# The Knowle Farm Guide to Healthy Eating

Q: I've heard that cardiovascular exercise can prolong life. Is this true?

A: Your heart is only good for so A: No, not at all. Wine is made many beats, and that's it... so don't waste them on exercise. Everything wears out eventually. Speeding up your heart will not make you live longer; that's like saying you can extend the life of your car by driving it faster. Want to live longer? Take a nap.

Q: Should I cut down on meat and eat more fruits and vegetables?

A: You must grasp logistical efficiencies. What does a cow eat? Hay and corn, And what are Q: What are some of the these? Vegetables. So a steak is nothing more than an efficient mechanism for delivering vegetables to your system. Need A: Can't think of a single one, grain? Eat chicken. Beef is also a sorry. My philosophy is: No Pain... good source of field grass (green Good leafy vegetable). And a pork chop can give you 100% of your recommended daily allowance of you? vegetable products.

Restraint of the

be very good. (Another feather

Anyway, there we were, on a

was "Trio of Lamb Chops" -

We were feeling quite tense

when one of the two guys seated

next to us had the chops placed

before him and he started to

Did he exclaim in wonder? Did

he cry out how delicious they

We managed to say nothing

about them. No. Pah!!

Restrained or what?

were? Did he even tell his mate

in Andy's cap).

quess whose?

Q: Should I reduce my alcohol intake?

from fruit. Brandy is distilled wine, that means they take the water out of the fruity bit so you get even more of the goodness that way. Beer is also made out of grain. Bottoms up!

Q: How can I calculate my body/ fat ratio2

A: Well, if you have a body and you have body fat, your ratio is one to one. If you have two bodies, your ratio is two to one.

advantages of participating in a regular exercise program?

Q: Aren't fried foods bad for

A: YOU'RE NOT LISTENING!!!. Foods are fried these days in

vegetable oil. In fact, they're permeated in it. How could getting more vegetables be bad

Q: Will sit-ups help prevent me from getting a little soft around the middle?

A: Definitely not! When you exercise a muscle, it gets bigger You should only be doing sit-ups if you want a bigger stomach.

Q: Is chocolate bad for me?

A: Are you crazy? HELLO ..... Cocoa beans .. another vegetable It's the best feel-good food around!

Q: Is swimming good for your figure?

A: If swimming is good for your figure, explain whales to me.

Q: Is getting in-shape important for my lifestyle?

A: Hey! 'Round' is a shape!

Well, I hope this has cleared up any misconceptions you may have

# Follow Up of the year

You may remember last years article:-

"It's official! From the Sunday Times 14th November 2004:- "According to Italian researchers, women who eat chocolate regularly have a better sex life than those who deny themselves the treat. Those consuming the sugary snack had the highest levels of desire, arousal and satisfaction

I missed the reader's letter replying, but the best one said "I thought it was men who needed chocolate, because of the male hormone testoblerone"

#### How may a man measure his own happiness?

How may a man measure his own happiness? He must first go to his cupboard and take out all his neckties. Then he must lay them on the ground, end to end. Then he must measure the length of this line of neckties. And that measurement, that distance, is exactly the same as his distance from true happiness."

Michael Leunig - Wild Figments.

# Quote of the year

Overheard in the aftermath of 7/7, over a cup of tea in Derby Market - "I think the police should just be able to shoot anyone suspicious"!!

Last Christmas two of our fellow Star Trek fans (who wish to remain anonymous for obvious reasons) bought us the "Star Trek Cookbook".

We have been assiduously

following the recipes, and although we have bypassed the Borg Tricorder Pie, we guite enjoy the occasional Puree of beetle (Ferrengi). But if anyone has a source of live Gagh worms, we would like to know.

# My Greatest Achievement

year. Without doubt, getting in and out of the tile shop in thirty We have sold a few lambs to the seconds. "Do you have these in green"? "Yes". "We'll take 3 Tiger this year, and were very proud of having done so - if the square metres." chef there likes them they must

Buying tiles has clearly defined phases. All of them long, few of them interesting, and all to be completed in the minimum possible time. Unfortunately the Saturday night, and, on the menu current lady of the house (CLOTH) may have other ideas.

> The discussion phase. This can start at any time, frequently with no warning, and with no obvious trigger. It ends, however, when you get out of the car at the tile shop.

The selecting phase. This starts the instant you get out of the car because in our shop there are boxes over which you can trip. These boxes contain the "end of bin offers" and so, while Avoid.

eschewed by CLOTH, should be examined in great detail. The selecting phase is usually carried out by the two parties separately - he at the bargain basement end of the store, she at the "can't I find anything more expensive than this" end of the shop. This phase is the most difficult to bring to a satisfactory conclusion, and only ends when the order is written. It was here that my greatest achievement occurred, 12.7 seconds. A world record.

