

Man, the Forgotten

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GENERATION AFTER generation of women have proved, conclusively, that they are the stronger of the sexes. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party. Arise fellow males! Throw off the yoke! Let us no longer take a back seat to the "back seat drivers."

So you think you are not being persecuted. Then look around you at the poor, forgotten males. From the crib to the crypt, men are relegated to a position directly in the shadow of women.

Man is assigned to this station at a very tender age. A new-born male is examined and dismissed with a few perfunctory remarks such as, "Isn't he darling," or "Isn't he cute." On the other hand, volumes of flattering phrases are bestowed upon the female child. After a few short moments of respiratory action, she is well aware of the regal position reserved for her and, true to her feminine heritage, takes full command of the situation.

Throughout the first twelve years, the doting mother experiments daily with clothing and setting that will bring out Mary's eyes, hair, complexion, et cetera. Junior is again hastily dismissed. This time a few cuffs may accompany dismissal. Off to the corner he trudges with Dad's cut down pants and followed by Mom's "cut off" looks.

In the next stage of development, more and more attention is given to the rearing of Miss Mary. Both mother and father offer their counsel to guide her through the temptations of the teens. Father inserts an average of two sentences of advice a year. Mother, since she is of the feminine gender, is an expert in all fields, and her advice is bestowed upon Miss Mary at least four times a day.

But a typical conversation between mother and Junior goes something like this:

Junior, who has secretly dropped the "Jr." from his name, says, "Mom, I just scored four touchdowns in the last quarter to win the game and city championship. I've been voted All-State . . ."

Mom retorts, "Junior, please be still. Can't you see I'm busy fixing Mary's formal? She is wearing it to the New Year's Eve dance and it must be ready."

Time passes, but not Junior's troubles. William, as Junior is now called, finds himself, at the age of twenty-two, blissfully unaware of his admittance to the society of forgotten men. He is happily in love. Matilda, who does not object to his affections, has gently blasted the notion of marriage into his head. They become engaged. William anxiously waits to see their names linked in the *Daily Bugle*. Eventually a two-column story announces the coming rites. There the two names are in print. William scans the news story. Except for a brief notice in the leading sentence, the name William Jones does not appear. Matilda's ancestry, history of her sojourn in college, and list of club memberships complete the remaining two hundred lines.

He feels slighted, but has no time to give voice to his disappointment. His time is entirely taken up driving Matilda to this shower and that shower, mailing invitations, and buying rings, in addition to his regular eight hours on the swing shift.

The eventful day comes and passes. The *Daily Bugle* prints the same story, this time supplying the words "were wed" for "will be wed." A complete description of Matilda's bridal finery lengthens the story to three columns.

William should be thankful for his early training which has prepared him for the role of a full-fledged forgotten male. The marriage ceremony could be aptly termed a disappearing act for the male participant. A few short notices will be all he will receive from that day forward.

Walter Winchell will soon be announcing that the former Matilda Brown is infanticipating. Friends will be giving showers for the expectant mother. The expectant male must reconcile himself to a great number of feeble jokes of how the hospital has never lost a father.

The long ordeal is over. Matilda and little Genevieve are brought home.

A typical conversation:

William, clears throat, "Uh . . ."

Matilda, "William, please be quiet. Can't you see I'm feeding the baby?"

William has completed the cycle. It is up to the down-trodden males to assert their rights and break this vicious cycle. Arise men! Throw off the yoke!