

Well yes I did it, I committed the ultimate sin, I said I would do this every month and I fell in to the trap over being so busy it never got to the top of the pile for too long. But today I have made a commitment to myself to get this back on track and while I cannot promise you every month, it will be much more often. Enough excuses. Well in sitting here the week after the CHCH quake, nothing much seems that important right now. My very very best wishes go to anyone involved in the quake and I hope that you and your family are safe. We have had some lovely babies born amongst the group in the past months so please visit the website and photo gallery to see them. Soooo cute. Enjoy this issue and as always, please forward questions and queries to me. Without your input its hard to get the formula right as I just guess or even worse, waffle on.

Stories from Other folds:

Scott Harvey adventures in taming the Beast? By Scott Harvey See him on Facebook

I hate cyclists for reasons many and varied. The bright, tight spandex cycle outfits festooned with sponsors logos, fluorescent and aerodynamic helmets on moustached and pot bellied middle aged men, meeting them three abreast around a blind corner, and the pure fact that they know they are holding everybody up, and don't give a fiddlers...I digress!

So, as I was brushing our families three hairies by the much cycled road of a Saturday morning, I quite clearly heard a nylon clad pest peddling past ask their neon yellow and black friend what the creatures in the paddock were. The reply, "miniature horses".

I could have cheerfully thrown rocks at them.

It is not easy being a highland owner. Even after many years dairy farming, I still had illusions of haltering them in the paddock and walking them sedately to the hitching post, where they would quietly eat their meal as I brushed the knots and assorted crap out of their woolly coats. All very relaxing for everyone involved. Our mob have other ideas.

For a start, we have no crush here, so we began our campaign of haltering them with bribery. Meal and molasses work wonderfully well, until you try to put the halter on and they take off like a herd of Bison, hair streaming in the wind...if cattle could laugh.

I look to my ancestors for guidance. They used to drive wild cattle off cliffs. It's tempting after an hour of unsuccessful roping, but I can't, I don't have a cliff. So I trap them behind the shed and as soon as the halters go on a transformation takes place. The two girls, Jinty McMoo and Ginger Rogers McMoo become once again the sweet natured wee things that arrived, haltered at our place.

Beaming with triumph, I walk them over to my wife and Mother in law, to be brushed and pampered, then, I returned for the Bull, Toby McMoo, lord of the manor, and spoilt brat.

I take up his halter, and we step out in time together. I have visions of leading him around the show ring in Kumeu, flowing with red ribbons. But ah nope, Toby puts the brakes on.

I tug the halter and made clucking sounds (works for horses, I think). Toby doesn't budge an inch. I tug harder. It's like he is welded in place. I would have had more success pulling a tree out of the ground.

C'mon Bull. Another tug, and he comes. He horns me so hard in the kidney I hear a popping sound. I am paralysed, but not so numb that I can't feel his hoof mash my foot to paste. Then he drags me all the way to the hitching rail and gives me a last hurrah in the privates with his horn before belting down his meal.

I brush him down while thinking about steak and pepper sauce. Since then I have 'attempted' to drench them, and am now a much fitter individual for the experience. They have learned the shed trap, and now head me off at the pass with ease. I give up.

My mother in law walks out, takes the drench, walks over and doses them, as they look at me in a re-priminating fashion. I give up. Still, its evenings like tonight that make it all worthwhile. I bring them their meal and lie out with them as the sun dips toward the pine studded western hills. I take my boots off and Jinty licks my feet as Toby eats my hair and Ginger cleans up the crumbs. It's how I relax. Below are the guilty!



Got something to say, email greg@mcmoos.co.nz

8 March 2011

Calves that don't suck?

Last issue I mentioned about the a little boy Hugo we had that would not suck, and we were hand feeding them.

Hugo was an absolute darling, however he never leant to suck and we continued to hand syringe him and he appeared to be doing very well.

Then within a week we had another boy born with the same problem, exactly! Rufus. We looked into and spoke to our vet about any possible environmental things that could cause this and he said there was nothing he knew of and it was just pure luck.

