God has so ordered that men, being in need of each other, should learn to love each other, and bear each other's burdens. —Sale.

EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

THE BREMERTON SUN stands for those principles which it regards as beneficial to the welfare of the community, for honest journalism in news and editorial columns

The Bremerton Sun

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OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, THE CITY OF BREMERTON

The Bremerton Sun will not assume financial responsibility for any errors which may appear in advertisements published in its columns. In those instances where the paper is at fault, it will reprint that part of the advertisement in which the typographical mistake occurs.

To the City Commissioners:

Dear Homer, Hank and Cliff: How about some new street signs? With all the new people in town, most of them have to use a compass to find their way around.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To Newspaper Readers:

Dear Subscribers: This is National Newspaper Week. How about three rahs and a tiger for the kid who trudges around to your house six times a week, rain or shine, and dumps off the day's news and pictures?

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To the County Draft Board:

Dear Appointees: Conscripting men for the army, especially those who don't want to be conscripted, is a very sour duty. Never lose sight of the fact that Joe Gotrocks will make just as good a soldier as Peter Penniless.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To Capt. Alex M. Peabody:

Dear Black Ball Boss: We appreciate your placing in service a third boat between Bremerton and Seattle. But the Kehloken is a trifle slow for the run. Seems that dad used to cross the sound in his dugout war canoe just about as fast.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To Bremerton Motorists:

Dear Fellow Drivers: It's mighty hard to remember those "no left turn" intersections on Pacific ave. at Burwell st. and at 4th st., and a lot of us still are turning those corners according to the habits of years. But we'll learn soon —even if we lose a few fenders in the process.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To the Ladies:

Dear Better Halves: We have always practiced that gallantry, "Ladies First," but there are times when you should take your turn with us men folks. Waiting for a fountain seat at lunch time is one. Maybe the patient gent at whom you cast a sly glance as you slip into the seat has to punch a time clock, too.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To the Deer Hunters:

Dear Sportsmen: Don't shoot until you see it move; it might be a WPA worker.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To a Certain Tavern Owner:

Dear Sir: There is a girl serving beer in your place who is less than 21 years old. Why? We thought the sign on the door said "No Minors Allowed."

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To Elks Lodge Members:

Dear Friends: We note that you're making real progress on a fund to purchase an iron lung for Kitsap county. When the respirator is finally obtained you'll have done a genuine service to humanity. If it saves only one life you should feel amply rewarded for your efforts.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To the Voters:

Dear Folks: Have you read, and do you understand, and do you know how you're going to vote on the initiatives and referendums which will appear on the November ballot? That's nothing—neither do we.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To Truck Drivers:

Dear Teamsters: While you're loading and unloading, we don't complain about your big trucks blocking various narrow streets and alleys. But when your vehicles disrupt the traffic on thoroughfares while you shoot the breeze nearby, we grow a little impatient. Why not have a little more consideration for other drivers?

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

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To Willkieites and Roosevettians:

As we swing into the last weeks of a rather extraordinary campaign, let's keep good-natured and fair-minded in the arguments. After all, on Nov. 5 the country is going to elect a sincere, good American, which ever party wins, and the losing side, as always in the past, on the day after will say, "He's our president-elect, we'll support him.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

Getting While the Getting's Good

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: Charles Durham busy at the Puget Power office—Mrs. A. D. Snyder tuning her radio—Mrs. Dorothy Newins entering her husband's shop—W. H. Hemle waiting for the green light—Marvin Brouse building a garage—K. F. Hill busy at his 15th st. house—H. J. Massie Jr. strolling slowly—Anna Mills greeting a customer at her beauty shop—Mrs. Frank Hoffman window shopping — Harold Malde greeting a friend.

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COL. DOW REMEMBERS

Cecil B. deMille's Radio Theater presentation of "His Girl Friday," played on the air Monday evening, brought back memories for Col. David Dow of the Tower theater.

