WASHINGTON STATE
Geographic Name Application

WASHINGTON STATE DEPARTMENT OF
Natural Resources

Proposed Name: Rabbit Chase Creek

County: San Juan

Township: 35N Range: 3W Section(s): 7, 17, 18

Lat. 48.546558 N, Long. -123.121977 W (Begin)

Lat. 48.534297 N, Long. -123.103416 W (End)

X New Name
___ Controversial Name
___ Name Change
___ Location Clarification
___ Spelling Clarification

Description

Type of feature (lake, stream, etc.): Stream

Description of feature (location, length, depth, height, size and/or area covered): The creek runs from Lawson Pond to Zylstra Lake. It is approx. 1.4 miles long. It is an average of 3-4 feet wide. It is an average of 1 foot deep. See attached map.

If a stream, number of months it flows on a yearly basis: 12

Is this feature identified by other names or spellings? Please list variant names: No

Has it ever been signed, posted, or publicized? If so, when? No

History

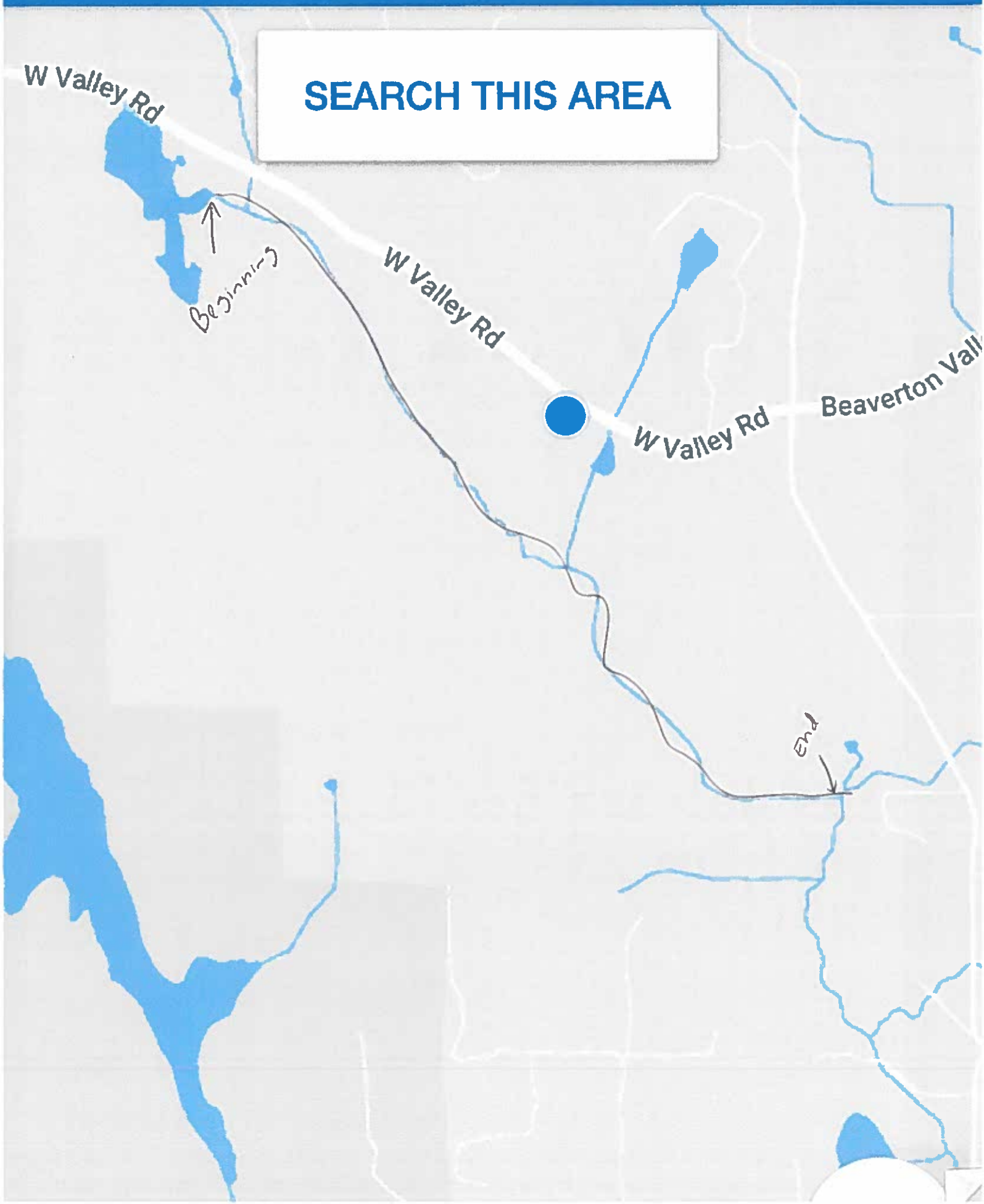
Please provide a brief history of the feature and its immediate surroundings, this might include information on the following: 1 Native American; 2 First settlers; 3 Historical background pertinent to feature; 4 History on how the land is/was used; 5 Natural disasters (floods fires, etc.) 6 Any significant cultural events. If appropriate, geology, flora and fauna. Cite sources. Use additional pages if needed.

Origin of name: The property through which it runs has been farmed for hundreds of years. The property has been used for crops and livestock. Many stories have been told of the property owners chasing rabbits to the creek edge for capture and sale to meat markets in Seattle.

