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NO DELINQUENCY THERE

Juvenile delinquency, much discussed in these days, is evidently a city and not a farm problem, according to Wheeler McMillen, editor-in-chief, Farm Journal. "At least I haven't heard much about farm youngsters getting into more trouble than usual," he says. "Could it be that they are too busy? Could there be some relation between the urban varieties of juvenile delinquency and too much freedom from work?"

A family in Wisconsin habitually paid 50 cents to an Indian for a pair of blueberries. But one day last summer he upped the price to \$1.00. "Why?" they asked. "Hell of a big war some place," was his laconic reply.—Wichita (Kas.) Democrat.

The following was sent to Mrs. Vinal Randall by her husband, Vinal T. Randall, C. C. M. 2-C, who is with the Seabees stationed in New Guinea:

THE SEABEE SPEAKS AGAIN

So you're tired of working, mister, and you think you'll rest a bit. You've been working pretty steady and you're getting sick of it. You think the war is ending so you're slowing down the pace. That's what you think, mister, but you bet it ain't the case.

What would you think, sir, if we quit now because we're tired too?

We're flesh and blood and human, and we're just as tired as you. Did you ever dig a foxhole and climb down deep inside.

And wish it went to China, so you'd have some place to hide? While buzzards with motors in them circled over head.

And filled the ground around you with hot exploding lead.

And did you ever dig out, mister, from debris, rocks and dirt.

And feel yourself all over, to see where you were hurt.

And find you couldn't move, though you weren't hurt at all.

And fell so darned relieved you'd just sit there and bawl?

Were you ever hungry, mister, not the kind that food soon glut.

But a gnawing, cutting, hunger, that bites into your guts?

It's a homesick hunger, mister, and it digs around inside.

And it's got you in its clutches, and there ain't no place to hide.

Were you ever dirty, mister, not the wilty collar kind.

But oozy, slimy, mess dirt, or the gritty kind that grinds?

Did you ever mind the heat sir, not just the kind that makes sweat run.

But the kind that drives you crazy, till you even curse the sun?

Were you every weary, mister, I mean dog tired you know.

When your feet ain't got no feeling, and your legs don't want to go?

But we keep a goin', mister, you bet your life we do.

And let me tell you mister, we expect the same of you.

COTTAGE GROVE LAKE NOT CONTAMINATED

Reports that the Cottage Grove lake was contaminated and unsafe for swimmers was denied Monday for swimmers was denied Monday by several local residents. The water in the lake this year is better than last because the first water has been drained off and last year the water tested 96, well in the margin of safety.

WANTED: LOOKOUT FOR RUDAJADA LOOKOUT STATION

Interested contact the, U. S. Forest Service, Disston, Oregon, Phone 10F2. 47-1tp.

SALESMEN, RECEIPT BOOKS, BOOKKEEPING SYSTEMS. The Sentinel.

CHECK ILL HEALTH AND YOU CHECK DISEASE

There are many expressions of ill health common to all of us without the actual presence of disease. The languid, the lazy, the indifferent, the moody, the easily tired, the sharp tempered, merely thus express varying degrees of ill health.

Accustomed as we are to consult a physician only when actually sick, we quite overlook these expressions of ill health which occur daily in our work-a-day world and frequently are forerunners of disease. They should be properly analyzed as such and remedied; we should by introspection apply these symptoms to ourselves as a guide post to our own well-being.

Children or adults who may be easily excited or upset, or may be peevish, irritable, intractable, cranky, hard to please or to interest, show that they are not well probably only in a lesser degree than if they were markedly ill and running a temperature. There is a cause personal to the individual in practically every departure from normal behavior.

The standard of health is not a rigid one. Symptoms shade off imperceptibly into disease with no announcement of the processes of this imperceptible change. We mislead ourselves with the suggestion that by the morrow we will feel better, or that in a few days at most alarming symptoms will have departed; we do not recognize that perhaps our whole body is being subjected to an ordeal that it is fighting an internal battle of which the perceptions are ignorant.

