



The COUGAR BOB REVIEW

April 1999

Fancy Trapping Yields Results

North Idaho farmers and ranchers occasionally become testy when they lose their dogs, cats, chickens, sheep, newborn calves and birthing cows to coyotes. To avoid further loss, they call a crafty trapper with a strategy and a record of success, preferably Cougar Bob Campbell. He travels to the site with his bag of tricks.

Cougar Bob's recent predator control tactics include the following effective variations on standard trap sets.

Sub-Track Set: The trapper tried regular sets, like the dirt hole set or post set, to catch a specific trouble-making coyote. However, she always dug the trap out and left a...uhm...symbol of her disgust. Cougar Bob noticed a gopher mound in the same area with a coyote track in it which seemed deeper each day. He believed it was her habit to step in the same track each night on her rounds as she climbed the mound to have a better look around.

Using a shovel to lift the ground carefully without disturbing the track, he set a trap center underneath the track. After he replaced the ground, the area looked natural enough to catch the coyote overnight.

Upside Down Set: Yet another disdainful coyote with a characteristic style escaped night after night. She routinely reached under the set traps and turned them over so they would fire harmlessly. So Cougar Bob dug a little deeper hole and set the trap upside down. When the coyote flipped the trap that night, the trap was right side up at the right time to catch her.

Last Straw Set: When all other set styles failed to outsmart a wily chicken killer, Cougar Bob brought out the Mother of All Sets. He dug up the ground in a 4' diameter circle and buried 3 traps in a 2' triangle, covering them with sifted dirt. Then he spread dry straw over the dug up area and, since the fire danger was not great at that time of year, set fire to the straw with a match to kill human scent. While the straw burned, he tossed a dozen or so chunks of meat onto the fire. The burnt meat was irresistible to the offending coyote.

Who's Calling?

"Listen to this, Babe," says Cougar Bob holding his new predator call that came in the mail.

His wife closes her eyes to receive the full effect. He blasts several breaths through the black, eight inch pipe.

It's a moose with asthma, she decides. "No, no!" he cries. "Now, just keep your eyes closed and listen. Really listen this time."

He blasts, she listens.

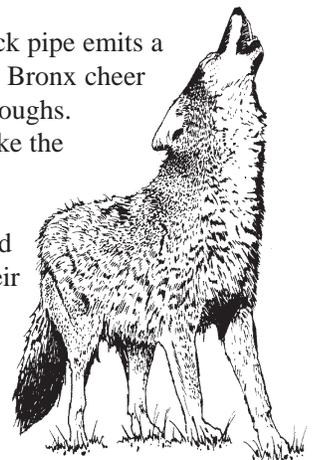
Whatever it is, she asserts, it gives a very long snort followed by three quacks.

"No, no!" he says. "It is obviously a

coyote giving a long howl followed by three barks. Now concentrate this time."

The black pipe emits a five second Bronx cheer and three coughs.

Much like the sound of coyotes laughing and slapping their knees.



Skunk and Junk Proprietor Knows His Stuff

No doubt about it. Roger Scheurer, Buyer for Pacific Hide and Fur, Spokane, WA, is in charge in his shop at the top of the stairs. Deftly, he shifts a stack of beaver pelts to a table. Expertly, he locates a No.3N Victor trap in a tangle of metal. He knows exactly where to find hide stretchers in his orderly storage rows.

"Roger," says regular customer, Mrs. Cougar Bob, who has come to buy 4 oz. of coyote urine, "do you realize there are insensitive people who refer to Pacific Hide and Fur and Pacific Steel and Recycling as The Skunk and Junk?"

He freezes. "No. No. I didn't know that. But I am deeply honored."



As well he should be. Shopping at the Skunk and Junk is a trapper's dream.

Roger, a 30 year veteran of the business, has your tanned pelts of red fox, silver fox, bobcats, coyotes and more hanging neatly in a dedicated storage room. He has your bobcat lure, your leather gloves, your trap covers, your unspeakable Yakima River Paste Bait, your coyote gland lure, your every trapping need.

"Until this year," he says, "I bought raw hides mostly from trappers directly, and sold mostly to foreign markets," cold weather countries such as Russia. Now, due to low buying power in those

countries, he must include foreign countries, e.g. Canada, among his suppliers and sell more locally.

"Holy Mackerel!" says Roger. "That's quite a turnabout in the market."

But as usual, his most loyal local customers are Native Americans and special interest groups, like muzzle loader clubs, for tanned hides and leathers.

On a scale of life styles, how is operating the Skunk and Junk? "I can't imagine doing anything else. That would be like Cougar Bob not trapping coyotes."

"But wait!" remembers Mrs. Cougar. "I came to buy 4 oz. of pew-spiking urine so he can catch some more of those rascals."

"Smallest I have right now is a pint," says Roger. "Usually it's \$7.49, but today we're having a special on coyote urine." He charges her only \$6.00. Not only that, he wraps it specially in plastic so she won't spill it this time on her papers and car upholstery.

"Such a deal!" says the customer, and goes away happy.

Sometimes You Just Can't Fool 'Em

Johnny VanShrivendike had a dry cow and no pasture that summer on the Garfield Bay Peninsula near Sandpoint, ID. So he put the cow on a raft and ferried her 3 miles out to Pearl Island in the middle of Lake Pend Oreille where the grass was greener. By the time he went shopping in Sandpoint and drove 16 miles home, the cow was back in the corral. She swam home rather than be tricked into spending the summer on a lonely island.

New Dog's Tricks Getting Old

Leo, the Wirehaired Terrier puppy who replaced Pike the Too Nice Dingo, has a taste for plaid wool shirts, the newer the better.

While Leo and a red and black plaid shirt were alone in the pickup cab, he chewed off the collar and a cuff. Another day, he gnawed a lower front panel from a blue and green plaid shirt while his master was in it, which is more difficult to explain.

"I don't see a problem," said Cougar Bob, who wore the shredded shirts anyway until his wife ridiculed him into buying new ones.

"Your wardrobe is going to the dogs," she scoffed. "Just because Leo

is cute and sounds like a rubber duck is no sign..."

"OK," Bob conceded, "Leo will learn some new tricks."



Leo the wirehaired pupster is named in honor of Leo Black, Cougar Bob's trapping mentor.