There is of course an optional "How are we going to pay for this" phase, followed by the putting the tiles up phase. These two can be separated by a "taking them back" phase although this will tend to overlap a second round starting with the discussion phase again.

#### 2005

This has been a busy year, with a fabulous holiday meeting up with Vicki and Nash (see page 3), a great time in Orlando with our two nieces (see page 3), Liz lambing all of our 35 pregnant ewes entirely on her own, and my big story on the right.

We have had many visitors, and between them, the holiday cottage (which was full all year), the new campsite (which was a good deal busier than we had expected), and the tenant in the cottage, for Liz, this was the year of the washing machine. I have never known a woman keep two washing machines and two tumble dryers busy for so long. Then there was the ironing mountain. We will be trying to rectify this in 2006!

A merry Xmas, and a happy and

#### Barn Dance

There MAY be a 2006 Barn Dance - so long as I can get enough volunteers to help prepare the shed. It is a long job, so any help available in July and August will be gratefully accepted.

But PLEASE let me know ASAP

# Plonker of the Vear

Each September, we buy some more ewe lambs to run round the auctioneer when they are sold, as paragraphs in my farm stories Then, in the following September is ashamed of them. So, in his sheared once) and buy some more who knows the ewes nearly as ewe lambs - making a bit on the well as he does. deal each time. This year, as a bonus, some of the ewe lambs were "big girls", suitable for lambing, and Liz lambed them thereby giving us some "table lambs" to sell, and upping the value of the new mums.

Normally Andy looks after both the buying and the selling, but this year he couldn't make it to Bakewell to sell the shearlings. This isn't vital, but it helps for someone to be with the

farm for a year as they mature. otherwise it looks as if the owner start with "Unfortunately"?) on we sell them as "shearlings" (been stead, he deputed his cousin, Ian, Ian couldn't get there either, so

> So, the day before, we got them the cheque - so it didn't seem all in, ear-tagged them, and Andy like too much of a problem. I was had been to check the ewes in gave them a look over to see how a bit nervous, but how difficult best to sell them. About a third had lambed, and the remainder hadn't, and the non-lambed ones all looked much the same, so Andy said that we would just sell that you have to know about them in three pens. The first pen Luck Money. Don't ask me where farmers, a total fraud, trying to with the "lambers" and the other it comes from, I don't know, but two the "non-lambers"

Unfortunately (how many

# The Lnowle Farm Newsletter

Christmas 2005

# Growing Old Disgracefully

This year's lead story was some time in gestation. It started when Liz let me take her two seater to the Donnington racetrack a couple of years ago. I really enjoyed it, and wanted to do more. Stage two came when my brother bought me a session at Silverstone driving a Caterham 7 with an instructor, I REALLY enjoyed that, and DETERMINED to do more. Stage and pours. Nothing violent, just three came earlier this year when my old school friend Earl agreed to be my partner in our very own Caterham 7. That's riaht, it's ours and we have taken it to several race tracks already this year.

For the full story see my website www.chisman.co.uk but suffice it to say here that it is very fast (the picture was taken when we were doing around 120 mph at the Rockingham Raceway in Corby), and very agile - not much can hold it round a corner.

It is not however, very waterproof, as you can see, and, our first outing proved a learning Fortunately, we had removed our

experience. It was one of those days when the rain just pours utterly, totally soaking. We had only our race overalls (shown in the picture) and they got wet. Other people carried umbrellas for when the car was static. We didn't, and got wetter still. Other people also had the little sidescreens that can be seen in the photo, but we didn't and front wheels jets straight onto your shoulder. We discovered why bucket seats are so named. By midday we had had enough. Soaked doesn't begin to describe it, and there was absolutely no way on earth that those fireproof overalls could be set alight. We called it a day.

can it be to stand up there

Well, there is one more thing

traditionally at sheep auctions,

owner will offer a pound or two

when the bidding stalls, the

beside the auctioneer?

normal clothes when donning the overalls, so we did have some dry things to change back into, but when we got down to the underpants a decision had to be made. To wear them or not to wear them. Earl chose the latter while I went for the former. and, on the way home I had a brainwave and turned the seat heaters on. It was a bit warmer, without them the spray from the and I arrived home with certain parts just nicely steamed.

