

Penal Censor Was Heard In Two Talks

An unusual opportunity came to people of this area last Saturday night when E. B. Hayes, chief censor at the Oregon state penitentiary, Salem, addressed a large audience at the Seventh-Day Adventist church, and again, Monday, when he appeared at the high school.

Mr. Hayes' visit to Brookings was brought about through Mr. and Mrs. Roy Slaybaugh, formerly of Gold Beach, who became acquainted with him in their efforts to contact two young inmates at the prison.

Some years ago these young men, in an attempt to escape from the law in a stolen automobile, had seriously injured Mr. Slaybaugh. He lay at death's door with no hope of recovery for a time.

With a spirit of forgiveness the Slaybaughs, after repeated tries, obtained an interview with the young men. Through their loving ministry and Christian literature, the young men were converted, and one of them now is preparing for the ministry.

Mr. Hayes gave his audience a vivid picture of life behind gray prison walls from the entrance to the gas chambers. He declared that the cause of the increase in crime among teenagers, is broken homes and lack of Christian training in the home.

He stated that of the inmates who are not interested in religious training, 80 per cent will return to prison sooner or later, while those interested, almost all will never return to prison.

Mr. Hayes appealed to parents to surround their children with proper influences in the home—give them religious training, so the gray wall will never surround them.

Along Azalea Row

By Mrs. E. F. Rapraeger

An Englishman has three loves: warm beer, his dog and his garden. The English garden was the theme of Mrs. Priscilla Robin-

son's talk to the members and guests of Azalea Garden Club last Thursday when she gave a brief account of her recent three-months trip to her home country.

"The gardens are so neat and trim," says Mrs. Robinson, describing the English garden. Yes, trim is the word—trim lawns, trim hedges, trim flower beds, trim borders. Gardens are compact almost to the point of being miniature. Rock gardens abound and neat, immaculate lawns bordered with trim beds of flowers are very popular. The whole landscape has the effect of a colorful patchwork quilt which only a talented artist could paint. Any parish in England has more beautiful scenes than all the artists of Europe could paint in a century. Like many American garden lovers the British have a deep sense of natural beauty and their gardens are planned to the last detail and lovingly tended day by day.

Although the private gardens contribute much to the beauty of England, the country has a wonderful natural beauty of its own; the purple heather which abounds in the north and in Scotland; the blue lavender hedges, the woodland bluebells, and of course, the wild primrose. Yes, it was mention of primrose which brought that lump to my throat, such a vivid breath of England and my childhood. Often on Sunday we would pack a picnic lunch and head for the woods for a happy afternoon of picking flowers and playing hide-and-seek amongst the trees. With the coming of evening we would trudge wearily homeward bursting with fresh air and laden with primroses.

The English are very proud of their lawns and grassy verges. A lawn like velvet is the joy of every true Englishman whether it be in his own back yard or the emerald turf surrounding stately castles of rural England. Nor should we forget the beautiful bowling greens of Cumberland turf which are found in many an English town and village. I could not say where Sir Francis Drake was playing his historic game when the Spanish Armada was

sighted, but many of the greens can claim to have seen a century.

Mrs. Kilpatrick, the second speaker on the program, gave a talk on her European tour, which was enjoyable, and I found her impressions of England especially interesting because they were seen through the eyes of "Mrs. America". Dear stodgy old London with its Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul Cathedral, and of course, dear old Big Ben, the heartbeat of Westminster. All the buildings are of stone or brick darkened with the city's grime which gives them a sombre look. But how solid they look, how dauntless, how ageless! Mrs. Kilpatrick loved our old castles with their so stately, ivy-covered towers. She told of taking a slip of the ivy (when the guide was not looking) and carried it in a bottle all over Europe before returning to the United States when she found it had already rooted. Like all lovers of Shakespeare she visited Stratford-on-Avon and Ann Hathaway's cottage, and was intrigued by the dry rock walls and the thatched cottages of southern England. But I wish somehow she could have had time to wander around the little village of Selworthy in Devon, down the winding cobbled lanes with the picturesque thatched cottages nestling in the fresh green hills. I wish she could have wandered through those primrose woods with the sun light slanting through the trees and making a dancing pattern on the golden carpet below. Here is the spirit of England, her simplicity, her honesty and her sweetness.

On coming to America I was pleased to see how popular the primroses, other English flowers were here and to note the influence of English gardening. England is like an old aunt who sends her nephews, nieces and children to the far corners of the earth where they establish a civilization which is strong and new but based on the memory of their homeland. With them they take the seed and knowledge of things that grew best in the English garden just as Mrs. Kilpatrick brought home her slip of ivy from the tower of the English castle. The same love of natural beauty is in "Mrs. America" as in "Auntie England." Maybe "Mrs. America" does not need to walk through that primrose wood as the spirit is already in her, this love of natural beauty.

Here in Brookings and Harbor we are doubly blest in being able to garden on the shores of the blue Pacific. The old wives of England have a recipe for happiness. They say that to be happy for an hour, drink a glass of warm beer. To be happy for a week, catch a good husband. To be happy for a lifetime, grow flowers by the seashore with your family by your side. Does it matter which seashore, whether in England or in Oregon? I don't think so as long as the soul is nourished and the heart is content.

Give my love to England, I am content in Oregon.

Millers Entertain For Daughter, Sun.

Mrs. Alfred Bolz, of near Baltimore, Md., arrived last week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Miller, who met her at Sacramento. Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 5:00 p. m. the Millers had open house for friends to meet Mrs. Bolz, who will leave from Portland Sunday for her home. The Millers will drive to Portland, Sunday.

Building Boom In Area Still Gains

With more and more families arriving each week to eventually

be connected with either the new plywood concern or in some other business, impetus is being added almost daily to the building boom of this area.

Daily in almost every section of town and also in the country, ground is being broken for the construction of new homes. In that section south of Arnold Lane next to the ocean in the Collis addition two new homes are being occupied, just completed by Blaine Gribble.

On the hill overlooking the mouth of the Chetco, quite a colony of new homes are either under construction or about to be completed. No one in the area is able to supply the Pilot with any tangible survey of the construction or proposed construction of new homes, but a drive about the area is conclusive.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Watson, brother and sister-in-law of Mrs. French Arrell, of Ellensburg, Wash., and Mr. and Mrs. Arlo Duncan and baby of Myrtle Point spent Saturday and Sunday at the Arrell home.

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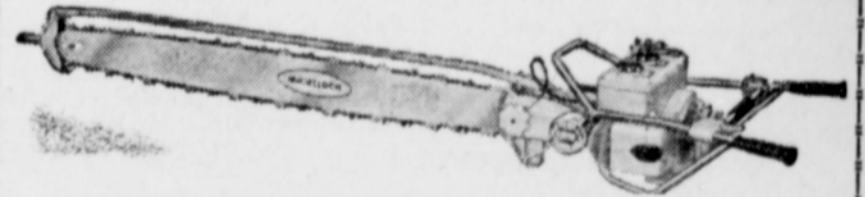
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