CONVERSATION WITH A FARMER
(You meet all kinds out there)

This is (almost) a verbatim transcript of a confrontation with a wheat farmer in Lincoln County, Washington shortly after the Secretary of Agriculture was placating housewives with promises of lower meat prices in the near future.

"Hi! We're from the Soil Conser. . ."
"What the hell are you guys doin' diggin' holes in my land?"
"Like I started to say, we're from the Soil Conservation Service and. . ."
"I don't care where you're from, you got no business on my land."
"Well, we're sorry, but. . ."
"You're sorry, you're sorry. Big deal. Don't you know enough to get permission before you go on a guy's land?"
"We didn't know where you lived or. . ."
"I'll bet. I live over there, right behind that hill. You can't see the house from here, but that's where I live."
"Well, if we'd known we'd have. . ."
"I'll bet. You wanna crawl all over my land you get my permission, you understand? You're from the Soil Conservation Service you say?"
"Right."
"That's Federal, I suppose."
"Right."
"That figures. I can tell from lookin' at you that you're Federal."
"Oh?"
"You bet I can tell. You guys all look alike. You seen one you seen 'em all"
"Oh?"
"Yeah. Soil Conservation Service, huh? That's in the USDA isn't it?"
"Right."
"That's what I figured. Boy, what a stinkin' outfit that is."
"What makes you say that?"
"Nothin' makes me say that. I say it 'cause it's a stinkin' outfit."
"Oh?"
"Yeah, that's one stinkin' outfit. I'd like to see you dig a hole and bury that whole damn USDA in it. All that outfit's ever done is cause me trouble."
"Trouble? What kind of trouble?"