> Finally, the car is road legal (even if the top speed isn't) and rides may be had for those who would like them. Liz would exclude herself from this list indeed we barely got to the bottom of Nether Lane before the knuckles were so white that

to the buver as "Luck" in the hope that it will encourage another bidder. As this was the day, something came up, and coming out of my pocket. Andy it fell to me to do the job. I was and I had discussed it and we going to Bakewell anyway, to do agreed on £10 per pen. the best bit of the job - pick up

> So, there I was at Bakewell, I their pens, I had got my three £10 notes for the luck money, and I was getting more and more nervous as the time approached. Eventually I was on. There I was, in front of fifty or sixty real look as if I did this all the time.

In came the first pen. "These have lambed this year" I told the

# Meal of the Year

# The Disappearing Duck

As Liz came to put the ducks away on Monday night, one was missing. She walked round shouting and looking, but still no duck. As they stay pretty well together all day, it seemed unlikely that she had wandered off, so the most likely explanation, unhappy though it was, was that Reynard (the fox) had got her. Liz was remarkably self controlled in the circumstances.

The next day, however, as evening came and she started to get them in again a faint disembodied quacking was heard. Where was it coming from? Nowhere obvious, and no duck to be seen. After an anxious few minutes the noise was finally located coming from down the pond drain! The missing duck had get caught in her bottom? No gone down the drain! The level in the pond had been rather high. and we have to assume that she got a bit too close and was swept morning and there she was, in the down with the current.

Anyway, that was academic at this point - what were we going to do? There was no way we could Drainy Duck, and the drain now extract her back up the drain. but there was a man-hole about 10 feet away. In the end we had to leave her there overnight (she wasn't short of water after all) while we came up with an idea. We lifted the top off the man hole just in case.

We both spent a bad night worrying about her in different ways. Liz was just worried, but I reckoned our best bet was with drain rods. Unfortunately, I didn't have any, so I would need



to get some, and a chimney sweep's brush to push her out. I was fairly sure I could get the rods but the sweep's brush? Was there one to be had in Derbyshire? What would happen if I couldn't get one? Could we use that corkscrewwy thing that you use down drains? Would it wonder I spent a bad night.

In the event, we got up the next man hole, quacking away. We lifted her out and she has been as right as rain ever since. And her name is, predictably, Drainy,



the sheep in front of you. Sheep Out Again the sheep in tront of you That's sensible isn't it?

Six o'clock in the morning. You know what's coming don't you? Yes - sheep blahting far too close to the bedroom window. Yes - they were out again. Some were on the front lawn and some were already in the road.

I tore down stairs, not even stopping to put on a dressing gown, threw on an anorak, tore out and started gathering those who were still inside the gates. Meanwhile Liz shot out the gate where some kind motorist was blithely driving them further down the road. What did he think he was doing? You come down the road to find sheep on it, so you just keep going, driving on both counts I am afraid, but

Anyway Liz screamed at him to stop, and she tore across the fields to next door, hoping to get to their gate before the sheep did, so she could drive them back up the road. If we missed them there, we would have a real problem because we can't then get past them (to bring them back) until they get to the main road at the bottom.

Meanwhile I am still running round the front lawn in my pyjamas and not much else. So I am trying to shoo sheep with one last, important, bit. hand, and stop certain parts of my anatomy popping out with the other. Only partly successfully

# Plonker

embarrassment complete, on the

What had happened was that the physical pens at Bakewell only

hold a maximum of 20 ewes, so

they had divided each of Andy's

conceptual pens into two physical

that. Ian would have known that,

Liz would have known that pen 2

had lambed because they had a

red mark that she and Andy had

occurred to me to count. What a

At the end of the day though, all

that really happened was that we

sold 16 ewes for £.71 that should

Friends

One of the year's happy events

was a gathering of all the old

school friends at the farm in

May this year. Fourteen of us

gathered, and by generous use

of a shoe horn, we were all

squeezed into the available

accommodation

have fetched £.77 - around

£100. Not good, but hardly a

put on the new mums. Me,

though, I didn't, And, in the

heat of the moment it never

pens. Andy would have known

way out, the buyer of pen 5 asked where his luck money was!

(Continued from page 1)

auctioneer, and off went the bidding. Stuck around £75 (per head) and up went my £10 luck money. The bidding finished at £77. Not good, but not too bad.

In came the second pen. "These naven't lambed" I told the auctioneer. A quick aside to his colleague and then "Are you sure?". Of course I was sure, this was pen 2, pen 1 had been the lambers. Off the bidding went, stalled around £68, up went the £10 luck, and we were all done at £.70. The same with the third pen - all done at £.71. And off I went, feeling great

There was a call from behind me - "Hang on, there is another pen". Eh? What? How can there be another pen? So I looked over the side, and sure enough, the lot coming in looked like mine. So, with a red face, and no luck money left, I reluctantly stayed through it, and then turned to go. No such luck - the next lot were mine as well. And the next. And, to make my



eventually we got them all back

How had they got out? Well, I had a slight slip of the memory. I had driven the tractor back in from the fields, and left the gate open thinking I would save myself climbing out and back in again, by coming back to close it after I had put the tractor away. But of course, forgot the

So who do you think finished up with chilly parts, and a frosty reception?

