ice cold water. The water is so cold, that it immediately condensates the outside of your water bottle. The water tastes wonderful, but should be filtered or purified before drinking.

The two authorized canoe access points for groups wishing to enter Eagle Lake are at Churchill Dam from the north and Indian Stream from the south. You can also portage to Eagle Lake from Chamberlain Lake at Lock Dam and the Tramway. During

the months of May and September, access is allowed to the lake at John's Bridge for day use only.

If you visit Eagle Lake, there a few "must see" attractions. The trains and tramway are located

your list of places to visit. It truly is one of the jewels of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway.

If you have questions about planning a trip to Eagle Lake or the AWW, see the waterway website at:



about halfway down the south basin of the lake on the west shore. The two rusting locomotives sit only a couple hundred feet from the shoreline, but you can't quite see them through the trees. The actual location is marked by a beaver house. The coordinates for the trains are: N46°19'22.8" W69°22'29.9".

There is a ¾ mile scenic hiking trail up Second Ridge that starts at Pump Handle Campsite; a beautiful, secluded two-mile sand beach in Russell Cove to explore; and Smith Brook flowage is a great place to see wildlife, especially moose.

If you haven't been to Big Eagle Lake, add it to

www.maine.gov/allagash. There is a video series and a Google Earth link that you will find very helpful. If you still have questions after reading the information on the website, give me a call at: (207) 695-2877 or send me an email at matt.laroche2877@gmail.com

Matt LaRoche is a retired Superintendent of the Allagash Wilderness Waterway, owner of Maine Woods Guide Service and an avid outdoorsman. He can be reached at 207-695-2877. See www.maine-woodsguide.com

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The New Pup

In my last column, I announced the arrival of nine-week old Fenton River Mac, our new German shorthaired pointer puppy. Here's a recap of the first month at his new home.

Mac comes from a very well-established breeder. He had already been crate trained and had significant socialization. In a new environment, he initially had peeing in the house issues, however, that was quickly stopped with frequent visits outside. He quickly learned that

a puppy catches the bird, they then think that catching a bird is more fun than pointing the bird. That encourages chasing rather than pointing. Why waste time pointing if you can chase and catch a bird. That's so much more fun than standing still. The lesson: Don't use birds that your pup can chase and catch.

The intro to birds, using chukar, went very well. Mac gave us a very nice point on his very first bird. A stylish point with

Last weekend, Susan took Mac to an informal training day. Mac got to interact with many of his littermates. Susan said they



The New Pup

romped and rolled in the grass just like they did when the litter was still together. It was great fun for all the puppies.

At the training day, all pups were shown birds. Susan was thrilled that Mac continued to demonstrate his genetics with two perfect points. As pointing dog owners, no matter what age, we never tire of seeing our dogs point. That's especially true with a puppy.

We're not sure if we'll show him any more pen-raised birds. August is a perfect month to show your puppy wild birds.

good conformation. Both Susan and I were elated. He did chase when the bird flushed, however, that's fine. Getting him steady to the flush will come later.

The first bird encounter went so well, we decided to plant another bird. However, if all went well, we would also introduce gun fire. Mac pointed, Susan flushed, Mac chased and I fired the starter's pistol. He turned and looked back at me, however, showed no signs of fear. He went back to chasing the bird, which he never caught.

Susan is also taking Mac to weekly puppy class. Puppy class gives your puppy an opportunity to interact with several different breeds and temperaments. Both Susan and I highly recommend it.

"hurry-hurry" meant to pee outside.

Susan truly enjoys training a new puppy. She quickly had him sitting before he could start eating his meals. And, he quickly learned his release command "super". Recall is good but needs a little more work. We worked on recall using food as an incentive. We may have stopped using the food a little too early. We'll get it done.

With any pointing dog, we're anxious to discover his natural instincts. We went to a local bird hatchery and picked up four chukar. Both Susan and I like to use chukar for training since the pup(s) usually can't catch them. Often the problem with pen-raised quail is they can easily be caught. When

Both woodcock and grouse broods can fly well in August. We don't have grouse behind our house, however, we have plentiful wood-

cock numbers. Wild birds are the key to having a good hunting dog. And, we want Mac to be a good hunting dog. And, he will.

When training your puppy, remember the four golden words: patience, persistence, repetition and consistency. Those words will put you on the right track toward a fine hunting partner.



Paul and his wife, Susan, are co-hosts to the *Bird Dogs Afield* Tv show. Past episodes can be seen on their website www.bird-dogsafield.com



On Point

by Paul Fuller,
Durham, N.H.

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View From The River

by Laurie Chandler
Bremen, ME

A misting rain had come and gone that gray and chilly afternoon. The weather suited our somber, reverent mood. It brought home the significance of this place, this moment. We were in Bayeux, France at last. Lance is a veteran, a former paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne. For him, this was truly a pilgrim-

green grass, crisply edged, shone bright in the damp. Flowers, a riot of color from an English cottage garden, softened the rows of white stones. Each bore the carved insignia of the soldier's regiment, as well as a personal epitaph written by loved ones. Tears came for both of us as we wandered and read them,

Altogether, we visited four of the five invasion beaches, three cemeteries, and many museums. Everywhere were memorials, monuments, and statues with story after story of unbelievable bravery and sacrifice.

age—and a great honor to be in Normandy as the 80th anniversary of D-Day approached.

The Bayeux War Cemetery—the largest WWII Commonwealth cemetery—was our first stop, and a powerful one. The American cemetery, with its precise rows of white crosses and Stars of David, will forever symbolize the war for us. However, the British cemetery was equally moving.

Beneath spreading chestnut trees, all was peaceful and quiet. Pure

some for boys of only eighteen.

At the going down of the sun and in the morning, we will remember him. May the sunshine you missed on life's journey be found in this haven of rest. Or these oft-seen words from the poem "The Soldier," by Rupert Brooke: There's some corner of a foreign field that is forever England.

More than five hundred of the 4,258 fallen are from other countries, including many Germans. The Commonwealth War

Graves Commission was founded on the principle of "the community of sacrifice," where men of all ranks and nationalities would be buried together in the lands where they served.

Our rental vehicle gave us the freedom to explore the picturesque countryside. Time and again, we

people gathered. Veterans, active-duty service members, and vintage vehicles—Army jeeps and motorcycles and every type of truck imaginable. C-47 transport planes rumbled overhead. More than once, a convoy of old Army vehicles would roar past, opening a window straight into history.

church steeple, a reminder of the perils of war and its moments of mercy. Private John Steele played dead for hours that fateful night, while two armed German soldiers stood at a window just feet away. Eventually realizing that the American was alive, they took him prisoner, rather than kill him in that sacred space.



remarked that it must be little changed from eighty years ago. Roads narrow to pass through villages, hugging flower-brightened walls. The buildings, of cream-colored limestone, still wear their orange terracotta roofs. The rolling fields sport brown-speckled Normande cows, whose rich milk brings life to cheeses like Camembert and our favorite, Neufchâtel.

Altogether, we visited four of the five invasion beaches, three cemeteries, and many museums. Everywhere were memorials, monuments, and statues with story after story of unbelievable bravery and sacrifice. Day by day, more

In the early morning hours of June 6, 1944, more than twelve thousand paratroopers from the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions dropped into Normandy. Their mission was to open and secure key routes for the movement of troops inland from the beaches. Many landed far from their drop zones or were shot or drowned on land intentionally flooded by the Nazis.

To the 82nd Airborne, no place is more sacred than the village of Sainte-Mère-Église and the strategically crucial La Fièvre bridge. At the church, in the village square, we looked up, awed to simply be there. A replica paratrooper still hangs by his chute from the

Steele later escaped and ended up surviving the war.

The Stop Bar, on the square, is a must visit for paratroopers, papered with memorabilia from visiting military and first responders. The excellent Airborne Museum is also here. But the epicenter of the story lies at a small bridge across the Merderet River.

The Iron Mike monument looks down on the sleepy river with its yellow water lilies. The pastoral scene gives no hint of the past, of the four-day battle for what the monument calls "one of the most hotly contested pieces of ground in WW2." Here, a small

(Sacrifice cont. pg 41)

INSPIRING SOLO CANOE ADVENTURES
BY MAINE AUTHOR LAURIE APGAR CHANDLER

Books available for purchase at laurieachandler.com

When it Works

It was a lark, you might say. Janis had been ranging around for a birthday present for her husband, Rick when she hit on a fishing trip to Grand Lake Stream. Neither she nor Rick were what they'd call real fisher people, but it would be a new adventure, so why not?

They checked into Leen's Lodge in late afternoon, got settled into their cabin which was tricked out with a new bathroom, a comfy bed, and its own

tion, taking them whimsically wherever it wanted to go.

When I met them in the dining room the next morning, they were still talking about the food, which, they said, was not just great, but 4 star great. I made a mental note to share this with the chef. It quickly came to light that my party for the day had no tackle, no serious fishing experience to speak of, but despite that, were eager to learn. That's all a guide

high. Then, Janis said she wanted to learn to fly cast. Rick already had enough of a background on a spinning rod to begin casting, and in no time, he landed us some lunch fish.

Over time, I'd learned that simplification is the way to go with someone brand new to fly casting. Fly fishing jargon and speeches designed to impress them don't help. Part One, I said, was to keep the rod tip low, reach up and grab the line just below the first guide on the rod, and simultaneously raise the rod over head and pull that line back to your hip. I did a quick demo, she copied it, and then did it herself. "Hey!" she said when it all happened just the way it was supposed to.

Part Two, was to keep the line in your left hand tight, say some four-syllable word like "Mississippi" as the fly line unfurls behind you, then pull on the line with your left hand as you bring the rod sharply forward to present your fly. The rod tip ends up low to the water, right where it was when you began the cast.

Janis did that a few times until the fly line laid out straight in front of her. I gave private thanks that no fish took that fly to interrupt our lesson. Then came the fishing part. I showed how to trap the line against the cork handle on the rod with her right hand, and strip line behind it with her left hand. She saw how that made the fly jump and swim. That's when the lesson was interrupted. A pound and a half smallmouth that thought it was a five pounder took



The Singing Maine Guide

by Randy Spencer,
Grand Lake Stream, ME

the fly and Janis let out an involuntary screech. With coaching, she led that fish to the net and posed for a picture.

Rick had been watching studiously all along. When it was his turn, he had a jump on things from watching Janis. From then on, they took turns fly casting and spin casting. Not only did no one get hurt, but fish were landed all day and that special connection between fisher and fish materialized before my eyes. For all the fish hooked that day, Rick and Janis had themselves been hooked. It's a very old story, but if you let it happen, it is practically guaranteed.

That was two years ago. Now, Rick and Janis have added days, and

friends to their trip, which is no longer just annual, but includes return trips in the fall. No, it's not a new story. It's the story of what happens when both lodge and guides do what is easiest of all to do in this game: just don't get in the way, and a memorable, epic trip for the guests is almost inevitable.



Randy Spencer is a working guide and multiple award-winning author. His books are available on Amazon, his music on all streaming services. Reach Randy at randy31@earthlink.net

For all the fish hooked that day, Rick and Janis had themselves been hooked. It's a very old story, but if you let it happen, it is practically guaranteed.

wifi! When they came to the dining room, the sun was just beginning its descent over West Grand Lake, and for the next two hours they remained mesmerized by the changing colors, both of the sky and of the lake. It was the perfect backdrop for meandering conversa-

needs to hear.

We headed out onto West Grand Lake with fly rods and spinning gear in the middle of the smallmouth bass spawning period. Cruising shorelines, I began to point out the nests which shone like pie plates when the sun was



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Thresher

(Cont. from pg 31)
are another sight to the lucky fisherman.) If the angler remains attached to the fish after the surface show, the thresher will then dart to the boat and swim towards the bow. If still hooked, a thresher often takes a second deep dive and rolls in the steel leader. If the thresher can close the distance between itself and the main line, a quick snap of its muscular, abrasive tail - half the length of the shark's entire body - against the 100 lb.

monofilament will free itself from the angler. If not, the thresher is brought boatside. After a few photographs and moments of admiration at the tenacity and physique of such a creature, the leader is cut at the hook, and the thresher returns to roam its sea.

Threshers frequently overwhelm our 50-pound class stand-up tackle - standard shark gear suited for sporty fights with blue sharks, makos, and porbeagles. The heaviest threshers that we have encountered, estimated at over

600 pounds, have been shockingly close to shore, often in water less than 20 fathom, and within five miles of land. When we incidentally hook a thresher while tuna fishing, a large one can test the integrity of 130-pound class gear.

A few years back, an older tuna fisherman harvested a large thresher and brought it back to the dock. He generously gave away slabs of meat and bags of steaks to everyone at the marina, and there was still too much left over. Admittedly, the steaks

were delicious grilled up and remarkably similar to swordfish in both flavor and texture. However, like many apex predators, common threshers live long and grow slowly. Catch, photograph, and release of these top predators is critical. Threshers can live up to 50 years, reach sexual maturity between ages 9 and 13 years old, and only give birth to a few live pups at a time. The days of hanging sharks back at the dock for a photo have passed. Instead, we tag many of our sharks for scientific

tracking research. There are plenty of healthier and more sustainable species in our waters for the dinner table. Some fish are too impressive to be caught just once.



During the summer, Jonah is first mate aboard the Teazer in South Portland, Maine. Jonah can be reached at jonaheparis@gmail.com

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News

(Cont. from pg 25)

the northeast corner of the state during the October 1-7 archery season, or in the October 19-24 regular season.

There is a minimum bid of \$1,500.

Moose Auction Deadline:
Wednesday, August 7, 2024

Bids need to be received in the Vermont Fish & Wildlife Licensing office no later than **4:30 pm on August 7**, to be eligible for this year's auction. Bids will be opened and winners notified on August 8.

How to Make a Bid

Bids must be submitted on the Department's Moose Permit Bid Form available by calling our licensing division at 802-828-1190 or emailing Cheri.Waters@vermont.gov.

Eligibility

Winners of the moose lottery for regular or archery moose and auction winners are not eligible to apply for a moose permit or to participate in the moose permit auction for five years. If you won a permit within the last five years, you are not eli-

gible to apply this year or buy a bonus point. Also, anyone who has held a valid moose permit in any of the previous five years cannot be designated as a subpermittee.

Vermont Hunter Safety Courses

Who can take an in-person course?:

- Anyone of any age, gender, experience level, race, ability, etc. may take an in-person hunter, bow-hunter, or trapper education course. However, the courses and the homework are conducted at a 6th grade reading level.

- In order to pass the class, students must pass a written exam, display maturity with a firearm or bow, and conduct themselves safely during the class (most especially with firearms). Certification is at the discretion of highly-trained instructors.

- If you require an accommodation to successfully complete your class, please contact our office at 802-828-1193 or e-mail HuntEducation@vermont.gov

(News Cont. pg 59)

A Couple of Fish Stories

A "Sure 'Nuff" Fish Story

This unusual tale was first published in the Ellsworth American, then republished in the Maine Sportsman in October 1895.

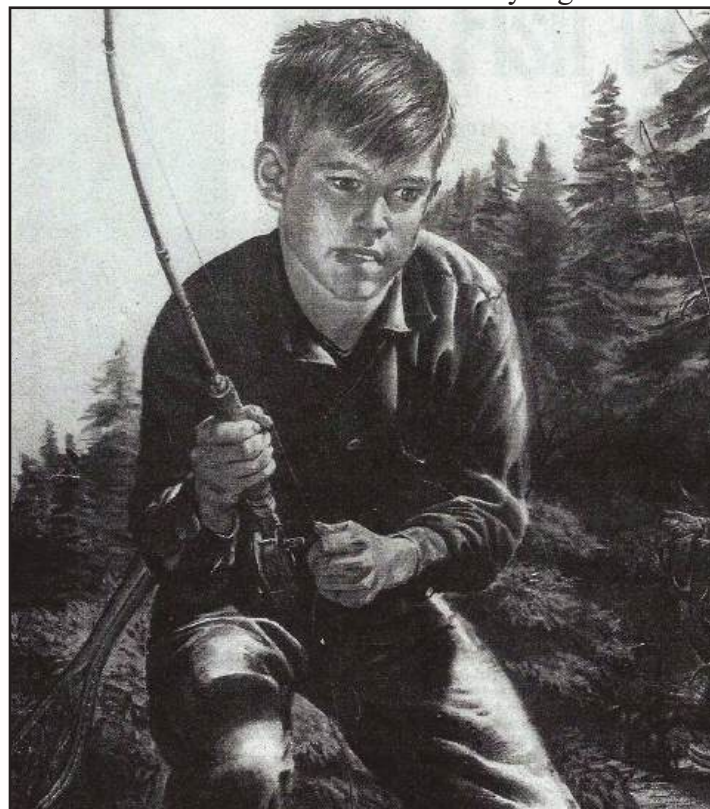
"We give every one fair warning that this is a fish story. More than that it is a story of a fish with legs. Now all who are not prepared to believe may stop right here, for this is a true story, and to doubt it would

which was breathing his last. In unison with the opening and closing of the gills something having the appearance of legs was stretched out from the fish's body. He called to his companion to see what manner of he had caught, but that individual calmly remarked: "Oh, that's one of those trout with legs I was telling you about: they're all that way in this pond."