If a commerative name, provide a brief summary of the ENTIRE life of the person including how and the length of time he/she was associated with the proposed feature: N/A

creeks in san juan county…

LIST



September 18, 2019

Caleb Maki, Executive Secretary
Washington Committee on Geographic Names
PO BOX 47030
Olympia, WA 98504-7030

Dear Caleb Maki,

Please find attached additional historical information regarding our proposed name of "Rabbit Chase Creek".

Additional persons you can talk to include:

Boyd Pratt, who is a local historian, who has published several books related to island history, and who works with our museum of history as well as our library. His contact info is: 360-378-7172; 2551 cattle Point Road, Friday Harbor, Washington, 98250 or 2880 Cattle Point Lane, Friday Harbor, Washington, 98250.

Ruthie Lawson Paull, who was born on and grew up on the property bordering the creek. She is mentioned in the attached "San Juan Island Rabbit Tales". Her contact info is: 360-472-0292; 512 West Valley Road, Friday Harbor, Washington 98250.

Chris Lawson, who also grew up on the farm adjacent to the creek. His contact info is: 360-378-2813; 846 West Valley Road, Friday Harbor, Washington 98250.

Sam Buck, who is also mentioned in the "San Juan Island Rabbit Tales". He is a long-time island resident and a Realtor. His contact info is: 360-317-6277; 105 Spring Street, Friday Harbor, Washington, 98250.

Guard Sundstrom, a multi-generational islander whose "Bunny Buggy" is shown in the article "A Different Kind of Rabbit". His contact info is: 360-378-6395; 3106 San Juan Valley Rd; Friday Harbor, Washington 98250.

San Juan County Historical Society and Museum. 360-378-3949; 405 Price St., Friday Harbor, Washington, 98250.

Please let me know if there is anything else I need to do. Please also let me know if I am able to speak at the October 29, 2019 hearing.

Thank you,

John L. Amaro
55 Amaro Farm Road
Friday Harbor, WA 98250
208-661-6858

Our local historian?

San Juan Island Rabbit Tales

By Boyd C. Pratt, Shaun Hubbard, Louisa Nishitani
Posted 1/28/2015
HistoryLink.org Essay 11018

For several decades in the middle of the twentieth century, San Juan Island was virtually overrun with rabbits. A population of several thousand domestic rabbits released in 1934 from a failed breeding operation grew by 1971 to an estimated 1 million on the 55-square-mile island, part of the San Juan archipelago lying between mainland Washington and Vancouver Island. The rabbit infestation caused serious problems for island agriculture, but the creatures also became a tourist attraction and rabbit-hunting was a popular sport. Around 1979, a significant "die off," whose causes remain mysterious, greatly reduced the island's rabbit population. In 2012 the San Juan Historical Museum sponsored a presentation titled "Rabbit Tales: 1930s to the 1970s," which featured historical accounts of the rabbit phenomenon and stories from islanders who remembered the time when rabbits were ubiquitous. This recap of that presentation, by Boyd C. Pratt, Shaun Hubbard, and Louisa Nishitani, originally appeared in *The Journal of the San Juan Islands* on May 30 and June 6, 2012, and is reprinted here with permission.

The First Rabbits

Do you remember when the rabbits were so thick on the island that it seemed as if a whole field would get up and move? Did you ever ride in a "bunny buggy" and net rabbits by search light at night? If not you probably missed out on a period when rabbits were a large part of life on San Juan Island. Recently (April 22, 2012), at an informal Sunday afternoon get-together at the Grange sponsored by the San Juan Historical Museum, old-timers gathered to trade stories and fill in part of history unknown to many current island residents

How did rabbits end up on San Juan Island? There are no written records of rabbits on the island prior to the nineteenth century. According to some sources, a Mr. Breedlove and H. and R. Guard introduced several domestic breeds to the island in 1903. (Although there were several Breedloves on the island, the most likely is Albert M., coincidentally elected the first Master of the Friday Harbor Grange #225 when it was formed in 1908.) During the 1910s, the *San Juan Islander* recorded several stories of hunters shooting rabbits on Flat Top and Skipjack islands, and even had this report about Dinner Island:

"Three well-known Friday Harbor young men have discovered that Dinner island rabbits are choice and expensive. The bunnies belong to James Guard and one of the Jensen brothers, who leased the island some

time ago for a rabbit reserve. The young men in question killed eight of them Christmas day and the sport (?) is said to have cost each of them $5. The rabbits were so tame that one of the hunters whose marksmanship wasn't equal to shooting one found no difficulty in killing it with the butt of his gun. They did not know the rabbits were private property" (*San Juan Islander*, December 31, 1903, p. 5).

However, most of these rabbits seem to have died off after a particularly severe winter in 1916.

One Million Rabbits

The major population of rabbits came about when Howard Wilson and a Mr. Miller started a rabbit farm on Cady Mountain in 1925, with several domestic breeds of rabbits from Seattle. Although they raised the rabbits in fenced fields for several years, they released about 3,000 in 1934 when their venture failed. Left to breed in the wild, the animals soon reverted back to their ancestral type, the European rabbit (*Oryctolagus cuniculis*). The rabbits thrived, so much so that they became a serious threat to island agriculture, eating crops and digging their burrows in the fields. In response to this invasion, islanders sought to reduce the population, and impact, of the rabbits, principally through hunting.

