When I was a senior in college, I discovered, much to my chagrin, that I was short a required physical education course. I used every ploy that I could think of to get out of the course, but to no avail. The college was determined that I take the course, and since it was offered at a convenient time that worked well with my schedule, I did the only smart thing that I could do and enrolled.

When I arrived for the first class, I discovered that a “graduate assistant” would be conducting the class – not a coach or a PE teacher. “Graduate assistants” sometimes begin to think too much of themselves. Most of them are young and inexperienced and can be abusive to their underlings, in this case the freshmen students and the lone senior- me.

Time moved on, and I tolerated this “jerk” for about half the semester. He was a football player who weighed about 240 pounds, and he was all muscle. One day he took us to the running track, and once we arrived, he discovered that he had left his notebook. “Patterson, go to the gym and get my notebook. Turn your shirt around so that you will look like you are coming back,” he said. I heard some of the girls snicker. For some strange reason, I was in a defiant mood, and I didn’t move.

“Did you hear me, son?” he yelled.

“I heard you, big boy, and you have an option here. You can send someone else for the notebook or better still, you can go yourself. It’s your notebook,” I responded.

With that he charged at me like a defensive tackle going for a quarterback. I didn’t move. He stopped about five feet in front of me. “You can go get the notebook or one of us is going to get a tail whipping, he said, his face growing red with anger.

I would be lying if I said I could have won the fight. He was big, strong, fast, and he had the weight advantage, but I was willing.

Sometimes that’s enough. I mentally prepared for the fight that I knew was not going to end well for me. “Come on over here and get your tail whipping,” I replied, my eyes focusing on his chin. I was going to throw that first punch at his chin. Beyond that, I didn’t have a plan. I heard the girls gasp. Violence was about to unfold right before their very eyes.

Just before I uncorked the “chin shot,” I heard him mumble, “O heck, I’ll just do it myself.” With that, he disappeared into the gym. Fortunately, I did pass the course and graduate. Believe it or not, the football player treated me with respect from that point forward. We were never friends, but we co-existed for the remainder of that final semester. The freshmen girls seemed impressed, too.

I tell this story to say this: People, and especially boys, have changed since I was a youngster. The American feminist has asserted herself into almost every walk of life, and frankly, boys

have been neglected.
Schools have neglected boys for years, and even the Supreme Court has ruled that women's sports and men's sports must be financed equally. Women have been encouraged by feminist to go out for football or other contact sports although they are not physically adapted to take the vicious hits that boys are. The military has been forced to put women in combat roles even though women are weaker physically and simply do not have the stamina of a male soldier.
If you watch TV, you may think that women are the only ones who contract diseases and die. We hear endless public service announcements to fight breast cancer, ovarian cancer, and other diseases common to women, but there is not even a midnight message about masculine diseases – especially those that affect boys between the ages of 12 – 18. It's a though these young people don't exist.
Unfortunately, we have created a generation of "Metro-men." Many are sensitive, caring and smart, but somewhere along the way, that masculine edge, that natural aggressiveness, has been diluted. Many are confused about their role in society and are often timid and withdrawn. The feminist have changed them into something they were never intended to be.
The natural boy-hood aggression that makes boys different from girls is slowly but surely being bred out.