



MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT



W.N.U. RELEASE

THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-four-year-old Wilbert Winkle, who operates a repair shop in the alley back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in 1-A. He breaks the bad news to Amy, his domineering wife, who becomes suddenly tender. Mr. Winkle is sent to Camp Squibb, a thousand miles from home. After graduating from Motor Mechanics school, Mr. Winkle goes home on a furlough. Amy hardly knows him, and his dog, Penelope, barks at him furiously. After returning to camp Mr. Winkle and his friend, Mr. Tinker, are sent to a point of embarkation. Soon they find themselves on the high seas, in a big convoy. They meet some of their friends aboard and are encouraged.

CHAPTER XI

At lunch time they were at last told where they were going. Nothing was said about the main convoy. From the beginning it had been planned to send them to the island of Talizo, one of the steppingstones in the retrieving of certain precious stones stolen by the Japanese when so one was looking.

The south end of the fifty-mile-long island had been captured by American forces, along with an airfield conveniently just completed by the Japs, who still held the northern half of Talizo. They would land some time the next morning.

Mr. Winkle searched in his guidebook for the entry under Talizo. To



It was hot on land after the sea as they marched through town.

his satisfaction he found that the island had cannibals. It was, in fact, noted for them.

Late that afternoon a collection of dark dots came out of the sinking sun ahead of them. The gun crews of their own and the other ships sprang to their stations, alert and tense. But soon word was passed about that these were their own planes, come to protect them in that most dangerous of all times, dusk on the sea.

No enemy, from under, on, or over the sea appeared either that night or at dawn when the planes returned to take up their vigil and escort the convoy to port.

Land, now made out boldly, was seen to be a low-lying shore reaching up abruptly to a towering volcanic mountain ridge running along the far side of Talizo. It was a scene of such beauty as to be very nearly unreal. As they approached closer, here and there the white wisp of a waterfall could be seen throwing itself down from the mountain jungles and disappearing into the thick green growth below.

That war and the killing and maiming of men could exist on this peaceful looking island did not seem credible.

Looking at it, all you wanted to do was to land here, among the palm trees on the white sandy shore and spend the rest of your life.

Mr. Winkle and his several thousand companions gazed at it with awe and wonderment. The island was almost the thing for which Mr. Winkle searched, and he wondered if he would find it here.

Mr. Winkle's impression of landing was not one of danger, but of fascination.

Their troopship was the first vessel through the mine field and the opening made by a small tug drawing back the boom of the submarine net. Almost before the anchor was down in the harbor, landing nets were being thrown over the sides of the ship and boats lowered.

They climbed down, packing themselves in the lifeboats. Three of these, tied together, were pulled by a launch to one of the piers. The men stared at a half-sunken supply ship they passed. Some of them identified shore batteries placed on either point of the harbor.

It was hot on land, after the sea, as they marched through the town.

Passing by the thatched huts, they saw that most of them were vacant. Only here and there were they occupied by brown-skinned people whose large dark eyes gazed at them apathetically. A few of them were girls clad in a simple garment of printed cloth which left one shoulder bare and outlined the rest of their slim bodies to their knees.

"Whadda you know?" breathed Mr. Tinker. "Whadda you know?"

"Now, now," cautioned Mr. Winkle. "We're here to protect them, that's all."

"Sure," said Mr. Tinker. "Sure." He twisted his head, to keep in sight as long as he could what he looked forward to protecting.

On the far side of the village the jungle began, a monstrous growth of palms, lianas, bushes, vivid flowers, breadfruit trees, and banana plants. Into this they marched along a narrow white shell road that threw up heat in nearly suffocating waves. They began to sweat.

They came to a tent so cleverly camouflaged that they failed to make it all out at once. It was painted the exact color of the vegetation. Limbs of trees grew over its roof. Nets, to which branches were attached and sprayed a permanent green, covered it in other places.

The jungle was honeycombed with such tents, some of them small, some of them large enough to house a small circus. Again Mr. Winkle felt safe. He told himself nothing could happen to him in such a hidden installation. He had half-expected to make a landing amidst a hail of bullets and exploding bombs.

At their first meal in the mess tent they tasted new foods, potato-like taro, papaya, and wild chicken. Mr. Tinker spat most of them out and took to what he called civilized dishes also provided. Mr. Winkle swallowed them, if not with relish, at least with pleasure in their proving how definitely he was on a tropic island.

