The Bremerton Sun

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Published every day except Sunday by The Bremerton Sun Publishing Co., 644 Fourth Street, Bremerton, Wash. Telephone 1275. Entered as second class matter July 23, 1935, at the postoffice at Bremerton, Washington, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By carrier, 40 cents per month. By mail in Kitsap county, $1.50 per year; in state of Washington outside Kitsap county, 40 cents per month, 75 cents for three months, $1.50 for six months and $2.00 for one year, payable in advance. Outside the state, 75 cents for one month, $1.50 for three months, $2.75 for six months and $5.00 for one year, payable in advance.

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

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Our Local "Bottleneck"

The automobile—particularly the tremendous used car market which has developed in the U. S.—has had a potent effect on the housing problem. Cars permit workers to live at considerable distances from their jobs and in most cases relieve the need for new home construction in the immediate neighborhood of such defense plants as Puget Sound navy yard.

Unfortunately, few reciprocal provisions have been made for these autos. The navy yard highway is inadequate, for one thing. When the Westpark project is completed, nearby roads likewise will be inadequate unless immediate provision for their improvement is made. And parking facilities for navy yard workers' autos are far from sufficient.

This condition can well be classed as a local "bottleneck"; it reveals how intricate an elaborate defense program really is.

No Longer Ours to Decide

It would be fine indeed if the U. S. faced the simple decision of whether or not it wished to go to war.

But it does not. That momentous decision now rests largely with others, with circumstances and developments, not all of which we can foresee.

Our key decision has been made—all aid to Britain short of actually going to war. In line with carrying out that policy, we shall face a series of more concrete decisions in detail. Every new phase of the aid-to-Britain campaign, every new means and kind of aid extended means a separate problem, a new decision.

It is along the line of that series of concrete proposals for further aid that the battle of public opinion must now be fought.

Any one of these new steps may lead to a declaration of war against the U. S. by Germany, Italy, Japan, or all three. We might as well face that. The U. S. is not going to declare war against any of them. But it has decided on its own course in the light of reason, justice, and right. It will steer that course. If there is any war-declaring, somebody else must do it. We face the fact that they may.

* * *

It is very hard to see how the U. S. course can be interpreted as war. By whom? By nations which dumped seasoned troops, trained pilots and bombers, as well as unlimited material into a civil war in Spain—and said it was not war? By a country which has had vast armies conquering half of a neighbor country for three years—and says it is not war? By countries which receive a constant and quite similar stream of war supplies from Sweden and Russia—and back up those countries' claim to neutrality?

It is indeed difficult to see how countries in those positions could claim that the sending of war supplies to Britain is an act of war. But they might. To that extent the decision is no longer our own.

The key decision of general policy has been made. We will not be turned from that. The only room left for argument is in details of what shall be furnished, and how.

* * *

We wish war with no nation. But the threat of war is not going to turn us from the path we consider wise and right.

We have put our hand to the plow. We must meet the test which Jesus set for the hesitant follower in the Gospel according to St. Luke.

"No man, having put his hand to the plow, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God."

It's Still Tied

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: **W. T. Jarvis** planning a remodeling job on High st.—**Juanita Oliphant** preparing a meal—**J. R. Sexton** driving homeward—**E. J. (Frenchy) Brasseaux** telling about his recent trip to Texas—**Joseph Friedman** looking over his property on Front st.—**Carl Francis** greeting a customer at Shricker's bar—**Les Jobson** eating an 11 a. m. breakfast—**John A. Hudson** driving his new Dodge—**Earl Henry** in his working clothes—**Jess Dawkins** over from Port Orchard to witness a basketball game.

* * *

SAILOR STORY

One of the boys from the U.S.S. Saratoga fell to telling stories over a mug of beer last night. This was his best one:

While visiting his mid-west home one summer, he was approached by an elderly lady who had a son in the navy. Having been informed that the visitor also was in Uncle Sam's sea service, she approached him and asked:

"Do you know my boy?"

"Well, what ship is he on?" inquired the sailor.

"What ship?" asked the old lady. "Are there two?"

* * *

IMPORTED WHISKERS AND 'ISMS

It's time the school textbooks were revised to inform the student about imports, intangible as well as tangible. From Europe we get whiskey and socialism, olives and communism, woolens and free love, wine and militarism, chemicals and state medicine, etc. In all these the balance of trade is heavily against the U. S.

