

Mountain lion hunter tracks big cats in Nev.

By John M. Glionna, Las Vegas Review-Journal

The men arrived at Letha Roberson's house early, with crackers and beef jerky for the job of skinning and harvesting the downed mountain lion. But the one with the knife and the know-how provided a profound twist to this gritty ritual of the hunt: A woman was showing them how it was done.

The day before, Roberson had guided 27-year-old Glen Stoner to a spot where he'd felled the big cat from its tree perch 300 yards away with a powerful shot from a high-powered rifle.

Later, Stoner, his father and his grandfather joined Roberson to celebrate at a nearby bar as the regular drinkers marveled at the snarling carcass of a predator so stealthy many people here have yet to see one, let alone kill it.

In Western states such as Nevada, Utah, Idaho and Arizona, where mountain lion hunting is legal, many hunters go years without bagging a big cat. So the occasion called for countless shots of whiskey and gin.

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