

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

IN OUR TOWN

—By Ed Dodd



BOY-AN SHO'S IN A PICKLE—AN PROMISED MAMMA TO BUY HER A WHOLE LOTTA ICE CREAM THIS AFTERNOON AN ACH-IT TWEEDY WHERE AN FURIED DE NICKEL!

Doodlebug!

MICKEY FINN

—By Lank Leonard



WILDWOOD ADVENTURE

Maybe it does take something of a nut to go hiking in the wild-wood when a low, dark gray speckling sky is pouring water down and doing its best to snow. So maybe we're a pair of nuts, Mine. X Reporter and I. Nowadays we go far, ride-ahikes. The roads and paths near home are so well exposed that we go a few miles first by gasoline, and then strike off the high-way or by-way on foot. There's an entrancing area of second growth fir and cedar got far from our base of operations. The rocks in it obviously are or were jagged rocks, but some of them are clear and clean as if cut for a parer. And the thickest imaginable growth of young fir trees line both sides like a wall that first goes meeting in a perfect arch over the mossy-littered passageway. Then there are other roads and paths that are not so smooth, but have been created hurriedly in years past for the purpose of taking out some small remaining

STORIES IN STAMPS

Some of the largest trees are now about all gone. On the good thing we hike along side by side. Where the going is rough I lead the way. Sometimes Mine. X would tell you, we will take the most impressively impossible places. But that is another story. Our stamping ground is not very well treated in fall and winter. We did not get acquainted with this particular area until late in the winter was just around the corner. There are many woodchuck holes around. Some of the old woodbanks are honeycombed with them. Don't tell anybody, but we call the open holes bear holes. Sometimes I carry a stick to protect my feet from the wild woodchuck. Silly, isn't it? This time of year there are only a few ragged native warblers and nuthatches in the forest. Not much song in any of the forest birds on a day when the sky is low and gray and the wind is whistling. They keep pretty busy then hunting for food that, I suppose, gets scarce in winter. So we initiate them. We imagine that the birds think we are goofy, out there walking in the rain. So we laugh at them—and at ourselves. To Buy, Sell, Swap, Rent or Loan—Sun Want Ads.



Gambia, the Real "Bush" Country of Africa. SMALLEST and northernmost of the British West African dependencies is Gambia. It consists of a stretch of land on both sides of the treacherous meandering Lower Gambia. The colony, with the protectorate dependent upon it, has an area of approximately 4000 square miles, and nearly every foot represents the real "bush" country of the travel books and adventure yarns. Far away from the river and the swamps, the country is hilly, densely lush. There is nearly every conceivable variety of fern, the manroove tree, mahogany and rosewood, the rubber vine, oil palm. The animals include maned lions, a few elephants, leopards, many species of antelope, monkeys, bush cow and wild boar. In the Gambia and tributaries the hippopotami and crocodiles abound. So the country is not conducive to white habitation, and for that matter there is very little of it. The people are almost entirely of Negro race. Some four-fifths of the natives are Mohammedans. The European residents are traders, officials and missionaries. Bathurst is the capital and largest town of any size, with a population over 10,000, including a few white foreigners. It is built on St. Mary's Island. It assumes a peculiar importance today, as airplanes often land there en route across the South Atlantic. A current stamp of Gambia featuring the new British monarch is shown here.

Member of the Scripps League of Newspapers

Published daily except Saturday and Sunday by The Bremerton Sun Publishing Co., 530 Fourth St., Bremerton, Wash., Phone 3275. Subscription rates by carrier: 40 cents per month, 75c for three months, \$1 for six months, and \$1.50 for one year, payable in advance. Entered as second class matter July 22, 1935, at the post-office at Bremerton, Washington, under Act of March 3, 1879.

Horse and Automobile

The speed of our changing civilization is illustrated by two of our luncheon companions the other day. One was an automobile dealer, the other a horse showman. The conversation shifted from automobile shows to horse shows. While listening, our thoughts wandered from the present day to those of the past. A generation ago horses were an important part of the economic life of this city. They pulled the brewery wagons, the fire trucks, the produce and the junk wagons; they had colts, that trotted beside them; they ran away; they ate sugar.

