

# LIBBY CAMPS



## 2013 Long-Line Release



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**ORVIS**  
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ENDORSED FLY-FISHING  
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# Castings from Maine 2013

2013 will be our 124th year! The whole crew wants to thank you all for your continued patronage, friendship and caring for Libby Camps. We were able to open camp early in 2012 due to the warm winter/ early spring. Spring brought some fantastic trout fishing with more numbers and greater size. The only missing piece of the puzzle was outside fishermen, we seemed to have the whole North Maine Woods (3.5 million acres) to ourselves. I'm sure the economy had something to do with that.

Throughout the newsletter you will read success stories on fishing and hunting. Moose topping 63" spread, Deer topping 216#, Bear coming out our ears, Grouse numbers at an all-time high and Trout fishing like I remember as a kid. Now that I am getting a little closer to retirement I am thankful that I told Matt and Jess we would sell to them, but we were not going anywhere. Our log home is done and our first full winter at camp since 1981 is in the books. Now to get a little of that fishing and hunting in for Ellen and I.

We continue to try to protect our resource by working in Augusta and with local landowners to enhance our deer and protect our native brook trout. Both of these efforts are moving along nicely and getting majority support, even from the new landowners. Augusta is still too far away for us to lobby effectively, but way too close when the uneducated (in the ways of the woods) legislatures want to save us from ourselves. Thanks to all of you for your continued support in all of our efforts.



It was a sad day last May when Bullet died – we all miss him terribly, he was my top dog for 14 years. His legacy lives on however; on April Fool's Day Bandit had a litter of 9 puppies, 6 females and 3 males, all liver and white. Ike is the proud father, following in his dad's footsteps (or is it pawprints?). Ike is pictured on the back cover, looking out the airplane window, ready for another day of bird hunting. Pups will be ready to go to their new homes on Memorial week-end.

From all of the Brittanies who yearn for your caressing, the guides who rely on your employ, the camp crew who look after your needs and our family we welcome you back whether you came last week or last century, we look forward to sharing our slice of paradise.

*Matt Sr.*

## Kayla and Parker

Our 6th generation little Libbys are growing fast and keeping us on our toes. Kayla is now 5 years old, and will be starting Kindergarten this fall. She has been skiing many times this winter and is getting really good. She loves princesses and making bread with Nana. She hopes to go tenting with Papa more often this summer and eat marshmallows.

Parker is 3 years old, and can make anyone smile. He too has been skiing this winter, but he loves to ride his snowmobile even more. The guests had to watch out for him in the yard this winter. He loves to catch the plane with Steve, help people move into the cabins and anything that has an engine on it. He hopes to be the youngest Libby pilot in history.

We would like to send out a big thanks to all the guests that make the kids life one that any kid would envy.

*Matt and Jess*

## Hire a guide? Me?

Some of you may be thinking, I have this Brook Trout and Salmon fishing thing down pat. I know all the flies to use. I know when all the hatches come off. I know all the tactics, whether it be on rivers or still water. I even know where all the bodies of water are that hold big fish. However, I caution you. You may still want to employ the services of a Registered Maine Guide. Here is why.

On a recent guiding adventure, complete with experienced clients, I decided to try something new. I decided to go to Jeff Labree for some input. For everyone's information, Jeff Labree is the only name that my kids will call Jeff. It is never just "Jeff," always "Jeff Labree." Anyway, back to the story at hand. Jeff tells me, I found this great new spot on a river that we both like to fish. He had blazed a trail off the nearest road to a fishing hole that not many other people would even think of going to; it was so far off the beaten path. He told me the directions to find the trail head. He then gave me explicit directions on how to follow the trail.

