

Cedars

Mrs. Anna Bolton, Carolyn and Sterling left Sat. evening for Seattle Wash., to visit their son and uncle and family Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Bolton and Dallas.

Mosby Creek

Orville Dunn of Chula Vista California is spending a two-weeks visit with his wife and family who live at Blue Mt.

(Continued from Page 2.)

Mr. Winkle blinked as a flash went off in his face. "Why," he stammered, "I guess I feel all right."

"Do you regard it as a privilege to be the first of your classification to be called on to defend the four freedoms?"

"Privilege?" Mr. Winkle repeated. The flashlight had blinded him momentarily and made him slightly dizzy.

"Listen," the reportographer urged, "how about a smile on this one?"

Mr. Winkle spread his lips and exposed his teeth. He looked straight at the camera, holding his head a little high as previously instructed so that his glasses wouldn't reflect the light.

"Do you think any sacrifice is worth making to defend your country?"

Another flash went off. Mr. Winkle blinked and coughed unhappily. "Of course," he said. "Yes. Certainly."

Mr. Onward gazed at him and then shrugged his shoulders, as if telling himself that nothing more could be done with this quizzical subject.

Quite suddenly he went away. Mr. Winkle worked on a bicycle, then on the motor of a washing machine. He ate his lunch, listened to the radio, and attacked the motor again.

He learned sooner than he expected. Early in the afternoon he heard the newsboy calling his wares from afar and then down at the end of the alley. Evidently the paper was cashing in on the hot news in Mr. Winkle's vicinity.

The boy appeared in the entrance of the shop, announcing excitedly, "Your picture's in the paper, Mr. Winkle! Right on the front page!"

Mr. Winkle could not overcome his resolve to wait until he went home to see in the delivered paper there just what The Evening Standard had to say about him. And after all, it wasn't every day that you got your picture in the newspaper, especially on the front page.

He purchased a copy and, after the boy left, he looked at it. It wasn't as big as what the Russians were doing in Russia, or what the United Nations were doing around the Mediterranean, or what the U. S. Navy was doing in the South Pacific, but it was the next most important thing to those large events.

There was a picture of Mrs. Winkle standing outside their house, just as he had seen her last that morning, with Penelope at her feet. There was a picture of himself, the one where he smiled. The smile looked

quite decent. But he did protest. "Amy, don't you look at me like that?"

"Like what?" she asked. "As if I—that mouse-look," he accused.

She looked abashed. At first Mr. Winkle could not accept the fact that the expression was on her face.

"I didn't mean to," she replied. She sounded humble.

"I can't help being the way I am," Mr. Winkle stated.

"Of course, dear. No one can." Mr. Winkle was amazed. But still he didn't say anything about the miracle occurring before his very eyes. He didn't care to embarrass Amy.

"I feel," he said in answer to her previous question, "like taking two doses for my dyspepsia." He fumbled in his pocket for his pills and brought them out.

"Some people are coming in tonight," Mrs. Winkle revealed as she bustled to get dinner. "Just the folks on the street."

Attoned, Mr. Winkle asked, "What for?"

"Well, they wanted to see you. Especially the Pettigrews. Their boy, Jack, has been called, too. He's twenty, you know. He'll be going off with you."

Mr. Winkle had two reactions to that. The first was that he wished people, especially Amy, wouldn't accept it as a foregone conclusion that he was going "off."

The second was wondering what in the world he could possibly have in common with Jack Pettigrew, whose babyhood toys he had repaired.

The evening, when it came around, was something of a combination of a funeral, a wedding, a family reunion, and a celebration for a person about to leave on a dangerous expedition.

The Pettigrews were the first to arrive. Mrs. Pettigrew was red-eyed from weeping, and she burst into new tears when she saw Mr. Winkle.

"They probably won't take you," she wept, "but Jack—Jack—they'll take him, and he's only a baby."

Jack Pettigrew could almost live up to the name. A pink-checked, shy youth with no beard and slim shoulders that hadn't yet filled out with muscle, he stood there eying his mother without speaking. He looked unhappy and frightened.

