

It is less to suffer punishment than to do  
serve it—Ovid.

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 GIRA, Editor**  
**A. F. OTTEVAER, Business Manager**  
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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. It will not be held responsible 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 Irish—and Others:

Dear Folks: Sure, and don't be forgettin' to wear a sprig o' green on Monday, for 'tis Saint Patrick's Day, be gorra!

### To the U.S.S. Monssen:

Dear Newly Commissioned Destroyer: Soon you'll be released from P.S.N.Y. to take up active service with the fleet. As shakedown cruises are passed in these turbulent times, you'll go to work almost as soon as you put to sea. It's a downright pity—missing your shakedown. Those leisurely voyages into the south seas are to a ship like a honeymoon is to a bride.

### To Bremerton Bakers:

Dear Dough-kneaders: Back in our Sunday school-going days, hot cross buns were baked in our kitchen only during Holy Week, just preceding Easter. Commercial bakeries likewise followed that order, and some women baked them only on Good Friday. Now you fellows sell them during all of Lent. We suppose that's all right, but we regret seeing tradition bending to the ways of business.

### To the Library Board:

Dear Folks: Wouldn't it be a valuable addition to the Bremerton Public Library if a file of Kitsap county weekly papers were kept on hand? How about subscribing to the Port Orchard Independent, Bainbridge Review (official county paper which carries the county legal notices) and the Poulobo Herald, and making them available to Bremertonians?

### To the Mare Island Apprentices:

Dear Basketballers: We enjoyed your visit and the basketball games. By the way, you Californians, what did you think of our Washington weather?

### To the Month of March:

Dear Friend: Well, you're 15 days old and so far you've produced nothing but Bulgaria, Balkans and bluffing.

### To Southern California:

Dear Webfeet: How does it feel, anyway, to live in a place where it rains almost continually?

### To Governor Langlie:

Dear Sir: The state legislature has given you \$3,000,000 to help overriden schools in defense areas. As an ex-Bremertonian, you should be pretty familiar with the school situation hereabouts and therefore not hesitate in making a portion of that sum available to districts in Kitsap county.

### To Automobile Drivers:

Dear Folks: The state's traffic toll last year was 509 lives lost, 81 more than in 1939. Aren't you ashamed?

### To the City's Founders:

Dear Pioneers: We like this town, see. But we have this suggestion to offer: Next time you lay out a city, it would be well to plan for wider downtown streets. The traffic jams of late have been pretty hazardous.

### To the Lease-Lenders:

Gentlemen: Just a note to remind you there's an old cannon at Evergreen City park which the British might be interested in using if Mr. Hitler tries to pay a call at Buckingham Palace.

### To Tacoma-Bremerton Stages:

Dear Bus Operators: We can't help noticing this legend on some of your stages: "Bremerton-Tacoma, via the Narrows Bridge." Maybe you ought to re-do the signs before as one gets the idea that the buses might be as outdated as the legend upon them.

## IN HOLLYWOOD

**By JIMMIE FIDELER**  
HOLLYWOOD, March 15.—Having often argued that any screen star, no matter how successful, can glean new popularity through the right kind of personal contacts with the public, let me cite as proof, the current experience of Deanna Durbin.  
Two months ago, Deanna was considered to be at the peak of success. Her pictures were gold mines, her fan clubs were the most popular and, with the possible exception of Mickey Rooney, she was receiving more mail than any youngster in town.  
"All this mail," you, without any effort of personal contact with her fans—In fact, she was with a fan-at-home that showcased her been "Exhibit A" for anyone wishing to disprove my theory.  
Then Deanna went to the inauguration. Dad! Without making personal appearances in theaters, she did rub elbows with theater-going millionaires and exhibitors. Since her return, her fan mail has increased until now she is receiving twice as much as she did before! If fan mail is the sign of a star's popularity, it



## The 'Round Towner. By The Staff

Glimpsed by the 'Round Towner: Buster Ames strolling on 4th st.—Ed Lockwood practicing up for an army billet.—J. C. Zabi carrying some groceries home—Morris Soriano in the bank—Capt. W. F. Thornton shopping—Fred Sticker arriving a customer—Art Olsen in the Sun office—Ken Nineman walking across the Manette bridge—A. Dahlke heading toward Westwood trailer camp—J. F. Deevanov being into his N. Lafayette home—J. F. Fry going to work.

