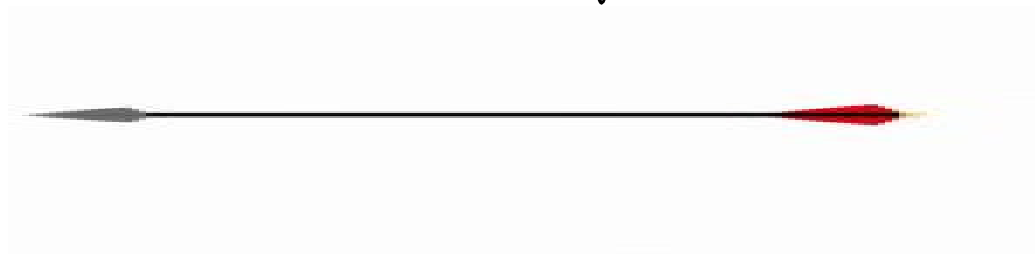


# B.A.N.S BULLETIN

## fall 2009



for BOWHUNTERS - by BOWHUNTERS



THE VOICE OF BOWHUNTERS SINCE

1978

**The B.A.N.S Bulletin** is the official publication of the **Bowhunters Association of Nova Scotia.**

We invite letters to the editor, articles, stories, comments, Bowhunting tips, wild game recipes, positive & negative points of view, etc.

We reserve the right to refuse publishing of materials we believe unsuitable to the interests of our members.

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## President's Report

2009 started off with BANS and the Federation of Anglers and Hunters holding a Mainland Moose Awareness day, January 25, in Stewiacke. It was open to all and about 35 people showed up. Sarah Spencer and Tony Nette of DNR gave a very informative presentation of the plight of the Mainland moose. Please if you see one, or any tracks, pellets, etc, report it via the moose sighting report section of the DNR website.

The BANG-UP at Riverside Archery was again a really well done shoot ! There course was even better than last year and I am still getting great feed back from those that went and even a few "so and so told me you guys had a great shoot". Again, I would like to express a BIG thank-you to Rob Reynolds and his family and the many other volunteers that put this on .

We had a 4H group visit and conducted an "experience archery session" The kids and those involved had a really good time.

I attended a series of meetings regarding the training course for crossbows in NS. So you may be aware, training for crossbows is now done online.

There is now an association representing crossbows at the Federation level, The Nova Scotia Association of Crossbow Hunters, currently with about 40 members. They have sent out a poll and published it on Nova Scotia Hunting.com.

They are having a meeting in the next few weeks and generating some resolutions for the Spring.

I would still like to get the Area Reps as are mentioned in our constitution back in place. They could be invaluable in getting the BANS word out to their areas. Again we will speak about this later.

John Webber  
President, BANS

## **BANS BANG -UP 2009**

This years BANG-UP was hosted by Riverside Archers again up on Cape Breton Island; we had an excellent turn out of 50 shooters.

The course trails were a bit muddy in spots because of all the rain in early July, luckily the sun came out for the weekend and all went well.

The targets were set out with challenging hunter shots in mind and a couple interesting shots like the running coyote on day one and then we put out an even more challenging running turkey for day two along with a ground blind and bear cub raiding a campers tent; inside the tent were the usual camp supplies, frying pans etc... Congratulations to Connie Hart for being the first one admitting to shoot high and get the frying pan☺.

On Saturday afternoon the local 4H group attended a discover archery shoot put on by BANS and a BBQ by the club, the kids had a great time and hopefully we have a few more members for our club.

Bellies were kept full and happy with a variety of wild game stews and chilies along with fresh snow crab for supper on Saturday night. Thanks again to Cheryl for being chief cook and bottle washer for the weekend.

This was our second year hosting the BANG-UP and trying to out do yourself a second time around is pretty challenging, it was a lot of work but was worth it seeing everyone having a good time and hearing the colorful comments about the challenging target layout. Thanks to all who helped out for the past two years. I'm looking forward to next year and attending my first BANG-UP as a participant, hosting club has yet to be determined.

Rob

## 2009 AGM

For those that couldn't make the AGM here is a brief report on what went on at the meeting November 15<sup>th</sup> in Sackville.

First we didn't have enough members present for a quorum; luckily our guest speaker from NSFAH saved the day by joining BANS and we didn't have to reschedule like we did last year.

Wilfred Woods from NSFAH attended and gave a brief update on behalf of the federation and Julie Towers from DNR Wildlife Division.

