



Farm News from May

Piles of old manure, pushed into hills, a resource never used. The grass grew over and the hills became part of the landscape. Who knows how old they are, maybe 60 or 80 years? Sometimes we find old leather straps and buckles, harnesses for horses; even some old collars. When did they farm with horses?

It was a bulldozer that transformed the abandoned hills into flat land, spreading the old manure into a nice thick layer of topsoil. Walking on it is like walking on a sponge, a very healthy feeling. This spring has seen another



change, the addition of garden seeds.

I thought I was finished growing turkeys. The seriousness of that decision really struck home when for the first time in nearly 30 years, I could not find a turkey in the bottom of the freezer. I love turkey; especially the sandwiches! Then I saw the ad: "Beltsville Turkey Poults". I was reminded how my daughter was

so impressed with the Beltsvilles on Salt Spring Island: small but plump and so, so tasty. It may be a long time before I can check out the "tasty" part because the eleven chicks I brought home will be used for egg



laying, next year.

I remember leaning against a poplar tree skimming through my "Birds of Alberta" book. I was 17. I stopped at the picture of a Northern Oriole. "The most colorful bird in Alberta" I thought. I heard a beautiful bird call and when I looked up, there it was. A year or two later I was retelling this amazing story to my uncle when the



second sighting ever flew into his yard.

"Look!!!"

(sadly my uncle was blind). This

past month, on my way to the pig pasture I saw a pair. "Welcome to the farm, it's a nice place to live".

Jerry