Thus disease creeps into the body in an insidious manner. But to what extent can we protect ourselves or in what way have we permitted ourselves to be weakened? This, in my estimation, is the real problem in thwarting disease.—From Here's Health.

Dr. H. A. Hagen.



MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR
By THEODORE PRATT
W.N.U. RELEASE

CHAPTER I

It never in the world ever occurred to Mr. Winkle that he would be drafted and sent off to the wars. War was for young men, not for a settled married man of forty-four.

There was talk of the Army not wanting the older men, but nothing had yet been done about this. The thing being done was what Mr. Winkle received in this morning's mail. When he reached in the mailbox and took out the communication from his draft board, his hands trembled a little. Peering through his metal-rimmed glasses, he read that he was classified I-A.

He knew what that meant. After ten days' time, he was subject for induction into the United States Army.

He stood there on the front steps of his house, a small man engulfed by a tremendous event that toppled over his world and sent it bowling off into space like a cannon ball. He thought:

Not he, who had been married for twenty years. Not he, a former careful accountant who was now the conservative proprietor of a modest general repair shop located in the alley back of his house. Not he, with his overly active and morbid imagination. Not he, who was no man of action, but was afraid of death of guns or violence of any sort.

Not he, with his stored-up memory of how, as a boy with his 22

rifle, he had shot a squirrel. The tiny animal fell from the high branch where he aimed at it, landing with a thud on the hard ground. When he held the warm, fuzzy body in his hand, he was sick at heart at what he had done. In later life, when he stepped on an ant, or squashed a spider, or even swatted a fly, Mr. Winkle felt squeamish at taking life.

Upon being called by his draft board last week for physical examination, Mr. Winkle had thought that the strange doctor appreciated his dyspepsia, his nearsightedness, his caved-in chest, his good beginning on a paunch (even though otherwise he was skinny enough to be underweight), his jumped-up pulse at the slightest exertion, and his general make-up of no great muscularity.

Never before had Mr. Winkle known himself to be such a physical wreck.

The doctor pursed his lips at the visual evidences of this close approach to the grave. He frowned in such a manner as to give Mr. Winkle reason for counting on his not being recommended. And though the doctor and the members of the draft board, working their mysterious ways, had not committed themselves on the result, it still hadn't seemed real to Mr. Winkle that he would be seriously considered as a soldier.

The notice couldn't mean him. He looked at it again, to see if, possibly, there had been some mistake. But he saw his name typed out boldly: Wilbert George Winkle.

The thought of going in and telling Mrs. Winkle about it swept over him. The prospect of this was one of both panic and intense interest. Certainly it would take a lot of the strong wind out of her sails.

Mrs. Winkle during recent years, had developed into a positive individual who was prone to run her husband the way a locomotive engineer kept his hand on the throttle. Mr. Winkle never liked to put this into the actual term of henpecking, but nevertheless that was the true state of affairs.

Now he wondered how Amy would take it. There was little she could do about it. She wouldn't be able to argue with this, nor impose her will in any way upon it. He felt a little sorry for her, for he knew

that deep down, in spite of her sharp words and orders, she loved him and he loved her. Beyond his speculation on how she would receive the news, he had a reluctance about telling her.

Yet he didn't see what else he could do. With a sigh, he went into the house.

Mrs. Winkle was already behind her half of the newspaper in the breakfast nook, which was all the dining room their small house possessed. Mr. Winkle, in his mind, could look right through the paper and see her, a well-dressed-out lady of exactly his own age. To a person seeing her for the first time, she appeared dainty in spite of her plumpness, quite feminine, and of an eminently good nature. It was a shock, upon second glance, to notice the way her lips pressed themselves together and the perpetual frown that creased the otherwise smooth pink skin between her blue eyes.

Amy paid no attention as Mr. Winkle carefully stepped over Penelope, the third member of the family.

