The Bremerton Sun

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One Thing Hitler Cannot Do

Inexorably, one by one, the arguments of the American isolationists, the arguments of the Lindberghs, Wheelers, Nyes, et al., on our national policy toward the Hitlerian war, have been knocked galley-westward.

Just a few months ago, you will recall, we American people were being told by the spokesmen for this group that the course to pursue was to let the war come to an end, to help bring it to an end, to recognize and acknowledge "the wave of the future," and to make as advantageous a deal as we could with der fuehrer as to trade areas and the like.

Well, such as theory was based on the assumption that Hitler could, and would make a peace in Europe. But will he? Can he accomplish such an end?

Today the answer seems very plain that he cannot. He can make war, that we all realize, but it now is apparent that he cannot make a peace. He has been unable to make a peace with France, with Norway, with the Czechs, the Poles, the Jugo-Slavs, the Greeks or with anybody else his legions have conquered.

Writing on this subject, Walter Lippman aptly points out:

> Hitler cannot make peace because he can never evacuate any occupied territory and because he can never demobilize the German army.
>
> If he had made peace with France, he would have had to release the prisoners. He dared not allow the young men of France to return home to a country which he had gutted. He would have had to withdraw his occupying forces. He dared not do this, knowing quite well what would happen to his agents and to the French collaborationists. Thus, he can never withdraw from conquered territory without the certainty of the inhabitants turning violently against him. This is the reason why the new order has not been established anywhere, though its advent has so often been proclaimed.
>
> To bring back into Germany the fanatic young men now spread over Europe from Narvik to Crete, to demobilize them and feed them and provide them with work and opportunity commensurate with what they have been promised or even what they need—this is something which Hitler can never do. No one can do it. The material, the jobs, the markets do not exist in continental Europe for this mass of men, and so they must, if possible, conquer their subsistence outside of Europe, or at least be kept busy as long as possible, just making war outside of Germany.
>
> Thus Hitler's armies can return to Germany only after Hitler has fallen. They can return only under a government which they will not hold responsible for the misery they will suffer. They can return only under a government which is capable, because it has made peace with the outer world, of obtaining assistance in relieving their misery.

He cannot make peace, and he knows it. It is time that we knew it, not merely to have done with the illusions of the so-called appeasers, but because the time is coming, if it is not already at hand, when the political initiative will be in our hands. We shall then be able to shorten the war by exploiting the fact that whereas Hitler can never make peace the free nations can.

And this fact, of course, furnishes a wide and solid basis on which all the anti-nazi forces of the world can and will effectively unite to finish the great job of eliminating the world's No. 1 disturber.

On the Spot

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: **Murdy Hazard** strolling on Pacific ave.—**Dr. Joseph Coyle** entering his office—**W. H. Hawkins** greeting a friend—**Fred Blair** holding a business confab—**Mike Duncan** returning from a visit in Seattle—**Ed Watson** kidding a customer in his restaurant—**Bud McFadden** hearding his delivery truck—**Ernie Orchard** wrapping groceries—**Tiny Burnett** playing a special musical number for visiting newlyweds.

* * *

NEEDED: A JAIL COOK

This is a solemn warning to all who may fall into the toils of the law for minor offenses in the next few days. If a talent for cooking happens to be combined with a propensity for imbibing or reckless driving, woe be to that individual. For according to underworld slang, he may "have the book thrown at him" if he enters the grim door that leads into the county jail at Port Orchard.

Just now there are only three inmates in that snug bastile and not one of the three is eligible for trusty privileges. Consequently, it has been the sad lot of Sheriff Fred Vetters and his deputies to take turns cooking at the jail and then washing the pesky dishes.

If any reader needs about six months free meals and has a past offense to confess to make confinement possible, inquire at the county jail.

* * *

BIG BOOM, INDEED

Any time you happen to run short of conversational material you might make some use of the following tidbit:

The loudest noise ever heard in the world was the explosion of a volcano on a tiny Pacific island on Aug. 27, 1883." Old sailormen can recall it yet.

A total of 35,000 people were killed by the eruption and dusty clouds of volcanic ashes were visible all the way around the world for as long as three years afterward. The noise was heard 3,000 miles away.

Then, in case anybody pins you right down to details, tell them the name of the volcano was Pik Perbuatan and the name of the island is Krakatau between Sumatra and Java, and that only a little bit of the island remains today because the explosion caused to disappear an estimated four cubic miles of same.

* * *

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN DEPT.

