

IT'S TOUGH BEING A MAN

A few weeks ago, a group of the highly distinguished Milford Men were lounging on the porch of the Camden Brae Golf Club. Shade dappled the course in the late afternoon, and we were happily razzing the golfers who missed their putts on the eighteenth hole. The conversation seemed to ricochet from topic to topic, making little sense. However, a number of the conversational gambits clustered about the topic of "How It's Tough Being A Man".

See, I got in trouble the other day for doing something unique to the male of the species. This time, it was for wearing an article of attire that was too good. I was wearing my "best" sweatshirt while putting in the dock and I got the garment wet and sandy and added a few little grease spots, too. I've worn shirts that were too good while painting, and pants that were too good when gardening. Each time I do this, I am "reminded" that I have several outfits of beaten up old clothes in my closet and I should be wearing those for this kind of work. The trouble is, I'm not wearing them when I start the job, and am too preoccupied (read "lazy" here) to put them on. A requirement to change clothes would make the job overwhelming. In addition, it seems many men do not truly value a piece of clothing until it's ripped or frayed, or has dirt beaten into it. Then, when a man wears this matched set of ripped shirt, stained trousers and paint bespattered shoes out to a restaurant, well, we get castigated yet again. This time for wearing clothes that are too grubby. Women don't seem to make these errors in judgment, and it got us thinking. I know thinking occurred because some noses commenced bleeding.

OK, we thought, that's not all that men are slow to learn. Guys, have you ever been spoken to for eating like a dog? You know, when you're real hungry and the food is so good you just can't shovel it in fast enough with the tiny utensils they provide for eating. I've tried to eat at a sedate pace, savouring each morsel, but after forking up a few bites I forget and revert back to the cave man. "Get it in before someone steals it off your plate", my subconscious says. I'm sure it's discouraging to spend love, time, and trouble preparing a meal, making sure there are contrasting colours, artfully arranging it on the plate, and then have some animal bolt it down as though it was dog kibble. Is this some genetic thing like whiskers that men can't overcome? Seems so.

What else do we do? Oh yeah, we don't talk

enough. We don't communicate on a deep enough level. Damn that Dr. Phil. Why can't it be OK to hide your feelings? Who set up the rule that a person should spill their guts over every little problem? Who said it was all right to parade your inadequacies on television, no matter how humiliating, embarrassing even those who watch, and by the same rules said it was not all right to shut up about them? Dr. Phil, that's who. Wake up! Bearing your pain in silence is manly. Dr. Phil is a big guy, but he should beware of traversing dark alleys in Milford or he'll have to whistle his advice. Well, OK, there aren't any alleys in Milford, but the consensus of the sages on the balcony of the Golf Club was that he better just keep out of town. There's a song, "Don't Tell Me Your Troubles, I've Got Troubles of My Own", which I think Dr. Phil might want to commit to memory. I think we're very well adjusted, hiding and disguising all our problems. Booga! Booga!

I have a four year old grandson, and he loves machines. Nobody taught him, he just does. You know why? Because he's an undeveloped little man. A work in progress, sure, but he's getting there. He already eats like a dog and likes machines. Machines. The mans friend.

The other day I nipped off the fleshy part of a

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