An automobile was a duster of brass and smoke, a little on the smoky side. The horns at the wheel in a long linen dusting was a man of social standing and great daring. The thing might blow up, people thought. Today an automobile is a gaily colored creation of great beauty and stamina, of tremendous speed and of economic importance. It consumes 90 per cent of our gasoline, more than 10 per cent of our lubricants, 70 per cent of this nation's plate glass, 40 per cent of its mohair and 30 per cent of its lead and nickel. The horse has become a pampered creature of society, a long-legged jumper, a grained animal whose step fairly reeks with high-spirited dignity, while junk wagons in this fair city are all automotive. Yes, we are moving speedily along.

—and One Other

There were ten of them and one other—ten of them, wearing crosses, bearing a scroll of the law as their fathers in days gone by bore the scroll in the Ark as they walked before the walls of Jericho. There were ten of them who on the 19th of November came before Rabbi Maurice Perlwitz in London and presented the scroll of the law—a scroll hand-written upon parchment as has been the custom of the Jew since the dawn of history. They were a fine body of men, these ten—wearing the iron cross given them by a grateful "Fatherland" for courage and for sacrifice. In the scroll was the story of Jacob and the sacrifice of Isaac—the symbolic sacrifice of man's love for God. In reply, the rabbi said to them: "If all the world forget our brethren in Germany we will not forget."

There were ten of them, we said, and one other—the ten wore the iron cross. They did not see the other, but he was there—He must have been there. He was the inspiration for the words of the rabbi: "If all the world forget our brethren I will not forget."

Yes, there were ten of them and one other—ten who wore, one who carried his cross.

DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY

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



Glomped by the 'Round Towner' Howard Orr checking traffic tickets—Clarence Swain off for the golf course and a Thanksgiving Day game—Richard Paquette patrolling parked cars at the Farmer's Market lot—Glen Messer grabbing a car—Mrs. Al Kresnan watching her husband bowl—Vic Hutcheon talking basketball with some of his schoolmates—R. E. Parr on hand at the Port Orchard courthouse for jury duty—Art Morkes and Jack Humes and their wives enjoying themselves at the Skinkers' ball.

At a meeting of the Leisure Hour club, a local study group, held just before Thanksgiving, members answered to roll call telling things they were thankful for. One of the members, Mrs. James W. Bryan Sr., gave an original verse, that was later turned over to the 'Round Towner. We believe that it's a fine piece of work, and worthy of passing on to its friends. Here 'tis:

Many thanks for a home Where the sun it whips to foam, Where the sea-gulls circle and play, Where the sun in its flight Sets in glory at night, And the mountains dip feet in the bay. Many thanks for a land Where the Douglas fir stand, Where the valley are fertile and green, Where the stream's crystal cold, Where autumn's pure gold and brown, Where the lakes wear a silvery sheen. Many thanks for a home— My home in the west— Where health and beauty abound, Where the heart-beat's aglow, And friends come and go. Many thanks for a home on the sound. We believe that Mrs. Bryan's verse expresses the feelings of all residents of the Puget Sound country.

It happens that Lovel Whitehall, baron of the Outside In, and Blair Craft, the automobile man, were highly interested in an article published a few days ago in the Waterville, Wash. Empire Record. The article is headed "Twenty-Five Years Ago" and reports events in Waterville on Nov. 27, 1913. At one point, it says: "Clinton Rice and Calvin Blair Craft united in marriage at the El Gable house at Douglas." Yes, it's been 25 years since Craft took a wife.

The article goes on to report: "Dr. J. F. Leslie was killed in an auto accident while going to make a professional call on Badger mountain. He was alone." And this unfortunate Dr. Leslie was the gentleman who officiated at the proceedings when Whitehall was ushered into the world. Both Craft and Whitehall, who were raised together in the Okanogan country, got "to shake out" of another item: "Mrs. J. W. McGinnis hurt in a runaway, and she was found unconscious hours later some distance from the scene of the wreck."

