

**WHAT IS A FARMER**

It depends on your point of view.

If He wants government aid, He's a free loader.

If He doesn't, He's a troublemaker.

If He takes time off to go fishing, He's a loafer.

If He doesn't, He is a dull grind.

If He helps his neighbor without pay, He's simple minded.

If he doesn't, He'd rob his own mother.

If his fences and buildings are freshly painted, He's wasting money on show.

If they aren't, He's sorry.

If His wife works in the field, He's too cheap to hire enough help.

If she roesn't, She's too good to do a little work.

If He goes to conventions and annual meetings, He's a gadabout and gladhander.

If he doesn't, He's standoffish and uncooperative.

If He hires extra help during peak harvesting season, He's throwing money away.

If He doesn't, He's a slave driver.

If He makes decisions in a hurry, He's arbitrary.

If He doesn't, He's too slow making up His mind.

If He does every job as it comes along, He lacks foresight.

If he plans ahead, He's a dreamer.

If He listens to his wife's advice, He's henpecked.

If He doesn't, He lacks gumption.

If he sells anything on a high market, it's just plain luck.

If he sells on a low market, it's poor management.

If He has a new car, He's living beyond his means.

If He doesn't, He's a miser.

If he follows the country sign to advice, He's a book farmer.

If He goes it alone, He's a back-woods Hick.

If He runs for office in a farm organization, He's trying to run everything by Himself.

If He doesn't, He's waiting for some one else to do all the work.

If He buys livestock when the market is low, He's throwing good money after bad.

If He sells out His herd, He's an inagain, outgainer.

If He asks advice about His crop, He doesn't know his own business.

If He doesn't, He thinks He knows everything.

If He enters His hogs in the fair, He's a show off.

If He doesn't, Its because His stock is too sorry to

show in public.

If He dies without leaving a will, He's inconsiderate.

If He leaves a will, He's unfair to deserving heirs.

So you see, a farmer can't win.

And with metric we lost our brain.

One consolation, — We'll never get brain fever.

— Written by Florence Kroetch, Elbow, Sask., sister of Lobie.