The Bremerton Sun

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Published every day except Sunday by The Bremerton Sun Publishing Co., 644 Fourth Street, Bremerton, Wash. Telephone 1275. Entered as second class matter July 22, 1935, at the postoffice at Bremerton, Washington, under Act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: By carrier, 65 cents per month. By mail in Kitsap county, $2.00 per year, $1.25 for six months, 75 cents for three months, 50 cents for one month. In the state of Washington outside of Kitsap county, 50 cents per month, $1.00 for three months, $1.50 for six months and $3.50 per year, payable in advance. Outside the state, 75 cents for one month, $1.50 for three months, $2.75 for six months and $5.00 for one year, payable in advance.

National advertising representative, Gilman, Nichol & Ruthman, New York, N. Y.

Member: The Audit Bureau of Circulations and the United Press Associations.

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER, THE COUNTY OF KITSAP

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Bremerton and the Future

There isn't a day passes that newcomers don't arrive in Bremerton, attracted by the defense work here. Each brings with him a fresh opinion of our city and of national and world conditions.

And it is by such opinions, such comparisons as may be offered, that we can judge ourselves.

With the growth of Bremerton and Puget Sound navy yard, our public relations job toward the outside world becomes bigger and bigger. We happen to be on the crest of prosperity and growth; we could say that we don't care what others think of us—but that's a short-sighted view. We can never expect to hold our enviable position unless we put ourselves out to practice good relations with the rest of Washington and the nation.

The Sun has nothing definite to offer in the way of a suggestion for improving our "front" as far as the visiting public and other communities are concerned. But we do feel that more thought should be given to this matter now while we are enjoying prosperity rather than to wait until our position is less enviable and we need definite assistance from the outside.

Lessons From Singapore

There can be no blinking at the fact that the loss of Singapore was a major defeat—a setback that probably will prolong the war and make it increasingly difficult for the United Nations to find a strong point from which the Japanese attack can be rolled back.

Singapore was a great base, a mighty fortress and a mighty symbol; and yet, because it was all these things and more, too, its loss points up several lessons which we here at home must learn. We know the men at the front already know these lessons, that they are waiting only for the day—not too far off—when they, and not the axis soldiers, will be overwhelmingly superior in numbers and in weapons.

Singapore's loss meant a new crisis for China. The Chinese have withstood five years of such crises—they have seen base after base fall, and they still fight on.

For the Dutch, too, it has brought new difficulties. Yet nearly two years ago the nazi hordes blotted out the Dutch motherland, and still the Dutch fight on with a courage and skill that cheers the civilized world.

For the British, it means the loss of another vital link in their empire lifeline. Yet many such links have been lost; the British are still in the battle.

For the Australians it means increasing peril. Yet the Aussies have willingly faced danger wherever they found it. They will meet this challenge, too.

All these people have learned, as we are learning, that defeats such as Singapore must stimulate rather than stun the war efforts of all of us. Singapore—as with the Maginot line—has proven that strong points alone do not win a war; we must have more planes, more ships, more men, less complacency, less self-satisfaction but more determination and confidence. We must take the offensive everywhere.

It just makes the job bigger and tougher. But it also makes it increasingly imperative that the job be done successfully.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson

ANSWER: SOS, the call of distress

KEEP 'EM ROLLING!

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: Mrs. A. H. Parker entering her 7th at home—H. J. Haskell in Manette—M. Tate greeting a friend—W. L. (Bill) Carter, the high school teacher, looking for his lost cat—R. M. Wiesmore interviewing a job-seeker Mrs. A. J. Rally on 4th st. H. A. Bristol glancing at the newspaper headlines on a newsstand—George E. Worton over from Port Orchard—Mrs. Ruth Frost crossing the Manette bridge—Charles Anderson entering his Eastpark apartment—H. E. Frazier headed out Marine Drive—R. E. Anderson trying to sell a house—C. O. Caywood in from Silverdale.

