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Something's you have to experience to appreciate, like the new view from our outhouse door. Sure we have indoor plumbing but every time I stare at the ceramic tile job I did so many years ago, I still see all the mistakes. Now with the outhouse in it's new location and the door wide open I can see the bison calves grazing. The free ranging turkeys are always so curious and the strutting toms like to do a little dance in front of the door. Joe the donkey has been taking care of the turkeys so he likes to come over to see what the turkeys are interested in. Sometimes he will start braying which sounds kind of cool when it's a mile away but close up can be painfully loud. When he's done he just wanders off and leaves you with a view of the rich greens of the spring grasses, the trees with their new leaves with cattle grazing in the distance. The one thing that can break the peacefulness of the moment is "Jack the Wolfhound". The five month old puppy is now close to 80 pounds and is learning the command "go away!". For some reason he always likes to have a drink of water before he comes by the outhouse to nuzzle his dripping muzzle in your lap.

After two plus years of drought it sure is nice to have rain. The pastures are soaking it all up and the previously parched plants are now lush and reaching new heights. The bison and cattle are busy munching all they can which means they should be growing

well. Mmmm. Good grazing = good marbling. I haven't told them of course.

Our next door neighbours are having wildlife problems. One had 3 grizzlies wander into their yard, another lost 3 calves to coyotes and another is loosing calves to wolves. So far I have had no problems although I'm not sure why. In my 33 years on First Nature Farms, I have never killed a predator.

It was exciting when the turkey hens started laying eggs. I had rescued the birds from a fate of Christmas dinner with the hopes they could become "yard pets" which, thanks to protection by Joe the donkey, they have since become. It takes 28 days for a turkey egg to hatch (21 for a chicken). During that time the turkey hen rarely eats or drinks and is totally dedicated to her anticipated role as a mother. After a month I started to question the fertility of the eggs but she didn't. Then a couple of them broke releasing a foul, fowl odour, permeating the nest. Still she didn't give up hope and endured the torturous conditions. Every time I checked on her she was there, on her nest, looking thinner. Finally I could stand it no longer. The eggs were not going to hatch so I took them away and replaced the eggs with some newly hatched chicken chicks. Next day the turkey hen was still on



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her nest and when I checked, the chickens were snuggled underneath her. A couple days later she was up, wandering around the yard in her new role as mother, with her chicken chicks following behind. Jerry