1960

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The Masculine Heart

by Sherry Stoddard, Ex.F. 2

February is simply not a month of femininity. It is neither warm nor gentle nor patient nor kind. It is a short-lived era of snow tires, frozen water pipes, rubber boots, stalled motors, over-worked furnaces, soaked snowsuits and everlasting colds. Notable figures brave enough to be born in such a month are not women. Abraham Lincoln chopped wood, and George Washington fought battles; they were rough and tough and able to withstand February and her harsh attitude. It seems to me, February belongs to the men of the world. The women have May and June and perhaps even September.

How then, I am wondering, did the feminine spirit capture such a complete corner on the very nicest day of the whole month? February 14 has been a day of hearts and flowers since Baby Cupid scored his first bullseye, and love has winged its way through every century thereafter.

Pink satin hearts filled with chocolate creams, long-stemmed American beauty roses, lace and frills and poems and ribbons . . . there's no room at all for a masculine heart.

From the little lad to the very most grown-up mister, let's focus Cupid's eye upon the men in our lives.

For instance, let's start with the heart of a member of the Little League, sandy-haired, bubble gum set. In the center there's an exclusive area for frogs and colored rocks and bottle caps and trading cards . . . no room for hearts and flowers. Then there's a section for cookies and peanut butter sandwiches and green apples and graham crackers. His heart holds room for blue jeans and baseball caps and canvas sneakers. Mom and Dad are in there, too, and the kid down the block.

The heart of today's swiftly-moving, swiftly-growing American teenage male is of a little different composition. Femininity has made a slight conquest here, for an area right in the center is reserved especially for girls and dates and dancing. There is also room for cars and garages and guns and sports magazines. We might even find a new sport coat and a pair of black leather loafers.

Lastly, there is the heart of husband and father. It swells with responsibility and knowledge. The family is buried deep within, and on the outer edges can be found tackle boxes, newspapers, pipes, slippers, barbeque pits, golf clubs, mountains, and black coffee.

Let's give February back to the men — at least in part.

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February 1961