

DePuy's Views

"Macho, Macho Man!"

by Dr. Hadley S. DePuy

Someone once made the observation that male babies take longer to deliver. This bears out an old theory the Mrs. (a former OB/GYN nurse) has long held that even in birth men are reluctant to ask directions.

I believe such a theory is merely a foolish attack on male superiority. When we are out driving on a trip the Mrs. is constantly trying to make me think I'm lost.

Take last October, when the Mrs. and I drove the 350 miles from Virginia to Kerhonkson to attend the 11th Ellenville High School Class of 1949 reunion since 1996. However, this year we were like many others from out-of-town at the reunion, staying at the *Ukrainian National Estate* located above Kerhonkson. Now, near the end of the trip, we were on **Rte. 209** approaching Kerhonkson.

I've known that highway since I was a kid but, to my amazement, the Mrs. thought I was lost. I hadn't been to the *Ukrainian Estate* for 40 years but I have a great sense of direction. Lost? Don't know where I am? It'll *never happen*.

When I stopped the car, the Mrs. woke up from her snooze and inquired sleepily, "Are we lost, Lambchop?" "Certainly not," I said, "Why do you ask?" "Because it looks to me like we are in a hayfield and there is a cow nibbling on the radio antenna."

"Please give me the road map," I asked politely.

"Are you going to accuse me of moving the Hudson River again?" she chuckled.

"Of course not, Teen Angel, those dumb bureaucrats just left 209 to dangle out here in a hay field. If you can't trust an official New York State road map, what can you trust?"

"Well, Lover," she croaked, "We're in luck... here comes a farmer. Why don't you just break down and ask him for directions back to the real Route 209."

"Because I'm NOT LOST, my love! I know just what to do. I'll go back to where we saw that hound dog asleep in the road, continue on 209 north straight into Kerhonkson."

"Oh, Pahleeze... we've passed that hound dog so many times that he thinks we're family. Admit it, Macho Man... you're LOST."

Now I'm beginning to lose my patience, but remain composed... "Look, Buttercup, don't worry about a thing. Just go to sleep and leave the driving to me. I'M NOT LOST! The sun just got in my eyes," I said sternly.

"Sweetums, why are you so stubborn? Is it going to kill you to stop and ask? You're not going to lose your manhood. Your hair won't fall out. I'll still love you," she cooed.

I knew she was right (she curled up on the seat next to me); I knew she would find a way to get what she wanted.

"All right, already! You win. I'll stop and get directions. You can stop breathing on the back of my neck now."

She laughed. "That isn't me. Roll up the window, Lambchop... It's that lost cow!"



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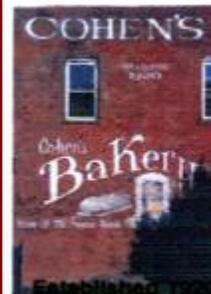
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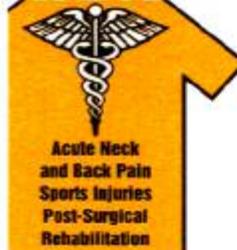
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