Examination proved

caught by the Ellsworth man were exhibited at Bangor. He will not say that the trout may still be caught. Possibly they have taken to the land and walked off."

The Trout Liar



This article, which describes the human nature of lying about fishing, is from the Maine Mining Journal of July 7, 1882.

"There are several kinds of trout liars. The liar of weight, who never catches more than half a dozen trout a day, but they each weigh anywhere from five to ten pounds. Then there is the liar of numbers,

who always catches so many dozen in one hour and twenty-eight minutes.

Old Tales from the Maine Woods

by Steve Pinkham
Quincy, MA

with trout, and he takes you under many oaths of secrecy by stealthy and circuitous routes to these places, and you fish in them for eight mortal hours without a nibble. But you can never corner a trout liar. Arithmetic, facts, science, probabilities, precedent, general principles and the eternal fitness of things may combine in overwhelming array to prove him the awfulest liar in England or America; it doesn't disturb him. He lies on, calmly, confidentially, enthusiastically, always locating the scenes of his lies so far away he is pretty certain you will never go there."



Steve is an avid hiker, paddler, and historian, having collected over 40,000 Maine Woods articles to date.

be to question the veracity of one of Ellsworth's best citizens, a man held high in the esteem of his fellows, and whose word is good. This is the story as he told it to the American reporter:

"Some years ago, he was employed in lumbering on the West Branch of the Penobscot. His camp was at North Twin Lake. In camp with him was a man who declared he had caught trout with legs. Of course, he was laughed at, but bided his time to prove his story. One Sunday he proposed to the Ellsworth man a fishing trip. It was a ten-mile tramp across country to the pond he wished to visit, but that was considered but a short jaunt to these woodsmen experienced in the use of snow shoes.

The trip was made, and in the course of a few hours' fishing, a dozen or more trout were caught. As the Ellsworth man stopped to pick up his fish, he noticed something peculiar about one of them

this to be a fact. Each fish was supplied with six legs—three on each side—which folded so closely to the body as to be hardly noticeable, except on close inspection. But they were legs sure enough. The pond where these remarkable fish were caught is situated on Saddleback Mountain. It is a small pond, covering only about twenty acres, and has neither inlet nor outlet. It is said there is a similar pond on Mt. Katahdin where the six-legged trout are caught. The fish

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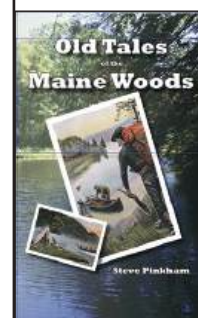
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Old Tales of the Maine Woods



Steve Pinkham

Maine Woods Historian, Author and Storyteller

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The Gun Cabinet

by John Floyd,
Webster Plantation, ME



When the big Dutchman arrived in bear camp for the kickoff of the 2023 season, his reputation preceded him. Many of the clients in camp had heard the amazing tale of the European hunter's 2022 bear hunt and the hand cannon he uses – a Magnum Research BFR revolver chambered in .500 Smith and Wesson.

Little did we know at the time, but the big man and his big gun were going to make an even bigger splash this season. His name is Patrick Roos and here is the story.

During the 2022 bear season, Patrick became somewhat of a local celebrity around Tucker Ridge. Word got around fast regarding his 70 yard shot with an iron-sighted revolver.

He is an easy going

fellow with a funny sounding accent to a Mainer's ear. Frequent trips to Smith's General Store resulted in local folks congratulating him and chatting him up about life in Switzerland where he now resides.

The ladies behind the counter certainly got a kick

"Oh boy" I thought. I told him to stay in his stand as I unlimbered my Smith and Wesson .44 Magnum pistol from my chest holster and approached.

out of Patrick's many visits for American soda and candy. Fumbling through his wallet for a debit card that wasn't funded by Euros or Swiss Francs endeared him to the girls even more. Everyone he met asked me for months later if 'the big fella from Switzerland' was coming back next season.

He did, with a bang.

As dusk settled and

the bear woods darkened on opening day of last year's season, I made my way to Patrick's tree stand to retrieve him. I was about 75 yards from his location when I heard him shout "Stop!"

I did; wondering what in creation is he thinking? "I shoot bear. I think is maybe good. He ran. Don't know where he is!"

"Oh boy" I thought. I told him to stay in his stand as I unlimbered my Smith and Wesson .44 Magnum pistol from my chest holster and approached.

I questioned Patrick on where he saw the bear last and why didn't he contact me? With a sheepish grin he admitted he was watching videos on his phone all afternoon and the battery was dead. Jeezum.

After passing him a flashlight to scan the area for a wounded bear from the safety of his stand, I picked up the blood trail by the site. Twenty yards later I walked up on the downed bruin. I relayed to Patrick that he could get down and to come to my voice.

Looking at the huge

paws and massive head on the big boar, I was confident we had a new camp record at Tucker Ridge. And I was going to need more than just the big Dutchman's help getting this

of us to load the bear in the bed of my truck.

After field dressing and registering Patrick's bear, we arrived at Swan's Custom Meat Cutting to drop off the bear for pro-



The Dutchman (left) and the author with the handgun bear dressing at 335lbs.

bear out.

Nearly an hour later, Patrick and I had the bear out by the tote road where my truck was waiting. After two attempts to load the bear, I handed him all the bottled water I had in the truck and had him rest while I travelled back to camp for help. It took four

cessing. Word had already gotten out and we had a small group waiting to see the dressed weight.

I announced that our previous camp record was set in 2018 with a boar that dressed out at 326 pounds. We all took guesses at the

(Dutchman cont. pg 41)

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Dutchman

(cont from pg 40)

weight before the owners Bruce and Deb Swan hoisted the bear.

"335 pounds!" exclaimed Bruce. We officially had a new camp record. Many congratulations and back slaps were offered to Patrick as he grinned ear to ear.

And just like that, as the big Dutchman doubled down, he once again became the talk of the town... and Tucker Ridge.



John is a Registered Maine Guide, an NRA Certified Instructor and is the owner of Tucker Ridge Outdoors in Webster Plantation, Maine. He is also an active member of the New England Outdoor Writers Association. Reach him at john@tucker-ridge.me or on Facebook @tuckeridgeoutdoors

Sacrifice

(cont from pg 36)

group of paratroopers held off German Panzers with a bazooka and not much else. No enemy troops ever succeeded in crossing the bridge.

There are many such places, all sacred to someone. At Pointe du Hoc, by Omaha Beach, the walk to the top of the 100-foot cliffs winds among massive artillery craters and abandoned German bunkers. From the top, the magnitude of courage of the Army Rangers who scaled these cliffs needs no words. Beside me, a tall, young Ranger in camo bowed his head beneath the simple granite pylon called The Dagger.

On the eve of the invasion, General Eisenhower wrote these words in a letter to the soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the

Supreme Allied Expeditionary Force. "The eyes of the world are upon you. The hopes and prayers of liberty-loving people everywhere march with you." Today, eighty years later, it is evident that the gratitude and memories of liberty-loving people everywhere still march with those brave men. We will never ever forget.



Laurie Apgar Chandler is the author of Through Woods & Waters, which provides an adventurous look at Maine's Katahdin Woods and Waters National Monument, and Upwards, the story of her 2015 solo self-propelled thru-paddle of the Northern Forest Canoe Trail. To purchase the books, or read more about this journey, visit www.laurieachandler.com

Mistakes

(cont from pg 22)

of where the cast is aimed is often ok. We then will move into tighter pockets, riffles and runs where suddenly hitting a 1-2' pocket is required. Suddenly casters don't look like rockstars when they realize they cannot hit what they are aiming at.

Still water offers similar challenges. Simply because an angler is casting in a big piece of water does not mean that there are no targets. We all know fish relate to structure. The ability to land a fly within 1' of a submerged rock or inside the v of a downed tree will result in more opportunities. It is important to focus your eyes on your target. Studies have shown that advanced fly casters vary greatly when it comes to accuracy. By scanning the pupil of each caster it was determined that those who were able to focus most consistently on the target were more accurate. That sounds obvious, but the

study showed even elite casters eyes often tend to look at the fly, the line, or an overall area near the target, instead of staying locked on to it.

If anglers can work to mitigate these three mistakes, the result will undoubtedly be more fish to net, and more rewarding days on the water. Good luck out there!



Ben Wilcox is owner of Maple Country Anglers, located in Northwest Vermont. He was a member of the USA Fly Fishing Team from 2020-2024. He is a registered Maine Guide and graduate of the University of Maine. He also owns a large Maple Sugaring Business, Amber Ridge Maple. These occupations allow him to be in the woods or water nearly every day of the year. He can be reached at maplecountrysanglers@gmail.com, or on instagram @benwilcox_maplecountrysanglers



Seven year old Mackenzie Vieira reading the Northwoods Sporting Journal at her favorite hike in trout fishing pond in Northern Maine



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The Buck Hunter

by Hal Blood,
Moose River, ME



Congratulations to all you lucky moose permit winners. I'm sure those of you that are hiring a guide have done so by now and found one that will give you a good hunt. When I say a good hunt, I don't mean just killing a moose, whether it's a bull or a cow. Sure, you probably waited for some time to draw a permit, but that does not mean that you are entitled to a moose.

The moose hunt means different things to different people. For some,

about, the hunt itself. I don't mean the preparation or the organization of it, but the "hunt" itself.

There will be some people going on their first moose hunt and some who have never been to Maine. Those hunters might actually think more about what the hunt will be like, than the average "Mainer" who has an idea, either from already been on a moose hunt or from talking to somebody who has.

I've been guiding moose hunters for thirty-

guided other hunters who were just after the meat, and they were usually just thrilled about that. To me the most enjoyable hunters to guide, were the ones that wanted the adventure and killing a moose was secondary. These hunters were always relaxed and taking in everything from daylight to dark. I went out of my way to show them everything I could in the woods as I knew they appreciated all of it. Whether you're on a guided hunt or doing it on your own, be one of those hunters. After all, the hunt is really what it's all about. Killing an animal is just the conclusion if and when the time comes.

I had a hunter from Indiana who got drawn three times in a row. He drew the first year he applied and the other two times the first time after he sat out his two years as it was back then. The first year he shot a 63" bull, the second time he shot a 54" bull on Friday after trying all week to shoot a 50" + with his bow. The third time he came he told me he wasn't going to shoot a moose unless it was 60" and with his bow. We hunted hard all week and

Moose Hunt: Making the Most of It

passed up a lot of bulls, but could not find that bull of his dreams, but he went home happy with all the great encounters and experiences he had that week.

Another time, one of my deer clients (Joe) got drawn for a September hunt. I told him that we

patch of thick alders in the road, so I started to hurry through them. Well, I was wrong, the bull was in that road and had hurried towards us and we met in the alder patch. All we could see was his body coming head on. His antlers were up in the alders, and



The third time he came he told me he wasn't going to shoot a moose unless it was 60" and with his bow. We hunted hard all week and passed up a lot of bulls, but could not find that bull of his dreams, but he went home happy.

it's just about filling the freezer with meat, which certainly helps families that are struggling in this economy. Other hunters have dreamed about having a big trophy bull mount to hang on the wall. Both of these are equally good reasons, but too many people don't really give a lot of thought

five years and in that time, I have seen about all of it in terms of hunters. Some were the entitled ones, who thought that booking a moose hunt with an outfitter guaranteed them a moose. Don't be that person! I can't use the word "hunter" to describe those types of people. I've

would be in the thick of the rut action and he was thrilled. He told me on the drive up that he really didn't want to shoot a bull the first day and have to leave to take care of the meat. He wanted to have a great experience.

Opening morning, we walked from our tent camp down a winter road toward the low ground and bogs. We came to the intersection of another road that paralleled along the bogs. I let out a cow call and a bull immediately grunted off to our left. I thought he was in the woods and there was a

I knew they were big but I couldn't see the palms, just the brows. The bull stopped at 15 yards and I turned and said let's go. We hurried back the way we came because I knew that was not the hunt he wanted.

A couple days later, we woke to a dungeon of fog. As we worked our way down near those same bogs, there were cows bellowing and bulls grunting. It was exciting and I knew this was going to be the day. I started cow calling and a bull responded a

(Moose cont. pg 51)

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Ticks, Ticks, Ticks

Growing up in Maine I had hardly heard of a tick, much less seen one. In fact, it wasn't until I was in the service serving in Germany, in the mid-nineteen fifties, that I had my first tick encounter. I had been out for a week on a field exercise and was back on base in the shower for the first time. As I was enjoying the hot water I felt something on my shoulder. There were two ticks there, but apparently they had not

amount of white hair on him. The result was that I found several ticks on my body through the summer. It was a constant worry as I am well aware of the diseases that could be carried by them. One day I was browsing Amazon looking for tick-related products. There I found the kerchief, I call it his bandanna, that I could put on Sukey and it claimed to repel ticks. I didn't have a lot of hope that it would

manufacturing facility. Over the past 10 years, my husband and I grew our Maine based business, one customer at a time. Our first break came when one of our early customers, a Maine Game Warden, used our vest on his dog while hunting with his friend who just so happened to be a Buyer from LL Bean. The Buyer was so impressed with our vest that day, that he added in short order it to the LL Bean product line.

One day I was browsing Amazon looking for tick-related products. There I found the kerchief, I call it his bandanna, that I could put on Sukey and it claimed to repel ticks. I didn't have a lot of hope that it would work, but decided that, for the price, it was worth a try. That was a year ago and so far I have not found a tick on him or me.

been there long enough to get into me. I gave them a quick brush and off they went.

These days here in southern Maine we have an abundance of the pesky little arachnids and I have had my share of them. As I walk each day in the nearby woods to our home the trails are well beaten down so there is small chance of picking up a tick there. However, my dog, Sukey goes with me and he likes to wander off the trail to sniff a bush, leave his calling card or do some other doggie thing. The places he wanders is prime territory for ticks and they often jumped aboard. Sukey is protected with vet-recommended medication for ticks, but the problem was that the tick rode Sukey home and then managed to crawl off him and onto me.

It is hard to spot a tick on the dog because he is mostly black. I have spotted one or two in the small

work, but decided that, for the price, it was worth a try. That was a year ago and so far I have not found a tick on him or me. Because I was impressed I decided to look into the company that made Sukey's bandanna. I was surprised to find out it was located right in Skowhegan where Dot and I spent most of our teaching careers. The company is called "DOGNOTGONE" and their website is; www.dognotgone.com The following is quoted from their web page and pretty much explains what they are up to:

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In 2015, we introduced our new line of dog vests that feature No Fly Zone technology. The dog vests made with No Fly Zone material are a healthy additional way to protect against ticks and other insects. The permethrin is bound to the fabric at the Mill and is thus insoluble. Plus, only the minimum amount of permethrin required to remain effective against ticks is used. That is .52% compared to other products on the market that contain 45-60%.

In the end, our goal is to keep your dogs safe with our Made in USA high quality dog products.” There are a lot of other products available on the web site so check it out and see it for yourself. If it works as well for you as it did for me, you will not be sorry.