Now this is why you may want to hire a guide. Jeff had laid out this "trail" with as many booby traps and blind leads as you could ever imagine. The trail started out with a three foot wide swath cut through the woods with so many ribbons you could almost touch the second ribbon from the first one. The trail would continue straight like this for about 1/4 mile, then peter out with less and less ribbons and less and less cutting, until you find yourself lost in the middle of the most woebegone cedar swamp known to man. That is unless you had the inside information from Jeff Labree that told you to walk 450 paces and take a 90 degree left turn behind the large wall of spruce saplings and underneath the equally large cedar blow down. If, by chance, you managed to find this first off shoot of the trail, you would come onto another trail that was similar to the first, well cut and well-marked. Like the first part of the trail, you would follow it until it petered out, only this time you would be mired in mud resulting from an old Beaver dam being torn out, the dam being destroyed by none other than Jeff Labree himself. The correct trail is even harder to find at this intersection where you have to make several sharp turns, some almost 180 degrees, making you feel like you are in an Indiana Jones movie, and the next step you take may be on the "wrong rock" and you will plunge to your doom. Jeff has worked in three or four of these off shoot just to dissuade any potential "poachers" from fishing "his" hole. Once you get close enough to the river to hear the rushing water, you have a choice to follow three brooks down to the water, only one of which will allow you access to the river. The other two are just a jumbled mess of blow downs and beaver dams. I must say, after the torturous journey, the pool at the other end is a spectacular one, and on this particular day, was filled to the brim with large Salmon. So, if in the future, a guide tells you of this great new spot he knows, you may just want to hire him to take you there himself. Guides rates start as low as \$275/day.

*Matt J.*





# BEYOND 5-STAR DAYS OR THE STATE OF OUR FISHERIES



## BWO's Anyone

The cast rolled out across the stream, settling the Blue Winged Olive quietly on the water. The drift floated perfectly over the seam created by the rushing current. As if on cue, the trout rose with a splash, taking the fly. The fisherman brought his rod up and the fight was on. Looking down stream to where the current split around a small island, I saw my client's wife hook into a Salmon, its acrobatics sending the large fish into the air in a series of leaps. Matt stood beside her, calmly giving advice when needed. His encouraging words still come to mind as I write this. "Don't horse him, easy, easy, Holy Cow that's a huge fish!"

The husband slowly brought his fish into my net, a hefty Brook Trout, its colors standing out in beautiful contrast in the clear cold water rushing by.

As we released the Trout back into the stream, Matt netted the Salmon and congratulated the wife. The BWO's continued to float down the stream and

Those of you I've guided know what 5-Star days are; for those of you I haven't guided yet, let me explain.

When I first started guiding I started keeping a journal, rating each day with stars (☆☆☆☆) 1 to 5 based on what kind of day I had on the water with the people I was guiding. Some of the criteria I used were weather, size and number of fish, and just good ole conversation and laughing.

Now, I've had my fair share of 5-Star days over the years, but in "2012" I decided I had to come up with something better. What I came up with was the word "UNBELIEVABLE." I used this word quite a few times last year in my journal and every time it was because of the fishing. Two different rivers and three different ponds were involved in these "UNBELIEVABLES" with trout and salmon up to 18"-20" being caught on some of these waters.

What this tells me is the fisheries we have here at Libby's are about as good as they've been in a long time. If, during your stay here, you're lucky enough with the weather and put in your time, I think there just might be some "UNBELIEVABLES" in your future.

Good Luck & Tight Lines,  
Rick Young



the trout and salmon were eagerly gulping them in. It was the end of May and the plan was to start with streamers, swinging them across the current with jerky retrieves, imitating smelts that had brought the trout and salmon up from the lake. The day had started out with overcast skies and low temperatures. By early afternoon, the sun was shining and the thermometer had crept up. The first BWO's were scattered and didn't attract any attention. As the afternoon lengthened, we worked downstream to a stretch of slower water with longer pools. Blue Winged Olives were drifting in enough numbers to attract our notice now. Matt and I had our clients change their sink tip lines to floating. Rigging up my guy's rod, I heard the splash of a large fish, then another. Fish were rising up and down the stream as more BWO's floated past us. The rest of the day was a flurry of hook-ups, releases and reapplying "shake and bake" to keep the flies drifting high and dry. Not knowing what would take the fly, Salmon or Brook Trout, added to the day's enjoyment.

Finally, the hatch was slowing down. Fewer and fewer of the BWO's could be seen on the water. I knew we would probably get back to the lodge late for dinner, but since I was guiding with Matt, I could expect some leniency with the dish washing role. Scrubbing the last of the pots and pans, I had a chance to reflect on the day's activity.