The election of officers was held and the Executive remains the same for another term.

The area Representatives Committee was formed with Darcy Frampton for the southern part of the province and Rob Reynolds for the Northern and Cape Breton areas, the remaining areas are yet to be filled. Any volunteers please contact a member of the executive.

A Constitution Review Committee was formed to update our current constitution and amend it for the coming policy changes to the Societies Act.

Four resolutions were proposed for the Federation Meeting in March, once they are finalized they will be posted.

Memberships are up this year by about 20 . Of the 400+ students only some took advantage of the \$10 discounted membership – with 4 from the last course of the year. - SPREAD THE WORD – bowhunting is always going to need strong representation and the more members the better!!

BANS will be sponsoring two more youths from the 2009 Bowhunter education courses.

Jamie Macmillan won the digital camera donated by AIL insurance as a door prize.

Connie Hart won the sponsorship for this years BOW program.

Cheryl Reynolds was awarded the NSFAH black hat award for her participation in the 2008 and 2009 BANG-UP hosting.

## Bass River Bunny Hunt 2009

What a beautiful day for a bunny hunt. The sun was out, the air was crisp and we were being hosted by the Bass River Fire Department like we are royalty dressed in green camo.

The 50 participants were served a delicious breakfast of sausages, eggs with toast and pretty good coffee. This was a perfect start to any day of hunting. I was hunting with my husband Jamie and his brother Shawn; these guys are my usual hunting partners. We have had a few trips to the camp together and this was the second Bass River hunt for me and Shawn. We were quite happy with our area that we picked out, it was peppered with tracks. But there was a bit more snow than we were hoping for. Ok, I was near tears by the end of the first hour in the woods! I am not used to the thigh burn that happens from sinking into the snow about 5 inches with every step.

Our morning was pretty uneventful. We were discouraged and yet motivated after lunch to see some movement in the bushes. I have yet to take an animal with my bow, or with one of my guns. I was hoping that today would be the day; I could feel that today could be the day. I have been bunny hunting for just over a year so I know the old saying...*If you think you see one you really didn't. You'll know when you do.* After lunch I put on my snowshoes which made the walk in the woods feel much less like a make work project. I was in good spirits. My eyes were peeled and squinting into the shadows from the woods. Jamie had seen the first one. It was in a strip of brush and small trees only about 8-10 feet deep but it was too thick to successfully run through and have aim at anything. This one got away in spite of a good effort to double back and track.

Later on, after hiking up what seemed like an unnecessary huge hill, Shawn spotted the second rabbit of the day. It was across a little valley so he walked around to get behind and chase the rabbit across to where Jamie and I were. It worked. I was trying to anticipate where this animal was going to go and get into a better position with fewer trees in my path. Surprising this move helped. The dirty snow colored creature sat so picturesque canopied with the most perfect little branches. I raised my bow, pulled back the string, found my anchor point like I was born with it and had what felt like the best shot of my life happening. The string released at the most precise moment as if this was all pre planned. Every movement felt as slick and smooth like butter being cut with a hot knife. As the arrow was flying through the air, as I commanded it, I could still see the rabbit sitting and waiting to see what happened next. That poor tree that supported the perfect little branch never imagined in all its few years of life that it would become the recipient of my perfect shot. The rabbit was impressed, I could just tell but he didn't stick around to help the tree or to congratulate me on my beautiful shot. I only missed by about 4 inches, that hardly matters though; you can't measure in inches an experience or feeling like that.

I have already put in to have the second Saturday of 2010 off so I can be part of another great adventure in Bass River.

'Hunting Chick'

## Year 2008 Harvest by Deer Management Zone

D.M. Zone	ADHS Available	Applications Received	Antlerless Deer Kill Reported	"Buck" Kill Reported	Total Kill <sup>1</sup>
1	1,000	3,408	242	1,260	1,503
2	3,000	6,560	718	1,775	2,508
2 A *	4,521	4,624	1,554	805	2,365
3	0	N/A	0	124	124
4	7,000	13,348	1,408	3,644	5,062
5	0	N/A	0	589	589
6	0	N/A	0	370	370
7	0	N/A	0	42	42
Unknown <sup>2</sup>	-	-	1	4	5
<b>Total</b>	<b>15,521</b>	<b>27,940</b>	<b>3,923</b>	<b>8,613</b>	<b>12,568</b>

