

We Named Her Salty

by Joan Thorne

A normal spring day at the Thorne Ranch started out with rain and wind. After the clouds left and the sun came out we gathered the first calf heifers and the babies out of the calving pasture. We paired and tagged the frisky little boogers and sent them to fresh pastures. One little red white face heifer decided she left her momma back at the barn so she went back the direction she came from. She went under five fences and even crawled under a metal gate to get back to her birth pasture. So hubby's thinking was we would just catch her and give her a free ride on the golf cart back to her momma B4422.

We captured her in the corner of the corral. I asked hubby if he still had a pig string to tie down those wild little hooves? Since he grew up roping and doctoring calves daily all by himself with his trusty old buckskin Smokey, a rope and pig string. He said, " No lets just hold her, " Right? So, I drove the cart into the alley so that he would not have to carry her far. I finally found reverse in between stabbing sharp hooves and tried to hold one foot that kept smacking me, while he held her squirming body and three legs. We made it out of the alley and my next attempt was to switch the cart to forward. That didn't happen. He kept saying, "Get going!" Well when I tried to reach down and engage forward, flying hooves kicked my chest (should be wearing a metal protective bra) the next micro second my shin bone on my right leg got multiple stabs (should be wearing shin guards) at that point I went off the cart yelling. " Turn her loose!" ha Well the next micro second, the salty little heifer stepped on the gas pedal and away they went backwards..I can still see Abbie's eyes of horror as him, the little red heifer and our bright red golf cart with a sticker, Make America Great again slam into the metal corral fence. I was limping and trying to catch up with the cart and yelling let her go! He somehow reached up and pulled the keys out to stop the cart from banging into the fence. Thank the Lord it was not a hot wire fence. He finally turned her loose as she was giving him a beating too..lol She went back into the corral and gave us a look like "You lost that battle people. You only thought you were tougher than me." It was at that moment she got her name Salty. So I then persuaded him to go and get her momma, as I had suggested before we started. She was waiting patiently at the pasture gate looking back at the barn. We reunited the pair and they didn't even look back on their way out. We looked at each other and just blamed the other one for our wreck. Got to love working with the man you love.

On a good note, my bone density test I took last week proved I am not too brittle just a little too soft skinned.