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EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

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The Bremerton Sun

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Official Newspaper, THE CITY OF BREMERSON

To Our Readers: Dear Folks: Today's column introduces the undersigned. Hope you'll find our letters interesting, our suggestions timely, our reprimands proper.

To Kitsap County Women: Dear Mesdames and Misses: If you expect to have any spare time during mid-October, County Auditor Edgar Smith offers you a fine opportunity to serve your country.

To Governor Martin: Dear Clarence: After calling Mr. Dill all those unpleasant names, you're now kissed and made up. Ain't politics wonderful?

To the Supervisors' Club: Gentlemen: We observe that you have already started making plans for the annual Navy Day celebration Oct. 28th.

To All Sidewalk Spitters: Dear Fellows: C'mon, knock it off. Your habit is extremely repulsive. It's about time you learned better manners.

To the School Kids: Dear Students: We know that things have been pretty tough since classes resumed—the rooms are over-crowded and there's a shortage of teachers.

To the California Kidnaper: Dear Wise Guy: You thought you had pulled the perfect crime when you snatched the de-Striban boy, but your slip was one only an ignoramus would make.

To Wendell Willkie: Dear Candidate: Before the campaign started you said the New Deal foreign policy was okay by you.

To the Service Clubs: Dear Gents: You are always looking for a worthy community program to assist. How about somebody appointing a committee to get a turf field for the high school football team?

To the City Commissioners: Dear Homer, Henry and Cliff: Your most ordinance, passed this week, is that the doctor ordered, because it requires inspection of all meat sold here.

To the Captain of the Yard: Dear Capt. Kimball: Your office, the police agency of the Puget Sound navy yard, is expected to allow only authorized individuals to enter the government reservation.

The Public Forum

WILLKIE'S AD LIBRUM: A great deal of the G. O. P. trouble comes from his (Willkie's) ad-libbed talk-up as a great ad-libber.

RED RYDER: There is a growing bipartisan suspicion that he may be too extemporaneous for his own good. And certainly too extemporaneous for the troubled high command of the G. O. P., which remembers that Mr. Willkie needs to win friends and influence votes.

Too Late, Hanlon: Class divisions and racial or religious prejudices have been too much encouraged in this country.—Henry Ford.



IN HOLLYWOOD TODAY'S PROFILE

By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 28.—Dear Staff: I am left seething by a newspaper story bearing a New York date line, stating that "movie talent scurried at the NY docks, searching refuge lists for new film prospects."

Canada's Yukon poet, Robert W. Service, has joined the flow of expatriate writers from Germany in the hope of earning a living with his homeland with a French wife and daughter, and indifference toward the service's interests are centered on the immediate past, and the future, instead of the nearly half-century old events that prompted him to write his famous ballads of "Dan McGrew." The "Lady That Was Known as Lou" and "Sam McGee."

The events of the immediate past to Service are bombs, waves of refugees, quartered first in homes, then in public buildings, and finally in barns and farm buildings; those of the future he believes, will be the rebirth of France, the collapse of capitalism and its succession by a mild and elastic form of socialism.

The great men of the moment to him, are Winston Churchill and the British labor leaders, Ernest Bevin, Herbert Morrison and Arthur Greenwood.

Service was in Poland last September, but he believes that when the war is over he will be able to return to his home in Brittany or his apartment in Nice and find them just as he left them. He believes, however that the France he knew is gone.

Viewing his own literary work in the past tense, Service says that "if I were a writer I'd rush to England right now. Great things will be happening in England presently. The spirit of England is wonderful."

Pointed Paragraphs

There are more politicians in business than there are in politics.—Fomer Gov. Philip La Follette of Wisconsin.

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By FRED HARMAN

When Stella finally clobbered the hen, Judy and Martin were there. "I'm sure she has had nothing to do with it," said Judy. "I'm sure she has had nothing to do with it," said Judy. "I'm sure she has had nothing to do with it," said Judy.

The Round Towner

By THE STAFF

Clipped by the Round Towner: Phil Dewdney carrying hot dogs and hot coffee to the press box at Roosevelt field, Wotting pal broken, Mervyn telephoning Portland—Mary A. Brown attending a public meeting—E. C. Ebert having his say about the parking situation—Art Metcalf hearing a pipe—Angus Chitt drumming up football interest in the Red Raiders—S. O. Schulzinger adjusting a public address system—Ed Johnson going to a lodge meeting—Frank says he's going to get a new car—Merris dispensing a beer.

Our radio editor, looking through advance schedules, brought this oddity to our attention:

Beginning Saturday, Oct. 5, the Columbia Broadcasting system network program at 8 p. m. will be Haven MacQuarrie's "Marriage and Divorce."

We were chatting with the naval intelligence man one morning this week, and he told us about a new type of airplane called the hawk in Honolulu, T. H. some years ago.

He had a party for the aide to the commandant in a well-known Honolulu spot. Native-made chairs, brittle and easily broken, were used for seating.

Headlines told of the party, and the reporter allowed his imagination to run amok the next day after reading the police report. His story implied the whole house had been wrecked.

It was the luxury car of the year the longest, most expensive car on the market. That was the Pierce-Arrow 6 in 1918. It had almost everything the 91 other cars, more too. And its price, even in wartime, made it a car of the rich.

Information about the hearse-like old Pierce-Arrow and its 91 automotive competitors is contained in a historic old automotive manual and guide book we uncovered the other day.

It has already been corroborated by the fact that the car was found straight from the police. The farmer who picked Judy up after she fell from the cabin and who was shot by the thugs in the car was found lying at the side of the road. He was badly wounded, but able to tell her and to give a police officer what had happened to him, but that he had no idea who had shot him, it is exactly what she told us.

Ken paused. Then, looking straight at Stella, he went on: "I'm sure she has had nothing to do with it," said Judy. "I'm sure she has had nothing to do with it," said Judy.

Stella's face reflected a mixture of conflicting emotions. Then, she said defiantly: "All right, I'll go on with you. And that kidnapping story is just a pack of lies. How you going to believe that?"

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Hold Everything by Jost



"Maybe I won't like the show—I just brought 'em along to help me hiss

There Goes The Bride

By MARGARETTA BRUCKER

CHAPTER XXXVII A HEAVY silence followed Miss Flint's announcement in regard to Judy.

"What if we could prove Judy's story true?"

"Then things would be different," Miss Flint acknowledged. "But now prove it!"

Ken indicated Stella. "This girl she knows the truth. She can clear Judy."

"Oh, yeah?" Stella sneered. "So I'm the one in the mix up, are you? You brought the pearls to New York, and you know about 'em all the time. Don't kid me!"

"I sent the package here, yes—but did not know anything about it," Judy said with dignity.

"Don't worry, Judy—I'll soon make them change their minds," said Ken. He turned to Miss Flint and said: "I'll get the police to investigate the story of Judy's abduction by Drill and Dan, of the ordeal through which they had after she escaped from the cabin at Martin's apartment."

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When the police detective arrived a short time later the whole matter was thrown up in the air. In the end, he was convinced of Judy's innocence. He assured us that you— "Stella suddenly raised her head and said: "She didn't have anything to do with it—swear it!" "Miss Flint beamed. "That is just what we want."