The Bremerton Sun

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Japan and a Shooting War

Before the United States government is maneuvered into an Atlantic shooting war, it must decide how much it is willing to risk in the Pacific. Every major decision in foreign policy is a gamble, of course, but the uncertainty in the Pacific today is far greater than any ordinary hazard.

Upon two things there is wide agreement. One is that the threat of a Pacific war is more real than it ever has been; and that the immediate danger to the United States is closer in the Pacific than in the Atlantic—if for no other reason, because Russia and Britain are keeping Hitler busy for the moment at least.

The other is that Hitler has been trying to precipitate an American-Japanese war. That would be all profit and no loss for Germany because it would force us to use for our own immediate defense most of the supplies now going to Britain and Russia for use against Hitler.

To these two generally accepted facts—the danger of Pacific war, and Hitler's effort to force it—must be added old Rule No. 1 in diplomatic and military policy: Never get caught in two wars (or on two fronts) at the same time, if you can help it.

No American who totals up those factors can consider the possibility of an Atlantic shooting war at this time without serious misgivings. Only those who forget or ignore Hitler's partner, Japan, have the fantastic notion that American shooting in the Atlantic involves no great risk to us; because we would meet only a few isolated Nazi submarines and raiders, while Russia and Britain kept Hitler busy.

* * *

The picture of Japan pouncing from behind, while we fought in the Atlantic, is so black that many persons are trying to wish it away. As part of this wishful thinking, it is said:

Japan would not dare fight the Anglo-American alliance, which would probably also include Russia.

Japan would break her pledge to fight with Germany, or interpret it away.

Japan has reversed her policy and is now pro-peace, as witness the Konoye overtures to the president and the fact that the emperor personally has taken over control from the war lords.

The answer to all this is a great big maybe. It is true that Japan has made these gestures and wants us to believe them. But it is also true that if Hitler were dictating Tokyo moves, presumably he would follow precisely this lull-the-suckers-to-sleep strategy which tricked his European victims.

* * *

We don't charge that this is Japanese trickery. As the state department has observed of Japanese promises: Words no longer count, only actions.

If Japan wants peace and is preparing for peace, why has she concentrated the largest forces in her history in offensive positions to attack Siberia, Singapore and Manila? Why does she continue her China aggression?

The president and Secretary Hull, in our opinion, have handled Japanese policy wisely and well, moving cautiously from conciliation to firm resistance. And we share the hope that success will crown their present sincere efforts for a Japanese agreement.

But until there is such a settlement, confirmed by acts, the United States cannot be drawn into an Atlantic shooting war without risking or even inviting an Axis attack in the Pacific.

IN HOLLYWOOD
By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Sept. 23.—There was more than "too much publicity" involved in the Ginger Rogers-George Montgomery breakup—to wit, Jeanine Lehr, ex-fiancee of several European blue-bloods . . . Irene Dunne is seriously considering a Bdwy stage offer, rehearsals to start next month . . . Watch for fireworks between Priscilla Lane and Warners; the studio is irked because she nixed an assignment.

Have Gregory Ratoff, Loretta Young and Frederic March really pooled funds to open a movie-making plant back east? . . . Maxie Rosenbloom will plane to NY for the Louis-Nova ficticuffs.

Mama Berle's refusal to yea or nay is confusing Milton's love for Joyce Matthews . . . Last laff dept.: Producers who once snubbed Paul Lukas and are now vying for his service, must wait—he's signed to continue stage acting in "Watch on the Rhine" until 1943.

Wotzis about storm clouds gathering over Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers? . . . Burlesquers Herbie Harris and Dorothy Darling, who scored a sensation here with a one-night p. a., are getting studio bids . . . Aside to Sam Goldwyn: How about Johnny Mack Brown, a college baseball star, a southpaw and a swell actor, for that Lou Gehrig role?

