

### Miss management



I just read an article that said women want to take a more active interest in ranch and farm operations. That's great, I was thinking, I'm all for women feeding hay out the back of the truck while I drive, hoeing invasive weeds and digging more post holes. But when I read further a scary feeling crept over me. It seems that what women really want is to be the boss. "Whoa, Nellie," I say.

According to the article, women are now the head man, so to speak, on 14 percent of all American farms and ranches, and that reflects an increase of over 30 percent during the past six years.

I'm warning you guys, give the females even a small opening and before you know it we'll all be working for them! I can see it now, instead of meeting at the coffee shop, female farm bosses will meet at Starbucks every morning and plot how they're going to harass us while they're drinking their four dollar triple latte frappewhatevers.

I must admit that I'm partly to blame. I was the state president of the California FFA around the time we let females join, and I supported their inclusion. What was I thinking? It proved to be a big MISStake! Little did I know that in a matter of months they'd be whipping us in everything from livestock judging to speaking contests.

Back then our officer team was all male, but now I routinely see state officer teams that are all female, or perhaps with one token male. And the last time I spoke at my college alma mater to an animal science class, it was 85 percent female! In an animal science class! What's the world coming to? Where were the guys, getting in touch with their feminine side, Facebooking, Tweeting or having a massage?

We should be s-o-o-o-o ashamed.

This was the diabolical female's plan all along with all this women's rights and political correctness stuff. First they got us using hair gel, wearing earrings and watching chick flicks, and before you knew it we were doing the vacuuming. Now even Chaz Bono looks more masculine than half the men I know. And he's a girl. Or at least he used to be. It was all part of women's master plan to turn us all into girlie-men so that they can take over the world.

Pitiful, I say, just pitiful.

To maintain our natural leadership position, I tried to think of an area where we men excelled women when it came to being boss. At first, I couldn't think of any, but then it hit me. Our strength is our strength. Brute strength, that is. Now, I'm fully aware that there are some HGTV-watching husbands who have to have their wives open the Miracle Whip and pickle jars for them, but for the most part I think that most ranchers are still stronger than their wives. (If you're not, shame on you!) It's a fact that we are bigger and stronger, and that's why you don't see any women playing defensive tackle in the NFL. At least not yet. (Although I have seen some women pro basketball stars who I wouldn't want to meet in an alley late at night.)

I know, I know, there are many women who run tiptop operations without any help from men whatsoever. They can rope, ride and ranch with anyone. But so far they are in the minority, and we have to keep it that way.

Here's my plan: don't brand your calves until they weigh at least 400 pounds, and make the women work the ground crew all day. After they break a few fingernails we might lose some. We need to make all feed and seed sacks weigh at least 100 pounds. Our horses need to be more rank and wild, and we menfolk should refuse to fill gas tanks when they're empty because most women hate getting diesel on their hands.

I'm not talking about a rural cleansing, we'll still need a few women to do the things we don't want to do. Heaven knows we need their organizational skills. But we simply can't allow them to take over, as they have done in the FFA.

While men still control both houses of Congress, we need to preserve our only advantage by

## **It's the Pitts**

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passing legislation banning physical education, wrestling and weightlifting for women.

And no mirrors or curtains in tractor cabs. And don't let them use your socket set either, you big pansy.

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