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RECONVERSION AND REHABILITATION

Reconversion of industry and the rehabilitation of the returning servicemen is the biggest problem of future months to face the average citizen.

Most of us don't like the idea of having to change our ways. Frankly the average fellow is afraid of what the future has in store for him.

The same way to meet the peace time problem is to do it unselfishly. War has always unified the efforts of people and the initial step into war, even to a total nation effort is made easier than converting our efforts back to peace time pursuits.

THE GOOFIEST PAGE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

The alphabetical agencies created under the present administration has been referred to by E. M. Biggers of Houston, Texas as the "goofiest period of the American history".

In future years the past decade will probably be referred to as the period during which the American people were governed by bureaus, bureaucrats and crack pots.

The writer says that on June 1, 1943 there were 2,241 bureaus according to the federal register, which was the most reliable information he could secure at the time.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR INDUSTRY

The CIO Political action committee, with its instructions to canvassers to call on every home in a given area, should suggest something to industry.

For instance, what has CIO to sell the people that employing industry has not? After it is all said and done, industry provides the jobs for the workers.

If labor is wise, it will do nothing to undermine the future of private enterprise. And if industry is wise, it will be aggressive in seeing that its story is told in every possible way to every citizen.

DOUBLE DEALING

Commenting on the uncertainties of the "new order" in domestic economy, Wheeler McMillan, editor of the Farm Journal, one of the most widely circulated agricultural monthlies, says: "When a law is passed, most of us ordinary citizens assume that it says what it means, and means what it says."

Is it any wonder that some of the Supreme Court justices have openly expressed the fear that public confidence in our highest tribunal is being shaken?

European dictators never devised more cunning schemes for dominating their citizens than have been developed in our own country by the "administrative interpreters."

Harry—I just got myself some Victory underwear, Jerry—What's different about that? Harry—One deep breath and you open a second front.—Pennsburg, Pa., Town & Country.

Overheard at the bus depot: During a discussion on girls, one soldier remarked: "I like the shy, demure type myself. You know, the kind you have to whistle at twice."—Wichita, Kans., Democrat.

STOREKEEPER INJURED

J. P. Kuni of Culp Creek, who operates the commissary at the Bohemia Lumber Company mill, was injured here Friday morning when his car was struck by a south bound freight as he was crossing the tracks on Main street driving west.

car door. His car was also badly damaged.

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MR. WINKLE GOES TO WAR

By THEODORE PRATT W.N.U. RELEASE

(Continued from last week.) CHAPTER VII: Mr. Tinker tells Mr. Winkle that he wants to get just one Jap, with his hands, to avenge his kid brother, killed at Midway.

CHAPTER VIII

Once more Mr. Winkle fired the machine gun. By moving it about sufficiently he managed to send several bullets where they were supposed to go.

The Sergeant had to yell for him to stop. "Pop," the Alphabet told him fondly, "if it was anybody except you, I'd know he was gold-bricking."

Freddie sat nonchalantly at the gun. It was the first time he had followed an order with any kind of grace.

"You see that target?" Freddie asked Sergeant Czieszkowski. "That's you."

"Shoot the gun instead of your mouth," Jack advised. Freddie glared at him.

Freddie took his time at the gun. Finally he fired. Delicately he handled the bouncing death. He sliced the up and down marks on the target.

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guage better than had their previous companions, and over them all was a slightly technical aura.

Their office during business hours was a large, hangar-like building. Two lines of engines, mounted on high wooden frames, were placed down its length.

At ease," the Lieutenant said. Mr. Winkle relaxed.

"In fact," the Lieutenant went on, "sit down."

Mr. Winkle thought that this was handsome of his superior. He took the chair indicated and sat very straight in it to show his continued respect.

The Lieutenant leaned back in his chair behind his desk and regarded Mr. Winkle. "Getting along all right?" he asked.

"Yes, sir—that is, I hope so, sir." "We're satisfied with you in most respects, if that's what you mean. Like the Army?"

"I like it, sir." Mr. Winkle knew this to be the stock answer to the question.

The Lieutenant seemed to know it, too, and to want a little more information, for he rephrased the question. "Happy in it?"

Mr. Winkle hesitated. "Answer just the way you feel," the Lieutenant instructed.

"Well, I can't say I'm happy, sir. I'm not exactly a fighter, that is, with my fists, so to speak. And being away from my wife and..."

"Your regular work? You miss that?" "Yes, sir. But I recognize why I'm here."

"You know the new regulations that went into effect the other day. You're over thirty-eight and can get a discharge if you go into a war industry. Why haven't you applied?"

It was difficult for Mr. Winkle to give an answer to this. He wasn't able to explain to himself just why he hadn't taken advantage of the new rules.

Amy had written that she would leave it up to him, and that she would be proud of him no matter what he decided.

"I'd like to stay in the Army," he heard himself telling the Lieutenant. "If you want me."

The Lieutenant glanced at him once, with approval. "I'm going to ask you one more question, Winkle. Think it over before you answer: Are you afraid?"

Mr. Winkle jumped. He was sure he looked guilty. He didn't stop to think it over before he murmured, "I suppose you can say I am."

He waited for the Lieutenant to look contemptuous.

"Don't be ashamed of it," the Lieutenant advised. He smiled. "If you'd told me you weren't afraid, I would have known you weren't speaking the truth."

He knew by now it was heresy to make such inquiries, but the answer to this one worried him genuinely.

Mr. Winkle and his friend, Mr. Tinker, were in town to celebrate their completing the Motor Mechanics course and having received their certificates of graduation.

