

MR. WINKLE THEODORE GOES TO WAR

THE STORY THUS FAR: Forty-fouryear-old Wilbert Winkie, who operates a general repair shop back of his home, is notified by his draft board that he is in 1-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 stop. 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

CHAPTER V

chill up his spine.

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 enlivened 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

"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 charges joined him. Jack Pettigrew sat up beside the driver.

The bus stopped and several more people got on. One of them was a young, blowzy 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 sendoff. 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 gone away?"

ly. "I wouldn't have done a thing. and not in the least like a lion. 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 sol- his neck by the cord attached. Thus dier. Lugs, that's all they are. They're going to make me into a

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 star-

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

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

Jack, crying imprecations, returned to the fray with clenched

Freddie jumped up to meet him. Mr. Winkle was gripped with dismay. Things were fast getting out of hand. In fact, they were already rieked, 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 side 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 ad-

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 march-

ing 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, some-

what at a loss. He didn't know what to do next. A tall, thickset 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-recognitionlook 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 I'd gotten on the bus with her and selectee like any other. Because of this, and because of the mouse-look

Mr. Winkle regarded him severe- he had been given, he felt deflated

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 DUSTY CONCRETE FLOOR he was instructed to hang around ticketed, he took his place in line enormous room where many men you please repeat? were in the process of being exam-

Here, Mr. Winkle saw, was where under a clothing hook, and strip.

sique with the more robust bodies to much.

tors and medical assistants. Each doctor had one part of the body to examine. Mr. Winkle was accus- laid in the usual way. tomed 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 tain 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 sufwell out of hand. The proprietor of ficiently calm after he had been set pound is much used for repairing Harman's cartoons. the place was yelling, a waitress running in one place for a minute outside leaks around window frames.

ly counted on any of these things to your hardware store. save him. It was his dyspepsia he was banking on.

He was laid on a paper-covered



Mr. Winkle went forward; the sergeant gazed down at him.

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 thick layer of a paste mixture made

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 enamel.

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

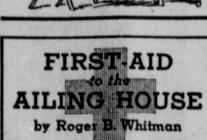
from you." Mr. Winkle was abashed. He acchild, like Jack Pettigrew whom he saw standing tensely, on guard, with a strained, taut expression on his

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

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)





Roger B Whitman-WNU Features.

Question: Some time ago you wrote about a mixture for laying the down the hall, and finally into an dust of a concrete cellar floor. Will

Answer: You can lay the dust by soaking the floor with a mixture of one part water glass in four parts of his fate would be decided. He was water. Make plenty of this mixture, told to drop his bag by the wall so that it can be poured on the floor liberally, spread with a broom Shivering, he stood in line clad and the floor allowed to soak it up. only in his socks and shoes and in- At the end of some hours, wipe up formation card. It was humiliating any puddles that may remain. You when he compared his skinny phy- may have to repeat the treatment within a day or two. But if you about him. Several men glanced wish to paint the floor later on, at him as if to say he didn't amount water glass should not be used. If you should wish to paint, get a kind He began to run a gantlet of doc- of paint that is proof against the effects of lime: for ordinary floor paint will not last on a basement floor if

LEAKING FLUSH TANK

Question: Our old-fashioned, hightype of wood flush tank is leaking. around which was gathered a cer- Could I use wood putty to mend it? Answer: Caulking compound would last longer. This is similar



to putty (not wood putty) but never becomes hard or brittle. This com-It is forced into the crack with a Well, he reflected, he hadn't real- caulking gun. Inquire about this at

How to Build Shower Stall

Question: I am planning to build table. His stomach was kneaded a shower in a space 32 inches wide by 24 inches long and 7 feet high. What type of waterproof material can I use that will be economical, yet good? Must the floor be of cement, or can something else be used instead?

Answer: The base or receptor of the shower should be built of cement with a lead pan under it to prevent possible leakage to the floor below. This work should be done by a competent concrete or tile man who has had experience in this kind of work. Or, you can get a precast cement receptor. The latter would be simple to install.

The walls can be of cement plaster over wire lath, or you can use one of the prefinished dense fiber wallboards. If the board is used, the manufacturer's directions should be followed in making the joints watertight. The smallest size shower receptor measures 32 by 32 inches. Your 24-inch dimension is rather "skimpy" for a shower stall.

Oil Stain on Wooden Chest

Question: I have a wooden chest that I was preparing to paint, when a large quantity of baby oil was spilled on it. Although I wiped it off with rags as soon as possible. quite a bit of it penetrated into the wood. Will the oil that remains in the wood affect the enamel finish that I am planning to apply on the chest?

Answer: Sandpaper as much of the surface as possible, and, if some of the oil still remains that cannot be removed, cover the stain with by combining fuller's earth or powdered whiting with a (preferably noninflammable) spot removing liquid. When dry, brush off the powder. An oil stain of that type would affect the drying quality of the

New Maple Floor

Question: What would you suggest for a new maple floor to be laid in a store where there will be considerable traffic and wear?

Answer: The floor can be given a couple of soaking coats of hot linseed oil (raw). After allowing an cused himself of behaving like a hour or so for soaking, wipe off the excess and apply the next coat 24 hours later. Penetrating preservative oil finishes are serviceable and good-looking on maple.

Fireproofing Paper Question: How can paper be made fireproof?

Answer: Soak it in a solution of eight ounces of boracic acid and ten ounces of borax in one gallon of water. Float the paper on the liquid until it is thoroughly saturated, and then hang up to drip and dry.