Mr. Pettigrew himself said, "This is crazy, Winkle. Here's Jack, hardly over sucking his thumbs. And here's you, old enough to be his father."

Mr. Winkle and Jack eyed each other. The boy was self-conscious, as the young are in the presence of their elders who discuss them. Mr. Winkle, in his position as an adult, felt called upon to say something even though he really had nothing to say.

"Well, Jack," he told the boy, "it looks as if we're being called by our country."

"Yes, sir," Jack said. He could make no more of Mr. Winkle being drafted along with him than Mr. Winkle could make of Jack being selected along with him. Mr. Winkle wished that the boy wouldn't be quite so respectful.

More people came. They chattered, and gazed curiously at Mrs. Winkle, as if they couldn't believe what their eyes saw nor what their ears heard. Some of them were earnest about Mr. Winkle's predicament, some wondered, and others were amused. Mr. Winkle liked the last least of all. He didn't see why people should laugh at him.

Mr. Wescott, their next-door neighbor, a rather pompous individual, cornered Mr. Winkle and stated, "If you're the kind of soldier we're going to have, God help us." He stared at Mr. Winkle as if to ask him how he ever got himself into this.

Mr. Winkle didn't think this was very patriotic. Mr. Wescott, who was prone to tell anybody all about how anything was conducted, and who could well afford to inform Mr. Winkle about his future because he was over forty-five and not subject to military duty, went on to say, "Of course, you know they won't use you as a combatant."

"You don't think so?" Mr. Winkle asked hopefully. "Think it out for yourself, man," Mr. Wescott lectured. "They'll have enough young fellows to do the actual fighting. They want men in their proper places, according to their abilities. That's why they're calling you in the first place, so you can release a fighting man to fight."

Mr. Winkle was encouraged. "They won't waste you as a killer," Mr. Wescott assured him. "Mr. Winkle didn't know whether to feel flattered or insulted. His neighbor looked at him critically, as if gauging him for the first time. "You wouldn't be any good, anyway. They'll use you in some kind of mechanical work."

"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "I could handle that." His courage took hold of him at this talk. "But, understand me, if I thought I was capable of using a gun, I'd do it anywhere they say."

CHAPTER III

"The telephone's been ringing ever since the paper came out," she announced. "People I haven't seen or heard of in years have called. One woman I didn't know at all—I mean, she was a perfect stranger."

"What did she want?" asked Mr. Winkle.

Amy looked baffled. "I don't know," she replied. "She said she just felt she had to call. As if—oh, Wilbert, as if you were dead already."

Mrs. Winkle had often glared at him as if herself wishing him dead, and now her concern that he might be killed seemed a little outlandish.

Mr. Winkle merely said, "Well, I'm not dead."

"Wilbert, how do you really feel? This morning there wasn't time to find out," Mrs. Winkle gazed at him doubtfully.

Again, at her hesitancy, at this suggestion that the upper hand was being returned to him, Mr. Winkle had an impulse to remind her of certain things. And again he refrained, not thinking the urge was

quite decent. But he did protest. "Amy, don't you look at me like that?"

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"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "I could handle that." His courage took hold of him at this talk. "But, understand me, if I thought I was capable of using a gun, I'd do it anywhere they say."

"You'll never see the outside of this country," Mr. Wescott asserted. "You won't go overseas; you'll watch them being sent." He lowered his voice. "Like young Pettigrew."

Mr. Winkle looked across the living room at Jack Pettigrew. The boy, left alone with no one of his own age to talk with, was squirming in his chair.

"No, sir," Mr. Wescott went on, "you'll never see active service. I can tell you that. You don't have to worry about that for a minute."

Mr. Winkle ceased to worry, but only for the allowed minute, for Mr. Wescott then looked thoughtful and amended, "Of course, men of your age are being used for combat in all the other armies, and if things get to that stage with us, I suppose you've got to consider that you might have to do a little shooting or bayonet work."