Sally Jo Roche, granddaughter of Mrs. Wesley Harrington, was being taught some etiquette one day by her Aunt Jessie. Ask to repeat the word "etiquette" she compiled, but promptly forgot it when she was asked by her mother to repeat it again. She thought for a moment, then said, "I learned some Jesequette today."

Little Larry Schmidt, grandson of Harry Lane of Silverdale, watched his mother pounding with a hammer one day and heard her exclaim, "Darn!" when she accidentally hit her finger. A few days later he requested the "darn" from his grandfather to pound with. That's been his name for the hammer ever since.

* * *

ABOUT THE PRINTING PRESS

George Thompson, the sports statistician of Bremerton, found this work of Robert Hobart Davis and passed it along to the 'Round Towner. It tells an impressive story, we think:

"I am the printing-press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

"I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

"I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike.

"I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations, and make brave men do better deeds, and soldiers die. . . . .

"I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to 'the immutable dust.

"I am the printing-press."

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—It may not be sporting to rub salt in an open wound, but I call the film industry's attention to the fact that had it ceased producing propaganda pictures a year ago, when the public was evincing marked unfondness for them, the foolish circus now taking place in the national capital would not be.

There is no question but that Hollywood did take too many side digs at Nazism. For example, the sequence in "Escape," when a German officer (played by Conrad Veidt) remarked to an enemy, in so many words, "I'll see you in America when we invade that country." Such dialogue wasn't in the book; it was MGM's "added scene"—the kind of obvious propaganda to which many people object, and the kind that kept millions out of theaters.

I don't criticize the film industry's hate of Nazism. I share Hollywood's disdain for Europe's madman, and I'll be in the cheering section when he is defeated. So will all good Americans.

But I'm not so sure all good Americans want this country to enter the war. And that, I think, is why so many citizens were disgusted with such propaganda as appeared in "The Great Dictator," which poured pointed hatred out of a poison vial onto the nation's screens.

Frankly, I fail to see why Washington belatedly stuck its nose into Hollywood's business. The female certainly has no right to censor motion pictures under present laws. I don't think all the political fuss is necessary; I'm sure public reaction has already taught Hollywood its mistake in dishing out screen propaganda.

Nevertheless, I repeat, had the film industry heeded the public's resentment a year ago—at a time when this column was hammering home the idea—the current injurious investigation would not be taking place.

* * *

WHAT'S NEWS: The **Bob (Andrea Leeds) Howards** are making it four in February . . . Keep your eyes on **Ann Sothern** and **Robert Sterling**, who keep their eyes on each other . . . The **Fred (Mrs. Darryl Zanuck's brother) Fixes** are separated; he's dating Geneva Sawyer dance instructress . . . **Adela Roger St. John** and daughter **Elaine** go east in a few days for a family reunion with her son **Bill** (now in the RCAF), his wife and two kiddies . . . That **Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt-K. T. Stevens** romance, first itemed here, is now more than an item . . . Is **Orson Welles** side-tracking **Dolores del Rio** for local beauty **Marcia Farlow**, whom he's blitzkrieging with all-hour phone calls?. . . . **Tommy Conlon**, once a prominent kid star with "Our Gang" is hospitalized by injuries dating back to an old knife wound . . . **Joan Woodbury** has been inked by Columbia for double duty as actress and dance directress . . . 20th Century-Fox execs, hipped by the success of "Sun Valley Serenade," are offering **Sonja Henie** plenty to forget her retirement plans.

* * *

MEMORIES: When Lew Ayres and Ken Murray, both carrying torches (Lew for ex-wife Ginger Rogers; Ken for ex-girlfriend Andrea Leeds), played and tuned on Ayres' organ and wept—in the New Year, 1939 . . . When a femme fan magazine interviewer, tongue-tied by her first meeting with Warner Baxter, finally blurted out: "Have you ever known what it feels like to have a baby?" . . . When Pola Negri walked off the lot in a huff because she didn't approve of colors used in decorating her dressing room . . . When John Gilbert, saying a three-foot leap over a mountain stream, slipped and took a header into the icy water.

* * *

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS: While watching the day's "rushes," Hedy Lamarr invariably tears her handkerchief to shreds . . . Maxie Rosenbloom can match the ill-assorted colors in Bing Crosby's most heterogeneous costume and he's three lines better . . . If Constance Bennett is behind the steering wheel, you'll get there FAST . . . When Charles Laughton does that droopy eyelid expression, he prepared for a crushing gem of sarcasm. . . Add tabletop drummers: Jack Benny . . . You can depend on Carole Landis to know and use the latest slang . . . Amazing how completely Joan Crawford's entire appearance can be altered by a change in hair-do . . . Tribute to superstition: Barbara Stanwyck's habit of picking up pins.

