

# Snowshoeing *Cape Ann*

BY JOHN THEO, JR.

*December 1770. It has been three months since I last saw my wife and children. Today I follow what the natives call the Black River to the small pond where I will check my traps. If the traps yield half of what I hope, then first break of spring I will have the snowshoes put away for good and head back east. Never have I seen snow this deep, or sheets of ice so thick. Yesterday I came upon a buck but was unable to take him down as my powder was wet. I am forced to live off small game and fish, when I am able to cut a hole in the ice. The vastness of nature humbles even the most confident man, and a misstep out here could spell death. Travel with the snowshoes is slow and*

