

Love God and He will dwell with you, Obey God, and He will reveal to you the truth of His deepest teachings.—Robert

EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1941

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 Chamber of Commerce:

Gentlemen: Seems the Bremerton census count, last April, was something over 15,000. But those state highway department signs at the city's entrances still report: "Population, 10,170." Can't you do something about correcting this typographical error? CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Everybody:

Dear Friends: Have you eaten an apple today? Grocery stores are cooperating with governmental agencies to get rid of the apple surplus. Growers on the other side of the Cascades will be the beneficiaries of this movement. Eat more apples and help a good cause. CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Navy Secretary Knox:

Dear Sir: After what Nazi dive-bombers recently accomplished against British fleet units, it's nice to know our warships are going to get additional deck armor and anti-aircraft batteries. CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Puget Power:

Dear Reddy Killo Watt: Yours must be an extremely desirable business. First the PUD wants you, now the city commission has the same idea. What's so attractive about you? CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Governor Langlie:

Dear Art: Your splendid inaugural address disclosed that you've already given deep, intelligent study to the state's problems. And your plan for cooperation did not fall on deaf ears. Here's your good wish that your performance as governor will justify the voters' faith in you. CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To the State Highway Dept.:

Gentlemen: Just in case you've forgotten, here's a reminder that you promised several years ago, to do something about eliminating those perilous curves on Navy Yard highway. CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Telephone Users:

Dear Folks: With telephone service improving with the installation of new equipment, isn't it about time we were looking again to our telephone manners? Nettled by unavoidable service delays in the past we may have raised our voices and snarled our numbers, but now how about a little modulation and personality via the mouthpiece? CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Jupiter Pluvius:

Dear Rain-Maker: Aren't you out-doing yourself just a little this week? Or did you decide to vent your wrath upon the Puget Sounders, who are accustomed to your antics, instead of causing more embarrassment to southern Californians, who already have had about all the rain they can stand? CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Navy Yard Workers:

Dear Friends: Now that all of you have worked the six-day week for the first time in recent years, is it really so bad as you often complain? After all, doesn't that time-and-a-half compensate for your loss of Saturday morning sleep? CHIEF KITSAP JR.

To Our Legislators:

Dear Law-Makers: We note that one of your members has introduced a bill to repeal the Sunday blue laws, and that's swell with us. The mere principle of enforcing part of a law and over-looking the balance is poor policy. If the blue laws are repealed, you can still enact non-Sunday-beer-legislation, should the majority desire. CHIEF KITSAP JR.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

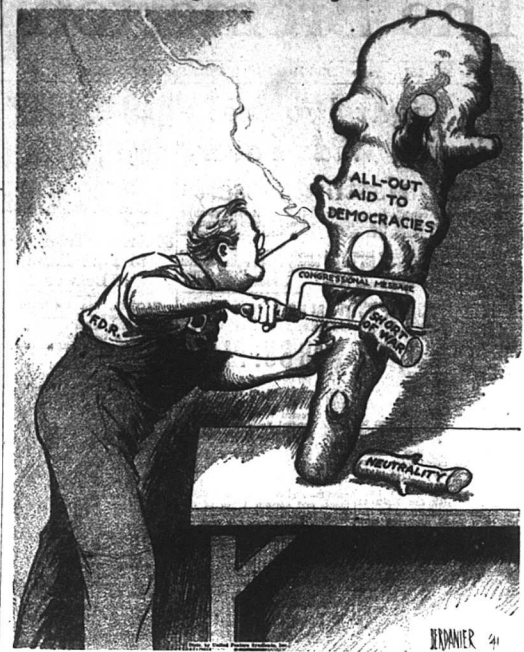
HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 18.—Elsa Maxwell's about to become an air personality for a peanut concern, giving Tom Lewis a hard time. Wotzie about Loretta Young and new hubby Tony Lewis rehearsing lullabies? Alice Faye is losing her "steady"—Sandy Cummings is Argentine bound for a long time to do some horse trading... Don't believe rumors that Florine McKimney is romancing else where; she's almost a cinch to get her divorce from Senator-ly Barry Trivers... News to me: 50 motion pictures have been produced in or near Hollywood in the past week. Geo. Raft is harassing Warner to let him make "Maltese Falcon," because he thinks the script is more suited to him than any other read... Mary Livingston (Mrs. Jack Benny) lost her gold-toothed bracelet down a Civic drain the other night, and the management had to rip apart its plumbing to get the piece... Cobina Wright Jr. is making herself a lot of sales—but she's hottest-est in Phil Kellough's company... Columbia's "Buffy Christy" will be a double company picture. Ruby