The play is an adaptation, with a neat switch of characters, of "Front Page," the first picture ever shown on the Tower screen when the local show house opened in August, 1931.

Adolphe Menjou played the male lead of "Front Page." As "His Girl Friday," the story was again presented at the Tower recently with Cary Grant, Ralph Bellamy and Rosalind Russell. Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray were the leading characters in the radio version Monday, but the plot still stirred our friend Col. Dow into reminiscing.

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TSK, TSK

Several months ago two Texas publishers, Werst & Weirst, started a paper called the Bucholts News. Its masthead slogan read: "Publishers Werst & Weirst—Policy Better and Better." Now a Dallas daily carries an ad offering the entire Bucholts plant for $275, so matters must have taken a turn for the—ewl, you go ahead and finish it.

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FIGURING 'EM OUT

After years of patient research, the 'Round Towner has discovered that you can learn a lot about a woman by watching her idly turn the pages of a magazine. When she stops to read the first article that challenges her attention, you get the information you're seeking.

Just for fun, let's think through a magazine with some specifics.

If she stops at an article that promises to tell her the secrets of glamour, she is probably single or married, but has ideas of catching a man soon.

If a love story stops her, she is young—either actually or emotionally.

If she is attracted first by a page of food conscious copy, she is probably a woman who loves her home and enjoys preparing good meals.

If she first reads an article about international affairs, the chances are she doesn't let her husband tell her how to vote.

If she first reads an article about raising children, you can assume she is having trouble with her child, or else she is dreaming of raising a fine family.

If she looks at clothes, she undoubtedly is one of the best-dressed women in her set — or would like to be.

If she reads straight through the fiction, skipping everything else, she is a pretty flimsy creature, and her mind is bothered by nothing more substantial than love and murder stories, and the funny.

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SHE'S THANKFUL

Mrs. O. Carlson, beaver of Rt. 2, Port Orchard, knows the value of American citizenship. She wrote the 'Round Towner a note the other day, and we're passing it along:

"I had some news from Holland. It seems to us think we're having a hard time or are discouraged, look at this:

"Breakfast: Mother and me have only one ounce of tea in a whole month. And only one-half ounce of coffee. We have no sugar and very little milk. The best foods go to Germany; they have very little to eat in Holland since Hitler took over.

"What a blessing I'm in America and a citizen of America!"

Pointed Paragraphs

Proposed legislation (conscription) is damnable, vicious, and a congressional declaration of civil war upon every German-American.

—G. Wilhelm Nissen, German-American band leader.

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It is wonderful to hear the airplanes no longer . . . to walk in the field without apprehension.

—Elia, former American empress, now in exile in the U. S.

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Before the dictators were able to turn men against each other, they first turned them away from God.

—Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein, N.Y.

IN HOLLYWOOD TODAY'S PROFILE

By JIMMIE FIDLER

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Oct. 5.—Dear Staff: In this home town of Notre Dame, producers assembled for the premiere of "Knute Rockne, All American," have an opportunity to learn a valuable lesson. Notre Dame's football team, records reveal, has helped make this one of the richest schools in the world. "The Fighting Irish" have for years been right up at the top among gridiron box office draws. Makes no difference whether they play in the east or the west, they bring out the crowds.

Why? The answer is simple: Notre Dame always has a good team. Spectators know before they plank down their dough for tickets that they're going to be entertained, not mildly, but with great football, action, excitement—and a probable Notre Dame win!

These spectators don't pay 10, 25 and 50 cents a ticket. They pay up to $5 a seat, and for especially important games tickets they have been sold at $25 and even $50 premiums.

The point this proves is that the public will pay to be entertained. It won't pay to be bored. A losing team can't hold an audience—and a poor picture rides in the same boat.

