



# 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 general repair shop back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in I-A. He breaks the bad news to his domineering wife, Amy, and tramps off to work without even kissing her goodby. Neighbors call the next night and shake their heads solemnly, and the local paper publishes his picture on the front page. Winkle tacks a CLOSED sign over his shop. Mrs. Winkle confides her worries. She fears he might get interested in other women, but Wilbert says she has nothing to worry about. Winkle leads the draft parade and they march off behind the band. The martial music sends a chill up his spine.

### CHAPTER V

Mr. Winkle wasn't sure if this was said in the right spirit. He was glad Amy didn't appear in time to hear it. He had been watching for her, and during the last of the six blocks, he saw her, hurrying along to keep up. Her face was flushed. She waved to him, and Mr. Winkle, wondering if it was the correct thing to do, waved back.

After they arrived at the open-air bus station, there was a quarter of an hour of confusion whose details Mr. Winkle never remembered very well. The selectees left their formation and searched out their respective families. Mr. Winkle found his wife and dog. Penelope was elated by the excitement to yap several times. Mrs. Winkle said, "You looked very military."

"I'm the leader," he told her. The horn of the bus honked. Tears welled in Mrs. Winkle's eyes. "I'm not going to cry," she



Things were fast getting out of hand.

announced. And the tears didn't spill over but remained in her eyes when she blinked them back, fast.

He and Amy looked at each other solemnly. They embraced. They held each other very close. They kissed, and kissed again, while the band played, women wept, and handkerchiefs and flags waved.

The next thing Mr. Winkle knew was that he found himself seated in the bus and the vehicle was getting under way. Looking back, he saw Mrs. Winkle holding up Penelope so that she could see him go to war. Penelope wasn't interested, but looked the other way.

Not all of the bus was occupied by the draft contingent. There hadn't been enough of them to charter a vehicle for their sole use.

He sat alone, not because he thought himself, as the leader, any better than the others. Nor did he care to be aloof; he would have welcomed somebody to talk with, but none of his chagres joined him. Jack Pettigrew sat up beside the driver.

The bus stopped and several more people got on. One of them was a young, blowy blonde. Mr. Winkle watched, fascinated, as Freddie maneuvered the selectee beside him out of his seat and grinned winningly at the blonde. She sat beside Freddie at once, and they began an animated conversation.

This broke the tension the draftees brought with them from their send-off. They laughed, and began to talk and joke, and discuss their voyage in voices just a little too loud to be natural.

At noon the bus stopped at a scheduled station for lunch. Mr. Winkle herded his charges to the counter inside the glass-front roadside restaurant, where he produced the proper paper to obtain meals for them as guests of the Government. Freddie Tindall remained outside, talking to the blonde. She was catching another bus here.

He let Freddie alone until he had ordered his own meal. Then he went out and told Freddie, "If you want to get something to eat, you'd better come in."

"Be right with you, Pop," Mr. Winkle went back to the counter. Freddie took his time. He waited until the blonde's new bus pulled in. He put her on it and then joined the others. Some of the men looked at him in admiration and envy.

"What would you have done," Freddie inquired of Mr. Winkle, "if I'd gotten on the bus with her and gone away?"

Mr. Winkle regarded him severely. "I wouldn't have done a thing. That would be for others. You wouldn't get very far."

"You mean with the blonde?" Freddie inquired, and received his laugh.

He kept up a horseplay of saying that this was as far as he wanted to go, that he'd had a nice ride, but would now go back home. When this wore thin, he introduced a new subject. "Still proud to fight, Pop?" he inquired.

Mr. Winkle kept his temper. "We all ought to be."

"Well, I'm not," Freddie declared. "I'm not going because I want to, and I don't care who knows it. I don't want to be any darned soldier. Lugs, that's all they are. They're going to make me into a lug."

Mr. Winkle looked around. No one except the contingent from Springville seemed to have heard these remarks. The men listened with interest. Some of them looked startled.

"I don't think you ought to say such things," Mr. Winkle advised. "Who says that, Pop? Who says I can't say what I want?"

