

## Portlight

of GRANTLAND RICE

YOU might not know it, but the next spring training trip is just around the corner.

The two managers who can afford to sit back and yawn are Joe McCarthy of the New York Yankees and Billy Southworth of the St. Louis Cardinals.

With most of his stars young and active—with people such as DiMaggio, Gordon and Keller around, with his younger pitchers moving up—McCarthy didn't have to hang out his Christmas stocking. It was already packed.

Billy Southworth's main worry will be getting rid of talent, not taking it on. The Cardinal leader has 19 good-looking pitchers and 11 good outfielders waiting for the spring call. Billy needs more ball players just as Minnesota needs more tackles or guards. But it's different in 14 other camps.

Larry MacPhail and Leo Durocher understand they can't afford to stand pat, even on a pennant winner. Their World Series pitching staff averaged over 33 years.

The Dodgers need another good pitcher, at least one more good infielder and one more hitting outfielder, to defend their place against a Cardinal club that should be better in the next race.

The Reds still have a great pitching staff on hand, with Vander Meer and Riddle due for even better seasons, plus Walters and Derringer and a rookie or two.

This will be Derringer's sixteenth season and at the age of 35—Paul was 35 in October—the big Red can't be expected to be what he used to be. But there are more than one or two Red spots that need improving, which Bill McKechnie understands better than anyone else.

What the American league can do to keep the Yankees from winning the 1942 pennant around mid-August is something more than we can figure out this far ahead. But it will have to be something on the miracle side.

### Leading Grid Section

There is an old saying to the effect that "fools rush in—and get away with it—where angels fear to tread."

Certainly after the emotional swirls of this late football season no sane person would attempt to open a new argument, any more than one would attempt to throw gasoline upon a burning building.

But under pressure from so many inquisitive letter writers an attempt will be made to straighten out this debate—i.e., viz., "What was the strangest football section or sector for 1941?"

My answer is the Middle West, for these five reasons—Minnesota, Notre Dame, Michigan, Ohio State and Northwestern.

The East can counter with Fordham, Navy, Pennsylvania, Duquesne, and Penn State or Harvard.

The South can offer Duke, Georgia, Mississippi State, Alabama and Mississippi, Tennessee, Vanderbilt, Tulane or Louisiana State.

The Southwest can present Texas, Texas A. and M., Texas Christian, Southern Methodist and Rice.

From the Far West we get Oregon State, Washington State, and the terrible snarl from Stanford, Oregon, Washington, Santa Clara and others.

Missouri's elegant team doesn't hold a habitat in any of these locations.

Looking over the lists offered above my vote for the present season still goes to the Midwest when it comes to the combination of size, speed, man power, running, blocking, passing and what it takes in general to win tough games.

### Another Argument

"We've always been told to keep your eye on the ball in golf," writes one of the harassed. "I notice the duffer tries to do this and ties himself into knots. The pro gives no sign of this. I don't believe anyone can actually see the clubhead hitting the ball. What's the use of keeping your eye on the ball if you can't see what happens at impact?"

The main idea back of all this advice is to hold the head in a correct position through impact, and not to swing with a moving head.

There was another slogan—"Keep your mind on the ball." There have been many slogans. But the point to remember, is this—"The head is the anchor for the swing"—a Jim Barnes tip.

The fault of head-lifting usually comes from some earlier fault, such as too much tension or from swinging too fast. Also, from thinking ahead of the swing in terms of results and not in terms of what causes results.

## The Washington Merry-Go-Round

by DREW PEARSON & ROBERT AILEN

### CHANGED CITY

Washington has changed overnight. Washington was a boom town one week; next week it was a war town. The change is partly a matter of visible things, partly things that are felt without being seen. . . . Khaki-clad soldiers, with tin hats and bayonets, patrolling two abreast between the White House and the state department. . . . Darkness over the Capitol dome, where searchlights are blacked out, for the duration. . . . A jam of volunteers for Civilian Defense. . . . New flags delivered at Civilian Defense headquarters, two for LaGuardia's car, two for Mrs. Roosevelt's car, six for the motorcycles. . . . The residence of German correspondent Kurt Sell is raided at night and Sell is taken into custody by FBI.

