



The COUGAR BOB REVIEW

July 1991

TRAP SNATCHERS STRIKE NEAR ATHOL

A shifty, unidentified person or persons stole two set coyote traps near the Shamrock Ranch near Athol, Idaho, last week. Trapper Bob Campbell, who hunts and traps coyotes on request of the cattle ranch owner, described the traps as Victors, Special 3N number 3's. The traps, each

worth about \$35 new, are identical to the other five stolen within the last six months in the same area. The only clues on the scene were cowboy boot footprints, about size 11.

"Trap thieves are harder to catch than a damn coyote," said Campbell.

NEW PEW PROCURED

Cougar Bob replenished his coyote trapping scent supply recently with a 14 year-old concoction sample. The stock refreshment sample came from a priceless store of coyote pew started by Leo Black, his trapping mentor, now deceased for many years.

The quart of potent scent was presented to Cougar Bob by Mike Reebe, Sandpoint. Reebe relinquished the scent with full knowledge that when the supply is depleted, it can never be duplicated. Although all of the ingredients, such as coyote gall and urine, beef blood, whitefish guts and many unspeakable items, are still available, they can never be combined in the same secret proportions.

According to informed sources, many trappers in their best form have



COUGAR BOB RECEIVES THANKS FROM U.S. POST OFFICE

A new, larger than life mailbox now awaits all the big packages and volumes of mail which probably will come to 110 West 13th. Cougar Bob constructed the box platform from a modest assortment of lumber scraps and a substantial cedar post treated with creosote.

Babe reported that the move was prompted by wet mail. "The old mailbox leaked," she said. She also indicated that the red color of the post and braces was the default choice. A

can of redwood stain happened to remain in the cellar from another of her painting projects.

Cougar Bob had hired a man to dig the post hole, but the space case never did come. Just as Bob was standing by the street with a shovel, however, Russ Greenough drove by and dug the hole and helped plant the new structure. The move brought a written commendation from the U.S. Postal Service, a blue post card pointing out that all the effort did not go unnoticed.

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tried to duplicate the disgusting formula, but none can make theirs stink any higher to heaven than Leo Black 's.

"It' 's no wonder I 'm the best trapper in these parts," observed Cougar Bob. "I had the best teacher, and I ' ve got the best pew for a starter." **

BULLSEYES AROUND

"I hit everything I shoot at," said expert marksman, Cougar Bob. "What more can I say?"

The skill of striking bullseyes consistently is hard-won with hours of gruelling practice at the target range. Sighting his 7mm Remington rifle five times every day has payed off. The practice translates into a minimum of

35 bullseyes in each seven day period.

"Next," said Cougar Bob, "I will refine my skill even further." His antelope hunting plans include shooting from a standing position in the back of a moving pickup, over his left shoulder with a mirror.**



BULLBATS RETURN

Bullbats have returned to North Idaho from wherever they have been since last July, noted local weather prophet, Cougar Bob. The speedy birds with striped wings usually appear in the area with the onset of hot weather, thus signifying summer for weather buffs.

Bullbats, or Stripedwingus bullbaticus, also known as Night-hawks, are famous for nesting on bare, hot rocks and having ugly babies.

When asked what the Bullbats will do if they come to Idaho at the wrong time, the weather prophet explained, "They freeze their little patoots off." **

COFFEE CONSUMPTION RELATED TO B.S.(BIG STORY) OUTPUT

The number of tall tales a person hears is directly related to the amount of coffee he consumes at the truck stops, a recent study revealed. Veteran coffee drinker, Cougar Bob, who drinks at least 18 cups per day at either the Huetter Truck Stop or the Grey Goose at Athol, has noted a definite relationship.

"Yesterday afternoon," said Cougar Bob, "one of the Big Boys at the truck stop said he had seen a coyote so skinny he thought it was a snake. Later that

night," he continued, "after my 14th cup, another guy said he caught a Whitefish that had swallowed a 5inch Blueback."

By Bob 's 16th cup of the powerful brown fluid, the waitress told him that she knew of a hen turkey that flogged a coyote to death.

As yet, it is impossible to predict where these findings will lead. At present, Cougar Bob has no plans to decrease his coffee intake or to switch to unleaded.**

MASKED MARAUDER LEAVES TOWN

Sixty-two Rathdrum chickens met their deaths last month all in one night. Chicken owner Jennifer Weeks, who hired Cougar Bob to solve the case, noted that all had had their heads removed, and that

only a small portion of one chicken had been consumed.

Cougar Bob, who identified the tracks and the M.O. as that of a raccoon, used the

old "Sardine Ploy" to lure the intruder into a live trap. After the removal of the animal from the trap, during which he suffered only minor puncture wounds and gashes, he transplanted the raccoon to the Morton Slough on the Pend O ' reille River. "I checked," said Cougar Bob. "There weren' t any chickens for miles." **

