

GROUP CLASSES



OCC Doctor 940D sired the winning get-of-sire, which was exhibited by Conley Angus Farm, Clarksdale, Mo.



OCC Doctor 940D sired the winning junior get-of-sire, which was exhibited by Conley Angus Farm, Clarksdale, Mo.

Ever' Day Things

by Tom McBeth

Comin' full circle

A few years ago when my No. 1 son was about 15, I asked him why he was developin' into such a pain. (I'm sure you can understand a man's frustration with an energetic male child who woke up each morning lookin' for somethin' to get into.)

He replied to me, "It's my job, Dad!" Although he has served up a great deal of pride and gnashin' of teeth and has been a candidate for the good old "gunny sack and rock therapy" on many occasions, he is a pretty good kid.

A few days ago, I talked to my son about where he and his sweet little wife (by the way, I could not be any prouder of my daughter-in-law, and I ain't kiddin' in any way, shape or form) were goin' for the holidays. He indicated he was not privy to such information. Basically, he is dealt with on a "need-to-know basis," and he don't need to know until a little before they get ready to go. I love that girl more all the time.

Then there's my sweet little daughter, who plays by her rules, which are not

necessarily my rules. She will cry ever' once in a while, and that is not part of my plan. I don't handle cryin' women too good. When she does that, I usually get 'bout as rigid as an overcooked noodle.

This situation has caused a great deal of gray hair to sprout on my little head. My wife also has noticed the same scenario. I occasionally will dictate the will of the "leader" of the household, and it will not be followed. You see, I live a life of many challenges.

My daughter has not made up her mind 'bout where she is goin' to college, and I think I also am bein' dealt with on a "need-to-know basis." My older sister says I shouldn't worry about these things because my sweet little girl is only 17, and I should accept it. I don't know why God made men and women so different 'bout how decisions get made. I can tell you it wrecks my plannin' programs and makes my gray hair sprout even more.

As you can see, we are goin' through what many other families go through, and I

can't figure out why there have not been any more solutions to the problems in the million or so years that men, women, daughters, daughters-in-law and sons have been in the equation here on earth.

At times, I think it's a wonder there ain't a lot more male baldness (from snatchin' out yer hair in handfuls). But there ain't, I guess. Some men just deal with it differently. Some of us have hair that turns gray, and others of us have hair that just turns loose.

The other day, I got some news that may make the equation tilt a little more my way. My son and daughter-in-law told my wife and me that a grandchild is on the way. This spring, we get another addition to the clan. I have plans for that sweet, wonderful grandchild. (Or maybe I should say I have plans for the hair on his or her parents). I think I'm goin' to work on makin' that sweet little child's time with Grandpa a blast. I'm not gonna say that I plan to spoil my grandchild, but it is a thought.

Don't toy with me, kids. Even if you can't remember all the stuff you did, I still can. This is in spite of the fact that you view me as older than dirt and dumber than a box of rocks. Remember that laugh Hollywood used to have in all the old scary movies? I think it was Bela Lugosi. Anyway, I can hear that sucker ringin' in my ears now.

Now, folks, please don't really tell 'em that. I'm just blowin' a little sail. I won't be too hard on 'em, but it will be fun makin' 'em think I'm gonna be.

Tom McBeth