## Deer Harvest Summary 1997 - 2008

	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008
Annapolis	427	457	605	672	394	429	309	381	370	489	542	551
Antigonish	355	469	631	605	322	392	210	216	227	287	304	396
Cape Breton	290	365	428	461	149	135	62	51	54	112	147	157
Colchester	1,020	1,382	1,639	1,805	1,032	1,173	704	859	799	1,143	1,126	1,454
Cumberland	842	1,058	1,414	1,384	694	707	609	573	568	780	927	1,053
Digby	347	392	528	536	337	338	260	243	228	323	411	433
Guysborough	527	669	713	710	339	363	223	226	267	376	352	373
Halifax	795	1,071	1,230	1,379	795	763	448	525	456	658	657	691
Hants	854	1,114	1,401	1,536	842	848	634	604	628	861	956	1,244
Inverness	392	456	508	399	134	66	55	43	21	67	83	79
Kings	402	496	775	872	453	384	332	368	301	445	495	404
Lunenburg	1,118	1,485	1,986	2,429	1,695	1,536	1,600	1,847	1,676	1,876	1,923	3,248
Pictou	869	1,158	1,377	1,508	748	741	530	547	472	675	698	855
Queens	447	560	617	747	481	413	391	402	335	435	359	572
Richmond	319	434	576	541	210	116	80	48	22	124	120	146
Shelburne	343	561	530	725	465	467	335	383	300	338	355	415
Victoria	103	125	81	30	20	16	12	8	10	24	23	26
Yarmouth	413	558	633	768	492	432	465	429	370	427	561	397
Unknown	0	76	146	72	0	0	42	61	49	51	36	74
<b>Total Harvest</b>	<b>9,863</b>	<b>12,886</b>	<b>15,818</b>	<b>17,179</b>	<b>9,602</b>	<b>9,319</b>	<b>7,301</b>	<b>7,814</b>	<b>7,151</b>	<b>9,491</b>	<b>10,075</b>	<b>12,568</b>
<b>Total License Sales</b>	<b>58,061</b>	<b>54,036</b>	<b>55,808</b>	<b>53,060</b>	<b>48,533</b>	<b>45,763</b>	<b>42,260</b>	<b>39,343</b>	<b>35,662</b>	<b>38,973</b>	<b>39,193</b>	<b>33,396*</b>
<b>Hunter Success (%)</b>	<b>19</b>	<b>23.8</b>	<b>28.3</b>	<b>34.2</b>	<b>19.8</b>	<b>20.4</b>	<b>17.3</b>	<b>19.9</b>	<b>20.1</b>	<b>24.3</b>	<b>25.7</b>	<b>37.6*</b>

## **2008 Moose Hunt “A Glimpse Through His Eyes”.**

Newfoundland has always been the place that I turn to when I need to recharge my batteries so to speak. I can't explain it, but when I'm there, breathing in the air, smelling the aromas, seeing the sights and listening for the sounds of the autumn woods, my soul, body and mind come to life, keenly sensing all that surrounds me. My energy level seems to peek like it does no where else I've ever been, it's home, it's where I belong, it's where I have my greatest connections to the land.

This trip would test my hunting skills like no other NL hunt I've been on. First of all, a lot of things can change in the moose woods over 5 years. Where the moose are feeding, bedding, travelling, etc... Also the wood roads too have changed being transformed into tighter, weather beaten, abandoned roads. There are wash-outs that make passing all but impossible unless you have a vehicle with good ground clearance. Cars don't cut it here on most roads and for this trip all I have is my wife's car, add to that, the areas that I scouted just 3 weeks prior were useless now due to the extremely heavy rains that hit the area just before the bow opener. All the roads that I had access to had been washed out, denying access to even quads. The NL bow season is only 2 weeks long, and I only planned on hunting one week as my children still needed to get back to NS to register for the upcoming school year. One week to hunt unscouted terrain, for moose, well before the rut, armed with just a traditional bow. If that wasn't challenging enough I would have to overcome another few obstacles before the weeks end.

Luckily for me, my cousin Jackie loves the outdoors and hunting as much as I do and he offered me help and his truck for this hunt. Now Jackie is quit a moose hunter and has been successful every single year he has had a moose license, he has even taken a few moose and caribou with his bow in the past. But we would be forced to hunt old mature forests, having to access to the prime moose areas and new cutovers where moose like to feed. Yep this short bow hunt would prove to be challenging. So here is how each day unfolded on my 2008 moose hunt.

