



WALTER WINCHELL is on a tour of duty outside Continental U. S. During his absence, contributors will substitute.

**Some Items Which WE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE JAPS**  
By James R. Young  
Who Was 13 Years in Tokyo for I.N.S.

**MAYLING SOONG FOUNDATION**, honoring the First Lady of China, established by her many friends in this country, has been given further impetus by Wellesley College alumnae on her arrival here 25 years after her graduation.

**TWO JAPS**, former students in the United States, are reported handling the 12,000 man Jap invasion army units in Northern Japan. These men would specialize in a follow up, after combat troops, in commandeering radio stations, telephone switchboards, gasoline stations, highways, railways, bus lines and power houses. One is Lieut. Henry Shimomouchi, a former San Francisco resident, and as of Dec. 7, 1941, in charge of Japan's so-called cultural society of Rockefeller Center. The other, Capt. Frank Matsumoto, was athletic director of Waseda University in Tokyo who entertained visiting American college and professional athletic teams.

**A BICYCLE**, the chief means of transportation in Shanghai, now costs \$10,000 in Chinese currency. The Japs, pre-Pearl Harbor, were the world's largest bike manufacturers, making them from processed American scrap at \$3 apiece and selling them on a one year installment plan to the natives of Indo-China, Siam and Malaya. In the drive on Singapore, Bangkok and Rangoon, the Japs seized the bicycles and literally needed their way through the peninsula. Tokyo has an estimated 2,200,000 bicycles. Few have coaster brakes, which are the costliest part. The ingenious Jap manufacturers decided to leave off the expensive part—if you want to stop, fall off.

**THIS WINTER** Shanghai will witness hundreds of deaths from freezing and insufficient food. The European refugee colony, numbering several thousands, will suffer, too. The Japs, last Winter, seized all wheat and rice, and sealed Red Cross supplies—not one ounce or a single bottle of medicine was permitted in use. The Japs prefer to have thousands die in Shanghai's below zero weather than survive and require to be fed.

**CHILEANS** are being told by the Jap ambassador down there that if their country breaks with the Axis, Japan will bomb the long shore line. Japan for years was one of Chile's great nitrate buyers. In return the Chileans obtained Jap cotton piece goods, pottery, rayon, uniforms and military equipment. Boatloads of Chilean nitrate, sold by a British controlled company, went to Japan in return for munitions and agriculture. Now we must use nitrate on the Japs in the Pacific. Just as our oil and gasoline have taken the Japs to the Solomon and the Aleutians. Or, as Dr. Lin Yutang explains the paradox, we are sending the Japs the Ninth Avenue Elevated so they could make bullets. Now we have torn down the Second Avenue Elevated to make bullets to fire back at the Ninth Avenue train.

**HOUSE FOREIGN AFFAIRS** committee should include besides Clare Boothe Luce, a famous medical missionary from China, Dr. Walter H. Judd, elected from Minneapolis. He was one of many warping up years ahead of Japan's method of attacks. Possibly the Luce-Judd combination might shake down some of the mentally stagnated members of the State Department. And here's a tip: These Chinese are indignant that we have not cleaned house in the Far Eastern division of Mr. Hull's department, a year after war started. We'd better clean those career barnacles from the ship of state, if we expect future cooperation from the Chinese.

**RAY KINNEY**, the coast to coast Hawaiian bandman who recently played to a \$22,000 house in Chicago, knows Hawaiian legislative work. He worked as a page boy in the Territorial halls. His brother is an outstanding authority on Japs in Hawaii and published a book 20 years ago which was suppressed because it revealed Jap plots and intrigue in illegal immigration work.

**SIR GEORGE SANSON**, one of the few British officials really familiar with Japan, has been appointed economic expert on Far Eastern affairs to the British Embassy in Washington. His counterpart in the American Embassy in Tokyo was Frank Starr Williams. Both Sir George and Frank Williams were outstanding authorities on Japan's plans for war—but few wanted to listen to them, especially the cotton people who were selling the Japs on credit and wanted Williams to help collect their bills!



