

Obedience is the mother of success, and is wedded to safety.—Aeschylus.

# EDITORIAL AND FEATURE PAGE

THE BREMERSTON 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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### Teaching Traffic Safety

Teach traffic safety in the public schools of Washington. That is the proposal which will be made to the state board of education by the Washington State Elks Association traffic safety committee, of which Harry Kopp of Bremerton is chairman. The state board will be asked to decree traffic safety education to be compulsory for every high school student, either in separate classes to study this subject exclusively or in conjunction with civics and social science courses already afforded.

The proposal is unquestionably has merit. A study course in traffic safety will impress students with their responsibility as pedestrians and drivers. Failure of adults to accept this responsibility has caused loss of life and property; education of young people surely would eliminate a part of this terrible toll in the future.

The committee suggests that the study course include instruction in traffic safety, the motor vehicle laws of the state, and the road principles of motor vehicle operation and mechanics. Suitable textbooks are available; some schools in the state in fact already are teaching the course with marked success.

This appears to be an intelligent approach to a problem that has plagued the state and the nation since the automobile replaced the horse. The proposal deserves the support of our senators and representatives at Olympia and the sound consideration of the board of education.

### Have We Forgotten Finland?

It is not so long ago—just a year or two ago—that the world was applauding Finland's courageous stand against Russian invasion. Here was the little country, unopposed making a brave stand against unprovoked aggression. Here was the only country that paid its war debt to Uncle Sam. Here were free men and women, Finns.

But now the Finnish-Russian war is all over and the Finns fight only against hunger and cold and disease. They are only rebuilding, not fighting. That is not dramatic. Courage is soon forgotten. That is not dramatic.

The Finns want lard and margarine and wheat and cotton, all surplus commodities in the United States. They have a port. Petsamo, they have British navigators for transport. But they have little money.

If we are in earnest about wanting to help those who fight totalitarianism, one good place to begin would be to help the Finns.

### Albanian Alexander

One of the minor reasons why we don't want to see the totalitarians take over the entire world is that we would have to learn over again everything we thought we knew.

For instance, we were taught that Alexander the Great was a Greek, king of Macedonia. But the Italian newspaper Il Piccolo recently suggested this musical note. Alexander was really a pure Albanian and no relation at all to the Greeks who were banishing the Italians of today.

Not long ago the Italians were protesting their complete Aryanism. The Germans alternately proclaim that British failure is due to degeneration of the breed (according to how the war happens to be going at the moment).

Isn't the war bad enough in itself, without pouring over it all these double helpings of mental mush?

## IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

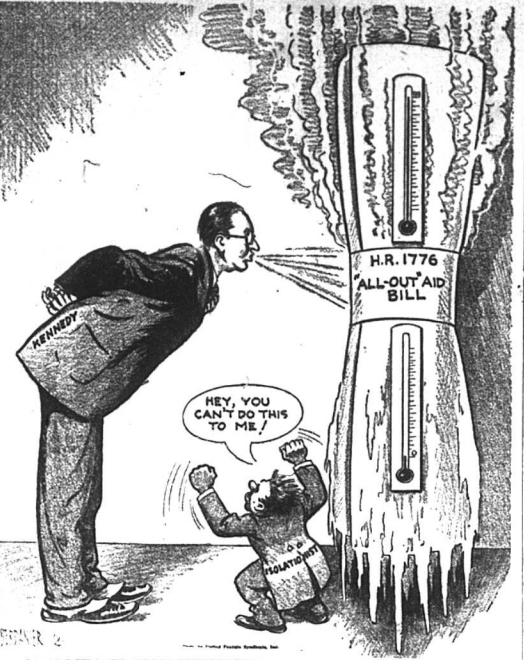
HOLLYWOOD, Jan. 29.—The engagement sparkler June Preisser is wearing wads from Gar Wood, Jr., but from her New Orleans school-days love. Gary Cooper is at Atriumhead for his cure. If Paramount is really serious about finding James Streech, who gave the studio "The Biscuit Eater" in Natchez, Miss., "jes' loafing."

Though constructed on dry land, the ship northeastward, and it pitches as authentically as any boat at sea so far. J. Bolton has started collecting ship models. Alexander Kopp playright-actor is penning a sea story. Eva Lippin is re-decorating a room of her house with a nautical motif. Band leader Johnny Green will invent his own dough to resurrect "If You Gentlemen."

If I haven't already happened, look for Eddie Cantor to pop up to that "Hold On To Your Hats" starring role vacated by Al Johnson's illness. Richard Gaines, recently shelled husband of Bette Marshall, is writing stories from a small hotel room in New York. Buddy Rogers returns to leave for So. America with Mary Pickford until his picture with Withers is ready.

Watching Hollywood from the sidelines I often chuckle to note how many seem to be waiting for grounds. For example, take the cast of Warner's "The Sea Wolf," who the past week when they were working on a sailing ship.

## Blowing Hot and Cold



### The 'Round Towner' By The Staff

Round town with the Round Tower. Howard Towner is his customary name. O. W. Lesche headed for Gibraltar. Chester Flapjack making purchase. O. S. Aldrich greeting customers. Peter Strand walking home. H. W. Bob tuning a radio. M. Davis heading for Capitol Hill. O. B. Parshew enjoying a meal. Francis Kelly on the telephone. Chet Karbo filling a gasoline tank. Don Ramsey hurrying across. Dallas ave. Charlie Philby leaving the Labor temple. Monty Snow busy at his typewriter.

