SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF BIGHORN SHEEP

The Sheepherder

office
401 North Garfield
Alhambra, California 91801
213 284-5113

editor
LEWIS E. CARPENTER
815 W. Gettysburg
Fresno, Ca. 93705

JULY - AUGUST 1977

LONG TANK INSTALLATION REPAIRED

Bud Wiedeman a Director of the Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep and probably the hardest working member has reported concerning the repairs to the Long Tank installation on the north side of the Chuckawalla Mountains in Riverside County. Bud reports that this natural tank or tenaja is located near the northern base of the Chuckawallas in a good solid granite rock formation and when full will hold approximately 1,000 gallons of water. There is alot of bare exposed granite in the area above this tenaja. As a result any slight amount of rain in this watershed quickly runs-off and re-fills the tank.

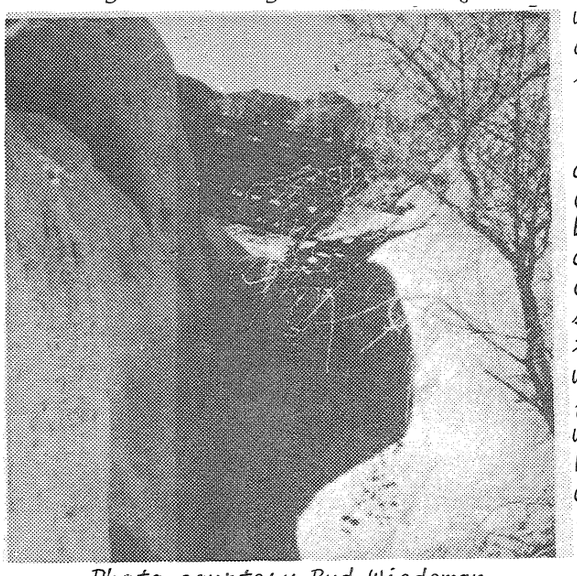


Photo courtesy Bud Wiedeman. shows part of the vandalized cover.

In April of 1956 the Department of Fish and Game had built a cover over the tank in an effort to reduce the loss by evaporation. This cover--18 feet long and 8 feet wide had been built with 4" x 4" redwood posts; 1" x 6" siding and having a sheet aluminum roof. Bud has been watching over this cover and making the minor repairs needed ever since that time. However, Bud says, "In 1975 vandals destroyed the cover completely and used the wood frame for fire wood. In September, 1975 I went in and measured the tank for a new cover." Bud designed a new cover, to be made with one-inch galvanized pipe, anchored with reinforcement bars set into the granite walls of the tank and to have a corrugated aluminum roof.

Bud sent his report and the needed plans in to the DFG in September that year. (1975) During February 1977 the needed roof was fabricated---so far as possible in the shops of the DFG's Game Farm at Chino and then trucked out to the Chuckawalla mountain site and installed.

Bud further says, " Long Tank is one of the few water sources on the north slope of the Chuckawallas and when water is available there, it is readily used by deer, doves, desert quail as well as the bighorn sheep and other non-game species of wildlife."

Bud recommends that a sign should be installed at this location, designating the use of the water for wildlife, and stating the penalties for unlawful use or destruction of the property or for the pollution of the water.

****

WATER HOLE COUNT ____THE SACRAMENTO MOUNTAINS

A report from John Massie Wildlife Habitat Supervisor for Region 5, Department of Fish and Game informs us that he had a crew of DFG personnel in the Sacramento Mts. southwest of Needles about June 21 to 23 making waterhole counts of some of the waters of that mountain. Their observations were:

	Rams	Ewes	Lambs
Red Rock Caves---water storage facility (1972)	0	2	0
F. Morse Spring	0	3	1
Smith Spring	0	7	2
Hidden Canyon was dry			
Broken Mule Shoe ---tenaja	1	8	2

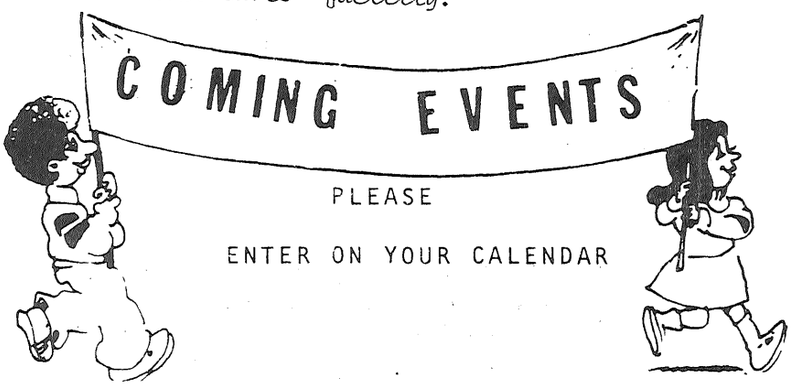
My wife Marguerite and I also sat for the three days of June 29-30 and July 1 in a cave overlooking the Red Rock Cave installation and did see two ewes one morning as they came in to water. We also observed a coyote one morning and nearly 75 gambel quail come to water also 3 ravens one morning. Marguerite is ready to go again. Temperatures were 114 at the camp site at 4:00 p.m. on our arrival. However, a good down-canyon breeze made the nights comfortable.

Sheepherder photo at Red Rock Caves facility.

John Massie has told me that he will schedule a water storage facility in the Smith Spring area for sometime in 1978. Broken Mule Shoe tenaja is only about one-fourth mile from Smith Spring. Neither is reliable during the period of need for the sheep. Both areas have excellent water trapping and storage potential. Smith Spring is a more difficult area to get into by air or ground, but has better escape cover.

This report of Massie's is the first time that we have found water at either F. Morse or Broken Mule Shoe tenaja in late June. I have checked them on several occassions and found them dry. Mort Spring was not checked. Neither was a spring about one mile south of F. Morse. Hope to get it later this s ummer.

lew.



