

The FICTION Corner

SLOW AND CAREFUL

By JOHN SCOTT DOUGLAS

YOU can't make fast moves when handling bees, so a beeman learns to be slow and careful no matter what happens. I remembered that the day I stopped by Oakknoll ranch and found a stranger sitting in the farmhouse kitchen and watching Emmy prepare a fat fryer.

Now I've been in love with Emmy since she was 16. The 10 years that have passed since then have changed her so little that if I were buzzing around looking for something sweet, I'd still pick Emmy. The western sun slanting through the window made a halo of her fair hair and her face was flushed from the hot stove. She waved a floury hand as she popped a drumstick into the puttering grease.

"Hello, Bill," she said. "I want you to meet Fuller Launson. He's bought the Hall place and is raising horses. Where'd you come from?"

"Sierra foothills," I answered. "I'm taking my bees down to Redlands to pollinate the Farland orchard."

"Bill has a pollinating service," Emmy explained. "Arsenic sprays kill so many bees that orchardists pay him to bring his hives, so the trees will bear fruit."

"I see," Launson said, the wisp of a black mustache over his thin lips barely moving.

I couldn't make up my mind whether he was one of those robber-bees that steal honey from another hive or whether he was a drone that lets the workers support him. He had black eyes and a waspish face. And there was contempt in the way he looked at my swollen hands that might near put me in a stinging mood. I can't bother with gloves when I'm handling beehives all the time.

I asked about his horses while Emmy cooked supper, but he wouldn't resent my dropping in and wouldn't say much. However, he admitted that his old man had plenty of money and thought that since Fuller Launson wasn't much good in his business, he might as well try to raise horses.

Now Emmy has a heart as big as a six-super hive and she's always feeling sorry for queer characters. She never talks much about herself, but she's a good listener. Still I couldn't figure what she saw in Launson, except that he had a college degree and she respects education. I could have told Launson other things about her. She's been lonely since her folks died, however, so if she found him good company, that was all right with me. A beeman learns not to disturb the queen unless he has to.

After supper I had to leave to get hives set up in the fields of the Redlands orchard before sun-up. Launson showed no signs of swarming, so I guessed he planned to visit a while longer with Emmy. But a beeman doesn't jump to conclusions. As I say, he learns to be slow and careful.

It was two weeks before I got back to Oakknoll again. Launson sat in the same chair, as if he hadn't moved in all that time. He didn't seem real friendly, and acted bored when I asked about his horses.

Well, supper didn't go so well that night. Emmy treated me as she always does, but Launson sulked as bees do on a rainy day when they can't gather pollen.

After supper, Launson said, "there's a good movie in town. Like to go, Emily?"

She started shaking her head, but I spoke up.

"You go right along. I've been driving nights and working days until I'm too wore out to be fit company for anyone. I'll just catch a few

winks on the sofa and push along about 11."

"Oh, Bill," Emmy said anxiously, "do you have to work so hard? You haven't an ounce of flesh!"

"No money'd keep me driving this way," I admitted. "Now that the war's over and we got to help feed the world, we need bigger fruit crops.

weak chin would hurt my swollen hands much. I decided not to try it.

"Launson," I said, "I'm putting some hives out under the trees here. If you ain't afraid of bees, I want you to give me a hand."

When I came inside later to wash up, Emmy was just putting the last steaming dishes on the table.



Well, supper didn't go as well that night. Emmy treated me as she always does, but Launson sulked as bees do on a rainy day when they can't gather pollen.

But the spring pollinating is almost over and soon I can take it easier."

"Not here, I hope," Launson said unpleasantly, when Emmy went into the bedroom to get her hat.

I knew then how bees feel when you shake their hive on a cold day but I was too tired to argue. I was asleep before they drove away and the alarm-clock awakened me before they returned.

It was nearly a month before I could get back. When I drove past the old Hall place, it looked like Launson hadn't given his horses much care. He stepped out of the house after I'd stopped the truck, and spoke as if he owned Oakknoll.

"You back?"

"Yep," I said. "Just in time for supper."

"I didn't know Emily was expecting you," he snapped.

I wondered whether Launson's

"Where's Mr. Launson?" She asked.

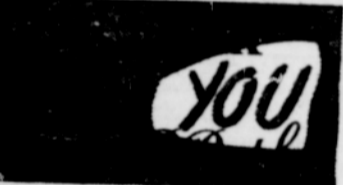
"Last I saw of him," I said, tucking in my napkin, "he was running toward his house with a veil of bees trailing behind him. He dropped a hive he was carrying and instead of backing away slow and careful like, he began swatting bees. They kind of resented it."

Emmy didn't say anything for a minute. "I'm glad he's gone," she said, and smiled. "I'd have told him things before, but I get so lonely when you're away, Bill. What made him drop the hive?"

"I guess something I said startled him. You see, he'd just advised me to move on, saying I'd never get anywhere with you, Emmy."

"The idea! What'd you say to that, Bill?"

"Why, I told him he was crazy—that we'd been married 10 years."



YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY

One of my younger friends, a man in whom I always have had considerable confidence, did something last week that caused my confidence to be shaken. I'll tell you about it.

