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## **Your Voice: Steer whisperer at stock show in search of meet-up with Bruno**

Posted by judeformusic on January 27, 2015 in Adams County, Arapahoe County, Arvada, Denver, Denver Front, Douglas County, Jefferson County, Lakewood | Views | Leave a response

### **STEER WHISPERER AT STOCK SHOW IN SEARCH OF MEET-UP WITH BRUNO, THE STEER FROM COMANCHE CROSSING (Ruminations on nature's bounty)**

Denver was taken by the National Western Stock Show and a full 15-day celebration we said “goodbye” to on Sunday. We had dragged out the cowboy boots and sauntered out to the magnificent offering off Brighton and I-70 for different reasons. The Complex, as it always does, offered entertainment for any age – draft and dancing horses, yaks, hogs, dogs, rodeo (PRO, Shootout, MLK, Mexican), bull riding and exhibitions on western skills like freestyle reining.

I went to try and meet-up and continue my bond with Bruno, this summer's steer from Strasburg at Comanche Crossing in the northeastern quadrant of Colorado. Strasburg's 3-day Home Town Days is infamous for its Cow Plop Contest – an event sponsored by the good folks of the local American Legion Chapter. I traveled on a 96 deg. Plains heat Sunday to place my bet. This California girl didn't do too badly. Came within four squares in the exact plop

perimeter – one has to become a quick study on steers and although we are talking, literally, here of bull-shit – it is not bull-shit that will win you the big gaming pot of \$500.

The American Legion corral is painted in 1-foot squares, numbered on a master map, and a steer is unleashed into it. Very simple concept, the first nature's call of plop, the square in which it lands, the person who bet on that square wins. Basically, you have a bunch of adults, and in case you think that means one has grown up, now reduced to screaming 10 year-olds out "to win" standing, running, gesturing around the corral perimeter behind a marked line. All manner of coercions go on – yours truly, leading the pack – hence, the Steer Whisperer.

Should you doubt, there IS a psychology to this that I will share, because I know you are thumbing the event into your summer 2015 calendar as you read. In case you think there is no intricacy to this – well – steers are rarely inclined to land in only one square –so out comes the measuring tape – I will leave this to your imagination and incredulity, if not disgust. And if you are a real gamer, you also bet on the timing of the plop (down to the tenth of a second!) – a separate gaming pot – and that separates the 10 year- olds from the 12 year- olds!

For those of you who will not sleep tonight for want of the rules and regs of steer whispering – you may e-mail me for exact instructions, but I will share this: the one constant – do not bet on the center of the corral. Position yourself by the locked swing gate from which the steer entered the corral – and importantly, behind which is his trailer with ramp down – you get the idea – at some point, he figures out where he has to be to get back to his own pasture and escape this marauding group of humans. Between the psychology of his escape and the manic steer whispering at the gate – you've got great odds of a "plop" in one your staked-out squares. There! I think there's book in this ... Our Denver Stock Show might consider this stellar event – preferably after the beer kiosks open.

What I whispered to Bruno, and what I promised is between us, I will not divulge what that steer snorted in my ear – but he imprinted it forcefully with his hoof – not having a middle finger. I don't think he was as charmed with me as I was with him. But he kept coming back to hear more – just like a guy! Although I didn't win, a promise was made to meet up at the Stock Show and I kept my promise.

Friends to whom I related the amazing Cow Plop began to send me crazy items – from free-range chicken poop lip balm (with a no-poop disclosure in fine print) from Kansas to plop paper notepads (real) from Thailand. Back in Denver and having plop on the mind, a friend invited me to the annual Denver Zoo's patron-appreciation dinner and plop was to continue to be an interesting and captivating subject. The 80-acre Zoo depends on the organic waste plops from all its denizens and 90% of all Zoo visitors' solid trash, a mind-boggling annual 1.5 million pounds, for its patent-pending alternative energy program. Plop and trash are compacted and converted into pellets thermally broken down to produce syngas which drives a generator that produces energy that offsets about 20% of the Zoo's total energy system. Those little tuks-tuks, motorized carts, are powered by plop, clean and odor-free and eco-efficient and have been an impactful visual marketing piece for showcasing the reality of plop and trash conversion to energy.

Now I had to think of Bruno and plop with more respect. Out at the Stock Show I spent a long day and evening tracking him down, through bales of hay, and stepping through feed trough areas and show chutes and trailers, Bruno eluded me; but I met Renaldo who sidled over to listen to the Steer Whisperer and that was just enough reinforcement for me – to believe. Watch out Strasburg Cow Plop – I’ll join the other 10 year-olds this August. Meantime, one more trip to the Stock Show for Saturday’s miniature Herefords and Sunday’s “Top Hogs” – and I wondered what the Stock Show does with all its bountiful resource of plop over those two weeks but I didn’t ask Renaldo, after all we had just met.



Steer Whisperer at Cow Plop – Strasburg/Comanche Crossing



Bruno – Cow Plop corral – StrasburgSt



Cow Plop corral – Strasburg



Renaldo – Stock Show Denver

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**About the Author**



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