WE HAVE A VERY POLITE POLICE DEPT.

Unhappily I found out the hard way—dealing with them over a stolen car. My car. (How many of you know the sinking feeling of seeing black oil drippings on a bare pavement in place of your car?) The night officer who answers at JU-3-2111 has all the friendliness and courtesy of an air-line reservation clerk. Before he hung up I almost expected him to say: "Thank you for calling Seattle police with your crime." The bright young men in the prowler cars were equally pleasant. Here are a few facts I learned from them: 1. The rate of stolen-car recovery in Seattle is about 60 per cent. 2. Cars are usually recovered within 48 hours after report. 3. In 26 hours. 5. The owner usually is better off if the car is found abandoned rather than moving. If it's moving, there's liable to be a chase and a smash-up. 4. When police ask owners if they'll prosecute, many say "no." This attitude doesn't help law enforcement.

But I was really embarrassed by this theft. You see, my car was sort of fancy and if I had known company was coming, I'd have... But actually the whole subject of car theft shouldn't be taken lightly. I'm plenty tired of it, and I have a message for the crooks: "You bums, don't you know that nice guys don't take cars. They take busses."

The court decision declaring a North Carolina blue laws unconstitutional is being viewed here with a good deal of interest by Joe Lavin, attorney for the Washington Association of Class B Licensees. Joe sent for a copy of the opinion. In essence it states that the blue law is discriminatory because it restricts the Sunday activity of certain businesses and not others. Lavin says: "This decision opens up a whole new theory on the legality of blue laws. You can be certain it will be scrutinized for possible application here."

SCENE AROUND THE CITY. Two office girls in the Vance Bldg. were complaining about Seattle's poor weather when another office member, Jack Muskel, suddenly cut in: "Don't you know we're having the mildest winter in Seattle's history?"... Maybe this little story about a new tribal custom among some of the younger married women is true—may be not. But here's the way it came to me: Some of the gals have taken to wearing their wedding rings on the wrong finger. This is to denote they married the wrong guy.

DAY AND NIGHT. S. S. Acapulco tenants who catch the shipboard movie "The Big Show" (20th Century, Cinemascope) come away saying, "Where have I seen that girl?" They're referring to the one playing a co-starring role with Esther Williams. No wonder she looks familiar. She's Margia Dean, social secretary of the Acapulco. Next week the Acapulco will show "Secret of the Purple Reef," with Margia and Dr. Kildare... err... I mean Dick Chamberlain. Occasionally he'll have a way over to the 74-acre trade-and-tourist zone at the foot of the Space Needle to see how things are going. They're going great. The Needle's still the No. 1 fascination and this little episode will give you an idea of its appeal. Near the Great Britain exhibit a fellow was stretched flat on the ground, squirming around. Another fellow rushed over and said: "Are you O. K., mister? Are you hurt bad?" "Naw," he said sheepishly, as displayed on small camera, "I'm just trying to get an angle shot of the Space Needle." (And if they come out real peachy, he'll put film in the camera.)

OFFBEAT & TRIVIA. The time is the middle of Century 21. A visitor is being shown through the White House. An office door is partly open and he looks in and sees a giant computer in the center of the room. The visitor looks closely at a sign on the computer. It reads: "PRESIDENT, U.S.A." His guide, a small robot, nudges him and says: "I'll bet you never thought we'd ever have a man president." (Don't leave; there's more coming.) Another little robot comes up and says: "Yeh, but she's only a figurehead." And then he points to a stack of electronic tape and punched cards and says: "There's the real brains around here" (pause for a gasp) ... Peggy Lee has long gone but her little jingle is still making the rounds: "Cupid shot an arrow in the air. It fell to earth and hit me in the leg. And now my leg loves you."