* * *

FLATTERY INDEED

A woman can flatter a man by telling him he is a man whom no woman can flatter.

She can pull a bale of wool over his eyes, make him swell up like a poisoned pup and ooze with a large surplus of agreeable feeling. He will instantly picture himself as a fine, unselfish, ideal man—one that is indifferent to the opinions of his fellow mortals, not to be kidded into modifying his acts or opinions.

And all the time a woman is telling him that he can't be flattered, he IS BEING flattered!

Aw, well.

* * *

SANE AND ECONOMICAL

One old-fashioned lady remarked the other day, "I'm rather glad to see that the shortage of tires will take a lot of cars and trucks off the highways. There won't be so much aimless running around, and people will start to live sanely like they did when the horse and buggy were in style."

Maybe not more sanely, lady, but certainly more economically . . . and certainly many a business man will get into better shape when he has to walk a mile or two to work.

* * *

ADVICE IN THE TAVERNS

We get a kick out of reading signs in various joints around town—the old timers like "In God We Trust, All Others Pay Cash" . . . "Credit Makes Enemies, Let's Be Friends" . . . "Free Drinks Tomorrow" . . . etc., etc.

But one that came to our attention is in a downtown spot that has booths. A large sign proclaims: "Our Rooming House License Expired January 1, Please Do Not Sleep in the Booths."

* * *

HOW TRUE:

We thumbed through one of our college journalism books the other day and found the following little gem, once published in the Wichita Beacon. We must have read it as a student, but we weren't so impressed as we are now, when it appears so typical of an experience we've had more than once since entering this business. Here 'tis, and we hope nobody feels hurt if they realize it might apply to them:

"Hello, is this the reporter?"

"This is one of the reporters."

"Well, I want the reporter who writes the articles for the paper."

"This is one of the reporters who writes news for the paper."

"Are you the reporter who puts in all those articles?"

"I'm one of them. What can I do for you?"

"Well, I want to put an article in the paper. Have you got your pencil ready?"

"Yes, I'm all ready."

"Well, here it is. Take it down just as I give it to you. Mrs. J. J. Whurzis, W-H-U-Z-Z-I-S, and her charming and talented daughter, Euphrasia, will leave their palatial home, 9999 W. 38th street today, for a motor trip through the east where they will visit her aunt Lucy in the metropolis of New York City. She has a fine home there and is very rich. These two prominent Wichita ladies will return in three months to their mansion. Now read that back to me."

"I just took down notes. I don't take it verbatim."

"I didn't want it verbatim. I wanted you to take it the way I read it. That's the way I want it in the paper."

"I'll put it in with all the facts correct."

"That ain't the idea. I want it put in the way I gave it to you. If I have to pay for it. How much will I have to pay to get it in the way I gave it to you?"

"You'll have to talk to the advertising department about that."

"Well, I'll take it to the other paper. I never was so insulted in my life."

In Hollywood By Jimmie Fidler

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 19.—There has been much speculation as to how many of today's stars will take part in World War II. No one can guess with authority; it all depends on the eventual need for manpower.

But in glancing through old records, I was intrigued by the number of current players who were under fire in the 1914-1918 war. I shall not attempt to name all, and I hereewith apologize to the many whose names must be omitted for lack of space. A few are:

Vic McLaglen (major), Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou and Bela Lugosi (captains), John Boles and Ivan Lebedeff (lieutenants) and Richard Arlen (Royal Flying corps). Spencer Tracy was in our navy. Uncommissioned privates included Leslie Howard, Reginald Denny, Herbert Marshall, John Miljan, Paul Lukas, Kenneth Harland, Ronald Colman and Buster Keaton.

There men were not screen stars at the time, of course. A few were of the stage, but the majority, back in 1914 to 1918, were too young to have had long professional experience.