The newcomers were asked such a barrage of questions that they had little chance to put any of their own. The few they managed to get in were mostly answered with a lifting of the shoulders. One man jerked his thumb toward the north and said, "We're just sitting each other out."

The Messrs. Winkle and Tinker reported to one of the shops, where Mr. Tinker was open-mouthed at the equipment and Mr. Winkle was impressed.

Trucks, reconnaissance and command cars, and jeeps and peeps were driven into spacious tents which held as complete equipment as to be found at home. The canvas sides were rolled up for ventilation, giving them a pleasant air of being outdoors. The familiar smell of oiled machinery and carbon monoxide fumes reached their nostrils. These perfumes were more heartening than the sweet, curious odors of the jungle with which they competed.

Men like themselves, trained as they had been, following the same procedures, labored over the vehicles, one of which had its entire rear end missing as if it had been torn off by a violent hand. The men looked up, gazing idly, curiously, or with interest at the newcomers. Only once did they pause in their quick, deft attentions to the motors. A radio, abruptly turned on, buzzed and crackled for a moment, and then from it came the clear, assured announcement "This is the United States of America."

The men went still for an instant, taking it in. They glanced at each other and some of them smiled briefly, almost shyly. As the short-wave program went on, giving the news from home, they returned to work with an added zest.

Mr. Winkle couldn't suppress a tingle that went through him and a choking in his throat. It quieted the queasy feeling in his stomach. It made him know that the jungle of Talizo, at least this part of it and more to come, was the U. S. A.

When a mail went out, Mr. Winkle was allowed to write only the barest information to Amy. He refrained from saying much for the double reason of living up to the censorship regulations and not caring to frighten her. He omitted certain things he discovered in his paradise, such as malaria, dysentery, white ants with a pincers attack worse than any war maneuver ever conceived, and mosquitoes so profuse that a net over the bed served only to trap them inside where they could concentrate their attack.

It must, he thought, be enough of a strain for Amy not even to know where he was beyond the fact that he was in the South Seas area. He kept to the cheery things, such as the taste of roasted wild pig, and the crawfish, shrimp, and prawns. He described the flowers, and dwelt on the hibiscus, which he thought went better with the tropics than anything else. He told her about the parrots and cockatoos of the jungle, and how the air was filled with the color of flashing wings.

He said there were no cannibals about just then but he hoped eventually to see one. He described war as being nothing at all like what he had expected, and assured her that he would be back some day. "No Jap bullet has my name on it," he wrote.

He pondered on whether or not he should leave this in. It was boasting a little, for he had yet to hear a shot fired on either side. In the end he let the statement go, deciding it was reassuring more than anything else. And he didn't want to give her the impression that he really wasn't in the war.

Mr. Tinker was in it so little that he didn't think much of Talizo as a battleground. When a truck was brought in with a few bullet holes through its body, it was a matter of some curiosity. And the bullets had been fired so far away that the ac-

tual fighting seemed remote and unreal.

They saw nothing of the enemy and heard nothing of him. There were so few evidences of his existence that they were hardly worth while. Even the two cots in their tent hadn't been vacated by dead men, but by men who had contracted tropic fever and been sent home. The native girls ran when Mr. Tinker made approaches; they didn't trust any human being in a soldier's uniform.

All in all, Mr. Tinker was very much disgusted. He said he might as well be home working at his plumbing, and he told Mr. Winkle he might as well be home in his shop.

Mr. Winkle, on the other hand, could not conceal from himself the fact that he was pleased. He breathed easier, thinking that if this was all there was to it, it wasn't so bad. To the north, he knew, lay the airfield and the main part of the American forces of occupation. And farther on there was jungle fighting where men stalked each other through the undergrowth and sniped from the trees. But this was not his business, and he came into contact with none of those whose affair it was.

Mr. Tinker hoped to be sent north on some mission. "It's the only way I can see for me to get me my Jap," he said.

Mr. Winkle didn't understand how he could expect this. "You'd be on other duty," he pointed out.

"Not all the time I won't," Mr. Tinker said. "You wouldn't tell anybody," he pleaded, "if I went off for a while, would you, Pop?"

"You won't do any such thing," Mr. Winkle scolded.

Mr. Tinker remained silent, looking glum but determined.

