

The **COUGAR BOB REVIEW**

April 1994

Bear Rejects Transplant Operation

SANDPOINT--In a flashback today, Bob Campbell remembered a particular brown bear that wandered into Sandpoint, Idaho, in 1952.

"He was a big one, about 250 pounds, and very disoriented," said Campbell. "He couldn't find his way out of town."

According to Campbell, some local cowboys on horses hazed the bear toward the stockyards, where it went into the rodeo arena.

One of the boys called Leo Black and Campbell, since they were trappers for the State. "Such a deal they offered," Campbell reflected. "They would rope the bear if Leo and I would tie him up and transport him into the woods."

Sure.

On Black's and Campbell's arrival, they noted dust boiling up from the arena where the frightened bear was dodging among eight alarmed horses. One of the yelling cowboys lassoed the bear, and Black and Campbell bulldogged it to immobilize it with a few slipknots over its legs.

"The cowboy was supposed to keep the rope taut, but he let it go slack for quite a while," Campbell said. "The bear bit Leo through the right thigh, but it didn't slow Leo down one bit."

When the cowboy convinced the horse to tighten up on the rope, the trappers finished the tie-up and loaded the muzzled bear into the back of the pickup. They hauled it about 20 miles to McCormack Meadows, where they released it into peace and quiet. The bear bawled and sprinted into the brush not bothering to look back with any gratitude. (See **Bear**, page 2.)

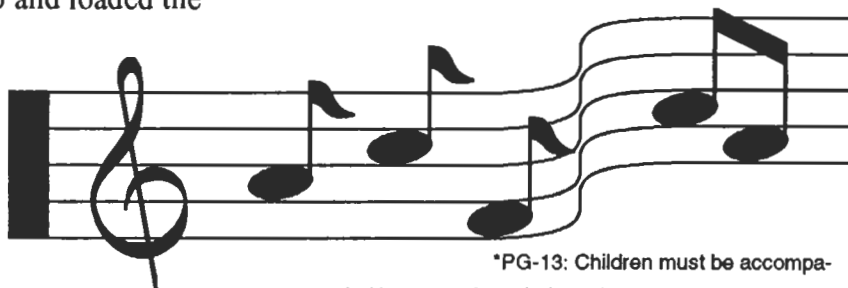
Cougar Bob Sing Along!*

Oooooooooon....

the Big Rock Candy Mountain,
There's a land that's fair and bright.
Where the handouts grow on bushes,
And you sleep out every night.
Where the boxcars all are empty,
And everything's just fine.
Where the lemonade springs
And the Bluebird sings
And there ain't no snow
And the wind don't blow
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain.

Sing some more.

Good Mooooorning Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,
You sure are lookin' fine. (Repeat)
Ashes to ashes
And dust to dust.
If the devils don't get you,
The Campbells must!
Good Mooooorning Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,
You sure are lookin' fine!



*PG-13: Children must be accompanied by a note from their mother to sing these songs.

Cougar Bob Speaks Out On Care of Reluctant Machines

POST FALLS--Bob Campbell, whose degree of mechanical ability is widely known, spoke today on the issue of using violence on uncooperative machines.

"It's a tough decision," he said, "because you never know if it will help."

Campbell cited, for instance, a friend who shot his own TV set with a 30.06. "Now, that just didn't help," Campbell noted, "although it seemed like the thing to do at the time."

He mentioned also a man with a new chain saw, clearing right of way on a road job. The old saw had conked, so the man bought a new one. He babied it, sharpening it often. On a Monday morning, he sharpened it again, revved it, and babied it some more. By afternoon, he was still polishing and revving, right up to the moment he sawed through a deceptive log shell and hit rocks.

"You want to cut rocks, you crummy saw?" he yelled. "Cut rocks!" And he jammed the saw into a rock and mangled the blade.

"Now, that just didn't help, either," Campbell continued. "On the other hand, fender bending always seemed to work for my Dad."

Campbell remembered his father's painstaking mechanic work on his Model T Ford. Careful adjustments were ineffective. "After fine-tuning, he'd hit the fenders repeatedly with the crank," said Campbell. "Then he'd turn the crank one more time, and the car would start."

Model T's, happening as they did before the advent of antifreeze, were especially reluctant to start on a cold day. Building a small fire under the oil pan was a first step, followed by warming the 4 coils in the house wood stove oven.

"When you could hear oil boiling and snorting inside the pan, it was time to install the coils," Campbell recalled. "Next you had to jack up one rear wheel, manually crank the engine over a few times and beat the fenders. Then she'd start."

Speculation aside, Cougar Bob made a solid recommendation on the subject: "Sometimes a swift kick is a good idea," he said. "Sometimes it isn't. You have to be selective."++

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Later, as a doctor swabbed out the tooth holes in the trapper's leg, Black and Campbell speculated on the thankless transplant task.

"We agreed," said Campbell. "We'd do it again in a minute."++

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Just the other day, not so very far off,
A **Bluejay** died of the WHOOPing cough.
He WHOOPED so hard with the
WHOOPing cough
That he WHOOPed his head and his tail
right off.

Louder now...

Oh...

There was an old hen,
And she had a wooden foot.
She built her nest in a Mulberry Root.

Oh...

She ruffled up her feathers
To keep herself warm.

Another little drink
Wouldn't do her any harm.

Oh...

Turkey in the straw. Turkey in the hay.
Turkey in the straw. Turkey in the hay.
Parump pump pump paddle ump tee dough.
Yadump ta deedle tuddle ump ta dough.

OK..Big Finish...

Oooooooooohhh...

I won't go huntin' with you, Jake,
But I'll go chasin' women.
Put that hound dog in his cage,
And quit your silly grinnin'.

The moon's half right,
And I'm half tight,
And life is just beginnin'.
I won't go huntin with you, Jake,
But I'll go chasin' women.



Editor's Note: Cougar Bob also yodels. He declined to give a demonstration for this interview, however, not wanting to draw an unruly crowd and cause a traffic hazard.