

To him no high, no low, no great, no small; He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all!—Pope.



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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From the Depths, Brotherhood Is Rising

On Sept. 1, 1939, Adolf Hitler unleashed tremendous forces in the world.

His own forces he knew—the terror of fire and sword. The other forces he knew—not the spirit of brotherhood which is being born in the ashes of adversity in a dozen countries, among a score of peoples; the spirit which may change the world as no destructive army of the Nazis can ever change it. Aggression and oppression have never failed to unite their victims in bonds of strength which eventually grow into mighty power overwhelming the persecutor.

China was disunited, a formless mass of opposing factions. Then came the Japanese invasion, and today—China united, her diverse peoples fused into a brotherhood of suffering whose strength is only beginning to be seen.

Britain was disunited, a people torn by class distinctions and diverse views. The Nazi bombers came, and today—a tight little island fortress whose people are one in the brotherhood of their great effort, a spiritual power yet to be reckoned with.

Thus with the Jewish captivity in Egypt and Babylon, captives and slaves, the Jews became brothers in their persecution. Today they live and thrive—but where are Babylon and Egypt?

Thus with the persecuted Christians of Rome, St. Paul was in prison, but he converted his guards. The Christians were the persecuted minority in Rome. Yet Christianity covers the globe today, and where are the Romans?

In most of Europe today, the Nazis compel the Jews to wear the yellow Star of David. They intend it as a badge of dishonor. But it is a signal of brotherhood; an outward sign to distinguish brothers, symbol of an inward and unconquerable strength. The Catholics are also compelled to wear a distinguishing badge. Shall they not greet one another, as brothers, just as early Christians did in Rome?

The greater the persecution, the stronger the brotherhood that rises from it. It is this spirit, rising from this horrible but inescapable way of driving in upon men their essential brotherhood, that will not only beat Hitler in the end, but guide the world toward better, cleaner ways of living together in a common world.

It Was Worth While

A final summary of the drive to collect scrap aluminum shows that 11,835,139 pounds was turned in. While somewhat short of what was expected, this is an impressive total, equal to the amount of aluminum in 350 big four-motored bombers.

Probably the actual scrap aluminum turned in will not be used to build bombers, but it seems certain that this addition to stocks will ameliorate, at least to some degree, the shortage of the metal. It was worth doing, if only because it points the way to other hidden sources of materials, such as scrap iron and paper, which can be similarly uncovered.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Oct. 7.—Loretta Young is telling friends she's tiring of her career; she'd like to be just a wife like happily-wed sister Sally Hiana . . . Hedy Lamarr and John Howard, who took a lovers' holiday to see if it was real, evidently think it isn't . . . Gene Autry has made peace with Hollywood photos; he parted there at his ranch this week.

The Fred Astaire-Bette Davis frigidity which dropped below zero when Fred hired away Eddie's radio program, looks headed for a split . . . Frank Kovacs, the dancing teacher, is going to give up his job . . .

THE HIT PARADE: WE's "One Night in Heaven" holds the best foot forward with a series of new screen devices . . . DIBC's "Tonight We Love" (Tony Martin-DORCA). Tony at his best sings in "The Great Pretender" . . . BERT PREL-FORMANCE: Frederic March in "Croses of Heaven" . . . Critics yell about "Homesick" . . . BOCK Jerome Weidman's "It Never Grows Any More" (Simons and Shuster) . . . Fiction about a green boy's adventures in New York that New Yorkers will recognize as fact . . . SONIC: "This Love of

RED RHYMOR
RED'S THORNTON HAS BEEN TRYING TO DROPE THE SHEET FROM HIS BALCONY SINCE HE WAS A BOY IN THE HOMESTEAD HILLS . . .