Now we learn that the latest import from Europe, although distribution is so far limited largely to New York, is a rich crop of whiskers. All kinds of beards are represented—scientific, military, political, plain and fancy. Even the local boys of Gotham are aping the lionized refugees in hirsute foliage. A friend just returned from New York says that American faces and the English language have almost disappeared from the boulevards of Manhattan.

Success formula for young men from the hinterlands who want to make a big splash in New York—or Washington: Grow a foreign-trimmed beard, cultivate a dialect and don't let on you were born in the U. S.

* * *

SUBSTITUTE MOTHERS

We heard or read (we are seldom sure just what is the source of some of the stories we recall) about a mother bird that met an accidental death and left the small nestlings in the care of a bedflustered father bird. The story related that several days later the father bird disappeared and just when the tiny ones were beginning to howl lustily, bird fashion, he reappeared with a new wife, who immediately took charge of the brood.

Over in Port Orchard the Fred Haglofs have lost a small gray kitten. He is missed by the household but most of all by their silver gray Persian cat that, in spite of inherited masculine tendencies, had "mothered" the kitten, even to the daily baths.

Seems like some animals do a better job at queer adjustments than some humans. And, we add, who says humans have a monopoly on "rising to the occasion"?

* * *

ISN'T IT THE TRUTH?

These are the days of business highs and stock market lows. Nowadays no self-respecting quotation would be caught on the page with a business index. Nobody knows why.

The stock market is the nation's Economic Mystery Number One. Some say it's war, and some say peace. Some say it's inflation, and some say deflation. Washington doesn't say anything.

That makes two things that Washington has learned it can't cure by legislation—the stock market and defense.

Capital Comment

BY BRUCE CATTON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.—(UP)—Shake-up of the whole government youth program is expected soon. Out of it will come a merging of the Civilian Conservation Corps and the National Youth Administration into one agency, and it may be that some of the functions of the office of education will also be drawn.

Both Aubrey Williams, head of NYA, and J. J. McEntee, head of CCC, may be replaced, though who will head the new agency isn't known.

Parallels between the work of CCC and NYA are obvious. CCC has approximately 1,350 camps, in which 260,000 enrollees are getting training. NYA has 500 work camps, and has additional work projects for youths who remain at home. In all, its programs take care of about 130,000 men. NYA programs offer most of the varieties of work offered by CCC, and in addition include a good deal of training in mechanics that the CCC boys do not get.

Both NYA and CCC draw their enrollees from relief families. Many lads have at one time or another been in both groups; most of the lads who are eligible for CCC are also eligible for NYA, and sometimes there actually has been competition for the youths by the two services.

In general, NYA currently has been trying to turn out young men equipped to take jobs in private industry, while CCC has had slightly more of a military tinge. Some army authorities are known to feel that CCC might well become a training group for many of the "specialists" the growing army needs—cooks, bakers, truck drivers, signal corps linemen, and so on.

ART FOR ALL

With most of the government concentrating on the job of getting ready for war and destruction, you should know about the art work Edward Bruce is doing for your government.

Edward Bruce is chief of the section of fine arts of the federal works agency, and it's his job to see that new government buildings are properly equipped with paintings, sculptures, murals and what-not. He makes an exciting job out of it—largely because he is taking the capital A off of the word "art" and is getting it out of the art museums and into places like postoffices, hospitals and courthouses where ordinary folk can enjoy it.

Biggest stunt Bruce has pulled recently is the set of water colors he got together. Uncle Sam was building a marine hospital at Carville, La. Usual procedure is to allot 1 per cent of the building cost for decorations. Bruce announced that he'd pay $30 apiece for each of 300 water colors—which comes to $9,000—stipulating only that they be pleasant and cheerful in tone.

More than 10,000 paintings were submitted in this project, most of them by comparatively unknown artists, and most of them extremely good. Bruce had a committee of ranking artists pick the 300 for the hospital; then he put the best of the remainder on exhibition in Washington, invited the public to buy them at $30 each, and a lot of pictures have been sold.

And so, if your tax bills are bothering you unduly and you think the government in Washington is going to the dogs, you can get consolation out of the fact that it will go with artistic trimmings.

Pointed Paragraphs

The future of money administration in the U. S. should be devoted to stimulating the distribution of wealth, so that the output of 100 per cent capacity can be absorbed as produced.

—Sir Charles Morgan-Webb, British visiting economist.

