

# Ever' Day Things

by Tom McBeth



## Sometimes you just need professional help

Ever notice how things don't turn out the way you think they should? I heard some stories about kids who had been doin' what their parents told them to do.

A guy came home from a business trip at 2 a.m. and there had been some thunderstorms, so his small children were in bed with his wife because they were scared. The next mornin' he told them it was OK to sleep with Mom when they were scared, but when Dad is expected home, they should sleep in their own beds.

A few weeks later Mom and the kids picked up Dad at the airport, and the little girl yelled, "Hey, Dad, I've got good news." Dad said, "What's the good news, Sweetheart?" The little girl yelled back, "Nobody slept with Mom while you were gone!"

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A little girl asked her mom, "Can I go out and play with the boys?" Her mother replied, "No, you can't play with the boys; they're too rough." After some thought the little girl asked, "If I can find a smooth one, can I play with him?" (You got to be careful what you tell girls.)

A little boy was asked what he thought the key to a happy marriage was, and he replied, "Tell your wife she's pretty even if she looks like a truck."

A little girl was asked by the minister if she was wearing her Easter dress. The little girl replied, "Yes, and my mom says it's a bl#¢% to iron."

My wife told me that her brother thought he could fix some wiring on his car. He had some minor problems. After he fixed things, when he turned on the turn signal, his horn sounded; and when he turned on the headlights, the windshield wipers came on. Sometimes things don't turn out the way you think they should, and that's when we need to get some professional help.

**My wife wants** me to be a handyman around the house like her daddy was. I love my wife, but she is barking up the wrong tree.

The house we moved into was built in 1958, and it is well-built. Only problem is, the toilets use about 10 gallons of water each time they flush. We need to get the new kind that uses about 1½ gallons. Our water bill has been pretty high. Rural water is a great thing, but it is not cheap.

Miss Randi thinks I should put the toilet in, but I am going to call a plumber. The guy that sold the toilet to us told Randi it is real easy to put in. It may be, but I ain't gonna put it in. I have put in some of those deals that were "real easy" and would have been money ahead if I would have got a professional to install it in the first place. I don't want my library not to work when I need it!

**There has been some talk** about getting rid of the beef checkoff. Well, it is OK to ask how they spend the money, but we need to keep up the research about how to sell more beef. I mean, the people that want to do away with it probably put in their own toilets.

I have a friend that said when he was first married, he and his new wife moved to a ranch and looked after a bunch of yearlings for an ol' guy. The ol' guy told him the house had a bedroom, kitchen, bathroom and a living room; and it was furnished besides.

My friend said that when they folded out the divan into a bed, it butted up next to the kitchen table and took up the whole living room. It did have a bathroom. The cowboy

who laid the drain pipe (a galvanized windmill pipe) did not know what a level was. It did not always drain the way it should, and it stopped up real easy.

One time my friend's mother-in-law and his wife's sisters came for the day. He thought it would be a good day to spend away from the house doing something pleasant, like shoeing horses. (Almost as much fun as intestinal flu.) Anyway, the toilet stopped up, and he had to go help unstop it.

After using a long piece of "bob-wire," he thought of a great idea. Why not get his mother-in-law on the stool with a plunger, a sister-in-law on the bathtub with a plunger, and the other sister-in-law on the kitchen sink with a plunger? His wife at the front door was to be the signal person, and he would be on the propane tank to shoot a stream of air pressure to help the situation.

He was about 19 at the time and did not know about propane and methane mixing. To make a long story short, the women over the sink, bathtub and stool got really nasty. After cleaning up, they left. He said the house was not easy to clean. He was glad then it was a small house 'cause it was really nasty. When he and his wife got the place cleaned up, the whole deal was funny.

**It won't be funny** if we lose more market share to chicken and pork. We better keep gettin' some professional help to fix this deal, or we can be in the toilet worse than we are.

I heard about a lady doctor who was taking her little girl to preschool on her way to work. One morning her little girl picked up the stethoscope in the seat of the car. The lady thought to herself, "Be still, my heart. She is goin' to follow in her mother's footsteps."

About that time, the little girl put the end piece to her mouth and said, "Welcome to McDonald's. May I take your order?"

More on that next time. Have a good spring.

*Tom McBeth*