

## Gram Says

"It Ain't Goin' to Rain no More," has been the theme song of our whole drouth area for months. Now the first of October the sun was still sending its torrid rays upon the already seared earth. Heat records broken, pastures burned up, gardens gone, wells dry, ponds, creeks and rivers low.

Families having to haul their water for drinking and also for their cattle.

Grasshoppers, crickets, worms and bugs lay siege to the remaining gardens or patches of green. The fruit and berries never had a chance, only a few could be irrigated.

Farmers who had only their milk left for an income were feeding winter rations and their supplies low, milk prices down and cattle prices still lower. Stockyards loaded with underfed stock and no one but the farmer realizing what a vital hopeless situation existed. Where are the men we send to represent us in Washington? Government granaries filled with wheat, corn and other grains, while weevil eat at leisure and more buildings being erected for this year's grain surplus not knowing what to do with it.

But we send India, who cares nothing about us, millions and millions of bushels of wheat. Why? When these states in our own U. S. are in dire need of grain U. S. are in dire need of grain to to save our few cattle that so far, we have been able to keep.

Yes, the government will allow us hay at \$35 a ton, but where are these poor farmers to get the \$35?

Farmers no longer can eat butter, but are using oleo and the government is shipping its surplus butter free to Europe. Why?

The farmer's only hope was to get seed into the pulverized soil and as he plowed through these fields, clouds of dust followed in his path.

Hope again, as he listened to the weather prediction for a few scattered showers and then watched the skies. First the cumulus clouds sailed across blue skies, hiding the glare of the ugly sun, then at last the nimbus gray and extending over the entire heavens.

And as evening appeared, her wishing skirts were covered with trailing mist and Mother Nature, as cruel as she had been, turned on her faucets slowly, as if to conserve every drop she was about to send us. Then a steady downpour was continued. The earth soaked it up greedily.

Calm and nervous tension was replaced with smiles and again is the lingering hope for an extended fall which could bring us some much needed pasture.

Gram—S. E. B.