Producers now sojourning in South Bend shouldn't leave without imbibing some of the spirit of Notre Dame—the win spirit! The success of the "Fighting Irish" football eleven is based on the one unwavering principle of show business, to-wit: The crowd follows the leader. And this reminds me: Tell my secretary to place my order now (two months in advance) for this year's Notre Dame-U. S. C. grid battle.

And, oh yes, "Knute Rockne, All-American" is touchdown entertainment. JIMMIE FIDLER.

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Dear Boss: We'll do our derndest to promote you ducats for the N. D.-U. S. C. titanic, but the prospects are a bit dubious this late in the season.

That columnist who rumored a rift 'twixt Jeffrey Lynn and Diana Dale was misinformed—and Diana has a brand new sparkler (third finger, left hand) to prove it . . . Veronica Lake tells pals that she quietly eloped to Yuma last week with an M-G-M set designer, which if true may prove an awful shock to a certain movie biggie . . . Olivia de Havilland will be pulled out of the lead opposite Errol Flynn in "Footsteps in the Dark," studio execs being of the opinion they've made too many pictures together. Substitute assignment for "Livvie" will probably be "Sergeant York," opposite Gary Cooper. Flynn, in case his pals want to know, spent this week fishing off the Mexican coast.

Hear tell that Zorina and hubby George Balanchine just can't get Reno off their minds . . . Mark that Canadian jaunt scheduled for the Jack Oakies temporarily postponed—Mrs. Oakie has suffered a set-back and must remain in the hospital another two weeks . . . Broderick Crawford, armed with six rifles, is off to northern California to have it out with a deer . . . Wot's this about Allan Fayr stalking out of the Brown Derby bamboo room when Betty Grable took a near-by table?

While you're east, why not look into Crosley's new method of rating radio programs? We understand the new system will boost mid-evening shows 20 per cent higher—which makes this a good time to congratulate Eddie Cantor, whose salary is based on his rating, and who, thereby, will get one-fifth more dough under the new system.

Ha! (as you often ejaculate), Virginia Gilmore, locationing on "Western Union" way up thar at Kanab, Utah, is down with a heavy cold and the troupe manager wired the studio to rush her heavy underwear . . . Hear Director Gaston Kanin's so impressed with Bill Gargan's work in "They Knew What They Wanted" that he's offered him a personal contract guaranteeing 50 grand per year. Eight-year-old Bobs Watson became an uncle this week! . . . Don't be surprised if Simone Simon and Ramon Hakim (an ex-European flame re-burning brightly in Hollywood) aftar-trek—and soon.

Twentieth Century will pay approximately $100,000 for a five-year lease on the "Michael Shane" stories, Lloyd Nolan to be starred in the series . . . Wot's this anent Paulette Goddard, who wants a long vacation, beseeching medicos to declare her on the verge of a nervous break? . . . Preston Foster, who's taken a lot of kidding about his tungsten mine near Tombstone, Ariz., now reports big money offers from an eastern syndicate.

Ian Hunter gave us today's chuckle. The actor day he allowed his 13-year-old son to try answering the fan mail. The first effort read: "Dear Madame: It was nice of you to write. But you're sucker for wanting to be an actress!"

THE STAFF.

Air at the seashore contains no more ozone than that at other places, in spite of a common belief.

Miss Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's only woman movie director, has been chosen as one of California's outstanding women.

She said she could not understand her selection which is in full harmony with her personality and character. Just the antithesis of the regular Hollywood producer—or at least the popular conception—Miss Arzner is neither temperamental, excitable nor conceited.

She is modest, self-effacing, vaguely embarrassed at any sort of praise, unable to use the personal pronoun "I" in conversation, almost humble, and incapable of explaining her success as a director.

Yet, fellow directors give her much of the credit for developing such screen personalities as Clara Bow, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell and Claudette Colbert.

Miss Arzner was born in San Francisco on Jan. 3, 1900. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, has brown hair and blue eyes.

Miss Arzner impressed William DeMille with her interest in pictures on a visit to his studio in 1920, and she was employed as stenographer in the scenario department.