"Well . . ." began Mr. Winkle. "Isn't this a free country, Pop? Can't a man say what he wants? Tell me that, Pop."

When Mr. Winkle didn't reply, Freddie was infuriated, taking out his resentment on him as if holding Mr. Winkle personally responsible for his being drafted. "Tell me that, you old coot, and don't act like we're in the Army already."

Before Mr. Winkle could gather his outraged senses, Jack Pettigrew pushed through the group of men and came up to Freddie. His thin face was white with anger. "Don't talk like that to Mr. Winkle," he ordered.

Freddie turned on the revolving stool to Mr. Winkle, ignoring Jack. "How about that, Pop? Should I talk like that to you?"

Jack made a lunge at Freddie, who whirled, placed his hand on the boy's chest, and shoved him back. Jack, crying imprecations, returned to the fray with clenched fists.

Freddie jumped up to meet him. Mr. Winkle was gripped with dismay. Things were fast getting out of hand. In fact, they were already well out of hand. The proprietor of the place was yelling, a waitress shrieked, and customers called out.

Mr. Winkle heard his own voice crying, "Now look here! Look here! Save that for the Germans! Or the Japs!"

The men laughed. Jack subsided, glaring. Freddie made ironic grimaces.

An armistice had been declared in the premature war. Mr. Winkle breathed with relief. He wasn't certain that he liked the responsibilities of leadership.

He counted the men carefully as they got back on the bus, making sure Freddie was among them. His glance caught that of Jack, whose eyes were hot and who said, "I'm going to get him! I'm going to get him plenty!"

"That's all right," Mr. Winkle calmed him. "I appreciate your standing up for me, but you've done enough."

Another hour's ride got them to their destination, and they descended at a busy station where they were transferred to another bus. This was already half filled with soldiers-elect like themselves.

"Hello, fresh meat," one of these greeted them.

From the highway, three miles out of town, the entrance to the camp was no more than a dirt road where two armed guards stood and a sign declared this to be a military reservation and that no admittance was allowed.

Having been invited, they were admitted.

After passing through a quarter of a mile of thick woods, they came to a great cleared space in which stood a hidden city. There were many wooden buildings, some of them of one story, others of two stories. Dust rose from the passing of their own and other vehicles, and from marching feet.

The bus stopped before a building which had a sign on it saying, "Induction Checking Station." Standing up or sitting on the ground before this were perhaps fifty more selectees. They stared at the newcomers who descended from the bus. No one spoke in the atmosphere of patient waiting and weary anxiety.

Mr. Winkle looked about, somewhat at a loss. He didn't know what to do next.

A tall, thickest Sergeant, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand, came out of the building. He looked at the new arrivals and asked huskily, "Who's the leader?"

Mr. Winkle went forward. The Sergeant gazed down at him. Mr. Winkle saw the mouse-recognition-look come into the man's face, the same way it showed in Amy's. Then the Sergeant took on an expression as if to say he didn't mean to be surprised at anything sent to him. He inquired, "Got 'em all, John?"

Mr. Winkle said he had and turned over the group papers. This relieved him of his command. He was a leader no longer, but just a selectee like any other. Because of this, and because of the mouse-look

he had been given, he felt deflated and not in the least like a lion.

The Sergeant went inside. Mr. Winkle waited with the others. Their eyes went frequently to the door. What smiles there were on any faces were nervous ones.

The Sergeant came out again. In a foghorn voice he began calling names. It was nearly an hour, during which other busses arrived, before the Springville men were reached.

Mr. Winkle found himself in a small room passing down a line of soldier clerks sitting at desks. In place of his own papers, an information card was given to him, which he was instructed to hang around his neck by the cord attached. Thus ticketed, he took his place in line down the hall, and finally into an enormous room where many men were in the process of being examined.

Here, Mr. Winkle saw, was where his fate would be decided. He was told to drop his bag by the wall under a clothing hook, and strip.

Shivering, he stood in line clad only in his socks and shoes and an information card. It was humiliating when he compared his skinny physique with the more robust bodies about him. Several men glanced at him as if to say he didn't amount to much.