Looking at them to'ay, I seem to discern that their military training had much to do with their film success. In uniform, they acquired poise and self-discipline. They learned to fight against great odds. They grew to scorn danger and setbacks, and to understand that victory could be won where victory looked hopeless.

Such training must have helped them in their later battles for professional fame. Surely the odds of dying by war bullets were no greater than failure in Hollywood, but having won one fight, the experience undoubtedly made the second victory easier.

I wonder if scores of young men going to war today won't profit from their own experience and return stronger, more confident men, as did those of today's stars who fought a war 24 years ago?

* * *

On the "Tuttles of Tahiti" (RKO) set, comely newcomer Peggy Drake was eyeing a small bout apprehensively. Peggy, it seems, had never been seasick, but all her life she's been afraid she would be. "It's not that I'm frightened," she explained tremulously to Charles Laughton. "It's just that I don't know what I'd do if I were." Laughton eyed her with amusement, then drawled, "I do."

* * *

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS: Joan Crawford has the clearest telephone voice I've ever heard. It takes kids quite a while to shine up to Boris Karloff, but once they do they're mad about him. No girl sums up a man with a briefer glance than Katharine Hepburn. This may surprise you, but Bing Crosby is a gin rummy addict. Ida Lupino is mad about dresses with broad shoulders and slim hips. Man almost as unfaithful as Gary Cooper: Ray Milland. Charles Winninger walks that roly-poly way off-screen, too. If there's a high place near his chair, John Garfield's feet will find it. From his soft temper, you'd never guess Edgar Kennedy was once a prominent heavyweight prizefighter. Add habitual gum-chewers: Priscilla Lane.

* * *

Milton Berle, known the high price of avocados in the east, sent several crates of them to New York pals. Yesterday, on the set of "Whispering Ghosts," the comic was waving a special delivery letter under all noses. It read: "Thanks for the avocados. We're keeping in a safe deposit vault along with our spare tire!"

* * *

EIGHT YEARS AGO IN HOLLYWOOD: Gloria Swanson denied rumors that she would divorce her fourth husband, Michael Farmer (but she did!) . . . Jack Oakie underwent an operation to remove a splinter that had been imbedded in his leg for 15 years . . . George Brent sued Warner Brothers for salary due him—but because he refused to work in the film, "Mandalay" . . . Charlie Chaplin, Kay Francis and Winston Churchill were among eight people chosen by London newspapers as "the world's best smilers."

* * *

This morning I received the following terse telegram from Guy Lombardo: "Hollywood is turning out picture after picture based on despicable episodes from Adolf Hitler's life. How about a musical picture based on Hitler's death?"

New York debutantes look old-fashioned when they wear hats. A hat appearance is distressing.

—Jack Wilmore, Hollywood make-up artist.

PUBLIC FORUM

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO PUBLIC MORALE?
(From the Tacoma News-Tribune)

Mary Mitchell, a number of years ago ventured to criticize the policy of the war department because his superiors refused to recognize the part that aviation would play in future wars and would not build up the aerial arm of the service. Mitchell was court-martialed, reduced in rank and forced into retirement for his presumption in pointing out at that time what every civilian knows today.

Col. Muhlenberg, an army officer in the middle west, a few weeks ago ventured to remonstrate against the policy of giving most of our equipment to Britain and Russia, thereby weakening our own defenses. He was promptly court-martialed by the war department, yet acquitted by the board of officers before which he was tried.

Lieut. Gen. Walter C. Short and Adm. Husband E. Kimmel were in command at Hawaii at the time of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The Roberts report indicted them for inefficiency, carelessness and incompetence. The surprise air raid which caught these commanders napping has been called "the worst defeat which any navy has suffered since Trafalgar."

Politics played a large part in the selection of Short and Kimmel for their posts. Kimmel was jumped over 40 of his fellow officers, made an admiral and placed in command of the Pacific fleet. He had been a naval aide to the president.

