We respectfully submit Bob Heitzman's recipe for leftover shingles: take one and

SUN CLASSIFIED AD—

LEFT OVER—3 squares No. 1 5x16-in. shingles; $3 sq. 3608 Preble St.

* * *

expose this to the searching eyes of the Bremerton Public for one evening.

Presto! The shingles were not hashed. They were CASHED.

Cash YOUR Leftovers—

NOW

15 Words—7 Days

60c

15 Words—3 Days—35c
(CASH WITH AD)

THIS DAY

Died

Albert L. Beaudet of Retsil, at Walla Walla, Oct. 10.

* * *

Vessels In Port

U.S.S. Lexington.
U.S.S. Honolulu.
U.S.S. Pennsylvania.
U.S.S. Teal.
U.S.S. Oriole.
U.S.S. Breese.
U.S.S. Eagle No. 32.
U.S.S. Nitro.

* * *

Vessels Due

U.S.S. Arizona, Oct. 21.

* * *

Tides for Sunday

First high—3:19 a.m., 8.1 ft.; first low—9:07 a.m., 2.9 ft.; second high—3:22 p.m., 10.8 ft.; second low—9:43 p.m., 2.3 ft.

invited all new residents of the Manette peninsula area to attend.

County Contributes $28,000 to Colleges

During 1940, Kitsap county will contribute $28,606 toward the cost of higher education in the state of Washington, State Auditor Cliff Yelle reported today.

Washington taxpayers will contribute $2,175,623 to the state's five higher educational institutions by a two-mill levy on real estate.

King County Judges May Call Grand Jury

SEATTLE, Oct. 12. — (UP)— King county superior court judges were asked today to call a grand jury investigation of the county government. No grand jury has been impanelled for four years.

NO.	BREMERTON	POS.	PENNSY	NO.
14	Bill Derflinger	LER	Harvey Keeling	12
22	Randy Kemp	LTR	Jack Roesbrook	23
16	Dave Perron	LGR	John Parmentier	18
22	John Darden	C	Reeves Pendleton	28
4	Sid Maurer	RGL	Mel Girard	14
18	Frank Rook	RTL	Robert Bidwell	33
7	Frank Hopkins	REL	Ralph Schultz	23
9	Walter Potts	QB	Chuck Smith	2
5	Dick Alderman	LHR	Bill Bronson	17
88	Cal Buck	RHL	Walter Chowanec	26
11	John Redmond	F	Frank Rowsey	16

Bremerton reserves: ends—Ollie Raber (8), Bob Callow (3), Dallas Hannah (15), Larry Grams (21); tackles—Ed Nelson (25), Dan Longan (24), Joe Smith (26), Gordon Hall (13); guards—Don Kinder (7), Don Hester (10), Claire Stagg (17); centers—Frank Mahr (12); backs—Cecil Reardon (66), Frank Monkus (6), Billy Kelly (10), Paul Callow (1), Larry Gill (20).

Pennsylvania reserves: ends—Mike Ocha (3), Leslie Blair (19), John Kinsley (27), Fred Miller (33); tackles—Ralph Rowsick (16), Earl Simmons (24), Virgil Meadon (25), W. Taylor (28), Ralph Pertell (31), Howard Goernert (35); guards—Bartholomeo Giulito (1), Ralph Rosecky (4), Don Lewis (37); centers—Robert Williams (7), Alvin Rizzo (30); backs—Walter Wagner (9), Ralph Walton (14), Joe Yakiovich (19), Albert Johns (11), Ralph Walton (14), Joe Sienkowski (18), Ray Watson (18), Paul Zipser (21), Dick Stocking (26), Robert Andreski (34).

Young Man Injured When He 'Hits Tree'

Cal Christie, 21, 33 Charleston Beach, was treated early this morning at Olympic hospital for a scalp laceration and released to his home.

He told Patrolman Les Thomas that he "ran into a tree." No further explanation was obtained.

THE WEATHER

Unsettled and mild tonight and Sunday; occasional rain; moderate east to south wind off coast; gentle southeast over inland waters.

"See I'm sorry, so sorry I'm a grandmother this time. Loudmouth and his Miss Christmas."

Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.—Pollok.

EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

PAGE TWO — SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1940

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

Published every day except Sunday by The Bremerton Sun Publishing Co., 644 Fourth Street, Bremerton, Wash. Telephone 1275. Julius Ciuk, editor. A. P. Ottevaere, business manager. Entered as second class matter July 22, 1935, at the postoffice at Bremerton, Washington, under Act of March 3, 1879.

