



Farm News from October

Remember that cute puppy? "Tes" has grown up now, almost. Just over a year old, she still loves to play like a puppy, especially with cats. There have been a few times we've caught her in pursuit of a fleeing cat. A firm "NO!" will usually stop her. But what about when no one is around?



Have you seen Jesse? Have you seen Dudley? Leonard? Prince? One by one the cats went missing and it took about 6 months to go from 4 cats to no cats. I found 2 of them. Prince (named after a late musician as was Leonard) was the last one to disappear, sometime in the summer. It took a couple of catless months before the mice realized their good fortune.

But in mid-October and to our amazement Prince returned! He just walked in through the patio door



after spending almost 3 months living out in the wild. He was in good shape too! Must have been a good mouser. Sleek and shiny, he just moved back in as if he'd never left.

But when we had 4 cats there were some cat behaviors I didn't really like. Scratching up the furniture and pooping at the base of the stairs for example. Those behaviors are back. Now I know who it was.



I used to keep mice as pets when I was a kid.

The wheat harvest sure has been a struggle. The bountiful crop had been flattened by snow in early September but the warm days of October dried it up enough to cut. That's when the swather started giving us problems, bearings. With time, tools and perseverance the problems were all solved. Next it was the combine's turn. Pressure was on, the forecast was gloomy. When the ratio of "problems to fix" and "time to fix them" became too great, hopelessness started to creep in. That's when the Ludwigs from [Trickle Creek Community](#) showed up with their combine and soon the wheat started to flow. That's also when it started raining. Those swaths are now cozy under a foot of snow. Next year country.



Turkey sandwiches are my absolute favourite sandwich, another reason to give thanks at Thanksgiving. It was the day after the big dinner I returned from Beaverlodge with all the fixings I was missing to make the perfect turkey sandwich. And it was lunchtime. Yum! Mayonnaise, light bread, cranberry sauce, sliced pickles.

I went straight to the freezer on the deck where I had set the \$105 turkey to cool just the day before.

I didn't make it to the freezer. I froze in my tracks. It was sight of the turkey roaster. It was licked clean. My fantasy of the turkey sandwich was gone!

I did not feed the dogs that night.