We were particularly amused today when we read an article of humorous inclination about "athlete's foot" in the usually staid and serious "Army and Navy Register," a semi-official publication. The article relates "Some admirals have athlete's foot and in this respect they can commiserate with upwards of 65 per cent of the seamen and firemen under their command, not to mention comparable percentages among the rated men."

The affliction, which is known as "dermatitis of democratic affiliations" that doctors call trichophytosis, was once exclusively a tropical skin disease. It has recently invaded the temperate zones and now recognizes no race, creed, color, sex or climate. Two naval medical officers have prepared treatises on the ailment in the current campaign to curb its spread among navy personnel. Caused by a fungus growth which is most often contracted on moist dressing room floors, "athlete's foot" has come to be known by that descriptive name in comparatively recent times. It has previously been called "spite itch," dhotie-itch, Hong Kong foot, Hankow scratch, sampan itch and barber's itch.

HOLD EVERYTHING!



Linda Bailey's father has been considered Centerville's wealthiest citizen, but when he dies, she learns that he has had heavy losses and has left her practically nothing. Wishing to hide this from the townsmen, she decides to go away—to Hollywood to have a try at the movies. Over the protests of Fred Lancerator, who has expected her to marry him, she sets out in her car. On the way, bandits rob her of all but a dollar, empty her gasoline tank, and leave her stranded in the middle of the California desert. A good-looking young man drives up, introduces himself only as "Martin," and offers to give her a push to the next filling station. "Thank you so much," she said. "I'll be happy to give you a push to the next station."

Linda started to explain that he had misunderstood her, but suddenly checked herself. Why explain? Why not accept his offer? It would put her farther along her way and conserve her precious supply of gasoline. "Thank you so much," she accepted.

The man backed up and got behind her, then started pushing her. Linda felt a little quiver her decision, but quelled her conscience. "It was 20 miles to the next gas station. When they reached it, Linda coasted in, saving gratefully to her benefactor as he picked up speed and drove on. "I guess I can't do anything to tell the attendant who came running out to serve her. "Thank you," she said. "The car just stopped out on the road and would not start."

"Try it now," he suggested. "Sometimes clogged gas lines clog themselves when you get a push." Linda turned on the ignition and looked into the engine compartment. The motor, of course, roared in instant response. "The wonderful! It did start," she exclaimed. The attendant grinned. "I've seen exactly the same thing before."

"Thanking him," Linda drove away. Her gas supply was scarcely diminished, and she was 20 miles nearer to Los Angeles. An idea came to her. Why not try the same tactics again? It was just as she had that she felt that the circumstances justified a bit of trickery. She waited until another westward-bound motorist had time to inquire where she was in trouble, then asked for a push.

The scheme worked like a charm. At each filling station, she pretended that her gas line had been clogged and exhibited great surprise when the motor started. Then, she drove on, stopped, and waited for the next kind tourist to come along.

It was slow going, but, by early afternoon she had made considerable progress. She had reached another stop and was just about to start pushing when she heard the hum of a powerful motor approaching from behind. She looked back, then caught her breath. Why, it looked like . . . it was Martin's car!

A minute later, he had stopped beside her. There was a curious expression on his face. "Well, Nancy meeting you again!" he murmured. (To Be Continued)

ASSOCIATED DIESEL OIL MITCHELL Sales Corp. 1400 POUSETT—Phone 974.

WILKINSON COAL—the best in town at the lowest price; also real Good Wood. West End Number AND FUEL. 3165 N. Callow. Phone 678.

WASHING MACHINE REPAIRS ALL MAKES. Electric City Store. 512 4th St. Phone 790.

COOK with GAS. THE MODERN FUEL. Western Gas Co. OF WASHINGTON. 87 Franklin. Phone 1718.