

Life Begins At 62½

By George B. Russ

Looking back upon her recent encounter with Daisy Parker, Miss Madie wasn't sure of her own sanity anymore. For the moment she wasn't sure that her blood chemistry was all crazy mixed up or her glandular chain had not suddenly slipped and she was seeing a side of her circumspect life that she hadn't, hitherto, suspected of being a part of her nature. She had actually gone chasing after a man. What had happened to the pedestal upon which she had reigned for so long? God or satan was playing strange capers with her flesh and bones. If someone had come to her a year ago, seated high 'n mighty on her pedestal, and so much as suggested that they wanted to sleep with her, she would have been fit to burn. "Here I stand upon a stump-come and kiss me

before I jump" didn't apply to her, but now, she was ready to cross her bridge and burn it after crossing it. She would, in all probability, be the first old lady in history to dam up the creek, then drown in it. Nevertheless, she was ready to dance nude in the dark with Jeff Boykins. Daisy Parker could "fer-git-it," because she had no intention of spending a lot of time on her "rusty knees" with time running out on her the way it was.

"Mister Ben" was as restless as a flea on a hot stove when she arrived home; and, for some strange reason, she had a feeling that his beady, black eyes were seeing through her. She felt like an unfaithful wife and avoided his inquisitive eyes as often as she could. Long before his mid-day meal was ready, he was cross and stubborn as a

mule. So, she had to pamper him before he would eat. "come on sweetie pie and eat for me, you are acting up because you think I met-ah-fellow while I was out. You can trust Miss Madie, honey bunch. I may be an old flint, but you are the only sweetie I want." She disliked lying to the babbling old man, but she could not bring into play a more suitable alternative. At the moment she wanted him to get with it, she wanted some time to herself to make plans for hers and Jeff's next meeting.

"Mister Ben" ate his gruel, apple sauce and, vanilla pudding, smacked his lips; then, he did a peculiar thing, he began babbling loudly, kicking and flaying his boney hands, this strange caper was a manifestation of his smouldering anger. Pastor Gibbs was right, "a piece of a man around the house is better than no man at all. She was flattered to have a man enraged with jealousy because he wasn't sure she had not been out fillying around with a stud. If there ever was a

piece of man, Ben Pratt took the cake; but he did fill an emptiness in her life that a woman could not fill. Once more she sweetened him up and abated his anachronous calisthenics. In a honied tone she said, "you've been such an old toad, I haven't had a chance to tell you that what I saw while I was out walking."

Immediately, the old reprobate quieted down. And Miss Madie "winked her eye up her sleeve" and gave her ego a pat where it was needed. She didn't make a habit of "dipping snuff" but this was one of the times when she felt that a little snuff dust was what her swimmy head and queasy stomach needed.

After seeing that "Mister Ben was properly "bedded down"—his nakedness had become as plain as the nose

on his face; the old goat no longer wore his pajama pants. Then, removing the top from the snuff box, she filled her lip, found a tin cup and set it beside her rocking chair. After this ritual, she settled down to the business of telling Ben about the Latimers.

"Mister Ben, I know I am not "at home" a whole lot of times. My mind, as you know, jumps time, but the Latimers take the cake." Mrs. Latimer, poor soul, looks like a white woman, whiny 'n all. Well, she was setting out gladiola bulbs when I passed—she was all fixed up real nice for crawling around on the ground. She is a right nice looking woman, but like myself, she is broke out with faults. My faults stick out like sore thumbs 'n hers duz likewise. Miss Madie picked up the tin can and held it

close to her lips—she was no "snuff skelter." Then she picked up the jagged threads of the narrative. "Fessor Latimer came out on the porch, looking like a bull frong through his tri-focal specs, and spoke real polite. He sugar-coats everything he says to his whimpering wife, 'Lydia, honey, I didn't mean to leave all the hole digging to you, sweetie pie.' Again she raised the spit-cup to her lips; "I shouldn't have said what I did, but I couldn't stand quietly and watch the pair of turtle-dove cooing, without putting in my two cents worth—"there is too much sugar for th' honey round here. I tried to laff it off but I had cut-ah-hog, so, I just let the hair fall where it will or may. 'Fessor Latimer was fit to pop with indignation 'n Miss Lydia looked like she was going to

