

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

IN OUR TOWN

-By Ed Dodd



ABBIE AN' SLATS



JIMMY FIDLER HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 17.—Assuming that movie moguls are anxious to please their customers, I want to report to them a few of the recent complaints registered by this columnist's readers. Letter from New York: "Is there any way of shifting these programs more sanely? Last week I wanted to see 'The Ghost Breakers.' I counted 12 theaters where it was showing—and in each it was teamed with 'My Favorite Wife.' Having seen the latter film twice, I didn't care to see it again. It seems to me that bookending the same combination in so many houses simultaneously is poor business."

BREAD for School Lunches... COOKIES & PASTRIES... APEX BAKING CO. 608 FOURTH STREET

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Enlisting Brains

Not much was heard during the World war of the naval consulting board, which, under Thomas A. Edison, produced many valuable devices, weapons and tools for the fighting forces. But it served and served well in mustering inventive brains for the army and navy.

Today it is good to note that the National Council of Inventors is already taking steps in the same direction. Nobody expects inventors to produce that one supreme military weapon which will be so terrible that the country winking it will be inevitable and wars will cease. Such weapons make good fodder for the writers of lurid fiction, but they somehow never appear in real wars.

Nevertheless there is always a "good" and a "better" about military weapons, and that side having the best has a sharp edge. This is one of the reasons for German military dominance in Europe today. Its military leaders listened when the inventors came with their drawings of better weapons. Military leaders have not always done this. We hope, and we believe, that ours will.

What Are Three Years

Many Americans have marveled at the brave patience of the Chinese, who, at the end of three long years of grueling warfare, show no signs of giving in. They have been driven back, punished with bombs, stripped of capitals and lands, but they have carried on, and they carry on today with no sign of surrender.

When this patience, this ability to hang on and to wait? Well, the other day in bomb-ridden Chungking they celebrated the 2923rd anniversary of Confucius, the Chinese sage venerated down through the unnumbered generations.

Time in a civilization so venerable, space in a country so vast, human life in a country so populous, are gauged differently than in our young and impatient civilization. Three years of punishment? China has been punished before. Slow, creeping, inexorable time, the enemy of impatient westerners, is China's friend.

Cost of an Army

Building up an army is expensive. Maintaining it is expensive. It is at least a necessary burden. But there is one thing worse than maintaining a great army of your own. It is maintaining somebody else's army. France knows. It is estimated that France is now paying \$2,500,000 a day to maintain the German army that occupies three-fifths of their country. That will continue as long as the war lasts. If Germany wins, it will continue as long afterward as Germany pleases.

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DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY



SAID and DONE Round Towner

On the rounds with the 'Round Towner' Mrs. O'Connell stopping in at the Sun office—Mrs. Harry Roseman saying hello—Mrs. Richard O'Connell waiting for a light to change—Mrs. Richard Rockwell answering the telephone—Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Weeks enjoying a ride—George Cassidy on the avenue—Mrs. Williams Ulbeck wheeling her baby—Miss Pat Cowan smiling—Charlie Pfister wearing two shirts—Bernie Rhodes driving a greeting—Every Frank looking glad—M. E. Giles headed into his new real estate office—Dr. W. J. Weeks headed for Trayton—Bobby Hannah boting plain and fancy holes on a plumping job.

The current song hit, "Can't Get Indians Off My Mind," represents the realization of a 12-year-old dream. It was written by U. S. navy torpedoman, collaborating with Hoagy Carmichael, the amateur author penned the lyrics of the song that now boasts third position in the official ratings of the nation's current hits. Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, Horace Heidt and Hal Kemp are but a few of the artists whose record versions of it are blanketing the country.

One of his former shipmates, now stationed at P. S. N. Y., tells us that Dr. Leon experienced a long and eventful career in the service of Uncle Sam. His military record included torpedo details on the submarines S-2, H-2, L-11 and L-12. Despite the fact that he has been writing for 12 years, he could make no headway in his pet avocation, the song. His Guild gave him a chance he needed and he collaborated with the composer of "Stardust" to win success.