Though the department of commerce deals with such innocuous subjects as census figures, its great steel doors are locked, and guards demand credentials at the main entrance. . . . Women fliers of America call a hurried meeting to speed up plans for training. . . . An extra detail of police strolls on the south grounds of the White House, last trampled by egg-rolling Easter crowds.

In his press conference, the President's voice is so grave and low that a newsman calls out, "Louder, please." Four plainclothesmen, in two cars, sit parked all day on Waterside drive, where the bank rises sharply on the back garden of the Japanese embassy. . . . Even Falla, the President's Scottie, feels the change, for the White House guards have less time to play with him, and he curls up disconsolate in his green dog-house, just back of the President's office.

JAPANESE SPIES  
Last summer Congressman Martin Dies had investigators make a thorough survey of Japanese activities along the West coast. The results eventually were suppressed by the state department and the President himself, but a brief summary of them indicates that some parts of the United States face a dangerous problem when it comes to fifth column activity.

Hitler had many agents planted through Norway, France and the Low Countries when he attacked, but the Japanese, according to the Dies report, start out with 150,000 of their countrymen in the United States. These are all Japanese citizens, and do not include 50,000 second generation Japanese born in the United States. The Dies report shows that 200 key Japanese have been decorated by the emperor during the past two years and that many Japanese are in close co-operation with the homeland through the Central Japanese association which has been directed by consulates in California.

Dies agents have collected photographs of various Japanese truck gardens operated alongside oil tanks and strategic railroads. Also they report 5,000 Japanese residing on terminal islands in Los Angeles harbor, where are located strategic oil tanks, Reeves field and a shipbuilding company. Oil storage tanks blown up in the harbors would endanger all of the Los Angeles area. The most revealing documents seized by Dies' agents are maps, showing all the U. S. strategic points and fortifications, and a naval manual showing the size of all American naval vessels.

The naval manual, published in 1941, is so up to date that it even shows latest models of U. S. mosquito boats together with the Presidential yacht Potomac and the plan of U. S. airplane carriers. The location of guns, engine room, etc., is indicated alongside the photograph of each vessel. It must have taken Japanese agents months or years to collect this data.

KNEW FORMATIONS  
Another Japanese map seized by Dies' agents is revealing in the extreme. It shows the layout of the American fleet in a typical battle formation near Hawaii. U. S. naval officers confirm the fact that the map correctly shows past naval maneuvers.

The documents show the details of Pearl Harbor, the Panama canal, San Francisco, Manila, Guam and Vladivostok. They also give the normal cruising radius of the U. S. fleet out of Honolulu, together with the normal location of airplane carriers, cruising battleships, scouts and auxiliary transports. Maps also show the whereabouts of submarine cables, mines, channels, wireless stations, Japanese consulates and air bases all along the West coast.

WAR CHAFF  
It was significant that Japanese struck first not at the Philippines, which is armed to the teeth with heavy bombers, but at Hawaii. Hawaii had sent its best war planes on to the Philippines. . . . If the navy had read the newspapers it might have been better prepared.

Constantine Brown, foreign affairs expert of the Washington Star, predicted war with Japan 10 days in advance and named Sunday, December 7, as the starting date.

## Kathleen Norris Says:

Service Is a Cure for Loneliness

(Bell Syndicate—WNU Service.)



A restless, discontented, morbid girl, who was consigned to an institution for the mentally afflicted, offered to help in the kitchen there. She discovered she was a born cook. Later she opened a tearoom, and now has three thriving restaurants.

### By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THERE are certain girls to whom the golden years between 16 and 25 are one long purgatory. Because of influences that began, perhaps in their babyhood, they are out of everything. For no perceptible reason boys don't like them; dresses don't look right on them; parties at home are dismal failures or not attempted at all; and to the delicious other affairs they aren't asked.

