Let death be daily before your eyes, and you will never entertain any abject thought, nor too eagerly covet anything. —Epictetus.

# EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE



WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 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

JULIUS GIUS, Editor     A. F. OTTEVAERE, Business Manager

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## What Kind of a World Do We Want?

Neither Germany nor Britain has stated with any directness, its war aims—the kind of Europe and the kind of world they would like to see emerge from the war.

As long as both are locked in death grips, it isn't likely that either will. Once at war, the only object is to win. Remolding the world comes afterward.

There can be no harm, therefore, and perhaps some good, in speculation about these things in the U. S.

* * *

We had a hand once in rearranging Europe. It was a reluctant hand, as shown by the fact that the U. S. fought only as an "associated," never an "allied" power, and that it never did sign the Versailles treaty, but made a separate peace with Germany later (Treaty of Berlin, 1921). Most of the suggestions we made in 1919 were rejected, and even those which were adopted did not work very well.

Yet when Senator Wheeler issued his recent prescription for Europe, his 1941 version of a Wilsonian Fourteen Points, what did he propose? Nothing better than another of those interminable reshufflings, re-carvings, of the European map.

It seems doubtful if anything like that will do this time. No matter who wins, the defeated people will remain a fact, and a stubborn fact. Germany was beaten, and thoroughly beaten in 1918, but the German people remained a fact. The French people were beaten this time, and terribly beaten, but they remain a fact, as Herr Hitler is already beginning to discover. Franco already knows that, despite the shootings and executions, that the large republican element in his people remains a fact. And the Norwegian people are facts, and the Dutch, and the Belgian, and the Polish and Czech. Military victory does not eliminate people. They remain.

No possible rearrangement of Europe into another set of nationalistic closets, walled off from the rest by tariff barriers and artificial restrictions, can be much better than the one devised in 1919—a rearrangement by the way, that embodied a considerable amount of scientific study, and was by no means entirely a victor's caprices.

* * *

Europe must federate or die. Not as the Caesars federated it, or as Napoleon tried to federate it, under a single master working the other people as slaves—such a federation leaves safe no country in the world.

Europe requires a continental economy, allowing national political and cultural institutions, yet allowing continental freedom of shipping and intercourse and trade in such a way that all can live.

The U. S. can certainly impose no such order in Europe, nor would it be so foolish as to try. Yet Europe itself has produced almost no leadership with such a vision.

We can only hope that somewhere, in the trenches or bomb-shelters, it is being born.

So many people really need sympathy you shouldn't waste any on yourself.

* * *

Wonder if a pig gets any satisfaction out of knowing he may grow up to be chicken salad.

## Income Tax Warning

Even if you never before made an income tax return, you may be required to make one in March, so get ready.

Only the 7,000,000 people who made returns in 1940 will receive blanks from the treasury department. But another 8,000,000 will have to file returns this year, though they never did before, and therefore will receive no blanks. It is up to them to get the blanks themselves.

The more-than-double number making a return is due to the fact that this year every individual having a gross income of $800 or more, or married people living together with a combined gross income of $2,000 or more, must file a return. Hitherto the figure determining whether one filed a return was a net figure, now it is gross—all incomes regardless of exemptions. Probably less than half of the 15,000,000 people expected to file a return this year will have to pay a tax when exemptions are taken and calculations are made. But the return must be made, nevertheless.

Most of these newcomers in the Income Tax club don't know all the angles as yet. The deadline is March 15, let us remind them, and it's not too soon to begin getting together their information and preparing to get the blank, fill it out, and file it.

## After Its Scalp.

## The 'Round Towner By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: **Mrs. J. L. Brott** looking over her new furniture—**A. J. Bernard** headed for Marine drive—**Mrs. J. E. Barber** preparing a meal—**R. W. Moore** looking happy—**Clara Mae Murphy** crossing the Manette bridge—**F. M. Neill** on Park drive—**H. Ward**, the photographer, over from Port Orchard—**Cliff Knapp** driving his delivery truck down Pacific ave.—**William MacInnes** reading The Sun—**Horace Burks** adjusting his necktie—**H. A. Babcock** busy in his office in P. S. N. Y.—**Mrs. R. J. Allen** attending a meeting.

* * *

**THE TIDE DOES A JOB**

It's been a year since this leg of the 'Round Towner visited South America's west coast, and we just remembered to report an unusual bit of seafaring knowledge we acquired on that tour.

We learned about the one spot in the world where a tugboat company would go bust quicker'n (snap!) that.

Between Josepfina and Guayaquil, on the coast of Ecuador, the local seafaring gents employ a unique towage technique.

It seems they quarry (or what the heck is the word?) a quantity of sand at Josepfina, which is used at Guayaquil for making concrete and other construction purposes. Water is the only form of transportation thereabouts, and the haul is several miles.

