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Two Encounters with Moose Clarence Barrett in the Highlands Journal Entry: October 1987 It was after sundown when I finished sup? per. It had clouded over, but the cloud cover was thin enough to permit some of the light from a full moon to diffuse through and illuminate the landscape to the extent that I could see the lake and the outline of the surrounding ridges and hills. I watched for a while out of the door of the tent and I began to doze off. Presently I was awakened by the s'ound of barking, and for a brief confusing moment I wondered where I was; I thought it was one of the neighbour's dogs. Wnen 1 opened my eyes and realized that I was still in the tent, I knew that it was a coyote barking. Oh great, I thought, just like home! I prepared for bed in case I should fall asleep again, then found my whistle and started to play that for a while. It wasn't long before several coyotes joined in, barking and howling to beat the band, so I spread open the door flaps, stuck my head out and played into the darkness. It was a haunting sound that would have met any creature, human or otherwise, that was wan? dering over the dimly-lit moor that night. I don't know what old ghosts we may have awakened in this lonely place, but I know that there were chills running up and down my spine as the coyotes joined their wild cry with a rendition of "The Mist Covered Mountains" and "Lord Lovat's Lament." The following morning I was off to see the waterfall on the brook that comes out of Indian Lake and Clyburn Lake, following the route shown on the map. The falls are about 400 metres upstream of the conflu? ence of the brook that comes from White Hill Lake and the North Clyburn Brook. I spotted them one day last year (July 17) on a hike to the ridge between Clyburn and Curtis Brooks. It's an interesting walk from the cross-park trail (of the Cape Breton Highlands National Park) to the crest of the hills overlooking the North Clyburn canyon. There's a bit of tuckamoore and woods, but most of it's easy going through shrubs and bogs . If you walk west along the trail from Dau- phiney Lake for a lit? tle less than a ki- 1 omet e r Clarence Barrett, Sydney you'll find a good place to start bushwacking, and if you're lucky you'll find a moose trail through the bush. From the side of the ridge west of Gull Lake you get a wide view of the countryside and can see most of Gull Lake. The mountainside overlooking the river is quite precipitous with numerous cliffs, but if you head for the shoulder overlooking the fork, as shown, you can find a way down. The falls are about 60' high. The brook goes through a gorge in the section below them and it's necessary to climb up high on the side of the valley to get around it. When you get to the largest fall (there are smaller ones within the gorge but I didn't have time to see them) you can easily scam? ble down to the foot of them. An interesting thing happened on the way back. I was the ridge s. bull moose, tion that a while I was 'f'ffl"c ,%'; '-. '-':.: crossing the bog at the top of w. of Gull Lake when I spotted a (Incidentally, I forgot to men- bull walked past the campsite getting breakfast in the morn? ing.) Anyway, this bull was about 300 meters away and ?? walking at right angles to me. I called him and he stopped and looked ?? v' directly at the " spot where I was "* hiding I "Encounters 'l with Moose" % • i Continues on Page 47 Front Cover Photograph: Hildegarde and



Hans Padelt. See story beginning on back cover.