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Above the Hullabaloo By LYTLE HULL

STOP THE FOOD PROFITEER! There are some very low rack-ets among the people of this world: murder, thievery, dealing in prostitution and other equally vicious methods of making mon-But somehow none of these seem to compare in sheer filth and rottenness with the business of food profiteering and racketeering, at a time when one's country is passing through a period of stress—or at any other time, for that matter.

The Department of Justice is to start an investigation designed to reduce the cost of food to the consumer and to increase the money return to the farmer. The Department states that "the food industries function badly for both consumers and farmers." At one end, they say, lies malnutrition among millions; and at the other end is a population of farmers who must sell at bankruptcy prices. In between, it is stated, are powerful closely-knit groups of processors and distributors who today receive about 50 or 60 cents of the average dollar spent by consumers for food. They used to receive between 40 and 50 cents.

The statement goes on to say that forty-five million people are limited to diets so poor that they lack essential food elements. 'These families are below the safety line." It then demonstrates from figures compiled by the National Resources Committee that more than 41 per cent. of the American people are already hard-pressed and would be in grave difficulty if the prices of food should rise above the present levels

The statement then quotes from a recent summary of the Federal Trade Commission which expresses the belief that "the 'survival of independent farming by farmers who own their own farms is in jeopardy." And, re-ferring to this same source: "It called attention to the fact that nearly one farm in four was foreclosed between 1930 and 1936; that there was a net migration of more than seven million people from the farm to the city between 1920 and 1935; and that the total value of farm land and buildings in 1935 was about two billion dollars less than in 1910, although the total area devoted to farming had increased by more than 9 per cent. These evidences of distress are directly related to the fact that between 1913 and 1920 the American farmer re-ceived from 52 to 60 cents out of every dollar spent on food by the consumer, whereas in 1938 and 1939 he received from 40 to 41 cents out of each such dollar.' There is nothing new about all

this. Everyone knows that these conditions exist and nearly everyone knows where the blame It is seldom your grocer, or lies. your butcher, or your baker; he is merely a pawn of the "big boys." But the "big boys" "big couldn't do without him any more than he could operate without us consumers

Many of these "big boys" are, of course, essential. The farmer can't drive his wagon up to the city grocery store and sell his goods direct. The necessary distributors do that for him. Much of his produce is processed and put in tin cans. It goes into bread, into milk bottles and into barrels; it is juggled in produce exchanges, and is "dumped" by speculators. It is generally bang-ed around by more millions of handlers than is any other com-modity on earth. Most of these handlers are decent citizens who are willing to make a clean living in a clean way; but there are many who are not, and it is these evil smelling vultures whom we must help the Federal authorities to throw out if we expect to pull through the tough times ahead. There is one way to do this. Every housewife watches the food prices. If every one of these wo-men would "raise a squawk" every time any price was made higher, and would "shop around" for better prices, the grocers would be forced to "raise a squawk" to the wholesalers and the wholesalers would in turn "raise their squawks," and the Justice Department would hear this big squawk and would re-double its efforts. And pretty soon the jails would begin to fill up; and maybe someone would get hung; and the prices of food would go down for the consumer, and up for the farmer, and we would pull through the hard times which will result from this war; and everything would be "just dandy." All of which sounds like a pipe dream, but all of which is quite possible if each one of us will do his or her part.



Dark Ages Teacher: "Who can tell me when the Dark Ages were?" Bright Boy: "That must have been the time when they had so many knights."