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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1977/6/1

A Visit with Jack Sam Hinkley 1\*11 tell you about a fellow one time got in contact with a bear. There was a man down here, down in the lower part of the settle? ment here~a bear caune and killed his pig. And they set a gun. Ever hear about setting a gun for an animal? They fix a gun up • - make a house and put a gun into it--aimed about the height a bear would be • his breast, you know. And then they had an old muzzle loader • balls in her, I suppose • and they had a string from the trigger of the gun and they had a bait tied to the string. When the beared come in and give a jerk on the bait, he'd put the gun off and kill him. Anyway, the bear came in in the nighttime • and the gun went off and it hit him in the hip • broke his hip. Well, there was a bunch went down. And there was a man down here, Sandy Moore, a big' husky man, and he was scared of nothing • not even scared of a bear. A fellow had a gun there. The bear was up on the hill and he was going to shoot the bear. And Sandy Moore said, "No, no, don't shoot him at all • I'm going to kill him with my bare handso I read in a book, a magazine," he said, "where an Indian tackled a bear. He killed him with his bare hands. Said he got his hand in his mouth and choked him by the tongue • auid I'm going to try it." So he dido He went after the bear. He had a lit? tle stick and he hit the bear on the nose and this made him mad and when he opened his mouth Saindy Moore drove his hand in to about the wrist and he got the tongue and the bear got him by the wrist and away they went, down the mountain, the two of themj end over end. And this is true because there was a man there when it happened told me, and he wasn't lying. Alex Tiramons. Down the mountain they went. And they couldn't shoot the bear. They were frightened they'd shoot Sandy Moore. And the bear chawed him on the legs and arms, chawed him real bad.

• arid then I could be home every night. I ran twice a week. I started on the first of April in 1919 and I ran it till the last of July in 1923. Spring • that's the worst time of the year. Half the road would be bare and half snow on it. It was hard for the dogs to haul the mail. And you couldn't get through it with a horse or anything. The month of April was the worst month of the year. The And there was a Fraser fellow • Duncan Fraser month of April and the month of December I -he had a great big stone and he watched his chance and he struck the bear on the side of the head and he kind of knocked him out • and they got Sandy Moore clear of him. Now wasn't that a terrible trick for a man to do? And that's a true story? I ran the mail to Cheticamp with dogs. I mushed her with snowshoes and dog team when there was no road. Only a little trail. In the suraraertirae I used a horse, horseback • the trail wouldn't be cut out any more than 6 or 7 feet. Not that. In the winter with dog team and snowshoes. Dog sleigh. Oh, yes. I had most newfoundland dogs. I had one great dane, female, around 88 or 85 pounds. I had 5 dogs, I think. Always had a spare one in case there was something wrong with one. Generally only take 4. Ihe first years I ram it all the way through from Red River to Cheticamp. Then the last two years I ran it halfway • a Frenchman from Cheticaimp would meet me with the mail and take my mail the other way. He'd have two of ray dogs and I'd have the other two found the tv/o worst months. December days were short and the weather



was dark and overcast and snowing all the time in December. 3 o'clock it's coming dark some days. And it'd get dirty. I was out in a snowstorm it, was snowing a foot an hour. Made it--but that was all. You couldn't stop, once you were on that road • you had to keep going. There wasn't a farm between here and Cape Rouge. I stayed at Aucoin's. Oh, I had a nice place to stay. Nice clean bed to sleep in and plenty good food. Aw, they were lovely people. Makes me lonely going by that Cape Rouge yet • they're all gone out of there. Park drove them out- bought their land • gave them about half what it was worth. Anyway, I'd come back fresh the next day. Walked on snowshoes. The dogs when it was good going on the down grade I'd ride on the load • but most of the time I walked. Lots of times I had to break a road ahead of the dogs with the snowshoes. And when crust was on it I'd have to have a shovel and sometimes shovel a path for me and the dogs to get through.

CAPB  
BRETON'S MAGAZINE, NUMBER SIXTEEN WRECK COVB, CAEB BRETON, NOVA  
SCOTIA SECOND CLASS MAIL • REGISTRATION NUMBER 3014 A Member of the  
Canadian Periodical Publishers' Association