

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than that it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.—Seneca.



EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 26, 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 GIBB, Editor
Published every day except Sunday by The Bremerton Sun Publishing Co., 444 Fourth Street, Bremerton, Washington.
Entered as second class matter July 22, 1935, at the postoffice at Bremerton, Washington, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By carrier, 50 cents per month. By mail to Kitsap county, \$1.50 per month; to other parts of 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, \$2.50 for six months and \$3.50 for one year, payable in advance.
National advertising representatives, Gilman, Nichol & Hutchinson, New York, N. Y.
Member: The Audit Bureau of Circulations and the United Press Association.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, THE CITY OF BREMERTON

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Three Whirling Years

The world staggers from day to day, from week to week, from month to month, in such a dizzy fashion, that about the only way to find out where we are now is to stop deliberately and look back at some fixed point.
Let's take the latter part of March three years ago. General War was yet in Europe, though it had swept China, Ethiopia and Spain. Europe was still shaking itself free of the shock of the annexation of Austria by Hitler's Germany. But many, many people did not realize that general war was inevitable. Many still hoped for restraint in one who had shown no restraint.

England, under Chamberlain, began to step up preparedness (against Labor opposition). Chamberlain insisted that it was wrong to say that Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria had been intimidated by force into resigning, and that it was really none of England's business if he had.

In France, Premier Chamberlain had just resigned, denied special powers for defense by opposition of the Socialist and Communist deputies. France specifically stated that it would back up Chamberlain if it were attacked. Leon Blum succeeded to the premiership. He was greeted with a wave of strikes when he tried to modify the 40-hour week in the interest of better defense.

Germany, having mopped up the matter of Austria, had already begun to turn toward "resolution of the Czechoslovakian problem." Italy, no doubt inwardly disturbed at the sudden appearance of German troops on her borders, did nothing. "We are not easily worried," said Mussolini.

Few listened to Schuschnigg's last despairing cry from subjugated Austria. "I state before the world, we bend to violence. We have ordered our army to withdraw... God save Austria."

The England that was so complacent three years ago now stands, back to wall, fighting for her life. The France that was so sure it would support Czechoslovakia, lies with it in a twin grave. The Germany which had no purpose beyond "freeing" German minorities in other lands, now holds most of Europe, including lands without Germans. The Mussolini who was not easily worried, is worried now.

Seeing what we have seen in these last three years, it seems impossible that Europe should have stood so inert and fascinated while its fate was being prepared. But it did.

It is easy to be wise after the event. But even that is useless unless the wisdom gained prepares one for the next event to come.

Of All Things!

We still have no answer to Wilkie's question, "Have the Republicans got it in them?" Ten G. O. P. senators voted for aid to Britain, but 17 joined the Clark-Wheeler Axis.

Our commerce department says the war is taking 72 percent of the income of the German people. What they have left, however, they are at liberty to spend just as Hitler wishes.

Next orders in Denmark complain that they cannot achieve social popularity. They want more cash, but all they see is melancholy Danes.

Apparently nobody has told the Greeks that their cause is lost. In their ignorance, they go on cheering the Italians out of Albania.

—Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER
HOLLYWOOD, March 26.—On previous occasions I have criticized (and been darned for it) the inadequate dispersion of charity money in the hands of Motion Picture Relief officials.
I have never branded the officials of Motion Picture Relief as thankless duty. The very nature of such an organization's work lifts it above to an almost sacred status. That is particularly true of the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which has done more good and will continue to do much good.
But only criticism, it seems, can lead to reform. So I am glad to see that the Motion Picture Relief Fund has done more good and will continue to do much good.

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The 'Round Towner' By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: Lyle Galdner in his fireman's uniform—V. J. Mickelson greeting a friend—Mrs. W. E. Tormaline in Mantle—Robert Davis conferring with a customer—Mrs. Betty Arnold arriving early at work—Alvy Dajka on Washington Ave.—Francis Cox headed for home—Ty Burnett puffing his pipe, as usual—Mrs. Harold Schilder answering the telephone—Eliel Anderson demonstrating paints—Johnny McGill busy in his tavern.

