

# Ever' Day Things

by Tom McBeth



## Here comes 2000 *annnnnd* New Year's Resolutions

Boy, ever'body has been talking about Y2K and how things are goin' to thunder when the New Year gets here.

I hope it doesn't happen 'cause it will be a big inconvenience for a lot of folks. Maybe by the next time another thousand years rolls around, we will be used to the switch. I bet not, though, 'cause ever' time we've gone from one millennium to another, somebody

has been there tellin' folks how bad things are goin' to be. Maybe things will change real quick; but if they change any faster than what they're doin' now, then we'll have a tough time



tellin' which end of the horse is on the front when this new millennium rides in.

I should have gotten into the freeze-dried food and generator businesses in the last two years. I think those folks have made a killin'. If we could have gotten in the news media to tell ever'body they need a cow, heifer or steer to either milk, raise calves or grow to put in the freezer 'cause the stores ain't s'posed to have any of that stuff, we could have gotten better prices for cattle in the last few years. Oh, well; hindsight is always 20/20.

One of my nieces asked me if there was goin' to be a lot of stuff go haywire at the New Year. She was really sweatin' the deal after listenin' to one of her uncles (not me). I told her that most bankers, electric companies, telephone companies, and other businesses of that size were not gonna miss out on a bunch of money by lettin' things go bad on their bookkeeping.

All of the naysayers have had a great time tellin' how things are goin' to cow pies. That's the thing about naysayers: They always have such a big time makin' noise, but they don't

usually offer much in the way of solutions. Findin' solutions is a lot harder than makin' noise.

It's kind of like how gossip is a lot more interestin' than the truth. That is how talk-show hosts, car salesmen, sideshow barkers, most TV and newspaper reporters, lawyers, and politicians make a livin'.

**I've blabbered enough about that, so let's be gettin' the fun stuff on "New Year's Resolutions for 2000."**

- I lost about 35-40 pounds, and I'm gonna lose some more. After talkin' about it for so darn long, I finally got around to gettin' some of my porky body to disappear. It ain't enough, though.
- I'm gonna quit worryin' so much. If the banker and other people come and get me, they can't eat me. My wife, Miss Randi, tells me that I fret too much, and I think I should listen to her. Occasionally I have been accused of being deaf about some things, and this is one of them.
- OK, the traditional one: When I lose the excess tallow, I'm gonna stop bein' a slave to the round can. When I get to that point, I think the dogs, cats, kids and wife may suffer a bit. I been chewin' it for a long time.
- I'm gonna get my taxes done earlier this year instead of gettin' them in at the last minute, which makes me and my accountant both more gray-haired. Of course, him less than me 'cause it's a payday for him; it's usually a payday for me, too, but not in the same manner.
- I'm gonna keep exercisin'. I try to go pretty often, but makin' a livin' gets in the way a lot.
- Also, I plan to rope some more this next year and try to go to some jackpots. If possible, try to get some of the money. It's getting so that some of the folks I work with want to go rope some, so I may need to do it for business.

My nephew wants to rope some, and I plan to help him out. Besides that, we have to teach a truckload of nephews, nieces, grandkids and other orn'ry little pillboxes to

rope and to grow the way they should.

- Along with the spirit of the last one, I want to go fishin' some more next year. I got conned into getting a small boat, and I think it will be used some.
- I will take better care of the garden and fruit trees next year. My mother-in-law told me that if I would spray the trees better, we could get more peaches and pears next year to can and freeze. So I'd better get busy and make it happen.
- For our nieces and nephews, I will begin plannin' the annual Labor Day backyard campout a whole lot better. When about 10 kids ages 4-7 want to eat, it's like a shark-feedin' frenzy! I mean, when we get it ready, we have to almost dump it out and let them loose to the feed trough, and you don't want to get your hands too close. Maybe we shouldn't let them travel after the fishin'—feed them on the spot. Hunger is a serious thing to kids of that age. On top of that, they want to eat again the next mornin' when they get up and spill out of the tent.  
This year it acted like rain, so we carried them in the house and parked them on the family-room floor. All of them were still asleep. Miss Randi and I got to sleep in our bed instead of sleepin' on the tent floor with the kids.  
About 6:30 the next morning my nephew Christian came into our bedroom and announced, "Unkey Pom, tids want pantakes." He ain't shed his horse teeth yet, so he's a little Dutchy. Anyway, I got up and fed them 'cause I was afraid that if I didn't, they might all come and get in bed with Aunt Randi and me.
- I'm gonna be kinder and not so quick to smart off to people.
- I'm gonna go to church more regular. I have smarted off so much that I know I need to do it.

**Well, I hope you have a good year in 2000 and better ones in the future.**

*Tom McBeth*