That Hot Water Bottle Isn't Helping



The 'Round Towner' By The Staff

Round town with the Round Towner: Postmaster Carl S. Halverson promoting "National Letter Writing Club." Eddie Boye, quartermaster molder, talking about the world series. Norman Bos at leisure Sunday afternoon. Mrs. James Russell busy with her Red Cross work. Dan A. Meyers figuring on a painting job. Freddie Houston bidding farewell to his bride before going to work on the navy yard swing shift. Miss Virginia Johnston sacking candy. Carl Francis serving a glass of beer. Oscar Matz in a hurry.

LUCKY YOUNG MAN
Phil Cosma of Pleasant Beach, Bainbridge Island, considers himself a very lucky young man. One day last week, Cosma began work in a new position as property clerk in the supply department at 12th naval district headquarters in Seattle. He figured he was very lucky to win the job by competitive examination.

But the next day, the Kitsap county draft board called him. He was ordered to report for physical examination for induction into the army Oct. 12. He still felt he was extremely lucky to have an opportunity to serve his country.

Now he's been told that his position as a property clerk for the navy will be waiting for him when he finishes his army hitch. "Lucky," I've got nothing but good luck," remarks Cosma.

HE KNOWS THE SPOT
Earl Abbott, Bremerton service station owner, has been following with unusual interest the photographs of the strange, perpendicular rock formation, which jumps 500 feet into the air near Sun Dance, Wyo. And from the looks of the photo Abbott took, Parachutist Hopkins should have been a human pig, but he made the decent without benefit of parachute.

Clyde Lee, the aviator who has been dropping supplies to the marooned Hopkins, is a personal friend of Abbott's. In fact they were once neighbors when Abbott lived in St. Lawrence, S. D.

THE BREMERTON MAN
The Bremerton man a year ago visited and photographed the strange, perpendicular rock formation, which jumps 500 feet into the air near Sun Dance, Wyo. And from the looks of the photo Abbott took, Parachutist Hopkins should have been a human pig, but he made the decent without benefit of parachute.

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UNMASKED
DO YOU THINK YOU CAN UNMASK THE MAN WHO IS BEING HUNG FROM THE BALCONY SINCE HE WAS A BOY IN THE HOMESTEAD HILLS . . .



Capital Comment

OLEOMARGINE GETS IN McNUTT'S HAIR

By PETER EDISON

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—It is almost time to begin to feel sorry for Gov. McNutt ex-Gov. Paul Vroomis who is now federal secretary of agriculture. The governor's luck seems to have been changing since the Chicago convention when his managers idea to pack the gallery at the stadium was appropriated by the Kelly-Nash stalwarts who wrecked a perfectly good demonstration intended to build him for the vice presidency.

BATTLE OF FATS
Unless you're a dairyman or an oleo manufacturer, you probably haven't been following this battle of animal vs. vegetable fats but it is one of those lovely rows that happen in Washington every so often, making it such a pretty place. More fun. I never was more surprised in any life than when McNutt confers, than at all the retractions this stirred up.

The food and drug administration now one of McNutt's babies in the federal agency family department of agriculture, demander of pure foods, recently issued a ruling making the minimum standards for oleomargarine. Dairy and drug held the customary hearing, showing some dairy industry people say they didn't have a chance to speak their piece.

Shortly after the new oleo decree was issued the consumers committee of the United States farmers and consumers men issued a broadsheet in which consumers were told that butter is a much healthier food than margarine and that it was now important for the government to see that when the farmers really began.

Someone has suggested that men will have to wear shorts at work, on the street or at play. If we thought there was any possibility of that happening, we never say another word in our one-man campaign to discourage plump women from wearing pajamas (sometimes called slacks) downtown.

WE'VE SAID IT SO
In case of a real clothing emergency in this country, somebody has suggested that men will have to wear shorts at work, on the street or at play. If we thought there was any possibility of that happening, we never say another word in our one-man campaign to discourage plump women from wearing pajamas (sometimes called slacks) downtown.

