The Bremerton Sun

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Meanwhile, Democracy Functions

Some people have their eyes so firmly fixed on some doom they see far on ahead waiting for democracy, that they overlook the fact that it's functioning right here and now.

When the draft act was passed last year, it was thoroughly debated for months. Every argument for it and against it was given full play time and again. Then, after the most complete kind of discussion, public and private, official and unofficial, the duly elected representatives of the people passed it by a broad margin.

If the passage of that act, revolutionary departure as it was from traditional American principles, did not represent the will of the American people, in what possible way could that will have been better expressed?

* * *

Similarly, the lend-lease bill. Since the draft act of last year, there has been a congressional election. A good share of the senators and representatives now on the floor have been to their constituencies for acceptance or rejection. New members were elected by people who had one eye on European developments and the ways in which they might affect the U. S. Now comes lend-lease bill.

No one can say both sides of this proposed legislation have not had every conceivable opportunity to present their cases. A continual parade of witnesses, for and against, qualified and unqualified, expert and inexpert, statistical and emotional, has passed through the committee rooms of both house and senate. Debate on the floors of both chambers has been exhaustive. Every conceivable scrap of information, every imaginable point of view, have been spread publicly before the legislators and the country.

The president, apparently feeling the criticism that followed last year's destroyer transfer, for which he did not go to congress for authority, appears to have made an especial point of keeping out of this pending legislation. Amendments have been proposed, argued, and some have been accepted. The people, through letters to congress and the newspapers, have had their direct say, aside from the official debate.

* * *

Soon the lease-lend bill will pass, or it will not pass. Whichever is the result, it is hard indeed to see how democratic process could have had more deference, how any possible means has been overlooked to make certain that the decision is the deliberate decision of the majority of the American people.

So, while we moan gently to ourselves about the fate of democracy in the future, let's not overlook this pretty convincing demonstration of its vitality that is going on every day before our too often unseeing eyes.

Free Italy Organizes

Just as fragments of the French, Norse, Dutch and other populations temporarily under the Nazi heel have organized as bodies of freemen in exile, so now they are joined by free Italians in London, who are making the beginning of a "Free Italy" movement.

* * *

Liberty has been preserved before in this manner, not once but many times. Driven from her home, she does not die, but takes up temporary quarters elsewhere, waiting patiently the day when she can return to her own. This she will do, some day, in every one of the countries from which she has been driven by force, internal or external.

It is especially appropriate to see a "Free Italy" movement, for no country made a more gallant struggle for national independence and freedom.

The Proprietor's Getting Sore

Capital Comment

By PETER EDSON

WASHINGTON, Feb. 26.—When the scores are all added up, one of the things the state department can take the most pride in is that it has succeeded as well as it has in keeping U. S. shipping and U. S. nationals out of the combat zone for as long as it has, thus reducing to a minimum the chances for one of those nasty incidents that always leads to trouble and sometimes leads to war. In other words, the neutrality act has worked.

Right now, there are only two cases which the criminal division of the department of justice has on record for violation of the act. They're interesting cases, too, in that they show how trivial incidents have been given careful checkup to prevent complications.

First is the case of Capt. Hector Leon Marie Vanderdonck, Belgian by birth, skipper of the good ship Ville De Namur, formerly a U. S. merchantman but transferred to Belgian registry early in the war. Captain Vanderdonck became a U. S. citizen back in 1920 but, being a sailor, he never lived in the U. S. much and, according to his own testimony, he thought that his American citizenship had lapsed. So, last June, his vessel loaded with war supplies, he sailed her out of New York harbor under the Belgian flag for Havre, France. He got his ship through the blockade safely, unloaded, and was back in the U. S. in July.

The case came to the attention of the department of justice, and it began an investigation. In January, Vanderdonck was indicted and awaits trial in New York. When he will be tried is a question. The principal witness in the case was also a seafaring man, and right now he's on his way to Australia and doesn't know when he'll be back.

PENALTIES PLENTY STIFF

Second case on the D. J. list is that of an engineer with the round Irish names of Frank McElherron, who shipped out of Savannah, Ga., last July on the Greek vessel Nicolau Virginia. An international mixup of names like that would seem certain to get into trouble, and McElherron got it. Out of port, the master changed his course and took the vessel through the combat zone. It was reported, and McElherron, being the only American citizen in the crew, was brought to trial in Philadelphia. Since it wasn't the engineer's fault, however, the court let him off with a one-day sentence—and then suspended the sentence.

Principal reason there have been no more important cases than these is that penalties for violation of the neutrality act are rather steep—$50,000 or five years in prison for a ship owner or master who takes a vessel into the combat zone, $10,000 or two years in prison for individuals who get into it.

