

Before I

better provide an avian update.

still with us, having progressed

rapidly through the raptor stage

fowl. They advanced from the

Our seven mini dinosaurs are

into almost fully feathered

brooding box into a rearing

their way through a rather

obscene amount of crumb.

As of now, the end of

September, they're in a rolling

run on the front lawn next to

the rain gauge - may as well

combine tasks in a morning.

Efficiency at its finest!

Now then, for those

among you who partake

in activities of the poultry

kind, you'll understand that

pen rather merrily, munching

commence

this month's

instalment. I'd

## LASTWORD

#### Talk techie to me

the devil is always in the detail. And with brahmas, it seems the detail becomes evident pretty early on.

Because, we're proud parents to not one, two or three brahma cockerels... but six. Yes, six out of seven hatchlings are indeed male. While I can usually make peace with being outnumbered, sadly even I can't find a viable way out of this one that doesn't involve a harsh decision.

Alas, for there is a positive!
One of said lads is blue rather than gold – a rarer beauty. So having selected a potential winning goldie, we have 'Blue' and 'Buzz' the cockerels (my name selections aren't always ingenious), and Hilary the hen. In the meantime, if anyone has a pleasant home for what will end up being a rather large, majestic and handsome cockerel, please let me know.

The incubator and associated gubbins have been cleaned and disinfected; we'll give it another attempt in the spring.

Work-wise, I've experienced some delightful trips out and about this week, of which I'm rather grateful. It's the little things that count – maize trials on a sunny day, having a ride in the latest tractor release. The added benefit of both of these is they've been on home turf in Staffordshire; like buses, you wait years for an event on your doorstep then you're invited to two in one week.

Plus a peppering of interviews on topics such as an on-farm bird project and an emerging insect pest, chats with old contacts who've become friends, and it's enough to perk me back up.

Admittedly I've been flagging lately, I think it's the time of year. Equally, I've had too much time tapping at the computer, so much so, I've given myself golfer's elbow (tennis elbow's cousin) from operating the mouse. Who knew you didn't need to swing a club to get it? I'm the least sporty person I know...

If I ponder it, it's not the activity itself – the above essentially involved standing in a field – it's speaking to people with enthusiasm. Isn't it infectious?

I commend anyone with a deep-rooted passion: individuals who come alive when they discuss their area of expertise, who light up a room with their spark, who want nothing more than to share some magic. The specifics don't matter, I simply love hearing people wax lyrical about their 'thing'.

From agricultural design engineers to crop variety experts, my week has been loaded with passion and joy. I felt like I was trudging through mud last week, now I'm going to sprint to the finish line. In fact, I felt spirited enough to make something called a 'reel' for our Instagram channel.

Wow, who even am I?

#### YOUR EDITOR

Janine Adamson began her journalistic career writing obituaries for a local newspaper but fast found her stride within agricultural communications. Now, more than 15 years later, she finds herself at the helm of CPM. A proud Staffordshire girl from the Moorlands, Janine takes pride in tackling subjects which although aren't exclusively farming, affect everyone.

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