WHAT GOES ON IN THE WORLD

by Norman Rinzie

THE UNITED STATES

It was on August 2, 1914 that Germany started World War One; but it was not until 2 years and 247 days later that the United States was drawn into the conflict.

Germany went to war against France and Britain, to begin World War Two, on September 3, 1939; but the United States did not take part in the struggle—at least officially—for another 2 years and 97 days.

There were many who thought, and who still think, that Germany would not have started either of those aggressions had there been any certainty of swift and powerful American retaliation right from the outset. In his inaugural address last January, President Truman stated that "if we can make it sufficiently clear, in advance, that any armed attack affecting our nation's security would be met with overwhelming force, the armed attack might never occur."

On March 17th there was made public the text of a twenty-year-pact embodying the intentions and hopes expressed in the American President's words. This was the much-talked-about "North Atlantic Treaty", which means that the United States has abandoned the policy of strict neutrality which gave comfort to the aggressor in the two World Wars.

The Treaty is, first of all, an attempt to convince the Russian rulers that they dare not risk aggression against any Western European country because that would mean war with the United States. It is, second, an attempt to forestall "internal aggression"—that is to so bolster and strengthen Western European Governments so that they may effectively deal with any attempt at a sudden coup by native Communist parties.

Just how the North Atlantic Treaty will work out, in practice, remains in the lap of the gods. But all men of good-will are at least hoping that it will have the effect of bringing about what all the world has been longing for—a lengthy period of peace. Real peace, that is, not the sham variety we now "enjoy".

GREAT BRITAIN

For almost ten years the British people have been living by ration book. These little 5 by 3½ inch books have been as necessary for life in Britain as a passport is for travelling in Europe.

The end of the war did not bring any relaxation of controls. As a matter of fact, in some lines rationing became even stricter as the Labor Government acted to hold down home consumption in order to build up export trade. At the beginning of 1948 an adult's allotment was 24 coupons for 6 months—enough to get an adult male either one suit, or three shirts and a pair of shoes.

In recent months the situation has improved greatly. Shoes were derationed last December, woollen goods in January. About the middle of March Britons got their best coupon news since 1940—all clothing and household textiles were completely derationed.

But although the news was good it did not mean the end of austerity. Many foods are still rationed, and the meat ration has just been cut to one half the war allowance.

The trouble is a still highly dangerous dollar deficit which stands at one billion, three hundred and sixty million dollars. This is the amount by which Britain's purchases from the U.S. and other dollar countries exceeded her sales to those countries. Closing that gap is essential for Britain by 1952, when ECA is scheduled to end. If the deficit is not wiped out by then, Britain's outlook is apt to be gloomy indeed.

A man who smashed a juke box, was adjudged insane. How near to insanity a lot of us have been.

Feet Too Big—Fingers Too—The camera doesn't lie, but at times it stretches the truth a bit. Clint Hartung, New York Giants' pitcher, looks as though he's composed mainly of hands and feet at the Giants' training camp. But it's the same kind of optical illusion opposing batters suffer when they face Clint's fast ball.

SPORTS—&c

by A SIXBIT CRITIC

We are some distance from being a sentimentalist of the Sam Berard type, for that great comedian had feelings so soft and easily touched that it is reliably reported he even cried at card tricks. Still, there are occasions when we find these eyes becoming misted with non-alcoholic tears, and a lump of something bulky in our throat.

(Here we are reminded of the only really witty remark we ever heard from the lips of Tommy Daly—the name, by the way, is "Tommy", not "Tim"—well known Maple Leaf trainer. Daly was seconding a ham-and-egg boxer who was up against an opponent who figured to hallmurder him. Just before the opening gong Daly said to his fighter, "When you get to the centre of the ring you'll feel something half choking you. But don't try to spit it out, because it's liable to be your heart.")

To get back on the rails again—one of the occasions we speak of was right after Joe Louis caught up with Jersey Joe Walcott in their second fight, and sent a message over the radio to his mother saying that he was through fighting for keeps. We were so sentimentally touched that we resolved to sit right down at the typewriter and write, for the delectation of our readers, a real sob story about "The Passing of a Great Fighter" or some such. Now, we're glad that we refrained.

