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Suggestions have been circulated among the cow people that cattle be donated for needy foreign countries. Goal of the plan, of course, was to relieve the beef surplus in the United States and to fatten the squinch-eyes so they can be in better shape to start wars and create border incidents.

The setting overseas is perfect at the time. People have become hungry enough to be mean. Diplomats have promised relief for sufficient periods to further rankle their fighting glands. Two or three shiploads of canner cows should be just right to send them to battle. Once the news of the potency of beef spreads, lots of foreign governments would be interested in feeding their citizens our product.

Beef could reach the forefront in overthrowing governments. Old King So-and-So might become so grateful for the effects of cancer eyed cow beef on his troops that he'd buy a load or so of our feeder cattle to tune up his youth corps. Possibilities could become unlimited if beef could be linked to war and war making.

As it is, cowmen are making donations every week at the cow sales. Discounts on one-eared calves or bobtail yearlings run into sizable amounts. Buyers aren't so selective in boom times, but allow the cloak of depression to hit the trade, and the slightest misangle of the hock line will condemn a whole carcass.

Three weeks ago, we shipped a load of baldface yearlings that had to be sorted in 15 lots to make them merchantable. Two heifers were sold separately as being too full. The discounted price was \$8 a hundredweight or \$48 a head.

It's a 45 mile haul from the ranch to the market. I didn't follow the cattle to the ring as doctors are advising all cow herders to spend their marketing days playing miniature golf or watching pet shows, but I do suppose that after the truck ride, the cattle were delayed before they reached the scales.

In fact, I always suspect that before anything bearing our brand is sold, the buyers' circle goes through a ritual of preparing a big shap gaff to induce a tremendous bargain of the day.

My position on the two heifers did not implicate the auction company. I think they acted with integrity. The trucker, I think, was to blame for the overfill. On the trip to town, I figure the calves were facing the sideboards, breathing through their mouths instead of their noses. Wind pressure was bound to be great, so the calves were inflated with air.

No formal complaint has been given the trucker. Those old boys are having enough trouble without a new outbreak. Livestock truckers have joined our race. Some of these canned meat donators might well look that fraternity over, as you see them every morning cutting down on their doughnut orders.

I fear that before a relief program can be inaugurated, donors and donees are going to be so near the same shape that the receivers will be ashamed to accept charity from the givers. We can wait and see. Waiting, so it seems, being the new name for our game.