When the act was first passed, there were a number of cases of mariners caught in midocean, outward bound, with no newspapers available to tell them they could not do that, they went into the combat zone. Once out, back home, and with the law explained, there were no further violations and no prosecutions.

But new cases which may eventually cause trouble are those of the pilots ferrying combat planes from the U. S. to England. Two routes have been followed, the northern by way of Newfoundland, and the southern, by way of Bermuda and then non-stop to England.

D. OF J. UNDECIDED ABOUT PILOTS

Special passports permitting travel in combat zones can be issued of course by the state department under the neutrality act. Wilkie got one, newsreel foreign correspondents get them, and business men with sufficient reason for travel abroad.

If a pilot ferrying a plane to England is shot down on the way, it's his neck that is broken and perhaps no one can be prosecuted for that. Pilots flying from Canada to England aren't be touched, if the U. S. government doesn't know about it officially. Pilots might be given properly validated passports, but it would take a court to rule if that was winking at the neutrality act. Whether flying a plane over a combat zone would resect if one of those ferrying pilots were shot down and captured is something you'll have to decide for yourself.

Robert Nathan's "They Went On Together" (McGraw). The author of "Portrait of Jennie" penned an equally masterful story about a mother and two children fleeing war's ravages — it might have been titled "Could Happen Here" . . . DISC: "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows" (Decca).

Hold Everything . . . . . by Josh

"Let's stick around and see how this comes out."

TOO SOON TO LOVE

by PRISCILLA WAYNE

Distr. by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT WAS Tom Blake who first suspected that Rosalou had deceived her mother and himself.

At eleven o'clock, he and Mary were still in the living room and, when the clock struck, he looked up.

"Don't you think it's about time that young lady was getting home?" he asked worriedly.

"Oh, I don't know," his wife replied. "When a pack of girls get together, you never know when they're going to quit talking."

"Looks queer to me," he grumbled. "Rosie left here right after supper. That's four hours ago. There'd she say the club meeting was going to be? At whose house?"

"Ruby Harmon's."

Tom rose. "Well, I'm going to phone and tell her it's time to come home."

He was gone from the room for several minutes. When he returned, there was a grim look in his eyes.

"Ruby isn't there," he reported, "and there has been no club meeting there."

"You think that—that—" Mary faltered.

"I think that she lied to us! She's with that radio crooner!" Tom reached for his coat and hat. "I'm going to find her and bring her home!"

It did no good for Mary to cling to his arm and beg him not to go, telling him that "young folks will be young folks."

"That's what you always say," he retorted. "You're always making excuses for her, always being too easy. Well, now see what she's done to deceive us! I tell you, I'm going to find her! What I'll do when I get her home, I'm not sure yet!"

With that, he banged out of the house.

IT WAS simple enough for Tom to trace the whereabouts of his daughter. Naturally, he thought first of Helen Novak and headed for her boarding house.

By chance, as he neared the house, Helen was just alighting from Tom's rickety car after an evening at the Circle Dance Hall. His angry questions soon forced from the frightened girl the admission that it was true that Rosalou had gone somewhere with Ronald.

"But I don't know where they went—honest I don't," Helen insisted. "Jerry did come here to get her, and they were going to some party, but I don't know where the party was to be. Honest I don't."

When Tom kept hammering at her, refusing to believe that she had told all she did know, Ken came a step to it by taking hold of her arm and pulling her toward the house.

"Aw, come on, honey, and leave this boob to talk to himself," he invited. "Who does he think he is, hollering around like this?"

Tom did not wait to hear any more of the "young upstart's impudence." He had had another idea—that some one at the broadcasting studio might be able to tell him where to look for Jerry Thomas.

He was not mistaken.

MEANWHILE, in Constance Garvely's apartment, Jerry was dancing with Rosalou.

The party had been something of a disappointment to Jerry. He had thought that he would be with Rosalou more but, somehow, one thing or another had happened to keep them apart most of the time.

He was trying to say something to this effect as he danced with her, but she was in no mood to listen. Resentment toward him had been growing all evening. She knew that it was Constance who had been chiefly responsible for keeping him away from her, and she felt that he needn't have been quite so willing to let the other girl monopolize him.

Then, their dance came to an end, for Constance, who had been playing the piano, suddenly stopped.

She rose and strolled over to them. "I'm going to turn on the phonograph," she said. "Why should I sit and play the piano all evening while the rest of you have a good time? Jerry, I want you to dance me that new step that you and Louise practiced down at the studio yesterday."