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National advertising representative, Gilman, Nichol & Ruthman, New York, N. Y.

Member: The Audit Bureau of Circulations and the United Press Associations.

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 Draft Eligibles:

Dear Men: Wednesday, Oct. 16, is registration day for all men between 21 and 35 years of age (inclusive). It's the individual's own responsibility to get registered, and nobody is going to hunt you up for your signature. Here's one date with Uncle Sam you better keep.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To the Snifflers:

Dear Fellow Sufferers: This is the beginning of the cold-in-the-head, cold-in-the-nose, cold-in-the-chest season. Take care of that sniffle before it takes care of you.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To the County Health Officer:

Dear Doctor: Your action in isolating children in Suquamish and Little Boston because cases of infantile paralysis were found in those communities may be regarded by some as a drastic measure. But a pretty wise guy once said, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To Motorists:

Dear Folks: It's getting to be that time of the year when you may strike a surprise rain any day or night. So we suggest you make certain your windshield swipe works effectively. When a shower does come you'll be repaid for the caution.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To the Gallup Poll:

Dear Prophesier: Have a heart! Don't you realize the anguish you are causing in those manly (and womanly) bosoms on which Willkie buttons rest? How do you expect them to carry on gallantly for three more weeks if you keep pouring kerosene in their soup by predicting Roosevelt will get a third term?

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To the Telephone Company:

Gentlemen: Seriously, now, isn't there something you can do to shorten that interval between the time we pick up the receiver and when we hear a pleasant, "Number Please?" from the operator?

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To the Bankers:

Dear Money-Handlers: You lucky stiffs! Wish we, too, could use Columbus Day as an excuse to close up shop and take a day off.

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To Tobacco Vendors:

Dear Sirs: You fellows should all get together on the price of cigarets. We can buy our favorite brand for 15 cents, plus tokens, in one place; 16 cents, plus tokens, in another, and 17 cents, plus tokens, in a third. Really, it's an awful nuisance to inquire about the price each time we buy a pack. Whatsa matter with a happy medium?

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

To the Kids:

Dear Boys and Girls: Don't make any dates for Hallowe'en. The town folks are arranging a big party in your honor at Roosevelt field, with games and treats. Be seein' ya!

CHIEF KITSAP, JR.

Still Holding On

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

Glimpsed by the 'Round Towner: **Winona** and **Bonnie Olsen** walking on 4th st.—**Don Adams** going into the power company office—**Al Warnick** entertaining some friends—**Mrs. Al Huguenin** crossing Pacific ave.—**George Benbennick** in the bank—**Willard Bennett** showing war movies at a club meeting—**Harold Anderson** running a total on an adding machine—**Irene Fritz** going into the Dietz building—**Howard Twiford** crossing 4th st.

* * *

ABOUT HOUSEKEEPERS

We're mighty grateful this day to D. W. Shaw, 325 So. Wycoff ave., who has taken pen in hand and written this little essay anent a competent housekeeper. Read on:

Dear 'Round Towner: Your article of Oct. 8th, "Judging the Housewife," where your mother judged her neighbors by their kitchen floor, carries me back many years in my memories to the time I was a "yearling" boy in the low lands of southern Georgia.

In the fall of the year, when hunting was at its best, our course in the woods always carried us by the log home of Old Aunt Lou, an old Negro woman who was old—just how old, no one knew, not even Aunt Lou. When we hailed at the gate frightening the long-eared rabbit dog under the front porch, Aunt Lou would appear in the doorway scolding us for not coming on in without so much fuss. After entering and being seated she began stirring with kettle and pan, for what purpose we all well knew—steaming cornbread with butter and long strips of lean bacon from hogs fattened on acorns which were in abundance in the nearby swamp.

While waiting for this feast and feast it was to hungry hunters—our attention would rest on the floor of this humble home. As clean and white as the freshly washed deck of a battleship at sea. On top of this would be a sprinkle of fine, glistening sand that she carried in wooden buckets from the white river bar that lay just a few hundred feet away.

So old Aunt Lou's kitchen floor many years ago is why a clean floor is my standard, too, by which I judge a housekeeper.

* * *

POETRY DEPT.

An evening of listening to the radio, trying vainly to dial music instead of political hash, and we were inspired to this:

Despite their many
Imperfections
I guess we have to
Have elections.
But they would be
Less aggravating
If there were not
So much orating.