Big rafts made of balsa wood are loaded with sand- and floated to their destination on the strong tidal currents prevalent. What's even more unusual, the empty rafts are floated back again on the reverse tide!

* * *

**LITTLE UNION, LONG NAME**

As self-appointed chairman-in-chief for the Foundation to Promote the Naming of Organizations With Long, Drawn-out Handles Requiring Five Minutes to Say in One Breath, Incorporated, the 'Round Towner feels that he must pass this along.

It's the name of a labor union, probably one of the smallest in the country, especially in comparison with the length of its name. Now take a deep breath, and remember, dear reader, the rules prescribe that your lung-power must plow through this one without a re-fill. The name of the union:

"Compressed Air, Free Air, Foundation, Tunnel, Caisson, Cylinder, Subway, Cofferdam and Sewer Construction Workers Union, A. F. of L."

Members of this union are commonly referred to as "sandhogs," the middlemen between tons of earth and rock on one hand and tons of air on the other. James Gallagher, president of local 147 of the union, will be a guest of Fred Allen on his radio show Wednesday night, our radio editor informs us.

The guy who named the Society for the Preservation of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America was a piker compared to the union men who named the "Compressed Air, Free Air, etc." union.

* * *

**INFORMATION PLEASE**

It's a town in Egypt.

The Sun, in news stories about the war, spells it "Bugbug."

The Philadelphia Record spells it "Buqbuq."

The New York Times spells it "Bag Bag."

The New York World-Telegram spells it "Bug Bug."

The Philadelphia Ledger spells it "Buc Buc."

The Baltimore Morning Sun spells it "Buq Buq."

And the Baltimore Evening Sun, a paper of fine old liberal traditions, splits the difference and spells it—"Buqbug."

* * *

**THE YARD SPEEDS UP**

The speed-up in work in Puget Sound navy yard, we are advised, is taking its toll.

A machinist was telling us yesterday that his helper had resigned. Asked why he quit, the helper explained: "I've a guilty feeling all the time."

"About what?" asked the mechanic.

"Well, I'm all the time thinking I'm doing a horse out of a job."

## IN HOLLYWOOD

### By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 22.—George Raft has been recourtin' Virginia Pine (she has a part in Gertrude Lawrence's new legit) but with her, it's "just friends" . . . How come papers failed to note that Eddie Albert wrapped his car around a pole the other night? The car was smashed but Eddie wasn't.

St. Margaret's School (Conn.) is suing Howard Tierney (Gene's papa) for tuition allegedly unpaid when she attended there . . . Despite all, this pillar thinks Al Jolson is still warm for Rudy Keeler . . . Paramount is trying to clear rights to the life of Anna Held, as a Mary Martin starrer.

A loving "fan" just sent Robert Taylor a tarantula via the mails! . . . Cy Bartlett, Alice White's ex, is long-distancing Judy Ford, the "Louisiana Purchase" eyeful . . . And Bruce Cabot is calling Eleanor French, the NY society thrush, from all stops on his tour . . . Shirley Temple's moma had to veto a fabulous 26-week air offer because dotter's MGM pact stipulates eight guest shots yearly.

Wot means all the secret conferences between Mary Pickford and Harold Lloyd—a new producing company as hinted here weeks ago? . . . Those two bulls imported from Spain for "Blood and Sand" cost 20th Century the price of a fair sized war.

* * *

**Here's an amusing sidelight on Mexican business sagacity, reported by members of 20th Century's Blood and Sand" unit, locationing in Mexico City. In order to film closeups, the company rented a huge storehouse and rigged it with equipment. Visitors were specifically banned, but despite stern turnaways at the doors, the crowds increased daily. Becoming curious, the troupe manager began asking questions and learned the chucklesome truth.**

**The owner of the building, working at night, had bored scores of holes through the wall—and was renting them at two-bits an hour!**

* * *

MUTTERINGS: What satisfaction it would be to choke show-off directors who vent their spleen on extras who can't talk back . . . Imaginable hilarious evening: Refereeing a no-words-barred argument on "Aid To Britain" between **Constance Bennett** and Senator **Burton K. Wheeler** . . . The longer I'm in Hollywood, the more I'm convinced it's a town of love at first sight—only . . . Nervous itch: To interrupt a **Nelson Eddy** concert with a polite "Pardon me, sir, have you a crick in your neck?" . . .

