

WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS

By Edward C. Wayne

U. S. Counters Diplomatic Blitzkrieg With World-Wide Economic Warfare Having Trade Control as Objective; Russians Slow Tempo of Nazi Drive

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)



NEW YORK CITY.—Here's an example of what the gas "curfew" along the eastern seaboard really means. Murray Jupiter, owner of the gas station, takes off his working clothes when night time comes around. Despite the piled up cars behind him he refused to sell to a customer in keeping with the recommendations of Secretary of Interior Ickes. The sign tells the story . . . "No Gas Till 7 a. m."

DIPLOMACY:
War Bitter

It seemed hard to believe that with 9,000,000 to 11,000,000 human beings bitterly engaged in a death struggle on the Russo-German fronts, that battles of diplomats and economists could stand out in the important news of the day, but such indeed was the case.

Germany was engaged in a well-defined diplomatic blitzkrieg against Pan-American solidarity, and many believed that the entire fabric of Japanese moves in the South Pacific were not only Nazi-inspired, but executed unwillingly by Nippon in obedience to direct orders from Berlin.

The effort obviously seemed to be to engage the attention of the United States at half a dozen different points that America's entry into the war would be postponed to the last possible moment.

Or, if that entry could not be avoided, the Axis intended that the first attention of the United States should be directed toward the East Indies, thus holding our fleet away from the Atlantic.

There was conceded to be little change that the outbreak of border war between Peru and Ecuador, the attempted Nazi coup in Bolivia, the ditto in Argentina, and the strained relations with Mexico were not part and parcel of a gigantic diplomatic, propaganda and espionage campaign against Pan-American solidarity.

Though it might be said to have failed, it nevertheless engaged our attention for more than a month. Then came Dakar back onto the front pages again, with a Nazi demand upon Vichy which seemed not only aimed at bases in Dakar, but a new effort to enroll the French fleet as a direct German-Italian instrument of warfare.

These were big stakes, and the entire trend and sequence of them almost dwarfed the fighting on the Eastern front, particularly since it continued to be difficult to gain any accurate picture of what was going on in the active fighting.

ECONOMIC:
War Outstanding

Hardly of secondary importance to the diplomatic blitzkrieg launched in the Far East and Pan-America by the Axis was the world-wide economic war engaged in by Pan-America, the United States and Britain against the Axis, now more sternly than ever against Japan.

There were analysts who felt that the outbreak of war between Germany and Russia was directly caused by the success of the economic blockade, plus the fact that Russia either would not or could not trans-ship sufficient needed goods from Japan, nor furnish enough of her own.

Despite the huge losses of the British at sea, it was pointed out that ships sent to the bottom simply meant goods not reaching England—it did not mean that any of this material was reaching Germany.

The economic war, therefore, not only launched the Russo-German war, but also the renewed move by Germany to attempt to corral the French fleet, to replace her surface raiders which were either sunk or bottled up, with which Germany might hope to reopen some trade route now that the Japan-Russia rail method had been halted by the war.

GASOLINE:
Curfew Starts

The gasoline curfew, ordained by Secretary Ickes at the request and instance of the oil producers and dealers in the eastern United States, was started on short notice, but seemed doomed to failure, and some form of rationing seemed certain to be adopted.

Scarcely anybody except some few oil dealers and some government officials believed that the closing of gas stations from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m. seven days a week would accomplish anything except two things:

It would throw out of their jobs some 100,000 filling station operatives and it would change the gasoline-buying habits of the people of the affected districts.

Trucks, many of them carting goods in the national defense, were to be exempted; also taxicabs, and the buses, most of which today are diesel-operated, nearly all carry 20 hours' supply of fuel, the curfew not hampering their operations whatever.

Ickes expressed hope was that the curfew would make the populace conscious of the shortage, and hence inclined to co-operate in a restricted use of the fuel.

But most believed it would simply mean that those taking long trips would drive by day instead of at night; and that most city dwellers using their cars to and from work and for pleasure driving at night would see to it that they had a full tank at 7 p. m.

RUSSIANS:
Slow Tempo

Most of those who conned the Russo-German war scene believed that the Russians had slowed the German advance down to less than a walk.

A realistic Russian source claimed 1,500,000 German casualties on the long war front since the attack started, and closed with these words: "and if our losses have been greater, what of it?"

That statement gave the picture of a nation of 172,000,000 people pretty well geared for war, willing to fight, and seemingly possessed of huge quantities of arms and ammunition.

It was nearly a repetition of the Chinese answer to Japan's attack, resulting in a stalemate war now well into its fifth year, with the present front little changed in a long time, and Chiang Kai-shek reputedly having a larger organized army on the front than the Japanese by two or three to one.

The Japanese casualties admittedly had been heavy, the Chinese' admittedly much heavier—"but what of it?"

Russian sources were, however, claiming much more than this. They were claiming not only the actual destruction of German division after division; they were asserting that there was a definite Nazi withdrawal in the central, or Smolensk region, made necessary by flanking and "cut-through" movements.

