The object of punishment is threefold: for just retribution; for the protection of society; for the reformation of the offender.—Tyron Edwards.

EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

TUESDAY, JANUARY 28, 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

Published every day except Sunday by The Bremerton Sun Publishing Co., 644 Fourth Street, Bremerton, Wash. Telephone 1275. Entered as second class matter July 22, 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, $1.25 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, Gillman, 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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Time for Quick Thinking

There is always time to be right.

The U. S. is today in much the position of Captain Flagg in "What Price Glory" when Sergeant Quirt flung at him the exultant and challenging "Think fast, Captain Flagg, think fast!"

On the "lease-lend" bill we must think fast. But that does not mean that we should not think at all. There is time to be right.

Nothing, either in speed or clarity, is gained by savage verbal pyrotechnics assailing all who would alter the bill by a tithe as "appeasers," or flaying those who favor the bill as interventionists already wading in blood up to the hips.

There are perfectly earnest, sincere men and women on both sides of this argument, and to impugn their sincerity is not the best tactic for their opponents to adopt. This is serious—far too serious to permit sacrificing accuracy on the altar of a phrase—as Sen. Wheeler did when he referred to "plowing under every fourth American boy." It is far too serious to answer every criticism of the bill with a piercing shriek of "Appeaser! Appeaser!"

Coldly, wisely, and quickly, the American people must approach the problem laid before them here. This is definite, practical. It is of no service to wish we could render aid without risk of war. As new means of extending aid are devised, and that aid becomes a greater and greater factor in the struggle, the risk of being involved increases. This weighing of more effective aid against greater present risk, this weighing of less effective aid against greater future risk, every man must do for himself.

Debate, as long as it sticks strictly to the subject, as long as it contributes to clearer understanding of the issue, is good.

But filibustering, senseless delays, persona, abuse, the calling of purple names, serve no good end.

The Nazi Flag Episode

Municipal Judge Mullins of San Francisco spoke with the wisdom of a Solomon when he made the following comment in convicting two sailors who tore down the Nazi flag at the German consulate.

"Certainly we, as Americans, who enjoy so many liberties that others do not have, and who now guard these liberties so jealously, cannot hope to maintain the respect of other nations if we do not observe the rights of others."

The navy boys who committed the thoughtless act and the crowd of several hundred who cheered them from the street below did not stop to consider the nazisque aspects of the incident. In Germany it would have been thoroughly in accord with the Hitler philosophy.

But in the U. S. we still are free to speak, act and write as we please, so long as we do it within the law and not subversively to the nation's interests.

That is a right we must jealously guard, as Judge Mullins says, not abuse capriciously, as was done in this case.

What!—Another One?

TODAY'S PROFILE

Charles Erwin Wilson, newly-appointed president of the General Motors Corporation, at 50, is one of the nation's youngest chief business executives.

The quiet but direct and well-tanned former chief engineer and sales manager succeeded William S. Knudsen as head of the $2,000,000,000 industry that employs some 300,000 men, but except for his white-thatched head gives no indication that he reached the half-century mark on July 18, 1940.

Born in Minerva, O., on July 18, 1890, Wilson was graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology in 1909 as an electrical engineer.

In 1912, in the employ of the Westinghouse company, Wilson designed the first automobile starting motors made by the company and in 1916 was placed in charge of all automobile electrical equipment engineering for the company. During the World war he was in charge of design and development of Westinghouse radio generators and dynamotors for the army and navy.

Wilson joined General Motors in April, 1919, as a chief engineer and sales manager of the automobile division of the Remy Electric company, a subsidiary.

In 1929 he was appointed executive vice president and subsequently was made acting president when Knudsen resigned to become a member of the national defense committee.

During the outbreak of strikes in Michigan several years ago, Wilson discouraged formation of citizens' vigilante committees and asked General Motors employees to stay off the street "to avoid violence."

His hobbies are limited, he says, and most of his spare time is spent reading biographies, history and mystery stories. His favorite sport is horseback riding.