Hal Rogers, a game warden who later ran hunting parties at The Oaks, did an informal survey of rabbit hunting on San Juan in 1960. He interviewed 638 hunters that year, only 23 of whom failed to get a rabbit. Using either shotguns or .22 rifles, and occasionally bow-and-arrow, the average monthly bag was 4 to 17 per hunter, with more than a thousand rabbits killed in August of that year. J. Adkins, in a 1971 Washington State Game Department mimeo, estimated that there were about a million rabbits on San Juan Island, with an annual hunting kill totaling from 42,000 to 126,000, or 4.2 to 12.6 percent of the population.

Bunny Buggies

A popular method of hunting, promoted by Rogers when he welcomed hunters to The Oaks in the 1960s, was with a "rabbit car" (Rogers called his a "Bunny Buggy") at night. Islanders converted old cars and trucks -- aficionados claimed the Model A was the best, because it "could take a terrible beating" -- by stripping off the back part and welding bucket seats onto the sides for riders. Netting crews usually consisted of three to four people: a driver, a spotter with a handheld electric light, and one or two netters who sat on the seats. The driver would guide the rabbit car through the fields at night at what felt like a fast clip -- 20 m.p.h. -- until the spotter shown a light on a rabbit, at which point one of the netters would jump off and, going around the other side of the rabbit, net it. The captured animals were then put into cages lashed to the back of the car. Using this method, a hundred or more rabbits could be secured each night.

Rogers promoted hunting, and rabbit netting in particular, at The Oaks. A map of the island that he published at the time indicated various areas that were good for hunting, and listed the various fees, from housing (camping for $2 and two-person cabins for $5) to hunting ($1) and "netting with experienced guides" ($25 for a party of five). He even took orders for rabbits: $.75 live, $1 dressed. Rogers widely advertised rabbit hunting at The Oaks, including on a billboard outside of Anacortes.

The vast majority of the rabbit-hunting land was private, and farmers would often charge hunters for either going out by themselves or with guides. Although rabbits were not considered a game animal, poaching of deer or pheasants was subject to severe fines ($250 for hunting deer without a license in the 1960s!), and either trespassing or shooting from the road were serious concerns.

Farmers Fight Back

The superabundance of rabbits took its toll on island agriculture, and was a contributing factor in the decline of large-scale farming on the island. The animals grazed on pasturage and planted crops, taking a devastating toll. Guard Sundstrom said that farmers would anticipate a loss of 25 percent of their crop, and Greg Black remembers that they would sow twice or thrice the amount of seed around the edges of the fields, so that the rabbits would concentrate there and allow the interior to get high to keep the rabbits out. Mary Jane Anderson remembered a year when they harvested less grain than they had sown; that was the last year they planted. Many recall fields where the outer 20-25 feet appeared to have been mown.

In order to combat this, farmers resorted to a number of techniques: hunting, fencing, poisoning, and ferrets. For a while, the county extension office recommended poisoning with strychnine -- lacing apples or grass with the poison and scattering it around the fields. Calcium cyanide was pumped into burrows, where it mixed with the underground moisture and created a deadly vapor. In 1978, the Agricultural Soil Conservation Service sent three semi loads of chicken wire to the island. Greg Black recalls fencing with Ernie Gann on their farms in the valley, devoting two days a week for three years. The mesh fencing was attached to existing wires and posts with hog clips, and then folded to run along the ground on the outside of the fence line a foot or so, in order to prevent the rabbits from digging under. In desperation, several farmers plowed with subsoilers and ran bulldozers over warrens in order to destroy the burrows, and some even resorted to dynamite!

All these rabbits filtered into the popular culture of the day. Netting expeditions were described in local and regional papers, and the September 28, 1964, *Sports Illustrated* even featured an article by Virginia Kraft: "HIPPITY HOP AND AWAY WE GO: Rabbits of varied hues run rampant on San Juan Island in Puget Sound, and dedicated hunters with nets chase them in bouncing buggies through the moonlight -- and through the looking glass." Rabbits appeared locally in various guises: the Rabbit Hutch restaurant in downtown Friday Harbor, which featured -- you guessed it -- rabbit burgers; a float for the 1966 San Juan County Fair parade; and the 1975 logo for Browne Lumber. Or what about the rabbit pellets that were bagged and sold at the Drug Store as "Smart Pills"?

Population Plunge

One legacy of the San Juan rabbits is the "bunny cabins" at Clark's Skagit River Resort, near Marblemount on Route 20. Around 1961, the owners, Rudy and Tootsie Clark, came to San Juan and went on a netting expedition, returning with three rabbits, one of which was a pregnant doe. As the rabbit population grew, they kept building cages, until there were so many that they let them run free, and rabbit-proofed their garden fence, instead. Today, the cabins are surrounded by 'wild' rabbits, which are fed scraps of bread by the resort owners and their guests.

Toward the end of the Rabbit Tales meeting, as the stories began to wind down, people began to reminisce among themselves. Someone said, "Wait, wait! What happened to the rabbits? We're new here, and we want to hear the end of the story!" Well, good question ...

Why are there relatively few rabbits on the island now, occupying small areas such as American Camp and Hannah Heights? While it is not decisively known what caused it, a big "die off" occurred around 1979. Some attribute this to a series of harsh, wet winters. Others claim the rise in predators -- hunters used ferrets to flush the animals out of their burrows, and inevitably some of them were not recovered when the hunters had to return home -- coupled with the loss of habitat (graze) through the fencing programs. Still others claim the surreptitious introduction of disease, such as myxomatosis, from Australia where it had been used to control the rabbit population. Whatever the cause, the rabbit population plunged. No longer does one experience the vision of a whole field of brown stones getting up and moving!