**ACE IN THE HOLE**  
by JACKSON GREGORY

CHAPTER I

Old Early Bill Cole knew full well in the fullness of his years that his days, held by some filled with iniquity and general hell-raising, were numbered and his sands were running fast. He had known for six months and with a sort of devilish flicker of glee in all that he did, had gone about making the final arrangements. He was a rare old lone eagle and in him was a stripe of Satan a yard wide, at infrequent times something almost saintlike, and on many a joyous occasion a flash of Santa Claus.

"Even if I got to die like other fool folks," he consoled himself, "I'm going to get me my mite of fun out of it! Hell's bells, yes, sir!" With his preparations pretty well in order, Early Bill Cole of the King Cole Ranch still estimated that his course had a few weeks to run, but that was before this particular morning had blossomed in shining gold out of the pleasantly cool, shadowy dawn. It was always his habit to be astir before the new day. He had no great fondness for the night time. The things he loved with all that wild old heart of his were the good earth and green things growing, and the earliest hours with the last stars winking out rather like the twinkle in his old, hard, steely blue eyes, and the little dawn breeze and the sunup and the glorious unfolding. And of late he was up and out of his enormous old adobe ranch house each morning earlier than was even his habit. He didn't want folks to see him and realize what he was up to. For each day he was telling some part of his wide spread acres, the whole of his world, a last adios.

For many the year he had inhabited all alone the ancient, picturesque adobe building which before his days had been the home of the Spanish-California Estradas. At first, being younger and even wilder then than at the end, he had always had a house full, and very colorful accounts of proceedings under the red tiled roof and within the thick white earthen walls leaked out. But now, no. A quarter of a mile from the old adobe, beyond a big grove of cottonwoods, were outbuildings, stables and corrals and barns and quarters for hired hands. His latter years he wanted to be alone, like an old wolf, except when he himself went out in quest of companionship.

Thus, this morning, he should be sure of going about whatever his own business might be, with no fear of a spying eye. He stepped along under the fading stars with his horny thumbs hooked into his cartridge belt, his battered old black hat pushed far back on his thatch of white hair, his high-heeled boots stepping briskly. He was dorned if he'd crawl about like an old man, seen or unseen.

The house was on a gently bosomed site with big oaks all about it; to the west, miles away, towered the mountains; between the house and the mountains were little rippling green hills where many a tall pine and many a tight clump of young pines grew. He walked toward the nearest hill with the three nobly tall pines on its crest. Here was a place of vantage well above the slopes where chaparral and the manzanita wove themselves into thickets for rabbits to hide in.

It was still half dark when he came to the one pine which, with no one in the least suspecting it, he had loved with a deep, still, fragrantly romantic love for nearly forty years. There was a reason, locked away in his own heart. In the half dark, and with no eyes to see, he pulled off his hat and looked up at the one star, still bright, laughing down at him through the branches. He put his long, thin, sinewy arms as far as he could about the tree. He pressed his grizzled cheek against the bark, so rough yet to his feeling so tenderly soft.

Then a rifle shot, clear and vicious, cracked through the still loneliness of the hour, and old Early Bill Cole felt a stab of pain. For a moment he clung to the pine tree, gripping it tight for support. Then, quick and erect, he stepped free of it and as he did so dragged both of his old guns, almost as old and worn and deadly as himself, up from their loose leathers.

His shrewd old wintry eyes barely discerned a puff of smoke like a wisp of vanishing mist hanging above the thicket where a fiercer animal than brush rabbits was hiding this morning. And not waiting for any sure target he started blazing away with both guns. What amazed him was that no second shot was winged his way.

So still was the hour that small sounds carried far and distinct; he heard a man trashing his way through the bushes and prayed through clenched teeth for a fair sight of him. None was afforded however until his assailant, having run to a horse tethered under the crown of the slope, went up into the saddle. The distance was great, the

light none too good; Early Bill leaned against his old pine and steadied himself and was very deliberate about his next shot. And then, with a catch in his throat, he laughed; there were times when the old man could laugh like a wolf snarling.

He had come within an inch or two of shooting the other man through the head; he had shot his hat off! That's what made Early Bill, contending with the pain of a bullet in him, laugh. The man threw up his hand and by a lucky chance caught his hat in the air—and then departed like something shot out of a gun.