Among these important dates are those that you are going to keep making t hose waterhole counts. These are especially important this year. The majority of the Team Captains will by this time have completed these counts and have made their reports to Glen Sudmeier, address: 1728 Hillside Ave., Norco, Calif. 92760 Glenn's phone : (714) 735-4387 There is still time to make these counts.

ALSO-----LABOR DAY WEEKEND Waterhole Count in the Death Valley National Monument. Assemble at the Visitor Center, Furnace Creek----10:00 a.m. Friday September 2nd for briefing and spring assignments. Then afterwards go to the assigned area. Counts are to be conducted on Saturday, Sunday and Monday. After which reports are to be made and return to your home Refer to the May-June issue of THE Sheepherder for things you will need during the count.

October 1, 1977 Annual Society Dinner Meeting at Michael's in Los Angeles

October 22 - 23, 1977 Water Developement project in the Panamint Buttes on the western side of the Death Valley National Monument.

December---date not finalized---fibre-glass a storage tank at the Blue Springs.

Water storage project in the Sacramento Mts. ----date not set

****

Status of legislation dealing with the proper management of the numbers of so-called wild free-roaming horses and burros seems to be dormant. H.R. 7121 authored by the Honorable G. William Whitehurst of Virginia is in the House SubCommittee on Fisheries and Wildlife under Chairman Glenn M. Anderson. He writes that the H.R. 7121 will be considered shortly. (July 12). We have no word concerning the present status of a bill offered by Senator Packwood of Oregon which would transfer title of feral horses and burros from the Department of Interior to private individuals or organizations.

In early June the Inter-Tribal Council of Native American Indians through their designee Ernest Albitre a member of the Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep petitioned the Sportsmen's Council to endeavor to get needed Legislation through Congress which would give the Secretary of Interior permission to grant permits to the Native American Indians to take burros for the needed protein food. A resolution was duly adopted by the Sportsmen's Council and letters were written to California Congressmen asking their assistance on this problem. Congressman William Ketchum of Bakersfield wrote that he would strongly consider the authoring of such a resolution. The Secretary of Interior was asked for comment on the proposed suggestion of granting of permits to Native American Indians to take burros for food. However a response states that it the policy of the Interior not to comment on such suggestions until after an enabling bill has been presented. This has not been done to date, to our knowledge.

HOWEVER-----THE CALIFORNIA WILDLIFE FEDERATION, THE SOUTHERN COUNCIL OF CONSERVATION CLUBS AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF BIGHORN SHEEP believe that the Department of the Interior after a wait of almost six years since the December 15, 1971 signing of PL 92-195 the so-called Wild Free-Roaming Horse and Burro Act of 1971 HAVE NOT DONE THAT WITH WHICH THEY WERE CHARGED IN THE ACT---namely the keeping of horse and burro populations at the 1971 level, and the protection of the environment and ecosystems of the ranges that they occupy; and that these feral animals are indead causing serious degredation of the

ranges occupied by them to the detriment of the native wildlife species and some of which are nearing the point of being threatened with future existence.

THEREFORE THE THREE NAMED ORGANIZATIONS HAVE DECIDED TO BRING THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR AND IT"S AGENCIES TO TASK BY LEGAL MEANS IN ORDER TO FORCE THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR TO CARRY OUT THE PROVISIONS OF THE PL 92-195.

****

ARIZONA ---Department of Game and Fish reports Bighorn Transplant Possibilities

The Department is solidifying plans for new bighorn sheep transplants in at least three suitable desert mountain ranges. The first, in the Virgin Mts., could take place in the winter of 1978 - 79.

Earlier bighorn transplant failures made the Department cautious, but problems with capture and transport of the sheep were finally overcome, and all that remains in this planning stage is to determine the exact locations. Planning for further transplants in the Superstition Wilderness area and the Galiuro Mountains is progressing, but more slowly than the Virgin Mountain site.

Arizona has Rocky Mountain Bighorns----perhaps for the first time

For several years reports have indicated that there may be Rocky Mountain bighorn sheep in the Blue River area north of Clifton, and recent sightings have confirmed this. Three rams and a ewe were seen in May by Department personnel.

From 1964 to 1966 the New Mexico Department of fish and Game stocked twenty-eight sheep just across the Arizona border. As the herd expanded, it spilled over into the Arizona side. There is a huge area suitable for sheep habitat in this area.

It is not certain whether the Rocky Mountain sheep have established a breeding population in Arizona, but it is thought that if they have, this would be the first time. Although there are no desert bighorn populations nearby now, that area was once the range of the desert subspecies.

CALIFORNIA ALSO WORKING TOWARD TRANSPLANT OF BIGHORNS TO HISTORIC RANGES.

Through these columes we have noted that the Board of Directors of the Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep has been discussing and advocating the capture and transplant of bighorns from herds now at carrying capacity of their ranges to other historic by presently unoccupied ranges.

In mid-June this year Mr. John Wehausen a researcher from the University of Michigan discussed his findings before a group of fellow researchers at the Whitaker Forest conference center of the University of California. Wehausen has been making a two year study of the bighorns (*Ovis canadensis californiana*) of the Mt.Baxter- Pine creek area of the Sierra Nevada mountains. He claims 216 members of the BAxter herd and some 45 to 60 head in the Mt. Williamson herd. He reports that the lamb crops the past two years have had good success and that the mild winters the past two years have been the primary reason for this success. Wehausen reportedly (according to The Fresno Bee) --Quote: "The big factor has been the man with the gun, " Wehausen said in refernce to fact that hunting of the bighorn is no longer permitted." end quote.

