



# *The Maine Bowhunter*



The Official Newsletter of Maine Bowhunters Association

Summer 2017



## **Inside This Edition**

**President's Report, A Story by Brad Magoon, and Val Has a Fantastic Spring Bear Hunt.**



## President's Report

By Deanna L. Page



Is Summer nearly over already?? Soon we will be climbing into our treestands ready for a chance to send an arrow toward our query. Are you ready? Is your bow properly tuned and shooting accurately? Now is the time to get everything ready, including you...practice, practice, practice in order to make the best lethal shot you can on the animal you are hunting. Visit your local pro shop to get your bow ready to go. Don't forget that most of the pro shops allow a 10% discount on archery accessories to MBA members, so present your current MBA Membership card, and Thank the shop for their support!

Speaking of support, Peter Brown of Skyline Safety Systems has set it up so every card carrying MBA member will get a 25% discount off the system (apply the discount code MBA25 at checkout)! Skyline Safety System is Peter's new product that helps you securely attach your treestand to the tree before you ever leave the ground. For more info on Skyline Safety System, visit their website at [www.skylinesafetysystem.com](http://www.skylinesafetysystem.com), or check out their ad on our Facebook page.

The MBA Board of Directors would like to Thank Rodd Lougee, our Treasurer for the past four years, for his time and effort spent in that position. Rodd stepped into the position when we really needed someone to step up, and he has done a great job. Rodd is assisting Beth Bellegarde as she now makes the transition into the Treasurer position. Rodd will remain active in the MBA, even though he won't be an "official" officer at this time. Everyone who is willing to sacrifice a little time and volunteer their time and opinion in the everyday goings on is an important part of the MBA leadership.

We would love to have anyone willing to give some time of their own become involved. This organization is the group that protects, promotes and preserves our bowhunting tradition in Maine, we need input from bowhunters across the state, just like yourself....let your ideas be heard! Contact myself at [mainebowhunter68@gmail.com](mailto:mainebowhunter68@gmail.com), or call 270-3400 or feel free to contact any other MBA Officer or Rep listed in this newsletter, we NEED you!

As you venture out this fall hunting, please remember to fill out a stat sheet and send to us for every animal you harvest with your bow. This is valuable information that can be used to show the effectiveness of bowhunting as a management tool. Things like these are what can help us when it comes to establishing new expanded archery zones, where the population is out of control. The MBA wants to make sure bowhunters in the state of Maine have every opportunity they can to enjoy our sport. The MBA worked tirelessly with IF&W to help establish the expanded zones in order to serve the public by reducing the deer herd in high populated areas where firearms are a safety concern as well as establish more bowhunting opportunities for bowhunters themselves.

Summer is usually a slow time to the MBA, but we will be participating in a couple of upcoming events: on **August 8** we will be in Ranglely for their Sporting Heritage Days where they will be focusing on Archery this year, with their main goal is to promote archery, shooting and harvesting of animals for the food on our table, trying to reach out to all age groups. Later in this summer, the MBA will be hosting a shoot with some great prizes to benefit the membership, please check our website and Facebook page for more info on this event.

Thank you so much for your membership,  
Deanna L. Page  
President, Maine Bowhunters Association



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## Wrong Side of the Fence

By

*Brad Magoon*

Let's step back a few years to 2004: It was in late January. I was in Southeast Kansas checking boundaries of a Wildlife Management Area that I thought might harbor some good deer and turkey hunting in the future. I was driving east on a dirt dead-end road. There was a small ranch with many outbuildings and Red Angus cattle in the pastures. I saw someone sitting on the tailgate of a truck tinkering on a chainsaw. I drove up this long driveway to where this older man was. In a loud voice he said "Howdy, can I help you?" I said "Maybe. I'm checking the boundaries of the Wildlife Management Area around here." I might do some hunting for turkey and deer this coming season. The man asked if I knew anything about chainsaws. I said "Yes, back in Maine I work in the woods a lot with them." He said "It needs adjustment, and it's dull." I took a small screwdriver to adjust the carburetor, and filed the chainsaw. I told him my name was Brad and he said his name was Charlie. He said "I was born in that ranch house in 1931." He asked if I had a few minutes and I said "yes." He showed me around his outbuildings, his tractors, his combine, his trucks, and some items he'd invented over the



