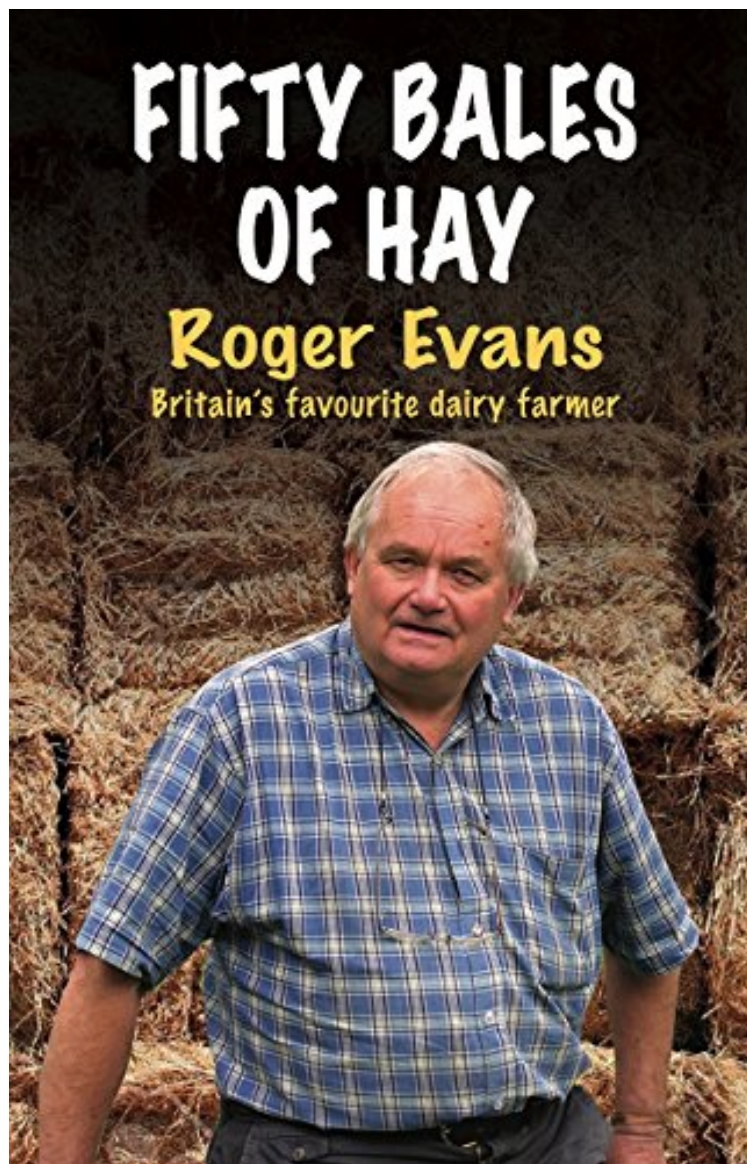


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## Fifty Bales of Hay: Britain's Favourite Dairy Farmer

*Roger Evans*

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**Roger Evans : Fifty Bales of Hay: Britain's Favourite Dairy Farmer** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Fifty Bales of Hay: Britain's Favourite Dairy Farmer:

Roger Evans faces each day on his dairy farm in Shropshire with a wonderful mixture of dry humour, sharp observation and a delight in the natural world and the animals around him. This latest book of his popular diary entries

takes his fans through the weeks of the past two years and covers his beloved farm dogs, his cattle, his friends at the pub. He struggles through all weather, survives the ups and (mainly) downs facing everyone in the dairy industry and he encounters several unexpected events along the way. Very funny, uplifting and a joy to read.

About the Author Roger Evans has been an articulate dairy and poultry farmer all his life. From his Shropshire farm, he writes in a well-informed, realistic and funny way about all aspects of his life as a farmer today. Roger is also widely regarded as one of the best modern spokesmen for the British farmer and has represented them at national level. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. It's quite a strange phenomenon when complete strangers come up to you, introduce themselves, and then ask of you, 'How's Mert,' He, Mert, is completely unaware of how famous he is. So how is he? Well he's getting on a bit now and he's put on a bit of weight since I had him castrated, something I will always regret. But then he doesn't roam the roads anymore on romantic walkabouts, so it might have saved his life. I don't take him for long days on the tractor anymore because I can see that after a couple of hours, he's not that comfortable, but I do take him if it's not going to be that long. When I don't take him he stands on the yard watching me go and gives me a look that breaks your heart, and if he was a dog in a cartoon, there would be a bubble coming out from his mouth that said 'bastard', he never ceases to amaze me with how he reacts to what I say to him. We were going around the cattle the other day and came across a husband and wife out jogging. They were all expensive matching jogging outfits and not much jog. I'm sure you get the picture. I'm not sure where they lived but you could easily tell that it wasn't now as good an idea as they thought it was when they had set out. In fact it was clearly more of a walk than a jog, it was only a jog when someone like me came along who was watching. I slowed down to pass them in the narrow lane. Mert wasn't even looking out of the window, he was curled up in the back on the truck. I just said quietly, half to myself in fact, 'just look at the state of these two.' Mert leaped to his feet, put his head out of the window, and frightened the life out of them, in fact, because the lane was narrow I don't think he was far off biting them, which is what joggers are for. They tried to jog on, nonchalantly, but I could see in the mirror that they only jogged for about 50 yards and then they were walking again. When I say we are out in the truck, I actually mean an old four-wheel drive vehicle. Most of my neighbours spend thousands of pounds on quad bikes and mules, we buy old 4x4's, we're in to collecting old Shoguns at the moment, a really battered one to fetch the cows and carry the electric fencing paraphernalia and a less battered one to use on the roads. So Mert travels in the bit at the very back. Now here's a strange thing....