IT SHOULD BE NOTED AT THIS POINT THAT THERE HAS BEEN NO LEGAL HUNTING OF BIGHORN SHEEP IN CALIFORNIA SINCE 1873----at which time the State Legislature classified all wild sheep as completely protected species

Dick Weaver, a Research Biologist California Department of Fish and Game

Your editor has contacted Mr. Richard Weaver (at the left) of the California Department of Fish and Game in the Sacramento office concerning the validity of Wehausen's statements of population increase in the above herds. Dick has informed me that he did spend three days with Wehausen and that Wehausen's report is essentally correct., although Weaver believes that Wehausen has put the population a little high, but not greatly so. Weaver also informs the editor that the Department of Fish and Game together with the U.S. Forest Service is making plans for the capture and transplant of some of the members of these herds to presently unoccupied but historic ranges in the Sierra and which are presently unoccupied. The present plans are for him (Weaver to build a trap in a permanent location, but so that it is easily demountable. After having been built and tested the trap would be removed and the area baited with the 'apple-pulp' as has been so successfully used elsewhere and which has been previously reported in The Sheepherder. The Apple-pulp bait was first devised by Robert L. Schmidt a Biologist for the Colorado DFG. After the sheep have become accustomed and 'adicted' to the free apple-pulp then the trap would be put in place and the baiting continued until such time as weather and snow conditions in the proposed release site(s) were suitable for the release into the wild. The desired conditions would be there be heavy snow on the ground above the release site. This will prevent the scattering of the released animals and they would get conditioned to this area which would become their winter range. As the snows melt in the spring the sheep would normally move upward into their new summer range and would imprint on them a migratory route. This has proven to be

a satisfactory method in other areas. About 20 animals would be captured and released together. This procedure would also make the building of temporary holding facilities unnecessary. Three possible release sites have been chosen for this planned transplant.

****

LAVA BEDS RE-ESTABLISHMENT PROGRAM
report by
Jim Blaisdell
Klamath Falls Group - National Park Service

Jim Blaisdell makes a report before the Desert Bighorn Council in Las Cruces

"Until last fall's report, most of the news I've passed on to you has been bad. For the past two years, however, we have had 100 percent reproduction, with no loss since October 1975.

To date, seven lambs have been born, and we have a chance for two more. Births began on April 26 and the last one was born on May 24. All appear to be strong and healthy. Although some are born some distance from the "nursery", they all are taken there for the first month of their lives. Ewes began taking their young to the flats above the cliff about the second week in May while some of the lambs were less than two weeks of age.

We have experienced no losses since mid-October 1975 when one ewe died, probably of Ecthyma. That same fall, five lambs (all but one of that year's production) succumed to the same disease. Cause of success is still uncertain, but we believe new salting procedures as well as the occurrence of more suitable weather in the form of cooler, more moist summer have helped.

As of this date, (June 2, 1977) our herd composition is as follows. Last year's lambs turned out to be five rams and four ewes.

Rams: 2 - four year olds; threee - three year olds; one two years and five - one year.
Ewes: Nine adults; four one year old;
Lambs - seven----------for a total of 31.

Range conditions look excellent this year although it is expected that much of the grass will brown up early because of the lack of winter moisture. Cheat grass has already headed out at about three inches in height. A second crop may occur with spring rains.

All in all, our optimism of past years is beginning to look worthwhile. The future looks brighter."----------

James A. Blaisdell

The above came to the editor by courtesy of Dick Weaver as did the following report from the Texas Parks and Wildlife:

"Marfa---Despite continuing predator problems, desert bighorn sheep in two West Texas brood pastures are reproducing well, with six lambs born within the past four weeks. Texas Parks and Wildlife Department biologisrs are hopeful as many as three more ewews may be preparing to give birth."

Note: Following this report of May 11th a letter from Charles Winkler reported another lamb and that defenitely there wou ld be two more.

"The ewes, located in brood pens at P&WD's Sierra Diablo and Black Gap Wildlife Management Areas in far West Texas, are holding up well, according to bighorn project leader Jack Kilpatric. Three lambs were born in April at Sierra Diablo and three more were born atBlack Gap. All lambs and ewes are doing well and they appear to be in good shape at this point" said Kilpatric. The first three months to four months are critical for lamb survival. During the first three months the lambs are extremely susceptible to predation from bobcats, coyotes and, of course, mountain lions,: said Kilpatric.

Department personnel have had to contend with a relatively large lion population in the 102,258 -acre Black Gap and nearly 800,000 acre Big Bend National Park adjoining Black Gap, where the free ranging lions roam.

P&WD personnel at Black Gap estimate the year-round lion population at between 20 and 30.

"We have had good production from sexually mature ewes, in fact, every ewe over three years of age has produced a lamb for the past several years. Our problems stem from keeping the lions out of the pastures. Lions have killed just about every lamb born in those pastures over the past three years. Of the four lambs born in 1976 at Black Gap, only one remains.

Thus far, the totatl bighorn population in the Black Gap brood pasture stands at 14: four rams, seven ewes and three lambs. There are 11 more sheep at the Sierra Diablo pen: one ram, four ewes, three yearlings and three lambs.

Over the past three years, a total of eight adult sheep and six lambs has been killed by lions on Black Gap."

****

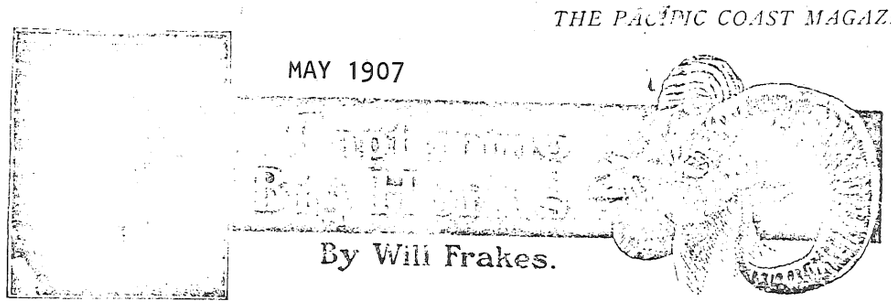
ARIZONA DESERT BIGHORN SHEEP SOCIETY went for a total of six weekend projects and completed a total of 9 separate water projects. Attendees numbered as high as 57 people on the Black Tank Project in the Crater Mts. There was an average attendance of 32 workers per project.

NOTE by the editor.