MARKED HIS MAN
One of the Wasperte men who formerly served with the British fleet's air arm tells this story: After a busy raid, an airman returned to his station. The ground staff, including the man now aboard the Wasperte, eyed his machine in amazement. They wondered that he'd been able to get back at all.

A CHERY THOUGHT FOR MEN
May cause A SHORTAGE OF CHRISTMAS neckties SO CHEER UP, men. AND never say THIS future DOESN'T hold a SINGLE bright promise . . .

Hazel (mistakes) Forbes passing "Bundles for Britain" collection plate in the Beverly Hill Tropics, then doubling the amount of the contributions from her own purse. Arthur (Dance Maestro) Murray sitting unnoticed at a ring-side table in the Palladium while Crin Leader Gene Krupa scouts judges for a rumba contest.

HOLLYWOOD AFTER DARK: A candid camera fanatic asking Dorothy Lamour to pose on the hood of his car, then begging through space at the rate of 24,000 miles a second.

GOOD SAMARITAN (after an hour's work) "I'm changing the tire for you, lady driver." "Well, I hope that's not a joke, because I've got a job when I get back to Texas." "That's how you're going to get there? Hitch-hike?" "That's one way," said Jim.

BY FRED HARMAN
WHEN THE LITTLE BEARER LEADS THE WAY TO THE KILLER'S CAVE, HE WILL BE THE ONLY ONE LEFT ALIVE.

Hold Everything by Joeh



Lady on a High Horse by JOSEPH CHADWICK

Rhea Charters and her grandfather, Major Stephen Charters, who live on their ancestral estate near a small town, are in financial difficulties. Rhea's irresponsible father has left her a mere additional property. A man named Cardinale, adventurer and oil speculator, owes the Major a large sum of money, but he can't pay the debt. Instead, he sends his son Jim to Charters Manor to help in any way he can.

Rhea, who is antagonistic toward Jim, helps him in any way he can. Jim is attracted to Rhea, but she is not. She has married another girl, but she is not divorced. She is now living with her father, but she is not happy. She is looking for a job, but she is not finding one.

CHAPTER XXXIX
WHEN Jim entered Julie's gate, half an hour later, there was only one customer at the long counter—a thick-set man in a leather jacket and battered felt hat.

Jim asked to see the far end of the counter, where Julie was drying glasses. He set his bag on the floor and sat down. Julie looked at the bag. "Are you leaving, Jim?" "Yes, this is goodbye, Julie." She said nothing for a moment, but her hands gripped the edge of the counter so hard that her knuckles were white.

Then she asked, "What about the money I owe you? How shall I pay it?" "Pay it to me, Markham—but not here. I would like to see you forward it to me." "I can't tell you how grateful I am, Jim." "Forget it. You know I was glad to help you." He hesitated, then said, "I'm sure that you'll be in love with you. He's a nice boy, but he's not what you need. Think about him, won't you?"

"I'm fond of him, but he isn't the sort of man I could love," Julie glanced away, bit her lip. "He's in a jam now. He has a lot of money last night out at the Crystal Club." "Well, we warned him. How much did he lose?" "I don't know, but I think it was an awful lot—more than he had. He signed some IOU's."

"Yes—and it did no good," Julie shrugged, then changed the subject. "I'm sure you'll be in love with you. He's a nice boy, but he's not what you need. Think about him, won't you?"

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JULIE regarded him thoughtfully for a moment. "Well," she said suddenly, "I've an idea. I've got to go out for a moment down the counter to the man in the leather jacket, she said. She was gone for several minutes, then returned to Jim.

WINGED NOTES
The well-known American composer, George Gershwin, was directing one of the rehearsals of the summer symphony not so long ago. He was in the audience, and the French horns suddenly sounded a prolonged lull during a quick passage. The music was a quick gesture. Gershwin immediately halted the music and strode over to the culprit with a demand for an explanation. "I'm sorry," said the man. "I was thinking of a moment." "Ach, maestro," explained the horn player in some embarrassment. "It was a fry on my score—"