

Paul Chartrand Interview by Spenser Thibault, November 20, 2021

When I was young, I was young once, I worked some summers for the nuns' farm, the Nuns in St. Laurent. They had a big farm. I was working with some other men there, well, I wasn't a man yet, but anyway, there were some boys and some men. We would go haying, the haying season was during the school holidays, so that's what I'd do—I'd go haying. And we'd camp out in the bush. You hay the bush? Yes! Because there's [**Speaks Michif**], that's a bluff, in English. A bluff, kind of typical of the west, eh, woodland. There's a lot of hay in between the bluffs, so that's why we're haying there, and there's all these bluffs, woods. And we're camping there—a nice quiet evening, the horses are tied there, because we worked with horses, in those days, of course.

So this one night we're sitting there, Moïse Ducharme, he was married to my cousin. We heard these coyotes, these brush wolves, they were howling, and we knew it wasn't very far. Moïse says, "I know where they are. I know where they're gonna be." So we grabbed our .22s, our .22 rifles, we'd target practice, and we knew there were wolves around all the time. But anyway, we circled around, and we came to that bluff, where Moïse figured they'd be in there, and he was right, so, here we are, we're just waiting. We're alert. We're pointing our rifles there, at the edge of the bluff, waiting for them to come out, 'cause we're walking towards them. We know darn well they know where we are, but, suddenly they did come out, but at opposite ends of that bluff, like that. So I thought, "what the heck!"—we never got a shot off.

They're smart, those brush wolves.