

The Wild Cow of West Sturgeon Mountain

So pull up a chair folks while I recount
The tale of the wild cow of West Sturgeon Mount.
'Twas October '59 when Farmer Arndell
Trucked his cow to the Sale Barn, (a cow straight from hell).
She tore off her halter, broke out of the truck,
For Farmer Arndell 'twas sure rotten luck
For every fence that she came to, he saw that beast clear
Just as high and as fast as a hound-driven deer.
Well, Arndell went home, a sad man that night
'Cause his "Bossy from Hell" had run clear out of sight.
'Twas 'bout five months later, ten miles down the lake
That Farmer Arndell got his first break.
A local named Brown in his winter wood lot
Made a discovery: the cow that was sought.
The tracks in the snow that he first thought a moose,
Turned out it was Bossie, the cow on the loose.
He telephoned Arndell as soon as he knew,
And he called some neighbors, 'twould take just a few.
The posse assembled on Farmer Brown's sleigh,
Said "Ged-ep" to the horses, were off and away,
Down to the lake and over the ice,
Up Sturgeon Mountain, they were there in a trice.
The Wright lads with snowshoes and carbines took up her trail,
'Twas never a thought but that they would prevail.
While down on the lake watched the Conley Boys,
And the guns that they shouldered for sure were not toys.
A 300 Savage that had downed many deer

And a 270 Winchester (for shots not so near).
No one could say how long it would take
To find her and circle her down on the lake
But for Farmer Arndell it brought great relief
When the Winchester barked, and bossy was beef.
So there on the ice they field-dressed the beast,
Leaving the entrails for the ravens to feast.
Then loaded the carcass onto the sleigh,
Said "Gid-ep" to the horses and wrapped up the day.
And that is the story, as the "Old Folks" recount,
The tale of the Wild Cow of West Sturgeon Mount."

The "Farmer Arndell", owner of the escaping cow, is Arndell McBride a well known dairy farmer on Pleasant Valley Road, who would truck cattle to the Livestock Sales Barn at Cobden. The West Sturgeon Mountain area is just to the north east of Muskrat Lake. This poem was by John and Beth Wright. Their Father Jack Wright was a friend of Arndell's. Entered into a poetry contest at the Beachurg Fair, this poem was the prize winner .