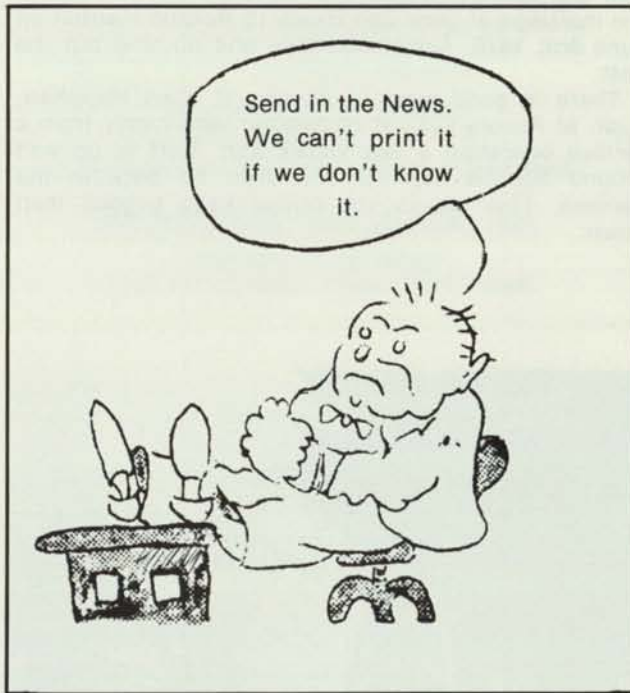




Editor
MIDWEST BREEZES



M.A.G.C.S. June 12 host. Al Bertucci, Supt.



**MODERN FABLE REVEALS
FATE OF FREE ENTERPRISE**

Once upon a time, there was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered some grains of wheat. She called her neighbors and said, "If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?"

"Not I," said the cow.
 "Not I," said the duck.
 "Not I," said the pig.
 "Not I," said the goose.
 "Then I will," said the little red hen. And she did. The wheat grew tall and ripened into golden grain. "Who will help me reap my wheat?" asked the little red hen.
 "Not I," said the duck.
 "Out of my classification," said the pig.
 "I'd lose my seniority," said the cow.
 "I'd lose my unemployment compensation," said the goose.
 "Then I will," said the little red hen, and she did. At last it came time to bake the bread. "Who will

The M.A.G.C.S. June 12 meeting at Old Elm Club was truly a most enjoyable one. Seventy-two members played golf on a magnificent conditioned course. This was made possible by the skill of Superintendent **Al Bertucci**. Al has been the super at Old Elm for the past many years. His knowledge on golf course maintenance work is one I am sure Al is proud of. Those of us that attended this meeting congratulate you, Al.

help me bake the bread?" asked the little red hen.
 "That would be overtime for me," said the cow.
 "I'd lose my welfare benefits," said the duck.
 "I'm a drop-out and never learned how," said the pig.
 "If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination," said the goose.
 "Then I will," said the little red hen.
 She baked five loaves and held them up for her neighbors to see.
 They all wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, "No, I can eat the loaves myself."

"Excess profits!" cried the cow.
 "Capitalist leech!" screamed the duck.
 "I demand equal rights!" yelled the goose.
 And the pig just grunted. And they painted "unfair" picket signs and marched round and round the little red hen, shouting obscenities.
 When the government agent came, he said to the little red hen, "You must not be greedy."
 "But I earned the bread," said the little red hen.
 "Exactly", said the agent. "That is the wonderful free enterprise system. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide their product with the idle."
 And they lived happily ever after, including the little red hen, who smiled and clucked, "I am grateful. I am grateful."
 But her neighbors wondered why she never again baked any more bread.

Source unknown.
 Credit - Bonnie Greensward

LAST WORD BEFORE ADJOURNMENT

"Nothing is a greater impediment to being on good terms with others than being ill at ease with yourself."
 Honore' De Balzac