



## Farm News - November

Bison move to new pasture. It may not sound too exciting but it is if you're the one moving the bison! Their new pasture happened to be on the other side of the county road which meant that the herd of almost 100 animals had to cross the road at an intersection. Free to choose they could go north, east or west in which case they would travel miles to "who knows where". I wanted them to go south so I set up a portable fence across the intersection blocking all traffic. I then called them "Moostoos, Tatonka, Astum!" meaning "buffalo, buffalo, come here!" I then walked ahead of the herd hoping they would follow me across the narrow fenced alley. They did. As I was walking and calling I could see them gaining on me. I started walking faster. So did they. Soon the whole herd of bison were running around me, including our two, one ton bulls. Keeping by back to them I hoped that they would not mow me over. The whole herd passed without incident.

It was a good day for them and me. Their new pasture is almost a mile long.

During the summer I took a 6 year old neighbour boy fishing. Lucky him, he was the only one out of four of us who caught any fish, five little perch. He didn't want to kill them so we kept them alive in a bucket so he could show his mom. By the time we got home it was late and I didn't want to clean them either so I dumped them into our dugout. As winter was approaching I kept thinking about those fish knowing that to keep them alive they needed oxygen. I had to aerate the dugout. No simple task. The pump (which I had to rebuild) was at least a quarter mile from the dugout so I had to run a hose that distance. Weeks passed before I was finally ready. By that time ice had formed on the dugout - 1 3/4 inches to be exact. I knew that because I had to put the aerator in the center of the dugout (19 feet deep). I used a couple of planks to spread the weight. As I walked out the 80 feet, the ice started cracking around me. I made it to the middle, chopped a hole and dropped the end in. Back on shore I reflected on how much work (and stress) was involved in this project. Hindsight said "I should have cleaned those fish".

Being a farmer I have to pay attention to the weather report so I can anticipate the needs of the animals. "Snow, accumulations of 2-4 centimetres" the forecast said. So much for predictions. By the time it stopped snowing we had 16 inches.

American pork imports threaten First Nature Farms' pig operation. The pork has been moving into Vancouver and some stores have been switching to the cheaper alternative. Most of our income comes from raising pigs and Vancouver is our largest market. Jerry