

Drill Team

I was at one time the president of a local men's club while we struggled with political correctness and I became progressively more fed up. We'll call it the Abracadabra Men's Club. Meetings had a simple format. Arrange a dinner in a local restaurant for possibly 15 of us and invite someone interesting to speak for their dinner. It worked very well, and a variety of interesting guys and girls took up our offer, each providing an interesting after-dinner program with topics ranging from golf to chiropractic to fishing.

But it became apparent the word "Men's" in our name was anathema to some men and women who seem to have been responsible for many of the feminine elements currently infiltrating our schools, newspapers and other institutions. These folks insist everything be safe and moderate, equal and comfy, sometimes even warm and squishy. In fact, in one club member's obituary, the local newspaper refused to correctly list his affiliation with us. Instead, they called us the plain old Abracadabra Club, dropping the key word, "Men's."

We invited wives and other consorts to one meeting each year, until some men began to argue for more "coed" meetings and topics that might also be of interest to women. I don't know if anyone gave any thought to how me would interweave after-dinner discussions about killing things while hunting and fishing with subjects like safe baby seats.

Those ladies particularly attracted to our meetings were, of course, the younger ones, since they more often felt the need for an evening out, away from the kids. They were the least reticent to be with the guys. Older women seemed to know better. So, a consolation for us men was to be treated with young and pretty women in our midst. But, you know, some women can cast a

pall over male conviviality at times and soon the older men began to drop out, while the younger guys appeared edgy in the combined presence of their wives and their friends. One woman asked me why our club never involved itself in service to the community. "Do you mean," I ventured, "more than providing a place for guys to just sit around and burp and fart?"

The real answer was that we wanted a night of male companionship unfettered by the busy-ness of volunteerism. There was almost a full month of other nights for us to give back to the community with our service and many of us did.

At one such "ladies night," where club business was discussed openly, and tradition held that women didn't offer opinions ... since they were not members and were present only for the entertainment ... a member suggested we march as a group in the local 4th of July parade in the village. "We'll call ourselves 'The Abracadabra Men's Club Drill Team,'" he said.

"Why the word 'drill'?" asked a young woman who appeared at least 11 months pregnant, as other ladies began to mumble, "why the word 'Men's'?"

"Isn't 'drill' what you do with GUNS?" piped up another young mother. "Guns KILL people!"

At the end of the evening, I had made up my mind to leave the club and pursue other interests, perhaps in a monastery. The membership of the erstwhile Abracadabra Men's Club had decided their 4th of July "Drill Team" would carry portable hand drills as a joke. True story. Some joke.

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The Press at Windswept Farm



Saugerties, NY

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