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh

"Is he that stupid sergeant you were telling me about?"

LETTERS

Editor, The Sun:—I read in your paper of the 22nd that the city contemplates improvements to the Manette bridge to relieve the Washington ave. traffic problem by making Washington ave. a one-way street between 6th and 9th, with auto traffic permitted in a northerly direction only and routing cars from Manette over Highland ave. via 9th st.

Possibly this may work out alright, but it hardly seems possible, at the rate the bridge traffic has increased since the bridge became free and with the new houses now building and the proposed housing projects in Manette the increase of traffic will be even greater. Traffic ave. is now overcrowded at the busy hours when yard workers are going to and from their work and this would direct more traffic on that street while Washington ave. from the bridge to the navy yard would be comparatively quiet.

As a property owner on this street it seems to me the only logical way to remedy present conditions for safety would be to widen Washington ave. from 9th st. to 9th st. and then the traffic would be divided and relief forced to conjest on Pacific ave.

Let Washington ave. take care of its share. It is a shame for a fine wide street as Washington ave. is from 6th st. to the navy yard to have to become a half a street because of three blocks of narrow thoroughfare.

I feel sure that the property owners on this street would be glad to co-operate with the city or state to make these three blocks wider and thus avoid the possibility of accidents and loss of life.

Sincerely,

A TAXPAYER.

(Name on request to the Editor.)

* * *

PROTESTS COLUMN

Editor, The Sun:—Here is one of your regular subscribers that protests most furiously at your reprint of the German propaganda column, taken from their official propaganda news, "Facts in Review."

In so doing you most certainly are helping them spread their malicious propaganda. Thousands of people will have the opportunity to read it, who otherwise would not have had, and among those thousands will be some who will believe it, and the brigands have another follower in the U. S.

I know you have the right, yet, to print what you please, but all good Americans are supposed to be loyal enough to refrain from helping to make things worse for they are. Your excuse "that it is for the record" is no excuse at all.

MRS. H. M. ATHERTON,
Kitsap State St.

QUICK THINKING

Teacher: Now, which boy can name five things that contain milk?

Freckle-faced Jimmie: Butter cheese, ice cream and two cows.—Commerce Gusher.

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

On the rounds with the 'Round Towner **Mrs. Jean Jensen** waiting in line to attend a movie . . . **John Baertschiger** stopping his milk truck to clean the street of broken glass when a case of cream toppled over . . . **Mrs. Stanley Pearce** on her way to a party . . . **Mrs. Earl Harris** laughing . . . **Miss Grace Ellis** enroute to work . . . **Ann Briggs** with two friends . . . **Mrs. Al Hanson** stopping in at The Sun office . . . **Mrs. Kate Lavender** on Washington ave . . . **Frank Archer** reporting for selective service.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

Did you ever watch a man read a newspaper? Possibly one or two headlines may register as he hurriedly thumbs through the pages to get at the funnies. It doesn't take a careful census compiled by George Gallup to tell us people like the comics. Watching a newspaper being read is sufficient.

Aeons ago in Europe lived the Cro-Magnan men. These men had very large brains and did nothing with them (so far as we can learn) except draw pictures. They were known as great artists. Are we approaching a Cro-Magnan cycle again?

If we were to pick up a newspaper of the future—2000 B. C., let's say—what would we find? Headlines? How absurd. We couldn't afford to waste that much good space.

The news of the future will be dramatized in the form of easily read and digested "funnies." When Germany starts a blitzkrieg it will be shown as Hitler thumbing his nose at Great Britain and darting through the clouds with a death-ray gun.

England will be depicted with Churchill making faces between fogs and sending out swarms of wasps with bomb stingers.

Mussolini will be pictured as a bulldog with an Albanian headache and an abscessed Ethiopian and Libyan tooth just ready to break.

The cartoons of the day already are getting the spirit of this thing. In another four-score years the entire newspaper will be cartoons and "funnies"; overworked readers won't have to pour over columns of type. And then, how's the 'Round Towner gonna earn a living?