### WHATS IN A NAME

We read with interest the other day a little story about a Chicago lawyer who tried to register a trademark for "Limestone Brand," a patent medicine. He was advised by the government examiner that the trademark was deceptive because the medicine contained no limestone. Whereupon the lawyer prepared this noteworthy brief:

"Limestone is a good trademark for soap not made of ivory. Gold Dust is not made of gold. There is no milk in Bull Durham. Royal Baking Powder is not made exclusively for roastsy, nor is Cream baking powder made of cream. White Rock is water. There is no cream in cream of tartar or cold cream; no milk in milk of magnesia, in milkweed or in coccoloba. There are all as remote from the cow as the cowpail.

"There is no grape in grapefruit, no bread in breadfruit. A pineapple is neither pine nor apple; a prickly pear is not a pear; an alligator pear is neither pear nor alligator, and a sugar plum is not a plum. Apple butter is not butter, all butter is taken out of butter milk, and there is none in butter, and in buttercream. Peanuts are not nuts, and nuts are not in nutmeg. There are nut stalks wear wet jackets—peas do not, they have pea pods."

He might have included references to club sandwiches and cottage cheese, in the "R. T.'s" opinion."

### WE OBJECT!

The Round Towner particularly dislikes: Breaking in new shoes. Trying to figure out where furniture will go in a new house with just the studs up—it stumps us. Loud and raucous voices. Dried hair.

Trying to catch a few extra winks with someone tip-tilting about the room. Mud puddles and what they do to trouser legs.

## Capital Comment

By BRUCE CATTON  
WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.—It'll be a long time before the people who ran the third term inauguration show forget about the time they had to take care of all the state governors.

All of the 48 governors were invited but some governors and agents the inauguration. Slightly more than half accepted; most of the rest promised to send their lieutenant-governors or other official representatives.

It was then up to Col. Horace Smith, the inaugural committee's general chairman, to make the arrangements. To see that the visiting dignitaries were properly entertained.

The job looked simple at first. On inauguration day there would be a parade, a White House luncheon and a White House tea. In the evening there would be a highly augural ball. All in all, everyone's plans for the big ball in the evening were cancelled. Col. Smith's plan for the big ball in the evening was cancelled.

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### CHAPTER XXXIX

WAKEMAN, Kay, Rutherford and Patsy invaded the Trocadero, more familiarly known as the Troc, Rutherford had reserved a table. They took their places.

Kay looked around her. There she turned to Rutherford. "I'm not a bit hungry," she said. "Let's dance." He nodded, rose. They excused themselves, went into the crowded floor. Wakeman's pulse quickened as he held her in his arms. He bent close to her, his mouth inches from her ear.

"I like that," he said. "You ought to marry me." "I'm not a bit hungry," she said. "Let's dance." He nodded, rose. They excused themselves, went into the crowded floor.

### Pointed Paragraphs

WE MUST moderate our love of money and abandon our worship of personal power.  
—President E. F. Day of Cornell.

These organizations ought to be all over it. They ought to be all over it. They ought to be all over it.

### EXCELLENT STAFF

The chief of the village fire brigade was making his report to the chairman of the village society.

"You see, sir," he said, proudly, "we put out the fire just 10 minutes after we got there."

"I should say it had," said the fire chief, "when we got there the fire had already been extinguished."

### By FRD HARMAN

"So, perhaps we can't be married right away. After all, Judy thinks you can't marry me until Dr. Hampden's going to tell her that she's cured. But I can explain everything if he hasn't already. Until he says nothing to anyone about it," she concluded for him. "I'm glad to hear that," she said. "You're being very sweet about it."

They walked silently for a while. Then Kay said, "I like Judy. I want to meet her."

## Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh



"If you can't get rid of that bay window, the only thing I can advise is to become a general as soon as possible!"

## SHE SAID

By EDWARD CHURCHILL

"I've got to prove to you that I'm not a dummy."  
"You're barn, all right," he told her. "I'll browbeat you until you can fly a freight car."

"They were in front of the Trocadero again. They went into the club, wandered among the tables until they reached Rutherford and Patsy."  
"Where the devil have you been?" Rutherford asked.

"We just got ourselves engaged," said Kay.  
"What?" exclaimed Rutherford. "You and Kay?"  
"Yes, a secret," he amended. "I just love a secret," she sighed. "Thank God you've done it at last. Did you know? Let me be the first to congratulate you. Water—champagne!"

Patsy glanced into the foyer. "Say, look there—just that Daxon coming into the place? And isn't that that stewardess, Grace Homer, with him? She's bounced right back into his life—his comical return."  
"It's a secret," he amended. "I just love a secret," she sighed. "Thank God you've done it at last. Did you know? Let me be the first to congratulate you. Water—champagne!"

"Patsy glanced into the foyer. They saw Daxon come to the entrance of the dining room. Look at them, turn back and say something to Grace. Then he came to Kay. They were standing together among the tables."  
"What's up with you?" Rutherford asked. "You and Kay?"  
"Yes, a secret," he amended. "I just love a secret," she sighed. "Thank God you've done it at last. Did you know? Let me be the first to congratulate you. Water—champagne!"

"Dixon heard her. 'So I'm drunk like a cork,' he said. 'I'm glad to see you rising again. And don't you worry the score! I'll show you I'm smarter than you are. You might ask your boy friend about his gift in Albuquerque. Kay looked at Wakeman. Wakeman pulled away from Kay, got to his feet."  
"What about your better button up your suspenders?" he asked. "You're not a bit drunk, are you?"  
"I'm not a bit drunk," he said. "I'm glad to see you rising again. And don't you worry the score! I'll show you I'm smarter than you are. You might ask your boy friend about his gift in Albuquerque. Kay looked at Wakeman. Wakeman pulled away from Kay, got to his feet."

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