Their sad-eyed spaniel was settled on the floor with her black muzzle resting on her paws. At eight, Penelope in her dog world was approximately Mr. Winkle's comparative age in the human world. She was as amiable and mild as Mr. Winkle himself. Never having been allowed a husband, she had a rather droopy disposition. Now, in her middle age, she had given up hope and no longer pretended to any interest at the sight of a male, but simply sniffed loftily or ignored the meeting altogether.

Penelope, Mr. Winkle thought, was no more prepared for the large, adventurous and dangerous things of life, such as war, than he.

He sat heavily in his place in the breakfast nook. From behind her paper, Mrs. Winkle demanded, "Anything for me?"

"No-o," answered Mr. Winkle. At his drawing out of the word, Mrs. Winkle put her paper aside and looked at her husband. She didn't see what he had received, for he held it below the table. But from the look of Mr. Winkle and the tone of his voice, she knew at once.

Mrs. Winkle was the first to speak again. Her frown deepened and her lips were tight when she stated disapprovingly, "Wilbert, your notice has come."

Silently, Mr. Winkle handed over the notice to her.

Mrs. Winkle took it in a single glance. Her face went white. Her frown disappeared and her mouth softened. She looked bewildered, as if props had been knocked out from under her and she had no solid ground to stand on. She said breathlessly, as if caught off guard, "You're going to war."

"Mr. Winkle cleared his throat so as to be sure he could control his own voice, trying it out this way without first chancing how it might sound. "It means," he explained, "I'm just being passed on to the Army doctors."

"You're going to war," Mrs. Winkle repeated in a whisper. Now she looked actually frightened, amazed, and hurt.

It had been years since Mr. Winkle had seen such expressions on his wife's face. They affected him deeply. He began, "Now, Amy—"

"You'll be killed!" Mrs. Winkle wailed.

At this excitement, and perhaps at the new, strange tone in Mrs. Winkle's voice, Penelope began to howl.

Mr. Winkle had counted on no such behavior on the part of his wife. He had become so accustomed to her shrewish ways that he hadn't pictured them being punctured so abruptly.

He realized what a blow it was to her. She was threatened with not having him around to order about.

To have him removed from her and sent off to war destroyed her defenses and left her bewildered and alone. It revealed the basic affection she had for him. Mr. Winkle reflected that it was taking the greatest war in history to accomplish this.

From the look on her face, Mrs. Winkle almost expected Amy to begin weeping. But she didn't. She just sat there staring at him, her eyes bright and wide and dry, and he sat staring at her. They regarded each other awesomely while Penelope continued to howl.

Penelope was interrupted by the shrill ringing of the telephone. Mr. Winkle made a movement to go into the living room to answer it, but Mrs. Winkle, with a rather wild look on her face, started before he did. She appeared to want to do something definite.

Sitting in the breakfast nook, Mr. Winkle heard her voice.

"Why, yes. . . I suppose so," she faltered. "Just a minute."

Any hesitancy didn't sound like Amy at all. Rather, it sounded like the Amy of years ago, when Mr. Winkle married her.

Her voice came again, calling to him. "It's the newspaper—they want to come out and interview you."

Alarmed at this, and at Amy asking his advice about something instead of deciding it herself, Mr. Winkle asked, "Me? Now? Here?"

Mrs. Winkle gave an affirmative answer to each of these questions, her words sounding like strangled chirps:

"Mr. Winkle thought, desperately. Suddenly, he wanted to lash out at something. "Certainly not," he said. "I can't wait around here. I've got to get to the shop. And I don't—"

"I don't want to be interviewed."

Mrs. Winkle passed on his views over the telephone. They didn't seem to make much impression, for Mrs. Winkle, after listening to what was said in reply, kept agreeing doubtfully. "Yes. . . yes, but—oh, I can see that's probably right."

She hung up and came back. She appeared to be slightly dazed.

"They said," she told Mr. Winkle, "that you're already something of a celebrity—from being the first married man in the older men's classification to be drafted—and that it's your patriotic duty to set a good example. They're coming out here to take pictures of—of us both."