All the other girls chatter about ski-suits, dances, house parties, football games and football suppers, but not our girl. She smiles brightly, makes what gallant pretense she may, and creeps home early.

A very little of this sort of discouragement goes a long way. It takes superhuman strength of character to battle your way onward despite unpopularity and loneliness. It is not a girl's fault if she has not the home background, the frocks and opportunities that make for social success; but she suffers just the same.

In my files I have the story of a restless, discontented, morbid girl who finally was consigned to an institution for the mentally afflicted. This girl presently was asked to help in the kitchen of the asylum, washed dishes in the company of another girl and a boy, found friends at last, discovered that she was a born cook, was given a chance to try living outside again and opened a tearoom. Now she has three thriving restaurants, a nice husband and a small boy. This is a true story.

### The Story of Nita.

Such a case is that of Nita, whose mother writes me from a big mid-western city. Nita has a brother seven years younger than herself; her father is a traveling salesman for floor coverings. Up to 1931 all went well with the Blacks.

"Ten years ago, when Nita was about 14," writes the mother, "everything collapsed. For months we really did not know what we were going to live on; my husband lost his job and his health at the same time. He has never recovered from the effects of a heavy attack of flu in that awful winter and will always be partially deaf.

"Ward was too young to know or care what was going on, but Nita, sensitive and proud, just at an age to want to stand well with her school crowd, suffered intensely. Up to that time she had been a gay little thing, but now she underwent a spiritual as well as physical change, and grew thin and moody. We put her into a public school, which she hated, and added to all the humiliation and distress of that time was Nita's acute unhappiness.

### Forced to Accept Aid.

"For some years we had to accept the help of a relative cordially disliked by us all, but eventually she died, and with what she left my husband could start again. But even now we are not solidly on our feet, for Ward is determined to become a doctor like my father, and we have to contribute part of his expenses for at least 10 more years. Nita finished high school, had one year in State college, and now for six years has been trying to find congenial work.

### HELP OTHERS FIRST

If you begin by helping others, you may not have to worry about your own troubles, especially if they are the kind of troubles that come from loneliness and a feeling of having been "left out of it." Some young girls, Kathleen Norris points out, just never have the fun they should have, and expected to have, in their teens. They go on into the twenties believing that they will always miss the things they want so much—friends, a husband, a home and the wonderful knowledge of being loved. Instead of making themselves even more unhappy by thinking of nothing but their unhappiness, they should try first to make others happy.

"She is brilliant at writing or verse making and had real success in a character part in an amateur play.

"About a year ago the dull routine of her life began to affect her seriously. I saw it, but was helpless to do anything. We live in a crowded flat, hundreds of others exactly like it pressing about us, the ugly realities of 'shabby gentility' on all sides. Nita comes home worn out at night, listens for awhile to the radio, reads a thriller.

"It is no life for a girl of 24, and she knows it. She has become melancholy, tearful, silent. I sent her to her clergyman, who did help, but only for a while; now I have had a neurologist take the case. He says there is nothing tangibly wrong, but that she needs interests, amusements, distractions. I could have told him as much.

"Meanwhile a wonderful friend has offered me a chance to give Nita a change by supplying her with \$1,200 a year for three years. The sum is already deposited, to be paid monthly, and although Nita for some weeks showed an almost resentful apathy, on the subject of late she has been half-heartedly suggesting a few possibilities.

"Can you suggest a course that may pull her out of the depression that the unfortunate events of her girlhood made almost inevitable, and help me to feel that my little girl must not pay all her life for her parents' unsuccess?"

### A Cowardly Attitude.

Isn't that a sad letter? Sad, beautifully expressed, and cowardly. Isn't it a pity that the woman smart enough to write that letter wasn't smart enough to realize that hard times are the very nursing-ground of character, and that fun has nothing to do with money? Isn't it too bad that this concerned and loving mother couldn't make an adventure of change and financial reverses, and instead of letting her narrow ideals of what was the correct thing to have and do destroy her daughter, building them into advantages instead?