BELLS to Victor McLaglen, currently preaching Americanism by carrying a wallet-full of 25-cent U. S. defense stamps and passing them out in lieu of tips . . . Kay Kayser and his bandsters, for donating three full days to the making of recordings which will be used in a North Carolina radio drive for funds to care for crippled children . . . Red (new comedy sensation) Skelton, for invariably crediting his writer-wife whenever he's complimented on his laugh-material . . . Jack Wilberg, air travel hater, who flew to and from the Milwaukee American Legion convention in order to squeeze out time for a promised benefit appearance in LA.

* * *

THE HIT PARADE: SCREEN: RKO's "Suspicion." An introspective drama as intricate as your next-door neighbor's character—and just as fascinating . . . MUSIC: "Keen Cool Fool" and (cover) "Until the Real Thing Comes Along" (Decca). The Ink Spots blot away the blues . . . BOOK: James Cain's "Mildred Pierce" (Alfred Knopf). The author of "The Postman Always Rings Twice" rings the bell again . . . BEST PERFORMANCE: Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion." A great actress proves last year's award nomination was no flash in the pan . . . "Will You Still Be Mine?" No matter whose you are, your feet won't stay "still."

* * *

QUOTES AND COMMENT: Pan magazine: "Censors may penalize 'Navy Blues' because of the hot dance numbers." . . . Backfield in motion, no doubt! . . . Veronica Lake: "Anybody can be an actress, but a mother is something else again." . . . Yeah—almost always . . . Picture caption: "Pine-out of ten American girls would give their eye-teeth to be stranded on a South Sea Island with Stirling Hayden." . . . Bet Mr. H. would prefer them with eye-teeth . . . Gene Tierney: "I married my husband because I loved him." How extensively mid-Victorian! . . . Fan magazine: "Mary Martin tried a blonde head of hair for awhile, but soon tired of it." Lots of men have had the same experience . . . Column: "Despite publicity phonies, few Hollywood glamour girls go in for athletics." They make up for it by going for athletes.

OF COURSE

"Hoo mony o' they caramels do I get for a penny?"

"Eight or nine," replied the shopkeeper, casually.

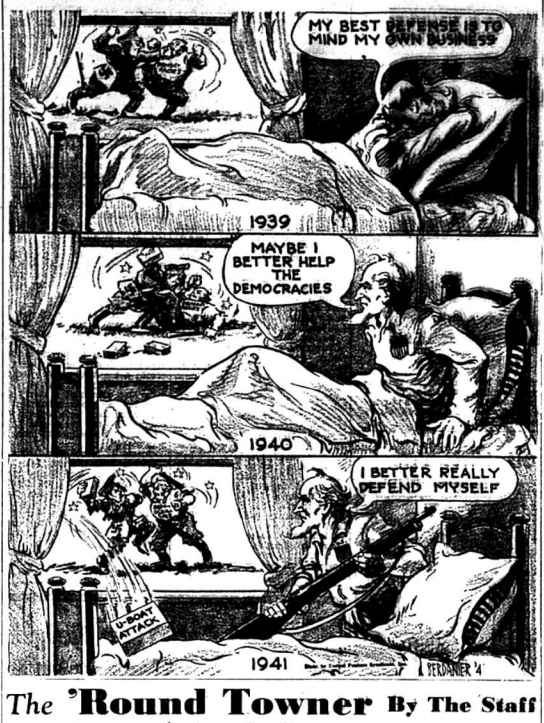
"Och, then, I'll ha'e nink."

INSURANCE
Please Drive Carefully
For Your Fire or Automobile Insurance —see— Buel Gossett
LARKIN CO.
511 Fourth St. PHONE 1211

FRESH FLOWERS
Phone 1222
FORGET-ME-NOT

Hotpoint
ELECTRIC RANGES
Guy's Appliance Store
327 Fourth Phone 384

Evolution of Defense



The Round Towner By The Staff

On the rounds with the Round Towner: Mrs. Chris Rasmussen in from her home on Hood Canal—Mrs. Harry Lombard with her twin granddaughters—Miss Ora Green charming in a chic blue suit—Miss Sylvia Sherter saying "hello"—Mrs. Dave Richlen looking pretty with a smart new "hair-do"—Nels Lofland talking to Al Saindon—Joe Hout reading the evening paper—Mack Smith eating ice cream and pie—Ted Higley watching the operations of a washing machine.

