

AUGUST 1, 1974

As you surely noted, the emergency loan guarantee for cow people passed the House of Representatives by six whole votes; 210 hombres went on record that they believed the government could stand behind two billion dollars worth of cow paper for a period that could reach five years.

Out here in the Shortgrass Country, we would have been satisfied to learn that Mrs. Jones' dancing school was going to serve hotdogs on parent's night to help relieve the beef crisis. It wasn't necessary to pass a loan bill that'd give terms for five years. Some folks would have fallen out in the streets singing over one that would have given us 150 days of grace.

The news did shake the money market. On the same day that the House pledged to underwrite cow loans, treasury bills dropped a full point. Some of the eastern boys, you know, have had a magnum-sized dose of cow dealing. I imagine some of the smart ones decided the government was getting a bit wild with their money.

Foreign give-away loans, however, don't seem to frighten anyone. Congress seems to delight in rushing a handout to a country so far away that the natives' eyes are squinched instead of oval.

Of course countries like India are a safer bet than places like Omaha Or St. Paul. Folks who worship cattie don't get in near as big jams as folks who develop a big fever to make money on them.

I imagine those maharajas wonder why we suffer so much in the pastures and the feedlots when we could be sitting in a hunting blind, watching for a fat tiger. Cow religion is called a heathen creed, but everybody ignores what the name could be for betting a fortune on feeder steers or mother cows.

To successfully base a religion on cattle, the deacons, I think, would have to build the parish from a bunch of unburned cattle operators. I'd hate to try to throw a successful camp meeting at, say, Amarillo or Wichita and plan on firing the congregation up on cow symbols.

Even the preaching game has become a dangerous business. I read in the Dallas paper that an old boy down south was suing a church because his donations didn't bring the blessings that the pastor promised.

It made me uneasy to think what was going to happen to that old boy when he arrives at the Big Gate up at St. Peter's.

As much as the Gatekeeper would want to be fair, he'd remember that this was the old boy who had sued them. Whoever his attorney was wouldn't be in much better shape. I think Watergate and inflation have turned a lot of screws the wrong way.

Here we are about to dry into a market collapse that'll last a lifetime, and that old boy has the nerve to start a lawsuit with the best rainmaker of them all. I wish he would pick on somebody like the I.R.S. We have enough trouble without starting that kind of lawsuit.

My wife, Child Who Sits in the Sun, says that we are all too serious about things. She keeps drying beans and corn for winter, but tries to tell me not to worry.

I see her late in the evenings dragging up extra firewood from the draw. From

my hammock in the backyard, I can watch every move, to be sure she doesn't try a dry scalping job with a big chunk of mesquite.

Like the rest of the country, the fight seems to have gone out of her. She's more interested in chinking up the window panes and putting back blanket material than in fighting. The other night she did throw a pot of scalding water at my face, but she missed so far that we both broke out laughing.

Anyhow, I know she's reading the signs. Child Who Sits in the Sun knows by instinct that \$5 milo and 40 cent steers won't match. It's a shame that us whiteyes can't learn the same.

Maybe it'll rain before fall. I've seen it this rough before and so have you.