

Counterfeit cowboys



You sure do see a lot of folks who were raised on pavement trying to look and act like cowboys and cowgirls. Us cowboys are all so cool, who can really blame them?

There are sure signs of counterfeit cowboys, such as no spur marks on their Ugg Boots or flip flops and a flat saddle tied on to a miniature horse. But in some cases it's harder to tell, so here's a little guide that will help you sort out the cowboys from the folks whose only encounter with cows is the calf slobber (what my Grandpa called cream) they put in their Starbucks double latte frappacinos, or whatever.

If they use words like paradigm, stakeholders, outside the box, certificate of deposit, box spring and mattress or sommelier ... they aren't a cowboy.

If they wear things like a crash helmet in the shape of a Stetson or Resistol, wing tips, cummerbund, tie, fedora, soccer jersey or anything designed by Paris Hilton, Calvin Klein, Gloria Vanderbilt or Versace ... they are definitely not a cowboy.

If they shop in Victoria's Secret, jewelry shops, Tofu for Less, Rodeo Drive or Bichon Frises R Us ... they aren't a cowboy. (Places they do shop include gas stations, saddleries, truck stops and Goodwill Industries.)

If you look in their saddle bags, or on their saddle, and find sunscreen, an umbrella, GPS, paperback by Danielle Steele, little cute dog dressed in clothes, cup holder, New York Times, makeup kit or tofu trail mix ... they aren't a cowboy.

A real cowboy wouldn't be caught dead driving a Beamer, tractor, Rolls Royce (except if it's an old one used to feed cows) or Smart Car. (No room for their hat.) The only vehicle a real

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cowboy will be caught dead in is a pickup or a hearse.

If they eat ratatouille, vichyssoise, matzo balls, chicken, vegetarian lasagna, their dog or their horse ... they are definitely not cowboy material.

Real cowboys don't vacation in The Hamptons, L.A., Paris, Manhattan (unless it's the one in Kansas), Palm Beach, North Beach or the nude beach. (Cowboys are generally shy creatures.)

If they've ever watched on television "Project Runway," lacrosse, soap operas (unless the star is a horse), "Dance Moms" or anything on HGTV ... they aren't a cowboy.

If you hear them call their dog Eudora, Darnell, Moonbeam, Sky, Tabitha, Tamsey, Tiffany or World Peace ... they aren't a cowboy.

They are for sure NOT a cowboy if they say ...

"I just can't wait for the next Woody Allen Movie to come out."

"I sure wish they'd move the NFR to San Francisco."

"The arugula is crisp, but the radicchio is a bit limp."

"Hey honey, did you remember to renew our PETA membership?"

"I find it simply awesome that the boss man has redecorated the bunkhouse with bunk bed futons, French wallpaper, brand new duvets and matching dust ruffles."

“Darling, you simply must read Joan Didion’s new book.”

“Who is Luke Branquinho?”

“Do these riding pants make my thighs look fat?”

“Does that come with a matching Ascot?”

“Oh, I’d die to have the recipe for your fabulous gazpacho!”

“My next truck is going to be a Prius.”

“I wonder what Martha Stewart would do?”

“I’m so excited. When we go out with the wagon for our spring work, our new cook will be a New York sushi chef who has promised there’ll be no biscuits and gravy or chicken fried steak. And on Mondays we’ll all go meatless. Isn’t that simply divine?”

“I sure do miss Oprah.”

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