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# “DEAR EDIE”

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BY PAT MACMILLAN

**D**EAR Edie: I never thought I would be writing a letter to anyone asking for advice, but I am a constant reader of your column and think you might be able to help me.

My problem is my wife. I am at my wit's end. My wife is an intelligent, well-educated woman—in fact, that's part of my problem. She's too well-educated, better than I am, and never lets me forget it.

She makes twice as much money as I do, which would be just fine if she didn't always throw this fact in my face. She's made me dependent on her, Edie, and no man likes to feel that way.

She is neglecting her home and children. We have two children who have grown up knowing the baby sitters better than their own mother. She can't be bothered with them. She expects me to take them to the doctor, shopping, visit their teachers, and all the things that a normal mother would do. Her “career” takes up all her time.

Not only that, but she nags me in public all the time. Last night we were out to dinner with friends and she kept telling me I was using the wrong fork, or spoon; she always makes me feel ridiculous in front of others.

And she's always correcting my

English in front of people. I haven't been to college, Edie, but I talk pretty well, and try to watch my grammar; I wouldn't mind if she did this in private since I'm willing to learn, but why does she have to humiliate me in front of people?

We just haven't anything in common anymore; not even the children, since she doesn't take any interest in them.

My wife won't give me a divorce. She says how would it look for her career?

Please, please help me solve my problem, since I can't take it much longer. If she just reads this letter, she may see my side.

Disillusioned

Dear "Disillusioned":

I've studied your letter very carefully and have come to the conclusion that the situation isn't as hopeless as you've made it appear.

Your wife is obviously a highly intelligent woman since she is doing so well in her career, and you've indicated that she is exceptionally well-paid. Therefore, she must be a woman who can be reasoned with.

Her neglect of the children is, of course, serious, if it is as bad as you say. However, the other faults listed seem to me to be rather minor. Perhaps you are too sensitive, due to the fact that she is better educated and that her career has been so lucrative. This gives you a feeling of inferiority and you feel you are losing your time-honored position as head of the

household. You might do well to re-examine your own motives and perhaps listen to her criticism, which is probably well-meant.

I suggest a heart-to-heart talk with her. Try to see her point of view. I am sure that if you both make concessions, your marriage can be salvaged. Good luck!

Edie

Dear Edie:

I just finished reading your answer to my letter in the paper. What kind of an idiot do you think I am? I've already tried "heart-to-heart" talks with my wife, but she doesn't have a heart. She just laughs and brushes me off, saying she has work to do, or can't be bothered. She doesn't even take me seriously, Edie, and I see you don't!

I'm not exaggerating about the children! Last week she even forgot her 12 year old's birthday! No present, no cake, no Happy Birthday! I made the kid a cake myself, and do you know what she did, Edie? She laughed! She said what kind of a man goes around in an apron! She didn't even feel bad about forgetting. It isn't that she is deliberately cruel; she forgets these remarks as soon as she's made them. I don't forget—neither do the kids.

They don't have any respect for me, because she doesn't! It hurts a man to have his own boy and girl contemptuous of him, but how else can they feel toward a man who is trying to be a mother?

You say my other objections are minor! Is it right for a woman to put her career ahead of her home? Sure, I resent her making more money than I make, but if we needed it, I wouldn't say a word. We don't, Edie. I make a good salary, although she acts as if she carries the burden of the whole family on her shoulders.

Her corrections in public are getting worse and worse since she has become infatuated with another man—and don't tell me it's my imagination! Everywhere we go we bump into him! They laugh and talk shop—he's in the same business—and ignore me, except when my wife can find an opportunity to belittle me in front of him!

Do you see what I mean, Edie? I try to talk to her, but she just won't listen! Help me!

Disillusioned

Dear Disillusioned:

Sorry, the space in my column is limited. I am glad to answer any letters personally, if they are accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Edie

Dear Edie:

I am enclosing the envelope you requested. I will pick your answering letter up at General Delivery, since I don't want my wife and children to find it.

Things are getting worse and worse. My wife and her new boy

friend are becoming more and more careless about their affair. I know all of our friends know, and are laughing at me! She doesn't even care enough about me to try and be a little discreet! What do you think of a woman like that, Edie?

Last week, my 14 year old son walked in unexpectedly and found his mother and this man kissing! He ran away, Edie and the police had to find him! She's forgotten this already, too, laughing it off as a childish prank!

How can an intelligent woman act this way? Please answer right away, as I can't take much more!

Disillusioned

Dear "Disillusioned":

I see now that you do have a serious problem, but I'm sure it is not insoluble. If your wife is as intelligent as you say, why not ask her to visit a marriage counselor with you? It would do you both good. Reading between the lines, I can't help but feel that you are not taking your full share of the blame for your unsuccessful marriage. These things are never one-sided.

Cultivate new interests compatible with hers! Take an interest in her career, since she is obviously not going to give it up—you may find out why she is so fascinated! Try and adjust your way of thinking to hers! Find common recreations you can enjoy! Remember, the family that plays together, stays together!

Edie

Dear Edie:

It's no use! I've tried everything! I suggested the marriage counselor and she laughed in my face. She said what possible good could a marriage counselor do her; since she'd had all those courses in college herself!

She likes her life the way it is, Edie, and doesn't want me intruding in it. She refuses to admit we're unhappy and says all couples have their little differences.

Last night I asked her for a divorce again, since she obviously didn't want to share her life with me and she said it was absolutely out of the question—she would never agree to it since it would ruin her career!

I can't go on any longer, Edie. My manhood has suffered beyond endurance and my heart aches for my neglected, motherless children!

I'm taking the only way out. She works late at her office every night. Tomorrow night, after everyone has left, I'm going to go up there and shoot her! She doesn't deserve to live and make everyone miserable!

If she had only listened! I tried to reason with her and when she wouldn't listen, I even wrote letters to her, but they didn't do any good!

Don't try and talk me out of it because by the time you receive this, it will be too late for a reply to reach me!!

Disillusioned

Dear Disillusioned:

I am writing in the desperate hope that my letter will reach you before you take action. Don't do it!!! It isn't hopeless! I realize now that—

Dear Readers:

*The Edie Lane column will no longer appear in this paper for obvious reasons. This paper deeply regrets the loss of a woman whose great humanitarianism and deep insight was the guiding light for thousands of troubled souls. It would be impossible to estimate the countless number of marriages that owe their survival to this gifted and brilliant woman.*

*This paper will not rest until the perpetrator of this heinous crime, committed even as she was working on a letter to help a poor unfortunate, is apprehended.*

*For details of the shooting, which took place in her office late at night even while she was pouring over humanity's myriad dilemmas, please see page 1.*

