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USDA/CMU
JUL 28 2005
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Dear Secretary Johanns,

It was brought to my attention while reading the Western Livestock Journal that you're always looking for input from your constituents; and that some slant for preparing the Farm Bills is appreciated.

Agriculture is probably the first and most important industry that there is. One possibly cannot give an estimate of fairly proportioning its importance in comparison to other industries. Seeds and muscling seem to just naturally conceptualize. What we do is plant, gather, and distribute them. The 'excellences in the mind's eye'..... are ones of craftsmanship to achieve.....; not prime ear quality, superior stalk support, healthful marbling, eager grazing disposition, or other base manifestations completing quality living and its proliferation through foodstuffs (fair airs & good sense').

The way to a man's heart is surely chipped away with every dangerous neglecting of farming husbandry. Why countries and their strength begin to look frail and underconfident is usually because of malnourishment.

And neglect is evident and rampantly so even in America. Crops are underwatered, underfertilized, and underinoculated for

insects. Feedlots are weedy, too hot, and insect infested (around animals and in the feed); and ~~ghastly~~ also is a horrid amount of bird dirt found in the feedbunk. Waterers are dirty with manure, mucous, and vomit.

I logged over 5,000 ground hours at Dorr Feedlot west of Lexington as the tank washer and groundskeeper becoming — besides in tune with high production agriculture — staggered by the dangers and difficulties one experiences when caring for 25,000 head of market calves. The perfectly managed operation is a hard chore. With castration, squeezing, poking, lasoing, branding, tagging....., preliminarily these calves do not breathe a favorable air upon humans. One would think that all of this harrumphing bigotry concerning livestock husbandry would begin to roll over to some logicalness about nature and its respective response.

No ones going to remember diddle about daddle — Washington to Timbuktu — because their era's good nature and sense did not materialize. There's no use dreaming up a bill, Mike, unless agriculture becomes more wholly intelligent. I remember the term 'intelligent upgrade' by the Bush administration. That has to go for all

farmers and ranchers. Millions of livestock need a nicer life. We need a higher quality, more wholesome product..... and a healthy disposition has a lot to do with that.

Another ~~important~~ facet of our future in transportation — trucking in particular..... I want to stress. Back in the 80's I was a young kid dying out there on the road as a hapless driving, drinking, smoking numbskull. Problems with family and the law subsequently occurred, and by golly, when I was lucky enough to get back to the trucking industry, I mean to tell you I tried hard to put a lot of white skin back on my tail. Clean lights, glass, interior, pre-trip, mid-trip and post trip inspections, perfection regulating (speed obedience, tailgating distance, passing care, signalling completely, exact turns, courteous lane changing, courteous exits on-off, complete stops and vision checks)..... everything I did perfectly according to the book..... AND IT REALLY HELPED! Heart and mind wholly conscientious free of lapses was I -- enlightened as to the wonderful future one can envision in the transportation

industry if one will build his reputation as a conscientious, lawfully bound person.

I've tried to emphasize higher qualities. Astofore, however, I've got problems here at home with my old sulky father. He's hateful of me because I got awfully angry once at him. It's been over fifteen years on that. My mom and I went down, too, her flitty little tiffet unable to support my heavy career. County Jail and a Penitentiary term followed.... now 7 years gone. Children of the darkness of the 30's, 40's, and 50's, they just have not appreciated my having survived. America seems nice land easy — look at all the beautiful TV. I've lived away from the farmlike and evening hours television to know that there are definitely millions of us trying to make success openly possible. I shouldn't lived huddled around a radio and worried to sickness about the furnace.

I just don't know right now. I'm 46 and awfully poor. My father has snubbed me again — not inviting me to farm the family farm. I don't know what to do. I've notified you of the problem before. Natural sensibilities

are at stake here. It would seem natural for me to assume the family business as a qualified individual — not to bow to detrimental espionage and army rats, though my parents are decadently against me. I trust you understand the confusing situation I've got here, and the frustration.... and why it's grown angry from time to time. Pride and wholesomeness in regards to applicability of efficient economic progression has not been smartly addressed — snubbed and stubbed often am I by Robert and Marian and my brothers and their family.

Well, Rats, Rats for ol' Ag again anyhow. Friends seem to be at a minimal number sometimes, I feel. Don't hold on.... to anything I guess. Let the earth and sky just meander their way. Sentiments such must mean everything's gonna be all right. Let's hope so, Mike Johannes. Don't lift a finger then. Whaddya say buddy, buddy?!? Ha! Ha!

"Not funny Mike B," says Mike J. "I'd better shape up just to make sure and set 'em right."
Thanks a lot, Mr. Berke.

Sincerely, Mike Johannes

Michael Burke
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Agric. Secretary Mike Johanns
c/o President George Bush
1600 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C.

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