BOY AND HIS DOG
The boy will feel terrible if his pup is killed. But it's going to happen.
The pup is a pretty good mongrel—his mother is a Boston bull and his father a terrier. He's intelligent, lovable, and thinks a lot of the boy. But he has acquired the miserable habit of chasing cars, and sooner or later he'll bump into a wheel.
Just the other night the boy cried when the pup limped in from the street howling and whining. He had scooted after a car, failed to get stopped in time, and has his front foot hurt.
Nothing serious, but the boy thought it was. He half-scooted, half-rolled the pup just as a father does to a son who comes home early in the morning. He's irked at the transgression, but happy to have a profound ache and sound.
"Have you told the kid his pup will be killed if he doesn't break that habit?" we asked his mother.
"Yes, I explained to him that he had just as well expect it, and then he won't feel so bad when it happens."

ARMIAL TO SEATTLE
Postmaster Carl Halverson wishes a certain pretty girl was new spring suit to know that he is sorry about her arrival letter to Seattle. The arrival service isn't what it ought to be. He waited for some of his clerks to volunteer to fly the letter over to Seattle, but it was too near quitting time.
There was only one thing to do. Paul Fieder manually took the letter, telephoned a Black Ball Express man to volunteer to fly the letter over to Seattle, but it was too near quitting time.
That's the nearest thing to Bremerton-Seattle air-mail service that the postoffice can offer.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS
Even at the latest parties, Jess Crawford sits and smokes, gets bored, and coughs his habit of pushing back his forehead and striking his forehead even fiercer of General W. H. Rogers.
Dimah Shows, the singer, is a good singer, but Chester Morris a pack of cards and a bundle of lies.
Probably the cheapest way out, Lyle Vapes: "I've had every-

ERIKSON'S

Oil Ranges—Oil Heaters
Furnaces and Heating Equipment
715 Pacific Phone 3300

Capital Comment

By PETER EDSON
WASHINGTON, March 26—Federal grand jury investigation of any type of combination which may be destroying the balance of prices between the things the farmer buys and the things the farmer sells is one of the jobs of the department of justice would like to tackle next. All that stands in the way is a mere matter of a million dollars to finance the job, but if congress grants that million, watch for fireworks of old-time county fair proportions.
Supporting the proposed investigation is the powerful American Farm Bureau federation, representing 450,000 farm families in 30 states. Their demand comes from belief that the farm picture in this way will be entirely different from what it was in the last. Then, with world-wide demands for farm products and no surplus piled up, prices went to the cutting, and, in a few cases through it. The costs of farm labor and farm supplies went up, but that did not bother the farmer, as he was making enough. Moreover, the charges and work in silk shirts, because of the demand for the fabric, was so high that consumers wanted to buy them as cheaply as they could.

The picture now is reversed. The world market is shot. Surpluses pile up everywhere. The government is spending hundreds of millions in farm benefits in an effort to help the farmer sell his crops for a profit. That is, what it costs to produce them. Producers and distributors buy from products as cheaply as they can so they can sell them to consumers who want to buy them as cheaply as they can.
In the meantime the industrial defense program puts priority, as it should. But if that interferes with production of things farmers need, prices go up. That is, what it costs to produce them. Producers and distributors buy from products as cheaply as they can so they can sell them to consumers who want to buy them as cheaply as they can.

CHAPTER VII
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REMEMORANCE
When Marion Nicolson, separated, from her first husband, was in it, and all the clothes I own.
"Well, now you can go on a shopping spree," said Tonia.
"I'm afraid not, you see, I've just another one."
"Not so easily, I'm a librarian, and I'll not take to a place. Can you do anything else?"
"I've a man who wants to buy a car. I'll let him buy it if he can't find any more."
"And you don't love him?"
"I do, but I don't love you. He is a widower with two children. He offered me security in exchange for my car. I've a man who wants to buy a car. I'll let him buy it if he can't find any more."

Breaking the News
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"I hear he used to work in a stockyard!"
Tonia realized that she was very rich. She looked at Sally, saw that she was looking at her.



Amateur Glamour Girl by Joseph Chadwick
Sally Martin, historian in the small town of Midvale, is a plain girl who makes no effort to be attractive. She has one boyfriend, Charlie Foster. When she goes to her new job, he asks her to marry him, but she decides to leave Midvale, getting out in her car for Seaside, a seaside resort. That evening, her young truck driver for an airplane factory near Seaside, breaks down a lift. He, the truck driver, has disappeared, suddenly dead. Michael Shaw, who has stolen Sally's car to make a getaway. He explains that they had been working at the airplane factory that Donovan and his assistant, Donovan, has found that the car was stolen. Sally's car was in a car with the intention of using the car to get to Seaside. Sally's car was in a car with the intention of using the car to get to Seaside.

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