

Did you burn the potatoes?

The male is a very special animal. He starts his life with hundreds of empty cells in his brain and each year he fills some of those cells with knowledge. When he reaches manhood, most of those cells are filled. His brain is a vast storage area crammed with vital information. The male knows the height of Mt. Everest, he understands the difference between a Stillson wrench and a Crescent wrench. The perfection of his brain allows him to fly an airplane, fix a leaky faucet, and send a rocket to the moon. Each succeeding year the male adds to his mental capabilities until almost every brain cell is filled to capacity.

But there are a few cells that remain empty forever. And these cells are the ones that enable the male to perform adequately in his role as husband. The male gets married (and he wants to get married) but when the smallest crisis arises in his marriage he calls on those empty cells for solutions that simply aren't there.

Let's take a wife who has gotten up at six in the morning, fixed

Country Philosopher

Amos Arthur Holmes



breakfast and cared for the baby. She has washed clothes, cleaned the house, and ironed until her back screams in protest. She has scrubbed the floor, canned tomatoes, and raked the lawn. And she has done all of this in a happy frame of mind because she knows that soon her husband will be home from work. He will be home to tell her how nice the house looks. He will be home to applaud the meal that has been prepared for him. But most of all he will be home to take his wife in his arms, and say, "Honey, you wouldn't believe how much I missed you today."

But what the husband actually does when he gets home is wolf

down his dinner, belch, and leave the house immediately to play golf, or softball, or pool. You see...it's those unfilled cells. Poor, poor husband. He doesn't even know that he has been selfish or that his marital responsibility lay hollow and wanting.

Speaking of males, and empty brain cells, let me tell you about a friend of mine who recently met an untimely death. He was so much fun to be with and we had many fine hours together. I guess you could consider him the perfect companion. But he was a rotten husband. He treated his wife as if she were merely property. He never considered her welfare or her happiness. He

never once saw that his wife needed him, needed his companionship, or that his unconcern was creating anxiety and sorrow.

My friend died in rather a remarkable way. He had come home from work demanding his dinner. He had brushed off his wife's attempt at a welcoming kiss. As he had done in the last twenty years he didn't remark about the house nor did he have even one warm or loving remark to make.

He sat down at the dinner table and gulped his food without once attempting conversation. He noticed a small pain in his stomach and he began chewing slower. He grabbed another pork chop and ate some more mashed potatoes. The pain became a little more severe, and he said to his wife, "Something tastes awful."

"I'm sorry" said his wife.

"Did you burn those damn potatoes?"

"No."

"Well, something sure as hell tastes bitter."

"Perhaps it's the arsenic" smiled his wife.