### THEY'RE HERE

According to reports from Capitran, California's celebrated swallow settlement, the little birds arrived there the other day, took a gander at the housing situation after the rain storms and gales, and decided they'd postpone moving in for the summer.

### LESSON ON OYSTERS

They immediately began inspecting the premises for suitable homesites. Madame 'Round Towner, who understands bird calls, declared that one of the swallows, after taking a look at the cloudless sky and something that sounded very much like "Nuts to Capitran!"

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## Capital Comment

**By PETER EDMON**  
WASHINGTON, March 15.—(1) Madison Square Garden, the Hollywood Bowl or any intermediate arena, was the scene of a grand affair where to sign up as an attraction the super-spectacle of watching a bunch of guys spend one billion dollars in one hour.  
One hour, one billion dollars. One billion dollars drawn down that you could trumpet up from the bushes for the second coming of the Great I Am and Aimes Simple McPeters.  
But when they put on this act in congress, where the admission is free, the show is a grand affair. No body cares. What's a lousy billion dollars? It's a grand affair. Maybe that's why it lays the egg.  
Anyway your congress is now off on a spree which aims to spend one billion dollars a week for the rest of the year.  
In spite of the terrific bulging which such an act should have, the galleries of the house of representatives are empty when a show of this kind goes on. Twenty-five people by the count.  
The floor of the house is less than a fourth filled with congressmen. Sixty Democrats. Those are the numbers for the gentlemen of the house don't stay in long enough to put the finger on. Congress and going. Talking each other. Of those who do stay put, a dozen read newspapers and another dozen or more read the Congressional Record to see what they did.  
**ARGIE'S HOERS**  
**OH! BILLION**  
Almost everything they did on this bill was done yesterday. That is the day after yesterday. That is the day of passage.  
The day after yesterday, all of three hours over this billion act, they even though it covered 188 projects including 40 million for the navy ships, other millions for naval yards from Boston to Samoa, submarine bases from Virginia to Alaska, naval hospitals, 10 million for the navy, and 675 million for more barracks for the army. When you think how long it takes the average family to get on what kind of a new car you buy you wonder how even congressmen can spend 1,000,000,000 so nonchalantly.  
It isn't all as simple as that, but this is all that shows on the surface. The committees have several weeks of planning by the army and may experts for what they'll need. The committees have several weeks of planning by the army and may experts for what they'll need. The committees have several weeks of planning by the army and may experts for what they'll need.  
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### CHAPTER XXXIV

FOUR days had passed since Ronal's disappearance... Mary watched him... "Let's try it out on the ducks!"

### TO SOON TO LOVE

by PRISCILLA WAYNE

MARY that good-for-nothing Thomas fellow against my wishes but, if she does, her path in life will be a lot smoother. I hope she'll be happy, but she can never come back here.

"That's your final say, Tom?"  
"Very well." Mary took off her apron. "Then I'm going away too. I'm going to my girl—she needs me. I'll come back, Tom, when she comes back—no before."  
She turned and left the room. In five minutes she reappeared, wearing her coat and hat.

"I'm going to the Bolton Hospital—that's where Rosie is," she said. "I took her there because she was just sick as well as unhappy; but she's getting better and is almost ready to leave the hospital. I'll work down the road and we'll get along, but we won't come back. Tom, with her and me together, I've been a good wife to you, and I've stood up through thick and thin. I want to go on standing by you, but not without my girl—without Rosie."  
"That was all."  
Tom stared down at his blueprints just as his wife's hand touched his. He heard her determined clasp of the door. She was gone.

"I'm ROSE, went to the door and opened it. He saw her hurrying down the street. No one did the hostile or look back. Tom reached the corner just as a street car came along. She signaled it, and he stepped aboard. The car moved on and disappeared.

MARY rose and went over to the table. She picked up the blueprints and he didn't see them. She was using other things.  
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## Pointed Paragraphs

**A RASSO PROFUNDO**  
A certain Wolman, named Jones, was the proud possessor of a very fine bass voice. Meeting a friend one day, he confessed that he had had a remarkable dream.  
"I think we'll depend on the average American's sense of humor to see the ridiculous side of attempts to play revivals of group against group."  
—Southern Psychiatric Association.

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