* * * *

THE HIT PARADE: The Screen: RKO's **"Mr. and Mrs. Smith"** (Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery). An enjoyable comedy antidote for the profusion of recent glum movies . . . DISC: **"Miss Johnson Phoned Again Today"** (Bluebird). An entrancing voice (Joan Merrill) takes a song that sounds like Cole Porter, but isn't, and makes a best-seller record. (Other side) **"How Did He Look."** Just as Cole Porterish and just as bright . . . MOST SPARKLING MAGAZINE SOCK: The Ford Motor Co. ad in Friday magazine—which on other pages takes devastating stabs at Henry . . . SONG: **"How Did It Get So Late So Early?"** (From "Tall, Dark and Handsome"). A lilting tune and lyrics you'll probably try to memorize . . . MAGAZINE STORY: Stanley Paul's **"Intercollegiate Mile"** (Colliers).

## Capital Comment

### By BRUCE CATTON

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—America won't defeat the fifth column peril until the native-born, Anglo-Saxon-stock American gets a new attitude toward the immigrant and the immigrant's children.

That is the idea Louis Adamic is trying to put over as his contribution to the defense program. An immigrant himself, famous as the author of such books as "My America" and "The Native's Return," Adamic has been called as a consultant to help the defense commission work out its policy toward immigrant and minority groups.

The new attitude he wants to see calls for several things—more tolerance, more understanding, more plain, old-fashioned friendliness . . . plus a ralization that an immigrant can be the best sort of American without necessarily dropping his European customs.

**NAZI AGENTS LOOK AFTER ALIENS**

How does that fit in with the fifth column danger? Here is Adamic's explanation:

"Every person wants to be identified with something bigger and better than himself. The new immigrant here wants passionately to identify himself with his country. But so many times he is made to feel that the country doesn't want him. He's called a wop, or a hunkie, or he's laughed at because of his name.

"So he doesn't get identified with America—for America is not just a place; it's an idea. He remains isolated. Yet he still feels that driving need to be identified with something. And so some foreign movement picks him up. The fifth column gets him.

"Our Germans are often in a bad spot. I really studied a large American city where live 100,000 German-Americans. They're desperately afraid of war—not because they don't want the United States to beat Hitler, but because they're afraid of what may happen to them if war does come.

"In that city in the last war, there was one lynching of a German-American. The Nazis have got pictures and accounts of that lynching distributed all over.

"Yet those same Germans don't want Hitler to win."

The general lack of understanding between old-line Americans and the immigrants and their descendants Adamic sums up as "a vague kind of civil war."

"A good many of the old-stock Americans incline to be friendly," he says. "But they function in a personal way, as neighbor to neighbor. Meanwhile the unfriendly one is likely to get up on a stump and make a speech or write a book to express his enmity and suspicion—or he comes down here to congress and tries to put over some alien-baiting law. He may be in the minority, but he creates a bad attitude—which makes the alien withdraw and feel more than ever unidentified with America."

**TWO-YEAR STUDY OF IMMIGRANTS**

Two years ago Adamic got a grant from the Carnegie Foundation to make a comprehensive study of the immigrant in America. Since then he has traveled 200,000 miles, talking to people, making speeches and looking into things.

He made a speech last spring at Greensboro, N. C., and got acquainted with Harriett Elliott, dean of the Women's college, University of North Carolina. When she became head of the consumers' division of the defense commission she asked Adamic to come on her staff as a consultant.

In that capacity he helped organize a conference of civic groups, clubs and organizations like the American Legion, at which the whole program of drawing immigrant groups emotionally and intellectually into the defense effort was canvassed.

## Hold Everything . . . . . . . . by Josh

"That must be the new strategist I heard the general was getting!"

**A feud starts between Kay Falconer, girl flier, and Bill Wakeman, transport pilot, after their planes nearly collide above the airport outside Los Angeles. When he belittles her flying ability, she determines to "show him" and decides to attempt a solo non-stop flight from Honolulu to the farthest point east in the United States that she can reach. He bets her that she won't even reach Los Angeles. Despite all this, it's plain that he's deeply interested in her. When she makes the flight, runs into a storm off the coast of California and is forced down at sea, Wakeman and his co-pilot, Joe Hofstader, charter a plane and set out in search of her.**

### CHAPTER XXIII

FOR hours, Kay had been nauseated. For hours she had been cold, chilled by the winter wind which swept the sea to white caps, drenched her clothes. Her teeth were chattering.

The water horrified her. She got her phobia from watching the right wing. Slowly but surely, that right wing was submerging. Each wave which sloshed over it was creeping inevitably toward her. Sooner or later, the wing and the cabin, waterlogged, would go under—and she'd go, too.

Then there were the sharks in the water. She'd seen them. Their black fins, cutting the surface. As if they were waiting—waiting for that right wing to go under.

She recoiled, inched her legs away from the water, clung desperately to the handle of the cabin door. Wedged between the cabin and the wing, she had to watch to keep from letting go. Her fingers were numb, and she had the feeling that her hand had been cut off at the wrist.

Then she saw the amphibian.

At first she thought it might be a seagull. It was just a black dot against the blue sky. Then it got larger. It was coming toward her!