Kay Falconer, girl flier, and Bill Wakeman, transport pilot, meet after their planes nearly collide above the airport outside Los Angeles. He furiously hauls her out and generally belittles her flying ability. She bitterly resents his tirade against her and, determining to "show him" that women can fly as well as men, decides to attempt a solo non-stop flight from Honolulu to the farthest point east in the United States that she can reach. He scoffs at the idea and says she'll fail. Despite the feud between them, it's plain to their friends that they are interested in each other. Judy Trent, stenographer on Wakeman's plane, is jealous of Kay, for Judy idolizes Wakeman. He has been a "big brother" to her for years, ever since her real brother died. She's grateful, but secretly longs for him to feel more than brotherly affection toward her.

CHAPTER XII

BILL WAKEMAN stood before the door of the Glendale apartment in which Judith Trent lived. He pressed the doorbell, then heard the tap of slippers.

"Who's there?" he heard Judy ask. "If you're the milkman, I don't need any."

"I'm not the milkman."

"Bill Wakeman!" he heard.

The door swung open. He saw that Judy's eyes were bright with excitement.

"This is a nice time—" she paused, looking up at him. "You've got lines in your face and you look a million years old. I'll bet you've been up all night. What's the matter?"

"Nothing," he said. "I've just got a surprise for you."

"You're jittery. Come on, confess."

"I tell you there's nothing wrong. I came because of the surprise."

He kissed her lightly on the forehead, then entered the tiny apartment.

"I'll get us some breakfast," she said. "You need a cup of coffee. I'll put it on."

She went into the kitchenette. A moment later she was back.

"It's on the fire," she said. "Now, what's the surprise?"

"If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise any more. Say—what do you say we make a day of it? Got a date?"

She nodded.

"With you," she added.

"That's better. We'll go places. Seems like weeks since we've really cut loose."

"It *has* been weeks," she said.

SHE went into the breakfast nook, brought out spoons, knives, cups and saucers, plates and put them on the table.

"Where're we going? What're we going to do?" she asked.

"Anything to get away from airplanes and Union Air Terminal," he said. "We might go for a drive first."

"In the rusty chariot?" Judy demanded, happily.

She poured the coffee, put bread in the toaster. He sat down at the place she'd fixed for him.

"We can get away pretty soon?" he asked.

"We'll be off in a jiffy. What're you so excited about? You can't fool Judy. You've got something on your mind."

He didn't answer.

"What's new on the Falconer woman?" she asked.

"She's set to hop," he replied. "Why do you always have to bring her up?"

Judy pursued heedlessly. "Hear from her?"

He forced a smile, waved his hands indifferently.

"All I know is what I read in the papers."

"Think she'll make it?" she asked.

"Ten dollars of mine says she won't."

"Who'd you bet with?"

"Her."

"Oh——" He saw her surprised look.

He studied her. "It's about time you got out into the air. You're pale—and you've lost weight. I don't like those blue shadows under your eyes. By the way—how's the pain in your side?"

"It's been a lot better," she said. He devoured the last of the toast, finished his coffee.

They gathered the dishes up, stacked them on the sink. She washed them with excited deftness. He whistled a light little tune as he wiped them.

"Now, get out of here," she ordered. "I'll slip out of this rag and into something decent."

"So I'm thrown out, am I?"

He laughed and grabbed his hat from a table as she propelled him toward the door.

"I'll be downstairs, gulping fresh air."

He went downstairs and outdoors, got into his car, waited.

A LITTLE later, he saw her bound out of the apartment house entrance, dressed in a navy blue frock and a hat to match.

He saw her stand and stare.

Then she exclaimed, "Why, Bill! A new car! What pretty, shiny black! A convertible, too!"

He got out, opened the door for her, bowed deeply.

"Enter, my lady!" he invited. "I told you I'd have a surprise for you."

"It's adorable!" Then she added. "But how could you afford it?"

She got in, admired the compact dashboard, the radio, the leather upholstery.

He laughed. "If it'll ease your mind, and you won't think I've robbed a bank, I'll tell all. When Clarke Rutherford comes back from his honeymoon, he'll find a letter with a check in it, and he'll mark a certain note 'paid in full.' In contemplating this pretty picture of Clarke in action, I got a little hilarious and celebrated. This is the answer."

"Nice going," she said. "I'm glad you've paid. Pretty soon I'll have another payment for you, too."

"Forget it. Whither away?"

"Let's just pretend we have all the time in the world, and we're just out to see it," she suggested.

"A noble thought."

In no time at all, they were in sleepy little San Fernando.

"This community," he announced with a wave of his hand, is noted for one mission, several olive trees. Yonder is a pass, and that pass takes you to Bakersfield."

