



AISLINN SARNACKI | BDN

A cow moose browses with her calf, which is hidden by underbrush, near a road in the Moosehead Lake Region.

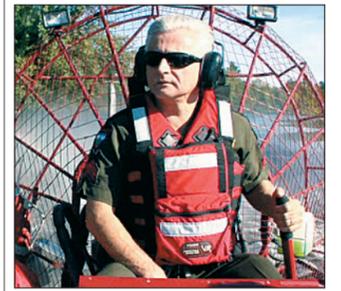
Warden earns Harvard degree

Spahr has master's after 7-year effort

BY JOHN HOLYOKE
BDN STAFF

In his everyday job, Sgt. Tim Spahr is among the state's most recognizable game wardens. His trademark gray hair and regular appearances on the Animal Planet TV show "North Woods Law" have guaranteed that.

But for seven years, Spahr was keeping a secret that was only made public in mid-June, when Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife Commissioner Chandler Woodcock congratulated the 20-year veteran of the Maine Warden Service at the state's annual moose-permit lottery in Kittery.



MAINE WARDEN SERVICE

Maine Game Warden Sgt. Tim Spahr.

Spahr now holds a graduate degree from Harvard University.

Earlier this spring, Spahr earned his master's degree in museum studies from the prestigious Ivy League school. His focus was prehistoric Maine archeology.

But for years, none of his colleagues in the warden service even knew he was pursuing a degree — let alone at one of the best schools in the country.

"I never told anybody. It was kind of my private time," said the 57-year-old Spahr. "Everybody has something that they do. With my off time, that's what I did. And once I got involved with it, I made a commitment to seeing it through. I didn't want to start it and then stop it."

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On a moose safari

Tour participants enjoy good luck

BY AISLINN SARNACKI
BDN STAFF

It's hard to say who saw the moose first. As the train of four canoes rounded a bend in the pond on June 21, everyone's paddles stilled and their heads turned to the grassy bank on the left, where a big cow moose stood with its head bowed, munching on vegetation at the edge of the water.

The canoes drifted in silence. The moose continued its meal, seemingly unaware of the wide-eyed audience.

Quietly, Ashley Patterson, a Maine registered guide and the leader of the "moose safari," motioned for everyone to gather together, then for each person to grasp the gunwales of the canoe beside theirs, forming a raft of four boats, floating side by side.

"Moose have poor eyesight," Patterson had told the nine-person group earlier that afternoon, during the van ride from Northeast Whitewater Lodge and Guide Service headquarters in Shirley Mills to the remote pond east of Moosehead Lake.

Yet what moose lack in sight they make up for with a great hearing and sense of smell. As the raft of canoes drifted to the edge of the pond, about 70 feet from the grazing animal, Patterson leaned over the side of her canoe and started rubbing a nearby plant between her fingers. Bog lau-



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Suzy De Schepper from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, paddles a canoe across a pond in the Moosehead Region last week during a moose tour led by Northeast Whitewater guide service of Shirley. She attended the tour with her husband and two children while vacationing in the area.

rel, she would explain later, is a common plant growing around Maine ponds and lakes, and it's a soothing scent for moose.

"Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't," Patterson said.

In this case, it didn't hurt. Parting the tall grass, the moose stepped gracefully down into the pond and waded past the canoes until the water reached the animal's shoulders. Then, dunking its head under

the water, the moose began to graze on the mineral-rich plants hidden below the surface.

The paddlers sat quietly, darting looks at one another, grinning from ear to ear but not daring to speak. And after a few silent seconds, the moose rose its head, water dripping from its ears and long snout, soggy green stems trailing from its mouth.

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Man hooks fishermen with reproductions

BY MICKY BEDELL
BDN STAFF

SOUTHWEST HARBOR — The scene is set in Bartow, Florida, in the early 1930s. A man named William Eger designs something he likes to call the "Florida Special." But with recent events on the brain, the locals start calling it the "Dillinger" because the patented, prison-stripe-patterned beauty's main purpose is to kill its prey so the user can reel it in and eat it.

That's right. Reel it in. Eat it. I'm talking about fish. It's a story about an old fishing lure. And this is a story about new versions of old lures that Christopher Augustus is designing to reel in a whole

different catch: fishermen.

For him, it all starts with a good story, so it only seemed right that I started with his favorite.

Chris got hooked on good stories about fishing lures after purchasing an old box of them at a flea market several years ago. Curious of their heritage, he went online to try and identify them and discovered a "whole world," of which he was previously unaware.

Apparently we live in a world where people will spend hundreds, even thousands, of dollars on old fishing lures. But not any old lure. Collectors are attracted to wooden lures in particular because they're true Americana. Wooden fishing lures weren't



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Christopher Augustus works to reproduce antique fishing lures at his studio in Southwest Harbor.

used anywhere else in the world — not Europe, Africa, South America — and they were only used between 1900-1950. Before 1900 nobody ever mass produced wooden lures, and plastics domi-

nated the market after World War II.

A short time frame, a limited market and lots of collectors out there.

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Lakes are a treasure worth protecting

When I was a young child, summers were pretty simple: A few days after school let out, we loaded up the car and headed to "camp."

In other places, I've since learned, they might go "to the cottage," or to "the lake house." Here, for me and many of my young peers, that perfect spot on a Maine lake was just "camp."

Thinking back, I never realized how lucky I was.

My parents built that camp on Beech Hill Pond more than 50 years ago, shortly after real estate on that side of the pond went on the market. I remember staying there for a week at a time, returning just long enough for my mother to do laundry, buy some groceries and take us to the library to restock our supply of books.

I remember waking early in the morning and being able to determine the weather by looking at the ceiling above my head. If the reflection of the lake's waves were shimmering on the pine boards, it meant sun and swimming. If that wasn't the case, it meant a day full of reading and playing inside.

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JOHN HOLYOKE

1-Minute Hike: Mingo Springs Trail and Bird Walk

Difficulty: Easy. The two loop trails on the conserved property are smooth and wide. In many places, the trail is surfaced with gravel or wood chips. Together, the two trails make up about 3 miles of walking.

How to get there: From the intersection of Route 4 and Route 16 in downtown Rangeley, drive north (though technically west) on Route 4 for 2.3 miles and turn left onto Mingo Loop Road. Drive about 0.4 miles and turn left onto Alpine Way. Immediately on the left is the maintenance shack for

Mingo Springs Golf Course. Park on the grass to the left of the building by a white sign that reads "trail parking."

Information:

Threading through a beautiful, varied forest and across lupine fields, the Mingo Springs Trail and Bird Walk is free for the public to enjoy year-round. The easy, 3-mile trail forms two

loops around the front and back of Mingo Springs Golf Course and includes wooden signs identifying native flora along the way.

Watch the video
bangordailynews.com

The trail and the golf course are within the boundaries of a state wildlife sanctuary called the Rangeley Game Sanctuary, where hunting and trapping are not permitted.

Funded by the Chodosh family,

the trail was constructed by the golf course grounds crew under the leadership of John Bicknell, who works at the golf course and has created many of the gardens on the property. Bicknell consulted with local foresters and naturalists to label plant species along the trail, especially trees and ferns.

In addition, wooden benches have been constructed at a few spots along the trail for visitors to rest and watch for the many different species of birds that live in

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