She tried to pull herself up on the wing, but found she was unable to move. Her muscles had gone to sleep or something.

THE amphibian came nearer. She watched it bank, level off to kill flying speed, slap down into the rough sea. The pilot was jazzing the motor to kick it closer.

She saw the figure at the controls. Bill Wakeman. This wasn't real. It couldn't be Wakeman. She had read about people going out of their heads and seeing things. She was alone on the water and pretty soon Wakeman and the plane would go away. . . .

She saw him taking off his tunic and his shirt. That meant he was going into the water.

"Look out, Bill—" she mumbled. "Sharks——"

She saw him drop into the sea, gasped with terror, looked around for the black fins. She couldn't tell whether she saw any or not. She'd seen so many, for so long. He swam toward her ship with long, powerful strokes.

"Bill! Look out! Look out!" she screamed, as she saw him grab at the edge of the wing, fail to get a grip.

"What's the matter?" he gasped.

"Sharks—the water—I'm afraid of it!" she cried.

"Don't be silly!" he snapped. "Come on. Slip off that wing. I'll catch you——"

She recoiled from the command.

"Hurry up!" he yelled. "I can't—get up—there——"

"Bill—I'm afraid—" she protested.

He swam to the half-submerged motor, grabbed the propeller. With a mighty effort, he levered his body to the propeller hubcap, swung his knee onto it.

He grabbed the motor cowling. He dragged himself onto it, teetered for a moment as a swell rocked the ship, then flung himself onto the wing at her side.

Kay was still clinging with a vise-like grip to the door handle. He got his breath, rocked to his feet. He grabbed at her hands, pulled them free of the handle.

"Stop it!" she screamed. "They'll kill us—they'll——"

"Snap out of it!" he ordered. "Move, will you?"

He pushed her. She slid into the water, struggling. He slid in after her, got his left arm under her armpit, across her chest.

CLINGING to this hold, he swam with her back to the amphibian. Panting with his exertion, fighting to keep from being dragged down by Kay's struggles, he got beside the ship. It swung dangerously, wallowed in the valley of a swell.

Hofstader gripped his shoulders, got his hands beneath his arms, yanked him half into the cockpit. Wakeman pulled himself higher, let go of Kay for an instant so that he could get his feet up. Then he bent down, grabbed her.

"Get that motor going before the crate's swamped!" he shouted at Hofstader. "I'll take care of Kay!"

He got her by the collar of her jacket, pulled her up, slipped first one hand and then the other beneath her arms. He pulled upward and backward. They floundered on the floor.

"What the devil's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You'd think I'd come out here to haunt you instead of save you. You might at least give us a little cooperation."

Kay pulled away from him. "And what am I supposed to be?" she demanded. "A sack of potatoes?"

"I'm trying to save you!" he answered, hotly. "Your antics keep me jittery for twenty-four hours. I fly out here and pick you up when fifty Coast Guardsmen are going in other directions. I pull you off a sinking wreck. So you beef at me!"

"How do you want me to act?" she retorted. "What am I supposed to do after twenty-four hours of what I've been through? Why kick me around until I get lost?"

They were sitting on the floor of the amphibian in a pool of water.

Wakeman glared at her. "Kick you around until you get lost? You *were* lost!"

"I was not. I iced up."

"Listen—if you're not lost, why don't you just go home?" he snapped.

"You—can't talk to me—like this—" Tears welled in her eyes.

HOFSTADER got the motor started. He kicked the ship around into the wind.

"Lay off the fighting, Bill, and close that door!" he shouted.

Wakeman closed it, then picked up Kay none too gently, and deposited her in the extra seat.

"I know I'm being wretched," she said miserably. "I'm sorry I wasn't on top of that crate cheering you. I'm licked. I'm a bum loser. But stop picking on me."

"I'm not picking on you. I'm just saying you didn't get there."

"I'd've made it if—" she began.

"Alibis?" he hurled at her. "In a minute you'll still be insisting dames can fly. You haven't proved it!"

Her voice rose. "I will prove it! I'll show you yet I can beat you!"

She fished into the watersoaked pocket of her jodhpurs, extracted a soggy roll of bills. She peeled off a five, handed it to him.

"Take your money," she said.

Wakeman smiled sourly, pulled his wallet from his hip pocket, opened the fold and plastered the bill on the few he had. He returned the billfold to his pocket, and shot a smouldering glance at Kay.

She was looking away from him, out the window.

*(To be continued)*

*(The characters in this serial are fictitious)*

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## POINTED PARAGRAPHS

We maintain that labor should be represented on every board created by this government for the promotion of our defense program. —President William Green, A. F. of L.

It's 12 o'clock, and the world is waiting to find out whether it's high noon or midnight. —Dorothy Fuldheim, Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies.

**RED RYDER**     Little Beaver No Savvy     By FRED HARMAN