

[Page 31 - Percy Peters and the Wild Cow](#)ISSUE : [Issue 51](#)

Published by Ronald Caplan on 1989/2/1

w And when she came out again, she took an? other whack at the truck. And then she came up the field. And the cattle were here--the other ones I had in the pen there--they were scared to death of her. She started then. She hooked one and then hooked the other, drive them away. And then she took right for us. And I've-- "Gosh!" I said. She took off. She smashed the fence in between the neighbours, and they had cattle. And those cattle knew there was something wrong. By gosh, she took after them. And they scattered. So, the young fellow's father there, he ran--he saw her coming. I hollered at him, "Get out of her way!" I said, "She'll go at you!" I knew she would. Well, he Ice Cream Company Ltd, Cape Breton Shopping Plaza Sydney River, N. S. Ti'e finest let Cream ;'" 9'ade 'Here ' "' "EspeeiaCCy Jor O'ou OPEN 7 Days a Week ICE CREAM PARLOUR and BAKERY STORA' Stom Forest Industries UmHed CARING FOR TOMORROW'S RESOURCES, TODAY! STORA FOREST INDUSTRIES LIMrTED, Port Hawkesbury, is the largest forest products company in Nova Scotia. The company produces more than 340,000 tonnes of market pulp and newsprint annually generating sales of over \$250 million worldwide. Some 1,000 people are employed in Its mills and woodlands offices while contractors employ 1,300 In the harvesting and trucking of wood. By the early 1990's the company will have planted its 100 millionth tree in eastern Nova Scotia. A member of the STORA GROUP, Sweden, STORA FOREST INDUSTRIES LIMITED is proud to be part of the oldest company in the world. 27 YEARS OF PROGRESS IN NOVA SCOTIA grabbed a piece of 2-by-3, and he was go? ing to confront her with this. But boy, she'd have none of that--she took after him. Well, he just threw that and then took off. And it landed in front of her and she struck it with her horns and drove it right over her back. You know, hit it with her horns. Well, she went in through their cattle, and she went around. And he tried to head her off. And I was hollering at him, "Get away from her. Don't bother with her. Someone's going to get hurt." So then I thought of it. It was that time of year, you couldn't use a gun, you know--you couldn't go in the woods with one. So I ran to the phone and I called the Mounted Police, and I told them that I had a cross cow got away on me, and I wanted to get her before she hurt somebody, and I have to have permission to use some rifles. And I said, "She's cross." He said, "Are you sure it isn't a bull?" "Well now," I said, "I'm not trying to be funny or saucy with you, but I know a bull from a cow. And I know a cross one from a quiet one. I've got a cross cow, and there's people picks blueberries, and if she confronts them, she'll hurt somebody." So he told me, "Take them." So my gracious, she was on the way. She went over there, and the old fellow tried to stop her. And she went after him. And he just got through the fence in time, and she was right behind him. And he jumped in through the pole fence again, got back in. And then she took off out the wood road. Well, we didn't know--you couldn't trust her. She'd waylay you on the road. She'd hide in the bushes and if she heard you com? ing, she'd come right af? ter you. She wouldn't run away from you at any time. So anyway--I'll try to shorten it up as much as I can, but I'll tell all the detail as I remember it. We got some guns, and we went



down to the back there. Gracious. We heard this coming through the 31