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Crises developed so fast nowadays that Shortgrassers need a computerized disaster index to keep pace of the happenings. Price ceilings blend in with news packing houses closing; shortages and cutbacks wear sore spots on nerve tips. High tension uncertainty clutches a land that is accustomed to much worse times.

It appears that the only thing in abundance is the investigators and investigations. Each calamity is met by a promise that a five year committee will be established to settle a matter that needed to be acted upon six months ago.

Television is bound to be putting overload springs on the coaxial cables. Worthies in Washington have been busy all summer issuing weighty pronouncements and denouncements. Script writers and soap opera actors must be starving for lack of work. Senators have taken on an air that'd make Dick Tracy think he'd lost his fingerprint kit.

Last night I read that a bill was being drafted to put a ceiling on campaign contributions. Scandals from the "I'm tired of hearing the name" investigations have prompted the legislators to limit the amount that can be donated in primaries and general elections.

Far be it removed from all reason for a herder to send advice to the congressmen, but I can't help believing that they'd better put a floor underneath campaign contributions instead of a ceiling.

Many more summers like this one, and the party treasurers aren't going to have anything to count but out-of-date bus tokens and expired soap coupons. If the cow people are an indicator of the public's feelings, it won't take a calculator to figure the proceeds.

I think jobs insurance is the reason that those boys are so fevered up to raise the minimum wage standards. They keep acting like they are worried about the working man, but I think that they are mainly worrying about their own future.

Our position is superior to the rest of the country. So much has been written and said about the plight of the poor consumers that I've decided that agriculture must be immune to inflation. It doesn't hurt us to do with or do without.

Feeders, packers, and producers should be happy to feed the country at a loss. I've known a long time that all three parties wanted to make a living from their end of the game. In the background of their thinking was a lust to make a profit. They did plenty of bragging about their losings, but they weren't fooling anybody.

I've told every one of my sons as they left for college to be sure and remember that their heritage obligated them to see that the city folks had plenty of food at a price that wouldn't cut down on their sixpacks or gasoline for their boats.

My lectures have fallen onto ear blocks that would mystify the finest doctors. Kids are so dumb that they'll pass up the chance of living on a ranch in favor of a \$14,000 a year starting salary in the city. Young people don't realize what a thrilling challenge it is to face a cold-pocket banker on a red-hot renewal day.

I don't have to tell you that the meat industry has been mishandled in a way to make a chimney sweep shed tears that'd run down his broom handle. You already know that.

I'm just wondering what's going to happen on Sept. 12. One thing for sure, they are going to have to look to find a new place to take off any old hide.