What we do know for sure is that the presence of rabbits on San Juan Island is not forgotten, at least in the memories of those who experienced those times.

Rabbit Tales

Here are excerpts from some of the stories told at that 2012 Rabbit Tales gathering:

Marty Percich: "I graduated in '44 here and I earned all of my spending money netting rabbits so all during the last part of the '30s and the early '40s I was out every night. Ninety rabbits was a good night. I got 10 cents a rabbit."

Born on the property adjacent to the creek

Sam Buck Sr. "Rex Anderson and I were going to the University of Washington so we came home and hunted rabbits. I had a whole truckload [and] I was parked right in front of the fraternity house on 45th and 18th ... Somebody came home that night late and they opened one of the doors so I had twenty-four rabbits that went out on the road and ... the chimes were right across the street from us and they started hiding there. They were there for three or four months ... .I got the truck the hell out of there the next morning."

Jo Anne Campbell, speaking for her mother Renie Vandersluys: "The local golf course, owned by the Jackson family, was fairly new and the rabbits loved it. They tunneled the fairways and partied on the greens, leaving a carpet of droppings. The Pro Shop sold little brooms to be carried in the golf bags. After chipping onto the green, these brooms were used to sweep a path for putting to the hole."

Ruthie Lawson Paull: "We raised chickens, and when it came time to kill the chickens off we'd have a fire in the yard ... to boil water and pluck the chickens. Rabbit hunters were okay if they asked permission but if they didn't ... we didn't like it at all. One day when we were butchering chickens we heard gunshots up the road, but no one had asked permission. Sure enough the hunters came down and drove into our yard and they'd shot a bunch of rabbits but they didn't know how to clean them. Mother was rather irritated with them ... and she said, 'Well, you know, you do it just like you do chickens ... you get some boiling water going ... and you take the rabbit and you dunk it and pluck it.' ... [Later] they were up there with fur flying all over and the water boiling ... ."

This essay is part of HistoryLink's People's History collection. People's Histories include personal memoirs and reminiscences, letters and other historical documents, interviews and oral histories, reprints from historical and current publications, original essays, commentary and interpretation, and expressions of personal opinion, many of which have been submitted by our visitors. They have not been verified by HistoryLink.org and do not necessarily represent its views.

"Bunny Buggy," The Oaks, San Juan Island, ca. 1960s

Courtesy Diane Jangard

Advertisement, The Oaks, San Juan Island

*Hunting		$1.00
Camping		$2.00
*Cabins	for two	$6.00
	for three	$8.00
	for four	$9.00

Housekeeping Cabins Available

*Bedding per Person		$1.00
Netting Nite Car		$25.00

June through September

	Hour	Days
Horses day	$3.00	$17.50
Gun	1.00	2.50
Forehead light	1.00	3.00
Longhandle net	1.00	2.00

Weekly rate less 1/3

Rate card, The Oaks, San Juan Island

San Juan Island Update

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QUOTE

"You never know what you have until it's gone. I wanted to know what I had so I got rid of everything"
~ Steven Wright

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- Island Guardian
- San Juan County Website
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San Juan Healthcare

A Different Kind of Rabbit

Here's the SJ Historical Museum with this month's History Column...

"Before and after" photos of the Sundstrom Model A Bunny Buggy – Photo courtesy of Guard Sundstrom

The Easter Bunny may hop around the island this weekend, but the local history of bunny tales has more to do with the rabbit hunting era of the 1930s through 1970s. Before there were Orca Magnets, there were Rabbit Keychains and a fleet of Bunny Buggies catering to the tourist trade.

Origins lay in a rabbit infestation which had caused serious problems for island agriculture, decimating crop after crop. This overpopulation was the result of a commercial breeding venture gone awry in 1934, in which 3,000 rabbits had been released into the fields to roam and multiply.

Converting old trucks and cars into Bunny Buggies with side bucket seats welded on for easy night shooting, islanders hired themselves out as guides and drivers for mainlanders who knew a unique island adventure when they saw one. And there were many. It was estimated in 1971 that the island was overrun with a million rabbits.

Pictured above is a set of "before and after" photos of the Sundstrom Model A Bunny Buggy, courtesy of Guard Sundstrom. Kim Sundstrom is seen in both, first in the 1960s when the rig was in high gear and now with its surviving frame.

If you have a retired Bunny Buggy, we'd love to have a photo for the archives of the San Juan Historical Museum.

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Posted on April 1, 2015 at 5:50 am by Tim Dustrude

San Juan Island Update

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San Juan Healthcare

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Posted on April 1, 2015 at 5:50 am by Tim Dustrude

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4 comments...

Surely that old vehicle on Mitchell Hill in English Camp must be a Bunny Buggy.

Comment by Louise Dustrude on April 1, 2015 at 5:35 pm

I remember that bunny car! I was lucky enough as a kid to get to go out on it. What really made it exciting was we went out at night. The rabbits come out when the moon is full. I remember Sandy Sundstrom on top shining the spotlight in the rabbits eyes to make them freeze. Kim Sundstom would be on the tractor seat sticking out to the side with a big net and he'd hop off and net the bunnies. He was fast. We got a lot of them, and indeed, they were tasty!