Many school teachers receive nick-names by their pupils—behind their backs. Most of us can remember an example of this from our school days. But one instructor at Bremerton high school has a nickname, and she's proud of it. She is Miss Payne Plank, linguist. Attached to the library door one morning shortly after school started, she placard reading: "Mount-ain Goat Plank." Miss Plank, in case you don't remember, spent a night on a cliff near the summit of Mount Baker this summer, holding a rope to which a colored companion was climbing after a serious fall. They were rescued in the morning, with much fanfare in the newspapers. So the school librarian is quite pleased about being nicknamed "Mountain Goat." It represents recognition for her heroism.

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



HOLD EVERYTHING!



There Goes The Bride

July Graham, Johnson and promises, occurs here from a shabby old woman to take a mysterious package from Detroit to New York and deliver it at a certain time on Saturday to a New York express office, planning to pick it up there. On her way she is followed by a man with two pistols, Martin and Ma-Burney, wealthy young fellow passenger. The man proposes to her, and is accepted. In New York, he takes charge of the express receipt for the package. Judy, while shopping, finds she's being shadowed by a girl and, to evade her, leaps into a taxi, only to find it occupied by the two-fingered man. He, Dr. Hill, and another man, Dan, take her to a lonely cabin in the country and demand the package. She, realizing the danger, tells Martin if she reveals that he has the address, she sends it to the shabby apartment in the city, where the girl who followed her had hidden the package. The girl, Mrs. Dan, takes her to a lonely cabin in the country and demand the package. She, realizing the danger, tells Martin if she reveals that he has the address, she sends it to the shabby apartment in the city, where the girl who followed her had hidden the package.

JUDY stared at them both. So she did know. Then why did she have the receipt for the package? "You don't even know my name," said Judy, suddenly. "You don't even know my name," said Judy, suddenly. "You don't even know my name," said Judy, suddenly.

DAN stepped forward and switched on the bulb which hung on a drop cord above the bed. It was a strong bulb. The glare of its light blinded Judy. She twisted her face to avoid it. Dan loosened the ropes of her wrists. "Sit up," he said roughly. "Maybe you can think faster that way."

He caught her by the shoulder and jerked her to an upright position. He loomed against the foot of the bed and stared at her steadily. Dr. Hill squatted on the end of the bed. The girl, Stella, stood back toward the door. She was nervous. Unhappy. Her foot tapped the floor. She chewed her fingernails. "Now," said Dan, "we're through with talking. We had enough of that talk back there."

Drill, by contrast, was dull and grey. A low brow with a thatch of fine, fraying, almost to the bushy eyebrows. She'd study every feature, determined Judy. If she escaped, she'd be able to describe them. Dan - Drill - Stella. Stella had a kind of cheap good looks. Dark eyes. Heavily made up lips. A feature accentuated by the light-fitting green knit dress she wore.

"YOU'LL gain nothing by bluffing," said Judy quietly. "You have my money—how do you take it from my purse in the cab?" "That's all you want to determine clear-headed and alert. You'll talk and talk plenty." Dan growled. "The girl spoke for the first time." "Tell us what you did with the package when we left you," said Dan smoothly. "Only you want," Judy's steady glance met his squarely. "I've seen you too much, fat as I'm concerned, it's all over. Go ahead and do what you want to do. I'm not interested in it. I quit!" "O. K."

"IT TAKES A HEAP OF BUYING TO MAKE A HOME"

"We need two tons of coal..." Sally's GOT to have a new hat... "A nice lounge chair would make all the difference in the living-room." Every day of the year, you are buying things—necessities of life, food, furniture. The advertising columns of The Sun give you the news about buying—that you can buy, where you can buy it, how much it costs. This service saves you money and time. Are you taking advantage of it?

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1940. QUEST. Q. What is a... A. A subfloor. RISK. Ins. CAI. PE. BU. L. B. B. For a long... lect. th. estate. sued by compar. TITLJ. T. THOMAS R. President. 319 I. AN. TRA. Ma. MaU. STE. 2811 FARR. MILL. Cash. 1x1. \$15. RAE. BUIL. 1206 SELD.