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Each weekday morning, three television stations offer agriculture news. On the way to the ranch, farm programs as far away as Nebraska give nationwide market reports. Each mail run contains a flow of bulletins and agribusiness letters. By dialing my telephone, a taped message will give the latest deals on every thing from citrus fruits to secondhand bindertwine.

I start every working day with a load of information to digest. Inside Washington material has to be filed; long range weather charts must be considered. Overseas grain deals are balanced against the emotional impact of the sinus problems of dust on the soybean farmers' next move.

Yellow sheeted legal pads backed by a calculator chart the strategy. By lunch, I am, so exhausted by planning that I have to use the afternoon restoring myself with a nap.

Yet with all these advance notices, I start the year startled and surprised and end up confused and disappointed. Something is lacking in a man who loses in dominoes if he sees his opponent's hand before the first play. The same is true in business.

Cattlemen know six months ahead of time what the fat market is going to be. Cost of gain figures are projected for the same dates. Feeder cattle prices are so simple to figure on paper that a circus clown should be able to play the game between the afternoon and evening performances.

Also, we have a gang of experts available, hanging around every cattle auction in the country. For the price of a cup of coffee, these boys will analyze the market so far in advance that the tailend projections will include your inheritance tax closure. Unless they are going to pick up their wives at work, no appointment is necessary. Their office hours are flexible as they seem to have unlimited free time.

Lots of useful information is exchanged close to the doughnut jars and the coffee urns. Caffeine stimulates the visionary portion of the mind. Fortune tellers use tea leaves in front of their clients. On the sly, they drink large slugs of black coffee. Racetrack touts, so I've been told, follow the same habit to the point of addiction. You never saw a stockbroker's office that didn't have a potfull handy.

The reason long range planning fails is because of the position of livestock bankers. Bankers subscribe to and listen to the same forecasts as we do. Jugkeepers, however, operate under the misconception that it is our responsibility to bring the ideas to the for acceptance or rejection.

This concept is false. To ever cinch a deal in cattle or sheep, the opinion of the forecasters must be backed by the banker's money. It's that simple.

Let us suppose that the near market on light cattle hangs by a thread of disaster that at young spider can't climb with his mother's help. Southern calves are piled up in the central markets' gloom reigns over the stocker calf buyers. Pasturelands are dry; wheat fields lie fallow. Winter prospects are so dreary that folks in Florida are considering moving farther south to the islands.

Very well. Two papered economists on the same day predict that in three months a slight feed bill will turn these 300 pounds of hair and grief into nuggets that'll move the London gold market to Amarillo.

Now, please pay attention, because the essence of the plan happens at this point. In place of the ranch or feeder going to the bank, the advent of such news should send the

banker scurrying for secretaries to summon the cow people in and order them to use the bank's money to buy light calves.

Instead of us having to answer all those embarrassing questions jugkeepers ask, or reviewing all that "what about the last time" stuff that they hangup on, we'd be the ones to say whether to buy or sell. The banker would be the instigator, we'd be the instigatee.

Greybeards ran their business with lead pencils and give-away notebooks. Filing fees on patented land ate into their profits, but they shipped their cattle when the grass or the bank account said sell.

I don't think I can hold up under much more advice. Postmistresses are growing sullen from the load of the mail sacks, and the tone of the announcers sounds hollow. Experts work better on a rising market. The easiest fellow to outsmart is yourself.