

[Page 22 - Stories from Visits Down North](#)ISSUE : [Issue 25](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1980/6/1

something more than a plain dumb animal. For instance, there was an old windfall one time--me and a friend of mine one time, to protect the deer, we got a rope and worked it out, worked it out till we got it way out on the end of this limb • hauled the deer up. Whoever it was, came and o- pened the rope and let the deer down off the tree and took the deer. So help me God, no animal could have done that. Who? ever he was, he opened those knots and took the deer, and no person would go out that far in the woods to do that. But it was taken and it had to be someone with a half-human brain. Then another time I was stuck up beyond French River. There's a hill before you get to the last farm, before you start swinging right down to Lowland Cove • that was awful rough and hard to get out of. I went up there with the half-ton truck. And the road was just the width of the wheels. Whatever happened, I was going a little too fast and the ground was wet and jumped over and the rear wheels were off the road--and I couldn't do anything unless I could get a machine to lift her back onto the road. I took the gun out of the truck and walked up about another mile to Big Johnny's place • John Simon's father • over that field hunting for deer. Sat around, with the intention of later walking back out. But I felt I was neglecting the human race to leave my car there, with people with 4-wheel drives that might come and want to ??et past my truck. When I came out, there was the truck, the rear end of the truck sitting right in the centre of the road. That's so help me God true, There was nobody else up there. There was an imprint • like a bear's imprint • right behind the car. I've got a feeling this started way back • maybe somebody fired at him. And then when he came to me, inquisitive, and I didn't fire at him, maybe he got the idea he wanted to help me out. I know several times he was out in the woods, looking at me. I cut wood one day and I cut about 4 loads for a truck. But my back or arm was sore and I wasn't piling it • it was all spread over the ground. Way up at my fa? ther's old property. Okay. I went home, had dinner, I went back up--and it was all piled so nicely. Honest to God, I thought I'd shoot myself • this is crazy. There's no ten men could do it in that time. I just went to Meat Cove for lunch and came back, and it was piled so nice, I could just lay it in the truck and bring it home. That was so beautiful. Then another time I had rabbit snares. And if the rabbit is left on the ground for o- vernight and you don't come--the weasels • , the young ones, you know--will eat at them, they're no good. You don't want to eat the rabbit if the weasel is going to begin on him. So I'd go out and all the rabbits would be hanging and the snares sort of set • not set like you'd set it or I'd set it • but sort of set. There was no sense in my having to check my snares unless I really wanted to, because they're not go? ing to be on the ground. People say they've seen the devil. Well, perhaps they've seen one of these crea- Blue Heron Gift Shop
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