"Okay," he agreed.

So now he was going to let Constance grab him again, thought Rosalou. A feeling of hopelessness swept over her. What was the use? Why not face the fact that Jerry, now that he had been taken up by all these sophisticated people, belonged in a different world from hers? While he tried dance steps with pretty girls down at the broadcasting studio, she just sewed up the backs of a few more dozen stockings.

AS THESE thoughts were going through her head, Casper Garvely approached her and offered her a drink.

"Aw, come on," he coaxed. "You haven't taken one all evening."

Rosalou saw Jerry looking at her—saw him shake his head ever so slightly. Suddenly, she felt rebellious. Why should she let him dictate to her? He think, didn't he? And he seemed to admire these other girls who drank.

Defiantly, she took the glass that Casper held out to her—gulped the liquid down. It was hot, horrid. She choked. How could anyone like the nasty stuff?

Then, Jerry stepped toward her. "I think you'd better be going home," he said.

"Nonsense!" said Casper, slipping his arm about Rosalou as the phonograph music started. "Come on, sweetness—let's show 'em how a couple of really high-class hoofers do their stuff."

He swept her into a dance and, as they whirled about the room, her bitterness seemed to fade. All at once, she felt gay, carefree, exhilarated. She saw Jerry scowling at her, but she didn't care.

Casper laughed. "Old Jerry does not like my dancing with you, but we should worry. Does he think he has a monopoly on the prettiest girl in the room?"

His praise warmed Rosalou's heart. She had been snubbed all evening. It was like heady wine to see the admiration in Casper Garvely's eyes, to feel his arm about her waist. Maybe it was the unaccustomed drink that put flames of color in her cheeks, brightened her eyes and quickened her step—or maybe it was desperation. Whatever it was, she fairly sparkled.

"Listen, little girl," Casper murmured into her ear. "Didn't any one ever tell you that you're a raving little beauty? Didn't any one?"

It was at that moment of belated triumph that Tom Blake chose to make his appearance on the scene.

(To be continued)

(The characters in this serial are fictitious.)

Lang up your sleeves while gambling. It may be your last chance before some one takes your shirt.

You'll always find that the man of the hour has made his plans for years.

The 'Round Towner By The Staff

'Round town with the 'Round Towner: Mrs. V. P. Pedersen on the telephone—Mrs. L. N. Hein reading the evening paper—Bud Kelly visiting with Ken Ward in the latter's grocery—Irv Williams renewing acquaintanceships around town—Hans Heidemann greeting a friend—Wesley Seely driving homeward—Verne Arndt busy at Kerr's—Burnam Johnson entering his 13th st. home—Richard Giddens headed for Rocky Point—Bernard Lee talking about the war—C. W. Winkler making a purchase.

* * *

LEARNING JIU-JITSU

Everybody seems to be looking down their noses at the Japanese folks these days, so we're going to write a little item about the nicest Nipponese fellow we ever knew.

His name was Tamura, first name unpronounceable. He lived in our neighborhood when we were very young, and all the kids took jiu-jitsu lessons from him. He supplied the costumes and the necessary floor mats for the instruction, and seemed to take a particular delight in showing tricks of the Japanese wrestling trade to eager-to-learn young punks.

The science of jiu-jitsu, let it be known, is a purely Japanese product. Lessons never cease. It takes from eight to 10 years of study before a Japanese can qualify as a professor of the subject; by that time they're prepared to defend themselves against the biggest, strongest, roughest man extant.

When Tamura was teaching us the fundamentals of jiu-jitsu, he always stressed the necessity of remaining relaxed during a fall. He'd throw you over his shoulder with the greatest of ease after cautioning: "Take easy. Not stiff." And when you landed on the mat he fall seemed like nothing more than tumbling out of bed.

Tamura was a swell fellow, and his reason for teaching us jiu-jitsu was this: "Learn how to take care of yourself and other fellow don't bother you." But by forgetting what he taught, the 'Round Towner has gone through a period of disarmament, and friend wife is able to frighten us with merely a scowl.

RECOGNITION FROM F. D. R.

At long last, recognition has come to the hundreds of men and women who served the nation last Oct. 16 on draft registration day.

A member of one of Bremerton's registration boards dropped into the office yesterday and showed us a handsomely-engraved certificate he had received. Signed by Draft Director Dykstra for F. D. R., the certificate say: "The president of the U. S. awards this certificate in recognition of services rendered to the nation on registration day, Oct. 16, 1940."

All of the registration officers and clerks are receiving similar certificates, we presume. If your wife was one of them, don't be surprised if your favorite picture of the old homestead has been discarded and its gilt-edged frame used to properly display the certificate.

