



Farm News from January

Driving down the road with a trailer full of pigs, what could go wrong? That's when it happened.

I think 21 was a record for the most pigs I needed to haul at once. Everyone wanted pigs on the same day and there was no changing their minds. The pigs loaded nice and settled in well to their new temporary, mobile home. At ten after five in the morning I started my journey to Dawson Creek, ten minutes earlier than normal. Everything was going great until suddenly the trailer disconnected from the truck. The safety chains kept it from totally taking off but I instantly knew I had a major problem. The morning was dark, cold, super icy and not another vehicle was in sight. To make matters worse, I had just cleaned out the truck the day before and my normal mess of tools and junk stuff were all gone.

The first problem I needed to solve was to stop the trailer from sliding. I was on a hill and every time I moved the truck forward the trailer would slide ahead on the slippery ice. "Need something to block the wheels!" It just so happened that the only thing in the pickup box were two pieces of wood. How lucky, they worked perfect.

Now I could see why the trailer came off, the pin that holds the hitch to the truck had somehow disappeared. "Gotta find something that'll work as a pin". First I had to get the hitch in place. The frozen metal ball was freezing my hand. "Why did I forget my gloves?" I looked inside the truck and on the floor was one right handed mitt my daughter had forgotten. Again lucky. But that wasn't enough. Now I "need a hammer to bang the hitch into place". Found the tire iron and tapped the hitch in place. But "I'm still stuck here if I can't find a pin". I checked under the seat of my newly cleaned truck just in case and there it was, a bent draw pin that I should have tossed out. It fit perfect, better than the old one. Extremely lucky! Now I needed "something to hold the pin from slipping out!" Sure enough, the only other thing under the seat was a piece of haywire.

Ten minutes later we were on the road again. Who ever was responsible for this event - thanks!

When "Paul the turkey" was getting picked on by the other turkeys last fall, he didn't realize his good fortune. We saw that he needed some human intervention so we set up a shelter close to the house and moved him in. When Christmas came all the other turkeys left for their dinner invitations but we decided to keep Paul. He now has become our yard pet and probably weighs around fifty pounds.

Last summer I bought some pregnant white pigs to fill in the gap I would have in my pork production. They ended up getting rebred by our Berkshire boar who is mostly black. White/black? The result? This past week we have had around thirty five piglets born with every combination of colours and spots imaginable. The two most common words I hear when we walk by their pen is "Ahhh!" and "Cute!" I know, "you should take some pictures".

The warm weather that had settled on Goodfare must have been the envy of the rest of the country. Our normal highs of minus ten had risen to plus thirteen turning our record snowfalls into thick layers of ice. Plus thirteen is not really that pleasant if your sitting on the wet ice wondering if you've just broken your tailbone.

The WWOOFers have also been amazed by our Canadian weather which at times has been warmer than their homes in Germany and France. I've told them about the weather phenomena called chinooks. Recently they had a chance to "experience" one while sitting in the house waiting for some bison steaks to get barbequed. Suddenly the outdoor temperature started climbing, really quickly! Plus four, plus eight, plus twelve, plus sixteen! I could imagine the stories they would be telling when they got home about the chinooks of Canada. I debated for a long while before I broke the news. The outdoor temperature sensor is located just above the barbeque.