* * *

HAVE YOU NOTICED . . .

The unusual maze of fences just south of the Keyport intersection on the Poulsbo-Silverdale highway? The best view can be obtained when driving south on that road; it's a sight which never fails to capture our interest, for we're certain no jig-saw puzzle could be put together with more intricate design than are those fences.

That the Narrows bridge no longer sways? We almost felt like demanding our money back when the toll keeper told us Sunday that all the motion had been curtailed. T'ain't half the thrill it used to be.

The new transparent spike heels some of the girls are wearing? Looks as though milady is walk on glass. Copying Cinderella, huh?

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

ENROUTE HOME, Oct. 12.—Dear Staff: A transcontinental air jaunt, at some 15,000 feet, gives one a nice vantage point from which to view America. Almost simultaneously, one sees great, congested cities and far-reaching, sparsely settled agricultural areas.

bosses are so pleased with his performance in "Golden Hoofs" that they're talking term contract, and Buddy likes to act. **Kay Roberts**, the lovely MGM recruit from a local soft ball team, is the gal who prompted Hargo Mars' classic crack, "There's the only first baseman I ever wanted to kiss."

Marjorie Rambeau is putting final touches on her autobio-

role in "Light of the Western Stars." No one thought to ask if she could ride a horse—and no one needed to ask after witnessing her first before-the-cameras attempt. Onlookers howled—and Georgia, certain that her career had been tumbled in the dust (an excusable impression, for that's what had happened to her) went home to shed regretful tears. Needless tears. **Harry Sherman**,

Pointed Paragraphs

We don't have enough babies and we are not building up with immigration from abroad.
—William Lane Austin, director of U. S. census, explaining decline in rate of population growth.

* * *

PUBLIC FORUM

AS OLD AS DEMOCRACY

(From Pittsburgh Post-Gazette)

The tradition against the third term is as old as the U. S., but the tradition against continued tenure in office dates back to the dawn of democratic history. Aristotle in his "Politics" asserts that "it is not easy for a person to do any great thing when his tenure of office is short, whereas long tenure begets tyranny in oligarchies and democracies." Livy dates the beginning of freedom in Rome to the time when the terms of consuls were limited to one year. Machiavelli finds two causes leading to the break-up of the Roman republic, dissension over agrarian laws and the "prolongation of commands," and says that had these matters been rightly understood "the freedom of Rome had been far more lasting."

It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find in any discussion of democratic processes in the long literature of political science a single defense of unlimited tenure in office. For that kind of tenure is not democratic.

The American tradition holds that two terms of four years each are enough for any man. But a violation of that tradition would be a definite break with the ancient and long established principle upon which the democratic form of government is founded. It would pave the way for fourth and fifth and sixth terms, and the concentration of power in the hands of one man which leads to despotism and the destruction of democratic ideals.

This is the great issue of the present campaign. The tradition against long continued tenure stands as the ultimate foundation of democracy. If it should be undermined now, the America which we have known may be moving toward the fate which ended the democracy of Greece and Rome, great prototypes of our own commonwealth. To those who think such a view exaggerated, we suggest a study of the history of every democracy which has ever existed, and an examination into the basic cause which brought them, in the end, to tyranny and destruction.

LETTERS

LET'S CURB ALL THOSE UNNECESSARY NOISES

Editor, The Sun: All nations of the world are passing through troubled times. Totalitarian state appear for the moment to be riding the crest of victory. Democratic states friendly to our ideals are being prosecuted, enslaved and grossly mistreated. What are we doing to protect ourselves, to prepare ourselves for trouble threatening us from across the Pacific and the broad Atlantic? One of our greatest efforts is being expounded toward building a great and mighty navy second to none as our first line of defense. In this noble undertaking Bremerton is vitally interested with her wonderful navy yard and magnificent corps of workmen and able naval officials.

"So, what?" you might ask and the answer is: One small suggestion from the undersigned. Be a little more quiet with that honking auto horn when the men working the graveyard shift in the navy yard are in their homes endeavoring to sleep and rest themselves for another turn at building up our fleet. You high school boys and girls with those dipsy-doodle horns. How about a little cooperation along this line? How about being more careful in the use of those screeching brakes? It might happen that some of the young men in our high schools might be sailing the ships we build in our yard so you should be duly concerned as to their efficient operation. Now we can't expect efficient, nearly perfect work to come from a man working the 12 midnight to 8 a. m. shift who is awakened day after day by unnecessary noises.