Later, she became a film cutter, then scenario writer and finally, in 1927, came a chance to direct a picture. Success was hers from the start and she has been directing ever since.

Miss Arzner believes pictures are an instrument not only of entertainment but of better understanding of society. She believes the movie has played a definite role in American life.

She is confident the cinema can do much to create American solidarity in the face of the various ideologies.

The present trend in the movies, Miss Arzner affirms, is the psychological approach, and she would not be surprised eventually to see the movies becoming sur-realistic.

Among her best known productions are "Fashions for Women," "The Ten Commandments," "Get Your Man," "Honor Among Lovers," "Paramount on Parade," "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Christopher Strong" and "Nana."

The "miss" is not an affectation. She is unmarried.

The LARCHWOOD MYSTERY

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

Lynne Harding of Long Island has put off marrying Jim Frost, newspaper man in Buenos Aires, because she has been training for a singing career. She finally sets a date, and he arrives from Buenos Aires, putting up at Larchwood, home of relatives near the Harding estate. The Harding household, aside from Lynne, consists of her father, Wendell Harding, and his new Brazilian wife, Mercedes; his sister, Letitia Harding, and her young ward, Binnie Griffin. The night after Jim's arrival, he's murdered. Binnie, who formerly lived in Buenos Aires and knew him, takes his death even harder than Lynne and is believed to have loved him. Shortly afterward, Harding and his wife leave on a cruise. Jim's boss in Buenos Aires, Todd Tosher, arrives at Larchwood to help in the investigation and discusses the case with Jim's cousin, Tommy Van Cleve. The only suspect is the Harding butler, Hiroshi, who has disappeared. However, Tommy tells of having found Binnie mysteriously conferring with a strange woman in the woods one night.

CHAPTER VI

TODD frowned. "Why do you think Binnie's in trouble just because she met a woman in the woods and wouldn't say who it was?"

He knew Tommy was watching him.

"Because she's trying to raise money," said Tommy. "The day before the incident in the woods, she asked me about finding a market for a valuable necklace belonging to her family heirloom. She seemed to want money badly and right away. I asked her why, but she wouldn't go to Miss Harding, who would gladly give her anything she wanted, and she said she was already accepting so much from Miss Harding that she didn't want to ask for anything more."

"Then you think that stranger she met in the woods was some one who was demanding money?"

"I do."

"Perhaps you're right," Todd agreed. "Well, I'll have a talk with Binnie."

"We're invited to Fairview for tea this afternoon if you care to go. Perhaps you could have a talk with her then."

"Yes."

Tommy rose. "Well, there's the lunch gong. . . ."

Downstairs, Todd met Mr. and Mrs. Van Cleve for the first time but, during lunch, no mention was made of the murder, as Tommy had warned Todd that the topic was very painful to his mother and father and was best avoided in their presence.

After lunch, the two young men drove to the county seat for Todd's interview with Inspector Kingsley. This lasted a couple of hours.

Todd made copious notes, asked to see the records of the coroner's inquest and made more notes from these. All in all, however, few clues had been discovered by the police.

"It's a baffling case so far," Inspector Kingsley said. "We have little to go on. No weapon has been found, and the murderer left behind no fingerprints, footmarks, or anything of that sort. Our only suspect is the butler Hiroshi. But he still eludes us. We'll be glad to have any help you can give us, Mr. Tosher. If you spend enough time at Larchwood, you may accidentally stumble on a clue. That is often the way a murder is solved—by some lucky circumstance."

"I mean to do all I can," said Todd. "I'm front and foot for my fellow worker but my best friend, and I want to to see his murderer caught."

BY THE time he and Tommy left the Inspector's office, it was teatime. Hence, they drove straight to Fairview.

There, Letitia, Lynne and Binnie awaited them in the garden. When Todd had been presented to Letitia, Binnie eagerly stepped forward.

