

Editorials . . . Features . . . of The Bremerton Sun

IN OUR TOWN

—By Ed Dodd



MICKEY FINN

—By Lank Leonard



OIL FIELD ROMANCE

By X REPORTER. Once before I preached a little sermon to girls about getting out where men are men, away from the operators, and a busy shippers of the cities and out into the wide open prairie.

STORIES IN STAMPS

How Hitler's Triumph Smashes Little Entente

ARRIVED out of the torn, heterogeneous central Europe after the World War, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania assumed their respective liberties with trepidation a score of years ago.

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"Proclaim Liberty Through All the Land." —The Liberty Bell.

Ace Card of Dictators

Word from overseas has it that the British government hopes for an international agreement to ban the bombing of civilians in wartime. Negotiations for a four-power treaty to that effect are to begin shortly, it is said, with Germany, Italy, France and England as the interested parties.

It is common knowledge that the democracies knuckled under to the dictators at Munich because they were scared to death of what the German and Italian air forces might do there. England still has the world's greatest navy, and the French army—despite all that has been said about German re-armament—is still as strong as any in Europe, if not stronger. Yet because they were outlasted in the air, England and France caved in.

While military experts are not yet unanimous about the role of air power in modern warfare, it is pretty generally agreed that from a strictly military point of view—airplanes cannot win a war, in the old sense, by themselves. They cannot seize and hold territory. They cannot destroy armies. The final decision still belongs to the man on the ground.

So the democracies were not threatened with military defeat, in the old style, at Munich. What they were threatened with was something very different—and infinitely worse; destruction of their cities, the death of many thousands of women and children, a disorganization of civil life on a terrible scale.

It was this threat that compelled them to back down. They could have won the war; but they could not have won it without suffering losses too frightful to contemplate.

In other words, the threat of bombing civilians was the ace card held by the Fascists. It was the one card which the democracies could not match. Without it, Hitler could not for one minute have overruled his rivals.

It is clear, then, that any international agreement to outlaw the bombing of civilians would (if entered into sincerely and lived up to on all sides) deprive the dictator states of the one big advantage which has enabled them to get their own way.

Does anyone suppose that Hitler and Mussolini would agree to any such thing? The world today needs few things more desperately than it needs an end to this threat of raining death on defenseless civilians. But to expect those who profit by the use of that threat to give it up meekly and without protest is like expecting the lion and the lamb to lie down together in perfect friendship.



'Round town with the 'Round Tower. Miss Grace Campbell and Butler, Dick, dancing at the Wigwag. Miss Mary Butler ditto—Mr. and Mrs. W. Simpson watching a prize waltz being executed.

Such is the case of two Bremerton men named Williams. Williams No. 1 has a Reconcam camera; this his mother, Reconcam Williams. Williams No. 2 has an Exakta camera; this his father, Exakta Williams. They might not have the truth told, but confidentially, their first names are Dan and Carl, respectively. Anybody as camera-crazy as these two photo fiends probably use a light meter, adjust his eyes every time he looks in a different direction or at a lighter or darker object. It really gets us.

Old razor blades may always be a problem—as long as men use razor blades—but they in a solution to the iron shaving brush problem, gentlemen! Stick it in the hand on your hat, and you'll be tops in style.

In fact, there is an unconfirmed story about that poor little brush you see on men's and women's heads. The Indian believe the buffalo shaving brush manufacturer who went broke trying to compete with brushless shave creams and electric razors.

A friend of the 'Round Tower recently remembered some old-time photographs he had seen, and decided to get an iron deer for his lawn. To his surprise, he found that the species seemed to be extinct. At the iron foundry, his place of the iron deer, all queries were received with the same answer: "We aren't making iron deer any more."

It means that the era of "neighborliness" has passed, for few people seem to care any more about their neighbors, what they are doing, what they think or how they feel. The Indians believe the buffalo solves these days, paying small attention to the family across the street or the children next door.

There is a difference, we think, between being neighbors and being snobs. A military expert declared a recently introduced type of gas mask is practically worthless. What you might call wearing a pert.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



ESCAPE TO HOLLYWOOD

Linda Bailey's father has been considered Centerville's wealthiest citizen but, when he dies, she learns from the family lawyer that he has had heavy losses and has left her practically nothing. Wishing to hide this from the townfolk, she decides to go away.

Linda found it was lots of fun driving westward by herself. All through the first day, she felt exhilarated and eager to press on. It was exciting to pass beyond the boundary of her own State.

By the time she had crossed the boundary of California, Tommorrow, she would be in Los Angeles! She was tired, that evening, on the turntable, she climbed into the cabin assigned to her.

For a while, she lay outstretched on the bed. Then she rose, took a quick shower, and changed to a fresh dress. She walked out into the twilight to the little waiting place run in connection with the camp.

A freckled youth behind the counter grinned at her companionably as she took her seat on a high stool. The menu was written in chalk on a blackboard behind him. Linda studied the various items and their prices, then ordered a vegetable soup and roast with dumplings.

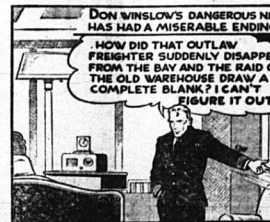
When the boy came with Linda's soup, he leaned on the counter. She smiled at him. "Thank you," she said. "Going far?"

"To Hollywood." "Sure enough?" He had spoken with a new deference in his voice. "Going into the movies?"

Linda was conscious of an uneasy movement beside her. She glanced sideways and saw a girl in the faded jacket was evidently trying to get up courage to speak to her.

DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY

By Lt. Comdr. Frank V. Martinek, U.S.N.R.



(To Be Continued) (The characters in this serial are fictitious.) Read the Classified ASSOCIATED DIESEL OIL MITCHELL Sales Corp.