When the pressure in a job he has held for two or three years became too great, he quit. "I am going to pull stakes and go to another town," he told me. "I just couldn't take it any more."

I say that my confidence was shaken. What I mean is this, that whenever anyone tries to run away from a crisis, a situation, a condition or himself, he's doomed to fail.

Yet every day you see someone who is trying to run away from himself. Psychologists are very much interested in the roads which these runaways take, and one of their first considerations in evaluating a personality which is broken or unhappy is escape.

You probably know that you live every day with a conflict raging inside yourself. Sometimes the conflict is subdued by a quiet sort of guerrilla warfare of the mind. At other times it reaches the battle

point. Only rarely is there total peace.

When this conflict becomes too formidable, too threatening, you do the obvious thing—you try to run. That seems to be the thing to do, but often the escape is worse than the conflict—and more lives are damaged by these escape or fight mechanisms than by any one thing.

Maybe you'd like to have me tell you very briefly about the various escape routes that the mind follows when things get too hot.

They are 13. First comes regression, which means to go backward, do childish things. Then comes extroversion—that means to turn to excessive activity to cover up the conflict. The opposite of that is introversion—to think excessively, to dodge real issues.

Rationalization is to indulge in false thinking, while segregation is not to let your right hand know what your left hand is doing.

When you practice repression, you forget unpleasant things; and when you disassociate, you pass the buck. Sometimes you resort to conversion—that means to have a breakdown or illness in place of a conflict. Displacement is to worry over one thing when another is to blame, and projection is to attribute your own faults to others.

Another escape is called identification; that means to form phantasies. When you follow compensation, you overdo some particular thing in order to overcome your inadequacies.

The final escape route is the only one which is wholeheartedly recommended. It is called sublimation—that means to turn the effect of the conflict into some useful channel.

Soybeans Provide Protein To Offset High Food Cost

High food costs make it difficult for the homemaker to know how she can get the most for her food dollar. Protein is one of the most essential protective elements in the human diet, say extension service nutritionists.

Foods which contain protein—meats, eggs, milk, cheese—are high in cost, but they must not be left out of the diet. Cheaper cuts of meats, meat stretchers, egg dishes and cheese dishes will help supply the body's need for protein. Other sources of protein are soybeans, dried beans and peas. These vegetables come nearest to meat, eggs, milk and cheese as body builders. They also contain Vitamin B1 and iron.

For homemakers not familiar with the soybean, this information is offered: "Soybeans contain protein of high quality, similar to animal protein. They can be used in place of meat in the diet. Soybeans are good sources of usable iron and other mineral, such as calcium, phosphorus, as well as an excellent source of vitamins of the B-complex. Fresh, green soybeans are rich in Vitamin A. They are high in fat, and sprouted soybeans are a useful source of Vitamin C."



THE BLIZZARD OF 1888

Elmer Twitchell, charter member of the Society for Perpetuating the Blizzard of 1888, an old northern custom, was at the annual meeting and in old time form. "I will never forget that storm," he declared. "I got caught at one time between two flakes that weighed more than I did."

"How that snow piled up! My mother called me to the window and said 'Look, it's beginning to snow, Elmer.' Well, sir, before I could look out there were people caught in drifts as far as the eye could see! I remember we sent the hired man to the woodshed, only 50 yards away, for a shovel! And never saw him again until July.

"My father, who was out in the backyard, started to climb a drift on the front steps and when he got to the top he was on the roof of the house yelling 'Excelsior!'"

"Remember Tony Paster's theater? Well, sir, every act on the bill that night was blown right out of the theater. . . they found a dog and pony act frozen in the ice 10 days later and a ventriloquist turned up in August behind a barn in New Rochelle. . . My father told me of a man who drove by sleigh directly into a room on the eighth floor of the old Grand Union Hotel.

"And the wind? Well, sir, it was worse than in a modern presidential campaign. Nobody had the same roof or chimney after that storm. We got a roof from the Eb Andrews barn 60 miles north and a chimney from a factory up around Troy, N. Y. There wasn't a pane of glass left in a house in New York. But it didn't matter as the ice froze in the window frames and lasted all that summer and autumn. . . .

"These men living in the past remind me of a toy. I am sure you have all seen it. It is a wooden bird called the Floogie Bird. Around its neck is a label reading 'I fly backwards. I don't care where I'm going. I just want to see where I've been.'—President Truman.

Our recollection—and we have to go away back—is that it was called the Fatalava bird and that it was a gag first used by Bob Benchley.

SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER

Dear Uncle Sam: For the first time in my life I am worried about you. Never before have I wondered if you could be a dope or a Humpty Dumpty. Never before have you ever seemed to have points resembling a composite picture of Little Lord Fauntleroy, the Fairy Godmother, Little Jeff and Donald Duck.

But now, with Joe Stalin laughing up his sleeve as he and his carefully trained stooges take over country after country with the ease of the man on the flying trapeze, I am doing my wondering in technical.