He began to run a gamut of doctors and medical assistants. Each doctor had one part of the body to examine. Mr. Winkle was accustomed to having his family physician make something of a fuss over him, cajoling him, and treating him like a living, breathing, human being instead of a skeleton within and around which was gathered a certain amount of flesh and certain organs. Now he felt like an automobile being put together on an assembly line in a factory.

His card was taken away from him and in its place there was daubed in iodine a number on his chest. That he was sure, was the final ignominy. He was questioned, weighed, measured, poked, tapped, and the inner workings of his structure listened to.

He was asked to read a chart without his glasses and with them. He regretted each letter he made out, but he couldn't, as he had half planned, bring himself to cheat. His eyes were good enough to fight a war. Even his pulse was found sufficiently calm after he had been set running in one place for a minute without going anywhere.

Well, he reflected, he hadn't really counted on any of these things to save him. It was his dyspepsia he was banking on.

He was laid on a paper-covered table. His stomach was kneaded

and he was asked, "What's this on your record about dyspepsia?"

Mr. Winkle detailed and even boasted about his acute intestinal difficulties and the need he had for his pills. He was kneaded some more, as if he were an automobile no longer, but a piece of dough.

The doctor gave a skeptical grunt, a deprecating snort, and wrote something on Mr. Winkle's record sheet.

Mr. Winkle, to his horror, gathered that his dyspepsia had made little impression, that it had let him down completely.

At this, as he was passed on to the next doctor, his heart beat so fast that the doctor, who applied a stethoscope to it, took it away and actually looked at him, saying patiently, "I expect it from the kids, but not from you."

Mr. Winkle was abashed. He accused himself of behaving like a child, like Jack Pettigrew whom he saw standing tensely, on guard, with a strained, taut expression on his boy's face.

And then Mr. Winkle went through an experience he never expected to have.

All during the days leading up to this, and during the first of the examining process, he hoped fervently that he would be rejected. He had even prayed for it. But now he found himself hoping he would be accepted.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

### Lesson for August 20

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#### THE PROPHET IN THE LIFE OF ISRAEL

LESSON TEXT—1 Samuel 3:19-21; 7:3-12. GOLDEN TEXT—He that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully.—Jeremiah 23:28.

Remarkably up-to-date is the helpful guidance found in this lesson. When our nation finds itself facing those other nations which would destroy our Christian faith, and we know that we need the key both to a true victory and a satisfactory peace, the message of this scripture comes with fine helpfulness.

The prophet Samuel (who was also priest and judge) served God in ruling his people at a time when they were under the hard heel of the Philistines. The way out of oppression was revealed in God's Word, which brought revival and deliverance—which was not forgotten in the day of triumph.

**I. God's Word Declared (3:19-21).** While a prophet had the ministry of foretelling, his chief work was forth-telling. He told of the future, but his larger ministry was to declare the message of God. As Samuel did this in faithful devotion to the Lord, there was the immediate blessing of God which established the prophet throughout the whole land.

Those who are timid about "limiting" their ministry (imagine that!) to the Bible should learn of Samuel that it is the only really effective message. God will not "let you down" if you teach and preach His Word. He let none of Samuel's "words fall to the ground" (v. 19) and He will not desert us as we give forth His truth.

**II. Man's Heart Revived (7:3-6).** The response of the people to Samuel's message was wholehearted. They were sick of their sin and idolatry. They proved the reality of their repentance by putting away their heathen gods.

Such repentance and appropriate action is a prerequisite to spiritual revival. God cannot give us His blessing if we hold on to our sin and idolatry.

Let anyone think there is no idolatry in our day, let him recall the many who follow strange and heathenish religious cults, and let him remember that we have set up such gods as money, position, fashion, and others. We too need to put aside our "strange gods."

Note how the revival expressed itself. They gathered together and prayed (vv. 5, 6). Spiritual life thrives on the gathering together of God's people. The crisis in Israel was met by a convocation of the people. We need to revive the great soul-stirring religious gatherings of a generation ago. Go yourself, and encourage others to go. Let the fire of God burn, and let those who meet scatter far and wide as brands which will light new fires.