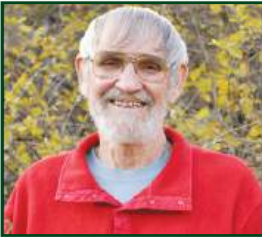


Gil Gilpatrick is a Master Maine Guide, and

Northwoods Voyager



by Gil Gilpatrick,
Brunswick, ME



is the first living recipient of the Legendary Maine Guide award. He is a life member of the Maine Professional Guides Association, a founding member of the Maine Wilderness Guides Organization, and served as a member of the England Outdoor Writers Association and is the author of seven outdoor-related books. Contact him at Gil@GilGilpatrick.com

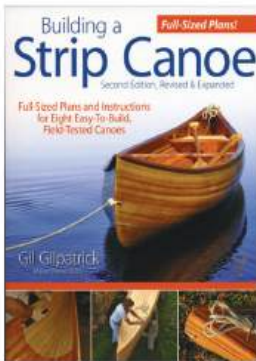


Sukey sits to show off his tick repellant bandana. It was made so the collar could slide through a slot, but Sukey wears a harness so Dot sewed it on.

England Outdoor Writers Association and is the author of seven outdoor-related books. Contact him at Gil@GilGilpatrick.com

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South Of the Kennebec



by Stu Bristol,
Lyman, ME

In a couple months readers will be overloaded with information on how to hunt wild turkeys in the fall, but right now, in the heat of the summer, is when smart turkey hunters will learn the most about behavior and vocabulary.

Grab a small fishing

wild turkeys utter over 250 different vocalizations.

From birth wild turkeys learn from the brood hens and each other how to communicate. Their high-pitch kee-kees are their first utterance together with several different variations of clucks and purrs.

From birth wild turkeys learn from the brood hens and each other how to communicate. Their high-pitch kee-kees are their first utterance together with several different variations of clucks and purrs.

rod and dig some bait and head out with a big bottle of insect repellent and go find a flock of turkeys and a pocketful of brook trout.

Veteran turkey chasers realize that the only time wild turkeys change their daily routine or habits is in the spring, during the mating season. With that fact in mind most novice or intermediate hunters practice or learn only mating calls when, in real life,

The same as with domestic fowl the poults engage in a pecking order with the strongest members of the flock dominating. What the serious hunter needs to learn is the different inflections of those basic vocalizations. The cluck, kee-kee and yelps will head the hunting call list in October but it's important to actually sit quietly and watch how the flock members behave.

From birth their brains are programmed to recognize the voice of the brood hen. For this reason many veteran hunters frown on using hen assembly calls during a fall hunt. Once again, I remind readers that hunters are play actors and, regardless of season, the hunter that is most successful is the one who not only sounds like a turkey but becomes one.

You might ask how one would get close enough to observe flocks in mid-August. This is a period of time when younger members of the flock are keyed to the brood hen. They make a lot of chatter and are easy to find either at the edges of meadows or in the open hardwoods.

I look down railroad tracks and up powerlines and along ATV trails for flocks. If the birds don't scatter at first sight of a human, they will simply scurry away and regroup. Move in slowly and most hens will allow humans to get less than 30 yards, and, if you don't act in a threatening manner, they will allow you to blend in and watch their routines.

Bring along a tape recorder or use the recorder in your cellphone to listen to later at home. Play back the vocalizations and try to imitate them exactly. These sounds won't change a whole lot in October.

Pay attention to their food sources and where they like to go up to roost. Keep in mind that all fish and wildlife prefer edges. Trees along a stream, softwood trees that grow as borders with hardwoods and trees with full leaf canopy at the edge of meadows.

Wild turkeys, especially the young of the year, need clean water and shade to survive the summer heat

Don't overstay your welcome. Listen, learn and test your calling ability then clear out and find a brook loaded with native brookies. Water levels should be going down and deeper pools should be productive. Look for upstream facing fish in the tail-outs. Keep a low profile.

I always work a stream from the downstream. Fish are usually looking upstream for food and it will



and humidity. You will often find the flocks along riparian or river flowages where temperatures are cooler and food sources are abundant.

Don't be afraid to softly test out your calling ability. The flock will either accept your offerings or move away. Then, as the days get cooler, try your hand at scattering the flock. This is the best fall hunting tactic but birds won't remember your attempts by October. Use soft clucks and kees to bring back flock members. (not assembly yelps)

be easier to present bait without weight. Most of the time you will actually see the fish hit your offering.

Summertime is crammed with all sorts of distractions like striped bass fishing trolling for salmon, laying on the beach and more. Those of us who take turkey hunting as serious as avid golfers or fly anglers, summertime is prime time for adding to our wild turkey education.



Stu Bristol is a Master Maine Hunting, Fishing and Tidewater Guide and veteran outdoor writer. His features have been published nationwide for more than 60 years. He was inducted into the New England Wild Turkey / Federation Hall of Fame in 2019. He offers custom built game calls at www.deadlyimpostergamecalls.com

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Axe Handles



Caption: left to right, two hand made axe handles, so old they are disintegrating, two commercial handles hung by my great Uncle Alfred who went into the woods before chainsaws were invented and a hammer handle blank.

Because I am a blacksmith and a forester, I have the honor to possess a family artifact that dates to the late 1700's. My great great great grandfather's axe. The same that he used to clear land and settle in Limerick Maine. As told to me from the previous caretaker this is the original axe. It has had countless handles and three new heads.

If you remove politics and religion from the equation there is little left to argue about. Unless you talk about axe handles. As a blacksmith I have demonstrated at many agricultural fairs and if you want to stir

The eye of an axe is an elongated oval. The grains can run side to side or lengthways. If the grain runs kitty corner then you are the devil's spawn and will burn in hell for eternity. I told you this could be controversial.

up a hornet's nest bring up the subject of which way the grain is oriented in an axe handle.

You may be thinking "who cares?". Well, you obviously have not spent much time swinging an axe. To a Maine Woodsman an axe is an essential tool, one that he is as familiar with as his own hand.

So, who does care? Well, I do, and while this may stir up endless controversy, we will explore the pros and cons of grain orientation of an axe handle. Axe handles are made of wood. Wood comes from

trees. Trees have growth rings and it is the orientation of these rings that begets the debate.

The eye of an axe is an elongated oval. The grains can run side to side or lengthways. If the grain runs kitty corner then you are the devil's spawn and will burn in hell for eternity. I told you this could be controversial.

If the grains run lengthwise then the handle will be stiff and resistant to splitting if you overshoot and hit the handle on whatever it is you happen to be chopping. This is similar to a baseball bat, great impact resistance.

If the grain runs side to side the handle will be flexible. As you swing the handle will bend and the stored energy will assist you in the cut. If you overshoot the handle is more prone to splitting. If this happens, it should feel as if someone just smacked you in the back of the head and said "that is an axe handle you damn fool not a baseball bat".

Tales Of A Maine Woodsman

by Joel F. Tripp
Limington, ME



This debate is black and white. There is no fluidity or ambiguity. I have hung hundreds of handles on axes and hammers and they have always been side to side. Unless you are hanging a splitting maul handle. Then it goes the other way. The exception proves the rule.

Let the debate continue. I look forward to the hate mail.



Joel Tripp is a Maine Woodsman and Master Blacksmith whose axe handles are well hung. For more information go to; trippsend.com.

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Cookin' With New England's WildCheff

by Denny Corriveau,
Kennebunkport, ME



There is an old saying that goes, "Don't knock it until you've tried it!" It is difficult to determine if you like any type of food until you have, at the very least, tasted it. And while it may seem a bit unusual, when done properly, fish jerky is a great way to enjoy a

not have considered that it can be made into jerky. All you need is a dehydrator or small home smoker, items found at your favorite sporting goods store from \$85 to \$500. To eliminate moisture that could spoil your jerky, I recommend using a vacuum sealer.

Most anglers enjoy eating their fish, but may not have considered that it can be made into jerky. All you need is a dehydrator or small home smoker, items found at your favorite sporting goods store from \$85 to \$500.

low-calorie delicacy that provides a high level of protein. The taste may even surprise you! Plus, you can share the story of how you caught the fish, while eating the jerky paired with a cool beer. It's also a great take-along for your fishing and hunting adventures.

Most anglers enjoy eating their fish, but may

As you discover the art of making fish jerky, it is important to note that soy is not always the go-to answer. In fact, when paired with certain types of fish, soy can overwhelm. If you must use soy, try Japanese soy, as it has less sodium. You also can use citrus and lemon, cinnamon, molasses, honey and flavored

cane sugars. Or you may consider a smoky note, with chiles or even flavored beers, or brines, too. Brines can be used via a wet or dry method. WildCheff can provide you with a brining guide to help with this type of method which includes recipes.

Next be mindful of choosing the right type of fish, and it must be fresh. There are two categories to consider for fish jerky:

low-fat and high-fat fish.

If you plan to use a dehydrator, you should choose a low-fat fish, as that will greatly reduce the chances of your fish jerky spoiling due to the natural oil content.

As you explore making fish jerky, remember that every journey begins with your first step.

Exploring Fish Jerky

Here is a simple recipe to help you begin your fish jerky journey.

WildCheff's Asian Fish Jerky

For those who enjoy Asian flavors, this jerky is right up your alley.

Ingredients

11/4 lb. striped bass or haddock
1/2 C of Japanese soy sauce (Trader Joes)
1 T of molasses
1 T of fresh squeezed lemon juice
1 T of Wild Cheff Ginger Citrus Blend Seasoning (available at WildCheff.com)

Directions

Place the fish fillet in the freezer for 20 to 30 minutes, which makes it easy to slice.

In a bowl, whisk the soy, molasses, lemon juice and Ginger Citrus seasoning.

Remove fish from freezer and slice into 1/4-inch strips lengthwise,

and then slice into 3- to 4-inch pieces.

Place the sliced pieces of fish into a large freezer zip-lock bag and pour marinade over it.

Remove air from bag and seal, refrigerate for three to four hours; remove from freezer and thaw.

Strain fish in a colander, pat dry with paper towels.

Lay the fish strips on dehydrator trays in rows, being sure pieces do not touch each other.

Place the trays in the dehydrator for three to four hours at 145 degrees. Jerky is done when the fish is dry and chewy.

To package, wait until the fish is completely cooled (moisture is your enemy here, as it causes bacteria) and then vacuum seal.



WildCheff - Denny Corriveau is Award-Winning Game Chef. He is a Wild Game Evangelist and a nationally recognized trendsetter and pioneer for preparing wild game. He is also the National Game Chef for TenPoint Crossbows. You can learn more @www.wildcheff.com or visit him on Instagram @thewildcheff

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Light It Up

Many years ago, after being introduced to duck hunting by the head baker in a commercial kitchen I earned my living at, I became fixated enough on the pastime that I remarked to my grandfather who lived in Alabama that I was in the market for a used canoe. “I

tance of the oft-overlooked water impeller. But that’s not today’s story.

The little Mercury is relevant here, partly because it’s still a great motor at the ripe old age of about 48 years since my grandfather purchased it in

ratio. A two-stroke twenty-five horsepower motor can, with the right rig, pull a water skier (not dramatically, mind you), whereas that same horsepower in a four-stroke might be a bit heavy to mount on the back of the same boat. I have no scientific



Marsh Island Chronicles

by Matthew Dunlap,
Old Town, ME

Well, it turns out they’re out there, all right, and not just trolling motors. A number of companies have been developing electric marine motors, and as of now, they’re pretty expensive and don’t have a ton of range.

can do you one better,” he replied. “I have a sixteen-foot Crestliner with a ten-horsepower Mercury and a trailer you can have—you just have to come get it.” That meant a drive to Alabama from Marsh Island, which is a saga that easily deserves its own column; it is a tale too amazing to believe, including stored spare cotter pins, fireworks, a flat tire, a blizzard, and a lost wallet. The saga includes a narrative regarding our first flirtation with the new acquisition, in mid-April on the Penobscot River, when we discovered the impor-

Florida in 1976 to replace a larger motor he bought to go along with the new boat he’d picked up in 1960. I’ve had a lot of fun adventures driven by that little two-stroke since I got it in the early 1990’s. Technology, though, is changing, and changing fast. Some years ago, manufacturers began making an earnest push at building and marketing four-stroke outboards. The thinking was that they are cleaner and quieter, which is true. But they also burn more gas and weigh almost twice as much. A key metric here is the power-to-weight

data to back any of this up, so save your letters to the editor for when I’m completely and categorically wrong. But we’re not really talking about four-stroke motors, either. What got me thinking this week about boat motors, followed up by some cursory research, was the purchase by one of my sisters of a completely electric pickup truck. Her new Chevy Silverado can go about 400 miles on a single charge. Another sister bought an electric car some years ago, and it can do about half that. The

technology is changing fast and getting better. So, I wondered; what about outboards? Well, it turns out they’re out there, all right, and not just trolling motors. A number of companies have been developing electric marine motors, and as of now, they’re pretty expensive and don’t have a ton of range. But among some of the newer startups, old-line manufacturers like Mercury, Suzuki, and Yamaha have electric motors for sale, and the market is growing. In 2022, sales of electric outboards were valued at around \$127 million; by 2032, that figure is expected to grow to \$244 million. I’m not in the market for an electric motor—yet. So far, though, I have three family members who drive electric vehicles, and they have nothing but positive things to say about how

they drive, how much more economical they are, and all that. For now, my little Mercury is still dead-bang reliable. By 2032? Or beyond? Who knows. By then, it might be a matter of plugging in one more thing in the garage, and never having to deal with stale gas again. And maybe—just maybe—I can pass that motor and the same old 1960 Crestliner on to a young family member who has just discovered duck hunting. All they’ll have to do is come and get it.



Matt Dunlap is a sportsman from Old Town and is a periodic co-host on Maine Outdoors, heard statewide every Sunday night at 7:00 pm on WVOM 103.9 FM, WVQM 101.3 FM, and WRKD 95.1 FM in Rockland.



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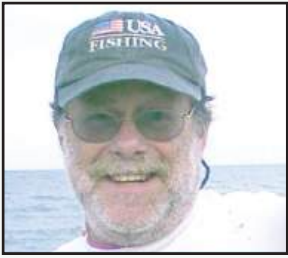
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Vermont Ramblings

by Dennis Jensen,
Vermont

I worked with a guy, back in my newspaper days, who one day commented about the area on and around my desk. He said my place of work resembled “a Mic Mac

imagine what the managing editor thought when he beheld the spectacle around my work station. Not that it mattered to me. I was the paper’s outdoor writer for more than 25 years and be-

All of this moment of recall caused me to look around my study, the place where I write. It is a vast collection of stuff and of memories, a virtual relocated but much more extensive Mic Mac burial ground. Let me count the ways.

burial ground.” I guess his assumptions were correct because scattered around the area was the skull of a 4-point buck, an assembly of wild turkey feathers, several dropped antlers, a box call, a 10-inch beard from a gobbler that hung from the back wall, a photo of my three sons, all holding up a monster striped bass, and items that I can no longer recall.

Anyway, it turned out he was both comical and correct. And I can only

lieved that my work place should resemble my work. All of this moment of recall caused me to look around my study, the place where I write. It is a vast collection of stuff and of memories, a virtual relocated but much more extensive Mic Mac burial ground. Let me count the ways.

I have a collection of great photographs, including a gorgeous print of four pintails in flight, photos of my three sons, with striped bass, wild turkeys,

a huge largemouth, and a special photo of me and my youngest son with two bucks in the back of my pickup. That morning, we both shot 4-pointers only an hour apart and a mile from each other. I have a special photo of me with my first Vermont buck, tied to the roof of an old rusty Maverick. There is a

photo of “the Bear,” a dog I adored and who died nearly 30 years ago. And, after all these years, as that great song goes, I “still grieve.”

But while on the subject of photos, the greatest outdoor photo I possess was taken by David Jenne in 2003. Jenne, a staff photographer at our newspaper, the Rutland Herald, went along with me to capture some wild turkey photos about a week before the spring season opener. I managed to call in five jakes and he took some re-

ally impressive, up close, shots of one Jake in full fan. But the photo of photos is of a hen bird, up close. How close? Jenne had a big lens on his camera and I called that hen to a distance

full 1½ inches and clearly curved with age, are also on display. I shot that tom one morning back on May 7, 1991, and received a “Vermont Trophy Award Program Wild Turkey”



of only about 10 feet away. The luminescence shines along the hen’s back but the most impressive aspect of the photo is the up-close image of the hen’s head. Even the short hairs around the top of the blue head are clear. It is the most impressive photo of any turkey I have ever seen.