The stream Matt and I had chosen was well known for its Salmon, but in recent years, Brook Trout were showing up in bigger numbers, large Brook Trout. While insect activity was always present on this particular fast moving stream, they never occurred in any sort of numbers. Now, BWO's, Stone flies, Caddis, flying ants and hoppers were bringing Brookies back into the stream. There were a couple of lessons learned that day. One, be prepared to change lines, flies and tactics. Two, don't be late for dinner on "turkey with all the fixings" night. The dishes really stack up.

*Jeff LaBree*

## *The Memorial week-end we'd like to forget*



We had high hopes for a great Memorial Day week-end 2012. It turned out, in many ways, one we would just as soon forget. A great bunch of fishermen were scheduled—some repeats, some first-timers. The guide's camp was full, and we had extra crew lined up for the big week-end. Things started to go awry on Thursday evening when Matt J got second-degree burns on his left hand – Jeff LaBree took him to the ER in Presque Isle. Friday my Dad went by ambulance from Houlton to Bangor for surgery. I think I drove about as fast as the ambulance did, maybe faster. I know I made it to Bangor in record time. Sunday was the biggest issue, though. Our son-in-law, Tim was guiding and had a severe allergic reaction to the neoprene in the waders and had to be flown to Presque Isle ER, by Matt, very early in the morning after he passed out.

There are silver linings, though. Friends came in to help when I had to be away; I am truly grateful to Anne and Glen. We called and two hours later they were at camp, they basically dropped everything to help for 4 days. Our friends at Orvis had special neoprene-free waders made for Tim. He recovered after a day in the hospital. Apparently his allergy is not uncommon, but neoprene-free is not anything you see in the regular catalog. And, the fishermen had great fishing!

*Ellen*



## *The Outposts*

The big news this year was our little fix up of #1 camp on Munsungan Stream. We don't know how to do a little fix up. The cabins there came out great with all new windows, floors, doors, roofs, beds, stoves and kitchen. The only old stuff we saved was dry hardwood to burn. This camp already is getting heavily booked. We have 3 of the best river locations in Northern Maine and you can canoe from one to another for a different cabin each night.

This winter we have been hauling in wood, propane and building supplies for next summer's needs and improvements to our remote camps. The crust this winter has made it ideal to snowmobile all of these goods in, even in April.

The biggest mystery to me is that my favorite cabins Chandler East and Lower Hudson, 2 remote fly in/hike in cabins are the least used of all of our camps. If you really do want to be by yourself, have great fishing or hunting you really owe it to yourself to try one of these on your next trip. The guides use them as fly outs from our main lodge for day use as well, so book early during prime time.

Camp rates are all the same as last year (\$30-125/day/man) except we have instituted a lease surcharge of \$25/day on Clear Lake rental due to the high lease rate. Book early/book often. Thanks to the many who take care of these camps as if they were your own. You have made these rates remain low and you are the backbone of our business.

*Matt Sr.*

## *Upland Bird Hunting at Libby's*



From early on in the spring, all of us guides at Libby's were watching for grouse and their broods every time we hiked into a fishing pond or travelled the remote areas of the north woods. It gives us an opportunity to get a gauge on the upcoming season with regard to the grouse numbers. All summer long and into the early fall, the numbers were looking good and when opening day finally arrived, the birds didn't disappoint. All of us had a slow day or two throughout the season, but for the most part, every day produced limit opportunities for clients with a keen eye and quick reflexes. Some days found us counting grouse with counters and notches in sticks cause we ran out of fingers and toes!!! The woodcock were a



bit slow this past season however we did have the consistency of some resident birds and a few flights we were fortunate to get into. Hopefully next season will bring more migrations through our area.

We are frequently asked what good bird coverts look like and where they are. While we all have areas we call our favorites or go to spots, the best areas are where you find the birds and that can change from day to day! This season was a good example. We would find them in the typical areas like mixed young and successional growth one day, then in older growth conifers or hardwoods the next. The dry summer did a number on the berries and beechnuts were thin at best. There was some consistency early on, in that we found roadside clover in most crops of harvested birds. As the temperature dropped, we found them beginning to bud hard the last week or so of October. Overall, the king of the upland bird forced us to work a little harder to find them, but when you did, there were nice numbers with some coveys producing up to three or four birds at once with an occasional five or six not being unheard of.