"I will pray," said Samuel. He was a great intercessor (1 Sam. 15:11, Ps. 99:6; Jer. 15:1). Revival starts in the faithful intercession of a burdened heart. Should we not ask ourselves, "Have I really prayed for revival in my church, my city, and my country?"

**III. A Nation Delivered (7:7-11).** "Cry unto God . . . he will save us," was the word of Samuel. They cried, and He did! "The Lord thundered with a great thunder," and discomfited the enemies of Israel.

In these days of warfare we might well cry out, "Lord, do it again," thunder upon our enemies and defeat them in such a way that they and we shall see that it was the hand of God and not of men! (See Ps. 20:7.)

That is one thing for which we might well pray, for "behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear" (Isa. 59:1).

Seeing Israel at prayer, the enemy took advantage of them and attacked. In the previous battle at this very spot (see last Sunday's lesson) Israel had been defeated because they had fought with the weapons of man. Now, with God's weapons of prayer and faith, they had glorious victory.

**IV. God's Mercy Remembered (7:12).** Samuel raised a stone of remembrance, to remind Israel in the years to come that the Lord had been their help. A defeated, disheartened, sinful people had turned to God in repentance and faith, and God had given them victory. They must never forget His mercy.

One of the great concerns of thinking men in our day is the fear that victory may come to us before we are spiritually and morally ready to receive it. If it does, we shall see a mad rush into excesses of all kinds, a bold glorying in our own ability and power, and even greater forgetfulness of God.

What America needs now is a deep, going spiritual revival which will both prepare us for a God-given victory, and for the peace which follows.

Page 1, Column 1  
By JOHN C. PORT  
McClure Syndicate—WNU Features.

THE Old Man scooted his chair away from the desk in the corner of the print shop known as his office and handed a sheet of type-written paper to the boy at the linotype. "Page one, column one," he said briefly. Then he stalked to the rear of the shop. "Speedy!" he called, and the youth who was oiling the outmoded cylinder press straightened and ceased his operations.

"Yes, sir."

The Old Man stroked his chin thoughtfully and regarded the boy through narrowed bloodshot eyes. "If you pl a form tonight it will be the third consecutive week you've done it. A pretty poor average when you consider this is a weekly paper."

Speedy ran his hand over his smooth black hair. "Yes, sir."

The Old Man shook a menacing forefinger. "It takes Red a whole day to pick up the pieces and make up the form again. If I wanted the paper to come out on Saturday, it would read that way instead of having Friday on the masthead!" He stopped for breath. "If you could once get your mind off play-acting you might be of some value here. But get this and get it straight; if you pl a form again tonight, you're through!" With that final warning the Old Man put on his shapeless hat and left.

Speedy walked over to the linotype. He stroked his chin thoughtfully and squinted his azure eyes at Red. "If you pl a form tonight, it will be the third consecutive week you've done it." He took his hand from his chin and shook a menacing forefinger. "Get this and get it straight; if you pl a form again tonight, you're through!"

Red grinned. "You left out some of it, didn't you, Barrymore?"

Speedy laughed. "The Old Man still grousing about Walters?"

"Yeah," Red answered. "Page one, column one. He'll land in jail, printing such stuff. Listen:

"The incumbent county treasurer, George Walters, has served his term of usefulness. He is a crook, as his record proves. He vainly imagines that he lends dignity to his office by clearing his throat at the beginning of a sentence and coughing at the end of it. The voters of this town will no doubt be glad to see their most distinguished citizen replaced by an able man."

"The Old Man isn't my idea of an ethical editor," Speedy mused.

"When he's mad, he'll do 'most anything — unless someone scares him. Then he's not so tough. You know what the trouble is, don't you?" Red asked.

"I could guess," Speedy answered.

"The Old Man's sore because Walters gave the contract for the commissioners' proceedings to our competitor. Well, it's a free country and Walters had a right to do it. The Old Man ought to brag about the opposition candidate and lay off Walters and his asthma or whatever it is."

"Maybe you're right," Speedy agreed. "Anyhow, what time will you be ready?"

"Midnight," Red answered. "Incidentally, if you'll just lock the forms on the press before you start it, they aren't so likely to fall off."

