



WINNING THE PACKING DEMONSTRATION AT THE CUSTER COUNTY FAIR AND GETTING INTO "SHEEP SHAPE"



smoke. On opening day of sheep season, which was also the first day of school, Dad, Grandpa, and I headed down the mountain for base camp so I could fly out the next day. Dad did not want me missing any more school than I had to. It was frustrating to have to fly out when I knew I should be hunting.

Over the next week, we got some rain and it cleared up the air. Dad flew back into the wilderness to look for sheep. He called my mom on the satellite phone the next day and had me fly back in. He told my mom to have me saddle my horse, pack a mule, and meet him about two hours down the creek from our base camp. When I flew in, the guides were saddling horses to go clear trail. I saddled Toro to ride and Ernie, one of our pack mules. I wanted

one of the shorter mules, but the guides took them all. Ernie is a half draft Percheron mule, and I cannot reach over his back. I was able to get the saddle on and put a set of panniers on his saddle. I loaded my backpack and some food and water on him, put my rifle on my saddle horse, and rode down the creek. Dad was waiting for me at our meeting place. He told me he had found four rams and two of them were good. We tied up the stock and started hiking up the mountain.

Three hours later, we were to the spot where Dad said the rams had bedded down. We could not find them, so Dad hiked up the hill and looked for them. While he was gone, I heard something, so I looked over the hill. Below me at 35 yards was a ram, and I thought he was looking right at