

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

Prior to the jamboree held at Gold Beach, the Pilot published an article which was read to mean that Brookings Bruins had no opportunity to get anywhere in the county hoop race this coming season. At the time it had that complexion. But the article had the same effect upon the team that an article did in 1919, upon an under-dog Washington State College team which went to Berkeley to play the famed Golden Bears of U. of C.

What the sports writers said was true—only too true—but it had the opposite effect they anticipated. Instead of being "a push-over," WSC rose up in her might and smote the mighty Golden Bears in one swoop and had no particular difficulty in winning by a two-touchdown margin. Brookings almost duplicated the feat at Gold Beach. More games are lost by being willy-nilly than by any other cause.

To me a game is not a game unless the rivalry is keen. To me checkers must hold a grudge or wager on the side to make its excuse legitimate. Brookings had to have such a shot of "inspiration." It almost worked but some cannot see it.

However, there are a few of the boys who have a lesson to learn. Displays of temper, becoming obsessed with a plan of annihilation does not get gladiators of the maple courts anywhere. Perhaps it works in the army where things are for what is known as "keep." Temper hinders cool thinking which is so necessary for victory.

Despite the loss the Bruins experienced at last graduation, the situation as I see it is far from hopeless. The boys must learn to use their heads and save a few steps, and save a few fouls to warrant their continuance in the game.

From the standpoint of the fans—those who drop their little change at the gates—a game they like to see is one where a few wits are matched with the

brawn and physiques of the opponents. Think of the fans who sat in the grandstands back in Harvard and saw little Centre College dump the mighty Crimson in a game. See what I mean?

Brookings has another opportunity to feel justly proud of one of her youth, in Patsy Cook, who, Saturday, was picked unanimously for first in the semi-finals of the "Stars of 1960" program over station KIEM. If you want examples, look at the case of Jane Powell of the movies, who, as Susanne Burse, got a starts as an eight-grader, singing on bond rally drives at Portland. She's in the chips now.

I hasten to correct any wrong impression that this statement may make. I am not suggesting a career in the movies for Patsy—I'm merely pointing out what can, and is likely to happen, if Patsy can win her final test on Christmas eve. Patsy wishes to make music her life-work. She must have talent, or she would not have made it as far as she has on the current contest.

I am proud that she gave lots of credit to Mrs. Norine Harvey. Between these two people has sprung up a beautiful friendship which may be invaluable to this aspiring lass in years to come. Patsy told the radio audience of her gratitude to Mrs. Harvey.

The over twenty thousand ballots in her behalf from this area helped her to get the opportunity last Saturday. Those votes helped her not one iota with the judges, however, for she was unanimously the choice last Saturday, and it took no critic to see why she was.

Patsy is at that point in life when things like this mean so much to her. She is at that age when she is growing rapidly. She is shy, perhaps because she has not yet learned of her charms. Let me make this prediction: Patsy, if she gets the right encouragement, will make this vicinity glad, someday, to say, "Why, I used to know her."

On Dec. 24, almost every radio in Curry county will be going full volume in Patsy's finals over KIEM. Patsy will be on the spot, so to speak. It will be entirely up to her. People who had something to do with obtaining this opportunity are not afraid she will falter—they are rooting for her—and praying for her.

THAT'S RIGHT . . .

No man is more affectionately regarded by his fellows than Gen. Eisenhower. He holds a distinguished place in our hearts. We listen attentively to him when he speaks to us. A few days ago "Ike" was reported, among other things, as saying: "If it is security you want, go to jail. There you will be protected and kept warm. And they feed you."

Now this philosophy is easily accepted by a man who has a steady income, or wealth, to the extent that his future is amply protected. But to the man who never knows, from day to day, if he is going to be able to support himself and his family tomorrow, and there are many such men and families in this country, Ike's words will sound calloused and heartless. We do not agree with the general in his statement. We cannot refer a man to the security of a jail. We can and must do something better than that.

Somebody asks, "Can you name the famed highway built by Censor Appius Claudius in the year 313 B. C.?" No, we cannot, but we can name some roads that must have been built about the same time.

A Hollywood columnist, chattering along, proclaims that Lucille Ball is going to Europe because her husband Desi Arnatz is in Europe and he looks good to her. Does he? Desi does.

Another hunter, adding himself to the long list of maimed and killed nimrod, dragged himself through a barbed wire fence pulling his shotgun behind him. Of course, the gun discharged and blew off his arm. There seems to be no cure for fools.

