

## **The Bore (because I think it didn't get his own name)**

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2014

We were like most other folks when it came to naming our animals. We gave all the cows and some of the other animals names. All pets were named, of course. Naming an animal is not as easy as one might think. A lot of thought goes into it. Things to take into consideration were the animal's color, general appearance, male or female, if you could tell and after a lot of observance you might find that he or she has some unique or particular characteristics.. It was a lot easier to get an animal used, like a dog, because they usually came with a name, like my Charlie, and unless it was something ridiculous he kept it. So far all my friends with the name Charlie have not objected to my Golden Retriever being so named. One animal we had that didn't get named was the Chester White bore Pop was so proud of. I don't know what happened here. Why didn't one of the biggest animals on the farm get his own name? I don't think we named any of the pigs, now that I think of it. Maybe the sows had names but I just remember Pop saying something like "the big red sow is hiding out, I think. She may be having here litter somewhere so I want you boys to go find her after school today". That was the only pig on the place that wasn't white. The rest were all of the Chester White breed and almost always had a litter of eleven or so piggies. The big red almost always had about seventeen. This is where the term "bummer" comes in. Pop always managed to have it so that when red had her litter one of the Chester White sows also had her's and sometimes more than one other pig was ready. So when there were too many piggies for the red to take care of (the bummer, looking for a place to eat) we could take some and put them with the white sows that might have room for them. Sometimes a piggy would die at birth or we would lose one for some other reason. Pop had built his pens to help the piggies as much as he could. There was a board built out a little ways away from the wall so that when the sow lied down the piggies could get under the board and have room between the sow and the wall, preventing it from being squashed. Anyway, getting back to the bore, he got himself too big to service the sows. He would eat almost anything, one of his favorites being the chickens that tried to help him eat his own food. If he could catch one, he would eat that chicken right along with his food. Snap,crunch. As I said , he got too big and the sows couldn't hold him up long enough for him to do his job anymore so Pop decided it was time to castrate that bore. I guess cutting a bore makes the meat different at butcher time or something because I could not think of any other reason to attempt to do what Pop wanted to do to so big an animal. But he wanted to do it and had a plan all worked out. This plan involved using his tractor, which he involved in as many jobs as he could, it seemed. He loved that old tractor. The idea was to put a bucket full of grain in front of this big laurel tree in the barnyard. Then you lead the bore, oh he was pretty tame, we could even ride him on a good day, over to the tree and get him to start eating that bucket of grain. A chain around the tree was crossed and attached to his front legs as he ate the grain in the bucket. Then put chains on his rear legs, cross the chains, and connect the chains to the hydraulic lift on the tractor. When we lifted the three-point hook-up on the tractor the bore was supposed to be lifted off the ground with his legs spread apart and as he came off the ground the crossed chains would let him roll over, making him ready for Pop to cut. Well, it worked great. Up he came, over he went and Pop did his cutting. When he was done cutting he poured the incision full of this stuff called KRS, as I remember it. This KRS must have had some kind of sting to it.

When we cut little wiener pigs and poured the stuff into their incisions they ran all over squealing like crazy, dragging their rumps. Well, this big bore just went to his pen real gentle like and laid down. He was like that for a week or more. Pop thought he was going to lose his big bore all together but finally the bore got up and went to eating chickens again and drinking and he lived, but after that I don't remember if we later butchered or sold him. Funny, just must have been impressed with the size of that particular job and I don't recall the finale outcome. But if you ever need to cut a big bore, call me and I will tell you again how to do it.