

Human life is a constant wait, and ought to be a constant prayer.—S. O. Good.

EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

PAGE TWO

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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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Farm Prosperity—Made To Order

There's something a little nerve-wracking about this thing they call the Farm Problem.

Primarily the objective of the farmer is pretty much the same as that of the man in the factory. Both want a fair return for their labor. But there is one difference: In addition to being a working man, the farmer is a business man in his own right, providing his own capital, shouldering his own overhead, seeking his own markets. And in that difference lies the Farm Problem.

When the depression came, the federal government decided that since both business, through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the working man, through work-relief agencies, were being given governmental assistance, the farmer, as a combination of both, was entitled to some help. So Uncle Sam stepped in to see what could be done.

Well, here's what the situation looks like today: Of all the major crops in the United States, only two—soy beans and oats—are unsupported by federal loans. Soy bean farmers, however, are clamoring for governmental loans. And it may be only a question of time before oat-raisers decide that they better see about this pot-of-gold business.

The purpose of these loans? To keep prices up. Ordinarily, the time to a farmer harvests his crop, he is pretty nearly broke. He's got to unload and take what he can get to carry him through the winter and to pay off mortgages and interest.

But if Uncle Sam steps in and lets him have some money on account, based on the current market price of whatever he's raising, the farmer can store his produce until the market price rises.

It looks good, but there's one other side of the picture. The defense commission recently reported that one-third of the nation is under-nourished. And according to Bruce Catton, Washington columnist, the farmer's domestic market would be worth about a billion dollars more than he can get if every person were able to buy as much food as a family with an income of \$100 a month normally buys.

Which means that every time farm prices go up, under the current setup, the folks in the lower one-third can afford to buy just so much less of the food products that need. Which in turn means that surpluses increase, and prices must continue to be kept up by artificial means.

Where will it all end up? How long can American economy go on in this vicious circle? At best, it's a guess, and you're as good as anyone else's.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Dear Staff: For years it has been a practice of the film industry to advertise, in cities outside of New York, the success of certain movies in New York.

"His Royal Command," these ads will shout, "broke house records at the New York Black-Box theater."

And that, press agents claim, is enough to send the rest of America scurrying to box offices. A picture that pleases New York must be good, they reason, because Broadway audiences are the toughest.

Nonsense! Success or failure of a film on Broadway is no criterion at all of its entertainment value. Theater conditions in our number-one city are entirely different from those in other cities, excepting perhaps Chicago.

New York houses, particularly those on the Main Street, can thrive on drop-in trade alone. The City White Way is trotted daily by more people than live in the whole of Los Angeles. These people pass theater lobbies by tens of thousands and are lured inside by luring displays, smart talky-boos, "star names" on marquee and other intriguing come-ons.

Even bad weather—which dooms business in other towns—boasts attendance in New York. That's because the thousands walking the avenues and caught in the rain, must get out of their coats into theaters for protection and comfort. When it was appearing at the Black-Box, our last year, those on which audience showers chased people indoors—in our coats, thank goodness! Thus a

poor show, abetted by bad weather, can do bigger business on Broadway than a good show hindered by sunshine.

So remember, next time you see huge ads expounding how this or that film "knocked 'em cold in New York," it may just mean a thing!

JIMMIE FIDLER

Dear Boss: Here's the day's news: Jane Williams, whose sitcom has hopes were nipped by Mrs. W's decision that the strain's too great. Will be allowed one appearance in Montreal or Quebec for British Red Cross. Have you quizzed Beaumont Newhall about his reputed romance with Buddy Weston? — he's in the same troupe.

Xmas. — The John Leders (see) and other intriguing come-ons. Even bad weather—which dooms business in other towns—boasts attendance in New York. That's because the thousands walking the avenues and caught in the rain, must get out of their coats into theaters for protection and comfort. When it was appearing at the Black-Box, our last year, those on which audience showers chased people indoors—in our coats, thank goodness! Thus a

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JIMMIE FIDLER

RED RYDER

LOVE'S QUARREL

BY FRED HARMAN

PUBLIC EMPLOYEES TO RECEIVE FULL PAY DURING DRAFT SERVICE



The "Round Towner" By The Staff

Glimpsed by the Round Towner: Ashley Rand hurrying to work. Bill Josephson dancing. Walter Thompson browsing along 4th st. French Huxwax playing cards. Hill Holgerson laughing at a story. Barney Ingram delivering a postage bundle. Bev Olson whistling. Charles Patton walking home. Mrs. A. H. Raffelson in The Sun office. Iwanita Kraa going to work. John W. Peterson, the drugist, slipping a cold drink.

Now that the National Newspaper Week has passed, the "Round Towner," full as usual, herewith takes pen in hand to write a late column about himself, his contemporaries and his occupation.

Big reason for National Newspaper Week is to afford an opportunity for the newspaperman to put in a plug for himself.

Most of those plugs are sort of feeble, and at times, are nearly covered up. A few straggling editorials, a series of articles acquainting the readers with how the "sheet" is made, an invitation for the public to visit the paper office and the printing plant—that's about what newspaper week has resembled itself into.

Newspaper work is a fascinating and dull, satisfying and thwarting, remunerative and starving, gladdening and maddening occupation.