* * *

PRINTER VINDICATED

These two memorandums were proudly displayed by printers in a newspaper plant where the 'Round Towner once was employed:

"MEMO: To Foreman of Composing Room—Yesterday, in setting up the line, 'Miss Wilson, the promising young soprano, will bring us Grieg,' one of your compositors rendered the last word 'Grief.' Fire him. (Signed) Editor."

"MEMO NO. 2: To Foreman of Composing Room—Last night I heard Miss Wilson. Find that compositor and send him to me; he should be our music critic. (Signed) Editor."

* * *

THE WHY OF ROCK BEER

In springtime our fancy turns to bock beer. And by making a peril-beset and arduous trip to the dictionary, we learned that the name bock is a corruption of the original name "einbecker bier" which in turn was derived from the town of Einbeck in Germany.

Seems the natives thereof deserve the credit for first making a tasty brew from the muck they cleansed out of their beer vats each spring. For which this department is duly grateful.

IN HOLLYWOOD

By JIMMIE FIDLER

HOLLYWOOD, Feb. 26.—Warners is snapping at George Brent, who is refusing to ink a new termer. Brent says 12 years with one studio is enough and he wants to free lance. . . . Priscilla Lane and newspaperman John Barry, after a love recess, are at it again . . . Dorothy Lamour's much publicized trip to Mexico City is off; not enough time between pictures.

The Bette Davis-Mary Astor palship is now so staunch, Mary's role in "The Great Lie" equals Bette—and no squawk from the latter! . . . Groucho and Chico Marx are egging Harpo to wear a black wig in their next.

George Raft and Betty Grable are petitioning their respective studios to get together on a movie co-starring them . . . Which reminds me, it's Raft's rumba that is sensachunal; as his partner, Betty throws in too much hootchy-cootchy . . . Universal's test of Faith (Clive's dotter) Brook were so good, she'll probably get a contract.

Jane Bryan (who wed and retired) will add to the census taker's next survey, come summer . . . Virginia Weidler is taking singing and dancing lessons, on MGM's promise that if she's good, she'll get a picture with a real opportunity . . . Ha! That film "Odor of Violets" (sic star Edward Arnold) had better be good, or the wisecrackers will murder it! . . . Errol Flynn resumed flying lessons while in Honolulu and will continue despite studio bans.

* * *

Months ago, I told the story of how Betty Brewer, the skyrocketing Paramount moppet who came to pictures from the county relief rolls, landed studio contracts for her sister Elaine and her brother Billy. Here's the amusing aftermath: Yesterday, Betty paid her first visit in weeks to the studio publicity department, and was chided for her absence. "So!" kidded one of the boys, "now you're an important actress, you haven't time for old friends!" "It isn't that," protested Betty earnestly, "I've had to stay home because I'm between pictures, while Elaine and Billy are working. Someone has to wash and dry the diapers!"

* * *

MUTTERINGS: Did anyone think to send Bela Lugosi a valentine? . . . Silly notion: To gift Billy Gilbert with a box of snuff . . . Ode to mayhem: Seriously, Marlene, don't you think your . . . er . . . legs are largely responsible for your dramatic success? . . . To the pillory with glamour girls who dress like queens—then spoil the illusion by chewing gum . . . Growl: Too many movie scripts aren't worth the paper they're rotten on . . . Can't anyone convince MGM that every day Garbo remains off the screen, she loses much of the ground she gained with "Ninotchka?" . . . Inagainable nilarious evening: Listening in while a Hollywood sob-sister interviews Wallace Beery about love life.

* * *

YESTERDAY'S STARS TODAY: Ella Hall, ex-serial queen and star of many wartime films (1917-18) including "Bitterswee!" and "The Little Orphan." Instead of lamenting ill-fortune when her screen career waned, Miss Hall had the courage to turn from tion . . . MAGAZINE STORY: movie riches to an unglamorous, saleslady job. Today, with a devoted personal clientele, she is a fixture at I. Magnin's Hollywood store—where she serves dozens of today's film favorites.

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THE HIT PARADE: BOOK: Marcus Goodrich's "Delilah" (Farrar & Rhinehart). An American Conrad hits a literary high with a stirring biography of a U. S. navy destroyer . . . SCREEN: "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary." Topper of the Hardy Family series, made more important by the debut of a sure-fire coming star, Kathryn Grayson . . . SONG: "Why Does It Happen to Me?" Bright lyrics plus a catchy tune sure to bring your ears to attention . . . MAGAZINE STORY:

The Unbeliever

By FRED HARMAN