HOW TO EAT AN APPLE

Have you ever pondered the right way to eat an apple? Most people are curious and aren't real sure of themselves.

The first step is to polish it. This cleans the apple and makes it bright and shining. A brisk rub with a turkish towel brings out a small amount of natural wax, which heightens the polish.

Now, the first bite. This should be made with as much grace as possible. Don't be afraid to have people see you take the first bite. Just go to it. If you can't be graceful, don't worry about it.

There are some who may wish to peel the beautiful red covering from the apple. Horrendous! The red skin looks nice and the flavor just under it is of the best. Disdain a knife, decidedly.

After consuming the apple's skin and most of the pulp, you finally come to the best part, the core. The sweetest meat is around the core and the seeds have more flavor than any nut. You may be a little bashful about eating the core the first time or two, but you soon grow accustomed to it.

When one hungry urchin watched another eating an apple and asked for the core, he was told: "There ain't gonna be no core." We generally say this.

This leaves us holding a hard apple stem. If you take a knife and sharpen it, it does very well as a toothpick.

* * *

WE APPLAUD

The 'Round Towner particularly enjoys:

The very tiny urge of spring fever we felt on the weekend with its grand weather.

Anticipating the summer weddings that are planned.

Vacation time.

Chocolate covered cream puffs. Yummmm.

Winning prizes.

Pitting wills with a spoiled child and coming out on top.

Parties.

SHE WANTED Wings

BY EDWARD CHURCHILL

A feud starts between Kay Falconer, girl flier, and Bill Wakeman, pilot for Intercoastal Airlines, after their planes nearly collide over the Burbank airport outside Los Angeles. When he belittles her flying ability, she determines to "show him" and decides to attempt a solo flight from Honolulu to the United States. He says she'll fail. Despite all this, it's plain that they are attracted to each other. In Honolulu, Kay is depressed when she doesn't hear from him. Her friend Patsy Lane, deciding he needs a jolt, tells the newspapers that Kay is engaged to Greg Dixon, her technical advisor. To save Dixon's feelings, Kay does not deny the story. When her flight fails, Wakeman gloats, making her all the more determined to get the best of him. Through pull, she obtains a job as co-pilot with Intercoastal but, on her first training flight under his supervision, she's forced to admit she knows little about transport planes. During the flight, he speaks of her engagement to Dixon and is surprised when she denies it.

CHAPTER XXVIII

"AREN'T you engaged to Dixon?" Wakeman asked.

"Of course not," Kay said. "That was just a mistake."

"Yours?"

"The newspapers," she said. "Patsy got excited. Made it all up. Maybe you'd like to know how that happened."

"Curiosity swamps me."

"You promised to write," she said. "You promised to cable. You didn't. So Patsy got the idea that if you saw that you had competition, you would."

"You wanted to hear from me?" he asked.

She was silent.

He turned his attention to his instruments. "I've just picked up the localizer," he said. "We ride that in."

He paused. "I talked to Clarke yesterday. He and Patsy and I are going to have a homecoming party at the Tron. Make it a foursome tonight?" he asked.

"I'd love to," she replied, eagerly. "It's a date."

HE BEGAN mushing down, broke up through the fog. She saw the field lights ahead.

"It's easy—when you know how," she marvelled.

"Think you understand it?" he asked.

"I think so. But I've got an awful lot to learn."

"You need a few more days of this—and you'll be all set," he told her. He pointed to levers behind him, showed her how to lower the landing gear and the wing flaps.

"Now you've got to go to your party," he said.

He let her taxi the ship up to the hangar. They left the cockpit, went through the main cabin to the door. He dropped the five feet to the ground. He turned, held up his arms, caught her. He wanted to hold her, she did. She was unresisting. He saw her face turn up to his, invitingly. He bent, felt her soft, warm lips. He felt her, slightly, felt a headiness. His heart pounded. She put her hands on his chest, after a while, gently pushed.

