

Trials

The township of Low, Quebec, has seen queer sights, but the queerest they ever did see, was the travelling calf, with the old tire around its neck, and the cow in the kitchen sink. Now it wasn't that this cow was fond of baths, nor that she was sadistic with her calf. It was just the way things seemed to happen to her.

The Ken and Kate McDonald's tells it, that this unusual bovine brings everything on herself. Kate and Ken have a beautiful spread on McDonald Road in Low township, where no moment could be called dull.

It seems that this bovine, even when she was a young calf, had the uncanny ability to go through fences without leaving evidence of how she had gotten through, and often returned to the pasture without giving her escape route away.

From the start, she was unusually playful, affectionate and daring.

She was the only "animal" on the farm that the dogs would tolerate around the house area. While still a calf, she was more interested in hanging around the farmhouse, and playing with the dogs, than she was in being with her own kind. She carried these characteristics into adulthood. I believe she led the McDonald bull on a long hopeful chase before securing. Then gave birth to a beautiful heifer calf.

At this stage, the McDonalds were hoping that their playful critter would settle down and become a sensible, sedate lady. They were wrong. As Kate put it, "We were probably happy that she maintained some of her former charming ways". Too charming by half.

Her favorite pastime was to graze on the



lawn, and gaze in the kitchen window, while Kate went about her housework. How she must have longed to follow her mistress around the kitchen.

One day as she was grazing, she found an easy fence, and proceeded to the other side, followed by her calf. The calf became involved with an old tire, and somehow got it stuck around her neck, then led its mother on an odyssey for miles along the highways and byways of the Township before being reclaimed.

Apparently, it took several phone calls between residents around the area to locate the owners of the rambling bovines. After several hours and several miles, Kate and Ken caught up to the wandering pair near the Village of Low. The calf still had the tire around its neck.

Some over zealous neighbors threatened to report the McDonalds to the Humane Society for using such a bizarre method for identifying their livestock.

Things were no sooner back to "normal" on the McDonald farm when their playful playmate decided to try on a kitchen sink for size. She didn't get all the way in, mind you, but enough of her to

cause Ken and Kate some anxious moments during the rescue operation.

"For some reason, I decided to go for a walk that evening," Kate said, as she related the tale. "I don't know why. I never go for walks that late". She continued, "But this evening I just seemed to be drawn to something. As I was passing the creek, I heard splashing noises. My first thought was that a cow was having a drink. But I couldn't convince myself that the sounds were normal cow drinking noises. On investigating further, I noticed that the cow's rear was in the deeper water. Not the position of a normal drinking cow, and that she seemed to be struggling. I decided that our mischievous heifer was teasing me or that she was stuck in the creek. The latter proved to be the case."

"I ran to the house and called for Ken," Kate went on with her interesting tale. When we returned to the creek with a flashlight the cow was on her knees and in danger of drowning. I steadied her so that her head was out of the water.

Ken found that her foot was caught in something that was, in turn, stuck in the mud. The struggles of the cow, and the suction of the mud, kept the object from coming free. Ken decided that the anchoring device was metal, and would have to be cut free. He left Kate to steady the cow's head above the water and console her, while he raced to the tool shed to get a rope and metal cutters.

When Ken returned to the creek, he says, he could see that both cow and Kate were dog tired, and on the verge of giving up. He managed to throw the rope over a stout limb and tie it to the cow's neck. There were tense moments as Ken struggled in the mud and the water to cut the object from the cow's leg. It was with great relief that Ken pulled the metal sink from the mud and flung it to shore, and