Liz cooked us breakfast, and dinner on the Saturday night was a huge takeaway. Sunday lunch was provided by all the visitors, four of whom had brought shepherd's pies with them, with desserts provided

We used the weekend to knock down a shed which was no longer needed, and great fun was had by all.

It is so good to be back in touch with them all again.

# On Getting Older

This year's big travel story took snow, and place last January. Many years ago, when I was VERY young and living in Switzerland, my friend Mike came out to stay with us and we went skiing. It was about my fourth time and his first. Since then I have skied regularly, as has Mike, so when we met up again through Friends Reunited, it was exciting to arrange to go skiing together again. So, with Mike's wife, Gil, Liz, and our old ski companions Sally and John we started looking for somewhere new to

At the same time, Vicki and Nash were organising a three month round-the-world trip, and were able to synchronise the penultimate week of their trip with the second week of ours. Our friends Phil and Anne (from France) were keen to join us, and we went skiing with Vicki we it turned out that one of Vicki's bridesmaids (Kirstin) was living in Denver at the time, and that two more of her old school friends were over staying with

This promised to be a great ski holiday. Well, crowded anyway.

In the event the original six spent our first week in that Mecca for skiers, Jackson Hole. Not being a dedicated "Black Run" fan I felt I had skied in nicer places, but others enjoyed it, and for the second week all thirteen of us met up in Big Sky, Montana. What a week. We ate in most of the time, and despite nobody knowing anybody else, and the vast age difference, the conversation (and the beer and

wine) flowed wonderfully.

There were lots of things to do and usually someone else to do it with. Four of us went horse riding in the Montana

# will forget just being out in that emptiness

in the

Genuinely

awesome.

Others

took an unforgettable trip by snow-mobile or ski-do into Yellowstone National Park to see fantastic wild life and Old Faithful. Still others went for a dog sledge ride.

And we all went skiing. It was a fantastic resort, you pretty wel had your own run for the day it was that empty. But I (Terry) met my Waterloo. The last time were both 14 odd years younger. so she has got better and I have got worse. I was prepared to get thrashed, but I wasn't prepared for the degree of that thrashing. She wiped the floor with me. On one occasion I can remember following her and as this little pink dot reached the bottom of what was a very fast run thinking "That looks a bit dangerous". How much older can

A fantastic time was had by all and most agreed it was the best ski holiday ever. Which has a rather sad ending really, as John, companion to Sally for many years, and ski companion t Liz and me for several years, died in the middle of the year. Every time I think of booking

Over the May Bank Holiday we took Jo's two airls - Bethan (10) and Sian (13) to Florida. It was an extremely busy week involving a great deal of fun and even more food, and we all enjoyed ourselves tremendously. We started each day with a HUGE American buffet breakfast which included everything you

The Travel Section

### Orlando

start of the hurricane season! But the rain didn't spoil our fun. We visited Discovery Cove where I fulfilled a lifelona ambition and swam with a dolphin (Rascal) - my birthday present from Terry and we all went snorkelling and swam among all sorts of fish.

We also very much enjoyed Disney's Epcot. We went to some excellent shows in the evenings but the best was Cirque du Soleil - an acrobatic performance which was totally beyond belief. Terry got invited on stage at Dolly Parton's Dixie Stampede and had a large lady (not Dolly herself, obviously) sitting on his knee - until she fell



were in Sea World and were all very keen to visit the penguins and polar bears to share their cool environment! It cooled down after that - mainly due to the

The first day was hot. HOT. We The girls are great company, but Terry was disappointed that his companions were more interested in shopping than white knuckle rides. He finally queued for one on his own, but it

#### **Erratum**

In last year's newsletter we mentioned several highlights of our trip across the States.

It has since been pointed out to us (via the Press Complaints Commission) that we omitted to thank Ian and Mandy Deakin, (with whom Liz was at school). for driving all the way down the pretty side of the border from Toronto, to meet us and slum it on the US side, at Niagara.

We had a truly wonderful evening, despite the meal (inevitably) not being as good as we would have had on their side. Nor the waiters. Nor the beer. Nor the wine. Nor the weather. Nor the car park etc., etc.

This omission was due to lack of editorial space, and we apologise unreservedly for any embarrassment it may have caused. This despite the fact that this apology has already taken up far more space than the original comment would have