Having a good population of birds brings a lot of opportunities for not just our clients, but also for the dogs we spend so much time training and working with to prepare for the seasons. There is nothing that will turn a young dog into a well-seasoned hunting companion faster than a couple of seasons with lots of bird contacts to go along with that training. While our older more experienced dogs were consistent, the young dogs showed some great gains with the numerous contacts. The famous Libby Brittany Spaniels were joined again this year by other pointing breeds such as English Pointers and Setters, as well as some very nice Upland Flushing Labs, giving our clients an opportunity to see some great dog work by a variety of breeds and hunting styles.

Many of our clients rebooked for next season before leaving for home at the end of their hunts this year and the openings are filling up fast. It's not too early to book for the upcoming season so make that phone call and lock in your date, space is limited. You don't want to miss next season, and remember; you can also come up for spring fishing and check out the grouse numbers with the rest of us on your way into a trophy trout pond!!! Hunts run from unguided of \$250/day (\$375 single), to guided package \$470/day (\$795 single) to guided flyout 3 day 4 night package \$2000/man (\$3400 single)

*Scott Story*

## *My First Grouse!!!*

Having an upland hunting dog trainer and guide for a husband and working part time at Libby Camps, left me little choice this past year but to finally break down and take a hunters safety course so that I might finally join him for a hunt. As the season got busy, he was hard at it guiding, while I was helping Jess and Ellen with all the busy chores around the kitchen and camps. One afternoon, in between chores, Jess suggested that I get my new shotgun and we go hunting for my first grouse as she wanted to be with me when I got my first bird. Jess and I grabbed our shotguns and took a little hike leaving directly from camp on a hiking trail that leads down the lake. It wasn't long before Jess spotted a grouse and quickly directed me to it so that I might get a shot. Although a bit nervous that I might miss, it all ended well with the harvest of my first grouse. I was very excited with my first bird and was quite proud when my husband returned from his day of guiding to learn that Jess and I got it without dogs and without driving off from camp! Many thanks to my husband and the Libbys for encouraging me to try something new and a special thanks to Jess for being my unofficial hunting guide!!!

*Diana Story*



# Winter at Libbys?



This past season, Matt and I started to talk about opening the camps to snowmobilers in the winter. When we tossed this idea out to others, everyone said we were crazy. They told us our lives are hectic enough, why would you want to add to that chaos? Did I fail to mention that Matt would continue to work at Sugarloaf for the first 3 weeks we were open? This was a huge undertaking for us, since Libby Camps had never tried a winter business before, had never even had running water in the winter time. Well, we tried it anyway, and I have to say I think it was a success!



We opened to the public for about seven weeks for lunch, fuel for snowmobiles and lodging. We heard from others in the snowmobile business that it may take a few years to get the word out and have any sort of business. Hearing this, we decided to leave the large dining room closed up for the winter. We renovated the fly shop, making that room into seating for 10. Adding this to the kitchen table that also sits 10, we thought we were prepared for the snowmobilers that may head our way. On ice cutting weekend, our first weekend open, we had all tables full and a number of groups waiting outside for a table. We soon realized that 20 seats were not going to be enough for a Saturday of excited snowmobilers. We ended up opening the big dining room the second week of February and kept it open the rest of the season. There were a few Saturdays we had over 100 people pass through camp.

Many people were excited for a new destination to ride to and eat a good meal. The convenience of being able to purchase gas kept people riding even more. We soon learned that the old trains located on Eagle Lake in the Allagash Waterway were a huge draw in the area. Many sleds would pass through in the morning, making the 38 mile trip to the trains and be back for a late lunch. Being able to snowmobile to such a remote piece of Maine's logging history, made this journey well worth it for many adventurous sledders. Having the dining room open gave everyone lots to look at while they were eating, or having a piece of homemade pie. I had a great time baking and cooking meals that I don't normally make during our regular season, and who knew that so many people would love homemade pies and whoopee pies? We were also able to witness some of the most breathtaking sunsets of the year.