Mr. Tinker had only contempt for the south tip of the island, to which he and Mr. Winkle were sent several times to rescue vehicles in difficulties. He could hope to find no Japs there. The shore was lined with American machine-gun fox holes, and it was here that the Alphabet, to his chagrin, was stationed.

Sergeant Czeideskrowski and his crew, including Freddie and Jack, agreed with Mr. Tinker about their part in the war. Nothing, they felt, would happen in the portion given to them. They had come thousands of miles to sit and watch and wait for action that would never materialize.

They — with Mr. Winkle — overlooked the fact that when you are in a war you are in a war.

Awakened early one morning, Mr. Winkle and Mr. Tinker were told to report to the orderly tent on the double-quick. Their Commanding Officer looked grim when he told them

"Hop in a jeep and get down to Post Number Nine. Repair a com-



Mr. Winkle was allowed to write only the barest information to Amy.

mand car you'll find there and bring it back. Don't waste any time. There's mist off the shore. Anything can come out of it."

Mr. Winkle's heart leaped as he saluted with Mr. Tinker and hurried out.

"Something," said Mr. Tinker, "is up."

Mr. Winkle was very much afraid that this might be so. "Nine," he said. "That's the Alphabet."

At the motor park tent they found the men on duty there had the same tense attitude. "You'd better take some extra cartridge clips," they were told. These were given to them.

They drove out. Mr. Winkle didn't like the extra cartridge clips, but he did feel better to have rifles slung alongside the bouncing car.

When they reached the road running south along the shore, they saw the mist. Between hillocks of the beach ridge they could make it out standing like a wall several hundred yards offshore, mysterious, dangerous, unreasonable.

It made Mr. Tinker enthusiastic. "The Japs know we're about ready to push them in the face in the north," he held. "Mebbe they'll take this chance."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., The Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. Released by Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for January 14

Lesson subjects and Scripture texts selected and copyrighted by International Council of Religious Education; used by permission.

JESUS BEGINS HIS MINISTRY

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 3:13-15. GOLDEN TEXT—Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.—Matthew 4:10.

Ready for service—this is the next scene from our Lord's life which comes before us in Matthew. Thirty years had passed since His birth, but these are hidden in silence, save for the one glimpse of Him in the temple which is given only by Luke.

These were not years of idleness or luxury. He was obedient to Joseph and Mary. He worked in the carpenter shop. He fellowshiped with God's people, and best of all, with His heavenly Father. He showed obedience and faithfulness in life's ordinary things. And then, all at once, the day of His public ministry was at hand.

His baptism and temptation were a part, the opening event, of that ministry. We find Him:

I. Identified With Sinners (3:13-15). John, the fiery forerunner of Jesus, had come with a burning message of repentance, and sinners were coming to him to be baptized as a sign of their contrition.

Suddenly Jesus appeared. John pointed to Him as the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29). When He offered Himself for baptism, John demurred. There was no sin in Jesus that He should need baptism. There was no occasion for Him to express in a special act His obedience, for He always did the will of God. (Heb. 10:7).

Why then was Jesus baptized? We find the answer in the central purpose for which He came into the world, namely, to save sinners. Here at His official entrance upon that work He, who though He knew no sin was to become sin for us, took the sinner's place in baptism. It was not because He had Himself sinned, but because He was to become the substitute for the sinner. What marvelous condescension and grace!

II. Approved of God (3:16, 17). The Holy Spirit, like a dove, rested upon Him. The dove is one of the symbols of the Spirit, and speaks of gentleness, meekness, purity, peace and love.

Out of the eternal dwelling places in heaven came the voice of the eternal Father expressing His approval and pleasure in His son. The person and work of Christ bear their own commendation of Him to us as divine. Here we have the Father's word, and the Holy Spirit's coming. Thus we have here the entire Trinity.

III. Tempted by Satan (4:1-11). A time of testing was ahead. Jesus did not fear it, but notice that He did not seek it either. He was led by the Spirit into this great conflict. We may learn that we must not seek nor put ourselves in the way of temptation, but when it comes we may meet it without fear. God is with us.

He was tempted as the Messiah, and the Son of God, and it was a real testing, one from which we need to learn what to do when tempted. It was threefold: physical, spiritual and vocational.

1. The Physical Temptation. Forty days of conflict with Satan made His body hungry. Under such circumstances it was a terrific temptation to use His divine power to make bread. He could have done it, but He did not. One doesn't have to live, but one does have to obey and honor God.