Speaking of wild turkeys, the spurs of a record gobbler, both measuring a

plaque from the Vermont Fish and Wildlife Department. The big tom scored 62 2/8.

There is, of course, a big frame with a series of photos of my wife and boys over the years. On one shelf is a spectacular carving, of a wood duck, carved by my talented “brother” in the New England Outdoor Writers Association, Tom Fuller, from 2010. I won the prize at an annual meeting of the NEOWA. There are two antler sheds and two really nice mounts, one a giant, non-typical 212-pound buck I shot in the Adirondacks many years ago, and another buck, this one an impressive 9-pointer, I shot in Maine while hunting with another NEOWA member, the legendary Stu Bristol. That’s right, the legend.

I have more than a few plaques that I have been blessed to take home, a result of some of the awards I have won for outdoor writing and sports

(Mic Mac cont. pg 69)

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VT Wildlife Governance In the Crosshairs

In my April column I wrote that the statement of purpose of bill S-258 as introduced says it all. "This bill proposes to transfer the authority to adopt rules for the taking of fish, wildlife, and fur-bearing animals from the Fish and Wildlife Board to the Department of Fish and Wildlife. The bill would also amend the

version of the bill comes up. Sportsmen don't let your powder get wet. The battle has just begun.

August Heat Should Not Turn Sportsmen To Couch Potatoes

It is August, the weather is hot, the streams low and hunting is just a few weeks away. It is no time for the doldrums.

Sportsmen breathed a sigh of relief when the Legislature adjourned in May after failing to pass major legislation that would have made drastic changes to how Fish and Wildlife is governed in Vermont. They can not let their guard down as several legislators have vowed to bring the bill back next January.

authority of the Fish and Wildlife Board so that it serves in an advisory capacity to the Department of Fish and Wildlife. In addition, the bill would prohibit the hunting of coyote with dogs."

The bill purported to disband the Fish and Wildlife Board and dismiss all current members. It then created a new twelve member advisory board and gave the authority to appoint eight of the board members to the legislature, leaving four for the commissioner.

"The purpose of the Board shall be to serve in an advisory capacity to the Department of Fish and Wildlife in the establishment of Department policy and rules."

The fight over the bill was loud and emotional with both sides marshaling their forces. I am sure that it will even get more heated in January when a

Sportsmen can and should be active.

Patience is the key to successful fishing during August. Fish early or late and search for those pockets of water a degree or two cooler than the surrounding water. We have a lot of good fishing waters in the region and with a little effort and patience anglers can be quite successful.

I generally confine my August fishing this time of year to the the north east and east central parts of Vermont, Orange, Caledonia, Orleans and Essex counties.

Although the Northeast Kingdom is best known for salmonids, there are good populations of bass in certain waters. Largemouth bass may be found in Lake Memphremagog, Miles Pond, Lake Parker and Lake Salem as well as in the two big Connecticut River reservoirs at Moore and Comerford dams.

Smallmouth are more common and can be found in the Connecticut River, Lake Memphremagog, Lake Groton, Island Pond, Joes Pond, Little Osmer Pond, Lyford Pond, Miles

to be, but the big river offers excellent fishing and a greater variety of species than any other body of



Caption: Kim Berrian and nice lake trout taken from Shadow Lake in Glover.

Pond, Neal Pond, Ricker Pond, Lake Salem, Seymour Lake, Shadow Lake, Spectacle Pond and Ticklenaked Pond.

I like to fish the big waters of Lake Memphremagog and Moore Reservoir. Those who prefer to fish for bass in streams should try the Connecticut River south from the Lancaster Bridge to the head of Moore Reservoir.

The mighty Connecticut River is my favorite place to be on a hot August day. Generally there is a cool breeze on the river and fishing along the shorelines offers shade and a respite from the hot sun. Not only is the river the coolest place

water in New Hampshire or Vermont.

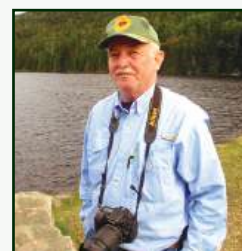
Don't overlook the Connecticut River when thinking trout. The upper river, from Guildhall north, is prime trout water and there is even a catch and release section above the Bloomfield/North Stratford bridge.

The tailrace fisheries at Moore, Comerford and McIndoes dams are excellent and produce some big browns and rainbows.

Anglers need to check the special sections on the back of the Vermont Digest of Fish & Wildlife Laws or the New Hampshire Freshwater Fishing Digest.

Outdoors In Vermont

by Gary W. Moore, Bradford, VT



Syndicated columnist Gary W. Moore is a life long resident of Vermont and a former Commissioner of Fish and Game. His latest book, Four Seasons in Vermont, is available at many bookstores and sporting goods shop or from him directly. He may be reached by e-mail at gwmoore1946@icloud.com or at Box 454, Bradford, VT 05033.



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On The Ridge

by Joe Judd
Shelburn, MA



At a recent event I attended in Spencer, MA., sponsored by the Central MA Chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation, along with many friends and acquaintances who had also gathered in Spencer that day to enjoy a great meal and be involved with the excellent work being done by this group,

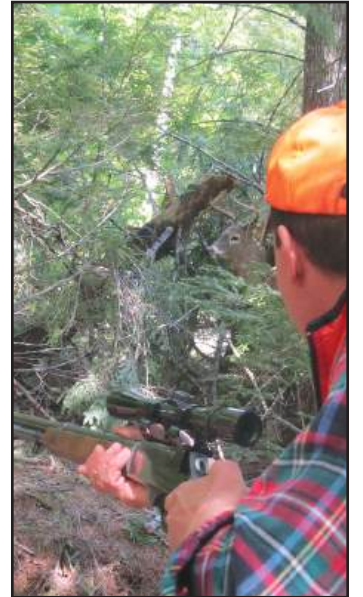
I found myself engaged in dialog with people at my table, who were attempting to explain their take on a recent report they had read called Americans Attitudes towards hunting and sport shooting - 2024 regarding the views of Americans across this country in reference to hunting and how people felt about it.

Hunting: Public Image Evolves

This recent report, which was built on years of collected data and trend analysis, does offer a broad understanding of how the attitudes of Americans have evolved on this subject while attempting to better understand the nuances of public opinion to improve relationships with the outdoor industry and the public in relation to hunting.

And as I listened to this conversation, and some of the insight which at

times was very critical, I was surprised to learn that public support nationwide (Evolves cont. pg 51)



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Moose

(cont. from pg 42)

couple hundred yards in the woods to our right. I finally coaxed him out into the winter road, and we could barely see him, but I knew he was well over 50". I told Joe to shoot, but he didn't, and the bull walked into the woods to the left. When I asked him why he didn't shoot, he said it was 150 yards and didn't want to shoot that far. I said, "Joe, it wasn't over 75 yards; it always looks further in the fog." Just then a cow bellowed where the bull had gone, so I told Joe we were going in to get in on the action. As we went in, I realized we were in an old cedar bog cut. It was pretty thick, but I was hoping it would open up. I was trying to get ahead of the cow and bull, when all of a sudden another bull grunted to our right. We were in an opening where we could see about twenty yards, so I decided to challenge this bull knowing he was headed to challenge the one with the cow. I got him coming but all we could see was alders and brush moving. He finally stepped into the opening at 13 yards and this time when I told Joe to shoot, he did. The bull dropped eight yards from us! Joe said that was the most exciting thing he had ever seen, and I knew he had the hunt he wanted. Whether you are on a guided hunt or doing it yourself or with friends, enjoy the hunt to it's fullest. Good luck on the trail!



Hal is a Master Maine guide and Author. He lives in Moose River Maine with his wife Deb. He can be contacted at: hal@bigwoodsbucks.com

Evolves

(cont from. pg 50)

for hunting, while not at the lowest point on record, is significantly below the 81% approval ratings that we enjoyed in 2021. That interested me, so later on I looked up the article and read the report for myself, and I was surprised to also learn that the 81% approval number shown above now

sits at just 76%, a 5% decrease since the last time the study surfaced just 3 years ago! This startled me a bit, even though these numbers are not what you might consider staggering, they certainly got my attention which, of course, led me into more research. And upon doing so, I found that my friends were "spot on" with what they were saying, that the approval

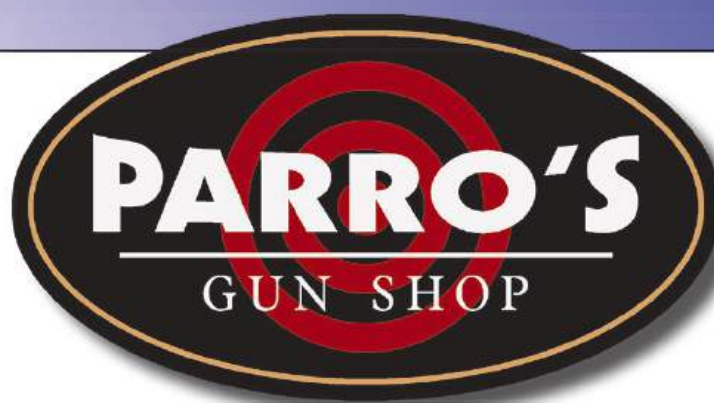
ratings for hunting, nationwide, appears to be trending on a downward spiral!

This recent report, which was built on years of collected data and trend analysis, does offer a broad understanding of how the attitudes of Americans have evolved on this subject while attempting to better understand the nuances of public opinion to improve relationships

with the outdoor industry and the public in relation to hunting. And as I read on, I really began to think about this, and I found myself agreeing that maybe, this report might be on to something! For example.

This study found that the data from this report could potentially become essential in shaping our

(Evolves cont. pg 61)



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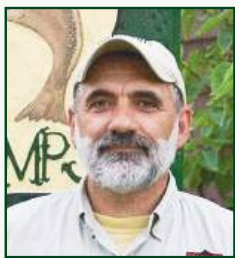
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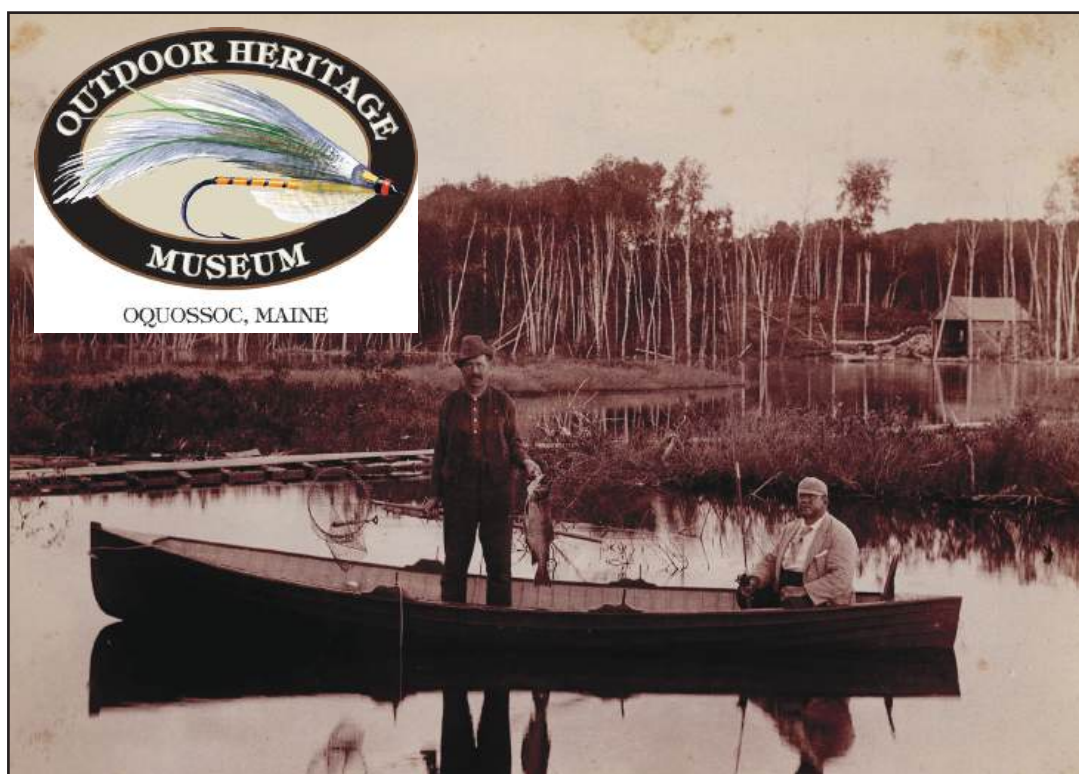
Against The Current

by Bob Romano,
Rangeley, ME

Within northwestern Maine's vast forest can be found many lakes, rivers, and streams. During the forty years my wife and I have owned a cabin here, we've felt the presence of those who proceeded us. Throughout the years others of a like mind have sought the company of moose and black bear, beaver and otter, and of course, brook trout. Some of whom may have created the streamer patterns

one generation to another.

The Outdoor Heritage Museum was established in 2010 to help preserve this tradition. Located in the hamlet of Oquossoc, Maine, just down the road from the village of Rangeley, it has installed a new exhibition for 2024: THE RANGELEY BOAT; A MAINE ORIGINAL. The exhibit explores the timeline of 19th and 20th century Rangeley boat builders, from Tuff's to the Barrett



It wasn't long before craftsmen followed up on the original design, finding a thriving market for this remarkably sturdy boat. By the 1880s, Charles and Thomas Barrett established their shop where for the next fifty-eight years they would build their Rangeleys, as the boats quickly became known.

in your box of flies, wrote the book you might find beside the bed of the sporting lodge where you're staying, or built the Rangeley boat moored at its dock. It is a region with a rich sporting tradition dating back to the 1800s. One passed down from guide to sport, father to son, from story tellers and writers to listeners and readers, from

brothers to Herb Ellis.

Sometime around 1869, the founders of the Oquossoc Angling Association, the oldest fishing club in America, decided they required a boat to cast their fly lines to brook trout measured in pounds rather than inches. Being wealthy gentlemen, they were familiar with boats rowed by guides in the

Adirondacks and those plying the St. Lawrence River, but decided such craft were not sturdy enough to withstand the punishing waves that swell whenever wind sweeps over the vast lakes for which the Rangeley Lakes Region is named. They sought a design that would be sturdy, durable, and yet easily rowed. Not an easy task.

The Association's lodge was built at the confluence of the Kennebec and Rangeley Rivers near a point of land called Indian Rock, which was the name the members gave to their recently constructed boats.

In attesting to the newly-designed craft, F.C. Barker, a well-known guide at the time, wrote, "With this boat I could make the pull from the Upper Dam to the arm of the lake and back in almost any ordinary day..."

It wasn't long before craftsmen followed up on the original design, finding a thriving market for this remarkably sturdy boat. By the 1880s, Charles and Thomas Barrett established their shop where for the next fifty-eight years they would build their Range-

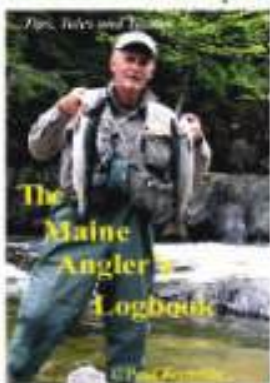
leys, as the boats quickly became known. They constructed their two-enders by hand, using cedar lapstrake planking ribbed with oak. Permitting anglers to safely cast a fly over the often-times turbulent lakes of the region, standard models measured 17 feet long, 44 inches wide, and 16 inches deep, with a weight of one hundred and forty pounds. Most often painted green, they were large enough to accommodate two anglers and their guide.

The Barretts added many innovations to the Indian Rock boats. Their oarlocks were constructed to allow a guide to feather the water. A guide could also drop the oars to net a fish or change a fly without

(Boat cont. pg 61)

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Mother Nature's Bait

I learned that if you find a field laced with fruiting plants during August and early September you very well could have found a coyote's hangout. When the fruit is on expect fruitful hunting. Just think of all the other wild animals that congregate in and around Mother Nature's bait, which comprises mostly blueberries, raspberries and black berries. Occasionally coyotes will feed on partridge berries found on a low growing herbaceous plant. The hobble-bush berries can be found just

is bearing fruit. All that coyote, fox, bear, deer and turkey scat spread out like fertilizer should be all the proof you need for a successful ambush.