We continued to feed them both and every feed time Hugo duly lined up for his food but Rufus would make us chase him around the barn, but once we had him, he would take it all down.

While this appeared to be going well, we were still having to feed them by syringe and they would not learn or even try to suck!!!! Our backs were taking a punishment and our patience as well, but we kept at it.

The sucking instinct usually kicks in after a while but there is no guarantee. Several options we tried with the boys was holding feeds, trying to get them hungry..no luck, giving them a bucket of milk to drink from as we had seen Hugo drinking from water ... Nope. Getting them to eat hard food.... Well almost. Nope. About this stage we were getting concerned as Rufus appeared to have an infection and his temperature was up and Hugo was starting to look very lethargic. Vet arrives and looks at them both and with the usual round of antibiotics, things perked up a bit BUT you guessed it, still no sucking!!

Both Hugo and Rufus were happy to get up and go for the daily walk around the house and even socialise with the dogs. The one in the photo is Hugo.



The vet explained that there was not a good prognosis for the boys if we could not get them sucking or eating hard food. She explained (hope I got this right) that the sucking instinct stimulates the esophageal groove closure to close. This diverts the milk to the abomasum which is the right environment for milk to be absorbed as it is high in acid. If this valve does not close then it goes directly to the rumen and takes much longer to dissolve. This causes the animal to bloat and if they cannot process it fast enough, they will eventually die. Unfortunately we could see this occurring with Hugo after every meal. He was bloating up and belly was really hard to the feel. We continued to feed him small amounts but one morning well you guessed it, he just didn't make it! Little Rufus however the rascal of the 2 was fighting on and his valve appeared to be closing and he was processing food better every day. From being the sickest of the 2 he was now showing fight and was finally starting to co operate at feed time. He here is at feed time. All of a sudden things health wise came right for Rufus and he was now fighting fit.

At this time we had found a home for Rufus in Nelson. So we needed to get him on hard food and then get him there. Well at this stage he was very small and to transport him on the cattle truck would have finished him off I think.



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McMoos Highland Cattle

McMoos Hoos

8 March 2011

FOR SALE

Yes OK its a blatant attempt to sell you something but hey at least I'm up front!

Aileen McMoo.
DOB: 1 July 2010
Purebred 3 Red
Sire; Mackay Of Trossachs
Dam: Nessie Of Cloverlea
Another stunning McMoo Reserve
Champion Lifestyle Carterton A&P show



Jack McMoo
DOB: 24 November 2010
Purebred 3
Sire: Mackay of Trossachs
Dam: Patricia of Caladh an Da Eilean
Jack is a very relaxed we boy with nice con-
firmation. We expect him to grow on well.

Skye McMoo
DOB: 16 January 2010
Purebred 2 Heifer Calf
Sire: Fergus McMoo of Lumonte
Dam: Nessie Of Tigh Mohr
A stunning girl, recently won
"Supreme Champion Lifestyle" Levin
A&P show.



What else can I say!!

Now this of course is only 3 of the magnificent Highlands we currently have for Sale. For further information on

www.McMoos.co.nz

McMoos
Highland Cattle Group
Quality - Personality - Performance
www.mcmoos.co.nz



McMoos Highland Cattle

McMoos Noos

8 March 2011

So what was I to do, I called the Pet Courier and yes he was booked. The large dog cage was perfect and the price was very reasonable. I dropped him off at the ferry terminal in the morning and he was in the hands of his new owners by lunch time. Below is a photo of Rufus waiting in the back of my ute for his trip on the ferry. He now lives happily and spoilt rotten I might say with Matthew Hansen and his family.



My advice as always is if in doubt consult your vet without hesitation and know your limits.

BREAKING NEWS

In October 2010 (I'm so slack) Amanda and Graham from Georgia McMoos were married and Lesley and I among other McMoo fans were invited. Amanda possibly will not talk to me for a week after this but, here is one of the wedding party photos. If you have not meet Amanda before I will give you a clue. She's not the bald one :)



The End

