

Sense And Some NONSENSE -



By Dewey

"Hardly a man is now alive who topped the hill at seventy-five," read a Burma Shave ad, not far from Portland. Maybe it is amusing to the average citizen to read such, especially coming from Burma Shave, which always tries to be witty in all its advertising.

Just how witty does this jingle sound to the average citizen in this area? Actually is it silly at all? Scarcely a day passes when the average citizen picks up his daily paper and read of car accidents—of deaths—of frightful injuries being suffered by innocent people who try to drive with caution and common sense?

Perhaps but a few Pilot readers had the pleasure of meeting one Audrae Nuttbrock of Dayton, who enlisted in the navy in his junior year of high school and who was, only about a month ago, discharged after having been in several Pacific invasions. He had returned home, and with his father, had planned at one time to move to Brookings.

While this has no bearing on the case, it is mentioned to recall the lad to those who did meet him on a visit here in April. Audrae, always popular among all his fellow students, took to Portland an old team-mate, a week ago Sunday. On his return home—scarcely five miles from home, he was instantly killed when his car was hit by another—one that was speeding.

There are hundreds of thousands of "Audrae Nuttbrocks" in this nation of ours. Riding with him were three other pals, also pals of the lad whom he took to Portland. They were coming home, obeying speed laws, and acting like gentlemen, which they were. Not yet 21, Audrae is now a corpse, his parents beside themselves in grief, all because some fools wanted to speed.

Coming to Brookings on the bus Sunday night, it was my observation to count over thirty

cars talking half of the road—right out of the middle of the road. Exceptional drivers, these Greyhound busmen, escape from wrecks, on a number of occasions seemed almost impossible.

It seems to be the favorite pastime of many motorists to pass another car on a blind curve. On three occasions, near Coos Bay, cars roared around the bus, almost to collide with another car before they were far enough in front of the bus to cross the yellow strip, and back into the proper lane. On each occasion, the bus driver was alert and saved what might have been a bad situation.

On one of these occasions, he told people in the bus that he always drove like everyone else on the road was a "damned fool."

Roads of this area are not exactly enticing for speedsters, yet it is surprising to see how many out-of-state cars seem to be in a hurry to reach their destination—how they "cut corners," pass cars without heed of what may be around the corner and out of sight. Something must be done—or existing laws must be upheld more rigidly.

Bus drivers are required to take not only a physical examination each six months, but are also required to keep abreast with all driving rules, no matter what the state or city. Such must sooner or later become true with drivers of any car, if this wanton killing of people is to be stopped.

The Ostrich Is A Silly Bird

Editor's Note—While the author wishes to remain anonymous, this contribution, nevertheless, commands publication.

The Ostrich has been pictured as a bird that hides its head in a hole at the approach of danger. The portrait of this fowl with its head sticking into the stand and its nethermost portion sticking up as an invitation to assault by any predator is familiar to every school child. Viewing this odd characteristic of this feathered creature, one may only conclude that it is a silly bird.

Nature has provided gorgeous plumage for the ostrich. Its long plumes have adorned the heads of ancient queens and graced the hats of modern ladies. The plumes have become things of value to be coveted by the eyes of human beings. From the lessons of history we have come to learn that such assets, if they are to be retained by the original owner, must at all times be belligerently protected.

An ostrich plume may possess no value as far as its original producer is concerned and therefore it may little care nor long remember if the plume was snipped off and carried away to market. But there are those forces abroad in the world who care nothing for the welfare of the ostrich and who, if it so much as protests

in the slightest degree to the clipping its plumes, will not hesitate to destroy it. This is an easy task to accomplish as the bird stands immobile with its head stuck deep into a hole, or in the stand.

The pity of the sight is that nature has provided this feathered creature with the means to protect itself against attack. It has been given speed in excess of almost every other thing that walks upon the earth. A vicious slash of its armoured claws brings almost sudden death to an aggressor. It is big, it is tough, it has the potentialities that could develop it into a monarch in its habitat.

Therefore, the question naturally arises as to why the ostrich performs in such a silly manner. The answer to this question may be found in conjecture. It is possible that the original ostrich

listened in on a conclave of the first human beings engrossed in their first discussion of the problems confronting the tribe. It may be that the first ostrich heard one of the first men reply to a loquacious fellow-member, "Hush, Hush. Don't talk about such things."

It may be that the first ostrich

then went out into the world and applied this "Hush-Hush" philosophy to the lives of its descendants who were to come on along the paths of life. Could it be that this is the reason why the ostrich now sticks its head into a hole in the ground? Could be!

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