



The VIEW FROM HERE

Kyle Haley

Being the father of 12- and 8-year-old girls, I suppose I am somewhat hypersensitive to the phrase “yeah but.” Couple that with my notorious lack of patience and that likely explains the events of last weekend.

Allow me to set the stage. Like usual, I was trying to cram a weeks worth of work into a Saturday and Sunday, because once again, my real job here at the magazine was getting in the way of my responsibilities at home. I was already a little testy due to the fact my corral was drifted full of snow and every hydrant, spigot and open body of water on the property, including the “freeze-proof” ones, were frozen solid.

Anyhow, by the time I finally got around to the task at hand (sorting cows in a snow-filled corral), albeit it several hours later than projected, here came my neighbor through the gate. Don't get me wrong, I like my neighbor. He and I have developed a very good working relationship. When I am traveling or hung up at the office, he does my work for me. He of course wasn't the problem, as he could practically get away with murder since I can't afford for him to serve any jail time.

His passenger, on the other hand, was a different story all together. After the initial introductions, the stranger asked me what I did for a living. His comment to my response of “I am the editor of *Limousin World* magazine,” is where it began.

You see, after 15 years working with Limousin breeders and their cattle, and owning several registered bulls myself, I have become quite fond of and dare I say, protective of, the Limousin breed and its breeders.

So when he started pointing out why he deemed another breed superior, I of course bristled up and began to fire back. In a nutshell, I told him I could find him Limousin bulls that would work on any set of cows in the country. I explained that we have breeders who PAP test, ultrasound scan, efficiency test, performance test and perform DNA profiles. Many of those same breeders have calf buy-back programs or can put you in touch with branded beef programs who prefer, if not demand, Limousin genetics. I also offered to show him some commercial Limousin females that will milk and raise a heckuva calf, just in case retaining replacements was his thing.

Since I couldn't send him to his room when he rolled his eyes at me like my aforementioned daughters sometimes mistakenly do, I halted my sales pitch because I could tell he thought I was trying to tell him Limousin were perfect, which of course they are not. At that point I calmed myself then wrapped up by telling him there were good cattle and bad cattle in every breed, but that with careful selection he could stay away from extremes, while maximizing whatever traits he deemed important.

I am pretty sure I was making some headway when the magic words came out of his mouth.

“Yeah, but I have never spent more than \$1,000 on a bull in my life.”

It was at that point I realized some people just can't be helped.

Then again, I'm certain there will be a bull-calf split at a sale this spring with his name written all over it.

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