Where I live, there are blueberry fields scattered all over. These fields are like Mother Nature's litter box as her birds and terrestrial mammals congregate in them, defecating inevitably. I just about step on, or see coyote scat, cram packed with berries, almost every three to five steps when strolling through a blueberry field. If you want

soon pay off. If nothing else, you should get to watch deer, turkey, many types of songbirds and even red fox while sitting undetected along the field's edge. Heck, even a black bear could possibly sneak on into the field to dine on berries.



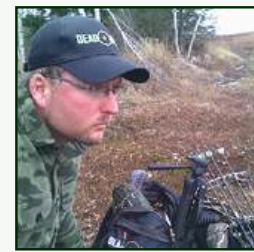
Photo by: Bud Utecht

When I stake out an ambush on coyotes in my favorite blueberry and raspberry fields I'm almost always greeted with a visit from white-tailed deer, turkey, and the occasional red fox. One time a red fox caught me off guard bolting out of some tall weeds but didn't go far. The red fox stood still watching my every move. I used my cell phone's camera and snapped picture after picture all the while I was mouse squeaking with my lips and creeping ever so slowly closer to the red

fox for a close up picture. This red fox would run off and my mouse squeaks would stop it dead in its

On The Prowl

by Justin Merrill,
Cherryfield, ME



a couple things.

I learned to use mouse squeaking at my coyote ambush sites. I also learned that if a coyote catches my movement and is upwind of me so as not to smell me, then maybe mouse squeaks will calm its nerves, (like it did for the red fox), long enough for me to get off a shot. The point I'm making here is predator hunting can be tons of fun and a learning experience. If you are always trying to find ways to hunt, like I am, then ambushing coyotes in the summer and early fall months in fields loaded with fruit should be enough of an excuse to go hunting. It beats the summer blues.



Justin has his Wildlife Biology degree from Unity College and is a member of the New England Outdoor Writers Association (NEOWA). He is the author of "Wild Maine Outdoors – Hunting Tactics, Tricks, and Secrets" and the owner of the YouTube channel, "SPIKES and GILLS".

I will tell you this – a coyote, being the opportunistic hunter/scavenger that he is, will have a limitless dinner menu lurking around areas with abundant fruit.

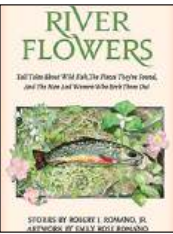
inside the woods edge off the fields. What does this mean to a predator hunter? You may already know the answer. I will tell you this – a coyote, being the opportunistic hunter/scavenger that he is, will have a limitless dinner menu lurking around areas with abundant fruit. All the more reason to dust off your rifle, get into predator hunting mode and pick the best fruiting field you can find, (without trespassing of course). Pattern the wind and thermals, choose a non-intrusive entry and park it. You do this with lots of patience and confidence and you very well could see a coyote.

Like anything else you've earned in life by putting in the time, effort, and energy - coyote hunting is no different. Forget about that bass boat and your favorite baseball team long enough to stake out an ambush in a field that

proof just how effective hunting over Mother Nature's fruitful bait really is – get a load of this: on one day, while in a blueberry field, I had two coyotes show up out in front of me. A second later another coyote showed and eventually a total of five coyotes were up to no good in that field. The very next week in the same field I nearly walked on a coyote eating berries among the tall grasses. I don't know who was startled worse. On another occasion I found where the five coyotes took a nap right in this blueberry field.

By this time I really hope I've gotten your attention and you dropped the *Northwoods Sporting Journal*, picked up your varmint rifle and ran off to the blueberry patch. Even if you don't get a crack at a coyote the first time, don't get discouraged, keep at it and your efforts will

tracks. The mouse squeaking would bring it back around to at least try to get wind of me. The mere sight of me was apparently not enough to run it off completely. This experience in a blueberry field taught me



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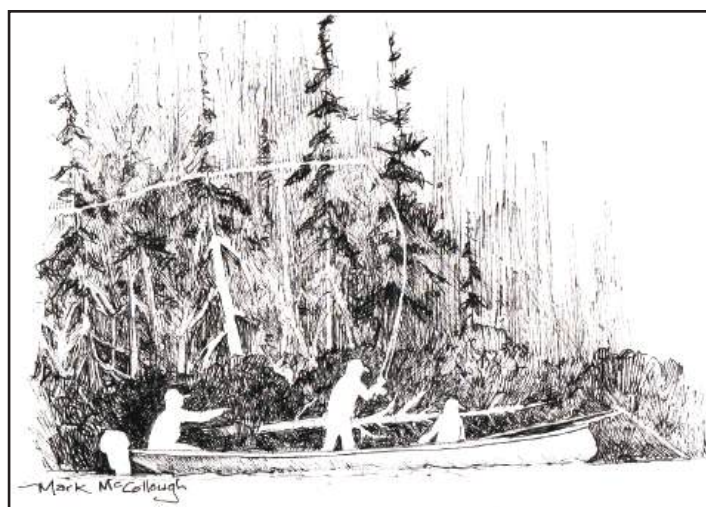


Northwoods Sketchbook

by Mark McCollough,
Hampden, ME

Which is more important when Atlantic salmon fishing, the pattern of the fly or it's presentation? Such was John and my philosophical discussion for the 5-hour drive from Maine to Camp Bonaventure in southern Quebec. The fall air was crisp as a first bite into a tart Gravenstein apple, and the bluebird sky promised cool nights, maybe even with

and lacks the peaty-stained waters of its neighbors the Petit and Grande Cascapedia rivers. The indigenous Mi'kmaq named the river Wagamet meaning "clear water." The Bonaventure has a limestone riverbed that reduces the suspended particles in the water. Water levels during our visit were modest and temperatures were declining. Up to 2,500 spawning salmon are



at the river edge and a tethered 20-foot square-sterned wood and canvas canoe. The canoe design dates back to the 1800s

Mario exclaimed as he pointed their locations to us.

I was first to cast and draw the ire of our guide. "Non, non, non!" I was casting delicately as if for trout. It took a fly-casting seminar from Mario to learn how to properly cast for a salmon. John was up next, but with much more salmon fishing experience under his waders he escaped the stern lecture from the guide. Mario had us try bombers; spun from caribou hair and about the size of a floating chipmunk. He went through a tackle box of salmon flies of every color, size, and description with names like the Sunray and The Itch. We could hear the salmon chuckling as they identified each fly pattern that floated past their nose. It was exasperating fishing over so many big fish with no takes. During the course of the day, we fished over 150 salmon that we could see, but no takers. These salmon had seen thousands of flies during the course of the summer.

Rinse and repeat. The next day we drew guide Matthew and the Pourier Pool, not far from the lodge. The day was snotty, and a bone-chilling rain

and wind howled off the Baie de Chaleur. Jim, our new friend from Maine, caught a 20-pounder from this pool yesterday, and the other sports had done well here in previous days. I grabbed the wrong rod, my 9-foot, 7-weight landlocked salmon rod, which was hard to cast in the wind and rain. We fished the pool from the canoe. We fished from a cobble bar. An eagle watched us slightly amused for most of the morning. No salmon. To fight off hypothermia we returned to the lodge for a hot lunch and dry clothes.

In the afternoon after my 849th cast my Red Francis fly stopped. The line stopped swinging downriver. Then the line started moving up river! "It's a fish," I exclaimed, waking up the guide taking his post-lunch siesta. All heck broke loose as the salmon raced upriver, then down. My wimpy 7-weight rod doubled, the reel whirled, and the salmon took the line far into the backing. The guide poled the canoe into shore to resume the battle. It felt like I had a lightning bolt on the end of my line as the salmon jumped over and over in the middle of the river. After 20 minutes I was slowly able to cajole the salmon to shore where it was expertly netted by the guide. Photos were taken, high fives all around, and the 14-pound salmon was promptly released. Our guide said, "Hooking a salmon is like infinity in an instant."

Our third day of fishing was with guide Marc

The Bonaventure River is one of Quebec's fabled salmon rivers. It originates in the Chic Choc Mountains where caribou still roam. It is clear as Waterford crystal and lacks the peaty-stained waters of its neighbors the Petit and Grande Cascapedia rivers. The indigenous Mi'kmaq named the river Wagamet meaning "clear water."

a first tinge of frost. After a superb dinner with wine at the Bonaventure Lodge, our angling debate continued. A wee dram of Jameson's helped expand our discussion with the resident salmon fishing "sports;" a retired forester from Maine, a grocery store chain owner, a retired radiologist, and a producer for fly-fishing documentaries. Each had landed about one salmon a day. They readily shared the Scotch and their wisdom about *Salmo salar*. Our newfound friend from Maine shared a dozen salmon flies with everyone. We hit the sack dreaming of leaping, silver beauties.

The Bonaventure River is one of Quebec's fabled salmon rivers. It originates in the Chic Choc Mountains where caribou still roam. It is clear as Waterford crystal

counted on redds each fall, and salmon fishing pressure is rapidly growing. By September, nearly all the sea run fish were in the river and stacked up like pulpwood in the salmon pools ready to spawn in a few weeks – good prospects for fishing, or so we hoped.

Demand for salmon fishing is high, and Quebec divides the river into a scores of reaches called ZECs and "secteurs." A few are available for public fishing by a lottery, but most are the exclusive domain of salmon lodges. John and I were assigned secteur C71 and Mario as a guide for the first day of fishing – a humorous, but no-nonsense piscatorial sage who was dead-serious about us landing a salmon.

After a jaw-rattling ride in his SUV, we arrive

and the early days of sport fishing for salmon on the Bonaventure. The lines of the canoe have endured from the original long, narrow 5-planked cedar canoe unique to Gaspé. The "modern" wood-canvas version is used by all the guides and still made by "maître-canoë," or master canoe builders. The originals were poled, but ours was equipped with a small outboard.

Motoring upriver to our secteur was like flying on the surface of quicksilver. We anchored at a long jade-colored pool across from a log jam of spruce trees tossed like matchsticks from spring floods. The Bonaventure is so clear that the guides employ periscopes over the side of the canoe to scout each pool. "Oh mon Dieu, Il ya saumon, six, sept, huit,..."

(Adventure cont. pg 67)

Downeast Dog-Day Fishing Tips

By Steve Takach

It's that time of the summer when we can feel the last of those beautiful warm days. With the last of summer just down the road, fishing usually slows. But there are a couple of fish that will still make for a day of fun in this corner of Maine. The White Perch pick areas of water deeper as the summer wears to a close.

So perch schooling in those spots year after year is a happening which is stored in the minds of guides and most fresh-water anglers, who usually have some fast white perch action very late summer. Third Machias and, a couple of miles up stream, Forth Machias are two. In the past, Syladobsis had great perch catches about one quarter of a mile straight out from the boat landing and up that west shore.

Bait is simple, a gob of night crawlers or small minnows will keep the fish biting as long as you keep the bait in the water. Yes, you can hook a white perch on a fly or small

plug. But that fresh bait of worms or small minnows will always lead the way getting strikin attention from a white perch. Each fisherman has a way to clean fish. The end product is the same. Basically you

Editor's note: Homer Spit is off this month. He left a short note to the boss that said, "Gone Fishin'" He wanted us to recycle this timely article by the late Grand Lake Stream outdoorsman Steve Takach.

need a sharp knife, and a bit of care. The fish is cut head to tail just under the skin. Then between your thumb and knife grab the skin and tear it off the fish. Same thing on the other side. Now you only have to filet the meat from the bones.

Battered, breaded and deep fried——WOW that is a meal hard to beat.

Late summer fishing for Lake Trout, also known as togue, can be good. Togue is another fish that is fun to troll for at the end of the summer months.

There is no comparison of perch and togue fishing. To land a lake trout is much more involved. Skill and a special touch is

needed as we go thru the steps to try to land a big togue.

Lake trout are cold water fish that are found in very deep water this time of the year. One of my favorite ways of togue

trolling is to hook up a single large copper spinner on a piece of heavy leader. Behind that attractor, rig up a sewing hook with the adjustable hooks. When you hook on your bait many fishermen do a streamlined attachment to make the bait fish look natural. On the other hand, there are many anglers who attach their bait to make that little fish swim in a slow roll, as if

injured. So you can decide on your own. I have done it both ways and have caught lake trout both ways. It goes without saying that the copper spinner, and bait must be all hooked up to a

lead core line. The line is marked so you can keep track of the water depth. Now we start the most difficult part of summer togue trolling.

Lake trout are a cold water fish. The warm days of the year finds them at the bottom. Not 20 foot bottom, but 70 to a 100 foot bottom. So now let's sink that big copper spinner and bait down to where

those togue are living. It takes a lot of time to learn how to get your bait and spinner where it should be. After a while if you are near bottom, your spinner will bump off of bottom or rocks giving you in indication felt up at your reel, that maybe you should reel up a bit.. It takes time like anything else. Hang in there. You will be surprised. You have that beautiful togue. Now it's time to feast. How about taking off the filets, poaching them gently and cover with a hollandaise sauce. Simply delicious!



Home Spits like to keep a low profile (and go fishin'). He lives on a lake in Maine.

Cracker Barrel

by Homer Spit



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Maine Outdoor Publications



August Question Of The Month

By Randy Poulton

I am guessing 99% of the folks reading this column have no idea who Walter Wyman is, let alone whether he is deserving of either label. Don't feel bad, I have had 17 years of classroom time and I never learned much history either. That is a shortcoming of our education system that prevails today. But I digress.

My Walter Wyman story starts about 5,000 years ago, when mid-coast Maine was home to a unique native American culture (or tribe) we now call the Red Paint People (RPP). One defining feature of these folks was their custom of burying their dead in shallow graves filled with iron ochre, a bright red mineral. There is also strong evidence that the RPP were expert anglers that fished our rivers and even went off-shore to hunt swordfish! Here is a quote from Bruce Bourque, long-

time Maine State archeologist: "Swordfish hunting is a big deal and not for the faint-hearted, for swordfish are among the fastest and perhaps the most dangerous fish in the ocean. Those found in the Gulf of Maine were huge, some topping

make sense because the mill site geography would have been user-friendly with an extensive level area leading down to the water. The Penobscot river would have provided quick access to the ocean and, by paddling upstream, a navigable

this was the case in Bangor). But, there was no interconnecting electrical grid. Each town was on their own. Generally, during the summer, when the rivers and streams that provided the water to the generators ran dry or nearly

by Percival Baxter no less. The State owned the land Wyman would need for the Long Falls dam, and Baxter did not want it sold to CMP. In the end, Wyman won the Long Falls dam battle, with the legislature approving the taking of private property by eminent domain (including flooding the towns of Bigelow, Dead River and Flagstaff!) and the granting CMP a long-term lease for the adjacent State-owned lands. Starting in 1940, and continuing to this day I believe, CMP pays the State \$25,000 per year for the right to operate the Long Falls Dam.

Baxter may have lost at Long Falls, but he was not done, and that turned out to be a very good thing for Bucksport! Baxter teamed-up with then Governor Bert Fernald to pass a new law that would prohibit electricity generated in Maine from being sold outside of Maine. Wyman fought "Fernald's Law", and, in a foreshadowing of today's debate about CMP's plan to import Canadian hydropower, Wyman eventually forced a public referendum. But, this time Baxter won and Fernald's Law was upheld by the voters. Wyman's plan to sell power to Massachusetts was foiled.

Not to be stopped, Wyman quickly came up with a new idea: He would help Bath Iron Works, Keys Fiber, and CMP's other big customers expand (so he could sell them more electricity) and, in addition, build a giant \$150 million (today's dollars) papermill in Bucksport. And thus the Maine Seaboard Paper Mill (Question cont. pg 67)

What we know for sure is that, for many years, the RPP spent a good deal of time around Penobscot Bay and Alamoosook Lake. According to Bourque, at least eight of the known 31 Red Paint cemeteries are in the Bucksport area, the highest concentration found anywhere.

1,000 pounds". Talk about the deadliest catch!

What we know for sure is that, for many years, the RPP spent a good deal of time around Penobscot Bay and Alamoosook Lake. According to Bourque, at least eight of the known 31 Red Paint cemeteries are in the Bucksport area, the highest concentration found anywhere. There is also anecdotal evidence that the old Verso papermill site was once a Red Paint settlement. This would

waterway extending north to Moosehead Lake and beyond.