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cry. Now that my visit was over 'n done with, I recalled that mama always said, 'a still tongue make a wise head.'" Miss Madie reached for the spit-cup and forgot what she was about to do—"Mister Ben had fallen asleep." "Thanks be to God," she whispered as she sat rocking and thinking of Jeff Boykins. He hadn't said what time he would call on her. She would miss sightseeing for awhile; because, she had no intention of being out when he called. Jeff had been fast as hops when he was in school. He got in a lot of trouble once when he was caught hugging and kissing Mozelle Massey in the hallway. Dean Latta had called a meeting of all the girls and lectured them on, "Beware 'n the Spring Fives!" Miss Madie smiled

dreamily—she was wondering how she would react if and when Jeff Boykins asked her for a kiss—Continued—

System Known As

Chip-n-Saw

What helps make it perhaps the most successful mill unit in the country is its incredible speed; despite a radically accented design for feeding logs into the cutting system, known as Chip-n-Saw. Fee Wee can swallow them faster than they can be fed. And a fresh truckload of logs must arrive early every 15 to 20 minutes to maintain the production pace.

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INTERNATIONAL NEWS BRIEFS

AFRICAN PRESIDENT TO SNUB POPE

VATICAN CITY—Contrary to general practice President Gen. Mobutu Sese Seko of the central African Republic of Zaire will not call on Pope Paul at the end of his official visit to Italy this week. This abstention is striking because Mobutu is a Roman Catholic. Mobutu's conflicts with the Catholic church in Zaire are believed to be at the root of this decision.

—NBNS—

RHODESIAN PROTEST MOVEMENT DEMANDS GOVERNMENT NEGOTIATE WITH IT

SALISBURY — The African National Council of white ruled Rhodesia has called on the settler government to negotiate with it in an effort to solve the question of a constitution for the country. The council made the statement as part of a response to British Foreign Secretary, Sir Alec Douglas-Home's urging of Blacks and whites in Rhodesia to collaborate on devising a formula for a constitutional settlement to present to Britain.

—NBNS—

UN AID FOR DROUGHT STRICKEN COUNTRIES SOUGHT

ROME—An appeal for air transport to take food and other supplies to six drought stricken countries in Africa has been made by the Un Food and Agriculture Organization. The countries affected by the drought are Mauritania, Senegal, Mali, Upper Volta, Niger, and Chad.

They have a population of over 30 million inhabitants.

—NBNS—

IDI AMIN OFFERS MILTON OBOTE ADMINISTRATIVE POSITION

KAMPALA—If deposed President Milton Obote comes back to Uganda, Amin says that he will name him administrator of Uganda's northern region. Amin added that "when the time comes for politics to be resumed, he can contest the elections and become president."

—NBNS—

LIBERIAN OFFICIAL AND PROFESSOR ATTACKED BY GANG IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK—A Liberian official and a Liberian college professor were attacked and beaten after they left a party in the Bronx last week. Winston Richards, a Liberian deputy minister of public works, and Emmet Dennis, a biology professor at Rutgers university were punched and kicked by bottle and belt wielding members of a gang known as the "heathens."

Two members of the gang are in the custody of the police and others are being searched for.

YOUR EYES: WINDOWS OF YOUR MIND

Pupils are teaching scientists a lot.

Psychologists, educators and medical researchers have found that the pupils in our eyes expand and contract not only in response to a decrease or increase in light, but also in response to how we feel about something.

Say "mother-in-law" to a man, note carefully what happens to the size of his pupils, and you can learn something about his true feelings.

Does a prospective employee really want to work very hard to succeed—or is he just saying that to get the job? The right questions, plus pupil measurement, can give you the answer.

To measure pupil size accurately, a unique instrument called a Television Pupilometer has been developed by Whittaker Corporation's Space Sciences Division, Waltham, Mass.

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