Early Bill holstered his weapons, set his long, lean back against his tree and cursed, and when old Bill Cole cursed in such rage as now his words would have drawn rapt attention from a congress of mule skinner. What made him mad wasn't so much having a man try to dry gulch him; hell's bells, he had been used for a target more than once in his stretch of years. But that a man should sneak up on him and hide and spy on him when he thought himself alone with memories and an old pine—

It was a wickedly wrathful Early Bill Cole making his staggering, lurching way back to the house. The return over the brief distance which had taken him some few minutes required a tortuous hour. He got his door open, got halfway into his living room and fainted.

After a time—it must have been upward of an hour, for the sun was glancing in at his windows—he heaved himself up, moved shak-



Then quick and erect, he stepped free of it.

ly to a big chair, slumped down with a grunt and closed his eyes. Presently he stiffened wild and body together and got his shirt open. He had lost a lot of blood that he could not afford to lose. The wound was through his side, down low through the lower ribs. Lucky, he judged, that he hadn't already bled to death.

Without getting up he ripped off his shirt and with badly shaking hands contrived a bandage of sorts. Then, half swooning, he sat for a long time, feeling light headed yet as grim of determination as he always was to get the better of a bad deal. Finally he rose and made his way like a drunken man to the door opening upon the old Spanish patio whence he could look down to the cottonwood grove just beyond which the outbuildings were. He saw a faint smudge of smoke above the tree tops. He filled his lungs and tried to yell; he snorted, though feebly, in disgust as the result. He dragged out his guns; there was a shot in one, two in the other. He fired all three shots, spacing them, and let the guns slip out of his hands. Then he sat down on the old green bench to wait. Though the earlier shots had evidently gone unheard, the distance now was less and the hour later, and he had hopes.

It was one of his Mexican hands, young Gaucho Ortega, who came slouching up the slope, wondering what was afoot, and found him. "For the love of God!" cried the boy in his native tongue. Old Bill licked his lips and beckoned the boy closer. "Get on a horse, Gaucho," he said thickly, "and ride into town. Tell Doc Joe I want him real bad. Now, wait a shake! Darn you, can't you stand still until a man finishes? Then you find the Judge. I want him, too."

like the wind! But, Señor! The first thing, I must get you to bed!" "Look you, Gaucho," said the old Bill, of a sudden patient, taking into consideration the boy's youth and excitability, "if I've got to cash in, I can do it standing up. And if I'm going to live, what the heck would I want a bed for? Now get out of here." A dry grin twisted his hard old lips, and he added, "I'll be here when you get back."

The little town of Bald Eagle, squatting untidily in its place in the sun with the cattle country lying to the south and southwest, and the hectic mining country in the broken lands to the north, was as lively as any cricket most nights and many a gala afternoon, but profoundly somnolent before what was conventionally termed first drink time. This morning you wouldn't have seen a horse tied to any of the hitching posts, nor a puff of dust in the road nor playfully stirred up by the half-hearted morning breeze, nor would you have heard anywhere the echoing thump and jingle of spurred boots on the crazy wooden sidewalks. But on the porch of the Bald Eagle Hotel two old men sat in their rocking chairs and smoked their after breakfast stogies and looked with mild, complacent eyes across all that was to be seen of their town's stark ugliness.

These were the two men for whom Early Bill had sent. They were alike in many respects and in some were like old Bill Cole himself, though they never could measure up to his stature. Younger than Bill, they were, too, by some few years. "Doc Joe," who had been christened Joseph Daniel Dodge; the "Judge," for the other, Bald Eagle's one and only lawyer at the moment, banker besides, and christened Arthur Henry Pope. Like old Bill, though some inches below his six foot two, they were lean and wiry and gray. Doc Joe was as bald as a door knob, the Judge's glinting white hair was long like a mane and both wore fashionable flowing white mustaches. One an old bachelor, the other a widower for so many years that it was as though he, too, had never known a home life, they lived at the hotel, had their three meals together, and did their porch-sitting in the two chairs which the community conceded were their particular property by right of homesteading.