But, this same geography that made the old Verso site attractive for ancient human habitation is distinctly not suitable for a papermill. Why? Because papermills need lots of electricity and papermaking uses lots of freshwater. Virtually every other mill in Maine was situated on a river near a major waterfall that could easily be dammed. Standard procedure was for mills to build their own dam and power station. So, what the heck was a papermill doing in Bucksport on the shore of a salty, flat tidal river?

To answer that question, we fast-forward to Oakland, Maine: In 1899, Walter Wyman, an engineer, and his partner Harvey Eaton, a lawyer, bought the town's hydroelectric plant which provided power to about 100 customers. The Oakland situation was typical. At the turn of the century, many towns operated small, run of the river (small dam or no dam), water powered generating stations, mainly to make electricity for street lights and trolleys (for example,

so, there was no electricity. Wyman had a vision: He would build massive dams in northern Maine and use the impounded water to generate huge amounts of year-round electricity. Then, Wyman would connect his power stations to not only Maine towns but all of New England via high voltage transmission lines. Obviously, this was no small undertaking but Wyman was smart, well connected and determined.

By 1910, Wyman's company was known as Central Maine Power and he owned dozens of small generating stations. Under Wyman's leadership, CMP soon identified three prime locations for major dams: Long Falls on the Dead River near the town of Flagstaff; Indian Pond, on the upper Kennebec River (now known as Harris Dam); and, at a steep set of rapids on the Kennebec south of The Forks near the town of Bingham (now known as Wyman Dam).

Today, some folks would consider building these huge dams and powerlines eco terrorism – even worse than Nordic's proposed fish farm! And there was opposition, led

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NH Deer Tags Left

As August rolls in, the trout have moved deeper and deeper into the water body they occupy. Not only do the fish have to deal with the warmer temperatures, so do the anglers. Predictions were that New Hampshire was going to experience above-average temperatures and below-

genuine Silver and/or 24K Gold finishes. It's my understanding that 18K gold plating contains 75% of pure gold mixed with other metals for better hardness and strength, whereas the 24K gold plating is 100% pure gold. Additionally, 24k gold has a much more yellow color than 18k Gold.

However, 4,000 WMU-M permits became available on July 23rd and are being sold on a first-come, first-served basis, while they last, online, through the mail, or in-person at NHFG headquarters in Concord. Each permit comes with two deer tags; the cost is \$36, plus a transaction fee.

average precipitation. So far they've been closer to the mark than missing it. But, as the water warms up the fish become more lethargic and less likely to feed. So instead of bright, sunny days try overcast and cool days. The cooler air temperatures and low light conditions can trigger fish to feed. Early morning or evening fishing are good alternatives as well.

The warmwater species like bass, pickerel and pike can also be finicky but less so than trout. If you haven't tried fishing for those lately, it might make for a nice change of pace.

Spend any time around fishing lures and you realize that some of them are works of art. The colors and composition of some streamers and flies look wonderful as a print or mounted sample. But the Williams Company has taken things a step further. Their Williams Wabler spoon, as well as the ever popular Mooselook Wobbler (a big favorite around here), has a multi-step plating operation that applies

So you can buy a couple of Wablers or Wobblers and have the rocks and fish chip away at the gold plating or you might want to just hang them up in your work space as classic examples of piscatorial artwork. Not sure the gold adds anything to my retirement portfolio? But hey, I'll look. You don't ask, you don't get.

If you were looking for an extra deer tag this fall in WMU-L, you're too late. Those tags were handed out last month through an online lottery system. However, 4,000 WMU-M permits became available on July 23rd and are being sold on a first-come, first-served basis, while they last, online, through the mail, or in-person at NHFG headquarters in Concord. Each permit comes with two deer tags; the cost is \$36, plus a transaction fee. There is not an option of buying one tag. The Unit M Permit and tags are valid for antlerless deer taken in Wildlife Management Unit (WMU) M only. You may use the Unit M tags before or after filling any other

deer tag you possess, such as archery or firearms. The tags may be used on any day, including antlered deer only days, during any deer season the hunter holds a license for (archery, muzzleloader, or firearms).

I was saddened to hear that a New Hampshire

lost his footing in the river and his waders filled with water making it impossible for his son to get him back

on the Androscoggin years ago when I slipped and went down. As my waders filled with water I could feel myself getting pulled down. Somehow, I managed to slip the shoulder straps of the waders off and the weight of the water in the waders helped them to slide off by themselves. I never did find those waders. Guides always caution clients to not venture out too far in fast and roiling water. Using a wading staff is recommended as well. Yes, it was a tragic accident, but it can happen. Sometimes Nature won't give you a do-over. Always pay attention and be ready!



Peter St. James is a member of the New England Outdoor Writers Association, Outdoor Writers Association of America and a licensed NH Fishing Guide at outsideinsides603@gmail.com

New Hampshire Outdoors

by Peter St. James,
Warner, N.H.



fisherman died after being swept into the Kennebec River in Maine earlier this season. Apparently the 56 year old man was fly fishing with his son when he

to shore. He was found unresponsive shortly thereafter by rescuers. Spend enough time in the water and that can definitely happen. I learned my lesson

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Kineo Currents



by Suzanne AuClair,
Rockwood, ME

The first time I saw Alexandra Conover Bennett, she was paddling a birch bark canoe down the West Branch of the Penobscot River. It was late September, and my husband Roger and I were on our fall fishing trip, camping

the privilege of knowing her myself, and of learning that it is not at all unusual for Alexandra to be paddling a birch bark, and, she might be found just about anywhere in the Moosehead Lake area, northward, in one.

as a surgeon with them. Unlike others who pick this life, she is not at all ornery and is more than willing to share her knowledge, which, these days, she does often, passing along what others passed to her. She's had the good fortune of being "brung along" by some of the best, including Mick Fahey, who may be remembered as a great guide and woodsman by some

The first time I saw Alexandra Conover Bennett, she was paddling a birch bark canoe down the West Branch of the Penobscot River. It was late September, and my husband Roger and I were on our fall fishing trip, camping for a week at Halfway House. We had had three unusually warm, soggy days and the fishing was slow. Alexandra and Roger knew one other, so as she came around the bend and waved hello, he invited her to stop in for a visit.

for a week at Halfway House. We had had three unusually warm, soggy days and the fishing was slow. Alexandra and Roger knew one other, so as she came around the bend and waved hello, he invited her to stop in for a visit.

I remember what a surprise it was for me to see this tall, lanky woman, canoeing all alone in this state-of-the-art birch bark. That was at least 25 years ago. Since then, I've had

She's what I call living the dream and has been her entire adult life. To her living in the woods is as sure as breathing air. She is a rare person, living off-grid in a remote place here in Piscataquis County and using all of the outdoor skills she has learned throughout decades of practice. She and her husband built their cabin by hand. In fact, she is exacting and particular about her tools and is as skilled

old-timers. Up in Chesuncook, he took her under his wing and taught her how to canoe, guide, and use woods hand crafting tools, including crooked knives. Today, she passes along those skills to a whole new generation, and is a known traditional wooden paddle-maker and teacher.

When she was young, she took multi-month canoe or snowshoe trips in northern Canada and across our North Woods region. The first test of her own mettle was when she was flown in and dropped off to live alone for a month in the Canadian backcountry during the winter. She definitely learned how to survive and, in fact, almost starved, but learned how to live on ptarmigan, a small grouse which was about the only animal she could find at the time. Since that lean time, she learned how to trap and held her trapper's license through the 1980s and '90s and is a



Alexandra paddling her birch bark canoe on the West Branch.

member of Maine's Biggest Bucks Club. She will often journey solo, which is a whole other way of experiencing the outdoors that not too many people do these days, but may be even more unusual, especially, for a woman. It is a skill I admire, but the truth is I am not sure how much real ability I have for being completely alone, living for a long stretch of time in the woods. And it's fast becoming a lost way.

Today, Alexandra teaches outdoors skills. Last year, at a program here in Greenville for people going solo, probably some of the most important bits that I remember is when she said: relax and stay flexible; know what your own individual physical, mental, and emotional capabilities are; don't try

to reach hard-line goals; practice, practice, practice how to eliminate challenges; and, know yourself — what you're like when you're hungry, when you're scared, when you're angry; and when you're feeling insecure. Expect the unexpected and, most importantly, that the magic happens, when you are still.



Suzanne AuClair is an avid outdoorswoman. She lives near Rockwood and has been writing about the Moosehead Lake Region for the past 29 years. She produced Maine's reference anthology, "The Origin, Formation, and History of Maine's Inland Fisheries Division."



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Dad and nephew loading up the side-by-side cargo bed.

Warm weather with blue skies without a cloud in sight. The air is dry, with a cool, salty breeze gently blowing. This seabreeze along the coast of Maine can be a friend or foe depending what season you are in. Starting the season off wet and rainy made way for a lush green forest, teaming with life, energy, and abundance.

Oh, the days of summer vacation, off from school. Spending time outside, keeping summer at an easy pace, trying to stay cool and swim as often as we could. My nephews spend a good part of the

summer with my parents (and me, because I live nearby). While I work a

With all this leisure, there is often something to be done, mowing, maintenance, weeding, etc. Living in Maine gives true meaning to “make hay while the sun shines” because you never know what the weather will be tomorrow.

day job, I make time for fun adventures and time spent in the woods. With all this leisure, there is often something to be done, mowing, maintenance, weeding, etc. Living in Maine gives true meaning to “make hay while the sun shines” because you never know what the weather will be tomorrow.

My dad and I recruited my oldest nephew, who just turned 15, to string-trim around camp. We don’t worry about bringing a gas can with us anymore because we’ve been incorporating some battery operated equipment into our rotation the past few years, and so far so good. The set we used on this trimming trip was a pair my father bought my nephew for his birthday, a string trimmer and leaf blower. We loaded up the side-by-side with back seats folded down, converting to a cargo bed. This configuration works

for two riders and hauls an assortment of equipment without the need for a trailer. Really makes this ATV (all terrain vehicle) more of a UTV (utility task vehicle). My dad followed with his lawnmower.

When we were over to camp, I rode around our wood road trails to see how they were holding up. As I



“The Trail Rider”

**by Dan Wilson,
Bowdoinham, ME**

came up to a few trees that had fallen across the trail, hung up on adjacent trees, I’m reminded that I should have brought my chain saw as well. There is always something to cut blocking the trail, especially lately. With all of the wet ground and extreme storms accompanied by strong winds, our aging trees are taking a hit. Uprooting and falling over, splitting in two, snapping off at the top, littering the trail with debris of all sizes.

used to be wider when it saw more regular traffic in the summer. We’d be diligent keeping the road trimmed so the branches wouldn’t scratch the truck. In recent years there has been an explosion of the invasive rambler rose (*rosa multiflora*). It chokes out trees, spills into open paths, and is a bear to deal with, donning long, sharp, thorns. It smells beautiful and looks pretty when it is in full bloom, but I’m not a fan of having it around.

One of the best parts of finishing the day, whether exploring and having fun, or a day well-worked, checking tasks off of your “to do” list, is coming together and sitting a minute to rest. Cold drink in hand, a snack, and good conversation.



Daniel Wilson works in healthcare and enjoys time outside in nature with his family.

News

(cont. from pg 38)

Homework requirements:

- Many of the in-person courses will require homework to be completed prior to starting the course. Please pay attention to the course descriptions and plan accordingly.

- Some courses will have a link to complete the homework online, while others will need you to complete a physical workbook and manual. You can get the manuals and

workbooks mailed to you by contacting the Hunter Education Program at [802-828-1193](tel:802-828-1193) or emailing HunterEducation@vermont.gov

Class availability:

- The majority of courses are offered leading up to the spring and fall hunting seasons (March-April and July-September).

- Our volunteer instructors offer over 100 in-person hunter, bowhunter, combination, and trapper education courses throughout Vermont each year.

- Courses are offered

based on the availability of our instructors so there is no set schedule year to year. You should check the schedule frequently as new courses are generally listed about a month in advance and may fill up quickly.

Canceling you registration:

- If you need to switch to another course, or can’t make the class you signed up for, please cancel your original registration. Failure to do so may prevent someone else from being able to get into a course.

Who can take hunter/

bowhunter education online?

- Vermont Residents 18 years of age and older can become certified for hunter and bowhunter education completely online. Upon completion of the online course the student will be emailed their certification to print out. They are then eligible to purchase the corresponding license.

- Not all states accept this online certification option, so if you plan to hunt out of state, make sure you

(News cont. pg 65)

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THE BACK SHELF

From the files of the Northwoods Sporting Journal
The best hunting and fishing columns going back 25 years!



By their very nature backshelf articles, resurrected from our archives, may contain information or facts that have been altered or changed by the passage of time.

By Justin Merrill

One of the most exhilarating and gratifying hunts an individual can go on would be a black bear hunt over bait. I've heard it many times – “how could you? The bear doesn't stand a chance”. I'd answer by saying, “our black bear in this heavily forested state are extremely cautious and

them up close to make sure they're not going to harvest a young bear or a sow”. I'd even go on to mention, “baiting black bear is most certainly not an easy way to take a large boar. These animals will smell a human for miles, circle the bait site at safe distances studying the hunter, waiting for that strange creature in the tree

Giving the level of difficulty one would think it's impossible to shoot a bear over bait. I'm telling you it is not. I'll share a few basic tricks that can fool that smart boar. Here are a couple examples:

secretive by nature making it “almost” impossible to walk up on one. Also, thick furred black bear is difficult to size up for field judging their weight and sex at long distance. By baiting these critters, a hunter can study

to depart, at dusk, before sauntering in for a morsel”.

A black bear has a keen sense of discernibility, as Randy Cross, Maine's black bear Biologist who studied these animals for over thirty years has told

Black Bear: Baiting Basics



Illustration by V. Paul Reynolds

it's impossible to shoot a bear over bait. I'm telling you it is not. I'll share a few basic tricks that can fool that smart boar. Here are a couple examples:

You've done everything the same for weeks, right down to parking in the same spot at the same time, walking into your stand around the same time each day, even using the same attractant scent around the bait site and have not seen a single black bear. What next? This exact scenario happened to me and how I turned it into a “game changer” is this: First, I made darn sure every square inch of me and my gear were free of foreign odors. Secondly, I decided to leave the house two hours earlier and park my truck further away in hopes the bear wouldn't hear it. Thirdly, I was walking into my stand much earlier and I took my time by “still hunting” my way in so not to make any noise or sudden movements. Fourthly, I actually did use the same spray attractant, the Cherry Bomb scent by Big Woods Big Bear Scents, but what I did differently was liberally douse the area around my bait to broadcast a much thicker stream of yummy smelling cherries. Two hours later I was shaking like a leaf staring dumb founded at a blood soaked arrow stuck in the ground.

Another, seemingly failed hunting scenario that can play out would be this: For over a month you've used the same exact food for the bait and the same exact attractant scents. The black bear you wanted to take was almost consistently coming in to eat the same

(Bear cont. pg 67)

me a couple years ago. This means that a black bear has the ability to figure out a bait site is not a place to hang out during day light hours. Black bear can also decide that the sound of a hunter's vehicle approaching, a quarter mile away, means it's time to leave the bait and move onto some

other food source for the evening. Oh, this list of “black bear discernibility” can go on forever. They also quickly learn that any large figure perched fifteen feet up a tree twenty yards from the bait barrel is an immediate “red flag”.

Giving the level of difficulty one would think



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Boat

(cont. from pg 52)

fear of losing his oars in the lake. Another characteristic feature, the round seat, was set amidships providing perfect balance to the rower while room was left on the thwarts for the occupants to store their fishing gear.

Herbert Ellis worked for the Barrett brothers, in 1938 buying out their business and bringing the Rangeley into the twentieth century. Inheriting the tools of his previous employers, Ellis followed the same patterns and methods as the Barretts. A number of other builders had continued to turn out boats for the many sports, who flocked to the region for the chance to land a brook trout or landlocked salmon of their dreams.

With the advent of the outboard, the sterns were squared-off to accommodate an engine, but otherwise the Rangeleys remained much the same as those constructed by Charles and Thomas Barrett. The Great Depression, followed by the war, brought an end to these halcyon times, and with it, the hay day of the Rangeley Boat. Although once a common sight in western Maine, the Rangeley boat was eventually replaced by boats built with maintenance-free material. For many years, owner and manager of Grant's Kennebago Sporting Camps, John Blunt, maintained

a fleet of Rangeleys for use by his guests. I have recently learned that John is in the process of selling many of his boats.

