



Art Buchwald

Self-Butchering of Democrats Amazes Stockyard Animals

CHICAGO — As everyone knows, the Democratic National Convention has taken place at the famous stockyards in Chicago. There were a lot of confused onlookers during the convention, and they were not necessarily all human. I was passing a cattle pen next to the amphitheater where they were fattening up about twenty heifers with corn. Much to my surprise I heard them talking to each other.

"Hey what's going on over there?" one heifer said to another.

"I don't know," said the heifer standing next to him. "Someone told me that's where they butcher Democrats."

"Democrats?" a heifer who was munching corn said. "What kind of meat is that?"

"It beats me. Some say it tastes like Texas steak, others say it tastes like Southern fried chicken, and some of it is supposed to taste like Minnesota dove."

"Ugh," a heifer said. "It doesn't sound too good. They're bringing in an awful lot of them."

"WELL THIS IS the time

of year when there's a big demand for the hides of Democrats. You see they feed them for four years on corn and hay and they get all fat and flabby, and then they bring them to Chicago and start cutting them up."

"Who cuts them up?" a heifer asked.

"They cut each other up. It's an amazing sight. I was taken over there the other day to pose with Mayor Daley, and I must say I've never seen a slaughterhouse like it anywhere. They were pushing and shoving and biting and kicking each other, and stomping up and down. When I saw what was going on over there, I was glad I was an animal."

"What are those things that are all blue?" a heifer moaned.

"Those are bulls. They have hard heads and horns and they're supposed to keep everyone in line so the butchering is orderly. They also inspect the Democrats to see that they're properly branded. There was one Democrat who tried to get in with the wrong brand, and bulls just

beat the heck out of him. The bulls are noted for their beef and no brains."

"I HEARD," SAID a heifer "that there is a lot of hoof-and-mouth disease over there."

"No more than usual. You get that many Democrats together at one time and you're bound to have some."

"What are all those strange looking trucks for?"

"They're called television trucks. When the Democrats butcher each other they take pictures of it."

"What a way to go," a calf sighed.

"I wish they'd move them somewhere else," a heifer complained. "It's hard to sleep when you hear them screaming all night long."

"They'll all be butchered by Friday. Then we'll have the stockyards to ourselves again."

"I may be crazy," said one heifer, who was eating grass. "But I'd like to taste a Democrat, just once."

"By the time they get finished there will be enough cut-up Democrat's leftovers for everybody."

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