After the Roberts report, there was a general belief that these men would be court-martialled as they deserved. But a court-martial might bring out facts as to the negligence of those higher up in Washington. Consequently, it is now indicated that Short and Kimmel may be allowed to retire on an annual pension of $6,000 a year.

What sort of a war is this we are waging? While the rest of the people are urged to make every sacrifice, congress votes itself handsome pensions for life. Ballroom dancer Mayris Chaney, protege of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, is nominated for a $4,600 a year job in the Office of Civilian Defense as director of "children's fitness division." Screen celebrity Melvyn Douglas is given an $8,000 a year job in the OCD as head of the "arts council." An $80,000 allotment is proposed for Donald Duck cartoon boosting high income taxes.

And now the men who were charged with "dereliction of duty" in the Roberts report are to be rewarded for their failure by being given pensions of $6,000 a year! Their incompetency cost 3,000 American lives at Pearl Harbor and lost us the first year of the war.

If this sort of thing continues, what will happen to public morale in this country? Are we in war or are we merely playing politics?

STOP CODDLING THE JAPS
(From the Washington Teamster)

Every time we start getting soft-hearted about the poor Japs in this country, let's think about the poor Americans in Manila and the bestial treatment they are receiving at the hands of their squat captors.

Yes, we should treat the Japs in a humane, civilized manner. But we should not coddle them. Above all, we should not forget that there were a lot of fifth column sneaks among them before the war broke, and though the FBI has rounded up many of them, there are undoubtedly many more still at liberty.

* * *

WHO WOULD PAY?
(From the Daily Olympian, Olympia)

It is said that labor groups in the state of Washington are divided about Referendum No. 22, which will be found on the ballots next November. This referendum would repeal a 1941 law, now held in abeyance, designed to increase very largely individual insurance awards.

If this law were made applicable it would impose a new tax of almost $8,000,000 on Washington payrolls, an increase of about 185 per cent. The Teamsters' union is said to favor the added tax, while other A. F. L. groups oppose it.

Some day it may occur to all pressure groups that if private industry is crushed out of existence by intolerable taxes there won't be anyone left to pay the debts various kinds of government already have incurred, no one left to buy Defense Bonds or to pay through taxes debts which will be contracted in the future, a condition which would cause America's war effort to burst like the balloons of a bubble dancer backing into a barbecue pit.

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh

"Why should I live in a tent when I own that?"

TRAVELER, HO!

by JEANNE BOWMAN

CHAPTER XXXIV

IN a few minutes, they emerged from the tunnel onto a ledge on the side of the cliff. Erik kept his flashlight on.

"Put her down and untie her ankles and wrists," he ordered the man who was carrying Ann. "She'll have to climb down from here herself."

When Ann had been unbound, she stood up and patted the gag in her mouth.

"Oh, no!" Erik scoffed. "Not yet! Here, give me your hand and I'll help you down the path. Take it easy—there's a nasty drop if you should fall."

Ann submitted docilely. What else was there to do under the circumstances?

With Erik lighting the way and holding tightly to one of her wrists, she followed him down a narrow, zigzagging path that had been cut out of the rocks. Then, the path leveled off, and she heard the murmur of voices.

A moment later, they were at the mouth of the cave.

Far inside, there was a light, which revealed about twenty persons gathered there. Along the walls were cots, and above these were shelves filled with canned goods. In the center of the cave, was a table made of boards laid on saw-horses, and around this were some benches.

As Ann was surveying all this with interest, she saw Dolores separate herself from a group of people and come forward.

Dolores gave Erik an insolent look. "So you had to bring *her!* I thought you said you were going back stumpy to take care of a certain matter."

"Otto took care of that," Erik retorted grimly. "Louie won't talk again. As far her—He indicated Ann—"she may be the means of saving our skins."

HE TURNED, then, and spoke in a German for a few minutes to the others in the cave. They all crowded around him, listening intently. It was obvious that he was their leader.

When he had finished what he had to say, he turned back to Ann and removed her gag. She stretched her aching mouth, found she could still use her tongue.