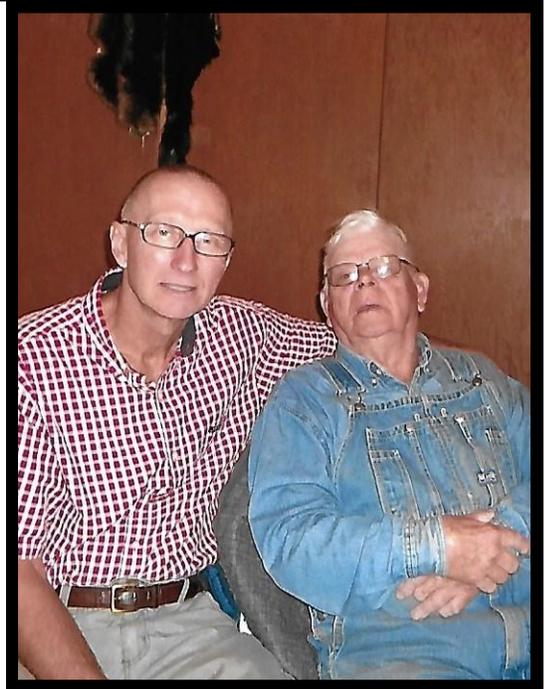
years. Charlie asked if I had time to take a ride with him in his truck. I said, "sure." Charlie drove me around for 2 hours while I opened and closed gates, showing me the land and telling me stories about the train that used to run through his property. He told me about deer he had shot, as well as bobcats, coyotes and other game that he had trapped over the years. He told me more stories about people he had known, horses he had owned, and dogs he had owned. Well, you could say we both hit it off big time.

When we got back to the ranch house he look me in the eyes and asked "you hunt with a bow?" I said "yes." He said "you won't bother my gun hunters then. They hunt after bow season." You can also stay in that bunk house over there. At that time I was renting a studio apartment in Wichita one hundred miles away. I went to visit and work with Charlie over the next eleven years, and he gave me access across his property to public land.

Now, let's jump ahead a few years. It was May 14 2007. It was a clear 63 degrees at 8am when Charlie and I went to feed the cattle. Then we went to get some fence posts from the barn because



Charlie wanted to replace some cedar fenceposts by the haybarn meadow that were getting old. Charlie was on the east side of the fence, and I stayed on the west side of the fence. We removed staples that were holding the five strands of barbed wire on the cedar posts. As we were going along we replaced the old cedar posts with the metal ones. We only had two more posts to go when my lower legs started to feel as though they were on fire. I started slapping my legs and pulling my pants legs up yelling "My legs are on fire!" I saw small reddish-brown ants all over my skin. About that time Charlie said "You want to step around those sandy places. You're apt to get into fire ants. I took some drinking water we had brought along to put on my bites and cool them down. It helped some. I noticed where Charlie was working there were no sandy places. We got the posts in and the clips on the posts. Job done!



At noon, Charlie took me up to Hilltop Café for lunch, where many of the ranchers go. Don't you know Charlie had a story to tell everyone. He got a good laugh, and I found out what fire ants were. One of the other ranchers asked Charlie why he didn't get bit too. He said "I wasn't on the wrong side of the fence."

And yes, over the years the hunting has been real good in this area.

Thank you Charlie



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## BOWHUNTING SPRING BEAR IN CANADA

by

Val Marquez

My latest adventure was a spring black bear bowhunt in Bathurst, New Brunswick. Bathurst is situated in the northeast section of the Province on the coast of Chaleur Bay.

