MILKING AND THINKING

CHARACTERS:

 JESS: MILK FARMER

 RANDY: BLUEBERRY FARMER

 FARM CHORUS: Similar to the Greek Chorus in Greek plays – in this case the entire audience

RANDY:

 Hi Jess. How ya doing?

JESS:

 Well, my herd of milk cows are giving me lots of milk. Hoping it’s going to

 be a good year for milk income.

RANDY:

 Well, that’s great Jess. It’s about time us farmers got some income. You know farmers

are the forgotten part of the economy.

JESS:

 Forgotten?

RANDY:

 Yup. People don’t think about how fundamental farming is to civilization. Without farming,

our cities would not exist, nor our industry, nor our arts and science.

FARM CHORUS:

 Hallelujah, hallelujah.

 All wealth comes from the earth.

 Hallelujah, hallelujah.

 Without the farmer we are doomed.

JESS:

 I agree Randy. Why, not only all people but all industry needs the products from the land.

 Without raw material, industry does not exist.

RANDY:

 Yup. People don’t think about farmers like that. They don’t know that the farmers’ production is the

 foundation of our national economy.

FARM CHORUS:

 Hallelujah, hallelujah.

 All wealth comes from the earth.

 Hallelujah, hallelujah.

 Without the farmer we are doomed.

RANDY:

 Well, the other day I heard a lady on a national radio program. She was talking about meditation.

 A person called in to ask, “What is a farmer thinking about when he’s milking his cow?”

JESS: [LAUGHS LOUD AND LONG]

 Oh, I love that! Let’s see. I wonder what we’re thinking about.

RANDY: [PRETENDING TO MILK A COW’S UDDERS]

 Or … perhaps the farmer is thinking about how he is like a bird, except the bird is better off.

JESS:

 What do you mean?

RANDY:

 Well … the bird is better off than the debt-ridden farmer, because at least

 the bird can make a deposit.

 [PAUSES TO SEE IF JOKE WAS UNDERSTOOD]

 Perhaps the farmer is thinking about how he is in the same boat as students with 100,000

 dollars in college debt, or how the national debt is 20 trillion dollars.

JESS:

 We need to do some educating of ourselves.

 Since 1952 five million family farms have been liquidated. Liquidated by low prices.

 If 1952 gave the farmer a fair price for his products, 2017 only gives him 34%

 of that fair price. Who is manipulating the value of our labor?

RANDY:

 We need prosperity. What I mean by that is a well-paying job for everyone.... in an economy

 where wealth is being created and enjoyed in goods and services to all.

JESS:

 Some farmers and economists in the 1930’s figured out how a PROSPEROUS economy worked.

 They called it ‘an exchange economy’. They proved, that prosperity depended on the

raw material producers getting a fair price for their production.

RANDY:

 Think about this. The farmer’s production X price = his income. If his price is equal in purchasing power to prices in the rest of the economy, the farmer will be able to spend his income

 on farm machinery, fuel, wages, and his own profit.

 What the farmer spends becomes income to the factory owners, LABOR, retailers .

JESS:

 But why don’t we have that now?

RANDY:

 Because the farmer has been beaten down since 1952 with lower and lower prices for his

 production. This means less and less EARNED MONEY flowing through our economy.

JESS:

 Where did our low farm prices come from?

RANDY:

 The banking cartel in 1952 decided to open up our domestic markets to ‘free trade’

 in agricultural products. U.S. farm prices went lower and lower, slowly, to strangle

 over 50 years, 5 million family farms. From 100% prices in 1952 to 34% prices today.

 Prosperity disappeared. The lack of earned income meant people, business, and government

 had to borrow. Public and private debts climbed as farm prices fell.

 Bankers love low farm prices, cause they get to put us all into debt to them, buy up our wealth,

 and wage their wars to grab other’s wealth.

JESS:

 Well, Randy, I guess I’ll have a lot to think about as I milk my cow’s udder.

FARM CHORUS:

 Hallelujah, hallelujah.

 All wealth comes from the earth.

 Hallelujah, hallelujah.

 Without the farmer we are doomed... UDDERLY doomed.