

An August sheep work caused me to miss the Republican convention. I was so tired at night that serious business like delegates jerking telephones from the plugs didn't mean much.

Sheep and cow people owe more to the politicians than is realized. Doctors have known a long time that when folks are upset they overeat. Also, I suspect that the sign wavers and floor stompers that gather to nominate the worthies build up hearty appetites carrying on the show.

I haven't been able to accept either party's platform. Until some party promises to give everyone of the duly elected a four year leave of absence without pay, I'm going to remain an independent.

Sometime ago, I presented that idea to a group of herders at a meeting. A right serious fellow disputed the idea by asking just what would happen if there wasn't any government and a national emergency arose.

I had him on that point. The very essence of the philosophy of disbanding the government is to divert national emergencies. Without the hot winds and the prattle tongues, Fights in beer joints would have to be arranged by hiring mercenaries.

Same thing has been true throughout history. Every war that'd ever been fought was due to some big mouthed king or emperor wanting more land to improve the view from the royal chambers, or to open another seacoast for a better swimming hole for the court.

We publicans never wanted to fight anyone. Ask the owner of an army surplus store how many calls he has a day for secondhand bayonets or hand grenade sacks.

It's always been old King Such and Such the Fearless who wanted to raise taxes and an army to march off to a foreign land. Peasants liked to stay home and drink buttermilk rather than go sleep in trenches and fox holes.

I remember as a third grader hearing the teacher say the greatest thing about this country was that the government was of and for the people. It was 20 years before I found out how guilty that could make a man feel.

What has hurt this country has been the irresponsible attitude that has developed. Up on the Texas plains, an old boy took his dog to the vet last year to have the pet's jaw bones reset after a car-dog collision. Before the dog was completely healed, he matched another hubcap race and was killed. In spite of the circumstances of the case, the dog's doctor went right on and charged the dog's owner for professional services.

I know that sounds like an insignificant example, but it keeps happening all the time. When the law was passed four years ago that stock trailers had to have enough tail lights and reflectors to outshine a big city's Christmas lights, I complied with the law. In less than 10 days, mesquite trees and saddle horses had broken everything but the bulb sockets. Do you think the fellow at the garage would stand behind his work? You'd have thought I was trying to get Mr. Sears or Mr. Roebuck to make a refund on a Wards lawnmower.

I don't know what makes folks so dishonest. Before inflation became so fierce, greed corrupted man. Nowadays, however, six-bits won't buy a pocket comb. The main

reason so many robbers get caught is because the haul from a big bank robbery won't underwrite a decent get-away plan.

I am going to keep looking for a party that embraces my philosophy. I'll bet one thing for sure, it'll attract a lot of support.