Day 1 finds us heading into camp 185 road in Moose Management Area 8, (MMA 8) in search of moose. Jackie as always, was ready early and picked me up an hour before daylight. We had a 30 minute drive to the beginning of 185 road, we planned on hunting in there 20 + Kms to where they had done some cutting a few years earlier, so the moose should have lots of young feed. We were only about 12 kms in when we spotted fresh moose tracks on the road and as we rounded the next bend there stood a cow moose. Jackie stopped the truck and I was able to stalk to within 20 yards of the cow as she grazed on the young saplings at the roads edge. She kept a close eye on me as I closed the distance working to well within my effective bow range, however the moose was standing on the edge of a bank that lead into a big valley below. Now I'm faced with my first decision of the trip, do I shoot her here? Once struck with the arrow she would surely run down into the valley below, not being familiar with this part of the area, I wasn't about to shoot a moose in any unknown location where retrieving the meat would be extremely difficult. After all we were just 10-15 minutes after first legal light, so I decided to pass.

We only managed to get in the road another 2 kms before we reached a huge wash-out that cut across the entire road leaving a 5 foot, straight walled ditch where the road once passed, preventing us from going any further. So now we were losing the best part of the morning with no where to hunt but the first part of the road we had just passed, full of 20-25 year old growth, meaning no good young moose feed except the young growth at the roads edge. But Jackie knew that one of the side roads we passed would get us closer to where we wanted to be, if we didn't hit any more washouts. So we decided to give this other road a try as the morning was growing old fast.

As we started down this other road we spotted a couple of fresh moose tracks in the road. The moose had been feeding along the roads edge where the only young growth in the area was located. As we slowly drove in, it was clear that the moose were feeding on the young alders, not their preferred choice of food, but in a 25 year old forest, I guess it was their best option. We finally reached a point where we could no longer travel by vehicle, it was also a place where Jackie could try for a trout with his fly rod. So I decided to walk back out the road and do some cow calls and soft grunts while Jackie fished a spell.

As I walked out the road we had just travelled over, I noticed all the sign we had missed as we drove in, even though we were taking our time, you can't pick up on all the sign from a moving vehicle. I soon realized that there were more moose here than we originally thought. They were feeding on the young birches growing on the side of the road in this area and using the road as a moose trail, the path of least resistance. It was nice to be out in the woods and it was nice to be out of the truck and hunting on foot. I don't know how people/hunters can spend so much time hunting out of a vehicle, there is so much you miss. I never made it to far out the road when I heard something snap a branch down towards the lake, just another advantage of hunting on foot. I looked for a good place to set up and call but where the snap came from was directly down wind of me and the cover was heavy, banks were steep and just seconds later I heard another good snap sounding much further away. If it was a moose, I knew it was heading for places unknown and wouldn't be coming back any time soon. I never even tried to call it back, I was just content to spend some time slowly walking out the road looking for more sign. The crisp early morning air was starting to warm a little, or maybe it seemed that way as I had been walking up a slow grade for the last ½ mile or more. What ever the reason for the feeling of warmth, I welcomed it. The lake and valley was to my left and there were a couple of bogs on my right as I slowly walked my way out of the valley. After covering another 200 yards I came to a turn in the road, this would give me a good advantage point to call from. I setup on the outside of the turn where I could look in two different directions with as little head movement as possible. Once in position just inside the young alders with only my head peering over their tops, giving me a 200 yard view in one direction and about 250 yard view in the other. I let out a soft short cow call, then quietly listened for a response.

It was very quiet, a little breeze, but ever so slight. As the climbing sun began to warm my cheeks I raised my call to my mouth and gave another soft cow call. Errrrraa... then listened as quietly as possible while surveying my openings. As I waited and watched I

noticed some of the leaf's had already began to change into the autumn colors. Green was still the dominant color, but the season of change was beginning to show its face. When you stop to pay attention to your surroundings you soon notice all the changes that take place that others might not recognize. The sun for instance has a softer warmer glow, rather than the bright more intense heat it has throughout the summer months. This was the first time I felt that I was hunting in the right season. Some feel the NL bow season which starts in the last week of Aug is to early to hunt, but if the signs are there, I pay no attention to what others think.

As I listened intently I heard the rattle of an approaching vehicle, yep it was Jackie. I was shocked when I looked at my watch to see that 45 minutes had past since I left Jackie fishing at the bridge. Soon the truck appeared, so I gathered my things and stepped out onto the road and waited to be picked up. We quickly exchanged the information gather since we parted then decided to check out another little side road that circled beneath the big bog at the top of the hill where Jackie had hunted before.