Late in the fall, we made snowmobile trails to meet up with the Shin Pond trail system. With help from Matt's friends at Sugarloaf, we were able to get the trails cleared and pass-



able by early winter. Many of the trails were closed in with downed trees, due to a huge snow storm with heavy, wet snow. Matt found someone to build us a drag to haul behind the snowmobile in order to keep the trails nice. For the most part that worked well, but when we'd get big snow storms, it was really hard to keep up with the drag. Shin Pond Village and Matagamon offered to help us out this winter with some grooming in their big groomers, and that made things much easier for us. Having a well groomed trail system was key to getting snowmobilers to stop by.

This winter was definitely a learning year to say the least. We had fun with it, and really enjoyed meeting everyone who stopped by. The excitement and appreciation people showed us this winter for trying this new business made us want to keep it up. Whether you like to snowmobile, snow shoe, x-country ski, or just like winters in Maine and the outdoors, we have a beautiful spot to share with everyone.

*Jess*

## *Obsession*

Obsession is one of the best words for hunters' great desire to connect to nature and pursue their quarry. October bird hunting for many of us is just that.

Last October my good friend Gary drove into a remote section we have hunted together in for years, with only his trusty Model 23. He hiked "way in" to an area where he could only hear his own footsteps and the cluck or rustle of a grouse before hearing the thunder of the wings on their way to parts unknown. The day was as peaceful and perfect as it could be.

Gary was about 3 miles in when he had his heart attack. Alone with his God he knew he had to make it out, no one knew where he was hunting that day. As he was crawling back to the truck cradling his prized Winchester he noticed movement on the berm of the road, a grouse! Knowing exactly where his priorities lie, he got to his feet, swung on the king of birds and made his kill. Maybe that shot gave him the jolt to get him back to the truck. We talked today and he is doing fine and looking forward to coming back this spring.

*Matt Sr.*





## *MJL And The Bear*

The Black Bear season this year was a strange one. At the beginning of the baiting season, there was a complete lack of natural food for the bear. Bear will always have their staple foods such as ants and grubs that they will dig out of the ground and logs. They will also eat clover and road kill. However, in the fall of the year, bear rely heavily on nuts and berries. In our area, that means blueberries, raspberries and elderberries for fruits and Beech nuts. Due to dry weather this summer, the berry crop was almost non-existent. Due to the lack of natural food, the bear were hitting the baits hot and heavy right from the start of the season. This didn't necessarily bode well for the hunters. Since there were so many bear and so little food, most of the Bears in the area were coming to the bait sites.

Unfortunately, the smallest bears were the most desperate and the first to arrive at the site after the hunters got onto the stand. The smaller bears, sometimes three or four at each bait, were coming in during daylight hours and cleaning up the bait. The larger, more cautious bears came in later in the evenings and at night and had nothing left. The bigger bears eventually got tired of not having a meal and moved on. By monitoring the bait sites we were able to accurately track each bear and determine that the same bear may be visiting three bait sites. This made it very difficult to place hunters on a stand. We are assuming that a big bear will continue to visit a site and then the next day they have gone a few miles away to another source of food.

We did however have great success this year with Bear harvest despite some of the problems that we encountered. Almost all hunters were able to have multiple bear encounters and we ended up with a 70% success rate for the season. Reports from the biologists look great for next year's hunt with population estimates at an all-time high. They really want us to harvest more bear to keep them in balance. Hunts run from \$2200 for double occ to \$2800 for a single. Come help us thin them out and get a great rug and good eating.

*Matt J.*

# Recycling

I tore open the package and couldn't speak for several minutes as the tears rolled down my cheeks. Matt, being of the male persuasion, says "What? Don't you like how it came out?" Let me back up and explain. I asked a dear friend, who also happens to be a Libby relative, to help me with a special project I had an idea for, but not the skills to pull off. My father, Louis Curry, died last June at 87 years young. When I was helping my mother clean out his closet, she passed me some well-worn wool shirts that I thought still had some life in them. I put them aside and asked Elsa if she could 'help' me make a lap robe to give to my mother. At this point I should mention that Elsa gave me a sewing machine a few years back, but I'm not ready to make anything like a lap robe; plain curtains are about as far as I go. Elsa took on the project after we discussed size, color for the backing, and, of course, how soon did I need it.