I have had numerous complaints on just these little troublesome noises brought to my attention by man working this shift during the last two months. Just a small detail, but don't forget these ancient lines, "For want of a nail a shoe was lost. For want of a shoe a horse was lost. For want of a horse a rider was lost. For want

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh

"I wonder if ours comes under essential occupations."

LARCHWOOD MYSTERY

By RUTH DEWEY GROVES

Lynn Harding of Long Island has put off marrying Jim Frost, newspaper man in Buenos Aires, because she has been urged by her singing teacher, Bronson Page, to devote herself to a musical career. When she finally sets a date for the wedding, Jim arrives at Larchwood, an estate near the Harding estate, Fairview. That night, he's murdered. His friend Todd Tucker comes from Buenos Aires to help in the investigation. The Larchwood laundress claims to have seen a "white-faced ghost" on the night of the crime. Todd believes this was the murderer. The only suspect, at first, is the Harding butler, Hiroshi, who has disappeared. Then, Todd learns that Mercedes, new Brazilian wife of Lynne's father, has a secret past and apparently feared that Jim knew about it. Meanwhile, Binnie Griffin, young girl who lives with the Hardings, has been robbed of a diary in which she confessed her secret love for Jim. The police recover it for her, but are kept unaware of its contents.

CHAPTER XII

ALL the next morning, Binnie was in a fever of impatience, waiting to hear from Todd about the fate of the last part of her diary.

Finally, just after lunch, he arrived at Fairview, and the smile on his face immediately cheered her.

"Good news, Binnie!" he said, reaching into his pocket. "Here they are— the missing pages. And not a word read by the police!"

"Oh, Todd—that's fine!" Binnie heaved a sigh of relief. "But how do you know the police didn't read them?"

"Because I was right there when they found them in Henderson's room. I persuaded Sergeant Riley to let me go along and, when the pages were located, he handed them right over to me. You'd better take a look, though, and see if they're all there."

Binnie made a quick examination. "Yes—all in order. I don't know how to thank you, Todd, for all you've done."

He smiled. "You can do it by keeping your promise to let me read parts of the diary."

"You may read all of it! I don't care now. Since you've already seen what I wrote about Jim, I've nothing to hide from you. I only hope you may find something helpful in it."

"Good! If you'll get it for me, I'd like to start delving right away."

Todd was relieved that she had removed all restrictions, for he was anxious now to see what she had written about Mercedes as well as about Hiroshi.

SOON, with Binnie sitting quietly class Latin Americans was their family pride.

A few pages beyond these comments was a section describing Bronson Page. "He has a magnetic personality," she wrote, "and seems to exert a great deal of influence over Lynne. I thought it strange at first that she should want a career more than Jim's love, but I see now that this is entirely due to Mr. Page's influence.

"His overwhelming love of music has been communicated to her, and his determination for her to make the most of her voice is almost like an obsession. I wondered for a while whether he was in love with her, but now I do not think so. He is in love with her voice. He loves her as a master violinist might love a beautiful instrument."

Todd paused in his reading, thinking of Lynne. This passage about Page and his influence over her made her treatment of Jim more understandable. As Tommy had said, she really wasn't to be blamed. Page had apparently cast a kind of spell over her.

LEAFING on through the diary, Todd was disappointed to find only a few occasional references to the butler Hiroshi, none of which was of any significance.

Then, suddenly, he came to a page that made him sit up. On it, Binnie had described a puzzling incident involving Hiroshi and Mercedes. She had come upon the two holding a low-toned conversation and was almost certain Mercedes was in the act of handing something to the butler — something that looked like a folded piece of money.

Interrupted by Binnie, Hiroshi had immediately slipped away, and Mercedes had appeared flustered. She had murmured that she was discussing some household matter with the butler, but her confidential manner toward the servant had struck Binnie as queer.

Todd frowned, drawing his own conclusion about the incident. It looked as though Hiroshi might have been blackmailing Mercedes. If so, then the Japanese must know of her past. This unexpected connection between the two keenly interested Todd.

He turned to Binnie, showing her what he had just read.

"Did you ever notice any further strange dealings between Mercedes and the butler?" he asked.

"No—that was the only time."

TODD hesitated, wondering whether to tell Binnie what he suspected.

"Has your Aunt Letitia ever talked to you about Mercedes?" he asked. "I mean, has she ever told you that she wondered about the woman's background?"

"Yes. She doesn't like Mercedes a bit, and I think it's partly because she doesn't know