

THE LITTLE RED JEEP VS. THE CESSPOOL

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Written in 1993*

It has been a good many years ago somewhere in the middle 1950's. My brother, Kenneth, and I bought a little six month old bull calf for a herd bull. He was of the registered Aberdeen Angus breed of cattle. He came with the name, "Cesspool". He was a muley bull, jet black and no horns. We knew that with this good blooded bull we were upgrading our herd of cattle a lot. We owned around 100 head of cattle at that time. We also owned two other bulls; They were of the Domino Herferd breed. They were both registered bulls and were both muley bulls also. With these good blooded bulls, we were building up a nice herd of cattle. We noticed at different times in the feedlot while we were feeding the cattle, that the little angus bull would show signs of wanting to fight. He would shake his head at us and paw the ground. But we didn't think he was any threat to us at that time because he was still just a calf without horns. In the summertime while he was out in the pasture among the other cattle, we would ride up on our saddle horses. He would square off, paw the ground, then shake his head at us. I thought he was just a big bluff. We had well over 2000 acres of grazing land leased. Many times, when we would go check on our cattle, we would find them scattered out all over the 2000 acres. It would take hours to get a head count on them. Our horses would be just plain worn out. We would ride them for many miles over the hills and through the brushy country. We were well pleased with our angus bull. By the time he was three or four years old, we had a lot of pretty little black angus calves in our herd. We got a much better price at the market for our calf crop with our good blooded registered bulls. I would drive my little red jeep and lead my saddle horse behind. When I got to the pasture, I would tie my saddle horse up. I would then take the jeep and drive out all over the old oil field roads and all of the open country, where ever I could go with the jeep. This saved a lot of miles for my saddle horse. One day I went to check on our cattle. I had made all of my rounds in the jeep,

but there was about 30 head I didn't find. I got on my saddle horse and started looking for them. About an hour later, I found them grazing out in an open place, a small prairie. I rode in among the cattle and when the angus bull saw me, he really started acting up. He began pawing the ground with his front hooves and throwing dirt high in the air. He began to bellow a loud, deep, hollow sound. While I was looking the cattle over on my horse, he came charging straight toward me. He hit my horse in the chest and picked the front of the horse up off the ground and turned him completely over. My horse ended up on his back with his feet in the air. As the horse was being turned over, I jumped free in mid-air from the saddle and got out of the way. That 1400 pound angus bull didn't know how strong he really was. My saddle horse weighed over 1100 pounds but he sure wasn't any match for the angus bull. If the bull would have had horns, it might have killed my saddle horse or have hurt him badly. But as it was, my horse wasn't hurt. He got up and ran into the brush away from the fighting bull. I wasn't hurt but I too got out of the way of that crazy, fighting bull. I thought to myself, "Ole Boy, I'll be back in my jeep and I will give you something to think about." I found my horse and rode back to the jeep. I left my saddle horse there and got in the driver's seat of the jeep. It had a strong front bumper and some heavy bumper guards to protect the radiator. I planned to let that mad, fighting bull take a wack at the front of my little red jeep. It took me about thirty minutes to work my way back into where the bull was at because it was pretty rough country. When I finally came out of the brush and into the little open prairie, the angus bull was out there on the battle grounds. He was bellowing loud and pawing the ground, ready to fight some more. He seemed to be celebrating and enjoying his great victory. I put the little jeep in a low gear and in four-wheel drive. I planned on taking Mr. Bull for a fast ride like he had never been on before. He had his head down low to the ground

and was really showing off. I came straight on into him. At that same time, he charged into the front of the jeep with everything he had. When he was about six feet in front of my jeep, I gave it the gas. I hit him hard and skidded Mr. Bull a good thirty feet backwards. By then, he was trying to get turned around. After he did get turned, his rump was on the hood of my jeep. I was really pouring the gas to the little jeep and only the bull's front hooves were on the ground. Mr. Bull was having one devil of a time trying to keep up with the fast speed we were going. His front hooves were absolutely flying. I took him right on down through the brush and was still gaining speed. After a few more hundred feet, I brought the jeep to a sudden stop. The bull went rolling over end over end. When he stopped rolling, he got up and took off running. I don't think he had any fight left in him. I took him on a wild jeep ride I don't think he soon forgot. As time passed, he never did show anymore signs of wanting to fight. When he would see the little red jeep coming, he would take off running. That jeep ride I took him on seemed to have put the fear in Mr. Bad Bull. Now this is how it happened out here in these old hills of Oklahoma many years ago, where the pretty songbirds are still singing.