We parked the truck at the beginning of the road and headed down into the valley on foot. About 500 meters in we came to a fresh cutover from the year before. There was fresh moose sign around so we decided to step out in the cutover to where we could see some distance. Once we stopped and let the area settle down for 5 minutes or so, I gave a soft cow grunt, followed by a short cow moan. Within seconds we heard a bull grunt, I know Jackie heard it the same time as I did because we both quickly turned and looked at each other. We both then realized that we were in the wrong place as this grunt came directly down wind of us. With it being so quiet and the moose quickly approaching according to the sound of the snapping twigs, we could only hope our scent would be carried over the moose with the warming air currents. After a few minutes of hearing nothing, I let out an even softer cow moan and that was quickly followed up by the bull with a loud grunt just inside the treeline, no more than 50 yards away. The only problem was this little cutover we were in was on the top of a little round hill that dipped off in three directions. We were positioned where we could see in all directions, and the moose was off to the right of us. As feared the bull caught our scent and quickly retreated in the direction from where he appeared never giving us so much as a glimpse. But we did have another good moose encounter on the first day of the bow season when most think moose don't respond to calls. Although no moose was taken, I considered it a very successful encounter with all things considering. For the remainder of the morning we scouted out the little area we had access to. Hunting mature forest with little to no new growth was going to be a challenge.

Day 2 was a Sunday and no hunting is allowed so I decided I would do a little scouting back in 185 road. I went into a pond we use to fish about 35 years ago, man we caught some nice speckles there, up to 2.5 lbs each. I took the video camera and tripod with me, and once I reached the pond and walked around to the east side of it, I decided to set it up and give a few calls. About 5 seconds after I called, a cow answered back with almost the exact same call, from a little swamp about 100-150 yards away. But again I was up wind of her, so I quickly gathered my things and exited the area in hopes of her not catching my scent.

Day 3; This day started off with a massive down pour so after calling Jackie at 04:30 we both decided to sleep in and see if the weather clears up for an evening hunt. Sure enough it did, so we headed into the pond where I got the response from the cow moose the day before. As luck would have it, as soon as we arrived the down pour started again. After driving for 40 minutes to get here we decided just to sit in the truck to see if the rain would stop or at least go to a light mist. 30 minutes later, found me clearing a couple of branches for a shooting lane as I found a good ambush spot. The rain stopped within the 1<sup>st</sup> 15 minutes and I had worked my way slowly up the small brook that connected the pond to the bog pond where the cow called from the day before. I climbed up onto a small bank at the edge of the clearing that was about 7-8 feet tall and covered with moss and black spruce. While walking up the brook I noticed a good moose lead cross the brook in the center of the treeline between the two ponds. I remember thinking, wow even here in a remote area, the moose still use cover to go from point A to Point B. Well to quickly put a wrap on day 3, 20 minutes after getting settled in and ready for to sit until dark, the rain started once more and forced me out of the woods.

Day 4; This day found us hunting near Barachois brook area, just 1 km from the highway. We drove in the road, a ways then walked the last 400 yards to a little knob over looking a little valley and the dirt road. It was still dark when we reached this new ambush spot, so under the cover of darkness on this still morning I set up my double chair ground blind for me and Jackie to sit in and quietly wait until daylight. Well the action started right away. Before it was light enough to see in the valley we heard a couple of moose feeding and working their way up hill to bed down for the day. The moose were very close and at times I would say they had to less then 50 yards from us. To me this was great, no driving around in a truck, just sitting and waiting at a good ambush location and the moose were already there. As things began to lighten up we could still here the moose below us, feeding in the silver culture. Then out of the blue catching us totally off guard a cow moose grunted from the road. Turning my head about 20 degrees I spotted her easily, standing there about 70 yards away and looking in the valley below to where the other moose were feeding. About a minute later I heard a calf call out to the cow. I remember thinking this is perfect. A beautiful calm morning and four moose out in front of us some where, but only one in pain sight. Then the cow started walking straight towards us, now she was about 50 yards away and feeding on the young growth at the roads edge. She and the calf started calling back and forth to each other, call after call, I just looked up at the top of the ridge where the early morning sun was starting to shine, glistening off the dew leafs and thanked my luck stars to be sitting here at this moment in time.