About four years ago we asked someone to accept a challenge and make a study of the bighorn sheep and the water conditions of the Sheep Hole Mountains to the south of Amboy. This was a result of a study made by Dick Weaver in the deserts. Dick had heard a rumor that shortly after the turn of the Century that some person in the Mojave Desert had indeed captured some desert bighorns somewhere and had transplanted them to the Sheep Hole Mountains. Further research by Dick turned up some 1907 copies of WESTERN FIELD --The Pacific Coast Magazine. In three of these issues Dick found a serialized narrative written by Will Frakes who lived at Newberry Springs--about 25 miles east of Barstow. This narrative tells of Frakes capturing bighorns in the area of the Avawats Mountains to the south of Death Valley. A little over a year ago someone wandering in that area found a steel trap such as was--according to Frakes, used by him to trap the sheep. The Editor has been asked several times to print the final installment of Frakes. Kindly bear with the nearly illegible type . lew

THE PACIFIC COAST MAGAZINE

MAY 1907



By Will Frakes.

PART III. (*Concluded.*)

THE mother of the lamb that I captured, and the big lamb of the ewe that I had tied up, stayed around in sight of camp for three days; but my time was so entirely taken up with the sheep that I already had in possession, that I could not attend to the traps properly, and so did not succeed in capturing either of them.

By this time the old ewe's foot was very badly swollen, and the weather was so hot that I could not get the fever out of it. There was a thunder-storm in the neighborhood nearly every day, which was a source of continual worry; for I was camped in the bottom of a canon, and if the storm fell above me—and more especially if it fell in the night—I well knew that it would drown all my sheep if I did not get out in double quick time. But as there was no other place that I could camp and be out of sight and in the shade, I had to stay there.

About this time I got a miner to bring me in a load of grub, and some barley to feed the sheep, and prepared to stay there for the rest of the summer. About a week thereafter I captured the lamb, a buck about two and a half years old showed up on top of the hill one evening. I had a peep at him through my glass and saw that he was a very fine sheep. I had all my traps in good shape, and felt that the chances were about even to get him if he came down. It took him about half an hour to make up his mind to come, and then as is their custom he came very slowly. When he got to within about 30 yards of the spring, the Count bawled to him. The loose sheep did not see the one that called him, for the Count was behind the thick brush; the latter being very close to it was able to see the wild buck on the rocks above him.

The wild buck did not know from where the sound came, but he answered it, turned around and stepped into a trap. To my great surprise and joy he did not cut up so badly as they generally do. I ran out ahead of him in the canon, and as he came down I tried to lasso him but failed. He got by m and I had to run him about 200 yards before I came up with him again. When I did, he ran around a bunch of brush and met me on the other side.

We both stopped, facing each other about 10 feet apart. We were both about out of breath and wheezing away for dear life. The sheep was all fuzzed up and ready for fight, but I was so hideously ugly, and reared up so, that he did not like to jump in to me unless he had to. By the time I got my breath right good, I had my rope ready to lasso again. I saw him turn his head to one side, and knew by that that he was weakening and would run if he got a chance. I decided at once to run a bluff on him, so I yelled, swung my rope and jumped at him; he whirled around and tried to climb up the bank on the other side of the narrow canon.

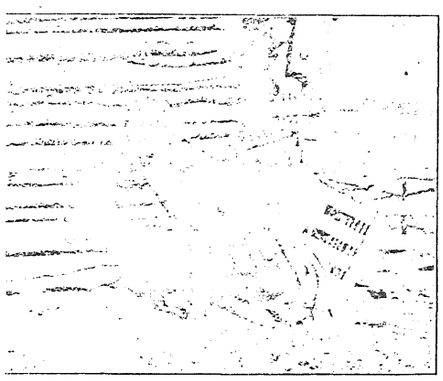
I lassoed him before he got out of reach and pulled him back; and when he saw that he could not get away he whirled around, and I saw at a glance that the fight was on. There was a small bush between us, about two feet high, and when he made his first lunge at me I jerked him down into this bush and jumped onto him before he could get up. He was a good big sheep and pretty strong, but the bush tangled his legs till he could not kick very badly, and I soon had him tied down.

I got my hands scratched up a little on the brush, but he did not get to jolt me any. I was very glad of it, too, for my rib had a big knot on it and was still sore. I at once dragged him into the shade of a desert willow, blindfolded him, and went to camp. I brought a canteen of water and a cup, and gave him two cups of water. He was so hot that I was afraid to give him any more.

The next question was getting him into camp. He was only about 250 yards away, but he was entirely too big to carry; and with my broken rib I did not like to drive him in, and maybe have a fight with him in so doing. So I finally decided to drag him in. I tied some barley-sacks around him to keep the rocks from hurting him too much, took him by the horns, walked backward, and dragged him to camp.

The next day two sheep came in for water, after looking around till they were satisfied they came down on top of a bluff about 30 yards from me. As one of them was standing on the very edge of the bluff, the other came up behind him, hit him a slight tap, and playfully pretended that he was going to butt him off the rocks. The butted sheep instantly braced himself, but in a moment turned, and shook his head at the other, and both seemed to enjoy the joke. The sheep did not say: "Ha! ha! I gave you a good scare," as a man would have done under similar circumstances; but the cause of the action, and the feeling derived from it were the same; a higher degree of pleasure for the time being.

This little play, slight though it was, shows that the animals have a sense of humor and enjoy it. And in order to do that, one thought added to another and the sum of all held in the mind as a whole was undoubtedly necessary—which would constitute reason. Instinct is the unit of thought. Reason the plurality. The butted sheep instinctively braced himself against an unknown danger, but in the fraction of a second, when he had time to think, to reason, he knew that it was only his friendly companion playing a joke on him. These two sheep came down and watered, but I did not get either of them. They were the last sheep that I saw for quite a while.



Old "Stonewall"

The old ewe's foot continued to get worse, and the big buck's foot was also swollen very badly. I had sent for some medicine to dress them with, but it was a long time coming.

About this time, some miners who located the spring came to do the assessment work on it; and of course that put a stop to any further sheep catching till they were through. They worked on the water for about two weeks, and had been gone about a week when one evening I saw a full grown big-horn come up on top of the hill. I was very glad to see him, for I had not seen a wild sheep for some time.