A few months later I began to wonder if Elsa had forgotten about 'our' project, so I hastily called to see how everything was proceeding. We went over the same details again, and I was becoming quite nervous that my grand idea wouldn't materialize (pun intended) in time for the big family gathering where I wanted to present it to my mother. Elsa came through with time to spare, and the result, as I said, brought tears to my eyes, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room when Mother opened the gift, and I explained how it all came about. Elsa used the pockets from the shirts and incorporated them into the lap robe in strategic places to hold reading glasses, TV remote, pen/paper, and playing cards. She bought the backing material when she saw it at Marden's, and is one of Mother's favorite colors, red. This kind of recycling I can really get into.

I asked Elsa how much I owed her for this new family heirloom; her only request was that I find her a good brown bread recipe. This one came from a Moody's Diner cookbook, and what goes better with brown bread than beans? Try this recipe from Jess's mother, it's a winner.

## Moody's Diner Brown Bread

- 1 cup graham flour
- 1 cup cornmeal
- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup molasses
- 2 cups buttermilk or sour milk
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda
- 1 teaspoon salt

Mix together, pour into 2 (1pound) coffee cans. Steam 2 hours

## Baked Beans

- 4 pounds pea beans
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 pound salt pork
- 4 teaspoons dry mustard
- 4 teaspoons salt
- 3/4 -1 teaspoon pepper
- 2 onions chopped
- 2 1/2 cups molasses

Wash beans and soak for several hours or overnight. Drain. Mix all ingredients and cover with water. Cook at 350 for 5 hours or more until done. If you have a grouse or two in the freezer, add them to the beans for the last hour.



*Ellen*



# Moose Week 2012



What a fantastic season. Our September hunt went without a hitch, but a lot of hard work. The pictures surrounding this article show the quality of our huge bulls, most of them over 9 years old and most making Maine book. The bragging board this year includes:

Brud Ludington takes a 53 1/2" monster 3/4 mile from the nearest road with guide Chuck Dionne, hauled out on pack frames in the dark in the rain. Wow!

Doc Lovetere takes a beautiful 50" bull called to within feet of a decoy and 5 yards from he and guide, Mike Langley.

Duke Lovetere gets the old bruiser 63 1/4" spread and back in the sticks. Crew and guide Toby Montgomery haul him out after a trying night of back packing.

Buster Gammon and his 54" bull hauled out on our backs about 1/4 mile with guide Tim Winslow. Hunter Brud Ludington found the animal by sea-plane, after losing blood trail dried up

Matt J Libby and guide, Jessica, shoot beautiful 53" bull that weighed in over 900 pounds. Good to have the cook back after an exciting hunt.

Last but not least: Chuck Dionne and his meat pole bull. Guides Chuck and Matt Sr. (take your pick)-great hunt, see story.



# Moose for the books

Another successful moose season at Libby Camps is now in the record books. As seen in the newsletter the quality of the animals that exist in northern Maine. I was fortunate enough to draw a Sept. bull tag for zone five. But before I could hunt I had made a commitment to guide another moose hunter, my good friend Brud who also had a Sept. zone 5 bull tag. So first things first. Scouting began a week before the season started. The moose rut begins in late Sept. and it is amazing how vocal they can be. Standing on the edge of a clear-cut in the predawn light can be extremely noisy and a little spooky. The cows are bellowing and the bulls are grunting. The trick is for you to sound like a love sick cow to get the attraction of a formidable suitor. It wasn't until Wed. afternoon that I called in a very respectable bull. Brud made a super shot with his subpermittee Jim backing him up. After some high fives and photographs it was time to go to work. I was sure glad to see Matt Sr. and Tim Winslow show up. So along with Dave Smith we were able to get the job done and back to camp by 11:30 pm.