"Just what do you hope to gain by kidnaping me?" she inquired.

"You know, don't you, that there's a Federal law which exacts the death penalty for that crime?"

"And there is also a law which says a wife can't testify against her husband," Erik replied, with a tight smile. "We're going out to sea, my fine lady, and you and I will be married by the captain as soon as the ship is past the three-mile limit."

"Erik!" cried Dolores. "You don't dare! Erik, you promised me——"

"Shut up!" he snapped. "This is no time for a display of jealousy."

"But Erik!" she pleaded.

As he turned his back on her, the stricken look on her face roused Ann's momentary pity. She had hated Dolores, and knew her to be hard and unscrupulous, but she couldn't bear to see a woman grovel before any man as Dolores was doing now.

"Erik!" barked Erik. Then, when a matronly woman came from the rear of the cave, he ordered, "You will take charge of Miss McCarthy. Let her sit there on that first cot, so that she will be ready if we need her."

Ready if they needed her. . . . What did that mean, Ann wondered. Did he intend to use her as a shield if Captain Jensen and his men should find the cave and start shooting?

She lay down on the cot assigned to her, trembling with nervousness and chill. Her coat wasn't heavy and, with no dress beneath it, she felt cold in the damp atmosphere of the cave. She drew the cot's blanket up over her.

SILENCE settled down on the cave — silence broken only by an occasional low murmur of brief conversation among the occupants. Erik paced back and forth restlessly.

Then, suddenly, a man appeared at the entrance to the cave.

"They've gone!" he said excitedly, addressing Erik. "The cars from the north were just a bunch of Rotary Club members on the way home from a wiener roast, and those from the south were trucks carrying livestock."

Ann sat up, her heart plummeting. This man, evidently, had been left at the camp as a scout, and now he brought news that dashed her hopes. Those cars she had seen had not been the Army, after all!

"How do you know?" barked Erik.

"The trucks went on by, but the cars stopped for gas," the scout continued. "I crept close and heard the men in the cars shouting back and forth to each other, talking about the shindig they'd had. When they couldn't raise any one at the inn, one of them saw the light in Louie's motor house on the hill, and so a bunch of them went up there. They found Louie and carried him back down the hill and took him away. There was a doctor in the crowd who worked over him for a while before they left."

"Worked over him!" exclaimed Erik. "Was he alive?"

"Yes—but unconscious."

"*Otto!*" roared Erik, swinging angrily toward the man who had accompanied him and Ann to the cave. "Why didn't you finish your job?"

"I—I thought I did," mumbled Otto.

"Next time, make sure!"

"Well, he's unconscious," Otto offered weakly.

"He should be *dead,*" Erik said. "If he remains consciousness, he'll talk! The next time I give you work to do, you stand by until it's finished!"

Ann, looking up at him, seeing the cruelty in his face, wondered how she could ever have thought him charming.

HE STOOD thinking for a moment, then turned and addressed all those in the cave.

"Well, anyway, we have an extension of time. They aren't yet on our necks, as I thought." Then, he sneered, "I might have guessed the Army would be slow to make up its mind to move. They were tipped off last night. It's our good luck they haven't struck yet."

He strode to the mouth of the cave and looked out, then turned back.

"The tide is going out. We must get ready to leave. The boats will be in to pick us up at low tide.

Ann sank back on her cot. If there was anything she didn't want at this moment, it was a long sea voyage.

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

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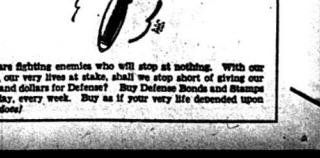
Let Your Answer to Bombs Be—BONDS!



We are fighting enemies who will stop at nothing. With our homes, our very lives at stake, shall we stop short of giving our dimes and dollars for Defense? Buy Defense Bonds and Stamps every day, every week. Buy as if your very life depended upon it. *It does!*