However, there is an out for Nita, and she's young enough to take it. She doesn't even need that \$1,200 a year. The answer is work—or rather, work's wonderful twin—service. Let her go into a hospital, children's home, slum, and forget herself in humble and quiet help to the less fortunate, and her mental troubles will vanish. She will be so glad to get home at night, to quiet and comfort and a good dinner and a restful white bed that she won't have time to think of herself.

## The Once Over

by H.I. Phillips

### THE PAPERS OF PRIVATE PURKEY

Dear Ma—

Well I have done a lot of kidding and squawking in my letters but I guess that is all over now. After what them double crossing Japs did to this training and all I want to do is get a crack at them. All the boys feel the same way. Up to the time they heard about them Japs stabbing Uncle Sam in the back under a flag of truce I guess they all felt the same as me that the war was too far away to bother much and that this army training was a pain in the neck. But it woke us all up like no bugle ever did.

I kind of felt that nobody would ever tackle this country on account of we got two big oceans to depend on and all that and I guess I never sweated in a maneuver without saying to myself this is the bunk as Hitler would be crazy to get more trouble on his hands. I never thought that Japan would be even crazier. I hated the hikes, I hated the drills and inspeckshuns and I could not bathe a new crop of corns without burning up inside. But all of a sudden I feel different. Even my bunnions seem patriotic now.

It's the same way all through my outfit. Jeeps who have been squawking eight hours a day look like they become fighting men over night. They know it is not all a lot of foolishness no more and any boy in camp will attack a tank single handed now if you just tell him there is a Japanese doll inside.

As for me personally ma I got a clear picture of what the country is up against for the first time and I wonder now that I did not get the right slant long before this. I guess it was just because I got snatched so sudden from all the comforts of civilian life that I didn't see straight. I was so far over giving up a box spring mattress, a personal alarm clock and the right to do what I pleased. But Emperor Hotsy-Togo or whatever you call him woke me up like nobody's business. I am so soar now that I am sorry I ever applauded Japanese tightrope walkers.

This war has all of a sudden become a great exciting show, ma. It don't seem just like a optical illusion no more. All the tanks don't seem like they was just a few things being demonstrated by a auto salesman. My rifle witch has just seemed something I wood like to have carried for me by a caddy has all of a sudden become my BUDDY! It's real and human. And my uniform even when it is wet and wrinkled now looks like the grandest uniform anybody could ever climb into. What has come over me I don't know for sure but I credit the Mikadoo with an assist.

I guess you will have to forget about me being home for Christmas. But I know what kind of a mother you are and I guess you feel just like I do about what has happened. I have done a lot of wise cracking about being leased or lent but I don't care where they use me now, so long as it is where I can take a sock at the world's worst enemies of today, the double-talk nations witch jab a knife in your kidney while asking what you want for Christmas.

Well, I must close now. Do not worry. Everything will come out all right with the old Stars and Stripes on top.

Your loving son,  
Oscar.

P. S.—I serpose pop is trying to get into the army again now. Tell him to forget it and stay home and look out for you as I will do enough fighting for all three of us.

### THOUGHT ON FOOD

It is the sad, unlucky fate  
Of some to have a diet;  
Each time they hear a friend's lost weight  
They ask him how, and try it.

And yet, however fond and fair  
Their hopes at the beginning,  
They almost always find that they're  
More thinned against than thinning.

—Richard Armour.

"Remember back before social security when people thought the way to be sure of a good living in their old age was to raise a lot of grateful sons and daughters?" asks Merrill Chilcote.

### DESERT SONG

In Cunningham,  
Said Nazis, running,  
There's less of ham,  
And more of cunning.

—Richard Armour.

