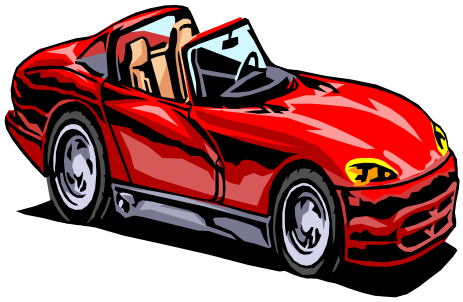
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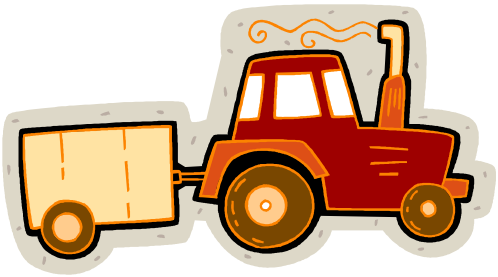


Red Cars and Tractors on an Ethical Country Road

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Red Cars and Tractors on an Ethical Country Road
By
Jennie Gunn

Beside the white cotton field she sat as sharp cool red rays bounced from her in the December sun. The man stood beside her on the narrow black road looking subdued and puzzled. The old farmer-seeing him, screeched his tractor to a halt and sat stunned by her beauty. A bright apple red sedan sat on the edge of his field, the chrome reflecting the sun, entrancing him.

"She's a beauty," he exclaimed as he stepped from his tractor hard upon the ground wiping dust from his eyes. "Yes," the young man replied in the tweed suit, but she stalled on me, can't get her to run. "Hmm," the farmer said, "she is a beauty to look at, but something must be wrong inside. He raised her hood of gleaming steel and rested it against the tiny rod for support. Rubbing his chin, he leaned under the hood eyeing the engine. Almost fearful, the young man asked if it could be fixed.

Sliding his brown hand into the engine, he brought something out and held it up to the man's face. Looking at his hand he said, "it's a construct, and here is another." The young man looking deeply into his hand said, "I don't see anything." The farmer chucked and replied, "you can't see constructs, just imagine them."
"Yep…," the farmer said as his blue eyes winked, "the axiom is tight, and the constructs fit well."

Then, pulling out two gleaming metal balls he said, "These are concepts, can you see them?" The young man loosened his tie and replied, "Why, yes, I can. What are they connected to?" Well the older man said, "They are connected by a relational statement," and then leaning deeper into the car, "and then to the theoretical and empirical framework." He showed him the blue wires held tightly to the concepts. Taking his red handkerchief from his pocket, he wiped his hands.

"Well, the variables look good and this car should really move…4 IVs and 4 DVs."
Running his hand across the fender he felt the letters that boasted "4x4" in chrome.
The young man looked proud, his white teeth shinning in the sun. "The salesman said it was smooth and fast.." The farmer smiled and looked at him. "It would be if the measurement were right to conduct the timing." Again the farmer smiled.
"See son, here's the problem." He pulled a square metal box from the engine and held it in his hand. "This is a *t test* and it just won't do the job for this 4x4 engine. You needed to have better empirical indicators so your measurements would be right. Someone has sold you a piece of equipment that just isn't put together right."

The young man looked disheartened. "And look here," the farmer continued, "the theoretical framework doesn't match the empirical framework."
The young man looked shocked and weakly asked, "Can it be fixed?"
The farmer, feeling a bit sorry for him replied, "sure, if you take it to a good measurement man. Son," the farmer said, "they sold you something that just wasn't right. It just goes to show you, young man, that what looks good on the outside isn't always true. It's got to all connect, to have the right power. Without that…it just won't run. You see, some things you believe and trust in, just aren't what they seem. And you got to beware of sharp salesmen that will tell you anything to sell their product."

Looking dismayed the man said quietly, "what he sold me just doesn't seem ethical. Thank you Mr., will you give me a lift?"

"Sure said the farmer, jump on my ANOVA and I will take you to a phone." As he drove away down the dusty row, the young man looked back and said, "It sure is a shame that they didn't plan that better than that."

"Yep," said the farmer, "sure is, that's just plain bad research and what a waste of a dandy conceptual framework."

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