The Outdoor Heritage Museum's executive director, Michelle Landry, advises its exhibit will include the earliest example of an Indian Rock boat, one once owned by local guide and civil war veteran, Stephen Morse, as well as one of the last boats built in Herb Ellis's shop – a transom model “number one” – Ellis's 20th century modification on the original double-ender, built with a square stern to accommodate the mounting of an outboard motor.

More information about the Rangeley Boat can be found in Stephen A. Cole's definitive book, *The Rangeley and Its Region*, on which the author has relied, in part, in writing this article, and which is available for sale at the museum. The Outdoor Heritage Museum is located at 8 Rumford Rd. in Oquossoc, Maine and can be reached at 207-864-3091 or via email at info@outdoorheritagemuseum.org.

Evolves

(cont. from pg 51)

current efforts to promote hunting and other related activities as being relevant throughout all parts of society. It could also help identify some of the concerns and assist with efforts to enhance more safety elements combined with better conservation education programs! It also clearly delineated that the approval rating of legal hunting, and I emphasize the word legal, is noticeably higher among rural residents, males, and Midwest Region residents than other regions of the country. Also, approval of legal recreational shooting was the highest among rural residents of the Mountain West Region, and when you think about the vast tracts of land in those regions, comments like that make perfect sense. Also, among the highest approval ratings when it came to hunting was that 83 percent of those responding approved of hunting for the purpose of obtaining locally sourced meat for a family. Conservation efforts also drew strong support with trophy hunt-

ing showing the lowest approval rating in the study.

And as my own research continued, I began to realize that, if nothing else, studies like this show that there are a population of people out there, human beings just like us, who see things differently than those who rage on as extremists often do, with no validity to many of their arguments while hating all forms of hunting, and hunters, simply because someone would disagree with them on the subject. And as a hunter, and sportsmen myself, it's hard not to be preoccupied by this, at times, daily siege against hunters and hunting. But let's be realistic about two things.

First, as hunters, we must always stay respectful on many levels of the playing field. We need to be respectful of the game we pursue, of the land we hunt on, and most importantly, respectful of each other. That's right, respectful of each other! And second, we should all keep in mind that the public's perception, in respect to hunting and hunters, will always play

a pivotal role in our future as sportsmen and women. You may not like that, but it's the truth! And when reports like this one show approval ratings like these, even though down some in 2024, that should be all the incentive we need to know that we need to up our game, stay in a positive light with the public, and watch the approval ratings stay steady, which will always be the best way to receive support when asking someone to vote for anything that we hope to achieve, by staying mindful of who we are and what we do, every step of the way!



Joe Judd is a lifelong hunter and sportsman. He is an outdoor writer, seminar speaker, member of the New England Outdoor Writers Association, and a 2019 inductee into the New England Turkey Hunting Hall of Fame. Joe is also on the Quaker Boy Game Calls National Pro-Staff and Bass Pro Shop/Cabela's Regional Pro-Staff.



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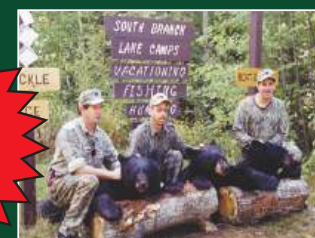


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From Craig Pond

by Bob Mercer,
Bucksport, ME

As life moves along there are things that happen; more or less by accident. A number of years ago I was visiting my Dad at the hospital. As my visit ended he alerted me that a good family friend was also hospitalized. Naturally I went to visit.

As I walked into his

room he was sitting on the edge of his bed in tears. This really surprised me as he was a retired State Trooper. He patrolled our area during my high school years. To see him in tears was unsettling and I tried to just back out of his room but his trooper instinct caught me. I inquired, "Rupe what is the problem"? He replied, "Mothers Day is here and I always

His favorite refrain was, "I like my whiskey with a little barbed wire in it". Like my Dad the trout we brought him took him back to his childhood and that special brook. His appreciation was obvious by the look on his face.

get Rachel a couple of trout for Mother's Day, and here I am." I assured him that I would get her the trout and would continue until he was better. He died. I had an obligation that had to be honored. I got her a couple of trout for several years, until her grandchildren took over.

As with all older people Uncle Eddie passed on so we moved on to another more deeply ingrained when Dad had a series of strokes, which took his life. The last meal he had at home was brook trout from his childhood brook.

Next we, I said we because I began to involve my grandchildren in this ceremonial, moved on to my uncle Edward, my father's brother. Uncle Eddie, as we knew him and Eddie as the world knew him, was a lifelong fisherman. He had more stories than I remember from the days when one had to walk miles to get to the "good spots" These stories usually came while sitting around his table at his favorite place in the world, his camp at Mogamg Lake enjoying an "adult beverage", usually bourbon. His favorite refrain was, "I like my whiskey with a little barbed wire in it". Like my Dad the trout we brought him took him back to his childhood and that special brook. His appreciation was obvious by the look on his face.

As with all older people Uncle Eddie passed on so we moved on to another



Photo by: V. Paul Reynolds

special family friend, mentor and community icon Ralph Jewett. Mr. Jewett, as we all knew him, fished a lot with my Dad and our family. It was mostly ice fishing, but fishing none the less. We fished Heart, Toddy but mostly Craig. Days with a nice shore fire and eating a hot dog cooked on a stick. When we took trout to Ralph we always cleaned them as we did for all the others. The joke with Ralph was, "Be sure to get all the blood out of the back bone as Everett, my dad, will be mad if you don't." Dad was kind of fussy about that and I suspect Ralph was also.. Ralph passed and it looked as if my ceremonial trout

ritual would die out, but, alas, there came a reprieve.

My lifelong fishing buddy and brother-in-law, Brian, had double knee replacement. He was kind of bummed because he always got trout for "Miss Julee" his dearly beloved. When the alder leaves were right unbeknownst to them I showed up at their house with five nice plump trout.

This year I was fishing with my grandson Emery, who had participated in this process, and I bemoaned that I had no one left to give trout to and I was at the age where soon I would not be able to go. He said, "That is OK gramp. You can have (Brookie cont. pg 68)

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Extremism Threatens Green Lake Water Levels

The recent Federal Green Lake Dam relicensing process has caused a stir of angst among property owners and local users of the lake. If you don't know Green Lake, you're missing out on experiencing one of Hancock County's gem waters that is located in the outskirts of Ellsworth.

The lake has gone through several name

hydroelectric power station, nestled in the mixed growth outlet valley of Reed's Brook in Ellsworth, generates 425 kilowatts of clean renewable energy, and is owned and operated by Caroline and Bert Kleinschmidt. This small hydro turbine feeds off water from Green Lake, and every 40 years this venerable operation must go through

ing application, Caroline and Bert's little company is made to jump through many environmental hoops by federal and state agencies, as well as NGO's (Non-Governmental Organizations) intervener status groups, to satisfy all the questions and concerns regarding the company's operation of the dam, water level rights, and the outlet flow of Reed's Brook. The damming of any waterbody comes with compromises to the ecosystem. Concessions that must be made by all of us to allow our society to harvest clean energy.

Within this process the company must comply with the Maine Department of Environmental Protection's (DEP) Water Quality Certification. Meeting the certification criteria is an integral part of the FERC relicense and must be met to obtain renewed operat-



Maine Issues

by Greg Burr
Addison, ME



This new development to push for fish passage within the current process is concerning due to its un-insightful, overburdening extremism that could threaten the character of the lake, its resident's ability to enjoy its beauty, and compromise its native fish populations.

changes over the years. The Wabanaki Indians called this water "Merlastic". Then around 1785, the lake was named Reed's Pond after European settler John Reed. The lake was again renamed in 1884 to Green Lake to match its majesty and splendor and to help capture the imagination for the American dream and market the area as a vacation destination. The dam was first built the late 1800's. At first it was a mill dam, that harnessed the outlet's water to power a sawmill. Then repurposed in the early 1900's by Bangor Hydro Electric Company as a storage dam to supply water for the downriver turbine located at the Leonard's Lake Dam in the heart the city of Ellsworth.

Then in 1984 the Green Lake Power Company bought the dam, retrofitting it to spin its own turbine. This little known,

a Federal Energy Regulatory Commission (FERC) relicensing process to allow to continue to produce energy.

Through the relicens-

ing status. Recently Federal and State agencies, and as well as NGO's have been pushing to have the Water Quality Certification to include diadromous (sea-run) fish passage through the Green Lake Dam.

This new interest in fish passage into the lake is in part due to the almost certainty that the two dams below Green Lake (Leonard's Lake Dam in Ellsworth and Graham Lake Dam in Ellsworth Falls) will either be decommis-

sioned and taken out, have fishways installed, or combination of the two.

In 1984, when the Green Lake Dam was last relicensed by FERC, the DEP water quality certification did include a plan for fish passage because the two dams below were not going to, within the next license period install fish passage, so making the Green Lake Power Com-

(Levels cont. pg 64)



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Levels

(cont. from pg 63)

pany construct a fishway wouldn't have made sense.

Initially from the outside this looks bad. This new development to push for fish passage within the current process is concerning due to its un-insightful, overburdening extremism that could threaten the character of the lake, its resident's ability to enjoy its beauty, and compromise its native fish populations. If successful, this fish passage mandate, could force the Kleinschmidt's to build a fishway that would cost millions. This would, of course, be cost prohibitive for this small company. Even if the company could raise the money for construction, the loss of water through the fishway would not allow it to have enough head of water to go through its penstock to operate the turbine and make money. This would mean that the Kleinschmidt's would surrender the dam and take it out, and lower the lake level by at least six feet. Add to this the consequences of allowing AIS (Aquatic Invasive Species) to move from Graham Lake into Green Lake, as well as agencies and NGO plans to stuff the lake with 200 to 400 adult alewives

per acre and manage Green Lake's tributaries for Atlantic salmon.

It is not known what the effects would be to the lake's ecosystem from a huge number of alewife biomass being infused into this watershed, as this amount of fish per acre has not been researched nor have its potential negative impacts on the resident fish community. Adult alewife diet studies done in the 1990's by IFW and the University of Maine showed that alewife in freshwater are predators. Seeking out prey, with the majority of the diet being insects, zooplankton, and yes, fish. They were not, as the current literature suggested, exclusively planktivores, filter feeding along with their mouths open, just mindlessly inhaling on whatever entered their gullets. The study showed that they are hunters, actively finding their prey in all areas of the water column. Even plucking off small stannomous beetles that are found on freshwater sponges on the lake bottom. Six percent of diets included fish such as smelts, minnows, and yes Virginia, I did observe one smallmouth bass in one of their stomachs. They are also highly cannibalistic, waiting at the base dams for their progeny to migrate

towards the ocean to feast heavily on them before emigrating back to the sea. In addition, we do not know how this large influx of river herring will affect the arctic charr, which is known to feed on benthic invertebrates and zooplankton. The arctic charr are a species of special concern in our state and only occur in 14 waters in Maine. Not to mention the Downeast Salmon Federation's plan to have Green Lake's tributaries managed for Atlantic salmon. Inlets that are already the home of one Maine's four indigenous landlocked salmon populations. These tributaries habitats for Atlantic salmon are just a drop in the bucket for the species in the Union River system and model out at just under 200 units. Again, salmon units that are already being used by landlocked salmon. These are just some of the concerns within the lake ecosystem.

As a kicker, the USFW Service mission for endangered Atlantic salmon would be jeopardized, as maintaining the lake's water level is monumentally important for the region's Atlantic salmon production at the Green Lake National Fish Hatchery located on the lake's outlet that produces 600 hundred thousand Atlantic salmon smolts for stocking into Maine's waters each year. These young salmon at the hatchery are protected under Endangered Species Act. The water intake for the hatchery comes from Green Lake and depends on the lake's current water levels to maintain its water supply.

As with many lakes and ponds around the state before they were first

dammed, we know that the outlet flows were seasonal. This was the same at Green Lake, mid-winter flows were light, mid and late summer flows were a trickle. In the early spring during the thaw the fresh-it down the outlet was a torrent. Then again when the fall rains came the outlet was alive with water until flows subsided as the lake locked up with ice for the winter. A recent white paper written by retired DEP biologist Matt Scott stated "Green Lake is more like a kettle hole; thus, the outlet becomes intermittent during dry spells of low water. This concern ought to be explored more for accuracy. If the outlet is close to what we call ephemeral (temporary stream) as it's natural condition, this indicates that the lake never had or contributed to anadromous fish migration". So, whether or not species like American shad, alewife, and blueback herring were ever historically present in the lake is debatable. But it may not matter if the public sentiment in the future is over whelming supportive of making it possible for these anadromous fish to migrate into the lake. We know that American eels historically made their way up the wetted outlet into the lake and still do. Climbing over the moist face of the dam. We know that at least for a time Atlantic salmon had migrated to the lake and used the tributaries to spawning in, eventually evolving into a landlocked population of salmon. We also know that Arctic charr are native to the lake and spawned well below the current dammed water levels.

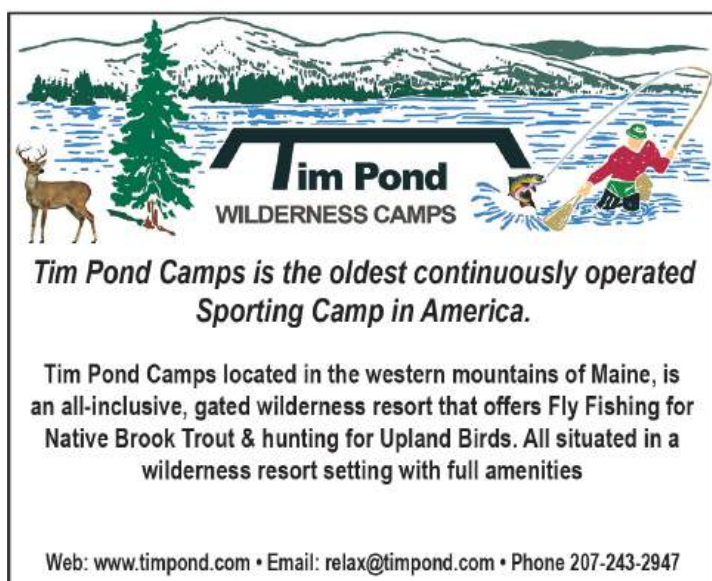
Today, the lake is managed for stocked and

wild landlocked salmon, stocked lake trout, and smallmouth bass. They all feed on native rainbow smelts and a wide variety of other forage species. Smallmouth bass have been into the lake for over 150 years haven been legally introduced by the state by way of the first introduction into Maine in 1868 into Phillips Lake, then quickly making their way down Phillips Lake's secondary outlet, that fed into Mann Brook, a main tributary to Green Lake. The smallmouth bass numbers are low but some of the fish get big and the few that are there are managed through protective regulations to augment the salmonid fisheries. Non-native chain pickerel are also present in low numbers.

If the extremists get their way in forcing fish passage through this small dam in the current relicensing process, the owners will abandon the structure and it will ultimately have to be taken out. Decommissioning this structure will lower the lake level and leave lakefront camp and home owners with a muddy rock-strewn waterfront that will be unusable to most and unsightly for all. This would be unfortunate and does not need to happen. We, as humans, are intelligent beings. The solution to the problem is always a need for everyone to recognize the complex needs of nature and humans, and put our heads together to come up with a coordinated, balanced plan to move us into the future.

But there may be good news in this process that will allay our fears at least for time. After reading the DEP's water quality certi-

(Levels cont. pg 65)



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Levels

(cont. from pg 64)

fication conditions for the Green Lake Water Power Company, DEP states the following: "If and when fish passage is established downriver, then the applicant must start monitoring for these anadromous species: Atlantic salmon, alewife, blueback herring, American Shad, and sea lamprey. Annual monitoring reports will be mandated to be given to DMR, IFW, and DEP. Then, if and when any of these anadromous species are found to reach Reed's Brook in "non-trivial" numbers, as determined by DEP for consecutive years. Then the Green Lake Water Power Company will have to install fish passage as long as DMR and IFW have agreed in writing to the appropriate fish passage measure that will allow for passage of anadromous species while preventing AIS and protecting native landlocked salmon and arctic charr populations". "As well as the US Fish & Wildlife Service agreeing to in writing that recommended fish passage will not harm endangered Atlantic salmon production at the Green Lake National Fish Hatchery".

