

# The COUGAR BOB REVIEW

November 1993

## BAIT BITES FISHERMAN

Three 15 pound Steelhead lying on the bank beside a boy fishing in the Salmon River near Riggins, Idaho, were enough to stop Cougar Bob in his travels.

The boy had another big one on his line while Bob climbed down the bank to talk to him.

"I have fished for days at a time and never caught

even one Steelhead," said Cougar Bob, "so I had to find out this kid's secret."

While the 12 year old reeled in a fourth Steelhead to fill his limit, Bob observed that his hands and forearms were covered with scratches and what appeared to be small puncture marks, like bites.

When Cougar Bob asked what he was using for bait, the boy said, "Bitin' worms, mister. I use 'em all

the time. In the can over there."

"I couldn't believe it," said Bob when he discovered that the boy was baiting his hook with baby rattlesnakes about five inches long.

Cougar Bob lauded the lad's generosity. "He offered to let me use some of his bitin' worms," he said.

"I passed." +++

## CHIEF'S RIFLE BECOMES APPENDAGE

A neighbor noted Bob Campbell sitting in a lawn chair with his rifle propped across his knees, watching his wife paint his shop.

"It looked like enforced work detail to me," said the neighbor. "Poor thing. She was painting her little heart out."

What the neighbor did not know, as interviews with the Campbells revealed, is that Cougar Bob Campbell goes nowhere without his rifle.

When Campbell naps on

the davano, the old .270 is resting within a hand's reach, probably cradled across his stomach. On one occasion while Campbell was napping in his office on the lawn with his hand on his rifle, a local police officer stopped by to see if he was alive.

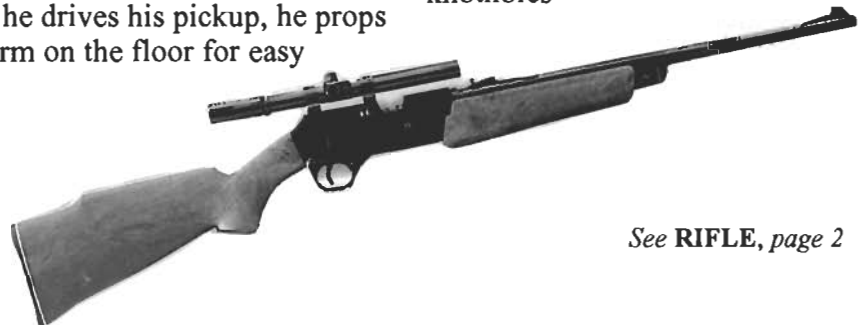
When he drives his pickup, he props the firearm on the floor for easy access.

*"He's the straightest-shooting man I know."*

*--Mrs. Cougar Bob*

He sights the rifle in at the Coeur d'Alene Rifle Range daily, usually with one shot, two shots maximum.

"Quick aiming at knotholes



See RIFLE, page 2

Some people aren't meant to be gamblers, especially if they hang around strange people. A few employees for the Bureau of Public Roads (BPR), had waves of bad luck under these circumstances.

**The River Bet:** Betting against Bob Campbell turned out to be a bad idea for his crew mates, one of whom lost a paycheck in the bargain. For their road survey along the Lochsa River during a 1957 February, the BPR crews needed a point set on the other side of the river, about 100 yards across. In warmer weather, Bob Campbell, a strong swimmer,

#### RIFLE, *cont. from page 1*

improves my sighting eye," said Campbell, whose living room is paneled in knotty cedar. "You never know when you may have to shoot at a varmint in a hurry."

Campbell cleans his rifle every day, up to four times during waking hours, running a wire brush, and a cleaning rod with Hoppe's No.9 Oil-soaked cleaning patches through the barrel.

"See," Campbell said, holding up the rifle for a look down the shiny barrel. "There's not a particle of dust or burned powder left in there to throw off my next shot."

All this attention to accuracy pays off.

"The Chief is the straightest shooting man I know," said his admiring wife, Babe, as she dabbed Hoppe's No.9 behind each ear. "As usual, he got a deer this fall. A delicious prong buck. If he misses, it's because hell has frozen over." +++

## DON'T BET ON IT!

was the crew member who would swim over and set the points.

"I'll do it," Campbell volunteered as usual.

Observing the floe ice, a crew member bet his current paycheck that Campbell wouldn't do it. Gordon Mead, the boss, backed Campbell.

"He shouldn't have said that," Campbell remembered, "because that bi-monthly check amount was enough to make me play polar bear. Actually," he added, "I'd have done it for nothing if he had said I couldn't."

Later, when Campbell had set the point, the crew built a fire so he would be less likely to freeze to death.

The crew member paid off.

*"Actually, I'd have done it for nothing if he had said I couldn't." --Bob*

**The Hat Bet:** During a lunch break on a St. Joe River road job, the BPR crew shot at cans with a shotgun. Mead observed that most of the shooters were missing their targets. He bet Lee Moreader he couldn't hit his hardhat if he threw it into the air.

"You're on," Mo agreed, and somebody tossed Mead's hardhat into the air. Mo whistled idly and waited until the sailing hat started down. Then he moved into position, caught it on the end of his shotgun and blasted it with both barrels.

Mo smiled.

Mead paid off.+++

## MRS. COUGAR EARNS MSC

After Mrs. Cougar Bob finished her two-and-one-half-year Communications Masters studies at Eastern Washington University August 13, Cougar Bob met with reporters to comment on the experience.

"I'll do dishes, anything," he said. "Just so she doesn't make me cook anymore!"

In a further statement concerning the effect of his wife's finishing her higher education, he confided, "Between you and me, I kind of doubt she's done with it. She's a chronic student," he added.

"Reads all the time, even the Wheaties boxes."

As for the husband's expectations now that his

wife has her degree, he expressed hope that she will get a technical writing job that pays a phenomenal salary.

"Then," he said, "I can use my paycheck to buy her a new rifle every month."+++

