

THE YOKE

(Continued from Page Eight)

tionally stirred as was ever the case when Marcia was in my arms.

"Jeff, please," she'd say, brushing me away and wrinkling her tiny nose in disgust and rapidly mounting anger, "You sound like a snorting bull when he sees red!" Then, seeing my long arms drop listlessly to my sides and a hurt look come into my eyes, she would reluctantly say, "Oh, I'm sorry, Jeff, if I've hurt you," and embellish the statement with a sweet twisted smile. Any small amount of hurt or anger I felt melted away like butter on a hot iron. I'd gather her to my broad chest and burying my lips in her hair I'd swear by God in heaven that she could never hurt me no matter what she said or did! "I love you too much, my little Marcia, for that," I'd conclude.

After such scenes things went along relatively smooth for a time, but there were constantly occurring little incidents which irritated the sore of Marcia's remorse over her marriage to a plain country boy. There was the time that I didn't know that some of Marcia's friends were "dropping in for tea," as they called it, and I came through the living-room bare-footed clad only in my shorts and roaring in my best "Sweet Adeline" baritone one of the ribald songs my cronies and I loved to sing at stag parties in my native South. The lyrics were certainly not the type to fall

upon the ears of the cream of East Newton's society gathered in my living room that Saturday afternoon! I had boldly marched half-way across the room on my way to the kitchen for a private raid on the icebox when Marcia's agonized "JEFF!" brought me to a realization that there were four young women staring disgustedly at my huge hairy figure in its scanty clothing. Perhaps you think as I did, that a man has a right to relax and enjoy his own home on his day off, but one look at the impotent anger and almost hatred which was distorting the features of my socially minded wife showed me how wrong I was. It was a full week before Marcia slept with me again.

I hope from what I've told you thus far that you haven't formed an erroneous conception of my Marcia; she approximated perfection as a wife and homemaker and undoubtedly she cared for me in her way. She married me, didn't she? But the difference in our childhood environments, the contrast in our temperament and habits, created such a strong friction between us that the inevitable denouement (Marcia taught me that word) was disaster. My wife fiercely desired me to become an integral part of East Newton and her circle of influential friends. Being naturally shy and not too friendly, I found it extremely difficult to mingle with a society which ostensibly accepted me only for my wife's sake and I soon