"Don't kid me, mister. The car takes you up there. The pass stands still."

"Don't be technical, you brat!" "I'm not a brat," she declared.

VERY soon, they were in Bakersfield. Wakeman, stopping for gasoline, discovered that it was only tenth-thirty. He glanced at a road sign.

"San Francisco—292 miles," it challenged.

"Want to see some tall buildings?" he asked Judy.

"What tall buildings?"

"The ones in San Francisco."

"But it's a long way," she protested.

"This car has wings," he told her. "I'll buy you a dinner at an Italian place I know."

"But how'll we ever get home tonight?"

"Stop quibbling. We won't. We'll stay up tomorrow night. We'll get up early and drive back to make Flight Six east tomorrow afternoon."

"I ought to say no——" she mused. "They don't have Indians selling baskets in San Francisco, do they?"

"No. That's only in Albuquerque. I'll buy you a toothbrush."

"I'm sick of seeing Indians selling baskets," she decided. "Sold for a toothbrush and toothpaste to boot."

"You're a pal," he told her.

"I'm a good sport, and a pal, and a brat, and a youngster, and a shrimp, and couldn't I please be more than that?"

He didn't answer. He sent the car northward.

(To be continued)

(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

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IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 9.—Betty Furness (retired since marriage) and Bandleader Johnny Green may take their troubles to a judge soon . . . After the sneak, Frank Capra recalled the cast of "Life of John Doe" for retakes that will shorten the picture . . . Shirley Temple's pop is about to turn actors' agent.

Jawn Bah-rymore doesn't know it yet but his troubles aren't ended—Uncle Sam has more of that tax business up his sleeve . . . Non-com officers at March Field are tossing a big party for Veronica Lake any minute . . . Crushing climax: A misprint in a Sioux City newspaper ad for "Public Deb No. 1" advertised the film as "Public Debt No. 1" . . . Ha! Whitney Bourne gave a pint of blood for that British Blood-Bank, then fainted dead away.

Rumors to the contrary, Orson Welles has made up his mind that his second movie will star Dolores Del Rio, but he won't be in it. He's already signed a Mexican singer and will make part of the film below the border . . . Patsy Ruth Miller, ex-star, has written a play ("Windy Hill") which is set for Broadway with Binnie Barnes starred . . . Reason Cary Grant isn't being seen around, is that Barbara Hutton has been very ill since returning from her father's funeral.

Eddie Albert, ever prone to experiment in human nature, turned up with a zany idea the other day, and followed through to an interesting conclusion. Outfitted in a gold-braided doorman's uniform—but otherwise undisguised—he took his stand at the entrance to the Bublichki, one of our swankier nite spots. There, politely bowing persons in and out, he remained for two hours. During that time, a score of his friends and acquaintances saw him. Not one recognized Eddie—though several gave him tips!

* * *

MEMORIES: When Dorothy Mackaill touched off a tempest by endorsing, in a press interview, companionate marriage for movie stars . . . When Lupe Velez, describing her father's swordsmanship, seized a foil that hung over her hostess' mantle, made a savage thrust—and shattered a priceless antique vase . . . When Lon Chaney walked off a set because he believed one of the property men, fired by a director, had been given a dirty deal . . . When Will Rogers, a fanatical advocate of civic neatness, stopped his car and walked back to pick up a newspaper he had carelessly thrown away . . . When Antonio Moreno, burned by insinuations that he had married for money, stormed into a newspaper office and presented the editor with a complete financial statement.

* * *

BELLS AND NO-BELLS: Bells to: Bob Hope, who hosted a group of English refugee children to a rodeo and Wild West outing at the B-Bar-H ranch . . . Alice Faye, for repeatedly taking time out on the "Road to Rio" set to instruct Carmen Miranda in camera technique instead of using her co-star's inexperience to steal scenes . . . Maureen O'Sullivan, for turning her back on her career, to be with her director-husband, John Farrow, in Canada for war duty . . . NO BELLS to: Paulette Goddard, for her failure to show up at the party given for the cast and crew of her current picture . . . That top-flight producer who argued he should be allowed to bowl free—because he was prominent enough to attract business to the alleys.

* * *

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNIQUES to: Linda Darnell: Pretty little girls shouldn't bite their fingernails . . . Annabella: I know a dame in Salt Lake City who guarantees he can do away with your foreign accent in three months time . . . Jimmy Stewart: Congratulations, sir, for not trying to heroize yourself because your number was drawn so early in the conscription draft.

ABBIE AN' SLATS