Arriving in Bathurst I meet Pierre Roy owner of "P.R. Guides and Outfitters" at a local gas station and followed him to camp. The camp was spotless and the food prepared was good home cooking.

The region we bear hunted was remote; in fact the bait site I hunted was 20 miles from camp on logging roads. The area consists of logged off sections in a patch-work of heavily wooded forest of white birch, poplar and cedar. Alders are prevalent along the many brooks, streams and marshlands that dot the landscape. The dirt logging roads and clear-cuts are lined with clover and succulent grass that bear need to prepare their digestive organs for more hardy foods.

The hunt started with an interesting, 20-mile, bumpy, drive to the stand site. I do not fear black bear. Living in Maine I grew up around them. I do have a healthy respect towards black bear. Still the fact that black bear kill and maul more people than other types of bear is always in the back of my mind.

A poor shot that results in a wounded animal and excess work for a guide causes injury to my ethics and integrity which cause long term negative memories; wounds that take longer to heal than bodily wounds -- this was my main concern.

My mind wandered during the dusty ride to the bait site. I consider that my shooting was honed and I had practiced shooting seated, standing, plus slowly standing, drawing, and executing a perfect shot at a 3-D bear target. I reminded myself that performance and equipment wise I was ready. However, a live bear was another matter.

When we reached my bait site it was completely torn to pieces by bear activity and the tree stand was more like an elevated hide on an African waterhole. The tree stand was 12-feet high. It was built among dark cedar trees, six feet square with rails and was completely brushed in. The tree stand gave me confidence to draw without being seen and some wiggle room during the six hour waits.

An hour into my wait a large, coal-black, bear walked to the bait with only slight concern of danger; he owned the bait and knew it. I set up in my chair, under my breath I kept telling myself not to mess this opportunity up. I then slowly removed the 72-pound Hoyt from the hook and began adjusting my body for a shot.

The bear sniffed around the bait checking things out then walked into the dark underbrush on the other

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side and disappeared. I decided to stand and get ready if/or when he returned. As I moved to stand his head jerk around in the dark cover and he then burst away into the swamp.

Dejected and upset at myself but feeling I may have another chance either at the same bear or another; this was the first day of a weeklong hunt and bear were actively feeding at all bait sites. Confident that I would get another chance, I reprogrammed myself, becoming more intense.

An hour later he appeared again, this time from behind me. He had circled and watched the bait site until he felt safe then reappeared. Again he walked to the bait, lay in front of the bait barrel and began lapping grease from it. He snatched a donut from the barrel, mouthed it and then dropped it and began lapping oil again. At this point, I removed my bow from the hook and adjusted for the shot angle. I stood waiting for the right opportunity with his right leg forward.



The bear finely stood and offered a shot at his heart and lungs. He then lowered his head to retrieve a piece of bait that fell from his mouth; I drew and settled the pin on his vitals squeezing the release trigger the arrow disappeared into the bear's side. He woofed and bolted into thick alders. I knew it was a well executed shot and that I had not flinched, but the gremlins still started with the usual what ifs, etc.

Soon I heard the death moan, I called Ron on the radio and told him I had shot a big bear. He inquired if I had heard the death moan in which I replied I'm listening to it now. Within a few minutes I heard his truck rattling down the rutted road and he soon walked into site.

We found my arrow sticking in the dirt covered with blood and then saw blood a few feet from the spot the bear was standing, the blood trail was easy to follow. The bruin had bulldozed down an alder chocked trail; we found him dead within 50 yards. The Slick Trick broadhead created a massive wound channel with full penetration. A large bear lay at our feet, big for a spring bear in eastern Canada.

Why travel to Canada to bear hunt when Maine has such a large population? I prefer to hunt in the spring and as we all know, Maine has no spring bear season. I do enjoy bowhunting bear in Maine during our fall season. But more exotic spring bear hunts in Canada are great, too.



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Membership Dues:     Family/household \$30     Affiliate Club/business \$95

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THANK YOU!  
From everyone at the  
Maine Bowhunters Association**



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