

Healthy Farmer

July 2010

A publication by AgriWellness, Inc.

“Is it hot enough for ya?”

With the sun blazing full force and heat indices in the 100's for many days in a row, we thought it would be fun to ask—

HOW HOT IS IT?

IT IS SO HOT...

...that when you pick sweet corn it will already be cooked.

...that the hens are laying hard boiled eggs.

...the fish are jumping out of the ponds to cool off.

...that I saw two trees fighting over a dog.

...I saw a funeral procession pull into a Dairy Queen.

...the watermelons have steam instead of juice inside of them.

...farmers are feeding their chickens crushed ice to keep them from laying hard-boiled eggs.

...cows are giving evaporated milk.

...that “being cool” is hot!

...you can measure highs with an oven thermometer.

...you realize asphalt has a liquid state.

...even the sun is looking for some shade!

(some jokes courtesy of yooohaaa.com and yuksrus.com)

HEAT WAVES CAUSES RANCHERS TO SELL BARBECUE DIRECTLY FROM THE FIELD

Ranchers in southern states hit with sweltering heat are selling fully cooked barbecue right from the livestock. "We let the customer choose the cattle and then we hose it down with sauce and send it out into the fields. Within twenty minutes the barbecue is piping hot and ready to eat," said a Texas rancher. Barbecue restaurants are crying foul over the direct sales of the product to the public. "This damn heat wave is killing the cattle and our business. We can't compete with the lower overhead of the rancher when we provide our customers with a table, chairs and fan as well as swat flies," said waitress Flo Moore of the "Greasy Fat Dripping Spoon" restaurant in Amarillo. The heat has also changed business for farmers who are using their former crop fields as giant baking pans for brownies. "It's the only way I can put my land and this hellish heat to any use so I'm baking white chocolate, espresso brownies with macadamia nuts for those rip-off coffee houses, said a farmer in Oklahoma.

From www.yuksrus.com

And a bonus story just for fun. Heard on National Public Radio.

The Cowboy and the Consultant From: Lori in DC

A cowboy was herding his herd in a remote pasture when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced out of a dust cloud towards him. The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, Ray Ban sunglasses and YSL tie, leans out the window and asks the cowboy, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, will you give me a calf?"

The cowboy looks at the man, obviously a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing herd and calmly answers, "Sure. Why not?" The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his AT&T cell phone, surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite navigation system to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo. The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany.

Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses a MS- SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with hundreds of complex formulas. He uploads all of this data via an email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response. Finally, he prints out a full-color, 150- page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer and finally turns to the cowboy and says, "You have exactly 1586 cows and calves."

"That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says the cowboy.

He watches the young man select one of the animals and looks on amused as the young man stuffs it into the trunk of his car.

Then the cowboy says to the young man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?"

The young man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"

"You're a consultant." says the cowboy.

"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?"

"No guessing required." answered the cowboy. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked; and you don't know anything about my business... Now give me back my dog."