

OCTOBER 27, 1988

Reports of coyote depredations have slowed down in this part of the Shortgrass Country. Drouth and internal parasite woes aren't receiving calls, either. I don't know whether the wolves and the elements and the worms have retreated to make a new stand, or perhaps the herds are so worn out and broken down from the long summer that they refuse to discuss those subjects.

Ranchers, I think, have the world beat for picking tough fights. Of all the beasts that roam the earth, nothing is as hard to trap as a coyote. On top of being the smartest enemy known to man, coyotes have the most powerful friends in Congress of anything going.

A full shift at the Cannon bath towel company couldn't make enough product to wipe up all the tears that have been shed for these flea bitten, sheep killers. Anybody who can so much as spell the words "cloak rooms" knows that the environmental groups can put Congress to whistling louder than the biggest tin top that was ever spun.

But the big puzzle is why we'll come along with 1700 or 1800 votes and about half that many dollars and think we are going to exert some influence in our behalf. Those papered professors who go around using high faluting terms, like "shifts in the power structure" and "variations in the electoral process" should pause and write an analysis of a situation where a rusty colored, host for rabies was more important than the welfare of man.

We continuously overmatch ourselves. I guess the reason is that the Bantam chicken people and the Shetland pony organization are about the only things left that are our size. But I am beginning to notice that time turns you more into a peacemaker. If the clubs and councils want to come to a treaty table, I've sure had enough. I can't help but wonder what countries that have been through a famine would think of our government.