After satisfying himself that the coast was clear, he came down and stepped into a trap that I had set only a few feet above a little

The Herd in Captivity

bluff. He made one or two lunges forward, and although he tried to save himself he went over the bluff. This bluff was not over 10 or 12 feet high, and any sound man might have jumped over it with a trap on his foot, and have stood an even show for his life, at least, but it killed the sheep. It did not kill him on the spot, but bruised him up so badly that he died from the effects of it. I caught him a short distance from where he went over the bluff, but there was no fight; he was too badly hurt and lay down and gave up without a struggle. He was a fine animal, and the next day I thought he was better; but by the third day I saw that he was doomed. He slowly sank and died in about a week.

A few days before he died my worst fears were suddenly realized by a terrible thunder-storm and water-spout that fell in the canon above and on me. It came in the night, with scarcely any warning, and came near drowning me as well as the sheep. Knowing the danger I always had everything ready to move at the first actual sign of a storm. On this particular night I had laid down among my sheep as usual, to be ever ready to attend to them if any thing went wrong; and had slept until about 12 o'clock, when I was suddenly awakened by a deafening roar of thunder.

Big drops of water began to fall thick and fast within a minute or two. I jumped up and looked around, but could not see even a trace of anything, for no darkness was ever blacker. I realized at once what I was up against, and as I was able to lay my hand on anything in that camp in spite of any degree of darkness, I hurriedly began to carry things out and pile them on some rocks where they would be safe. Every few minutes a flash of zig-zag lightning would come so close that it made me stagger, followed instantly by a roar of thunder that was many times doubled and prolonged by the rocky walls of the deep canon.

I had tied a long rope on to each one of the old bucks, so if a storm came I could just cut the short rope that held them, and the sheep could get out themselves. It was but the work of a moment or two to cut the ropes and yell "skiddoo!"—and they skid! I could not see what they did, but the next flash of lightning showed them both up on the rocks safe enough. I rushed in then and untied the old ewe and the lamb, and dragged them out to safe places and tied them. But when I got back to the Count, the water was up to my knees and running so swift that I could hardly stand up. The sheep in his frantic efforts to get loose, ran round and round me, completely tangling me up in the rope and holding it so tight that I could not get it untied. I worked and tugged at the knot with all my strength, but it would not budge. The water was getting deeper and swifter at every moment, and the sheep continued to lunge and jerk me so that it was impossible to get the rope untied. I saw that my only hope was to cut it, so I hurriedly drew out my knife, but just as I was opening it the sheep jumped against me and knocked it out of my hands.

To even make an attempt to get it in that wild water and darkness was too absurd to think about. I hurriedly tried to untie the rope again, but it seemed to be tighter than before. In a moment or two I was thrown into a frenzy by the roar of the water-spout coming down the canon above me. I at once gave up all hopes of saving the sheep, and began to try to get clear of the rope to save myself. But the rope was so wet and stiff, and drawn so tight, and the sheep kept pulling and jerking so, that I could not get away from him.

I was just about ready to bid farewell to pork and beans, when I happened to remember that I laid the ax down at the foot of that tree that morning. I quickly felt down in the water where I knew it ought to be, and got it almost the first grab. At a single blow I cut the rope, and dragged the sheep out onto the rocks just as a flood of water went tearing down the canon behind us with a force that would have knocked down an elephant.

The rain had begun to let up a little by this time, for these lightning strikers never last over 10 or 15 minutes. A flash of lightning showed that the two old bucks had got tangled up with their long ropes, so I pulled them down off the rocks, and tied them up short with the other sheep.

Had I and my entire outfit been soused to the bottom of the ocean we could not have been wetter. I soon began to get cold and wanted to make a fire, but things were too wet. About this time I remembered that there was a bottle of rock-and-rye in one of the pack-sacks, and says I to myself, "I'll bet anything that bottle of rock-and-rye is turned upside down," and it was—in about a minute after I got hold of it. I felt decidedly better after that, and went back and stood among my sheep till daylight. About the peep of day I began to get uneasy again about that bottle of rock-and-rye, and went and hunted it up once more to see if it was all right, and it was.

As soon as I could see I began to hustle around and soon had a fire and breakfast ready; the sun came up hot as ever and by 9 o'clock things were as dry as they ever were. I watered and fed all my sheep, but the old ewe would not eat and about noon that day she died.

I then went round and reset all my traps, for some of them were washed out, and some were covered with a foot of dirt and rocks. I did not expect any sheep in for several days, for I knew they could get water in the rocks; but sometimes the unexpected happens, and it did in this case.

I attended to my sheep and went to bed early that night, for I was sleepy and counted on a good rest; but about midnight I was suddenly aroused by the sheep running over me, and at the same time there was a racket up on the side of the hill that sounded as if all the rocks up there had started to roll down the side of the mountain. I jumped up and in a moment or two understood the situation; for I had heard that sound several times before, and knew that it meant that there was another sheep in a trap. I also knew from the way things rattled that it was no lamb either.

I grabbed a rope and was ready to start at once, for I slept with my clothes and moccasins on, as I often had to get up in the night to attend to the sheep. The trapped sheep got a slight start of me, and I ran him about 200 yards before I came up with him. I got close enough to see that he was a full grown big-horn, when he suddenly broke the chain, being free from the heavy log, he easily outran me and was out of sight before I hardly realized what had happened.

With a desire to capture him so great that I could not give him up without a frantic effort to get him—that yet seemed entirely hopeless—I started at once, straining every muscle for more speed, and following the

sound made by the sheep and the trap as they went tearing over the rocks. I ran him for two or three hundred yards and lost him. I stopped and listened, but could not hear a sound of him anywhere. I thought it very strange that he should get entirely out of hearing so quick, and came to the conclusion that I must have passed him, and that he must have climbed up on the rocks somewhere. I was just in the act of starting back up the canon to look for him, when I heard him start up only a short distance ahead of me.