Now that Brud's hunt was done it was my turn. Thursday morning I was fortunate enough to get Matt Sr as my subpermittee to assist me. After breakfast we scouted several areas and found some great sign and animals. My expectations and anxiety were very high. Three miles from camp a small bull, probably 36" spread was standing in the road. After a short debate I elected to hunt the one we had spotted earlier. After letting this one go I began to have second thoughts. After all a young bull is fine eating, it was on the road and close to camp.

15 minutes later we arrived at the old clear cut we had decided to hunt. We had to make a wide circle to the South so that we could make an approach from downwind. As anyone who has spent time hunting up here some of these cuts are thick and low visibility. Lots of sign, tracks, droppings, rubs and wallows. We were in a moose factory. An hour later we were standing on a skidder road with Matt thirty yards behind me. We both picked up movement and noise directly in front of us. Then Matt called and the noise that came out of him sounded like goat laryngitis. He, unknown to me was looking at a bull 30 feet away to my right. The bull was coming directly at me. I saw antlers and only had a second to react. The animal was way too close and in my comfort zone. I quickly fired and Matt also shot. The moose fell ten paces from where we were standing. After the dust settled and my heart was back where it belonged I realized this was not the large bull that I wanted, but a great Thursday bull.

After the handshakes and some comments on his fine moose calling technique we started for the truck. We covered about a hundred yards and a large cow came into view, then just a few more steps four smaller bulls trotted off. Then the big bull stepped out, broadside and 75 yards away. All we could do was watch. A few minutes later we were back to the truck and called the main camp for help. It wasn't long before my whole extended family and two of their successful moose hunters showed up and all pitched in the work. Hats off to Jess as she carried two quarters out on a pack frame. What a woman!!

So Chuck and his master moose guide ended with the smallest moose of the season at Libby Camps. It was still an exciting hunt and the quality of the meat is outstanding. The best part of the hunt is I got to share it with my very close friend and #1 moose calling guide. Congratulations to all of the moose hunters at Libby camps.

*Chuck*





## Whitetail Magic

How are the deer doing? That is a question I am asked annually, especially since having the job of representing sportsmen on the Governors Deer Task Force. Three years ago we were in dire need of more deer for all of Northern Maine due to a record harsh winter killing 30% of our deer. Well we are turning the corner and the new reports are looking good. Check out the Department of Fish and Wildlife's most recent article on deer:

*Augusta, Maine –The 2012 deer season ended with a total harvest of 21,365 deer, representing an increase of 13% over the 2011 harvest of 18,839. Increases in the harvest were seen in all wildlife management districts. The highlight of the 2012 season, and testament to the recovering deer numbers, was the jump in the overall harvest of bucks between 2011 and 2012. A total of 15,271 adult bucks were harvested in Maine this past season, representing an increase of 2,473 deer over the 2011 season (i.e., 19% increase). Indeed, the overall buck harvest increased within all 29 Wildlife Management Districts (WMDs), including WMD 3, which experienced an overall buck harvest of 203 animals, the highest level of harvest seen in that District since 1963.*

*On the heels of another winter that didn't significantly stress the deer population, the state should expect to once again see an increase in Maine's deer population for the 2013 season. As in years past, Maine will continue to offer numerous opportunities for hunters whether they choose to use a rifle, bow, or muzzleloader, in their pursuits. With this in mind, Maine hunters should look forward to increasing opportunities for tagging one of the state's whitetail deer in 2013.*

*For more information on deer hunting in Maine, go to [www.mefishwildlife.com](http://www.mefishwildlife.com)*

It never ceases to amaze me how animals and even timberland can rebound from harsh conditions or just bad forest management. Many of our heavily timber harvested areas from the early 70's & 80's are now coming on line as excellent winter habitat. Magic or just nature's plan?

Speaking of bucks our largest this year was taken by Denis Burgess of Vermont a great 10 pointer dressing in at 216. He will have a free trip this fall for this honor. We welcome back all of our return hunters and look forward to a few more new ones to fill out the season. Unguided package rates are \$1450 for single and \$995 for double occ. Guided package total is \$3100 single and \$1820/man double rate. Looking forward to a great fall.