Gloomiest anti-war correspondents, some of them far from the front, pictured the German advance lines within 130 miles of Moscow, but few there were who believed that there was any real capture of territory as close to the capital as that, partly because of the complete failure of the Nazis to bomb Moscow with any effectiveness.



THE bard, who almost wrote "the despot's heel is on thy neck—Maryland, my Maryland," evidently was not referring to any set of pitchers. For Maryland's home-run hitters on the big time have spent most of their careers on the sun-blistered necks of various wrecked and battered pitching staffs.

It was Maryland that gave the game Home-Run Baker. It was Maryland that sent Babe Ruth into action. It was Sudlersville, Md., that presented Jimmy Foxx. And it is Middletown, Md., that follows through with Charles Ernest Keller, known to his mates as King Kong Keller, who may be the fourth Maryland entry to lead the league in home runs before the season ends.



Grantland Rice

The fame of Baker, Ruth and Foxx in order has been plastered in printer's ink all over the map. But Keller is practicing quick starts in the general direction of his three famous predecessors and he deserves far more polite mention than he has received to date.

More About Keller

I'd like to tell you more about Charlie ("King Kong") Keller. He was born in Middletown, Md., September 12, 1916, which means he is still shy of 25 years. He is five feet ten in height, weighs 195 pounds and every pound is either raw steel or rawhide.

He is close to being the strongest man in baseball, and one of the fastest. He has the arms of a Gargantua and a pair of hands that



CHARLIE KELLER

could palm a watermelon. As Langdon Smith once wrote, he is "thewed like the aurochs bull."

Another Angle

When the Yankees won their fourth straight pennant and their fourth straight world series in 1939, the season rookie Keller had batted .334 through the season and .438 in the big series, we decided during the train celebration that followed to leave the baleful influence of Bill Dickey and Joe Gordon and to look up Strong Man Keller.

Keller finally compromised on a bottle of cold milk. He admitted milk was about the strongest drink he had ever taken.

As a ball player at Maryland university, I learned from others, Keller had been the hardest worker on the squad—one of those willing to get up early to run three miles to build up his legs, to use a rubber ball to build up the grip in his two hands—a fellow Ty Cobb would have taken to his heart. He was the type of athlete willing to sacrifice everything else for his profession. Almost "the forgotten man of sport."

I found Keller to be pleasant, intelligent, courteous, and extremely quiet. He doesn't believe in wasting words, which proves again he is another "vanishing American."

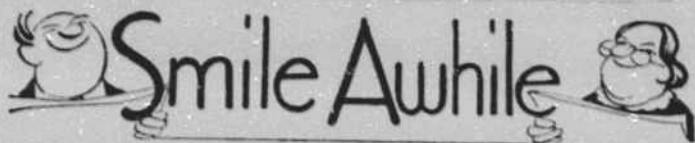
An Outside Entry

This last spring at St. Petersburg we had a feud golf match—Bill Dickey and Rice against Joe Gordon and Twinkletoes Selkirk. Keller just came along, playing for the exercise. He hadn't played much or any golf.

He sprayed the Florida landscape. But he asked questions and listened to advice. At a 540-yard hole he was seven feet from the cup with a drive and a number four iron. He sank the putt.

"That's an eagle," I said. "What's an eagle?" Keller asked. He finished with three pars.

The greatest pair of hands I ever saw in baseball belonged to Honus Wagner, the Flying Dutchman—the greatest infielder that ever lived. Honus had scoops for hands. Keller's are even bigger.



His Dish
Edward—Golf is pie for me.
Irving—Yes, I see you just took another slice.

Truth That Hurts
First Mother—Are you bothered much by your children telling fibs?
Second Mother—Not so much as by their telling the truth at very inappropriate times.

The Line-Up
"Is Mary your eldest sister?"
"Yes."
"And who comes after her?"
"You and two other fellows."

FLATTEN HIM



Wife—What can a woman do when her husband is a rolling stone?
Friend—Resort to the rolling-pin.

Not That
He took his best girl for tea in a restaurant. Half-way through he looked at her and smiled.
"You're gorgeous," he said. She seemed peeved.
"I may possess a hearty appetite," she replied, "but no one could truthfully call me gorgeous, dear."

Said one girl to another: "Let's cross over to the other side of the street, so that we'll meet Jack. I want to ignore him!"

Truth at Last
"It was so long—I never saw such a fish!"
"I believe you."

Hard to Say?
Mother—What? A 20-page letter from that soldier friend of yours at camp. What did he say?
Daughter—He says he loves me.

Umpah describes a harmonica as corn on the cob set to music.

Down and Out
Johnny—So you are down here for a month? What I can't understand is how you girls afford such a long vacation.
Glady's—Oh, that's easy. We spend one month on the sands, and the other 11 we're on the rocks.



Playing Is Ours
Life is like a game of tables, the chances are not in our power, but the playing is.—Terence.



Hurting Others
He hurts the absent who quarrels with a drunken man.—Syrus.

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The Example
He who lives well is the best preacher.—Cervantes.

Meal-in-a-Minute

Van Camp's PORK and BEANS

Feast-for-the-Least

World a Mirror
The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly upon you; laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion. —William Makepeace Thackeray.

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