

Our Hobby-Farm in Ontario – not far from the Quebec border

from Paul Christian Walter

95

Was it a venture or maybe even a good investment – to purchase an available 100-acre farm – which included a pretty good size forest, with some most beautiful and mature hard wood trees ... as well as plenty of farmland, – just east of Hawkesbury and outside of the tiny village of St-Eugene, and then travel daily to my „Homelite“ workplace in Dollard-des-Ormeaux. This I asked myself for a long period of time, but soon I learned much more about general life in the first six month, then I ever had learned in the past six years as plant manager. The life on the farm in Ontario has definitely changed my outlook on life forever.

The farm-building had it's own paved driveway – about a 1/4 km away from the main road (with some large pine trees, as well as some apple trees, two large barns, two other smaller buildings, suitable for smaller animals. The farm also had a certified waterwell that supplied much more excellent drinking water than one would ever need. In Summer a paradise, in winter, when the snow piled up, it occasionally became a problem to reach the main road.

Two Dogs and plenty of cats were part of the farm life, but when the cajoties roam around night-times, one needs to get the gun, 2-3 shots in the air usually helped them to move on. Beside some dogs and chicken, we also had 7 white geese. One of them was a real darling, and always knew when I was arriving home. Yes, and there she was, when I got out of the car, waiting to get her treats (a few barley kernels or the like). Thus, a lot of trust was exchanged and I could cuttle her like a baby.

But soon the geese-flock became airborne and they flew several times over the vast fields. Even our neighbour farmer Percy noticed this transition and said convinced: „These geese are now ready to be slaughtered“. „Slaughtered?, I could never

slaughter these animals, „thats no problem“ said Percy, we have a pretty good butcher, not far from us, all you need to do is bring the geese to him,



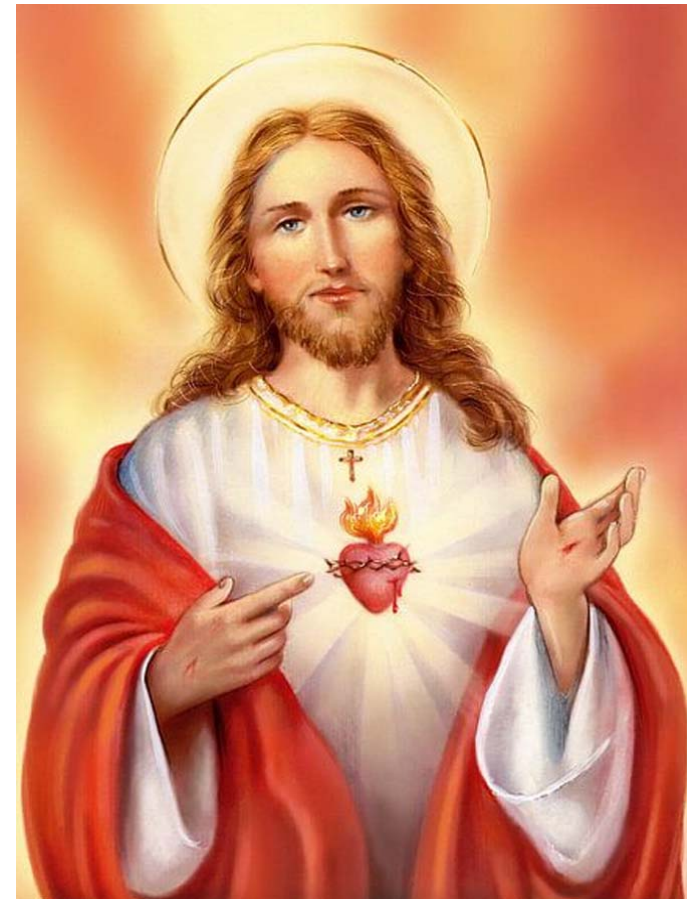
and he'll handle the rest. Reluctantly I agreed to deliver the geese to the butcher. The next day I picked up the slaughtered geese, but cooking; baking or even consuming the geese was for me and the family a moral issue. Instead, I finally decided to take the geese with me to my work place. There I spread them around – as a gift – to some of my best employees at the Homelite plant, and so ended a very complicated moral issue, in a very satisfying way.

„There is a man upstairs!“

Our young son of just about 3 years old, has suddenly hinted, that „there is a man upstairs“. This drove me and my wife to shake our heads in „misbelieve!“

Surely, before going upstairs, I got a hold of my „shut gun“ thus making very slow headways up the stairs.... in total silence. The gun fully loaded and my finger on the trigger. If anybody would have dropped a very fine needle on the ground, it surely would have been heard – loud and clear. This sudden silence has been felt through-out my

body. I first looked under the beds and also opened the cupboards. Lastly I dared to go to the second room upstairs, but nobody was found there either. Now I had to question my young son again and asked him to please come up the stairs, and show me, what he has really seen. Sure enough, he immediately pointed to the wall, where a Jesus Christ picture was hanging and said; „Here is the



Jesus Christ – „the man upstairs!“

man! The picture of Jesus was actually a gift we received lately from his grandmother in Valleyfield. She definitely was more „catholic“ than the pope in Rome. All of us in the family had a big job explaining to our son, who Jesus Christ really is.

The Hawkes in Hawksbury and surroundings.

The towns name highlights the early inhabitation of hawks over a large area of Ontario. They are on constant look-out in 100-miles surroundings for their easy preys, like cats, small dogs, chicken etc. These little animals are being airlifted by the hawks in no time, to a no return land. One has to experience these viscous scenes himself, in order to make such savage acts believable.

One day I was standing on our new farm next to a chicken, not more than 3 feet away, when suddenly a diving-whistle-sound came upon me. All I could still see, was the claws of a hawk grabbing the chicken, and gone she was in a few split seconds. This made me quickly act, to bring the rest of the chickens to safety and build a wire-meshed outlet, that was secure, not only from the air, but it also had to be secure against other wild creditors, like foxes, cajoties, and you name them.

I now build a chicken house from the bottom up, like one would say; 18-inch cement plates as a floor base, the existing wooden chicken house was exterior re-enforced with wire-mesh all-around, including the roof.



... when the „hawk“ aims at his victims

Inside the existing chicken house I build 20 chicken-nests and named them #1 to 20, thus the chickens developed a habit of choosing their favorite nesting domain and were happy ever after.

Wirefence only does little good, if one is not smarter than the wild animals themselves.

A large secure Chicken roaming area around the exterior of the chicken house was for me very essential for healthy developing chickens, which, after all, will provide one with daily eggs to no extent...

A single rooster will provide happiness and must always be considered. Crowing can be cool. You might think I'm kidding, but crowing can be a great thing! There's a lot of reasons to love the throaty crow of a rooster. Crowing warns hens of dangers... and alerts one to the fact, that something might not be up to snuff in the coop, especially if the rooster crows in the middle of the night.

