



## Farm News - for June

The spring rains sure have been a blessing. Soil moisture has been dropping for the past several years and the drought has had a major effect on the farm. Lack of rain had reduced the amount of grass that could grow and without that pasture or hay I had to reduce the size of our beef herd has been steadily dropping.

Now with the slow snow melt combined with the five inches of rain, the grass is growing taller than I've seen in many years.

In a few days haying season will begin and I'm looking forward to recharging my supply of round bales, securing a good food supply to bring the cattle and bison through another winter into next spring.

Some of the heifers that were going to age "on the rail" as compared to on their feet should be thankful for that rain.

Today they get to meet Lance the bull and hopefully next spring will all become mothers raising their status from "heifers" to "cows". What a difference a few inches of rain can make.

The problems in the pig pen continues. "Willy" the boar who had such an exciting future failed to breed any sows. Then "Johnson", another boar arrived but in his anxiety somehow managed to injure one of his hind legs (essential for breeding). Now he is off convalescing while all the sows are wondering "what's going on?". Fortunately the old boar who I was hoping to replace was up to the job.

The impact this boar problem will have won't show up for almost a year. Missing a couple months of breeding means there will be a couple of months with little pork to sell. The stores that buy pork from us on a weekly basis will have a hard time explaining the boar problem to their customers who won't really care what happened a year ago and just want some pork to cook for supper.

"Expect the unexpected". It happens almost every day on the farm. Like my plans to attend the Sweetwater Festival. There were three days of music planned for the event just north of Dawson Creek and my kids would be there for all three. I was hoping to get away to catch one of them. Chores took longer than I hoped that Saturday and when I finally got to the house for lunch at 2:30 there were five messages on my phone:

"I'm looking for some chicken...". "Hi dad...". "Call 1-800...". "Fax". "Jerry, your cows are all out". Sure enough, three miles away, the entire herd of cattle had found a place to cross the road onto the neighbouring community pasture. That same afternoon the neighbouring community were ready to move five hundred cows and calves onto that same pasture. What could have been a big problem turned out well though. My neighbours had moved my cows back for me and I was able to help them with their very exciting cattle drive. 9 PM and I was at the festival. A good end to another good day. Jerry