I instantly started after him again, wondering what could have caused him to stop there till I got so near him. I had only ran a short distance by the sound, till he was gone again. I stopped, held my breath and strained my ears to try to locate him, but could not hear a sound. I took a step or two with the intention of making a search for him, when up he jumped again just on the opposite side of some bushes from me. This time I got a good close start on him, and could see him plainly as there was a big moon. He outran me from the first jump; but like the dog that never catches the rabbit I was determined to try, and before he got out of sight he stumbled over the trap some way, went heels over head and lay there.

I was already running with all the might that was in me, but when I saw him fall, I think I crowded on another notch or two, and just as I got to him he began to get up. I made a jump and grabbed him by one horn with one hand, threw my other arm around his body and pushed him over. He was cowed, however, from the start and did not try to fight. I understood then why he had been stopping.

A sheep's token of surrender is to lie down, and lie still. Once he possums, no matter what you do, or how badly you may hurt him, he will never even flinch. And when this sheep was thrown down by the trap he evidently thought that he was captured, and lay still for a few minutes before he found out the difference, which gave me time to come up with him. His leg was badly cut and twisted out of place. I could not get the trap off, for in my hurry to start after him I had forgotten to bring a clamp. He was a long way from camp, but I decided to drag him in as I did the others. I did not like to have a fight with him, and I knew that if he jumped around on his broken leg that he would not be worth taking to camp.

So I went to camp, got a clamp and some sacks, made a kind of sled and dragged him in. It was just midnight when I got him tied down, and just sun-up when I got to camp with him. I fixed him up the best I could, stood him up beside the other big-horn, and took their pictures. He looked so "rough and ready," that I named him Old Stonewall. But for all his proud, defiant bearing, he has always been a good sheep, and never once tried to fight me. Still, he can hit quick and hard when he wants to, and I have to keep him tied up all the time to prevent him from killing the other bucks.

After this adventure I rested one day, and then took a look for my horses which had left me. I felt sure they had gone home, but I could not leave the sheep to go after them. I hardly knew what to do, but decided to learn my sheep to lead, and so soon as they were able, pack enough grub on the old bucks to do me home, and strike out. I packed one of the bucks to see what he would do, and although he tried to run away, he did not try to buck the pack off, nor scare at it, and I saw that as soon as their feet got well that I could come in all right.

About this time the big-horn that fell over the bluff died. I then had four sheep left, and concluded to not try to capture any more on that hunt. So I took in my traps, and spent all my time doctoring the sheep that I had so as to get them ready to go as soon as possible. But before they were anything like in condition to make such a trip, my cousin, Mr. Will Mudget, very agreeably surprised me by coming into my camp one evening.

He said the horses had come home, (for we live together) and as I did not show up in two or three days he thought that something might have happened me, so he took the horses' back tracks across the desert and followed them to my camp.

As he came with a wagon, and the sheep's feet were in such bad condition, we decided to haul them home. We tore up a blanket and

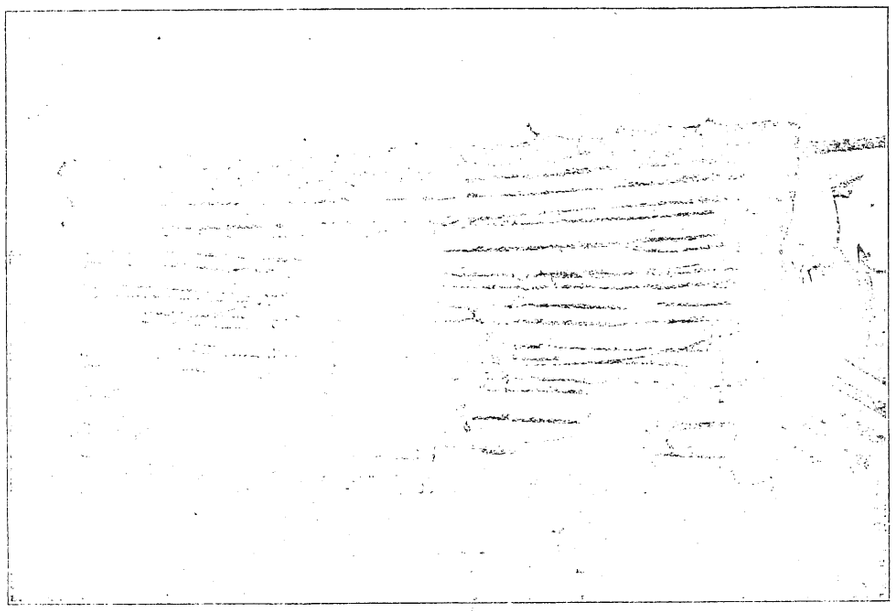
wrapped the sheep's legs so the ropes would not hurt them, and tied them down. But their sore feet were not tied at all. We then gathered grass, and with some sacks and quilts made a soft bed in the wagon for them to lie on. With some desert willows and a piece of canvas we rigged a shade over them, and were ready to go.

The first day out we were caught in a sand storm, and when it let up, the "Rambling Rakes of Poverty" would have made a gorgeous appearance beside us. We made it to water, however, about dark, took the ropes off the sheep's legs and tied them up to the wagon wheels like so many horses. We then gave them a drink of water and a good feed of barley. I had trained them to eat out of nose-sacks, so all we had to do was to put each sheep's rations in his sack, tie it on his nose, and the sheep would attend to the rest of it. I still feed them in the same manner.

