

## Uncle John Hutzler's Wild Bull

Bob said he didn't remember exactly how long John's bull had been roaming the wooded hills adjacent to his farm. John had put feed out in various places many times and the bull had enjoyed the handouts immensely. But John's attempts to lure him into the barn had been futile. Then John started placing the feedings closer to the barn and each time Mr. Bull edged closer to the barn's open door. However, when John approached him, he would wheel and race off across the field and into the woods. That bull was wilder than a Jay Hawk! All of John's plans to tame him had failed, but he wasn't about to give up.

Another plan involved placing the feed near the barn door. The bull was skeptical of this scheme, but after much reconnoitering, he did approach the barn and with great caution devoured the feedings. John remained out of sight and continued placing the feed by the barn door for several days. Then he started placing the feed inside the barn.

The bull's desire to eat overcame his caution and for several days he entered the barn to enjoy his meals. Now John thought he had him, but each time he raced toward the barn to slam the door shut the bull would hear him coming and charge out of the barn and disappear again into the woods! John was near his wits' end and wondered if he could ever catch his wild bull.

After much thought he did conceive a trap that could corner the bull. He rigged up a long wire to the barn door and ran it to the house. This device would enable him to close the door quickly while the bull was enjoying his meal inside. Bob and Mackey were invited up the John's place to assist him if his plan worked.

The bull came up that afternoon and entered the barn to partake his feed and John was ready for him. Then a few moments later he heaved on the wire and the barn door creaked shut with a bang! At last he had the bull cornered. Bob

said, "Now John, what are you going to do?" John's reply was brief, "I'm going to shoot him! That son-of-a- gun isn't going to get away this time."

Bob said John produced the old blunderbuss, the wads and the powder, but he lacked a lead bail. Now that was a problem, but not for John! He dug up an old fish net lead which, when used properly, anchors the bottom line of a gill net. Then he scraped it down to fit the muzzle of the old gun. A net lead is usually about three inches long. That was too long, so John shaped his slug to about an inch in length. Bob said, "That's a pretty heavy shot, John."

"I want a good big one," he replied, "something that will really put that bull down."

Then he poured in a huge charge of powder before ramming home the hand shaped slug.

Armed with his cannon John approached the barn cautiously, so as not to alarm the trapped bull, which very well could have crashed out of the old door. Bob and Mackey followed at a safe distance.

John opened the barn door a few inches and peered in. There was the bull about twenty feet away and looking right at him. Slowly he shoved the gun through the opening, took a quick aim and fired. If it hadn't been for the mercy of Almighty God, that gun would have exploded in John's face! The concussion was tremendous and made the old barn rattle to the roof beams. The fish net slug found its mark and the bull was down and out on the barn floor.

Bob and Mackey helped John dress out his wayward bull before heading back for the Station and they had a tale to tell the crew that day! I regret that I wasn't with them that afternoon when John blasted the life out of that old bull, which had eluded him so many times.

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