

# BROOKINGS-HARBOR PILOT

Entered as second-class matter, at the postoffice at Brookings, Ore., March 7, 1946, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

DEWEY AKERS, Editor and Publisher

National Advertising Representative

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Subscription Rate:

Per Year, in Curry County, Oregon.....\$2.50  
Per Year, outside Curry County.....\$3.00

## IT SEEMS TO ME:



By Dewey

Eight years ago, yesterday, I was sitting in my livingroom, reading. While the radio was going, I paid no particular attention to the program, until all of a sudden, about 10:15, the program was interrupted, to bring a new-flash that Japan had a few moments before, struck at the stronghold of Pearl Harbor. The first flash left me rather stunned. Like all complacent Americans at that time, I firmly believed that it was Germany, rather than Japan, who had hit the blow.

As the day wore on, controls were switched to Pearl Harbor for direct account of the damage—of the treachery—of the destruction, and such. I still was incapable of believing the Japs had done it on their own volition—still I believed it was German led and inspired. I presume that I was average among the Americans, who believed Japan wanted war, but not that bad.

Eight years later, this week if you please, the world is in about the same turmoil—except Europe is not in a shooting war. The picture is almost identical—with Russia sitting in about the same position as Germany did in those days. Stalin, however, with his absolute control, does not have the situation as well in hand as Hitler did.

Tito, and many of the countries behind the iron curtain are not molding to the pattern in the manner it was believed. It is, I believe, due to this situation that has kept the world in peace this long—if we can call the present state of affairs peace in any form.

The next strike, sneak attack like Pearl Harbor, will come to this country without warning or indication, across the north pole from Russia. Many people believe Russia is not ready to start this war. Perhaps she is not, but it is coming, I feel sure, for she (Russia) must wage war to hold under subjection, the many

peoples now in the communist fold and domain.

Pearl Harbor should be a symbol for Americans—it should define the course we in this country must follow. In previous wars other nations have borne the brunt until we could get into action. There are no such nations left today. We stand alone—and we are naked in our aloneness.

While our congress debates on defense questions, many Americans are getting rich selling our secrets to Russia. Top government officials are accused—and no denial has been made. It must be true, or at least a portion of it—that we are inviting Russia to make this sneak attack, at their convenience.

Pearl Harbor day should be remembered by Americans as a day of shame. It should be the lesson for all of us to consider when trying to judge by standards of Christianity. We know that we are incapable of doing such an act—and we want to believe the same of others. Such, I firmly believe, is the most foolish act we are committing.

Marshall Dana said General MacArthur is doing a wonderful job bringing Japan into the circle of Democratic countries—maybe he has, but still I question the Oriental mind, steeped these centuries in Shintoism, Buddhism, and such, to accept the Occidental way of life. I doubt, after we turn Japan loose, if she will long remain the peoples MacArthur now deals with.

Germany, now writhing in the depths of despair and destruction, has not learned its lesson—and Nazis are combining with Communists to keep us from readjusting the German people to a way of life other than that of war, for which they have long been noted and identified. Eight years after Pearl Harbor, the same picture still hangs on the wall, except for the color.

## THAT'S RIGHT . . .

Some of our friends served a twenty-four hour salad at their Thanksgiving dinner. We don't think that we would like to go to a dinner if it took twenty-four hours to serve a salad.

Amid a barrage of ticker tape, confetti and whatever else was lying around loose, the Pshaw of Iran waved and smiled as paraded down Broadway in New York. A color guard preceded the potentate, four bands were scattered throughout the procession and some two hundred thousand people lined the curbs as the parade swept by them. There must be a lot of unemployment in New York.

The prisoner said to a New York magistrate, "I'll never drink again." Whereupon the judge gave him a suspended sentence for being drunk. Just

24 hours later the police were called to quell a drunken disturbance on a street corner. They hauled seven drunks to the hoosegow. Among the seven who do you think they discovered?

A couple was enjoying their television set. Fido, their pet, reclined on the floor. A dog came on the screen and began barking. Fido jumped up at the screen and wrecked a \$670 set. Keep your dogs away from video.

In Salem, Mass., the owner of a new automobile watched as a large maple tree fell over upon the auto and crushed it. This particular tree was just getting revenge for all of those other trees that had been crushed by automobiles.