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PUBLIC FORUM

By DONOVAN RICHARDSON
In The Christian Science Monitor

HALIFAX, Nova Scotia.—Everyone in Halifax kept the secret. The biggest convoy of all had left only the day before, but nobody in Nova Scotia's great port was telling.

A thousand persons must have known it; 10,000 could have suspected it. But Haligonians don't tell. They don't need the official warning of posters. "Sealed lips will save our ships." Most of them have friends, brothers, husbands, fathers on those ships. They are giving no tips to Nazi bombers and submarines.

That is why we heard about the convoy only from another American, whose story was confirmed by news of the arrival in England some days later. That is one reason Canada has not lost a single man out of nearly 100,000 it has sent to Britain.

A hundred great grey freighters and tankers may crowd Bedford basin in the afternoon and sunrise show only a handful remaining. Spies there may be who observe and count and try to get the word to Berlin that a convoy is on the way, but Halifax folk won't tell it.

They talk about the war, naturally about Halifax's unspectacular but vital part in it:

"It was Halifax the Bismarck was headed for. They'd like to wipe us out, but I don't believe it could have got in here. There are bombers about—and guns."

EFFICIENT CENSORSHIP

A letter intended to interest a child by telling of "many ships in the harbor and soldiers and sailors on the streets" arrived in the U. S. with the ships and harbor neatly clipped out. I couldn't find a postcard in Halifax with a picture of the harbor. Newspapermen said they had forgotten all their training and cultivated a complete lack of curiosity—especially about shipping, which is the real life of the city.

Halifax is like California—it doesn't have any bad weather, at least none that you can tell about. In the hotel room beside the telephone was this notice:

"It is forbidden by the department of national defence to mention during a long distance call, aircraft, ships, troops, war industries or the weather."

In peacetime Halifax was a city of about 65,000, used chiefly as a shipping point for Canadian wheat and other exports in winter months when the St. Lawrence river is frozen. War has doubled the population, for the port is today the great outlet for Canadian and American supplies going to Britain.

THE BEDFORD BASIN

"If God's hand had fashioned it for the purpose, Bedford basin could not have been better fitted for its task today"—an eloquent Irish sea dog was talking about Halifax's inner harbor, that magnificent bowl of blue water where the convoys so vital to Britain are mobilized.

"There is ten miles of deep water there. No need for navigation marks. Room to turn a fleet around in."

Probably for troop convoys strong forces of warships are gathered, but they won't tell you in Halifax. Another thing you can't find out is what part American sea and air patrols are playing. One filling station man said a friend of his had been in a convoy which never got out of sight of two American cruisers.

Some reports have it that many ships are going without convoys and that Americans are helping "keep a street open."

NIGHT FROM CITADEL

Anybody looking down from the Citadel in Halifax can see knots of destroyers and corvettes being remitted or provisioned to go out, either with convoys or on patrol. Two or three old American destroyers distinguished by their four funnels close together, were about. "They have done a good job," we were told. "That one splotched with crazy blobs of baby blue is used in our sea school to train the young fellows in judging speeds and courses."

Soldiers picked up on the road knew what the war was all about. While under Canada's conscription act they are not obliged to go abroad, three-fifths of them are volunteering for foreign service and they kept at home seem to feel cheated. Canada is this year sending to Britain about a billion and half dollars worth of guns, planes, shells and foodstuffs. Were the U. S. helping as much in proportion it would be about twenty times that, $20,000,000,000 worth of supplies.

Lady ON A HIGH HORSE

by JOSEPH CHADWICK

Rhea Charters and her grandfather, Major Stephen Charters, who live on their ancestral estate near the little town of Marchester, are in financial difficulties, though the rest of the community is booming as a result of an airplane factory under construction near by. The family lawyer, unable to persuade the Major to sell part of his land, writes to a man named Carradine who owns the old gentleman a large sum of money. Carradine, adventurer and oil speculator, replies that he can't pay his debt but is sending his son Jim to Charters Manor to lend a hand. Rhea can't see how this will help and, when Jim arrives, is antagonistic toward him. They have several quarrels during his first day at the Manor but, despite this, Rhea finds herself unwillingly attracted to him. The next morning, she receives a jolt when Philip Lanning calls to see her grandfather. He's a rich young man with whom she was in love four years ago, but who went away and married another girl. She hasn't seen him since.

CHAPTER XII

FATE, thought Rhea, can play you cruel tricks. It gives you pain, then adds torture.