Note how effectively Christ used Scripture (from Deuteronomy—have you read it lately?). It is the only sure answer to Satan's temptations, but you must learn it if you are going to use it.

2. The Spiritual Temptation. Here Satan asked Him to presume on the grace of God. If he cannot get you to abandon your faith, he will urge you to go to some fanatical and unscriptural extreme in using it.

God always cares for His own when they are in the place where He wants them to be, but He does not deliver us from foolhardy and unnecessary risks which we want to call "faith."

3. The Vocational Temptation. Christ had come into this world to wrest from Satan, the usurper (who is now the prince of this world—John 12:31), the kingdoms of this world. Satan suggested to Him that He could accomplish this by simply bowing down to him—thus escaping Calvary's cross.

Satan is busy urging men to take spiritual bypaths. He has his own leaders who skillfully evade and avoid the cross. They have a religion without the offense of the cross, but mark it well, it is not Christianity, even though it bears that name.

Jesus met and defeated Satan by the use of Scripture, and by honoring God the Father. Jesus' resistance of the devil caused him to go away. It still works. Read James 4:7. Then came the angels to minister to Him. Victory over the enemy of our souls brings peace and spiritual refreshment.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

Pretty, Be-Ruffled Dress for Tots



1250 2-6 yrs.

Pattern No. 1250 comes in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 3 years, dress and pantie, requires 2 1/2 yards of 33 or 29 inch material; 1 1/2 yard machine-made ruffling to trim.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 530 South Wells St. Chicago Enclose 25 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No. Size. Name. Address.

No Doubt Now!

There's no doubt about it! Nu-Maid Margarine has a finer, fresh-churned flavor. It's the Table Grade margarine . . . made especially for use on the table.—Adv.

Acid Indigestion

Relieved in 5 minutes or double money back. When excess stomach acid causes painful, suffocating gas, sour stomach and heartburn, doctors usually prescribe the fast-acting medicine known as symptomatic relief—milk-magnesia like those in Bell's Tablets. No laxative. Bell's brings comfort in a 50¢ or double your money back on return of bottle to us. 50¢ at all drugstores.

HERE IT IS HAM INSURANCE GUARANTEED SKIPPER PREVENTATIVE IN CURED MEAT

Ask Your Dealer or Write N. J. BODDIE The Ham Insurance Man Durham, N. C.

A REALLY FINE TEA CARMEN BRAND ORANGE PEKOE & PEKOE TEA

HINT FOR HOME BAKERS New Quick Roll Recipe—Easy and Good! Make them with Fleischmann's yellow label Yeast—the only yeast with those EXTRA vitamins QUICK ROLLS

1/2 cup milk	1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast
2 tablespoons sugar	1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 1/2 teaspoons salt	3 cups sifted flour
	3 tablespoons melted shortening

Scald milk, add sugar and salt; cool to lukewarm. Dissolve yeast in lukewarm water—and be sure it's Fleischmann's yellow label, the only fresh yeast with all those extra vitamins. Add to lukewarm milk. Add 1 1/2 cups flour and beat until perfectly smooth. Add melted shortening and remaining flour, or enough to make an easily handled dough. Knead well. Shape into rolls and place in well-greased pan. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk (about 1 hour). Bake in moderate oven at 400° F. about 20 minutes. Makes 12.

FREE! New Revised Wartime Edition of Fleischmann's Famous Recipe Book! Clip and paste on a penny post card for your free copy of Fleischmann's newly revised "The Bread Basket" . . . Dozens of easy recipes for breads, rolls, desserts. Address Standard Brands Incorporated, Grand Central Annex, Box 477, New York 17, N. Y.

Name _____ Address _____ Zone No. _____

WHEN PETER PAIN HITS WITH NEURALGIA PAINS... RUB IN Ben-Gay QUICK

Get soothing, blessed relief from tormenting neuralgia pains—with fast-acting Ben-Gay! Your doctor knows the famous pain-relieving agents—methyl salicylate and menthol. Well, Ben-Gay contains up to 2 1/2 times more of both these wonderfully soothing ingredients than five other widely offered rub-ins. Get genuine, quick-action Ben-Gay!

BEN-GAY—THE ORIGINAL ANALGESIQUE BAUME

Also For PAIN DUE TO RHEUMATISM MUSCLE PAIN AND COLDS THERE'S ALSO MILD BEN-GAY FOR CHILDREN