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ISSUE : [Issue 73](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1998/6/1

Clarence Barrett & the Fox continued from inside front cover have complete solitude. By the way, could you pass me that stick before you leave?" I had an awful vision of a CBC Television announcer introducing North America's prime time viewers to a clip on wildlife management in Canada's national parks. One of the wardens asked me later if I had my radio. Right!--like I was going to call one of them to come and get me out! I finally jerked the cage over close enough to get the stick, nearly tipping it over in the process, and after a while was able to poke the stick around a corner of the cage and lift the latch. By this time I was mad enough to run the fox down on foot except I'd probably have lost him in the woods. I propped the cage door up with a stick. Kneeling beside it I threw scraps of food near the entrance. He still wouldn't go in. He was coming closer and closer to the edge, though. "One more inch," I thought, "and I've got you." Well, he took that extra inch, I grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, fired him into the cage and kicked the stick out from under the door. I had him! I loaded the cage on the back of the truck, covered it with a tarp and headed for the backcountry. We drove to an isolated spot on the other side of the park. If he decided he still wanted his fill of junk food, he wasn't going to be my problem. I hauled the cage off the truck, opened the door and bade him get lost. After the rough treatment he got being tossed into the cage, and the bumpy ride across the park, I thought he'd make a bolt for the hills. Instead, non-plussed, he walked part way through the open door, then turned around and began to pick up the wieners from the floor. After getting two or three in his mouth, he tried to pick up some more but the first ones kept dropping out. "Please, pass me the stick • I'll give youi another hot dog." When he got what he could, he walked to the door, stepped outside and for the next ten minutes he walked around the woods at the edge of the clearing with the wieners dangling out of his face, looking for a place to stash them. He walked by the cage and he walked by me without any apparent concern about the possibility of being tossed back into the cage. I think he would have ridden back in the cab if he thought he'd be fed. Eventually he disappeared into the woods. I haven't seen him since. I wish him happy hunting. Additional Note from Clarence: Under the National Parks Act regulations it is illegal to entice or feed wildlife in a park. There are several reasons for this policy. Animals that become dependent on handouts may have problems finding for themselves during the winter, and may not survive. Animals that become habituated to humans can pose a public safety threat as they become bolder in their demand for food; when they bite, they are destroyed. And several foxes in the area have been killed by cars after becoming less wary of vehicles. Our thanks to Clarence Barrett, Park Warden, Cape Breton Highlands National Park • for boldly going where few men would go • that is, sharing this story! And to Jennifer Hoffman, also a Park Warden, for her permission to include her drawing • only one of several cartoons drawn in honour of Clarence's experience with the fox. Suppliers of All Your Heating & Supplies P.O. Box61, King St., North Sydney, N.S. B2A3M1 794-4773 Call Us for "FREE ESTIMATES" Ron May pontiac buick gmc



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