

THE SHEEP EATER

Hi my name is Gordon Erickson and this is my cougar hunting story.

It all started on January 3 2016, my 12 birthday; we went to go to Calgary to get my cougar licence. After we got my licence me and my dad had an opportunity to go with Lorne Hindbo and South Ram Outfitters.

On day 1 later in the day we cut a track on the side of the road on the west side of the Abraham Lake. There were two cougars and the dogs got mixed up when the two cougars split off, so that closed day 1 for cougar hunting. After checking to make sure the zone was still open we headed out on day two by the time we got there it was snowing heavily and nothing was moving so we never saw any tracks on day two.

Day three started out good when we saw a big tom track but little did I know, that we weren't going to see any other tracks on day three. On day four we got out there by 10:30 (a little late) me and my dad road our horses along the Lake to look for tracks but we never found any tracks. When we got down to the trucks and took a break for lunch we were just about to ride up the Cline river when Lorne radioed us that he found a nice female track so we raced over to the crescent falls road. When we got there it was later in the day so we decided to give the track a try so we let three dogs out on this track. The first time we let the dogs go, the dogs lost the track on a dry side hill so we had to walk them past it and they took off on the cougar to our surprise the dogs only went 400 yds. Then it circled back ran back across the Crescent Falls road, luckily there was an old trail leading right to where the dogs were supposed to be.

As soon as we got there we saw the big female cougar in a big tall spruce tree. So I found myself a sturdy tree branch to have my rest and kaboom my 7mm-08 went off. The cougar soared out of the tree and landed face first in the snow, scampered another 20 feet into the bush and piled up in willows. After handshaking and pictures Lorne went to go get the dog's collard. Me and my dad drug the cougar a ways before hearing the dogs come back. When they saw the cougar the started howling, my dad thinks they were proud of getting a cougar.

On our way to Lorne's cabin site we stopped at the Bighorn community store to pick up Gatorade and chips, then we crashed at Lorne's cabin. The next morning we set out for home.

The upcoming Monday we registered the cougar at the Rocky fish and game office and my dad had a nice chat with Jim Allen. Got my cougar registered.



On Saturday night we skinned and weighed the cougar it weighed 100 pounds (pretty good I think). We skinned the cougar and I got to cut open the cougar's stomach, not surprisingly its stomach was filled with sheep hair and bones.

Thanks to my dad and Lorne Hindbo I got another sheep killer off the mountain.

And by the way if you are wanting to go for a sheep eater just like me and a great guy to meet then go with Lorne Hindbo and south ram outfitters I highly recommend it.