* * *

SOMETHING HE ATE

She was 12 years old and was taking care of her two-year-old brother for the day while her mother was gone. In the afternoon the baby began to fuss and steadily grew worse. The girl and her brothers played on the floor with him and tried in every way to amuse him, but the baby started in to cry and kept crying in spite of everything. When mother came home at nine baby was howling his head off.

"It must have been something he ate," the mother said, as she took the baby.

Then she found out: They hadn't fed him a thing. Sister was so busy trying to get him to stop crying she had forgotten food.

"Something he ate" always brings a laugh in that family.

* * *

STARFISH—A BIRTHDAY GIFT

Nine-year-old Phillip W. Lillison of Eastjark was celebrating his birthday Sunday by fishing from the Sheridan dock. He hooked into a freak starfish with 16 large and one small tentacles.

That's some kind of a new record, isn't it—a 17-point starfish on your ninth birthday?

* * *

SPRINKLED WITH MILK

Our sympathy goes out to the flustered elderly woman who boarded a bus the other day carrying a milk bottle upside down. The cap soaked through, and as she turned it up milk flew over five or six people.

Some of the remarks would have burned a stone woman.

THE ARMY'S CHOW

If you are one of those who hold a cynical philosophy that there is nothing new under the sun, a comparison of the cost of feeding the U. S. army from Revolutionary times down to that unit of the 1941 army stationed at Fort Lewis should change your viewpoint as far as that one issue is concerned.

The ration for George Washington's approximately 250,000 soldiers cost about 10 cents a day. Each soldier was supposed to get four pounds of food per day with a quart of spruce beer thrown in, but they didn't always get it. In the war of 1812 the cost of the ration was about 20 cents a day, and in the Mexican war in 1846 the ration was figured at about 15 cents a day. The Civil war ration was figured about the same.

For the Spanish-American war, 1898-99, the politicians and army contractors got smart. The cost of the army ration was cut to 13 cents a day, and out of that came the embalmed beef scandal. Ptomaine poisoning and other digestive disorders took about as heavy a toll as the battle field. The quartermaster deals of that period still smell.

The more than four million men of the first World war got a better deal as far as the allowance for the ration was concerned. The cost fluctuated from 34 to 48 cents a day for each man. That they did not always get it was due to poor management and lack of facilities for distribution.

Veterans of the American Expeditionary Force are still wondering what happend to all the sugar and flour that was saved for the army by putting civilians on a reduced ration. And don't say "spaghetti" to those members of the coast artillery units who came home from France on an Italian ship. On board nearly three weeks and ate spaghetti three times a day.

But the army ration up to 1941 is water that has passed over the wheel, and what matters is the ration for the four million men of the new army. It's the best fed army in the world, or should be, the way things figure out. The ration allowance for each man per day is 45 cents, and thinking of that will help answer the question of what is going to happen to your war tax money.

PUBLIC FORUM

ISOLATIONISTS ADVOCATING NAZISM, FLYNN CHARGES

(Excerpts from an address before the regional conference of women democrats from 11 western states by Edward J. Flynn, chairman of the national democratic committee.)

We are in the midst of a world conflagration. It is the hope and prayer of every American that we will escape unharmed from that conflagration. How best can we do it? Can we do it divided or can we do it united? Democracy breeds free opinion. It is the blessing of a democracy that an individual has the right to speak his or her mind on whatever opinion they hold. That is the true basis of a democracy. That is what our democracy is.

The president of the U. S. has definitely announced to our people and to the world a foreign policy; a policy that I believe, and he believes, and millions of other Americans believe, is for the best interests of our country.