Comment by Peggy Sue on April 1, 2015 at 9:13 pm

Thanks for your comments, Louise and Peggy Sue. The Museum loves expanding its files of local history stories.

Comment by Robin Jacobson on April 2, 2015 at 9:29 am

To clarify, the Sundstrom buggy shown in the photos was used only for netting, not shooting.

Comment by Robin Jacobson on April 4, 2015 at 12:20 pm

The comments are closed.

Receive new post updates: Entries (RSS)
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VAULT

HIPPITY HOP AND AWAY WE GO

RABBITS OF VARIED HUES RUN RAMPANT ON SAN JUAN ISLAND IN PUGET SOUND, AND DEDICATED HUNTERS WITH NETS CHASE THEM IN BOUNCING BUGGIES THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT—AND THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

This was an article in Sports Illustrated in 1964

BY **VIRGINIA KRAFT**

Anyone lucky enough—or brave enough—to go on a San Juan rabbit hunt should begin by forgetting all the rules of hunting. Previous experience is a handicap. Marksmanship is unimportant. What the hunter needs is a stiff drink before starting out.

Experienced hunters may find this advice startling. I myself was surprised when I was introduced to it on a late-summer rabbit hunt on San Juan Island in Puget Sound. But any resemblance between this northwestern sport and other forms of hunting for anything anywhere is purely coincidental.

The hunt was scheduled to start at 10 o'clock at night, an unorthodox hour indeed, but certainly more civilized than the conventional predawn starts to which I was accustomed. There was another advantage—we had ample time to look over San Juan Island before dinner. Ever since leaving Seattle, some 80 miles south, I had been hearing about the innumerable rabbits to be seen on San Juan. But when we drove from the biggest town on the island, Friday Harbor (pop. 735), to Roche Harbor on its northern end we did not see a single one.

San Juan is the second largest (57 square miles) of a group of 172 islands that stretch like steppingstones from the mainland of Washington to Vancouver Island and Canada. Salmon

abound in the surrounding waters, ducks winter along the black-sand beaches, snow is something that falls somewhere else and Santa Claus arrives each Christmas on a paddle-wheel ferryboat.

ORIGINAL LAYOUT

Back in 1858 the U.S. and Great Britain came close to fighting a war over a British pig that was shot on the island by an American settler after it had repeatedly rooted up his potato patch. The setler was named Lyman Cutler, and he offered to pay $10 for the pig when the British authorities tried to arrest him, but before the controversy ended nine companies of American infantry and artillery, plus a detachment of engineers, were lined up near Roche Harbor against five British warships with 2,140 men and 167 guns. After facing each other awhile, both sides reached the statesmanlike decision that no pig was worth a war.

Subsequently smugglers made San Juan Island a free port for opium, diamonds, dancing girls, Demerara rum, Chinese coolies, whiskey and wool. At one time the traffic in English wool reached such a volume that the San Juan sheep were considered a natural wonder, producing more wool per head than sheep had ever been known to produce before. The rabbits were a late arrival. During the heyday of the rabbit-fur muff some Belgian hares were imported into the island, and since there were virtually no natural predators and the climate was good and food abundant all year, the result was an incredible number of rabbits.

But as we drove along the roads bordered with green junipers and red-trunk madro√±a trees, the fabled rabbits were nowhere to be seen. Obviously, this was going to be another of those cases where we should have come last week or next week or when it was warmer or cooler or wetter or drier. And when preparations for the hunt began with a couple of old fashioneds it seemed simpler to go along with the group. As it turned out, I was glad I did.

A spectacular sunset on Roche Harbor and Vancouver Island, 10 miles away, brightened the otherwise gloomy outlook when my host, Bill Morrice of Seattle, said, "How about looking over a few rabbits before dinner?" Five minutes later we were driving along the same road we had traveled earlier. The only difference was that it was now dusk.

Bill said, "Ready?"

I said, "Sure," but the skepticism was hard to hide. He swung the car onto a narrow dirt road and cut the speed to 20. It was like touching a match to a Roman candle. Rabbits exploded from one side of the road to the other. They erupted in waves, popping back and forth ahead of us for a good 20 yards. As the car moved forward, new waves shot from the hedgerows. Brown and gray and spotted and checked rabbits whizzed past each other at dizzying speeds, barely avoiding head-on collisions. Some scooted across the road inches from the wheels. Others seemed to clear the road in a single leap. They hopped, loped, bounced and bulleted by us with the erratic animation of an early silent movie.

Never had I seen so many rabbits of such spectacular sizes and hues. Six-pounders were average; eight-and ten-pounders were commonplace; some must even have gone to 15 pounds. Since most rabbits found elsewhere weigh perhaps two pounds, this was a formidable amount of rabbit jumping across the road. And the size of San Juan rabbits was only the beginning. They came in a selection of shades and colors that seemed to defy genetic unscrambling.