They stood outside the bar Mr. Tinker patronized. Mr. Winkle was about to be on his way down the street alone, as usual, leaving Mr. Tinker to the attractions within.

Tinker had been wishing that he would join him this time. "How about it?" he inquired.

"No," Mr. Winkle replied judiciously. "I don't think so."

"I know you're married and all, but that ain't any reason you can't enjoy yourself."

Mr. Winkle shook his head. "I ain't trying to get you to do anything you don't want to do," argued Mr. Tinker.

While they stood discussing it, Mr. Tinker making most of the comments, they saw two soldiers coming along the street. One was Jack, but they couldn't believe their eyes at first when they recognized the other.

They hadn't seen Jack or Freddie since the fight. Incredible rumors, which they refused to accept, had reached them that Freddie had finally been broken into small pieces and was being put together again in another form.

Now the soldier on Jack's arm stood straight. He was confident, but not arrogant. And no mustache blackened his upper lip, which was shaven clean.

Mr. Tinker was the first to speak, to Freddie. "That ain't you, Tindal."

Mr. Winkle stared, perplexed, from one to the other of the young men. "It can't be," he said.

Jack laughed. "Sure it is. He's an Army lug now." He nudged Freddie. "Go on, yardbird, speak your piece."

Freddie had been standing with his face slightly flushed, making no comment. Now he looked sheepish

to get to know each other all over again.

Mr. Winkle sensed her staring at him anew, in a different way. He glanced at her, and saw that her gaze was contemplative, searching, a little suspicious.

He feared that she was reverting to being a tennant, and that the effects of his suddenly being made into a soldier were wearing off.

"I suppose," Freddie went on, "I'm responsible for you being called 'Pop,' too."

"I don't mind," Mr. Winkle assured him. "In fact, I rather like it."

"Me," said Mr. Tinker, "I don't believe it. It's somebody else pretending to be him."

"He's a reformed character," Jack agreed.

Freddie looked at the bar. "I'm not so reformed I won't buy everybody a drink."

Over their glasses, in the noisy bar, Freddie explained how he had come to see the light. He was articulate about it.

"The kid here did it," he said, indicating Jack. "When I figure the Army made him almost up to licking me, I thought it must have something. Even for me. I got a look at myself, I mean, what I had been. I didn't even like my mustache."

"What about the Alphabet?" Mr. Winkle inquired.

"He isn't so bad," Freddie answered, "when you get to know him."

"You see?" Jack asked. "He's got the right attitude. Of course, this distressing welcome made him think he must have even a different smell as a military man.

Perhaps there was actually something to that. He understood dogs could sense fear in another animal, that it was one of their keenest instincts.

Amy believed it was simply his uniform. "She won't know you until you've taken it off."

"I'm not supposed to do that." It was barely daylight when he awakened. He expected to hear the bustle of many men moving and cursing and the bugle tooting its dreadful call.

He tried to go back to sleep again. This was the morning of his kingship. But the king couldn't sleep any more. Harsh habit interfered, refusing him his crown.

It being also his accustomed time to eat, he felt hungry. After a time he got up quietly, put on his bathrobe, over his pajamas, and went out. Downstairs, Penelope growled, snarled when he spoke to her, and snapped when he made to pat her.

He wandered outdoors just as a strange newsboy delivered the paper. The boy looked at him, startled, then interested, then wise, and went away whistling.

Mr. Winkle didn't approve of such precocious behavior in one so young. He investigated the kitchen, over Penelope's continued protests, and devoured odd assortments of food. He had an idea that tickled him.

Sometime later, with a daintily prepared tray and the newspaper resting at one side of it, he went in to awaken Amy. Her eyes went wide and staring as he saluted and announced: "Breakfast in bed for you, queen."

Mr. Winkle visited his shop to see that his tools and machines were in good order. He made small repairs about the house. He had his photograph taken so that Amy could have him up over the mantel while he was away, or if he didn't ever return.

He talked with Mr. Wescott, who first laughed outright at the sight of Mr. Winkle in his uniform and then was prone to be triumphant about his prediction for him. "What did I tell you?" he crowed. "You're being used as a mechanic, just like I said. You'll stay right here."

Mr. Winkle didn't argue this because the discussion took place in Amy's presence. He had explained to her the various things that might happen to him, and knew she was praying for him not to be sent overseas.

Formerly he and Mr. Wescott had considered together the large and broad scale aspects of war, and now his neighbor expected that, as an actual military man, he would have some expert ideas.

"Our antitank guns," Mr. Wescott inquired, "are they going to be able to stop the Germans?"

"I don't know a thing about them," said Mr. Winkle.

"But surely in your training..." Mr. Winkle coughed apologetically. "I never saw one."

Mr. Wescott considered. A little of his pomposity left him and he proposed, "Perhaps I shouldn't be asking such questions. You probably have your orders not to let out any military secrets."

"No," said Mr. Winkle. "That isn't it. I don't know any military secrets."

"Not any at all?" Mr. Winkle reflected. "Well," he said, "I could tell you about the effect of various types of rough terrain on some of our transport vehicles."

"Thanks?" asked Mr. Wescott. "I've never seen a tank."

Mr. Wescott stared at him. He dropped the subject, and took up the Mediterranean campaign.

"How is it coming along?" Mr. Winkle asked. "Do you mean to say you don't know?" demanded Mr. Wescott.

"Well," said Mr. Winkle, "I hardly ever saw a paper in camp. Since I've been home I've glanced at the headlines a little, but I haven't read the details much."