*Matt Sr.*



# From The Breadboard

This may very well be one of my last Breadboard articles. Matt and Jess are assuming more ownership of Libby Camps, including the all-important bread making, and I wish them well. They are doing an outstanding job. Congratulations, Matt and Jess!

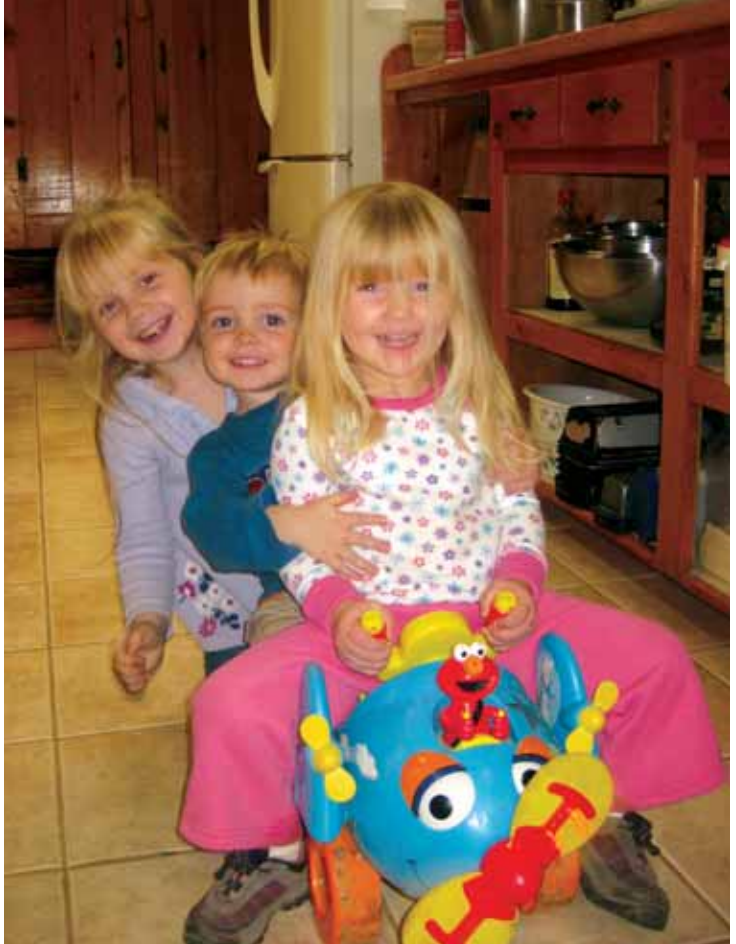
When I was introduced to Matt Sr. almost 40 years ago, we talked for maybe three minutes before he started telling me about Libby Camps. I grew up in potato country, not the big woods; I couldn't identify trees or birds, and I still struggle with that. More importantly, I didn't know how to cook. But I was interested in this ruggedly handsome guy, and his stories intrigued me. Several months later when I made my maiden voyage to Libby's I was overwhelmed by the beauty and serenity of Millinocket Lake. The fact that Matt's mother had kept the camps going after his father died at a young age was truly inspiring. A couple of years later we made the decision to buy the camps from Elsie. We made a commitment to keep the family tradition alive, and I like to think we have done that well, considering that now our son and his wife are taking over.

Just because I'm not as involved in the day-to-day running of the business doesn't mean I'm leaving T8-R9; far from it! Two years ago we started building our retirement camp on the north point at the far end of the beach area. We have been living there for about a year and a half, and are so pleased with the results. It is still a work in progress, I don't know if I'll ever get all the poly-urethaning done. And then there's the yard work.... We spent a good part of the winter at camp, toasty warm in our new cabin, even when the wind chill dipped to the -40's.

The grandkids make me smile one minute and want to tear my hair out the next. Any other grandparents feel this way? A new chapter will begin in the fall when Kayla starts kindergarten. When our kids were in school during the season we had wonderful friends who kept them, and treated them as if they were their own kids. I will be with Kayla and Parker in town during the week when she goes to school. I'm looking forward to the challenge. I'm hopeful that Laurelai may join us some (Am I really crazy?).

God's blessings on you all!

*Ellen*



# LUBBY CAMPS

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