Bill was still laughing at me when we got back to the marvelous old Hotel De Haro at Roche Harbor for dinner. The hotel was named for Lopez de Haro, one of the first Spanish navigators to explore the islands, and is an old-fashioned building with vine-covered balconies, arbors, gardens and antique furniture. A full moon was just beginning to finger the fields when we set out for The Oaks, three miles south of Friday Harbor, headquarters for Hal Rogers, the island's best known outfitter. Rogers was loading a bunny buggy as we arrived. The bunny buggy is his own creation—not that Detroit would want credit for it. The one we used originally had been a 1950 Dodge sedan. The make is not important, as long as it runs. A manual transmission and a strong frame, however, are important. The body is cut away from the front seat and replaced with a flat wooden platform set between the wheels. A box-like combination seat and rabbit

cage is nailed to this platform, leaving an alley between the front seat and the box. The alley doubles as a footwell for the passengers and as a pulpit for the spotter, whose job it is to hang onto the roof with one hand and flash a spotlight around with the other, looking for the darting rabbits.

The driver and the spotter are equally important members of the team on a San Juan rabbit hunt, but the real star of the performance is the hunter. His perch on a bunny buggy is a metal tractor-type seat that juts out in the air alongside the rear wheel. It is rather like the fighting chair of a sport fisherman, except that it is a free-floating automotive fighting chair with nothing underneath it. The hunter sits in one of its slippery twin scoops, with his feet dangling disturbingly, and braces his weapon for the rabbits which the spotter locates.

This weapon, like everything connected with San Juan rabbit hunts, is no ordinary one. It is a gigantic salmon net, complete with a six-foot handle. Nobody on San Juan seems to remember who first thought of chasing rabbits with these nets, but everyone on the island seems to own one. The handle is about as wieldy as a two-by-four, and the diameter of the net is easily five feet.

The story is that when the market for rabbit fur vanished, the farmers on San Juan discovered that they could not sell the rabbits, give them away or even eat all that they owned. As they pondered how to get rid of their inventory, the inventory was nonchalantly doubling and tripling itself. (A single doe can produce up to 10 little ones every 30 days throughout the nonwinter months. The babies she has in the spring can make her a grandmother by fall.)

In most parts of the country the normal mortality rate is high enough to keep the rabbit population under control, but when the farmers on San Juan opened their cages they turned their animals loose into a rabbit paradise without animal enemies, with an ideal climate and with choice pasture on the rolling farmlands and in the green woods. During the night the rabbits ate their way through shrubs, bark, grass, gardens, strawberry patches and geranium plants. By day they gathered under hedgerows and hummocks to rest up for another night of feast and flirtation. Shooting and trapping barely made a dent in the burgeoning brood. Finally, in exasperation, the

SITKA Waterfowl Timber

Washington Flyway Forum Sponsors

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San Juan Island Rabbit Hunting

Discussion in 'Washington Flyway Forum' started by quack0905, Dec 26, 2011.

Dec 26, 2011 #1

quack0905
Elite Refuge Member

Messages: 4,090
Joined: May 12, 2001
Location: Pacific Northwest

In 1974 I took a ferry to the San Juan Islands, stayed in a motel, payed a trespass fee to a landowner (something Brought back an ice chest full of skinned out bunnies.

The topic of rabbit hunting came up in a conversation with Patoruzu today while duck hunting, and it made me think about the San Juan Islands again.

Does anybody know whether people can still go up there, pay a trespass fee, and hunt on anybody's property? It would be fun to do again. I hope the islands haven't been overrun by the warm and fuzzies who would prohibit such activity.

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The Red Cross gave us hope.

PHOTO AND STORY BY THE PEREZ FAMILY

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Americ

East Harbor's Gives a Tinker's Rip (Tinker)

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East Harbor's Black Ice Betty (Betty)
East Harbor's Party 'Til You're Broke (Rufus)

www.eastharborgundogs.com

WWA Member since 1998

quack0905, Dec 26, 2011 #1

Dec 27, 2011 #2

Dirt_Bag
Banned

Messages: 2,245
Joined: May 16, 2007
Location: Little Tijuana Wa.

Like every thing else.... It got shut down due to disrespectful shooters. Livestock, Houses..... On the wet side you know the drill
74 had to be near the end
I'm sure you might be able to find someone that will let you hunt. But the Islands have been overran with bunny lovers.

Ya know maybe if you lift up your skirt and show em your panties they will give you a pro-staff position.

Press 1 for English
Press 2 for Deportation

Dirt_Bag, Dec 27, 2011 #2

Dec 27, 2011 #3

SANJUANGLENN
Elite Refuge Member

Messages: 1,753
Joined: Dec 31, 2000
Location: NORTH SEATTLE, WA

In the last 15 years of spending time on San Juan Island, I have not seen a rabbit. Zippo. The place in the 70s' was over run with em. Cattle Point was a sea of rabbits in the mornings and evenings.

You could not ride a horse in the fields at Cattle Point due to all of the rabbit holes. Guys would just drive the roads at night and capture em in a salmon landing net then club em. No gun required just a baseball bat.

Most of what left on the island consists of red fox, raccoons, deer, Bass Fishing and some ducks. You had to see it to believe the millions of rabbits that were in the island in the 60's.

Now with a few exceptions, you written permission in hand to hunt on the island. There is some DNR property and lots of deer poaching. The WDFW did set up a sting 6 months and caught some poachers at night.

SanJuanGlenn

"LOOKS LIKE THE GAME WARDEN, HIDE THE LEAD SHOT"

SANJUANGLENN, Dec 27, 2011 #3

$71 avg/night

Condo in Friday Harbor

$465 avg/night

House in Weaverville

$129 avg/night

Dec 27, 2011 #4

SANJUANGLENN said: ↑

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The Oaks Residential Community

You'll be amazed how peaceful, yet vibrant it is here at The Oaks!

