

Farm News from August

Porky the pig has undergone an official name change. Grandson Murray prefers the name "Clifford" (the Red Pig) so Clifford it is. Although a month ago when I wrote about the new addition to our porch my intentions were to see the pig become my neighbour's new pet but I've had so much fun watching him that I've delayed that decision.

Clifford spends his time outside with Figaro our one year old Pyrenees and Magnifico, our new pup. The three sleep together, eat together and play together. Dog food has become his favorite. Our delicious pig food made from organic grains just doesn't cut it anymore.

Unlike dogs who crave attention, Clifford's focus is only on food and he's constantly on the search. If he stops long enough to get his belly scratched he goes into a state of bliss and eventually falls over.

Already he is learning a few tricks and will no doubt be a contender for next year's Pig Pagent.



"Cone Head" (aka Figaro) is barking the higher notes these days. Keeping dogs from wandering is a big problem on farms. We've had

other dogs that never came home which leaves us with the forever question "what happened?".

Ever have a bad day? It started out with a simple idea: move the blue Ford to a new location. I'm always amazed at the power of the Bobcat.

It was a bit of a grunt but the Bobcat forks were lifting the Ford truck and soon



we were moving but there were a 'couple of other vehicles in the way. "No problem for the Bobcat" I thought, "I'll just lift it higher to clear this truck that's in my way" (my dentless bale moving truck that is). That's when physics took over and rather than looking up at the blue Ford, I was looking down at the grass. If the Ford would have landed on the ground then there would be no problem. Instead it landed on the pristine hood of the bale truck. After crawling out of the Bobcat and assessing the situation I realized that a decision had just been made to a multi-year old question concerning that blue Ford: "fix it or junk it?"