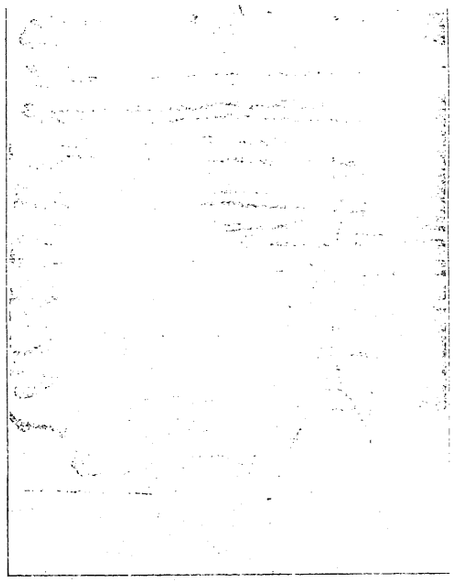
By the second day they began to get used to the wagon, and would eat grass and chew their cuds as we traveled along. One little incident happened that was much funnier to see than it is to tell. We were going over some very rough ground and one of the bucks was chewing his cud; the wagon made a sudden jolt just as the sheep had opened his mouth and his cud flew out. He had been having surprises ever since he was captured, but this took the cake. He held up his head, and looked so wild that for a few moments I thought he was going to try to jump out of the wagon. In a few minutes, however, he decided to try another and didn't let that one get away from him.

The fourth day we arrived home and the big sheep hunt was over for 1906. From time to time quite a number of people came to see the sheep. All agree that they are fine animals, and all agree that they will soon die. I think they will, too, in the course of time. But barring accidents, or some pest, I see no reason why they should die any sooner than any other sheep, so long as they are properly handled.

In conclusion I would say that, although I have probably captured more mountain sheep than any other man I do not claim to be the most expert trapper in America. There are doubtless plenty of other hunters that could have captured the sheep as easily as I, had they cared to have done so.



"All will agree that they are fine animals"

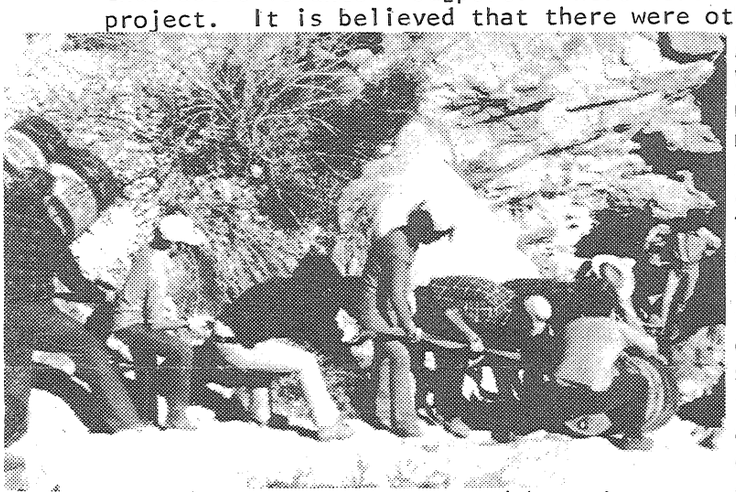


"As Tame as Kittens Now"

This is the end of the narrative of Will Frakes. In a previous issue he had told of turning his sheep loose in the Sheep Hole Mountains. Did they survive? Are they the progenitors of the sheep now resident in that Mountain? Who is presently checking the Sheep Hole Mt.? Could the editor get a report?

CLARK MT. PROJECT NETS RECORD WORK FORCE

The Clark Mountain water storage project did draw a record number of enthusiastic volunteer support. There were 122 people who did sign the register for this project. It is believed that there were others in attendance who did not register.



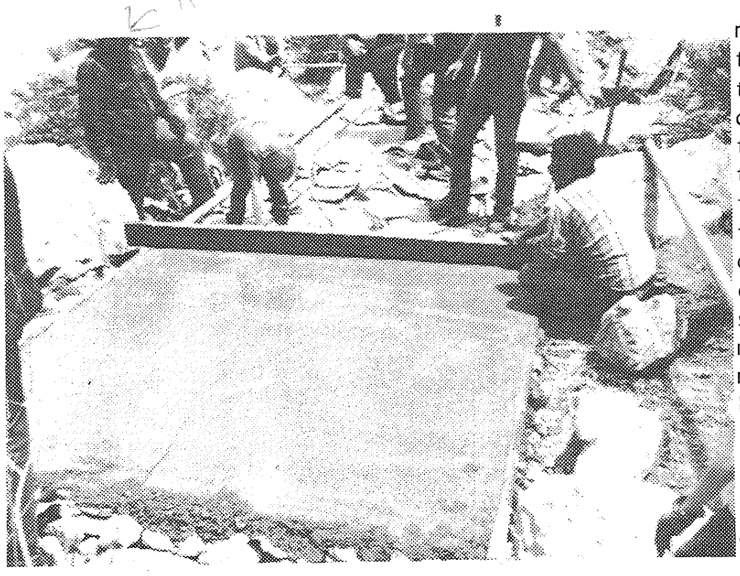
Workers ease a 400+ pound barrel of water over a cliff

As has been the case on each of the Volunteer Water for Desert Wildlife Projects, the Department of Fish and Game has air-lifted all of the materials, tools and supplies in to the project site prior to the 'work-day'. These projects do require an imposing list of these essentials. Then after the installation is complete all excess materials and equipment are air=lifted back to waiting trucks. Usually it is necessary for the volunteers to man-handle nearly everything either down over a cliff, or up hill to project site. Clark Mt. project was no exception, although there was not as much of this necessary as sometimes does occur. All the many bags of cement, the cement mixers and the 55 gallon drums of water had to be let down over an about fifteen foot high cliff.

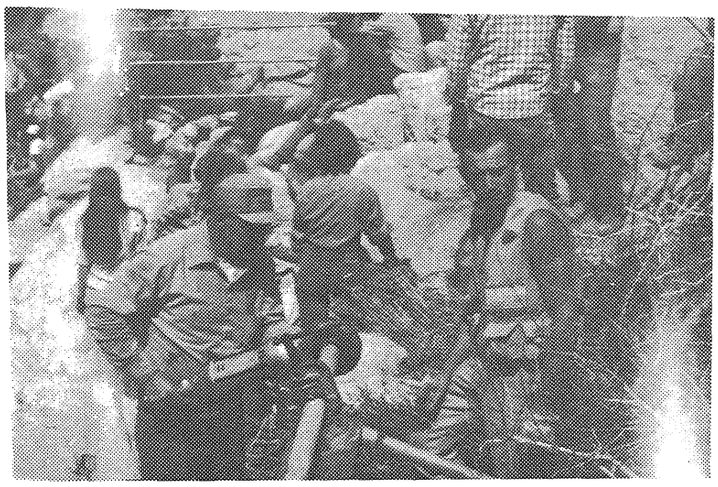
Volunteers began gathering near Mesquite Well, to the south of the dry Mesquite Lake, by late Friday afternoon May6th, and they kept arriving through the night. John Massie, Wildlife Habitat SupervisorII for the Department of Fish and Game, Region 5 had brought in portable toilets and a tank trailer of water for use of the camping volunteers.