A woman has been arrested by Uncle for collecting allotments, from the government, from eight husbands. This gal blushing replied "I do" eight times without once going to court and saying "I don't." She loved them all and left them before she traipsed merrily on her way she nicked them for their allotment. The G-men allege that she cleaned up four thousand dollars for the eight allotments. This seems to be a niggardly sum to be received for all of the effort this gal put forth in her eight ventures. She practically wasted her time.

According to press reports it appears that Henry A. Wallace was very generous in the matter of gifts to Uncle Joe during the war. Particularly so in the instance of uranium shipments to Russia. But we have been wised up on this lad. So much so that, when he tried to turn the Presidency of the United States over to the Kremlin, we lowered the big boom on him. We would all be much better off if Hank would retire and hide himself behind a curtain. "The Iron Curtain."

Some one, we suspect it was a man, broke recklessly into print with an assertion that all women were dumb. A Los Angeles maid rushed to the aid of her sisters. She replied: "Don't you know that 80% of the wealth in this country is controlled by women?" This champion of her sex made a slight understatement. One hundred per cent of the wealth of this country is controlled by women. If you don't believe this ask your wife.

John L. Lewis reports a breaking, among the coal operators, of the soft coal front. The best news that John could relay to us would be that his miners

are breaking some coal.

It is rumored that a motion picture actor is currently cruising about the country giving readings from Shakespeare. It is said that he pulls down fifteen hundred smackers, of an evening, for his elocution. There is one born every minute and two to take him.

There seems to be a hegira of counts, viscounts, and no accounts from their European homes to the United States. They all come to our shores seeking wives. Any American girl who is out of her mind can pick up any one of these birds at a bargain price. For an additional consideration most of them will cheerfully agree to divorce their foreign wives and make it legal. In spite of the phony trappings and gawdy pomp, with which royalty and nobility has surrounded itself, this institution has always been cheap and tawdry.

One of our congressmen recently sent a very nice expression of the holiday spirit to one of his constituent friends. He wrote: "I wish for a government that can live within its income without most of yours."

A gent, who could qualify as a bum first class, was looking for work and praying that he wouldn't find it. He went into an employment agency and said, "I want a job. I can do anything." So he was handed an address and told to there apply for a position that was vacant. He was back at the agency in an hour. Furiously he shouted, "Did you know that the job you sent me to fill was chief surgeon at a hospital?" "Sure," replied the agency man, "You told me you could do anything."

In Los Angeles a man had been under long surveillance by the local gendarmes. He had been picked up many times by the police but the latter could not make a charge stick against him. He always had a ready alibi. After each release he raucously expressed his opinion of the Los Angeles police force. A few days ago he was again picked up, taken to jail, mugged and finger-printed and put in a cell. His fingerprints were checked against those in the city file. Back came the report, "The fingerprints that you have submitted in this case are those of a man who committed suicide in Fresno last week." The prisoner was confronted with the report by an inspector, who delared, "Fingerprints don't lie and its a felony to commit suicide. Let's see you talk yourself out of this." This incident seems to point to the fact that law enforcement officers in Los Angeles intend to rid their village of all persons who have committed suicide.

In 1851 a great industrial exposition was held in Europe. The Europeans, exhausted after fighting each other for three centuries, called a halt to their hostilities about 1810. This lull of forty years built up, among them, the belief that war had ceased to exist. So they dedi-

cated the exposition to perpetual peace. Almost immediately thereafter there began the bloodiest period known to humanity. Since 1851 more human beings have been killed and more property destroyed because of wars than in all of the prior history of man upon this earth. Peace—it's wonderful.

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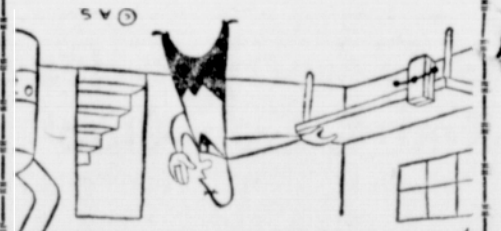
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The answers to everyday Insurance Problems
By Pete Lesmeister



Question: A short time ago, my husband decided to build an extra room in the basement. He went to the garage to get his box of tools which he had not used for several weeks. The tool box was gone and we have no idea who took it or ever just when it disappeared. We had no burglary insurance but I wondered if any insurance company would have paid the loss anyway since we were unable to state exactly when the tools were taken.

Answer: Most Residential theft policies include a mysterious disappearance clause which would cover the loss you describe. Under this, insured articles which disappear unaccountably are presumed stolen and the insurance company settles the loss.

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