



Farm News from September

This gift left on the driveway near to our house has quite a story to tell.

The massive pile of bear poop was full of oats. Unfortunately for the bear they



were totally undigested. Where did the oats come from? The only oats left standing for many miles were the oats we had seeded for the chickens and turkeys to graze on. That meant that the bear had been eating

oats right beside the turkeys (the chickens had moved on to a life of recipes). A year ago in the [Farm News from September](#) I had written about the strange hole in the top of the net of the turkey's shelter. It ended up that a bear that had gotten into the pen. Now the bear is back but has switched his/her preferences from turkey to a more plant based diet. (Seems to be a trend these days). What caused the switch? Simple. The electric fence that goes around each turkey pen was connected this time. A important lesson for the bear - we can share our oats but don't touch the turkeys!

It was a tough decision to make. Should my goal be to improve the health of the soil or should I profit from harvesting oats? As a result of some soil courses I took I have decided to give up tillage. No more plowing or disking. The soil should be covered, protected from the sun by

plant material left to decay. This is the process that nature had always used to build soil. So in the spring I had seeded one of the old pig pastures to oats and peas with the goal of gifting it to create the new ground cover. The decision was made more difficult as the oats grew to become the best crop I had ever grown.

Decision made.

I let the herd of cows in who trampled it into the ground. A new start for a better life (plant).



Goodfare (Good Food) is a great place to live. It's not the climate or the price of land, it's the people. What started out as a neighbourhood has evolved into a community. This past month was good example. "Movie Night" (Rocketman) was held at the Windsor Creek Hall, a little log building devoted to gatherings. Then a concert at the [Demmitt Hall](#), built and operated with thousands of hours of volunteer labour. They hosted the first concert of the season: "[Monkey Junk](#)" Their stunning caliber of blues had the crowd on their feet throughout the evening. Then there was the Pot Luck Dinner at the Windsor Creek Hall. Incredible food that any fine restaurant would be proud of. Much of it was grown right here in our neighbourhood. Following that was a Round Dance where one of our WWOOFers taught us some European dances. Quality of life - Goodfare style! Jerry