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woods. She went down to a low place and she got a drink of water. And boy, she was com? ing up this wood road on the run, coming as hard as she could come. And she saw us. And boy, she was looking just.... And we jumped back and hid in the woods. Three of us--my son Bob, and her brother--my wife's broth? er, Jim Jollimore. My gracious, she got looking. We could see her. She was looking to see where we were; she wanted to get an? other crack at us. Oh, she was like that. Anyway, we followed her. Then she went down across a barren away out the back there, and we lost track of her. So we followed around from dark. But you had to be cautious. You didn't know where she'd waylay you. She'd waylay in the woods and then come out at you. Anyway, we hunted until just at dark--dusk. I came around a turn in the road and there CAPE BRETON REGIONAL TRANSIT AUTHORITY TRANSIT INFO 539-8124 lg 539-8129 "" PEOPLE ON THE MOVE she was. She had been feeding--there was some green stuff around some old birches-- little birch switches. And she began to feed there. And the long piece of rope--she was reaching around for grass. And she tan? gled herself; she wound around, turn after the other--she wound herself up, and she was there standing with her head down. Well, it was too dark, from the distance we were, to take a shot at her and miss her. And I didn't want to ruin any meat. No good shooting them through the body. An3rway, I said, "We'll just leave her. She may be wound up enough and not go back the other way and unwind herself. She'll be there in the morning and we'll get her. It'll be Sunday morning." So by gracious, we went out bright and early--she was gone. She got herself clear. Well, which way she went--the ground was hard, you couldn't see any hoofprint. So we went down on a little barren and we saw some impression where she'd gone through this barren. I said, "Now I know, she's gone to the brook. There's a brook there. She's gone for a drink." Well, we didn't find her. Well, we hunted Sunday, we didn't find her. And then finished our work Monday, and we took off again. We didn't find her. And Tuesday went down. And I said, "She's hanging around the brook there somewhere. And she's going to hang around where there's water." There was a marsh there. "And she'll be wherever there's any feed." See, there'd be some green feed then. In July. What day was it? Was it in July the Canso Causeway opened? I thought it was August or July. It doesn't matter. Anjrway, I know it was--that's the day. Island Crafts |The Talent of Cape Breton Knitters Is but One Example of Excellence at Island Crafts Old-Fashioned Charm Is Our Trademark VISIT OUR STORE & SEE THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF TREASURES Handknit Fishermen's Sweaters - Kitchen Accessories Designer Mohair Sweaters - Hand Carved Clan Crests Hats & Scarves for Every Age Group - Cookt>ooks Intricate Designs In Pottery - Hand Appliqued Quilts Ruffled Cushions - Wide Selection of Baby Items The Mad Potters Collection - Boats in Bottles A Good Selection of Local Literature The list is endless! Trggt yourself to ISILANP CRAFTS! Wholesale: full lme of souvenirs The Focus of Your Visit to Cape Breton, in Downtown Sydney OPEN YEAR ROUND: MONDAY TO SATURDAY, 9 TO 5; FRIDAY, 9 TO 9 539-6474 329 Charlotte Street, Sydney 564-5527 A project of Enterprise Cape Breton Corporation



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