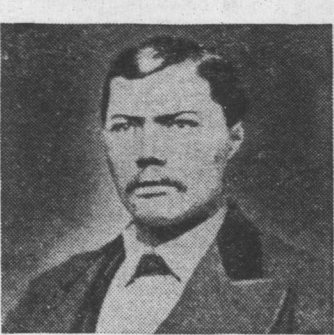
The time to anticipate a war these days is when the peace conversations reach a height.

## History in the Movies

by FREDSON WATSON

### The Greatest Scout

SPEAK of a "great scout, guide and Indian fighter" and the average American will think immediately of "Buffalo Bill" Cody. But old timers will tell you that there were probably a dozen men on the Western frontier who were Cody's equals, or even his superiors, in any of those three roles. If you press them to name "the greatest of them all," the chances are they'll reply "Frank Grouard."



FRANK GROUARD

When Gen. George Crook started on his expedition against the hostile Sioux and Cheyennes in the spring of 1876, Grouard went along as a scout and made himself so valuable to Crook that this famous Indian fighter once said, "I would sooner lose a third of my command than to lose Frank Grouard."

In the early '90s he was living in Sheridan, Wyo., and there a young fellow from Wisconsin, who had gone west to practice dentistry, met Grouard and a number of other famous frontier characters. This "tenderfoot" was Dr. Will Frackelton, and his recently published book, "Sagebrush Dentist," (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago), written in collaboration with Herman Gastrell Seely, a Chicago newspaper man, is a notable addition to the literature of the Old West. In it, "Doc" Frackelton tells several hitherto-unpublished stories about this great scout.

One of these is particularly interesting because the incident involves both Grouard and "Buffalo Bill."

"Frank Grouard was as taciturn as Cody was loquacious. Grouard was modest, Cody liked the lime-light, and there was no love lost between them. I suspect that Grouard resented the publicity given Buffalo Bill's exploits, many of which were of doubtful authenticity, and the deference paid him by some of the army officers," writes Frackelton.

"They met one night in the Sheridan inn barroom and it was Cody who came off second best. Buffalo Bill was wearing his show clothes—beaded buckskin coat and jacket and enormous hat—and was swaggeringly convivial. It required little urging to have him tell his favorite story of the killing of the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand. He jumped on a stool, head thrown back and long hair falling about his shoulders, while we gathered around.

"Grouard walked in with quiet, catlike tread and asked for some cigars. Cody paused in the middle of his story.

"Go on, go on," we shouted.

"No," said Cody a little thickly. "Here is my old friend, Frank Grouard. I'll now buy the drinks."

"Grouard was not a drinking man. Buffalo Bill grew more insistent. 'Come on. Everybody belly up to the bar and drink with me.'

"Grouard shook his head. Infuriated, Cody blustered: 'Hey, you, belly up there! Can't you hear?'

"Grouard stepped forward and the men faced each other. Cody, in his show clothes, weighed about 195 pounds and Grouard, in his inconspicuous civilians, about 220. They were of equal height but Grouard's tremendous breadth of shoulder made him seem the shorter.

"Grouard's eyes sent cold chills down my spine. Quietly, and in that deep, determined voice of his he said: 'You are nothing but a picture book scout and a picture book showman. That's all you ever will be and that's all you ever will be.'

"Then Grouard's voice dropped into a line of personal profanity, very emphatic but too low for us to hear. Cody straightened up, and for a moment it looked like a fight. Grouard eyed him, then walked over got his cigars and left the hotel."

While living in Sheridan Grouard met Joe de Barthe, correspondent of the New York Sun, who urged him to tell the story of his life. "What good'll that do?" asked Grouard, "People won't believe it." But de Barthe was insistent and the scout finally consented to dictate it to the newspaper man. The result was the volume "Life and Adventures of Frank Grouard," first published in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1894. It is now one of the rarities of Western Americana and a first edition of it—if you can find one—sells for anywhere from \$35 to \$50 a copy!

## Things to do



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