Not that we don't still hold the very highest opinion of Joe Louis's abilities as a scrapper, and of his conduct over fifteen years or so—under circumstances and amid temptations that might have been an excuse for a few lapses—which made him a real credit to his race, and to the game. The only trouble is that we can't help having a sneaking feeling that some day—perish the thought—Joe will try a comeback. And one thing we hate is writing obituaries for guys who are apt to turn up alive and kicking after they're written.

What makes us think that Joe may someday be enticed back into the ring is the fact that, in spite of all the millions he made, little of that money stuck to Louis. That is to say, what he has might seem like a fair pot to folks like us, but not to Joe, who can get rid of money about as fast as the next gent. (He never went in for wine, women or warbling to any extent, but it is said that he regularly loses anything from $500 to $1,000 a week betting on his golfing skill.)

Then again, Joe has just gone into the boxing business as a promoter; and while he was almost undoubtedly one of the three greatest heavyweights that ever lived—second best in our book, Jack Johnson being top—we greatly doubt that he has the mental agility to match wits with the double-crossers and secondcaters who are up around the top in that smelley larcenous racket.

Louis is quite a dresser and possesses a large and very complete wardrobe. But before he gets through with promoting heavyweight fights, don't be surprised if he hasn't even got a shirt to his back. That is when the tempters will be whispering in his ear, "Come on Joe—you can lick all these rumdums without raising a sweat, so why not get yourself a soft half-million or so?" And, human nature being what it is—well, you know as well as we do what the outcome will be.

We hope, of course, that we're wrong, and that Louis will not only do well as a promoter but also stay out of the squared circle except to take an occasional bow. His place is right in the line of the really outstanding heavyweight champions—John L., Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. And it would be nice to remember him as he was at his best—in the second Schmeling fight, for example, or in his battle with Max Baer; and not some fat, short-winded shadow of his former greatness, in there not because of any love for battle, but just to get back some of the money he should have saved when he had the chance.

As to the merits of Joe's first proposed heavyweight promotion? Well—some months ago, on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of the Jack Dempsey-Primo Carnera fight, we tried to bring back some memories of that unforgettable encounter. We think we ended that piece with words something like this—"And now they're smoking up the likes of Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott as it to wear the mantel which once draped the shoulders of Jack Dempsey."

Well, the bout Joe Louis is promoting for the heavyweight championship of the world will be—it appears at this writing—between Ezzard Charles and Jersey Joe Walcott. If they don't send us passes, we won't worry too greatly.

HE KNEW

A fellow we know who goes to work at 6:30 every morning told us that as he left the house one day recently he saw a neighbor fumbling drunkenly with the key to his front door. The cop on the beat came to his aid and asked, jokingly, "Where are you going at this hour?"

"To a lecture," replied the drunk.

Are You You?

Are you a trailer, or are you a trolley?
Are you tagged to a leader through wisdom and folly?
Are you Somebody Else, or You?
Do you vote by the symbol and swallow it "straight?"
Do you pray by the book, do you pay by the rate?
Do you tie your cravat by the calendar's date?
Do you follow a cue?

Are you a writer, or that which is worded?
Are you a shepherd, or one of the herded?
Which are you—a What or a Who?
It sounds well to call yourself "one of the flock,"
But a sheep is a sheep after all. At the block
You're nothing but mutton, or possibly stock.
Would you flavor a stew?

Are you a being and boss of your soul?
Or are you a mummy to carry a scroll?
Are you Somebody Else, or You?
When you finally pass to the heavenly wicket
Where Peter the Scrutinous stands on his picket,
Are you going to give him a blank for a ticket?
Do you think it will do?

—Edmund Vance Cook.

ISSUE 14 — 1949

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

AGENTS WANTED

OILS, GREASES, TIRES

Insecticides, Electric Fence Controllers, Hones and Stars Paint, Seed Cleaners, etc. Dealers wanted. Write Warco Grease & Oil Limited, Toronto.

A RESERVED opportunity of becoming your own head Retail age 258 Guaranteed own head Retail age 258 Guaranteed household necessities necessary of your choice of Insecticides, a thoroughly established full or part-time agency stocked with a horror-ocentic Fembex agency stocked with a horror-ocentic Fembex agency stocked with a horror-ocentic Fembex