They were sitting brooding, smoking ruminantly and digesting their hearty breakfasts when the Mexican boy from the King Cole Ranch came racing into town. He saw them as he turned into Main Street, and began yelling at them before they could hear a word that he said. "Hmf!" grunted Doc Joe. "Something must have bit him." "It's that half-breed from Early Bill Cole's place," the Judge said, with his shaggy brows perked up. "And he's riding old Bill's favorite saddle horse. Must be something wrong, Joe. Else Bill wouldn't let any breed that ever lived fork Slim Jim."

Gaucho slung himself out of the saddle and poured out his story in a deluge of words. The two old men didn't stir, didn't say a thing until he had finished. Then Doc Joe said quietly, "Take it easy, Gaucho. Now tell me—" And this time he got the essentials. He and the Judge regarded each other with poker faces, and for a time no one spoke. Gaucho, jerking about, started to tell the whole thing over when Doc Joe interrupted him.

"Here's four bits, kid," he said. "You go buy yourself a drink. You'll want to let your horse blow ten minutes. Then you ride back to the ranch and tell your boss that we're coming. Pronto, kid."

"Si, Señor," said Gaucho and touched his hat and moved away. Lieutenant Dempsey could never hit a line, throw a pass or even take time to read a sonnet, much less compose one.

But the Old Manassa Mauler had another good reason for boxing's worth. "The big help," Jack says, "is the confidence it brings to these fellows. They seem to think they are dubs at the start. And most of them aren't know a right hand from a left hand. But after two weeks, when they find they can take a punch and can throw a few, they are different guys. They look you in the eye in a different way. I've seen some of these boys hurt from a punch, and I made them stop for a rest. They don't like to be stopped. They want to prove they can get hurt and still keep swinging. And I'm now talking about clumsy-looking starters who couldn't even chin themselves twice when they came to camp."

**Untapped Mines**  
This country is full of possible stars and potential athletes who have never had a chance to prove their place in the shining sun of competition.

There has been entirely too much concentration on the few who, as football players, fighters or baseball players, could attract crowds at the gate. Some stars had more color than others—although they may not have been better athletes. The build-up always has been important.



DISCUSSIONS lately have been flowing with the length and turbulence of Midwestern rivers concerning the names of all-around stars.

In these arguments, many of them started in army camps, we have had such names as Jim Thorpe, Bronko Nagurski, Sammy Baugh and many others.

As a composite star, we have just heard from an old friend we'd like to enter in this competition. In any mass formation of prominent celebrities his name might be swept aside.

Here are his qualifications—a 168-pound plunging, hard-hitting full-back at Vanderbilt around 1908—high-class college boxer—professor of English at Amherst—author of five volumes of extremely high-class verse, largely sonnets—now, in addition to his English teaching, in charge of boxing at Amherst along the lines of war training.

His name is David Morton, one of Dan McGugin's favorite football players and one of Amherst's best-liked professors.

Dave Morton couldn't hit the line with Thorpe or Nagurski, or pass like Baugh. But he was still 168 pounds of crash and smash. But neither of these men could box with him—and neither could write his sonnets from "Harvest," "Ships in Harbour" and other published works.

And I have an idea none of these could teach English at Amherst with quite the same effectiveness.

**Strong for Boxing**  
Here is a letter from Dave Morton that explains itself—

"I welcomed your emphasis on boxing for soldier training in a recent column. (I'm running the boxing club at Amherst.) All you say about parry and thrust and feinting is true. Plus two other things. Keeping on balance—set for offense or defense—every second under all conditions. "Discovery (for beginners) of the surprising margin of endurance and vigorous action after being hurt. The uninitiated don't know they have it. They learn this from boxing."

"These two things go into the list of wartime dividends from boxing experience."

"At Amherst boxing is compulsory now for every student. I have 150 a week, taking instruction and mauling one another around. They like it, for the most part, and all of them want what it gives—conditioning, co-ordination, skill in offense and defense, capacity for absorbing punishment."

"Don't let anyone tell you the college student is soft. I take eight or ten hours a week (and other things around the jaw and body) learning that that is an exploded myth. He's willing—and he's determined to learn how to give and take, and to be skillful as well."