"I won't do it," he said. "And you shouldn't—"

"But, Wilbert," Mrs. Winkle protested, "it won't look right if we don't."

"I don't care how it looks. Where's my hat?" He was emboldened to be peremptory. "Where's my lunch box?"

He saw them both where they were kept ready for his departure to business. He snatched them up almost savagely, and clamped the hat on his head. He hadn't felt so aroused for many years. He didn't quite know what to make of the way

they looked at him. He felt a little about the wording of this. Making his promise in the plural was more impressive, as if there existed a large staff of workers. The fact that there was no one except himself was perhaps deceptive. But he felt all right about it when he considered that he and the shop itself could be counted as two.

He lived up to the boast on his sign. He was adept at finding out what the trouble was with any mechanical gadget and, what is more, at putting it right. People from all over his section of town, and many from farther away, brought him their difficulties or called him in. He accepted—with one exception—any work that came along.

The only thing with which he would have nothing to do was firearms.

He didn't like or trust guns in the least. It was also his conviction that they caused much more trouble in the world than any worth they had, and that when a man had a gun in his hand he felt beyond himself and proceeded on a false basis of power. If a customer had a rifle or a shotgun or a revolver needing repair, he had to take it elsewhere.

This morning, as Mr. Winkle walked a little over a block along his circuitous route to get the fifty feet away from where he started, he was a thoughtful man.

He opened his shop methodically, throwing wide the doors and letting in the sun. Usually, every morning he looked at his place of work with pride while he changed his clothes, peeling all the way down before donning his working outfit. He admired his own neatness, the spick-and-span concrete floor, the shining lathes and other power tools, the clean benches with every screw driver in its proper place, and the work in hand left and waiting in good order from the day before.

Today he didn't see any of this. For one thing he was too shaken by Amy's astounding behavior and the way his draft notice had affected her.

For another thing, his imagination got to work instead of his hands. A bullet sped into his flesh, tearing through his body, leaving a gaping, bloody wound in which gangrene de-

CHAPTER II

Mrs. Winkle, upon learning that her husband planned to open a general repair shop practically in their living room, decried it bitterly. She felt that being the wife of what she termed a handy man lowered her social standing. She declared she would have nothing whatsoever to do with the enterprise and would rather starve than to so much as glance at it. She took this decided stand despite the fact that she had a modest income from a small estate left by her parents and that on this account she and Mr. Winkle could have managed, though their standard of living would have been sharply curtailed.

At that time Mr. Winkle still wore one leg of the trousers in his house, so he proceeded on the basis that it was more respectable for him to provide, and more reasonable to eat well, than to have a social standing. He took his wife at her word and built his shop across the rear of their property without an entrance or even a window on the house side. Mrs. Winkle had never visited him, even when she found it more comfortable not to starve. And from then on she developed into what he preferred to think of her instead of by any other word; a termagant.

Each morning Mr. Winkle marched out the front door quite as if he were going downtown to business. He walked up the block, around the corner, and then to the

alley. Along this he went to his shop, where he worked until dinner time, and then retraced his steps.

The alley in which he had his shop was not a depressing thoroughfare, but quite an attractive one. It was a dirt lane lined with trees and a number of private garages. Mr. Winkle's shop was no eyesore, but a substantial frame building painted a cheery blue, with wide double doors to permit the entrance of automobiles needing his attention, and tall windows. Above the doors was a sign announcing:

THE FIXIT SHOP
We Repair Anything
Mr. Winkle had worried a little about the wording of this. Making his promise in the plural was more impressive, as if there existed a large staff of workers. The fact that there was no one except himself was perhaps deceptive. But he felt all right about it when he considered that he and the shop itself could be counted as two.

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veloped with awful rapidity. He saw himself dying, painfully, gasping for water. He saw his body in a trench with many others, and the earth of some strange, foreign land being thrown upon it. His mind dwelt on the unenviable picture.

Even when he managed to shut it out, he didn't get right to work. After he had changed, he sat in the worn but comfortable old chair near the stove. Rocking slowly and blinking through his spectacles, he reviewed the events leading up to the tragedy.

