

Hunting deer is good sport although much of the glamor, thrill and excitement has calmed down. As one local hunter explained: "There used to be an expectation and a thrill when we had to bump over corduroy roads and follow winding paths. There was the fun of feasting on wonderful meals and the fun of making a bed in the bunk house. Possibly shivers would tingle the spine as the wolves howled in the stillness of the night, and the clatter which took place when a bear or a racoon rattled pans and traps at the cabin door and there was a thrill when a black bear stood up on his hind legs and peered in through the small window."

"One of the prettiest sights, however, was when stationed on a runway," said this old hunter. "When we saw a large mother deer and her small fawn run along the top of a slope and at times stop to watch her offspring catch up. There was pity in the heart of the hunter, but this was forgotten as the nimrod thought of the thrill of lugging the animal back to camp and then enjoying a meal of fresh venison."

Many hunters tell fanciful stories about their experiences. Gordon Cook hunted for moose this season with his son Bill Cook in the wilds in the Geraldton area, a territory known to Bill who is a member of the Provincial Forestry Department. "It was a sight to behold, watching a huge moose swimming smoothly in deep water. There was hardly a ripple on the water."

The moose is a rather docile animal in water but much wilder creature when on land. In fact they can be quite dangerous. We brought down the big fellow and discovered that it weighed 950 pounds. In order to fetch the carcass to camp it was necessary to carry him in by the quarters. Moose meat is wonderful when properly cooked and seasoned."

In days of yore when Grandma was a wee girl the Township of Cavan was known far and wide as the home of the "Cavan Blazers" and the neighboring Township home of the Manvers "Sand Cranes". A friendly and sometime not too friendly spirit existed.

Many tales were told about the "Blazers" and their episodes and they were actually feared by Township residents but if people behaved themselves everything went along smoothly, but if some farmer stepped out of line and was a mean individual then the "Blazers" stepped in.

On Hallowe'en night, a 'mean guy' was apt to find his wagon on top of the barn filled with bags of grain. Otherwise the pranks were the traditional upsetting of the little old backhouse, a prank that seemed to be popular.

Mr. C. Murray Newton, Fenelon Falls realtor, whose parents lived in Cavan and now in Toronto, stated a few days ago that the Cavan Blazers were held in high respect and a man who was mean and con-

trary and not neighborly was apt to find himself in trouble.

It is of interest to note that Murray's grandmother was one time the Carrier of His Majesty's Mail and many a trip was made between the post offices at Ida and Cavan. In the winter months it turned out to be a battle with the elements and a battle driving the horse and cutter up and down snow drifts and in all kinds of climatic conditions. "My Grandmother was a rugged individual and the journey was oftentimes dangerous but the mail always got through. That was a long trip, especially in stormy weather. Conditions were challenging, but Grandma always got the mail through."