ACTORS come and actors go, but it looks as if the Ameches would go on forever. Although Jim Jr., now barely six, says he wants to be a mounted cop when he grows up, he's doing right well as a regular member of the cast of CBS's "Big Sister"; he got the role a year ago when none of the child-imitators suited Director Tom Hutchinson. Jim Jr. can't read,

so Jim Sr. coaches him in memoriz-

ing the lines, then stands behind the

cut-down mike and cues the boy



JIM AMECHE JR.

him instead of at the rest of the cast, and it's one of the most amusing and delightful things to be seen in any of New York's many broadcasting studios.

Fernando Alvarado was a veteran actor when he was young Jim's age. He's ten, and has been in pictures nine years and four months, has had speaking roles in 50 feature pictures. His newest one is "The Falcon in Mexico."

Wild Bill Elliott tried for 12 years to convince Hollywood casting directors that he really was a cowboy. A series of pictures in which he played Wild Bill Hickock gave him his screen nickname, and at last he's been recognized as one of the best horsemen the screen has ever had, a cowboys' horseman. He's creating the role of "Red Ryder" in Republic's new series based on Fred

the set of "Here Comes the Bride" with an inflamed eye, Producer-Director John Auer didn't send her home; he had Anne and Phil Terry play the picture's five kissing scenes. "You will please shut your eyes when you kiss him. Anne," said Auer. "We will make it come true that love is blind." And the camera him, "If your father could see you never picked up a glimpse of her inflamed eye.

Helen Holmes was a star of silent films. Now she's on Hollywood movie sets again. One of the actors in RKO's "The Falcon in Mexico," which stars Tom Conway, is Blackie. Helen Holmes directs him. Blackie is a cat.

"Lives of great men all remind us"-of Warner Bros. Following "The Adventures of Mark Twain." the studio has eight other famous lives lined up for us. "Rhapsody in Blue," film story of George Gershwin, is completed; on the way are the life stories of Will Rogers, Audubon, Marilyn Miller, Cole Porter, Vincent Youmans, Broadway's Sime Silverman, and Marine Sergeant Al Schmid.

Carlo Ross is thanking his stars for fan letters. Six weeks ago this young war worker was engaged by J. L. Grimes, originator and producer of "Musical Steelmakers," to sing just eight bars of the program's theme song each week. Those eight bars of song every Sunday impressed 1,418 listeners so much that they wrote to Carlo, in Wheeling-and now he's a featured vocalist on each "Steelmakers" broadcast.

When visitors to Hildegarde's "Beat the Band" program hail her her fat name, and when she n New Holstein, Wis., was a stom for the children to call each other by their father's given names. Hildy was born in Milwaukee and acquired her famous continental manners in Europe.

Beatrice Kay, singer-comedienne of the air's "Gay Nineties," will make her picture debut in the very near future. "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe." in which she has a featured role, is going into production much sooner than expected.

ODDS AND ENDS-Irene Dunn will play her original role in "Penny Serenade" when it's done on the air May 8 . . . Ingrid Bergman, soon to be seen in Metro's "Gaslight," was chosen as the pin-up girl of "Yank," army weekly, for one issue . . . Al Jol-son will make his debut as producer handling Columbia's re-make of "Burlesque," with Rita Hayworth in the role done originally by Barbara Stanwyck . . . After a two-months' vaca-tion, Errol Flynn has checked in at Warner Bros. to begin his next starring role, in "Objective Burma" . . . In "Road to Utopia" Bob Hope wears a mustache copied from Colonna's.

PATTERNS

SEWING CIRCLE



Debonair

THE new low neckline, edged with a frill, the ribbon side-lacing, topped with a dainty flower applique design, makes it a memorable dress.

Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1936 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13, short sleeves, requires 31/a yards 39 inch material; 2 yards ribbon.



"I'm going to marry a widow." "I wouldn't like to be the second husband of a widow." "Well, I'd rather be the second

than the first." You've heard about the little chick who was naughty. After one of his pranks, his mother said to

now, he'd turn over in his gravy."

Extended in Front Caller-Let me see. I know most of your folks, but I have never met your brother, George. Which side of the house does he look like? The small boy in the family-The side with the bay window.

To Forget

"Have you forgotten that five spot I let you have last week?" "Not yet; give me time!"

Suppose they call them "song hits" because they'd never be missed.

Convicted

"Well, jedge," said the waiter, "Whut'll you-all have foh breakfast? Has you ebber tried enny ob ouah boiled eggs, sah?" "Yes," responded the judge,

Mistaken

"and I found them guilty."

Under the soothing effects of the moonlight the feminine half of the party thought she'd try to "make it up" after the tiff.

So she laid her head on the young man's shoulder and sighed: "Dearest, don't harden your heart against me!"

"That isn't my heart," he replied as he gently moved her an Invest in Liberty as "Charlie" she's delighted. It was inch or two to the east, "that's my cigarette-case."

dress any young girl likes to wear-it can be made in silk crepes or in crisp dotted muslins. Done in percales it is a splendid Barbara Bell Pattern No. 1938 is designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8, short sleeves, requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material; ¼ yard contrast for

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. Send your order to:

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT. 530 South Wells St. Enclose 20 cents in coins for each pattern desired. Pattern No........ .. Size..... Name Address



Judge States All of the 83 past and present justices of the Supreme Court of the U. S. have come from 26 states, and 42 have been from only 6 states: New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennes-

see and Virginia.

STOP OR GO The comedy quiz -

JOE E. BROWN

THURSDAY NIGHTS 10:30 P.M. E.W.T. on the entire BLUE network

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC. CALOX TOOTH POWDER BEXEL VITAMIN B COMPLEX CAPSULES

☆ ☆ Buy War Bonds