When it was time for their visitors to leave, they shook Mr. Winkle's hand as if bidding him goodbye before he went into action. Mrs. Pettigrew's tears had dried, but her perturbation remained. She pleaded of Mr. Winkle, "You'll look after Jack, won't you?"

Mr. Winkle, despite all his timidity and intellectual outer character, could appreciate the humor in a situation. "I think," he said, "Jack ought to look after me."

He and Jack glanced at each other, and both smiled. The condemned men had at least that mutual understanding. It was nearly eleven before the last of the guests left. Penelope came out from the corner where she had sulked all evening at the invasion of her own peaceful life. Mr. Winkle, out of habit, took her to the back yard.

When he came in again he started for the radio, to turn it on for the nightly war news broadcast he usually favored. Then he stopped and didn't go near it, but turned toward the stairs.

"Aren't you going to listen to the war news?" Mrs. Winkle asked. "I don't think I will tonight."

"But why—?" Mrs. Winkle began to speak as if she were the same person as of before this morning. But she caught herself and then said merely, "Oh."

Mr. Winkle felt like pinching himself to be sure he was awake and that this was Amy showing such tact and consideration. He smiled a little, but not so she could see him, and he decided that it was very nice indeed to have her this way.

They went upstairs and there, while they prepared themselves for the night, Mrs. Winkle commented in a small voice that seemed to indicate she had other things to say but couldn't say them, "It was a nice party, wasn't it?"

"Except," said Mr. Winkle, "I don't see exactly why it was held."

He was first in bed, and when Mrs. Winkle put out the light and followed him, they lay beside each other in the darkness. Neither of them spoke and neither slept. Each had too much to think about, and what each thought seemed to shut out the other. Once Mrs. Winkle murmured, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it yet." But that was all.

Mr. Winkle found his imagination running away with itself until his mind was possessed of a nightmare. He saw himself packed into a troop transport. He had seen pictures of how it was done. The bunks, one on top of another in many tiers, with only a narrow aisle between, made the men look like sardines. Across the ocean the ship throbbed. And then in the night there was a dull, jarring thud. The ship shuddered. It began to list. Its engines stopped. Flames rose

and men pushed and fell and screamed and struck and jumped. Mr. Winkle was in the water, which was covered thickly with oil. The oil caught fire and the flames raced toward him. His face and hands were seared. He ducked under the surface to get away from it. The water came rushing into his mouth and nose, down his throat and into his lungs.

He tried to blot out this picture. But it came again, and made him cold all over. He was bathed in perspiration. He began to shake slightly and found he couldn't control it, no matter how much he tried.

At that he learned how far Amy's reformation had gone, and how real it was, and that she was good-hearted all along as he always knew, and that now he was to become a soldier, she was willing to express her feelings about it, even if only silently.

Without a word, Mrs. Winkle turned in the bed beside him. She slipped a soft warm arm under his neck and put the other over his chest, and held him tightly. She seemed to understand.

Mr. Winkle was ashamed that she did, but greatly comforted, too.

The President of the United States, To Wilbert George Winkle, Greeting: Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining your availability for training and service in the armed forces of the United States, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for training and service in the Army.

Mr. Winkle had never before received a communication from the President, and it filled him with a new kind of consternation.

Following his prominent newspaper appearance and the gathering of the people of Maple Avenue, he would look very foolish indeed if he were turned down and returned home after being sent to the Induction Center.

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They're Back

- Gillette Razors 49c
Gem Razors 39c
Castoria, Fletchers 31c

Just received a small shipment of each of these.

MEXSANA—Mexican Heat Powder

A soothing, cooling, antiseptic powder.—Relieves heat rash—chafing—sunburn and diaper rash.

6 oz can 60c

KEM'S for DRUGS

The Rexall Store

Penelope regarded as a happy one.

He finished the few jobs he had in the shop and would take no more. He packed away his tools in grease and oil, and tacked up