"For weeks," he said, "I've been trying to decide whether to kiss you or wring your neck."

"You've wasted a lot of time," she replied, when she got her breath.

"Kissing you is best," he said. "I suppose you know I got you into that fog on purpose."

"I suspected it. When I saw we were in it," she replied.

They walked arm in arm through the dark, but when the lights limned them, they separated. He went with her into the waiting room, and when a pillar hid them from the ticket window, he stooped quickly, kissed her.

"Good luck," he said, and walked out into the night.

KAY looked after him for a moment, then reluctantly went into the Sky Room, her eyes sparkling, feeling a joy which seemed to want to explode in her heart. Dixon Black was waiting for her. He brought the newspapermen to her. She knew most of them. She talked with them, refused drinks because she was in uniform.

Then she saw the form of Greg Dixon through the haze of smoke. He was leaning against the bar, alone. She saw that his face was flushed, and that he had a half-empty highball glass in his hand. He was looking directly at her. She observed an annoyed, half-angry light in his eyes. He pushed his way through the crowd to her side.

"Uniform and everything," he said. "So the little girl's promoting again, eh?"

She caught the sullen, hurt undertone as he added, in a low voice: "That's a nice way to treat your fiance, isn't it? Not even greeting him at the docks?"

"I — I forgot, Greg," she admitted. "I've had so much—been so busy—"

"That's all right, honey," he said. "I'll try to forgive you. How about a little reunion tonight?"

"I can't, Greg," she said. "I've a date at the Tron——"

"With whom?"

"Patsy and Clarke and—" she hesitated.

"Wakeman?" he guessed.

She nodded.

"Nice going," he said. "You ought to make up your mind."

"I've never changed it," she defended.

"That was a dirty trick," he complained, "picking up with Wakeman before you've even seen me. I asked you to wait—" He bit off the sentence as Black joined them.

"The boys would like to take a couple of shots of you and Greg together, Kay," Black said. "They want to give your new job a romantic touch."

"We'll forget that," Kay replied. "We're publicizing Intercoastal—not Cupid."

Black backed away from her words. He went back to the cameramen to tell them they were out of luck. Dixon stood by her, sullen, looking after him.

"I FEEL sorry for Wakeman," he said deliberately. "Of course you'll kick him around the way you did me——"

"I didn't know you could be so rotten," Her anger, rising, put barbs in her voice.

"If you feel that way," Dixon said, "so long. I'm going to crawl into a bottle of Scotch."

He went back to the bar.

Black and the cameramen surrounded her.

"We've got to have pictures," they said.

"Shoot your heads off," she told them. "But make it snappy. I've got places to go."

Dixon ordered a straight Scotch, tossed it down. Then he slipped around the cameramen, went into the waiting room. He watched the main gate for several minutes. Then his searching glance fell on Grace Homer, her heels tapping towards the stairway to stewardess' quarters.

"Hi, Homer!" he called. "Your ship's late."

She stopped. Her face brightened, beamed a welcome.

"Greg, honey! When did you get back?"

"Yesterday. What're you doing tonight?" he asked.

"Anything you do," she replied eagerly.

"What do you say to the Tron?" he asked.

"Suits me. What brings you back to Homer? I thought Falconer had you hooked. Judging from the newspapers."

"I didn't take the bait," he fled pleasantly. "I'm still fancy free."

She looked at him closely, smiled his breath.

"Say — aren't you celebrating something?" she asked.

"That I'm on my own."

"You were, my sweet, until you asked me in on the party," Grace warned him. "This time I won't be so easy to lose!"

(To be continued)

(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

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Farmers say low-flying planes have caused California hens to lay fewer eggs. A stand-up strike.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 28.—Today I am red of face, and here's why: Recently I used this column to criticize Warners' selection of Edward G. Robinson for the title role in "The Sea Wolf." I made quite a fuss about it, contending that the diminutive Eddie was no sea wolf type, whereas Alan Hale, also under contract to Warners, was ideal.