Soon the calf crossed the road and started feeding along side of its mother. However instead of following the valley liked they should have in my play book, they headed straight up hill getting farther and farther away with every step. I decided to give a soft grunt which stopped the cow and she turned and looked our way. After what seemed like forever she started angling back towards us. Maybe just maybe she would come into range. She was getting into some taller trees and we were losing sight of her so we decided to stand up, once we moved we got busted from 3 moose looking down at us from the first level from about 90 yards away, I believe it was the two moose that passed

below before it was light enough to see. I knew there was two moose for sure, but with the three moose standing there watching us, I then knew there must have been another moose in the first group. Those 3 moose ran off but that didn't seem to cause the cow and calf to be alarmed in anyway.

Then the next thing I heard was a bull grunt down to my left from the opposite side of the road where the cow and calf came from. The bull sounded far away, over 100 yards I would have guessed. About a minute later a young 6 point bull crossed the road about 60 yards out in front of us. He was moving fast and didn't stop. As he got closer and closer to the cow and calf then began to move off at a faster pace, and soon as quickly as all the action started that morning it was over. I probably could have closed the deal on the cow with the calf, but I wanted a dry cow or young bull so I never even tried for her, I was just content to sit there as quietly as possible for the most part and enjoy this time spent on the company of these early season vocal moose. What a great morning, we seen 6 moose, 2 bulls, one 6 pt and one with small pans about 12-14 pts, 3 cows and one calf. All the moose we seen were less then 80 yards from us at one point or another as they worked their way past us. Now this is moose hunting, and the moose where really starting to get vocal, a good sign...

That evening Jackie couldn't get out to hunt, so dad and I went out to glass over the area where Jackie and I had hunted that same morning. Dad is legally blind, but can manage to see a little with bino's out of one eye. He has diabetes and suffers from low sugars from time to time, so there is no way I would be able to leave his side on this evening. But I wasn't going out to get a moose this evening, I was going out to spend some good quality time with my dad. We were blessed on this evening, we parked at a clover leaf, the first one going into Stephenville, this was the opposite ridge from where I was hunting that morning. There was a slow moving salmon river below us, a couple of small bogs and one larger bog off to our left. From here we could see all along the ridge where I had those wonderful encounters with the moose just hours earlier. After settling into a place to sit and glass for the evening, I remembered how dad would bring me along on hunts when he had to care for and watch over me, now after hunting along side of him for 37 years it was now my time to look out for him. This sadden me to think this way, but it just goes to show how things change, and not always for the best. But it also shows the true circle of life, and how we must enjoy the simple things in life never taking anything for granted. We must live everyday to its fullest, and what better way, then to spend time side by side with the man who instilled my love for the hunt. My father....

After we sat for about 30 minutes enjoying each other company and soaking up the Indian summer rays of sun, I spotted a nice bull. This was a breeder bull and had to be at least 20 points or more. I tried my best to describe to dad where this bull was, but he couldn't see it. Lucky I had my video camera and managed to get about 20 minutes of video for dad to watch later on tv. Once I had enough video I tried a loud cow call to the bull and about 3 seconds after I let out the call, his head came up and he looked straight towards me. Within 5 minutes another smaller bull appeared on the bog below us, an 8 pointer that I also managed to capture on video. The evening ended like the morning began, with moose encounters and great company, the best of company.

Day 5; This day was a write off due to weather and other chores that needed attending around the house.

Day 6; Another rainy day, but we did make an attempt to hunt, and once again got good and wet for our efforts.

Day; 7. This was my last day to hunt, once again Jackie went back to the area where we had the most action on day 4. We only hunted for a couple of hours that morning and never seen a moose. Later that day Jackie had plans to go and hunt with a friend of ours, they were going to spend a night in Joe's cabin. They planned on hunted in back of Fishels river, a good moose area, but I wanted to say near home so I never went. Instead I opted to hunt by myself on this last evening. I had a feeling I was going to get one like I so often do when hunting, I just didn't know where I would get one. I went back to the place where Dad and I spotted the two bulls by the clover leaf. I sat there and glassed the area over real good for over an hour, not seeing any signs of a moose. With time running out I decided to good to the land, a process that helps me determine where and when to hunt. I remember sitting there, seeking for a vision, a vision of where I would find this moose I felt I would get on this evening. Then the answer came to me, not a pure vision but I knew I was in the wrong place, so I gathered my things and headed for the car. I drove up the highway about 15 minutes to where a powerline crossed the road. I parked the car, leaving my bow and hunting gear in the car only taking my moose call and bino's with me. I walked up over the bank on the edge of the highway and followed the powerline into a cutover that had trees about 8-10' tall in it. It was very winding on this evening, windy but warm, it was the front to another tropical storm that was heading up the eastern seaboard. I decided I needed a little height to look this area over as I knew that this was the place I needed to be to find my moose. I climbed up a transmission tower about 10-12 feet and started glassing over the entire area. Nothing, I couldn't understand it, normally these feelings/visions I get are quit clear, I began doubting it, wondering if I made the right decision to move to this area or should I quickly hurry back to my last spot. I decided to let out a loud cow call, but with the high winds I knew it wouldn't travel far. I was just about to climb down and call it quits when I thought I spotted a moose bedded down in the bottom cutover about 800 yards away.