Keeler and Bandleader Ozzie Nelson. Dorothy Lamour's momma

RED RYDER



Cutting Knots Off Big Stick



The 'Round Towner By The Staff

Glimpsed by the Round Towner: Ted Round at the basketball game. Mrs. H. A. Babcock, H. H. Lang and Barney Rindal, down from Poulsbo, attending an infantile paralysis meeting. Charley Hickox and son, Charles, on the Gig Harbor-Tacoma ferry. Harold Rich going to work. Si Fertke winning a bet. June Frick writing a check. Oscar Olson trimming a stock of pair at his barber shop. Roy Adair, George Jurdich and George Broughton playing golf. Tim Holt going home from work.

A LETTER GOES ASTRAY

What memories do you have concerning your own letter-writing? Have you written many that you later wished you hadn't written at all? Have you left unwitting some that you now wish you had written? Perhaps your first experience at letter-writing was in grade school when you penned a note to Mary Jane, who was sitting up the aisle three or four seats.

ONE CONSOLATION

We're a lot better prepared for this war than we were for the last one. Why, we went into that last war with only a couple of billion dollars worth of debt! And as hard as we tried, all our war efforts could only get us up to about half what we've got now. Right then and there we swore we'd never get caught like that again. And we haven't.

We may be a little short on things like airplanes, but we've got plenty of debt.

referred the "other worms—" "I'm your year, end!"

QUOTES AND COMMENT: Ruth Husey: "This is not a girl's town—so far as husbands go."

LAUGH OF THE WEEK: Bing Crosby's story about the boy-women that emerged from its hole one spring morning. He took a deep breath, surveyed the beauty of the day and landscape, and cried: "Life is wonderful. I must find a lovely girl-worm." Off he went, looking for one. He found a mass of grass, weeds and flowers—until presently he ran smack-dab into another worm. Immediately he puffed his chest and murmured: "Ah, yes, are the loveliest creature I've ever laid eyes on." "What up, you old fool,"

Help Needed Pronto



TODAY'S PROFILE

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh



"Another telegram from his son in college, asking for a dough—no wonder he's wild!"

SHE HAD WINGS



BY EDWARD CHURCHILL

A feud flared between Kay Paloser, girl singer, and Bill Wakeman, trumpet player, after their planes nearly collided above the airport outside Los Angeles. When he bellies her, she bellies him, she determines to "show him" and decides to attempt solo non-stop flight from Honolulu to the farthest west in the United States that she can reach.

Robbins' office is the most unbusinesslike in a building which at least is unorthodox. He called in his secretary to help him get the system working. He has stopped on a busy thoroughfare to show his experience in the same business.

Pointed Paragraphs

Europe will turn in its desperation either east to Russia or west to the United States. Europe will turn in its desperation either east to Russia or west to the United States. Europe will turn in its desperation either east to Russia or west to the United States.

CHAPTER XX

KAY kept repeating her radio calls. Suspense frayed her nerves. She wanted to scream. She glanced at the altimeter, and found that she'd lost a thousand more feet.

She repeated her call until her voice was hoarse and cracking. Finally, she sat bolt upright. In a momentary flash of inspiration, she had detected the faint sound of a motor.

ONLY ALTERNATIVE: She was obviously annoyed when she returned from her shopping expedition. "John," she said to her husband, "I've just found that the woman next door has a coat exactly the same as mine."

John looked up from his banking account, which he had been writing to balance. "Well, my dear," he said, "I suppose you'd like to buy a new dress?"

"Yes," she replied, "it wouldn't be cheaper than moving, would it?" "Montreal Star."

about HIS pictures—instead of YOURS.

AIRLINES: Bing Crosby is threatening to take another immediate lay-off until absenteeism from the SCA network would be a thing.

"Bill did get to cheering again," said the blond, "and he looked through the window. She saw that she was down in a valley, and she was shouting 'Thank you, thank you.'"

"The intruder, the new fellow, looked down at his watch. The intruder, the new fellow, looked down at his watch. The intruder, the new fellow, looked down at his watch."

"The wave rolled on, and the ship went down into a trough. The wave rolled on, and the ship went down into a trough. The wave rolled on, and the ship went down into a trough."

"The ship continued." "The characters in this serial are not two thousand feet altitude. I'm losing it fast. I don't know."