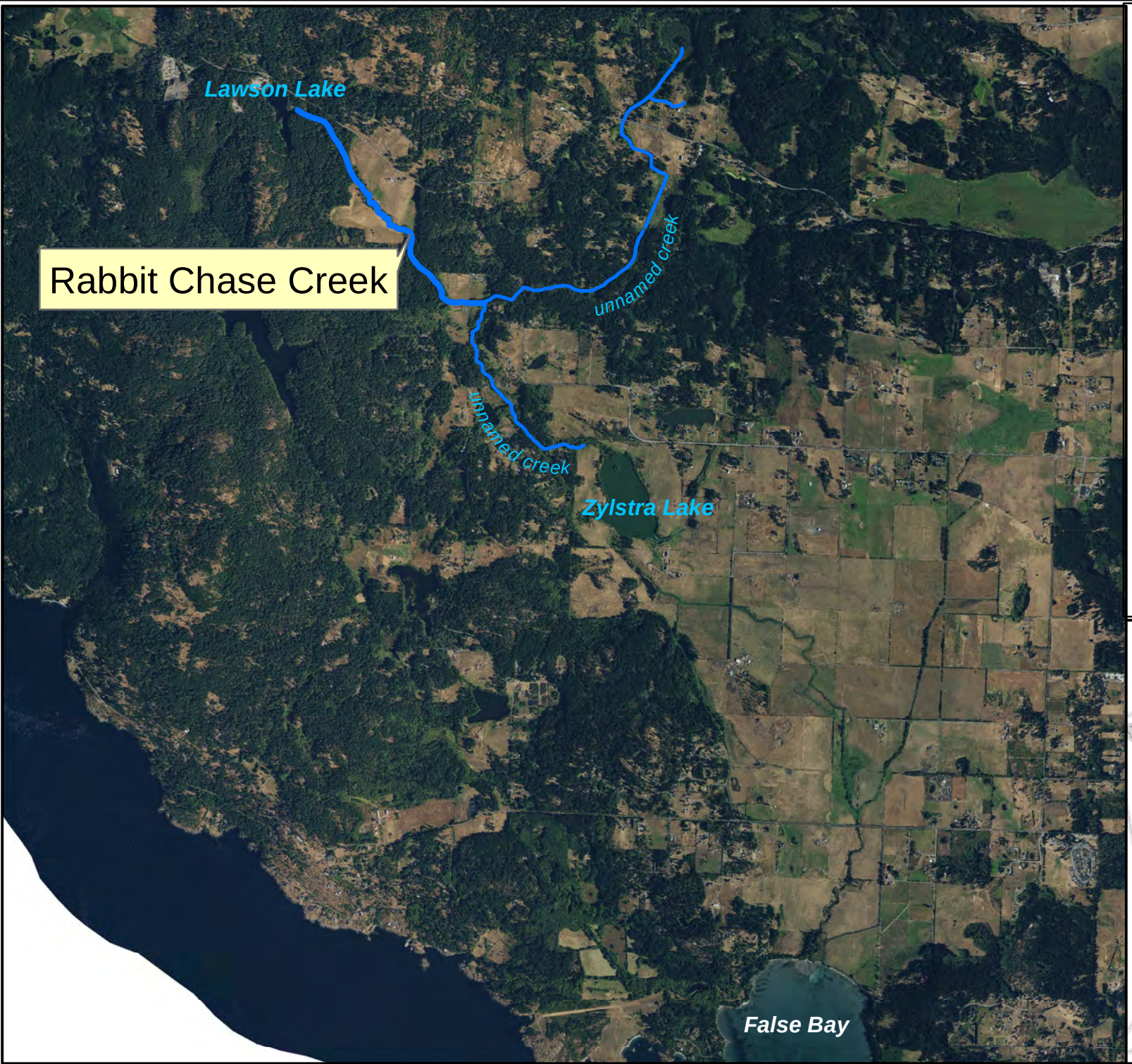
About Us

The Oaks is one of the finest Manufactured Home Communities in the state of Washington and one of a kind in San Juan County.

We transformed this property from a forty acre Rabbit Hunting resort into 78 residential units located just 3 miles southwest from the town of Friday Harbor on San Juan Island.

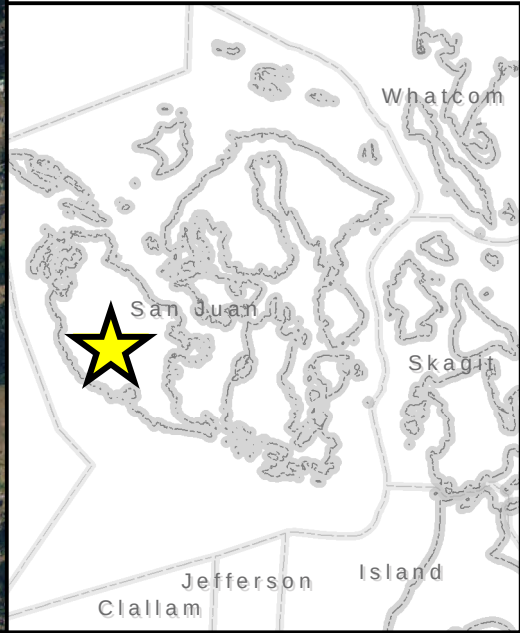
The Oaks is a leased land community that prides itself on its safe, quiet, and friendly feel. We are and have always been a family owned and operated community and our owners and managers continue to live in the community.