Trying my best to hold the bino's steady in the heavy winds I couldn't tell for sure if it was a moose. So I climbed down about 6 feet, but still the tower swayed too much in the wind. So I climbed down to the ground and found a place where I could lie flat on the ground and glass the distance cutover. Sure enough, there was a moose, a little bull bedded down and the wind was perfect for a stalk. With less than an hour to sunset on the last day I could hunt, it was on.

I quickly headed back to the car which was about 200 yards away to get my hunting gear and bow. Minutes later I was back at the spot where I spot the moose. I took another look to make sure the moose was still there knowing all to well with the sun about to set soon this moose would soon get up and start feeding. Sure enough the moose was still there and still bedded. This would be the last time I would be able to see the moose as I would be heading down into the valley towards the moose which was located in the bottom left

corner of a cutover on another ridge. I took a couple of reference points to help me better locate the moose once I was over there and off I went.

Walking along the powerline was easy going and I made great time. I crossed a small wood road that intersected the powerline. I was still heading down but was near the bottom of the valley where a small brook crossed the powerline as well. Soon I was at the bottom of the cutover that the moose was in. I looked over in the direction of where the moose was bedded that would no more than 200 yards away. I took off my bino's and hung them in a little tree at the edge of the cutover, double checked the wind that was in my face for most of the stalk, but it would now be hitting me on my right cheek. I pulled an arrow out of my quiver and nocked it on my string.

Quietly I made my way along the bottom of the cutover working straight towards the bedded bull. I managed to still make good time moving faster with the stronger wind gusts to cover any noise I was making. But when things are meant to be they are meant to be. Most NL cutovers are filled with dry young trees and limbs that were too small to go to the mills and travelling across them is a very noisy process, however here in this cutover I found myself walking on moss and loose soft ground for the most part, again aiding in my stalk. Now I was at the third old dry birch that was still standing, this was my last reference point I took 800 yards away, the moose should be bedded just ahead of me, I figured I was within 25 yards of the moose at this point. Then I noticed a dark object straight ahead about 15 yards out in front of me. With a few young spruce between us, I wasn't able to make it out clearly but I thought for sure this was my bedded bull. I needed to move a little to my right, which was a little up hill and into the wind to get a better angle. Being so close I waited for another strong gust of wind and really shortened my steps to help me keep my balance in case I needed to freeze at any moment during this final stalk. After I worked my way upwards and to the right I got the angle I needed, and there bedded before was a stump, blackened by a fire that had passed here years before. I was puzzled, this last birch that was now before me was my last reference point, the moose had to be right here somewhere, I had to be close unless the wind swirled as I made my approach and the moose was long gone, or the moose could have gotten out of his bed already, in which case he could be anywhere as 25-30 minutes had past since I had seen the moose from 800 yards away. I began to slowly move around in this section of the cutover now I was looking for a moose bed and not a bedded moose, thinking for sure he was already up moving around feeding. Then I noticed one more birch almost in the very corner of the cutover over, could this be my last reference point, no it was too close to the edge of the woods, it couldn't be. Not wanting to leave any stone unturned I worked towards this birch, but still continued to scan what I could see of this cutover fully expecting to see a moose feeding nearby. Then without warning, the moose stands up in front of me and starts to stretch, totally unaware of my presence. With an arrow already nocked and the moose standing broadside I quickly drew my Cari-bow and released the arrow. I figured the moose was 20-21 yards away but as I watched my arrow arc towards the moose I knew I misjudged the distance. Then contact, the moose lunged forward and I was able to see where the arrow came to rest, my arrow had buried right to the fletching. My left right was perfect but the arrow struck the moose about 5-6" lower than where I thought it would, but that arrow was no doubt in the center of the moose

heart. The moose trotted to the corner of the cutover and into the black spruce at its edge, as soon as the moose hit the spruce, I gave a couple of loud grunts and listened quietly, but with the strong winds I couldn't hear a thing.