"Todd! I'm so glad to see you!" she said. I'm so sorry, Binnie," he grinned down at her, but was distressed to see how pale she was looking.

Then, he turned to be introduced to Lynne. She made a vision of loveliness in a soft, flowing dress in a shade of green that enhanced her golden hair. At Todd's eyes met hers, his heart skipped a beat. He found himself holding her hand much longer than necessary and became aware that he was staring too intently when she suddenly lowered her eyes and blushed.

He himself reddened then, and this greatly annoyed him. The girl he had made up his mind to dislike yet here he was bowled over by the first sight of her. He knew Tommy was watching him, and could almost hear the young man gloating. "I told you so! I told you she was an angel!"

As they sat round the tea table that had been set in the garden, Letitia engaged Todd in conversation, but his gaze kept straying and warned Todd that she hoped what Letitia was saying or knew what he replied. Lynne spoke little but, whenever he looked at her, she smiled. A lovely smile, he thought.

LETITIA was asking him a question, and he jerked his head round.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I merely asked if you've lived long in South America."

"Oh, yes! Fifteen years. I've lived in the Argentine ever since my father went there as a civil engineer."

"I suppose you also know Brazil?"

"Yes — I've been there many times. Being a newspaper man, I travel about quite a bit."

"I'm particularly interested in Brazil. I'd so much like to have a talk with you about it some time."

"Gladly," Todd said politely.

He forced himself, then, to pay some attention to Binnie, who had been carrying on a lively conversation with Tommy. But for the unexpectedly disturbing sentimental interlude, Binnie's first thought would have been of Binnie.

As he talked to her, using her about her writing, he studied her face. How worn the poor little thing looked, with brown eyes showed signs of suffering, and there were lines of strain about her mouth.

"How about going for a drive with me when Tommy and I leave?" he suggested, thinking of the questions he wanted to ask her. "I expect Tommy will lend us his car."

Tommy, overhearing, said, "It's yours. I've just persuaded Lynne to play a set of tennis with me, so I'll not be going home until later, and then I can walk."

Binnie accepted Todd's invitation and, presently, they rose to leave.

As he said goodby to Lynne, he tried to appear casual, but caught himself stammering, and was again annoyed. He was behaving, he told himself, like an awkward schoolboy!

WHEN he and Binnie were on the road, he murmured, "Lynne Harding is lovely, isn't she?"

To his surprise, Binnie replied sharply, "Must you, too, be a victim?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, it's written all over you! Tommy's in love with her, Jim was in love with her—and now, I suppose, I know why Hiroshi died. The irony of it is that she doesn't care for any man—she's too absorbed in her career. I wonder if she even really love Jim, though she was going to marry him?"

"Why, Binnie, it's not like you to be so bitter."

She suddenly paused, and tears welled in her eyes.

"I know—I'm sorry. I don't mean to be bitter. Lynne's fine and I'd like to see her happy. I had hurt her for the world. I—I don't know what's the matter with me."

"I do," Todd said gently. "You've had a terrible shock and you're suffering from reaction. Just to you, didn't hurt."

"Yes," she whispered.

Todd patted her hand. "And there's something else troubling you, isn't there? Tommy told me."

Binnie threw him a quick glance. "So he talked."

"Yes—but only to me, because he knew I would want to help you."

"I don't need help," she said tightly.

"Yes, Binnie, you do. If Jim were here, you wouldn't refuse all help, would you? And you know he'd want me to offer it to you. Let me take his place. Shall we park somewhere and take the keepsake for Jim?"

She didn't answer for an instant, seemed to be having an inner struggle with herself.

Then, she said, with a sigh: "All right—I suppose I'd better tell you. Drive to the next crossroads and turn right. That will take us to the Van Cleve private beach. We can talk in Tommy's cabana."

(To be continued)

(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

RED RYDER

Peculiar Conduct

By FRED HARMAN