Rabbit Chase Creek - SAN JUAN COUNTY



According to the proponent, many stories have been told of landowners chasing rabbits to the edge of the creek for capture and sale to meat markets in Seattle.

There is still a large population of rabbits in the area, and rabbit hunting was a popular pastime with both local citizens and tourists.



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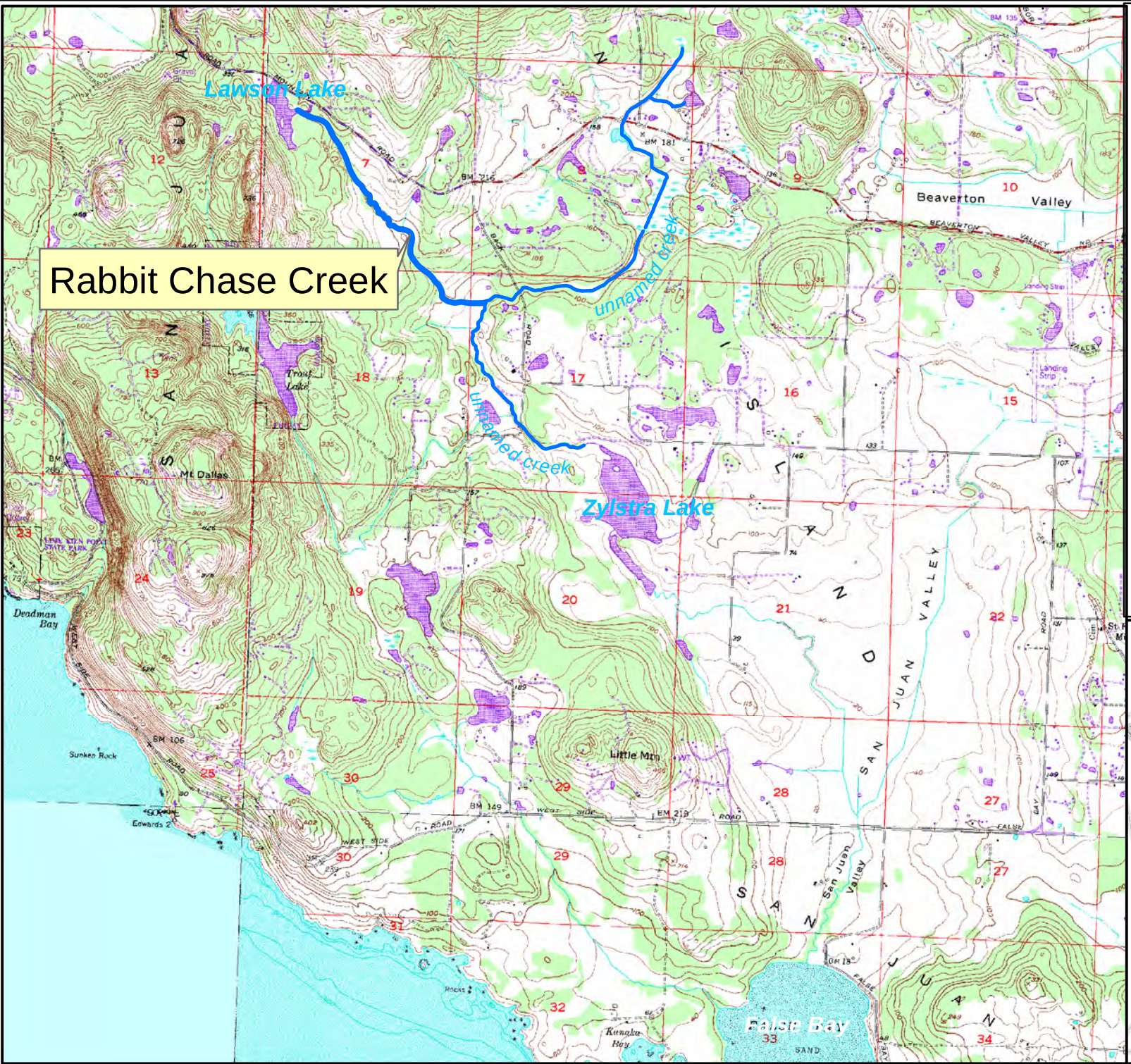

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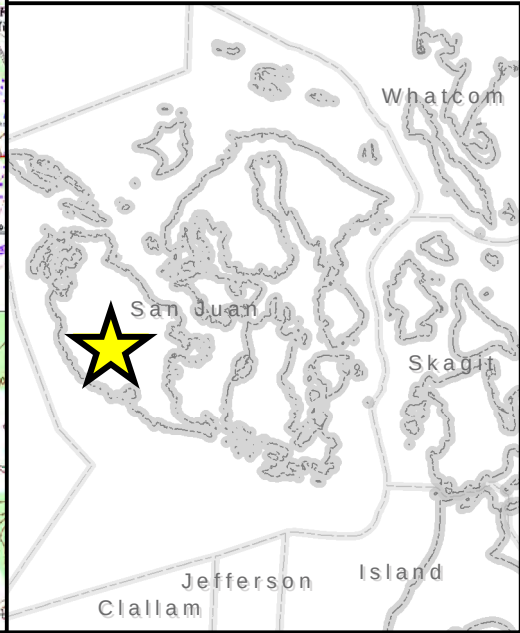
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