This was a bad moment—an emotional shock. It made her weak and trembling. She sought words, strove to be casual.

"You're looking well, Philip."

It was no lie. He was as handsome as ever, and his eyes had the old laughter. Marriage, then, had been kind to him. He'd been happy. The only change four years had made was a dust of gray at his temples.

"It's good to see you, Rhea," he said. "You're even prettier than I remembered."

She felt the hot color in her cheeks. "Thank you."

There was a moment of awkward silence.

Then, Gregg reappeared. "Major Charters will see you in the library, Mr. Lanning," he announced.

Philip took Rhea's arm. "Come with me," he said. "I want to talk to you after I've seen your grandfather."

He couldn't know, Rhea told herself, how the touch of his hand made her heart pound. . . .

SHE sat in the library, trying to keep her eyes off him while he and her grandfather talked.

Philip was saying crisply, "I'm with North Aircraft, Major Charters. I've been sent East from the California plant to manage this new Marchester branch. We're making good progress. One building is about ready to start operations. However, we find we need several more acres of land. We want to buy your east field, sir. It is adjacent to our property, and it is ideally suited to our purpose."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lanning—none of the Manor is for sale," Stephen Charters said.

"That's what I was told, but I thought that, under the circumstances, you might be persuaded to cooperate with us."

"Under what circumstances?" the older man asked stiffly.

"The national-defense plan. We are making military plates. I thought you might be willing to help out by letting us have your field, which you do not use."

"It is not that I am unpatriotic," the Major explained, "but it has been my lifelong wish to keep Charters Manor intact. Surely, you can find other land that will do just as well."

"We can offer you twelve thousand dollars," Philip urged.

Stephen Charters hesitated, then shook his head. "No—price doesn't matter."

Rhea saw Philip frown—saw that he was annoyed.

"Very well, sir, but I hope you will change your mind." He rose, then added, "I knew you didn't see eye to eye with us. I heard about the incident with the truck drivers."

The Major looked at Rhea. "I heard of no incident."

"It was nothing," she said.

Philip, however, continued. "Some trucks bringing us building materials crossed your land, sir, to avoid loss of time. I'm told that some one here at the Manor handled the matter quite efficiently."

"I don't understand."

"The contractor was overzealous, sir. He put a strong-arm man on one of the trucks. However, the fellow took a beating." Philip turned to Rhea. "Was it your brother who slugged the man?"

"No, it wasn't Dick," she replied. She wished Philip hadn't introduced the subject. It embarrassed her. She couldn't forget that Jim Carradine had rebuked her for that incident.

Her grandfather asked, "Who was it, Rhea?"

"Jim Carradine. I told him the trucks were trespassing. He took matters into his own hands but—but I was responsible."

When the Major smiled, Rhea knew that Jim's stock had gone up several points.

SHE walked from the library with Philip. In the hall, he touched her arm.

"Rhea," he said softly, "I've never forgotten that pleasant summer four years ago."

She looked away. "It seems a long time ago."

"It is a long time," he said, with a sigh. "I've lived a lifetime since then."

"Happily, I hope."

"No."

The brief answer made Rhea glance at him quickly. She saw that there was a shadow in his eyes. She longed to ask what he meant, but didn't dare.

They went out into the bright morning sunlight and down the steps to Philip's car.

Then, he said abruptly, "My marriage was a mistake. Laura and I had to admit it after two years. There's only one thing to do about a mistake—correct it. So we got a divorce."

"Oh!" Rhea caught her breath. "I'm sorry."

"It was just one of those things." Philip shrugged, then smiled. "I've often wondered whether you married. Why haven't you."

"For a very good reason," Rhea replied. "I haven't fallen in love."

He looked at her a moment. "I admire a girl who wouldn't marry for anything but love."

Rhea wondered whether Laura had married him for his money, and decided that this must be the case.

"Maybe I'm old-fashioned," she said.

"Whatever you are, I like you," he told her. "Seeing you again has reminded me how much I like you. Look—let's have dinner together soon. I'll phone you—say, tomorrow."

"All right, Philip."

He opened the car door, started to get in, then paused.

"Be a pal and try to persuade your grandfather to sell me that land," he said.

"Well—I'll see. I won't promise."

"Aren't you on my side?"

"I'm not sure," said Rhea.

He laughed, and climbed into the car. In a few minutes, he had driven away.

Rhea stood there, staring after him. He was no longer married—he was free again. What would that mean to her, she wondered, and how much did she want it to mean?

(To be continued)

(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

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