Immediately took out my GPS and marked the spot where I was standing, then I walked straight to where the moose was standing and marked it. As soon as I got there I could see blood, another good indication that I struck the heart. Without waiting I took up the blood trail, the moose was hit perfectly and I knew it wouldn't be far. The sun had set but the top of the trees still reflected its last rays of light. The trail was very easy to follow at a regular walking pace. After travelling about 30-35 yards I found myself standing at the head of my bull, he was down and it was over. My 2008 moose hunting season ended as this day too was ending. I sat on a little knoll alongside of my moose, got my cell phone out of my pack and called my wife. As soon as she answered the phone she said, what did you get? She also knew that I was going to get a moose this evening, on the last possible day I could hunt. I got her to call Jackie on his cell phone and get him to come out with his quad to help drag out the moose. Jackie was still in the country, but said he could be there in about an hour. She also called dad who called my brother-in-law to come out with his truck to put the moose meat in.

I quickly used what little light that was left to gut the moose and pick out the best route for the quad to take to recover my meat. I also used this time to collect my bino's that I left hanging in a small spruce on the edge of the cutover. I used the small brook in the bottom of the little valley I had to cross to clean myself up the best I could in the now darkness. I decided to walk out to the wood road that they would come in on to get as close to the moose as possible and wait for them at the highway. Sitting in the darkness with the warm winds trying its best to cool me off after the vigorous workout I just finished, rolling over a moose and field dressing it by your-self can be a daunting task at the best of times. Add in factors like quickly fading light, the need to find the best possible route back into the moose, and the fact that the moose fell into a little hole, just doubled the effort needed to complete all tasks, in a safe manner, as I always tend to go slower and be safer when going it alone for obvious reasons.

Now in the darkness with just my ears to see/hear what was around me, I found a new appreciation for what my father must be going through. I also found out that this sense can tell us things we might not see with our eyes open. I was able for the first time ever, to see the wind and not the effects of the wind as it whistled through the tree tops, I guessed about 100 yards east of me. There was a distance hum of an 18 wheeler on the highway, the trickling water of a little brook that I wouldn't be able to see in the light of day due to its size and the heavy growth of alders that choked it from view. A snap here and there, from either the wind or by something letting me I wasn't alone, I had company out there. As I sat on the ground with my back to a tree gently being rocked back and forth with the earth rhythms, I was at peace, hoping this time would pass slowly, closing my eyes so I could better see this beautiful world of darkness, through his eyes....

Charlie White

## INTERESTING RECIPIES

### ***Woodchuck Pie*** (GROUNDHOG)

1 woodchuck, skinned and cleaned  
1/4 cup onion  
1/4 cup green pepper  
1/2 tbsp minced parsley  
1 tbsp. salt  
1/8 tsp. pepper  
4 1/2 tbsp. flour  
3 cups broth

#### **Biscuits:**

1 cup flour  
2 tbsp. baking powder  
1/4 tsp. salt  
2 tbsp. fat  
1/4 cup milk

Cut woodchuck into 2 or 3 pieces. Parboil for 1 hour. Remove meat from bones in large pieces. Add onion, green pepper, parsley, salt, pepper, and flour to the broth and stir until it thickens. If the broth does not measure 3 cups, add water. Add the meat to the broth mixture and stir thoroughly. Pour into baking dish.

For biscuits: sift flour, baking powder, and salt together. Cut in the fat and add the liquid. Stir until the dry ingredients are moist. Roll only enough to make it fit the dish. Place dough on top of meat, put in a hot oven (400 degrees F.) and bake 30 to 40 minutes or until dough is browned. Serves 6-8.

Now that you have the recipe, try and find six to eight friends to feed it to!



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## MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

NAME; \_\_\_\_\_

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\_\_\_\_\_

TOWN;  
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COUNTY;  
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POATAL CODE; \_\_\_\_\_

HOME PHONE; \_\_\_\_\_

EMAIL; \_\_\_\_\_

SINGLE (\$20.00) \_\_\_\_\_ FAMILY \_\_\_\_\_ \$ (20.00 plus \$5.00 per additional member)

ADDITIONAL MEMBERS;  
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