

the snowsuit that I'd been following for days. I recognized him right then and there.

So I stopped my team and I got my rifle out. Johnson made for the bank while I got my rifle and I ran after him for about 20 to 30 feet. That was just as far as I could run, over to the centre of the bank, to get a better picture of him around the bend. So I went down on one knee and shot as he was coming up the bank. All I could see was the big back-pack that he had; it was about like that. ...

E.R.: It looks like it was about two and-a-half feet by three feet?

E.H.: Yes, just the ordinary pack that a man carries on his back, if he doesn't have a sled, to carry pots and pans, food. Everything was on his back.

E.R.: What range was the Mad Trapper from your position?

E.H.: From my position? Well, I figured it was 300 yards. It was measured afterwards as 270 yards.

E.R.: Pretty good recking.

E.H.: Oh yes, I'm a marksman from the army. I inherited those genes from my Dad. When I saw his head, this is when I fired. Of course I hit, and down he came. Then I took another run-over. You'll see in the picture that I got pretty well to the other side of the river. I stopped and I hit his pack three times and down he came. Then I saw him reach behind his pack to get his rifle.

Well now, in the army, we practised a lot. One of our targets was a man shooting over a parrot on his shoulder. I didn't want to kill Johnson (I have trouble killing flies). But anyway, I thought "Boy, I'll hit him in the shoulder." I was down on one knee and taking very careful aim to hit his shoulder. But he didn't aim at all. I had hit his back

three times now, remember that, and down he'd come, and he was just disgusted with me. He reached behind and got the rifle and BANG! And he hit me dead-centre. I came up, and then, I was down... I had fallen and gone over backwards and down in the snow.

Everybody thinks that Johnson was such a good shot; he wasn't, as far as I was concerned. He fired three more times at me as I lay in the snow; they kidded me after that, about how I put the snow up to cover myself up and all. I covered myself because he was firing; I could see him firing at me. He fired three times and didn't hit me once. So he's one of those snapshots, one of those chaps that BING!.. There's a lot of chaps with revolvers that way too. The first time they fire, they hit; then when they try to take aim, the bullet just goes around like that.

E.R.: So he just sort of pulled the rifle out from on his back and threw it forward and fired?

E.H.: Yes, that's it, pulled the rifle out and... What he was doing, you see, that's the way you'd kill game when you're hunting alone.

E.R.: We call it instinctive shooting. But you pointed and fired, he was not really aiming with his eye. So what happened next?

E.H.: Well, to carry on ... Joe Verville, I quite understand, didn't do any shooting at all. He stayed with the dogs. I don't blame him for that because he was a trapper. If he had gotten shot, he would have been in trouble. He would have had to pay his hospital bill and all of that. You know, in those days, you had to pay your own.

Gardlund and Riddell were the first ones to come up. They were walking. After Johnson shot me, he saw these people coming up on the banks. You see, when he and I were