At the beginning there was disagreement with that policy. Those who disagreed with him had the right to become vocal and to urge their viewpoints on their fellow Americans, even though they did not coincide with the views of the president of the U. S. This is real democracy. The motives of these people were not questioned because it was believed that they were honest and sincere. However, within the last few days a senator of the U. S. senate at a hearing in Washington definitely tore aside the pretense, and later a well-known citizen of our country, echoing the thoughts that were expressed in Washington by this same senator, finally brought home to our country the real purpose of the so-called isolationist block in opposition to the president.

REAL STAND REVEALED

If their stand was merely isolationism, if their stand as they so blatantly proclaim was really to see that no American lives were lost that in their world be an honest and laudable purpose. But now that all pretense is lifted, the real reason for their opposition to the president's policy stand stark naked before the American people.

Mr. Lindbergh said the three important groups who were pushing us into the war were: first, the capitalists supporting the British; secondly, the Jews, and thirdly, President Roosevelt's administration.

Let us consider the first groups mentioned by Mr. Lindbergh and see where we have heard these same claims advanced before. When we look at these claims closer, we recognize in them the very basis of the Nazi doctrine. Nazism was built in Germany on the theory that private capital and individual effort must be destroyed and the Jews must be exterminated. These non-interventionists no longer hide behind the cloak of isolationism. They stand today as avowed exponents of the doctrines of Nazism. The question that now confronts the American people is whether they are determined to sustain democracy or to adopt the Nazi's vicious and un-God-like doctrines.

Mr. Lindbergh and Mr. Nye, and a great number of the people who go along with them, believe—and perhaps believe honestly — that the country would be a better place to live in if the theory and practice of Nazism should prevail in this country. It has reached a sorry point when men who occupy their prominent positions will sink so low as to create racial and religious antagonisms.

HISTORIC FREEDOM

If we look to the history of this country, we will find that in most instances the settlers came here seeking religious freedom. The Pilgrim fathers settled in New England for that purpose. The Society of Quakers settled in Pennsylvania for that purpose. The Roman Catholics and Lord Baltimore settled in Maryland for that purpose. They came here because they sought to worship God as they wished.

These men who attack the president's foreign policy have, in my opinion, committed an unpardonable crime against their country. They have sought to raise class against class and to stir up hateful bigotry.

Pointed Paragraphs

Our test today in this country, whether we really believe the Christian doctrine of brotherhood, is anti-Semitism.

—Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick, president, Mount Mary college.

The German national anthem, "Deutschland ueber Alles," will one day ring through all Europe as the song of a neo-happy Europe.

—Dr. Robert Ley, head of the German labor front.

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh

"Grandpa insisted that I wear it"

Lady ON A HIGH HORSE
by JOSEPH CHADWICK

Made by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

Rhea Charters and her grandfather, Major Stephen Charters, who live on their ancestral estate near the little town of Marchester, are in financial difficulties. Rhea's irresponsible brother Dick is merely an additional problem. The family lawyer, Mr. Markham, after vainly trying to persuade the Major to sell some of his land, writes to a man named Carradine who owes the old gentleman a large sum of money. Carradine can't pay his debt, but sends his son Jim to Charters Manor to lend a hand. Rhea, who can't see how this will help, is antagonistic toward Jim. Then, Philip Lanning, a young man with whom she was in love four years ago but whom she hasn't seen since, comes to Marchester to take charge of a new aircraft factory. He calls on her grandfather and offers him $12,000 for a piece of the Manor. The Major, despite his need of money, stubbornly refuses, saying he wants to keep the estate intact. Later that day, Mr. Markham brings bad news. He has been trying to get the bank to extend notes held against the Major, but has failed.

CHAPTER XVII

THEY discussed the matter at great length — two worried elderly men and a girl with frightened eyes.

In the library, they talked and argued, even though talk and argument were useless. The bank held notes; it would take action against Stephen Charters if the notes were not paid. The Manor hung in the balance.

One thing only could be done.