A Nebraska representative boasts that he washes his own shirts every night. Such a man will have no dirty linen to wash in public.

A musical director asserts that no singer in the show business gives a song the treatment that Al Jolson does. Nobody disputes that statement.

A "married" couple who find themselves in an embarrassing situation, inquire, "What can we do so people won't talk?" They can go to some unoccupied island in the South Pacific.

Most successful men have, during their lives, experienced defeat and failure. It may be that a dose of failure is the remedy necessary to bring about the condition of success.

The rains have come. Eureka (not the town)! Now it has come to pass, that the beautiful hill around us are covered with lush green grass.

Occasionally we get caught in the wringer. This usually happens when we go out on a limb for some new cause that floats along under the banner of progress. Something happens and we find that our enthusiasm has been misplaced. So we get slapped down. However, things seem to keep going right along all right. We have a very high idea of our own opinion but have come to the conclusion that, if others were all as bright as we think we are, this would be an awful world.

This is the time of the year when we are pestered with the annual rash of All-American football teams. Everybody and his sister pick All-American teams. Currently they are being picked by the Associated Press, The United Press, The International News Service, Colliers, Grantland Rice and a horde of sportswriters. Kate Smith and the Marx Bros.

have appeared among the pickers. In this wave of gridiron hysteria the boys of the lunatic fringe are selecting the Little All-American teams. The only person missing from the array of seers is Confucious. He does not pick all American teams. Confucious say, "Oh, Nuts!"

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest of all are "Ten or Ten."

Over in Idaho a man was caught carrying away cooking utensils from a neighbor's ranch house. He was charged with burglary. He pleaded that he was not a burglar. He said he was a kettle rustler.

A gang of Chinese nationals have shot up an American ship—this incident happened on the Yellow Sea. In their attack the Chinese used a destroyer that had been given to them by America. The shells they used in the attack and the guns they came out of were obtained from us, all for free. How come the Chinese missed out on some of our obsolete atomic bombs?

A Hayward, Calif., woman took a .45 calibre pistol to bed with her "for protection." During the evening the gun accidentally discharged, she told police. The bullet plowed through her left hip. We all should be very careful as to what we take to bed with us.

Until recently the Division of Fish service in Washington was possessed of two-nogged terrapin. This two-headed turtle was called Super Diamond. The pathetic story of Super D's life includes the fact that its two brains never became synchronized. When one head decided to go towards the left the other head insisted in going towards the right. This failure, in the meeting of its minds, kept Super in a state of continual turmoil. Finally it became so exhausted and frustrated that it pulled both of its heads into its shell and refused, further, to support either. Thus Super Diamond with his double thinking apparatus, disproved the old proverb that two heads are better than one.

The University of California College of Agriculture has announced two new types of strawberries which are claimed to be greatly improved varieties. The new types are named Strawberry Cupertino and Strawberry Campbell. There is one type of strawberry that the savants have never been able to improve. This is the strawberry blonde.

Pilot for Christmas present!

## SACRIFICE SALE

The following items may be purchased cheap: Vaughn garden tractor, including attachments; Maytag washer; Plastic boat and motor; Girls bicycle; Bench grinder, electric drill; Stanley planer; re-boring machine; many other items.

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## Weather Report

for the past week, ending on Sunday: Max. Min. Rain

November 28	62	52	.....
November 29	59	46	.63
November 30	59	46	.02
December 1	59	42	.01
December 2	59	44	.46
December 3	57	40	.....
December 4	64	38	1.57

Rainfall for November .....7.87  
Rainfall for week .....2.69

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The answers to everyday Insurance Problems

By Pete Lesmeister



Question. We've carried a fire insurance policy on our home and furniture for many years. The policy must soon be renewed and we think some changes should be made in it. Some of the insured property has become almost worthless while some of the things, including the home itself, have greatly increased in value. What should we do to arrive at an accurate figure? Answer. First call in your insurance agent for an appraisal of the house, then make a complete inventory of your furnishings and personal effects. Be very thorough. You'll find the job won't take as long or be so arduous as you think. That inventory and the insurance policy, after it has been issued, should, if possible, be kept in a safe deposit box. Then, if you ever have a fire, you can check against the inventory and determine your exact loss.

◆If you'll address your own insurance questions to this office, we'll try to give you the correct answers and there'll be no charge or obligation of any kind.

PETE J. LESMEISTER

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