

BROOKINGS-HARBOR PILOT

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DEWEY AKERS, Editor and Publisher

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There'll Be Plenty Lily Blossoms!

Everyone is invited to the Brookings-Harbor area, Saturday and Sunday, next, to enjoy the second annual Lily Blossom Time, an event staged by people of this area to exploit the possibilities of this region and a flower center of the world. Maybe there will not be the number of blooms as was hoped, but the visitors can see the magnificence of this area nonetheless.

Last week many people who had planned to enter floats became fearful that sufficient lilies blossoms would not be available, and cancelled their entries. However, a survey, together with promise of growers, no one should be short on blossoms for construction of floats. Hopes are that last year's record will be exceeded.

Visitors to this area may be assured that there will be beauty that will be impossible to describe. It is reported that one concern has sent for a professional couple to build that float. If such be the case, watch out for some prize-winners among others who are saying nothing about their individual plans.

IT SEEMS TO ME:



By Dewey

O, if I could only jerk off about 35 years of my life suddenly—put myself back at the age of these scouts who will go to the county camp, how happy I would suddenly find myself. I can see lots of fun for those lads up the Rogue, and also I can see an opportunity to accomplish many things in way of scouting.

To me, readers, there is no movement in the world which can do more than scouting, unless it is the schools and churches, but they cannot quite fill the needs for scouting. In scouting, these lads, and girls, if you are going to be inclusive, have an opportunity to learn crafts they can find in no other way—but yet are vital to the youngster's peace of mind.

There are a number of boys up for eagle scout badges. Let

me say, emphatically, these boys have earned this coveted rank. How, you may ask? By being real men, despite their youth. I trust, without any reservation, any or all of these lads with anything. They are typical boys—full of mischief, but they have a code of honor that would do many of us adults proud to imitate. I mean just that.

I have noticed, all through their scouting program, that all these boys have been rivals—they have done everything they could individually, to outstrip each other. Yet, I have noticed, as they approach that coveted rank, all want the other to be present at the presentation.

A few of the boys lack one or more requirements to meet that exacting requirement. Rivals, although they may be, each is doing his part to make up the deficiency of the other. Each with certain talents, and none quite alike, certain requirements may not come as easy with all. One boy is more proficient in signaling, or first aid, than he is in swimming. Exchange of help is the order, right now, believe me, folks.

We do not expect mature men of these boys—but my money is on them when it comes to the showdown. At least I have always found I could believe any scout's oath. He may like to slip by on some requirement—but he'll never tell you a falsehood if asked.

Most of these boys, I have watched for most of two years. They are full of life, they play pranks one on another—they'd even put salt in a boy's applesauce, but my how they'd rush to each other's aid if injury or sickness should come. I've seen some pretty fair meals set out by these boys. I've seen them demonstrate that they knew the thing to do in most any emer-

gency. To me that means everything.

Scout leaders, no matter where they may be located, wish to aid any boy in becoming an eagle scout. The leaders may be exacting in requirements—want a boy to be quite proficient, but if the lad has learned to live a life we expect of men, then none are so narrow-minded as to stand in any lad's way over some minor shortcoming.

I've heard remarks such as these: "What does a scout know about carpentry, just by passing his carpentry merit badge? What does a scout know about first aid just because he can pass requirements set forth by the scout manual? I'll defend this procedure. If a boy knows the various carpenter tools and their uses, his experience in the use of these tools will make him from accidents if there were any scouts around—somehow a scout knows—he has been trained to use his head.

I wish to add that I believe all these lads up for eagle scout badges are just that—eagles—and rate the honors which accompany these badges. They are just good citizens, despite their immature age.

I WRITE as I See It!

—BARTON W. MARSH—

This is a terrifically agitated world—and I mean terrifically. In all quarters the fires are burning hot under the cauldrons of greed and hate and they are spewing forth their venom until the entire world is becoming sick and in distress.

World awakens in the morning and from its lips we hear the cry, "Would God it were evening." In the evening its weary moan is, "Would God it were morning." Tired and sick it can find no place upon which to lay its weary frame and rest. Its right hand is becoming palsied from wielding the sword and the olive branch of peace droops and dies in its left hand.

From the sole of its weary feet to the top of its bewildered head it is nursing wounds and bruises and putrifying sores. In every proposed remedy it so eagerly grasps it finds no surcease from its sorrows and no healing for its pains.

If facts and figures could arouse us we would be appalled at the decay of human morale. Enslavement of men, women and children is increasing at an alarming rate. It has not been uncommon for entire nations to be ensnared at one fell stroke and driven into the most abject slavery. Those whose judgment is worthy of consideration declare that more than 90% of the inhabitants of earth are wearing the chains of serfs and slaves.

Gambling is at an all-time high and this holds the world around. Restraint is thrown to the winds. The siren voice of indulgence lures us into ever abandonment of virtues that we should cherish and hold most dear. In the morning we must have "some" stimulating bracer and we close the day's activities with a sleeping powder, with fillers in during our waking hours of selections from the almost countless varieties of stimulants, sedatives and narcotics available to all, men, women and children, alike.

Is there no healing medicine? We answer, There is an adequate remedy, that is competent to heal all the ills of the earth. Here it is:

"Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

—Jesus Christ.

Beginning next week and onward we shall endeavor to elaborate upon the remedy for the world's ills and not so much on its sickness.

Highway Crew Is Doing Good Work

Highway 101, being re-paved from the state line northward, is being really "done right," say all of the area who have had occasion to travel over that section already done.

With the crusher in action at present there is no hesitation for lack of rock and gravel, and the crew, according to foremen, is spreading between 80 and 90 tons of "the hot stuff" daily.

Holes along the highway, between the state line and Carpenterville, have been filled so the second coat leaves a highway like most any speedway in the state of Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Conner Kessler left Tuesday with the Curry Co. Lumber Co. truck to bring back a load of fir.

Local News Items

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew F. and son, now of Riverside, visited her aunt, Mrs. De Akers for a few days, beginning Tuesday, en route home from extended trip which took them into southern Idaho. The De Akers just recently returned to America from Genoa, Italy, where had spent almost two years military attaché to the American council.

Try Pilot Classifieds for Mrs. Frank B. Hassett, daughter, Leta, left Friday Lebanon, where they attended Sunday, the re-union of the Timmonds family. Ruth, who attended Girls State at Sanderson area, returned home with them this week.

C. E. Seger, county supervisor, of Gold Beach, was a visitor, Tuesday.

ANNOUNCING

Beginning Next Monday,
JULY 19

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