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Dictaphun

Dicta Editorial Board

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HAVE A CARE, JUDGE!

In the issue of DICTA immediately preceding this, we observe an announcement by Judge Denison that he is collecting choice judicial mispeaks. A sample or two, culled or purloined from the Colorado reports, were appended. Our research department reports that the samples were not from any of Judge Denison's opinions.

GO AHEAD AND HAVE FUN, WE GET THE JOBS

Green with envy because of the widespread publicity given by this column of free speech to the New Deal Note of Joe Thomas, Esq., Edward L. Wood, Esq., Denver solicitor, and graduate of Stanford University, hotbed of Hooverism, submits an epistle addressed by an embattled Iowa farmer to the Secretary of Agriculture. Contributions from other Republican barristers will be welcomed for, as is well known, Republican lawyers have lots of time to write, whereas we Democrats are too busy examining abstracts. The forlorn farmer speaks:

Dear Sir:

About three weeks ago Jonas, the Don Juan of the pig lot, broke into the pen of Esmerelda, my prize brood sow. I'm a little worried about this and hurry to write you for instructions.

Esmerelda has been about the place three or four years. She is a great family pig, and in the past her litters have run from 19 to 27. I signed up under the corn-hog program and I don't want to lose any of my rights under that contract. I don't want to go back on my word, either.

As said, if Esmerelda keeps up her pace as a mama pig she just as like as not will have a family of around 20 or 25. The way I figured it out when I signed up with you Esmerelda was booked for a place on the birth control program this season. In fact, she wasn't to have any babies.

Carlotta, Dottie M. and Danzie IV were going to take care of the production on my place this year under the corn-hog program. I figured that as they have always been more reasonable and conservative they wouldn't go beyond my pig quota, which is 27. That gives them nine apiece and figures out about right. I'm entitled to that many.

Now, Esmerelda and Jonas, I'm afraid, have upset my calculations. What am I to do about it? Shall I kill Esmerelda right away? I sort of hate to do that.

It's too late to do anything about Jonas, and Carlotta, Dottie M. and Danzie IV. I'm a good soldier and want to obey orders. I don't want any more pigs than I'm entitled to. Shall I let nature take its course, or what?

And, Mr. Wallace, there's something else. On my southeast 20 which I had plowed up last fall I notice some corn already coming up. I guess when the men hauled the corn from the field last fall they must have spilled some kernels and they've started to grow. If they mature I will have more corn than the acreage I contracted for under the corn-hog program and I don't want to do that. Still, it seems a shame to start pulling up these plants that are trying to grow.

Just as like as not if I let them grow they'll exceed my acreage quota and I'll be doing something that I hadn't ought to do. I'm entitled to 62.0007½ acres. This self-raised corn will throw that all out of kilter. What if some inspector comes along and checks up and finds I'm raising more corn than I should and sees the condition Esmerelda is in? Will I have to go to jail? And if I do, will it be a Federal prison or some place closer to home?

And, Mr. Wallace, won't you or Mr. Tugwell or some of you, tell me what I'm going to do about Esmerelda?

Yours very respectfully,

H. SWOLEY.