It makes you a few friends and is likely to make you many more enemies.

You can feel happy in extending a service to some individual or organization. You can feel discouraged when that same organization or individual kicks you in the teeth for the service.

DISTASTEFUL DUTIES
In newspaper work, you find there are many distasteful duties to go "form. You find, too, that man's job of life sometimes makes you sick at the stomach when you look behind the scenes. You sometimes want to forget that you ever saw behind the scenes. But you can't.

MINERABLE, BUT BLESS IT!
If someone were to ask: "Is newspaper work a promising and soul-satisfying profession," we'd say: "It's sort of insubstantial profession—Bless it!"

day to queen it for the second consecutive year at South Carolina's Cotton Festival.

Ida Lapins, whose authentic, much acclaimed music is developing, spare time to a song-and-dance company of Miss Van Whitaker.

Arney Whelan and Alexander Arley (the bride and groom) open a L.A. tour in St. Louis next week—understand Simon Simon may be in the same troupe.

Columbia is quietly rounding up old-time comedies for a new series of two-night "Bumper Hissles" and Andy Dwyer will head the casts.

Worin's this artist Bill Grammer investing plenty in a transcendental chain of super-deluxe tourist camps? — Boo, that's troubling notes out this way in the heart of Tom Bother, beating double-time in an Hysteria, NY stage beauty who's here for screen tests. — and those names remain as that Ann Botherhead leaves to

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FORUM

(THE BATTLE OF AMERICA)

Millions of Americans believe that their wisest desire is to strengthen democracy at home; yet they have been giving voice and ears to the war in Europe with only an occasional glance over their shoulders at one of the most important national elections they have ever held. They are doing little to decide the Battle of Britain, but are being pulled away from essential democratic discussion of national issues. We find to no one in our appreciation of the importance of the United States of the struggle over Britain, but we do feel that in the next few weeks Americans can do more to help themselves and for democracy by giving first attention to domestic affairs. We welcome, therefore, Wendell Wilkie's effort in his speech at Coffeyville to bring citizens back to the battle of America.

Mr. Wilkie believes that American democracy is in danger from without because it is in danger from within. His conviction rang in his voice at Coffeyville, and it should cause Americans who scoff at dangers within to pause and examine the condition of their country and those moral and spiritual values in democracy which Mr. Wilkie so rightly emphasizes.

We do not believe that dictatorship is around the corner in the U. S. But we do believe that precious values of a free society are being eaten away when millions of Americans, because government policies are discouraging free enterprise, when the people are taught to look to Washington for support, when the legislative branch of government loses its grip on the power of the purse and the executive takes it over, when bureaucracy grows like a mushroom and a government of men exercises tremendous arbitrary power, when class hatreds and sectional politics seek votes by appeals to the selfish interests of blocs instead of trying all to succeed for the welfare of all, when billions are added to the public debt but few are willing even to think of paying them off, when defeatism and cynicism and materialism are rampant in Washington and the corrupt machines of the big cities are being dismantled, when the government, when local government, when power is centralized in one place and one man.

We believe Mr. Wilkie is performing a public service in urging Americans to turn to fundamentals of democracy. We believe he is right in urging that the present should have faith in the people. We believe real damage has been done to American democracy by floundering administration ever since the day achieved by the Roosevelt regime.

Americans have a right to inquire whether it is necessary or contempt which asks them to believe that the president had no part in "drainage" of the dollar. He doesn't know a political speech when he makes one.

There are no Republicans here. Here is an attitude which basically endangers democracy.

We hope the Republican candidate will not attempt to press the charge that President Roosevelt has "drained" the dollar. But emphatically it is right that the whole question should be discussed, and the question that democracy has been weakened at home is so important.

Do you really know how much I put all in my diary, some-thing, that I loved him.

"I know," I mused it. "You did," Binnie's eyes were wide, and I thought I was sure he didn't. I could see that I was like Roosevelt but the burden of proof was on me. I tried to tell him I put it all in my diary, something, that I loved him.

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Hold Everything by Josh



"Calling Car 16—calling Car 16—cut that out!"

LARCHWOOD MYSTERY

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

Lynne Harting of Long Island was not yet married. Jim Frost, a young man in Buenos Aires, had finally set a date. He arrived at Larchwood, home of relatives near the Harting estate, Fairview. The Harting household, and her young wife, Blanche Griffin, had to have loved him. His father, Wendell Harting, and his new Brazilian wife, Mercedes; his sister, Letitia Harting, and her young wife, Blanche Griffin, had to have loved him. His father, Wendell Harting, and his new Brazilian wife, Mercedes; his sister, Letitia Harting, and her young wife, Blanche Griffin, had to have loved him.

The night after Jim's arrival from Buenos Aires to Fairview, he was murdered. Blanche, who formerly lived in Buenos Aires and knew him, takes his death very hard. She had loved him. His father, Wendell Harting, and his new Brazilian wife, Mercedes; his sister, Letitia Harting, and her young wife, Blanche Griffin, had to have loved him.

"I told you I was in Buenos Aires and knew him, takes his death very hard. She had loved him. His father, Wendell Harting, and his new Brazilian wife, Mercedes; his sister, Letitia Harting, and her young wife, Blanche Griffin, had to have loved him.

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