With Communists sworn to your destruction working around the clock right under the bezer, taking orders from the Kremlin and leaving nothing undone to soften you up in the exact pattern employed in Czechoslovakia, you content yourself with shadow boxing, rumba dancing, thumb-twiddling, goose-gracing and dry runs through a revolving door.

You are interpreting the initials U. S. A. as meaning United States of Amnesia. You are singing it "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sleeping Land of Stupidity."

Is there any reason why you can't be a Good Samaritan without shooting the donkey? Can't you be a lifeguard without giving rope?

It is later than you think. It is high time you got smart, alert and on the ball. Are you Uncle Sam or Lady Bountiful? Are you a tough, rugged quick-witted, high-level national wonder man or just a yawning director of a "My Advice to You" program? Are you Uncle Sam or Uncle Sap? I'm just asking.

Yours in complete befuddlement. Elmer.

"It is quite well known that we communists are not believers in over-throwing the United States government by force"—From a statement by a prominent American communist.

Just a teeny-weeny torpedoing, that's all.

Great Britain has spent the four billion American loan in a little over nine months. Nobody can keep a penny these days.

Bovine Obstetrics
Dairy cows have 98 per cent single births, beef cattle 99.5 per cent. Most of the rest are twins. Triplet births occur at the rate of 1 in 300 with dairy cows, or about one-third of 1 per cent.

Longest Tunnel
The Delaware aqueduct is the longest tunnel in the world. The colossal conduit is 85 miles long, running from about five miles north-west of Ellenville to Yonkers, just north of New York City.

Joker Joe Miller
Joe Miller, of "joke book" fame, was an actor whose present renown in the field of humor came somewhat unjustly, according to Encyclopaedia Britannica. After Miller died in 1738, John Motley brought out a book called "Joe Miller's Jests," or "Wit's Vade Mecum." Of this collection of jokes, only three were told by Miller.

He Started Industry
The year 1813 marks the beginning of cranberry culture on Cape Cod. Henry Hall, East Dennis, Mass., noticed that the largest and best wild cranberries on his land grew where sand had blown over them. Selecting promising vines from a meadow, Hall reset them near his home and sanded them as an experiment.

Archery Becomes Popular
Since 1879, when the first American archery tournament was staged in Chicago, the sport has become increasingly popular. Men use a 6 foot bow and women a 5 1/2 foot bow. The arrows are made of cedar, pine or yew wood. The arrows for men are 28 inches long. The targets are placed on an easel, the center being 4 feet from the ground.

Dogs on Payroll
There are a number of dogs on the federal payroll and they all earn their keep. Many federal prisons have trained German shepherds or bloodhounds as regular members of their staffs. These dogs are used in guarding the prisoners who work outside the prison walls and in tracking down those who attempt to escape.

AN OPPORTUNIST is a person who, finding himself in hot water, decides he needs a bath, anyway.

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JOLLY TIME POPS BEST
JOLLY TIME POP CORN

Not a Substitute—Not Medicated
Sano's scientific process cuts nicotine content to half that of ordinary cigarettes. Yet skillful blending makes every puff a pleasure.
FLEMING-HALL TOBACCO CO., INC., N. Y.
*Average based on continuing tests of popular brands
ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT SANO CIGARETTES

SHOULD A MAN OVER 40 STOP SMOKING?
Change to SANO—the Safer Cigarette with 51.6%* LESS NICOTINE
Not too sharp or sour, lemon in water has a refreshing tang—clears the mouth, wakes you up. It's not a purgative—simply helps your system regulate itself. Try it 10 days. USE CALIFORNIA SUNKIST LEMONS.

GRO-PUP DOG FOOD
CONTAINS ABOUT AS MUCH FOOD AS FIVE 1-LB. CANS
GRO-PUP DOG FOOD RIBBON
Why pay for water? SAVE while giving your dog nourishing Gro-Pup, only Ribbon-type dog food. Gro-Pup has 23 wholesome ingredients, is 92% food by dry weight (many canned foods are 70% water).
Dogs Go For GRO-PUP
Made by Kallag's of Battle Creek and Omaha

MOTHER, MOTHER, I'VE BEEN THINKING WHAT I SAW YOU DO TODAY. YOU MAKE BISCUITS OH, SO TASTY! TELL ME HOW TO BAKE THAT WAY
BAKE THE CLABBER GIRL WAY. MY DEAR, WITH CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER
Ask Mother, She Knows . . . Clabber Girl is the baking powder with the balanced double action . . . Right, in the mixing bowl; Light, from the oven.

CLABBER GIRL Baking Powder

The Silver Fire

Grace Nell Crowell

BY FAITH I drink the water in my cup, I breathe the air and trust that it is pure, The bread I break at evening as I sup I take believing that the loaf is sure To be quite clean. At night I go to sleep And journey through a strange and darkened land, With confidence that God has power to keep His never-failing hold upon my hand.

By faith I rise to meet my busy day, Sure of the sun, I plant and hoe my seed, Knowing that rain and light will take their way Across the earth, that my immediate need For food will be supplied. By faith I go Trusting in God and in my fellow-men, And if at times that silver fire burns low, It never fails to lift and burn again.

