

A minute with Farmer Fred and his lambs

Ronald Rogainer: Every time I stare at your sheep there appears to be more lambs than mothers.

FF: We call them ewes. You'se rogainers need to get your lingo right when you're up here.

RR: OK, I take your point; you have caught me out again. But this morning I counted 130 lambs and only 101 ewes. Where are the other adult sheep.

FF: Nothing unusual about that. I always expect a number of twins; in fact, I have factored 10 percent twins into my financial planning ever since I took over running this property from my father. It just works.

RR: I crossed your lower paddock this morning with all those sheep in it; did I really have to stay so far away from those lovely little lambs, and the ewes you own.

FF: Absolutely. If you walk through the middle and separate my one-hour old lambs from their mothers, then they may never bond and the lambs will be on their own. If the eagles and crows don't get those lone lambs then the foxes will. By morning it will be all over red rover: ewe with no lamb, and you no longer my good friend!

RR: I see. We really should be taking a wide berth in those paddocks: we should make those areas out-of-bounds on our course.

FF: Yes. And don't bother picking up stray lambs and bringing them in to me: you are not doing them or me any favour. Get it right from the outset and stay well clear.

RR: Sure will. I see my city instincts will not be helpful out here. Nor will they be very ewes full.