Well, I am humiliated! Imagine an old hand like me reading an announcement that a studio was going to produce a movie from Jack London's novel, "The Sea Wolf"—and naively believing that Jack London's "The Sea Wolf" would actually be used!

Before I criticized Warners, I should have learned more about "The Sea Wolf" script. I read it the other day, and goshamighty, what's happened to London's story?

The hero that Jack created is no longer the hero—he's the villain. The guy who was a secondary character in the book is now the hero and gets the girl. That's because the role is played by John Garfield who is too important to play a secondary character.

London's theme—the regeneration of a weakling—has been thrown overboard and a new theme devised. In fact, readers of London's book will recognize little except the ocean. Even Hollywood couldn't change that!

So I humbly withdraw my objections to Mr. Robinson as "The Sea Wolf." At the same time may I ask: Wouldn't the picture have had more sex appeal had it been changed a little bit more—and had Ann Sheridan then been cast in the title role?

* * *

IDOL CHATTER: Bela Lugosi won't seem so terrifying if you'll just remember he's a stamp collector . . . In-a-word description of **John Barrymore**: Bender-taining. . . . In that swell coat of tan, **Ginger Rogers** is really the toast of the town. . . . Pean-in-a-pod: **Constance Moore** and **Joy Hodges**.

No matter how often I hear it, I'm always startled by the depth of **Franchot Tone's** voice. . . . The **Venice (Calif) high school** can be excused for boasting that it's the "birthplace of stars"—it lists **Myrna Loy, Joan Blondell, Irene Hervey** and **John Shelton** as alumni.

Theme song for most Hollywood pictures: The Same Old Story.

* * *

There's an ancient "fixation" underlying Tyrone Power's frantic objections to any screen role which requires him to handle a knife, sword or other sharp instrument. It dates from his first stage appearance as a walk-on part with his father and Fritz Lieber in "The Merchant of Venice." One night, as Lieber (portraying "Shylock") flourished his knife and demanded his pound of flesh from "Antonio", the knife slipped from his hand, whizzed past young Tyrone's head and stuck, quivering, in the scenery. Lieber fainted . . . and the younger Power re-lives a bad moment whenever he's obliged to wield a weapon.

* * *

CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNIQUES to: Jack Benny: How do you expect the Waukegan home folks to swallow those gags about your miserness after they hear about your purchase of enough advertising in their high school annual to lift that publication out of the red? . . . Greta Garbo: If it's true, as your friends report, why delay? Each additional day you maintain your foolish isolation is a day of potential happiness and good fellowship wasted. . . . **Marlene Dietrich:** When Kipling described a woman as "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" maybe she'd been over-dieting too.

* * *

CUFF NOTES: With Sonja Henie's arrival scheduled for Feb. 17th, 20th Century talent scouts are combing Sierra snow resorts for beauties who can ski. . . . Is Henry Fonda's eye-operation, analyzed by medicos as the result of severe strain, an indictment of Technicolor, which requires extra set illumination? . . . Despite that feud with W. R. Hearst, RKO has scheduled March 1st as starting date for Orson Welles' No. 2 production. . . . What means Ginger Rogers' night spot appearances with Eddie Norris? . . . If the "Club Car" trick restaurant opened this week by Alice Faye and Harry Sugarman, clicks, they plan to launch a nation-wide chain.

* * *

Picked up a good chuckle at one of the ultra expensive resorts near Palm Springs. Seems Director Fritz Lang guested there the other week-end and, while checking out, noted a sign, HAVE YOU LEFT ANYTHING?, which hangs over the desk. "Pardon me," he observed gently, "but I believe you made a mistake. That sign should read, 'Have you anything left?'"

The most costly scientific publication, in proportion to its size, was the report of the Wilkes expedition to the Antarctic, issued by the U. S. government. The whole book never was published and only 250 sets were printed, at a cost of $279,131.

RED RYDER

New Adventures Ahead

By FRED HARMAN