Mr. Winkle and the other men of his age had assured each other that they would never be used as soldiers. They were of that lost generation between rounds of the world war, too young for the first session, and too old for the second.

Even after the draft registration for them, they had said the same things. "We couldn't stand the life," they proposed. "Marching all night and crawling on your stomach in a ditch is for the young fellows."

Yet Mr. Winkle had wondered, if there wasn't some plan for using them, why were they registered?

There followed a period of listening to every scrap of further information to be found in the papers, over the radio and in the magazines. Most of this was conflicting, with no one able to make up his mind. Finally a few bold facts became plain, at least in relation to Mr. Winkle's draft board in the town of Springfield. It began to call older men. Right now it had reached those married without children, but with wives who had independent incomes of their own.

Mr. Winkle met the first requirement. Mrs. Winkle lived up to the second regulation. Her small income, together with the fifty dollars a month allotment paid to the wives of soldiers, would be enough for her to support herself.

Sitting there in his shop, Mr. Winkle thought of his fighting background. It had not been much. Up until the time he was ten, he was known in his neighborhood for having won several fights. There was a certain group of boys he could bully and bluff, or lick, if it came right down to it.

Then that prowess had come to a quick end. His teeth, growing in crookedly, were being straightened by that ignominious process of having wire bands put around them to draw them into place. Returning home from school one day with two other boys, a discussion arose among them as to whether or not he could lick one of them.

During the experiment of proving he could not, the inside of his mouth was cut to ribbons by the copper bands—the main contributing cause of his humiliating and painful defeat.

From then on Mr. Winkle, boy and man, ceased to be a warrior.

That was the extent of Mr. Winkle's fighting history. Now, belatedly, at forty-four—the moment made him think of his age as being only six years until he was fifty—it seemed as if it were to have a future.

Why, he thought, this is impossible. It's really incredible.

Mr. Winkle wasn't in the least sure about how he would fight. It would be different if he were younger, or happened to be a great big strapping sort of fellow.

Well, he wasn't. He was small, almost frail, and ineffectual physically. Some men were lions and some were mice. He was a middle-aged mouse. And the mouse was—at least he admitted it, if only to himself—the mouse was afraid.

He questioned to uphold his country. He wanted not at all his country's calling upon him to do it. But he felt doubtful, beyond his terror, of what kind of soldier he would make.

He hoped there was no question about this matter in the mind of anyone who detected in him signs of not looking forward to going to war.

Mr. Winkle roused himself and began to work on a bicycle. The representative from the newspaper arrived in the middle of the morning. He was a tall, bush-looking young man with a wild mop of hair who introduced himself, "I'm Onward, the reporter."

"The what?" asked Mr. Winkle, staring at him with assurance that he was not going to like Mr. Onward any more than he cared for being interviewed.

Mr. Onward set down the camera he carried and explained with broad patience, "Reporter. It's a contraction of reporter and photographer. Technically, I'm only the last part. But with so many reporters gone off to war, I got to be both. I made up the name myself.

"Listen," he said as he opened his camera, "I got one divorced wife, two kids. I got one married wife, three kids. I haven't taken a vacation the last two years because I couldn't stand being home all day. I tried to enlist to get away from it. They wouldn't have me. I guess they figured if I got killed they'd have too much to support."

The reasons why men went to war, Mr. Winkle thought, were varied and curious.

Mr. Onward regarded Mr. Winkle with some amusement. He seemed to think it a little funny that he was being drafted. When Mr. Winkle protested that his activity was somewhat premature, and that he might not be accepted by the Army, Mr. Onward grinned and began ordering him to stand at different places about the shop. He proceeded to take a series of flashlight pictures, meanwhile asking questions in an indifferent, offhand manner.

"How do you feel about being a soldier?"

He saw himself dying, painfully, gasping for water. He saw his body in a trench with many others, and the earth of some strange, foreign land being thrown upon it. His mind dwelt on the unenviable picture.

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