The question is, will

FERC except DEP's water quality certification plan? Or will the wish of the extreme environmentalist groups get their way for an accelerated timeline to establish fish passage into the Green Lake Dam.

Shoving extremism down the throats of the public and industry is not the answer. Extremism threatens our quality of life and quality of place set forth by our culture and traditions. But these days, it seems to be the emotional response of zealot environmentalists bent on saving us from ourselves in the process of righting the wrongs of the past that could turn a balanced approach on its head. But hey this is the world we live in. Stay tuned!



Gregory Burr is the retired regional fisheries biologist for Maine Inland Fisheries & Wildlife for Downeast/Acadia region. He is a Master Maine Guide, the 2007 fisheries biologist of the year, a 2017 Outdoor Lifetime Achievement award winner, and the guest host of the Maine Outdoors Radio Show. He can be reached at info@heartsof-maine.com

News

(cont. from pg 59)

know their rules and regulations around certification requirements.

•A Vermont resident is a person whose primary residence has been Vermont for at least 6 months and does not claim residency in any other state.

• Please note, your online only course certification may not be valid in Vermont. Please call the Vermont Hunter Education Program 802-828-1193 to verify or if you have questions.



The New Hampshire Fish and Game Department's Law Enforcement Division has recognized their 2023 New Hampshire Conservation Officers of the Year as follows.

Conservation Officer Levi Frye honored with the 2023 Northeast Conservation Law Enforcement Chiefs Association of the Year Award

Conservation Officer Levi Frye has been with the New Hampshire Fish and Game Department's Law Enforcement Division since September 2017. He

is a devoted officer and an active member of the Advanced Search and Rescue Team, a physical fitness instructor, a firearms instructor, and, most recently, a field training officer. CO Frye is very knowledgeable about firearms and is a strong proponent of ensuring officer safety in their handling and use, sharing his insight with his fellow officers through specialized training sessions.

As a member of the Advanced Search and Rescue Team, CO Frye has been called to some of the most grueling and dangerous search and rescue missions. He has the physical ability and mental aptitude to go on assignments that demand only the most skilled, fit, and prepared individuals.

(News cont. pg 67)

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“Just Fishing”

by Bob Leeman,
Bangor, ME

A new streamer fly pattern has emerged from the ranks of feathered creations assembled to attract our gamefish species---notably, landlocked salmon, while trolling in spring.

“A particular streamer fly used a lot, or your favorite, will always catch the most fish!”

“Are all fishermen liars, or do only liars fish?” Old proverb.

Where does spruce gum come from? Answer: Spruce trees. An old gum favorite with outdoorsmen from out of the centuries. At one time, it was sold tail in a little box of nuggets. However, it did have a habit of adhering to one’s teeth.

Best colors to attract salmon and trout appear to be salmon (egg) orange for salmon, and yellow for brown trout. I.E. that is, according to experts in the know.

What causes gamefish to curtail their feeding habits suddenly? Attendants at our fish hatcheries suspect that their inhabitants cease feasting when the water temperature drops off a few degrees. But, they return to their usual norms of “gorging” on food supply when the water temperature edges up a few degrees. Apparently not availability.

NEW FLY

A new streamer fly pattern has emerged from the ranks of feathered creations assembled to attract our gamefish species---notably, landlocked salmon, while trolling in spring. This, hot off the tying vice of a New Hampshire fly maker named Chuck Sturtevant, has raised an eyebrow or two over its enticement to the spring run of the American smelt.

Pale orange wing hackles appear to be close



to the color of salmon eggs--at least to this writer. This new creation, so they say, has been raising havoc with landlocks in New Hampshire over the past few spring seasons.

Word spreads fast, and many Maine, and other close by waters, apparently have used it with more than satisfactory results.

Recipe: (Roughly)
Hook: Long hank

streamer size 6X long
Body: Silver mylar with copper mylar rub
Wing: White bucktail
Underbelly: Under six strands of peacock herl
Throat: White hen
Underwing: Red dyed GPC


Overwing: 2 peach/salmon flanked by one medium dun Ewing Scott Biron signature series hackles
Shoulder: Natural or

dyed Mallard
Eye: Optional Jungle Cock nail
Head: Red



Bob Leeman is a former Master Maine Guide, outdoor writer, naturalist, and book author.

At long last, revived from the archives of the once-authoritative books on New England streamer flies and how to use them: **Trolling Flies for Trout & Salmon**, by Dick Stewart and Bob Leeman.



\$24.95


Trolling Flies for Trout and Salmon was first published in 1982 and again in 1992. There were 350 signed Limited Edition hardcover copies and several thousand hard and soft cover copies sold out with the two printings. Many fly tyers view this book as an up-to-date version of new and available streamer fly patterns and crave to have it in their library. Used copies have been selling on AmazonBooks.com for the last few years with a price tag up to \$300.00 for each copy! There are 125 pages with 32 color plates of more than 90 classic streamer flies and tying recipes from a Winnepesaukee Smelt to a Barney Google and a Rangeley Centennial. Leeman and Stewart also share with readers many tips and tactics for trolling streamer flies for trout and salmon throughout New England.

“This wonderful fishing book is the gospel when it comes to streamer flies and trolling tactics. A Classic!

- V. Paul Reynolds, Editor, Northwoods Sporting Journal

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Maine Outdoor Publications



In June, Sam Wingard of Orono caught this nice striper on the Penobscot River near Veazie.

Adventure

(cont. from pg 54)

and a trip past the historic Canadian Salmon Club perched high on a cut bank above the tumbling river. We fished over dozens of salmon in pool after pool, but enticed none. The Bonaventure is renowned for its breathtaking boreal landscapes. Our shore lunch was on an expansive gravel bar at a Trois Freres, three mountains that plunged into the sparkling river. As the sun passed over the mountains and steely shadows brought a shiver, the guide instructed “one more for the luck!” We each took one last cast and said our au revoir to the Bonaventure. Despite a fantastic experience on the river and hospitality at Bonaventure Lodge, our brief trip had come to a close.

Salmon fishing is the sport of kings, and these days it takes a king's ransom to pay for an Atlantic salmon trip. I owe a sincere gratitude and an oil painting to Mike who offered me the trip of a lifetime (and all his salmon fishing accoutrements) after an unexpected medical issue. “Tight lines” to staff holled as we headed home to Maine.



Mark McCollough writes from Hampden, Maine. He can be reached at markmccollough25@gmail.com.

Question

(cont. from pg 56)

was born. Construction of Wyman Dam and the Bucksport mill proceeded concurrently and, both projects were completed before even the initial permitting would be finished today. In fact, the Seaboard Paper Mill was ready for electricity before Wyman dam was complete. Rather than cut power to his other customers, Wyman bought the half-finished ship “Jacona” and converted it into a 20,000-kilowatt floating power plant. The Jacona was anchored in Bucksport harbor and connected to the papermill. On Thanksgiving Day of 1930, less than one year after construction began, the new paper machines came to life and would run, more or less continuously, for the next 84 years, until the Verso mill was shuttered in 2014.

The old mill site will soon be home to another band of expert anglers and sailors. While Whole Oceans will grow their own fish, rather than harvest it from local waters, and Maine Maritime Academy sailors will not hunt swordfish, it does seem fitting that this site has been returned to the kind of traditional uses that the RPP would surely recognize!



Bear

(cont. from pg 60)

days of the week right up to the second week of September. Just like that porch light that went on the same time every day, now, all of a sudden, it decided to burn out. The bear you were after was hot one month and burnt out the next. Too bad it's not simple to fix like a blown light bulb. What's happened is the bear got tired of eating the same thing over and over. Also, by September many natural fruits are ripe for eating which makes it extremely difficult to compete against “Mother Nature's Kitchen”. What I suggest, and this has worked for me, would be to get yourself an inexpensive popcorn popper to make up large quantities and while it's still warm sprinkle some fruit scented Bear Crack from Big Woods Big Bear Scents on to the popcorn. It will melt on and caramelize making it very delectable, even to a black bear full on wild cherries from the black cherry tree. I've also served the bear dessert by taking large marshmallows and sliding them onto broken tree branches and

pouring them all over the ground for a full course meal. The Bear Crack is extremely potent and sweet tasting – I know, I've tasted it accidentally -it wouldn't hurt to take some Big Woods Big Bear Scent's attractant spray and cover the surrounding trees. I've almost always, every year, had to change up the bait to “call” that bear back in. But it works like a charm.

It also helps to fool a smart bear by keeping your empty tree stand in the same tree and use a hunting chair with the Ghost Blind to set up on the ground in a dark shadowy area where you can hide very well. This trick works great. I've tried it twice and each time have been rewarded with a black bear. This is how I got my bear on the last day during the 2015 season.



Justin has a degree in Wildlife Biology and is a member of the New England Outdoor Writers Association (NEOWA). He has two books and can be reached through his website – WildMaineOutdoors.com.

News

(cont. from pg 65)

“Levi Frye is an outstanding officer whose dedication to duty is also a testament to his loyalty to the Agency,” said NH Fish and Game Law Enforcement Chief Colonel Kevin Jordan. “I personally feel very fortunate to work with such a devoted and hardworking officer who is continually committed to wildlife conservation and enforcement. I have great confidence in his abilities.”

The Conservation Law Enforcement Chief's Association (CLECA) is an organization made up of Chiefs and Assistant Chiefs from the states of Virginia to Maine, the US Fish and Wildlife Service, National Marine Fisheries Office of Law Enforcement, and Canadian Provinces, with the primary purpose of encouraging and promoting conservation law enforcement cooperation among the eastern states represented. Annually, CLECA recognizes an officer from each state for their outstanding contributions to fish and wildlife protection of our country's natural resources.



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Brookie

(cont. from pg 62)

mine.” That comment kind of put a lump in my throat to know the idea had come full circle. I didn’t take his fish, but what we did was invite my wife’s brother Chet, 92 years of age, to the house for a trout supper, with peas and mashed potatoes. He was thrilled, as he loved trout, but had not had any in a long time.

If you want a real warm feeling through your heart right to your soul, find a nice oldster that can’t get out any more, and who re-

ally enjoys game, and get them some. I chose brook trout but it easily could be venison, partridge, or any other game meat. Their look of appreciation will tickle your heart for a long while.



Bob writes from his camp on the shores of Craig Pond where he and his wife raised three kids and ten grandchildren. He is an avid outdoorsman and a former Registered Maine Guide. He may be contacted at Craigponder@myfairpoint.net

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The current cabin is a two story wood frame structure used primarily as a fishing camp. Four bedrooms, kitchen and dining area, large family room with fireplace. One bathroom with shower, front porch to relax and enjoy the piece, tranquility, birds and wildlife, and of course the magical sunrise over C-Bluff.

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Mic Mac

(cont. from pg 48)

writing over my 34 years at that daily newspaper. Yeah, it sounds like a bit of bragging and I suppose it is except that these awards for stuff that I have written mean a great deal to me and, in fact, are a part of the scene.

Both the space for any future additions to the burial ground and my time left here on this wondrous, gorgeous planet are limited but who knows? Only time will tell.

Dennis Jensen is a freelance writer who resides in Vermont. He can be contacted at d.jensen62@yahoo.com

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Lot 22 Map P1003 Plan04, Ebeemee Twp! Look no further, this furnished camp provides the ultimate vision you've been wanting to escape reality. The island experience is perfect for all families and sportsman alike. Electricity, gas appliances, and an incinerator toilet make this cabin comfortable and convenient. Enjoy swimming along the tranquil sandy beach in the front after taking a boat ride across the serene 905-acre Ebeemee Lake. Located roughly halfway between Milo and Millinocket, this 1.95-acre lot nestled on Russell Island provides access to all that Maine's recreation has to offer. A tractor & trailer to transport items conveys with the sale. Septic plans, well, and additions have been approved. MLS#1583230 **\$179,900.**



126 Bunker Lane, Hartland, ME: Lakefront at its finest, 200' of pristine waterfrontage on Great Moose Lake, just steps away from the deck! Nestled on a spacious private lot, solitude and seclusion await you on this impressive waterfront property. This 1-bdrm 1-bath charming cottage is updated with knotty pine throughout and contains a half bath with a separate shower room. Loft/attic access can be finished for additional living quarters. Includes a convenient heat pump, a newer standing seam roof, and a recent concrete basement underneath the camp. For over two centuries, Great Moose Lake has been a popular destination for sportsmen and recreational tourists. With a max depth of 62' and a mean depth of 18', this 3,584-ac body of water provides various high-quality fisheries for both cold and warm water species. Another 1.69-acre parcel across the street can be purchased, if desired. ML#1590839 **\$374,000.**



40 Weld Road, Byron, ME: Just minutes away from Tumbledown Mountain, along the Swift River in a secluded tranquil spot, you will discover three furnished cabins along with a garage, shed, and out-buildings. Fully equipped for efficient yr-rd off-grid living w/a well and two septic systems. Powered by gas, solar panels, and a generator shed. The main camp boasts 3 bdrms, 1 bath and the two front cabins each contain 1 bdrm, 1 bath. Reside in the main camp and rent out the other two for additional income - currently being advertised and rented at \$125 per night. This is the ultimate sportsman's dream showcasing what the beautiful state of Maine has to offer. Leave right from the front door on your snowmobile or ATV and hit the ITS, enjoy excellent hunting in both zone 7 & 12, hike the Appalachian trail, or take a drive to Coos Canyon! See multi-family listing MLS# 1574475 **\$425,000.**

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3466-Farmington; Absolutely beautiful property with a commanding view of the Mount Blue Mountain Range.

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3467-Corinna; Great location! This 1994 contemporary colonial has 3BR, 2 baths, 2-car garage on just over

5 private acres. Much has been cleaned up and more cleaning and repairs still needed. Great investment at this price. **\$95,000**



4409-Madison; Lovely 3BR, 1 bath home on a double lot with fenced in yard. Recently renovated, updated and up to

code. Triple-heating systems with A/C. Move in ready and Call now for your showing. **\$199,900**



8468-Embsden; 3.8 acres with a beautiful fields and an abundance of southern exposure for

gardens and maybe solar. Town water is available at roadside as is power and telephone. Mixture of fields and woods. Close to beach and boat launches. **\$59,000**

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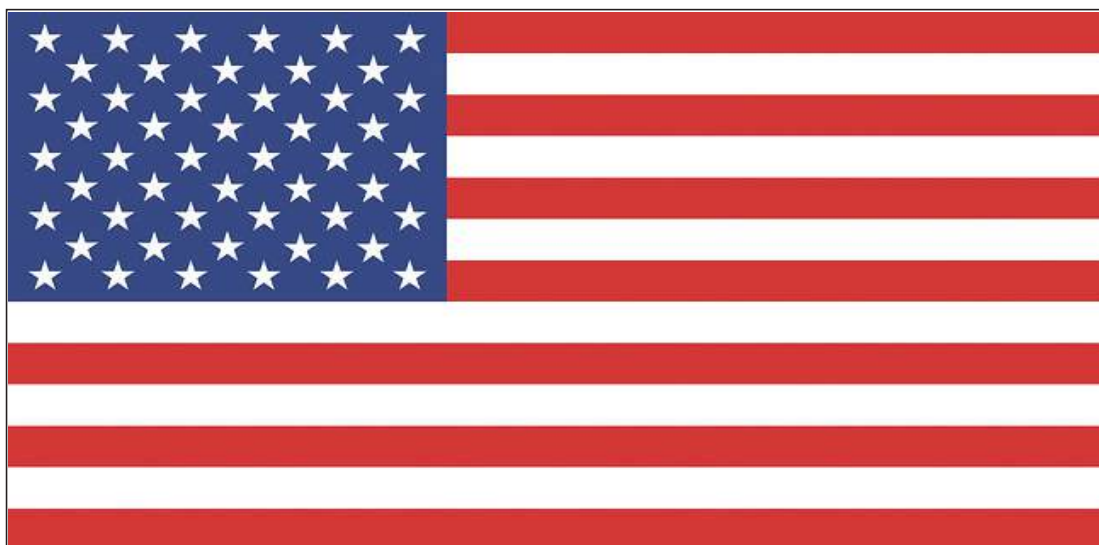
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