

## EXTRAIT DU JOURNAL DE R. OUTHET

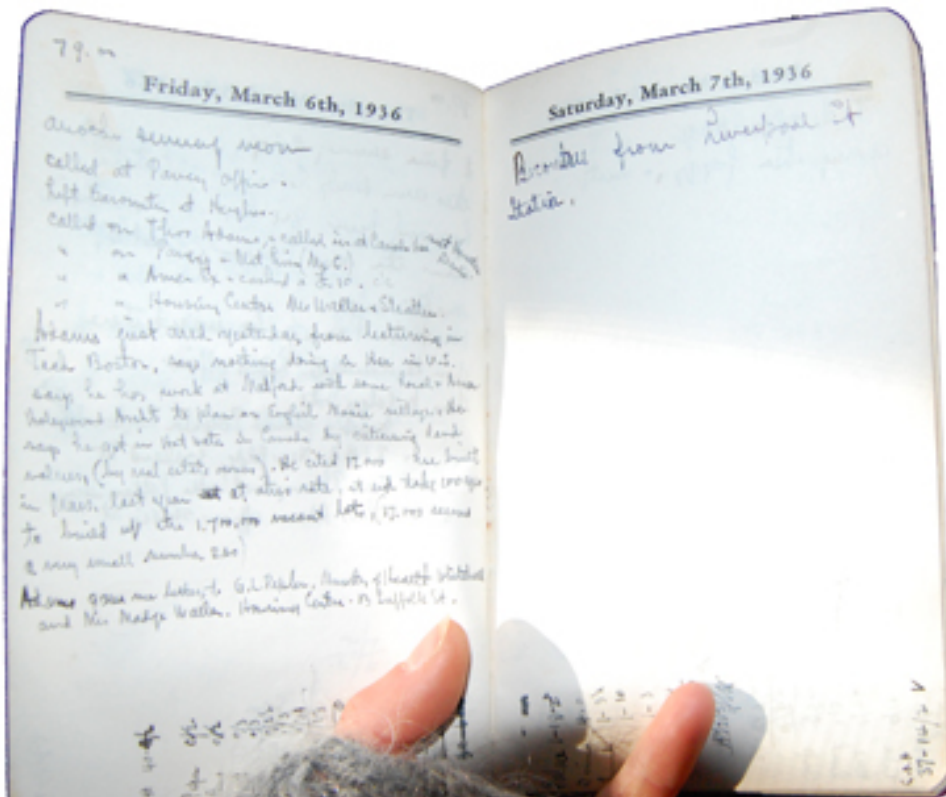
Wilderness Diary  
Septembre 1942

On wolves

*When I look back over the years wondering how wolves could be caught, trapped or shot or destroyed without the use of poison (which destroyed useful and interesting wild life); when I think of the wolf trails I have followed in winter to study their ways, how they seem to sense danger up on approaching traps and avoid the most meticulously laid ruse, it is not surprising, that it is with considerable satisfaction I write now this brief notes of how my lifes ambition nearly ungratified has been attained. On a pitch black night in March I was awakened by a packs chorus nearby. Their bloodcurdling hair-rising sounds jumped me outside. I was inclined to dress and try to hunt them when they were occupied in surrounding their quarry but realized the light was not light enough to have the advantage; their olfactory sense and power would be advantage in' to them so I returned to bed and pondered long. How I had often laid alone overnight in the forest without a firearm or travelled alone by snowshoe or ski at night in wolf country yet I was not afraid while now in a snug log cabin, their yells were awesome.*

*This pack has made its rendezvous in the vicinity, so scarcely a night passes without hearing them and without failing to make a man furious to get in the fight and save the helpless deer. Lately I have gone up river by canoe both day and night to locate the lair or their kills and succeeded to find a big buck velvet antlered afloat in the old beaver pland. As long as it floated it was being eaten each night and again I pondered the problem when I should have sleep. Having come to a conclusion I talked it over with Aird Dorrance in the morning and it was keen to assist by being my marksman. Aird is a high school lad who has been often here and well able to use his head and my rifle. Before coming to the pond, we left the canoe and took to the wood opposite the deer where Aird took position while I made a detour with the sawed off shotgun carefully picking my way through the low mountain maple grown up since the lumbering two winters ago. I passed some wolf spoor with deer hair showing and I was about to come out on a hillside in view of the pond when I heard Aird shooting. I thought I could see the partly submerged deer but could not at first see the bullet splash nor any wolf, then I saw the wolf making its way along shore closer to me but going away towards the point to the place I had expected the wolves would take to the water to swim to the deer. The wolf was in difficulties, its tail swinging quickly from side to side as tho. to balance itself while plunging thro. The soft black muck, then I realize it was hit and I heard Aird call for me to finish it as he was out of ammunition. I knew he had had one more round so not wanting to be too noisy I called 'Canoe'. I was fifty or more yards off so my buck shot would not be very effective. When Aird was seen entering the pond the wolf then knew she had another hunter for she had both heard and scented me as we could see it was turning its head towards me until then and I had evidently (as planned) drawn toward Aird. As the wolf was bogged and then asked aird to paddle closer to give it the 'coup de grace' he having found the extra shell (a short range one). At forty feet off he scored and then came for me and we found it still alive but far gone. In the bow with a short rope ready I leaned over caught one ear while it was opening and closing its mouth I put the slipknot over just in time to prevent its total immersion*

in the muck for its head only was above and we drew it into deeper water, now drowned or dead, tho. I think dead from the good shooting of aird who informed me when he first tired to sight the first shot, he shook so that he change the position to rest on a nearby tree and thinking he must not fail me. He had broken one leg in two places, one bullet had come out of its belly breaking a leg and the last shot had entered its side. We heard another wolf moving about in the bulrushes but could see nothing in the gathering dusk and next day found two other carcasses in a state of being eaten at the edge of the pond and many tracks around or thro. the bulrushes. More than likely other kills were made, as I believe the wolves had driven deer from the near high land to the floating leatherleaf and bushes were the deer but not the wolves would flounder and so make of this condition an ideal abattoir. So strategy won the day.



Photographie de l'un des journaux de Rickson Outhet, par Claire Gourbilière.  
Source: Famille Outhet