About 7:30 a.m. Saturday morning Massie led the convoy of 4-wheel drive vehicles up the talus slope and a dry wash to within about three-fourths of a mile of the project site. A few of the volunteers did hike the five miles from camp to the project, others had to wait for the shuttle of a few trucks.

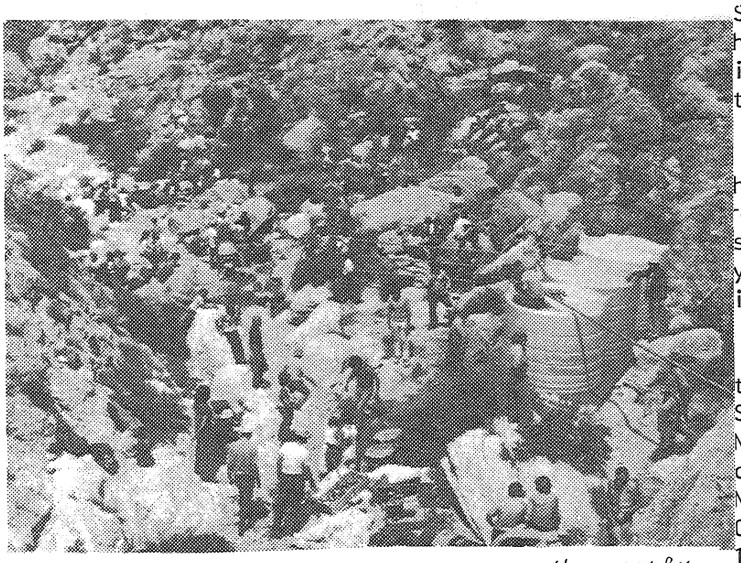
Once at the project site this large group of people, at a distance, looked to be in utter confusion. However, leaders soon began to get things organized into crews. The large



Preparing the base for the storage tanks



Hank Doddridge and Bob Campbell cutting pipe for the burro exclosure in the background



a few of the volunteers near the nearly completed project

nucleus of the usual workers knew what needed to be done without being told what to do and they got things started, such as moving the cement, the cement mixers, the 300' of 2" pipe, the clearing of the dam site and that of the tank base, starting to prepare that base for the three-1700 gallon storage tanks to rest on, the gathering of rocks to use in the diversion dam and in the tank base, sand to use in the concrete; the clearing of an area for the installation of a burro exclosure--as there are many burros in this area and the drinker area must be protected from their destructive habits. For this purpose 2" steel pipe was imbedded in the bedrock and cemented in place; joining the pipe posts for lateral fencing 1¼" galvanized steel pipe was used with fitting devised for this particular purpose.

Work began about 9:00 a.m. and was almost completed by 4:00 p.m. except for a small amount of burro exclosure fencing to be completed by the DFG personnel on the next Monday. The about 300' of pipe had been run from the completed dam to the three-fifteen hundred gallon fibreglass tanks and to the drinker imbeded in rock and concrete. Volunteers were back at the Mesquite Wells campground by about 5:00 p.m. Some remained in camp for social festivities; many others began their homeward journeys or for other places of interest.

As usual many different organizations were represented in this group. A partial list of these would include: The Society for the Conservation of Bighorn Sheep; Earthwatch Club of Pierce College(nearly always present); the Panorama Sportsmen's Club; Donald Douglas Sportsmen's Club;Boy Scouts of America; Explorer Scouts; The Sierra Club; The Department of Fish and Game had a good many people both men and women who were not assigned to the project; Southern Council of Conservation Clubs; The Fresno County Sportsmen's Club was represented by two men who had driven more than 400 miles one way to participate. A roster of names is not available to the editor for inclusion in this report.

This Volunteer Water For Wildlife Program has generated more participation by more people representing a greater cross-section of Conservation organization during the past seven years than has been reported by any other organization in conservation circles.WE ARE PROUD OF IT.

The Clark Mountain project is the third of the three water developement projects of the Society which has been funded by the California Non-Game Wildlife Fund. Donations to this fund can be made by sending a check to:
Non-Game Wildlife Conservation Program,
California Resource Agency
1416 Ninth St.,
Sacramento, California 95814

****

BIOGRAPHY OF A DESERT BIGHORN
by
Barbara Steiner

Neither the Society nor the editor are trying to push the sales for this little book. However, we would like to recommend that you take a look at it for possible addition to your library or of that of some one of the younger generation. The book was illustrated by Linda Powell. Barbara Steiner did consult with Lanny O. Wilson, a Past-Chairman of the Desert Bighorn Council as to accuracy of statements made and of the script. I bought and have made a presentation of a copy to my Grandson, although it is a bit 'old' for his tender age of two years. On the cover is printed,"Above the dry, Southwestern desert and the vast stretches of harsh fallen rock, Little Ewe gives birth. She runs her warm black tongue over the eight-pound, chocolate-brown baby ram. Already he is able to stagger up on his wobbly legs - legs which will soon learn to traverse the most jagged and treacherous rock in places where only the desert bighorn can safely go.

This warm, sensitive portrayal of the desert bighorn shows the animals in their natural habitat from birth to often untimely death. This is the story of Little Ewe and her ram, Beju, but it is as well a tale of survival.

Barbara Steiner writes with compassion, humor and simplicity. She gives us a moving story of one animal's fight for existence in a rugged and often brutal wasteland." end quote.
(price $4.97)