**Boxing's Worth**  
When over 60-year-old Tony Bidle is willing to meet a bayonet fighter with bare hands—when Tommy Loughran takes the bayoneters on with boxing gloves, you get on the main idea.

There is still another idea that can be added to this list, brought out by another old friend known as Jack Dempsey.

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"I know," muttered Doc Joe. He looked his cigar over carefully, but instead of throwing it away started chewing it. "Same with him and me; we've got a bet. Five hundred, like you."

Then he did stand up and hurl his cigar clean across the street.

"I'll go bet my little old black poison bag," he said cheerily. "You better fetch pen and ink and papers and any other legal junk a dying man might want." Then he let out a whoop, calling back Gaucho Ortega who had progressed only as far as the near-by saloon door. "Get along first to the livery stable, Gaucho. Tell Luke to let me have those two young grays to a light buckboard."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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1705-B



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**ASK ME ANOTHER?** A quiz with answers offering information on various subjects

- The Questions**
- Who are the hoi polloi?
  - What kind of an animal is a loggerhead?
  - What city in the United States uses the same name twice?
  - What is the total continental area of the United States?
  - When intact how tall was the Great Pyramid of Gizeh?
  - How great is air pressure at sea level?
  - What is the difference between a fog and a cloud?
  - Who was the first admiral of the United States navy?
  - What would you fill a barrel with in order to make it lighter?
- The Answers**
- The masses; the populace.
  - A large turtle found in the Atlantic ocean.
  - Walla Walla, Wash.
  - The area is 3,026,789 square miles, 52,630 of which are water surface.
  - The pyramid was 481 feet tall.
  - More than a ton to the square foot.
  - It is a difference of height from the earth. Fog is a cloud on earth. A cloud is a fog in the sky.
  - David Farragut.
  - Holes.

**Bird Cannot Walk**  
A curious formation of its feet won't permit the chimney swift to walk upon ground. Nor can it rest in trees like other birds. With its sharp claws the swift clings to the side of an object, gaining additional support by pressing its tail against the perpendicular surface. The brown-colored bird flies continually in daylight. It even eats while in flight.

**SAVE YOUR SCRAP TO HELP GAIN VICTORY**  
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they say:  
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**Sequoia Trees**  
Of the Sequoia trees there are two species, the redwood and the Big-Tree (Giant Sequoia). The redwood will reproduce itself from the stump, and has been known to grow to a height of 80 feet and a diameter of 16 inches in 30 years. The wood contains no pitch and much water, and in a green condition will not burn. Thus while surrounding forests may be destroyed by forest fires, the redwoods remain unscathed.

The Giant Sequoia grow to greater height and diameter than the redwood. One tree is 325 feet tall, and measures 35.7 feet four feet above the ground.

Many of the trees are estimated to be 2,500 years old, trees which were already growing while the Egyptians were building the Pyramids.

**COLDS' MISERIES PENETRO**  
For colds' coughs, nasal congestion, muscle aches get Penetro—modern medication in a mutton suit base. 25¢, double supply 55¢.

**Nine-Leaf Clover**  
Archer Herrick of Saco, Maine, has succeeded in growing a nine-leaf clover. He also has a collection of four, five, six, seven and eight-leaf clovers.

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may be quickly relieved with soothing, medicated, time-tested Resinol. Try it!

**RESINOL**

**Fear of Evil**  
Often the fear of one evil leads us into a worse.—Boileau.

**SNAPPY FACTS ABOUT RUBBER**

The first known rubber hose was manufactured in England in 1827.

Collapsible rubber hoses equipped with padding, built-hole plugs, sea-anchors, water, etc., are being produced for fighting U. S. airmen. Installed in 10 seconds, this boat forms part of the pilot's seat and stays with him when he hits the water.

An Omaha, Neb., tire salesman headed into court before rationing for parking his car near a hydrant first talked himself out of the \$2 fine, then sold two new tires to the judge, two to the cop who arrested him and two to the court attendant.

Production of War tires is definitely tied to the production of reclaimed rubber. It is estimated that the country has rationing capacity to process 360,000 tons of reclaimed a year.

Rubber authorities estimate that 900 million tires have been scrapped since World War I.

**In war or peace B.F. Goodrich FIRST IN RUBBER**

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