The very first column that I ever professionally wrote was back in July of 1996 and it was about the wolves in New Mexico. Let me add that it was written one or two years before the actual wolf introduction was begun.

Here I am, almost nine years to the day, and still writing about the lobos. In those nine years, the state of the Mexican wolf, and all folks involved, have become a sad state of affairs and my predictions are coming true.

Reading the most recent article in the June 22 issue of the Sun-News, written by my friend Tom Baird, who in his own right is fast becoming a local expert on the wolf issue, I must say, the entire article made me acutely sad.

It seems the “alpha male of the Frisco pack has been finally trapped after it led its pack into becoming known and proven cattle-killers. In the process, its leg was broken resulting in amputation of the limb. This is not very good press for the program or for trapping in general.

To make matters worse, the male leader of the “Ring” pack also was shot and killed by federal trappers when it too proved to be a killer of three cattle. Then, during the same time frame, a third male wolf was trapped when it also killed a cow.

What this all points out is that it is a sad fact that wolves and the cattle industry cannot peacefully co-exist. So, how do we expect the poor wolf to make it? Aaaah, I have the only viable solution. I would set aside five sections of land in every wilderness area and national forest, and surround those areas with high fence.

Then I would ban all people and domestic livestock from those areas. Hey, if we can afford to high-fence all of our vast military bases, then we can dang well afford to do the same for such relatively small areas.

Next, a wolf pack would be placed in each enclosure of 3200 acres and left to go their own way. When game gets scarce, then let the government boys artificially feed the critters. After all, that is what they did with the “Frisco” female and pups.

If the wolf population gets too large in each area, then take the excess out, and do what they will with them. Every couple of years or so, mix the populations up to keep the gene-pool strong.

That, my friends, is the only way that the wolf, the rancher, the public and the Big Brother will all be winners.

Keep the sun forever at your backs, the wind forever in your faces, and may the Forever God bless you all.