The Old Man swore as he stumbled through the darkness to the telephone. "Yes . . ." he said.

He heard a throat being cleared and then: "If that rag of yours comes out this morning with another of your editorials, I'll sue!"

A cough, and another clearing of the throat. "It's libel, and you know it—you won't have a chance! And when I get through with you, you won't have anything at all!" The cough was more violent this time, and the throat clearing more prolonged. "Remember what I've told you!" Then came a veritable spasm.

The Old Man hung up. He broke into a cold sweat. "I'll have to go down there," he told himself. "Speedy'll never hear a phone if that cylinder press is running." He shook as he hurried into his clothes. "Got to stop it," he kept muttering. "Can't let it go out." A few minutes later he was at the shop. "Speedy!" he bawled. "Speedy, stop the press!"

But the press wasn't running. Speedy was looking at him, a queer expression in his blue eyes. "I forgot to lock the forms on again, sir," he confessed.

The Old Man blinked. Then he sighed and a grin spread over his face. "Oh, well," he said, "it isn't the first time. I'll call Red. There are a few changes I want to make, anyway."

The Old Man had left by the time Red arrived. "Congratulations," he squealed acidly to Speedy. "I'm surprised to find you're still here."

Speedy shrugged his shoulders. "The Old Man left copy for you," he said. "It's on the machine. He wants it to replace what was originally page one, column one."

Red sat down at the machine. "Was he pretty sore?" he asked.

"He didn't seem so sore," Speedy answered thoughtfully. Then, dramatically, he lifted his pointed chin in trifle. "I phoned him as soon as I made the mistake, but I'm sure he didn't recognize my voice."

### SEWING CIRCLE PATTERNS

## Frock for the Fastidious Matron Jiffy Play Set Is Simple to Make



Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1988 is designed for sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 2, dress and bonnet, requires 1 3/4 yards of 35 or 38-inch material; 6 yards ric-rac trim.

Due to an unusually large demand and current war conditions, slightly more time is required in filling orders for a few of the most popular pattern numbers.

**For the Fastidious**

**A GRACIOUS**, slim-lined and pretty frock for afternoon wear! It's particularly attractive for the matron and older woman as the well-cut front panel treatment of the skirt gives you that trim look through torso and hips which is so desirable in this type of frock.

**Jiffy Play Set**

**EVEN** though you've never cut out a single garment in your life, you can make this one-piece play frock and matching one-piece sun hat in an afternoon! It's the simplest set to cut, sew and launder you've ever seen.

**Fly-Sized Powerhouse**

One of the smallest electric motors ever built is no larger than the ordinary housefly. The tiny powerhouse, weighing a quarter of a pound, not only runs itself but operates other delicate machinery as well.

Product of the ingenuity, patience and skill of a Nebraska man who worked on it three years, the motor is composed of 58 parts of gold, silver, copper, brass and iron.

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**Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES**

"The Grains are Great Foods" — *Kellogg*

• Kellogg's Rice Krispies equal the whole ripe grain in nearly all the protective food elements declared essential to human nutrition.

**ATHLETE'S FOOT NEWS**

**"80.6% of sufferers showed CLINICAL IMPROVEMENT after only 10-day treatment with SORETONE"**

Foster D. Snell, Inc., well-known consulting chemists, have just completed a test with a group of men and women suffering from Athlete's Foot. These people were told to use Soretone. At the end of only a ten-day test period, their feet were examined in two ways: 1. Scrapings were taken from the feet and examined by the bacteriologist. 2. Each subject was examined by a physician. We quote from the report:

**"After the use of Soretone according to the directions on the label for a period of only ten days, 80.6% of the cases showed clinical improvement of an infection which is most stubborn to control."**

Improvements were shown in the symptoms of Athlete's Foot—the itching, burning, redness, etc. The report says:

**"In our opinion Soretone is of very definite benefit in the treatment of this disease, which is commonly known as 'Athlete's Foot'."**

So if Athlete's Foot troubles you, don't temporize with this nasty, devilish, stubborn infection. Get SORETONE! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.