"Sell some of your land," Markham kept saying. "Give up part to save the rest! Accept this offer you have had from the aircraft company."

Sell, sell, sell! The lawyer kept hammering at his old friend.

And Rhea said, "We must, Major. It's the only way out."

Stephen Charters was a drooping figure in his armchair.

Finally, he gave in. "All right—I'll sell, Markham."

The lawyer jumped to his feet. "Now you're being sensible! I'll get in touch with Philip Lanning at once. His twelve thousand for the east field will save you for a time."

"For a time?" Rhea repeated.

"You mean that this will give us only a temporary respite?"

"Well, yes," Markham replied. "Your grandfather owes fourteen thousand, and the bank will be lenient if twelve thousand is paid, but that takes care only of the immediate problem. You really need much more to keep this place. The Manor needs an income. There's no getting away from that. I wish Philip Lanning had offered twice twelve thousand!"

"Mr. Markham, I want you to let me talk with Philip," Rhea said suddenly. "He and I are old friends and, just now, I'm not above taking advantage of a friendship. Let me see if I can get him to raise his offer."

"Very well, my dear."

WHEN Markham was gone, Rhea went and sat on the arm of her grandfather's chair.

"Don't feel badly, darling," she soothed. "What does one field matter? We'll still have the rest of the land."

The old man sighed. "The Manor has been kept intact for generations, and I wanted it to be kept intact for generations to come. Once we start selling a bit here or a bit there, we may not stop. It may be necessary to go on slicing off acres until there will be nothing left for you and Dick."

"Oh, no," Rhea protested. "Don't look at it that way."

"Well, you heard Markham say that the sale of the east field would be only a temporary solution."

Rhea suddenly sat erect. "Major! I've a thought! What about the Charters jewels? They're in the safe-deposit box at the bank, aren't they? Why not sell them? They must be worth a fortune!"

For a long moment, Stephen Charters was very still.

Then, he shook his head. "There are *some* jewels left, but only a few minor things. And we cannot sell them. You know the custom. Rhea. They go to the bride of the eldest son, always. Your grandmother gave them to your mother on her wedding day, and now, they must go to Dick's bride, if and when he marries."

"But Dick would agree to sell them, I'm sure!" Rhea insisted.

"It is not for Dick to say what shall be done with them," her grandfather said firmly. "Besides, what is left may be worth very little."

"I don't understand. What became of the valuable pieces?"

"The best pieces were lost or stolen fifteen years ago, while your mother and father were on a visit to New York. Her jewel case disappeared. What is left are the pieces she had not taken with her on the trip. The police were never able to trace the others."

Rhea was silent a moment, staring into space. Then, she patted the Major's shoulder.

"Well, anyway, if I can't sell the jewels, I'm going to sell the east field to Philip Lanning for a small fortune!"

SHE went to the phone, called the aircraft factory, and asked to speak to Philip.

There was a short wait. During the interval, she grew a bit nervous. She had never done anything like this before — had never used her wiles to gain an advantage. And yet, some girls did such things all the time . . .

Then, Philip's voice came crisply over the wire, "Hello!"

"Philip, this is Rhea. I hope I haven't called you away from something important."

"Oh—Rhea! No—not at all. I'm glad to hear your voice."

"Maybe you'll think me very bold when you hear why I've called."

"Try me," said Philip, laughing.

"Well, you suggested that we have dinner together soon. You said you'd phone me tomorrow, but I was wondering whether you'd like to make it tonight."

"Fine! I'd have suggested tonight myself, but I didn't want to rush you."

"You're sure it's convenient?"

"Absolutely! I'm delighted! We'll drive into the city, and dance until dawn. What time shall I call for you? At seven?"

"Yes, Philip."

As Rhea put down the phone, she was quivering with excitement. She might want to influence Philip to pay more than his offer for the east field, but she wanted more to be with him. She knew she was still in love with him. . . .

(To be continued)
(The characters in this serial are fictitious)

RED RYDER

Something Big

By FRED HARMAN